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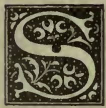
THE SCIENCE OF FOLK-LORE.



INCE my letter in the *Folk-Lore Journal* (vol. ii. p. 285) was published, and the interesting correspondence which followed thereon, two important books have made their appearance which considerably aid my views. These are Mr. Lang's *Custom and Myth* and Captain R. C. Temple's *Wide-Awake Stories*. It will be remembered that I urged three matters for the consideration of Folk-lorists:—(1.) The definition of folk-lore with reference to its scope and object. (2.) The settlement of a terminology for the titles of folk-tales. (3.) The settlement of a terminology for folk-tale incidents and the compilation of a standard index of incidents.

I should like it to be settled once for all that folk-lore is a science; at all events that it should be so considered by the Society both with reference to its objects and its mode of working. When Professor Max Müller first began to advocate the claims of language to a position among the sciences the first thing he had to do was to clear away some of the errors which had clung round the subject up to the time of his taking it in hand. The Folk-Lore Society has now been at work some seven years; its publications give a fair index to the range of subjects it includes; and yet outside the Society the old errors are still being repeated. These errors arise principally from the general identification of *folk-lore* with *folk-tales*. In all sorts of ways we find this identification cropping up. Thus Mr. Denton's Introduction to the *Serbian Folk-Lore* commences with the ominous words, "It is only within the last few years that the importance of *folk-lore, the popular legends, tales, drolls, and extravagances* which have been handed down from generation to generation among the labourers, peasants, and youth of a nation has been frankly recognised." Again

Mr. Theal's volume on *Kaffir Folk-Lore* commences in the same strain:—"Of late years a great deal of interest has been taken in the folk-lore of uncivilised tribes by those who have made it their business to study mankind," the folk-lore here intended being limited to the tales and popular traditions. And many other books could be mentioned.

Now, of course, if this error of limitation in the proper meaning of folk-lore went no further than the titles of books compiled by collectors of popular tales and traditions, it would be a matter of very small moment indeed. We perhaps have no right to expect the collector, the toiler who goes out into the by-paths and outlands of civilisation and into the homes and villages of savage people, to be exact in the docketing and assortment of his collections. We ought to be only too grateful to him for his materials, without which the scientific student would be powerless, to say one word in dispraise of his productions. But, unfortunately, there is too little discrimination between the functions of the collector of folk-lore and the functions of the student of folk-lore. People take up from the one ideas and notions which were never in his province to distribute, and they engraft these ideas and notions on to the work which is performed by the other. It is in this way that the faults of collectors of stories and traditions in identifying their books with the generic term folk-lore have become the faults of the student.

This state of things finds its last stage in Sir George Cox's *Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-Lore*, in which it is not too much to say folk-lore is scarcely represented at all. Sir George Cox, in his Preface, says:—"My purpose in this volume is to give a general view of the vast mass of popular traditions belonging to the Aryan nations of Asia and Europe and of other tribes so far as the conditions of the subject may render necessary." With such a purpose in view there was no necessity to set down his book as in any way an introduction to the study of folk-lore. But the evil does not end here. A few lines further down in his Preface Sir George Cox writes:—"Folk-lore, in short, is perpetually running into mythology; and there are few myths which do not exhibit in some of their features points of likeness to the tales usually classified

under the head of folk-lore." Nothing could be more erroneous than this. Folk-lore can never be said to be running into mythology; though, on the contrary, mythology may be said to be perpetually running into folk-lore. It is only when mythology, displaced as a form of religion, becomes perpetuated as popular beliefs that it can be classed as folk-lore and placed side by side in that long category of manners and customs, superstitions and beliefs, old sayings and proverbs, legends and traditions, hero-tales and god-tales, which constitute the lore of the people. Unfortunately Sir George Cox is upheld to some extent by Professor Sayce. In the *Introduction to the Science of Language* we read:—"Myth, folk-lore, fable, allegory—all these are related terms, but terms to be carefully kept apart. A myth is the misinterpreted answer given by the young mind of man to the questions the world about him seemed to put . . . . . The term folk-lore is of vaguer meaning. It embraces all those popular stories of which the fairy-tales of our nursery are a good illustration, but from which the religious element of mythology is absent . . . . Though the figures of mythology may move in the folk-lore of a people they have changed their form and fashion; the divinity that once clothed them is departed; they are become vulgar flesh and blood. It is true that it is often difficult to draw the line between folk-lore and mythology, to define exactly where the one ends and the other begins, and there are many instances in which the two terms overlap one another; but this is the case in all departments of research, and the broad outlines of the two types of popular legend stand clearly distinct. It is a mere misuse of the term to include myths, as is sometimes done, under the general head 'folk-lore.' The precise relation of mythology and folk-lore is still a disputed question. There is much folk-lore which can be traced back with certainty to faded myths." * Nothing could be clearer than this passage in its definition and conception of mythology, and it recognises too the absence of mythological *môtif* in folk-lore. This is of course a distinct advance in the matter of definition; it is really the commencing chapter in the best studies of our science. But when it leaves the domain of simple definition and touches upon the broader

* Sayce, *Introduction to the Science of Language*, vol. ii. pp. 275-276.

ground of relationship—of the relationship, that is, of mythology to folk-lore—we feel that there is the old error cropping up, and that, too, in such a form as to allow of it being laid hold of by the comparative mythologists and worked into their preconceived theories.* Folk-lore can never properly be confused with mythology, because it consists of elements which belong not only to the region of myths and fancies but to the region of actual facts, customs and events; and it never contains a complete system of mythology but only fragmentary survivals of it.

The errors in the definition and conception of folk-lore which we have pointed out have for the most part permeated very deeply among those who take up the study. Mr. Lang has on more than one occasion taken pains to bring back the aims and objects of the students of folk-lore to their legitimate basis and function. In the second volume of the *Folk-Lore Record* he has given a sort of summary of his views; but by far the best contribution to this subject is the chapter on "The Methods of Folk-Lore" in his recently published *Custom and Myth*, where, although he does not distinctly tell us what his definition of folk-lore really is, and he hesitates to call it a science, he explains and amplifies many of his previous studies.

But admirable as these explanations of Mr. Lang's really are, it does not appear to me that they go quite far enough. If it is true that "folk-lore is the study of survivals," and "that possibly there is no stage of human experience, however early and incomplete, from which something in our institutions does not still survive," it must follow that the study of folk-lore becomes, not the mere amusement of the antiquary, not the craze of an observer of all that is curious and extraordinary, but a science. And then again, if folk-lore is a science, and the science of survivals withal, there is something to be said about its place in the list of sciences, about its relation to other sciences; and, above all, about the chapter it should contribute to the great book of human knowledge. For this to be properly understood we must first give a rapid survey of what is now actually included under the title of folk-lore; and then, if possible, ascertain the scientific reason why folk-lore may properly be said to deal with all these subjects.

* Sir George Cox uses it curiously, *Introduction to Mythology and Folk-Lore*, p. 7.

In the *Folk-Lore Journal* (vol. ii. p. 312) Mr. Nutt has given a very good summary of the subjects included under the general term folk-lore, but, in classifying these subjects, he does not utilise the terms usually recognised and adopted, and his classification does not by itself indicate the methods of studying folk-lore. Mr. Hartland's classification (ii. 343) is, I venture to think, the better. But still I do not think we should go beyond the radical groups into which the subjects included in folk-lore naturally divide themselves. Simplicity is much needed. *Folk-practice* and *folk-wont* are, after all, arbitrary divisions, and few students will, I think, limit their studies by this classification. Many, however, do, and will limit their studies to the natural grouping of the subjects, and I can see no reason why they should not as long as they recognise these parts as belonging to a larger whole. I would therefore venture to suggest the following division into four radical groups, each of which is subdivided into minor groups, as in the accompanying table:—

1. *Traditional Narratives:*
   - (*a*) Folk Tales;
   - (*b*) Hero Tales;
   - (*c*) Ballads and Songs;
   - (*d*) Place Legends.
2. *Traditional Customs:*
   - (*a*) Local Customs;
   - (*b*) Festival Customs;
   - (*c*) Ceremonial Customs;
   - (*d*) Games.
3. *Superstitions and Beliefs:*
   - (*a*) Witchcraft;
   - (*b*) Astrology;
   - (*c*) Superstitious Practices and Fancies.
4. *Folk-Speech:*
   - (*a*) Popular Sayings;
   - (*b*) Popular Nomenclature;
   - (*c*) Proverbs;
   - (*d*) Jingle Rhymes, Riddles, &c.

This, then, is the broad outline of what is now included under the generic title of folk-lore. It is, however, necessary to consider somewhat in detail the constituent elements of our study under each of the four radical groups into which they seem to divide themselves.

1. *Traditional Narratives.* These perhaps form the most important item of folk-lore. They are either fairy tales, nursery tales, hero-legends, legends about particular places or objects, ballads, and songs. The so-called fairy tales and nursery stories make up a class which has become generally known as folk-tales, or *märchen.* The other items may be termed hero-tales and folk-songs, these being the terms most generally adopted by writers on the subject. All three classes—folk-tales, hero-tales, and folk-songs—deal with the marvellous adventures of various personages—human beings, giants, witches, marvellous animals, and the like. The folk-tale, the most archaic in form, treats of its *dramatis personæ* under what may be termed an impersonal system, that is to say, the various characters are known under some such general title as "a certain" king, queen, princess, or the like, or under some such indefinite name as Cinderella, Snow White, Swan-maidens, &c. In course of time when the folk-tale has become more and more a part of the local life of the people, and less of its old tribal life, these impersonal or general names for the *dramatis personæ* become in some instances displaced by the special names of ordinary individuals. In some Spanish stories this is so. In Irish stories and more particularly in Scottish stories we meet with specific names applied to the heroes of the tales. It is to be noted, however, that this naming stops short with the hero or heroine, the other characters generally retaining their impersonal character, and that even the names so used are significant of their popular and indefinite signification. Jack and Tom in Irish and English stories do not convey much more personality than "a certain king," "a miller," and so on. Though, therefore, there is this modification of the definition of the folk-tale as impersonal, the definition holds good as a general characteristic of the folk-tale; because the personality attached to an every-day name does not carry with it any historical associations, and does not therefore tend to influence to any sensible degree the form of the folk-tale. This qualification of impersonal is all the better established when we

come to consider the next class—hero-tales. These are such as Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hamtun, and the stories of the Welsh Mabinogion. Of the same original form as the folk-tale, they have become associated with the names of some historical or semi-historical personage; and hence, history having entered into the domain of folk-lore has affected it and altered it. Some of the adventures in the hero-tales are identical with the adventures in the folk-tales, but they do not possess the same surroundings and are not preceded and followed by the same events. Again, some of the formulæ obtainable from the folk-tales reappear in the narrative of the hero-tales; but they are surrounded by and worked into other events and characters which prevent them being classed under the more simple class of folk-tales.

2. *Traditional Customs.* The second radical group into which folk-lore may be conveniently divided is that relating to customs. These are local customs, festival customs, ceremonial customs and games.

Local customs are frequently very extraordinary, and have sometimes been preserved only at one or two places. But they are none the less valuable to the folk-lorist on this account; for it may be that some particular local circumstance has affected the practice of the custom and kept it alive, while, in other places, it has died out. Local *custom* is apt to shade off into local *law*, and as soon as we find this to be the case folk-lore loses its claim. But it is instructive to find examples of a local custom which in some places owes its observance to the popular will, and, in other places, to the local law. We here get hold of a transitional form of folk-lore which helps us to grasp the true value of much that folk-lore has to teach us; because we may assume that the custom is older than the law, and that hence folk-lore has contributed to the laws of the land. If we find a custom performed in only one place, it may be, of course, assumed that it is something special and peculiar to the locality; but it is the duty of the folk-lorist to search for parallels, and not to give up the search until something definite is known about the origin of the custom. Many local customs can by this means be brought into the domain of history, and, therefore, taken out of the category of folk-

lore. Local customs, therefore, may be defined as—(*a*) originating in the popular will in some places, and, in other places, having become part of the local, *i.e.* manorial, law; (*b*) variations of well-ascertained folk-custom; (*c*) special to a particular place, and having an ascertained or ascertainable historical origin. The latter is of course not folk-lore.

Festival customs represent an exceedingly important branch of folk-lore. Just as in the case of local customs it has been ascertained that so long as a local custom is isolated in its peculiarity it cannot be admitted into the domain of folk-lore,—and that a purely folk-lore custom, locally observed, may, in course of time, become a part of local or manorial law,—so it is to be noted in the case of festival custom that so long as it is specialised under a particular festival of the Church it cannot be admitted into the domain of folk-lore, and that a custom observed at certain seasons of the year has gradually become incorporated into a recognised festival-custom of the Church. Thus the Church stands, with reference to festival customs, in the same relationship as the law stands with reference to local customs. To a folk-lorist, Church and law are the perpetual means of transforming folk-lore into religious observance or into legal action. Having enshrined folk-lore thus in their own surroundings it becomes difficult to recognise it, and much of it cannot, of course, be recognised; but when the stage of transition is still perceivable it is very often through the agency of the Church and the law that folk-lore has been preserved.

But the Church has done much more for festival customs than the law has done for local custom. In the early days of Christianity there was a fierce struggle with the still living and still healthy paganism of the hordes who conquered the Roman Empire. And the stern and necessary operation of getting rid of barbaric belief in order to make way for the humanising work of Christianity was not done without compromise. The Church taught that certain times were specially kept apart for religious observances; and the people, always loth to leave off the practices of their ancestors—always fearful of offending their old gods who had hitherto done so much for them or against them—answered this teaching by adding to the

Christian ceremonies certain ceremonies of their own, which had once been performed at various times during the pagan year.* Thus we find at all the great festivals of the Church, Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and so on, there are customs performed—sometimes by the Church, sometimes with the sanction of the Church, sometimes merely at the same time as the Church—which are purely and incontestably traditional in their origin and significance. Putting wholly on one side the question as to the connection between Church custom and folk-lore—and it is a question which well deserves working out —it is the duty of the folk-lorist to gather up that enormous mass of popular custom which has gradually clustered around Church festivals. Mr. Dyer has done a great deal towards this in his book on *British Popular Customs.* It will be found that at certain seasons of the year—take for instance Christmas—a number of popular customs have long been practised as essential features of the joyous festival. In some places the self-extinction of the yule-log at Christmas is portentous of evil,† and this same idea is represented in the Church in connection with the candles instead of the yule-log. But folk-lore proper takes no note of the connection with Church custom. The yule-log ceremonies and its many significant lessons exist quite independently of Christmas; and when we come to consider that identical customs are performed at various places at different seasons of the year it will be self-evident that, although the folk-lorist has to use the Christian festivals as a means of finding out items of folk-lore, he has to eliminate them from their accidental or extraneous association with the custom they have doubtless helped to preserve.

Ceremonial customs appertain to the great events of life—birth, marriage, and death; to the social institutions which surround us—the house and home, agriculture, &c.

3. *Superstitions and Beliefs.* The third radical group of folk-lore consists of that vast body of superstition which at all times and in all places has been made the subject of observation. The headings into

* I would refer to Keary's *Primitive Belief.* Hampson's *Medii Ævi Kalend. Antiquary*, 1881, vol. iii. pp. 193-195.

† Hampson's *Medii Ævi Kalend.* vol. i. p. 116. Cf. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 256.

which this group fall are witchcraft, astrology, and that vast body of superstitious practices and fancies which are connected with the subjects of fairies, amulets, plants, animals, medicine, weather, dreams, &c. &c.

On the first two sections of superstitions, namely, witchcraft and astrology, a note is required. Each of these represent what I may almost term a cult.* The first, however, is a popular cult, the second is an academical cult. By a popular cult I mean a cult generated and fostered by popular belief and fancy, and owing its continuance to traditional influences. There is no great school of witchcraft. Yet the universal belief in it proclaims that it has inherent tendencies at a certain stage of human culture, or has obtained in the popular mind a common under-current of support, which would, if some superior power like Christianity or philosophy had allowed, have forced it to become the predominant belief of the people. Cases of witchcraft have occurred at almost all periods of our history, and in the Middle Ages it threatened to become a power in the land. Care must be taken, however, not to include under this head old superstitions which are carelessly spoken of as appertaining to "witchcraft." Witchcraft has become almost as generic a term as superstition or as folk-lore; but its proper place is where its name indicates, and students must be careful to keep intact this important subject, and neither confuse it with matters that do not properly belong to it nor hide other matters under its capacious wings to their deterioration. Witchcraft has to do with the personal "witch," male or female, who professed, or who, in the cases of witch legal trials, is alleged to profess, the possession of certain occult powers for good or evil upon man or animal. It is this personality which constitutes the very essence of witchcraft—there can be no witchcraft in the proper sense of the term unless there be a personal witch to perform or profess the craft. It is the belief in the occult powers of the personal witch that has made witchcraft such a power in the world at all times. The witch may perform a custom or ceremony, may prognosticate certain events, may go through some fantastic ritual or recite some dread incantation; and the custom or

* Mr. Keary uses this term for witchcraft. See *Origin of Primitive Belief.*

ceremony, the ritual and the incantation, may belong to the general body of folk-lore, though put into use by the witch. Under witchcraft it is not the particular custom or superstition which we have to consider—these are considered in their proper places under the several divisions of our subject—but it is the priest-like office of the witch, the influence exercised by this office, the uses to which it is put, the results which flow from it, that are the proper subjects of consideration under the heading of witchcraft.

Astrology is what I have termed an academical cult. It is a cult that has had certain schools of thought specially attached to its study and to its promulgation.

4. *Folk-Speech.* Mr. Nutt (*ante*, vol. ii. p. 312) hesitates to accept language as a branch of folk-lore, and I think rightly; but if he includes his own class No. 6, and then adds only that portion of *word-lore* which contains some traditional knowledge on the subjects already included among the subjects of folk-lore, there need be, I think, no hesitation in accepting his useful title for the fourth radical group. When in popular nomenclature we come across a place called "witchery hole," "fairies' knoll," "toot hill," "moot hill," or any of the many significant names that meet us almost everywhere, it is only these names that enable us to recognize the last remnants of old beliefs and old customs. Mr. Grant Allen's researches into the relics of totem clans in England from a study of clan names is a most important example of this subject.

Having now run through the chief subjects which are generally included under the title folk-lore, we must first ask ourselves why these subjects are thus grouped together and given a generic name; and next, whether this grouping has a scientific or merely accidental cause.

The right to group three such apparently distinct things as traditions, customs and superstitions under one general title—a title, that is, which carries with it the significance of being one complete study—rests mainly upon the fact that traditions, customs and superstitions result from the selfsame cause. If a folk-tale is valuable because it has descended upon the lips of the people, from one generation to another from the earliest times, so for a similar reason

is a custom or superstition valuable: for both have descended by the acts or beliefs of the people from one generation to another. There is thus the underlying factor of a common origin which enables us to speak of all three as one study. But there is something further and of much more importance than the common attribute of being traditional, which connects folk-tales, customs and superstitions under one common band, and which declares that folk-lore cannot properly be limited to any one of these three groups, and that attempted scientific conclusions cannot be drawn from one without any reference to the others. And this is the fact that each of these three classes dovetail into each other; or, in other words, that a feature represented, say in a folk-tale, is represented also in certain customs or certain superstitions.

Mr. Lang has explained some well-known stories by showing how the incidents in them relate to some custom of barbaric ages; and his contention is strongly supported by the most important evidence which Captain Temple in his volume of *Wide-Awake Stories* brings forward as to the incidents of folk-tales being the really important factor, and their actual setting being merely the accidental form in which every narrator chooses to vary his stock of well-known and often-repeated facts. Captain Temple's observations are so important that I would again urge that a standard index of folk-tale incidents should be undertaken by the Society.

We can now come to our final question, namely, whether all the subjects grouped together under the title of folk-lore are of any scientific use. The answer to this is, I venture to think, to be found in the fact that from folk-lore can be ascertained, without the help of any other science or study, certain definite facts in man's history which cannot be ascertained from any other source. Taking English national life, for instance, we know very little of prehistoric times or early Anglo-Saxon times without the aid of folk-lore; and I may perhaps venture to instance my own book on *Folk-Lore Relics of Early Village Life* to illustrate what definite results folk-lore can produce when applied to unlock some of the problems lost to pure history. Again, Mr. Black has produced from folk-lore some most important results in the early history of man upon the subject of folk-medicine, and this again

was unattainable from any other study. We are only just beginning to study folk-lore scientifically, and hence have not obtained many important results from it. In claiming for folk-lore the position and functions of a science we pass at once from a study of fragmentary scraps of curious facts and fictions to a definite and distinct study, which has problems of its own to work out and conclusions of its own to demonstrate. This is, of course, the difference between a mere literary or antiquarian curiosity and a historical science. So long as folk-lore has been considered as a mere collection of curious items of popular customs and traditions there have been no attempts to draw from it any conclusions to illustrate the life of man. Some of its items have occasionally been used by the anthropologist, by the philologist, the comparative mythologist, and the historian. Mr. E. B. Tylor has in many instances proved how folk-lore lends its aid to working out some of the problems in the early history of man. Both Professor Max Müller and Professor Sayce have invaded the territories of folk-lore and captured some important treasures therefrom for the elucidation of some of the problems of comparative mythology and philology. Dr. Hearn, in his researches into the *Aryan Household*, appeals again and again to folk-lore for facts that he cannot obtain from history, from philosophy, or from any material source. Even geology, under the able guidance of Mr. Boyd Dawkins, claims the assistance of folk-lore in working out the history of *Early Man in Britain;* and lastly Mr. Elton, in tracing out the origins of English history, has stepped occasionally into the domains of folk-lore and worked out interesting and valuable problems by its aid. These are some out of many examples of the accidental uses to which folk-lore has been put. History, mythology and anthropology have used fragmentary portions of it for the elucidation of their own problems; and the result, as in the case of mythology, which we have already shown, is far from satisfactory. Folk-lore, considered as an accidental appendage to other sciences, can never be anything more than a kind of haphazard study; every conclusion drawn from its facts will be biassed by the science to which for the nonce it is attached; every deduction will lead in different directions; and, instead of getting a group of facts capable of contributing new phases of knowledge, we

get isolated facts capable only of contributing some kind of arguments to theories advanced by the pioneers of other sciences. Here then is the *raison d'être* for pointing out the old errors as to what folk-lore is and what it does ; and for attempting to bring about a more complete knowledge of its work and its teaching. Just for a moment look at the other view of folk-lore—as an historical science. Before being asked to contribute quotas of information to other sciences we first ask what it is itself, what it is capable of doing, what problems it is likely to formulate and solve. When all this has been ascertained, then, and not till then, students can claim its aid towards working out the problems of other sciences.

Folk-lore may, therefore, be defined as "*the science which treats of the survivals of archaic beliefs and customs in modern ages.*"

This science, like all others, requires a proper method of research, which enters into the very essence of its life. It must always be borne in mind that a cardinal principle of the science is that it begins with the folk-lore of modern civilized countries. Each item has to be classified and docketed according to its particular value, and this is the first stage of the work. Taking, for instance, English folk-lore as our commencing stage, I have found that it can be classified into (*a*) archaic continuations of early life ; (*b*) imperfect or degraded archaisms. The next stage is to ascertain its relationship to European folk-lore, ancient and modern. This will produce (*a*) exact parallels to the English items; (*b*) items which complete the imperfect archaisms; and (*c*) differences and variants which show ethnic influences. The third stage is to ascertain its relationship to Hindu folk-lore as the key to the Indo-European stage of civilisation. And the final stage, and the most important, is to ascertain its relationship to savage custom. The parallels between the folk-lore of Europe and savage custom establish two very important facts—first, the primitive origin of European folk-lore ; and, secondly, the identity between the early stages of modern civilisation and the present stage of modern barbarism; thus proving the state of arrested progress which modern savage life presents, and leading up to one of the most important problems of anthropology, namely, the value of the evidence of savage society for the early history of man.

To show the result of this method of research in a more ready form I append a formula, though, I may add, that I have prepared tables from this formula, filling up each heading there given with examples of folk-lore taken from each of the subjects I have enumerated as composing the subject-matter of folk-lore. The completion of this table will prove the correctness of my definitions and classifications, and I shall gladly print it in the *Folk-Lore Journal* if it will be acceptable. The formula is as follows:—

(A.) *Methods of Research.*

1. Classification of English folk-lore (or civilised western).
2. Relationship to European folk-lore.
3. Relationship to Hindu folk-lore.
4. Relationship to Savage folk-lore.

(B.) *Results.*

1. Classification of English folk-lore.
   - i. *Main Results :*
     - (*a*) Archaic continuations of early life.
   - ii. *Minor Results :*
     - (*a*) Imperfect or degraded archaisms.
2. Relationship to European folk-lore.
   - iii. *Main Results :*
     - (*a*) Exact parallels.
     - (*b*) Completion of fragmentary forms (as in ii. *a*.)
   - iv. *Minor Results :*
     - (*c*) Differences showing ethnic or local influences.
3. Relationship to Hindu folk-lore.
   - v. *Main Results :*
     - (*a*) Parallels in form, } leading up to Indo-European folk-
     - (*b*) Parallels in *môtif*, } lore.
   - vi. *Minor Results :*
     - (*c*) Differences—being items not found to have survived in European folk-lore.
4. Relationship to savage custom.
   - vii. *Main Results :*
     - (*a*) Parallels showing primitive origin of folk-lore.

(*b*) Items for which there are no parallels in civilized folk-lore, and which thus remain the special heritage of savage life.

There are, of course, many points in connection with the subject which I have not attempted to touch upon at present. What I have done will not, I hope, be considered dogmatic; because I am willing to give way upon any point where I may be shown to have gone wrong. One most important subject I should like to have dealt with, namely, the influence of literature upon folk-lore. In one sense folk-lore can lay claim to possessing the grandest book of the world, the Iliad and Odyssey, the Vedas, much of the Bible. But the folk-lore enshrined in these grand literary sources is *dead*—not alive as true folk-lore is and must be. We must be careful, therefore, in dealing with the dead folk-lore of classical Greece not to use it in the same way as we do the living folk-lore of savage peoples. It has become fossilised. But on these questions, and many others, I forbear now to touch, because they deserve distinct treatment. I can only hope that, before the year is out, it may be possible to issue a properly authorised *Introduction to the Science of Folk-Lore*. I must thank Mr. Nutt and Mr. Clodd for kindly reading over these notes. G. L. Gomme.

NORTH INDIAN PROVERBS.

By Capt. R. C. Temple.

HEN I was asked to undertake the editing of Dr. Fallon's posthumous work, *A Dictionary of Hindustání Proverbs*, I found that the work was practically compiled, and so far complete that I did not feel justified in adding to it. In the edition therefore under publication I have merely contented myself with testing each rendering, a work which has involved the retranslation of nearly every proverb in this huge collection. Dr. Fallon, though unrivalled as a collector, was a bad translator; and, as is well known, persisted in his style of translation against all advice.

A proverb of course is only really understood by a native; and, as its application is often merely arbitrary, or at best a selection out of many possible applications, it would be folly to work out renderings without the aid of natives; so in editing the *Hindustání Proverbs* I am working with two separate sets of *munshís* (literate natives), living apart in Dehlí and Ambálá, so that I get renderings which I can test one against the other; and it is astonishing to find how often the *munshís* differ among themselves as to the right sense of a proverb. One proverb suggests another, so I am constantly picking up through my *munshís* new ones not to be found in Fallon's *Dictionary*, or important variants of those he gives. I think the best course, for the present at any rate, is to publish these in this journal, and so I send an instalment, and will send more as the work progresses from time to time. I am sending about 400 now, and this may sound a great number to have escaped Fallon, but his collection numbers over 12,000; and the fact is that proverbs in India are so numerous, and their variants so many and so constantly in use, that it is not at all likely that Fallon's collection is anything approaching to completeness.

In his term *Hindustání Proverbs*, as in his *Hindustání Dictionary*, Fallon uses the word *Hindustání* in its widest application. Properly speaking, *Hindustání* or *Urdú* was the language which arose as a *lingua franca* on the irruption of the Muhammadans into India, and is in fact an Arabico-Persianised form of the *bháshá* or speech of the people, *i.e.* of Hindí. Urdú is still the *lingua franca* of India, and varies with the speakers, *i.e.* Muhammadans fill it with Arabic and Persian, Hindús with Sanskrit, and *all* with the prevailing idiom of their homes, so that the terms *Urdú* and *Hindustání* can be made to cover styles of speech almost mutually unintelligible. *Hindí*, again, is a very wide term, and covers idioms varying as much as the Maithilí of the east and the Panjábí of the west. I have, therefore, to be clear, divided my proverbs into Persian, Urdú, Hindí, and Panjábí, though Fallon would have included them all under the one term, Hindustání. To an expert the idioms are easily and at once separable, just as would be French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; the only difficulty being between Hindí and Urdú, as the Urdú of the Hindús is almost all Hindí, the grammar in all cases being the same.

Persian Proverbs.

1. *Qadmi darveshán radi balá.*

The feet of mendicants drive away ill-luck: (superstition).

2. *Sagi hazúrí beh az barádari dúrí.*

A dog on the spot is better than a brother at a distance.

3. *Dasti khud daháni khud.*

One's own hand for one's own mouth.

4. *Ayán rá che biyán ?*

Why explain the obvious ?

5. *Har che ba qámat kihtar ast, ba qímat bihtar ast.*

Small is valuable.

6. *Dushman che kunad cho mihrbán báshad Dost ?*

What can the enemy do if God be our friend ?

7. *Der áyad durust áyad.*

Slow and sure.

8. *Shunída kai bawad manindi dída ?*

Is hearing ever like seeing ?

9. *Cháh-kan rá cháh darpesh.*

The well is before the well-digger: (he may fall into the pit he has dug for others).

10. *Dáshta áyad ba kár, garchi sari már bawad.*

What is kept will be of use though it be a serpent's head: (waste not want not).

11. *Hubu'l-watan az mulki Sulímán khushtar.*
Khári watan az sumbal o ríhán khushtar.
Yúsaf ki ba Misr bádsháhí míkard.
Míguft, "gadá búdani Kina'án khushtar."
Better the home of one's love than the empire of Solomon.
Better thorns at home than sweetest flowers (abroad).
Joseph, when ruling in Egypt,
Said, "I had rather be a beggar in Canaan."

12. *Chuhár chíz ast tohfae Multán,*
Gard, garmá, gadá wa goristán.
Four things are the wonder of Multán,
Dust, heat, beggars and graves.

13. *Ab na dídam mauza kashídam.*

Taking off your shoes before you see the water.

14. *Tang áyad ba jang áyad.*

He fights who is at bay.

15. *Joíndá yábindá.*

Seeking is finding.

16. *Har ki daryáft durr yáft.*

All who seek pearls find them.

17. *Dáná dushman bihtar az nádán dost.*

Better a wise enemy than a foolish friend.

18. *Cho kufar az Ka'aba barkhízad kujá mánad Musalmání?*

If there be unbelief in Mecca where is then Islám?

19. *Hukmi hákim margi mafáját.*

The king's orders are sudden death.

20. *Ma tars az balá, ki shabb darmiyán ast.*

Fear no consequences when the night is before you.

21. *Násah ba ráe dígarán.*

He preaches to others.

22. *Khud rá fazíhat wa dígarán rá nasíhat.*

A scoundrel himself he preaches to others.

23. *Sifláe khushposh rá bar masnadi já ma deh.*
Kafsh gar zurrín bawad bar sar na báyad nihád.
Don't seat a well-dressed scoundrel on your couch.
We should not put even a golden slipper on the head.

24. *Máli muft dil be rahm.*

The heart has no pity on unearned wealth.

25. *Sarafíán rá maghz báyad chún sagán,*
Náhvíán rá maghz báyad chun sháhán.
A dog's brain for the Accidence,
But a king's brain for the Syntax: (said of Arabic).

26. *Díwáná ba matlabi khúd hoshiyár.*

The madman is wise in his own interests.

27. *Qahiri darwesh bar jáni darwesh.*

The poor man's griefs are on the poor man's mind.

28. *Chu Ka'aba Qiblae hájat shawad az dayár baíd,*
Khalaq rawand ba didárash az base farsang.

The Ka'aba is (only) a place of pilgrimage for distant countries, so people come to see it from afar.

29. *Qabútar ba qabútar, báz ba báz,*
Kunad ham jins bá ham jins parwáz.
Pigeons with pigeons, falcons with falcons,
Class with class take flight: (birds of a feather flock together).

30. *Má púr az gunáhem, wa Tú Dariyáe rahmatí.*

We are full of sins, and Thou (O God) art an Ocean of mercy.

31. *Ham chunán dígare n'est.*

There's no one like me.

32. *Mará az ín che kár, gáu ámad ki khar raft?*

What care I if the cow has come or the ass has gone?

33. *Agar 'arsh jummad, na míjummad guli Muhammad.*

Heaven may move, but not the faith of Muhammad.

34. *Kamál rá zawál.*

A fall to the proud.

35. *Khud karda rá chára n'est.*

There's no redress for your own folly.

36. *Zubáni khalaq naqárae Khudá ust.*

The voice of the people is the drum of God. (*Vox populi vox Dei.*)

37. *Khufta rá khufta kae kunad bedár?*

Shall the sleeping wake the sleeping?

Urdu Proverbs.

1. *Mudda'í sust gawáh chust.*

The plaintiff is careless, but his witness his sharp.

2. *Díwár se saláh kar lená bihtar hai.*

It is as well to consult the wall: (look before you leap).

3. *Zabardast ká bís biswe.*

The bully takes twenty twentieths: (the lion's share).

4. *Nekí barbád gunáh lázim.*

Goodness has gone to the winds and wickedness has become the proper thing.

5. *Behunar ke áge hunar dikhláná.*

Showing off one's skill before the unskilful.

6. *Khubsúratí har yak ko matlúb hai.*

Everybody desires beauty.

7. *Ab to rupaye kí 'izzat hai.*

Honour means nowadays cash.

8. *Shakar-khoron ko Khudá shakar detá hai.*

God gives sugar to the sugar-eater. (The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.)

9. *Rozgár aur dushman bár bár nahín miltá hai.*

Livelihood and your enemy are not always to be met.

10. *Sámp bhí máro aur láthí bhí qaim rakho.*

Kill the snake, but don't break your stick.

11. *Kharbúze par kard gire, to kharbúze ká nuqsán!*

Kard par kharbúza gire, to kharbúze ká nuqsán.

If the knife fall on the melon it is the melon that is hurt:

If the melon fall on the knife it is the melon that is hurt. (Don't kick against the pricks).

12. *Koí kisí ke áve na jáve, dáná pání qismat láve.*

No one leaves his home unless his fate drives him.

13. *Zabardast máre aur rone na deve.*

The bully beats and allows no weeping.

14. *Zar hai to nar, nahín to khar!*

If he have money he is a man, if not he is a jackass!

15. *Kul shae 'asal kí taraf ruju' kartí hain.*

Everything throws back to its original.

16. *'Asal kahe, so dárhí jare.*

Speak the truth gets his beard burnt: (want of tact).

17. *Qází duble kyún hue? Shahr ke andeshe se.*

What has made the judge so thin? Anxiety for the city. (The weight of responsibility.)

18. *Iflás sab 'aibon ká 'aib hai.*

The greatest sin of all is poverty.

19. *'Aqal barí ki bhains?*

Which is greatest, sense or buffalo?

20. *'Ilm be-bahs nahín barhtá hai.*

Science does not advance without controversy.

21. *Naqár-kháne men tútí kí áwáz.*

The parrot's voice in the midst of the band.

22. *Shikár ke waqt kuttiá hagásí.*

At the time for hunting the dog goes for a call of nature.

23. *Agar Allah mihrbán, to kul mihrbán.*

If God be friend, then all are friends.

24. *Allah de, Allah diláve; bande de, murád pujáve.*

God gives that God may give; man gives that he may obtain his desires.

25. *Allah kí chorí nahín, to bande kí kyá chorí?*

You can't hide from God, why hide from man?

26. *Banda duniyá se dartá, Khudá se nahín dartá.*

Man fears the world, not God.

27. *Allah sir par hai!*

God is above! (Said to a liar).

28. *Baid ká yár sadá rogí:*
Joshí ká yár sadá sogí.
The physician's friend is always sick:
The astrologer's friend is always wretched.

29. *Yeh dekho Qismat ke khel, parhe Fársí beche tel!*

Observe the caprice of Fate, he knows Persian and sells oil!

30. *Badmá'sh ko badmá'sh das kos ke pher se bhí miltá hai.*

One blackguard will go ten miles to meet another blackguard.

31. *Ik andhá, ik kohrí, Rabb ne khúb miláí jorí!*

One blind and the other a leper, truly God hath made a fine pair!

32. *Málik ká tel jale masalchí ká sir dukhe.*

When the master's oil is burnt it is the footman that suffers.

33. *Baghal men sotá, nám Gharíb Dás.*

A club under his arm and his name Mr. Harmless.

34. *Likhá parhá kuchh nahín, Muhammad Fázil nám.*

He can read nor write and his name is Mr. Doctor.

35. *Jis ká Baniyá yár, us ko dushman kyá darkár?*

With a money-lender for a friend what need of an enemy?

36. *Hákim totá-chashm hote hain.*

Princes are parrot-eyed. (The restless eye of the parrot is the conventional oriental emblem of untrustworthiness).

37. *Id ke píchhe tarú.*

After the feast it is useless.

38. *Kharbúza dál ká, ám pál ká.*

(Eat) melons fresh and mangoes kept.

39. *Shakl mominon kí, kám káfiron ke.*

The face of a saint and the deeds of a devil.

40. *Do waqt milte kám nahín karná cháhíye.*

Don't work at the turn of the tide: (distorted up country into "Don't work at the meeting of the day and the night.")

41. *Khidmat se 'azmat.*

Good service means promotion.

42. *Tahil se mahil.*

A palace for service.

43. *Ghaltu'l-'ám fasíh hai.*

Universal error is correct: (usage is preferable to pedantic correctness).

44. *Ním hakím aur khatrá ján.*

Half a doctor and danger to life.

45. *Zabardast ká thengá sir par.*

The bundle of the strong goes on to your head: (forced labour).

46. *Naktí aur zukán.*

No nose and a bad cold.

47. *Mendak ko zukán.*

The frog has caught a cold.

48. *Pahilá so mírí, pichhlá so gídí.*

First is brave, last is coward.

49. *'Iráqí par bas ne chale, Turkí ke kán ainthe*

They can't get at the Arab, so they pull the Turk's ears.

50. *Himáyatí gadhiá 'Iráqí ko lát mare.*

The protected donkey kicks the Arab horse.

51. *Shaitán ká háchá.*

The devil's uncle: (a very great devil).

52. *Shaitán kí náni.*

The devil's grandmother.

53. *Shaitán kí khálá.*

The devil's aunt: (a very wicked old woman).

54. *Saís ká kám dariyáí 'ilm hai.*

A groom's work is unfathomable. (They consider themselves a very hard-worked body.)

55. *Watan chhor de agar chahtá hai izz o viqár :*
Sadaf men dekh le qadri gauhar nahín hotá.
Leave your country if you want glory and honour.
The pearl has no value in its own shell.

56. *Waqt par apná golá bárút kám átá hai.*

Powder and shot are of value in the time of need.

57. *Jab tak nuqsán nahín ho 'aqal nahín átí.*

Sense comes only after damage.

58. *Tukhm kí tásír hotí hai.*

The produce is of the seed.

59. *Táqí rakhe na báqí.*

Keep a wall-eyed horse and be ruined: (a superstition).

60. *Níyat sáf aur khísá pur.*

Uprightness means a full purse.

61. *'Isá paighambar, Músá paighambar, dandá sab ká pitandar.*

Jesus is a prophet, Moses is a prophet, but the master of all is a club: (forcible conversion).

62. *Postí kí pagrí.*

The drunkard's turban: (restlessness).

63. *Hissáb jau jau, bakhshí sau sau.*

In accounts look to the grains, in charity spend hundreds.

64. *Sakhí súm ká hissáb sál men barábar hotá hai.*

The accounts of the extravagant and the niggardly all balance in a year.

65. *Aí to 'íd, nahín to fáqá.*

Come feast or else fast: (improvidence).

66. *'Ajab Terí qudrat, 'ajab Terá khel !*
Baniyen kare naukarí, parhen beche tel !
Wondrous Thy power, wondrous thy caprice (O God !)
The tradesman is a public servant and the literate sell oil.

67. *Agar ghorá kare ghás se ashnáí, to bhúkhá mare.*

If a horse fall in love with his grass he will die of hunger.

68. *Agar gadhá jíte sangrám, káhe kharche ghore pe dám ?*

If asses could win battles who would buy horses ?

69. *Bakhtáwar ke mál par, kambakht kí ján par.*

It's the rich man's property, but the poor man's life (that is injured).

70. *Zar bin bahut aulád bhí azáb hai.*

A large family without means is misery.

71. *Soláh baraswále kí qaid kyá.*

There is no holding the boys at sixteen: (the year of majority).

72. *Bazáz kí gathrí par jhíngar málik.*

The cricket is master of the haberdasher's bundles: (eats them up).

73. *Zabán shírí mulk-gírí.*

Sweet words conquer countries.

74. *Apní sárí, paráí ádhí 'aqal ma'lúm hotí hai.*

One's own sense is always twice as good as another's.

75. *Jama'at karámát.*

A following implies respect.

76. *Larkí se dámád ziyáda piyárá hai.*

The son-in-law is dearer than the daughter: (because she is of no value without him in Indian life).

77. *Aisá naukar láo, nar, pír, bahishtí, báwarchí, khar.*

Bring me a fine strong servant, that will be priest, water-bearer, cook, and dunce in one: (allusion to the offices performed by Bráhmans).

78. *Sau din chor ká, ek din sádh ká.*

One hundred days are the thief's, one day is the merchant's: (thieves get caught at last).

79. *Bezar napunsak.*

Penniless is impotent.

80. *Paráí kí chákarí bhalí, na hamsáe kí.*

It is pleasant to serve a stranger, but not your neighbour.

81. *Kuttá nijsu'l-makluqát hai.*

The meanest of creatures is a dog.

Hindí Proverbs.

1. *Kántá boná, ám kháná.*

To sow thorns and reap mangoes.

2. *Múnh lagáí domní larke bále samet áí.*

Show favour to a low woman and she'll bring her whole family.

(3.) *Jab tak na dekhún apní nainí, tab tab na patáún gur kí bainí.*

Until I see with my own eyes I will not believe (even my spiritual) teacher's words.

(4.) *Baniyá ká betá mál hí par girtá hai.*

If a shopkeeper stumble it is on to wealth.

(5.) *Biyál gáí kí lát bhalí.*

(Even) the kick of a pregnant cow is good: (allusion to the sacred character of the cow).

(6.) *Jis kí phatí nahín biyáhí,*
Woh kyá jáne pír paráí?
Whose skin has never cracked,
What knows he of another's pain?

(7.) *Bare bol ká sir níchhe.*

Pride before a fall.

(8.) *Rog ká ghar khánsí, laráí ká ghar hánsí.*

Coughing is the home of sickness, banter the home of quarrel.

(9.) *Marná aur shádí 'aurat bin sobhá nahín detá.*

It is not becoming to die or be married without a woman.

(10.) *Jíwan maran, jas apjas, Bidhátá háth.*

Life and death, fame and dishonour, are in the hands of Fate.

(11.) *Jo garje barse nahín.*

If it thunder it won't rain: (still waters run deep).

(12.) *Dabí billí chúhon se kán katátí hai.*

The conquered cat gets her ears bitten by rats.

(13.) *Jahán murghá nahín hotá, wahán kyá din nahín charhtá?*

Is there no day where there is no cock (to crow)?

14. *Sir mundháte ole pare.*

The hail came down on his shaven poll.

15. *Kánsí par bijlí partí hai.*

Zinc attracts lightning.

16. *Bhárá gaurá bano.*

Be full (of worth).

17. *Samman samá pachhán; je koí máre lát, hánsí kar ján.*

(Says) Samman, know the times; if any one kicks you take it as a joke: (be all things to all men).

18. *Bhare ko mat bharo.*

Don't fill the full.

19. *Bhát chhuráve sáth.*

Rice separates companions.

20. *Jahán gur, wahán makhí.*

Where there is sugar there are flies.

21. *Andherí rát chor yár ko suháwaní.*

Thieves and libertines love a dark night.

22. *Jangal men mor náchá kis ne dekhá?*

Who sees the peacock dancing in the forest?

23. *Billí ke bhág ko chhínká túṭá.*

It was the cat's luck that net broke (and she got the contents). [*Chhínká* is a net containing food hung up to the rafters out of the way of cats, dogs, ants, &c.]

24. *Sánjhí kí handiá chauráhe men phúthe.*

The joint-property pitcher broke at the four cross-roads: (because each partner wanted to take it his own way).

25. *Bhádon kí dhúp Ját ko bhí faqír kare.*

The autumn sun turns even the farmer mad.

26. *Ab jo mará, us ko ro.*

Weep for him that is just dead: (limit your sympathies).

27. *Kangál kí jorú sab kí bharjáí.*

The poor man's wife is everybody's sister-in-law: (all chaff her: no self-respect).

28. *Abhí dulhe beron ká kuchh nahín gayá.*

The plums have only just fallen: (you are yet in time to retrieve your loss).

29. *Ab ke mare ab dabbe gae.*

The dead have been buried.

30. *Ab jis ká biyáh hai, us ke sohele gáo.*

Sing songs for the present marriage: (keep to the point).

31. *Na kág, na hans.*

Nor crow, nor swan: (nor fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring).

32. *Hans kí chál chale kág apne bhí bhúl gae.*

In aping the swan's the crow forgot his own manners.

33. *Panche mít, pacháse Thákur.*

Five to your friend and fifty to God: (don't grumble over it).

34. *Ghorá aur phorá hath pherne se barhtá hai.*

Horses and boils increase by stroking: (literally so to be rendered; but there is a pun on *barhtá hai* which means both "improves" and "grows worse." Horses are improved by stroking and boils grow worse.)

35. *Jo biyáh men na kháe búrá, to phir kháe? dhúrá!*

Who won't eat sweets at his wedding, what will he eat afterwards? Dust! (The miser.)

36. *Ukhlí men sir dená, phir choton se kyá darná?*

If you put your head into the mortar, why fear blows?

37. *Jin 'aurat sís charháí, áj na ujárá, kal ujárá.*

Take your wife's advice and be ruined to-day, at any rate to-morrow.

38. *Dená bhalá na báp ká, betí bhalí na ek,*
Chalná bhalá na kos ká; jo Sáhib rákhe tek.

It is not well to owe to your father: it is not well to have even one daughter.

It is not well to walk even a mile; God preserve us from these.

39. *Yeh to puráná khúnd hai.*

He is a dried-up old trunk.

40. *Agar Rájá ruthegá, to apná sohág legá, kisí ká bhág na legá.*

If the king be angry he can take away your livelihood, but not your good luck.

41. *Jogí jogí lare khapparon ká nás.*

When monk fights monk the begging-bowls suffer: (the lowly suffer for the quarrels of the great).

42. *Bhúkh men bhojan kyá? Nínd men darshan kyá?*

Any food for the hungry? any bed for the sleepy?

43. *Jagan Náth men sab koí háth pasárá.*

Every one puts his hand forth (to the dish) at Jagan Náth. (There is no distinction of caste in eating at the Jagan Náth (Juggernaut) festival.)

44. *Dátá dán de, bhandárí ká pet phate.*

The generous man gives and his steward breaks his heart.

45. *Jitne múnh, utní báten.*

As many mouths, so many opinions.

46. *Seth kyá jáne sábun ká bháo?*

What does a millionnaire know of the market-price of soap?

47. *Har ik dáne par mohar hai.*

Every grain has its seal: (every bullet has its billet).

48. *Jor jor mar jáenge, mál janwáí kháenge.*

He will die hoarding, and his son-in-law will spend.

49. *Khattú khasmen sab koí cháhe.*

Every woman wants a working husband.

50. *Sunná ghar choron ká ráj.*

The empty house is the thieves' kingdom.

51. *Apná dúdh parái cháh.*

One's own milk is another's curds: (one man's meat is another man's poison).

52. *Saho, be jíá, apná kíá!*

Suffer for thine own deeds, my heart!

53. *Apne to ánch na áve, dusre ká kám tamám hojáve.*

Don't even heat yourself, but burn up another.

54. *Gawár gaun ká yár.*

The villager is the friend of his need: (when that is satisfied he is off).

55. *Merí gahí men, terí tave par.*

My bread's in the box, that's yours on the hob. (Give me that cooked, and take that you are cooking: heads I win, tails you lose).

56. *Háre, háre, jíte háre.*

If he loses he loses, if he wins he loses: (the results of gambling).

57. *Ik tave kí roti! Kyá chhotí? Kyá motí?*

The cakes on one plate, small or great, are all the same: (the sons of one father).

58. *Ayáná jáne hía, siyáná jáne kíá.*

The child judges the heart, the adult judges the deeds.

59. *Bhík mángná marne ke barábar.*

To beg is to die.

60. *Sayyán bhae kotwál, ab dar káhe ká?*

My husband has become *kotwál*, what do I fear now? (The *kotwál*, police officer, is the embodiment of Oriental petty tyranny.)

61. *Háth kangan ko ársí kyá?*

Of what use is the thumb-mirror to the bracelet? (obvious matters don't require explanation).

62. *"Rám Rám" ko "Rám Rám" hai.*

Compliments win compliments.

63. *Unt ke galle men tallí.*

The bell on the camel's neck: (spring wedded to winter).

64. *Akelá chaná bhát nahín jhok saktá.*

One pea won't set the oven on fire: (a single person is of no value: union is strength).

65. *Gur se míthí kyá hai? Sachí bát.*

What is sweeter than sugar? Truth.

66. *Allah, de niwálá!*

God, give us a morsel! (Give us this day our daily bread.)

67. *Mard kí máyá, brichh kí chháyá, us ke sáth játí.*

A man's influence and a tree's shade go when they go.

68. *Chor kí dárhí men tinká.*

There is a straw in the thief's beard: (something wrong about him).

69. *Kuchh to dál men kálá hai.*

There are always black peas in pulse.

70. *Thothá chaná bole ghaná.*

Hollow peas make much noise.

71. *Andhí píse kuttá kháe.*

The blind woman grinds and the dog eats.

72. *Bhúkhá jáne bhojan kí sár.*

The hungry man knows the value of food.

73. *Sastá rove bár bár, mahingá rove ik bár.*

Cheap is always weeping, dear weeps but once: (cheap and nasty).

74. *Ab aisá sat jugí hai: ab koi puchhtá nahín ki "tere munh kaí dánt hai?"*

The rule is so just nowadays, that no one asks you how many teeth you have in your mouth: (you are left alone).

75. *Andar tín káne nahín, báhar Miyán Maror Khán.*

At home not three farthings, and abroad he is my Lord Proud. (*Maror Khán*, Sir Pride, is used also of monkeys).

76. *Sahj pakke so mithá.*

Slowly cooked is savoury.

77. *Táolá so báolá.*

Fast is foolish : (more haste less speed).

78. *Chamrí jáe, damrí na jáe.*

Rather my skin than my money: (the miser).

79. *Parái mál par chor rove.*

The thief weeps over (the loss of) another's property.

80. *Jo chorí kartá, woh morí rakh letá hai.*

The thief always keeps a hole open (to retreat by).

81. *Bál ká tel nikálná.*

Taking the oil out of the hair: (exhaustive investigation).

82. *Bhúkh men gúlar pakwán.*

In hunger wild berries are a relish.

83. *Ayá basant, pálá urant.*

When spring comes the cold flies away.

84. *Bhúkh, nínd, tiryá tajo, kanthá, jo naukarí karo.*

My husband, when you take up service you must give up hunger, sleep, and your wife.

85. *Bánh pakre kí láj !*

The honour of saving him! (According to Indian notions you must protect him for life afterwards.)

86. *Míyán phire nák kátne ko, bíbí kahe, " náth baná de ! "*

The husband wants to cut off her nose and the wife asks for a nose-ring !

87. *Galle ká hár.*

The garland round the neck: (a man who cannot be got rid off).

88. *Dúr kí mandir saháwaní.*

A distant temple is beautiful.

89. *Rái ká pahár banáná.*

Making a mountain out of a mustard seed.

90. *Pahiniye jag bhátí, kháíye man bhátí.*

Dress to please the world, eat to please yourself.

91. *Sattrá bahattrá gayá hai.*

He has gone to seventy and seventy-two: (he has become a fool).

92. *Patthar púje je Har mile, main pújún pahár.*

If I can get God by worshipping a stone, I'll worship a mountain: (Flatter well or not at all).

93. *Ap bhalá, to jag bhalá.*

When 'tis well with you 'tis well with the world.

94. *Ik panth, do káj.*

One road and two objects: (killing two birds with one stone).

95. *Jin de manio, díá jávegá us ko :*
Jin le mánio, líá jávegá us se.
To him that gave shall be given:
From him that took shall be taken.

96. *Jo daddá parhe, us ko díá jávegá:*
Jo lallá parhe, us se líá jávegá.
Who minds the *d* (*dená*, giving) to him shall be given.
Who minds the *l* (*lená*, taking) from him shall be taken.

97. *Dúdh ká jalá chháh dekhkar pítá hai.*

Burnt by (hot) milk looks at the butter-milk before he drinks.

98. *Duniyá men jarh múdh ko sukh hai, yá gyánwán ko.*

The wise and the downright foolish are happy in this world.

99. *Jis ká páp, usí ká báp.*

The sinner is father to his own sin.

100. *Jo ádmí bakkí hai, woh bail hai.*

The blabberer is a bullock: (bellows to no purpose).

101. *Ik miyán men do talwár nahín samá saktí.*

One scabbard can't contain two swords.

102. *Unchí dúkán pheká pakwán.*

A grand hotel and bad food: (a whited sepulchre).

103. *Dariyá men rahná magar machh se bair.*

Live in the river and fight the crocodiles.

104. *Duniyá kháíye makar se, rotí kháíye shakar se.*

Flatter the world and live on sweets.

105. *Ghar men rúí na kapás, juláhe se thíngan thengá.*

Nor cotton nor thread at home and quarrelling with the weaver.

106. *Halwáí kí dúkán dádájí kí fátiha.*

The confectioner's shop is grandpapa's requiem.

107. *Shahr basá nahín gathkate án pahunche!*

Thieves have come before the city is populated!

108. *Phus men ág lagí Jamálo hansí kharí.*

The thatch catches fire and Jamálo stands and laughs.

109. *Pahile likh píchhe de, je bhúle to mujh se le.*

Record first and lend afterwards, if you lose then I'll make it up.

110. *Ját-pát jáne na koe, kurtí pahinke Talangá hoe.*

No one knows his caste when he puts on uniform and becomes a soldier.

111. *Kúkar nínd bhar soe, chákar nínd khoe.*

A dog can sleep his fill, but a servant can't sleep at all.

112. *Jis ká chun, usí kí pun.*

Whose the flour his the alms: (alms given through another are given by the owner not by the go-between).

113. *Taqdír ke áge tadbír pesh nahín játí.*

There is no remedy for fate.

114. *Bahú áte hí betá janamá hai.*

The coming of the daughter-in-law is the birth of posterity.

115. *Thálá Baniyá tole bánt.*

The unoccupied shopman weighs his weights.

116. *Chor chorí se jáe, hera-pherí se na jáe.*

A thief may give up thieving, but not wandering about.

117. *Udhár ká lená aur phús ká thápná barábar hai.*

Borrowing at interest is warming yourself at a straw fire: (you don't get much benefit).

118. *Ustád baithe pás sab kám áve rás.*

While the teacher is by the work goes on well.

119. *Apí apní jarh káttá.*

He cuts away his own support.

120. *Jis hándí men kháe, usí men chhed kare.*

He made a hole in the pot he ate from: (ingratitude).

121. *Kat kí hándí bár bár nahín charhtí hai.*

A wooden pot goes but once on to the fire.

122. *Jis ká sir, usí kí jútí.*

Who hath the head hath the shoes: (to him that hath shall be given).

123. *Kúe kí mittí kúe men lagtí hai.*

The mud out of the well is spent on the well.

124. *Ghar kí rotí, ban kí gátí.*

The wife weeps when the outsider sings : (said to the debauchee).

125. *Rahe sákh jáe lákh.*

The promise has remained though thousands have gone : (carrying through the work at any cost).

126. *Sir mundáke din púchhná.*

Get your head shaved first and then ask what day it is. (Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, especially Sundays and Saturdays, are unlucky days for shaving the head).

127. *Ráni ko Rána piyárá, káuní ko kán piyárá.*

The lady loves her lord, and the hen crow the cock.

128. *Mard ká bachá ran se nahín bhágtá.*

Warriors never run away.

129. *Dushman mará balá tale.*

When the enemy's dead the evil's averted.

130. *Gangá Dás ke Gangá Das, Jamná Dás ke Jamná Dás.*

Gangá Das's son is Gangá Dás's, Jamná Dás's son is Jamná Dás's : (allusion to the hereditary nature of all occupations in India).

131. *Jas jíwan, apjas maran.*

Righteousness is life, wickedness is death.

132. *Phúthí hándí par kaláí ká ponchá.*

A wash of tin over a broken pot.

133. *Pání men nák dubáo.*

Put your nose in the water : (be ashamed).

134. *Kám sikháve kháú.*

Business teaches inexperience.

135. *Tín buláe teráh áe, dekho, yahán kí rít !*
Báharwále khá gae, ghar ke gáen gít.
Three invited thirteen came, see what they do in this place !
The outsiders eat the feast and the home people wail.

136. *Rám jharoke baithke sab ká mujrá le :*
Jaisí já kí chákarí, waisá wá ko de.
Rám sitting on his judgment seat hath mercy upon all ;
As each man's service, so reward doth unto him befall.

137. *Naukarí men kyá ákarí?*

Can a servant disobey?

138. *Nangí kyá naháe? Kyá nichore?*

Why should a naked woman wring out her clothes?

139. *Chhikná múnh sab chátte.*

All lick a smooth face: (sycophancy).

140. *Thúk men sattú sanná.*

To knead flour with spittle: (the miser).

141. *Jaisí terí komrí, waisá merá gít.*

As you pay, so will I sing.

142. *Jangal men mor náche kis ne dekhe?*

Who sees a peacock dancing in the jungle?

143. *Chor ke ghar men gathkhatá.*

A pickpocket in a thief's house.

144. *Bál kí khál nikálnewálá.*

Taking the skin off the hair: (searching examination).

145. *Us ke múchhon ke bál múnh men parte hain.*

His moustache is in his mouth: (a lazy man).

146. *Jyún jyún kambalí bhige, tyún tyún bhárí ho.*

The wetter the blanket the heavier it gets: (said of a debt).

147. *Bát ká batangar ban giá!*

The sentence has become a speech!

148. *Már ke áge shaitán bhí náchtá hai.*

Even the devil dances to blows.

149. *Lohe ko lohá tore.*

It is iron that breaks iron: (when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war).

150. *Aj kal to tumhárí guddí charhí húí hai.*

Nowadays it is thy kite that is uppermost.

151. *Aj kal to tumhárí ghí ke charágh balte hain.*

Nowadays your lamps burn butter: (you are prosperous).

152. *Sahij pakke so míthá ho.*

Slowly cooked is sweet.

153. *Aj kal ke Juláhe rupaye parakte hain.*

Nowadays weavers are testing money: (a parodox; weavers are proverbially stupid).

154. *Púrab ká bard, Pachham ká mard, Uttar ká nír, Dakhan ká chír.*

The east for bullocks, the west for men, the north for water, the south for clothes.

155. *Kál se na bache búrhá na jawán.*

Nor age nor youth shall escape from death.

156. *Adhí chhor ik ko dháve, aisá dúbe, thá na páve.*

Leave half to go after the whole and you'll be drowned beyond finding.

157. *Bhúke bhagat na hoí, mere Thákur.*

O God, sanctity comes not to the hungry.

158. *Parhná hai to parho, nahín to pinjrá khálí karo.*

Learn what there is to learn or leave the house.

159. *Chor kí mán kone men roí.*

The thief's mother weeps (over his wickedness) in a corner: (if she did it publicly he would be caught).

160. *Báráh baraswáleko baid kyá?*

Who can advise the twelve-year boy? (he is grown up!)

161. *Jis se panj mil bilí kahen, woh bilí hai.*

If five people together say it's a cat, it is a cat.

162. *Jahán jáe bhúkhá, wahán kare súkhá.*

Where the hungry collect they create a famine.

163. *Múnh ke ráste sab kuchh kháyá játá hai, nák ke ráste kuchh nahín.*

All food goes through the mouth (humility), nothing through the nose (pride).

164. *Dámon ká rúthá báton se nahín mántá.*

Dissatisfied with his dues is not put off by words.

165. *Háthí kí chál chalo, kutton ko bhaunkne do.*

Go on like an elephant and let the curs yelp.

166. *Dusre ká sir panserí barábar.*

Another's head is a lump of iron: (so never fear beating it!)

167. *Pat rakh, pat rakhá.*

Honour thyself in honouring others.

168. *Dam ká damámá.*

The music of the breath: (your own affairs depend on your life).

169. *Chaltí ká nám gárí hai.*

It's a carriage while it goes.

170. *Jo ghar khír, to báhir khír.*

A dinner at home is (offered) a dinner abroad.

171. *Gae sarádh, áe naurápte, Bráhman baithe chup-chupáte.*

When the funeral is over and the wake commences the Bráhman keeps very quiet: (Bráhmans are feasted and petted at the *srádh*, but get nothing at the *naurápte*).

172. *Phasí to phatkan kyá?*

Why flutter in the net?

173. *Ag pání ká kyá mel?*

How can fire and water combine?

174. *Ag ke pás ghí pigle.*

Butter melts before a fire: (be careful of the opposite sex).

175. *Raje húe ko halwá nahín lagtá.*

The surfeited don't relish sweets.

176. *Astín sámps pálná.*

To cherish a serpent in your sleeve.

177. *Astín ká sámps.*

The serpent in the sleeve: (a false friend).

178. *Kámí kí jarh na múl.*

The libertine has neither root nor foundation: (he cannot last long).

179. *Apní pair dhotí golí nahín kahlátí.*

They don't call it servitude to wash your own feet.

180. *Parádhín supne sukh nahín.*

Dependance is unpleasant even in dreams.

181. *Apní nínd so nahín sakte; apní nínd uth nahín sakte.*

They cannot sleep when they choose, nor rise when they choose: (servants).

182. *Mahájan kí "Rám Rám" Jám ká sandesá.*

The banker's compliments is a message from hell: (he sends his "*Rám, Rám*" when he demands his bill).

183. *Ganwár ganá na de, bhelí de.*

The fool won't give the sugar-cane, but he'll give the sugar: (*bhelí*, being expressed from *ganná*, is much the most expensive).

184. *Podá pání ká kírá.*

Plants are water-worms: (can't live without it).

185. *Rání bágh kí búti hai.*

A queen is a garden plant: (highly bred).

186. *Ráh piá jáne, yá wáh piá jáne.*

Companionship and dealings test friends.

187. *Baniyá se siyáná, so bhí díwáná.*

Sharper than a trader is a fool: (Indian traders are proverbial sharp).

188. *Pagrí men unt.*

A camel in his turban: (so he is told and believes without testing the fact).

189. *Ghí bin sab ghás resoi.*

Without butter all food is grass.

190. *Charhte charhte sawár ho jútá kai.*

Riding makes the horseman: (practice makes perfect).

PANJÁBI PROVERBS.

1. *Chabáre dí it pakháne nún laí.*

Using palace bricks for a privy: (*mésalliance*, marrying beneath one).

2. *Bakhtáwar dí ran sabh dí nání.*

The rich man's wife is everybody's grandmother: (she is always respected).

3. *Sat chúhe kháke billí hajj nún chalí.*

The cat ate up seven rats and then went on a pilgrimage: (hypocrisy).

4. *Mírásí dí mashkarí mán bhain nál.*

The bard will jest (indecently) with his own mother and sister. (*Mírásís* are notoriously shameless.)

5. *Sálí addhí ran hundí hai.*

Your brother's wife is half your wife. (Allusion to the custom of the levirate among the Jatts of the Panjáb.)

6. *Sándh sándh lare brútián dá nás.*

When bull fights bull the bushes suffer: (the lowly suffer from the quarrels of the great).

7. *Sach bolná addhí larái hai.*

Speaking the truth is half a battle: (want of tact).

8. *Báhar Míyán Panjhazárí, ghar bíbí chhitrán dí márí.*

Abroad he is My Lord General, at home he thrashes his wife.

9. *Chirián dá maran gawárán dá hásá.*

Death to the birds is fun to the villager.

10. *Kherá wasse; koí rove, koí hasse.*

Of the city people, some weep and some laugh.

11. *Rabb nere ki ghusun nere?*

Which is nearest, God or his fist

12. *Kumhárí apná bhándá silái*

The potter praises his own pots.

13. *Jad utár dí loí, tad kí karegá koí?*

When he takes off his covering what can any one do? (you cannot shame the shameless).

14. *Kuchhar bahke dáhrí mundhá!*

Sit in his lap and shave his beard! (abuse a man to his own relatives).

15. *In tilon bich tel nahín hai.*

There is no oil in this seed: (an unprofitable man).

16. *Bát hothon charhe kothon.*

A word out of the lips is on to the housetops.

17. *Eh tán Nur Mahil dí sarái.*

This is a very Núr Mahil's inn: (a thing that takes a very long while to make, in allusion to the beautiful *sarái* or public inn of that name built in the Jálandhar district).

18. *Jad bálak rondá, tad duddh mildá.*

When the child cries it gets milk: (ask and ye shall receive).

19. *Jis kurí dá viáh, oh gohe chugan já.*

The girl is to be married and she has gone to collect fuel.

20. *Shikár de vele kuttiá hagge.*

It is hunting time and the dog is evacuating.

21. *Khwájá dí Ajmer, Bhatthindá Rattan dá.*

Khwájá (Mu'ainu'ddín Chishtí) owns Ajmer, but Rattan (Hájí) owns Bhattindá. (Cocks of their own walks—these worthies are the "saints" of the above places)

22. *Jadlag bachá rondá nahín mán mummá dindí nahín.*

As long as the baby does not cry the mother does not give her breast.

23. *Rukkh pavé jis bakkhe phır nahín murdá.*
Jiúkar mánas jíwanda, úkar turdá.
Jiúkar mánas mardá, úkar rahindá,
Nit karní phal páe, nahín kujh kahindá !
As a tree falls it will not move again.
As a man lives so will he die.
As a man dies so will he remain,
Ever reaping the reward (of his deeds) without doubt.

24. *Ik machhí sáre páni nún gandá kare.*

One fish will make all the water muddy.

25. *Anhon men káná pardhán.*

Among the blind a one-eyed man is a superior being.

26. *Minvín hadián, ginwán shorwá.*

Little bones, little soup.

27. *Bilí shính sikháiá, bilí nún khán áiá.*

The cat taught the tiger (to eat) and he ate the cat.

28. *Ilm te karm vekhke náhín lagdá.*

Knowledge and luck go on without looking: (are no respectors of persons).

29. *Harkh dá mariá, Nark nún jándá.*

Smitten with anger goes to Hell.

30. *Siáná káun maile par bahindá.*

The wise crow (sometimes) sits on dirt: (all make mistakes).

31. *Chorí yárí dá mahná : mehnat dá mahná náhín !*

Thieving and whoring are a reproach : working is no reproach !

32. *Kuttá ráj baháiye chakkí chattan jáe.*

Set a dog on the throne and he will still lick the handmill.

33. *Do mullán de dármián kukrí halál nahín hundí.*

You can't kill a fowl between two priests: (both would demand his fee for making the killing lawful).

34. *Háthí langh giá púchhal báqí hai.*

The elephant is across but his tail remains: (finish what you have begun).

35. *Rúrí te sauná te mahilán de suphne.*

Sleeping on a dunghill and dreaming of palaces.

36. *Sammí rove yárá nún, lai lai nám bhráwán de.*

Sammí bewails her lover in her brother's name.

37. *Ankhion ton disse nahín, ná Chirágh Sháh!*

He can't see with his eyes and his name is King Lamp!

38. *Súm dí kamáí kisi kam na áí.*

A miser's earnings profit nothing.

39. *Wohtí tán nahín milí par wohtrí láiá hán.*

I got no wife, but only a kind of wife: (the disappointed bridegroom).

40. *Mandá hál wáng Jatt jharí de.*

As wretched as a Jatt in a shower.

41. *Dhaulí dárhí te átá kharáb.*

A white beard and a bad dinner: (if spring be wedded to winter, spring will neglect him).

42. *Dekho! bharwe dí akal gaí:*
Mahín vechke ghorí láí;
Duddh pínon giá liddh sitní páí!
Look! the fool's head is gone:
He has sold a buffalo and bought a mare;
His milk is lost and horse-dung gained!

43. *Donon dín gae pánde halwá milá na mánde.*

The dishonest priest gets neither sweets nor bread.

44. *Chor nálon pánd káhlí.*

The bundle is quicker than the thief.

45. *Nachan lágí ghungat kihá?*

What boots a veil to a dancing girl?

46. *Anhán wande shíríní ghar dián nún de.*

The blind feast their own relations: (nepotism).

47. *Mán manse, dhí khái: ghar ká balá ghar men rah gaí.*

When the mother gives alms to the daughter the family property remains at home.

48. *Maran chalí saumpe bhánde.*

She is pawning her property on her deathbed.

49. *Gánon bhunáven jon, bháven kachí ái hon.*

Want parches grain, however green: (necessity is the mother of invention).

50. *Palle nahín ser átá, híngdí dá sangh pátá.*

Not a pound of flour about him and he bursts his throat with boasting.

51. *Saddí na bulái, "main munde dí tái."*

Invited or not she is your child's aunt: (sponges on you on any pretext).

52. *Gájrán de chor nún juttián dí már.*

A box in the ear for the stealer of a carrot: (a petty punishment for a petty crime).

53. *Kharbúze nún vekhke kharbúzá rang vatáwandá hai.*

One melon changes colour on seeing another: (they rot quickly when placed together: evil communications corrupt good manners).

54. *Bhái ajj kal tán pagrí doín hathín rakhí jándí hai. Kyún? Hákim bará sakht hai.*

Friend, nowadays put both hands to thy turban. Why? The judge is very sharp.

55. *Saho, ve jiá, apne kíá!*

Bear with thy own deeds, my heart!

56. *Kamlá Jatt Khudá nún chor.*

The mad Jatt says that God has been stolen.

57. *Bhere bhere yár merí Samín de.*

Samín's friends are all wicked: (she keeps bad company).

58. *Ultá chor kotwálí dande.*

The thief in revenge beats the policeman: (no one owns his own faults).

59. *Dhí nálon bahú siání, riddhe pakke páve pání.*

My son's wife is sharper than my daughter, she throws water on to the cooked food: (a taunt).

60. *Sakhí nálon sum jo turat de jawáb.*

Better the miser who refuses at once than the generous man: (who keeps you waiting).

61. *Pet de wáste sabh kujh sahiná pardá hai.*

For the stomach's sake a man will bear anything.

62. *Jíte bát na puchchhe: mare dá sarádh kardá!*

Alive you cared not for them, dead you mourn them!

63. *Pind basá na uchakke agge hí hain.*

The thieves have arrived before the city is populated.

64. *Nání khasm kítá dohte nún chattí pái.*

The grandmother marries at the grandson's expense: (oppression).

65. *Apní galí vich kuttá ví sher hundá hai.*

Even a dog is a lion in his own lane.

66. *Bigre-tigre dá sotá ustád.*

A fool's teacher is a stick.

67. *Bolí káj bigariá san múlí patte.*

A bitter word spoils the whole business.

68. *Rabb wadá beparwáh! Pall vich kardá jall ton thall.*

God is very wondrous! making a desert out of water in a moment.

69. *Ambán de amb te gitkán de dam.*

A mango out of the mango and money out of the stone: (*i.e.* something to eat out of the fruit and to sell out of the stone: a really good bargain).

70. *Do paián, bisar gaián, yárán diá dúr baláín.*

Beat him twice and he forgets and thinks his wickedness is forgiven.

71. *Apní tor nibáhíye, oh dí oh jáne.*

Keep up your friendship, he knows about his.

72. *Sájan chhoríye rang se bahor vi áven mít.*

Break up a friendship gracefully that you may still be friends.

73. *Gharíbán roze rakhe din wadde hoe.*

When the poor fast the day is long.

74. *Sir munaundiá gare pae.*

Hail fell on his shaven head.

75. *Jatt gáríját gárí, Náí gárí kuját gárí.*

The Jatt's cart is a proper cart, the barber's cart is an improper cart: (every cobbler to his last).

76. *Khandá, ghorá, istrí, tinne ját kuját.*

A sword, a horse, a woman, are three inferior things: (always in another's power, so don't trust them).

77. *Jad dhan dekhíye jándá addhá deíye wand.*

When you see your money going share half of it: (insurance).

78. *Tand nahín phitá, tání phit gaí.*

Not a thread, but the whole warp is broken.

79. *Kar mazúrí khá chúrí.*

Work and eat sweets.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN HOOD EPOS.

HOUGH history has ignored the disagreeable fact, there is no real difficulty in showing that communism was publicly advocated in this country in the reign of that too glorious monarch Edward III. The disastrous outbreak of the English Jacquerie under the weak rule of his unfortunate successor has doubtless attracted all attention to itself to the oblivion of the older fact.

It took also, as we shall see, the milder form, much as the Wickliffe agitation did, of inculcating its principles by oral and literary means only; declining, at least until a more favourable season, the ultimate and inevitable *voie de fait*, which was probably intentionally reserved until the disbanded soldiery of Edward should be thrown broadcast into the land.

The original agitation to which I shall call attention was distinguished from the later and actual insurrection in a most important and vital point. It was, as we shall see, a communistic claim made in the name of the yeomen or farmers, and ignored utterly the serfs or agricultural labourers, who do not appear upon the stage in the new *rôle* of agitators until the next reign.

Though the later movement from its large volume and its well defined atrocities has exclusively engaged the attention of students, there is much in the earlier agitation that deserves careful consideration as well for its philosophical as its social bearings, notwithstanding that its inception never crossed the threshold of mere poetry.

But it is just this limitation of fact which brings the subject more strictly within the province of folk-lore, and forms the justification for its treatment in our pages.

My remarks have special reference to the Robin Hood ballads.

These interesting poems, though they may seem to us now merely harmless outbursts of enthusiastic and rude poetasters, were in their origin intended for anything rather than innocent and superfluous diversion. They were really intended to exasperate the rude mind of the yeomen into a ruthless crusade against the clergy and landed gentry; the proposed result of that crusade, if it should be successful, being their entire disappropriation for the behoof of a new order of proprietors, the yeomen.

To England, as we shall see, belongs the equivocal credit of having originated an epic of communism.

We have reason to believe that the Robin Hood ballads were a long series in their first composition. But, if that were so, most of them (I mean the genuine ones) have long since perished; two only, such as we can accept with full faith in their authenticity, remaining to our days. There is, however, sufficient in these two to furnish us with the true scope and intention of the agitators without any possibility of mistake or serious misconception. The necessary data are supplied to us by the "Litel Geste of Robin Hood" and "Robin Hood and the Potter." These two poems (of which the first is infinitely the best) will be found to lay bare the object and philosophy of the then new social science.

We are singularly fortunate in a literary question like this to be able to approximate closely to the era when the general epos was first composed and started by the unknown originators of the movement.

Langland, the author of *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*, writing in A.D. 1362, lets us know in unequivocal terms that the ballads of Robin Hood ("Rimes of Robin Hood" he calls them) were then in full circulation. This does not of course determine how long before this year the ballads were actually composed, but it certainly does a great deal to settle even that date; for if we allow five or six years for their inception and dissemination—and we cannot allow less and need not allow more—we are landed in the epoch of the great

French Jacquerie, an actual revolution on the continent of France, planned and carried into execution for the very same purposes which the romance of Robin Hood was theoretically to establish in the adjacent country of England if it could.

This French plague, as others since have done, crossed the Channel, and was greeted as a friend by the discontented yeomanry of England, to whom it supplied the programme which they perhaps lacked the intelligence to originate. More than this was not practicable in the time of the great king, and nothing was then open to the yeomen but to indulge their venom in a medium which all ages have employed in a like propaganda. Poetry was therefore resolved upon, and poetasters now unknown stirred up the class animosities of the sullen farmer.

This is the origin of the "Rimes of Robin Hood," a true epic if there ever was one, and to this epic the master-mind of the old poet or poets found a most appropriate hero to conduct its action and enforce its moral. He was to be an English forester, the representative of the most adventurous and self-asserting section of the English yeomanry, and the name he was to be dubbed with was consonant to his calling. It was to be Robin a Wood, which English phonetics, according to their wont, soon afterwards softened into Robin Hood, a name which promises to be immortal.

This imaginary form of name was familiar to English speech and to English ears. Jack Upland figures in a poem of the Piers Ploughman series. Jack Straw is known to all men. Allan a Dale (a nearer resemblance still) was afterwards one of the *personæ dramatis* of the epos itself, similarly with John a Green. The same reference to forestry, as in the name of his master, is found in the pseudonym given to Little John in the *Lytel Geste*—Reynold Greenleaf.

In the name of the hero, therefore, there was nothing mysterious or even romantic, as in the names of the knights and giants who figured in the ballads of chivalry. It was intended to be plain and popular, and its universal acceptance shows that the choice was excellently made.*

* There was a familiarity also in the use of the name Robin, which made it eligible as the appellation of the communistic forester, and better adapted to fly *per ora virûm*. For this reason of familiarity "our hoste" of the *Canterbury Tales*, in addressing the Drunken Miller, says, "Robin, abyde, my leve brother."

Here I must also remark that the French word Robin, used as the hero's name, completely disposes of the shadowy claim set up by some writers on his behalf, that he was a patriotic Anglo-Saxon of the early ages, burning with unquenchable hatred of the Norman oppressor. Still less can he have been the blind Scandinavian deity Hodr, who killed Balder the beautiful. He belongs not to history or mythology, but to English fiction.

The plan of the epic being decided, and the hero and his name thus satisfactorily settled, the remaining point—its didactics—presented no difficulty whatever to the syndicate who had the movement in their hands. The didactics were to be Communism and Anarchism—high flights for men of the Middle Ages. We find these two great systems, which seem to us so modern, explicitly unfolded in the two oldest of the poems. Communism was pithily summed up in the well-known description of the robber chieftain's rule and practice of life come down to us with the Robin Hood tradition itself. He was said to have "robbed the rich to feed the poor," a sort of liberal paraphrase of the operation of the subsequent Elizabethan poor law; and under the new philosophy of the Robin Hood school the poor were not to be content to have their needs supplied through the voluntary charity of the rich, but were to take it from the latter by the right of communistic compulsion.

This may be easily illustrated out of the ballads. In one of them quoted by Ritson (which, however, I cannot trace) Robin Hood is made to say :

> "If he be a pore man,
> Of my goods he shall have some."

The *Lytel Geste* says of our hero :—

> "For he was a good outlawe,
> And dyde pore men much god."

The meaning of these two excerpts is that the goods thus liberally imparted to the poor without any other consideration than their real or apparent poverty were derived from the possessions of others, viz. the rich, for the outlaw had no other resources save what pillage would abundantly and constantly supply.

Besides these ancient authorities, the poet Drayton, who from his incontestable antiquarian learning may be safely accepted as showing the tradition on this subject, sums up the received reputation of Robin in the following words :—

> "From wealthy abbots' chests and churls' abundant store,
> What often times he took he shared among the poor."

It is curious to find that strange writer Ritson approving of this principle; but the subject of our romantic outlaw, visionary as it ought to have appeared, seems ever to have had a disturbing effect upon staid English brains. Even the placid Wordsworth lost all sense of moderation in his eulogium of Rob Roy, a hero *ejusdem farinae.*

After this preface I will turn more particularly to the ballads themselves. As I have already intimated there are no ancient manuscripts remaining of them. The oldest copy is De Worde's print of *A Litell Geste of Robin Hode.* Though the date of its publication is somewhat late, the diction of the poem itself is tolerably old, indeed very much older than the printers' age.

This is an encouraging circumstance, for it gives us reason to believe that in this poem at least we have really one of the "rimes" referred to by Langland, and we may rely upon it accordingly, and the context supports this view. Its simple and unexaggerated language, not without a rough tincture of real poetry, puts to flight all the late hyperbole attached to the legend—Robin is no more than "a good yeoman," at the same time he is "a proud outlawe," and also "a curteyse outlawe." He is assisted in his nefarious trade by "Lytell John," who is equally "a good yeman"; and by Scathlock (Scarlet) and "Much the Miller's Son," both also designated with equal justice as "good."

This poem contains an open avowal of absolute brigandage, the only persons to be exempted from this trying operation being "housbondes," that is, tenant-farmers, and any knight or squire who was willing to be "a good felaw," or accomplice. But all bishops and archbishops were to "be beaten and bound," as was also the Sheriff of Nottingham, who here stands for all high sheriffs whomsoever.

In the fourth fytte, Robin Hood is called "the poor man's friend," and says the hero himself—

> "What man that helpeth a good yeman,
> His frende then will I be."

The poem is remarkable for its extreme rancour against monks, abbots and priors, making against them the stock charge of habitual avarice, but supporting it only by the not very heinous fact of an abbot finding it necessary to foreclose a mortgage against a friend of Robin Hood for an overdue loan. The only other ballad (before alluded to by me) having any stamp of antiquity is "Robin Hood and the Potter," and this is chiefly interesting as betraying illiteracy as well as archaism, and therefore showing clearly the sort of people to whom the *Epos* was addressed.

This ballad also terms Robin Hood "a god yeman." The moral, too, is a true Robin Hood one. The Sheriff of Nottingham is coolly robbed of much money, and a handsome present out of it is made to the potter for no conclusive reason than his apparent poverty.

It will have been seen that of the "Rimes of Robin Hood," as Langland calls them, the surviving stock is but small. It is much to be wished that we had still many of them instead of the poor trash of the Robin Hood Garlands, Elizabethan in date, of which we have a great deal more than is at all needed. Fortunately, however, we have a poem, for such it is, of later date, but still not younger than the close of the Edwardian period, written with great vigour *in pari materia*, and breathing all the lawless spirit and animus of the old Rimes—I mean the now forgotten "Tale of Gamelin." This has been written (for it is a literary production) so closely upon the lines of the form of the older poems, like the *Lytel Geste*, and probably others now lost, that it is impossible to doubt that the writer's model was the *Epos* itself, to which he had an access, now closed to us. There should be accordingly no difficulty on our part in allowing this poem to supplement any deficiency of Robin Hood knowledge which the ravages of time have occasioned us in the present age.

Its form is a testimonial in its favour. Its author, though he must

have known the courtly and harmonious verse which Chaucer had invented and made fashionable even as far as remote Scotland, neglected or rather disdained it for the rough old-fashioned metre of Robert of Gloucester, always a favourite with the less cultivated portion of the people of England. No Robin Hood writer would have deliberately chosen such a vehicle for his thoughts if it had not been radically English (in the vulgar sense of the word) and intensely popular both with the masses and those who approximated to them in feelings and prejudices. This poem, in its cold-blooded lawlessness, leaves even the *Lytel Geste* far behind. Its hatred of the monks and the higher clergy is extraordinary. Gamelin, the hero of the poem, is made to say with the fullest approval of his followers :—

> " Cursed mot he worthe, both fleisch and blood,
> That ever do priour or abbot any good."

After this speech he and his following assail (breaking legs and arms) all the clergy assembled in his brother's hall, and these are not mere parish priests but " abbot, prior, monk, and canon."

Dominated by the feeling of their leader, these men then take to the wood, where they find a company of seven score outlaws, and are conducted by them into the presence of the " master outlaw." The latter (also called " King of Outlaws ") is not slow to propound to the new comers his own principle of action, and also interrogates Gamelin, who thus answers with appropriate readiness :—

> " Sire, we walk not here noon harm for to do,
> But if we meete with a deer to sheete therto,
> As man that been hungry and mowe no mete finde,
> And ben harde bysted under wood lynde."

Gamelin is made lieutenant of the gang, and shortly afterwards, tidings coming that the chief has been pardoned by the king, he is elected by the outlaws to take his place.

On Gamelin presenting himself at the next quarter sessions, his elder brother, who is high sheriff, commits him to prison as " wolf's head," but he is straightway bailed by a third brother, Sir Ote, who undertakes to produce him for trial at the next assizes.

Gamelin then revisits the wood and finds his " merry men " much

as he had left them, and the poet takes the opportunity of making the following tirade of pure Robin Hoodism :—

> "There was no man that for him ferde the wers,
> But abbotes and priours, monk and chanoin,
> On him left he nothing, when he might them none."

After a time Gamelin bethinks him of his brother Sir Ote's engagement to produce him, and he attends accordingly with his outlaws before the king's justice and the county. Sir Ote was already there "in fetters," having been sentenced to be hanged for Gamelin's default. Sir Ote being liberated, Gamelin announces his intention of hanging the judge and jury who had convicted him, as also the sheriff for his share of the transaction, and takes his seat on the bench, placing Sir Ote and his own old servant Adam (Shakespeare's Adam) by his side. The "justice" and the "false brother" are arraigned at the bar, and the sheriff and the twelve jurymen are fetched to bear them company. Gamelin next swears in the requisite number of his own men as jurors to try the new prisoners, and in the result all are found guilty and are summarily hanged.

Gamelin and Sir Ote are promoted by the king, who even finds places for all the outlaws. Gamelin then makes a good marriage, and the previous topsy-turfydom is thus set right.

After reading this *précis* the reader will, I think, agree with me that between this poem and the *Lytel Geste* there is a perfect concord of spirit and detail. The latter poem thus illustrates and supplements what is now lacking through the loss of the popular oral "Rimes." This view of the substantial agreement between the poem and the "Rimes" is strengthened by the fact that as time went on Gamelin was formally admitted amongst the *personae* of the Robin Hood legend as Young Ganwall.

There is one more circumstance connected with the legend which is not without interest. As we have seen, Robin Hood and his comrades are all simple yeomen, who have bettered their condition by turning thieves, though with a communistic pretence. But this was not to last for ever. When the English public had familiarised itself with the principle previously entirely unknown in Europe, that ratepayers should be taxed for the support of the poor, whether they liked it or

not, the proceedings of the poetic robber chief began to be regarded through a prism of indulgence which gradually amounted to real favour. Of this new aspect the Pepysian collection is a good exponent. In these ballads Robin Hood is no longer a yeoman, he is Earl of Huntingdon (see *A True Tale of Robin Hood*). Before then grave historians like Grafton had already written seriously of his "nobility," though they admit it to have been under a cloud.

The legend itself thus came to be regarded as the indigenous Arcadian romance of England. The reforming bishop Latimer has recorded how chagrined he felt on May Day on finding that the holiday-making rustics of an English village, whom he desired to edify by a homily of his own confection, much preferred breathing the sweet air of their meadows as "Robin Hood's men" to hearing the bishop's projected discourse, however redolent it might be of the Wartburg or Zurich.

In fact the poetic genius displayed in these ballads had made them overshoot their original mark; and the English public, high and low, had ended by ignoring their evil intention, and loving them for their rural allusions and scenery. So Henry VIII. and his courtiers masqueraded at Shooter's Hill as Robin Hood and his men, and Shakespeare in *As You Like It* affected to believe that the legend commemorated the golden age of Britain.* H. C. COOTE.

SOME FOLK-LORE OF THE SEA.

AMES given to the sea are:—

The Haddock Peel (Pool);
The Herring Peel;
The Herring Pond.

"To send one across the Haddock Peel" means to banish one.—(Keith.)

* In this paper I have used as my authorities Ritson's edition of the *Robin Hood Ballads* and his *Prolegomena* thereto. The latter are chiefly remarkable for an entire absence of the critical faculty.

The Irish Channel is called "the Dib," *i.e.* the Pool; and "To cross the Dib" means to go to Ireland.—(West of Scotland.)

Among sailors the Atlantic bears the name of "the Pond"; and "To cross the Pond," in sailor language, signifies to go to America.

The sea is sometimes called "the Water," which is used in such expressions as: "The boats is o' the water"; "They hinna been o' the water for aucht days."

When the sea is calm it is said to be "quiet as a lam'"; and when it is very stormy it is said to be "roarin like a lion."

When a man is very drunk he is said to be "as fou's the Baltic," or "as fou's the sea."

When a man is very thirsty he sometimes uses the expression: "I am sae thirsty I cud drink the sea."

A usual question about Keith was: "Faht's the hicht o' absurdity?" and the answer was: "T' try t' demm the sea wi' a pitchfork, or bar the door wi' a boilt carrot."

About the same place a common proverb was: "Little helps, as the vran (wren) said finn she p—— i' the sea."

The phosphorescence of the sea goes by various names:—

Fire.—(Cairnbulg.)

Fire-burn.—(Rosehearty, Pittulie.)

Sea-fire.—(Rosehearty, Pittulie.)

Water-burn.—(Rosehearty, Pennan.)

Water-fire.—(Pennan.)

Water-lamp.—(Crovie, Pennan, Pittulie.)

When it is seen during a dark night on the breast of the roll, or on the water as it breaks on the rocks, it is looked upon as an indication of coming foul weather.

The roll or swell that precedes a storm is called:—

The dracht.—(Pittulie.)

The dog afore his maister.—(Macduff, Pennan, Rosehearty, Pittulie.)

The sheep afore the dog.—(Pittulie.)

The roll, after the storm has abated, is called "the dog ahin his maister."—(Macduff.)

There were, not very many years ago, those that pretended to fore-

cast a coming disaster by, as they said, a peculiar, mournful "knell" (*k* is sounded) or sound made by the waves as they fall on the beach. —(Rosehearty, Pittulie.) If one was drowned near the shore, the waves, as they fell, emitted the same mournful sound, till the body was found.—(Rosehearty.)

The dash of the waves on the beach is heard in certain conditions of the atmosphere several miles inland. In the parish of Keith, at least six miles inland in a straight line, the sound is at times heard, and the remark used to be made, "The sea hiz a sehr belly, it's to be coorse weather."—(Personal.)

The sound of the sea breaking on the beach in ordinary weather goes by various names :—

The knell.—(Pittulie.)

Chap.—(Macduff.)

The sang o' the sea.—(General.)

If the wind blows during night from the west or north-west, and backs during the day to south-west or south, and thus comes to blow "into the face of the wave," the "knell" is very distinct, and is heard at a considerable distance.—(Pittulie, Rosehearty.)

If "the sang o' the sea" is heard coming from the West by the fishermen of Rosehearty in the morning when they get out of bed to examine the state of the weather, whether favourable or unfavourable for fishing, it is regarded as an indication of fine weather for the day, and, accordingly, they sometimes go farther to sea.

When it is calm, sailors and fishermen whistle, for the most part softly, to make the wind blow; hence the phrases on the north-east coast—" Fussle t' raise the win' "; and " Fussle for the win'."

Another mode to make wind rise, is to scratch the mast with the nails of the fingers.*—(Rosehearty.)

It is a common saying among the Rosehearty fisherfolks that marriages amongst them bring stormy weather. A very common season for marrying is immediately after the herring fishing is finished —particularly if the fishing has been prosperous—that is, from the end of September till January.

When the foam on the sea in a storm retreats, or goes out—

* *Mélusine*, vol. ii. c. 188, 11.

"works oot," it is said to be "leukin for mehr," and more stormy weather is looked upon as at hand.—(Rosehearty.)

Many fishermen count it unlucky to meet with a dead body at sea, and some will not allow it to be lifted on board.

A Rosehearty fisherman told me lately he was fishing off Rosehearty in company with a fisherman from a neighbouring village. A dead body came up on one of the lines. It was proposed by my informant to lift the body on board. This was most determinedly opposed by the fisherman from the other village, and the body was dropped. Next day the boat was fishing on the same ground, and the body came up a second time, and no persuasion would prevail upon the recusant to carry the body to land. It is quite common for a boat, when there is plenty of fish on any spot, to return to it time after time. So the boat went to its former ground. For the third time the body was hooked, and rose to the surface, "jest as gehn it wisst t' come t' them to be beeriet," as my informant's daughter beautifully said. But it could not be. The fisherman was as relentless as the waves, and "somebody's darling" sank again.

The same fisherman told me that he was once fishing for lobsters and crabs at Lybster, Caithness, and that he came upon a human body floating. It was carefully lifted into the boat and brought ashore. The owner of the boat, a Lybster man, was not at sea, and when he learned what had been done he was both in distress and in a passion. He filled his boat with water, and for three successive days—Sunday being one of them—he rubbed, and scrubbed it. Unless it had been almost a new boat, in all likelihood he would have never set foot in it.

Other fishermen (Rosehearty, Pittulie) would most carefully bring ashore a dead body, as they have again and again assured me.

The presence of a dead body on ship or boat is supposed to cause contrary winds.

Eggs are credited with the same power, and there are fishermen that would not allow a single one on board.—(Rosehearty.)

Jessie Ritchie was during one fishing at Castle Bay. When the boat was making ready to return, she received most strict orders not to take eggs on board. She, however, did contrive to smuggle a dozen of them aboard without any mishap following.

In a storm three waves are strong and violent, whilst the fourth wave is comparatively weak and less dangerous. This succession of waves is called a "rote of waves."—(Pennan.)

When the tide rises higher than usual, stormy weather is looked for.—(Rosehearty.)

When there is a more than an ordinary high tide the fishermen of Pittulie say that it is caused by "a gale from the ocean."

When the tide rises higher than ordinary the expression is used, "There is a heich flouans."—(Macduff.)

When the neep-tide is at the lowest it is called "the dead o' the neep."—(Macduff.)

In tidal harbours, when a ship cannot float, owing to want of depth of water at neep-tide, and is thus detained from sailing, she is said to be "neepit"—a circumstance far from pleasing to the captain.

WALTER GREGOR.

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(*Continued from* vol. II. *page* 377.)

THE SUVA*nn*AKAKKA*t*A JÂTAKA.*

IN days of yore there was a brâhman village, on the eastern side of Râjagaha, called Sâlindiya.

At that time the Bodhisat was reborn in a Brâhman family as a farmer. When he grew up he accumulated wealth, and farmed four thousand amma*n*as of land in a certain district of Magadha, in the N.E. quarter of the village of Sâlindiya.

One day he went with his men to the field, and bade his labourers plough the land. Then he went to a large pond at the end of the field

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 389, p. 293.

to wash his mouth.* But in that pond there lived a certain golden crab, beautiful and amiable. The Bodhisat went down to the pond and cleaned his teeth.† While he was washing his mouth the golden crab came up to him; whereupon the farmer lifted it up, and made it lie within his upper garment and took it to the field. When he had transacted what business there was to be done, he went straight to the pond and deposited the crab safely there, and then went home. From that time forth, as soon as he came to the field, he first went to the pond and made the crab lie within his upper garment, and then went about his labours.

In this way there grew up a strong and intimate friendship between these two. The Bodhisat came constantly to the field; but in his eyes fine hues and three very bright circles were visible. There chanced to be at the end of this field, on a certain palm-tree, a crow's nest, wherein was a female crow who had noticed his eyes, and became desirous of eating them. Then she said to her mate, the male crow: "Husband, I have a great longing." "What sort of a longing, I pray?" he asked. "I want to eat the eyes of a certain brâhman," said she. "You have conceived a bad longing. Who can get those for you?"

"I am well aware that you are not able," said she; "but not far off from this palm-tree there is a mound wherein dwells a black serpent; wait upon him‡ (and so secure his good offices). He'll bite and kill the farmer, then do you tear out his eyes and bring them to me." The male crow assented, saying, "Let it be so." Thenceforth he attended upon the black snake.

By the time that the grain sown by the Bodhisat began to sprout the crab had grown to a large size. Then one day the serpent said to the crow, "My friend, you are constantly waiting upon me; what can I do for you?" He replied, "Master, thy slave (the female crow) has conceived a great longing for the eyes of the owner of yonder field. I wait upon you because I think by your power I'll get possession of his eyes." The serpent comforted him and said, "Be it so, you shall have them, though it will not be an easy job." The next day, hidden

* To clean his teeth and rinse out his mouth.

† Literally "ate a toothstick."

‡ *i.e.* as a servant upon a master.

in the grass, near the end of the field, in the path by which the brâhman would come, he lay in wait for his appearance. The Bodhisat, on his arrival, first went down to the pond, washed his mouth, embraced and showed his friendship for the crab, made him lie within his upper garment, and then went into the field.

When the snake saw the farmer coming he made a sudden dash at him and bit him on the fleshy part of the shoulder; and, having caused him to drop down near the mound, he took to flight. The falling of the Bodhisat, the leaping of the crab from the interior of the (upper) garment, and the coming and alighting of the crow on the breast of the Bodhisat, took place simultaneously.

The crow, having alighted, applied his beak to the eyes of the farmer. The crab thought to himself, "On account of this crow my friend is in danger. If the crow is captured the serpent will come (to the rescue)." Seizing the crow by the neck, as with a pair of tongs, he held him firmly in his claw, then exhausted and rendered him helpless. The crow called out for the serpent: "Wherefore, sir, have you forsaken me and fled away? This crab worries me. Come here (and help me) while there's life in me." Then he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> "This horned* beast, with eyes full long and large,
> That hath no hair, whose skin is like a bone,
> And in the water takes up his abode,
> Doth hold me fast; away I cannot get,
> Come quick I pray; Oh! why forsake thy friend
> Who loves thee well, and needs at once thy aid."

The serpent, on hearing this, spread out its hood, and came to succour the crow.

The teacher, being fully enlightened, by way of explaining this matter, uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> "The hissing snake, with hood outspread,
> The crab full near did come,
> As friend in need to help a friend,
> But him the crab did seize."

Then the crab worried the serpent and rendered him helpless. Then thought the serpent, "Of a truth crabs never eat crow's flesh nor

* Singî = golden as well as horned.

serpent's. What's the reason, I wonder, he seizes us?" Asking this, he spake the following *gâtha* :—

"This crab doth not for eating sake
The crow or serpent seize.
This do I ask, O long-eyed beast,
Why do you grasp us both."

On hearing this the crab gave him the cause of his being held fast in the two following *gâthas* :—

"This brâhman my well-wisher is and friend,
Each day he takes me to and from this pond.
Were he to die much grief it would me bring,
Both he and I not two but one are we.

Each man that saw my body grown full large
To kill and eat me would at once desire,
For sweet and fat and soft is all my flesh;
Should crows me spy they would forthwith me slay."

The serpent on hearing this thought to himself:—I must by some artifice outwit this fellow and release the crow and myself. Then in order to take him in he uttered the next *gâtha* :—

"If for this man we two so fast are held,
Let him arise and I'll the venom draw.
Release at once the crow and me, my friend,
Before the poison strong o'ercome the man."

Having heard this the crab thought to himself: "This serpent, by some artifice, wishes me to release these two creatures and then to make off. He is not aware of my cleverness in artifices. I'll now relax my grasp, so that the serpent shall be able to move about, but I'll not as yet release the crow." Thus thinking he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

"The serpent I'll release, the crow not yet,
He shall remain a while within my claws;
But when to health I see my friend restored,
E'en as the snake the crow will I set free."

And, moreover, when he had thus spoken he unloosened his claw so as to let the serpent get easily away. The serpent extracted the poison and freed the body of the Bodhisat from the venom.

He rose up, free from injury, and had too his natural appearance. The crab thought to himself, "If these two creatures be allowed to

get away whole and sound my friend will not, I feel sure, be safe from harm. I'll put them to death." Then he cut off the heads of both with his claws, just like cutting off a lotus-bud (from its stalk) with a sharp pair of shears, and deprived them of life. The female crow, moreover, fled from that place.

The Bodhisat, impaling the body of the serpent with a stick, threw it into the jungle and let the golden crab go into the water. When he had bathed he went straight to the village of Sâlindiya; and from that time forward there existed greater intimacy between the crab and the farmer.

There is a variant of this Jâtaka tale in the story of RÂJÂ RASÂLU (Temple's *Legends of the Panjâb*, p. 45), wherein a *scorpion* takes the place of the *crow* and a *hedgehog* is substituted for the *crab*. He (Râjâ Sarkap) sent a messenger to the old woman and told her that if she wished to please him she was to take Râjâ Rasâlu into a certain garden where lived a venomous snake, and to make the snake bite and kill him. So the treacherous old woman took the râjâ into the garden, and gave him a place in it to live in. There the râjâ dwelt, and one day after his breakfast he lay down to sleep about noon. Now, in that garden dwelt too things of evil omen: one was a scorpion called Kalîr, who scooped out men's eyes, and the other was a serpent called Talîr, which sucked out men's blood. When Kalîr the scorpion saw Râjâ Rasâlu asleep he went to Talîr the serpent and said: "Here is a man asleep. You go and bite him and suck out his blood, and I will eat out his eyes."

* * * * *

Then Talîr the serpent came down from his *shîsham* tree, and, having bitten Râjâ Rasâlu, climbed up again quickly. And then Kalîr the scorpion called out to his brother scorpions and went with them to eat out the râjâ's eyes.

Meanwhile the hedgehog which Râjâ Rasâlu had saved from the river . . . . was out eating fruit in the garden. Suddenly he heard the crows making a noise over head, and thought that most likely

the serpent had come down and bitten Râjâ Rasâlu. So he went back . . . . and sat on the râjâ's neck . . . . and when the scorpion came up on to the râjâ's breast . . . . the hedgehog caught him by the leg. The scorpion called out *krán krán*, and the serpent said "What's the matter with you?" "Something has caught my foot," cried the scorpion; "I see you are black," said the serpent, "and there is something black at your feet. I see nothing wrong there."

Then the hedgehog made himself known to the serpent by taking the scorpion by the legs and turning him upside down. "Who are you?" said the serpent; "what kind of animal are you?" "I am a hedgehog," said he, taking the scorpion's legs in his mouth. This made the scorpion cry out *krán krán* again, and he said to the serpent, "O, my friend, don't bother him any more."

. . . . . cried out the hedgehog, being chief of all the hedgehogs, "I'll kill Kalîr here, and afterwards Talîr."

* * * * *

Then Talîr the serpent called out, "Friend hedgehog, let go my friend, and I will suck the poison out of the râjâ." "Very well," said the hedgehog, "you suck out the poison while I feed your friend with fruit in the garden."

"Then please take him away quickly," said Talîr the serpent.

So the hedgehog began dragging the scorpion through the thorns, and went on so long that the scorpion died.

Meanwhile the serpent sucked the poison out of Râjâ Rasâlu, and when the râjâ came to himself the hedgehog told him to kill the serpent and the râjâ did so."

Cullakâlinga Jâtaka.*

How a King overcame his fate and killed the tutelary deity of his foes.

Once on a time, when Kâlinga reigned at Dantapura, Assaka reigned at Potali in the Assaka territory. Kâlinga, though endowed with great power and as strong as an elephant himself, found no foe that was a match for him in war. He made it known to his ministers that

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 301, p. 1.

he was desirous of making war, saying, "I am desirous of engaging in war, but do not see any one fit to fight against." Said the ministers, "You have four daughters of surpassing beauty, let them deck themselves out with their ornaments and sit in a covered chariot attended by an armed retinue. Thus arrayed, let them pass through villages, towns, and royal cities. If any king be desirous of taking them into his palace (as his wives), we'll do battle with them." The king adopted his ministers' advice, and carried it out to the very letter.

The sovereigns of the districts through which the king's daughter passed were so afraid of them that they would not allow them to enter the royal city, but politely sent them a present and bade them take up their quarters outside the city. Having gone throughout all Jambudwîpa, they at last came to Potali in the Assaka country. Assaka, like the rest, sent them a royal gift, but closed the gates of the city against them. This monarch had a minister, named Nandisena, learned, wise, and skilful in expedients, who thus thought to himself: "These king's daughters indeed have gone through all Jambudwîpa without finding any one willing to declare war against their father by claiming them as his wives. This being the case Jambudwîpa can have no warriors; I therefore will do battle with Kâlinga." Going to the gates of the city he addressed the janitors, bidding them in the following *gâtha* to open the gates to the royal sisters :—

> "Open wide your gates, let them enter, I pray,
> Well able am I my king to defend."

Nandisena, having caused the gates to be opened, took the royal maidens and presented them to Assaka, saying, "Fear not, sire; should there be war I shall know how to act. In the meantime do you make these four sisters your chief queens." Having caused them to be crowned, the minister said to the attendants that had come with them, "Go, inform your master that his daughters have been made the principal queens of King Assaka." To Kâlinga they went and delivered Nandisena's message. "Surely," says Kâlinga, "he cannot be aware of my great power." Forthwith he set out with a large army. When Nandisena heard of his arrival he sent him a message to the following effect, "Let Kâlinga keep within the confines of his own territory and not cross our border. There shall be war between the two kings."

When Kâlinga heard the message he remained within his own border, and Assaka went not beyond his.

At that time the Bodhisat had adopted the life of a holy anchorite, and had taken up his abode in a hermitage midway between the two kings.

Then thought Kâlinga to himself, "These ascetics know a thing or two, so I'll ask this hermit if he can inform me to which of the two kings there will be victory or defeat." Feigning himself to be another person he approached the Bodhisat and saluted him. Seating himself near the holy man, he entered into conversation with him. "Reverend sir, Kâlinga and Assaka are desirous of fighting, and have even now taken up a position within their own frontiers. To which of these will there be victory, and to which defeat?"

"I do not know, worshipful sir," replied the hermit, "which of the two will be victorious, or which will be defeated; but Indra, the king of the gods, is coming here, and I'll inquire and consult him about it. You may come here again to-morrow."

Indra paid a visit to the Bodhisat and took a seat near him. Then the hermit inquired concerning the matter already referred to. The god replied, "Sir, Kâlinga will be victorious and Assaka will be defeated, and such and such omens will appear before the engagement begins." The next day Kâlinga returned to gain further information. The Bodhisat informed him that Assaka would be worsted. The king did not inquire of the hermit what foretokens or omens there should be in connection with the coming contest, but went his way exclaiming, "I'm to gain the day." This affair got noised abroad, and when Assaka heard of it he sent for Nandisena, and said to him, "It is said that Kâlinga is to be victorious, and that I am to be defeated. What then had we better do?" The minister replied, "Don't concern yourself as to which party will win or lose." Off he went to the Bodhisat, and after greeting him he took a seat near him, saying, "Reverend sir, will you kindly inform me who, in the coming conflict, will win and who will lose the day?" The hermit gave him the same answer that he had previously given to Kâlinga. "Will your reverence," he continued, "let me know what omens will appear to each side before the battle begins?" To this the hermit made answer, "Worshipful

sir, to the victorious party the tutelar deity will appear as a bull, perfectly white; to the other side the tutelary deity will be seen as a bull quite black. The tutelar deities of both, too, having fought, will bring about victory or defeat, as the case may be."

As soon as Nandisena heard this he rose up and departed. The king (Assaka) had great warriors to the number of one thousand followers; these the minister gathers together, takes them to the top of a hill not far off, and says to them, "Shall you be able to save the life of our king?" "Yes," they replied, "we shall be able." Then said he, "If that be so, cast yourselves headlong down this precipice." They made ready to hurl themselves down. Then he restrained them, saying, "There is no need here for you to do this; I'll not put you to further proof. Since you are friends of the king, stand your ground and fight manfully." They assured him that they would.

The conflict between the two kings being imminent, Kâlinga concluded that he would be victorious, and his army too felt assured of winning. When they had furnished themselves with weapons they disbanded, going wherever they pleased. But they did not use the interval before the battle in making those preparations for war which should have been made while there was time for straining every nerve and employing every effort to ensure victory.

The two kings mounted on their horses drew near each other, along with their respective forces, with the intention of doing battle. The tutelar deity of each went in the van—a white bull with the one army and a black bull with the other. They too presented to each other a warlike mien. They were visible to the two kings, but not (at first) to others.

Then Nandisena asked the king, "Have the guardian deities appeared to you?" Assaka replied that they had made their appearance. "Under what form?" inquired the minister. Assaka answered, "Kâlinga's tutelar deity is a white bull, and ours is one quite black and worn out." Nandisena said, "O king, fear not, we shall win and Kâlinga will be beaten. Do you dismount, take this weapon (in your right hand), and with your left prick the flanks of your well-trained horse; then with your thousand men make a rush at the tutelar deity of Kâlinga, and bring the bull down with a blow of your weapon;

afterwards we and our thousand men will strike him with a thousand weapons and thus destroy Kâlinga's guardian deity. Whereupon our enemy will be defeated and we shall be victorious." "Good!" said the king. Following the instructions of Nandisena he and his thousand men made an attack upon the white bull and brought him down with their blows, and there they actually killed the tutelar deity himself. Thereupon Kâlinga was defeated and fled.

The thousand ministers saw this and shouted out, "Kâlinga is taking to flight." As the defeated king, alarmed for his life, is escaping he reviles the hermit in the following *gâtha* :—

> "You said, O sage, nor do the just speak false,
> Kâlinga should win and put our foes to flight.
> Since they could beat th' invincible and bold
> Assaka's troops must needs the battle lose."

Thus upbraiding the hermit he escaped to his own city. He was not able to stop and look him in the face. After some few days Indra paid a visit to the hermit, who addressed him in the following *gâtha* :—

> "The gods are free from false and lying words,
> They reckon truth as their most precious wealth.
> Thou didst deceive thy friend, O king of gods!
> Oh! why was this, pray say, O Maghavâ?"

On hearing this, Indra replied :—

> "Hast thou not heard, ere this, in common talk,
> That gods are just, and to the brave grudge nought?
> Endurance firm, and self-imposed restraint,
> Courageous heart, unflinching, daring will,
> Cool head in time of need, these virtues are,
> By them alone your foes the victory won."

After the flight of Kâlinga, Assaka, with great booty, returned to his own city. Nandisena despatched the following message to Kalinga, "Let a fitting dowry for the king's four daughters be sent at once; if it is not, we shall consider what is to be done in this matter." Kâlinga, on the receipt of the message, was greatly alarmed, and forthwith sent the dowry that was to be given with them. From that time forth the two kings lived on terms of friendship with each other.

The Gajakumbha Jâtaka.*

The slow Worm.

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was his jewel of a minister. The King of Benares was of a slothful disposition. "I'll teach the king a lesson," said the Bodhisat, and as he went about he looked out for some expedient. It came to pass one day, as the king was going to his garden, attended by his ministers, he saw a slow-creeping *gajakumbha*. It is indeed of so sluggish a nature that even if it goes on a whole day it only advances one or two inches. On seeing it the king asked, "What may that be?" The Bodhisat replied, "Sire, that's surely a *gajakumbha*. Such is its sluggish nature that if it goes on moving for a whole day it only gets over one or two inches of ground at the most." Then addressing himself to the *gajakumbha*, he said, "O worm, slow is thy gait; what will you do if a fire breaks out in this wood?" Then he gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

> "Oh! tell me, I pray, were this wood to take fire,
> What steps you would take to get clear of the flames?
> Your gait is so tardy, your progress so slow,
> No chance of escape would you have I do trow."

On hearing this the *gajakumbha* spake the following *gâtha* :—

> "In the trees find we chinks, and holes in the ground,
> Into which we may crawl and find a retreat.
> If these chance to fail us then sad is our lot,
> Of escape there's no way but death in the flames."

Then the Bodhisat replied in the following *gâthas* :—

> "Who slowly doth move when speed he should use,
> Or rashly will act when caution he needs,
> His fortune will crumble like leaves in the wood
> When trodden and crushed by men under foot.
>
> But who so doth tarry when slow he should be,
> And hurries along when speed he most needs,
> Will bring to perfection whate'er he attempts,
> And daily wax great and full like the moon."

After hearing the word of the Bodhisat the king from that time forward became (more) energetic.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 345, p. 139.

THE MAHÂSUKA JÂTAKA.*

The grateful Parrot.

In former days there lived in the region of the Himavat, in an Udumbara wood, on the bank of the Ganges, more than a hundred thousand parrots. In that place a parrot-king, when the fruits of the tree in which he dwelt came to an end, ate buds, leaves, bark or chips, and drank the water of the Ganges. Being extremely contented and satisfied he did not go elsewhere (in search of better fare). By reason of the merit and efficiency of his contented and satisfied condition, the abode of Indra was shaken. On considering the matter he discovered the cause, and, in order to put the parrot-king to the proof, he caused by his marvellous power that tree to wither away. It became a mere leafless stock riddled all over with holes, and it swayed to and fro as the wind blew against it. From the holes and crevices there came out a dry powder, which the parrot-king ate, and he drank of the water of the Ganges, and went not elsewhere, but sat on the top of the Udumbara stock, taking no heed of the wind and glare of the sun.

When Indra became aware of the parrot's extreme contentment he thought to himself, "I'll hear (from him) the value of his friendship, and having given him a boon I'll come and make an Udumbara-tree bearing immortal fruit."

Taking the form of a flamingo-king, with Sujâ, his mate, in front of him, he went to that Udumbara wood and sat on the branch of a tree not far off the parrot, and by way of beginning the conversation he spake the following *gâtha* :—

> "When cover'd with leaves the birds find a tree,
> It's shelter they seek, and eat the ripe fruit;
> But when it is dead and its fruit is all gone,
> They leave their old home and fly far away."

And when he had thus spoken he uttered the following *gâtha* in order to send him away from that tree :—

> "Thou bird with red beak, dwell not in this tree,
> But go on thy way fresh shelter to find.

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* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 429, p. 490.

O parrot so gay why brooding sit here?
This tree is full sear and nought thee affords.
O bird like the Spring, come tell me I pray,
The reason this tree you quit not at once?"

Then the parrot-king replied, "I, O flamingo, do not abandon this tree from feelings of deep gratitude." He then spake the following *gâthas* :—

"True friends indeed are friends in time of need,
In life and death, in weal and eke in woe;
Though poor or rich a friend doth cling to friend,
The good remember well their friends' deserts.

I'm one of those that ne'er forget a friend,
Both friend and kinsman is this tree to me;
Not e'en to save my life could I it leave,
Full wrong it were to quit when now decayed."

When Indra heard the parrot's story he was pleased, and applauded the bird. He then, desirous of bestowing a favour, uttered the two following *gâthas* :—

"Well hast thou done all friendly acts, O friend.
Thy gratitude the wise will sure applaud."

"Desire a boon, I give thee one, O bird,
Come make thy choice, say what thy heart desires."

On hearing this the parrot asked a boon, and uttered the following *gâtha* :—

"If now, O bird, a boon thou wouldst bestow,
Oh! cause this tree again to live and grow.
With branches green, with bloom, and eke with fruits,
Pray make it sweet, and pleasant to the eye."

Then Indra, granting him a boon, spake the next *gâtha* :—

"Behold, O bird, a tree full large and strong,
Both thou and thine abide in safety here.
It branches has, and blooms, and fine ripe fruit,
It stands to view a sweet and handsome tree."

And when Indra had thus spoken he put off his assumed guise and showed Sujâ in her true form. Then he took water in his hand from the Ganges, and struck the Udumbara stock; and therefrom there sprang up a tree possessing branches and leaves, and bearing sweet fruits, and there it stood having withal the loveliness of a polished

gem-mountain. On seeing this the parrot-king was greatly rejoiced, and, expressing his gratitude to Sujâ, he uttered the next *gâtha* :—

"To all thy kin be thus a friend, Sujâ,
Well pleased to-day am I with this fine tree."

Indra, after having granted his request, and having made an Udumbara tree with immortal fruit, then along with Sujâ departed to his own realm.

Cakkavâka Jâtaka.*

The Crow and the Ruddy Geese.

In former days, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, a certain greedy crow wandered about feeding on the carcases of elephants, and the like. When he was sated with them he said, "I'll live on the fat of fish on the bank of the Ganges." There he dwelt for a few days, eating dead fish; then he went into the forest on the slope of the Himâlaya and fed upon various fruits. Afterwards he came to a great lake abounding in fish and tortoises. In that place he saw two *cakkavâkas* (ruddy geese) that lived upon the water-plants in the lake. Then thought he to himself, "These creatures are very beautiful and of marvellous splendour; their food must be nice. I'll make inquiry as to what they eat, and I'll take the very same food, and so become golden like them." Then he paid a visit to their quarters and greeted them. Sitting on the branch of a tree, by way of commending them, he gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

"Ye birds, I say, with golden plumes so bright,
That joyful roam about by two and two;
'Mongst birds and men, what bird do all commend?
Do tell me, pray, the kind that's most esteemed?"

On hearing this they replied in the following *gâtha* :—

"O plague of men!† by men we're praised and known
As ruddy geese that true and faithful live;
Esteemed by birds, that find us ever kind,
We lovely birds do much this lake frequent."

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* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 434, p. 521.

† *i.e.*, the crow, which annoys men by its thievish disposition.

Then the crow, after listening to that, uttered the following *gâtha* :—

"Oh! tell me, I pray, what fruits do you like,
The flesh that you eat, from whence does it come?
O charming ones, say, what food do you eat?
For great is your strength and bright are your plumes."

The *cakkavâkas* then gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

"The lake no fruits us give, O cunning bird!
The ruddy geese feed not on carrion flesh,
Sevâla food we eat, and tender plants,
For eating's sake nor wrong nor harm would do."

Then the crow made answer :—

"Not much do I like the fare you enjoy,
I thought that your food might resemble your form.
No longer I think that such is the case,
I doubt very much what makes you so fine.

I feed upon flesh, of fruits I partake,
With salt and with oil good fare I enjoy,
And savoury food provided for men,
The best do I win like heroes in war.
And yet not so fine are my feathers as yours."

Then one of the *cakkavâkas* spake the following *gâthas*, telling the crow the reason why he was not beautiful, and why they were :—

"Foul feeder art thou, not choice is thy fare,
Most dear dost thou get thy meat and thy drink; *
For fruits do not please thy palate unclean,
Nor flesh of the dead that unburied doth lie.

Who wayward doth go his pleasure to seek,
And follows the joys of time and of sense,
Himself will he scorn as foolish and vain,
Upbraided † he'll lose his health and good name.

But he whom a little enjoyment doth please,
And hurts not a man by aught that's unjust,
Shall flourish and grow in health and good form.
It's worth and not food that makes a fine man."

Thus in more than one way the *cakkavâka* reproved the crow. On being censured he said, "I have no desire to be like you!" then away he flew, crying "Caw! caw!"

* *i.e.* by getting into scrapes through stealing food.
† *i.e.* by other men as well as by his own conscience.

Pûtimamsa Jâtaka.*

The Wise Goat and the Cunning Jackal.

In former times, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, there lived in a certain mountain cave in a forest on the slope of the Himâlaya mountains many hundred goats. In a certain cave not far from the dwelling-place of the goats there dwelt a certain jackal, named Pûtimamsa, along with his wife, who was called Venî. One day as he was going about with his wife he saw the goats, and thought to himself, "By some artifice or other I must eat their flesh." Employing some device, he killed a goat.

Both of these jackals, through eating goats' flesh, became lusty and fat. In course of time the goats began to diminish. Among them there was a certain she-goat very wise, named Melamâtâ. Although the jackal was very skilful in devices he was not able to kill her. One day, as he was talking to his wife, he said, "My dear, the goats are getting less in number; by some expedient I must manage to eat this she-goat. This is now the device I intend employing:—'Do you go alone and make friends with her. When you have become intimate together I will lie down and make a pretence of being dead. Then you must go to her and say, 'My husband is dead and I am left desolate: let us bury his body.' When you have spoken these words, take her and come here; then I'll spring up, seize her by the throat, and kill her.'" She consented, and said, "Be it so." When she had made friends with the she-goat, and an intimacy had sprung up between them, she addressed her in the manner before agreed upon. The goat replied, "Friend! your husband has killed and eaten all my kith and kin. I am afraid I can't go with you." "Don't be afraid, my friend, what can he do now he's dead?" replied the jackal. "Your husband has some sharp devices, therefore I am very fearful." When she had said this, the other besought her again and again, so at last she consented and went with her friend, thinking "the jackal will surely be dead." But as she was going along she thought to herself, "Who knows what will happen," and being fearful she let the she-jackal go in front, and as she went along

* *Jâtaka Book,* vol. iii. No. 437, p. 533.

she looked about for traces of the jackal. He had heard their footsteps, and thought, "The goat has come, I suppose." Raising his head, he rolled his eyes and looked around. The goat seeing him do this turned back and fled, thinking "This ill-disposed creature wishes to take me in and eat me, therefore he lies feigning to be dead."

To the female jackal, who asked her why she fled, she replied in the following *gâtha* :—

> "Melikes not much the looks of thy dead lord,
> From such a friend I fain would flee away."

And when she had done speaking she turned back and went straight to her own abode. The female jackal, however, unable to stop her, waxed wroth with her. Then she went and sat near her husband, grieving over her failure.

Then the jackal, upbraiding his wife, spake the following *gâtha* :—

> "Much wanting in wit is this Venî of mine;
> Her husband she told what a friend she had got.
> She brought her full near then let her go back,
> And now doth she grieve o'er the prey she hath lost." *

On hearing this the goat made the following reply:—

> "O husband unwise, full witless were you,
> No skill did you show when Mela drew near,
> You feigned to be dead, yet open'd your eyes
> A little too soon your prey to secure."

However, Venî soothed Pûtimamsa, saying, "Don't grieve about it, husband; I'll find some means to bring her here again, and when she comes be careful and get hold of her."

She made her way to the goat, and said, "Friend, your coming with me turned out a most fortunate thing for us, for actually as soon

* The original of this *gâtha* is somewhat obscure:

> "Foolish is this Venî! she described to her husband a friend,
> She bewails Melamâtâ returning [that had] come [so far]."

Venî was foolish because she had described Melamâtâ as a true friend, and had given her husband to understand that perfect confidence existed between the two, and that therefore the she-goat was ready to fall into the trap that was being laid for her. But as the goat ran back without coming close enough to the jackal to be caught, it would seem that this confidence did not exist, and that the goat was no real friend, inasmuch as she did not trust the jackal to the fullest extent. The male jackal, in his reproachful speech, leaves out of view that he was the real cause of the goat's running away.

as you came my husband regained consciousness, and now lives. Come and give him a friendly greeting." Then she gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

> " Return with me home and the flowing bowl * bring,
> This kindness pray show thy faithful old friend.
> My husband's alive, nearly dead has he been ;
> Come greet him to-day and wish him long life."

On hearing this the goat thought to herself, " This ill-disposed she-jackal wishes to deceive me, but as it would be unwise to display any hostility I'll just take her in."

Then she uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> " To please you, my dear, the full bowl will I bring,
> With some of my friends to your house will I come ;
> Much food shall we need the feast to enjoy,
> So hurry thee home and dainties prepare."

Then the jackal made inquiry respecting the company that she is to provide for :—

> " Come tell me, I pray, the names of your friends,
> Say what are they like, what fare will they need ? "

The goat gave her the information in the following terms:—

> " There's Rover, and Wolf, and Growler, and Gripper,
> My escort are these, for them now provide thou.†

Each of these dogs I have mentioned have moreover a following of five hundred, so I will come with an escort of two thousand dogs. If you do not provide food for them, why then they'll kill and eat you and your husband."

On hearing that the she-jackal was alarmed, and thought " This escort of her's there (*i.e.* to my home) is too much of a good thing ; I must by some means prevent her coming." Then she uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> " Pray stay where you are and take care of your goods ;
> Your house, if you leave it, unguarded will be.
> I'll give to your friend your kind wishes myself,
> Don't trouble to come, so I'll bid you good-bye."

---

* " The full bowl " was a lucky omen. The term *punnapatta* sometimes denoted a box crammed with presents to be distributed at a feast.

† These are the names of four dogs. The original names have not been translated.

When she had thus spoken, frightened to death she made her way to her husband with great haste, and taking him with her fled away, and never dared to visit that place again.

Tittira Jâtaka.*

The learned Partridge and the false Hermit.

In days gone by, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, a certain world-renowned teacher in Benares, imparting learning† to five hundred brâhman-youths, thought to himself—"while dwelling here I find obstacles arising that quite prevent these youths from attaining to proficiency (in reciting the Vedas, &c.) I will go into the forest in the neighbourhood of the Himâlaya, and, there taking up my abode, I'll give them instruction."

After mentioning the matter to his pupils, he made them take sesamum, rice, oil, garments, &c., and they all went into the forest.

In a place not far from the high road he caused a hermitage to be made for himself, and there he took up his residence. Each of the brâhman-youths also made a hermitage for himself. The friends of these youths sent them rice, &c.: the peasants and the foresters also made presents of rice to the "instructor," saying,—"We hear that a famous teacher, dwelling in a certain place in the forest, causes his pupils to pick up the art of reciting Vedas and the rest." Moreover, a certain person made him a present of a cow (for the supply of milk), and its calf as well. Now in the neighbourhood of the teacher's hermitage a certain lizard took up her quarters, along with her two young ones. A certain partridge also made its fixed abode there, and, by listening to the teacher as he was reciting "texts" to his pupils, it acquired a knowledge of the three Vedas. The young students lived on terms of great intimacy with the partridge. After a time, even before these youths had attained to a complete mastery of their sciences, their teacher died. The students, having burnt his body,

* *Jâtaka Book,* vol. iii. No. 438, p. 537.

† "*learning,*" *i.e.* reciting Vedas, &c.

made a "sand-tope,* did honour to it by offerings of divers kinds of flowers, and mourned and bewailed their loss.

At last the partridge said to them, "Why are you lamenting in this fashion?"

They replied, "Our teacher died, even before we had attained to proficiency in our studies, and that's the reason of our bitter lamentation."

"Well, since it can't be helped don't go on grieving about it. I'll teach you the art of reciting the Vedas," &c., said the partridge.

"But what do you know about it?" they asked.

"Whilst the teacher was instructing you I merely listened, and so learned by heart the three Vedas," answered the partridge.

"Well then," said they, "make us to know them by heart as perfectly as you yourself do."

"Well then, listen," replied the partridge.

He not only taught them to recite the Vedas, but he also expounded to them the text section by section; 'twas like coming down from the summit of a mountain to the brink of a river.†

Glad and joyful were the young students, and under that teacher they acquired science. The bird, too, occupying the position of a distinguished instructor, imparted to them a knowledge of the Vedas, &c.

The pupils made a golden cage for the partridge, and over it fixed an awning. They brought him fresh parched grain in a golden bowl, presented him with various kinds of flowers, and paid him great respect and honour.

In all Jambudwîpa this became known, and people said,—"A partridge within range of the forest teaches sacred texts to five hundred brâhman-youths."

At that time they proclaimed a great festival in Jambudwîpa. It was like the (day of) meeting on the mountain-heights. The parents of these brâhman-youths sent them invitations to come and be spectators of the festivities. They informed the partridge of the affair, and (having gained his consent) they departed each to his own town,

* "Tope," a thûpa, tumulus of sand in which the remains were enshrined after cremation.

† The partridge did not make learning an "uphill," but a "down-hill," easy and pleasant task.

handing over to the partridge (their teacher) and the lizard the entire hermitage.

It happened that a certain ill-conducted and false recluse,* wandering about hither and thither, arrived at this place. As soon as the lizard saw him she made him welcome:—"Here you will find rice, there you'll find oil and the rest. Prepare some food and enjoy it." Having said this, the lizard departed in search of her own food.

Very early in the morning, as soon as the ascetic had boiled his rice, he killed the two young lizards, broiled and ate the savoury morsels. In the day-time he killed and ate both the learned partridge and the calf. In the evening, as soon as he knew that the cow had returned, he killed her too, and ate the flesh. Then, at the root of that tree, he lay down and fell asleep, snoring like a hog.

When the lizard returned in the evening and missed her young ones she went about looking everywhere for them.

A tree-sprite saw the lizard greatly agitated, because she had not discovered her little ones, and, standing in a hole in the trunk by his own supernatural power, he said:—"O lizard, be not distressed. That base fellow there has killed thy young ones, together with the partridge, calf and cow. Seize him by the throat, and take away his life." While thus talking with her, he uttered the following *gatha*:—

"Set deep thy sharp fangs in that villain's vile throat,
Who murder'd and ate thy innocent young;
Not free let him go, but kill him outright,
For ingrate is he whom well thou didst treat."

Then the lizard replied in the following *gâtha*:—

"No place I see to fix my fangs, so foul is he and vile.
A low-bred cruel man, I ween, is like a filthy rag.
Not all the world would him suffice who lacks a grateful mind.
He ever tries more gains to make, though he his friend may harm."

---

* "Ill conducted." The Pâli has *niggatiko*, for which there is the variant reading *nikkâruniko*, cruel, pitiless. The true reading may have been *nigganthiko*, a Digambara or naked ascetic. *Niggatiko* may of course simply mean "leading a bad course of life," not walking aright, of "unholy walk." This false ascetic is alluded to in the *MilindaPanha* as *vanacârana* (= *vanacâraka*) and *aniketavâsî*. His past associations had been low, and, as a last resort, he seems to have adopted the life of a mendicant, but kept no vows.

When the lizard had thus spoken she thought to herself:—"This fellow will lay wait for and eat me." So to save her life she immediately took to flight.

But the lion and tiger were also friends of the partridge. Sometimes they used to come to see the partridge, and sometimes he went to them, and, after giving them instruction, returned home. But on this particular day the lion said to the tiger,—"Friend, we have not seen the partridge for a long time; it's seven or eight days since he came here. Go now and tell him so, and then come here again." The tiger agreed to go, saying, "Be it so."

As the lizard was fleeing, the tiger came to the very spot where that base fellow was lying asleep, and saw some of the wise partridge's feathers clinging to his matted hair; and he noticed, too, the bones both of the cow and her calf. When the tiger had seen all that, and, moreover, missed the partridge in the golden cage, he thought, "This wicked man has murdered these creatures." Striking him with his foot, he roused him up. At the sight of the tiger he was terrified and alarmed.

Then the tiger asked, "Did you murder and eat these creatures?"

He replied, "I, of a truth neither killed nor ate them."

"O sinful man, if you did not kill these creatures, who else has killed them? Speak! If you don't you are a dead man!"

Frightened to death, he replied, "Yes, sir, the young lizards, together with the cow and calf, I both killed and ate, but I did not murder the partridge."

The tiger did not believe him, notwithstanding all his much speaking.

"From whence did you come here?" he asked.

"Master," answered he (relating all the various pursuits he had followed), "in the Kâlinga territory I carried, for the sake of a living, the wares of traders, and, doing one thing and another, I at last came to this place."

"O, thou ill-conditioned man, if thou didst not murder the partridge who else did? Come, I'll bring you before the lion, the king of beasts." So saying, he proceeded on his way, with the man quaking for fear in front of him.

As soon as the lion saw the tiger-king and the man he had brought with him, by way of inquiry he spake the following *gâtha* :—

"What means, my good friend, thy hurried return?
Say who is this man that follows thee here?
Is aught to be done that's urgent of need?
O tell me, I pray, the matter in hand."

On hearing this the tiger replied in the following *gâtha* :—

"Your bird-friend, I fear, to-day has been slain,
This fellow you see the truth will not tell.
His doings of old, most servile and base,
Do make me suspect the bird is now dead."

Then the lion, inquiring, spake the next *gâtha* :—

"Pray tell me, dear friend, the deeds of this man.
With whom has he mixed? what life has he led?
Oh! what has he said thy fears to arouse
And force thee to think he's murder'd our friend?"

Then the tiger made answer in the following *gâthas* :—

"Through the land of Kâlinga with wares has he gone,
Through the woods has he wander'd in search of dry sticks.*
At the dance has he tripped, and snares has he set,†
At the fray has he fought with cudgels and clubs.‡

Little birds has he trapp'd, and meted the grain,§
With the dice has he played, false monk has he turned.‖
Round about there is blood, not dry is it yet,
And his hands are all burnt with broiling his meat."

"Of the deeds of this man, the life he has led,
Of his habits so vile enough have I heard.

---

* "*Sticks*." The original implies that he dug up stumps of trees, killing of course numerous insects, &c.

† The *luddo* or trapper was often accompanied by a dog, and snared all sorts of animals. His pursuits, involving the destruction of life, were reckoned low.

‡ *At the fray*. There seems to have been a kind of sport forbidden to Buddhist priests called *dandaka-yuddha*. (See Brâhmajâla-sutta, p. 9.)

§ *Meted the grain*. This is the *pattâlhaka*, a game in which guesses were made as to the number of grains contained in a *nâlika*, a *patta*, or a *âlhaka*.

‖ *False monk has he turned*. The original merely says "(every) obligation (had been) broken through." This low-bred fellow had adopted the life of a recluse merely for the sake of a livelihood. Having tried all sorts of menial and low pursuits he became a mendicant, but kept none of the vows that were binding on all persons who gave themselves up to a religious life.

> As I saw at his feet the bones of the cow,
> And beheld on his hair the plumes of our bird,
> That partridge so wise, our friend and our guide.
> What else can I say than 'slain is he now'?"

Then the lion asked the man, "Did you murder the partridge, our teacher?" "Yes, sir," he replied.

When he had heard those truthful words of his he was desirous of letting him go, but the tiger-king, seizing him with his teeth, dug a hole (in his throat) and then threw him off, saying, "This wicked fellow deserves to be put to death."

When the brâhman-youths came back (to the hermitage) and saw not their teacher, the partridge, they departed, weeping and wailing bitterly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

(*Continued from* vol. II. *page* 369.)

PART IV.—Local Traditions.—Proverbs.

We will now go through *Polyolbion* and pick out some specimens of what I may call topic folk-lore,* as well as all the local proverbs and sayings that we can lay our hands upon. As regards topical folk-lore I must again remark, that Drayton's flights of fancy often make it difficult for one who knows considerably less than everything to judge whether he is merely repeating an old wife's fable or is telling one invented for the occasion with an eye to literary graces. Here are a few samples which are not of his own make.

The very credible tradition that Scilly was once part of the main-

* Instances have been already given in Ch. I. *e.g.* S. Winifred's Well, &c.

land was known to Drayton,* but he does not tell the wonderful stories of Lyonesse that others have done. The wrestling-match in which giant Corineus, a henchman of Brutus, overcame great Gogmagog upon the Hoe at Plymouth, is related by Drayton in the person of the River Dart. Corineus took up his huge antagonist and pitched him headlong from the hill into the waves below, and they leapt out of their place and left a bare horn of sand, which Brutus bestowed upon the winner, dubbing it Cornwall in honour of Corin.† In memory of this struggle, the figures of two men armed with clubs were for long enough afterwards cut out in the turf; and the steps by which the conqueror dragged his foe to the edge of the cliff "were pointed out very recently." ‡

In the third and eleventh "Songs," reference is made to Cheshire's "sad death-boding water"—

> "Of neighbours Black-mere nam'd, of strangers,
> Brereton's Lake,"§

which was mentioned in one of the earliest papers published by the Folk-Lore Society,‖ Mrs. Latham's "West Sussex Superstitions," in connection with the fancy that, to dream of a tree uprooted in your garden, is a death-warning to the owner. Camden ¶ says of Brereton, "Here is one thing exceeding strange, but attested in my hearing by many persons and commonly believ'd. Before any heir of this [Brereton] family dies, there are seen in a lake adjoyning the bodies of trees swimming upon the water for several days together; not much different from what Leonardus Vairus relates upon the authority of Cardinal Granvellan: that near the abbey of St. Maurice, in Burgundy, there is a fish-pond into which a number of fishes are put equal to the number of monks of that place; and if any one of them happen to be sick, there is a fish seen floating upon the water sick too, and, in case the fit of sickness proves fatal to the monk, the fish foretells it by its own death some days before. As to these things I have

* *Pol.* i. [ii. 658, note, 674]. † *Pol.* i. [ii. 668, note, 681].

‡ Murray's *Handbook to Devon and Cornwall* (1863), p. 132.

§ [ii. 711, iii. 861.] ‖ *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i. p. 58.

¶ *Britannia* (Gibson's edition), vol. i. p. 677. On this passage, Mrs. Hemans wrote some verses, entitled *The Vassal's Lament for the Fallen Tree.*

nothing to say to them, for I pretend not to such mysterious knowledge; but if they are true they must be done either by the holy angels, to whom God has appointed guardians and keepers of us, or else by the art of devils, whom God permits now and then to exert their powers in the lower world. But this is foreign to my purpose."

In a poem of Sir Philip Sidney's, on *The Seven Wonders of England*,* he mentions Bruerton's or Brereton's Lake as being one of them, and points out a likeness between its peculiar attributes and his own condition as a lover. The seventh wonder is of course the fair lady to whom the verses are addressed. Of the remaining five, which are of greater general interest, Drayton too takes cognizance. They are Stonehenge,† of which stones Sir Philip says, "no eye can count them just"; a fish‡ [pike], which may be vivisected, have its gall extracted, and be stitched up again without stoppage of vitality; the cavern of the Peak; § the petrifying properties of the earth at Apsley,‖ and barnacle geese ¶ from "wooden bones and blood of pitch."

The Christmastide miracle, as it was esteemed, of the Glastonbury thorn, does not escape the notice of Drayton, who says that it is out of reverence to the place that

"Trees yet in winter bloom and bear their summer's green." **

The original stock is said to have been St. Joseph of Arimathæa's walking-stick, which budded on being stuck into the earth when he arrived on a mission to Avalon and rested on Wearyall Hill. In remarking on what Drayton relates of Glastonbury, the traditional burial-place of King Arthur, Selden refers to the belief †† that this hero shall reign again, and cites Lydgate in support of it. "I don't

* May be seen in Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 183.

† *Pol.* iii. [ii. 705]. In Selden's note on this passage he cites Gerald of Wales as saying, "Not one of the stones but is good for somewhat in physic."—[ii. 717]. Selden's folk-lore is not unworthy of attention, but I cannot pay it due attention in these chapters.

‡ *Pol.* iii. [ii. 711]. At this reference far more than seven wonders are named.

§ *Pol.* xxvi. [iii. 1176, &c.] The Peak claims seven wonders of her own.

‖ *Pol.* xxii. [iii. 1057].

¶ *Pol.* iii. [ii. 711], and Part II. of *The Folk-Lore of Drayton.*

** *Pol.* iii. [ii. 712].

†† [iii. note, 723].

care how soon," wrote Waterton.* "I should like to see King Arthur's face when his loving subjects tell him of our National Debt and show him the Civil List."

The blazons or characteristics of the shires, set forth in the twenty-third Song of *Polyolbion*,† are entitled by the flavour of folk-lore that pervades them to claim a place in these pages. "Clownish blazons," Drayton calls them, and he would have his readers mark the versatility of the muse; how she now

"Of Palatins that sung can whistle to the plow."

Helidon Hill (near Daventry) was spokesman.

"Kent first in our account doth to itself apply
(1) (Quoth he) this blazon first *Long tails and liberty.*
(2) (3) Sussex with Surrey say *Then let us lead home logs*
(4) As Hampshire long for her hath had the term of *Hogs.*
(5) So Dorsetshire of long they *Dorsers* us'd to call,
(6) (7) Cornwall and Devonshire cry *We'll wrestle for a fall.*
(8) Then Somerset says *Set the bandog on the bull,*
(9) And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd *Weigh thy wool.*
(10) As Berkshire hath for hers *Lets to 't and toss the ball,*
(11) And Wiltshire will for her *Get home and pay for all.*
(12) Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of *Bread and beef,*
Where if you beat a bush 'tis odds you'll start a thief.
(13) So Hertford blazon'd is *The club and clouted shoon,*
Thereto I'll rise betimes and sleep again at noon.
(14) When Middlesex bids *Up to London let us go,*
And when our market's done we'll have a pot or two.
(15) And Essex hath of old been named *Calves and stiles,*
(16) (17) Fair Sussex *Maids and milk,* and Norfolk *Many wiles.*
(18) So Cambridge hath been call'd *Hold nets and let us win,*
(19) And Huntingdon *With stilts we'll stalk thro' thick and thin.*
(20) Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon, *Love,*
Below the girdle all, but little else above.
(21) An outcry Oxford makes, *The scholars have been here,*
And little though they paid, yet have they had good cheer.
(22) Quoth warlike Warwickshire *I'll bind the sturdy bear,*
(23) Quoth Wor'stershire again, *And I will squirt the pear.*
(24) Then Staffordshire bids *Stay, and I will beet the fire,*
And nothing will I ask but good will for my hire.

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* *Essays on Natural History* (1838), p. 272.

† [iii. 1112-1113].

(25) *Beau-belly* Le'stershire her attribute doth bear,
(26) And *Bells and bag-pipes* next, belong to Lincolnshire.
(27) Of *Malt-horse* Bedfordshire long since the blazon wan,
(28) And little Rutlandshire is termed *Raddleman.*
(29) To Derby is assign'd the name of *Wool and lead,*
(30) As Nottingham's of old (is common) *Ale and bread.*
(31) So Hereford for her says *Give me woof and warp,*
(32) And Shropshire saith in her *That shins be ever sharp.*
Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,
And whilst the black bowl walks we merrily will carp.
(33) Old Cheshire well is known to be the *Chief of men,*
(34) *Fair women* doth belong to Lancashire again.
(35) The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had the *Snaffle, spur, and spear.*"

By the *Longtails* of Kent (1) hang tales* which may perhaps bear telling once again. There is a tradition that, because the folk of Stroud † gave no heed to the preaching of St. Austin, but drove him out of their town with contumely and fishes' tails, a caudal judgment was appended to their posterity until such time as the sin was fully repented of. "Blyssed be Gode at this daye is no such deformyte," says an old writer, whom I am sorry only to be able to quote at second-hand. A like scandal was breathed about Stroud from the incident of the people cutting off the tails of Becket's horses; but in that case the punishment was made to match the crime by being horsy instead of fishy. It is just possible that the misdoings of these townsmen and the consequences they were supposed to have entailed may have brought reproach on a whole county; but it must be remembered that there was a time when a tail was believed by foreigners to be the natural finish of all Englishmen; and Fuller suggests that the reason why the nickname relating to it is specially reserved for Kent may be "because that county lieth nearest to France, and the French are beheld as the first founders of this aspersion." In annotating some proverbs at the end of Pegge's *Alphabet of Kenticisms* ‡ Professor Skeat gives a remarkable passage from an old romance of Richard Cœur de Lion (ed. Weber, ii. 13) in which reference is made to our

* Space forbids me to do more than refer the reader to a suggestion or two in "Robin Goodfellow," reprinted in Hazlitt's *Fairy Tales,* &c. p. 175.

† The same story has been told of Cerne in Dorset.

‡ Reprinted for the English Dialect Society (p. 65).

national peculiarity. The Emperor of Cyprus thus contemptuously dismisses some messengers of Richard's :

> "Out taylards of my paleys !
> Now go and say your tayled king
> That I owe him no thing ! "

"A *taylard*," Mr. Skeat assures us, is a man with a tail; the tailed king is Richard the First himself! Fuller * refers to Matthew Paris, who relates that when Robert, brother of St. Louis of France, came to high words with William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, in Palestine, the Frenchman insulted our nation by exclaiming, "O timidorum *caudatorum* formidolositas ! quàm beatus, quàm mundus præsens foret exercitus, si à *caudis* purgaretur et *caudatis :* O the cowardliness of these fearful Longtails ! How happie, how cleane would this our Armie be were it but purged from Tails and Longtails ! " The Earl retorted, "The son of my father shall press thither to-day whither you shall not dare approach his horse-tail."

Liberty in connection with Kent has, I suppose, the same reference as the "Invicta" on the county banner, which a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* † suggests was conceded by the Conqueror "to perpetuate the memory of the brave stand made by the men of West Kent against him on his entering their county near Blackheath, and granted to them as a condition of their peaceful submission to him as their future king, by which submission, not *conquest*, they preserved inviolate the Saxon laws and customs of Kent, which no other county in the kingdom enjoys, and which are retained by their children to this day."

What Sussex (2) and Surrey (3) have specially to do with *Logs* I do not know, perhaps they may have had a high repute for firewood; at any rate *Logs* is an unexceptionable rhyme for *Hogs*, and by its means we are introduced to the blazon of Hampshire (4). To call a

* *Worthies*, vol. i. p. 538.

† 3rd S. vol. viii. p. 92. See Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt* [i. 17]:

> "First in the Kentish streamer was a wood
> Out of whose top an arm that held a sword
> As their right emblem ; and to make it good,
> They above other only had a word,
> Which was, UNCONQUERED, as that freest had stood."

Hampshire man a hog was an outspoken way of identifying him with the porcine produce for which his county is still renowned. Things to set store by too were the *Wool* of Gloucestershire (9), the native land of Cotswold lions (sheep); the *Calves* (also called lions) of much enclosed Essex (15) needing and having many *Stiles;* the *Milk* of Suffolk (16); the perry of Worcester (23); the flannel-weaving trade of Hereford (31); the *Wool* and *Lead* of Derbyshire (29), the famous *Ale* and less distinguished *Bread* of Nottingham (30); the abundant *Bread and Beef* of rich Buckingham (12); the beans which, being grown and eaten in hearty Leicestershire (25) have brought upon it the epithet *Beanbelly.* It used to be said, "Shake a Leicestershire man by the collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle in his belly." Dr. Sebastian Evans* says the same experiment is still spoken of, but that "shoulders" is substituted for "collar"; but *that* is not a word to which modern taste need object. Malt-horse may be a trade-mark for Bedfordshire (27); but Nares † points out that the name was twice used as a term of reproach by Shakespeare with such garnish as "mome," "coxcomb," "idiot," "peasant swain." The proverb, "A Royston horse and a Cambridge M.A. will give way to no one," refers to the stolid way in which the malt-laden horses of the Hertfordshire town bore their burdens to the London market. Can malt-horse for Bedfordshire be a sly, no doubt unjust, insinuation that its people are sleepy and stupid?

The favourite amusements of Cornwall (6), Devon (7), Somerset (8), and Berkshire (10), are their distinguishing features; and the duty or pleasure of walking on stilts is mentioned as a characteristic feat of Huntingdon (19). A kind of basket called *Dorser* is credited with having provided a name for Dorset folk (5); and the *Raddleman* of Rutland (28) may be a vendor or carrier of red stone; but that I deeply doubt. *The Club and clouted shoon,*‡ the club being (as Ray

* *Leicestershire Words, Phrases, and Proverbs* (E.D.S.), p. 299.

† *Glossary. Comedy of Errors,* act iii. sc. 1; *Taming the Shrew,* act iv. sc. i.

‡ Clouted shoon were patched or "clod-hopping" affairs.—*Joshua,* ix. 5; 2nd part *Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 2. I do not see that the attribute *club* is necessarily an aspersion on the intellectual character of the men of Herts. Clubs were formerly much used as weapons of offence and defence.

believed) a booby—a poor fellow who rose in quest of the early worm, and liked a mid-day nap—are the attributes ascribed to Hertfordshire (13). It has been justly remarked, "Some will wonder how this shire, lying so near to London, should be guilty of so much rusticity; but the finest cloth must have a list, and the poor peasants are as coarse a thread in this as in any other place."* Middlesex's (14) blazon is that of a costermonger. The thieves pervading Bucks (12) were perhaps attracted there by the riches already noticed; they would have fared worse in Norfolk (17), where the *Many wiles* were such as are suggested by love of litigation. Fuller comments † that "some would persuade us that they"—Norfolcians—"will enter an action for their neighbour's horse but looking over their hedge." Great hospitality is, I think, what Drayton endeavours to indicate as being characteristic of Staffordshire (24) and Salop (32); Wiltshire's (11) address sounds somewhat less warm-hearted. The *Maids*, who are celebrated with the *Milk* of Suffolk (16), and the *Fair Women* (*alias* Witches) of Lancashire (34), are pleasant products, worthy of more than Northampton *Love* (20), which has naught to do with the heart, but is merely a sensual—what we should call, "cupboard love." Our outspoken forefathers termed him a "belly-friend" ‡ who was insincere, and who pretended friendship for his own purposes. Lincolnshire (26) is declared musical with *Bells and bagpipes*. Some people will have it that Lincolnshire bagpipes are only frogs under another name; that I do not assent unto, though I can assure all whom it may concern that no bias in favour of the music of one over the other influences me in my opposition. "This shire carryes away the bell for round-ringing from all England"—thus Fuller §—"other places may surpass it for changes more pleasant for the variety thereof . . . . . Tom of Lincoln may be called the Stentor (fifty lesser bells may be made out of him) of all in this county." Taking the number of churches into consideration the bells are not pre-eminent as to abundance. Mr. North ‖ says: "In Lin-

* *Handbook of Proverbs* (Bohn's edition), p. 205.

† *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 126.

‡ *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.*

§ *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 6.

‖ *Reports and Papers* of United Architectural Societies (1881), "The Church Bells of Bedfordshire," by T. North, F.S.A. p. 98.

colnshire, out of 683 churches there are no fewer than 502 with only three bells or less, the large number of 248 (or more than one-third of the whole number in that county) possessing only one; whilst in Bedfordshire, with about 130 churches, 47 of which have only three bells or less, there are only about 20 (and most of these modern ones) in which only one bell is found." The *sturdy Bear* * which "warlike Warwickshire" (22) will *bind* is that ancient badge and crest of the Earls of Warwick—the bear chained to a ragged staff. Cheshire (33) having been a County Palatine, and "in great measure a separate jurisdiction till the days of Queen Elizabeth," may perhaps on that account have borne the blazon, *Chief of men.* Its banner, "wherein a man upon a lion rode," certainly reads like a claim to supremacy. The cry of Oxford (21) is one which in its entirety few now-a-days but Keble men would be inclined to consider true, and Cambridge's (18) claim to celebrity I do not understand. The *Snaffle, spur, and spear*, which are supposed to be the characteristics of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, have a warlike sound, and mark times when the "even tenour" of north-country ways was upset by other stirs than those in the coal and iron trades. Three of England's forty counties are here left unnoticed by the poet; they are Cumberland, Westmoreland,† and Monmouth.

The local rhyme,‡

> "Aukholme eels and Witham pike
> In all England are nane syke,"

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* *The Battle of Agincourt* [i. 19] has, "Stout Warwickshire, her ancient badge the bear." It is said that Arth, the first Earl of Warwick, adopted the bear as a rebus on his name, and put the staff in its grasp in memory of his victory over a giant who came against him with an uprooted tree as a club. "Bold Beauchamp" (*Pol.* xviii. [iii. 1007]), called by a footnote a proverb, and said by the text to be applied to any adventurous spirit, was an epithet earned by the hereditary bravery of Earls of the Beauchamp series. "Doughty Douglas" is commemorated in a note, *Pol.* xxii. [iii. 1071].

† In the *Battle of Agincourt* [i. 19] Cumberland's bearing is an armed man and Westmoreland's a wrecked ship.

‡ This is as given in Sir C. H. J. Anderson's *Lincoln Pocket Guide*, p. 6, but there are variants.

is "mingle-mangled" thus in Drayton's text. Lindsey *loq.*:

> "As Kestiven doth boast her Wytham, so have I
> My Ancum (only mine), whose fame as far doth fly
> For fat and dainty eels as hers does for her pike,
> Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not the like."*

A foot-note is appended which flatly contradicts:

> "Wytham eel and Ancum pike, in all the world there is none syke."

Another familiar rhyme † is thus disguised. It was decreed

> "That Ingleborow hill, Pendle and Penigent,
> Should be named the highest betwixt our Tweed and Trent."

"Heading Halifax"‡ is due to the summary capital punishment which it was formerly the privilege of the burghers of this place to apply to men taken in the act of stealing cloth. "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax . . deliver us," was part of a mock litany used by beggars in earlier and less squeamish times than these.

Drayton knew Croggen § as being a nickname for the Welsh; this form of insult is, I believe, now extinct, though the word lives on as a surname. "The first cause of this name take thus: In one of Henry the 2nd's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp, sent to assay a passage over Offa's dyke at Crogen Castle, were entertained with prevention by the British forces, most of them there slain, and to present view yet lying buried. Afterward, this word Crogen the English used to the Welsh, but as remembering cause of revenge for such slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouths as a disgraceful attribute."

One should have read everything, and have remembered it too, in order to know which of Drayton's lines that have a proverbial ring about them were current coinage, and which the issue of his own mint. Sonnet LIX. *To Proverbs* ‖ is, however, confessedly a patchwork of popular wise sayings:

* *Pol.* xxv. [iii. 1163].

† *Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1196]. See also xxvi. [iii. 1184-5].

‡ *Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1194].

§ *Pol.* ix. [iii. 834, note 841]. The Welsh, Drayton tells us, bear the leek as an emblem because St. David fed on that delightful esculent.—*Pol.* iv. [ii. 732].

‖ [iv. 1282].

"As love and I late laboured in one inn
With proverbs thus each other entertain :
In love there is no lack, thus I begin,
Fair words make fools, replieth he again;
Who spares to speak doth spare to speed (quoth I),
As well (saith he) *too forward as too slow:*
Fortune affects the boldest, I reply,
A hasty man (quoth he) *ne'er wanted woe:*
Labour is light where love (quoth I) *doth pay*,
(Saith he) *Light burthens heavy if far borne:*
(Quoth I) *The main lost, cast the die away*,
Y' have spun a fair thread, he replies in scorn.
And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted."

In *Ideas*, ii.* "Murder will out" appears:

"By this I see however things be past,
Yet Heav'n will still have murder out at last."

The poet confesses to his "noble friend" Brown † that the world is very evil ; all is

"arsey-versey, nothing is its own,
But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down."

The common-sense remark,

"He's mad who takes the lion by the ears,"‡

has quite the air of being "the wit of one and the wisdom of many"; and the following are old friends: §

"Ill news hath wings and with the wind doth go,
Comforts a cripple and comes ever slow." (B. ii. v. 28 [i. 114]).

"Mishaps (that seldom come alone)." (B. iii. v. 4 [i. 127]).

"Some boughs grow crooked from the straightest tree." (B. v. v. 29 [i. 173]).

In the *Miseries of Queen Margaret* we find,

"But dev'lish folk have still their dev'lish ends."

"Ill's the procession and fore-runs much loss,
Wherein men say 'the Devil bears the cross.'"—[ii. 406.]

and

"None overcomes but may be overcome."—[ii. 422.]

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* [iv. 1260]. † *Elegy* [iv. 1239].

‡ *The Barons' Wars*, book i. v. 36 [i. 98].

§ All from *The Barons' Wars*.

The "proverbial philosophy" of *The Owl* may follow next:

"Least is he marked that doth as most men do."—[iv. 1289.]

"Better sit still than rise to meet the devil."—[iv. 1294.]

"A guilty conscience feels continual fear."—[iv. 1294.]

"Some that had winked not altogether blind."—[iv. 1294.]

"Wisdom not all in every garish bird."—[iv. 1294.]

"As kings rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings.—[iv. 1295.]

"Few words may serve a mischief to unfold,
For in short speech long sorrow may be told."—[iv. 1297.]

"When kings did speak what subject may be mute."—[iv. 1299.]

"Blind is the sight that's with another's eye."—[iv. 1305.]

"Hell on the wealth that's purchased with shame."—[iv. 1312.]

The *Moon-calf* contributes :

"Like have cleaved to their like and ever will."—[ii. 482.]

"God hath few friends, the devil hath so many."—[ii. 483.]

"Scarcely so wise at fifty as fifteen."—[ii. 483.]

"Good luck ne'er comes too late."—[ii. 511.]

In the *Man in the Moon* we have,

"the last in place
Is not the least."—[iv. 1325.]

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Itching Auguries.—Head: If the crown of your head itches more than usual you may expect to be advanced to a more honourable position in life.

Eyebrow: If your right eyebrow should itch you are going to look upon a pleasant sight.

Eye: Right, for good (or love); left, for spite; either side good at night.

Nose: If your nose itches you are either going to be vexed or kissed by a fool.

Shoulder: An itching on the right shoulder signifies you will shortly have a large legacy left you.

Hand: Palm, you will have money; back, you will give money.

Foot: If the foot itches underneath you are going to tread on fresh ground.

Ankle: If the right ankle itches you will receive a present.

The following recommendation usually accompanies the above:

"Rub it on wood,
Sure to be good.
Rub it on brass,
Sure to come to pass.
Rub it on brick,
Sure to be quick."

R. C. Hope, F.S.A.

Mascotte Legend.—I should esteem it a favour to be told in what book of folk-lore the *best* account of the Mascotte legend is to be found.

Arthur Stallman.

Timber Bush, Leith.

Good Friday Buns as a Medicine.—The wife of my coachman, in Sussex, finding herself unwell a few weeks ago, was "remembered" by her husband that she had "a bit of that Good Friday bun, with a cross upon it, you know, ma'am," in a drawer. This was accordingly found, and enough of it grated in a nutmeg-grater to fill a teaspoon. This was mixed with brandy, and swallowed, with a beneficial result—attributable, of course, solely to the bun.

R. C. Nichols.

Irish Mythology.—Mr. Abercromby (*ante*, vol. ii. p. 317) takes exception to my statement (same volume, p. 180), made on O'Curry's authority, that Cromm Cruach means bloody maggot or worm. O'Curry's exact words are (*MS. Materials*, p. 632): The Gaedhelic word crom, or crum, signifies, literally, a maggot. . . . . It is a remarkable fact that the name of the celebrated idol of the ancient pagan Gaedhil was Crom Cruach, which would signify, literally, the "bloody maggot." Mr. David Fitzgerald, in his article in the last

number of the *Revue Celtique*, mentions this etymology with approval, and supports it by considerations of a mythological nature. A non-Irish scholar may be excused for following O'Curry and Mr. Fitzgerald.

ALFRED NUTT.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

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. Bombay and London, 1884 (Trübner & Co.). 8vo. Pp. xii. 445.

This is certainly the most valuable book of folk-tales which has yet appeared. It consists of the best specimens from an extensive collection, taken down, all of them, from the lips of the various narrators, who are well known to the collectors. This is the first step of importance. The next important feature is, that the narrators are known not to have had any school or other education by which their minds may have become influenced by English ideas; and in this respect the stories are of purer origin than those in Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days* and Miss Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*. As to the stories themselves, they are put into a remarkably good literary dress, though, we are assured, without any attempt to alter or vary the native original. Some of them have been printed in a word-for-word translation in the *Indian Antiquary*, besides which, in the notes, many illustrations are given of the original text, and the peculiarities of the translation are pointed out when it differs much from the original, or requires explanation. Every safeguard is therefore given to scholars. The effect of this is, that for purely nursery purposes the stories are really admirable. There is a *naïveté* about them which is exceedingly charming, and the humour of them, whether the work of the native or translator, is considerable. All the portions which are in verse in the original are translated into verse, and this important fact will not be overlooked by students, who know full well the significant part played

by verse in early literature. We will not go into the question of the comparative value of the stories—their contribution to the general study of folk-tales or *märchen*—because it must be attempted on a larger scale than can now be afforded; but we cannot help observing that many of the narratives are more illustrative of archaic life and manners than other story collections.

It is, however, in the appendices that the book will be of greatest value to the folk-lorist. Captain Temple has adopted the Society's scheme of analysis of folk-tales, and applied it to each of the stories of this book; and we cannot commend too highly this useful piece of work. It shows, too, that Captain Temple is fully alive to the scientific importance of the work proposed by the Society. But this is even more fully shown by his appendix on story incidents. The facts he brings out by an elaborate analysis of story incidents will, if we mistake not, go far towards altering the form of the study of story-ology. He urges—and rightly—that too much attention has been paid to the *temporary* framework or setting of the stories, and too little attention to the *permanent* incidents. Every story-teller will, as a part of his art, vary the setting, but he never forgets or alters his incidents. This has not yet been fully recognised by all students, and when it becomes so it will go far to substantiate the correctness of Mr. Lang's school of thought as against that of the comparative mythologists.

Altogether Captain Temple and his collaborateur have earned a deep debt of gratitude from all folklorists, and from lovers of pure nursery literature as well. Every Member of the Society will doubtless possess themselves of this important book, and we hope it will be made the model of all future collections of a similar nature. It ought to establish the practice of not issuing for the future any collection of folk-tales unaccompanied by the tabulation formulæ prepared by this Society, and if this were done the work of the Folk-Tale Committee would be considerably lessened. Besides these features there are an admirable collection of notes, illustrative of important passages in the text of the stories, and a very good index; the latter of which will we hope induce the Society to set about the compilation of what has been before urged, a standard index of story incidents.

Plant-Lore Legends and Lyrics, embracing the Myths, Traditions, Superstitions and Folk-Lore of the Plant Kingdom. By Richard Folkard, Jun. London, 1884 (Sampson Low). 8vo. Pp. xxiv. 610.

It is curious that Mr. Folkard should not have included any of the Society's publications (except Mr. Henderson's book, probably not the Society's edition) in his list of authorities used and quoted; for it is scarcely credible that any one studying any branch of folk-lore should not use the Society's books. And yet Mr. Folkard evidently has not used them. But though this suggests what will be found to be borne out by other portions of the book, that it is rather from the botanist's point of view than from that of the folklorists that Mr. Folkard has approached his subject, the work itself will be found to be a most useful conpendium of information on the folk-lore of plants. The arrangement of the chapters is based entirely upon a strict classification of subjects, almost in dictionary form ; and this, together with a fairly good index, gives us a capital book of reference. Mr. Folkard has evidently devoted a considerable amount of time to his labours, and has consulted many curious and out-of-the-way books. Together with Mr. Hilderic Friend's *Flowers and Flower Lore* English folk-lore libraries will now be fairly equipped with the literature of the folk-lore of plants—a subject that is fascinating from many points of view, but one that has yet to be dealt with scientifically. Mr. Folkard has reproduced some quaint old illustrations from Gerarde's *Herbal* (1633), Maundevile's *Travels* (1725), and other books, and these form not the least curious portion of the work. The chapters are as follows :—The world tree of the ancients—The trees of Paradise and the tree of Adam—Sacred plants of the ancients—Floral ceremonies, garlands and wreaths—Plants of the Christian Church—Plants of the fairies and naïades—Sylvans, wood-nymphs and the spirits—Plants of the devil—Plants of the witches—Magical plants—Fabulous, wondrous and miraculous plants—Plants connected with woods and animals—The doctrine of plant signature—Plants and the planets—Plant symbolism and language—Funeral plants.

The Algonquin Legends of New England, or Myths and Folk-Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes. By Charles G. Leland. London, 1884 (Sampson Low). 8vo. Pp. xvii. 379.

These stories have all been collected from the native Indians, the names of all the narrators being known, except one. Mr. Leland divides them into stories connected with Glooskap the divinity, the merry tales of Lox the mischief-maker, the Chenoo legends, thunder stories, At-o-sis the serpent, the Partridge, the Invisible One, story of the Three Strong Men, the Weewillmekq', tales of magic. This grouping is not a native one—it is entirely due to the literary arrangement of the compiler. Mr. Leland gives some very important facts to prove that the Glooskap legends are borrowed by historical transmission from the Norse epics, and in some instances he notes how the Indian story has become degraded in form from the original. But in dealing with the parallel incidents of folk-tales a wider range is needed than two different groups. For instance, Mr. Leland makes a great deal of the birth of Glooskap from his mother's side being an incident exactly similar to the Edda legend; and yet if he would turn to other folk-tales, such as the Malagasy, given by Mr. Sibree on page 50, *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. he will find the same incident. But still, Mr. Leland's view of the stories is remarkably instructive to the students of comparative storyology, and ought to be examined with care; but we are not at all prepared to accept Mr. Leland's theory without further consideration. It is important to observe that Mr. Leland does not allow his own explanation to dominate the interest of the book, which presents itself to the reader in the shape of an acceptable collection of freshly-gathered material; and Mr. Leland is earnest, though not any too much so, in pointing out the extreme importance these books will be to the future inquirer when archæology and anthropology will have become sciences of the first magnitude, and when to know the history of man will be as necessary to civilised thought as other subjects are now considered to be. Every folk-lorist will welcome this volume for the new matter it contains illustrative of the Indians of America—matter which might have perished irretrievably but for the timely aid of Mr. Leland.

Mr. James Napier, whose name must be familiar to many members of the Folk-Lore Society as that of the author of the only volume on West of Scotland folk-lore, died at his residence, Mansfield, Bothwell, on 1st December, 1884. He was born at Partick, near Glasgow, in June, 1810, and started life as a "draw boy" to a weaver. Subsequently he became an apprentice dyer; and, becoming interested in chemistry, he attended the lectures of Professor Thomas Graham, afterwards the Master of the Mint, in the Andersonian University (or Anderson's College) in Glasgow. With him at that time studied David Livingstone and James Young, Livingstone's life-long friend, and otherwise notable for the discoveries in mineral oil, which gained him the local name of Sir Paraffin Young. With Livingstone and Young Napier was then and afterwards on terms of great intimacy. After several years of work in London and Swansea Mr. Napier returned to Scotland about 1849-50. In his latter years he interested himself greatly in literary pursuits and in the movement for the more real study of folk-lore. He communicated various papers on folk-lore to the Glasgow Archæological Society, of the council of which he was long a member, and one paper on "Ballad Folk-Lore" to the *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. His small book on *Folk-lore, or Superstitious Beliefs in the West of Scotland*, was published by Alex. Gardner, Paisley, in 1879. Mr. Napier was also author of *A Manual of Dyeing*, *Metal Workers of the Bible*, *Electro-Metallurgy*, *History of Partick*, &c. I think I only met Mr. Napier once personally, but I have received many letters from him relative to local archæology and folk-lore, and I highly prize the copy of his *Folk-Lore* which he sent me on its publication. I frequently applied to him for information on old Scottish customs, and never in vain. WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

The Council have decided to issue Dr. Callaway's *Religious System of the Zulus*, which was never completed, with an Index.

Just at the time of going to press, and too late for a proper memoir, we hear of the lamented death of Mr. Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A. We shall give a short memoir of him in our next issue.

THE SCIENCE OF FOLK-LORE.

SHOULD like to make some remarks on the classification and nomenclature of folk-lore from the practical collector's point of view.

If I were asked the question, "Which of the proposed schemes would prove the most useful in practice?" I should answer without hesitation, Mr. Gomme's. I read his paper on "The Science of Folk-Lore" in the last number of the *Journal* with feelings something like those of a student who, after painfully striving to master some difficult language with the aid of a dictionary alone, suddenly finds a grammar put into his hands. Mr. Nutt's and Mr. Hartland's vast "Redistribution Bills," on the other hand, I am sorry to say, roused a feeling of bewilderment. They are no doubt admirable from a scientific point of view, but too elaborate for the weaker brethren, or at all events for the *sisters*, who certainly have a fair share of the work of collecting. One would be continually wondering, "*What* should go *where?*" *i.e.* under what head any particular item should be placed. It is not always easy to sort one's scraps, and to decide to what "genus" each "species" belongs. For instance: a certain man at Whixall in Shropshire said in 1883 that when St. Peter had the toothache, Our Lord desired him to cut his nails on a Friday, and he would be cured; hence any person who is careful always to cut his nails on a Friday only, will never be troubled with toothache. Now, which is the leading feature in this "scrap"? St. Peter, the toothache, Friday, or cutting nails? Ought it to be placed under Legends of the Saints, Folk-Medicine, Days and Seasons, or Superstitions connected with the Human Body? (I am giving *possible* sub-divisions, not writing under the idea that these

particular titles have been suggested for a general classification.) Little "knotty points" like this are continually cropping up, and the difficulty of settling them would of course be immensely increased by the use of a very complex scheme, or one which did not possess the primary requisite of clear broad outlines, lucidly expressed and easily understood. Now, this is just the merit of Mr. Gomme's plan. It is simplicity itself. His division into "groups" and subdivision into "classes,"* answering to the "genera" and "species" of botanists, can be comprehended at a glance. Another advantage in it is, that it does not unnecessarily disturb existing arrangements and acknowledged landmarks. In fact, one could work by this scheme; and, what is more, any one reading a book written on this principle would easily learn where to look for anything he wished to find in it.

Now to examine the scheme in detail.

Group I. Traditional Narratives.—This seems to me an excellent title. No other that I have seen (unless it be "folk-tradition") covers the whole range of subjects, from Cupid and Psyche to the Wifie and her Kidie. Class *a* (Folk-Tales) would need a great many subdivisions into romantic tales, nursery-tales, drolls, &c.; but this is a branch of folk-lore in which I have no experience. I wish much that I had grasped the idea that ballads and folk-songs are really folk-tradition in verse, in time to give them their proper position in the *Shropshire Folk-Lore.* I should enlarge the title of Class *d* (Place-Legends) into Place Legends *and Traditions,* so as to take in local traditions which do not involve any *story;* such as traditions of subterranean passages from place to place, and popular traditions of battles, and other local historical events. This class would need careful sifting: for instance, *localized* traditions of mythic or semi-mythic heroes like King Arthur, and popular stories of local heroes such as Sir Francis Drake, or Wild Humphrey Kynaston, or Tom Faggus, ought, I think, in many cases to go in Class *b* (Hero Tales). They are not intimately connected with the place where they are told, in the same sense as the story of the Prentice-Pillar at Roslin, or as stories of boulders thrown by giants, buildings erected

* Mr. Gomme does not, I think, use this word, but perhaps he will allow me to suggest it to him as preferable to "minor groups."

by devils, or lakes formed by floods are so connected. And the same remark applies to a great many bogy-stories and ghost-stories, in which the *locality* is not *the leading feature.* Of course, cross-references would be necessary, both here and in numberless other cases.

Group II. Traditional Customs.—Mr. Gomme's remarks on this group are most interesting and valuable. In advertising phrase, "they supply a want long felt." I am particularly pleased to see the place he assigns to Games, as a species of Custom, and a very important and difficult species too.

Group III. Superstition and Belief.—In this group Class *c* (Superstitious Practices and Fancies) seems to me too extensive. It would overbalance all the others. I see Mr. Gomme includes "practices and fancies" connected with *fairies*, &c., under this head, and of course rightly; but has he considered that this would open the door to a vast number of *stories*,* for which I can find no good place in Group I.? You can hardly call a story containing only a single incident, such as that of the pixy who would not work when he had new clothes, a "folk-tale," and place it with, for instance, the history of the girl who had three impossible tasks to perform. Nor are such anecdotes exactly place-legends, in the same way as the stories which tell of the origin of lakes, or mountains, or ruined castles. These are legends *of the past*, of what happened "in 'ears back," as the Shropshire folk say. Now the fairy and bogy stories tell of the doings of beings *superstitiously believed in*, either by the tale-tellers or their fathers, as creatures having a contemporary existence with themselves, and thus they properly come under the head of Superstition and Belief.

I should re-name and re-arrange the group thus:

Group II. (not III.) *Superstitious Belief and Practice.*

Class *a.* Goblindom;

Class *b.* Witchcraft;

Class *c.* Astrology;

Class *d.* Superstitions connected with material things.

Some will object to the combination of belief and practice (=folk-

* Just as "witchcraft" would contain anecdotes of witches.

thought * and folk-wont), but it seems to me that the two are inseparable. Practice hinges on belief. A man who has spilt salt throws some of it over his left shoulder, because he believes (or his ancestors believed for him) that spilling salt will bring ill-luck; so he resorts to a superstitious practice to avert it.† This is the reason why I would place superstitions before customs. Mr. Lang has taught us how often myth and superstition arise out of custom, but, in many cases, superstition is the mother of custom also. Thus, many burial customs have originated in the superstitious dread of ghosts; and, again, as the general "unluckiness" of women has caused it to be thought an ill omen if a woman should be the first comer to a house on New Year's Day, it has become customary in many English counties for parties of men and boys to go about on New Year's morning "letting the new year in" to their neighbours' houses, and expecting food and drink in return.

Class *a* (Goblindom) would be formed by distinguishing between belief or practice relating to real and material things and that relating to imaginary or invisible beings; and by taking from Mr. Gomme's Class *c* in this group everything belonging to the latter. "Goblindom" would include wish-hounds, ghosts, fairies, brownies, and innumerable queerly-named local demons; in fact, of the crowd of uncanny beings who, when "all the old gods are dead," remain in the popular imagination as "something betwixt heaven and hell." It would comprise anecdotes, such as that of the household familiar crying "We're a-flitting"; superstitious terrors, as of ghostly times and places; and practices, such as the "cream-bowl duly set" for the wage of the "lubber fiend." It would, in fact, go over the whole ground of *the traces of a belief in subordinate and local deities surviving in the form of belief in goblin creatures.*

In Class *b* (Witchcraft), I think it would be necessary to treat not only of witches but of their counter-magicians, the "white witches" or "charmers," taking care to distinguish between the two. The

* Is not this too narrow a use of a well-devised compound? Surely *all* folk-lore is the natural product of folk-thought. That is just what distinguishes it from other branches of the study of antiquities.

† How curiously this illustrates St. James's solemn argument that "faith without works is dead"!

careful use of the words *spell* and *charm*, which are very often confounded together, will be needed here. I fully enter into all that Mr. Gomme says, of not overloading the section on witchcraft with an account of all the superstitious ceremonies used by witches and charmers. For instance, the divining-rod and the rowan-tree talisman ought to be placed with Superstitions (concerning plants). But when all had been done in this direction that could be done, I think some few curious incantations and divinations would still remain, which could nowhere else be so conveniently treated of.

Class *d* would contain beliefs and (minor) practices concerning material things or natural objects, as the sun, moon, and stars, fire, water, weather, metals, plants, animals, the human body, disease, and the like. Divination and folk-medicine are so closely connected with witchcraft on one side, and with animal and plant-lore on the other, that the treatment of these sections will perhaps require more nice discrimination than any.

From the folk-lore collector's point of view, the exchange of places between "Superstition" and "Custom" would be an advantage, because it would lessen the breach of continuity involved in passing from one subject to another, and thus would promote a consecutive instead of a jerky tone. "Place Legends" would lead naturally to "Goblindom": "Superstitious Practice," to "Customs"; "Games," to "Rhymes, Riddles," &c.

I am tempted to take exception to the *name* of *Group IV. Folk-speech*. This compound is already in use by philologists to signify the dialect spoken by the folk, in contradistinction to the literary dialect of the same language. We can hardly therefore saddle it with a new and distinct meaning. I would suggest "Folk-sayings" as the title of the group. This name would not cover Class *b*, "Popular Nomenclature"; but then I would not have a *class* of Popular Nomenclature at all! It seems to me that it would be a hotch-potch, a miscellaneous list, with no natural connexion, no *raison d'être*. Such names as Robin Hood's Chair, Boggart Ho' Clough, Moot Hill, &c. are not so much valuable in themselves as for the evidence they afford of the popular belief or popular custom which occasioned them. I think a collector would do well to record Robin Hood's Chair under Hero

Tales, Boggart Ho' Clough under Goblindom, Moot Hill under Local Customs, and so on. Then other writers who might wish to make an exhaustive treatise on Boggarts or on Customs would find all they wanted in one place, instead of having to hunt through lists of names to see if there might chance to be anything there suited to their purpose. In the same way, many popular rhymes would have to be inserted in previous sections—as the common magpie rhyme under Superstitions (concerning Birds).

If it is wished to keep up the symmetrical division of four classes in each group, I would let *Group IV. Folk-sayings*,* stand as follows (placing the Jingles first, as the *last* class was that of Games, including Singing Games) :—

Class *a*, Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c.;

Class *b*, Proverbs;

Class *c*, Old Saws, rhymed and unrhymed; †

Class *d*, Nicknames, Place-Rhymes and Sayings, Folk-Etymology.

This last class would replace Mr. Gomme's "Popular Nomenclature." I think name-stories (folk-etymology) would come in better here than with Place-legends, because it is as a branch of word-lore,—for the *name*, not the *place* that they are interesting. And any one who chooses may imagine the "folk," when engaged in their festival customs, as playing traditional games, bandying proverbs, riddles, and old stories; and so may lead round again to the beginning, and to the folk-tales and ballads which would most surely be heard at any "folk-mote" wheresoever assembled.

The study of folk-lore is not an "exact science," and cannot be divided and kept apart by hard and fast lines. Every subject with which it deals grows out of some other subject, and runs into something else. What we should aim at is to range all these different subjects in proper order, so as to bring out their true relation to each other, and to present our new science to the world as a harmonious and homogeneous

* *Folk-wit* is a delightful compound, but I think too indefinite for the name of a group. *Wit* enters into the composition of so many things—songs, games, tales, &c.

† Viz., popular sayings not, strictly speaking, proverbs; such as traditional agricultural maxims, weather-sayings based on experience, not on superstitious fancy, &c. *Folk-wisdom* in short!

whole. I do not think we shall find any arrangement better suited for this purpose than Mr. Gomme's great fourfold marshalling of it under the heads (as I venture to predict they would be called in practical use) of Traditions, Superstitions, Customs, and Sayings.

I think Mr. Gomme's "formula" (p. 15), also admirable, and likely to prove most useful. It is delightful to get a clue to the relative value of the various "parallels"—close or distant, near or far. The number of them is sometimes quite bewildering: one cannot use all, and there has hitherto been no guide to making a judicious choice among them. I know some think that collectors should do nothing but collect, and should not give parallels; but I think this is a pity, for the sake of beginners and outsiders, who without parallels cannot "see the point" of what is recorded. We ought not to neglect anything that tends to make our writings more interesting, and therefore to attract recruits to the army of workers.

Though it is beyond my province, I cannot refrain from "saying my say" on the vexed question of the scope and definition of folk-lore.

Folk-lore:—that is, *folk-learning*. Do we mean the learning of scholars about the folk? or the learning of the folk themselves? If the former, then there are no limits to our scope. We must include the study of the habitations, the handicrafts, the dialects of the folk: we take in archæology and philology—subjects which we know are in themselves enough to occupy the whole attention of a man of science, and I may add, of many Societies. But if by folk-lore we mean "the folk's learning," the learning of the folk themselves, then we may define the science which deals with it as that which treats of *all that the folk believe or practise on the authority of inherited tradition, and not on the authority of written records.** And in these days of universal printing and reading, the study of "the unwritten learning of the people" is indeed "the study of survivals."

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

* Nobody has proposed to include traditional music; yet is it not folk-lore in the strictest sense? I cannot suggest a place for it in the general scheme, but the words *charming*, *incantation*, and *enchantment* show that it has a close connection with magic.

When I read in the pages of the *Folk-Lore Journal* for September last the modest and generous invitation of Mr. G. L. Gomme addressed to the members of the English Society of which he is the Secretary, to give him their opinion as to the meaning and import of the word *Folk-lore*, and the terminology of this science, I formed the intention of writing the article which I now publish with great hesitation, thinking that, since I am the only Spaniard a member of that Society, the unmerited honour falls upon me of acting as the mouth-piece of my country in the important scientific discussion which doubtless will follow on the brief notice alluded to on *Folk-Lore Terminology*, and to which Messrs. Nutt, E. Sidney Hartland, C. Staniland Wake, and Henry B. Wheatley, have already replied in the October and November numbers of the Journal.

The first request, therefore, which I wish to make to my illustrious colleagues, and to as many as read this article, is that they should consider as mine all errors into which I may fall, and all that may be useful in it to Spain alone, if it be my good fortune to suggest anything useful towards the scientific investigation proposed by the Secretary of the English Society, and to which I think the mythographers and folk-lorists of all countries should contribute (or, better, treat together for the purpose of definitively now marking out the limits of this new science), since, because the limits are not yet marked out, it is cultivated by different nations with different tendencies and senses.

Having thus discharged my conscience, I wish, without more preamble, to state at once my agreement with the opinion maintained by Messrs. Gomme and Nutt, that folk-lore and mythology are not, as some assert, one and the same thing. The latter, in my opinion, can only be considered, at the most, either as a branch of folk-lore, or as one of the special aims of this science.

Mythology treats of myths or fictions, of elements mainly imaginary or fantastic, and these elements cannot be considered in any other light than as special *products* of a cerebral or psychological function, that is, as a chapter in demo-psychology, although these products peculiar for the most part to one stage of civilisation, may still subsist as long as the human intellect has not passed beyond the

condition of evolution in which they are ordinarily formed. In reality, myths are still formed, without doubt; but these are, with reference to the average conditions of culture in modern nations, real exceptions. Myths, in my opinion, are after all nothing more than a result of the predominance of fancy over the other and higher mental faculties. The mythical force, which augments and revives in epochs of great disasters and calamities, perchance through the complex phenomenon of atavism, is much stronger in uncultured men than in civilized. The myth-creating powers of Charles Darwin would be nil, or almost nil, in comparison with that of the monks of the Middle Ages, and with that of the labourers and rustics of Dorsetshire.

In this sense I think that Mr. Nutt, in defining folk-lore as the *anthropology which treats of primitive man*, cannot with strictness exaggerate the distance between this science and comparative mythology, since myths, and the elements to which, when combined with them, they owe their origin, are peculiar to a primitive age in which only a very small number of ideas and a vast number of fancies alone have free play.

Nor do I understand the reason why Mr. Nutt excludes biology absolutely from the region of folk-lore; for whether spirit and body are considered as things essentially different, or whether as distinct phases of the same thing, the result can never be that biological phenomena are equal in men and animals, and the psychological phenomena, on the contrary, different. Even admitting the duality of spirit and body, if there exists a physical evolution it seems natural that there must exist also a psychological evolution parallel and corresponding with that. The arguments of Mr. Nutt do not, therefore, bring conviction to me as to the absolute exclusion of biological phenomena from the study of folk-lore. Nay, more, in the course of my reflections on folk-lore I have been led sometimes to consider that there is in it, in a certain measure, a psychological-biology; and that we can observe in it, better than in any other science, the march and the development of the human intellect through past centuries and ages.

Folk-lore also, as far as it relates to the study of usages, customs, ceremonies, festivals and rights, and in general to all those acts of our

life in which the beliefs, sentiments, affections—in a word, all the spiritual energies of a people, are crystallized—appears to me to be a science to which we may give the name of demo-biography, if I am right in thinking that this, with demo-psychology (which I shall explain presently) constitutes the two fundamental branches of folk-lore, those which Mr. E. Sidney Hartland calls *Folk-thought* and *Folk-practice*, or, still better, *Folk-wont.*

Folk-lore, from the second point of view, the study of popular habits and customs, has close relations with sociology, since the data which it offers to this science, also in its infancy, are of incalculable value. The people stores up in its songs and proverbs—in the first from a sentimental stand-point, in the second from an empirical and inductive point of view—the beliefs and ideas which it has concerning those social relations, which, gathered into gradually more complex groups, constitute the whole of society. The man of the people is not only a lover, a husband, a father, son, brother, friend, but he is also, after his manner, a judge, a chancellor of the exchequer, a privy councillor, a member of parliament, a professor, a workman, an apprentice, &c. &c., and in each one of these conditions, some inherent to humanity and others to the peculiar office or profession of each individual, he learns some social data, facts, or even laws of life, which he quickly stores up in those productions, and without which sociology, if it aspire to be really a science founded on facts, cannot take a step. Folk-lore has, in my opinion, most certainly a sociological aspect; it falls, within certain limits, within the sphere of sociology, as will be readily understood if we consider that the term *folk* signifies people—the human race: that is, man in the aggregate—the collective man, but not man as an individual. The existence of customary law, and the facts which Mr. Gomme must surely have studied for his work (whether already published or only in preparation we know not) *Folk-Moots in the Open Air*, will have established this truth for our illustrious colleague [published in 1880 under the title of *Primitive Folkmoots*].

It follows from what has been said that though folk-lore, in my opinion, has something in common with psychological biology, something in common with sociology, and, of course, with anthropology

also, it cannot be confounded with any of these sciences, nor even form a mere chapter of any one of them. The addition of Mr. Sidney Hartland, which reduces folk-lore to that *part of anthropology which treats of the psychological phenomena of uncultured man*, seems to me to be correct, but insufficient; correct, because it excludes from the dominion of folk-lore the physiological phenomena of man, which at present can only be studied by means of physiology, and because it substitutes for the words *primitive* man *uncivilized* man; insufficient, because there is also matter for folk-lore even in civilized man, and because it does not indicate with sufficient clearness the character of the aggregated, or of aggregation, which the people presents, and precisely by means of which, as we have said, the study of it falls within the province of sociology.

But what is the proper sphere of folk-lore? What are the limits which distinguish it and separate it from the other analògous sciences?

Folk-lore, in my opinion, from one point of view, embraces the whole of life and all the sciences, and is, in its turn, a phase or aspect of them all. To explain myself: Every branch of knowledge which we call scientific has been *folk-loric* in its origin, and perhaps continues to be so in a very small degree. Since, in fine, human reason and intellect are the media of knowledge, and, from the fact that all men are endowed with intellect and reason, the people, which is an aggregation of men, has some knowledge, more or less imperfect, of all things. A thousand times it has been repeated that alchemy preceded chemistry; astrology, astronomy; counting on the fingers, mathematics; and in the arts, the rude instrument which imitates the monotonous dripping of water as it falls on the ground preceded the infinite and varied tones of the violin; the shapeless sketches, drawn by a pointed instrument on rocks or on the bark of trees, preluded the works of the great masters of sculpture; the staining in monochrome or with a single colour, the pictured marvels which we now admire. Not one of the scientific or artistic wonders of which humanity is so proud has sprung, like light in the Bible record, spontaneously and suddenly from the human intellect.

But if folk-lore, in its extension, embraces the matter of all the sciences by the quality and the degree of knowledge which it sup-

poses, it differs from them all. The people know astronomy and the astronomer knows astronomy; but the latter has built up, upon the first notions of the former, which served him as a foundation, a much richer and more ample knowledge—a superior knowledge, which, in its turn, and very slowly, extends downwards and becomes general in the lower social strata, in which it remains as a *deposit* of a certain definite degree of civilisation, whilst science goes on advancing in its road, discovering new horizons, and continually laying aside those ideas which, scientific in their day, or perhaps, to speak more exactly, peculiar to the educated classes, are now relegated to the vulgar; whence we deduce that many proverbs which are heard now only in the mouths of old women, or of the uneducated, were in their time considered as sentences of the learned, to such an extent that it would not be difficult by a conscientious study of proverbial lore to distinguish the contingent of ideas which philosophical, moral, and religious doctrines—as influential as the Aristotelian, the Platonic, and the Christian—have successively furnished to our proverbs. To make use of a somewhat humorous illustration, we might say that the man of science deals with the people as epicures do with certain shell-fish, that is, he eats the animal and throws aside the shell; and this, and nothing more, are the dogmas which are consigned to proverbs when they serve no longer for use in the practical facts of life.

Having made it plain then that the subject-matter of folk-lore contains in a certain measure that of all the other sciences, and that the degree of knowledge which it supposes is inferior to their systematised knowledge, we go on now to indicate the conception which we have formed of the subject-matter, people, since only by analysing the component parts of the word *folk-lore* can we formulate a definition of this science.

The word *folk*, corresponding to the term *volk* in German, the Latin *vulgus*, Italian *volgo*, Spanish *vulgo*, according to the authorised opinion of the Italian philologist Stanislas Prato, signifies, according to our judgment, not the whole of humanity nor an abstract personality, but a portion of the human race, a body of men, who, though differing from each other as little as possible, possess a series of common signs and are really anonymous, in contradistinction from

that other series of men, who, differing as much as possible from each other, possess a notable personality, to the point of giving a name to a school, a party, a sect, a doctrine, or an epoch. To the former of these varieties of man we now give the name of people, and in this we find the subject-matter of the science which we are studying. The people is that portion of humanity which has not yet arrived by reflection and by culture at acquiring a full consciousness of itself, and to be a real union of *individuals*, in the full sense of the word. A multitude of men, whose individual effort is lost in history, are confounded in the term people; just as the efforts of each single bee are lost in the honey, which is at the same time the fruit of the work of them all—the product of the contributions of an infinity of flowers.

The very idea of the people as an indifferentiated and anonymous mass pre-supposes a differentiation within humanity, and which appears rationally posterior to the appearance of the latter on our globe, even if its germs might have existed from the beginning.

And we say that we believe the epoch in which the people was formed as a variety of mankind to be posterior to the appearance of this latter on our planet, not because differences did not exist, as there are between individuals of the people itself and between all men, but because those anthropoids who managed to impose themselves on others either by force or craft, if they were tolerated for the reason that wolves do not bite one another, did not form a caste, as happened at a later epoch. The division of power among the strongest supposes already an immense advance in social life. Even among the apes called *orators* (howlers) there are individuals who, so to say, give the note to their companions, which howl, cry, dance, and gesticulate around, imitating their chief; but these chiefs or aristocratic apes, so to say, never attain to the constitution of a society (or caste) as the Brahmins, for example, or the Shastriyas have formed them even in far distant epochs, and as titles and nobility do in modern times. Humanity presents itself at first as an apparently inorganic and indifferentiated being, which presently unfolds itself and exhibits itself with interior organisms, even to the specification of its functions to the degree in which we see them now in the most civilised lands. Its first division, or separation, seems to be, like that of the cell, into

two : one segment, which is represented by the people, and the other, by the series of individuals more differentiated from each, as a group or distinct society.

The people can only be considered as primitive humanity in so far as from it as the stars from the nebulæ, were separated, by slow and unappreciable segmentation, at first, the individuals, who by more or less affinity of character, formed the ancient castes, of which the so-called social classes are the remains to-day. But by the fact that this formation was slow, and that the individuals who had not energy enough to break through the barriers that imprisoned them were retained in the common mass by the community of life to which their relative physical or intellectual impotence condemned them, these accentuated the common note, and lived and developed themselves in a more uniform manner and in greater dependence on the conditions of the medium in which they existed. There is, therefore, such a thing as a demo-biology ; the people, even as a whole, advances and progresses; superstition and even belief are modified and vary with the course of time; the myths, for example, and the greater errors formed or invented to-day by the people, though analogous, are different from those of primitive man, and for this reason we do not think that the study of the mental phenomena of savage races, past or present, exactly corresponds with the mental phenomena of the people.

The people has for its distinctive, characteristic, and peculiar mark, its intense conservatism.* The reason of this is very obvious. Since the number of ideas which it possesses are but few, and as it hears these will greater frequency, they are the more deeply impressed upon the brain. Tradition is charged with the task of transmitting them

* The authoritative sanction of the illustrious Portuguese mythologist, Theóphilo Braga, confirms this opinion. In a different connection he writes in the Introduction to the interesting work *Cantos Populares do Brazil*, by Professor Sylvio Romero : "The colony preserves the condition of civilisation which it received at a given epoch, and which its isolation has rendered permanent, in the same way as the individual the farther he has sunk into the lowest social depths the longer he remains in the rudimentary psychological condition from which the cultivated classes have already emerged. Similar is the phenomenon of the survival of customs among the poor."

from mouth to mouth to future generations; and the actions of its life, regulated, governed, and ruled by these ideas, contributes also to the perpetuating of them in manner, customs, and institutions. But as the spur of new necessities excites new forms of knowledge, which result in disengaging, to a certain degree, manners and customs from the significance which they formerly possessed, sometimes these customs, at other times the dogmas on which they were founded, become completely disintegrated, and remain as empty formulæ, mere childish rhymes, fossils, and a word of remote ages. In this sense the people is a true reliquary, a quarry, a conglomerate of the remains of lost habits of thoughts and customs, a real museum of antiquities, whose value and price is entirely unknown to the possessor. The people comes to be a kind of most wealthy but ignorant nobleman, who keeps in his garret a multitude of jewels of the worth of which he is entirely ignorant. And in the people there goes on the formation, so to say, of a stratum of thought completely inconscient, a species of furniture useless to it, and which retards and renders difficult its journey on the road of civilisation and of progress.

But if from this point of view the people preserves in store a series of ancient ideas, which united form the materials for study of a science which might be called *palæo-ideology* or *palæontological-psychology*, the people, as a mass of men endowed with reason, and although indifferentiated when viewed as a mass, yet distinct when seen with the microscope of science, has still a progressive element, by means of which it continues to receive from nature a multitude of acquirements which it can only learn in the struggles to which the very necessities of life call it. That every kind of life does minister a series of fixed acquirements * is a thing so obvious that we have only to fix our thought, for example, on a group of men who live by fishing or by the chase, to understand the different education to which their forced apprenticeship obliges them. Since human knowledge appears to be

* Speaking of the three elements which concur in the formation of the nationality of Brazil, and consequently in its poetry, Theóphilo Braga says (*l.c.* p. 23): "In fact in some provinces these elements are clearly to be distinguished after the mingling of three centuries. In the songs of Bahia negro sentimentality prevails as in the *Tayeras;* in the Ceara the Tupi preponderates exhibited in poetry in the peculiar narrative form of the savannah life of the herdsmen."

after all nothing more than the appropriation, the assimilation, and the interpretation of the phenomena which surround us, it is clear that distinct forms of knowledge, sentiments, and ideas, correspond to different media, and that these cannot really be substituted the one for the other. Hence arises the diversification of that mass which we call the people, within each nature or state, and even the relatively greater or less development which this mass can attain to or really possess in each country.

Having stated that which I understand to be the people, and that its knowledge, like that of the sciences, deals with all kinds of subjects, I venture to formulate, without any pretension to exactitude, a definition of folk-lore. This is, in my idea, *the science which has for its object the study of indifferentiated or anonymous humanity, from an epoch which may be considered as its infancy down to our own day.*

Without being able to specify precisely the moment at which this age may be said really to begin, we believe it to be posterior to the primitive age, because it pre-supposes the formation of the two great groups alluded to; one in appearance indifferentiated, and the other full of appreciable distinctions within itself. But if the study of folk-lore has its starting-point in this age, the vestiges of which remain not only in the people but in all classes—just as vestiges of childhood remain during the whole life, both in the adult and in the old man—the study of folk-lore should include that of the people during the whole of its life as well in the actual exercise of its mental faculties, and in its practices and customs of to-day, as in the evidences which it preserves, by its customs and by oral tradition, of its anterior exercise of them, and of its past life.

The age, properly called primitive, falls, in our judgment, within the sphere of ethnology, of prehistoric times, and of anthropology. The hatchet, the dagger, or the arrow of primitive man, and his physical constitution, as it may be studied in his skeletons and skulls, do not form the subject-matter of folk-lore, nor do the acts and conceptions of the child belong to it either.

The study of the psychology of the infant, in fact, and the study of that of savage races, can serve only as a medium for analogy, and to control the study of demo-psychology; they have in themselves

sufficient importance to constitute sciences independent of folk-lore. The child and the savage of our day find—not only in the humanity which surrounds them, and is in contact with them, but in the very earth which sustains them—a means of culture, a civilisation, which influences them from their earliest moments. The earth itself is also, as it were, educated and civilised by the influence of man, but this does not mean to say that infants, and even savages, in so far as they are archives of traditions, in their different grades of development, do not contain, just as our aristocratic classes do, archaic and traditional elements. In the classes shut out from all communication with the exterior there is, by their very constitution, a multitude of the elements of folk-lore, that is, of rituals and ceremonies, which, though they have lost the *raison d'être* of their existence, and the cause which gave them life, are yet true relics of degrees of culture, superior perchance to the popular culture of their own time, but inferior to the popular culture of the present time.

Folk-lore, and in this I think that I am in complete accord with Mr. Sidney Hartland, includes, in my opinion, two chief branches: *demo-psychology*, or the science which studies the spirit of the people, and *demo-biography*, which is not the sum of the biographies of the individuals who compose this said aggregate, but the description of the mode of life of the people taken in the aggregate. For purposes of folk-lore, we do not study how it is that John is married to Jane, or how Tom was buried, but the marriage or funeral ceremonies of the men of the people in a given country.

Having mentioned these two principal branches of folk-lore, susceptible in their turn of infinite sub-divisions, I do not think it necessary to state that they have a mutual influence, from the fact that men think as they live, and live as they think.

Here I should conclude these short observations—which I propose to enlarge when Mr. Gomme publishes his promised work on the theme which occupies us—did I not wish to call the attention of my readers in general, and especially of all European folk-lorists, to the advisability of all making known their opinion on the theme proposed by the Secretary of the Folk-Lore Society, in his note on "Folk-Lore Terminology." To me it seems evident that if folk-lore—a

term which, as international, I have been the first to respect—is to form a universal science, it is necessary that men of *all* nations should contribute to its progress, in order that the meaning which this science receives in Italy, France, Russia, Germany, or Portugal, may not be divergent, but only aspects and tendencies—phases of one and the same order of studies.

To me the people, as I have said, includes, without doubt, an element which we might call *static*, or *passive*, and another which we might name *dynamic*, or *active*. The former refers to the vestiges which it contains of anterior ideas and civilisations; vestiges transmitted orally from one generation to another, or by means of manners and customs; in a word, by *tradition*. In this sense, I think that the eminent Pitré has perfectly rightly called the Italian Society of Folk-Lore *Society of Popular Traditions*. The importance of his labours in folk-lore greatly strengthens his most reasonable opinion. But if the people is the genuine representative of this element, which we have called static or *dead*, in the people there exists another element, dynamic or *living*, and not the less important one, nor the one least worthy of study and consideration. In a happy hour the English folk-lorists are reconstructing, by means of the study of superstitions, ceremonies, rites, manners, customs, tales, and games, that proto-history of mankind, that most ancient ideal world, that grand mosaic, whose separate pieces are each one of these productions: but let them study also those facts which teach that there exists an evolution of ideas similar to that of organisms; let them study the manner in which the links of the great psychological chain are intertwined, and the march followed by the human mind until it arrived at the degree of relative development to which we find the feelings, the knowledge, the customs of the men of our day have attained. In the most insignificant songs, in the most neglected phrases—in the most trivial, apparently, of proverbs—there co-exists, by the side of the superstition, of the survival, of the relic of an ideal world completely disappeared, there co-exists a living element, an actual evidence of the psychological functions of the man of the people. In his stores of knowledge, by the side of the error, of the pre-occupation, and of the hasty induction which has mistaken the mere repetition of a phenomenon in

a small number of cases for a true law, are to be found the powerful intuition, the delicate observation, and the knowledge of a real property of a being or phenomenon of nature which passes unobserved by the scientific man.

In Spain, at least, if my opinion has any influence, we should cultivate, with no less zeal than the study of *popular ignorance*, and the imaginary creations which have their origin in the predominance of fancy and of sentiment over reason, the *wisdom of the people* (*lore*, *lehre*, teaching, doctrine, lesson), that which it has learned by its reason and experience, in order to incorporate it into the scientific wealth, unhappily by no means excessive, which we possess, and in order to bring to light the whole mental store of this nation, the most ignorant perhaps of Europe, but not endowed with less intellectual gifts than other more fortunate nations, and which now enjoy a greater progress. The man of the people is, doubtless, the man of superstitions and of errors, but he is also the man of experience and of natural reason, the basis of all scientific knowledge, and of every advance in the great work of human civilisation.

ANTONIO MACHADO Y ALVAREZ.

[We are indebted for the translation of this admirable paper to the Rev. Wentworth Webster.]

Every member of the Folk-Lore Society must sympathise with Mr. Gomme's wish that it should "be settled once for all that folk-lore is a science." There are probably few habitual readers of this journal, few students of the subjects touched on in these pages, who are not fully convinced that folk-lore is a science, however difficult they may feel it to define its actual range and scope. The contribution, therefore, from Mr. Gomme's pen in the last number towards a clear apprehension of these matters will be accepted with gratitude even by those who are unable to agree with him on the terms in which he would define the science. I am one of these; and, in seeking to prolong the discussion, I trust I may not be considered as trespassing upon space that might be better occupied. For, though no doubt the question resolves itself to some extent into one about mere words, still I cannot help

thinking, that whether we have a more or less ambitious conception of the object of our study will, in the long run, affect the interest we take in it and the mode in which we pursue it.

The definition I put forward in the November number of this journal was—"Folk-lore is anthropology dealing with the psychological phenomena of uncivilised man." This was an amendment of a definition proposed by Mr. Nutt; and I then gave no reasons, beyond a few lines explaining my preference for the amended form. Let me now try to supply the omission.

Anthropology is a word of very extended signification, embracing nothing less than the study of Man and all that he is. Man is studied under every conceivable aspect—physical, mental, moral, political, social, religious—by writers upon anthropology; and the term, in fact, is one of those collective names, of which zoology, biology, physiography, are other examples, comprehending a multitude of minor sciences. Each of these minor sciences has its own subject: each is busied with researches within its own peculiar limits. And, though they all dovetail into one another on different sides, it is impossible to say that any of them are superfluous—all contribute something towards the great whole to which they belong. Zoology cannot say to entomology, nor biology to botany, "I have no need of thee," for either would be incomplete without the other. So, if we examine the writings of anthropologists—if, for instance, we glance over the Journal of the Anthropological Institute—we shall find one set of students devoting themselves to the measurement of skulls, another to the general physical characteristics of races, a third to the growth and effects of material civilisation, a fourth to customs and beliefs, and so on. Each of these studies yields its own contribution to the net conclusions of the science of anthropology. I am not seeking here, it will be observed, to enlarge the definition of anthropology in order to make good my contention that folk-lore is one of its departments. I am only appealing to well-known facts that can be verified by everybody. But, if the study of customs and beliefs be a branch of anthropological inquiry, then "the science which," according to Mr. Gomme, "treats of the survivals of archaic

beliefs and customs in modern ages," must, *à fortiori*, be included. Even on his own showing, therefore, folk-lore is a portion of anthropology.

But I go further than this. I decline to be limited to *survivals*, or to *archaic* beliefs and customs.* There is, of course, a sense in which every institution, every belief, and every custom now existing is a survival. The British House of Commons is a survival ; yet no one contends that it comes within the domain of folk-lore. On the other hand, there are many savage beliefs and customs (which Mr. Gomme expressly, and, no doubt, rightly, calls folk-lore) which yet may not be of ancient date. At all events, we do not study them as fragments of antiquity, or as survivals, but as superstitions now living and vigorous. The problem we set ourselves is other, because wider, than a mere study of survivals. If it were only that, our interest in savage beliefs and customs would be no more than accidental ; we should treat them, or such of them as suited our purpose, merely as illustrations ; we should appeal to them simply to confirm our conclusions relative to the customs and beliefs found in our own and kindred lands. I cannot assent to any such limitation. Folk-lore, in my view, is not confined as to its main subject to our own nation, nor even to the Aryan race. It deals with human thought generally in its primitive aspects, and seeks to reveal to us the beginnings and growth of reason. Philosophers who have undertaken to investigate the constitution of the human intellect, as a foundation for their speculations on the universe, have commenced by examining their own minds, hoping to obtain thereby a clue that shall lead them by process of reasoning to unravel the mighty mysteries with which all thinking men find themselves enveloped. But the method of introspection is, like all other deductive processes, liable to error unless checked and confirmed from point to point by the converse process of induction. In our degree of civilisation the mind is acted upon by many and very complex influences; and that thought or perception, which the philosopher thinks he has discovered to be at the root of

* It will be observed that Mr. Gomme used the word *archaic* as the antithesis of *modern*. It is in this sense alone that I am at issue with him on it. Substitute *uncivilised* for *archaic*, and we are so far agreed.

every other principle, may, in truth, be of comparatively modern introduction, the product merely of the present state of society, or of institutions or speculations of no very remote period. Without, therefore, undervaluing the method, or disputing the results, of the introspective inquirer, folk-lore seems to me to set before itself the investigation of the external phenomena. Dealing with thought in its primitive forms, it traces it downwards from the higher civilisation, where it is exhibited in the conscious logic and historical religions, institutions, arts, science, and literature of the progressive races, to its earliest and lowest manifestation in the forefathers, not only of the Indo-European, but also of the Semitic and Turanian tribes and in the barbarous and savage races of to-day. Although it cannot afford altogether to neglect any period of culture, or any subject on which the mind of man has been exercised, it passes by almost all that we are accustomed to regard as the characteristic products of civilisation. Its business is with mankind in its infancy and childhood, when the untrained imagination was dominant, and knowledge was purely empirical,—when men could only make futile guesses at the facts of their own natures and of the world about them, and when the organisation of society was as yet more or less rudimentary. Its object is, as M. Gaidoz says in the February number of *Mélusine*, "*reconstituer la genèse des croyances et des usages.*" Traces of that which has gone before naturally remain: "the child is father of the man" is true not only of the individual but also of the race. The student of folk-lore looks for these traces as naturalists studying the evolution of physical organisms look for indications of prior stages through which the species and genera, the families and classes, of the animal or vegetable kingdom have been developed. It would hardly seem accurate to define biology as a science of survivals, yet it would be as accurate to do so as to define folk-lore in such terms. The one is just as much and as little a science of survivals as the other. Both have to do with survivals, but both reason beyond them.

Civilisation has grown out of savagery; and because the phenomena of thought for which we seek are those of uncivilised men they live in Tradition. They elude the grasp of the historian; and, although social science finds in some of them a portion of her material, she treats

them in her own way. The institutions of primitive man, from which sociology starts, are as much within the domain of folk-lore as his myths. Indeed the myths and legends of a people are frequently inexplicable apart from its laws and ceremonies. But sociology has mainly to do with history ; it may be said to be a forward-looking, while folk-lore is a backward-looking, science. Sociology deals with the social environment and organisation of men, tracing these from their early forms along the lines of their development, and striving from every indication to divine the future of our species. Folk-lore seeks to follow thought back to its fountain, and inquires whence it flows, what are its boundaries, and what are its constituents. Its relations with history are therefore chiefly indirect: it is occupied with materials the historian rejects. Treating of tradition, it has as little to do with art and literature as with history. Traditions become embedded in art and literature as often as in history, or rather they are seized upon by art and literature and made everlasting monuments of beauty. And it is frequently necessary for the student of folk-lore to examine these monuments: they contain for him instructive lessons. But it is not as art and literature that he cares for them; it is because they embalm the relics of an older world,—relics dead in them, but not seldom vital and powerful in contemporary savages, or decaying, though yet alive, among the peasantry and other less advanced classes of his own fellow-countrymen. To correlate all these is the endeavour of folk-lore, and thence to formulate the ideas that swayed mankind in the dark ages of prehistoric antiquity as far back as human beings have existed on the globe. Starting from the assumption that human nature is everywhere the same, it believes that everywhere, though under different forms, the thoughts of humanity are substantially the same ; and by the study of the more primitive modes in which they have been expressed our science seeks to recover their original types and the laws of their divergence, and thence to demonstrate from new materials the constitution of the mind. No doubt it is still a long way from the accomplishment of this task; but then it is one of the youngest of the sciences. Rome was not built in a day, and it is small wonder if we have scarcely now begun to find our proper methods or to realise whither we are bound,

The time may come when the conquests of folk-lore shall be reckoned among the most remarkable and in their results the most important achievements of inductive reasoning.

This, expressed imperfectly and without much attempt at scientific precision, is my conception of the science of folk-lore. I may be told that this conception is too ambitious, that it soars beyond any practicable range. It may be so; but to recognise a lower ultimate aim than this, it seems to me, will be to limit the interest and to distort the methods of the science. Put broadly, Mr. Gomme's view is that folk-lore is an antiquarian—mine, that it is strictly a scientific pursuit. He sees its subjects only in the remains of a distant epoch, preserved less perfectly in Europe, more perfectly in Africa; and his method is to take for primary subjects the less perfect remains, using the more perfect remains only, as it were, incidentally. I contend that Tradition is always being created anew, and that traditions of modern origin wherever found are as much within our province as ancient ones. They may not be quite so useful in the analysis of human thought, since the influences at work in compounding and moulding them are now so complex; but they cannot be overlooked, and occasionally they may afford evidence of a most important character. Illustrations of this are found in the stories which have grown up around the names of historical personages, such as Mary Queen of Scots or Oliver Cromwell. The strength with which a large personality like these will still strike the uncultivated mind, and the attraction it proves for floating tales, however originating, are considerations often by no means irrelevant in discussing myths and folk-tales. And instances of superstitions obviously of recent birth among peoples of all degrees of civilisation will occur to every reader as throwing sometimes unexpected light on the way in which practices, meaningless to us, are generated.

The space I have already occupied forbids my entering now upon any further discussion of classification, terminology, or methods. I do not regret this, because I hope that other members of the Society, who, like Mr. Gomme, are intimately acquainted with portions of the study of which I am comparatively ignorant, will be prevailed upon to express their opinions upon the points at issue. Just one word, how-

ever, as to terminology. Captain Temple, in his admirable appendix to *Wide-Awake Stories*, has suggested a term that will be found useful. I mean *Life-index*. But he has unfortunately confounded under this name two distinct matters. He makes it include not only Prince Bahman's knife and Prince Perviz' chaplet of pearls (which it properly describes), but also Punchkin's parrot, which was much more than an index to his life; for it was the talisman on the preservation of which his life depended, the casket wherein it was enshrined. A separate phrase must be found for this. *Life-casket* is not free from objection, but perhaps it may stand in the absence of a better.

E. Sidney Hartland.

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(*Continued from page* 79.)

The Daddabha Jâtaka.*

The Flight of the Beasts.

In former days, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the lion-kind. He grew up and lived in the forest. At that time, in an island in the Western Ocean, there was a palm-forest containing bilva and other trees. In that forest there dwelt a certain hare that sat under a cocoanut sapling at the root of an over-hanging bilva-tree.

One day on his return, after seeking for food, as he was sitting under the shade afforded by the foliage of the small palm-tree, the hare thought to himself, "If this earth were to come to an end where should I be, I wonder?"

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 322, p. 75.

At that very instant a bilva-fruit fell upon a leaf of the palm-sapling. At that sound the hare started up and at once fled, and did not dare to look behind, thinking, "This firm and solid earth is coming to an end." Another hare, that saw him running away as if afraid of death, asked, "Why, pray, are you hurrying away in such a fright?" "Oh, don't ask me," he replied, scampering off while the other kept on crying out, "Oh! what can it be? oh! what can it be?" Stopping for a moment, but not looking back, he said, "The earth is now coming to an end." On hearing this the second hare ran away after the other. A third hare saw him (taking to flight and followed his example), and he was seen by a fourth, and so on until one hundred thousand hares in like manner, one by one, betook themselves to flight.

As these hares were running away they were seen respectively by an antelope, a hog, an elk, a buffalo, an ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion, and an elephant, all of whom asked, "Why is this? What's the meaning of this flight?" and when they heard say, "The earth is now coming to an end!" they one by one also took to flight.

Thus in succession within the circuit of twelve yojanas there was a host of frightened animals. At that time the Bodhisat chanced to see this army of beasts in headlong flight, and asked, "How's this?" When he heard that the earth was now coming to an end he thought to himself, "It's no such thing, the earth is not coming to an end. These creatures must surely have heard some inauspicious sound, and if I don't at once bestir myself they'll all come to grief. However, I'll save their lives." Going with the speed of a lion to the foot of a mountain, thrice he roared a lion's roar. Terrified and afraid of the lion, they halted and stood all of a heap. The lion entered their midst and inquired, "Why are you running away?" "The earth is now coming to an end," they answered. "Pray who has seen (any sign) that the earth is coming to an end?" he asked. "The elephants know all about it," they replied. He asked the elephants, and they said, "We know nothing about it, but the lions know"; and the lions said, "We know nothing of it, the tigers know"; and the tigers said, "The rhinoceroses know"; and the rhinoceroses said "the oxen," and the oxen "the buffaloes," and the buffaloes "the elks," and the

elks "the hogs," and the hogs "the antelopes," and the antelopes said, "We don't know, but the hares know." When the hares were questioned, they pointed out the first hare (who had started them), and said, "This one said it." Then the lion asked him, "Is it true, my friend, that the earth is now coming to an end?" "Yes, my lord, I saw (signs of its dissolution)." "Where were you living when you saw them?" asked the lion. "In a palm-forest where bilva and other trees grow, close to the ocean, my lord. As I sat at the root of a bilva-tree under the foliage of a cocoanut sapling, I thought to myself, 'If this earth come to an end, where shall I go?' At that very instant I heard a sound portending the dissolution of the earth, and forthwith I fled." The lion thought, "Surely a bilva-fruit must have fallen upon a leaf of the palm-tree and made an awful noise; * and the hare, hearing that sound, came to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and therefore took to flight. I'll sift this matter to the very bottom, and learn the real truth of it."

Taking the hare aside he spake words of encouragement to the great host of beasts, saying, "I will, on the spot where the hare has seen these portents, assure myself of the dissolution or non-dissolution of the earth, and then I'll come back here. Do you in the meantime remain here and await my return."

Setting the hare on his back, with a lion's speed he bounded along and at last set down the hare in the palm-forest. "Come," said he, "show me the place where you saw the portents that alarmed you so?" "I dare not, my lord." "Come, don't be alarmed." The hare was unable to draw near the bilva-tree, but, standing afar off, said, "My lord, this is the place where I heard that fearful and ill-omened sound." Then he gave utterance to the following *gâtha*:—

> "God save you, sire! right o'er my head I heard
> A noise full strange that sounded like *dub-dub!*
> It made me sore afraid; but what it meant
> I could not tell, nor any cause assign."

On hearing this the lion proceeded to the root of the bilva-tree where the hare used to sit under the cocoanut sapling; and just at

* *Made an awful noise.* The original is *daddabham akâsi*, *i.e.* made a sound represented by the word *dâdabha-dabhadhaba*. Cf. Marathi *dhaba-dhaba*, the fall of water, the sound of water dashing down from a height.

that moment he chanced to see a bilva-fruit fall on the top of a palm-leaf, and thus he ascertained, beyond a doubt, that there was nothing in reality that portended the dissolution of the earth.

Setting the hare on his back he with the fleetness of a lion quickly returned to the assembled beasts and informed them of the real state of the whole affair, saying, "Don't be alarmed"; with these words he quieted them and let them go.

But if the Bodhisat had not been there at that time all the beasts would, doubtless, have rushed headlong into the ocean and perished, but by his instrumentality their lives were saved.

The following *gâthas* were uttered by the Buddha :—

"A hare once took to flight, scared by a sound
Of bilva-fruit that on a palm-leaf fell.
Then said the hare, 'The world is at an end,'
Whereat the frightened beasts did fly amain.

No cause they knew, no cause had they forsooth,
What others said was truth enough for them.
Such fools as these the most unwary are,
Their wits they lose and fall a prey to foes.

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

Bâveru Jâtaka.*

How the Peacock supplanted the Crow.

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the peacock kind. As he grew up he became exceedingly lovely and lived in the forest. On one occasion some traders went in a ship, with a foreign crow on board, to the Bâvera country.

At that time, it is said, there were no birds in Bâveru. When the country-folks, coming at all times and from all quarters, saw the bird perched on the ship's mast, they said, "Look at the colour of his skin, his neck and tail, his mouth and beak, and his eyes like balls of

† *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. p. 126.

precious stones." Lauding the crow, they said to the traders, "Sirs, give us this fine crow, for we have need of it, and you shall get another in your own country." "Well, what sum will you give for it?" "Sell it to us for five pence." "No! we'll not let you have it at that price." Gradually the price went up, and they said, "We'll sell it for a hundred pence."

The others brought and gave them the hundred pence, saying, "This bird is of great use to us, so let there be friendship between you and us."

They took the crow and placed him in a golden cage, and looked well after him, supplying him with all sorts of fish, flesh, and also with various fruits.

In this place, where no other birds existed, the crow, though addicted to the ten evil practices, obtained the best of gifts and the highest honour.

Another time these traders caught a peacock-king, which they trained so that it uttered cries like a nymph, made sounds like the clapping of hands, and danced (to the accompaniment).

When the people flocked together the peacock, standing at the ship's head, flapped its wings, emitted sweet sounds, and danced. When the folks saw this they were highly delighted. "Sir, sell us that very lovely well-trained king of the birds," said they. They replied, "We first brought a crow here, you had that; now we have brought the peacock-king, and you ask for that too. We shall not be able to come into this district of yours if we have any birds."

"Well, be it so, sirs," said the others; "you shall get another in your own country. Sell us this bird." Having raised the price, they let them have it for one thousand pence.

Then these folks put the peacock into a cage, ornamented with the seven jewels, and they tended it carefully and supplied it with fish, flesh, fruits, &c., and also with sweet (*parched*) grain and sugar-water.* The peacock-king obtained the best gifts and the highest distinctions.

The crow not getting, as heretofore, its supply of hard and soft

* A kind of syrup.

food, went off and betook itself to a dunghill, crying out "Caw! Caw!"*

THE MAHÂPINGALA JÂTAKA.†

The dead do not return.

In days long since past there reigned at Benares a king named Mahâpi*n*gala, who ruled his kingdom without any regard to justice and equity. He committed sinful actions, and oppressed his people, crushing them like sugar in a sugar-mill, by punishment with the stick, taxes, loss of limbs, exaction of fines, &c. He was harsh, cruel, and violent, and had not even a particle of pity for others. To his wives and children in the house, as well as to ministers, brahmans, nobles, &c., he was disagreeable and unpleasant, like dust in one's eye, like grit in one's rice-pudding, or like a sharp thorn sticking in one's heel. At that time the Bodhisat was reborn as the son of this bad king.

Mahâpingala, after a long reign, at last died. At his death all the inhabitants of Benares were highly delighted, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. They burnt his body in the cemetery, using a thousand cartloads of wood, and extinguished the funeral flames (after the cremation was over) with water from many thousands of jars. They then consecrated the Bodhisat as king, saying, "We have now got a just sovereign." Joyful and glad, they caused a festival to be proclaimed by beating of drums. They adorned the city with flags and banners flying aloft. At each door they erected gay pavilions, the floors of which were decorated with lâja-flowers scattered all about, and there they sat too eating and drinking.

The Bodhisat, enjoying great honour, was seated in the midst of a most splendid throne (overhung with the white parasol of state),

* The *Commentary* makes Buddha himself apply the moral, which is this:—The crow represents heretical teachers, samanas, and brahmans, who, as long as the Buddha is absent, get rewards and fame. The peacock-king is the Buddha, the king of the law, who preaches the law with a sweet voice, and receives those gifts and distinctions formerly bestowed upon heretics and the rest.

† See *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 224, p. 206; vol. iii. No. 342, p. 133.

placed on a lofty stage, handsomely decorated. Round about the king stood ministers, nobles, citizens, doorkeepers of the palace, &c.

While all this was going on, not far off the king there stood a certain "janitor," panting, sobbing, and wailing. The Bodhisat perceived him, and said,—"Friend warder, as my father is no longer alive, all the people are highly delighted, and go about enjoying the festival, while you are standing there weeping and wailing. Is it forsooth because my father was kind and agreeable to you?" Thus inquiring he spake the following *gâthas:*—

"King Pingala a tyrant was,
  Who all men did oppress.
Full glad are they that he is dead,
  And gone away below.

Why weepest thou, O warder strong?
  Whence comes thy grief to-day?
Was he, the cruel 'tawny-eyed,'
  So kind and dear to thee?"

On hearing these words the "doorkeeper" replied,—"It's not because Mahâpi*n*gala is dead that I am weeping so bitterly. My head would fain get some rest from the blows I've had on it; for, when king Pi*n*gala was leaving or entering his palace, on each occasion he used to bring down his fist eight times on my poor pate just as if he were striking it with a blacksmith's hammer. It's true he's gone to another world, and he'll bring down his fists upon the head of Yama (hell's guardian) just as he did on my skull. Then they'll say to him, 'You are causing us no end of annoyance, we can't stand it any longer,' so they'll e'en let him go, and bring him here again; and he'll make my sconce feel the weight of his fists again. So you see I am weeping through sheer fear and for nothing else." While making the matter clear he uttered the following *gâthas:*—

"Not dear to me was Pi*n*gala,
  Who made life hard to bear.
I fear me much lest he come back
  And cause my head to ache.

From hence he's gone to see death's king,
  And may him sore annoy;
But if he does grim Yama soon
  Will send him back to earth."

Then the Bodhisat made answer to him:—"The king has been burnt with one thousand loads of wood, and the cemetery ground, sprinkled with water from many thousand jars, has been cleared up all around. But they who, in due course, go to another world, being subject to re-birth elsewhere, will not return to earth with the self-same body, so fear thou not!" Consoling him, he uttered the following *gâtha:*—

"Cremated quite is Pingala,
Cartloads of wood were burnt.
The fire's now out, by water quenched,
The ground is purified.
So fear thou not that he'll return
To trouble thee again."

From that time forth the "janitor" took comfort; and the Bodhisat, having reigned with justice, after performing many meritorious gifts of alms and the rest, passed away to be reborn according to his deeds.

The Sumsumâra Jâtaka.*

The Monkey that left his Heart on a Tree.

In days long gone by, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born among the monkey-kind in the Himâlaya regions. He was possessed of great vigour, of elephantine strength, big-limbed, and exceedingly well-formed. He took up his abode in a quarter of the forest at a bend of the Ganges.

At that time a certain crocodile lived in the Ganges. When his wife saw the body of the Bodhisat she conceived an intense longing for his heart, and said to her spouse, "Husband, I am desirous of eating the heart of the monkey-king."

"My dear," he replied, "we live in the sea, but he on the land. How shall I be able to catch him?"

She made answer, "Take him by what ever means you please. I shall die if I don't get the monkey's heart."

"Well! have no fears about it. There is one mode by which I will let you eat his heart."

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 208, p. 158.

Having consoled her with these words he departed, and found the Bodhisat at the bank of the river drinking of the water of the Ganges. He addressed him as follows:—"O monkey-chief, why do you go about in this unsuitable sort of place, eating nauseous fruits? On yonder shore of the Ganges there is no end of mango and other trees, with sweet and agreeable fruits. Why should you not go there and eat of the various kinds of fruits?"

The monkey replied, "O king of the crocodiles, the Ganges is deep and wide, like a great sea, and difficult to cross; how shall I get there?"

"If you'll go I'll put you on my back and take you there."

The monkey believed him, and consented, saying,—"Let it be so."

"Well, get on my back," said the crocodile. The monkey mounted him. After going on for a short distance the crocodile plunged into the water.

The Bodhisat said, "Sir, you are plunging me into the water. Now what's the meaning of this, I pray?"

The crocodile made answer, "I am not going to take you, because I'm well-disposed by nature (toward you), but my wife has a longing for your heart, I am therefore desirous that she should have it to eat."

Said the monkey, "Well, sir, you have done a good thing in telling me, for I've left my heart behind me. Were we to take our hearts into the water they would be crushed to pieces as we went amongst the jagged snags in the river."

"But where have you left it?" asked the crocodile.

The Bodhisat chanced to see not far off an udumbara tree, loaded with clusters of ripe fruit, so he cried out, "Look, there are our hearts hanging on that udumbara tree yonder."

The crocodile said, "If you'll give me your heart I'll not kill you."

"Well," answered the monkey, "take me there, then, and I'll give you what's hanging on the tree."

He brought him to the place. The Bodhisat, springing up from his back, sat on the udumbara tree.

"O, foolish crocodile!" he said, "you thought the hearts of these creatures grew on the branches of trees, did you? You are a fool, so

I deceived you. You are quite welcome to those nice sorts of fruits (you spoke of). You have certainly got a big body, but you lack wit."

In explanation of this he uttered the following *gâthas:*—

> "A fig for your mango and other fine trees
> That grow on the Ganges' farther shore.
> Udumbara trees are enough for me,
> I like them better than most I've seen.
>
> Oh! a precious big body you've got it is true,
> Yet little good sense to match it have you.
> To cheat me you tried, O false crocodile,
> So you have I tricked, now go where you will."

There is a variant of this story in the VÂNARINDA JÂTAKA.* It has much more humour in it than the other. There are four other versions elsewhere :—

(1.) "The story of the Foolish Dragon," in *The Romantic History of the Buddha* (pp. 231-234).

(2.) A similar story in Griffis's *Japanese Fairy World*, p. 153.

(3.) "The Story of the Monkey and the Porpoise," in the beginning of the fourth book of the *Pañcatantra*.

(4.) The same story in the *Kathâ-Sarit-Sâgara*, book x. ch. lxiii.

For other variants see Mr. Tawney's note in his translation of the *Kathâ-Sarit-Sâgara*, vol. ii. pt. 7, p. 84.

THE VÂNARINDA JÂTAKA.*

(A Variant of the Sumsumâra Jâtaka.)

In days long past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the monkey-kind. He grew as big in size as a young horse, and was possessed of great strength. He lived alone on the banks of the river (Ganges). In the middle of that river there was an island in which grew all kinds of fruit-trees, mango, bread-fruit, &c.

On this side of the island, in the middle of the river, there was a ledge of rock rising out of the water; and upon this the monkey, who was able and strong as an elephant, used to alight by taking a spring

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 57, p. 278.

from the near side of the river. So from the shore he used to spring and alight on the island, where he ate various kinds of fruits. In the evening he used to return in the same way, and rest in his own abode, and the next day he acted just as before.

At that time a crocodile, along with his wife, lived in that river. The wife, having seen the monkey going day after day in this manner, had a great desire to eat the heart of the Bodhisat, so she said to her spouse, "I have a great longing indeed, sir, for the heart of this monkey." "Well, be it so, you shall have it. I'll get hold of him to-day, this very evening, just as he is coming from the island." So saying, the crocodile went and lay down on that rocky shelf. The Bodhisat, who had gone as usual to the island in the daytime, standing on the island in the evening (ready to return home), just took a look at the stone and thought, "This stone seems higher than it did; what's the reason I wonder?"

He knew by report that the height of the water and that of the stone was a well-defined and settled matter, so he thought to himself, "To-day the water of this river has certainly neither fallen nor risen, but this stone, however, appears to be large; perhaps there is a crocodile lying here in wait to get hold of me. I'll just try it." Standing there as if talking to the stone he said, "Come, friend Stone." He received no reply. Though spoken to three times the stone returned no answer. Again the monkey shouted, "Why don't you reply, Mr. Stone?"

Thought the crocodile to himself, "Now on other days, I suppose, this stone is wont to reply to the monkey;" so he said, "What is it, friend monkey?" "Who are you?" asked the monkey. "I," replied he, "am a crocodile." "Why are you lying here?" "Well, I am wanting your heart," said the crocodile.

The Bodhisat thought, "I've no other way of going back, so I must try and take in this crocodile." Then he thus addressed him, "Friend crocodile, I'll give up myself to you. Open your mouth, and seize me as soon as I come to you." When crocodiles open their mouths their eyes close. Without taking this matter into consideration he opened his mouth and his eyes became shut. With open mouth and closed eyes he lay (waiting for the monkey).

The Bodhisat, as soon as he found him in this condition, sprang up from the island, leapt on the back of the crocodile, and flying from thence like a flash of lightning stood on the further shore.

When the crocodile beheld this wonderful feat, he thought, "This monkey has done an exceedingly clever thing. O monkey-chief," said he, "in this world a person endowed with four qualities overcomes his foes. I verily believe you possess them all within you." Then he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> "Like you, O king of apes,
> A man his foes subdues,
> If true and just he be,
> Unselfish and eke bold."

The Bilâra Jâtaka.*

The Jackal and the Rats.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the rat-kind. When he was full grown, he had an immense body just like a young hog, and lived in the forest with a following of several hundreds of rats.

One day a jackal, wandering about hither and thither, saw the troop of rats, and thought to himself, "I'll cajole and eat these rats." So not far from the abode of the rats he stood on one foot, with his face to the sun and drinking the air. As the Bodhisat was going about in search of food he saw him and thought, "This will be a holy individual." He went up to him, saying, "Who are you, sir?" "'Dhammika (Just), I am called." "Why," asked the rat, "instead of putting your four feet on the ground, do you stand on one leg?" "Were I to put four feet on the ground it would not be able to support me, therefore I stand on one leg," replied the jackal. "But why do you stand with your mouth wide open?" asked the rat. "I eat no other food but air," he replied. "Then why," inquired the rat-king, "do you stand facing the sun?" "I pay reverence to the sun," replied the jackal. On hearing this the Bodhisat thought, "Surely he'll be a saint."

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 129, p. 461.

From this time, both morning and evening, along with the rats, he danced attendance upon the Bodhisat.

After his service was over, on the return of the rats the jackal caught the hindmost and ate its flesh. Having swallowed it, he wiped his mouth and stood in his former position on one leg.

In course of time the rats found their number getting diminished. Thereupon they informed the Bodhisat of the matter, saying, "Formerly these quarters of ours were not large enough for us, and we were closely packed, but now our ranks are so thinned that there's room enough and to spare. Now how has that come about?"

The Bodhisat, in trying to discover the cause of the rats becoming so diminished, began to suspect the jackal, and determined to try him. So when the time for attendance came he let the rats go in front while he himself kept in the rear. The jackal made a spring at him.

When the Bodhisat saw the jackal preparing to make a spring for the purpose of seizing him he stepped aside, saying, "O jackal, your undertaking of religious vows does not arise from any inclination to goodness, but you go about under the guise of virtue* in order to injure others." Then he spake the following *gâtha* :—

> "Who outwardly a saint doth seem,
> But secretly will sin commit,
> And brings confiding folk to grief,
> His virtue is a cat's, I say." †

As soon as the rat-king had made an end of speaking he darted at the jackal and fastened on his throat just below the chin; biting the windpipe, he severed the carotid artery, and so killed the jackal. The troop of rats, having turned back, devoured their enemy, making a great "crunching,' and departed.

Only those that came first had a share of the flesh, those that came after got nothing. From that time forward the troop of rats became free from fear.

(*To be continued.*)

* Literally "Adopting the symbol of virtue."

† "Let no man apprised of this law present even water to a priest who acts like a cat."—*Code of Manu*, iv. 192 (see *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 55).

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

PART V.—FAIRIES.

HOPE I may be excused for introducing here a notice of the legendary enlargements of Scripture narrative with which Drayton added interest to *Moses, his Birth and Miracles*. The oftentimes charming idyls known as the *Muses Elysium* were the prelude of *Noah's Flood* (already sufficiently considered), *Moses, and David and Goliath*. It is only the second of these poems (save the mark!) that will detain us now.

Moses began his exemplary life in an exemplary way, his *entrée* being painless to her that bare him.* Drayton † relates the story told by Josephus,‡ of how that, when Pharaoh fondled the adopted child, and in a sportive manner put the diadem on the boy's head, the little fellow dashed it to the ground, and spurned it with his feet. Small wonder that the soothsayers looked upon this as ominous, and would fain have had the young rebel put to death. But his royal mother defended him by showing the artlessness of a child of his tender age (we learn from the *Talmud* that he was three) : he was shown some burning coals, and was so attracted by their gleaming beauty that he carried one of them to his mouth, and so scorched his tongue that he was ever afterwards afflicted by an impediment in his speech, to which defect some suppose that Moses referred when he said unto the Lord,§ "O, my Lord, I am not eloquent [*marg.* a man of words] . . . but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue"; and when he alleged, "I am of uncircumcised lips."‖ Bishop Wordsworth ¶ remarks that "stammering lips and slowness of tongue were

* [iv. 1560.]

† [iv. 1568.]

‡ *Antiq.* book ii. ch. 9.

§ *Exodus* iv. 10.

‖ *Exodus* ii. 12, 30.

¶ *The Holy Bible, with Notes.*

specially in disrepute among the Hebrews, and no priest who had such an impediment was allowed to pronounce the Levitical benediction" (*Maimonides on the Mishna*, Treatise of Prayer, chap. xv.) Josephus does not mention the test of the child's simplicity, but it is recorded in the *Talmud*; the story is included in Polandi's somewhat meagre *Selections*,* and there it is Jithro, or Jethro, priest of Midian, who suggests the trial. A plate of gold and a plate of fire were presented to the child, and he grasped at the latter, and burned himself, as before related. Mr. Baring Gould † says that the choice lay between rubies and hot coals, and that Moses would have seized the jewels but for a monitory hint from the angel Gabriel.

It happened in after years that war broke out with the Ethiopians, who invaded Egypt, and Moses went forth to fight the foe, taking with him reed-baskets of storks ‡ and ibises to quell the reptiles infesting a district through which he made a short cut to face the enemy, who soon turned tail, and shut themselves up in Saba. It came to pass that the daughter of the besieged king fell in love with the Egyptian general, and offered to betray the city if he would respond. He consented, and became King of Ethiopia, but the thought of his enslaved countrymen haunted him, and, after a while, being

> "learned and traded in the stars,
> Both by the Hebrews and Egyptians taught,"

he made "two sundry figures," one of which caused the wearer to forget all bygone things, whilst the other had the effect of quickening the memory. These he combined with jewels, and made into two rings; handsomely presented that inducing oblivion to his queen, and donned himself the one which strengthened and refreshed his sym-

* pp. 127-8.

† *Legends of Old Testament Characters*, vol. ii. pp. 77-78.

‡ Thus quaintly does Sir Roger L'Estrange render Josephus (*Ant.* 19, book ii. ch. 10), who does not mention storks :—"The bird Ibis is a mortal Enemy to all sorts of serpents. They fly from the pursuit of it as from Deer, till they are overtaken and devour'd. The bird is only fierce to those Insects, and gentle to all other Creatures. Now Moses's Invention to secure his army against these Creatures was to carry with him so many of these birds in Cages of Bull-rushes to clear the way for him."

pathy for Israel. Of course, the end of it was that he left his wife without a pang being felt on either side.

When Moses went out of Egypt with the Israelites they took away the bones of Joseph,* according to the promise made to that patriarch, in anticipation of the fulfilment of which his remains had been stored in a wooden coffin, instead of being immured in the mass of masonry † becoming his rank and condition. Drayton says the tomb had been drowned by the Nile's inundations, and that it was discovered miraculously by Moses.

"Who did in gold that powerful word engrave,
By which the Almighty fully is exprest,
Which bare the metal floating o'er the wave,
Till o'er his coffin lastly it did rest,
As by a sheep that showed them to the same,
To make them mindful of the reverend dead;
Which beast they thenceforth called by Joseph's name.
And when they went from Egypt with them led."

Comestor, the twelfth-century commentator, on whom Drayton greatly depended for his Moses memoir, says that this is why we say in the *Psalms*,‡ "Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep."

In the Preface § to the General Reader which introduces the first eighteen songs of the *Polyolbion*, Drayton refers to a habit of his time —a habit much affected within the present half century by Dante G. Rossetti and his school—of disdaining to multiply by the mechanical means of the printing-press poems which seemed all the more precious when there was but a scant supply of copies, and when those copies were in manuscript. He says: "Verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age but what is kept in cabinets, and must pass only by transcription." It was, I believe, in cursive characters that *Nymphidia* || first charmed a literary circle; and from the manner of Drayton's mention of himself in the triad—

"Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,—"

* [iv. 1598]. † Legendists differ as to this.

‡ *Psalm* lxxx. 1 (Prayer Book version). *Historia Scholastica*, "De exitu Israel de Egypto," cap. xxvii. Miss Toulmin Smith has kindly hunted out this reference for me.

§ [ii. 643]. || [ii. 451-473].

I conclude that the authorship was in the beginning one of those pleasant mysteries which have enhanced the primary interest of so many books that were to win their way to the enduring fame which comes of intrinsic worth, and not of the prestige of a writer's name. In 1627, however, the whole world of letters was made richer by the actual publication of *Nymphidia, Court of the Fairy;* and well used as were the readers of that day to dainty fare, and likely as they were to be critical, it is hardly probable that they could be so spoiled by the abundance of good things they had enjoyed as to be insensible to the fact that there was something out of the common way in this utterance of one whom some of them had "termed 'golden-mouthed' for the purity and preciousness of his style and phrase."* In this poem a modern critic has succeeded in discerning "the liveliness of Spenser, the power of Shakespeare, and the skill of Johnson."† One still more modern calls it "a delicious piece of fanciful invention," "an unequalled fancy-piece set in the very best and most appropriate form of metre."‡

Not for the first time did Drayton now show his Muse in company with fairies. It was her way to treat them as being all one with the nymphs of many varieties with whom she had disported herself in the good old classic times—entities through whom, as we know, the Darwins of mythology have traced the elfin pedigree. This, however, was quite in accord with the taste of the folk for whom she now sang, and was in harmony with the book-learned ideas of the Teutonic Maker, who had wooed her for his own. In Drayton's fancy England swarmed with Oreades, Dryades, Naiades, and the like, and would have swarmed yet more had not there been a check upon their population by the dissolution of so many into rivers and springs; and it was to say the least not surprising that they and their cousins, the Fairies, should sometimes mix in society. In the twenty-first song of *Polyolbion* Ringdale § states that in her midst—

* *Paladis Tamia: a comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek*, &c. (1598). See Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 97.

† *Historical Essay on the Life and Writings of Michael Drayton*, prefixed to *Works* (1753), vol. i. p. 17.

‡ Keightley, *Fairy Mythology* (Bohn's edition), pp. 343-4.

§ [iii. 1051].

"there is a swelling ground
About which Ceres nymphs dance many a wanton round.
The frisking fairies there as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break,* upon the ears of corn,
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chaces,
Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces."

We are informed that in Rockingham's delightful bowers—

"The fauns and fairies make the longest days but hours."

Ryedale, I may note in passing, is the subject of an *on dit:* amongst her groves of old "some say that elves did keep." †

Not much more than the few passages just indicated had Drayton written about the "small folk" before the appearance of *Nymphidia*, which was the natural outcome of a poetic mind, impressed with the revelations of Shakespeare and Jonson concerning faerie, and encouraged to speak out by the prevailing taste which they and others had excited and maintained. One only wonders that Drayton had kept so long silent, for he was a sexagenarian before he became the confident of Nymphidia; and yet after a little apologetic exordium touching his condescension to so trifling a theme he proceeds with a lilt and with a fire for which we may well thank "the active Muse" (whom, by dint of diligent exercise and strange experiments he had kept so buxom and so sprightly), and the other lady-help aforesaid, whom he thus apostrophizes—

"And thou, Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets did to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling.

---

* Barley-break, prison-base, hood-wink, and tick were games in which the nymphs delighted, especially in the first two of them.—See *Pol.* xi. [iii. 862]; *Pol.* xxx. [iii. 1225]; *Nymphal*, i. [iv. 1450]. They danced hornpipes, galiards, jiggs, and braules.—*Pol.* xx. [iii. 1043]; *Pol.* xxiii. [iii. 1114]; *Nymphidia* [ii. 461]. Nymphs are also associated with fauns.—*Pol.* xi. [iii. 862]. Mortals, contemporaneously, trampled out their shoes in dancing around the may-pole, lighted bel-fires, and bewrayed their loves "in pretty riddles":

"In questions, purpose, or in drawing gloves."

Witness *Pol.* xv. [iii. 947]; *Pol.* xiv. [iii. 93]; *Eng. Heroic Epis.* [i. 370].

† *Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1201]. Here we have the almost obsolete sense of keep = dwell. To keep terms is to dwell at Oxford or at some other university for a specified time. In dialect English a keeping-room is a sitting-room, as opposed to a bed-chamber.

My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
Then may I speak what thou hast said
In numbers smoothly swelling."

The consequent poem is too long to be given in these pages as a whole. It has been frequently reprinted, and is no doubt accessible to most members of the F. L. S. I shall therefore only quote in full such passages of it as are of special interest to us and to men like-minded, shall connect them by a slender thread of narrative "transposed," and duly—I pray not unduly—test the patience of the reader by sundry notes and comments. Let me premise that Drayton's fairies are true Teutonic tinies, and not the full-sized supernatural creatures of classic poets, or the enchanted quasi-human beings* of mediæval romance.

The abode of the Fairy King is ingeniously described, though it may be observed that its site is no longer in the subterranean region where King Arthur is said to have been feasted by the fairy † —

"This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests need to fear
Which way soe'er it bloweth.
And somewhere southward tow'rd the noon,
Which lies away up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs were made,
Well mortised and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
That curiously it builded:
The windows are the eyes of cats,
And for the roof instead of slats
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded."

* The "fay" of *Pol.* iv. [ii. 735], is, of course, Vivien: an enchantress, but not an elf.

† I find it useful to remember the four senses in which, as Mr. Keightley pointed out, the word "faerie" has been used : i. Illusion, enchantment ; ii. The land of illusions, the country of the faës ; iii. The people of fairyland collectively, the faerie ; iv. A denizen of fairyland, size being put out of the question. Use of the word with this meaning arose after Chaucer and before Spencer ; later on all distinctions were ignored, and the name fay or fairy given to elves. —*Fairy Mythology* (Bohn's edition), pp. 8-11.

If Drayton's fancy touching the fairy-palace be accepted as original, it can hardly, I think, be considered graceful. Certainly cats' eyes were supposed to be inherently luminous, and we remember that "kilting's eyen" were amongst the several strange lights of Oberon's dwelling enumerated in one of Herrick's vulgar imitations of the graceful singers who preceded him.

> "A cup in fashion of a fly,
> Of the linx's piercing eye,
> Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
> Shot in through the clearest day,"

was Claia's * wedding present to Tita; still I cannot help feeling that something less suggestive of felicide than cats' eyes might have been chosen to give congruous light to dainty elves, even though they were content to dwell within walls of consolidated spider-legs and under a bat-skin roof. Far more agreeable was Randolph's † conception of a house in fairy-land: it was made of mother-o'-pearl, had an ivory tennis-court, a nutmeg parlour, a sapphire dairy-room, a ginger hall, chambers of agate, and kitchens all of crystal, where the spits were Spanish needles and the jacks were made of gold. Without were amber walks, ponds of nectar, and orchards that bare alike in winter and in summer. Here was delight indeed; eyes and nose, both had it! With the vegetable and mineral kingdoms at his command it is a pity that Drayton came to the animal kingdom to choose his building materials.

The lord and the lady of this unique erection were King Oberon and his spouse, here called, not Titania, but Mab ‡—a fact non-accordant with the theory of those who hold that the useful personage, who, according to Mercutio, brings forth dreams from sleepers' brains, is not queen as meaning sovereign or royal consort, but queen = *quean*

* *The Muses Elysium: Nymphal*, viii. [iv. 1507]. In this cup Venus had been moved to put her drink of love. The limbeck used in the distillation was "a phœnix' quill." This appears to me to be a most charming fancy.

† See an extract from the *Pastoral of Amyntas, or, the Impossible Dowry* (act i. sc. 6), in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology* (p. 340), and in Hazlitt's *Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances illustrating Shakespeare*, &c. (p. 288).

‡ *Mab* is perhaps a Celtic word meaning child. Oberon is said to be the outcome of Elberich, a celebrated German dwarf, whose name became disguised during its passage over French tongues.

= *woman*, a title formerly specially applied to monthly nurses ! To think that Queen Mab should be suspected of being an etherealised variety of the Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig order ! But if Lucina could preside at the birth of mortals and yet be Juno, Queen of Olympus, there is nothing unprecedented in the Queen of the Teutonic Fairyland having as a function that of bringing forth the fancies born of sleep. The spouse of Oberon, described by Drayton, was guilty of one at least of the reprehensible habits recorded of Shakespeare's Mab, who

> "is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
> That presseth them."

So says our present poet—

> "Mab his merry queen by night,
> Bestrides young folks that lie upright
> (In olden times the mare that hight)
> Which plagues them out of measure."

In *Robin Goodfellow; His mad Prankes*, &c.* a black-letter tract published in London in 1628, it is a fairy named Gull who says, "Many times I get on men and women, and so lye on their stomackes that I cause them great pains, for which they call me by the name of Hagge, or Nightmare." She was probably merely a myrmidom of Mab's: *quid facit per aliam facit per se.* Mr. Thoms has so admirably discoursed of the presumed external origin of nightmare in his *Notelets on Shakespeare* that I will content myself and my readers by referring them to pages 94-100 of a *multum in parvo* of curious lore. Professor Skeat quotes † the definition, "Nightemare, or mare, or wytche, Epialtes vel effialtes," from the *Promptorium Parvulorum:* he discredits Tyrwhitt's reading of "nightes mare" in the charm episode of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, and is of opinion that the sense of *mare* is *crusher*, from the fertile root MAR, the ramifications of which Max Müller so fully pointed out in his *Lectures on the Science of Language*.‡

It is observable that many of the acts that Shakespeare, Jonson,

* Reprinted in Hazlitt's *Fairy Tales*, pp. 173, 207.

† *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, *sub* "Nightmare."

‡ 8th edition, vol. ii. pp. 347-367.

Milton, and others attribute to Mab herself, are by Drayton spoken of as being those of minor elves; but remembering the principle just advanced with regard to Gull, this is a point that need not detain us.

> "Little frisking Elves and Apes,
> To earth do make their wanton scapes,
> As hope of pastime hastes them:
> Which maids think on the hearth they see,
> When fires well near consumed be,
> There dancing hayes by two or three,
> Just as their fancy casts them.
>
> These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
> By pinching them both black and blue,
> And put a penny in their shoe,
> The house for cleanly sweeping;
> And in their courses make that round,
> In meadows and in marshes found,
> Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
> Of which they have the keeping.
>
> These, when a child haps to be got,
> Which after proves an idiot,
> When folk perceive it thriveth not
> The fault therein to smother:
> Some silly doting brainless calf,
> That understands things by the half,
> Say that the Fairy left this aulf,
> And took away the other."

Why "frisking elves and *apes*"? This strikes me as being a compatriotism not elsewhere countenanced in literature, and one suspects that the union may have been brought about by mere exigence of rhyme, though the stress would hardly seem to have been unavoidable. Mr. Grant Allen has tried to persuade readers of the *Cornhill Magazine** that fairies sprang from dim traditions and fancies concerning pre-historic peoples. May we believe that Drayton's imagination carried him back to a time which Darwin would have rejoiced to see, to an age when the races aforesaid had not yet evolved humanity? Milton, who tells us on hearsay evidence that on a particular occasion

> "The faery ladies danced upon the hearth," †

* "Who were the Fairies?" March, 1881.

† "At a Vacation Exercise," l. 60.

has nothing to say of simian partners, though I think we should be justified in believing that the fanciful maids of Drayton's story saw such in the hayes in which by waning firelight elfin visitants disported themselves. A hay, like the modern French *haie*, meant in common parlance a hedge or enclosure, and in dancing was the technical term for a ring. It was the specific name of one variety of country-dance in which a ring was a special feature; but in the text we are considering it probably signifies *den nächtlichen Reihn*, the mere dancing about a central point that produces the "round in meadows and in marshes found," which scientific blindness attributes to the growth and decay of *fungi*.*

The pinching of sluts, the rewarding of the diligent housewife, and the preternatural production of idiots,† are topics which have been too often handled by poets, story-tellers and critics, to stand in need of any further illustration or exegetical comment from me.

King Oberon,—"jealous Oberon,"‡— was rendered uneasy by the attentions to Queen Mab of one of his crew, Pigwiggen.§ This fairy knight was fully aware that he had found grace in the eyes of the royal lady, and set himself to think what gift he could devise that should make plain to her his state of feeling. He decided on offering a bracelet of emmet's eyes, and with it despatched an amorous letter conjuring her to grant him an interview, at which they might

> "without suspect and fear
> Themselves to one another clear,
> And have their poor hearts eased.

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* Roget's Bridgewater Treatise on *Animal and Vegetable Physiology*, vol. ii. p. 55.

† I suspect that the Lincolnshire expression half-rocked, used (*sine* h) of one who is weak of intellect, may have been originally aulf-rocked, though I confess that my theory is not strengthened by the fact that half-there, half-baked, and half-christened are also employed to indicate mental incompleteness. "He has a want somewhere," is likewise Lincolnshire for the same condition.

‡ *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1.

§ The word is not peculiar to Drayton, though he perhaps introduced it to literature. What Professor Earle calls the "upstart word pig" seems originally to have denoted something comparatively small. *Wiggen* I regard as a diminutive; and believe *wig* to be cognate with the Swedish *vig*, nimble, active. Cf. the provincial porriwiggle = tadpole. Some think that pigwiggen is a form of pig-widden, the smallest pig in a litter.

At midnight, the appointed hour ;
And for the Queen a fitting bow'r,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r,
  On Hipcut-hill that groweth.
In all your train there's not a Fay
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made * it in her way,
  The tallest there that groweth ! "

This missive he entrusted to a fairy page Tom Thumb, promising him " a mighty wage " for its safe delivery. This nursery hero we may remember † was carried into Faerie by his godmother after death; he spent two centuries there (during which the Pigwiggen episode must have occurred), and then returned to earth to go through more adventures. On due receipt of the note, Mab called her maids and bade them prepare to go with her to her summer-hall :

" Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd
  For naught must her be letting [hindering].
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion her chariotteer,
  Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
  So lively was the limning.
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
  I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
  With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
  He would not have abode it."

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* Here used in what is now the almost exclusively sea-faring sense of *reached.*

† Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Popular Tales*, p. 99.

A pretty "turn-out" truly! We may boldly place it side by side with the equipage which Shakespeare* provided for her elfin majesty, and find courage to acknowledge that Drayton's fancy is even then right worthy of attention.†

> "The joiner squirrel or old grub,
> Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers,"

could not elaborate anything half as elegant from nut-shells as the bright-hued cochleated car the snail provided; the cover of "py'd butterflee" will also bear comparison with that of wings of grasshoppers, and the seat of bee-wool was a thoughtful and dainty addition to fairy comfort which cannot fail to command our approval. Crickets' bones, the very adaptable material that Drayton used for wheelwright's work, were in the original quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597) made into collars for the "team of little atomy" (*sic*) which drew the waggon that had spokes of spinners' webs. In current versions of the play, "long spinners' *legs*" are spokes, and their web is used for traces, which in the earliest conception were of "the moonshine watery beam," an unsubstantial element that was afterwards taken to make the collars. In *Nymphidia* the harness is, or harnesses are, composed throughout of the smallest spider's web, *i.e.*, of "gossamere"; the horses are gnats instead of atomies, and Shakespeare's waggoner, the small grey-coated gnat (fly, in 1597) is supplanted by Fly Cranion, the charioteer. Who was Fly Cranion? Quarlous ‡ says of Master

* "Mab comes," says Mercutio (*Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4), "drawn with a team of little atomies."

> "Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
> The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
> The traces of the smallest spider's web;
> The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
> Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
> Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
> Not half so big as a round little worm
> Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
> Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
> Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
> Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers."

† "A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees the farther of the two."

‡ *Bartholomew Fair*, act i.

Bartholomew Cokes, the tall young squire of Harrow o' the Hill, "Good faith, he looks me thinks an you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies with his sir Cranion legs." On this Gifford remarks, "*i.e.*, small spider-like legs; but Cranion is the fairy appellation for a fly," and he refers to the Nymphidiean passage at which we have arrived. *Tipula oleracea* would be rather out of proportion with the box-seat of a fairy's chariot, otherwise I should have thought that Daddy Longlegs, also known as the *Crane* fly, furnished a simile for Quarlous, and acted as coachman to Queen Mab. The eighth hag in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, sets forth, thus, the tale of her labours:

> "The screech-owls eggs and the feathers black,
> The blood of the frog and the bone in his back,
> I have been getting: and made of his skin
> A purset to keep sir Cranion in."

Percy, who included this Witches' Song in his *Reliques*,* explains *cranion* as meaning skull, and certainly Hag No. 4 had spent much time in choosing out from charnel-houses, private grots, and public pits, a skull fit for incantations. Probably a modicum of this was sufficient for each witch, for it would be a very large frog that possessed a back broad enough to furnish skin for a skull-case, and "a purset" (observe the diminutive) would be a most inadequate receptacle. May not sir Cranion have been a fly, the beldame's familiar? We may remember that Matthew Hopkins, the "Witch-finder General," kept a sharp look out for flies.† He would seat a suspected character in the middle of an empty room and cause her to be narrowly watched for twenty-four hours, during which she might neither eat nor drink. "It was supposed that one of her imps would come during that interval and suck her blood. As the imp might come in the shape of a wasp, a moth, a fly, or other insect, a hole was made in the door or window to let it enter. The watchers were ordered to keep a sharp look-out, and endeavour to kill any insect that appeared in the room. If any fly escaped and they could not kill it, the woman was guilty; the fly

* pp. 496-498 (Routledge and Sons' edition, 1869).

† See Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, vol. ii. pp. 144, 145.

was her imp, and she was sentenced to be burned, and twenty shillings went into the pockets of Master Hopkins. In this manner he made one old woman confess, because four flies had appeared in the room, that she was attended by four imps named 'Ilemazar,' 'Pyewackett,' 'Peck-in-the-crown,' and 'Grizel-Greedigut.'" It is not foreign to our subject to remark that Beelzebub, once called "prince of the devils," was the god of flies.

Once seated in her chariot, impatient Mab drove off, never waiting for her faithful attendants whose names have methinks a brevity more befitting the small-folk than three out of the four borne by the ladies-in-waiting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

> "HOP and MOP and DRAP so clear,
> PIP and TRIP and SKIP that went
> To Mab their sovereign dear,
> Her special maids of honour.
> FIB and TIB and PINCK and PIN,
> TICK and QUICK and JILL and JIN,
> TIT and HIT and WAP and WIN,
> The train that wait upon her."

Motion and mirth and smallness are, whether purposely or not, suggested by the names of Mab's "special maids of honour." *Hop* (an old term for dance), *Trip*, and *Ship* moved not with the sober gait of mortals; *Mop* * was probably concrete merriment, *Win* † was joy and pleasure; *Drap*—surely another form of *drop*—" so clear," and *Pip* go admirably with atomies. In the rest of the suite, it seems to me, that we have the insinuation of the same attributes through media just slightly less refined. We have nimble *Tick*, *Quick*, and *Wap* ‡; tiny *Tib*,§ *Pinck*, *Pin*, *Tit*, and *Nit;* fun-loving *Fib*, if I be right in deducing *Fib* from the same root as fible-fable, a synonym, as Halliwell informs us, for nonsense, in several English dialects. *Jill* and *Jin* were

* A grimace:

> "Each one, tripping on his toe,
> Will be here with mop and mow."—*The Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1.

† *Wyn*, O.E. joy, pleasure, delight.

‡ "Smartly, quickly," *Var dial;* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.*

§ Or Tib might be classed with Jill and Jin as a kind of generic or feminine name. I have here regarded it as *tip*, a point; but I make no point of that.

common contractions of women's names, and certainly well-suited the reduced scale of nomenclature which Drayton so happily adopted. Of Tit I have somewhat more to say: at first sight the word may seem like an abbreviation of Titania, which in the shortened form of Tita * distinguishes that nymph of elfin descent, over whose marriage with a fay—

> "Chief of the crickets, of much fame,
> In fairy a most ancient name,"

Drayton poured forth some of his most luscious verse; but I believe that Tit, in the *Nymphidia*, is the word-symbol for dainty smallness, which we have in *tomtit*, *titlark*, *titmouse*, *tit-bit*, &c. Titania is the feminine of Titan, the sun-god; it was annexed for the fairy queen from Diana, from whose personality some hold that her elfin majesty was evolved.† I believe it was Ovid who first coined the name for Diana, and as this was on an occasion when she was observably taller than the nymphs about her—

> "*Tamen altior illis,*
> *ipsa dea est, colloque tenus supereminet omnes,*" ‡

—irony being unsuspected—we may be sure the epithet involved no reference to smallness. Perhaps Shakespeare and the other guessing etymologists of his age may have fancied that it did, and that it was therefore the very name for the wee wife of King Oberon.

By this time Mab's followers, mounted on a grasshopper, and protected from inclement winds by a comfortable cobweb, are following quickly in the wake of the Fairy Queen, already with Pigwiggen.

It was not long before Oberon missed his spouse, and "grew as mad as any hare" when he failed to find her. He swore by Pluto—who by Drayton's day was the fairies' god instead of being their reigning king as he was in Chaucer's—he tore his clothes and his locks, and ran about flourishing a fearful weapon, formed of an "acorn-cup,"

* *Nymphal*, viii. [iv. 1506].

† First suggested probably by Mr. Keightley; see *Fairy Mythology*, p. 325, note.

‡ *Metamorphoses*, book iii. l. 181.

> "Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
> About his head he lets it walk,
> Nor doth he any creature balk,
> But lays on all he meeteth."

A somewhat slangy passage, methinks, to have been penned by Michael Drayton, Esquire.

After many adventures and misadventures the miserable monarch encountered Puck, "which most men call Hobgoblin." * Of him our poet asserts—

> "This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
> Still walking like a ragged colt,
> And oft out of a wood doth bolt,
> Of purpose to deceive us.
>
> And leading us to make us stray,
> Long winters nights out of the way;
> And when we stick in mire and clay,
> Hob doth with laughter leave us."

Puck † was "in this country in Shakespeare's days a generic name applied to the whole race of fairy"; but Hobgoblin—Hob and Rob being rustic abbreviations of Robert—seems to have been thought peculiarly appropriate to Robin Goodfellow, although it was not always exclusively reserved for him. "Nevertheless and notwithstanding" I should like to suggest that *hobin*, the M.E. word which gave a name for the wooden steeds of nursery stables, provided a prefix for this goblin of equine presence. Gervase of Tilbury's ‡ Grant, the "yearling foal" which appeared about sunset or "otherwhen," and ran about the streets when any danger was impending, may have been in the pedigree of Hobgoblin.

Oberon made Puck his confidant, and this servant to command engaged to bring the lady to her lord; forthwith

* And some "Hob," for shortness, as Drayton himself does a little further on.

† Thoms's *Three Notelets on Shakespeare*, p. 83.

‡ See Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, p. 286.

"Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,"*

he went upon his errand. Puck's tactics were known to Drayton's friend the sly sprite Nymphidia, who was keeping watch over the movements of the king, and she left her post in order to warn her mistress. Great indeed was the dismay with which her tidings were received :—

"The queen bound with Love's powerful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm,
Her merry maids that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping;
A humble bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautboy: ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping."

When in burst Nymphidia with her news, and the whole party was dispersed "like chaff i' th' wind." The fairies justled against each other : some tore a ruff and some a gown, some left their masks behind, some left their gloves, "there never was such bustling." At length one of the fays descried a hazel-nut which had its end gnawed off, and had been rifled by a squirrel :—

"'Come all into this nut,' quoth she,
'Come closely in, be ruled by me;
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle.
Nor need ye be together heaped :'
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
As safe as in a castle."

Room enough and to spare in a hazel-nut shell for Mab, for Hop, Mop, Drap, Pip, Trip, Skip, Fib, Tib, Pinck, Pin, Tick, Quick, Jill, Jin, Tit, Nit, Wap, and Win. Homer in a nutshell is nothing to this. Was ever fairy proportion more distinctly and yet delicately delineated?

* Said to be "conveyed," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (act ii. sc. 1) and not improved in the process:

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire."

Mercutio's Mab, though she *were* "no bigger than an agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman," was of herself a pretty good kernel for the hazel-nut which served her for a coach. In short, Shakespeare's fairies were of Brobdignagian breed compared with Drayton's ; how else should Bottom's untrained senses have seen and heard them? how else could proud Titania embrace an ass ? I shall be told that fairies have the power of accommodating their stature to circumstances, and this I will admit. It is plain that the elves of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* could not have been very big when they crept into acorn-cups to hide themselves (singly or not, we do not know), and the division of time into "the third part of a minute" seems to be one that in the ordinary business of life would only commend itself to very tiny folk.* Drayton's Tita † was of a build more easily appreciable by the naked eye than were his Mab and her crew. The nymph was adorned for her bridal with due regard to what was supposed to be her majesty's taste. Fairy millinery is almost as mysterious in its terminology as *Le Follet;* but I gather that her coronet was of the little feathers that encircle a jay's eyes, that her buskins were of lady-cow's wings, and that the seams of her gown—I know not of what stuff it was—were stitched with fine spider's web. Her train was of the cast slough of a snake (Shakespeare's Titania's coverlet), out of all proportion to the other weeds, even more so than is the wont of trains. How the male fairies would catch their feet in it and swear ! But enough of this.

And now the faithful Nymphidia prepared her charms to baffle Puck :

"And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletow,
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She nightshade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,‡
Of purpose to despight him.

* Act ii. sc. 1; act ii. sc. 2.

† *Nymphal*, viii. [iv. 1508, 1509].

‡ For testimony *pro* and *con*, see Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* (F.L.S.), pp. 226, 227.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling.
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithall,
And with the same the pismire's gall;
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing."

The first two lines of this passage are a little obscure, and I can only say of them that fern-seed was supposed to make the bearer of it invisible,* and that the viscous berry of the mistletoe—bird-lime in short—might be a sore let and hindrance if placed in the way of tiny Puck. I think we have here something like a travesty of the *modus operandi* of professed witches. Nightshade, rue, influenced by the gloomy baleful yew, the mystic nine drops of the midnight dew of lunary, contributions from those underground workers the mole and ant,† are all suggestive of darkness and concealment, and might reasonably be employed by a believer in the doctrine of sympathies or signatures who aimed at making a detective lose his way, and at hiding those of whom he was in quest. It seems likely that vervain and dill were used with a view of counteracting any magical arts of which Puck might be availing himself. Besides all this, Nymphidia

"thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt."

I can only guess at the object of these gymnastics. To pass suffering mortals through holes in stones, or through cleft ash-trees, was, indeed I suppose I might say is, a popular practice in some parts of England.‡ A Cornish remedy for boils is for the patient to creep under an

* "We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible," says Gadshill (*1st Hen. IV.* act i. sc. 2) to the Chamberlain, who shrewdly replies, "Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisibly."

† The mole is still moudiwarp (the earth-caster) with many Englishmen, and I have heard an old lady, a Yorkshirewoman, I believe, call an ant a pissimire. I do not find the word, however, in any of the Yorkshire glossaries of the E.D.S.

‡ See, for one work, Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edition), vol. iii. pp. 287, 289-293.

enarched bramble; and in some of the western counties that act, thrice repeated, will banish whooping-cough.* Freedom from ill is arrived at only through temporary abasement and exertion. Nymphidia sought deliverance; she hoped to emerge in safety from the evils connected with Puck's pursuit, so she prefigured her passage through the trouble; and, by afterwards jumping over the briar, foreshowed the victory that she meant to gain. This done, she invoked the fairies' goddess Proserpina in a litany of obsecration which I cannot do less than quote at full length:—

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog,
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew-bell;
By the doleful dying knell,
O, let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.
By the mandrake's dreadful groans;
By the Lubrican's sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones,
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake [dragon],
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of Mab be prattling.
By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the scritch-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

The "mandrake's dreadful groans" are horrors with which we are familiar by hearsay, if not by hearing; but "the Lubrican's sad moans" are phonic rarities. An attempt has been made to identify the Lubrican with the Leprechaun of Irish mythology, a fairy who

* "Choice Notes," *Folk-Lore*, pp. 88, 217.

appears as a dwarfish old man engaged in making shoes, and who, as the supposed guardian of treasure, is watched for and sometimes caught by money-wanting mortals. He always manages to evade his captors ; but "he seems to be in great terror when under arrest,"* &c.; probably it may be then that he executes his moans, as it is characteristic of the Leprechaun that "hoarse cackling laughter is generally heard from him when he has safely escaped from a person's grasp."

The spell worked successfully, and poor Hobgoblin came to grief. As soon as ever he entered the charmed circle he felt a pain in his "head-piece"; he reeled about; he went astray; he tore himself amongst briars and brambles; and then he fell into a muddy ditch, and was well-nigh choked. He yelled and roared so heartily that Mab woke in alarm, which ended in laughter when Nymphidia told her what had happened.

During all this time Pigwiggen was gadding distraught about the fields, crying out defiance to Oberon, and proclaiming the immaculateness of his lady's honour, which he desired to prove to everybody by ordeal of arms. He harnessed himself in a coat-of-mail made of the scale of a fish; his helmet was a beetle's head fearsome to look upon, with its floating plume of a single horse-hair, a cockle-shell served him for shield, and his weapons of offence were a rush-spear pointed with a horse-fly's tongue, and rapier consisting of a hornet's sting; this

> "was a very dangerous thing,
> For if he chanced to hurt the king,
> It would be long in healing."

Mounted on a mettlesome earwig † Pigwiggen met with Tomalin, a sometime valiant knight akin to Oberon. By him he sent his challenge, and ere long all fairyland was talking of the coming

* See *Irish Folk-Lore*, by Lageniensis, pp. 237-240.

† In his notice of this word, Skeat (*Etymological Dictionary*) observes that the A.-S. *wicg* commonly means horse. This is a curious coincidence with Pigwiggen's selection of a steed.

combat. Then was Mab moved; and she hied her to "the Queen of Shades" to ask her to end the quarrel. The champions met, and so similar were their equipments "that a man would almost swear that either had been either." Oberon had Tomalin for his second and Pigwiggen had Tom Thum; "their furious steeds began to neigh"—imagine neighing earwigs;—but staves were placed in rest until an oath had been administered that, on their knightly faith and troth, the combatants would have no recourse to magic arts, but try the cause with simple open arms. A fearful fight ensued. The reader is breathless as to the upshot of it, when Proserpina appears, a *dea ex machinâ*, bearing a bag of Styx fog and a bottle of Lethe water. She empties her poke over the champions, and bewilders them even as Puck bewildered Demetrius and Lysander. Then she persuades them to drink of her flask; and this is no sooner done than all memory of the *casus belli* fades from the minds of Oberon and Pigwiggen and from those of their henchmen, who have but just tasted of the potent water. Mab and her maidens do not even sip, and all the laugh is on their side. Oberon scored in the matter of Nick Bottom; but here he is undeniably befooled! Now, to quote Drayton's parting words,

> "to the fairy court they went,
> With mickle joy and merriment,
> Which thing was done with good intent,
> And thus I left them feasting."

And thus he leaves his readers feasting to the end of time.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE ESTHONIANS.

[Reprinted from *Varieties of Literature, from Foreign Literary Journals and Original MSS., now first published.* London, 1795. 8vo. See pp. 22-44.]

NDER this article you are not to expect an Iliad of Homer or the Songs of an Ossian. How can such poetry be thought of among the poor Sclavonian races ? What I intend to give are effusions of a tender, and often an echoing heart, simple natural poetry ; a small contribution to the collections of the popular ballads of the European nations, from a people inhabiting the upper regions of the Gulf of Finnland, whom no man would suspect of possessing a poetic vein.

More than once I have been in doubt, at one and the other ballad, whether I should commit it to paper or not. But, if we place ourselves in the sphere of ideas of such a simple people, and consider that to them with whom a plated button, a piece of linen, and old dollar, descends from a great-great-grandfather as an inheritance to the latest posterity, a gaudy silken ribbon is wealth : In like manner, though to such as are accustomed to gems and jewels, and all the tinsel of the earth, these artless lays may appear contemptible ; yet, to those who can enter into the feelings and views of a particular person, or of a particular nation, they may be welcome, if not actually pleasing.

I was present at one of their marriage ceremonies. But many of the particulars are entirely gone out of my mind ; and scraps and fragments are hardly worth relating. Presents were distributed among the guests, who in return gave some small piece of money. On the entrance of the bridegroom, a song was struck up, which, with an English translation, I subjoin in the Esthonian tongue, to enable the

reader to judge for himself of the sound of the language; particularly as an Englishman will pronounce it better than his neighbours the Germans, who always give it too hard an accent, though with as much softness as his organs will allow.

The Esthonians, both men and women, have an extremely soft, delicate, and tender articulation, which is unattainable by the untractable mouth of a German.

We perceive in these ballads a refrain, or, as we call it, a burden. As this custom prevailed in Greece, Italy, France, among the Orientals, and even in Britain, as well as with these more northern nations, it is highly presumable that it must be naturally congenial to the unperverted feelings of the human species.—Who is not moved by the "Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit," of Catullus, and the "Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin a plaintive strain," of Moschus?

If we do but efface from our remembrance for a moment the sublime and delicate numbers to which we may be habituated, the poetical flowerets that grow on the shores of the Gulf of Finnland will certainly not displease us.

Youthful bridegroom,
How didst thou know how to come to us?
Knewest thou the ways thro' the valleys,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage-yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars?

Youthful bridegroom,
Therefore didst thou think of coming hither.
Knewest the way thro' the valleys,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage-yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars.

A silvered button was on the sill,
Two were in the garden,
Five upon the door;
Our yard was full of linen,
Our roof of hen-roosts,
Under the thatch hung bacon,
The dressers were smeared with butter.

Therefore thou thoughtest of coming higher.
Knewest the way through the valleys,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage-yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars.

Simple, plain, and natural! The young man wants a rich bride. He scours over the heaths and valleys. Casts an eye over all the country. He sees a peasant's cottage-yard, with pieces of linen hanging to dry.—The door is ornamented with old plated buttons, and other flat pieces of metal nailed to it. A good store of flesh hanging under the eaves.—"This must be a wealthy family," says he. In he goes; finds an amiable young woman, generally of a sallow complexion, of which his imagination makes lilies and roses, with long blond hair flowing down her neck and bosom, which is the common description of the natives; he renews his visits, the father gives her to him, and unites them for ever in the bands of love.

II. Again, an epithalamium. It was doubtless composed so long ago as the Roman Catholic times, as we see by the mention of the mother of our Saviour, according to the notion of the then prevailing superstition.

The hunting-line therein mentioned is the leather thong held in the hand for guiding the horse. "The halters kept hanging on the beams of the sun," is truly poetical: an agreeable image. Even the sun is endeavouring to supplant the young bridegroom, by laying hindrances in the way of his rapid progress to his bride. It is not a stranger, a cold wedding-guest, a lazy old acquaintance, who already, for half a century, has felt the breezes and the blights of love, that unties the hunting-line from the thicket: the restless and eager youth, to whom every minute is as long as ten years, which keeps him from the embraces of his bride, springs out of his kabitka, shakes the entangled hunting-lines asunder, mounts his horse without delay, and hastens forward on the wings of love.

There seem to be two alternate choruses in this ballad. The chorus before the house, begins. The arriving chorus, answers. The questions proposed by the former are such as might proceed from the participating heart of the mother of the inquisitive bride, to whom

every trifling circumstance of the journey of her bridegroom is of great importance. "The hunting-lines kept hanging: therefore we stayed so long." Certainly the bridegroom (think the chorus, as entering into the thoughts of the bride) snatched them hastily from the bushes. He therefore asks, "Who took them from the apple-tree?" This the young bridegroom did (replies the other chorus), drawn by the centre of all attraction to youth, the kindling spark of company. But to the song itself:

Welcome, welcome, wedding-company!
Welcome, after the journey!
Who kept you well upon the journey?
Who shewed to you the tract?
"God kept us well upon the journey;
"Maria shewed to us the tract."
What kept you on the way so long?
"The hunting-line was hung upon the apple-tree,
"The halters on the beams of the sun."
Who took the hunting-line from the apple-tree?
The halters from the beams?
"That the youthful bridegroom did,
"He took the hunting-line from the apple-tree,
"The halters from the beams of the sun."

III. But the damsel, his beloved, the desire and the life of his soul, for whose sake he undertook this wearisome journey, and despised every difficulty, is fled. The virgin has concealed herself from female modesty. "Where is my promised, my betrothed?" The parents and relations of the bride, who have hid her, make answer:

Very well, very well, thou bridegroom!
Who bid thee come with company?
Could'st thou not have come in private?
The bride heard the bagpipes blow.*
She fled into the alder-bushes,
She sprang into the poplar woods,
In Vierland we saw her last,
In Harrien she gives her gifts,†
With white beads her head was dressed,
Delicately she was attired.

---

* The bridegroom approaches with music.
† The nuptial presents given by the bride.

How naive! "Who bid thee come with company! Could'st thou not have come in private?" Now thou mayest go and seek her, traverse the whole country. Run over all Vierland, speed through all Harrien (two circles of Esthonia). In Harrien her nuptial presents are already distributed: she has already another bridegroom. And how was she dressed? As gaily as the people of the city; with white beads her headdress was adorned. In city-manners did she appear, perfumed with liquid odours. Every thing is combined that could render his ardent passion still more ardent. He runs about the fields, and then searches every corner of the house, till at last he finds his jewel. He that does not perceive nature here, perceives her no where. It is the language of insulting jocularity, the sportive taunts of such as find pleasure in teasing a lover. The treasure, however, is only kept from him for a time, to make it of more value to him afterwards.

Is the bride fitted out by her parents? then they give her something towards house-keeping, linen, wearing-apparel, and a cow or a sheep, &c. But if she be an orphan, this cannot be expected. How trifling and scanty must the presents appear in comparison of those usually given about among the guests on such occasions! The following ballad is sung by an orphan at the time of distributing the presents:

IV. I am alone, like the sparrow-hawk;
And yet the sparrow-hawk has five besides herself.
I am alone, like the duck;
And yet the duck always goes in pairs.
I am alone, like the crane;
And yet the crane has six besides herself.
I am alone, like the pelican;
Yet she has two children.
I am quite alone,
Have no father,
No mother.
To whom shall I lament my woes?
To whom shall I unbosom my distress?
On whom shall I lean, when people scold me?
Shall I complain to the crow-toe flowers?
The flowers will fade:
Shall I complain to the flowers of parsley?
They will decay:

Shall I complain to the meadow-grass?
The meadow-grass will wither:
And yet it hears my lamentation,
The song of the wretched orphan.
Rise up, my loving mother!
Rise up, my loving father!
Rise up, and shut my box;
Make fast the trunk that holds my bridal presents! *
"I cannot rise up, my daughter!
"I cannot rise up, I am not awake!
"The green grass is grown over my head;
"The blades of grass grow thick on my grave,
"The blue mist of the forest is before my eyes,
"And on my feet the weeds and the bushes are grown."

An elegy, which, for truth of expression, may be ranked with those of Ovid. Who does not here participate in the bitter reflections of an orphan! She is going to enter on a new condition; and she has no one on whom she can lean. And yet she must make presents! She calls to her parents in the grave, in doleful mockery, "Dear father, help me to shut the great chest which contains my dowry. It is so full that I cannot of myself shut down the cover. Give me, mother, the bridal presents, which the guests are expecting!" But their situation is their sufficient excuse.

If this ballad fails to please on the first perusal, it will certainly meet with better success on the second or third. It is expressive language of nature. The similes of the duck and the pelican (or rather the spoonbill) are probably shocking in our more refined nations, where we are frequently hearing of ostriches, phœnixes, chameleons, and creatures of which nothing is known, in general, except the name. But if we consider, that a poor country-girl is here speaking, who can only take her similes from the objects she is daily conversant with, we shall easily pardon her for using them. After frequently reading the foregoing, we enter into the genius of the poetically-complaining maid; we think with her spirit, sympathise with her feelings, and are pleased with her language, as the language of nature.

* Irony—it is too full of presents. She cannot shut the lid alone, it is so heaped with precious things.

V. A song of the reapers. At the corn-harvest, the females have no other clothing than a shift, tied about the waist with a string, or a stripe of list. No coat or gown have they, no neckcloth or handkerchief: their whole apparel consists in a shift, a ribbon about the head to tie up the hair, and a few beads that hang about their neck. The men wear a pair of linen trowsers besides the shirt; all go barefoot. How cutting to the German landlords ought the last line but one of the following sonnet to be! As its proper effect, it should teach them a little humanity: for never were human creatures treated with less than the Esthonian and Livonian peasants. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th, are certainly ingenious and significant. They are a tissue of delicate sentiment, sarcasm, and simplicity.

Shine, shine, thou sun!
Bright and cheerful be the day!
Shine, that we may be warm without cloth,
Drive with thy heat the linen asunder,
And make us to sweat without any clothes.
Shine, sun, upon the perg,*
And upon the silver beads:
The heat does not spoil the perg,
Nor fair weather the gaudy beads!
Shine not on the Germans at all,
But shine on us for ever.

VI. The summer is short in Esthonia. So early as the middle of August, heavy rains and bleak winds frequently interrupt the haymaking. They are therefore obliged to toil with redoubled force at this employment on the sun-shining days. If the boor were free, and might call what he mowed his own, there would be no need of having recourse to coercion to increase the velocity of his arm. But a large plot of ground is prescribed him as a task: "This must be mown to-day, or there is no rest for thee." The overseer stands by him with the stick in his hand, which he lays plentifully on the backs of those who, in his judgment, do not move their arms quick enough. The bailiff receives an order, at the hay-season, to turn out all the people

* Perg is the head-dress of an unmarried woman, consisting of a circle of pasteboard, decorated with pieces of fillas tied about with artificial tresses, and keeping the hair together.

of the estate, *i.e.* not to suffer even the little children, who have scarcely more strength than to enable them to go alone, to remain at home, but all to be taken to work in the fields. Some of my readers may perhaps be inclined to think, to hope at least, that I exaggerate. But let people visit them as I have done. As that probably may not be convenient, let them hear the language of these poor human creatures in the songs of their own composing, the representations which they make of it, their feelings, which they are forced at the time to confine within their heart—and then, if they affirm the contrary, I will willingly submit to the reproach of not having adhered to the truth.

So long the hay-making lasts,
Till the grass is all mowed down.
So long must we ted the swathes
Till the weeds are all away,
Till the sabines are raked off,
While the stack is not yet made.—
Ah! 'tis better to live in the bottomless pit,
More happy to be unhappy in hell,
Than to belong to our farm;
Before sun-rise we are already at work,
By moon-light the hay must be cocked,
After sun-set we must still be working.
The oxen feed while under the yoke,
The poor geldings are always in the team,
The labourer stands on pointed sticks,
His little help-mates on the sharp thorns.
Our lord walks upon a white floor!
Our lady wears a golden crown!
Our young masters wear silver rings!
They sit down in easy chairs,
Or walk up and down the hall.
Let them but look on us poor boors,
How we are tormented and plagued—
How the little ones are tortured
If they run but a finger's length from their work:
And we must all be kept dispersed.

A great broad piece of meadow is set them as a task, they must divide it in breadth, and thus are kept mowing at a distance from each other. Accordingly the comforts of society and converse are denied them at this season; and to this it is that the last line alludes

VII. A counterpart to the former. In the spring season there is frequently such a dearth that the peasants are obliged to fodder their cattle with the half-rotten straw of their thatched roofs. This is necessary for me to premise, for rendering intelligible the second line.

For the elucidation of the fourth line it must be remarked that the boor has no chimney in his thatch, but the smoke, after curling round his room, at length finds its way out at the door. Only the German houses have the luxury of chimnies. "Ever since the chimnies came into the village," is the same as to say, Ever since the Germans settled themselves in the country.

The lord may take as many people as he pleases, and what people from the farm, to be domestics in his house—and this explains the last line.

I must not leave it unnoticed, that the tributes paid to the lord are called "righteousnesses." This makes the meaning of the seventh line clear.

This is the cause that the country is ruined,
And the straw of the thatch is eaten away,
The gentry are come to live in the land.
Chimnies between the village,
And the proprietor upon the white floor !
The sheep brings forth a lamb with a white forehead,
This is paid to the lord for a righteousness sheep :
The sow farrows pigs,
They go to the spit of the lord:
The hen lays eggs,
They go into the lord's frying-pan :
The cow drops a male calf,
That goes into the lord's herd as a bull :
The mare foals a horse-foal,
That must be for my lord's nag :
The boor's wife has sons,
They must go to look after my lord's poultry.

Can one desire a more just and lively display of the wretched situation of these poor people in regard to their lords than this ballad, the result of their feelings and their woful experience ?

VIII. To whomever has been present with a woman in labour, has been witness to her agonies, has heard her groans in bringing forth, how just will the following images appear ! The sympathising feel-

ings of the assistants are even excruciating. But how great is the joy when the hour of pain is over, and the family is increased by a son or a daughter !

A crooked piece of wood, in the form of a half-circle, or rather a large horse-shoe, connects the two poles or shafts of the cart, over the horse's head. The fabricating of these crooked and elastic pieces, which requires a great deal of pains, particularly as every piece of wood will not answer the purpose, is the business of the men. Krummholtzmacher, Krummholtzhohler, or crooked wood-maker, is therefore, in the following specimen, as much as to say, a man.

To play the reel is the same as to wind off yarn, the employment of the women, and is here used to denote that sex.

Song at a Lying-in.

The lovely lying-in woman
Went ten times the way to the kitchen,
A hundred times the way to the bagnio,*
A thousand times about the rooms of the house,
She is looking for a beam to hang herself upon,
Or a piece of timber to knock out her brains.
The boors weep under the bench,
The children cry under the table,
The husband in the room.

Pause.

Jesus asked through the door,
Maria looked in at the window.

Pause.

" What has the Creator sent you ?
" Has he sent you a Krummholtzhohler ?
" Or a secretary for the landlord ?
" Or one that plies the reel ? "
God has made the Krummholtzhohler †
The boors laugh under the bench,
The children under the table,
The husband in the room.

---

* The hot-bath is a necessary of life here as well as Russia ; it is used weekly, and sometimes much oftener, by people of all conditions.

† My worthy correspondent is an ingenious commentator, though somewhat prolix. However, instead of his explanation on the foregoing page I should

IX. A ballad sung while swinging. The swing is a dear pastime with the Esthonians. By this vibrating motion, the soul sinks into a kind of slumber, and for a time forgets its misery. What the "gate" was among the Orientals (" He shall be praised in the gate." " Haman saw him in the gate." " They are crush'd in the gate." "They that sit in the gate speak against me." "Shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate." " Lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate." " Establish judgment in the gate," &c.), that same is the swing with this nation. Here the young and old assemble together; the father enjoys himself with his sons, the mother with her daughters. Here they talk over all the news of the place, discuss characters, and perhaps quarrels. Every one brings some provision with him, because, on a holiday, they pass the greater part of the afternoon here, and the whole of the evening. He that has gives to him that has not.

The Kubijas is a person placed over the boors, who, with his family, is exempt from all work as a serf; he therefore has the means of managing his own acres, and looking after their produce, as he and his people have nothing else to do; accordingly he is much richer than the other boors. One or other of his fellow-vassals is ever bringing him some present, by way of bribe, either to remit him a day's work, unknown to the lord, or otherwise to spare him. It is therefore with great naïveté, said in the last line, " Of the Kubija's daughter, I found a golden coif." How different from the poor fatherless and motherless orphan! " Of the orphan I saw only the false tresses." All these findings were things which the girls had dropped in running away as fast as they could. The two upright posts to which the swing is suspended, sometimes by the velocity of the motion become loose, and the persons in it are tumbled together on the ground. Of Lisa (Elizabeth) she found some handsome garters, because, doubtless, she was taken as a maid-servant to the great house. The poetess picked up all these fine articles, comes joyfully tripping along with

rather think that krummholtzhohler is merely wood-fetcher. Krummholtz is a species of pine, the *pinus montana;* and hohlen signifies to fetch; krumm likewise means crooked.

them to the village, where the swing stands, and calls the other women and girls to the swing.

> Village-women, come to the swing !
> Bring your chickens, and bring your eggs,
> Bring breeding geese,
> Bring ducks by couples,
> Bring the feet of swimming fowl,
> Come to the swing, and let us swing.
> Shove the children into the cradle,
> The father will nurse the children.
> I went to the swing to swing,
> And there I found many black stockings,
> Of Anna two striped ribbons,
> Of Lisa handsome garters,
> Of the Kubija's daughter golden tresses,
> Of the poor orphan only false tresses.

By way of conclusion, I will present you with a few more nuptial sonnets, the first of which must incontestably have been written somewhere in the period between the beginning of the year 1580 and the close of the year 1583, when the Swedes, Poles, and Russians, were all in the country at once. The Turks therein mentioned must be synonymous with Tartars, a mistake that may easily be pardoned in a nation so very deficient in the science of geography.

X. A Wedding-song. The good luck of a girl brought up in the mansion-house of the estate with the nobleman's family, who is probably to be married to one of the upper servants, is here celebrated. " Thou knowest thy station, where thou safely sleepest : but we, thy parents (it was doubtless in war time), we know not where we shall sleep. Perhaps the morass of the field will be our death-bed."

Worsted stockings are, it seems, quite a luxury. The female boors wear narrow aprons. Broad aprons, therefore, contrariwise, denote " riches."

> Hark, my maid, my little bride !
> Thou grewest up in the nobleman's room,
> In a room where people go in worsted stockings,
> Amongst worsted-stocking company ;
> Where there are large windows,*

---

* Large windows. The habitations of the boors are without any, or very small ones, consisting only of one pane of green glass, about a span square.

On the floors of the folks with broad aprons,
In a great stone-house.
The Riga flints do not spoil thy feet,
Nor the Russian bloody swords wound thee,
Nor the Turkish fiery darts.
The lord of the manor was thy father,
The lady thy mother,
The lord's daughters thy sisters,
His sons thy half-brothers.
There thou knewest where thou didst grow up,
Knewest the life thou leddest,
Knewest the place where thou should sleep.
The goose knows not the place,
The duck knows not the little place,
Where it shall fall down to die.
I perhaps shall die in the bog.
Left to perish upon the earth,
Or breathe out my life upon the hay-mow.*

XI. Bridal sonnet. A man in boots comes up to a German. The boor goes in a kind of slipper made of rush-matting, tied fast to his feet by pack-thread.

Yervin is held to be the most fertile province in Esthonia. The condition of the peasants here is, in general, better than in the other circles. Hence the luxury of a cocked hat. The maiden flatters herself with the hope of marrying a German, consequently to one above her rank, but at length gets nothing better than a boor from Yervin. Now to the song itself :—

Hark, my maid, my little bride !
As thou grewest up in the house,
Thou wentest like a swan in the snow,
Like a grey goose in the hedge,
Thou washedst thy hair in the water of the lake,
And thine eyes with the suds of white soap ;
Thou thoughtest to conquer a man with boots,
And to get thee one with a handsome hat.
Thou scornedst the eager youths,
As the vilest slave of Vierland,
For one cocked hat from Yervin—
And this is the man whose locks thou didst comb,
And use every art to win.†

---

* This song rather appears to be sung in the person of a poor village-maiden than in the person of the parents of the bride.

† Literally, Such is the man "whose feet thou didst tickle." [Tickling the feet is a common Russian custom of the present day.]

XII. A Nuptial song.

Young maid, young woman !
When thou grewest up in the house,
Thou wert precious as gold at home,
As silver in the father's hoard,
As copper in thy brother's treasure.
But now, my Marichen, thou goest to a stranger's abode.
There thou wilt come like a fish to a different shore,
Like a duck to a different place.
I know not whether to praise or blame thee,
Whether thou there wilt be valued so much as the earth
Over which the geese so rapidly run,
Or as much ground as a sparrow can stand on.

XIII. Another; shewing the best way of pleasing the new parents, and of gaining their favour. But again, how sarcastic is it throughout!—

Young maiden, young woman !
Get up betimes in the morning,
Be stirring before the sun !
Go then and milk the cow,
And stroke her between the horns.
Findest thou that the cow has a calf—
Then make it known to thy mother-in-law first.
Findest thou a lamb with a white forehead,
Shew it kindly to thy brother-in-law,—
So will the mother-in-law give thee praise,
So will the father-in-law give thee praise,
The sisters-in-law will smile upon thee,
The brother-in-law will tell it in the village,
Then thou'lt be called a clever girl,
The daughter of a clever woman,
An excellent woman brought thee forth,
An excellent woman rocked thy cradle,
And happy he that has married thee.

I have given what I collected while I was among these people, without pretending, as I said at first, to equal them with the songs of the deathless bards. Nevertheless, the unprejudiced reader will discover several artless beauties in one or other of them, and the investigator of mankind will get an insight into the genius of the nation.

S.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Punchkin.

Dramatis personæ.—Rajah and seven daughters, youngest named Balna. Widow and daughter of Prudhan (prime minister). Seven sons of neighbouring rajah. Punchkin (disguised as a fakeer). Malee (a gardener) and his wife. A parrot, genii, serpent, eagles with young.

Thread of story.—A rajah had seven motherless daughters, who cooked his food in turns. The Prudhan's widow and daughter begged of them in vain, when the widow threw mud into the food, and, summoned by the rajah, so charmed him by fair words that he married her. She treated the seven daughters cruelly, but they fed themselves with ripe pomeloes which grew on their mother's grave, whither Prudhan's daughter traced them to learn on what they lived. Her mother then feigned headache, and told rajah it could be cured only by pulling up the pomelo tree. The princesses wept at its loss, whereupon a tank near the tomb yielded them a cream-like cake, and this too was found out by Prudhan's daughter. The mother then had the tomb pulled down and thrown into the tank. She again feigned illness, and said her life could be saved only through the blood of the seven daughters being sprinkled upon her. They were taken by the rajah to a jungle, and he stole away while they slept, shooting a deer, whose blood he put

palace, he would not let Punchkin have it unless he promised to release the prisoner and bring back the enchanted to life. When this was done he pulled the parrot to pieces, and, as the wings and legs were torn off, Punchkin's arms and legs dropped off, while, as the prince wrung the bird's neck, Punchkin's head twisted round, and he died.

on the ranee, who, thus deceived, appeared well. The princesses screamed loudly on awaking, when they were heard by seven sons of a rajah, who pitied their plight, and married them. Balna, the youngest, had a son, the rest were childless. One day her husband went hunting, but came not back, neither did his six brothers who went in search of him. One day a man, dressed as a fakeer, came to the palace and would have married Balna. But she spurned him, and he then turned her into a dog and led her away. When her sisters heard her baby cry they went to him and found his mother gone. They were told about the man and the dog, and guessed the sad fate, yet gave up hope of again seeing the lost ones. When the boy was fourteen his aunts told him the family history, whereupon against their will he set out to seek the dear ones. He came to a palace with a malee's house near, to whose wife he told his story. The seven sons of a rajah were turned into stones, and the princess was shut up in the palace tower; so he disguised himself as the malee's daughter, and when Punchkin, the magician of the palace, saw him he bade him take flowers to the princess. At the advice of the malee's wife he fastened to a bouquet a gold ring which Balna had put on his baby finger, and when she saw this she knew that he was her son; and they plotted for her escape. She feigned desire to marry the magician, but would not wed him till he had told her the secret of his power. He said if any one could kill a parrot which was in a jungle surrounded by genii then he would die. Balna told her son this, and he went towards the jungle. Young eagle, which he had saved from a serpent, carried him to it, and as they swooped down he carried off the parrot. Taking it to the

Incidental circumstance.—The rocks, stones, and trees in the country around the palace were once living people.

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Nature of collection, whether :—

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

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—Vide *Folk-Lore Journal*, Oct. 1884, "Philosophy of Punchkin."

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Brave Seventee Bai.

Dramatis personæ.—Sin Rajah (the Lion King). His son Logedas and wife. Wuzeer and daughter. Hera Bai, Tara Bai, and four other princesses. Rajahs and ranees. Malee and wife. Rakshas. Cobra. Elephants, camels, horses, palanquins, servants, etc.

Thread of story.—Logedas, son of Sin Rajah, husband to Parbuttee Bai, married Seventee Bai (the wuzeer's daughter); for this he was expelled from his father's kingdom. He dismissed most of the servants who went with him. Was lost in a jungle with his wives. Their misery maddened him; dressing as a fakeer he left them. Parbuttee dreamed of this, her grief caused Seventee to dress as and call herself rajah, taking Parbuttee for ranee. The servants supposed Seventee was lost. They were soon out of the jungle; on its borders was a palace. Here Seventee took service under the rajah; supposing her to be a man, he consulted her on important matters. One night she went to find the cause of shrieks that came from the jungle; saw an old woman trying to reach a corpse she said was her son's. Seventee lifted her up, was horrified at seeing it was a rakshas, and that he was eating the flesh. She sprang back and the rakshas fled away, leaving a sarree in her hand. This she gave to Parbuttee. The ranee hearing of its beauty wanted one like it. Seventee went in search of the rakshas' land. On her way she that would make her invisible, and by turning which she would fall through the earth into their domains. Doing this she found herself in the presence of the rakshas' princess, Tara Bai. Tara fell in love with Seventee, and with her father's consent married her. Her dowry was enormous, so they started in great state for home. On her way Seventee married the princesses who were waiting. When she reached home with five wives and countless servants the rajah was frightened, thinking it was a strange rajah come to make war upon him. Still Parbuttee did not forget Logedas, but on Hera Bai's advice made a feast for the poor and searched for him among the guests. After six months they found him, and after pretence of punishment restored him to his original condition. The rajah's daughter had fallen in love with Seventee, and the wedding day was fixed, preparations made, and guests invited. On this day Seventee had Logedas dressed in her best rajah's dress and herself in a splendid saree, then before all the company confessed herself as his wife. Logedas Rajah newly married Parbuttee and Seventee, he also married the six other princesses, and with his eight wives returned to his own land.

tamed a certain pony, and by so doing won the princess of that city. She explained her errand, accepted many riches, and deferred the wedding till her return. At another town she jumped the high walls of a bath three times on horseback. This feat won her another princess; explaining her mission she again promised to return for the bride. Coming one evening to another city, Seventee rested at a malee's house: the wife told of a dream their rajah often had. It was of a tree with silver stem, golden leaves, and fruit of pearls. Seventee went outside to rest near a lake. Looking at the water she saw a cobra come from it, with a diamond in its mouth. It laid the stone on a step and went for food; returning, it picked it up and went again into the water. The two following nights this was repeated; the fourth night Seventee trapped the cobra, killed it, and secured the diamond. With it in her hand she stooped to bathe her face. When the stone touched the water it rolled back in a wall on either side. Seventee walked down the middle till she reached a door; opening this she went into a garden; in the centre was a tree like the one the rajah had dreamed of. In its branches sat a lovely maiden, Hera Bai, the cobra's daughter. She began to warn Seventee, then, hearing of the cobra's death, asked her to stay and be king. Seventee told why she could not, and Hera gave her a flute, at the sound of which she would appear. Seventee, after burying the cobra's body, sent word to the rajah that the tree was found. He went to see it; was so charmed that he gave her half his kingdom, and his daughter. The wedding was to be on her return. At the summons of the flute, Hera directed her to the rakshas' land, gave her a ring

Incidental circumstances.—Nil.

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3. *Other particulars.*

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

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Truth's Triumph.

Dramatis personæ.—The God Gunputti. Rajah, his twelve ranees, and their servants. Wuzeer. Malee and his daughter. Dhobee and his daughter. Young prince, his father and mother. Dogs and bandicotes (rats).

Thread of Story.—A rajah had twelve ranees, but no children, and though many prayers were offered they were of no avail. When travelling with his wuzeer the rajah saw a small bringal tree with no leaves, but one hundred and one bringals. The wuzeer interpreted to this effect, that if the rajah married Guzra Bai, the malee's daughter, she would bear him one hundred sons and one daughter. This the rajah did, and it made the ranees jealous, and they would not associate with Guzra Bai, so she lived alone. Before starting again on a journey the rajah gave Guzra a bell to ring in case of need. She foolishly rang it three times merely to try his faith, and each time he came. After the birth of the hundred and one children Guzra Bai saw the twelve ranees coming, and knowing they meant no good to her rang for her husband, but he came not. The ranees then ordered the nurse, an old servant of theirs, to throw the babes on to the dust-heap, putting stones in the cradles in their places. When the rajah returned they said that Guzra had turned the children into stone by witchcraft; he believed them, and

got the secret of her magic arts, and making use of it destroyed her and restored his uncles to their proper forms. Draupadi was very happy, and gave a great feast in her brother's honour, to which her father and his twelve ranees came. On finding Guzra Bai was not with them she threatened the rajah, and ordered him to send for her, which he did, and she was received with much rejoicing. The rajah, having heard the true story, had the twelve ranees burnt to death, and took Guzra Bai and her hundred sons home. But the wicked nurse went unpunished, and when she died "had as big a funeral pile as any virtuous Hindoo."

had her imprisoned for life. A bandicote found the children, and, calling many more rats to her help, they kept them alive. One day the nurse saw the girl playing outside the rat's hole, and told the ranees, who ordered the ground to be dug; but the bandicote heard this, and thwarted them by hiding the children under the steps of a well. A dhobee's daughter trod on these, when the girl underneath cried out. The ranees, hearing of their hiding-place, had the well pulled down, but the god Gunputti saved them by turning the boys into mango-trees and the girl into a rosebush. Still they were not safe, for the dhobee's daughter, spying the trees and rosebush, began plucking the roses, when she heard the voice again. The trees were instantly dug up for burning, but Gunputti, to save them, sent a storm which swept them down a river to a jungle where they landed in human forms. Here they lived ten years in safety, but one day when the brothers were hunting and had left the sister in a tree they came to a rakshas' hut; she being angry turned them into crows. This was a great grief to their sister, whose tears at last made a stream which attracted a prince's dogs. He, following them, saw the girl in the tree with the crows, and fell in love with her, and took her and the hundred crows to his father's house, where he married her, and called her Draupadi Bai. Draupadi had one son named Ramchundra, who, when fourteen years old, on a certain day found his mother weeping and caressing the crows. He begged her to tell him why she wept, and she told him their history. Ramchundra then got his father's consent to travel, and went to the rakshas' land, and served his own ends by serving the old woman who had enchanted his uncles. He

Incidental circumstances.—Nil.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 50-65. 2nd edition. London, 1870. *Tale No.* 4.

Nature of collection, whether :—

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

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

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Rama and Luxman; or, The Learned Owl.

Dramatis personæ.—Chandra Rajah His Ranee. Their Wuzeer (minister). Rama, the rajah's son, and Luxman the wuzeer's. Wise men and conjurors. An old nautch woman. Princess Bargaruttee. The rajah her father. Malee's (gardener's) wife. The Rajah's guard. Two beggars. Rama and Bargaruttee's baby. Two owls, and a cobra.

Thread of Story.—Chandra Rajah and his minister each had a son, born at the same time. The rajah's son was named Rama and the wuzeer's Luxman, and the boys grew up together like twins. When Rama was fifteen his mother wished that he should mix with those of his own rank, and at last employed an old nautch woman to sever the friendship between the boys. She caused a quarrel between them, and Rama would not rest until his father promised to have the wuzeer's son slain, and as a proof he wished for his friend's eyes. The rajah had Luxman hidden away and a deer slain instead, and brought Rama its eyes. After a time Rama became sad and asked his father to show him Luxman's grave that he might die thereon. When he learnt that Luxman still lived he was glad, and the friendship was renewed. Rama wanted Luxman to interpret a dream. He had dreamed four times that he was in a jungle, when he came to four groves of different

would accuse him of being untrue; his reproaches would turn Luxman into stone, and so he would remain for eight years until the clasp of Rama's and Bargaruttee's baby should bring him to life again. All this Luxman wrote down, and each event happened. When he was about to kill the cobra he put the written history by the side of Rama who did not read it till his angry words had turned his friend into stone. Then was he very unhappy, and Chandra Rajah very angry with him. After eight years Luxman came to life again as had been foretold, and he married and lived happily ever after.

trees, then to a garden of beautiful flowers, from which the malee's wife gave him a bunch. Round this garden ran a river; in the centre of the garden was a glass palace in which lived a princess. At the sight of her beauty he fainted—and awoke. Luxman translated it thus: that in a country far off there lived a rajah's daughter in a glass palace round which ran a river, and by the river was a garden and groves of trees. The princess had determined to marry no one until he had jumped across the river, and already thousands had perished in the attempt. When Rama heard this he decided to go to this country and win the princess. So with his father's consent he and his friend Luxman started, mounted on a war-horse. Now the rajah had made a law that all aspirants trying the leap without his knowledge should be imprisoned. The rajah's guard seeing the two friends on the bank seized them, and put them in prison.[1] With the help of the malee's wife, who told them of the law, they escaped, and calling on the rajah gained his permission to leap the river. Having with the help of the war-horse done this three times, the princess was won and the wedding took place. After a time, when Rama and Bargaruttee (his wife), Luxman and their retinue, were returning to their own land, Luxman heard two owls talking, and, understanding their language, listened whilst they told the story of his life and foretold his fate. He would go on with the rajah and ranee until nearly home, when he would save them from the falling branch of a tree, and again from an insecure arch; then he would save the ranee from a cobra, in killing which a drop of its blood would fall on her forehead. Luxman would stoop to lick this off, when the rajah seeing him

Incidental circumstances.—[1] The malee's wife, hearing of their imprisonment, made her way to the prison taking two beggars with her; she told Rama and Luxman to change clothes with the beggars. The next day when the guards brought their prisoners to the rajah they were much laughed at, for the beggars were well known, and were very unlikely to aspire to the hand of the princess.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 66-78. 2nd edition. London, 1870. *Tale No.* 5.

Nature of collection, whether:—

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

Special points noted by the Editor of the above. Nil.

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Little Surya Bai (the Sun Lady).

Dramatis personæ.—Milkwoman and daughter. Rajah and ranee and attendants. Milkwoman's husband and children. Two eagles, cat, dog, and rakshas.

Thread of Story.—A milkwoman set her cans and baby down and rested. An eagle seized the child, and with its mate's help took it to their nest, which was as large as a house. Here they kept her twelve years, calling her Surya Bai. They fetched her rich clothes and jewels. They wished to give her a diamond ring; it would take twelve months to get it, so leaving her plenty of food, a dog and cat as protectors, they started for the Red Sea. Cat stole some food, Surya punished it; in revenge it put the fire out. Surya got down from nest and asked a rakshas for some fire. The old woman tried to keep her as a prize for her son, but, finding she could not, gave the fire, and some seed for her to scatter on her way home. The rakshas' son, finding the nest by the seed, tried to get in, but Surya had shut the doors. In his efforts he broke his nail,[1] left it sticking in the door. Surya ran this into her hand and died instantly. Just then the eagles returned, and, putting the ring on Surya's finger, flew away again because of their grief. A rajah hunting saw the nest, and having the girl brought down saw the nail in her hand, pulled it out, she instantly opened her eyes and spoke.

The rajah married her. He had one ranee, and she was jealous, but she pretended to be friendly; Surya trusted her despite the advice of her old attendant. The ranee caused Surya's death by pushing her into a tank. From the place where she fell there sprang up a sunflower. The rajah, thinking the attendant had drowned her, had her put in prison; he went about in a sad way, till one day passing the tank he saw the flower, and as he looked it bent towards him and it reminded him of his lost wife. He used to watch it every day, till the ranee hearing of it had the sunflower burnt, and from the ashes there sprang up a mango tree. This tree had one mango on the top branch; Surya's mother was resting under it, and it fell into her can. She took it home to divide amongst her family; when her son went to fetch it he found in its place a wee lady. Every day she grew until she was of ordinary size; the rajah saw her walking one day, and, recognising his wife, galloped after her. Hearing the clatter of hoofs she was frightened and ran indoors, and though his protestations were very loud the old woman would not admit him, saying it was her daughter. The rajah, not contented, sent the old attendant from prison to do her best; the two women soon became friendly: thus the servant learnt the history of the mango. Surya, at their request, told her history, and the rajah hearing it claimed his wife, made her father a noble, and gave him a village. The attendant was made palace housekeeper, and the wicked ranee put in prison for the rest of her life.

Incidental circumstance.

1. A rakshas' nail is very poisonous.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 79-93. 2nd edition. London 1870. *Tale No.* 6.

Nature of collection, whether :—

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

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

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SOME FOLK-LORE OF THE SEA.

ANY fishermen and sailors still have scruples about Friday. Sailors do not like to sail on Friday. Fishermen would have great misgivings about laying the keel of a new boat on Friday, as well as launching one on that day.* If there is preference for a day for boat-launching it is Thursday (Rosehearty). The boat must be launched to a flowing tide,† and, when it has to be turned, it must be after the course of the sun.‡

In St. Combs, Lonmay, Aberdeenshire, when a new boat was brought home, as there is no harbour, it was run up on the beach as far as possible. When the tide had retreated, and left the boat dry, bread, cheese, and whisky were carried down and distributed in abundance. The first glass of whisky, along with the glass, was thrown in the bow of the boat, the glass being broken by the dash.§ In this village neither a white stone nor one with holes in it—"a hunger-stone"—is used as ballast. It is the same in Rosehearty, Pittulie, and Broadsea.‖ In Broadsea a stone, that has been used in building, and has still some of the mortar adhering, is rejected as ballast. In Portknockie, Banffshire, granite stones are avoided.

There are still those that will not give in loan the smallest article during the time of the herring fishing, or when they are from home prosecuting the cod and ling fishing on the west of Scotland, or otherwhere. It is thought all the luck of the fishing goes along with anything given in loan. J. R., of Rosehearty, was cooking for a crew that was fishing on the west coast. She wanted to borrow a washing-tub from the housekeeper of a neighbouring crew, and, accordingly, went to her to ask it. She was quite willing to give it, but one of the crew, a man about seventy years of age, from Broadsea, near Fraserburgh, in most vigorous words forbade the loan.¶

* *Melusine*, II. c. 236, 2.

† *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 197.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 199.

§ *Ibid.* p. 197.

‖ *Ibid.* p. 198.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 200.

If the fishing is not successful with a crew, one or more of them go to a woman who is reputed to be "canny," and to have good luck in her gifts, and ask something from her. Thus, when the fishing was not prosperous in the village of Colliestone, Slains, Aberdeenshire, the fishermen used to go to "Aul' Bawby," the wise woman, and get from her some trifle—a rose, or a flower, in summer—to bring them luck.

"The first fit" * is always a matter of much weight. In St. Combs it used to be the custom to bolt the door when the lines were being baited, in case one with an unlucky foot should enter, and it was not unusual, if one saw an unwelcome visitor coming, to go into the house, and bolt the door. When the visitor came to the door, and asked admission, the answer was, that the lines were being baited, and the visitor went away quite satisfied.

If, in making ready a line, one with an "unlucky fit" did find his way into the house, the end of the line was drawn through the fire. (St. Combs.)

If one reputed as carrying bad luck was met when going to the boat to put to sea, the fisherman lighted a match—"crackit a spunk"—and threw it after the misfortune-bearer. (St. Combs.)

In hauling the line a hook at times gets fixed in a stone or in the rocky bottom. It is supposed to be held by some one that had been met when going to the boat. The man who hauls, lifts any little bit of sea-weed or piece of shell that may be lying in the boat, spits on it, throws it overboard, and again spits to counteract the power of the ill-wisher. (St. Combs.)

A good many years ago in St. Combs an old man with two deaf-and-dumb sons formed the crew of a little fishing-boat. When the line struck on the bottom in hauling he said, "Lat this twa peer dum' men awa, an they winna cum back again."

It was accounted very unlucky, and with some it is still accounted so, to be asked where they were going when proceeding to sea. Various answers were given to such a question. Here is one a St. Combs man gave: "A'll speed the better it ye've speert;" or the answer

* *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 198.

might be "T' the lånart,"* that is, to the landward. The answers meant of course the very opposite. Or the reply might be something impossible, as "Awa t' the back o' the meen,"† as a Buckie man said.

The pig ‡ was held in detestation, and the words "swine" and "chat" were never pronounced; if they were pronounced some misfortune would soon come. The flesh of the pig was not used as food by many. I was told lately by a St. Combs man that his father was at Cromarty a good many years ago, and had occasion to borrow a pot in which to cook his dinner from another St. Combs man. His dinner consisted of pork. When it came to the knowledge of the man that had given the pot in loan that pork had been cooked in it, he was in a great rage, and the pot underwent a great deal of scrubbing to purify it. There are some yet that will not taste the flesh of pig or domestic fowls, "hens, cocks, deuks, dryaaks," § in the words of my informant. (St. Combs.)

The word "cat" (St. Combs) lies under the ban. A man told me that one suggested to him when a boy to go to the door of a certain fisherman's house and call out "Cat." He did so. The fisherman was engaged in some work by the side of the fire. No sooner did he hear the word, than he seized the tongs, and threw it at the head of the offender. It was caught on the corner of the "bun-bed," and fell, "An gehn it hidna deen that, I hidna been here the nicht," said the man.

In Broadsea the animals which are looked upon as unlucky are, besides the hare, the rabbit and the "rottin" (rat). The salmon lies under the ban, and is called "the beast wi' the scales."

In St. Combs, on the other hand, the rat is looked on as lucky, and the arrival of rats in a house is regarded as the harbinger of money. The idea of rats leaving a house or a ship foreboding disaster is quite general.

* å gives the best idea of the way the word was pronounced to me.

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

‡ *Ibid.* p. 201. *Melusine*, II. c. 235, 5.

§ Is this a survival of what Cæsar says: "Leporem, et gallinam et anserem gustare fas non putant"?—*De Bello Gallico*, lib. v. c. 12.

Fisher-folks will on no account burn the bones of the fish they use as food and the shells of the mussels employed for bait. Hence the rhymes :—

"Roast me weel, or boil me weel,
Bit dinna burn ma behns,
Or else a'll grow scarcer
Aboot yir herth-stehns ;"

and

"Roast me weel, or boil me weel,
Bit dinna burn ma behns,
An ye'll get plenty o' fish
Aboot yir fire-stehns." *

(Rosehearty).

The herring is called "the king" of the fish, and is said to have more bones than any other fish. (Rosehearty, St. Combs.)

In Pittulie, a neighbouring village to Rosehearty, it is the mackerel that bears this high title, and this it does from its beauty.

When many mackerel (*Scomber scomber*, Linnæus) appear on the coast it is believed that the herring will be few. (R. Grant, Peterhead.)

Takes of whiting (*Gadus merlangus*, Linnæus) greater than usual were looked upon as the forerunner of death by drowning. (R. Grant, Peterhead.)

Fishermen did not like to be asked if they had a good catch of fish. If one had done so, he would have got such answers as the following: "Like neepirs (neighbours) an ithers" (others) ; or, "Like ither folk" ; or "A canna compleen."

It is a common belief among many fishermen that every creature on land has its counterpart in the sea, and many fish are named after land animals, as :—"The sea-dog" (*Acanthias vulgaris*, Risso) ; "the sea-soo" (*Labrus balanus*, Cuvier) ; "the sea-cat" (*Anarrhichas lupus*, Linnæus), &c. When such come up on the lines, two fishermen lately told me that this opinion is very often given vent to (Rosehearty, St. Combs). Not only have land animals their counterparts in the sea, but also the vegetable kingdom on land, according to some (R. Grant, Peterhead), has its counterpart in the sea. Zoophytes go by the general nameof "sea-floors" (flowers).

* *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 146.

Boys, in amusing themselves on the sea-shore, often, when the tide is rising, mount a tide-washed rock, and dance, and sing :

"Jaw, jaw, cum an wash me awa,
Hyne, hyne, awa t' America,"

till the rock is surrounded, when they make their escape. This amusement they call "a lockie on." (R. Grant, Peterhead.)

Those whose fate is to be drowned have in their brows what old folks called "the water glance." It was on the brow at the moment of birth, but could be discerned only by some, oftenest by the midwife who had the faculty for doing so, for it was not every midwife that had the faculty. It was believed to be a slight depression, which continued to fill up till the allotted span of life was run ; when it was full, death came. (Keith.)

The reluctance to save one drowning is not confined to the Shetlanders, but lingers in other districts on the mainland. It arises from the notion that the one who saves another from drowning will in no long time be drowned. The sea takes the saver of life instead of the saved, as it "maun hae its nummer," according to the saying. (R. Grant, Peterhead.)

WALTER GREGOR.

[This important subject, the Folk-lore of the Sea, has been engaging the attention of our fellow-students in France. The following articles have occurred in *Mélusine:* November 1884, "Les vents et les tempêtes en mer," "Les trombes marines ;" December 1884, "L'eau de mer," "Les vagues," "Les trombes marines," "Les vents et les tempêtes en mer," "La mer phosphorescente," "Les saints de la mer," "Les vaisseaux fantastiques," "La mer chez les Finlandais;" January 1885, "Oblations à la mer et présages," "Les vents et les tempêtes en mer," "L'eau de mer ;" February 1885, "Les vents et les tempêtes en mer," "Les trombes marines ;" March 1885, "Les génies de la mer," "L'eau de mer." M. Paul Sébillot has issued a little tractate, *Questionnaire des croyances légendes et superstitions de la mer;* and requests all persons interested in the subject to communicate with him at 4, Rue de l'Odéon, Paris. Our member, the Rev. W. Gregor, was the first to actively take up the subject, and the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma has quickly followed. Mr. Lach-Szyrma has given two papers

before the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society, one on January 24th last, which dealt with "the Folk-lore of the Sea," and one during March dealing with "Tidal Folk-lore." In the next issue of the *Journal* we hope to report these papers at some length. In the meantime members who live near the sea may assist investigation by collecting stories and superstitions from the fisher-folk.]

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Hitchen Mayers' Song.—The following verses were written out from tradition by the coachman at Letchworth Rectory, Herts, in May, 1883. They are a corrupt version of the Hitchen Mayers' Song given by Hone: but the fact that they are still current in the neighbourhood may perhaps entitle them to a place in the *Journal*:—

"Oh, remember us poor Mayers, ah!
Ere we do begin:
To lead our lives into righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

"If we die in sin, what a dreadful thing!
What a dreadful thing that would be
For our poor souls to lie wasting away
In pain and misery.

"A branch of May I have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the works of our Lord's hands.

"The hedges and the trees are loaded with green,
As green as any leaf;
Our Heavenly Father watereth them
With his Heavenly dew so sweet.

"So sweet, so sweet as Christ loved us,
And for our sins he was slain;
He bid us leave off our wicked, wicked ways,
And return to the Lord again.

"Oh, take a Bible in your hand,
And read a chapter through:
And when the Day of Judgment comes,
The Lord will think of you.

"Oh, repent; oh, repent, you wicked, wicked men!
Repent while you are here!
For when the Day of Judgment comes
There's no repentance there.

"There is a well where water flows
To quench the heat of sin;
There is a tree where true love grows
To lead our lives therein.

"The song is begun, and it's almost done:
No longer can we stay.
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!"

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Cornish Tradition about the Epiphany.—There is an old Cornish tradition that at Christmas-night, at midnight, the sheep out in the fields turned east and bowed their heads, in memory of the sheep belonging to the shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem, who are supposed to have bowed their heads on the angelic apparition. Certain persons have in recent times been incredulous on the point; but some old people now say, that, if you go out on the fields at Twelfth-night, at midnight, you will see the sheep bow their heads. Some peasants near the Land's End affirm that they have seen this done, and that by it they prove that the old Christmas-day was the true one; for the sheep bow on Twelfth-night now and not at Christmas-night, as they used to do. W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.

Burning-Drakes.—"At an early period divining-rods and other superstitious means were resorted to by the miners when searching for mines; and, even in later periods, certain atmospheric phenomena have been denominated burning-drakes by the vulgar, and their apparent fall to the earth was thought to point out the situation of rich and undiscovered veins of ore: by which class of persons whistling in a mine was supposed to frighten away the ore or lessen its chance of continuance; and hence they say arose the custom that, however miners may sing or halloo when at their work, no boy or man is to whistle, under pain of severe chastisement from his fellow-miners."—(*General View of the Agriculture and Minerals of Derbyshire*, by John Varey, sen. vol. i. [1815] pp. 316-317.)—What are burning-drakes?

Budleigh Salterton, Devon. T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.

Dog-bite Superstition.—A few years ago the daughter of the coachman of a neighbour walked into my stable-yard; the dog was loose, and being nearly dark he did not recognise her, but reared up and bit her face, but not severely; the dog was a St. Bernard and of good disposition; it soon got abroad that the girl had been bitten; she told her story to the wife of a policeman, a countrywoman, who told her what would happen *if ever* the dog went mad; the girl returned to her father's house in great distress and labouring under great excitement; her father, who did not believe in the superstition, came to me, evidently half ashamed, to ask if I would have the dog destroyed, and in order to calm the poor girl's fear I had the dog poisoned. I subsequently saw the woman who created the alarm; she maintained that the thing was true, and quite considered that she had done the proper thing in telling the girl of her peril. According to Henderson, *Folk-Lore*, p. 159, the idea is prevalent in Northumberland. It is likewise mentioned by Gregor, p. 127, as prevalent in the north-east of Scotland. J. G. Fenwick.

Moorlands, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Man transformed into Bull.—Can any of the readers of the *Folk-Lore Journal* tell me where to find the story of a man who was compelled by enchantments to take the form of a bull for twelve hours every day? I heard the tale when I was a child from a rough farm-house servant in Lincolnshire, and I am anxious to learn its history. In the beginning of the story the man, like "the Hoodie" of the Highland legend, related in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. i. p. 63, asks his bride whether he shall appear under his brute form by day or by night. Later on, however, the narrative resembles a Welsh story mentioned in the same book, vol. iv. p. 295, for the heroine of the Welsh tale sings to the king who has taken the "sleepy drink":

> "I bore three babes for thee,
> And I climbed the glass peaks for thee,"
>
> . . . .

While the forsaken wife of the Lincolnshire story sits on the door-sill of her husband's room combing her hair and chanting:

"Bare bull of Orange return to me,
For three fine babes I bore to thee,
And climbed a glass hill for thee,
Bare bull of Orange return to me."

I recollect the beginning and the end of the story tolerably well, but I have forgotten the part which relates to the wife's adventures when she goes in search of her husband. If this be a genuine English wonder-tale I should wish to preserve it, but hitherto I have been unable to learn whether it is of home or foreign growth. M.P.

Legend of Danish Prince.—In what collection of Scotch legends does the history of the Danish prince who attempted to sail round a whirlpool occur? M.P.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Biblioteca de las Tradiciones populares Españoles. Tomes iv. v. and vi. Director, Antonio Machado y Alvarez. Madrid: Libreria de Fernando Fé, Carrera San Jerónimo, 2.

Three more volumes of this valuable series have appeared. Vol. iv. contains a collection of Gallician folk-lore by various authors, headed by Doña Emilia Prado Bazán, founder and president of the Folk-Lore Society of Gallicia, a continuation of the translation of Nyder's book on witches and demons by Sr. D. Montoto, and a continuation of the popular customs of Andalusia. Vol. v. is a collection of various papers on folk-lore by Sr. D. Antonio Machado y Álvarez, all full of interest. Vol. vi. is entitled, "Notes for a Topographical-traditional Map of Burguillos, in the province of Badajoz," by Sr. D. M. R. Martínez. It gives a history of the town, with the names and traditions of all streets, lanes, roads, fields, &c. as well as of the streams round it. The names are arranged in alphabetical order. The work is introduced by Sr. D. A. Machado y Álvarez in an eloquent preface,

and has a map of the town and suburbs. It must have cost much labour in its compilation, is interesting, and may serve as a model for works of a like kind. Are there any folk-lorists or antiquaries that will take up our country, and do for it what has been done for this Spanish town, and what the Spaniards intend to do for their country? The volume contains also some traditions of Estremadura. The three volumes form a solid contribution to folk-lore.

Boletin folklórico Español. Revista quincenal. Director, Alejandro Guichot y Sierra, Sevilla.

It is with pleasure we call the attention of English folk-lorists to this new periodical devoted to folk-lore. It is chiefly intended as a means of communication among the various societies that have been formed in Spain for the study of folk-lore. The first number is mostly preliminary. The second number contains a translation of Mr. Nutt's article, "Folk-Lore Terminology" (*Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 311-315), a series of questions on Popular Botany by Sr. D. Laguna, on a Popular Calendar by Sr. D. L. Romero y Espinosa, the "Water of the Sea" by the editor, "Why the Sea is Salt" by Sr. D. E. de Olvarría y Huarte, book-reviews, notes and news. It is divided into sections, is well printed, and is of the same form as *Mélusine.* The folk-lorists of Spain are showing great spirit and doing much good work. *Oh! si sic omnes.*

A Historical Account of the Belief in Witchcraft in Scotland. By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. London and Glasgow. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) 1884. 8vo. pp. 268.

This is a reprint of Sharpe's Introduction to Law's *Memorialls,* published in 1819, and it was a happy idea of the publishers to bring it before the folk-lore loving public of to-day. Mr. Sharpe put together his material ably, and we have thereby a very good record of one of the most extraordinary branches of folk-lore. Both the type and appearance of the book are satisfactory, and it will be found to be an eminently useful and important addition to the already large collection of books on witchcraft. There is appended to the work a short list of books on Scottish witchcraft and superstition, a bit of folk-lore bibliography for which we are particularly thankful.

Shropshire Folk-Lore: a Sheaf of Gleanings. Edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne from the collections of Georgina F. Jackson. London, Shrewsbury, and Chester (Trübner), 1885, 8vo. pp. 177-368.

This second part (for first part see *ante*, vol. i. p. 229) finishes the section on charming and divination, and completes the following new sections:—Superstitious cures; superstitions concerning animals, birds, insects, plants, the moon, the week, numbers, and dreams; luck and unluck; customs and superstitions concerning birth, marriage, and death, days and seasons. Miss Burne's method of work seems to us to be admirable, considering the absence of any special guide upon the subject. Only very rarely has she employed her text for anything else but purely Shropshire folk-lore, the comparisons she has entered into for illustration or for confirmation being entirely relegated to foot-notes. This enables the student to get at the purely Shropshire items very readily. Miss Burne knows what she is recording and writing about, and evidently appreciates the archaic origin of much of what is called folk-lore, and hence her notes are never too long or irrelevant, but, on the contrary, often very suggestive and useful, though it may be open to question whether it is necessary to annotate local collections. When the work is finished we are sure Miss Burne will not let it go forth without a proper and complete index; but we have something else to ask of her. Shropshire folk-lore has its own lessons to teach, and possesses its own idiosyncracies and special forms. If Miss Burne will add a chapter pointing out how Shropshire folk-lore varies from that of the rest of England, what it contributes that is not known to the rest of England, how much archaic life is preserved therein, she will confer a boon to students not easily estimated, and make her book—what even now it bids fair to be—a standard volume. Perhaps we are anticipating Miss Burne's intentions; but, be this as it may, our suggestion shows that we appreciate this local collection very highly, and are thus anxious that it should be perfect on all standpoints.

The Cyclades; or, Life among the Insular Greeks. By J. Theodore Bent. London, 1885 (Longman, Greens, & Co.), 8vo. pp. xx. 501.

When a traveller of Mr. Bent's archæological knowledge takes the trouble to go amongst the people themselves, picking up their lore, and noting the antiquities amidst which they live, one naturally looks for a book of some importance. This Mr. Bent gives us unquestionably, though we confess we do not appreciate his method of treatment. The Cyclades among the Greek islands are specially valuable for a study of Greek folk-lore, because they have been less subject to the influences of conquest than the Continent; and when Mr. E. B. Tylor, a few years ago, treated of the ethnology of Greece, we do not think he took this important fact into consideration. Mr. Bent found the relics here of old pagan polytheism, occasionally interpreted by a Christian terminology, but old Greek in spirit and oftentimes in detail. For folk-lore of the sea there could be no better source. Nereids abound on every coast, and, in some cases, Mr. Bent records a modern custom which looks remarkably like a sacrifice of a human being to these spirits—as, for instance, the leaving of a child on the altar of a church for a night to see if the Nereid claimed it for its own. Songs and dances, marriage customs, birth customs, and funeral customs, noted down as they were observed, meet us on almost every page of Mr. Bent's book; and he particularly draws attention to the importance of the incantations which accompanied the charms. There is a passage in Plato's *Laws* which treats of charms and incantations, and it tells us that the accompanying songs were essential to success. The modern Greek charm is almost always accompanied with a rhyming or rhythmical incantation; and it is a thought worth bearing in mind by the student of folk-lore that the various charms to be met with in European folk-lore are more archaic if they have a rhythmical accompaniment. Another subject which Mr. Bent treats of in a most interesting manner is that of "games." But perhaps the most curious portions in his volume are those which tell us of the modern Greek notion of the planets, the sun, and dawn. They are certainly personified. The sun is still to them a giant, like Hyperion, blood-

thirsty when tinged with gold. The common saying is that the sun, when he seeks his kingdom, expects to find forty loaves prepared by his mother to appease his hunger after his long day's journey. Woe to her if these loaves are not ready. The sun eats his brothers, sisters, father, and mother in his wrath. "He has been eating his mother" is said when he rises red in the morning. But Mr. Bent's volume is crowded with matters of interest like these. The modern Greek idea of death is distinctly pagan, and his method of lamentation is remarkably like much that one reads of among modern savage races. Charon is to-day a synonym for death. We should like to see a scientific folk-lorist take this book up and work from it the important lessons it contributes. Mr. Bent would have greatly aided this proposal if he had only given us an index.

The death of Mr. J. F. Campbell, the well-known collector of *Highland Tales*, took place on Feb. 17th last. His loss to folk-lorists is very great.

Mr. William George Black lectured on January 26th on "Folk-Lore" to the Brown Institute at Galston, in Scotland.

The Annual Meeting of the Society will, it is hoped, be held during the month of April, or, perhaps, May.

Mr. Black is engaged upon a work which he will entitle *Man and Thought*. It takes up some of the subjects treated of in his *Folk-Medicine;* and will attempt to grapple with some of the most curious problems in the science of folk-lore. A leaflet from Mr. Black's book appears in the April number of *The Antiquary*, and it treats of "Cannibalism and Sacrifice."

Mr. Edward Clodd has nearly finished a book on *Myths and Dreams*.

THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER.

By E. Sidney Hartland.

"IT is a peculiarity of Fairyland," says Mr. Clouston in a note to his useful edition of *The Book of Sindibad*, "that there are certain rooms which the fortunate mortal who has entered the enchanted palace is expressly forbidden to enter, or doors which he must on no account open, or cabinets which he must not unlock, if he would continue in his present state of felicity." It is the object of the following pages, and of the tables appended, to gather together some of the stories presenting this prohibition and to attempt a rough classification of them. I divide them into the following types, distinguished in each case by the name of the most characteristic variant, viz.: —

1. Bluebeard.
2. The Dead Hand, with its sub-genus of The Robber Chief.
3. Mary's Child.
4. The Faithless Sister.
5. Marya Morevna.
6. The Teacher and his Scholar, with its sub-genus of Scabby John.
7. The Third Royal Mendicant.

Of these the first four display feminine curiosity and its consequences, while the rest deal with the same vice in the male sex.

The myth of the Forbidden Chamber is one of a large class which finds its central thought in a taboo. The study of folk-tales has not yet made sufficient advances to enable us to trace these myths to a

common origin, nor to explain satisfactorily their meaning. It is obvious that the first step in this direction must be a careful collation of the types and variants of each myth. The main object of the present paper is to do this in some imperfect manner for the Forbidden Chamber. I am conscious that any essay in this direction must contain much that may seem tedious; and I cannot hope to escape from this charge, especially in the sections which follow, treating of Bluebeard and The Dead Hand. These two types lend themselves more readily than the others to a close scrutiny, since so many more of their variants have been collected and published in an easily accessible form than those of the remaining types. But the very value of the comparative method lies in the certainty attainable in proportion to the number and variety of the subjects examined. It therefore seemed desirable to make the comparison as ample as the materials at hand would permit, even at the cost of being occasionally wearisome. It is only thus that we can hope to separate that which is essential from that which is merely accessory, and to distinguish natural growth from violent and unnatural grafting. It is only thus that we can expect to arrive at a rational explanation of the origin, evolution, and meaning of what on the surface is so hopelessly confused and irrational as a cluster of myths or folk-tales.

I.

I have placed Bluebeard first in the list because it is under this form that the myth of The Forbidden Chamber is best known to us. It is probably not an early development of the myth: indeed, reasons are not wanting for supposing that it may be one of the latest. But it is perhaps the one most widely scattered in Western Europe. The story as found in English chap-books is not an independent version, but a free translation of that given by Perrault. It may be summed up in the following formula:— A woman married to a monster disobeys in her husband's absence his prohibition to open the door of a certain room. On his return he discovers her disobedience, and is about to put her to death when she is rescued and her husband killed. The details have been so familiar to us from our childhood that I need not waste time over

any of them, but will at once pass on to other versions. The nearest I have found in any foreign collection is a Swabian tale related by Meier and entitled "King Bluebeard." * It may be worth while to abstract this at some length. It runs thus:—A man who has three sons and two daughters lives in a wood. A splendid carriage drives one day to the door; and a gentleman stepping out asks the man for his younger daughter as wife. The maiden objects; but her brothers overcome her reluctance, and give her a whistle, telling her in case of need to blow on it and they will come to her help. She accordingly marries the stranger, who is called King Bluebeard; and her sister accompanies her to his castle. One day her husband goes away on a journey, leaving her his keys, but forbidding her for her life to open the door to which the little golden key belongs. For the first three days her sister keeps her from disobeying; but on the fourth the temptation is too strong: she opens the door, to find the chamber within full of the corpses of Bluebeard's former wives. The key falls into their blood; nor, however much she rub, can she clean the bloodstains off it. By them her husband on his return discovers her disobedience; and he orders her to prepare for death. Her sister bethinks her of the whistle and blows upon it thrice. Bluebeard growing impatient comes upstairs after his victim. Meantime the sister is watching for her brothers; and a dialogue takes place between the sisters as in Perrault's tale. At last the brothers arrive and burst into the house just as Bluebeard is breaking open the door of his wife's room. They slay him, seize his treasure and destroy the castle.

This version is at once seen to be practically identical with that of Perrault; and indeed Grimm expresses the opinion that it is derived from the French.† The centre of the story is the wife's disobedience,

* *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben*, Story No. 38, p. 134.

† *Kinder- und Haus- märchen*, vol. iii. p. 74. He also states that it admittedly represents a folk-song of Ulrich and Anne, where, however, there is no mention of the blue beard. In Grimm's first edition appeared a tale which he had collected, but being in doubt whether it also did not owe its origin to the French he afterwards omitted it. It differed from Perrault's version only in two particulars. Sister Anne was not introduced; and the heroine laid the key in hay, in accordance with an old superstition that hay will take out bloodstains. I cite Grimm's notes from the 3rd edition (in three vols.), Göttingen, 1856; the stories from the 7th edition, Berlin, 1880.

which in most of the tales of this type varies but slightly in its circumstances. A few differences may, however, be noted. In the Swabian story the heroine's sister plays a part, in endeavouring to dissuade her from opening the Forbidden Chamber, which is not very usual in fairy-tales. Generally the heroine's sisters lead her into mischief, as for example in stories of the Cupid and Psyche group; and in at least one version of the tale we are now considering a sister plays the same unlucky part and slinks away when the disobedience is discovered.* But the faithful sister who advises obedience represents the friends who in Perrault's tale by their presence retard the gratification of the heroine's curiosity. In the Tuscan story of "The Three Cauliflowers" † a little lap-dog appears and protests against the opening of the closet which contains the dead wives; but the heroine's two sisters, who preceded her in the economy of the Mago's household, if not in his affections, having come to grief through disregarding these protests, the heroine is applauded for putting the dog to death to prevent his telling tales of her. In another Tuscan tale ‡ the monster distinctly threatens that the bitch, which is the only servant in his castle, will tell him if his wife disobey. The heroine in the Icelandic story of "A Giant Tricked," § seeking for a certain little dog, finds him lying before the door of a room which the giant forbids her to enter; but in this case the dog himself offers no opposition.

The contents of the chamber are usually, as in the typical tale, the monster's previous wives. They are not always dead; ‖ sometimes only their heads are found; ¶ sometimes bodies whose sex is unrecorded; ** a prince is occasionally discovered in rather a sad plight; ††

* Kreutzwald, *Ehstnische Märchen*, Story No. 20, p. 273.

† *Tuscan Fairy Tales*, p. 63.

‡ Imbriani, *La Novellaja Fiorentina*, Story No. 23, p. 290.

§ Powell and Magnusson, *Icelandic Legends*, 2nd series, p. 498.

‖ *Ibid.;* Imbriani, *op. cit.* Story No. 1, p. 7; Webster, *Basque Legends*, p. 173.

¶ Kreutzwald, *Ehstnische Märchen, loc. cit.*

** Grimm, *op. cit.* Story No. 46, p. 177; Webster, *loc. cit.*; *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. p. 152.

†† Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen*, &c. M. No. 12, p. 93; Imbriani, *loc. cit.;* Webster, *loc. cit.*

and in one group of tales, where the heroine weds the Devil, the door closes the entrance to hell.* In the Greek story of "The Trimmatos,"† the wife entering the Forbidden Chamber looks through its window, and for the first time beholds her husband in his true character of a ghoul of monstrous form. But accompanying the dead bodies the heroine occasionally finds the elixir which is capable of restoring them to life.‡ This incident, however, is more common to stories belonging to the next type; nor, when the elixir is found, does the heroine always make use of it. Possibly we may in such cases presume an incompleteness in the version of the story which has come down to us. One instance of this incompleteness is that of "The Three Cauliflowers" cited above, a tale that is marked by other and considerable variations from the type.

In Perrault's tale, which I take as the type, the heroine's disobedience is discovered by a mark of blood upon the key. Sometimes the key is replaced by an egg or a ball § which the monster gives the heroine, with injunctions not to put it down, or (where he is identified with the Devil) by a rose he places in her bosom or hair, which is withered by the hot blast from within the door of hell.‖ In these cases the heroine usually escapes detection by carefully putting the test-gift aside before opening the door. In the Portuguese Story of a Turner, ¶ the heroine has her reward for venturing to bring her less fortunate sisters back to life in the directions they give for wiping the key quite clean. The same function is performed in one of Campbell's Gaelic stories ** by a cat who is disenchanted and changed into a

* Schneller, *Märchen, &c. aus Wälschtirol*, Story No. 31, p. 86; Story No. 32, p. 88, p. 187; Busk, *Household Stories from the Land of Hofer*, p. 278; Bernoni, *Fiabe Popolari Veneziane*, Story No. 3, p. 16; Visentini, *Fiabe Mantovane*, p. 181.

† Legrand, *Contes Populaires Grecs*, p. 115.

‡ *Tuscan Fairy Tales, loc. cit.; Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. p. 152; Asbjörnsen and Moe, given by Thorpe, *Yule Tide Stories*, p. 288.

§ Imbriani, *op. cit.* Story No. 1, p. 7; Grimm, *loc. cit.*

‖ Bernoni, Busk, Schneller, Visentini, *loc. cit.* In Imbriani, *op. cit.* p. 290, a nosegay is given, though the monster is not identified with the Devil, but the heroine escapes before he has a chance to test her disobedience.

¶ *Folk-Lore Record, loc. cit.*

** *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. p. 274, a variant of Story No. 41.

woman on drinking some milk given her by the heroine; but here it is the heroine's foot that is soiled with blood. In another story of the same series the cat offers to cleanse her foot for a drop of milk, and afterwards gives instructions to restore her sisters to life by means of the magic club.*

Thus it happens in some of the stories that the heroine is not found out at all. This is usually so where she is the youngest of three or more sisters who have been less lucky. When she is found out, the means are not always the same. In the Basque tale of "The Cobbler and his Three Daughters," † for example, the disobedience of the two elder sisters alone is discovered, and this seems to occur rather by their own confession than by any suspicious appearances on the key which they have successively dropped on the ground. In "The Trimmatos" the ghoul has the power of assuming various forms, and he deceives the heroine into admitting her guilt by taking the shape of her nurse. I have already referred to the part played by a little dog in two Tuscan tales, in which it appears as a spy, though in both these cases we are justified in supposing that the magician learns the sorry fact independently of the tell-tale beast.

The next point to be considered is the heroine's deliverance. In the type her deliverance is effected entirely by extraneous aid; and in this important respect the type differs from most of the variants which it has been my fortune to meet with. A few, however, are in accord with Perrault's tale on this point. In the Esthonian tale of "The Wife-Murderer," already referred to, ‡ the heroine is warned against her suitor by a gooseherd, who gets leave to accompany her to her husband's castle, and after the catastrophe strikes down the husband as he is about to chop off her head, brings him to justice, and marries her after his death. In one of the Tirolese stories given by Miss Busk, § in which the heroine marries the Devil, she sends a note by two carrier-pigeons to her father, praying to be released. The task is undertaken by a former rejected lover, and accomplished with the aid of his three servants, the man of keenest sight, the man of keenest

* *Tales of the West Highlands*, Story No. 41, p. 265.

† Webster, *loc. cit.* ‡ Kreutzwald, *loc. cit.*

§ *Household Stories from the Land of Hofer*, *loc. cit.*

hearing, and the man of greatest strength, while the Devil sleeps unconscious even of her disobedience. In another, given by Schneller from the Italian Tirol, * a dove comes to her window from her home; by it she sends a message back to her father, who rescues her with the help of the three servants just mentioned, and a fourth, who can glide so softly that his sharp-eared comrade cannot hear him. †

In Grimm's tale of Fitcher's Bird, ‡ the heroine finds in the Forbidden Chamber her sisters' bodies hacked in pieces, and, having managed to evade the test of her disobedience (the egg stained with blood), puts the scattered fragments together and so brings her sisters back to life. The sorcerer, deceived into a belief of her obedience, promises to marry her. He has now (like persons of flesh and blood who have been entrapped into a similar promise) no more power over her, but must do what she desires. She tricks him into carrying her two sisters home in a basket. Fear of her and belief that she can see him all the way prevent him from discovering what is inside the basket, though he tries several times. On his return she detains him to hold a dialogue with her as she stands disguised in feathers until help arrives, when, the sorcerer and his friends being all in the house, her brothers and kinsmen set fire to it and burn them all. This tale, as regards its termination, holds an intermediate position between those already mentioned in which the heroine is rescued by others, and the far larger class where her own wit is the chief agent in her deliverance. The variants in which the heroine is the youngest of at least three sisters are very numerous ; and in these cases the

* Schneller, *loc. cit.*

† Pitrè (*Fiabe Novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani*, vol. i. Story No. 21, p. 191) gives an allied story in which the bridegroom compels his bride to take a number of dead bodies, one by one, out of a certain room and arrange them erect. Worn out by this labour, she bethinks her of a magic gift bestowed on her by her aunt. She opens the vessel containing it and utters her wish to return home. A dove flies out and bids her write to her father. The dove carries the letter. She is rescued by a seventh son. The husband afterwards makes the attempt at revenge, discussed later on under the Dead Hand type. In a variant the messenger is a swallow, and the monster is a dragon with a long tail, out of whose folds the heroine is delivered. This is analogous to the sleeping Devil of the text.

‡ Grimm. Story already cited.

conclusion is somewhat similar to Fitcher's Bird, but without the avenging kinsmen. One mentioned in Grimm's notes gives the captors as three dwarfs ; and there the heroine, when she has sent them home with her sisters, dresses up a clout in her clothes, disguises herself by rolling in blood and feathers, and when the dwarfs find out the trick flies home before them, but slamming the door behind her cuts off her heel. In one of Arnason's Icelandic legends, cited before, the heroine escapes disguised with soot and ashes and riding on a poker witch-fashion. She meets the giant, her captor, and his friends, coming to the wedding feast and holds a dialogue with them, but they fail to recognise her. Have we here a relic of an earlier form of the Fitcher's Bird-story, in which the heroine may have been changed into a bird in order to escape? The doves in the two Tirolese tales referred to above point perhaps to this. It is obvious to remark that the story doubtless originated long before the art of writing was invented. Nor can we fail to be reminded of the flight of Odin in eagle guise from Suptung's hall, and of that of Loki in hawk-plumage with Idwyn from the giant Thiazzi. These incidents of course do not belong to the myth we are now considering ; but they show the idea of the transformation to have been familiar in a certain stage of civilisation. The conjecture receives confirmation from a North American Indian story detailed later on, where the heroine actually becomes a sheldrake duck.

This mode of escape is, however, an unusual one. The heroine is generally carried home by the ogre in the same way as her sisters, a doll in most cases being made up and placed in her bed to deceive him when he fetches the chest that really contains her. In this way the Devil is deceived in a Mantuan story given by Visentini,* and in a Venetian story given by Bernoni.† The heroine in Cuelho's Portuguese tale cited above persuades the Moor to take three successive barrels of sugar to her father, which really inclose her two sisters and herself; and she dresses up a straw figure with her own clothes and places it on the watch-tower, thus deceiving the Moor, who believes it to be herself. So in Fitcher's Bird and the variant

* *Fiabe Mantovane, loc. cit.* † *Fiabe Popolari Veneziane, loc. cit.*

above referred to the heroine deceives her captor by a skull or a dressed-up clout; and in the Icelandic story a tree-trunk, disguised in her wedding clothes, is left by the poker-riding lady. Schneller, also, refers to a Tirolese tale * in which the heroine places a straw figure at the well, as if she were there washing, and the deluded Devil carries her home in the chest.

In some cases, however, the episode of the doll is absent. Of these a Tirolese variant given in substantially similar terms by Schneller and Miss Busk † approaches most nearly to the terminal type we have just been discussing. In the Gaelic story of "The Widow and her Daughters," ‡ referred to above, the cat who is so useful in cleaning the blood off the heroine's foot counsels her as to restoring her sisters to life, and getting the horse, her captor, to take them and herself successively home. When the horse on returning the third time finds he has been deceived, and rushes back to the heroine's mother's house, the heroine, previously instructed by the omniscient cat, strikes off his head. He is thereby freed from his enchantment, and, being restored to his former condition as a king's son, he marries his deliverer. The other version given by Campbell § does not treat the horse so well. When the heroine chops off his head there is an end of him; but she returns to his castle and enjoys his wealth in company with the cat, who turns out to be no cat but a king's daughter. In this tale the heroine herself slays the ogre; nor is it a singular example. In the Basque variant she manages to drop the keys as she gives them back to him, and while he stoops to pick them up she cuts off his head with a sabre she has found in the Forbidden Chamber. In another, ‖ Blue Beard has assumed the character of Punchkin. The test of disobedience here is that one of three golden balls given by the ogre to his victim is dropped by accident into a certain cupboard in the Forbidden Chamber and thus becomes defiled. The heroine, before disobeying, puts the balls care-

* *Op. cit.* p. 187.

† Schneller, *op. cit.* Story No. 32, p. 88. Busk, *op. cit.* p. 290.

‡ *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. Story No. 41, p. 265.

§ *Ibid.* p. 274.

‖ Imbriani, *op. cit.* Story No. 1, p. 7.

fully aside, and so deceives the monster, who accordingly trusts her with the knowledge that he cannot be put to death because his soul is in a certain egg. She persuades him to bring her the egg, and striking it out of his hands, it is broken, and he dies. In a third story,* the heroine flies with a king's son, whom she has liberated, and flings in the face of the pursuing ogre the medicine that slays, which, with the medicine that revives, she has stolen from the Forbidden Cupboard.

The flight of the heroine, either alone or in company with a prince whom she rescues from the monster's power, though, as we have seen, not unknown to stories of this type, is not so common as in the next class we shall consider. In the Norse tale of "The Three Sisters who were entrapped into a Mountain,"† she dresses up a straw figure in her own clothes, and steals home in the troll's absence. The latter, discovering her fraud, pursues her, and, unable to get back to his cavern before dawn, succumbs to the usual fate of trolls by bursting when the sun rises. In this case, although the fugitive lady is not the direct agent of her gaoler's death, the mythical meaning is doubtless the same. More frequently, however, he is simply foiled, as in the Swabian *märchen* of "The Hunter and the Miller's Daughters,"‡ where the heroine escapes his search hidden beneath the fodder-sacks in a carrier's cart which she has overtaken on the way; or as in "The Trimmatos,"§ where she is hidden in a bale of cotton, pierced in vain by the suspicious ghoul's sword. Sometimes he succeeds in flinging after the damsel and her lover a curse which separates them and long retards their happiness.|| This incident occurs only in one of the stories I have examined. It belongs more properly to the Jasonian cycle; and perhaps is nothing more than a merely accidental confusion of two stories caused by the forgetfulness of a solitary story-teller.¶

* *Archivio*, vol. iii. p. 368. † Thorpe, *loc. cit.*

‡ Birlinger, *Volksthümliches aus Schwaben*, vol. i. No. 593, p. 369.

§ Legrand, *loc. cit.*

|| Finamore, *Tradizioni Popolari Abruzzesi*, vol. i. Story No. 12, p. 55.

¶ This can only be determined by a fuller comparison. Other stories of this type point to a connection with the Jason stories—for example, that of Petrosina cited above from the *Archivio*, where the heroine has to let down her hair for the monster to ascend by into his castle.

Another termination of the flight in which the monster plans deliberate revenge I shall treat more fully hereafter.

Before leaving the type that we have been examining, it may be well just to glance at the mode in which the heroine gets into the evil being's power. In the typical story, as in many of the variants, it is a case of proposal by a stranger, and marriage. Where, as often happens, three or more sisters are taken, the stranger either marries them successively (usually under different disguises), or fetches the younger ones to be companions to the eldest, his wife. In Fitcher's Bird the heroine and her sisters are stolen by a sorcerer who lives in a gloomy wood. Sometimes the maiden is caught in the ogre's garden stealing, * or her mother is so caught and gives her daughter (even an unborn daughter) as the price of her own life. † Sometimes the maiden's father incurs the vengeance of the monster by cutting down a tree. ‡ Sometimes she is bought for money. § In one of Grimm's tales already cited three dwarfs mislead the heroine to their cavern : in Asbjörnsen's tale three sisters, successively going out to look for a missing hen, hear a voice in the mountain side, and, approaching, fall through a trapdoor into a troll's subterranean dwelling. Three sisters, in Campbell's story, are caught one after another in their own kailyard by an enchanted grey horse by magical power, and dragged to his dwelling in a hill which opens at the utterance of certain words. Disobedience to parents yields an awful example in one of Miss Busk's Tirolese variants. From Iceland we have a version, ‖ the heroine of which is a kind of Cinderella. Her two elder sisters are successively wooed and won by a man who, on the way home, changes into a three-headed giant, and asks his wife whether he shall carry or drag her. In their pride they both choose the former, and are made to sit on one of his heads and thus carried in state to his cave. There, however, their pride has a fall : their husband thrusts them into an underground cellar with their hands tied behind them, and locks them up. The youngest sister, in her

* Imbriani, *loc. cit.*

† *Archivio*, Finamore, *loc. cit.*

‡ *Folk-Lore Record*, *loc. cit.*

§ Webster, *loc. cit.*

‖ Powell and Magnusson, *loc. cit.*

turn wooed and taken away, chooses more humbly to be dragged, and is made the giant's housekeeper.

Probably none of these variations in the mode in which the ogre acquires possession of the heroine are important ; but their variety lends emphasis to the idea of a combination of cleverness and malignity which go to make up the character of Bluebeard, but which are ultimately defeated by the greater cleverness of the lady. In Perrault's version the lady's cleverness has disappeared, leaving as its only relic the constant excuses and delays wherewith she puts off her husband's vengeance until her brothers are able to rescue her. Few, however, of the variants which I have examined concur in this apparent simplification of the story. Another detail which has dropped out of the typical story, as well as some others, is the gloom of forest and cavern amid which the ogre dwells, and which harmonises fitly with his character. This gloom seems an essential part of the myth lying at the root of the tale : it is the gloom of cloud, of night, of winter, the outward and visible sign and vesture of the fiend who inhabits it.

II.

Another type of the story, which I venture to dub "The Dead Hand" type, seems common amongst the Romance and Sclavonic peoples; but I have not yet met with it in the folk-lore of any Teutonic race. In this type the disobedience consists in failing to eat a portion of human flesh (usually a hand) before the demon's return. When he comes in, he inquires of the captive if she have obeyed, and tests her asseverations by calling to the unlucky limb, which invariably answers him wherever it may have been hidden. The heroine succeeds in deceiving the monster; and, believing in her fidelity, he, in the typical tale (given by Nerucci from the neighbourhood of Pistoja *), delivers her his keys, by which she obtains access to his treasures. and to the ointment that heals wounds and brings the dead to life. She finds her sisters, who have been beaten and cast half dead into a dark room. Having healed them, she sends the ogre home with them successively in chests, and subsequently escapes herself in the

* Nerucci, *Sessanta Novelle Popolari Montalesi*, Story No. 49, p. 406.

same way, playing the doll-trick to prevent discovery. In this tale there is no express prohibition to enter the Corpse Chamber; nor is there generally in tales of this type. But it occurs occasionally, as in the Sicilian story of "Ohimé," * and the Greek one of "The Devil and the Fisherman's Daughter." † In the latter the heroine finds the Devil's previous wives petrified in the Forbidden Room, and restores them with the Water of Life, which is the last thing we should expect the Devil to keep a stock of. The Devil's non-theological and purely mythic character is, however, abundantly evident throughout this story, the commencement of which shows traces of the epic imagination of ancient Greece. A fisherman draws up in his net a large iron key, which Belzebub, appearing, claims, but directs him to take it, and return on Thursday to the shore, where he will then see a door before him; this he is to open, enter, and seek for the Devil. The man obeys his directions; and the description, unhappily too long to quote, of the entrance of Hell and the personification of Time, who sits within the gateway, are not without power. Belzebub inquires whether he has any daughters, begs for one of them, and loads him with treasure. The fisherman, dazzled with his kindness, sells him his three daughters, one after the other, without any compunction. Ohimé, the ogre of the Sicilian variant, is a mysterious being, who appears to a poor man gathering sticks, in response to a cry of weariness in which he has unwittingly uttered the monster's name. He demands the eldest of the wood-gatherer's three granddaughters to wait upon his wife. The poor man complies with this request, and the girl is taken into the monster's rock-dwelling, where he shows her his treasures, tells her she is mistress there, and will be his wife if she obey him; and, to enforce his claim to obedience, he exhibits the Corpse Chamber and the direful warnings it contains. The Forbidden Chamber, which is here distinct from the Corpse Chamber, and opened by the youngest of the three sisters, after she has (by the advice of her dead mother, on whom she calls) succeeded in causing the giant to believe that she has eaten the horrible

* L. Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, Story No. 23, vol. i. p. 139.

† B. Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen, Sagen, und Volkslieder*, Märchen No. 24, p. 122.

food he has left for her, incloses only a murdered prince who is left there with the dagger in his heart. She restores him to life with her master's ointment, and flies with him after she has put Ohimé into a magical sleep.

In these stories the ogre is Pluto, the lord at once of riches and of death, possessing, too, and jealously guarding, the means of revival which he himself never uses. It is reserved for the heroine—the cleverest, brightest, best of all his unfortunate victims—by her beneficent prying to find and bring back to life these dead ones, and to steal from him his treasures. At this point the tale of "Bluebeard" unites with that of "The Forty Robbers"; for, when the heroine has fled with his hoard and all his captives, the monster cannot rest without revenge. Ohimé, awaking, vows vengeance on his deceiver. A hollow statue is made for him of silver, in which he hides, taking with him instruments of music. He causes it to be offered for hire as a musical statue of St. Nicholas, until the heroine, who is of course wedded to the prince she has rescued, persuades her husband to hire it for her, and to place it in her bedroom. This is what Ohimé desires. He comes out by night from his hiding-place, and, having laid a spell of sleep upon all the inhabitants of the palace except the heroine, proceeds to the kitchen, where he boils a cauldron full of oil, with intent to pitch her into it. In the struggle, however, for that purpose, the spell is broken, and Ohimé himself suffers the punishment he had prepared for her. The same series of events is the sequel to another Sicilian story of "The Dead Hand" type, entitled "The Slave,"* and, with some variation, to an Arabic story in Spitta Bey's collection.† It also occurs in some tales of the "Bluebeard" type proper;‡ but it is the usual termination to those of a group closely allied to "The Dead Hand" type, in which the heroine marries a stranger, who takes her to his palace in the depths of the forest, where he is dis-

* Pitré, *Bibliotheca*, vol. iv. Story No. 19, p. 175. "A Slave" is explained by M. Mattia Di Martino, another Sicilian folk-lore student, to mean a dark or black-haired man—"*uomo di pel bruno.*"—*Archivio*, vol. iv. p. 98.

† G. Spitta Bey, *Contes Arabes Modernes*, Story No. 5, p. 61.

‡ *Tuscan Fairy Tales*, Story No. 7, p. 63. Imbriani, *op. cit.* Story No. 23, p. 290. Legrand, *op. cit.* p. 115.

covered to be the head of a band of robbers. In three of these stories, told in Italy, the command laid upon the heroine is to be always on the alert to let the robbers in the moment they knock at the door. They keep a mortuary chamber and healing ointment, and at length she finds and heals the king's son, whom they have wounded and left for dead, and flees with him. In a Sicilian variant * the direction to be on the alert for the robbers' return is not expressed, though it is to be inferred. They give the maiden, whom they have bought from her mother, the keys of all the chambers but one. She finds the remaining key, opens the door, and falls dead on the threshold. The robbers, coming home, call out to her. Finding she does not reply they conclude, and rightly, that she has opened the Forbidden Chamber. They fetch the next sister, on pretence that the first wants her company, and afterwards, consecutively, all the other sisters on a similar plea. But the youngest (for no apparent reason) is not so unfortunate as her sisters. She opens the chamber safely, and in it finds a king's son still living. As the price of deliverance, she exacts from him a promise of marriage. The robbers, finding her still living when they return, trust her, and confide to her the secret of the healing ointment, of which, though she is inquisitive about it, she makes no use. Afterwards, in their absence, she disguises herself as a ragseller, puts the king's son into a sack stuffed with cotton, and the sack on an ass, and drives it off. She meets the robbers on the way; but they, having tried the sack with a poniard, and found nothing to corroborate their suspicions, let the lovers go. The latter reach the palace, and are in due course married. Then follows the robbers' attempted revenge. They gain access to the palace by corrupting the porter's wife, whom they induce to put an enchanted note, which causes sleep, under the heroine's husband's pillow; and it may be noted, as an indication of the rustic story-teller, that the palace porter is a cobbler, who keeps his stall in the gateway, as in some alley in the streets of an Italian town. In this instance, the hollow statue, or case, which usually secretes the assassin, is wanting, as it is likewise in a Swabian tale, given by Meier,† where the robbers

* Pitré, vol. iv. Story No. 21, p. 201.

† Meier, *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben,* Story No. 63, p. 224.

endeavour to make their way into the heroine's home by force, but are caught, and brought to justice. In the Swabian tale there is a distinct prohibition to open the Forbidden Chamber, and an egg is given to the heroine, with an injunction not to put it out of her hand. She eludes the test by laying it in a basket before gratifying her curiosity. Having forged a letter from her father, sending for her on account of his illness, she persuades the robber chief to take her home, and carries her sisters' heads secretly with her. Once at home, she denounces the robber chief, and he is tried, condemned, and executed. The judge, anxious to secure the rest of the band, requests her to guide the officers to the robbers' fastness. She loses them in the wood, and is caught by the robbers; but, while they are gathering wood and resin to burn her to death, the chief's mother, taking pity on her, releases her from the tree to which they have bound her. She overtakes a carter, whose waggon is laden with barrel-hoops, but he refuses to help her. She fares no better with a second, who is carrying barrels; but the third hides her beneath the undermost of a load of water-troughs. The robbers pursue, and all but discover her. It is needless to add that, after they are put to death, the story ends with her marriage to the beneficent carter.

The episode of the three carters seems an amplification of the meeting with the robbers in the Sicilian tale. It is found in several tales under slightly varying forms, and is apparently based on the same idea as that which represents the ogre as unwittingly carrying the heroine home in a chest supposed to contain dirty clothes or food. A variant of the "Bluebeard" type, given by Legrand from Sakellarios' Cyprian collection,* relates it in the following way:—The heroine slips out of window to escape her husband, and overtakes a carter, who refuses her aid. She runs and comes up with a camel-driver, whose beast is laden with bales of cotton. He hides her in one of these; and her husband, though he pierces the bale with a red-hot spit, and wounds her foot, fails to find her. The camel-driver takes her to the palace, where she marries the king's son. The heroine of a corresponding Tuscan tale † causes herself to be nailed up in a

* Legrand, *loc. cit.*

† *Tuscan Fairy Tales*, *loc. cit.*

coffin, and thrown into the sea. The coffin comes to port at Paris (that city being on the sea coast), and is taken to the king, who, opening it, finds the heroine inside, and marries her. In another Tuscan story* the heroine and her lover escape from the robber chief's castle in a coal-seller's sacks. This tale unites, perhaps, more closely than any other I have met with, the characteristics of the "Bluebeard" and "Robber Chief" types. The ogre, Centomogli, is the head of a band of assassins. The heroine, and her two sisters before her, are forbidden to open a door unlocked by a golden key; and, in her case, a similar prohibition is added in respect of a silver key. She disobeys both. In the latter room she finds the king of Portugal's son. As in the last-mentioned story, a dog had been left with her as a spy: she destroys it, and flees with the prince. Her marriage follows, and, after it, the assassins' attempted revenge.

I will only mention one more story of this group before passing to quite a different presentation of the Forbidden Chamber. This variant is important, because it affords a striking example of the way in which folk-tales, like living organisms, change their forms, approximating now to one type, now to another. The heart of the story in question is the Forbidden Chamber, but the introduction has developed the incident with which the "Dead Hand" stories begin a little further in the direction of "Beauty and the Beast," while the after-part is connected through the chest episode with Katie Woodencloak, as well as with the myth of the fickle hero,—Jason, Herakles, or whatever else may be his name. For this reason, and for its native picturesqueness, I may be pardoned for giving it somewhat more at length than the previous instances I have referred to.

A certain king one day hunting pursues a hart, which enters a wood; and pressing hard after the noble beast, he finds himself at last in a garden, where he loses it. He opens a door and enters another garden in which the trees are of gold and the herbs of diamonds. Tempted by the beauty of a rose he plucks it, when a cord instantly leaps out and enwinding him holds him fast. He hears a noise, the earth trembles, and an enraged dragon stands before him,

* Imbriani, *op. cit.* No. 23, p. 290.

who sniffs him, and smelling royal blood spares him on condition of his giving him one of his three daughters to wife. The youngest consents, and the dragon, having wedded her, takes her to his palace, which is described with many details of great splendour,—"but there was always heard in that castle a distant, hollow groaning." He gives her the keys, forbidding her only to open one room. Once when the dragon has left her for three months, the heroine, hearing the groaning and tracing it to the Forbidden Chamber, is overcome by curiosity and opens the door. She finds within a deep chasm and a youth at the bottom, wounded and thrown there by the dragon. She releases him, heals his wounds, and instructs him on leaving to get a golden chest made, opening only from the inside, and to contrive that it shall be sold to her. She proposes to enter this before the dragon's return, anticipating that he will then believe he has lost her and will sell everything belonging to her, that he may have nothing to remind him of her; and she directs the youth (who it need hardly be said is a prince) to send and buy the chest back again in due time, warning him not to allow his mother to kiss him, otherwise he will forget her to whom he owes his deliverance. The prince, returning home, orders the chest; but in the night, while he sleeps, his mother comes and kisses him. The inevitable result follows: he forgets the heroine and all that relates to her. Consequently, when the goldsmith brings him the chest he repudiates the order; and the goldsmith causes the chest to be sold publicly. The heroine buys it and carries out her intention of entering it. As she had foreseen, the dragon, believing himself deserted, sells his wife's goods; and the chest is ultimately bought by the prince and placed in his room. In his absence the heroine steals his food twice; on the third occasion he watches and catches her. It all flashes back upon his memory now, and his love and gratitude revive. He keeps the heroine in concealment for a time; but compelled to go to the wars he gives strict orders to his mother not to move the chest, and also to place food everyday in his room. Previous to this he has been betrothed to his cousin, whose mother, hearing of his strange orders, becomes suspicious and begs the loan of the chest. She obtains it, and commands it to be cast into the fire. But the heroine from within overhears this direction,

and flies out in the form of a bird. The prince's aunt sends back the chest, and it is replaced. The prince, however, on his return finds it open, and falls into great distress. One day, as he sits at his window mourning his loss, a rushing of wings and a strange light fill the room ; the heroine, in the form of a bird, flies in, and to his joy resumes her proper form. He marries her, and declares war upon his aunt, whom he conquers and beheads.*

III.

Turning away for the present from Bluebeard and his ghastly mortuary, let us look at another story of the Forbidden Chamber. We shall find its type in Grimm's tale of "Mary's Child." Here the Virgin appears to a woodman in the forest and offers to take his only daughter, for whom he can scarcely find food. The offer is accepted, and the child is taken to heaven, where she grows up under the care of her august benefactress. One day the Virgin hands her her keys, thirteen in number, and, saying she is going away on a journey, gives the heroine leave to open all the doors but one. The luckless girl opens the forbidden door, and sees within "the Trinity sitting in fire and sheen." She presumes to touch the sheen with her finger, which is gilded with the touch. The Virgin Mary returning takes the keys and inquires whether the heroine has disobeyed her. Denying it, she is expelled from heaven and stricken dumb. In the midst of a wilderness from which she cannot escape, she is found by a king while hunting. He takes her home, weds her, and in due course she gives birth to a child. Her benefactress now reappears in the silence of the night, and offers to restore the heroine's speech if she will at length confess. On her refusal, the Virgin disappears, taking the child with her. The people murmur that the heroine is an ogress and has eaten her child. On the birth of a second child the Virgin repeats her offer, with the like sequel. When a third child is born the heroine is taken up to heaven, where she is shown her two former children growing up as she herself had done with the angels, and she

* Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen, Sagen, und Volkslieder. Märchen* No. 12, p. 93.

is told they will be restored to her if she will now admit her guilt. Again she refuses, and the third child is taken away. The people clamour so loudly that the king gives the heroine up to justice, and she is condemned to be burnt. The fire is lighted, but at the stake she cries out to the Virgin, confessing her guilt. Rain at once falls, putting the fire out; and her forgiving patroness reappears to vindicate her, bringing back her children. *

In this pretty story the deceitful and remorseless monster, whose wiles have entrapped and whose cunning all but destroys the heroine, is replaced by a goddess of a character entirely beneficent. The punishment she inflicts, not so much for the abuse of her confidence as for the sin of denial, though severe, is not unmerited; and the heroine is forgiven the moment her obstinacy is overcome, her guilt admitted. An analogous Lithuanian tale † follows Grimm's very closely. The Virgin, however, there in the form of an old woman, rescues the heroine from her father, who, in despair at his wife's bringing forth nothing but daughters, is about to fling the latest-born into a lake. The awful sight in the Forbidden Chamber is the Lord Jesus hanging on the cross; and the heroine betrays herself by touching with her finger the blood flowing from his wounds and smearing it on her lips. A variant of Mary's Child given by Grimm in his notes ‡ is not quite so close to the type. A poor man, who can scarcely feed his children, meets in the forest a beautiful maiden, clad in black, driving a black carriage drawn by black horses. This weird personage offers him a sack of money in exchange for that which is hidden in his house—namely, his unborn daughter. He accepts the offer, and at the age of twelve his daughter is fetched away by the maiden to a black castle. All is splendid within, but the heroine is forbidden to enter one chamber. After resisting the temptation for four years her curiosity prevails. Within the chamber there is no more terrible sight than four swarthy maidens engaged in reading. Her foster-mother comes out and gives her the choice of losing, by

* Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, Story No. 3, p. 7.

† Leskien & Brugman, *Litanische Volkslieder und Märchen*, M. No. 44 (German version), p. 498.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 7.

way of punishment, whatever she prefers. The heroine chooses to lose her speech, and the Black Maiden striking her on the mouth expels her from the castle. The rest follows the principal story, except that the heroine's mother-in-law, and not the Black Maiden herself, makes away with the children, which she does by flinging them into the water and sprinkling her daughter-in-law with blood, so as to throw upon her the imputation which brought Mary's Child, as we have seen, and ultimately the heroine of the variant we are now considering, to the stake. She also, however, is saved from death by the appearance of her foster-mother in the black carriage to restore her speech and enable her to explain the circumstantial evidence which looks so bad. The three other maidens bring back her children, whom they have rescued from the water; and the wicked mother-in-law is punished by a cruel death.

There are two other stories of this type which deserve notice for the difference of the *dénouement*. The heroine is preserved from disgrace in the one, and both disgrace and death in the other, not by confession but by persistence in denial in spite of all temptations to admit her guilt. Her protectress in one of these stories (a Bohemian tale),* is her godmother, who has appeared in the shape of an old woman to her poverty-stricken father, and accepted the office of sponsor when all else had refused. In the Forbidden Chamber she finds a bier and a skeleton nodding its head at her in grim mockery, while all around the room is hung with deadly black. In this version too, the heroine, denying her disobedience, is stricken with dumbness and turned out into a dark wood. A prince, who has thrice dreamt that he has shot a beautiful hind, going to hunt, finds in the abandoned maiden a fairer prey than he had dreamt of. Her marriage and the births and disappearance of her three children follow; and she is at last rescued from the stake (to which she had been condemned as the punishment of witchcraft) by her godmother's advent in a golden chariot. This mysterious lady brings back the children and declares that the heroine's constancy has delivered her from an enchantment. The other story comes from Pisa.† In it the heroine is bought for money

* Waldau, *Böhmisches Märchen*, p. 600.

† Comparetti, *Novelline Popolari Italiane*, vol. i. Story No. 38, p. 156.

from her father by a lady who meets him in a wood. The heroine sees in the Forbidden Chamber only her mistress bathing, with two maidens near her reading a book. Her two sisters, whom her mistress had previously bought from her father, had been rash enough when taxed with their disobedience, at once to admit, and to repeat what they had been privileged to behold; and they had consequently suffered summary death at the hands of their outraged lady. Not so the heroine. Questioned as to what she has seen, she says "Nothing!" and stoutly persists in that denial. When driven out again from the lady's palace into the wood, she is found by a prince and married. After her second child has disappeared the prince resolves to put her away as insane and marry another. The clearer Italian sky has got rid of the shadows of witchcraft and ogrehood that overhang the German and Sclavonic tales. But the heroine is saved even from the milder suffering involved in repudiation and the imputation of madness, by the appearance of her former mistress. After having at this trying moment attempted and failed to extract an admission, she declares the heroine's innocence, restores her children, and adds that her persistence has redeemed her from a spell.

IV.

In all the foregoing tales the heroine, though guilty of curiosity and often deceit, is not treacherous, or if she is we readily pardon it, seeing the evil that has been practised upon her. In another group prevalent in the East she and the ogre have changed places. She is the faithless sister or mother whose curiosity leads to the discovery and release of the hero's mortal enemy, with whom she forms an intrigue and plots the hero's death. In the typical story, published in *Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends*,* two children, a boy and girl, are by the contrivance of their stepmother abandoned in a wood. The boy receives a cub each from a fox, a wolf, and a bear, in return for sparing their lives; and with his sister he takes possession of a certain palace. Opening a door in the palace he finds within a giant bound with three chains, who cries out for water. He bangs-to the door, which he afterwards forbids his sister to open. In his absence,

* P. 81.

however, she disobeys and satisfies the giant's thirst. The effect of the water is to release the monster from his bonds. The treacherous heroine plots with him to persuade her brother to leave his three animals at home the next time he goes hunting; and on his leaving them the giant locks them up in the Forbidden Chamber and pursues the hero. He has almost fordone him when his beasts, hearing his voice singing a magic song that summons them to his aid, dash out of the chamber, rescue their master, and devour his persecutor.

Other versions of the story amplify it much, some bringing the heroine's treachery into even higher relief. In one * a brother is warned against his sister, and counselled to put her to death. Rather than do this he takes her to live with him in the desert, where he overcomes and puts to death a band of brigands, takes possession of their treasure, and brings his sister to dwell in their cave. She hears a voice, and opening a room in the cavern finds one of the brigands, a negro, not dead. The faithless girl heals his wounds, becomes his paramour, and by his advice sends her brother for the grapes of Paradise, and afterwards for the Water of Life to cure her feigned illness. When he returns successful the negro cuts off his head and hews him in pieces, which he puts in a sack, loads an ass with it, and drives the animal away. Two faithful lion cubs, however, bring the ass to the hero's wife, a princess whom he has in the meantime healed and married; and she with the Water of Life restores him. This is an Arab story. Some Sclavonic tales present nearly the same series of incidents, without the Forbidden Chamber. The faithless sister's paramour is a revived brigand who presents himself in some other way; and the faithful animals are enchanted men.† Another tale, also Sclavonic, ‡ presents the perfidious heroine as the hero's mother. It elaborates the incidents at greater length; but its chief point of interest is its approximation of the central scene to that of the type we shall next consider. The palace of which the hero and his mother take possession has been a habitation of dragons, all of which the hero at first supposes himself to have killed. There is, however, one

* Spitta Bey, *Contes Arabes Modernes*, No. 10, p. 123.

† Milenowsky, *Volksmärchen aus Böhmen*, p. 87. Waldau, *Böhmisches Märchenbuch*, p. 468. (These two appear to be the *same* story.)

‡ Wenzig, *Westslawischer Märchenschatz*, p. 144.

left, bound in a certain room by three iron rings to the wall. This room the hero warns his mother not to open. She disobeys, and the dragon asks for wine from a certain vat in the cellar. She brings it to him thrice, and his bonds fall off.

V.

We have now done for the present with female curiosity and disobedience. The remaining types disclose the same faults in the other sex. The first group may be called by the name of the typical story of Marya Morevna, the daughter of the Sea. This is given by Ralston * from Afanasief; and its outline is as follows. In accordance with his dying parents' commands, Prince Ivan gives his three sisters in marriage to the first comers,—the eldest to a Falcon, who comes in thunder and changes into a brave youth, the second to an Eagle, and the youngest to a Raven, both of whom conduct their wooing on the same principles as the Falcon. After a year the prince sets out in search of his sisters. He finds a whole army lying dead on the plain, and learns that it has been destroyed by a certain Princess Marya Morevna. He meets with this redoubtable Amazon, and finds favour in her eyes. She marries him, but cannot settle down to domestic life. On the contrary, she sets out to war again, leaving him at home, and with instructions not to enter a certain closet. He promptly disobeys her, as was to be expected. Within hangs Koshchei the Deathless, bound by twelve chains. Koshchei asks for water, and the hero gives him successively three bucketfuls; whereupon he bursts his chains and flies away, carrying off the Princess Marya Morevna. The hero starts in pursuit, and comes to one after another of the palaces of his three sisters and their husbands, who vainly try to dissuade him. Though he will not listen to them, he leaves them magical tokens, his silver spoon, fork, and snuff-box. At length he finds his wife and runs off with her. But Koshchei overtakes the fugitives, and takes back the Princess, sparing Prince Ivan, however, for his kindness in giving him water. This occurs a second and a third time. The fourth time Koshchei kills him, chops him up, and puts the pieces into a barrel, which he flings into the sea. The hero's brothers-in-

* *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 85.

law, discovering by the aspect of his tokens that he is dead, fly to his aid, and, having procured the Water of Death and the Water of Life, revive him. He returns to his wife, whom he persuades to inquire of Koshchei whence he had got so good a steed. He tells her he got it from the Baba Yaga in return for watching her mares for three days without losing one. The heroine repeats this to Prince Ivan, and steals for him Koshchei's handkerchief, whose waving causes a bridge to spring up over the fiery river that has to be crossed. The prince sets out and crosses in safety the fiery river. Being hungry by the way, he threatens to eat, first, a chicken of a strange bird, then a bit of honeycomb, and lastly a lion-cub, but spares them,—the bird, the bees, and the lioness promising to reward him. With their assistance he watches the Baba Yaga's mares, and by a bee's directions steals a certain sorry-looking colt and rides off on it. The Baba Yaga, pursuing, is deceived by the hero, and precipitated into the fiery river. Prince Ivan steals the heroine. Koshchei pursues, but the hero with the help of a kick from his steed puts an end to him.

In this type the simple story of Bluebeard has assumed epic proportions; but so far as I know it is a type entirely peculiar to the Sclavonic race, and the variations are consequently not very great. Koshchei the Deathless is the Sclavonic Punchkin; nor do I quite understand how in the tale just cited he comes to so ordinary an end. Steelpasha,* who is Koshchei's analogue among the Southern Slaves, is unconquerable until the heroine has wormed out the secret of his life from him. Some remnant of the Delilah episode is, however, left in the typical story and in some others of the group, since it is necessary to ascertain from Koshchei himself where he got his swift steed. In others the hero learns this secret from a fox he has forborne to shoot,† from one of his brothers-in-law,‡ or even from his own steed,§ who, and the witch's sorry colt, are in this case both the enchanted brothers of the heroine.

In the tale of Steelpasha the hero is the youngest of three sons, and the only one of the three who is willing to perform his dead

* Krausz, *Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven*, No. 34, p. 143.

† *Ibid*, No. 88, p. 97.

‡ Waldau, p. 448.

§ Wenzig, p. 69.

father's commands as to the marriage of his sisters. After their marriages the brothers set out to seek them, and the youngest surpasses his brothers in the feats he performs, ultimately saving a king's daughter from death while she sleeps by killing a snake which is about to devour her. For this, when he chooses to confess, he is rewarded with her hand. The elder brothers then drop out of the story. The brothers-in-law will of course be recognized as the Animal Brothers-in-law of Von Hahn's classification, where their functions appear to be confounded with those of the Grateful Beasts. It is true that this is frequently the case; but these Sclavonic Forbidden Chamber stories seem to present a further evolution. The office of the hero's mysterious kinsmen here is to restore him to life, to give him good counsel, and even to fight the ravisher; but the Grateful Beasts themselves are brought in to perform the tasks which are the condition of his success. It may be noted, however, that, while their functions are thus differentiated, the Brothers-in-law and the Grateful Beasts do not usually both appear in the same story. The latter are absent from Steelpasha and the parallel Bohemian story of Sunking, Moonking and Windking,* as the former are from another sub-genus of this group.

The stories of this sub-genus substitute the Swan Maiden myth for that of the Animal Brothers-in-law as the motive of the hero's original wandering. A vila in the shape of a large bird robs a pear-tree by night.† The hero's two elder brothers watch in vain for the thief: to the hero alone she reveals herself—a maiden with shining hair. His mother cuts off the hair and the maiden disappears, cursing him not to rest ere he find her again. He sets out to seek her, and is directed to a fountain where she comes to bathe on Thursdays and Fridays. The old man who gives this information puts the hero into a magical sleep; but the vila awakens him, carries him off, and marries him. A variant narrated by Wenzig is somewhat more Oriental in some of its features.‡ A widow's son

* Waldau, *loc. cit.*

† Krausz, *Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven*, Story No. 88, p. 397. See also Story No. 81, p. 352.

‡ *Westslawischer Märchenschatz*, p. 69.

takes service with a monster-magician of kindly nature, who dwells in a forest. As a reward for fidelity the magician gives him gold and a dove, who is in fact an enchanted maiden capable of being restored to human form by plucking forth three golden feathers wherewith she is adorned. The magician directs him to hide these feathers where none shall know. The hero takes the dove-maiden home, weds her, and, like Aladdin, builds a palace, hiding in its walls, in a place only known to his mother, the three precious feathers. In his absence his mother decks the heroine with these feathers, with the effect of renewing her enchantment, and she flies away. Her husband has recourse to the magician, who takes pity on him and transports him to the heroine's palace, warning him not to set free her enemy. He finds her there and renews his union with her. It is, however, imperfect; for she has to pass some hours of every day as a dove. One day, while she is undergoing this necessity, the hero opens the Forbidden Chamber, and finds within a dragon with three heads each hung on a hook. Three glasses of the Water of Life give the dragon power to burst forth and carry off the heroine in her dove-form. The steed on which the hero pursues is his wife's brother, who also is enchanted. He is enabled to steal her (still as a dove) twice from the dragon; but the latter twice recovers her. By his horse's advice he then procures, through the help of a raven, the Water of Growth and the Water of Life. But a better steed must be obtained to achieve the adventure; and this is no less than another brother of the heroine held captive by a monster named Yezibaba on the other side, not of a fiery river, but of the Red Sea. Here the heroine's brothers take the place of the Animal Brothers-in-law, and the Grateful Beasts appear to assist the hero in obtaining the second enchanted horse.

VI.

But that which gives the greatest interest to the foregoing tale is that it forms a link between the Marya Morevna type and another we may call The Teacher and his Scholar type. This relates to the adventures of a youth who falls under the power of a magician whom he

learns to excel in cunning and ultimately to outwit, or whom he robs of a magical steed. Two stories, not falling categorically under either of these alternatives, but apparently in process of development each to one of them, are given in Arnason's collection of Icelandic legends. In the one * a king's son, a prodigal, who has sold his kingdom for a horse laden with gold and silver, rides forth in search of adventures. With his treasure he pays the debt of a dead man—by that sacrifice gaining him rest—and then comes to the dwelling of seven giants during their absence. Setting their house in order, he wins their protection, and is allowed to remain as their servant. The big giant gives him all the keys except one. By a trick he gets possession of this key, takes a mould of it in dough, and forges a duplicate, with which he opens the Forbidden Chamber. He there finds a princess hung up by the hair for refusing to marry the big giant, who had stolen her from her home. In the end he gets as his wages the contents of the Forbidden Chamber, namely, the maiden, and with her leaves the giants, when they pursue the hero and heroine, overcome, and kill them. At the seaside the hero finds a ship sent by the heroine's father. They go aboard; but the captain, that he may obtain the heroine's hand as her deliverer, puts the hero into an oarless, rudderless boat, and cuts him adrift. The dead man whose debt the hero has paid conducts the boat to shore, and instructs him to take service as groom with the princess's father. The heroine of course recognises and marries him, and the sea-captain is put to death. The other story † is also of a king's son who falls into a giant's power. The giant shews him all his stores, except what are in the kitchen. In the giant's absence he opens the kitchen and finds therein an enormous dog, who says to him, "Choose me, Hringr, king's son!" In obedience to this advice the hero chooses and gets the dog as his reward for his service. By the dog's counsel he makes his way to a king's court, and asks for permission to spend the winter there. The jealousy of the king's minister sends him to perform a number of feats, including thefts like those of Jack, the Beanstalk hero; and the guerdon of these is the king's daughter. The dog, by whose aid he

* Powell and Magnusson's translation, 2nd series, p. 527.

† *Ibid.* p. 329.

achieves these adventures, saves his life from the envious minister, and recovers his own pristine form as a prince who had been bewitched.

In both these tales the marvellous animal, or the princess, is given by the giants to the hero as the reward of service, just as in Wenzig's Sclavonic story the monster-magician pays the hero with the dove-maiden. More usually however he steals them, an incident of which we see either a germ or a recollection in the pursuit by the seven giants in the former of the two Icelandic tales. I find the type of one of the groups of stories we are now discussing in a Greek tradition given by Von Hahn, entitled The Teacher and his Scholar.* A disguised demon promises children to a childless king on condition of his repaying him with the eldest. The demon gives him an apple, of which the king eats one half and the queen the other. The latter bears three sons. The king tries to foil the demon by building a tower of glass in which he keeps his children; but one day they escape, and the hero is pounced upon by the demon and carried down to his underground palace. This palace contains forty rooms, of which the ogre hands the hero the keys of thirty-nine. He also gives him a book to learn from. The hero gets possession of the fortieth key and opens the Forbidden Chamber. There he finds a fair maiden hanging by her hair, and takes her down. She instructs him to feign inability to learn his lesson when his master next gives him the book; and, lest the demon should find them out, she directs the hero to restore her to her uncomfortable situation and replace the key. He follows her advice; and the demon, like any other master not under wholesome awe of a schoolboard, beats him for his stupidity. The heroine next counsels him to learn the whole book as fast as he can, always however feigning inability, and bids him when he has finished his task to come and fetch her. He complies, and in accordance with the directions in the book he takes certain magical articles, and, ungallantly changing the heroine into a mare, rides off on her. The ogre pursues, but is impeded by the stolen goods, which are thrown

* *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 68, vol. ii. p. 33.

behind, one by one, by the hero, and the fugitives escape. The hero brings the heroine back to human shape ; and, having plighted troth, they part. He goes to lodge with an old woman, and makes money by transforming himself successively into various objects, which she sells, always retaining something pertaining to these objects, otherwise he will be unable to resume his proper form. Finally he changes into a pomegranate, which his father plucks, but the demon by a trick nearly succeeds in getting possession of it; it falls in pieces, and the seeds are scattered. The demon as rapidly changes into a hen and chickens ; whereupon the hero becomes a fox which kills the hen and chickens, but loses his eyes, for the hen has eaten two of the seeds. He returns to his own shape, and sets out to find the heroine, who is a king's daughter. Her father has built a hospital in gratitude for her deliverance. There the hero meets her, and she recognises him by a ring she had put on his finger when they plighted their troth. She leads him to bathe in a certain brook and his sight is restored.

This story calls to mind that of the Second Royal Mendicant in the Arabian Nights * in which a similar combat takes place between an 'Efreet and a king's daughter learned in magic for the restoration of the Mendicant to human form from that of an ape. The beginning of the tale as it stands is of course totally different from that of the foregoing, but there are not wanting indications that it has obtained its present literary shape by the grafting of the story of the Ape-man on some variant of The Teacher and his Scholar. The 'Efreet and the King's Daughter are no strangers to one another; their greeting refers to some incident or chain of incidents outside the history of the Mendicant, and certainly not incompatible with the type we are now considering, though not included in any variant I am acquainted with. It is not impossible that further research among eastern folk-tales may recover the version which has been thus wrought up, or one near akin to it.

Meantime, the variant bearing the strongest likeness to the typical story is that of Mohammed the Prudent given by Spitta Bey in his

* Lane's *One Thousand and One Nights*, vol. i. p. 154, edit. 1878.

*Contes Arabes Modernes.** There a Moghrebbin, who is also a magician, gives a childless king two bonbons, one for his wife and the other for himself, on the bargain that the king will yield in return his first son. In due time the Moghrebbin fetches the boy to his underground palace, and gives him a book to read, of which he cannot decipher a single word. The magician accords him thirty days to learn it by heart, threatening that in default he will cut off the hero's head. Failing to decipher the mystic volume the latter wanders on the last day but one of the allotted period into the garden, where he finds a maiden hung up by the hair. She tells him that she has been thus punished by the Moghrebbin for succeeding in learning the book. She reveals the secrets to him, warning him to feign ignorance. Ultimately the hero and heroine flee on two horses, which they have obtained by reading the last three leaves of the volume. The hero's mother performs the part of the old woman in the former story; and his final transformation is into a poniard which stabs to death the magician while seeking in the form of a cock to devour all the seeds of a pomegranate—the hero's last previous shape. Here the Forbidden Chamber appears as a garden, and the prohibition to enter it is only to be inferred from the secrecy of the hero's visits and the fact that the contents enable him to outwit his master. In other versions, however, a nearer approach is made to the Bluebeard type. A variant recorded by Von Hahn † makes the hero the youngest of three disobedient sons of a poor woman, who, gathering sticks in a wood, meets an ogre and complains of her undutiful children. The ogre offering to take one, she gives them up to him successively, to be brought up to a handicraft. The ogre's den contains a Forbidden Chamber full of murdered men; and the test of disobedience is an apple which is dropped and covered with blood. The hero alone obeys the prohibition; but one day, performing the service (so common in stories from the Mediterranean

* P. 1. An Athenian tale mentioned by Mr. Coote as collected by M. Kampourales, and entitled " The Black Man," seems to belong to this group, but is not given in sufficient detail to enable me to judge.—*Folk-Lore Journal,* vol. ii. p. 239, August 1884.

† *Op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 286.

countries) of ridding his master of vermin, he discovers a little key bound on the top of the ogre's head. It gives him access to the chamber where the princess is. She warns him to behave as if he were stupid ; and he carries out her instructions until the ogre at last, losing patience, turns him out-of-doors. Returning home he persuades his mother to sell him in the form of a horse. Pursued by the demon he changes into all sorts of animals and at last into a flower in a princess' hand. The ogre tries in every way to obtain the flower; but the princess tells him, "Though your heart burst in pieces, you shall not get the flower from me." As he hears this the ogre bursts in pieces, and the hero restored to humanity marries the heroine. The bursting in pieces of the ogre reminds us of the Troll in the northern tale ;* and there may indeed be some connection of thought between that and the bursting and scattering of one of the combatants, which seems a necessary feature of the conflict between the master and his too clever scholar in the present type. Though, if so, it is not easy to trace, and I must leave the task to more accomplished mythologists.

An Italian variant, similar in its general course to the three stories given above, differs in its commencement.† A boy goes out with his father's ass, and causes a princess who sees him to laugh. He is bold enough to make her an offer of marriage; but the only answer he can get from her is—"If thou do a miracle fairer than this I will marry thee." Determined to win her, he goes to study under a magician, and soon outdoes his master in learning. The wizard trusts him with the keys of twenty-four chambers, forbidding him to open two of them. In these chambers he finds a young prince and another daughter of the king. The latter of course gives him the usual instructions how to behave towards the magician, from whom he at length escapes. The transformation and sale tricks follow, until the hero is captured by the wizard, from whom he can only escape by touching water. He accomplishes this by turning into a fish, and afterwards performs the required miracle by becoming a ring on the princess's finger. His further changes are those into a grain of millet

* Thorpe, *op. cit. loc. cit.*

† De Gubernatis, *Le Novelline di Santo Stephano*, Story No. 26, p. 51.

and into a fox that devours the magician while in the form of a hen seeking for the millet.

There is a closely related group of variants differing chiefly in their conclusion from the tales of this type just analysed. In this group the ogre is finally defeated by the hero's flight, and the remainder of the story is occupied by a totally different series of adventures which hang to what I may term the trunk of the story by the transformation in the hero's personal appearance consequent on his disobedience. M. Sébillot's tale of Scabby John * may be cited as the type of this sub-genus. A stranger is taken as the boy's godfather, who returns at the end of a year and a day to fetch his precocious godson to his castle. There the hero's business is to feed two horses and to starve and beat a certain mule. He is entrusted with a hundred keys opening as many rooms in the castle ; but he is forbidden to enter the hundredth chamber. For a while he obeys ; but after his godfather's second departure he is overcome with curiosity and ventures to use the hundredth key. In the room he finds dead bodies and magical books. Going afterwards to attend to the animals the mule speaks to him, accusing him of disobedience, and advising him, now that he has gone so far, to bind up a certain bell, to plunge into a certain fountain, and to mount the mule herself and flee, taking with him some magical articles which she enumerates. The fountain turns his hair to gold. His godfather pursues the fugitives, but is impeded in the usual manner by the stolen talismans flung behind by the hero, who at length reaches the Holy Land, where his godfather (who turns out to be the Devil) cannot enter. Following the mule's directions he covers his shining hair and engages himself as under-gardener to the king, the mule in the meantime disappearing. The gardener becomes jealous of him and falsely accuses him twice to the king. The hero calls in the aid of the mule by means of a magical wand she has given him, and with her help he foils the gardener, who is at length dismissed and the hero installed in his place. Secretly by night the hero wears at different times three glorious dresses given him by his faithful mule; but the youngest of the king's three daughters discovers him. On the princesses' choosing husbands she

* *Contes Populaires de la Haute Bretagne*, vol. iii. Story No. 9, p. 74.

chooses the gardener, much to her father's displeasure; and the lovers are wedded and banished from the palace. The hero, however, finds his opportunity when his father-in-law goes to war. Given contemptuously an old hack and a rusty sword, he mounts his mule, hurries after the army, and, thrice defeating the enemy, he single-handed compels peace. Upon certain terms which will enable him afterwards to prove his case he temporarily yields the spoils and glory to his brothers-in-law, the husbands of his wife's sisters, who insult him and wound him in the leg. On his recovery he holds a feast, where he discloses himself in all his proper splendour, claims and proves to be the real victor, and puts his brothers-in-law to open shame.

A Greek variant narrated by Von Hahn * approaches more closely in its opening to the true Teacher and his Scholar type. The hero and a colt are born in consequence of his father and mother having eaten an apple given them by an ogre and fed a mare with the rind. The monster has previously bargained for the issue, and he fetches the hero accordingly to his fastness. In this castle the rooms are forty-one in number; and the hero finds the key of the forty-first room and enters it while his master sleeps. Inside are two puddles: one of silver and the other of gold; and his curiosity is discovered by his having dipped his finger in the latter. The ogre in his rage dips the boy entirely into the puddle, and he emerges all gilded. The hero afterwards flies on his horse; and his former master, unable to overtake him, counsels him to shake the bones out of an old man whom he will meet, and dress himself in his skin. He follows this advice, and takes service with a king who is the father of three daughters. The youngest, of course, catches a glimpse of his real nature, and chooses him as her husband. He procures a remedy for the king, who is smitten with blindness; and afterwards in war defeats the enemy, with a conclusion similar in general terms to that of the previous story.

The mongrel inhabitants of Zanzibar † tell a story of a boy whose birth was the result of a bargain similar to that in the foregoing variant. The demon, whose medicine proves so powerful, takes one

* *Op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 197.

† Steere's *Swahili Tales*, p. 381.

of the offspring ; and on reaching home hands him all his keys, bidding him open whatever he liked. The hero enters the room containing the molten gold, and conceals his discoloured finger beneath a rag. He afterwards opens a series of six rooms and finds the bones of various animals, and, lastly, skulls of men. In the seventh chamber is a living horse, by whose advice he precipitates the demon into a cauldron of hot ghee. The horse swallows the contents of the treasure-chamber, and the hero flees upon his back, while the demon is eaten by his own companions out of the cauldron. The remainder of the narrative is tame ; though, of course, it ends with the hero's marriage to a sultan's daughter.

The commencement of the last two variants is completely parallel with that of The Teacher and his Scholar, and recalls that of The King of the Fishes,* a Breton tale belonging to the Perseus group. In tales of this type a large fish caught by a fisherman and given to his childless wife, or to a childless queen, results in the birth of three boys, three colts, and three puppies. The eldest boy growing up, sallies forth into the world, kills a dragon, and marries a princess. The next day he goes, in direct defiance of his bride's prohibition, to a magician's house, or to hunt in a certain wood, where he is captured and spellbound. The second son sets out to seek his brother, and is received by the princess as her husband,—so like is he to the first. He shares his brother's fate, from which they are both at last rescued by the greater cunning of the youngest. Some of these stories hold out a hand of such apparent kinship to the Forbidden Chamber myth that it requires some care to avoid linking them together. But closer analysis shows their affinities to belong rather to a different class ; and the mention of them here will serve to illustrate further the ease with which one folktale seems to glide off into another, just as in the physical world every genus of animals or plants fades through its several species (and they, in their turn, through their individual members) into the genera that on every side surround it. The hero's miraculous birth is not, however, an inseparable feature of the type we are considering. In the Roumanian

* Sébillot, *Contes Populaires*, vol. i. Story No. 18, p. 124.

story of The Hermit's Foundling with the Golden Hair * the boy appears as a king's daughter's bastard brought up by a hermit; and in a Norse variant † he is simply a widow's son seeking employment. In the latter story there are four forbidden rooms, wherein the ogre foolishly stores up the magical articles which are to impede his pursuit of his disobedient servant and end in his death. Beside these the hero finds a large black horse with a trough of burning embers at his head and a basket of hay at his tail, and compassionately reverses them. The horse then speaks, telling him to wash in one of the rooms in a kettle which boils without any fire under it, and to fetch from another room a suit of armour, sword, and saddle. The boy had already tried the virtue of the kettle by dipping in it his finger, which he had drawn out gilded, thereby causing the detection of his curiosity and its punishment by his master. Bathing in it now he finds himself not only endowed with splendour, but also with strength to bear the armour. The Roumanian tale transforms the ogre into three fairies, whose service the hero enters after his foster-father the hermit's death. These fairies go away, leaving him the customary prohibition, which he of course disobeys, and discovers in the room an empty bath and a chest containing three bundles of clothes. On a second absence the fairies charge him to sound a horn three times if he hear any noise in the Forbidden Chamber. But his magical horse, the hermit's posthumous gift, directs him instead to enter the room and plunge into the bath. This bath fills only once in a century; and the noise of its filling is the signal for which the hero was to wait. The bath turns his hair to gold; he steals the clothes from the chest and rides off, with his masters in full pursuit. I need not follow his adventures farther, as they scarcely differ from the later incidents of the two stories already analysed.

VII.

There is another story in which the fatal curiosity of Bluebeard's wife plays an important part. I mean that of The Third Royal

* *Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends*, p. 27.

† Thorpe, *op. cit.* p. 293.

Mendicant in *The Arabian Nights*.* It is too well known to require any recapitulation of incidents; and the variants with which I am acquainted follow it so closely that they will not detain us long. The story as a whole, in its motive and details, is of a very different character from that of most of the types we have previously considered: perhaps the nearest approach to it is that of Marya Morevna. The horse discovered within the forbidden chamber may remind us of The Teacher and his Scholar, and Scabby John. But there, except for the Forbidden Chamber itself, the resemblance ceases. The hero is ruled by fate from end to end of his story; and it is not simply curiosity which overcomes him and severs him from the life he had found so agreeable. This may be due to the Mohammedan colouring in which the tale appears in *The Thousand and One Nights*. The same predestination reappears, however, in a version given by Signor Nerucci,† as told at Montale, in Tuscany. I confess that all Signor Nerucci's tales display a fulness of detail, and an artistic polish which convey a certain suspicion to my mind. But they are received as genuine in Italy, and the story referred to is, in particular, stamped with the acceptance of Signor Comparetti by his admission of it into his collection. Its identity (I cannot call it *similarity*) with the Arabian story is most striking; for, with the omission of the lodestone-rock, and a few unimportant variations, it follows the exact course of The Third Royal Mendicant. We may make what allowance we will for literary adornment by the collector; nothing short of absolute disbelief in the genuineness of his stories as folk-tales will get rid of this remarkable unity; and this short and easy method seems closed to us. The tale may, of course, have been, and probably was, imported into the neighbourhood of Pistoja from some of the Moorish conquerors of southern Italy; but, if so, it is somewhat strange that Pitré should not have found it surviving in Sicily. In any case its form, as well as its spirit, is so thoroughly oriental that it is impossible to believe it has been domesticated in Europe for a very long period.

* Lane, *One Thousand and One Nights*, vol. i. p. 160.

† *Sessanta Novelle Popolari Montalesi*, Story No. 9, p. 73. Comparetti, *Novelline Popolari Italiane*, vol. i. Story No. 65, p. 280.

The fatalism of The Third Royal Mendicant, though not so prominent in the Italian version, is still present; but in the nearest analogue to these two tales which I know it is emphatically repudiated and put down to the tempting of Satan,—and this though the story as it reaches us is in a distinctly Islamic guise. It occurs in *The Seven Vazîrs*—a work which forms part of some texts of *The Thousand and One Nights*—and is known as *The Forbidden Doors.** The hero is a prodigal who becomes a porter plying for hire. He is engaged as servant to ten old men who live together, and who correspond to the old sheykh and ten young men of the better-known version. They die one by one; and, as the last one is dying, the hero's curiosity overcomes him and he conjures him to disclose the reason of their lamentations. The dying man replies, forbidding him to open a certain locked door—a prohibition he, of course, disregards. A black eagle takes him up and conveys him to the Land of Women, where he weds the queen, who again charges him not to open a particular door. After seven months he disobeys, and is borne back by the same black eagle to the spot where it had first seized him, whence he finds his way once more to the palace of his former masters.

Here, it will be observed, the Forbidden Chamber is duplicated. The hero both reaches and quits the Houri Paradise by disobedience to the prohibition. There can be little doubt that in the earlier form of this story there is but one forbidden door—namely, the one whereby the hero quits the Paradise, and that the other is a reflection of this. On the other hand, the absence of the harem is, probably, a note of antiquity. The story in this form approaches a very widespread tale, which is found even beyond the limits of the Aryan and Semitic races. In the Hitopadesa † a king's son goes to seek a maiden, who lies on a couch in the sea, under a tree. She catches sight of him and disappears; but he leaps into the sea, arrives at the golden city in which she dwells, and weds her. She forbids him to touch a picture of a certain vidyâdharî or fairy. He disobeys, and the pictured figure resents his insolence with a kick so violent as to fling

* *The Book of Sindibad, &c.* edited by W. A. Clouston, p. 170.

† Clouston, *op. cit.* p. 309. *Hitopadésa traduit du Sanscrit*, par Edouard Lancereau, Book ii. Story No. 6. p. 127.

him back to his own country. Another version is in still closer contact with the tales previously cited. The hero is conveyed by a gigantic bird to the Golden City, and there wedded by the queen, who gives him strict charge not to ascend to the middle terrace of the palace. Disregarding this charge, he is kicked by a steed with a jewelled saddle, which he essays to mount, into a lake, and, rising to the surface, he finds himself standing in the midst of a garden-pond in his native city.* Note that in all these stories the hero's disobedience has the effect of transporting him back to his native place; or, as in the Arabian tale, to his starting-point.

Another group of variants goes somewhat further, and introduces that mysterious lapse of time which visitors to Fairyland experience. A loutish youth in an Esthonian tale † is beloved by a mermaid and taken to the subaqueous dwelling where she reigns as queen. He is forbidden to call her Mermaid. Every Thursday she disappears, passing the day in a locked chamber until the third cock-crow in the evening. After living happily with her for some time, he is overcome with curiosity and jealousy, and peeps in through the window-curtains. The room has no floor; but where the floor should be is water, in which the mermaid is swimming—woman to the waist, and fish below. The following day she appears to him in mourning, and, reproaching him, bids him farewell. With a thunder-clap he becomes unconscious, to find himself next lying on the beach where he had first met his love. Rising, he goes into the village to find that his parents have been dead for thirty years, and evenhi s brothers are no more. He has become an old man, and is dependent on charity. One day he ventures to tell his story. That night he disappears; and, after some time, the waves cast up his dead body on the shore. The mermaid of this story is, like the dove-maiden in the Sclavonic tale cited before, one of a well-known class, possessed of a double nature, and condemned to spend a portion of their time in the lower form, secluded from those whom they most love. The godmother, also, in the Mary's Child type, betrays in the same characteristic a trace of her mythological descent.

* Clouston, *op. cit.* p. 308. There are numerous variants of this tale in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, and elsewhere. I hope to return to this subject at an early date.

† Kreutzwald, *op. cit.* Story No. 16, p. 212.

Of a different character is the heroine of a legend of the County Clare.* The Queen of the Country of Perpetual Youth, she persuades Ossian to accompany her to her own land and to share her throne. But a broad flat stone in one part of the palace garden is pointed out to him on which he may not stand under penalty of the heaviest misfortune. One day he disobeys and finds himself in full view of his native land, which he had forgotten since he had been in the Country of Perpetual Youth. He sees it oppressed, and begs permission to return. The queen, finding all dissuasion vain, permits him to return for a single day, and gives him a jet-black steed. From this steed he is not to dismount, nor is he on any account to let the bridle go. Forgetting so simple a direction he quits his seat to assist a peasant. The spell is thus broken: the three times thrice seven years he has dwelt in the Country of Perpetual Youth fall upon him when his feet touch earth again. He becomes an old man, feeble and helpless, and the horse that should have borne him back to happiness disappears.

This is the weird story of Olger the Dane, which in one form or another is so popular all over the west of Europe; but to follow it would lead me too far from my present subject. Keeping within the limits I have prescribed for myself, I will just mention one other version of the tale last cited. It is an Algonquin legend, bearing a strange, I had almost said a suspicious, likeness to our Aryan myths.† We are told that a man, coming to a lonely lake in the mountains, found maidens bathing; he picked up their clothes and ran away. They pursued him, and on one of them coming up he caught and wedded her. Subsequently he procured in a similar way one of his wife's sisters, and wedded her also. The two wives desert him. Lying down together at night, they wish for stars for husbands, and when they awake they find themselves in another world, each wedded to the star she had chosen, who appears in the form of a man. Their new husbands forbid them to lift a certain large flat stone; true to their instincts, they disobey, and find beneath a hole, through which they look down to the earth, and are seized with a desire to return to it.

* *Choice Notes* (*Folk-Lore*), p. 94.

† C. G. Leland, *The Algonquin Legends of New England*, p. 140.

On their husbands' return they deny their disobedience; but, being found out, they obtain leave to return, and are wafted thither during the night. These two women, who are described as water fairies, are doubtless equivalents of the Swan-Maidens of the eastern hemisphere. Except in the mode of capture, however, the true Swan-Maiden story has little in connection with this tale, which may yet serve to remind us that some of the Swan-Maiden variants belong to the Forbidden Chamber class. The best known of these is perhaps that of Hasan of El Basrah.* Here the hero dwells for a time in a palace with seven maidens, who treat him as their brother. They at length leave him for two months, giving him the keys of their rooms, but begging him not to open a certain door. He disregards their injunction, and finds within (among other things) a pool of water, to which ten birds come, and, pulling off their feather dresses, descend to bathe in the pool as women. He falls in love with one of them, and on the return of the maidens who dwell there he confesses to one of them what he has done. She informs him who the supernatural women are, and instructs him to watch when they come again and seize the feather dress of the one whom he desires to wed, and he will then obtain power over her. He thus gains her; but his marriage with her ends in her recovery of the feather dress and flight, an incident that starts him on a new series of adventures for the purpose of regaining her. We found a version of this new series in a story of the Marya Morevna type. In the present case, however, there is no further reference to the Forbidden Chamber, and we therefore need not pursue the tale further. This is not the only Arabian tale in which the Swan-Maiden is discovered by opening a forbidden door †; but without stopping to examine others I will content myself with mentioning one of Von Hahn's Greek stories, where a similar event occurs.‡ It is a variant

* Lane's *One Thousand and One Nights*, vol. iii, p. 352.

† This form of the Swan-Maiden story seems a special characteristic of Arabic folk-lore. See Lane, *op. cit.* vol. iii. p. 479 ; Dr. Steere's *Swahili Tales*, p. 355.

‡ Von Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, vol. ii. p. 207. The heroine is called a swan-maid in the title; but her clothes are not expressly mentioned as a swan-plumage.

of Hasan of El Basrah. The hero, wandering on a mountain, finds a trapdoor, which by his great strength he succeeds in pulling up, and he descends into the cavern beneath for a whole day. Arrived at the bottom, he sees and enters a palace, and finds within an old man bound with chains. Having released him, the old man gives him the keys of thirty-nine out of the forty rooms in the palace. After a while the hero asks for the key of the fortieth room, and in spite of the elder's warning he insists on having it. In accordance with the old man's instructions he enters the room and finds a lake, wherein three maidens come to bathe. He hides and waits until the two elder have bathed and the youngest strips herself and plunges. He then seizes her clothes, in which her strength lies, and forces her to follow him back into the palace. The old man gives him a flying steed and a golden wand, and with these he sets out for home with the maiden, who of course ultimately obtains her clothes again. Then follow the remaining incidents of search and reconquest.

IX.

By way of conclusion I will just gather up a few tales both within and beyond the great realm of Aryo-Semitic tradition, which seem to be related to the myth of the Forbidden Chamber. And, first, let us see how it is brought into connection with some other of the more celebrated Aryan stories. The King of the Fishes has already been mentioned as the type of a group linking it to the classical Perseus. But it has even a nearer affinity to the still more beautiful tale of Cupid and Psyche. According to a Roumanian story* an emperor who has three daughters goes to war, leaving them the keys of all the chambers in his house, but forbidding them to enter a certain chamber. They disobey, and find nothing in the room but a large book lying on a table. The two elder daughters open the book successively, and read that they are to marry emperor's sons. The third daughter, the heroine, refuses to enter for a time, but is at length persuaded. She reads in the book that she is to be married to a swine, and she falls into despondency in consequence. On her father's return he charges

* Mite Kremnitz, *Rumänische Märchen*, Story No. 5, p. 48.

his daughters with disobedience. The prophecies of the book are subsequently fulfilled. Here, the Forbidden Chamber is the keeper of the oracle consigning Psyche to the embraces of a monster. The evil influence of her sisters, however, ceases with the persuasion to disobey their father, and in the after-part of the narrative their counsels, which lead Psyche to so much mischief, are replaced by those of a witch. But in a Milanese story given by Imbriani* it is her sisters who persuade the heroine to break her mysterious husband's taboo, and indeed provide her with the materials for striking the prohibited light. Acting in accordance with their exhortations she finds that the monster she has married is a fair youth at night, and round his neck is a cord to which a key is attached. She takes this key, and seeks the door which it fits. Having found the door she opens it. Inside are many ladies working, as they tell her in rhyme, for the king's son. For this disobedience she can live no longer with her husband, but he is in the sequel disenchanted and relieved of his monster-form in consequence of her devotion. A more curious and pathetic form of the tale is found in Spain under the title of "The Black Hand."† Here a poor man, endeavouring to uproot a large cabbage, incurs a giant's wrath, and to save his own life he is compelled to bring the eldest of his three daughters to be the giant's wife. The giant takes her down into his underground palace, puts a ring on her finger, and hands her his keys, forbidding her to enter a certain chamber. She disobeys. Within is a well full of dead bodies, torn to pieces and covered with blood, into which the ring falls from her finger, and, though she recovers it, it cannot afterwards be cleansed. She is killed, and flung into the well ; and the like fate happens to the next daughter, who is obtained on the usual pretext. But the third daughter escapes detection by removing the ring beforehand. After visiting the chamber repeatedly she discovers a little door ajar within it. Entering this further room she finds lying on a magnificent bed a comely youth whose breast is a river ; and in this river many washerwomen are washing skeins of wool. She daily comes to gaze on his beauty, and one day she sees a skein elude one of the washerwomen

* Imbriani, *op. cit.* p. 327.

† *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Espanolas*, vol. ii. p. 25.

and float away unnoticed on the stream. Frightened, she cries out. At the same moment the palace trembles, the river and the washerwomen disappear. The youth awaking reveals himself as the giant who has been enchanted. He tells her that her prudence would have released him from the spell the very next day, and they would have been happy, but that her cry has undone him, and compelled him either to kill her or to return to his enchantment—to be released God knows when. He refuses to slay her. He takes her to the well, joins the pieces of the dead bodies together, and, anointing them with some unguent, restores them to life. Taking them all to the surface of the earth, he disappears, and the heroine, often though she seeks, is never able to meet with the unselfish giant again.

I have already referred to the legends of Ossian and Olger the Dane, which should perhaps have found their place more fitly here. A Bohemian story * relates that the hero, carried off to Hell, is condemned by Lucifer to punishment, whence he is only freed at the intercession of Lucifer's daughter, whom instead he is compelled to marry. His new father-in-law gives the young couple a palace, but forbids the hero to touch a certain tree in the garden. The hero learns from his wife that on the top of that tree is a golden apple which one has only to throw behind him and wish, to be at once in any place he may desire. He accordingly plucks it, and thus escapes to his home. There seems to be an echo in this of the story in the Hitopadesa, but how strangely, grotesquely mingled with recollections of the Garden of Eden!

Can we, before quitting the Forbidden Chamber, find any clue to its origin? Can we trace the growth of the myth through any of its earlier stages? May we catch glimpses of its development from rudimentary forms? With very great diffidence I venture to suggest that there are a few tales scattered up and down the folk-lore of widely-severed countries that seem to exhibit the traces we are seeking. Take, for example, the Swabian tale of The Robber and the Miller's twelve Daughters.† Here a robber and magician, who requires the blood of twelve maidens for his witchcraft, or (according

* Waldau, *Böhmisches Märchenbuch*, p. 567.

† Birlinger, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 368.

to another version) who has had a quarrel with a miller and desires to avenge himself upon his daughters, induces a miller to let him have his twelve daughters one after the other. When at last he gets the twelfth he takes her into the forest and sets himself down under a very high fir to twist a willow-rope, compelling her the while to relieve him of those "familiar beasts to man" doubtless only too well known to the peasants who tell the story. She feels a drop of blood fall from the tree upon her hand, and, looking up, she sees her eleven sisters hanging from the branches. She screams with horror, and the villain bids her say her prayers and prepare for death. She screams thrice—to Jesus, to the Virgin, and to her brother, when a huntsman, who turns out to be her brother, comes up with countless dogs, seizes the robber, sets free his sister, and hands the robber over to the executioner. In this narrative it does not need much imagination to see a half-developed version of Bluebeard,—such an one as might be current among a people less used to houses than to the open forest. How or why the evolution should have stopped and the story should have been handed down to us in this form, I confess I do not know; but we have already seen that the Swabians possess other variants, and the evolutionary tendency is, among folk-tales as among other organic products, toward infinite diversity. Let me go a step further and ask whether the Karen story of the man possessed with a Na or Evil spirit,* is not the same tale in even a more primitive form. This man, when the younger of his two daughters follows him one day to the fields, is seized at the foot of a tree by an evil spirit, and under its bewitching power he devours her. He then returns home, and pretending that his younger daughter is unhappy alone he gets his wife to send the elder one to her. On arriving at the tree he eats her also. On the same pretence he fetches his wife and leaves her beneath the tree, while he goes to seek an impaling stick. Meantime a lizard in the tree warns the woman that her husband will eat her, and points out to her her children's skulls in confirmation of his statement. When the husband returns he cannot find her; for the friendly lizard has drawn her up by his tail to the top of the tree; and for want of better food to

* Macmahon, *The Karens of the Golden Chersonese*, p. 151.

satiate his morbid appetite he begins to eat himself. When he has thus rendered himself helpless the lizard lets his wife down again and she escapes.

A few months ago Mr. Coote gave an abstract in the *Folk Lore Journal* * of some modern Greek tales collected by M. Kampourales. One of these would seem (if we may safely judge by the outline) to be an intermediate link between the two foregoing stories and the Dead Hand type. The Thrice-Accursed (namely, Belzebub) marries a princess who is too proud to accept any one else, and takes her to his mountain abode. There he shows her a woman hanging up, just as the miller's youngest daughter sees her sisters hanging. This was her husband's former wife, to whom he had given a human heart to eat, and on her failing to eat it had killed her. He then goes to hunt, having, as Mr. Coote puts it, tried his new wife with a similar dainty, with the usual result. He subsequently marries her two sisters successively; but the youngest outwits him, and with the aid of strangers escapes from his mountain abode. The Breton story of Redbeard † (which betrays in its title that it is connected in the minds of the people with that of Bluebeard) can scarcely be aught else than a similar link ; for here, too, everything is present but the Forbidden Chamber. The heroine marries a widower who has had seven wives, lives ten years in harmony with him, and has children. Suddenly and without cause he resolves to kill her. She sends a dog with a note in his ear to her brothers, and contrives to delay until a military troop rescue her and kill Redbeard. She afterwards marries one of her deliverers.

Let us turn now for a moment to the Western World, and examine the Algonquin account of How one of the Partridge's wives became a Sheldrake Duck.‡ A hunter living in the woods keeps an elf in a box, which he keeps closed lest an evil spirit get him. One day he sees a water fairy and tries to catch her, but fails. She is however compelled to return to him and become his wife. Her curiosity is

* Vol. ii. p. 238, August 1884. Mr. Coote calls attention to the curious fact that the Italian variants of Bluebeard all represent the heroine's escape to be brought about by her own subtilty.

† Sébillot, *Littérature orale de la Haute Bretagne*, p. 41.

‡ Leland, *op. cit.* p. 300.

aroused by the disappearance of food; and, watching at night, she sees her husband feeding the elf, and washing and combing him. The next day she finds the key of the box, and takes the elf out; but while she is combing him the evil spirit snatches him away from her. She finds her hands turned red from contact with the elf, and cannot wash the stain off. Her husband returns *without any game*, sees the red stain on her hands, and thus discovers what has happened. "He seized his bow to beat her; when she saw him seize his bow to beat her she ran down to the river and jumped in, to escape death at his hands, though it should be by drowning. But as she fell into the water she became a sheldrake duck. And to this day the marks of the red stain are to be seen on her feet and feathers." I may remark in passing that we might be disposed to exclaim with Antonio, "The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning," when we find a water fairy thus in danger of drowning and transformed for safety into a duck, if we had not the Swan-Maiden myth of the Old World to interpret the inconsistency. But what I want to call attention to is that this narrative, while preserving most of the essential features of the full-grown Aryan Bluebeard story, has yet two remarkable differences. In Europe the husband keeps the corpses of his victims in a secret chamber to conceal his guilt. It is understood that once that chamber door is thrown open by one who is permitted to betray what is within the guilty being's life is not worth a day's purchase, for offended society will vindicate itself upon him either by lynch-law or the ordinary course of justice. It is thus necessary for him to keep the chamber door locked against all intruders. The Algonquin tale replaces this gruesome mystery by the elf in the box. On the preservation of this elf the hunter's luck depends; and when he has been robbed of it through his wife's indiscretion his success in the chase is gone. He returns home for the explanation, and finds it in the guilty stains upon his wife's hands. Manifestly the elf is his fetish, and in the cage containing it we have a more primitive form of the Forbidden Chamber. The incident in this shape is specially characteristic of savage life. As with advancing civilisation the reasoning which has moulded it thus becomes obsolete we may expect that the incident itself will undergo a change into a form more appropriate to the

higher stages of culture, or at least more easily understood. This is consonant to all that we know of the tendency of tradition to modify itself in accordance with the environment of the people in whose mind it is embedded; and this is what has actually happened. Luck-worship is doubtless in many phases still familiar to the most civilised nations, but the downright fetishism of the Indian hunter has passed away and been forgotten. Europe however is not so far removed from the barbarous feudalism which a living Bluebeard might conceivably adorn as to make a tyrannical husband who had murderous secrets from his wife and who avenged her curiosity in blood seem an absolute impossibility to peasants not yet wholly escaped from the oppression of a military aristocracy. Hence the transformation of the caged elf to the corpse-chamber. This is the first difference I have referred to; and it involves the other, namely, the introduction of the *express* prohibition. In the Algonquin tale the prohibition is at most an implied one, and perhaps this is all that is necessary to a savage mind; for it would go without saying that the utmost care must be taken of so important a part of an Indian *ménage* as the fetish, and the violation of a rule so well comprehended would of course entail serious consequences. Oddly enough a Sicilian tale presents us with a somewhat similar incident.* A king who has three daughters offers his eldest daughter as wife to any one who can guess what beast's hide a certain skin is. At last a robber, who lives in a desert place alone and possesses a magical head, consults the head and by its aid guesses the riddle and obtains the prize. He takes her home and compels her to work hard. One day he goes away, charging the magical head to listen to what his wife says of him. As soon as he is gone she exclaims on him and abuses him. The head reports this to the robber on his return, and he puts her to death, throwing her body into a chamber where were the corpses of many other maidens who had met their fate in the same way. Then he goes to the king and by means of the usual pretence obtains his second daughter, who comes to a similar end. He then fetches the third daughter. She professes great admiration for the robber's house, carefully abstains

* Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, Story No. 22, vol. i. p. 135.

from asking for her sisters, but does the work required of her cheerfully, and in her husband's absence she prays and invokes blessings on him. This is duly reported to him by the magical head on his return. He is pleased with her, and by way of reward shows her her dead sisters in the secret chamber. She bides her time, and during another absence she comes to his room, and, finding the magical head hanging in a basket, she flatters it and persuades it to come down, a course which the sheldrake duck had vainly attempted with the hunter's elf. The magical head follows the heroine into the kitchen, and there, like the sheldrake duck, she combs it. Suddenly she lifts it by the cue, and, flinging it into the oven, destroys it. The robber's life is bound up with the life of his talisman, and he dies too. Above the window where the basket hung she finds a jar of ointment, and, taking it, anoints the bodies in the chamber, thus bringing them all to life again, and they divide the robber's treasure. In this variant the union of the ogre with the magical head is much closer than that of the hunter with his elf, for his actual life and not merely his luck depends upon it. We have already had occasion to notice examples of the myth now under consideration approaching that of Puchkin. In the idea embodied in stories belonging to the Punchkin group we recognise, as Mr. Clodd has already suggested in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, the relic of a more primitive belief; and it may very well be that this belief, at all events put in so striking a form, would appeal more strongly to the uncultured or the half cultured imagination, and so would survive longer the departure from the mental condition that gave birth to it, than the worship of a fetish. If I am right in thinking this the Sicilian tale marks a stage of thought beyond that of the Algonquin, though we find the forbidden chamber still (if I may use such a metaphor) in an embryonic condition, but in a condition from which its advance to the fullblown life of the stories examined at the commencement of this paper is both easy and certain. The cluster of variants I have called that of the Dead Hand may probably disclose the next step in its evolution.

We thus appear to see the story developing from the slaughter of his wife and children by a capricious or cannibal husband, to a marriage and murder for previously incurred vengeance, or for purposes

of witchcraft, and thence to a murder by a husband for disobedience express or implied. At this point the fatal curiosity comes upon the scene as one mode of accounting for the disobedience; and when once this element is introduced it proves a most potent influence, and the story branches off and blossoms in all directions.

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

The Mamsa Jâtaka.*

The value of kind words.

NCE upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as a trader's son. It happened on one occasion that a hunter, having taken much venison, filled a cart with it and returned to the nearest town for the purpose of selling it. At that time four youths of the mercantile class, residents of Benares, went out of the town, and, in a place of common resort, they sat talking of what they had seen and heard. One of these young men, on seeing the meat-cart, inquired of the others, "Shall I make that hunter give me a piece of venison?" They made answer, "Go and bring back a piece of flesh." Drawing near he shouted, "Hi! you hunter, let's have a piece of that meat of yours." The hunter replied, "He who asks politely will receive something indeed worth having, so you shall take a piece of venison suitable to the words you have just spoken." Then he uttered the following *gâtha:*—

> "For a beggar indeed uncouth is thy speech, sir;
> Rough and rude, like the skins of the beasts I've got here;
> He who begs cannot choose, but takes what he can:
> Accept, sir, I pray, this tasteless tough skin."

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* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 315, p. 48.

Then (on his return with the piece of skin) one of his companions inquired, saying, "When you asked, what did you say?" I said, "Hi!" he replied. Said the other, "I'll e'en ask somewhat of him," and off he went. "Elder brother, give me a piece of meat." The hunter replied, "For thy speech thou shalt have a suitable piece of flesh," and then he gave utterance to the following *gâtha:*—

> "Oh! 'brother,' say you: in sooth a good word!
> A 'brother's' a 'member' all the world through.
> Not jointless thy words, connected they are,
> A joint is thy due, thee a joint will I give."

When he had ended his verse he picked up a joint of meat and gave it him. On his rejoining his friends a third companion asked, "What did you say on begging for a piece?" "I said, 'brother,'" he replied. "I'll go and ask him," said the other, and off he went. "Father, please give me a piece of venison." The hunter replied, "For the word you have used you shall receive a suitable piece of flesh." Then he spake the following *gâtha:*—

> "Oh! 'father,' you say, like a son do you speak,
> It's a word that will go to the fond father's heart.
> Melikes well thy kind speech, most hearty it sounds:
> A heart it demands, so a heart you shall have."

With these words he picked up a heart with a fine piece of flesh attached to it and gave it him.

Then the fourth said to him who had just returned, "In making your request, how did you address the hunter?" He replied, "I said, 'father.'" "I'll go and ask for a piece," said the other. To the trapper he said, 'Friend, give me a piece of flesh." "For the word you have spoken," said the trapper, "you shall have a suitable piece." Then he gave utterance to the following *gâtha:*—

> "Exists there a town where a man has no 'friend,'
> That place I well ween is but a forest to him!
> 'Friend' 's surely a word well suited to all,
> Then take all thou see'st, thy friend gives thee all."

And when he had spoken this verse he said, "Come, sir, all this cart-load of venison I'll take to your house." Then the trader-youth had the cart driven to his own abode and there unloaded it. He treated the hunter with hospitality and respect and let him be called

his son. After weaning him from his (low) "field-pursuits" he made him one of his own family and they lived together in unbroken friendship and harmony as long as life lasted.

The Sîlavimamsa Jâtaka.*

No evil deed is unseen.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares the Bodhisat was reborn in a brâhman family. When he was grown up there in Benares itself, at the head of five hundred brâhman youths, he studied science under a distinguished teacher. The instructor had a grown-up and marriageable daughter. He thought to himself, "I'll put the honesty of these brâhman youths to the proof, and will give my child to the one who is thoroughly trustworthy."

"My sons," said he one day to the young brâhmans, "I have a grown-up daughter, and I shall have her married to one of you. I must however receive presents of raiment and ornaments, so he who wants my daughter for a wife must steal, without letting his relations know anything about it, apparel, ornaments, &c. I'll receive whatever you may bring, provided no one has seen you take them, but not otherwise." "Good," replied they, and consented.

From that time forth they robbed their relations secretly of clothes, ornaments, and the rest, and brought them to their teacher, who put aside in a separate place each individual thing that he received.

The Bodhisat stole nothing. Then said his teacher to him, "You, my son, appear to have taken nothing?" He replied, "It is as you say, sir; I have taken nothing." "How's that?" he inquired. "You receive nothing but what is brought to you in secret, but in wrong-doing I see no secrecy," said the Bodhisat, uttering the following *gâtha* :—

> "Not here on earth is any evil hid,
> Though fools their crimes would hide from human eyes,
> And deem none knows the secret wrong they've done;
> But woodland sprites them see, if no one else.
> No secret place I find, whate'er men say,
> No empty spot exists, though void it seems,
> E'en where no one appears yet seen I am."

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* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 305, p. 18.

The instructor was satisfied with his pupil. "My son," said he, "I have no wealth in my house, but I am desirous of giving my daughter in marriage to an honest man. I have made a trial of these young brahmans, and find that it is not fit that my daughter should take one of them for a husband." When he had adorned his daughter he gave her as a wife to the Bodhisat. To the rest he said, "Pray take away what you have each brought to my house."

The teacher (Buddha) said to the mendicants, "Thus indeed, O mendicants, these dishonest persons, through their own lack of virtue, did not get this woman for a wife. The other wise person by his honesty did win her." Then the enlightened one uttered the following *gâtha*:—

> "Five hundred brâhman youths to love inclined,
> To gain a wife feared not the law to break;
> By stealth they robbed their dearest friends on earth,
> And, honour lost, they missed the prize they sought.
> How could a brâhman wise, in all laws skilled,
> Transgress the law, for all on earth that's dear?
> He firm and honest is and scorns a lie,
> The law he doth regard and virtue prize."

The Asilakkha*n*a Jâtaka.*

There is nothing good or bad in sneezing.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, he had at his court a brâhman conversant with the qualities of swords. He, it is said, when a sword was brought to the king, used to tell its quality by smelling it. If any one made him a present, he passed his sword, saying, "It's up to the mark, and fit to be a state sword." If he received none, he cried down the sword, saying, "It's below the mark."

Now a certain smith made a sword, and put finely-ground pepper into the scabbard. He took it to the king, who sent for the brâhman, and said, "Test the sword." While the brâhman was drawing the sword along his nose, taking a sniff at it, the pepper-dust entered his nostrils, and excited a desire to sneeze. As he sneezed, the top of his nose was cut off by the sharp edge of the sword.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 126, p. 455.

[The injury to his nose became known to the king.] The king provided his minister with physicians, who healed the end of his nose, and actually made him a false one of lac, so that he again attended on the king as before.

The king of Benares had, however, no son, but only one daughter, and a nephew. He had them, too, both brought up together, under his own eye. When they grew up they became much attached to each other. The king one day sent for his ministers, and said to them, "My nephew shall be governor of this realm; I'll give him my daughter, and install him as king." Having thus spoken, he thought to himself—"My nephew is in every way quite a kinsman, wherefore I'll get another king's daughter for him, and inaugurate him as king. I'll give my daughter to another king, and so I shall have many kinsfolk, and I shall be the suzerain of the two kings." He took counsel with his ministers, saying, "We must separate these two"; so he caused his nephew to take up his abode in one quarter and his daughter in another. Having come of age, they were very much in love with each other.

The young prince thought to himself—"By what means, I wonder, shall I be able to remove my cousin from her father's house? There must be some mode of effecting it," said he. He sent for a celebrated fortune-teller, and gave her one thousand pieces of money.

"What am I to do in this matter?" asked she. "You know, mother, that all you do turns out well. Only say what means are to be used, and I will carry them out, so that my uncle shall let his daughter be taken from his house."

"So be it, my lord. I'll go to the king, and thus address him—'Sire, your daughter is bewitched;* we must lose no time in awaiting the ill-luck that will befall her, but must take steps to prevent it. I, on a certain day, will place the king's daughter in a chariot, and, along with many armed men and a great retinue, will proceed to the cemetery. There, within a magic circle, I will place two couches—on the lower one I'll place a dead man, and on the upper the king's daughter. Her will I bathe with perfumed water from more than eight hundred vessels—and so will cause the ill-luck to be washed away.'

* Or "misfortune is (hanging) over your daughter."

Thus having spoken (and after obtaining permission) I'll take the king's daughter to the cemetery. Do you, on the day of our going there, just a little before us, taking with you a little fine pepper, proceed to the cemetery in your chariot, attended by a retinue of armed men. Place your chariot in a certain spot at the door of the cemetery and send on the armed men to the wood adjoining the cemetery. Then do you yourself go within the charmed circle in the cemetery and lie down there stretched-out like a dead man. I will come there and above you spread out a couch, upon which I will place the king's daughter. At that moment let a little pepper-dust fall on your nose and sneeze two or three times. As soon as you sneeze we'll leave the king's daughter and take to flight. Then do you return, bathe both the head of the princess and your own, and go with her to your own home."

He agreed, saying, " Capital ! It's a splendid dodge ! "

She went to the king and informed him of this matter in the manner already described. He agreed to it. She also told the king's daughter of the affair, and she agreed too.

On the day of her departure she (the fortune-teller) gave the prince the signal and with a great retinue proceeded to the cemetery. In order to inspire the guards with awe she said, " As soon as I place the princess upon the upper couch a dead man on the couch below will sneeze. After he has done this he'll at once get off the lower couch and will take the first he sees; so be careful ! "

The prince went to the cemetery just a little before the others (in the way already mentioned) and there lay down. The fortune-teller, going within the charmed circle, lifted up the princess on to the couch.

"Do not be alarmed," said the fortune-teller to her as she was arranging the couch and placing her on it. At that instant the prince, dropping some pepper on his nose, sneezed several times. No sooner had he sneezed than the fortune-teller left the princess and was the first to run off. After she took to flight not a single person dared forsooth to remain, but throwing down their weapons all fled.

The prince, having done everything according to previous arrangement, went with the princess to his own house.

The fortune-teller went and told the king the whole affair. He said, "Well! she was brought up and intended for his wife as a matter of course, just like ghee cast into rice-porridge becomes (united as one with it). After a time he agreed to the marriage, gave the kingdom to his nephew and made his daughter to be the principal queen. The prince lived in peace and harmony with his wife and ruled his people with equity.

The brâhman skilled in the quality of swords now became his personal attendant. One day while in waiting on the king and standing in the sun the lac melted and the artificial nose fell on the ground. There he stood looking shamefaced and chapfallen. Then said the king, laughing, "Never mind, professor, sneezing forsooth is a fine thing for one person and a bad thing for another. By sneezing you got your nose sliced off, but I got my uncle's daughter (as a wife) and gained a kingdom." Then he uttered the following *gâtha:* —

> "Oh! sneezing to some good luck may soon bring,
> While woe to another 't will work forthwith.
> By this you may know 'tis a mixed sort of thing:
> Not all sneezing's good, nor is all sneezing ill."

Thus he in this verse related the incident (just told); and, having done meritorious almsgiving and the rest, he passed away and was rewarded according to his deeds.

The Cammasâ*t*aka Jâtaka.*

Pride will have a fall.

A long time ago, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the family of a trader, and when he grew up he engaged in mercantile pursuits. At that time a certain anchorite in Benares had a robe made of skin.† Going on his round for alms he came to the place set apart for "ram-fighting." He saw there a ram which retreated before him (bending down its head and making ready for an attack upon the hermit), and thought to himself, "This creature wishes to show me respect." So he took no warning by the

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 324, p, 82.

† The skin usually worn was that of a black antelope.

ram's gestures to get out of its way. Thought he, "Among so many persons I have to deal with, this ram alone discerns my merits." Then the stupid anchorite most respectfully saluted the ram, uttering the following *gâtha* :—

> "This four-footed beast is most charming, I vow,
> So good and so kind, so clever and wise ;
> Distinguish'd is he, and can tell at a glance,
> A brâhman well-bred who honour deserves."

At that moment the wise trader (already alluded to), sitting in the bazaar and seeing all this, tried to dissuade the brâhman from acting so foolishly, and spake the following *gâtha* :—

> "O brâhman beware of this butting old ram !
> Not long have you known him, don't trust him too far ;
> He before you retires, but only to give
> A mighty hard blow that'll break all your ribs."

But even as the wise trader was uttering these words, the ram, coming on with great speed, struck the brâhman on the thigh, did him great injury, and brought him to the ground. As he lay moaning on the earth the teacher, setting forth the cause of the disaster, uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> "Here lies this old priest, his goods knocked to pieces,
> With thigh-bone all broken and load overturned ;
> His arms he outspreads, and utters loud moans,
> Oh ! run for the doctor, the brâhman is killed."

Then the old anchorite gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

> "Struck down will he lie who honours the base,
> And sees not the knave that's seeking his harm ;
> Like me will he fare, O fool that I am,
> Death-stricken to-day, hurled down by a ram."

While the old hermit was thus bewailing his folly he gave up the ghost.

The Ku*t*idûsaka Jâtaka.*

The Monkey and the Hoopoe.

In times long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 321, p. 72.

Bodhisat was re-born among the bird-kind as a hoopoe.* When grown up, he, in the Himâlaya region, made a pleasant nest, sheltered from the rain, and there took up his abode.

At that time, during the rainy reason, when there was a constant torrent-like downpour, a certain monkey came and sat not far off the nest of the hoopoe. The Bodhisat, seeing the ape thus wretched and forlorn, began to talk to him, and spake the following *gâtha :*—

> "O woebegone ape, a man dost thou seem !
> His feet and his hands, with head hast thou got,
> What means thy sad plight ? Oh, tell me, I pray,
> The cause of your having no house of your own."

The monkey replied in the following *gâtha :*—

> "'Tis just as you say, I do not say nay,
> A man's feet and hands with head I possess.
> But one thing I lack that all men much prize,
> 'Reason' they call it, but no 'reason' have I."

On hearing this, the Bodhisat spake the following *gâtha :*—

> "Unstable of thought, both fickle and false !
> No bliss can'st thou have, inconstant and frail !
> Employ your wits well, your manners amend
> And make thee a house wherein thou may'st dwell."

Then thought the monkey—"This fellow, because he sits in a nest of his own, sheltered from the rain, takes to reviling me. I'll have him out of it." Then he made a spring at the hoopoe, intending to lay hold of him; but the Bodhisat flew up, and went elsewhere. The monkey, also, after destroying the nest and reducing it to atoms, took his departure.

Inferior versions of this story occur in the *Pañca-Tantra.* vol i. p. 18, and *Hitopadesa,* bk. iii.

The moral is, "Advice leads to the exasperation, not to the tranquilisation, of fools."

* The Pâli has *singila,* which must be some sort of a crested bird.

THE ÂRÂMADÛSAKA JÂTAKA.*

The stupid Monkeys.

In days of yore, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, a festival was proclaimed in that city. After they had heard the sound of the festival-drum, all the inhabitants of the city went about making preparations for the coming event. At that time many monkeys lived in the royal gardens. The gardener thought to himself—"A festival has been proclaimed in the city, so I'll bid these monkeys water the trees, while I go and enjoy the festival."

Off he went to the monkey-chief, and said, "My good friend, this garden is of great service to you; for here you eat various kinds of fruits and tender shoots. A festival has been announced to take place in the city, and I intend to go and enjoy the festivities. While I am away shall you be able, think you, to water the young trees and saplings in the garden?" The monkey-chief made answer—"Good! I'll water them." Said the gardener—"In that case be very careful as to what you do."

As soon as he had provided the apes with water-bags and water-pots, for the purpose of watering the trees, off he went.

Then the monkey-chief thus addressed his attendants—"O monkeys, listen to me, I pray. You must be sparing of this water; so, when you are about to water the saplings, pull each one up and take a look at its root; then give plenty of water to the deeply-rooted trees, and a little to those with stumpy roots. Don't waste any; for we shall find it, after this, difficult to procure water." The monkeys assented, and acted accordingly.

At that time a certain wise man in the royal gardens beheld the monkeys doing as they had been directed, and he said to them—"You monkeys, tell me, I pray, why you pull up the saplings one by one and water them according to the length of their roots." They replied, "Our chief has bidden us water them in this way."

* *Jataka Book*, vol. i. No. 46, p. 249.

On hearing this he thought—"Oh! alas! what fools! what idiots! They are actually doing mischief, and all the while they imagine they are even doing good."

Then he spake the following *gâtha:*—

> "Well-meaning fools will blunder o'er their work,
> By wrong devices they no good achieve;
> But mischief work, though well they mean to do,
> Just like this foolish ape that spoilt the trees."

After the wise man had thus addressed the monkey-chief, in the foregoing verse, he, with his retinue, left the royal gardens.

The Vâruni Jâtaka.*

The Fool who spoilt his Master's Spirits.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was a wealthy citizen in that city, and near him lived a dealer in spirits. He, having laid in a stock of ardent spirits, directed his apprentice to sell while he went away to bathe. This novice (who had seen some persons sucking rocksalt as they came to buy, and thought that the spirits needed salt) as soon as his master was gone actually put salt into the spirits and by that means spoilt their pleasant flavour. When his master returned and learnt what had happened he informed the Bodhisat, who remarked that bungling fools do harm even while bent upon doing good. Then he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> "Well-meaning fools will blunder o'er their work;
> By wrong devices they no good achieve,
> But mischief work, though well they mean to do,
> Like Kondanno, who ardent spirits spoilt."

By this *gâtha* the Bodhisat expounded the law.

There is a similar story in the *Kathâ-Sarit-Sâgara*. See Tawney's translation.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 47, p. 251.

Garahita Jâtaka.*

A Monkey's view of human life.

In former times, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the Himâlaya district among the monkey kind. A certain forester caught and presented him to the king. Living for a long time in the king's palace, he became very faithful in the discharge of his duties (such as amusing the king, &c.), and had no little acquaintance with the doings and affairs going on among men.

The king, being pleased with his zeal, sent for the forester, made him appear before him and said, "Let this monkey loose in the very place where you captured him." He did so. The troop of monkeys, on hearing of the return of the Bodhisat, assembled on the top of a huge rock to get a view of him. While engaged in friendly conversation with him they said, "Sir, where have you been living all this time?" He replied, "In the palace at Benares." "Then how did you get away?" they asked. "The king made me play tricks for his amusement, and, being pleased with my performance, set me free."

Then said the monkeys to him: "Well, since you'll know all that goes on among men, tell us now (something about it); we'd like to hear it." "For goodness sake don't ask me anything about the concerns of men," he replied. "Come," said they, "speak out; we wish to hear (all about it)."

The Bodhisat in answer to their inquiries spake as follows: "Men, indeed, both nobles and brâhmans, are ever saying, 'Mine, mine!' They know not that wealth, by reason of its nothingness and instability, is impermanent and perishable. Listen now to the affairs of these blind dotards," said he, uttering the following *gâtha:*—

> "The whole day through methought I heard men say,
> 'My gold,' 'my gold,' they spoke of nothing else;
> Such was the talk of foolish worldly men,
> Who heeded not the noble eight-fold path."†

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* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 219, p. 185.

† In the first verse the *male* portion of the community is described; in the second verse the *female* is meant, though the grammatical forms are masculine.

"In every house two masters* ruled and swayed,
One beardless † was, with breasts that hung full low,
Whose hair was done in plaits and tresses fine,
And from each ear hung golden pendants bright:
This household lord with precious wealth was bought,‡
And all folk felt this tyrant's awful rule."§

On hearing this all the monkeys cried out, "Say no more, say no more; we have listened to that which is highly improper to hear." Scorning that place they went elsewhere. That rocky mound, it is said, became known as "The Mount of Scorning."

The Komâyaputta Jâtaka.||

The Monkey who turned Hermit.

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in a certain village in a brâhman-family, and he was called Komâyaputta. After a time he left his native place, adopted the life of a holy recluse, and took up his abode in the Himâlaya district. It happened that some anchorites had made themselves a hermitage in the same locality, and there dwelt. Of frivolous disposition, they did not perform any of the various kinds of mystic meditation. From the forest they procured various kinds of fruits, which they ate, and passed most of their time in merriment and various kinds of amusement. In their neighbourhood was a monkey of a sportive disposition, who made mouths and grimaces, and thereby afforded no end of fun to these hermits.

After residing here for a considerable length of time the hermits left to go to inhabited quarters for salt, vinegar (and other condiments). After their departure the Bodhisat came and took up his abode in this hermitage. The monkey, as a matter of course, came

* The original is *gahapatiyo* = house-masters, *i.e.* the master and mistress of the house, the husband and (house)wife.

† The wife is here alluded to.

‡ The wife was, of course, purchased by the husband.

§ The wife ruled the house while the husband was away. The text expresses the whole of this line by the words "She stung the people [about her]," *i. e.* goaded her slaves and workpeople by sharp words and abuse, and was not sparing of her blows.

|| *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 209, p. 447.

and played his tricks in his presence just as he had done in theirs. The Bodhisat, snapping his fingers at him (to frighten him away), gave him good advice, saying, "Since you (constantly) live in the presence of highly cultivated recluses you ought surely to be well conducted, very temperate in thought, word, and deed, and much given to meditation." From that time forth the monkey became well behaved and virtuous. Some time after this the Bodhisat went elsewhere.

When the hermits had provided themselves with salt, vinegar, &c. they returned to their former quarters. The monkey however did not play off his tricks before them as on former occasions. "Formerly," said the hermits, "you used to exhibit your tricks in our presence, now you don't; how's that?" Making this inquiry they uttered the following *gâtha*:—

> "Not long ago, before us pious folks,
> Thou did'st full well thy funny tricks display.
> Now come, sir, come and play thy monkey games,
> Enjoy we not this virtuous mien of thine."

On hearing this the monkey replied in the following *gâtha*:—

> "The words of highest wisdom have I heard
> From sage renowned, Komâyaputta called;
> Pray deem me not the same as I ere was,
> For now I live a meditative life."

After hearing this the hermits spake the following *gâtha*:—

> "If on a rock a sower seed should cast,
> Though rain should fall thereon it would not grow.
> The words of highest wisdom thou hast heard,
> But far from *jhâna's* mystic state art thou."

THE UDUMBARA JÂTAKA.*

How the big Monkey tricked the little one.

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the forest as a tree-sprite. There, during the wet season, it rained for seven weeks. At that time a little red-faced monkey took up its abode in a rock-cave sheltered from the rain; and

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 298, p. 445.

one day as he sat at his ease in a dry spot at the entrance to the cave a certain big black-faced monkey, wandering about in this locality, wet and shivering with cold, chanced to see the other as he sat in his retreat.

Thought he, "By some artifice I'll get him out of that snug place and live there myself." So letting his pouch hang down (as if it were well-filled with food) he placed himself in front of the other, looking as if he had just partaken of a good meal, and uttered the following *gâtha* :—

> "Oh ! stay not here, come leave thy poor abode,
> Go eat of mangos ripe and other fruits,
> As I have done, and make a hearty meal.
> Why live on here and die for want of food ?"

The little monkey gave credence to the other's speech, and left the nest eager to enjoy the various kinds of fruits (that the other had described). He wandered about, hither and thither, without finding anything to eat. But when he returned to his old quarters he saw the big monkey sitting within the cave. He thought to himself, "I'll play him a trick (in return)." Standing in front of him (as if he, too, had had a good meal) he gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

> "O happy is he who honours grey hairs,
> And gives way to old age, as I now have done,*
> Like me will he fare on lascivious ripe fruits,
> Which to-day I did gather from the trees you described."

On hearing this the black-faced monkey replied :—

> "Oh ! have you not heard of monkey's sly tricks,
> How they cheat one another whenever they can ?
> No giddy young thing would believe your fine speech,
> Much less an old fellow like him you see here."

On hearing this he (the little monkey) went away from that place (and took up his quarters elsewhere).

(*To be continued.*)

* *i.e.* letting the big monkey have his quarters.

IRISH STORY FROM COUNTY KERRY.

[See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 33.]

BY THE HONOURABLE J. ABERCROMBIE.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

IN the old times there was a certain poor man living at Cumthola, near Bantry. His occupation was fishing and hunting. As a pinnacle of good fortune he was wanting in wealth, just living from hand to mouth. The wife had no offspring for a period of many years, but at last she bore a son, and great was the joy of the father for him.

One of the neighbours told the father if he would give the child before baptism a drink of broth made from a black raven, he would be a wizard. The father went hunting one day and killed a black raven. He cooked it and gave a drink of the broth to the child before baptism. The father and mother were doting enough upon it until it grew up. In a short time the father and mother died, and left the child alone, without friend, without money. So the child was obliged to take his books with him, and go away as a poor scholar.

He travelled on from school to school for a year or two in order that he should acquire a good notion of education. Learning was coming to him in streams. He had no particular lodging from the time he left his father's house, but a night here and breakfast there. He was a long time like that without being settled.

One evening he was going from school by himself, and the other scholars away in front of him by themselves, as they considered him too insignificant for a companion. Then a farmer came up with him, and asked why he stayed behind the other scholars. He replied, he was but a poor scholar, and, as such, they did not care about his

society. "My lad," said the farmer, "thou art without sense if thou remain like that any longer. Thou hast neither food nor clothing, but just going from house to house. Take my advice forthwith and go into service, where thou wilt have a hope of breakfast and dinner." "Sir," said the lad, "I am still very young, and am not capable or strong enough to do the work." "I will take thee myself," said the farmer, "and there will be no more troubles for a bit, until thou be strong enough. The work I will require thee to do is looking after the horses when they are ploughing next winter, taking them to water, brushing them, and giving them fodder." "Tell me now, sir, how much the wages are, and the length of service thou wilt agree with me for." "I will tell thee that, my lad. I will give thee 7*l.* a-year, and thou must stay with me till my cat speaks English, my wife Latin, and horns are on my horse." "That's a long term," said the lad, "unless they possessed these things before." "They haven't them yet," said the master. "It is certain," said the lad, "I shall be with thee to the end of my life, and perhaps it would be better for me where I am." "If thou art friendly, intelligent, not mischievous; gentle, mild, and not very hasty, believe me, lad, that I am a good compassionate master, unless the cause be with thyself." Then the lad followed him, and I relate nothing about them till they reached home.

The mistress and her family were glad. There was John merry, content, with plenty to eat, drowsy, beloved, and respected by the servants of the house, till winter overtook them. When time to plough came John and the master began work. Every day they were ploughing in the field, and John used to put the horses into the stable every night. "Observe now" [this parenthesis is addressed to the audience], that one night when John was seated by the fireside, the mistress and the girls were milking the cows outside, and the landlord of the estate was living on the other side of the march, and "if you please" [to the audience] the mistress was much attached to the landlord privately, without the master knowing it. John took the cat upon his lap that evening and was stroking her with the palm of his hand. The cat was purring and John conversing with her. The master was seated on the opposite side of the fire. He asked John what the cat was saying. "I don't believe a word of it," said

John. "Tell me what she says that I may find out whether it is true." "She says, master, there is a dish of fowls placed up in the bedroom." The master got up, went there and found as the cat had told John. He took the dish with him, and they both eat abundantly of the food. Then the master became aware that the cat had the gift of knowing.

Not long after the mistress came in. She went where the dish was and did not find it there, for the food had been prepared by her to be taken by her in the night to the landlord. She became extremely angry against the servants, saying she could not keep a single thing without its being stolen, and at the same time she was grieved that she could not go to the landlord. The master asked her why she was troubled. She replied it was food she had for them, and that the girls had stolen it. "Don't blame them," said the master, "for the cat told John where it was; I took it away with me, and we have eaten it." "I am satisfied," said the mistress, though she was not satisfied, for she was unable to go to the landlord.

Next day the master and John went ploughing, and were so till evening, when they went home and John put the horses into the stable. Then he sat himself down and took the cat in his lap the second night. John told the master the dish was in the milk-room and full to the brim. The master went and brought it with him. They both eat plenty, and, when the mistress had a mind to be going, she went where the dish was and there was nothing in it at all. She was annoyed, but however she did not say a word. She knew the cat told John the place where the dish was.

That night past, in the morning they went ploughing the third day. When they had left the house the mistress went to the landlord and narrated to him that what with the lad and the cat she could do nothing at all. The landlord told her to tie the cat to a tree outside and she would not be able to talk with the lad at night. She did so. She tied the cat to a tree early in the day, and prepared another meal to be carried to the landlord.

When John had put the horses into the stable he went where the cat was tied and loosed her. He went in and sat down. After a while he took up the cat, spoke to her, and she purred. The master

was listening and observing them closely. At last he asked what the cat had said. John replied that the dish, brimfull, was in a particular place. The master went and brought the dish with him again, and they eat contentedly as they were accustomed to do.

When it was time for the mistress to start, she did not find the dish. She was sad and melancholy about it. She did not utter a word all night, but sat with her face covered, sullen and discontented, rubbing herself against the stone of the fireplace. Early in the morning John and his master went into the field. In this fashion they were spending the day. No sooner had they left her in the morning, than she went to the landlord and related to him every word of her disappointment. He told her there was no other way for her but to come to him with the meal at midday. He told her he would be in the field before her, and as a sign for her she was to make towards the white horse.

She went back home and prepared a good meal to take to him. About that very time John pricked the brown mare in the shoulder with his knife and cut her. Immediately he yelled out to the master saying the brown mare was cut and in danger of death. The master, knocked off work to apply a cure to the horse. John said, "I will bring that white cloth on yonder bush and will put it over her for fear she catch a fever." He did that, and about the same time the mistress marched off with the meal to the landlord, and she did not the least know where she was till she came close to John and the master. She recognised them at once and turned back. John saw her going away, and said "Welcome, mistress. It is the right time for thee to come and look at our work. I hope thou hast brought us a meal." She was obliged to leave them the meal and went away as fast as she could, ungrateful at her bargain, till she reached the house again. John and his master then sat down and eat their meal. There were a dozen eggs with it, and John got half of them. As they were thus eating, John said, "I wonder why thou wilt not ask the landlord to come and eat this meal with thee. Does thou know that trifling is the reason the landlord would require in order to do thee injury." "True, John, go over and take him an invitation." John went off, taking his eggs with him, and dropped them on the path

here and there till he was over the march. The landlord asked him saying, " What dost thou want ?" John replied, " My master ordered me to come to thee and announce to thee not to engage in any more disgraceful conduct with his wife till he shall try every point of law with thee on that account."

The landlord ran after John, and John set off running from him till he reached the master's house again. " What was the affair the landlord had with thee, John ?" said he. " Master, the landlord took offence that thou hadst sent thy lad to carry an invitation to him, for he was good enough for thee thyself to go to him and give him the invitation." " There is danger, John, that the landlord is angry about it. I will go myself now to give him an invitation." The master got up and went, and before long he found an egg, and a second egg, and a third egg, and a fourth egg, and a fifth egg, and a sixth egg. The landlord was ooserving him and thought it was stones he was picking up to revenge himself upon him on account of his wife, whom he (the landlord) had at his disposal. The landlord ran quickly out of the field and went home. The master was obliged to turn back, and he came where John was. " Where was he going when he did not wait for thee ?" " I don't know, but he ran quickly when he saw me coming towards him and see the eggs I found on the path." " They are my eggs," said John; " I lost them, for look at my torn pocket." They sat down again and eat their fill of the meal. They worked well for the rest of the day. They stopped in good time, as was their habit. John put the horses into the stable. So they passed the night merrily in conversation.

When the mistress had put her work on one side, she went in the night to the landlord. She told him the lad took her for a simpleton, and was generally playing tricks upon her, and "I cannot expel him, for the master has too much esteem for him." " Now," said she, " I will not hide my secret from thee any more. I love thee, and if it is the same with thee we will accomplish our union to-morrow night. Don't be behind or before, here or there, from this time forward, but be ready to-morrow night. Bring with thee the boot of gold and the boot of silver, and I myself will steal the full of it besides. I will sham sick to-morrow, and will say I have the fever. I will ask them

to put me out in a room apart by myself. I will promise thee there will be a handsome dinner ready for thee. As an end to the affair we will elope without their knowing. Unless thou come I will never again look back at thee." "I vow to thee, darling, I tell thee no lie, that thou art my choice of the women of Munster. I will certainly visit thee about one o'clock, and we will bound along the road in order to be off."

When John and his master got up next morning they went to work. When they came in at nine o'clock for breakfast they found the mistress extremely ill with indisposition in her head and in her back, tumbling about from side to side. The master asked her "What is the matter with thee, love of my heart?" "I have fever, kind husband. Put me without delay into the special room out of sight of the children."

John and his master were at work that day; and, as they were coming home, John fell in the furrow. He got up again, and fell another time. The master lifted him up, for he could not stand by himself. "What is the matter with thee?" said the master. "I have fever," said he. "Put me in the room outside; I will not go into the kitchen for fear of the children." The master put him into the room presently. John turned the key in the lock, and threw himself on the bed. The master went into the kitchen. He found the mistress in the full heat of fever. "I fear," said the master, "we have a bad matter in hand; John is very ill with it." "Where is he?" "He is in the room ouside." "By my own soul! he shall not be there," said the mistress. She rose up on her feet, and went out as far as the door. She cried out to John, but John was just at his last gasp. She spent some time screaming at John, but there was no good in it. She was obliged to go in again. She spent that night weeping, and thinking about the landlord coming without her being ready for him.

So it was till midnight, when the landlord arrived and knocked at the door. John rose up and raised the door. (*Note.*—The kind of door referred to has a horizontal division. The upper part is made to slide up and down like a window when the lower part is bolted.) He told the landlord to put in first the boot of gold and the boot of silver.

The landlord did that. "Come in back foremost." He did that, and John let the heavy sliding-door drop on the small of his back. He snatched up the knife which was on the table and cut off the landlord's polimina. He raised the sliding-door and let the landlord depart, and he was very stiff and ill. He understood it was the mistress who had played the trick upon him. He went home and took to his bed.

John came to the table and satisfied his hunger with the food. The master rose early next morning, and he did not forget to come to ask after John. John said to him, "I am well, master. The chill I caught yesterday brought out a lather of sweat upon me last night. I will go into the field with thee without delay." He put the boot of gold and silver of the landlord in a hiding-place for himself, and did not meddle with any of the other things there. He went to the field, and no sooner had he departed than the mistress came to the room, and found everything in the same place in which she had left them. "John is an honest lad," said she, "and I see that he was ill; I also see that the landlord is a deceiver. He is playing a trick upon me and deceiving me, and certainly he never came last night, and he has not kept his word with me, so for that reason I will lend no ear, nor pay attention to his false words from henceforth, but will attend to my own husband, who is courteous, civil, exemplary, and diligent in pursuit of his business, though I have broken my marriage duty with a man who is not worthy of me." So it was till John and the master came in to eat their morning meal.

John whispered to the mistress, and asked if she had heard the landlord was at the point of death. "Oh ! John, I have not heard it. What has happened to him ?" "I don't know," said John, "but he is deadly ill and thou should'st go to see him and carry a present to see him." "True, John, I will go there, for he was good himself." "Well, then," said John, "send me word out in the field by-and-by, and I will do up the present with thee." "I will do so," said she.

He went in, and they made up the present in a neat vessel, and when he was nearly ready with it, John said to her, "Go out and bring in a linen cloth to put round it." During the time she was out he took the meat out of the vessel and put it on one side, and he

threw the landlord's polimina down into the vessel. She came in, they covered it up, and she started off. She did not stop till she came in the presence of the landlord. She asked him, "What is the matter with thee, or what is the cause, or what is the cure?" He told her he had an illness in the throat, as he hated her. He remembered it was she that had cut off his polimina the night before. She asked him what would cure him. He told her, "Put thy tongue into my throat and I shall be cured." She put a cubit length of her tongue down his throat, and when he found it there he cut off her tongue with his teeth. She took her departure across through the fields without a word to say but "Lull-lall, lull-lall," &c.

"What is she saying?" said the master. "I don't know," said John; "is it not Latin?" "I never learnt Latin," said John. "Thy cat speaks English and thy wife Latin, master, and if there were horns on thy horse my term of service would be given." The mistress went home, took to her bed, and died a short time afterwards, together with the landlord.

At the end of a few days John narrated to him every conversation which taken place between the landlord and the mistress for a long time. "I am a luck-bringing man to thee, for thou wouldst have been dead long ago if I hadst not protected thee, for assuredly they conspired with one accord thy death."

John and his master were for a long time close to each other without anger, occasion of hatred, or mischief springing up between them. At last John said to him, "I will give thee advantageous advice, for the sake of thy friendship. Marry without delay. Look out for a woman for thyself who will be careful of thee at the close of thy life." "A hundred thanks to thee, John. I see with the eye of my mind that thy intention, thy secret thoughts, and thy deeds, are very good. For that reason I will send a proposal for a match at a distance from here, and thou wilt go with me." The master sent off a proposal, and an answer reached him in good time to go and bring it about. Then the master and John made preparations for a long journey.

They took their departure on two horses early in the morning. They journeyed till evening. A heavy rain encountered them at the close of the day without their being near a house or habitation.

"Master," said John, "the danger is that we find the end of our days, for it is terribly stormy and wet." They came across a cabin by the side of the road. There were two cocks of hay in the garden near it. "Master," said John, "let us enter and let each of us make a hole in the cocks, and we will go inside till daylight, and the horses will eat their fill of grass, and we shall start in a twinkling in the morning." They did that to pass the night John happened to have a lump of bread with him, and he eat it. The master heard him chewing, and said, "John, art thou eating anything?" "I am eating a wisp of hay," said John, "willst thou not eat a wisp?" The master put a mouthful in and began to chew it. He was coughing over it. "John," said he, "I can't eat it." "Thou wouldst eat it well enough," said John, "if thou wert hungry as I am."

So they remained till morning. They mounted their horses, and started at full gallop, and believe me the master's stomach was empty enough about dinner-time, for he was fasting since yesterday morning.

When they were approaching the house of the young woman, the servants saw them coming. They were expecting their arrival. The lad put the horses into the stable. They went in and sat down in the kitchen. The cook was kneading flour and preparing dinner. She went out on business. John said to the master, "Thou art hungry, eat a bit of that flour on the table while she is out." The master put his hands into the flour just at the moment the cook was coming. "For shame! put thy hands in thy pockets." He left them there. Before long dinner was ready. The company came to dinner. The master did not take his hands out cf his pockets on any account, and did not eat. They changed the table after dinner, and the master was sulky. They had a great discussion about the match till it was sleeping time, and the people of the house went to rest, and John and the master likewise went to sleep in the same room with the married couple of the house. John whispered to the master and inquired about him. He replied, "I am dead from want of food and drink, for I have not eaten for two days, and I shall not be able to go home afterwards." "Rise up, master, and go down to the fire and drink plenty of broth, which is in the pot at the edge of the fire. And, after a plentiful drink, bring me a full bowl, for I have not eaten my full, as

I was annoyed on thy account." "I could not find out the bed, for it is very dark." "I will put a cord to the foot of the bed, and keep thou a grip of it going down and coming up." So the master caught hold of the cord and went into the kitchen and sat there before the pot. He was drinking broth till he had two stomachs on him. He brought with him a full bowl for John. John had changed the cord to the bed of the married couple of the house, and when the master came up he stretched out the bowl to John as he thought, and spilt the broth on the married couple. John seized the master by the hair of the head, and asked why he was going there. "Lie down here, thou wilt be put to shame." The master lay down abashed. Before long the woman of the house spoke to her husband, and the two began scolding. She was obliged to go out into the yard and clean herself. John said to the master, "Rise and wash thy hands." "I have no water," said he. "There is water in the big pitcher yonder in the corner. Thy hands ought to be clean for breakfast." He went to the pitcher and put his hands in up to the elbows. What had he there but a pitcher full of tar. He brought the pitcher with him on his hands to John. "What is the matter with thee?" said John. The master related to him how it was. "Thou hast always bad luck, master. It's a tidy looking fellow thou art now. How wilt thou go to breakfast in the morning and that pitcher on thy hands. Go out to the yard and strike the pitcher against the tall white stone there." He did that, and he struck the woman of the house heavily with the pitcher and killed her. He ran in and told John what he had done. "Now I am hanged, always news," said John. He started up and put on his clothes. The master could not manage to get his trousers on, for he turned them, back to the front and front behind, for he was greatly confused and hurried. While he was arranging himself John went to the stable and saddled his horse and saddled the bull for the master. They rode off together and travelled at a great rate for fear they should be followed. They were keeping the road till morning. The master said, "There are horns on my horse, John." "Welcome home, master, my time of service has expired." "Give me my horse," said he, "and I will give thee my eldest daughter in marriage, and half my farm, and a great dowry." John gave him the horse

then, and they went home, and the master had a fine appetite when he reached the house.

He married John and the daughter together, and so they are still, I myself only received as a remuneration brogues of thick milk, stockings of paper, and trousers of otterskin.

THE SCIENCE OF FOLK-LORE.

AY I be allowed to call attention to a point which seems to have escaped notice? I mean, Mr. Wheatley's remark (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 347) that "folk-lore is the unwritten learning of the people," that it is not the science which treats of that learning, but "the thing itself." Not the science, but the subject for scientific study. As the earth is not a science, but geology is: as language (*pace* Professor Max Müller) is not a science, but philology is; as myths are not a science, but mythology is; as man is not a science, but anthropology is; so folk-lore is not a science, but the study of folk-lore is;—and, so far, it is a study without a technical name. It seems to me that a great deal of confusion of thought, and discussion and misunderstanding arises from our trying to make one word do double duty, and using "folk-lore" to stand for both "the thing itself" and the science which deals with it.

Then on another point: viz., whether folk-lore can, or cannot, originate in the present day, may I contribute a bit of evidence, in the shape of an extract from the report in the *Guardian* of Sept. 3rd, 1879, of Mr. E. B. Tylor's speech in the Anthropological section of the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield.

"That myth-making is a real process of the human mind he (Mr. Tylor) showed by an amusing instance of what occurred the other day in Germany:—

"'The report had spread far and wide that all Catholic children with black hair and blue eyes were to be sent out of the country, some said to Russia, while others declared that it was the King of Prussia who had been playing cards with the Sultan of Turkey, and had staked and lost 40,000 fair-haired [*sic*] blue-eyed children; and there were Moors travelling about in covered carts to collect them; and the schoolmasters were helping, for they were to have five dollars for every child they handed over. For a time the popular excitement was quite serious; the parents kept the children away from school and hid them, and when they appeared in the streets of the market-town the little ones clung to them with terrified looks.

"'The real history of all this commotion was, that the Anthropological Society of Berlin had induced the authorities to make a census through the local schools to ascertain the colour of the children's hair and eyes.

"'Had it been only the boys, to the government inspection of whom for military conscription the German peasants are only too well accustomed, nothing would have been thought of it; but why should the officials want to know about the little girls' hair and eyes? The whole group of stories which suddenly sprang up were myths created to answer this question; and even the details which became embodied with them could all be traced to their sources, such as the memories of German princes selling regiments of the people to pay their debts, the late political negotiations between Germany and Russia, &c. The fact that a caravan of Moors had been travelling about as a show accounted for the covered carts with which they were to fetch the children; while the schoolmasters were naturally implicated as having drawn up the census. One schoolmaster, who evidently knew his people, assured the terrified parents that it was only the children with blue hair and green eyes that were wanted—an explanation which sent them home quite comforted . . . . The human mind is much what it used to be, and the principles of myth-making may still be learnt from the peasants of Europe.'"

I would venture to say that similar, though less extraordinary, misinterpretations of uncomprehended facts may be met with among the ignorant in any village of any country. Myths of this kind have

of course no value for the historian, who studies folk-lore for the sake of the light it throws on what I may call pre-historic history ; on the other hand, they *have* a value for the philosopher, who studies folk-lore because it reveals to him the workings of the untaught human mind. Bnt whether they are valuable or not valuable, surely they are, in the strictest sense of the word, folk-lore.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

SOME FOLK-TALES AND WORD-JINGLES FROM ABERDEEN AND BANFF SHIRES.

THE LION, THE LEPER, AND THE TOD.

HERE wiz ance a man traivllin in a hill, an he gede will (lost his way), an he gede an he gede (went) till he saw a bonnie clear lichtie, an he gede till he cam till't. Fin (when) he cam up till't, it wiz in a hoosie, an he gede in. It wiz clean swypit, an there wiz a green bink, an there wiz a steel (stool), an there wiz a cheer (chair) in't, an there wiz a bonnie clear burnin firie. He took a seat, an sat doon at the firie t' keep himsel warm. Bit he hidna sitten lang fin he hears a whiskan, whiskan like about the door, an he grew fleyt (afraid), an ran, an haid himsel. In comes the tod (fox) whiskin, whiskin, an he sits doon o' the green bink. In comes the lion niest, an he sits doon o' the steel, an in comes the leper (leopard) niest, and sits doon o' the cheer, an they fell t' newsan (conversation) amo' themsels, an they set t' brack ——'s faul (fold), an tack oot a sheep. Sae the man slippit oot, an he wiz awa afore them, an taul the fouck (folk) faht he hid hard (had heard), an the fouck wiz afore them at the faul, an they war forct t' come hame. The man cam hame afore them. They sat doon in their seats again, the tod on's green bink, the lion on's steel, an the leper on's

cheer. They yokit wi ane anither, an said it some o' them hid been clashin (telling tales). The leper said it wizna him, an the lion said it wizna him. Sae the blame lichtit o' the tod, for they said he wiz aye a fool (foul) clashin brute. He hid to be smackit for devulging their seicret. They took t' smack 'im, an he ran a' wye to hide, an he cam upo' the man. "Ha, ha!" said he,

> "Here's Lugie at the wa'
> An he's cairrit a' the tales awa'."

Black Brottie.

There wiz a wife, an she hid three sins, an the twa aulest geed awa t' push their fortun, an Black Brottie, the little een, he followt aifter them, an she geed t' tack 'im back, and she said, she wiz gyaain t' mack a bannockie an roast a fishie, an he wid get a bit o' a' that gehn he wid come back. Bit he widna come back, bit followt aifter them, an they took 'im an set 'im in a tree. An there cam a man bye fin he wiz sittin i' the tree, an he said: "Gehn ye wid tack me doon, I wid set you up, an ye wid see faht I see." He took 'im doon, bit he didna set 'im up, an geed aff aifter his breethirs. An they war a' lodged in ae hoose, an the wife ordert his twa breethirs t' lie wi' her ain sins, an Black Brottie t' lie wi' the dog. Sae aboot the middle o' the nicht the wife tied red threeds aboot her ain sins' necks. An syne fin it cam near mornin, Black Brottie saw faht she did, an he raise an he took aff the red threeds, an pat them aboot's ain breethirs' necks. An the wife raise aboot the dawnin o' the mornin, an cuttit the throats it hidna the red threeds, an syne fin daylicht cam in, she saw it she hid cuttit her ain sins' throats, bit she said Black Brottie wizna awa fae the hoose yet. An she said it hid been a bleedy mornin. An she said t' the umman (the female servant) t' gyang awa' t' the wall for pottage bree, an Black Brottie followt 'er, an pat 'er in 'o the wall, an the buckets abeen 'er, an he geed back again. An the wife said, "Faht wid ye dee t' me, an I hid deen t' you as ye hae deen t' me?" He said: "I wid gaither a' the siller an a' the pyouter (pewter) it's i' the hoose, an pit it intil a saick, an you in amon't, an I wid tie the moo o' the saick wi a bleedy puthin (pudding), and I wid gyang t' the wid (wood) for as big a tree as I cud trail hame, an I wid lay on

you as lang as you were livin." "Weel," she said, "I'll jist dee that t' you," an so she pat in a' her siller an a' her pyouter into the saick an him in amon't, an tied the moo o't wi a bleedy puthin, an geed t' the wid, an cam hame wi a stick. Bit fin she wiz awa, he cam oot o' the saick, an took a' the siller an a' the pyouter, an he pat in the cat an the dog. An she cam hame an her stick thegeether (together), an she laid o' them, an the dog bow-wowt, an the cat myawvt, bit she said she sud gar'im bow-wow an myawve tee (too) afore she leet 'im oot o' that.*

The two foregoing tales were told me by Mrs. Scott, a small farmer's wife at present living in the parish of Pitsligo, but originally from Aberdour, an adjoining parish; she is over seventy years of age.

The Deukie and the Tod.

The tale of "the Deukie and the Tod," given me by the Misses Robertson, who till some years ago had a boarding school in Fraserburgh, but who are natives of Banff, and learned the tale there, is unfortunately imperfect at the beginning, which has escaped their memory.

The deukie swypit her hoosie, an she fan a penny, an she geed t' the toon' and bocht a kettlie, an she met the tod. The tod cam t' the door o' her hoosie ae nicht' an said, "Deukie, deukie! are ye in?"

"Ay," said the deukie. "Lat me in," said the tod. Bit the deukie widna lat 'im in. "Fahr are ye gyain the morn?" "Till a bonnie rig o' corn." "Tell me," said the tod, "an a'll gyang wi you." Bit the deukie didna tell the tod.

The tod cam the neest nicht t' door o' the deukie's hoosie at even, an said, "Deukie, deukie, are ye in?" "Ay," said the deukie. 'Fahr are ye gyain the morn?" "Till a bonnie rig o' bere." "Tell me, an a'll gyang wi you." Bit the deukie did na tell him.

An the tod cam anither time, an said, "Deukie, deukie, are ye in?" "Ay," said the deukie. "Fahr are ye gyain the morn?" "Till a bonnie rig o' peys (peas)." "Tell me, an a'll gyang wi you." But, the deukie didna tell him.

* Compare parts of this tale with that of "Mally Whuppie," *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 68-71.

An the tod cam again t' the door at even, an said, "Deukie, deukie, will ye lat me in?" "Ay," said the deukie, an leet 'im in, an gyaa (gave) 'im a seat o' the lid o' the sone-bowie. An the tod fell into the bowie, an the deukie took the bielin kettlie, an poort in the water, an droont the tod.

The Lady and her Lovers.

The following riddle story was communicated to me by Alexander Thurburn, Esq. solicitor, Keith, who learned it from an aged grand-aunt. Halliwell gives a version of it.*

I had six lovers over the sea,
Para mara dicitur a dominie,
An every ane o' them sent a compliment to me,
Hatrum scatrum paradise temple,
Para mara dicitur a dominie.

The first was a bible no man could read,
Para mara dicitur a dominie,
The next was a mantle withoot a threed,
Hatrum scatrum paradise temple,
Para mara dicitur a dominie.

The third was a chicken withoot a bone,
Para, &c.
The fourth was a cherry withoot a stone,
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

The fifth was a ring withoot a rim,
Para, &c.
The sixth was a baby withoot a name,
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

How could there be a bible which no man could read?
Para, &c.
How could there be a mantle withoot a threed?
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

* *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, p. 243.

How could there be a chicken withoot a bone?
Para, &c.
How could there be a cherry withoot a stone?
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

How could there be a ring withoot a rim?
Para, &c.
How could there be a baby withoot a name?
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

When the bible is not printed, no man can read,
Para, &c.
When the wool is on the sheep's back, it has not a threed.
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

When the chicken is in the egg, it has not a bone,
Para, &c.
When the cherry's in the blossom, it has not a stone.
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

When the ring is in the mine, it has not a rim,
Para, &c.
When the baby is not christened, it has not a name.
Hatrum, &c.
Para, &c.

Word Jingles.

The two following jingles were also communicated by Mr. Thurburn, and are good specimens of what may be called "word jingles."

The Beggar's Wallets.

My ae gyang o' wallets,
An my twa gyang o' wallets,
An my three gyang, an my four gyang,
An my five gyang o' wallets,

An my weel strung wallets,
An my sehr strung wallets;
An weary fa yir tykes, guide-wife,
They've riven a' my wallets.

My sax gyang o' wallets,
An my saiven gyang o' wallets,
An my aucht gyang, and my nine gyang,
An my ten gyang o' wallets,
An my weel strung wallets,
An my sehr strung wallets;
An weary fa yir tykes, guide-wife,
They've riven a' my wallets.

My elaiven gyang, &c.

And so on up to twenty, when the numbers III. were repeated in the reverse order.

SANDY'S MILL.

"Sandy, man, len' me yir mill."
Sandy lent the man his mill.
Sandy was the man that lent the mill,
An the mill it was lent by Sandy.

WALTER GREGOR.

DONEGAL FOLK-LORE.

BY G. H. KINAHAN.

HE following legends, although now appropriated to families more or less modern, are probably ancient legends handed down from one occupier of the locality to another. These all have the same character. The treasure, no matter of what nature, belongs solely to one person, and no one but he to whom it is justly entitled can get it. As

they are firmly believed in, they show what a hold superstition still has on the popular mind; and, although modernised, have the general character of similar Irish superstition, especially the second in which hobgoblins guard hidden treasure and try to frighten the seekers away ; cats and bulls are favourite guardians of such treasures. I have not, however, previously heard of a choice being given between midnight and high noon.

Gartan Clay.

At Gartan Lake, co. Donegal, St. Columbkills of Donegal is said to have been born A.D. 521. His birthplace, as pointed out, is a rude beehive cell (*claghaun*), while in its vicinity are the ruins of a small church and abbey said to have been subsequently built by him.

Formerly, in the vicinity of these ecclesiastical structures, there was found a clay that had the virtue of bestowing on any one who carried a portion of it on their persons indemnification against drowning ; or if it was in a house, that house could not be burned; also having other virtues of a similar sort. But these virtues belonged to the clay solely on the condition that it was dug up by a member of a family of the name of Freel. A good many years ago a stranger conceived the idea that he had as good a right to the clay as any Freel, and he went to dig for it, but could find none, nor could any Freel afterwards find it near the abbey. After a time, however, a Freel learned in a dream that it would show itself, and so it did, as a snake was seen in a valley about a mile to the north-east, which came up from the clay. Now all the Freels except one family has died out or left the country ; and when the tenants of Derryveih about the year 1861 were evicted and had to emigrate to Australia this Freel had to raise the clay for them to carry to a far distant land.

The Lochart Crock of Gold.

In the townland of Farnagh between Ramelton and Fort Stewart there is a hawthorn now called "The Fairy Bush," near which is said to be buried a crock of gold willed to the family or heir of John

Lochart, the said John Lochart being one of the Locharts de Bruce, who came over in the Plantation. An heir of Lochart de Bruce, also of the name of John, dreamed a dream that the "wise woman of Convoy" (a village at the south of the county) could tell him exactly where the crock was; he, therefore, went to her with his servant; but, unfortunately, on his way he met a neighbour, who, on asking where he was going to, was told: "May I never see the devil! But I am going to get my fortune told by an old witch woman at Convoy." The moment he arrived at the wise woman's house she called him by name, and asked why he dared to tell his neighbour she was "an old witch woman." He, however, at last pacified her and got the particulars as to where the crock was and how he was to get it. She gave him his choice of digging either at high noon or at midnight, and he chose midnight, as he did not like to let the neighbours see him. When he and his men came to the flag covering the crock, a whole army of cats surrounded them: and his men were so frightened that they ran away, while John Lochart was not strong enough to raise the flag by himself.

Afterwards a man named Semple, with the captain of a ship plying on Lough Swilly, tried to lift the flag, but could not; and the Convoy witch, to punish their presumption, gave one a crooked jaw, while the ship of the other was lost. As the tenant that came in after John Lochart was disturbed by fires at the bush, he closed up the hole.

That the crock is there is proved by the following. John Lochart's servant-man said to the wise woman of Convoy: "I wish I could also get money;" and she answered and said: "Troth you will, as you will get between the lime kiln and Castle Steward ferry a foal's-skin * of money, which will carry you out of the county after living well in it for two years;" which came to pass.

The Crowns of the Kings of Ireland.

Doon Rock, to the westward of Kilmacrenan, is said to have been the place where the ancient kings of the country were crowned. It may well have been such a place, standing isolated in a small plain;

* Sacks formerly were made of the of skins beasts.

while on top of it is a level surface with rude seats at one side, facing the south—the place being like what we may suppose was in old times a primitive forum. In this flat there is a large flag, having in it a rude squarish space. Under this flag all the crowns of the kings of the country are said to be buried ; but no one can get at them but the lawful heir, as no one else will be able to cut away the cement that fastens the square or "door" in the flag, which leads to their hiding-place. Different persons have tried ; but either their tools failed, or they were driven away by supernatural means.

The Saint of Glenveagh.

In old times there lived near the head of Glenveagh a hermit of such sanctity that an angel brought him food every second day; this saint was by name Mulroony McGraddy, and his hermitage remains unto this day.

The devil marked the saint as his own, and tempted him in various ways, all of which had no effect, but at last he came to him in the shape of a beautiful ministering lady. The angel ordered the lady away, but the saint resisted : at last the angel said if the saint did not send her away he would give him an unquenchable thirst. The lady said if the stream at the hermitage was dried up, there was plenty of water in the lake. Then the angel lit a candle and said if the lady was not gone before the candle was burnt out it would be worse for him. When all was burned but an inch, the angel put out the candle and gave him another chance ; but McGraddy said—"As you have burned the candle burn the inch." So he did, and the hermit immediately became possessed with an insatiable thirst. He found the stream dried up, so he went to Glenveagh lake; this was also dry, so he crossed over to the Gartan lakes, which were also dry. Then he was so weak that he could go no further, but the devil took him on his back to carry him to Lough Salt, but when he was within a mile of the latter he died, and since then the place where he died is called Stragraddy ; it lies in the hills to the west of Barnes bog.

If any one is now going to attempt anything desperate, they say : "As you have burned the candle burn the inch."

"Borrowing Days."

This year we have had very severe weather the first days of April, and to account for this one of the natives state they are borrowed from March, and are called the "Borrowing Days."

In all mountainous districts here as elsewhere in Ireland March is the severest month on cattle: "an old cow on the 31st of March began to curse and swear at March, tossing her tail in the air, and saying, to the devil I pitch you—you are gone and April has come, and now I will have grass. March, however, was too much for her, and he borrowed three days from April, during which he made such bad weather that the old cow died."

A Lost Ridge.

In planting potatoes or sowing turnips the most careful man may miss a ridge—he may close in the potatoe ridge before the "slits" are put in, or he may skip a ridge when sowing the turnip-seed. In either case it is considered most unlucky, as as there is sure to be a death in his family before the year is out.

Neither of the above traditions are confined to the co. Donegal, as I have heard them elsewhere, or modifications of them.

In the co. Wicklow I heard of a man who closed in two ridges of potatoes without having dropped the "slits." As he was an old man passed "the span," he said he was to go, and immediately had a tomb erected for himself, with name, blank for number of year, and blank for date: that was five years ago, and he is living still.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

St. Mark's Eve.—In Yorkshire the old custom of sitting and watching on the night of St. Mark's Eve in the porches of churches from 11 p.m. till 1 a.m. is still kept by the lower classes. In the third year of its performance it is supposed that the watchers will see

the ghosts of all those who are to die the next year pass into the church. When any one sickens who is thought to have been seen in this manner, it is presently whispered about that he will not recover; for that such an one who has watched St. Mark's Eve says so. Such fancies oftentimes cause illness and death. Many persons are actually said to have died through the mere impression made upon their minds by such gossip.—P. H. *Westmoreland Gazette*, May 9, 1885.

Future Work.—I have resolved to forward to you the following propositions, which you will perhaps kindly submit to the meeting of the Folk-Lore Society about to be held soon :—

1st. That English Folk-lorists invite the Folk-lorists of all foreign countries to constitute their various folk-lores, and to take part in an International Congress to be held in London on June 24th, 1888, the tenth anniversary of the foundation of your Society. That the object of this Congress be to project the basis of the "Great European Folk-lore Society,"—a society which, besides carrying out its peculiar scientific aims, would raise the dignity of the people by recognising their participation in scientific work, and tend to establish the reign of friendship, peace, and fraternity between all peoples of every race.

2nd. That the *Folk-Lore Journal* be published monthly, instead of quarterly as at present, in order that communication between members of the Society be more active and more continuous.

3rd. That a Committee be appointed to study *children's games* and the *language of children*, and that the lady members of the Society be induced to lend their assistance in this. That the most recent improvements of photography be applied to the games, festivals, and popular types of all the districts of England and her colonies. That those be used to form the nucleus of a Folk-lore Museum, which might also serve as an emporium for the benefit of the Society.

4th. That with the purpose of covering the outlay involved in this museum scheme, and of establishing exhibitions with suitable entry-money, there be appointed a Committee of persons of business experience and capacity, who should increase the income of the Society by means of the elaboration of models and figures representing the

costumes, types, sports, and festivals of various districts, and by the exchange of such for those of other nations, thus fostering industry and art, and affording to all folk-lorists the materials for the study of the science they cultivate.

Such are the propositions I make bold to submit to the Society of which you, my friend, are the worthy Secretary. I leave it to your delicacy to provide that, not my humble name, but that of the country I belong to, should have its rightful place assigned to it, in case of the acceptance of those schemes—schemes which, I feel persuaded, are a sure source of benefit to the science of folk-lore itself, as well as to your great nation, which, by fostering this new science, will gain for itself universal sympathy.

Henceforward I request you to consider those schemes as your own, and to do all in your power to secure their acceptance. For my part I claim but one favour—and that is, that in this museum of photographs the place of honour be given to one large one representing *Spanish and English children playing all together, as an emblem of the brotherly relations which English and Spanish Folk-lorists desire to see established between their two nations.*

I have written in the same terms to Mr. Crombie, who, I hope, will do what he can to further the acceptance of those proposals in the coming meeting, the result of which I await with impatience.

ANTONIO MACHADO Y ALVAREZ.

The Weight in Gold of the Maharajah given to the Poor.— "A curious ceremony was performed at Travancore the other day. The Maharajah was weighed against a mass of pure gold, which was then dispensed in charity. The custom, called 'Tulabhara,' is one of great antiquity and is said to be traceable in Travancore to the fourth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India, though, of course, gold is only used in the case of wealthy persons, the humbler sort being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the present occasion the Maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony, in the hope that the Maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until

forty-seven years old, when he weighed 14¾ stone."—(*Public Opinion*, May 15, 1885.) T. B. Birchall.

Death and Burial Customs, Scotland.—In the Highlands of Scotland it used to be customary for the friends of a deceased person to fight at the funeral till blood was drawn (the drawing of blood was essential). The coffin was never carried against the sun; in order to avoid this, it was carried long round-about ways to the grave-yard (how this could effect the object, I do not pretend to say). It was thought wrong to weep lest the tears should hurt the dead.—(*Communicated to me orally by Mrs. Wood, of* 4, *Oxford Terrace, Edinburgh, April* 3, 1885.)

In Scotland, when a death took place in the house, the bees used to be told of it and a bit of crape was put on the hive. If this was not done, it was thought that the bees took offence and never did so well afterwards, sometimes leaving the place. At a death, the mirrors used to be turned to the wall, or were covered up. The door or window of the room used to be opened to let the spirit out easily, and for the same reason people should not lean over a dying person, that the spirit might take flight without obstruction. A plate of salt used to be placed on the breast of the deceased person in the coffin.—(*Communicated by my Mother in a Letter, February* 25, 1885.)

A dead body used to be constantly watched till it was buried. It was thought unlucky to be buried first in a churchyard. At Loudon, in Ayrshire, when first the burying-place round the church was opened, no one would be buried there. At last a funeral, passing it as usual, was stopped by the villagers and the body forcibly taken and buried. After that no one had any objection to be buried there. About drowning it is said that in a river or pond a light is seen pointing out the body.

About a hundred years ago a young man attending a funeral was told that after the funeral there was a dance, and that he was to dance with the widow. He was to ask her to name the time; her answer was, "It would need to be a merry one, for my heart is very sair." She appeared in full weeds, and the guests were arranged for a country-dance. She and her partner stood at the top of the dance, went down the middle hand in hand and out at the door of

the room. The dancing was continued by the other guests. This was thought to show honour to the deceased.

Cluny Macpherson, when taking refreshment at funerals, always (as chief of the clan) proposed the memory of the Soul of the Departed.—(*Communicated by Miss Brown, of Waterhaughs, Ayrshire.*)

Trinity College, Cambridge. JAMES G. FRAZER.

Burning Drakes.—Query. Are not these meteors that fall said to be attracted by the mineral or water under the surface? Divining-rods are fully described in that old Cornish book by W. Pryce, of Redruth. A few years ago, a leading man and M.P. for the county Carlow, used the divining-rod, but without success, looking for minerals on his property; while in the county Wexford there was a few years ago a lady who was said to be infallible in finding water. She probably is alive still. G. H. KINAHAN.

Dog-bites.—The superstition about dog-bites is very prevalent in Ireland, especially in some districts where there is a large mixture of the English element, such as Wexford and Wicklow. Even well-educated people believe in it. I have known most valuable dogs to be shot or drowned solely because they bit a person. On one occasion a pointer and on another a terrier, both of which belonged to me, were asked or rather demanded to be destroyed because they bit persons. I have known dogs to be poisoned because their owners would not destroy them. G. H. KINAHAN.

New-year Custom in County Durham.—A relative, who spent the new-years of 1872, 1873, and 1874 at Croxdale, county Durham, tells me that he was employed on each occasion to act as the "first foot" in the house. The first foot must always be a man, and must enter before any one leaves the house, He must bring in with him a piece of coal, a piece of iron, and a bottle of whiskey. (Compare *Henderson*, p. 73.) He gives every one in the house a glass of the whiskey and every woman a kiss besides. My informant was sent out of the house late on new-year's eve, to return just after midnight and go through this ceremony. CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Aberdeenshire Omens.—The same relative informs me that in Aberdeenshire, of which county he is a native, it is considered very lucky to meet a flock of sheep, and unlucky to meet a drove of pigs.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Palm Sunday in Northants.—This day is called "Fig Sunday" in Northamptonshire. A girl from Syresham in that county, living in service in Shropshire, received a present of a box of figs and a box of sweets from her mother last Palm Sunday (1885). Compare "Palm Sunday Customs" in Brand's *Antiquities*, Bohn's or Hazlitt's edition.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Birth Superstitions in Northants.—In the village of Syresham a woman speaking of the death of a neighbour in child-birth, lately said, "A lioness must have died this year." Compare *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 286, note.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

A Mongolian Legend.—Those interested in folk-lore may perhaps be glad to read the following legend as to the origin of the Russians found by Colonel Prjevalsky to be current among the Mongol inhabitants of Zaidan, and published in the *Russki Invalide* :—

"In former times there lived in a cave, far away from all people, a good hermit lama, or priest, who passed his life in praying. A pair of nomads, consisting of an aged mother and her daughter, happened to go that way, and the daughter, while tending cattle, came upon the cave of the holy lama, who was at that time ill. The compassionate maiden offered him some sour milk, but he did not like to taste it. At last he gave way to her entreaties and took the sour milk every day until he got well. Eventually, out of gratitude for the cure, the lama married the maiden.

"As soon as the Czar of that country heard of this he sent his troops to kill the priest, who had so flagrantly broken his vows and committed the sin of marriage. When the troops approached, the lama gathered a bunch of reeds and stuck them in the ground round his tent, and then by force of prayer caused them to be all turned into soldiers, who defeated the troops of the Czar. The latter sent a second and a third army; but both were beaten, as the lama continued to pray and turn into more fighting men the reeds broken off by his first-created defenders, so that the holy lama soon had a great number of troops. After the defeat of his third army the Czar left the lama alone in peace, but the latter did not wish to live any longer on the earth. The lama left his wife to rule the people created from the

reeds, and from those arose the Russians. They have white bodies and their hair is often fair, because the stems of the reeds were of a yellowish colour and the tops somewhat darker."—*Times*, 4th June, 1885. JOHN REID.

Ravens in Ireland.—In connection with the raven there are different superstitions, some of which, however, have facts to corroborate them, such as the following: If many ravens appear in a district in the autumn it is said that "there will be great mortality in the sheep during the winter." This nearly invariably is the case, as if the ravens by some instinct know that it would be an unfavourable winter for the sheep. G. H. KINAHAN.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Myths and Dreams. By Edward Clodd. London, 1885 (Chatto & Windus). 8vo. pp. x. 251.

Mr. Clodd has an unusually happy way of laying before the general reader conclusions and facts which the scientific student already pretty generally knows, but which have, nevertheless, not been before published. The gain hereby secured to science and to literature is not easily disposed of in a sentence or two, because such books mark a stage in the progress of thought which would otherwise be either wholly unmarked or lost in some subsequent studies embracing much wider subjects. And, moreover, without such a book as this the student wishing to look beyond the stage reached by it must necessarily stay his hand awhile for the purpose of traversing this earlier phase in order to get his own work into proper connection with what has gone before. It will be gathered from what is here said that Mr. Clodd's book is a very valuable instalment of the study of folk-lore and its cognate science—comparative mythology. Indeed, we venture to pronounce even a higher value to it than this—it marks

an era in current religious thought which, if only people would study in the same spirit with which Mr. Clodd writes, would effectually root out much of the mediævalism and paganised ritual and fancy which so disfigures modern religious practice and belief. Mr. Clodd puts his finger with unerring decisiveness upon many an item of superstition, of crude, unadulterated myth, which has got mixed up with the beliefs of the age; and yet, if we mistake not, he leaves behind a very solid and healthy superstructure of earnest faith and robust belief which it would harm no orthodoxy to cling to or no scientific mind to accept.

But the main point to which we wish to direct attention is its value to folk-lorists. First of all it seems to us to effectively settle the true definition and scope of myth. In "*myth* lie the germs of philosophy, theology, and science, the beginnings of all knowledge that man has attained, or ever will attain, and, therefore, in myth we have his serious endeavour to interpret the meaning of his surroundings and of his own action and feelings. . . . "Man," says Mr. Clodd, "wondered before he reasoned; awe and fear are quick to express themselves in rudimentary worship; hence the myth was at the outset a theology, and the gradations from personifying to deifying are too great to be expressed." This is the whole sum and substance of Mr. Clodd's book. He points out how the comparative mythologists missed the mark when they explained the extraordinary phenomenon of tales and legends existing throughout the world unaided by literature or by natural intercourse, and yet alike in substance, and many alike in detail, to be the interpretation by early man of his ideas of the sun, moon, and dawn. Man took into his wonder-creating mind many other natural phenomena than the sun. As far as in him lay he observed all nature. He felt himself an essential part of this nature, and he therefore gave to the various forces and forms of it a personification which he felt himself to possess. If there was motion, there was life; if there was life it must be personal life, was his argument. With this key-note to the mental attitude of early man, Mr. Clodd works out many interesting problems relating to myths of the sun and moon, the stars, the earth, and sky, storms and lightning, light and dark-

ness, the devil. He touches upon that curious but perfectly understandable belief, the metamorphosis into animals, and from this to totemism is but a step in the line of thought. Mr. Clodd's chapter on totemism is one of the most interesting in the book. We wish his chapter on Myth among the Hebrews had been more elaborate. He just stays to point out its general bearing, but does not dip into it; and yet, if we mistake not, the subject is considerably in advance of the stage which Mr. Clodd thinks it has reached.

In all his researches Mr. Clodd, as a true scientist, deals lovingly with the past. More than once he sets forth how valuable to us are the "old wives' fables," the "wise saws," the curious superstition or custom; and in his chapter on conclusions from the study of dreams he sets forth canons of human belief which embraces all the past lovingly, because in that can man only find his place in the oneness of nature. Because we relegate old theologies to the category of myths, old faiths and beliefs to that of superstitions, we should not sneer at or disdain myth and superstition. They are the records of human progress, and man stands alone in nature in being able to look back upon a past, not now measured by family or national history, but by the history of ages which are not yet measurable.

Novelle popolari Toscane, illustrate da Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè. Firenze, G. Barbèra, 1885.

Dr. Pitrè, who has deserved so well of the *Folkloristi* of all countries, has just sent us a volume of his labours in a new field. By dint of much loving perseverance brought to bear on the island of Sicily in the very nick of time, while so much of its, so to speak, various antiquities—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Arab, Norman as well as what may be technically called Sicilian—still remained stereotyped *sur place;* and before all things had become new under the all-pervading influence of progress and schoolboards, he has put on record, in the imperishable storehouses of our libraries, a mass of world-old memories which but for him must have been lost to us for ever.

With almost heroic devotion to his work he has for a quarter of a century occupied himself with thus saving from destruction the folk-lore of Sicily; but the conscientious study with which Dr. Pitrè

surrounds all that emanates from his pen, and which has shown itself in the careful editing of the *Archivio delle Tradizioni Popolari* (in conjunction with his talented *collaborateur* Dr. Salomone-Marino), has qualified him to be the *facile princeps* of folk-lore editors in Italy. Since Cantù, Tommaseo, and other veterans first called the attention of the *litterati* of the Peninsula to the many values of popular traditions, a host of collectors of the same has arisen, and happily the folk-lore of its every district has found labourers, not excepting this very Tuscan kingdom, in which the present volume has been gleaned; but the instances are rare in which such a vast stock of appropriate erudition could be brought to bear. The collector of these Tuscan tales has wisely left his harvest in the hands of Dr. Pitrè, who has multiplied its value a hundredfold by making each of the seventy-six a nucleus round which to register, for the benefit of the folk-lore community at large, an exhaustive number of variants. Among these we are pleased to see included the names of many of the chief workers of our own country—Cox, Coote, Baring-Gould (by almost the only error in the volume called Gering-Gould), Kelly, Busk, Dasent, Ralston, &c., and one of them is acknowledged as the only authority for the folk-lore of Rome;—"la Busk."

Revista do Minho para o estudo das Tradições populares, collaborada por todos os folk-loristas portuguezes. Barcellos: Vieira e Landolt.

It is with the greatest pleasure we bring under the notice of folk-lorists this new periodical devoted to the study of folk-lore. Though bearing the title *Revista do Minho*, it embraces the whole field of folk-lore. Besides a short introduction it contains articles entitled "Crenças populares," on rain and snow, and on the word *Velha* in Portuguese popular traditions, and "An Introduction to the Popular Traditions of Barcellos," collected by Candido A. Landolt, both from the pen of J. Leite de Vasconcellos. There is another article, "Cancioneiro Minhoto, cançõnes populares," with some notices of books and periodicals. We wish the review all the success it so well deserves, and commend it to all folk-lorists.

Boletin folk lórico Español. A. Guichot y Sierra, Seville. Nos. 3-8.

This journal is doing good work for folk-lore in Spain. It contains

translations from the *Folk-Lore Journal* of the articles on the scope and aim of folk-lore, "Superstitions and Beliefs relative to the Cholera of 1884 and the Earthquakes of 1884 and 1885," "Popular Superstitions of Asturias in two criminal cases," "Folk-lore of the Sea in Asturias," "Traditions of Carinthia and Catalonia compared," with a great variety of folk-lore news and items of interest to all engaged in the good work of collecting the unwritten history, philosophy, and religion of man.

Cuestionario del Folk-lore Gallego, establicido en la Coruña, el día 29 *de Diciembre*, 1883. Madrid: Ricardo Fé, Calle de Cedaceros, No. 11. 1885.

This little book of questions on folk-lore consists of nearly four hundred and fifty points, divided into eight sections, that embrace all the subjects of folk-lore. It will prove most useful to all engaged in the collection of folk-lore as suggestive of points to be looked into.

The Annual Meeting was held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society on June 27th. Lord Enfield was elected President in the place of Lord Beauchamp, who, after being in office for five years, has resigned. The Council brought forward the valuable suggestion by Don Machado y Alvarez (see *ante*, p. 279), and there is reason to hope that the suggestion of a congress may be carried out. Mr. Ralston, in moving the adoption of the Report, suggested carrying out what was being done by the folk-lorists of Paris, namely, a concert of peasant-songs, sung to their popular tunes by peasants selected for the purpose. The sad death of Mr. Vaux was alluded to by Mr. Ralston, and a vote of condolence was passed. Among the members present at the meeting were Lord Enfield, the Rev. C. Swainson, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Clodd, Dr. Morris, Mr. Wheatley, the Rev. J. Long, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Gomme.

CHILIAN POPULAR TALES.

HEN I collected the five Chilian tales, one of which, *The Good Serpent*, you have already printed in your valuable magazine [*ante.* vol. i. pp. 221-226], I was in hopes that there would be found in them something belonging to American legend or mythology, even if it might be only some extraneous element mixed up with what was in the main undoubtedly old world and even Aryan. But since I have been in Spain I find that *The Good Serpent*, *The Black Woman and the Turtle-dove*, and *Maria, the Cinder-maiden*, are Spanish, and show only such slender differences of addition and omission as may be expected to be found in tales, the tellers of which have so long been isolated from the old continent.

Don Antonio Machado y Alvarez has printed in the Spanish paper *La America* the Spanish version of *The Black Woman and the Turtle-dove*, with his valuable annotations, which I would gladly lend to any of your *collaborateurs* who read Spanish. This gentleman considers that the very identity of these Chilian tales (coming from a part of Chili whither no European element has been introduced of late years) with those current in the south of Spain, is of itself a claim to their preservation in the condition in which they were found.

Don Machado y Alvarez, whom you will recognize as the great Spanish authority on folk-lore, and who has done me the favour to write me at length respecting them, recognizes the three tales above cited as variants of old friends, but has not as yet been able to trace the immediate origin (as a tale in its Chilian form) of *Prince Jalma*,

nor does he seem to recognize *Don Juan Bolondron.* The latter is a variant of Grimm's well-known German tale of *The Valiant Little Tailor,* and the former is also a variant of a well-known folk-tale, but seems to me to be made up from classic, Spanish, and perhaps Arabian sources.

But I leave this matter to more competent writers, who I hope will follow Don Machado y Alvarez's example, and enrich these tales with their valuable commentaries.

The Black Woman and the Turtle-dove.

a Chilian Popular Tale, collected vivâ voce in the country and literally translated.

Thou must know so as to tell and understand so as to know, that this was a king married to a very comely damsel. One day that he had to go away from the city to make war upon another king of a neighbouring city, and not liking to leave his wife in the house for fear that some one might fall in love with her, he left her up in a tree of very thick foliage, with everything that she had need of, with strict orders not to come down from there until his return. In very deed she did as her husband told her, until one day that she saw a black woman who came to get water from a well that lay beneath the tree. Seeing a pretty figure in the well [the black woman] believed that it was her own; so she said :—"I so pretty and a drawing water!" threw away her pitcher, which broke, and went away. The next day she returned, saw the same figure, and said :—"I so pretty, and a drawing water!" and breaking her pitcher again, went away. The third day she saw the same figure, and said the same words, and broke her pitcher again. So the damsel who was there looking on could not hold in any longer, and set up a loud laugh. The black woman, very much surprised, looked up, and said :—"Aye, the little lady! the little lady so pretty and so lonely. What is she doing up there? Come down here a short while little lady and lie in my lap and I will hunt a little louse * for you!" "No, black woman,"

* It must be charitably supposed that this inducement to come down is an American innovation on the original story. The fact remains that the suggestion and the practice suggested is strictly true to local colour in all Spanish America. —(*Translator.*)

quoth she, "for the king would be angry with me if I were to do so." "And who is to tell him about it, little lady? only come down; your ladyship must be tired of staying up there." So much did the black woman urge her, that at last the damsel came down, and laid herself in the black woman's lap, and the latter scratching her head for her, she went to sleep. When the black woman saw this, she stuck three pins into her head, and she changed into a turtle-dove and went away flying. Then the black woman trimmed herself up very nicely, and got up into the tree in the damsel's place.

When the king came back, he ran to look for his wife in the tree, and instead of a comely damsel he found a black woman. "Aye! darling child," he said to her, "how is it that I find thee so black?" "Aye!" quoth she, "the winds have made me thus." The king very sorrowful took her to his house.

Some time had gone by already, and the black woman would soon have a baby.* One day that she was walking in the garden with the king, she saw a turtle-dove which perched on an orange-tree, and said to the gardener:—

"O gardener of the king, what is the king doing with his Moorish† black woman?"

The gardener answered her:—

"At times he goes singing and at times he goes weeping."

The little bird flew away, saying:—

"Wēe—wēe—wēe. Woe is me in the fields all lonely!"

The black woman who heard this was seized with a great fright, believing that she was going to be found out.

The next day it was the king by himself who was walking in the garden, and saw the turtle-dove, who came to perch on an orange-tree, and said to the gardener:—

* The original word is *Huauhua*, a Quichua word, commonly used in Chili. —(*Translator.*)

† Although there is no doubt that this tale is of Spanish origin, the use of the word *Moorish* here is no evidence of this. Any one, not a Catholic, is still in Spain and Spanish America called familiarly *Moro* or *Mora*, without implying that such persons are Moors. A child dying unbaptized is said to die *moro* or *mora*.—(*Translator.*)

"O gardener of the king, what is the king doing with his Moorish black woman?"

And the gardener that answered:—

"At times he goes singing, at times he goes weeping."

Again the turtle-dove flew away, saying:—

"Wēe—wēe—wēe. Woe is me in the fields all lonely!"

The king, who did not manage to hear this plainly, said to the gardener:—"What was that little bird saying?" The gardener told him what it was saying. Quoth the king:—"It is needful to place on the branch where it is wont to perch a little birdlime, so as to catch it, for at any cost I wish to catch it." The black woman, who saw that the king was talking to the gardener, came up running, and said:—"No! I do not wish it, that fowl does me a great deal of harm." But the king took no heed of what she said.

The next day the turtle-dove came back again, and said to the gardener:—

"O gardener of the king, what is the king doing with his Moorish black woman?"

And the gardener answered:—

"At times he goes singing, at times he goes weeping."

The [turtle-dove] said:—

"Wēe—wēe—wēe. Woe is me in the fields all lonely!"
tried to fly away, and remained stuck to the branch. So the gardener caught hold of it and took it to the king.

The black woman who saw this was at her wit's end, begging the king to send it away flying, for the sight of that fowl would surely make her ill. "Ay!" quoth she, "that fowl is doing me much harm. Take it out of my sight or I shall die!" The king, taking no heed of her, began to caress the turtle-dove, and, stroking its head with his hand, he met with a pin. "Ay!" quoth he, "who can the wretch be who has stuck a pin into the head of this little bird?" The black woman screamed louder and louder that he ought at once to send it away flying, that she could stand it no longer. the king pulled out the pin,' and saw that the little bird began to change a good deal; he went on searching and found another and shortly another pin. So he pulled them out, and his most comely

wife came back again to him. Very much astonished, the king said to her:—"How wast thou changed into a bird?" "That black woman whom thou hast here," quoth she, "made me come down from the tree, and whilst I was asleep she stuck those pins into me; and when I woke I found myself changed into a turtle-dove." The king, very wroth with the black woman, ordered her to be slain, afterwards burnt, and the ashes to be cast to the winds. Great royal feasts were proclaimed; and all the people made holy-day; and the tale came to an end.

Prince Jalma.

Thou must know so as to tell, and understand so as to know, that this was an old man who had a very beautiful daughter—but very rustic people who knew not what gold or silver was. The old man went to the forest every day to cut firewood in order to sell it in the city and to bring food for himself, his wife and daughter, with the price of it. One day that he was chopping the trunk of a very thick tree, he heard a groaning inside and the tree began to shed forth blood. All at once a very ugly black man showed himself and said to him, "What hast thou done so as to wound me? Thou shalt die for thy audacity!" The old man made excuses, saying, "Pardon me, my lord; for I am so poor that I come to look for firewood to maintain my wife and an only daughter that I have, and I was not aware that thou wert inside the tree." "And thy daughter—is she beautiful?" said the black man. "Ah yes, my lord," said the old man, "and very much so." "Very well then," said the black to him, "I will spare thy life if in return therefor thou give me thy daughter in marriage, and if not thou shalt die on the spot. Within eight days thou must make thy appearance here with the answer, and if the damsel does not consent thou must come to tell me so. To this end," he told him, "split open the trunk of this tree, take out all the money thou pleasest, and take it to thy wife and thy daughter." The old man cut down the tree, and found inside so many gold ounces that he loaded his donkey with them and took them to his house. When he got there, his wife and daughter, who were awaiting him, asked him

why he had stayed so late. He told them what had happened about the black man, and the girl said that she would consent to marry the black so that her father might come to no harm. He then emptied out all the ounces which he had brought. "What is that?" said they; "what medals so pretty are these?" "It would be well that thou shouldst go and sell them, father," said the maiden. The little old man went to the city, taking his gold with him, expecting to sell it; but they told him there that they were ounces, and that he could buy many things with them. So he bought food and clothes for his family and went back home very well contented.

When the term of eight days had come to an end, the old man took his hatchet and his donkey, and went to the forest. He hit the trunk of the tree some blows with his axe, and the same black man made his appearance. "What answer does thou bring me?" he said. "My daughter consents to marry thee," said he, "with great good-will." "Very well," said the black; "but I exact one condition, which is, that the wedding is to be celebrated in the dark, and that she must never try to see me until I give her leave, or, in the contrary case, she will be a lorn woman." The old man told him that it was very well, that it should be so. "Load thy donkey with all the gold thou pleasest," said the black man, "and buy all thou deemst needful for the wedding, which will be in eight days from to-day." The old man loaded his ass with ounces once more, and went back home. His daughter went out to meet him, and he told her all that the black man had said to him, and she consented to all that her bridegroom wished.

When the term had come to an end for them to be wedded, they had groom's men and bridesmaids ready at night; some one was heard to arrive at the house, and the wedding came off in the dark. The damsel lived very happy, although her bridegroom left her all alone every morning. He came every night, she met him in the dark, and every morning he was away again.

One day an old woman, a neighbour, came to visit her, and asked her how she got on and if she was happy in her wedded life. She told her that she was very happy and very well satisfied. Afterwards she asked her what sort of a man her husband was: if he was young

or old, ugly or comely. She told her that she did not know, for that she had never seen him. "How so?" said the old woman; "thou art wedded and dost not know thy husband? This thing cannot be." "Yes," said she; "for so he wished it to be before we were wedded." "Child," said the old crone, "how knowest thou whether thy husband is a dog or Satan even? It is needful thou shouldst see him. Take this match, and fear nothing whatever. When thy husband is asleep, rub the match against the wall, and thou wilt see who he is." The damsel did so. When midnight came she rubbed the match against the wall, and set herself to look at her husband, and saw that he was so handsome that she became wonderstruck beholding him. She forgot all about the match, and a spark fell upon her husband's face. So he woke up and gave a blow to the match and put it out, and said to her, "Ungrateful wretch, thou hast broken thy word! Thou must know that I am a prince under a spell, and little was lacking for me to be freed from my enchantment; and now thou wilt have to wear out shoes of iron before seeing thou shalt see Prince Jalma thy husband again, and my own pains are still greater." And so he disappeared. The damsel remained weeping and very sorrowful for having followed the advice of the old crone; for she was the cause of all this trouble. When it was day this woman came to visit her. "How was it, little daughter?" she said; "hast seen thy husband?" "Even so," she said, "and better it were had I never seen him; for he was a prince under a spell." And then she told her all that he had said to her.

So she went to the city, had iron shoes made, and set out in search of her husband. She went through many cities asking for Prince Jalma; but no one knew him in any of them. When she had come to the end of the world she reached the abode of the winds. The first was the North wind. His mother was there, and she saluted her. "How do you do, good dame?" "Very well, good damsel," quoth she; "what art thou doing here, when even the little birds come not to these regions; for my son, so doughty is he, would devour everything that might reach here." "Dame," quoth the damsel, "I have gone over all the world in search of Prince Jalma my husband, who had told me that shoes of iron had I to wear out so that seeing I

should see him again, and now my shoes are wellnigh worn out.' "I do not know him," said the North wind's mother; "but my son likely enough may know him. Thou must hide underneath this kettle; and when he comes home I will question him." The wind was soon heard coming, and when he arrived he cried out: "Hoo—oo—oo—oo! Flesh of mankind here I smell!" "What flesh of mankind can come here, little son?" said his mother; "knowing that so fierce art thou that not even the birds make their way to these regions." But he went on shouting: "Hoo—oo—oo—oo! Flesh of mankind here I smell!" His mother set the table, and gave him his food; and when he had eaten to the full she said to him: "I have to ask a boon of thee: tell me if thou wilt grant it me." "Say on, dame," he said to her. "Thou must know that there is a poor little woman going about in search of her husband Prince Jalma; now, thou, being so mighty a traveller, dost know where he abides?" "Let her show herself," said the North wind. The damsel came forth from her hiding-place, asked him about her husband, and he told her that he knew him not, but that who ought to know him was his gossip the South wind, who was a mightier world-runner than he, and that he would take her there. The damsel took leave of his mother, who gave her a golden hen with chickens and wheat of gold, so that if she were in any need she might sell them.

The North wind took her in his arms and bare her to the abode of the South wind. His mother only was there and said to her: "What doest thou here, good damsel? Since my son is so fierce that the very birds, were they to reach these regions, he would devour them." "In search of Prince Jalma, my husband, have I come; dost thou not know him, dame? For your gossip the North wind, who brought me here, said that likely enough you would give me news of him." "I do not know him, little daughter; but my son, it may be, knows him, and he will soon be here." So she hid her away under a kettle. In a short while a great rushing noise was heard and a shouting: "Hoo—oo—oo—oo! Flesh of mankind smell I here!" "Who can there be here, little son, when not even the fowls of the air show themselves here for fear of thee, who art so fierce? Sit thee

down to eat, and then we will talk." When he had sated his hunger, his mother said to him: "Knowest thou that I have a boon to ask if thou wilt grant it me?" "Say on, and I will grant it," quoth he. "A poor little woman has come here in search of her husband, Prince Jalma: dost thou know him?" and then she brought forth the damsel. "No, my daughter," quoth he; "I know him not; but I will take thee to my gossip the Puelche.* 'Tis likely enough that he may know him." So she took leave of his mother, who gave her a golden distaff, so that she might sell it in case of need.

The damsel reached the abode of the Puelche in the same fashion: met with his mother, and when her son came home and had said as the others had said, he answered: "The one who ought to know him is my gossip the Travesia; † she is a greater traveller than I; no corner is there that she does not look into it." He offered to carry her thither; and her mother, when the [damsel] said Good-bye, gave her a golden comb, so that she might make use of it in case of need.

She reached the abode of the Travesia, and found only her mother, who welcomed her with great wonder and kindness. The damsel asked her the same questions, and she answered her: "My daughter must know him," and she hid her away under a kettle. When the Travesia came home, she came raging so fiercely that she made everything tremble with fright. But after she had eaten, the mother brought out the damsel, who asked her about Prince Jalma. "Even so," quoth she; "I know him and know where he abides, and I will carry thee thither. He lives imprisoned in a palace, guarded by an old witch, who has a daughter; and they want to wed him to her. So as to bring this about and that he may see no one, and that no one may see him, they make him sleep under seven locks." Quoth the mother: "Take this little golden tray, so that thou mayst arouse the covetousness of the witch's daughter, and thou must sell it her that they may give thee leave to pass the night in the prince's

* *Puelche*, an Araucanian word, meaning the east wind.

† *Travesia*, the west wind, because it *traverses* the country from the sea to the mountain. This wind is a lady.

chamber; and, to the end that they may not suspect thee, make it appear that thou art crazy."

So it came to pass that the damsel reached the palace, and heard that after four days the prince was to be wedded to the witch's daughter. She sat down outside near the gardens; and when by her crazy doings she had made the servants stare at her,—for she had her hair all about her eyes, and washed her face with mire, and did many other mad things,—she brought out her little golden hen and chickens, and began to feed them with golden grains. The servants, in great wonder at the sight of such a marvel, went running to tell their young mistress, who came to see it. Said she straightways: "Crazy woman, give me the little golden hen." "Nay," quoth she. "Sell it to me then: what dost thou want for it?" "If thou wilt give me leave to sleep in the prince's chamber I will give it thee." "Even so," quoth she, "thou shalt sleep there." So she went to the witch, and told her to let the crazy woman come in, that no harm could come of it. They unlocked the seven locks and let her go in; but, before that, they had given the prince a sleeping-draught in his wine at dinner, so that she found him very sound asleep. She went to the bed, and shook him and roused him, saying: "My prince, my husband, wake up! Thy wife am I, to whom thou saidst that iron shoes had I to wear out, in order, seeing, to see thee again. And now the shoes are worn out; and, if thou ownest me not, within a few days they will wed thee to another, and then--what will become of me? I must die of sorrow!" But he did not wake up altogether; only in his dreams it seemed to him that some one was with him, speaking to him.

The next morning they took her away, and she went again to the gardens and sat down in the sunshine, and took out her golden comb to comb her hair. The witch's daughter came forth, and bought the comb on the same terms, and the same thing happened with the prince [as on the night before]. The third day she brought out the golden distaff and began to spin thread, and the same things took place.

The fourth day she brought out the little golden tray, and began to

wash herself in it, and the witch's daughter made the same bargain for it. But by this time the prince began to suspect that something strange was going on, and that they had given him some potion in his wine, and was anxious to know what happened in his room of nights. So when the servants brought him the supper he would hardly eat anything, and at the time when they served the wine to him he poured it all into his bosom. When the damsel went in and began anew her lamentations, saying that if he did not know her she would be lost for good; for she no longer had anything to give for her entrance into the chamber, and the following day they would wed him to another,—the prince woke up, threw his arms round her and told her: "No woman shall be my wife but thou!" After that, the day following, he celebrated the wedding anew with his wife, and the witch and her daughter he ordered to be burned, to be beaten to dust, and the dust to be thrown to the winds; and so the tale ended.

Don Juan* Bolondron.

Thou must know so as to tell, and understand so as to know, that this was a poor shoemaker, whose name was Juan Bolondron. One day he was seated on his bench supping a basin of milk, and as some drops fell on to the bench, many flies came together there. He hit them a slap with his hand and killed seven of them, and then he cried out,—"Very doughty am I, and henceforth I ought to be called *Don Juan Bolondron, killer-of-seven-with-one-fisticuff.*"

There was a king in the city, and round about it a wood, and in this wood a wild boar, which did great harm to the inhabitants, for he had eaten a goodly number of them. The king had ordered many men to go hunt the boar, but they always ran away for fright, and others the boar worried, for he was very fierce. One day it came to the king's ears that there was a man in his city who was called Don Juan Bolondron, killer-of-seven-with-one-fisticuff. "Oh," quoth he, "this man must be very doughty; order him to be brought before me

* Juan in Spanish is pronounced *Hwon*, with *h* strongly aspirated. So the word rhymes to Bolondron.—(*Translator.*)

so that I may know him." So in very deed they brought him, and when the king saw him he said: "Thou hast a very doughty name. Is it true that thou killest seven with one fisticuff?" "Yes, gracious majesty," quoth he. "Well, then," said the king, "I have a daughter very fair to see, and I will give her thee in marriage if thou killest the boar that does so much damage in this city. Art thou bold enough to do this?" "Yes, your gracious royal majesty." "Well said, but if thou dost not slay him I will have thy head cut off. Now thou wilt go and choose in my armoury the arms which thou preferest."

The next day Don Juan made himself ready with great care, and, choosing the best arms, went forth trembling with fright to where the wild beast was. The beast was fiercer than ever, for for three days he had been unable to find anybody to devour. So Don Juan set himself to think what he should do, and in what way he might be able to slay this beast, though more likely it was that the beast would kill him, or if he escaped he would not be able to escape from the king; moreover, heretofore he had never had in his hands other arms than his shoemaker's tools.

As soon as he was outside the city he entered the wood, and as soon as he got there the boar, who scented human flesh, rushed out of the wood, with bloodshot eyes and bristles sticking up on end, furious with rage and hunger. When Don Juan saw him coming towards him he got into such a fright that not knowing what he was doing he ran back towards the palace, the boar after him blind with fury, and both of them running their best. Don Juan got to the palace, and the thought came into his head of hiding himself behind the street door. The boar running in after him went further on into another court-yard where the guard was. The soldiers, wild with fright, make ready their arms, and all together fired off their muskets and killed [the boar.] As Don Juan was looking on at what was passing, he rushed running out of his hiding-place, and went straight to the king, who also had come forth to inquire what great noise was that in the palace. "What is this, Don Juan?" said he. "What can it be, your gracious royal majesty?—but that not only I wanted to kill the boar,

but had brought him here alive, so that you might see him, and these soldiers of yours have killed him!" "Right doughty art thou, and right well deservest the princess my daughter to wife," said the king.

So Don Juan was lodged in the palace with great pomp; royal preparations were made, and in a few days the wedding was celebrated. Now that the fright of the wild boar had passed off, and he was quiet and happy, he began to think on his past state and to compare it with the present; and in the night he dreamed of his shoemaker's stall, and, as he was in the habit of talking in sleep, he shouted to his wife: "Darling! pass me the lasts, the lasts! I want the pincers and the awl!" The princess, who had woke up at his first shout, became very sorrowful, thinking that mayhap her father had married her to a shoemaker. So it came about that the next day very early she went to the king and said: "Sire, my father, mayhap thou hast married me to a shoemaker; for last night in dreams he asked me to give him his lasts, his awl, and his pincers. I beg thee to make inquiries about this."

So he ordered Don Juan Bolondron, killer-of-seven-with-one-fisticuff, to come before him, and said to him: "Art thou peradventure a shoemaker, and hast had the boldness to marry my daughter?" And he told him what the princess had been saying to him. So Don Juan answered: "Doubtless the lady princess my wife, as she was sleeping, did not understand what I was saying. I was dreaming that the wild boar had the face of a last, awls for tusks and pincers for teeth, and that is all." "Ah, that is what it all meant," said the king. "Now go your ways in peace, and live happily without complaining." And so the tale came to an end.

Maria the Cinder-Maiden.

Thou must know so as to tell, and understand so as to know, that this was a man who had a daughter whose name was Maria. Near by there dwelt a woman, to whose house Maria went to look for fire every day, and the neighbour gave her honey-sops. The old woman would say to her—"Tell thy father to marry me, and then I would give thee honey-sops all thy life long." So she went to her father

and said to him : " Father, marry the neighbour who is so kind and gives me honey-sops." Her father would say to her : " No, Maria ; now she gives thee sops in honey, and afterward she would give them thee in gall." She would answer; " No, father, the neighbour is most kind." At last her father told her that he would marry the neighbour, but that she must not grumble if she should find afterwards that her stepmother was unkind to her.

The neighbour had a daughter of the same age as the other, and whose name also was Maria. So the father of the former married the old woman, who soon afterwards began to treat Maria badly, because she was much more comely than her own daughter. She used to slap her face, and straightway would thrust her into the kitchen clad in very dirty raiment, and she gave her the nickname of Cinder-wench.

Maria, the cinder-maiden, had a little cow, with which she played, and would busy herself with it all day. So the old woman, envious that she should have a cow of her own, wherewith to busy herself, managed to get from her husband to give her daughter also a cow. She was not content with this, but told her husband that she was going to kill [the cinder-wench's cow] because the girl did nothing but play with her cow. So although her father was sorry about this, he had to give his consent, for fear lest his wife would be still more angry with the girl. The old woman called to her and said : " To-morrow I am going to have thy cow slaughtered, because thou art an idle wench, and dost no work, and spendest thy time playing with it." Maria began to weep, and went to caress her cow. So [the cow] said to her : " Maria, weep no more ; when they slaughter me, ask them to give thee leave to go to wash my tripes in the river ; and inside thou wilt find a wand of virtue, and thou mayst ask of this all thou desirest, and it will be granted thee. Keep it well hidden, tied round thy waist, so that they may not see it."

The next day they slaughtered the little cow, and Maria went to the river to wash the tripe, and inside she found the wand of virtue, and hid it round her waist. When she was finishing washing the tripe, and had it ready in the tray, it went down the stream. She began to weep, because her stepmother would be sure to beat her sorely. While she was weeping there came a little old woman clad in

blue, and said to her: "Maria, why dost thou weep?" "Have I not just cause to weep, dame, when my tray has gone down the stream, with the tripe I was washing, and my stepmother when she knows of it will beat me to death?" "Do not weep," said the little old woman; "go to that hut which stands on the river's bank, lie down to sleep, and I will go and search for the tripe." Maria went to the hut, and instead of sleeping she set herself to sweep, make the fire and [cook] the little old woman's dinner. Afterwards she lay down, and slept. Soon afterwards there were knocks at the door; she went to open it, and found there the tray with the tripe. She took it, and went to her house. "Why hast thou tarried so long?" said her stepmother. She told her that the tray had gone down the stream, and that a little old woman, clad in blue, had gone to look for it while she remained asleep in her hut; and that on getting up she had found the tray at the door. "What is that thou hast got on thy forehead?" said her stepmother. "I do not know," quoth she. They brought her a looking-glass, and she saw that she had a star on her forehead. Her stepmother tried to take it off by scrubbing her forehead, but the more she scrubbed it the more beautiful and brilliant it became. So she made her hide her forehead with a piece of rag, for envy, so that no one might see it, and because [on account of the star] she showed herself far beyond her own daughter, although she was so in every way already.

Maria, the old woman's daughter, said to her mother, "Mother, order my cow to be slaughtered, and I will also go to wash the tripe, so that a star may come forth on my forehead also, the same as that which this cinder-wench has got." Her mother ordered the cow to be slaughtered, and the girl went to the river with her tray to wash the tripe. While she was washing it, she pushed the tray to float down the stream, and made as if she was weeping. The little old woman clad in blue soon came up and said to her—"Why dost thou weep, little daughter?" "Ought I not to weep?" quoth she, "when my tray has gone down the stream?" "Go and lie down to sleep in yonder hut," said the little old woman to her, "and when thou wakest up thou wilt find the tray." She went raging to the hut, saying, "In this hut, dirty as it is, and on this wretched bed, am I to

sleep ? " So she made a contemptuous grimace, and sat herself down to wait. Soon afterwards she went out and found the tray at the door, and took it and went to her house. When her mother saw her she said to her—" What hast thou got on thy forehead, Maria ? " They brought her a looking-glass, and she saw that she had a turkey's wattle on it. The mother wished to pull it off, but the more she pulled at it the bigger and uglier it became ; until at last, not being able to get it off, they tied a silk handkerchief round her forehead.

One day there was a ball at court, so Maria the cinder-maiden wishing to see it, she brought out her wand of virtue, and asked of it fine clothes, coaches and servants, and everything necessary so as to go there like a great lady. Truly she had straightway beautiful dresses, and everything else that she wished, and if comely was she before much more beautiful did she become. She went to the ball at an hour when every one else in the house was asleep, and reached the court with so much stir that the prince came forth to welcome her. The star she had on her forehead lit up the whole ball-room, and the prince was so taken up with her that he danced with no one else the whole night. But when the time came for leaving, she went outside and ran to mount into her coach. The prince was following her, but she went in such haste that one of her glass slippers fell off. Nevertheless she did not stay to pick it up, but went away at such speed that the prince could not manage to catch her up ; but he picked up the slipper and kept it.

The next day the prince told his servants to go all over the city with the slipper searching for its owner, and when they should find her to take her to him, because he intended to marry her. They went from house to house, but found no one that it would fit. The old woman who had heard that the prince's folk would soon reach her house, told her daughter to bind up her feet in very tight bandages, in order to make them small, and so that by that means she might manage to marry the prince. And that they might not see Maria with the star on her forehead, she hid her underneath the kneading-trough. The old woman's daughter had a little she-dog, and when the prince's folk arrived (for by that time they had gone over all the

city, and had found no one whom the slipper would fit) they went to try it on the old woman's daughter. Then the little dog began to cry out—"Wow! wow! wow!"

> "Turkey wattle on the dais,
> Star on forehead 'neath the bread-trough!"

And as she repeated this many times, one of the gentlemen noticed it and said, "Do ye hear what that little dog is saying?"

> "Turkey wattle on the dais,
> Star on forehead 'neath the bread-trough."

So they went to lift up the kneading-trough and found there Maria the cinder-maiden. They took her up and tried on her the slipper, and it fitted her foot perfectly. Then she brought out the fellow, and unbandaged her forehead, and they all saw that it was the same fair maiden who had been at the ball. They took her to the prince in spite of the screams of the old woman; the prince married her, great royal feasts were proclaimed, the merry-making lasted a long time, and the tale came to an end.

THOS. H. MOORE.

SOME FOLK-LORE OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. WALTER GREGOR.

HE swell that precedes the storm is called "the sea afore the storm." (Cove, near Aberdeen.)

When there is a swell, and the waves are breaking heavily on the beach, it is called "a fool (foul) shore." (Pittulie.)

In such cases, when the fishermen, on the return from the fishing-ground, come near the shore, they hang back till there is a lull, and the sea is smooth, which takes place pretty regularly, after every three big waves, according to the common opinion, they pull with all

their might and main so as to reach the shore before the next series of waves comes on. "Smaa wattir" means a calm sea. (Rosehearty, Pittulie.)

St. Elmo's light is called by the old fishermen of Footdee "Peys Aunt," and they look upon it as forecasting foul weather.

The phosphorescence of the sea has the following names: Fire-bit (Macduff), Fire-i'-the-water (St. Combs), Lamp-o'-the-water (Macduff), Sea-can'les (St. Combs). During the herring fishing the fishermen cruise about till "the lamp is i' the water" (Macduff), till "there is aneuch o' fire i' the water" (St. Combs), and so they see where the fish are.

In Macduff and Pennan it is believed that the sea-gulls utter a peculiar, mournful cry before any disaster.

When the sound of the waves is heard of a calm night on the beach, the remark is made: "There's a heavy clawpp o' the shore the nicht, it bodes nae gueed." (Peterhead.)

Before a case of drowning or any calamity by wreck the St. Combs folks speak of the "deed (dead) roar o' the sea."

The large breakers that roll over a wreck on the beach go by the grim name of "Norrawa carpenters." (Peterhead.)

The fishermen of Pittulie think that the temperature of the sea is higher when the tide is rising than when it is falling. They base their conclusion upon the fact that during the season of the spawning of the haddock, when the lines are shot during the time the tide is rising, there is always a better catch than when it is ebbing. They say the fish are sickly, and the warmer temperature strengthens them to seize the bait.

When the tide is rising the expression used at St. Combs is, "the sey's fillin'."

The St. Combs men say that when the wind blows from the north the floods are big, and that this arises from the western ocean being "poort (poured) doon upo' them."

During the first half of the month of May the sea assumes a dull colour, so that anything falling into it overboard is much sooner lost to sight than at other times. This "thickness o' the wattir" goes by various names: "The cleansan o' the sea" (Peterhead); "the gammicks o' Mey" (Pittulie); "the Mey-sob" (Pittulie).

The fishermen of Pittulie attribute this phenomenon to the "quickenan o' life" in the sea.

Fishermen agree in saying that during this season the sea rises much more quickly and under less force of wind than at other seasons. Old Footdee fishermen call this excitability of the sea "the ready row" (ready roll), and say that it is caused by the thickness of the water. The fishermen of Pittulie and other villages say that "the sea is prood (proud) in May."

In Cove the favourite day for launching a boat was Saturday. The toast drunk was, "Ere's * yir ealth, an a wis ye fire-wid (wood) o' her."

The old fisherman of Footdee also preferred Saturday. After going through the ceremonies of throwing corn or barley on a new boat when brought home (Macduff), and breaking a bottle or wine-glass containing whiskey on it, the following words were repeated: "She's a bonnie boat. May Gueed mak 'ir a gueed boat t'you, an t' a' it may gyang in 'ir."

The notion of luck arising from having a horseshoe in the boat is well known. Some fishermen (Macduff) attach most virtue to a mare's fore shoe, particularly if it has been picked up by chance or "fun'."

Some time ago, when a fisherman was to make a new line, a few of his neighbours came and gave a helping hand. If any one entered the house as the work was going on, money, commonly a shilling, had to be given. This money was spent for whisky, which was drunk after the line was made. But whether a stranger enter the house, and gave the money or not, whisky was drunk. On such occasions the usual toast was, "Yir health, an wissin (wishing) you a tow-belt o' 'ir, man." A tow-belt was a piece of cord tied round the loins to hold up the trousers, or to keep the jacket tight. No braces or "gallowses" were then in use, and there was no such thing as oilskins. The tow-belt was usually a piece of a fishing-line that was worn out and had to be discarded for fishing purposes. (Macduff.)

* Many of the older fisher-folks on the east coast drop the initial *h*, as *ame* for *hame*, *at* for *hat*.

When the hook gets fixed in the bottom of the sea, one of the fishermen throws a stone overboard, and says, "Lat go!" (Macduff.) This is not now done by many, and when it is done it seems to be very much in joke.

A person with red hair is by some looked upon as having "an ill fit." (Pittulie.)

If a fisherman meets one that has the reputation of having an "ill fit," he makes some excuse for turning and walking a few steps with him or her to turn away the ill luck. (Macduff.)

If one with an "ill fit" enters a house during the making of a line or the baiting of it the end of it is passed through the fire or round the "crook."

A white stone is not used as a "lug-steen," that is, the stone tied to the lower corner (ear = lug) of the herring-net to sink it. (Macduff.)

When the men were going to the herring fishing for the first time, one of the women of the house used to throw the beesom after them. The same thing was done, when a new net was taken out of the house to be put into the boat. (Rosehearty.)

During the herring fishing the scales of the fish must not be washed off the boat, neither must they be cleaned off the fishermen's sea-boots. If this is done good luck flees away. (Macduff and other places.)

A good many years ago W—— W—— of G—— was unsuccessful in the herring fishing. The boat had been forespoken, and, until the curse was removed, there would be no success. The fisherman consulted a wise woman well known in Buchan: she counselled the burning of one of the nets; the net was accordingly offered in sacrifice.

Not very many years ago J—— Mack—— in M—— was making a very poor herring fishing. What could be the reason? His son had a rabbit, and, what was still more serious, of a black colour. It was this black rabbit that was at the root of the evil, for in that village the rabbit along with the hare, the rat, the cat, and the salmon, are unlucky. So the black rabbit had to die, and the fisherman

secretly put it out of the way. This man I know. If the catch of fish, "the shot," is poor on any occasion the usual saying is, "We've met the cat i' the mornin'." This is a common saying, however, when any undertaking has gone amiss. The fishermen of Footdee look on the cat as an animal of evil omen.

The salmon goes by the name of "the beast," or the "fool beast." (Macduff.)

Some fishermen (Cullen) will not pronounce the word "parten" (crab). If they were to do so evil would befall them, as a poor "shot" of fish, loss of lines, or such like.

In Cove it is unlucky to speak of mice, rats, pigs, swine, or salmon, when the line is being baited.

If a woman has any relations or friends at sea she must on no account comb and dress her hair after nightfall. Such an act brings disaster upon them. (Rosehearty.)

It is accounted unlucky to give fire out of a house, so much so that one would not enter a house, and light his pipe at the fire, and walk out. Luck would leave the house. (Macduff.)

A form of curse is: "May Norrawa be yir first laanan" (Macduff), and it is spoken when the boat is going to sea. Another curse is: "May yir boat be yir bonnet the first time ye gyang to the sea." A good many years ago (Rosehearty) a few young men wished to have a short pleasure-sail in the evening. Without any ceremony they took possession of a boat they thought would suit their purpose. They had hardly got away from the mooring-place, when the owner hurried down, and in no friendly mood ordered them to come back. Little attention was paid to the first call. But he became so angry that they turned, but, as they were nearing the beach, one of the young men cried out—"May she be yir bonnet the neest time ye gyang oot wi 'ir." The owner was vanquished, and cried out—"Tack 'ir, tack 'ir, an awa oot wi ye." One of those that took part in this little comedy told me the story.

The practice of not locking the trunks of those going from home to prosecute the fishing is followed in Macduff. The trunk is packed, placed near the door ready to be taken to the boat, and the key put

in the lock. It is turned when set outside the door. My informant told me he has himself been forbidden to lock the trunk, while it stood inside the house.

It is the common practice to coil a rope according to the course of the sun. (Macduff.)

Some fishermen have the notion that there is a greater variety of living creatures in the sea than on land. (Macduff.)

About the time of spawning, haddocks do not take bait very readily, and they are said to be "prood" (proud). At that season they will seize bait of lug or herring more readily than mussels or limpets. (Pittulie.)

Another haddock rhyme is :—

"The hinmost word the haddock spack
'Roast my belly afore my back.'"

Here are two variants of the haddock lyric :—

"Roast me, or boil me,
Bit dinna burn ma beens,
Or else a'll grow scarcer
Aboot yir fire-steens."

And—

"Roast me, or boil me,
Bit dinna burn ma beens,
An a'll be plentier
Aboot yir hearth-steens." (Macduff.)

Here is a rhyme about the flounder:*—

"The troot said t' the flook,
'Faht made your moo crook?'
The flook said t' the troot,
'My moo wiz never aiven
Sin I cam by Johnshaven.'" (Mrs. Gardiner, Macduff.)

* See *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by Robert Chambers. New Edition, 1870, p. 199, and *Notes on the Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 146.

Some Leechcraft.

The notion that the seventh son without the birth of a daughter will be a doctor of medicine is still to be met with. In Macduff I met with the idea that he would be either a doctor or a clergyman as being possessed of more knowledge than ordinary.

A lock of hair taken from the head of a child that has never known his or her father, and carried by a child that is ill of whooping-cough, proves a cure. (Macduff.) Another cure for the same disease is for one to go to a house in which another has it, and get "a piece,"—that is, a bit of bread, and give it to the one ill. This was done not long ago in Macduff, but I was told the cure was brought from a village farther west.

The belief in "forespeaking" a child has not yet died out. The cure for it is a drank off a shilling. My informant said that one day he happened to enter a house in which a child had suddenly become sick, "teen (taken) a dwaam." The cry was raised that it was "forespoken." One of the women immediately drew a shilling from her pocket, put it into a dish, poured a little water over it, and then held the water to the child's lips. The sickness soon passed off.

A Marriage Custom.

When the bridegroom goes to meet the bride to have the marriage celebrated, he has to give money to the first one he meets, no matter of what rank. When the marriage-party is going to the new home after the celebration of the marriage, it is the bride that gives the money to the "first-fit." My informant told me he did this himself. (Macduff.)

FOLK-LORE IN MONGOLIA.

[*From* G. N. Potanin's *sketch of N.W. Mongolia, vol. ii. page* 146, *et seq. This contribution is due to the kindness of the late* Mr. W. S. W. Vaux. *Mr. Vaux wrote as follows upon the subject:—*

"The accompanying paper was sent to me some time since by a learned member of this Society, Mr. C. Gardner, H.B.M. Cons., Ichang, China. It is not in our province, but it may be in yours. Anyhow, you may rely on accuracy of details."]

1. Kerpek Shêshên, the Hedgehog.

ORMERLY Kerpek Shêshên, that is the hedgehog, was a bey and sat in the Beylik (that is the assembly of beys). In that time was Dzalmaus Pêïgambar, who destroyed much people and cattle, devouring them. The nation collected together and took counsel under the presidency of the nobles as to what to do. Then some one remembered that there was a wise bey, Kerpek Shêshên; so they sent to him to ask his advice. "How shall I go?" said the hedgehog; "I have no feet." Kerpek Shêshên was round and had no feet. "We will give you feet," said the courtiers. They made feet and placed Kerpek Shêshên on them. Kerpek Shêshên went to the council and asked about the matter. Then they told him Dzalmaus devours people and cattle; he started to go to Dzalmaus, came to him to his tent, and asked: "Wherefore he devoured people and cattle?" "Why?" asked Dzalmaus, "for the same reason that I shall swallow you." "Swallow!" replied the hedgehog. Dzalmaus swallowed him, but the hedgehog bristled out and stuck in his throat. Dzalmaus wished to vomit him, but the hedgehog held on by his feet. Then Kerpek Shêshên put out his head and asked Dzalmaus what it was necessary to give him

that he should no longer devour people. Dzalmaus demanded gold. Kerpek Shêshên came forth from the throat of Dzalmaus and departed not knowing where to obtain gold. On the road there met him a man all in white, his head also was bound with a white fillet. The white man asked Kerpek Shêshên where he was going. The hedgehog informed him. Then the white man (he was Musa Pëigambar, the prophet Moses) led him to a great water, and dug into it with his staff, and broke out a lump of gold like a horse's head. Kerpek Shêshên took the gold to Dzalmaus, and then he ceased to eat people. —(Kirghis tribes of Tarbagatai.)

2. The Baigus (bird).

In a former time lived Dzehrael Dzalmaus Pëigambar. He hunted birds and ate them. He threaded the birds captured by a hole in the beak, and fastened them to a rope. All the birds were captured except the baigus. Dzalmaus considers how he may catch also the baigus. *Sunkar*, the falcon, offered himself, but Dzalmaus said:—"No, *Sunkar* will catch him and hide, let *Karchega*, the vulture, catch him." The vulture flew off and found the baigus, and said: "Baigus! baigus! What wilt thou do? The khan requires thee." The baigus hid his head and made pretence for some time, saying: "My head aches, I will not go." The vulture said to him politely, "Come out, let us converse!" After a little while the baigus came forth—the vulture seized him, laid him under her wing, and carried him off. Then the baigus cried out:—

> "Thy ridges are hard!
> They have destroyed my life!"

The vulture arrived at the tent of Dzalmaus, she held her prey under her wing. "Where is the baigus?" asked Dzalmaus. "I have it not," said the vulture. "I'll cut off your head," said Dzalmaus. Then the vulture gave him the bird. The baigus asked a word and began to say:—

> "My head is as a finger,
> The flesh on me is that of a sparrow:
> I have no flesh to eat,
> Nor blood to satisfy the appetite."

"Thou, *Taksuir* (my lord)," continued the baigus, "hast captured all the birds, hast pierced their beaks, and hung them on a rope. They all requite (evil deeds?), they sit without food, they are hungry and their beaks are sore. If you wish to string me also by the beak, then twist a rope from the sun's ray and cows' butter:—

'Sargum nan ot kuil,
Sarui mai nan arkan kuil.'"

"What will such a rope do?" asked Dzalmaus. Chort (the devil) appeared. He (the devil) hunted, he hunted the ray with his hands, he did not catch anything, clots of butter were in his hands, they spread all about. Then Dzalmaus said: "Dja! the baigus is small in growth but his wisdom is great, let free all the birds at the request of the baigus." From that moment the baigus became the bey of the birds. People say the swan is the khan (*Ák-kv.* Mong. *Khong*) of the birds; this is not true, the khan among birds is the baigus. Therefore if the Kirghis meet the baigus they do not kill it, they consider that a sin, and though it can be taken by the hand they do not hunt it. They may take it to look at, but they do so to let go again. All birds have holes in the beak, but the baigus has no holes in the beak.—(Kirghis of Tarbagatai.)

3. Kor-tvishkan.

A certain bey (master) had two daughters and two sons: in that time there were no other people in the land; the father went out hither and thither. During his absence the elder daughter said to the younger: "There are no other men besides our brothers, let us join ourselves to them." The younger sister replied to that: "God hears; it is sin." "God has no ears," said the elder. After that she began to secure for herself the elder of the brothers, but he refused; she threatened to slay him, but he was not afraid; then she plucked out his eyes and buried them in the ground. From that very time forth Kor-tuichkan (that is the blind mouse) dwelt under the ground. The father came home and found out about her conduct, and cursed the daughter; and God changed her into the cat *Myalēn.* Both animals (blind mouse and cat) resemble human beings; the

blind one (in Turgouth, *Sokvir nomuin*) has arms ending in hands. The Kirghis do not eat the flesh of these animals. A cap of the fur of *Myalēn* brings trouble; to a young (fresh) man it will quickly cause sickness, it is only safe to an old man. The Turgouths on the other hand eat the flesh of *Myalēn* and of the Marmot; if thou askest why they eat it they will answer because "it is very good." It is as good as human flesh. Human flesh is good, it is like sugar, and a man's tongue is sweeter than sugar. God marked *Myalēn* with beautiful bars of stripes and let her go in the steppe, saying: "Do not become a nation."—(Kirghis of Tarbagatai.)

4. Alasa Khan.

Three nations, the Chūrchūt (Chinese), the Orus (Russians), and the Kazak (Kirghis), chose as khan a young man, a dwarf (the Kirghis Alasa), and seated him on the alacha (a variegated cloth material which the Kirghis weave), and they wished to raise him upon it. Then they disputed. The Russian says I will take him. The Chinese says I will take him. The Khirgis the same. But when they had raised him the Russian and the Chinese perceived that the khan was very narrow, light and small in stature, and refused to take him as their khan. But the Kirghis thought our nation is a small one, such a khan will just suit us; and they raised him on the alacha with the cry: "*Alash, Alash, buldui! Alasa, khan buldui*" (Alash, Alash, Alasa has become khan).—(Kirghis of the Chubaraigir race—Tarbagatai.)

Another saying is:—

Alasa Kanuim Kacuinda Kara chakan tusenda, Katun êr tusenda. That is in the times of Alasa, Khan of Karacha Khan and of Katun. —(Same as above.)

Another version of above is:—

Formerly the Kirghis had no khans, but Alasa khan gave a government to the nation. The nation resorted to him and began to ask him to give them a khan. Alasa khan hung a piece of gold money on a tree, and desired all in turn to leap past the tree and fire at the money from a bow, whoever hit the money then he should be

khan. All the nation took part in the shooting, but only three brothers, thieves, hit. These men after a rebellion had fled from one of the neighbouring great kingdoms to the Kirghis horde.—(Written from the Kirghis of the Akmollinsk province.)

The children of Ghengis Khan were Ak Padishah (Russian Czar) and Edjên Khan (Emperor of China). The Kirghis sultans were descended from three sons of a younger wife of Ghengis Khan, whose names were Budênêtai, Burgultai and Sargaltai.—(Kirghis of Chubaraigir—race Tarbagatai.)

5. Êseken batuir.

The most ancient father of the nation of Kazak (Kirghis) was Maikal Bey. People called his son Kurdum; Kurdum had a son Kizzie-gurt (red worm); Kizzie-gurt had a son Chubaraigir. In among the Chubaraigir clan was a batuir (partisan) Êseken. He tilled the fields of a certain man by name Karabut, on the other side of the river Kaba. In that time on the field rushed a herd of horses of a nobleman (Tiurê) Uraltai Mamuir Khan. Êseken-batuir drove the herd from the field and said in his wrath, "Children of (*Kuirkuiz*)." Uraltai heard this word, and bore a grudge against Êseken-batuir; he puts upon his neck fetters (o srag) and on his feet iron horses' shackles (ksen), and throws him into the water. The race of Chubaraigir, not seeing their batuir, began to search for him, and found him in the water. After that the men of Chubaraigir undertook to make raids (Chabadui) against Uraltai. The Tiurê (Uraltai) fled on a camel, and was obliged to buy peace of the men of Chubaraigir for three kuns, and thus lost he his tiurêlik (nobility). That is why the Kirghis sultans, as descendants of Uraltai, are not considered tiurê (nobles), but only as rich people.—(Kirghis of Chubaraigir, clan of Tarbagatai.)

Of the genealogy of Adjē Sultan, who wandered over Kanasa, in the Altai (mountains), and is now perished. Kapuir-Malik * had a son Kuirkuiz, Kuirkuiz a son Ablai, Ablai a son Sêmên, Sêmên a

* Malik, probably Arabic, Melik, a king.

son Djabag, Djabag a son Kogedai, Kogedai a son Adjē Sultan. The Kuirkuiz were of the race of Kuirkuiz, who were infidels (Kapuirui).* Therefore the batuir (partisan) of the nation of Kazaks (Kirghis), by name Khodja-Bergen, went to war with them. On the spot of a certain battle there was found a boy-child of the enemy who had been deserted, him Khodja Bergen took, fed him, and made him khan of the nation of Kazak (Kirghis). That is why Uraltai Mamuir Khan, as a descendant of Kapuir (infidels), was enraged with Êseken-batuir when he called him a child of *Kērgēz* (Kuirkuiz ?)—(The same as above.)

The Kirghis nobility descends from Kizzie-gurt (red worm), but Edzen Khan (Emperor of China) from stone.—(The same as above.)

Van, that is the Prince of the Bulugunsk Turgouths, gave a riddle to the Kirghis Sultan Adjē : " What is like three black things, and what is like three red things?" Adjē Sultan replied, " To a woman to be master is hard ; to have no food when one desires to eat, no horses when one wants to ride is to the poor man hard. A large camel foal to the camel is hard. These are like three black things. The khan's eye is beauteous to the dog, the face of the bride is beautiful, the face of the khan's boy is beautiful. These are like three red things." Adjē had guessed and received from the Van a stone that is a ball for the cap.†—(Diurbiut tribe.)

The Diurbiuts say that the Tangnu-uryankhaits ‡ descend from stone, because they have not *noma* books and call themselves Khara (black) uryankhai and also " kokchelutun."—(The same as above.)

In ancient times, in the time of Khal Khulu Khan, a part of the Mongol nation dwelt far to the west: this was a people of lofty race,

* Probably Arabic Kaffarini, infidels.

† Compare China mandarin button on cap.

‡ A Mongol tribe. The Tang nu is a name given by the Chinese to the Huns.

the Ike Mongols. For in the multitude of their cattle they had need of watering-places, and in Mongolia they found themselves pressed for want of room.*—(A Zain Shaben man.)

6. The Marmot.

a. Tarbagan, that is the marmot, was formerly a man, an archer; not a single beast, not a single bird, not at the longest distance, did he miss. Then he cut off his thumb and buried it in the ground and said, "Be a marmot." From that time forth he himself ceased to shoot.—(Written from Uryankhait Mongols of the Altai Mountains.)

β. In olden times were two great hunters, Duai-sokhor and Dondugul Mêrgên. They destroyed many animals, so God changed them, one into a marmot, the other into a beaver (kunduz). The latter has narrow eyes (the legend perhaps confounds the beaver with the otter, which in the Altai tongue is called Kamdu), therefore a hunter (Mêrigên) is called Duai sokhor.—(Written from a Tarbagatai Kirghis of the Chubaraigir tribe.)

In old times there were two great hunters (mêrgên) Djaik and Tokhtogul; the fate of the latter the narrator did not know. From Djaik not a single beast, not a single bird, could escape. All the beasts and birds prayed to God, "He is rooting us all out." God buried him in the ground and said, "Thou could'st not live in concord on the earth; live in a hole under the earth and feed on roots."—(Written from a Tarbagatai Kirghis of the Baidjigit tribe.)

The marmot formerly was a rich man, by surname Karun bai. He had thousands of horses, of oxen, of camels, of sheep. To him came beggars, blind men, lame men, old men begging alms. Karumbai would give them nothing. Then the beggars turned to God in their grief, and began to say, "Taksuir (Lord)! vainly thou gavest to Karunbai such great wealth. We poor people go to him for alms, and he never will give anybody anything." God asked Karunbai, "Dost thou give alms?" "No," replied Karunbai, "why should I

* Can this be an allusion to the invasion of Europe by the Huns?

give ?" Then God changed him into a marmot, and ordered that he should eat grass. The marmot left his family with the cry, "Anguit! Anguit!" that is "Amanbul!" farewell! and now also he screeches out this farewell compliment whenever he climbs out of his hole. The cattle of Karunbai God changed into wild beasts. The oxen into reindeer (Bogu), the sheep into argali, the goats into rock goats (tau ishkê), the horses into kulans and surtax, and the camels into tiu ô giēk.—(Written from a Tarbagatai Kirghis of the Djastaban tribe.)

Formerly the Kazaks, that is the Kirghis, had only oxen, the people did not know horses at all. They adorned the oxen on the horns and tails with owl feathers, and rode upon them: all, even nobles and rich men did not disdain to do so. Something flowed from the oxen's nose, and the people began to beseech God, and he made them then the horse from the wind. The wind raised itself in a cloud of dust, and a herd of horses galloped by. The people let go the cow and the horse for a race; the cow got first, and the steed was left behind. They both were wearied, and wished to drink. The cow ran first to the hole of the marmot and asked him, "*Su ūr saṣuik su kaida*"*; that is, "Stinking marmot, where is water?" The offended marmot showed her some stinking, stagnant water, saying, "There is water, stinking cow." The cow drank and ran a little further. Then the horse ran up afterwards and asked, "*Su ūr Djupar su kaida?*" that is, "Djupar (?) marmot, where is water?" "There is water, Djupar horse," said the marmot, and showed her good, clean, and delightful water. The cow, having drunk bad water, could not run quickly, and the horse got before her.—(Written from the same Djastaban man.)

If one has shot down a marmot from the bow it is well; but if he escapes with the arrow into his hole it is evil. He changes himself into a chētkur (devil). Ten men, the whole gachoun,† will not then dig him out. It will be hard for the whole Aimak‡ to get him.—(Khotogait.)

* Su, water, usu, water, in Central Asian nomenclature.

† Gachoun (stage place in a desert).

‡ Aimak (collection of nomad tents).

Whoever, capturing the wild animal the Ukhuirokto,* releases it in his tent shall have much oxen. If the young of the animal dwells in his tent it is the same thing.—(Khotogait.)

7. The Forefathers of the Domestic Animals.

Formerly there were neither horses nor oxen, people ate grass. The father of the ox was called Zeng baba; he was alone and lived before Adam (for so was named the most ancient ancestor of the Kazak (Kirghis) nation). Man gathered grass and fed Zeng baba and milked him, but the horse went wild on the steppe; Djvpar called her. She turned to the man with the prayer, "Give me also grass." The man asked her, "Wilt thou agree that I should saddle thee, ride upon thee, and sell thee?" The horse agreed. Then the man gave grass to the horse. The ancestor of the camels was called Oisul Kara. Of him is the saying: *Oisul Kara, suga salsa bat paidui ēskē saba.* (Throw Oisul kara into the water, he will not sink the old saba.†) The father of all the sheep was Chopan-ata; but the goat had no ancestor, he was born in the following manner: A shepherd tended Chopan-ata; the master said to him, "If Chopan-ata gives birth to only lambs all the increase shall be mine; but everything that is born unlike himself shall be to thee for wages." Chopan-ata gives birth; all are lambs, yes, lambs; then the shepherd in his vexation pricked him in the stomach with his staff. Chopan-ata at that time was with young, and gave birth to a goat having a tail of hair, not of fat. The master did not get honour by it, and gave it to the shepherd.

8. The Ox.

An old man had an ox, which he cut on the spine and let it loose in a field. A magpie came and pecked at his spine until it was still worse; a wolf ran up and tore him behind, and a fox fell upon him in front. The head alone was left. When the old man came to look at

* Ukhuirokto. M. Potanin considers a species of Hamster.

† *Saba.* Skin vessel in which Koumiss is poured. (Potanin.)

his ox the head only said to him, "Do not be sad because they have eaten me; break my head in pieces, and in the two horns thou shalt find as much as shall suffice thee to live without alms for six years." The old man took the head home, broke it up, and in one horn found silver and in the other gold.—(Kirghis of Tarbagatai of the Baidjigit tribe.)

The cow is made of water, the camel of salt, the steed of wind, the sheep of the sky, man of earth, the goat of stone.—(Kirghis Djastaban tribe.)

In the former time there was no water on the earth; the great grey ox (Kog oguz), whom two men tended, was faint with thirst; the herds also. "I will procure water," said Kog oguz, and he began to tear up the earth with his horns—the water came forth a foaming fountain, and formed two large sheets of water. One was the Zaisan lake, the other the ocean (Tengis).*—(The same as above.)

On the surface of the ocean (or great lake) lies a fog (du), on the summit of the fog the rock—Djain (Djain tas); on the rock on his four feet stands Kog oguz (the grey ox), and with his horns sustains the world on which we and our cattle live.—(The same as above.)

9. Guigêr Mêdjēt.

(Related by an illiterate Lhama (Buddhist monk) of Zain Shabēn named Chērēn-dordji.)

Érgu Uidzil Khan had two wives. The elder was without children, and therefore went to a great Lhama who dwelt under a cliff; her Ayachkē (waiting maid) accompanied her. The Lhama at that time ate flour (gulēr); he handed over that very flour to the Khan's wife in a cup, and the Khan's wife handed the cup to her maid, who finished the flour. Then both women returned home. Meanwhile Uidzil Khan received from Khurmusta Tengri (that is from heaven)

* The word Tengis or Dhengis is applied to the Caspian and other lakes and seas.

a call for help. Khurmusta Tengri wrote to the Khan that in his dominions war had begun, and that in the course of four days he should present himself to him in a divine form. Uidzil Khan having received the divine vision departed for the country of Tengri; in his absence the younger wife, not regarding the warning of the elder, burnt his earthly tunic; having returned to his town Uidzil Khan did not find his earthly body, and when it was reported to him that it had been burnt by his wife, Uidzil Khan said that in his divine form he could no longer remain in that land, and therefore he departed to everywhere, and also that a trace of his departure place would pass by the country of Ulan nēdun of Shumucên Ukhuirhama Khan. Uidzil Khan ascended to heaven, but the nation began to scatter and hide in the mountains. At the same time the elder wife of the Khan and her servant, both big with child, went out also to the mountains. Here they made an agreement only to let free the child that was first born, and to cast away the child born afterwards. The Khan's wife had a child first, and both women carried the babe in turn; but when the servant strongly desired the same, to carry the child became difficult. Then she determined to leave it on the mountain side, and she herself went to the Lhama who had given the flour. The Lhama said that this would be a wondrous child, that it would not do to desert it, and ordered her to bring it to himself; then he enveloped it in the flower of the plant Udun banên (peony?), in its mouth also he placed a bud for it to suck, and he gave the child the name Guigêr Mêdjēt, and ordered the women to travel over the world asking alms. So the women began to go about begging. On the road the servant also gave birth. The babe, according to the agreement, as the last born, they thrust into the hole of Tarbagan (the marmot). In that hole dwelt a female wolf who already had a cub. The wolf seeing the exposed child imagined that she herself had given birth to it, and began to give it suck at the same time as to the wolf cub who was her offspring. The two women, with the other boy in their hands, went meanwhile to the nation of Gachuin Chētuigchē Khan; around them gathered a crowd of inquisitive people, who questioned them. Why they, who were evidently good women and carried about so fair a child, were forced to wander about the world? At that time the

Khan came out of his house for a certain need, and saw the crowd and desired to know what was the reason of the throng. When they told him that two women who had come from a Khan's house which had been destroyed were begging, Chētujgchē Khan ordered that a house should be built for them exactly like that which they had with the old Khan, and that they should be provided with exactly the same maintenance as they had enjoyed in their former condition. Here, in the Khanate of Chētuigchē Khan, Guigêr Mêdjēt grew up, became a youth and began to learn everything, blacksmith's work, fishing, weaving nets, reading, writing, stealing and conjuring (Ēlbchē). So the kingdom of Chētuigchē Khan came with merchandize and a company of 500 men—Djētuim Senge Noēnon—and on the steppe in his way found he a youth. "Who art thou, oh lad?" asked Djētuim Senge, "and where is thy home and where are thy parents?" "My home," replied the lad, "is this hole; the wolf cub who plays by the hole is my elder brother, and see there the two wolves who run over the hill that are my father and mother." Djētuim Senge had no children, and saying, "Let this be my son," took the lad with him and gave him the name of Shyal. The caravan arrived at the land of Chētuigchē Khan and occupied the bank of the river opposite the town. Guigêr Mêdjēt at night-time came to the merchant encampment to steal. At that time on the steppe wandered the wolf. A man sleeping in the same tent as Shyal woke him with the words, "Shyal, Shyal, bos, bos (get up)! listen to what the wolf says." Shyal having passed his childhood in the wolf's family understood wolf language. Shyal went out of the tent and listened and said, "This my elder brother has come." He (the wolf) says, "Own little brother, come out and look about you! Yes, look well after thy goods; a thief has come and stands by the tent." Guigêr Mêdjēt fled at this and thinks—"This is a wonderful man because he knows wolf's language; I must make friends with this youth in order that he may teach me myself this knowledge." Next night Guigêr Mêdjēt again went out to steal; again the wolf appears to Shyal and says to him, "At night in the river the water shall overflow, cross over to a high island between the river and the low ground; on the water there shall float the body of a corpse, on his right shoulder

there shall be the jewel (êrdene) Chuinduim. Whoever cuts it off shall be Khan. Besides this again last night's thief stands near the tent." Guigêr Mêdjēt again fled. At night the nation rose, went forth, and crossed to the island; the water came, the nation crowded on the bank, and waits for the corpse. Guigêr Mêdjēt at that time ascended up the river, seized the corpse, cut off the jewel Chuinduim, and let the corpse fall again into the water. When the merchants who stood on the bank drew the corpse to the shore and saw that the jewel had already been taken, they again let the corpse fall into the water. On the morning of the next day Guigêr Mêdjēt determined, "I will not now go to the merchant encampment as a thief. The wolf will again hinder me. I will go as a merchant." Having arrived at the merchant encampment he demanded that they should show him the merchandize as perhaps he would buy it. Selecting merchandize for 1000 liang * of silver, Guigêr Mêdjēt, being a conjuror (Ēlbchē), secretly laid upon them his golden seal, and said to the merchants, "Let the merchandize remain with you for the present; to-morrow I will come for it." Meanwhile he himself went to Chētguir Khan and said, "My mother has lost her property, order a search to be made among the merchants. On my things lies my golden seal." The Khan ordered that Djētuim Senge should be called, and asked him, "Have you not such and such a seal—a seal of gold, eh?" Djētuim Senge said he had no goods with golden seals. The Khan sent officers to search the caravan. The officers found much merchandize with golden seals. Then the Khan again summoned Djētuim Senge to him, and said to him that he was not a merchant, but a thief, and ordered that all his merchandize should be given to Guigêr Mêdjēt, and that Djētuim Senge himself and his 500 men should be thrown into prison (Khara Byaishēn). The nation wept. Then Guigêr Mêdjēt said to the Khan, "Do not put him in prison and do not take his goods; let him only give me his (son) Shyal." Djētuim Senge agreed, let Shyal go, and gave him a cup with water and a khadak (piece of silk) as a memento that he had saved him from the flood and from the loss of his wealth. When Guigêr

* Liang, Chinese weight, 1⅓ oz.

Mêdjēt had taken Shyal home he learnt from him that he was his younger brother (because you see their father was a clump of flour). Then Guigêr Mêdjēt with Shyal returned to their old nomad villages (Ulus), that is the Ulus* of Eruigu Uidzil Khan. Then they found that the nation had fallen into misery, because Ulan-Nēdun Shumusên Ukhuir, Hama Khan ate ten men a day. Guigêr Mêdjēt and Shyal slew Ukhuir Hama Khan (or Ukhuir Vam Khan) and restored their Ulus (villages). After this Guigêr Mêdjēt became Khan of four Khanites and married Etozēlkh Tēnkēl Urun Katun.†

In conclusion the narrator stated that this story (Ulguir) was first recounted by one of the thirty-two wooden men who served at the feet of the table of the exhumed Ardjē Burdjē Khan in the place called Tobtsuik to to goi.‡

10. Tain Tērkhēn.

According to the account of the Gêtsēl Djorkē (who was a Khalka § man of the Barga clan from the mouths of the Orkhon river ‖), one of the affluents of the Etyn Gol ¶ (pronounced by Djorkē the Uig) is called Arkhuin-borol. There there is a rock shaped like a man: it is the Tain Tērkhēn; near it is a monastery in which live many Lhamas (Buddhist monks).

According to another account Tain Tērkhēn is to be found at the guard-station Uilgên.** Tain Tērkhēn was a *Bo* (Shaman ††) of the time of Genghis Khan; he carried off the Khan's wife; hid her in a cave which he blocked with stones. Genghis Khan for a long

* Ula in Central Asian nomenclature.

† Catun, lady, woman. (Potanin.)

‡ Ta pu chi ke to lo kai, or Dabuchik Doroga, is on the Russo-Chinese frontier.

§ Khalka, Mongol, not Turcoman. The Kirghis are Turcomen.

‖ The *Amur* river divided into the Orkhon and Shelka near the town of Nertunsk.

¶ Gol, river.

** Uilgên, on Russo-Chinese frontier.

†† Shaman, nature worshipper non-Buddhist religion. The Buddhist call the Shamans sorcerers.

time sought the wicked Bo,* and at last discovered his dwelling-place, by seeing a grey horse (Boro morēn) standing in the valley of the River Arkhuin Borol, on which Tain Tērkhēn rode. Genghis Khan smote the shaman, striking him with his sword on the right cheek. Even now on the rock may be seen the mark of the sabre stroke.

According to the account of Tabuin-sakhal, a shaman who lived in the town of Cobdo, two tribes, Khar darkhat and Shar Tērkhēn, reside in the neighbourhood of Tain Tērkhēn.

The figure of Tain Tērkhēn enjoys the greatest fame in Mongolia. To the rock travel pilgrims from places such as Wrga in the far west, from the Diubrut Vlus (villages) by the Ubsanor Lake. Even in the Gobi desert this rock is known of. It is remarkable that persons dwelling in the farthest parts of Mongolia in speaking of it always observe, "Round Tain Tērkhēn are many trembling shamans." Aivoha, a Mongoe who was our (Potanin's) guide across Gobi, and who was taken from a village of *Nam*, which is on the southern boundary of Gobi, knew of two Tērkhēns ; one was a blue rock (Khu khu chēlo) in the country of Têlengētên Uryankhai ; the other was whitish-grey (Boro tsagan) on the Seleuge River. The Mongoes say that the image (Kēshachēlo) first laid upon the ground but that it raised itself up and stands now solid and upright. They say, also, that in front of Tain Tērkhēn can only serve a true shaman, a false shaman will at once reveal himself and die. All these tales induce me (Potanin) to imagine that in front of Tain Tērkhēn there is still preserved a religious service of shamans.

When I asked for representation of Tain Tērkhēn, they brought me, printed on a sort of paper with Indian ink, the portrait of a horseman with a standard in the right hand. The horseman was provided with a quiver and a sword. Clouds surrounded the horseman ; at the top amidst the clouds were mountain-peaks, and below them the sun and the moon ; on the feet of the horseman were observed two statues. Other Mongoes to whom I showed the portrait called it Dainsuin Têngēr.

* Bo, in Mongolian, demon.

11. Djērenshê Shêshên and As Djanēbek.

The Kirghis of Tarbagatai say that As Djanēbek was the most ancient Khan in the world; he governed many Elyas (Elya in Kirghis means elan). He had an ally, Djērenshê Shêshên, who knew everything of stones, of animals, of herbs, &c. In that time there was no forest, and the people did not know with what to make their houses. Djērenshê Shêshên pointed out to the Khan the plant Djērên.* This was wood in the time of Djērenshê Shêshên, wherefore the plant bears that name.

Sultan Musa Chermanov (neighbourhood of Kur Karalinsk) related to me that the Kirghis of Kur Karalinsk have a large blade of grass which has descended from the times of As Djanēbek and his two cotemporaries Djērenshê Shêshên and Aldar Kosê (Kosê in Kirghis means beardless). Djērenshê was called the wise (Shêshên in Kirghis means the eloquent), and Aldar Kosê was called the liar.

12. Er-qokchu.

In ancient times the Kirghis attacked and drove away the neighbouring nomad nations, and that so suddenly that their braziers which they left behind them were still warm.† In one of these braziers they found a child buried in the ashes to keep it warm during the night, which had been forgotten by the departing aborigines. The Kirghis took him and gave him over to a woman to be suckled, so that the child, not being brought up by his own mother, was badly nourished, and his growth was stunted. Therefore he was given the name Uak,‡ as much as to signify the "little."

* Djerên, Astragalus, of the Tragasantha order. (Potanin.)

† Mr. Potanin, in a note, quotes European authorities to show Mongol children are often put in the braziers and covered with warm ashes. I have seen a Chinese child so treated for warmth. The ashes are wood ashes thoroughly burnt, allowed to cool, and then warmed up with charcoal, and put in a brazier, where they are never hot, only warm. During the wet season, in China, we aired our clothes by wrapping them round a brazier full of warm ashes.

‡ Uak, a former Kirghis tribe. (Potanin.)

By another account, written down in Tarbagatai, I find, "The ancestor of the Uaks was called Erqokchu"—(Kirghis of the Akmolinsk province.)

13. The Wood-pecker.

The wood-pecker (in Kirghis, Tokuldauk) was formerly a servant of Pëigambar Musa (prophet Moses). He stole much, and hid it, not knowing that Musa knew all about it. At last Musa determines to punish him, so he clothed him with stripes on the back, and forbade him to eat either herb or meat; he was to eat dry wood; he tried to cry out "Tamaguim djok tuk djok"—that is, "There is not a morsel of food!" but there only came out the sound *Kē-ēk*, and no one could understand him.—(Siēr Bai, a Kirghis of the Chubaraigir clan of Tarbagatai.)

(*To be continued.*)

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(*Continued from page* 256.)

The Samudda Jâtaka.*

IN days of yore, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as a sea-sprite. It happened that a certain water-crow, passing over the sea, went about forbidding the shoals of fish and flocks of birds to

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 296, p. 441.

drink too much (for fear he wouldn't get enough), saying, "Drink in moderation of the water in the ocean, drink sparingly." The sea-sprite, on witnessing this, spake the following *gâthâ* :—

> "Now pray who is this I see hopping about,
> Restraining the fish that swim in these waves?
> He fears that the sea salt water will lack,
> It grieves him full sore to see so much waste."

The water-crow, on hearing this, made answer in the following *gâthâ* :—

> "I'm a famous fine bird, eternally sipping,
> But greedy I am and never get sated,
> The sea, were I able, to the dregs I'd be drinking,
> And leave ne'er a drop to the lord of the rivers."

On hearing this the sea-sprite gave utterance to the following *gâthâ* :—

> "The sea ebbs and flows but never gets less,
> Though all the world drink not a drop would it miss;
> The ocean is deep, exhaustless its streams,
> Unable are any its waters to drain."

When he had thus spoken he appeared as an object of fearful shape, and put the sea-crow to flight.

The Kapota Jâtaka.*

The greedy Crow.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn amongst the pigeon-kind. At that time the inhabitants of Benares, desirous of acquiring religious merit by doing good deeds, suspended in various places straw-baskets as snug (nest-) abodes for birds. The cook of a wealthy citizen in Benares caused one of these baskets to be hung up in his kitchen, and in it the Bodhisat lived. It was his (the pigeon's) custom to go out early in the morning in search of food, to return in the evening, and spend the rest of his time in the nest-basket.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 42, p. 241.

It happened one day that a certain crow going along the top of the kitchen smelt the savoury odour of the fish, meat, sauces and the rest: whereat he conceived an intense longing for them. Not far off he sat thus thinking to himself, " By what means now shall I be able to secure a piece of fish ? " In the evening he saw the Bodhisat return and enter the kitchen. Thought he, " By means of this pigeon I'll contrive to get a lump of fish." The very next day, early in the morning, he returned; and when the pigeon left the kitchen in search of food he followed close behind him. At last the Bodhisat espied him and said, " Why, sir, do you follow me in this way ? " The crow replied, " Master, your proceedings please me; henceforth I'll be your attendant."

Said the pigeon, " Our food is very different; you will find attendance on me a somewhat difficult task." The crow answered, " Master, when you are getting your own food I'll get mine too, and so shall be able to accompany you to and fro." " Good," said the pigeon, as he consented; " but you must mind what you are about."

Having thus duly admonished the crow the Bodhisat went about in search of food, eating grass, seeds, and the like. But while the pigeon was thus occupied the crow, having alighted on some cow-dung, took to picking out the worms and eating them. When he had filled his crop he returned to his companion and said, " Master, you have been staying here somewhat later than usual; you will surely have had very much food by this time." Having finished his meal the crow returned in the evening and entered the kitchen in company with the pigeon.

The cook said, " Our pigeon has come back, bringing with him also another bird." So he placed a nest-basket for the crow. From that time forth these two creatures lived together. One day, however, the wealthy citizen already mentioned received a quantity of fish, which the cook hung here and there in the kitchen. As soon as the crow perceived it he conceived a longing for it. " When the pigeon," thought he, " goes to look for food I must e'en manage to get hold of a morsel."

All night long he lay moaning and groaning. The next day the Bodhisat, on setting out, as usual, to look for food, said, " Friend crow, let's be off." The crow replied, " Do you go, master; I can't,

for I've got the belly-ache." Said the pigeon, "Surely, sir, it was never before known that crows were troubled with such a complaint. At night, in each of the three watches, crows feel a sinking (for want of food); but, after swallowing the wicks of the lamps, for a while they are satisfied. But perhaps you are desirous of eating the fish hanging about here. Now, human food is surely not fit eating for crows. Pray don't attempt any such thing; but come along with me, and see what we can find to eat." The crow made answer, "Oh! master, I can't." "Well, the result will show whether you are ill or only shamming. You'll prove that by your own action. While I am away don't be influenced by greediness; but be careful what you do." Having thus warned the crow, the Bodhisat went on his way as usual. When the cook had prepared the various dishes of fish, he uncovered the cooking-pots for a moment to let the steam escape, and placed the sauce-boat upon the top of a fish-kettle. As the perspiration was falling off him, he went outside to cool himself, and stood at the door wiping his face. At that instant the crow, raising its head from the basket, and looking round the kitchen, discovered the cook's absence, and thought to himself—"Since he has now done what I wanted, this is just the time to eat the fish. Let me see! Shall I take a big lump or a very small piece? Well, I can't get a belly-full quickly with a small morsel, so I'll carry off a large piece, and drop it into the basket and afterwards I'll lie down and eat it." Flying out of the basket he alighted on the sauce-boat, which caused a "*splash!*" The cook, on hearing the noise, exclaimed, "What's that, I wonder?" As he had observed the crow enter the kitchen he thought to himself—"This wretched crow wants to eat the fish I've cooked for the master; but I depend for my livelihood upon my master, and not upon this witless thing; so what use is the crow to me?"

Closing the door he caught hold of the bird, and then proceeded to pluck off all its feathers, and to smear it all over with a mixture of wet ginger, salt, pepper, mustard, and pulverised rotten dates. Having done this he tossed the poor crow into the nest-basket, where it lay groaning, overpowered by excessive pain. The pigeon, on returning in the evening, took note of the miserable plight his friend

was in, and said, "O greedy crow; you heeded not my advice, and so your lust has brought upon you great suffering." Then he spake the following *gâthâ*:—

> "Who follows not his friend's advice,
> Nor his well-wisher's warning heeds,
> Will come to grief, just like this crow,
> That laughed to scorn the dove's kind words."

At the conclusion of this verse the Bodhisat said, "I shall no longer be able to stay in this place." He thereupon went elsewhere. The crow died there, and then the cook took it and threw it, along with the nest-basket, on to a dust-heap.

There are two variants of this story in the *Jâtaka Book*:—

(1) The *Lola Jâtaka* (vol. ii. No. 274, p. 361).

(2) The *Kapota Jâtaka* (vol. iii. No. 375, p. 224).

The original difference between the three Pâli versions lies in the number of *gâthâs* or verses. No. 1 has three while No. 2 contains six verses.

The first verse in No. 1 is spoken by the pigeon on seeing the crow in such a pretty plight. He pretends not to know him as he flutters about in his agony, and says mockingly :—

> "O tell me, I pray, what crested crane 's this
> That grandmother-like doth here limp about;
> Come down, you old thief, no right have you there,
> My friend 'll be wrath whene'er he returns."

The crow replies :—

> "No crane am I, my friend, but goodly crow,
> That heeded not thy word of good advice.
> Pray come and see what wretched plight I'm in,
> Full bare am I with feathers all stripped off."

The Bodhisat makes answer :—

> "Again, my friend, to bitter grief you've come,
> From which for you there's no release, I trow,
> Your nature's such, no warning would you take,
> But ate the food of men, not meant for birds."

The first verse in No. 2 is spoken by the crow when the pigeon leaves him in the morning:—

> " All right am I now, my sickness is gone,
> The pigeon's off too, no hindrance I fear.
> My wish I'll here have, no longer I'll wait,
> The smell of this fish compels me to eat."

When the pigeon returns he utters the first verse of No. 1:—

> " O tell me, I pray, what crested crane 's this," &c.

Then the crow replies:—

> " No more of your fun, you see my sad plight,
> I'm stript of my plumes and smothered with filth."

The pigeon continues to chaff the crow :—

> " Anointed and bathed, you seem quite refreshed,
> Good food you've enjoyed, no lack have you had.
> Your neck with a jewel is handsomely dight,*
> Perhaps to Benares a visit you've paid ? "

The crow replies :—

> " Thy friend or thy foe (which ever I be),
> Did not to Kajangala's city go off,
> But here have they plucked his feathers all bare,
> And tied to his neck the potsherd you see."

The pigeon finishes up with the verse already mentioned :—

> " Again, my friend, to bitter grief you've come," &c.

The Babbu Jâtaka.†

The greedy and angry Cats.

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the family of a stonemason, and he grew up to be a faultless artisan. In a certain village in the Kâsi district there lived a very wealthy merchant who had fourteen *kotis* ‡ of gold coins in his treasury.

* The cook had hung a potsherd about the crow's neck.
† *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 137, p. 477.
‡ Ten millions.

It came to pass that his wife died, and, having departed with a great love of riches, she was reborn as a rat over a spot where a sum of money lay hidden. So in due course of time all the members of the family died, and it became extinct. The village, too, becoming deserted, disappeared and left no traces behind.

At that time the Bodhisat was cutting and chiselling stone on the site of an ancient village. It happened that this rat, as she went about in search of food, often saw the Bodhisat, and, conceiving an affection for him, thought to herself, "I have much wealth, but it will become worthless if no use is made of it; so along with him I'll enjoy this wealth."

One day, taking a *kahâpana* in her mouth, she paid a visit to the Bodhisat. On seeing her he spoke kindly to her, "How is it, my dear, you come here bringing me a *kahâpana?*" "Father," said she, "take and use it yourself, only bring me a piece of meat." He agreed to do so. With that *kahâpana* he went home, and purchased, for a small sum (*mâsaka*), a piece of meat, which he brought and gave to the rat. As soon as she had received it she went off to her own abode, and ate as she pleased. Henceforward, just in this way, day by day, she gave the Bodhisat a *kahâpana*, and he in return brought her a piece of meat.

It came to pass one day that a cat caught the rat, and she said to him, "Don't kill me, sir." "Why not?" asked the cat, "for I am hungry and want to eat flesh, so I can't help eating you." "Come now, do you want flesh one day only, or constantly?" asked the rat. The cat replied, "I should, of course, like to eat meat always, could I get it." "If so, let me go, and I'll always give you a piece of flesh."

Then the cat let the rat go, saying, "Now, mind and be careful about this matter." From that time forward the rat divided the meat it received into two portions; gave the cat one and ate the other herself. It chanced one day that another cat got hold of this rat, and she made her peace with it just as she had done with the first, and so obtained her freedom. From that time she made three portions to be eaten. The rat was caught again, by a third cat; having pacified him in the same way as the other two, she got free. Henceforward

she made four parts to be eaten. Again another cat caught her, and the rat got free in the same way as before. From that day she made five portions to be eaten. As she only got a fifth part (of her usual allowance) she became weak, skinny, lean and pale. When the Bodhisat saw her he said, "My dear, how is it you are in such a poor condition?" The rat told him how it had been brought about. "Why didn't you tell me about it at the time? However, I'll see what's to be done here in this matter." After consoling her he made a cave out of pure quartz-rock, to which he brought the rat, saying, "My dear, go into this cave and lie down, and when the cats come here, one by one, rate them soundly with sharp words." She entered the cave and lay down there. After a while the first cat came and said, "Give me a piece of meat." Then the rat began to abuse him. "I say, you wretched cat, why should I provide meat for you? Go and eat the flesh of your own children." The cat was not aware that the rat was lying down in the rock cave. Under the influence of anger he vowed that he would catch the rat, and making a furious dash at it struck the cave with his chest and injured himself. His eyes appeared as if they were ready to start out of his head. So he lost his life there, and fell out of sight, into an unknown and out-of-the-way spot. By that means the four cats, one after another, lost their lives. Henceforward the rat, free from fear, gave two or three *kahâpanas* to the Bodhisat, and thus in the course of time she handed over to him the whole of the money. Both, as long as life lasted, lived together in unbroken friendship, and (when they died) passed away to be recompensed according to their deeds.

[The teacher, possessing perfect knowledge, having related this story, uttered the following *gâthâ*:—

> "In the place where a cat its meat found prepared,
> E'en there tabbies two, and eke three, soon appeared.
> A fourth was not wanting to make up the whole,
> But they found out a cave which cost them their lives." *]

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* The Pâli original is very brief, though the meaning is tolerably clear:—

> "Where one cat gets (meat), a second there appears,
> E'en a third and a fourth; (but) those cats (struck) this cave."

The Ayakûta Jâtaka.*

Why fear Demons when the King of Gods is on one's side?

In days of yore, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as Brahmadatta's son by his principal queen. When grown up he acquired all sciences, and after the death of his father he succeeded to the throne and ruled his kingdom with equity. At that time the people were addicted to the worship of devas. Having killed many goats, &c., they made offerings of them to the sprites.

The Bodhisat caused the following proclamation to be made by beating of drums: "No living creature is to be killed." The yakshas (demons) not getting their customary offerings became wroth with the Bodhisat. They met together on Himavant to consider what was to be done, and they sent a fierce yaksha to murder the Bodhisat. He took a red-hot iron sledge-hammer, as big as the peak of a pagoda, saying, "I'll strike and kill him with this." Soon after the middle watch he came and stood at the head of the Bodhisat's couch. At that moment the seat of Indra manifested signs of heat, and on investigation he found out the cause. Taking with him his thunderbolt he came and stood over the demon. The Bodhisat, on opening his eyes, beheld the yaksha, and he thought to himself, "I wonder now whether he is standing over to protect or to murder me?" Entering into conversation with him he uttered the following *gâthâ*:—

> "Aloft he stands with hammer huge in hand
> Of iron made, much like a mountain peak,
> The which red hot he whirls with threatening mien
> Above my head. I'll ask him why he's here!
> 'Are you, I pray, appointed as my guard,
> Or would you slay me sleeping as I lie?'"

The Bodhisat perceives the yaksha, but not Indra. Through fear of the god, the demon had no power to strike the Bodhisat. After listening to the words of the Bodhisat he replied as follows: "O great king, I am not placed here for your protection; but with this red-hot iron sledge-hammer I intended to strike and murder you, but

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 347, p. 145.

was unable through fear of Indra." Then he gave utterance to the following *gâthâ* :—

> "Here am I sent, O king, as messenger
> Of demons fierce to murder thee outright ;
> But Indra, king of gods, doth guard thy bed,
> And keeps my hammer huge from off thy head." *

On hearing this the Bodhisat utters the two following *gâthâs* :—

> 1. "If me the king of gods protect
> Sujampati or Maghavâ,
> Forsooth let all hobgoblins roar !
> The demon race will I not fear.
>
> 2. All water-sprites may cry aloud,
> And mud-sprites, too, may howl and yell ;
> No match for me are they in fight,
> Though huge and threatening they appear."

Indra having put the demon to flight, exhorted the "great-being," saying, "Fear not, O king; from this time forth I'll protect thee. Be not afraid." When he had thus spoken he departed to his own celestial realm.

The Gâma*ṇ*ica*ṇḍ*a Jâtaka.†

Once upon a time, when Janasandha reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as the son of that monarch's principal queen. He had a very handsome face, bright, like a well-polished mirror, so when they came to name him they called him Prince Mirror-Face (Âdâsamukha). When he was only seven years old his father died, but not before he had caused him to be instructed in the three Vedas and in all the duties pertaining to this world. The ministers performed the funereal rites of the king with great honours, and presented offerings for the dead.

On the seventh day they assembled in the royal courtyard, and came to the conclusion that the prince was too young to be con-

* Literally,

> "And, Indra, the king of gods, guards thee,
> Therefore thy head indeed I do not split open."

† *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 257, p. 297.

secrated as king, and they determined to put him to the proof before proceeding to the ceremony of inauguration.

On a certain day they decorated the city, and prepared a court of justice, and set apart a throne in it. Then they went before the prince and said, "Sire! you must go to the law-court." "Good!" said the prince, who, with a great retinue, went and sat on the throne prepared for him. While he was sitting there the ministers brought to the court a wild monkey they had caused to be caught, disguised like a learned professor, and walking upright like a man. "Sire!" they said, "this person, in the time of the great king your father, was a learned scholar, versed in all sciences. He detects a flaw in the seven precious jewels, though hidden in the earth. He had a position assigned him in the household of the royal family. Let the king take him into his favour, and give him a post."

The prince, looking at him from top to toe, saw that it was a monkey, and thought "Monkeys, of a truth, know how to destroy whatever is done, but are unable to do what is undone, or to carry out any undertaking." Then he addressed the ministers in the following *gâthâ* :—

> "Full well I trow of houses he knows naught,
> For he a monkey is, as I now see,
> And would undo the works he found well done,
> Of such a kind his household customs are."

The ministers acknowledged the truth of the king's decision, and removed him. After a day or two they e'en dressed the monkey up again, brought him to the court of justice, and said, "Sire! this person, in the time of the late great king, was a minister of justice, and settled law-suits. You must take him into your favour and let him administer justice."

The prince looked at him, and thought, "A person endowed with mind and intellect has not, indeed, hair of this kind on his body; this witless monkey can't settle law-suits." Then he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

> "Not hair like this have men with minds, I ween,
> No law-suit can this hairy brute decide;
> My father Janasandha did me teach
> That apes forsooth know naught that's good for aught."

On hearing this verse the ministers acknowledged that the king was right, and took the monkey away.

But, again, on a certain day, they dressed the monkey up, and brought him to the law-court, saying, "This person, sire, in the time of the late king your father, attended devotedly upon your father and mother, and was respectful to the aged in the royal family, so it behoves you to take him into your favour." Again the prince looked at him, and thought, "Monkeys, forsooth, are fickle-minded creatures, and unable to do such services." Then he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

> "By Dasaratha well have I been taught
> That no such thing as that I now behold
> Could mother serve, or father wait upon,
> Or brother tend, or friend and sister guard."

The ministers agreed with the king, and removed the monkey. As they now believed that the prince was wise, and able to rule over the kingdom, they consecrated him as king, and proclaimed, by beat of drum, the edicts of Prince Mirror-Face.

In order to illustrate the wisdom of the new king, these fourteen "cases" were brought before him for decision :—

> "Kine, child, and horse, a village chieftain too,
> A basket-maker, and a courtesan,
> A woman young, a partridge, deer, and snake,
> A sprite, a nâga fierce, and hermits old,
> And also at the last there came indeed
> A youthful brâhman, skilled in vedic lore."

In regard to the above-mentioned cases, each will be narrated in due course.

Now, at the time that the Bodhisat was installed as king, there was a certain attendant of King Janasandha named Gâma*n*ica*nd*a, who thought as follows: "This kingdom is rendered illustrious with ministers of the same age as the king, and I am an old man, and unable to dance attendance upon the young prince, so I'll become a farmer and live in the country." He took up his abode in a certain village three *yojanas* from the city. He had, however, no bullocks for ploughing with, so, after the rain had come down, he asked the

loan of two bullocks from a friend, ploughed with them all day, fed them with grass, and then went to the owner's house to return them.

At that moment he (the owner of the bullocks) was sitting in his house, along with his wife, eating rice.

The bullocks, too, familiarly entered the house, and, as they entered, the owner held up his plate, and the wife removed it. Gâma*n*i, seeing that they would not invite him to eat with them, left without returning the bullocks (formally to their owner). During the night, thieves broke into the cow-pen and drove off the bullocks. In the morning the owner entered the cow-pen, and, not seeing the cows, became aware that they had been stolen, but determined to hold Gâma*n*i responsible for them. So he came to him and said, "Give me (back) my bullocks, sir."

"Did not the bullocks go into your house?" he asked. "But pray were they handed over to me?" "They were not given up to you (formally)." "Well, then, here's a king's messenger (come) for you."

Now it was a custom among these people to take up a pebble or potsherd and to say, "Come, here's a king's messenger for you." Whoever refused to go was punished by the king; so, as soon as he heard the word "messenger," off he started. As he was going along, with the owner of the bullocks, to the king's court, he came to a village, wherein lived a certain friend of his. "Oh! I am very hungry. I'll go into the village, and get some food; and be so good as to wait here until I return." So saying, he entered his friend's house, but his friend was not at home. On seeing him his friend's wife said, "Sir, there's no food cooked (at present); wait awhile, and I'll at once cook some, and give it you." But while, in a great hurry, she was mounting the steps into the rice-granary, she fell to the ground, and, being seven months gone with child, the fall forthwith caused a miscarriage. At that instant her husband returned, and, seeing Gâma*n*i, said, "You have struck my wife, and brought on a miscarriage. Come! here's a king's messenger for you." And thereupon he took him prisoner and set off.

Then the two men went on their way with Gâma*n*i between them.

Now, at the entrance of a certain village there was a groom

who could not turn back his horse, but the horse would go along with them. The groom, on seeing Gâmi*n*i, said: "Uncle Gâmi*n*i, just hit this horse with something or other, and turn it back." He picked up a stone and threw (it at the horse). The stone struck the horse on the foot, and broke it in two, just as if it were the stem of a castor-oil plant. Then the groom laid hold of him, saying, "You have broken my horse's foot; here's a king's messenger for you."

As he (Gâmi*n*i) was being led off by three men, he thought to himself—"These people will bring me before the king, and I shall not be able to pay the value even of the bullocks, let alone the fine for causing a miscarriage. How, then, shall I be able to pay for the horse? It were better for me that I were dead!" Going along, he saw on his way, in a wood near the road, a hill with a precipice on one side. Under the shade of that hill two basket-makers, father and son, were weaving a mat. Said Gâma*n*i: "I wish to perform here a necessary duty. Just wait here awhile until I return." Then up the hill he went, but, falling down the steep side, he came on to the back of the elder basket-maker, who by the single blow was immediately killed. Gâma*n*i got up and stood stock still. The younger basket-maker said, "You thief, you are the murderer of my father; here's a king's messenger for you," and, laying hold of his hands, he went out of the thicket (where Gâma*n*i had fallen) with him. And when the others asked the reason he replied, "This ruffian is my father's murderer." After this, the four persons put Gâma*n*i in the middle, and led him off under a close guard. After a time they came to the entrance of another village, and when the head-man of the village saw him, he said: "Uncle Gâma*n*i, where are going?"

"To see the king," he answered. "You will certainly see the king," said the head-man, "and I want to send a message to the king. Will you take it?" "Yes, I'll take it for you." "I used to be handsome, rich, honoured, and healthy; but now I am very poor, and a leper, too. Ask the king what's the cause of this. They say he is a wise king, so he will tell you. Perhaps you'll come back and report his answer to me." "I'll do so," said the other. Then, as he was going forward, a courtesan, at the entrance of another village, saw him, and said: "Uncle Gâma*n*i, where are you going?" "To

see the king," he replied. "The king is reported to be a sage; take a case (for decision) from me." And she went on to say—"I used, formerly, to get a good deal of money, but now I can't get enough to provide myself with betel. No one, indeed, comes near me. Ask the king what's the reason of it, and then tell me what he says."

Then, further on, at the entrance of another village, a young married woman saw him, and thus spake to him: "I cannot live in my husband's house, or in that where my family dwell. Ask the king why this is so, and let me know his answer." Then, further on, a snake, living in an ant-hill near the high road, saw Gâma*n*i, and inquired where he was going. "To see the king," he replied. "They say the king is a sage; take a message for me. When I go out from the ant-hill (in the morning) in search of food, hungry and thin, yet my body fills the hole, and, dragging my body through, I get out only with great difficulty. But when I return from my rounds, filled with food, and my body distended, entering my hole, I get into it in no time, without even touching the walls of it. Ask the king what is the reason of this, and tell me by-and-by what he says."

Then, further on, a deer saw him, and said, "I cannot eat grass anywhere except at the foot of a certain tree. Ask the king the reason of this, and bring me back his answer."

Then further on a partridge saw him and said, "When I am sitting at the foot of a certain ant-hill singing, I am able to sing and produce a pleasant note, but when sitting in other places I cannot. Ask the king the reason of this," &c. Then further on a tree-sprite saw him and said, "Gâma*n*i, where are you going?" "To the king," he made answer. "The king is reported to be a sage. I was formerly treated with respect, but now I don't get even a mere handful of leaves. Ask the king the reason of this," &c.

But further on a certain nâga-king saw him, and, after questioning him as the others had done, said, "The king is reported to be a sage. Formerly the water in this lake used to be as clear as crystal, but now it is turbid and mantled with scum. Ask the king the reason of this," &c.

Then further on some hermits, living in a garden near the city,

questioned him as the others had previously done. "The king is known to be a sage. Formerly the various fruits in this garden were sweet, but have now become insipid and nauseous. Ask the king the cause of this," &c.

Further on again, close to the entrance of the city, some brâhman students in a hall saw him, and said, "Where are you going, Gâma*n*i?" "To the king," he replied. "Well then go and take a 'case' from us. Formerly every passage we committed to memory was clear to us, but now it does not remain in our minds but runs out like water in a leaky pitcher; neither is it intelligible or clear to us. Ask the king the reason of this," &c.

Gâma*n*i with these fourteen questions came before the king. The king was then sitting in the court of justice.

The owner of the bullocks taking hold of Gâma*n*i drew near the king. The king saw and recognised him and thought, "This person was a minister of the late king, and has taken me up in his arms. Where, I wonder, has he been living all this time?" Said he, "O, Gâma*n*i, where have you been living all this time? We have seen nothing of you for a long while. What's brought you here now?" "The fact is, sire, after your late father departed to heaven I went into the country and there lived by farming. Then this person here, on account of an accusation respecting his bullocks, delivered me over to a king's messenger, and dragged me before you." "I suppose you would not have come had you not been brought here by force? Your being dragged here is all very fine, but I must be allowed to see him. Where is the man?" "Here he is sire!"

"Is what we hear true that you gave Gâma*n*i in charge to a king's messenger?" "It's quite true, sire." "Why did you do so?" "He did not return me my two bullocks." "Is that true, Gâma*n*i?" "Well, sire, just listen to me," and Gâma*n*i told the king the whole affair. Having heard it, the king asked the owner of the bullocks whether he saw the bullocks when they entered his house. He replied that he did not see them. "What, have you not before heard, I pray, people call me 'King Mirror Face'? Speak truly." "I saw them, sire. "O, Gâma*n*i, because you did not restore the bullocks formally to their owner you must pay for the bullocks;

but since this man saw them and told a deliberate lie, saying he did not see them enter the house, therefore do thou, being a king's servant, tear out the eyes of this man and give him four-and-twenty kahâpa*n*as, the value of his bullocks."

Having said this, they put the owner of the bullocks outside. He fell at the feet of Gâma*n*i, saying, "What is the use of kahâpa*n*as to me if I have my eyes torn out? Oh! Mr. Gâma*n*i," said he, "take both the kahâpa*n*as, at which the cows are valued, and also these that I have here." So, giving him other kahâpa*n*as, off he went.

Then the second said, "Sire, this fellow struck my wife, and brought about a miscarriage." "Is that true, Gâma*n*i?" "Listen to me, great king," said he, and he proceeded to lay the whole matter fully before him. Then the king said to him, "But come, did you really strike that man's wife, and cause a miscarriage?" "No, sire, I did not cause the miscarriage." "Oh! are you able to rectify the miscarriage caused by this person?" "No, sire, I am not." "Now what will you do?" "I must have a child." "Well then, Gâma*n*i, take the wife of your accuser into your house, and, when she has brought forth a child, go and give it to the husband."

He, too, fell down at the feet of Gâma*n*i, saying, "Do not break up my home, sir." Then, giving him some kahâpa*n*as he made off.

Then a third accuser appeared, saying, "This man, sire, struck my horse's foot, and broke it." "Is that true, Gâma*n*i?" asked the king. "Listen, sire!" replied Gâma*n*i, who then proceeded to tell all the circumstances of the case.

When the king had heard his version of the story, he said to the groom, "Is it true that you said 'Strike the horse, and turn him back'?" "I did not say so, sire." But when he was again asked the question he answered, "Yes, I did say so."

The king, addressing Gâma*n*i, said, "O, Gâma*n*i, this fellow, in affirming that he did not say so, has told a deliberate falsehood. Do you cut off his tongue, and give him out of our purse a thousand kahâpa*n*as, the price of the horse." The groom also gave him these and other kahâpa*n*as, and then took to flight.

Then the son of the basket-maker came forward, and said, "This

scoundrel, sire, killed my father." "Is what he says true, Gâma*n*i ?" "Listen, sire," said Gâma*n*i, who gave the king a full account of the matter.

The king, addressing the basket-maker, said, "What will you do, I pray ?" "Sire, I must have my father." "O, Gâma*n*i, this man must have a father; but we can't bring back the dead, so do thou take his mother and place her in your house, and be a father to him." The basket-maker exclaimed, "O, sir, do not break up the home of my deceased father." He, too, fled, after giving some kahâpa*n*as to Gâma*n*i.

Gâma*n*i, delighted at having gained his law-suit, said to the king, "Sire, certain persons have sent you a 'case' for decision; may I refer them to you?" "Say on, Gâma*n*i." Then Gâma*n*i reported the cases one after another, in reverse order, beginning with that of the brâhman students.

The king answered them in due order. After hearing the first case he said: "There was formerly in their abode a crowing cock, that knew the time. At cock-crow they rose up, learnt the sacred texts, and repeated them right up to dawn of day. Consequently they did not forget whatever they learned. But now they have in their dwelling-place a crowing-cock that crows at the wrong time—that is to say, either very early, long before daybreak, or very late. If it crows too early, they rise up at the noise it makes, and learn their texts, but, being overpowered by sleep, they lie down without repeating them; whereas, if it crows too late (*i.e.*, after sunrise) they get no time for repetition, and so they do not know what they have learnt."

When he had heard the second case he said: "Formerly those students performed the duties of ascetics, and were zealously devoted to *kasina-kamma* (keeping the mind concentrated upon one point); but now they have abandoned the duties of ascetics, and, being actively engaged in unlawful occupations, they hand over to their servitors the various fruits that grow in the garden, and earn their living by evil practices, and by receiving in their alms-bowl unlawful food. On this account the various fruits in their garden are not sweet; but if they will with one accord, as before, again devote themselves diligently to their ascetic duties, their fruits will once more become sweet

to them. These ascetics are not acquainted with the cleverness pertaining to the king's court (in deciding cases); tell them to perform the duties of ascetics (and not mix themselves up with temporal concerns)."

After hearing the third case, the king said: "Those nâga-kings quarrel with one another, therefore the water becomes turbid; but if they, as before, will live in harmony, the water will again become clear."

When he had heard the fourth case, he said "that tree-sprite used formerly to protect men who found their way into the wood, therefore she received offerings of various kinds; but now she does not protect them, therefore, she gets no offerings. If, as before, she will afford the protection, she will again receive gifts; she will again derive great advantage from it. She is not aware of the existence of kings (as administers of justice), so tell her to watch over the men that go up into the forest."

When he had heard the fifth he said: "There is, below the foot of the ant-hill, where the partridge sits when he utters a sweet note, a large treasure-pot; dig it up and take possession of it."

When he had heard the sixth case he said: "Upon the upper part of the tree, at the root of which alone the deer is able to eat grass, there is a large honeycomb. The deer is attracted thither by the honey-smeared blades of grass, and are unable to eat any others. Take away that honey-comb; send the best to me, and eat the rest yourself."

When he had heard the seventh he said: "Beneath the ant-hill where the snake lives there is a great treasure-pot; he dwells there and guards it. When he goes out his body clings to the hole through greed of wealth; but when he has found food, out of attachment to his treasure he enters the hole rapidly without contact with the sides. Dig up that treasure-pot and carry it off."

After hearing the eighth he said: "That young wife has a paramour in a certain village lying between her husband's house and that of her parents. She thinks of him, and out of love towards him is unable to abide in her husband's house. 'I'll go and see my parents,' says she, but she stays some days with her lover, and then returns to her

parent's house. After remaining there a few days, again thinking of her lover, she says she'll return to her husband's home, but (instead of doing so) goes back to her lover. Inform that woman of the existence of kings, and tell her that I say she must live in her husband's house; and if she will not the king will have her seized and put to death. She must be a little more circumspect in her behaviour."

When he had heard the ninth case he said: "That courtesan used in times past to act justly towards her suitors, but now she has given up her former practice, and therefore no one comes to visit her now. If she goes back to her usual custom she will be in the same position as she was before. Tell her to hold to her former equitable mode of proceeding."

When he had heard the tenth case he said: "That village headman used to decide cases with impartiality, therefore he was beloved and popular, and men, being pleased with him, brought him many presents; so he was handsome, wealthy and respected, but now he takes bribes and decides cases unjustly, wherefore he is poor, miserable, and afflicted with leprosy. If once more he acts as a just and impartial judge he will be in the same position as before. He knows not of the existence of kings. Tell him to decide cases with impartiality."

Thus did Gâma*n*i report these various cases to the king, and the king explained them all by his own wisdom, like an all-knowing Buddha.

To Gâma*n*i he gave much wealth, a village to live in as a brâhman present, and then dismissed him.

He then departed from the city, and delivered the decisions, given by the Bodhisat, to the brâhman-youth, ascetics, nâga-king, and tree-sprite.

Then he removed the treasure from the place where the partridge used to sit; and from the tree at whose base the deer was won't to eat grass, he took the honeycomb which he sent to the king.

He then proceeded to open the ant-hill, and took possession of the treasure he found there. After this he delivered the king's decision (as already mentioned) to the young wife, courtesan, and village headman. Then with great honour he returned home to his own

village, where he lived to a good old age, and then passed away to be rewarded according to his deeds.

An analysis and partial translation of this story will be found in *The Journal of Philology* (vol. xii. No. 23, pp. 112-119), by Professor Tawney, the translator of the KATHÂ-SARIT-SÂGARA.

SACCANKIRA JÂTAKA.*

Once upon a time Brahmadatta reigned at Benares and had a son named Prince "Evil," who was cruel and vindictive like an injured snake. His words were always accompanied with abuses and blows. Both to the people inside and outside (the palace) he was disagreeable and unpleasant like dust fallen into one's eye, and an object of terror to them like a flesh-eating demon.

One day, wishing to amuse himself with river sport (bathing), he went with a great retinue to the bank of the river (Ganges). At that instant there arose a great cloud and all the quarters of the sky became dark. He said to his slaves and menials:—Here, I say, take and carry me into the middle of the stream, and when I've done bathing bring me back again."

They took him there, saying amongst themselves, "What good will such a king be to us? Let us now put him to death in this very place." Then they kept him under the water, saying, "Go down here, you imp of evil." After this they betook themselves back and stood on the river bank.

"Where's the prince?" asked some of the attendants. "We have not seen the prince! When he perceived that the cloud was risen he plunged into the water and has probably come to land in advance of us." The ministers made their way to the king, who inquired where his son was. They made answer, "We do not know, sire, for a great cloud arose (and hid him from our view), so we made our way here thinking he'll have come on before us." The king caused the door (of the palace) to be opened and proceeded to the bank of the river, saying, "Go, search." They made a search in every direction, but the prince

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 73, p. 323.

could not be found. However as the prince was being carried away by the stream, while the sky was dark and the rain came pelting down, he espied a trunk of a tree upon which he sat. Down the stream he went, frightened to death and weeping and wailing. But at that time a certain landed proprietor, an inhabitant of Benares, was, through lust of wealth, reborn as a snake over a place on the shore of the river where he had formerly buried forty *kotis* of money.

Another person too, was, on account of his greed of wealth, reborn as a rat in that very spot where he had formerly hidden thirty *kotis* of money.

The water found its way into their abode, and they (the snake and rat), going out by the way the water had entered, dived into the stream and made their way to the trunk of the tree whereon the prince was sitting. The snake glided up one end (of the log) and the rat clambered up another, and then they lay down on the trunk.

But on the bank of that river there was a Simbali tree, in which dwelt a young parrot. That tree, however, with its roots washed away by the force of the flood, fell into the water. Thereupon the young parrot flew up, but as it was raining he was unable to go on further so he came and alighted on one side of the aforesaid trunk. In this way these four creatures went on together (unknown to each other), borne down by the stream.

Now at this time the Bodhisat was reborn in the Kâsi country in the family of an Udicca brâhman. When he grew up he adopted the life of a holy recluse, and at the head of the river made himself a hermitage, in which he took up his abode.

In the middle of the night as he was walking about he heard the sound of that bitter wailing the prince was making, and thought to himself, "It is not right that this man should die while a hermit like me with kindly and compassionate feelings (towards all beings) should stand by looking on (without making an effort to save him). I'll get him out of the water and save his life." So he called out to him, by way of encouragement, "Don't be afraid, don't be alarmed!" Diving into the water he made his way to the log, caught hold of one end of it, dragged it along with the strength of an elephant at one uniform speed until he reached the shore; then he lifted up the

prince and set him on the bank. And as soon as he perceived the snake, rat, and parrot, he removed them from the log and brought them all to his hermitage. Then he lighted a fire, thinking to himself—"These creatures are very much exhausted (with the cold)." First he caused the bodies of the snake, rat, and parrot to undergo a sweating, and then he put the prince under similar treatment. When he had quite brought them round he also gave them food, first of all to the snake and its companions, and afterwards to the king's son.

The prince thought to himself: "This deceitful hermit takes no account of me, the king's son, but does honour to these brute creatures." Whereat he conceived a grudge against the Bodhisat and took a greater dislike to him.

After the lapse of some few days all these creatures got well and strong, and the river-floods began to subside; then, the snake saluting, the hermit said, "Sir, you have rendered us a very great service, but I am by no means poor, as I have forty *kotis* of gold that lie hidden in such and such a spot. If you have need of money I can give you all of it. When you come to the place I have just mentioned you must call out 'Snake!'" and with these words he took leave of him and departed.

The parrot, too, saluted the hermit, addressing him as follows:—"Sir, I have no money, but should you ever have need of red rice, come to such and such a place, wherein I take up my abode, and summon 'Parrot'; and forthwith I'll give notice to my kith and kin, who can furnish you with several cartloads of red rice." Having made this speech he took his leave and departed.

But the king's son, on account of his perfidious and perverse disposition, actually said nothing at all, but thought to himself, "When he comes to see me I'll murder him." Then he said to the hermit, "When I become king, sir, you must pay me a visit, and I will take care of you all." So saying he departed. Not long after this the prince became king, and the Bodhisat thought to himself, I'll now make a trial of these creatures, and put their professions to the proof. First, he paid a visit to the snake, and, standing at no great distance off, called out "Snake!" At that one word out came the creature at once and saluted the Bodhisat, saying, "Sir, in this very

spot I have forty *kotis* of gold; remove them from their hiding-place and accept the whole."

The Bodhisat replied, "Be it so; should need arise I'll bear it in mind." Then he departed and paid a visit to the rat, and called out "Rat!" It, too, did exactly the same as the snake had done (and offered the hermit all his wealth). Then the Bodhisat took his leave and made his way to the parrot's abode, and called out "Parrot!" At that one word it came down from the top of the tree and saluted the Bodhisat. "Pray, sir," it asked, "shall I speak to my friends and relations and make them bring you cartloads of wild paddy from the Himâlaya district?"

The Bodhisat replied, "When need arises I'll not forget your kind offer."

Then he took his leave of the parrot with the intention of trying the king's son. So off he went and took up his abode in the royal gardens. The next day after, after performing the necessary duties of dressing, ablutions, and the like, he entered the city for the purpose of going on his round for alms.

At that time this perfidious prince, seated on the shoulders of a noble and richly-caparisoned state elephant, was perambulating the city with an immense retinue.

Even from afar he descried the Bodhisat, and thought, "This is that deceitful hermit, and he has come here with the intention of taking up his abode with me and enjoying himself. I'll e'en have his head cut off at once, lest he publicly make known the service he has rendered me."

He looked at his men, and they said, "Sire, what would you have us do?" "That false hermit," he replied, "comes here for the purpose of asking somewhat of me, I ween, but do not allow that ill-omened fellow to see me at all; but take him prisoner, bind his hands behind his back, then drag him outside the city, beat him with all the four kinds of blows, and in the place of execution impale his body and cut off his head."

They assentingly replied: "Be it so!" and went off. Then they bound the innocent Bodhisat, led him to the place of execution, and

began to inflict upon him the customary punishments (dealt out to malefactors).

The Bodhisat, as he received each blow, uttered no cry (neither that of "mother" nor "father"), and showed no signs of emotion, but spake the following *gâthâ* :—

> "Full truly this the wise declare
> Indeed they do not err,
> Far better is a floating log
> Than a false ungrateful man."

And thus, at every stroke, he uttered the foregoing verse. On hearing this, the wise men who happened to be present said : "Pray tell us, O hermit, did you ever render any service to our king ?"

The Bodhisat told them the whole affair (how he had saved the life of the prince, &c.) "Thus, by rescuing this man from the great flood, I have indeed only brought trouble upon myself, recollecting that I have not followed, alas ! the advice of the wise men of old ; and so I utter the foregoing *gâthâ*."

On hearing this, the citizens, nobles, brâhmans, and the rest exclaimed : "This king of ours is a treacherous fellow and does not recognise at all the merits of this virtuous hermit, who has saved his life at the risk of his own. What advantage can we hope to derive from such a king ? Seize him !" Enraged they rose up on all sides, and killed him even as he was mounted upon the elephant's back, with blows from arrows, spears, clubs, and the rest.

Then they laid hold of his feet and dragged him outside the city, and threw him into a ditch. After this they consecrated the Bodhisat as king and set him upon the throne, and he ruled his subjects with equity.

Again, on a certain day, desirous of testing the snake and the rest, he proceeded with a great retinue to the dwelling-place of the snake, and called out : "Snake !" It came forth and saluted him, saying : "Sire, this money is yours ; take it." The king gave his ministers the forty *kotis* of gold and then paid a visit to the rat. As soon as he called out "Rat !" it too came out and saluted the king, and brought him thirty *kotis* of gold.

That money the king also handed over to his ministers, and then went off to the abode of the parrot. On calling out "Parrot!" the bird came forth and saluted the king, saying, "Sire, perhaps I may now be allowed to bring the rice." The king made answer, "When I've need of it you shall bring it to me. Come, let us depart."

Then he carried away with him those three creatures along with the seventy *kotis* of gold. When he reached the city he ascended the main floor at the entrance of the palace and deposited the money in a safe place. He next caused a golden tube to be made for the snake's abode, a crystal cave for the rat, and a golden cage for the parrot.

As food for the snake and parrot he caused to be prepared daily—fresh parched grain in a golden dish, and fragrant husked rice for the rat. He also performed meritorious alms-deeds. And so these four individuals lived together in peace and harmnoy as long as life lasted, and at their death passed away to be rewarded according to their deeds.

The Virocana Jâtaka.*

The conceited Jackal.

In days of yore, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the Himâlaya regions as a maned lion, and took up his abode in the Koñcana cave.

One day he left his cave, roused himself up, looked all around, and roared a lion's roar as he prowled about in search of food. Having killed a great buffalo and eaten its flesh, he entered a lake and drank his fill of the water that looked as clear as crystal. Then he made his way to his cave.

At that time a certain jackal, prowling about somewhat hurriedly in search of food, espied the lion; and unable to make his escape he fell down and lay at the lion's feet.

"Why do you do this, O jackal?" asked the lion. "I desire, master, to wait upon you and follow you at heel," he replied.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 143, p. 491.

"Well, come and attend upon me, and I'll let you eat the best kinds of flesh." So saying he and the jackal went off to the Koñcana cave.

From that time forth the jackal ate the lion's leavings, and after a time he became very corpulent. One day, as the lion was lying down in the cave, he said, "Go, jackal, and stand on the mountain-crest. When you have caught sight of any animal among the elephants, horses, buffalos, &c., roaming about the base of the mountain, whose flesh you'd like to eat, come and say, 'I am desirous of eating the flesh of such and such an animal.' Then salute me and say, 'Master, show thyself.'* After I've killed that animal and eaten its flesh I'll give you some too."

The jackal ascended the mountain-top, and beheld various sorts of animals whose flesh he was desirous of eating; and entering the Koñcana cave he even informed the lion of it. Falling at his feet he said, "Master, show thyself."

The lion sprang hurriedly out of his cave, and killed whatever animal he happened to meet with, even though it were a huge rut-elephant, ate the best portions of the flesh himself, and gave the leavings to the jackal.

When the jackal had eaten his bellyful he entered the cave and there fell asleep. After some time he grew proud, thinking, "I, forsooth, am a quadruped—why should I day by day live dependent on others for my support? From this time forth I, too, striking down elephants and the rest, will eat their flesh. The lion, the king of beasts, kills an elephant merely through my saying the words, 'Master, show thyself!' I, too, will make the lion say to me, 'Jackal, show thyself!' then I will kill a noble elephant and eat its flesh."

He drew near to the lion and said: "Master, for a long time I have eaten the flesh of noble elephants that you have slain; but now I, too, want to bring down an elephant myself and eat its flesh, so I'll lie down in the Koñcana cave, in the very spot where you are wont to lie, and do you go and observe what elephants, &c., are roaming

* The original is *viroca*, *i.e.* shine, be conspicuous.

about. Then come to me and say—'Jackal, show thyself!' Now pray don't be all jealous of me."

Then the lion replied: "O jackal, only he that is born among the lion-kind is able to kill elephants. There's not a jackal in the whole world that is fit to bring down elephants and eat their flesh. Don't be hankering to do a thing of this kind. Stay on here and eat of the flesh of the elephants that I myself shall kill." Notwithstanding the lion's advice, the jackal did not like to give up the attempt, but again and again entreated the lion to be allowed to do as he wished. At last the lion, unable to restrain him, consented.

"Well, come into my cave," said he, "and lie down." And he made the jackal lie down in the Koñcana cave. As soon as he had found a rut-elephant at the foot of the mountain he went to the entrance of the cave and said—"Jackal, show thyself!"

The jackal left the cave, shook himself up, looked all around, and thrice he uttered a jackal's cry, saying, "I'll alight on the forehead of this rut-elephant." He missed his mark, however, and fell at the elephant's feet. The elephant, lifting up his right foot, trod upon his head and ground the bones of it to powder. Then, with his other foot, he crushed the jackal's body into a heap and dropped dung all over it. After he had done this, roaring an elephant's roar, he went into the forest. The Bodhisat, having witnessed this affair, said: "O jackal, show thyself!" Then he spake the following *gâthâ:*—

> "Thy head is split, thy brains are oozing out,
> All broken are thy ribs by this huge beast;
> In sorry plight thou findst thyself to-day.
> Full well I ween thou art conspicuous now."

Having uttered this verse, he lived to a good old age, and then departed to be rewarded according to his deeds.

The Palâsa Jâtaka.*

The grateful Tree-Sprite.

In days gone by when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born as a Palâsa-tree-sprite, not far from the city of Benares.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 307, p. 23.

At that time the people of Benares were devoted to the worship of tree-sprites, and were constantly engaged in presenting offerings and the like. Then a certain poor brâhman said to himself—"I'll take care of a tree-sprite!" There was, close by, a large Palâsa-tree, on an elevated terrace. The base of this tree he levelled, freed it from grass, cast sand all around it, and swept it clean. On the tree he placed five kinds of fragrant gums, and did honour to it with flowers, perfumes, and incense. He then lighted a lamp, saying, "Sleep pleasantly!" After perambulating the tree he departed. The next day, very early in the morning, he went and inquired whether the sprite had slept well.

One day it happened that the tree-sprite thought to itself—"This brâhman takes great care of me. I'll try him and find out why he looks after me in this way. Then (if he stands the test) I'll grant him his request." When the brâhman came to sweep around the root of the tree, the sprite, disguised as an old brâhman, stood near and spake the following *gâthâ*:—

> "This tree that here stands is of feeling bereft,
> No sense has it got, 'tis as deaf as a post.
> O brâhman say why you worship this stock
> And kindly inquire how the night it has passed."

On hearing this the brâhman made answer in the following *gâthâ*:—

> "This tree that you see is famous and large,
> It stands very high, and is known far and wide.
> A god therein dwells, the giver of wealth,
> And that's why I honour this Pâlasa-tree."

The tree-sprite was pleased with the brâhman's speech, and said: "I, O brâhman, have come to life as a sprite in this tree. Fear not, I will bestow wealth upon thee." Having reassured him, he, by his great supernatural power, stood at the entrance of his abode in the air and spake the two following *gâthâs*:—

> "For thee, O dear brâhman, I'll do what I can,
> And gratitude show for what you have done.
> In serving the good not vain are your toils.
> How can they forget the kind deeds of their friends?"

"In front of the Tindu that's facing you now
There stands a tall fig-tree, once known and ador'd.
A treasure doth lie at the root of that tree,
Pray dig it up quick, no owner it claims."

And when the tree-sprite had thus spoken, he gave this advice to the brâhman: "Depart; I will of a truth bring it (the treasure) to your house and deposit it in such and such a place Do you, as long as life lasts, enjoy your riches, give alms, and keep the moral precepts."

Then the tree-sprite, by its supernatural power, deposited the treasure in the house of the brâhman.

The Godha Jâtaka.*

The greedy Hermit and the wise Lizard.

In days gone by, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born among the lizard-kind. At that time an austere anchorite, possessing the five *abhi*nnâs, lived in an hermitage within the forest near a border-village. The villagers zealously ministered to the wants of the hermit.

The Bodhisat dwelt at the end of a cloister, on an ant-hill, and, while living there, he, two or three times a day, paid a visit to the holy man, and, having listened to his discourse concerning things spiritual and temporal, he saluted him, and then returned to his dwelling-place.

After a time the hermit took leave of the villagers, and went elsewhere. But after the departure of the virtuous anchorite there came a false ascetic who took up his quarters in the aforesaid hermitage.

The Bodhisat thought to himself—"This person is religious," and so he visited him just as he had previously the good hermit.

One day in the hot season, quite unexpectedly, there came a downfall of rain, and the ants came out of their retreat. The lizards went

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 138, p. 480.

about hither and thither in order to devour them. The villagers came out, caught a large number of lizards, and prepared their flesh (for eating) with oily ingredients, with vinegar and without. They gave some to the hermit, who ate it, and thereby acquired a craving for the flavour (of this savoury fare). "This flesh is very sweet. What is it the flesh of, may I ask?"

When he heard that it was "lizards' flesh," he thought—"A big lizard comes to see me. I'll kill it and eat its flesh." He first procured a cooking-pot, ghee, salt, and the rest, which he placed on one side. Then he took a club, covered himself with his yellow robe, and sat at the door of the hermitage (awaiting the return of the Bodhisat) as if he were perfectly motionless.

The Bodhisat left his own abode, saying: "In the evening I'll pay a visit to the hermit." But just as he drew near him he perceived that something was exciting the mind of the hermit, and thought to himself—"This anchorite is not sitting like he does on other days. To-day he looks at me as if he had some evil intention towards me. I'll try him!" Getting to the windward of the hermit, he got scent of the savour of the lizard-flesh. "This false 'religious' has eaten lizards'-flesh to-day, and has thereby acquired a liking for the flavour! To-day he intends, when I come to pay him a visit, to strike me dead with his club, and then to cook and eat my flesh."

With this thought in his mind the lizard did not pay the hermit a visit, but turned back and made off.

The ascetic, finding that the Bodhisat had not come, thought—"This lizard is surely aware that I intend to kill him, and for that reason he has not come here. But I don't see why he should escape, though he has not come." Drawing out his club, he threw it (after the lizard as he was making off). It just grazed the top of his tail. The Bodishat speedily entered the mound, and out of another hole, lifting up his head, said: "O false ascetic, I came to see you, deeming you (when I first paid you a visit) to be 'virtuous,' but now I am aware of your deceitfulness. What need is there for a big thief like you to dress up like a religious mendicant? (with your matted hair and yellow robe.)"

By way of rebuking him he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

"What need to thee, O fool of matted hair,
What need to thee of garments made of skin?
Thy heart is foul within with ravening lust,
Though to the outward eye thou seemest clean."

And when the Bodhisat had rebuked that false ascetic he at once entered the ant-hill. The rascally ascetic, too, departed from that place.

The Vaka Jâtaka.*

In days long gone by, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as Indra, king of the gods. At that time a certain wolf lived on a rock, on the bank of the Ganges. When the winter-flood came it surrounded the rock.

The crow got on top of the rock and lay down. He had no means at all of getting food (where he was), nor was there any path by which he could go to seek his prey. The water, too, was even rising; so he thought to himself: "I've no food at all here, nor is there a way by which I could go in search of prey. But methinks it were best, while I am lying here without anything to do, to keep the *Uposatha*-fast." So he forsooth, having resolved in his mind to keep *Uposatha*-day and to observe the ten precepts, lay down.

Then Indra, considering the matter, became aware of the weak resolve of that wolf, and thought, "I'll torment the wolf." Coming in the form of a wild goat, and stationing himself not far off the wolf, he showed himself. As soon as the wolf beheld the goat, thought he, "I'll see about keeping the *Uposatha*-fast some other day." Then, rising up, he made a spring in order to seize the goat. The goat, skipping about hither and thither, did not allow itself to be caught. The wolf, unable to catch the goat, came to a standstill, and then laid himself down just as before, thinking, "I've not broken the *Uposatha*-fast (after all)."

Indra, by his divine power, stood even in the air, saying, "What

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 300, p. 450.

have such as you, of purpose so unstable, to do with keeping the *Uposatha*-fast? You did not know that I was Indra: so you were desirous of eating the flesh of the goat." After thus teasing and upbraiding the wolf he returned to the world of the gods.

The moral of this story was pointed by the Buddha in the following *gâthâs*:—

"A wolf who lived by others' death
And ate their flesh and blood,
Did make a vow to keep the fast
And holy day observe.

"But Indra soon did note his vow,
A goat's form he assumed;
The murderous wolf his vow forsook
And tried the goat to seize.

"Thus weak of purpose, like the wolf
That for a goat transgressed,
Some men give up their good resolves,
And light their vows esteem."

The Supatta Jâtaka.*

Long ago, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the crow-kind. When he grew up he was the chief of eighty thousand crows, and, as king of the crows, was called Supatta.

The name of his principal queen was Suphassâ, and Sumukha that of his prime-minister.

With a following of eighty thousand crows Supatta took up his quarters near Benares. One day he went along with Suphassâ in search of food, and came by the kitchen belonging to the king of Benares. The cook, having provided for the king courses of food consisting of various kinds of fish and flesh, stood uncovering the cooking-pots a little in order that the steam might escape.

Suphassâ smelt the odour of the fish and flesh, and longed to taste the king's viands; but she said nothing about it that day.

The next day her spouse said, "Come, let us go in search of food." "Do you go," she replied; "(I can't, for) I have a certain longing."

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 282, p. 433.

"What sort of a longing?" he asked. "I wish to partake of the king of Benares' viands; but, indeed, I am unable to procure them. I shall therefore give up my life."

The Bodhisat was sitting and pondering over the matter when in came Sumukha and inquired, "Great king, wherefore art thou so sad?" The king told him the reason. The prime-minister replied, "Great king, do not grieve about it." He consoled them both too, saying, "Stay here now to-day, and I'll bring you the food you long for." Then off he went, assembled the crows, and told them the whole affair, saying, "Now, we will go and fetch some of this food." With the crows he entered Benares, and, not far from the kitchen, he formed various companies of crows, and put them in different places to keep guard, but he himself remained with the warrior-crows on the roof of the kitchen. Observing that it was time to carry in the food to the king he said to the crows, "When the food is being taken in to the king I will alight upon the chargers, and when they fall it will be all over with me; but let four of you fill your mouths with the rice, and let four others take the fish and flesh and cause the king and his queen to partake of the food. If he asks, 'Where's the prime-minister?' say, 'He's coming later on.'"

As soon as the cook had got the viands ready he caused the food to be carried by means of a *pingo* and proceeded to the king's palace.

When he came to the king's courtyard the crow-minister gave the signal to his followers. Flying up himself he alighted on the breast of the "food-carrier," struck him with his claws, and with his beak, as sharp as the point of a spear, he pecked the tip of the carrier's nose. Then standing up he closed his mouth with his two feet (so that he could not cry out).

The king, as he was walking about on the principal floor of his palace, looked out of a large window, saw the act of that crow, and shouted to the food-carrier: "Oh! food-carrier, put down the chargers, and at once take hold of the crow." He put down the chargers and held fast the crow. Then the king said, "Come here!"

At that moment the four crows came, and, having eaten what sufficed them, took a portion of the remainder in the way already mentioned (according to the instructions given by Sumukha) and

went their way. Then the other four came and ate of what was left. Moreover, these eight went off, caused the crow-king and his wife to eat of the food, and thus satisfied the longing of Suphassâ.

The food-carrier brought the crow to the king. "Oh! crow, have you not put me to shame, torn the nose of the food-carrier, broken the food-vessels, and cared nought for thy own life? Why have you done such an act as this?"

The crow made answer, "O great king, our sovereign lives near Benares, and I am his minister. Suphassâ, as his wife is called, is in the longing way and wishes to eat of your viands. The king informed me of her longing, and I am come here quite prepared to sacrifice my life now that food has been sent to her and my wish has been accomplished. For this reason I have done such a deed;" and therefore, by way of explanation, he spake the following *gâthâs*:—

"Great king, not far off lives my king,
Supatta is his name;
A crowded court each day he holds,
Of eighty thousand crows.

"His wife Suphassâ longing has
The royal food to eat,
That in the kitchen is prepared
Full smoking hot and fresh.

"The messenger I am of these,*
The king has sent me here.
I love and honour well my prince,
That's why I scratch'd that nose."

When the king heard this he said, "We give to human beings great honour, and yet are not able to secure them as our friends: we give them villages and the rest, and yet do not find one willing to give up his life for us. But this creature, though only a crow, sacrifices his life for his king, like an exceeding good man, pleasant-speaking and just."

He was pleased with the bird's merits and honoured him with a white parasol. The crow-minister presented this to his own sovereign and praised the good qualities of Supatta. The king of Benares sent

* The king and queen.

for him and listened to his teaching of the truth, and for both of them too he provided food such as he himself ate. For the rest of the crows he caused eleven donas of husked rice to be cooked daily.

He himself, following the injunctions of the Bodhisat, afforded protection to all creatures and observed the five commandments.

The admonition of Supatta continued in force for seven hundred years.

The Anta Jâtaka.*

Long ago, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as a tree-sprite in an eranda-tree at the entrance to a certain village. At that time an old ox died in a certain village and they dragged it out and threw it into the eranda-grove.

Now a jackal came there and began to eat the flesh of that ox. A crow passing that way alighted on the eranda-tree, and saw the jackal. "Ha," thought he, "I'll flatter that fellow (by ascribing to him virtues he hasn't got), and get some of that flesh to eat." And thereupon he uttered the following *gâthâ*:—

> "All hail to thee, O king of beasts!
> A lion's strength thou dost possess,
> And shoulders broad, just like a bull.
> Perhaps you'll leave a bit for me."

On hearing this the jackal spake the following *gâthâ*:—

> "Full well doth he, who is of gentle birth,
> Know how to praise a well-bred gentleman.
> Come down, dear crow, with neck like peacock's hue;
> Wait here awhile and eat thy fill of flesh."

The tree-sprite, who had witnessed this affair between the crow and the jackal, uttered the following *gâthâ*:—

> "Of beasts the jackal vilest is and worst,
> Of birds the crow is least esteem'd and praised,
> Erandas are the trees in order last,
> And now together come the lowest three."

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* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 276, p. 441.

The Macchuddâna Jâtaka.*

The punishment of Avarice.

Very long ago, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in a wealthy family, and when he arrived at years of discretion he accumulated wealth. He had, moreover, a younger brother. After a time their father died. One day they determined to settle their father's business-transactions and accounts, so they went to a certain village and returned with a thousand pence. While waiting for a boat they sat down on the river's bank, and partook of some boiled rice. The Bodhisat gave what rice was over to the fish in the Ganges, and made over to the river-sprite the merit (arising from this deed). The sprite was grateful for the merit he had thus gained, and by which also his power as a divinity was increased. On thinking over this increase of his supernatural power he became aware of the cause. The Bodhisat, moreover, having spread his upper garment on the sand, lay down upon it and fell asleep. Now his younger brother was somewhat given to dishonesty, and did not give up to the Bodhisat the moneys he had raised, for he was desirous of keeping them for himself; so he made a bundle of potsherds just like the bundle of pence, and put, also, the two bundles side by side.

At last they got on board their vessel, and when they were come into the middle of the river the younger brother stumbled (as if by accident) against the side of the boat with the intention of throwing the bundle of potsherds into the water, but (by mistake) threw overboard the bundle of pence, exclaiming—"My dear brother, the bundle of money has fallen into the water! What shall we do?" "Well, what can we do," he replied, "if it has fallen into the water? Don't grieve over it."

The river-sprite thought to himself—"I am pleased with the merit made over to me by this person (the Bodhisat) whereby my supernatural power has been increased, so I'll e'en protect his property for him." By his supernatural power he caused a certain fish with a big mouth to swallow the bundle, and he himself kept watch over it.

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 288, p. 423.

Now that thief (of a younger brother) went home imagining that he had tricked his brother, but when he opened the bundle and saw the potsherds his heart dried up within him, and he lay down clinging to the upper end of his bed.

It came to pass after this that some fishermen cast their net into the river for a catch of fish. By the power of the river-sprite the aforesaid big-mouthed fish entered the net. The fisherman caught it and went into the city to sell it. When folks saw that big fish they asked the price of it. The fisherman said —" You may have it for a thousand pence and seven farthings." The people made fun of it, because they had not hitherto seen the fish that was worth a thousand pence. The fisherman took the fish and went to the door of the Bodhisat's house, crying out, " Buy this fish." " What's the price of it?" he asked. " Give us seven farthings for it, and it's yours," they answered.

" When you offered it to others how much did you ask for it ?" he inquired.

" We asked others a thousand pence and seven farthings," they replied, "but you may have it for seven farthings."

He gave them seven farthings, and sent the fish to his wife, who, on splitting open the fish, saw the bundle containing the thousand pence, and she informed her husband of it.

The Bodhisat, on looking at it saw his mark and recognised his own property ; thereupon he thought to himself, " Now these fishermen on offering their fish to others asked one thousand pence and seven farthings, but now they offer it to us, and, because the sum of a thousand pence is our own property, they ask and take only seven farthings for it." It was not an easy matter to make any one, who did not know what was inside, believe that this fish was worth so much. Thereupon he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

" A fish worth more than a hundred pence !
There's no one would believe it !
And me they asked but seven small coins,
Not more they wanted for it.
That fish I bought without delay
With all that was inside it."

After having said this he thought, "I wonder now why I have recover'd these pence?" At that time the river-sprite, in an invisible form, stood in the air, saying, "I am the river sprite of the Ganges. You gave the remains of your rice to the fishes, and I received the merit of it, therefore I came and protected your property." Then by way of explanation he spake the following *gâthâ*:—

> "When you so kindly fed the fish
> A gift you gave to me;
> Your offering do I not forget,
> That gift I thee requite."

After these words the sprite informed him fully of the fraudulent deed done by his younger brother, saying: "He now lies down with his heart dried up within him. A dishonest-minded person, indeed, never prospers; I brought and gave you your money because I was determined that your property should not be lost. Do you now take it all, but don't give any to that thief your brother." Thereupon he uttered the following *gâthâ*:—

> "A man dishonest never thrives,
> The sprites respect him not.
> Who carries off his brother's wealth
> A base deed doth commit."

These words were thus spoken by the sprite who was unwilling to give any share of the money to the treacherous and false thief. But the Bodhisat e'en sent his brother five hundred pence because he could not act so towards him as to give him nothing.

(*To be continued.*)

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Romance of Unyengebule.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Unyengebule; (2) his elder wife; (3) Inqandamate, his younger wife; (4) the Isala, a bird; (5) wife's relations.

Thread of story—U. has two wives—collecting firewood, they find honey—they eat—elder wife saves some to take home—younger saves none.[1] They go home—the elder gives the husband honey—he eats it—then hurries to Inqandamate, the beloved younger wife—she has no honey—he beats and kills her—displacing the Isala, a bunch worn on the head by a person passing through preliminary stage of becoming a diviner. U. buries the woman. The Isala, turned into a bird, meets him, and reproaches him,[2] as he goes to the woman's village to recover his cattle—he throws at the bird—at last kills and buries it. But it returns and reproaches him with same song—he kills it again and puts it in his bag. He reaches his wife's village—finds them dancing—joins them—is asked for tobacco—tells them to untie the bag (forgetting the bird)—the bird comes out—sings the same song—all hear it—he tries to escape—people seize him—bird again sings—people kill him.

Incidental circumstances.

1. Younger (who is childless) asks elder why she saves the honey—elder says it is for the children, and reproaches her with her barrenness.
2. Bird sings:

"I am the little Isala of the diligent woodbearer,
The wife of Unyengebule;
It is I who was wilfully killed by the head of the house,
When he was asking me about the honeycomb."

Where published.—Contributed by Bishop Callaway to the *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, 1879 (Cape Town), vol. i. part iv. pp. 74-79.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—(?) Zulu text, pp. 75, 77, 79; English translation, pp. 75, 77, 79.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Nil.

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

Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,
Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Masilo and Masilonyane.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Masilo, elder brother; (2) Masilonyane, younger brother; (3) old woman; (4) many-coloured beast; (5) bird.

Thread of Story.—The brothers go hunting—they take different roads, agreeing to meet in evening. The younger finds a village apparently deserted—in one of the huts are a number of pots reversed—he turns them over—the last and largest only after great exertion[1]—under it he finds an old woman grinding snuff—obeying her, he takes her on his back till seeing spring-bucks he proposes to set her down while he kills a spring-buck so that he can carry her in the skin—she agrees—he follows the bucks—when out of sight he hides—but old woman finds him, and he has to take her on his back again. They see some hartebeests—he tries same ruse—it again fails—old woman again mounted—he sees a leopard—puts her down and goes in pursuit and hides--is again discovered—he sets the dogs on her, who kill her—he chops at her big toe with his axe—cattle come out—a second chop—more cattle—a third chop—a beautiful beast of many colours. With these

Incidental circumstances.

1. At first attempt his girdle breaks, he mends it, tries again—girdle again parts—he mends it, and at next trial turns pot over.

cattle he meets his brother, who asks for the many-coloured beast—being refused—he, by a trick,[2] drowns Masilonyane. Masilo goes home with cattle—a bird settles on the many-coloured beast's horn and reproaches him[3]—he kills the bird—it revives and reproaches him as before—he kills it again and grinds it to dust. He reaches home—people ask for his brother—he professes ignorance—people admire beast—bird again appears uttering same words as before—Masilo tries to kill it—it avoids the stone—people listen to it, and then kill Masilo.

2. They come to a pit—the younger holds Masilo by the legs while he drinks—Masilo while doing the same for his brother lets him loose into the pit and he is drowned.
3. Bird says: "Masilo has killed Masilonyane, for the sake of the many-coloured beast of his herd! The many-coloured beast of his herd!"

Where published.—Contributed by Mr. S. H. Edwards to *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, 1879 (Cape Town), vol. i. part vi. pp. 138-145.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Text, pp. 138, 140, 142, 144; English translation, pp. 139, 141, 143, 145.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Nil.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—A version of this story in French is given by Rev. Eugène Casalis in his *Etudes sur la Langue Séchuana* (Paris, 1841), pp. 93-97, and in English dress in same author's *The Basutos* (London, 1861), pp. 339-343. What appears to be another version is in Callaway's *Zulu Nursery Tales*, vol. i. part iv. pp. 217-220 (*Izelamani*, The Two Brothers). "A comparison of this story, with the two others mentioned above, will be found of great interest."

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,

Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Siren.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Giovanni, a peasant; (2) Magicians; (3) three sisters; (4) little black horse; (5) king; (6) envious servants; (7) princess; (8) siren; (9) a servant.

Thread of story.—Giovanni, out shooting—loses his way—sees light—comes to beautiful palace—no one answers his knock—he sees pear-tree on roof—scrambles up—voice tells him to descend and enter palace—he does so—whatever he desires immediately appears on table in front of him. Voice tells him to go to bed and that if he can endure what will happen for three nights running he will have great good fortune. Voice tells him that at midnight magicians will come and cut him in two, but that at the matin bell they will disappear and he be mended. All happens as foretold—and at the matin bell, magicians disappear and the voices put Giovanni together and encourage him to endure for two more nights. Giovanni spends day pleasantly. On second night, magicians hack him in pieces—disappear at matins, and Giovanni is mended as before. On third night they make mincemeat and sausages of him. At matins three beautiful girls appear, whom, by his endurance, he has released—he wishes to marry one—

Incidental circumstances.

1. Giovanni prefers a dapple, but, as the horse falls after a few yards, he returns and takes the black.
2. Horse tells him to get a hundred *scudi*, a barrel of wine, and a handsome dress from the king—horse

is refused—they give him a little black horse[1]—he rides forth—comes to king's court—is in great favour with king. Servants, envious, tell king that Giovanni has boasted of his ability to remove hill in front of palace in a night. King orders him to do so on pain of death—Giovanni with aid of horse levels hill[2]—king takes him into greater favour than before. Servants accuse Giovanni of boasting of his ability to bring king's lady-love (who hates him) from island in the middle of the sea. King commands Giovanni to do so on pain of death. Giovanni, with aid of horse, brings lady[3]—who drops diamond ring into the sea on her way. King delighted—but lady, who hates him, refuses to marry him until the diamond ring is recovered. Giovanni is ordered to recover it on pain of death. With the aid of horse and siren[4] he recovers ring. Lady refuses to marry king until Giovanni enters a cauldron of boiling oil. King in despair. Giovanni tells horse. Horse tells him to kill him (the horse) and anoint himself with the blood. Giovanni refuses. Horse stabs himself—is turned into a beautiful girl. Giovanni wishes to marry her—she refuses and goes to join her three sisters of the palace. Giovanni anoints himself with the blood—enters cauldron. King sends to see if he is dead—servant reports that he is sitting in the middle of the cauldron, singing. King claims the lady—she tells him to get into the cauldron—he does so, thinking himself as safe as Giovanni—is burnt, dies. Lady marries Giovanni, who becomes king.

drinks the wine—Giovanni mounts him—all night they ride up and down and round the hill—at every step the ground sinks till the hill has disappeared.

3. Giovanni, at horse's request, gets the same things from the king—horse drinks wine—Giovanni dons the dress and mounts. Horse bounds across sea to island—lady's father tries the horse, then lady herself—Giovanni mounts with her—horse bounds across the sea back.

4. Giovanni, at horse's request, gets a mirror from king, and mounts. They go to the seashore. Giovanni calls the siren—she dives and returns with the ring—Giovanni gives her the mirror.

Where published.—*Tuscan Fairy Tales*, London (1880), No. 8, pp. 75-92.

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 Pietrasanta, in the Gulf of Spezia.

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

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,
Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name of story.—The Woman of Paste.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Beautiful woman of paste; (2) woman who makes her; (3) three fairies; (4) Prince; (5) Prince's second wife; (6) his third wife; (7) his fourth wife; (8) servant.

Thread of story.—Woman goes to bake bread—has more meal than she requires—makes a life-size figure of a beautiful woman in paste[1]—figure is drying at the window—three fairies go by—give life to figure—woman who made her, glad—treats her as daughter. Prince sees beautiful girl at window—goes in[2]—talks with her—proposes to marry her—goes home to prepare—the three fairies come and tell girl not to laugh at the wedding feast or a great misfortune will happen. At feast bride is serious—refuses to laugh—so prince sends her home and marries a princess instead[3]—but sends woman of paste some dainties from feast-table—woman of paste says "spark alight," and "frying-pan, fry!"—her words are obeyed—she stirs with her hands in the pan—it is full of splendid fish which she sends in return to the prince [now called king]. Servant, who takes them, tells what he has seen—king's bride professes she can do the same—at king's command tries, fails. King takes another wife, again sends dainties to first wife—who makes beautiful pastry in a red-hot oven, so heated simply at her word of command—she sends pastry to king. Servant tells what he has seen—the new bride tries to do the same, fails. King takes another bride—again sends dainties to woman of paste—servant, on arrival, looks through keyhole, sees woman with her head in her lap making curls—having finished, she replaces head on her shoulders, goes down with servant to beach, cuts off her little finger, throws it into the sea, with command to bring back a ring—it returns with splendid ring—servant carries ring to king, and tells what he has seen—the new bride tries to do the same, fails, dies—king goes to woman of paste, brings her back as queen—she then laughs as much as he could wish.

Incidental circumstances.

1. Figure is put to dry in the sun by day, on the oven by night.
2. Having obtained permission from her "mother."
3. Who is ugly and stupid, but laughs as much as he likes.

Where published.—*Tuscan Fairy Tales*, London, (1880), No. 4, pp. 31-42.

Nature of collection, whether:—

Original or translation.—Translation of original taken down from mouth of native narrator.

If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.—Not given.

Other particulars.—Story comes from Barga in the Garfagnana.

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

(Signed) Geo. L. Apperson,
Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The King of Portugal's Cowherd.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) King; (2) cowherd No. 1; (3) cowherd No. 2; (4) cowherd No. 3; (5) old woman, fairy; (6) ogre; (7) ogre's brother; (8) princess.

Thread of story.—King sends cow-boy out with a cake, in charge of cows. Old woman asks for a bit of cake—boy refuses[1]—ogre comes, eats up boy and cows. King sends boy's brother with cake—he refuses the old woman—is devoured with his cow by ogre. Youngest brother sent with cake—gives the old woman some—she gives him a magic gun—ogre comes and is shot dead—king delighted, tells boy of a tournament lasting three days, princess the prize. Next day, boy in meadows with cows—ogre's brother appears—asks to be shot with magic gun—boy refuses—ogre shows him grand castle with three horses, black, red, and white, each with armour, &c., to match—great wealth, &c.—promises boy all if he will only shoot him. Boy at last does so. Boy goes to the tournament first day on the black, second on the red, third on the white horse—is victor each day—but on third day receives cut on leg. Boy invites king to see his castle—king and princess go incredulously—he shows them the castle and all its wonders—king recognises the horses. Boy declares himself the black, red, and white knight—king laughs—but boy shows cut on leg—king convinced—boy marries princess.

Incidental circumstances.

1. Old woman says: "So much the worse for you."

Where published.—*Tuscan Fairy Tales*, London (1880), No. 6, pp. 52-62.

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 Ponte a Decimo, Val di Serchio.

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

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,
Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Leonbruno.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Fisherman; (2) fisherman's wife; (3) Leonbruno, fisherman's youngest boy; (4) devil; (5) eagle, Madonna Aquilina; (6) king; (7) king's daughter; (8) robbers; (9) hermit; (10) Leonbruno's godmother.

Thread of story.—Poor fisherman with large family, one day catches nothing—goes home weeping—met by devil as handsome young man who gives him money for one of his children. Fisherman tells his wife—they agree to sacrifice Leonbruno—Leonbruno overhears them, goes to his godmother—she instructs him how to defend himself with a circle of crosses.[1] Leonbruno left on the seashore is summoned by the devil, but remains safe within circle, where he sleeps. In the morning he is seized by an eagle who is a beautiful lady, a fairy, Madonna Aquilina—she carries him to her planet—brings him up and marries him. Leonbruno desires to go home and see his family—Madonna Aquilina warns him of danger and promises him desertion if he mentions her name.[2] Leonbruno goes to earth and home—is kindly received. King gives a tournament[3]—Leonbruno goes and wins—sees the princess—declares his own wife, Madonna Aquilina, better-looking—Madonna Aquilina rushes by on horseback, crying, "You will never

see me again." Leonbruno, desperate, goes in search of her—comes upon robbers quarrelling over booty—divides spoil for them and appropriates a magic cloak.[4] He flies off to top of high mountain. Hermit appears—Leonbruno tells him his story—hermit sends north wind to shake off apples in Madonna Aquilina's garden. Leonbruno, in his cloak, follows—reaches the orchard[5]—enters house, invisible, in his cloak. Madonna Aquilina about to dine—Leonbruno seizes her wrist—she faints—recovers—begins again—Leonbruno again seizes her, then reveals himself—they forgive one another—live "happily ever after."

Incidental circumstances.

1. She tells him to take his apron-full of broken hemp-straws and make crosses, sticking one bit through the other.
2. She also gives him a ring, the stone on which would change colour, if he mentioned her.
3. The king's daughter was the prize.
4. The cloak makes the wearer invisible, and enables him to fly faster than the wind.
5. The ladies-in-waiting come out and pick up the apples, as they re-enter the house, Leonbruno slips in after them.

Where published.—*Tuscan Fairy Tales*, London (1880), No. 10, pp. 102-112.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation of original taken down from the mouth of native narrator.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Story comes from Barga, in the Garfagnana.

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

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,
Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Glass Coffin.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) A stepmother; (2) her step-daughter; (3) an assassin; (4) seven brothers; (5) old beggar-woman; (6) prince; (7) his mother, the queen.

Thread of story.—Woman hates her step-daughter—pays assassin to take girl to wood and kill her[1]—he, touched by her entreaties, spares her[2]—girl wanders in forest—finds palace, open, empty, and in confusion—finds everything provided for seven—so she cleans the rooms—makes seven beds—cooks dinner and lays table for seven—she takes a little wine, cheese and bread, and goes to a little hut in wood. Palace belongs to seven brothers, robbers—astonished at state of house—search, find no one—go out next morning—girl comes, does as before and retires. The seven again astonished—this goes on for several days—one stays—she does not come then till night, when all are asleep—next night one stays up, but goes to sleep—this happens for six nights—on seventh, the youngest brother lies across the doorway—is awoke by her entry—they catch her. She refuses to live with them—but continues to serve them in the day-time. She gets an old woman to chat with and dress her hair. Stepmother hears of her[3]—gives old woman magic ointment—who uses it on girl's hair—girl drops down dead. The seven keep her in a glass coffin in the doorway. One day, prince passes, sees her—takes coffin home—queen-mother protests—he insists—carries coffin to his room—applies extract of flowers—girl revives—he marries her—stepmother burnt in the square. [Narrator ignorant of fate of the seven.]

Incidental circumstances.

1. He is to bring back her heart and tongue as proof of his having killed her.
2. Brings the tongue and heart of a stag to the step-mother.
3. From the old beggar-woman to whom she had been accustomed to give alms.

Where published.—*Tuscan Fairy Tales*, London (1880), No. 9, pp. 93-101.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation of original taken down from the mouth of native narrator.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Story comes from Barga, in the Garfagnana.

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

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,
Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Rafotsibe and Ikotofetsy and Imahaka.

Dramatis Personæ.—(1) Rafotsibe; (2) Ikotofetsy; (3) Imahaka; (4) Wood-gatherers.

Thread of story.—Rafotsibe, an old woman, tends sheep—she has diseased eyes—to her come Ikotofetsy and Imahaka, who salute her, and profess to be neighbours though in truth strangers. They notice her eyes, and profess to be doctors—she asks for medicine—they close her eyes up with some glutinous substance—she says she can't see—they tell her she will be cured, if patient—they go off with her sheep—she is led into the town by some wood-gatherers.

Incidental circumstances.—Nil.

Where published.—Translation by Miss Cameron of Legend No. 43, of the Rev. L. Dahle's *Specimens of Malagasy Folk-Lore* (Antananarivo, 1877), pp. 293-294, in *South African Folk-Lore Journal* (Cape Town, 1880), vol. ii. part iii. pp. 45, 46.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Nil.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—A much longer account of the adventures of Ikotofetsy and Imahaka was presented (in MS.) by the late Mr. Jas. Cameron, in 1865, to Grey Library. It contains ten chapters, with two in an Appendix. These (except ch. vi.) were printed by Dr. Bleek, in his paper "African Folk-Lore," part i. in *Cape Monthly Mag.* vol. i. pp. 174-176, and part ii. in same mag. vol. iii. pp. 334-344.

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON,
Wimbledon.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Superstitions of Yorkshire Fisherfolk.—A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Staithes, gives an account of the fishing industry in those parts, and incidentally speaks of the superstitions of the folk as follows:—"The Staithes folk are imbued with all manner of quaint superstitions, which, whatever their origin, convey to-day no meaning, and have no reason for their observance. They have a firm belief in witchcraft, but a debased form of witchcraft of the *gettatura* order, the witch being wholly unconscious of his or her power of evil. Until quite recently—and I am informed that by some of the older inhabitants the custom is still secretly maintained—it was customary when a smack or coble had had a protracted run of ill-fortune, for the wives of the crew and owners of the boat to assemble at midnight, and, in deep silence, to slay a pigeon, whose heart they extracted, stuck full of pins, and burned over a charcoal fire. While that operation was in process the unconscious witch would come to the door, dragged thither unwittingly by the irresistible potency of the charm, and the conspirators would then make her some propitiatory present. Again, it is of frequent occurrence that, after having caught nothing for many nights, the fishermen keep the first fish that comes into the boat and burn it on their return home as a sacrifice to the Fates. All four-footed animals are considered unlucky; but the most ill-omened of quadrupeds is the pig. If when the men are putting their nets into the boats the name of this innocent and succulent animal is by accident mentioned, they will always desist from their task and turn to some other occupation, hoping thus to avert the evil omen, and in many cases will renounce the day's expedition altogether, convinced that no good could come of it. The sight of a drowned dog or kitten, too, as he goes towards his coble, will always keep a Staithes fisherman at home; and, what is still more curious, if, as he walks to his boat, his lines on his head, or a bundle of nets

on his shoulder, he chances to meet face to face with a woman, be she even his own wife or daughter, he considers himself doomed to ill-luck. Thus, when a woman sees a man approaching her under these circumstances she at once turns her back on him. If a fisher sends his son to fetch his big sea-boots, the bearer must be careful to carry them under his arm. Should he by inadvertence place them on his shoulder his father will inevitably refuse to put out to sea that day. An egg is deemed so unlucky that the fishermen will not even use the word, but call the produce of the fowl a roundabout; and, fearless as are the fishers in their daily juggling with the dangers of the sea, yet, so fearful are they of nameless spirits and bogies, that I am assured I should be unable in the whole fishing colony of Staithes to find a volunteer who for a couple of sovereigns would walk by night to the neighbouring village of Hinderwell, a couple of miles distant."

Bee-Superstition.—An instance of carrying out the well-known superstition concerning bees occurred recently at a hamlet named Geeston, in the parish of Ketton, Rutland. After the death of an old bee-master his widow knocked at several bee-hives and said, "He's gone, he's gone." The bees hummed in reply, by which it is understood that they will remain. R. L. F.

The late Mr. W. J. Thoms.—The Society suffers a severe loss by the death of its venerable founder and Director. Although of late years Mr. Thoms had not, owing to his growing infirmities, been able to give much attention to the Society, and although, as he often expressed it, he was not able to keep pace with modern folk-lorists, yet he always took a deep interest in the Society's welfare and proceedings. It is not necessary to repeat here the story of Mr. Thoms's literary career, and the many endearing remembrances which he has left behind him, for every literary journal has recorded these points before the *Folk-Lore Journal* could be published; but if our readers will turn to the First Annual Report of the Council, where the letter in which Mr. Thoms first used the term folk-lore is reprinted from the *Athenæum*, and if they will remember that it was to his efforts, through the kindly pages of *Notes and Queries* in

1878, the Society owes its origin, they will readily understand that the loss of Mr. Thoms is one which is not likely to be replaced. Most of Mr. Thoms's writings on folk-lore were printed in *Notes and Queries*, the old *Gentleman's Magazine* and other journals; but his well-known *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, published in 1834, is now a scarce volume. For the Camden Society he edited a portion of Aubrey's MS. since published by the Society in its entirety; among his tracts is one on *The Folk-lore of Shakespeare;* and under the title of *The Old Story Books of England*, by Ambrose Merton, Gent. F.S.A. he printed some well-known nursery tales.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Recherches sur quelques problèmes d'histoire. Par Fustel de Coulanges. [(1) Le colonat Roman; (2) Le régime des terres en Germanie; (3) De la marche Germanique; (4) De l'organisation judiciaire dans le royaume des Francs.] Paris: Hachette et Cie. (London: D. Nutt.) 1885. Royal 8vo.

The importance to folk-lorists of this, the latest work of the author of *La cité antique*, will be evident when we say that it is the most able and telling onslaught yet made upon the current theories of land tenure and of judicial organisation among our Teutonic forefathers, and when it is remembered how deeply those theories have influenced all recent studies of early customs and institutions. Much of the best and most solid work of folk-lore has been done in accordance with theories of which Sir Henry Maine is the most recognised exponent in this country. It is against that conception of early society which Englishmen chiefly associate with the author of *Village Communities* that, in so far as it is based upon Teutonic custom, M. Fustel de Coulanges argues. Whatever view be held respecting the success of his attack there can be no two opinions as to its weightiness, and the scientific spirit in which it is urged.

The most important question dealt with in this work may be stated as follows: Was the system of land tenure among the early German tribes communal? and is the mark-organisation, as we find it in the

twelfth-century documents, a survival from earlier times or a creation of the Middle Ages? The author examines *seriatim* the statements of Cæsar and Tacitus which bear upon the former point. The well-known passages (De bello gallico, vi. 22, and Germania, 26, 2-5) are exhaustively analysed, and the latter is shown to refer to a system of culture instead of to one of tenure; whilst it is suggested that the "magistratus ac principes" of whom Cæsar speaks were in reality clan chiefs, the real owners of the soil, and that what he took for a compulsory division was an annual letting. There is however no attempt to deny the divergence between the statements of the two Roman historians, a divergence which the author refers partly to the improbability of but one custom having obtained throughout the whole of Germania, partly to differences in custom which may have taken place in the interval separating Tacitus from Cæsar. The earliest indications respecting the social organisation of the Germans are then examined, and the extreme unlikelihood is pointed out of communal tenure having flourished in the society depicted by the Roman historians, with its strongly-marked grades, its noble and its slave castes. The German law of inheritance is next dealt with. The slight glimpses afforded by Tacitus indicate a system in which the land is looked upon as the joint property of the family, and the object of legislation is to keep it undivided. This, though differing from individual ownership as we understand it, differs as widely, it need not be said, from what is understood by communal ownership. In the post-invasions sixth and seventh century codes, a strongly developed system of individual ownership is found with reminiscences, strongest in the earliest and least Romanised of these codes, of family ownership, but nothing in the least indicating communal ownership. These facts point, in the author's opinion, to a profound modification of the German family system during the invasions period. The facts adduced in the essay on the mark further support the theory that the Germans had house but no true village communities. The elaborate system described by Maurer belongs to the twelfth century. The word "marca" first appears in sixth-century documents, and then in a sense, in accordance with its probable etymological signification, of limit, division. The way in which its meaning grew from limit to

frontier, then to frontier territory, and ultimately to region, and from limit of a private property to the whole of that property, is illustrated by a number of examples from contemporary documents. In all cases the word "mark" is used in connection with a perfectly well defined system of private ownership in land. The history of the word is only followed up to the period when it is found associated with a system of village communities; and the author lets it be seen that he considers these, in so far as they are not an outcome of feudality, to be heirs of those older house communities, unmistakeable traces of which appear in the oldest records of German society. Looking merely at the facts disclosed in his analysis of Germanic custom, M. Fustel de Coulanges declares the hypothesis that absolute community has everywhere preceded family ownership, which, in its turn, has developed into private ownership, to rest upon no proved facts. The last of the four essays handles the subject of popular justice. Only a particular period is dealt with, the contemporary texts of which are however shown to discountenance the theory of a system of local and popular justice. The jurisdictions of the king and of the count appear as strongly established and free from popular control. The "Mallus" is the count's court, open to all subjects of the Frankish kings, and not a court of popular jurisdiction special to the Frankish invaders. The functions of the Rachimburgii are elaborately investigated, and are proved to relate solely to cases in which a money composition was offered. They were in fact a species of local "boards of arbitration," but when once the case passed out of their hands and came before the count they had simply a power of advice, but not of control. The author hints that in his opinion the system of local and popular justice found in the Middle Ages is, like the twelfth-century mark system, an outcome of the age rather than a survival from former ages. The first essay traces the growth of the Roman colony, and is in so far subsidiary to the main thesis of the work that the author evidently believes many of the customs referred by the school he combats to a primitive stage of society, to have had a similar development. The whole work may be commended as a model of sober, exact historical investigation, and as a contribution of first-rate importance to the history of institutions.

Marie de France. Lais. Herausgegeben von H. Suchier. (Bibliotheca Normannica, vol. iii.) 8vo. cvii. 276 pp. Halle: Niemeyer. London: D. Nutt.

Roquefort's edition of *Marie de France* has long been scarce and costly. All students of mediæval romantic literature will rejoice to learn that a fresh edition has appeared of an author whose importance for the history of romance cannot easily be over-estimated. Herr Suchier has done his work with customary German accuracy and thoroughness. The text is carefully printed, provided with full critical apparatus and glossary, and preceded by a careful discussion of the grammatical and metrical peculiarities of Marie. The feature, however, of the new edition which will most interest folk-lorists is the series of "Vergleichende Anmerkungen" which Dr. Reinhold Köhler has prefixed to each tale. The Nestor of comparative storyology has been even more lavish than usual of his inexhaustible wealth of learning. As specimens of the information to be found in these notes, the enumerations in Milun of all the instances in literature of the combat between father and son, and in Le Fraisne of the singular beliefs concerning twins, may be especially signalled. But, as in Dr. R. Köhler's notes to Campbell, so here, grateful as we must be for what is given, it is impossible to help wishing that more had been given. The facts of the relations between Marie and the remainder of popular and romantic literature are fully set forth, but no attempt is made to explain them or to point out their bearing on the various hypotheses of the diffusion of romantic literature. And what may be called the Celtic side of Marie's work remains entirely unnoticed. The charming lay of Yonec has one page only of introduction vouchsafed to it; the unmistakeable *sidh* character of the hero is passed over in silence, as well as the incident which recurs so often both in the living Celtic folk-tale and in the Arthurian romance of the father's sword being specially treasured up for the avenging son. But, in spite of these drawbacks, Dr. R. Köhler's introduction is a mine of references and parallels which no folk-lorist should omit to consult. The new edition is essentially one for students, and should be in the hands of all workers in what is, perhaps, the most perplexing department of folk-lore.

A new Handbook of Comparative Mythology.—All who have followed with any degree of attention the recent progress of comparative mythology must have been struck by the fundamental differences between the most prominent scholars not only as to the results hitherto achieved, but as to the method and scope of the science. It is hardly too much to say that the study of comparative mythology consists of a number of more or less discredited and mutually destructive hypotheses. Herr Otto Gruppe has been so struck by this that he has endeavoured, in a work entitled "*Die griechischen Culte und Mythen in ihren Beziehungen zu den orientalischen Religionen*," to supply a firm basis for future research. He well points out that the present confusion is even more detrimental to the scholar, to whom the investigation of mythological phenomena is of subsidiary importance, than to the professed mythologist. His method is that of systematic comparison of the entirety of the religious systems of the races, whether Aryan or Semitic, of antiquity. Myths must be treated in his opinion as living organisms, not as crystallised forms, and a Handbook of Comparative Mythology must in a large measure be equally a comparative history of religious systems. As a preliminary step he discusses the main existing hypotheses, and it will interest many members of the Society to know that he considers the methods and results of what he calls the Kuhn-Max Müller school to be fallacious. The first volume of this important work may be looked for shortly. Mr. D. Nutt will be the London agent.

It is reported that Lieutenant Bassett is engaged on a work entitled *Legends and Superstitions of the Sea.* Two Members of the Society, namely, the Rev. W. Gregor and the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, have for some months been collecting the *Folk-lore of the Sea*, and we ought before long to possess all that is worth preserving of this branch of folk-lore.

Dr. E. B. Nicholson is editing Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, from the first edition, and it will be published by Mr. Stock almost immediately.

The Folk-Lore Society.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL,

27th JUNE, 1885.

THE Council are glad to report that, although the past year has not been one of special activity, there are signs that the steady work now being accomplished, particularly the progress of the Tabulation of Folk-tales under the superintendence of, and in accordance with the scheme promulgated by, the Folk-tale Committee, is having very wide and important influence upon the study of Folk-lore, not only in this country, but abroad.

It is not surprising that in the seventh year of the Society's existence there should have arisen a desire for the determination of the scope and functions of the study of folk-lore. Upon this subject a very useful discussion has taken place in the pages of the *Folk-lore Journal*, to which the following Members of the Society have contributed, Miss Burne, Messrs. Gomme, Hartland, Machado y Alvarez, Nutt, Wake, and Wheatley. Differences of opinion exist as to the scope and functions of the study, but the writers are practically unanimous that folk-lore should be henceforth recognised as an independent science, and should no longer be confused or amalgamated with the science of comparative mythology. Much discussion has at various times taken place in the pages of the *Academy*, *Mélusine*, and elsewhere as to the methods and scope of folk-lore, and the work of the Society has been frequently misunderstood by scholars and

students who have not noticed its progress towards scientific methods. The Council have every reason to hope that much good will arise out of the questions raised in the *Folk-lore Journal* on this subject, and that a uniform conclusion may ultimately be arrived at. In the first Report of the Council a general statement was made as to the scope of work before the Society, and the Council think it will be useful to point out that the following definitions and divisions are now suggested for future guidance and use :—

I. Mr. Alfred Nutt :—

(*a*) *Definition:* "Folk-lore is anthropology dealing with primitive man."

(*b*) *Divisions:*

(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.

[The two classes 5 and 6 may be grouped together, 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.

II. Mr. E. Sydney Hartland :—

(*a*) *Definition:* "Folk-lore is anthropology dealing with the psychological phenomena of uncivilized man."

(*b*) *Divisions:*

FOLK-THOUGHT.—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.*

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.

FOLK-WONT.—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 uncivilised man supports himself.

III. Mr. Gomme :—

(*a*) *Definition :* "The science which treats of the survivals of archaic beliefs and customs in modern ages."

(*b*) *Divisions :*

1. *Traditional Narratives :*
   - (*a*) Folk Tales ;
   - (*b*) Hero Tales ;
   - (*c*) Ballads and Songs ;
   - (*d*) Place Legends.

2. *Traditional Customs :*
   - (*a*) Local Customs ;
   - (*b*) Festival Customs ;
   - (*c*) Ceremonial Customs ;
   - (*d*) Games.

3. *Superstitions and Beliefs :*
   - (*a*) Witchcraft ;
   - (*b*) Astrology ;
   - (*c*) Superstitious Practices and Fancies.

4. *Folk-Speech :*
   - (*a*) Popular Sayings ;
   - (*b*) Popular Nomenclature ;
   - (*c*) Proverbs ;
   - (*d*) Jingle Rhymes, Riddles, &c.

IV. Miss Burne:—

(*a*) *Definition:* "The science which treats of all that the folk believe or practice on the authority of inherited tradition, and not on the authority of written records."

(*b*.) *Divisions:*

1. *Traditional Narratives:*
   - (a) Folk Tales;
   - (b) Hero Tales;
   - (c) Ballads and Songs;
   - (d) Place Legends and Traditions.

2. *Superstitious Belief and Practice:*
   - (a) Goblindom;
   - (b) Witchcraft;
   - (c) Astrology;
   - (d) Superstitions connected with material things.

3. *Traditional Customs:*
   - (a) Local Customs;
   - (b) Festival Customs;
   - (c) Ceremonial Customs;
   - (d) Games.

4. *Folk Sayings:*
   - (a) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c.;
   - (b) Proverbs;
   - (c) Old Saws rhymed and unrhymed;
   - (d) Nicknames, Place-rhymes, and Sayings;
   - (e) Folk-etymology.

V. Signor Machado y Alvarez.

Definition.—Folk-lore includes two chief branches: *demo-psychology*, or the science which studies the spirit of the people, and *demo-biography*, which is not the sum of the biographies of the individuals who compose this said aggregate, but the description of the mode of life of the people taken in the aggregate.

The Council hope that by setting these schemes prominently before the members of the Society many new workers may be induced to take up the study, and to join the Society in order that no time may be lost in carrying out the work that such a field of inquiry suggests.

The tabulation of Folk-Tales has been steadily progressing, and many contributions have been printed in the *Folk-Lore Journal.* The most gratifying results of the Society's labours in this direction is the adoption of the tabulation scheme by Captain R. C. Temple in his volume of Indian Folk-Tales, published in 1884, under the title of *Wide-Awake Stories.* If the Society could induce all collectors of stories to follow Captain Temple's admirable example it would be of signal advantage to the student.

The system of local secretaries initiated last year promises to develop very widely when means are forthcoming to admit of it; and it is suggested that this organisation should be extended to foreign countries, and to India and the Colonies. Mr. J. Stewart Lockhart has recently written, offering to become Local Secretary for Hong Kong, where he resides, and expressing a belief that there is a great deal of material at hand in China if the Society could assist in getting it together. It has also been intimated to the Council that the Folk-lore Societies now established in Spain, Portugal, and Italy would be willing to confederate with this Society in organisation and work. It appears to the Council that the work of the Society must be, for some time to come, mainly that of collection and classification of material; and in no way could this be better accomplished than by making the Society international in its operations and organisation. The Council propose appointing a small committee to consider what steps could be taken to further this object; and probably a congress of folk-lorists might be assembled to definitely decide this and other important points.

The extra publications for 1884 have been unusually delayed by unforeseen circumstances. They are as follows:—

1. *Magyar Folk-Tales*, by Rev. W. H. Jones and Lewis H. Kropf (in the press).

2. *Religious System of the Zulus*, by Dr. Callaway, Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria.

It is hoped that the first-named volume will be ready very shortly, and the second, having been left incomplete by Dr. Callaway, the Council determined to have an index prepared and to issue the volume uniform with the Society's publications.

The publications for 1885 will be—

Folk-Lore Journal;

Folk-Lore and Provincial Names of Birds, by Rev. Chas. Swainson.

The *Folk-Lore Journal* is now issued quarterly instead of monthly, and the Council think this arrangement will be considered an improvement. Mr. Swainson's MS. is now going through the press, and will be issued as soon as ready.

Since the last report the Society has lost by death one of its earliest and most valued members, Mr. H. C. Coote. Of Mr. Coote's varied contributions to the publications of the Society, the Council need not speak, but they desire to bear record to the great loss which Mr. Coote's death entails upon the Society.

The Council regret to report that Earl Beauchamp has resigned the office of President of the Society. Upon the retirement of the Earl of Verulam in 1880, Lord Beauchamp was elected President, and has thus filled the office for five years. The Council cannot but express their sense of the many obligations which the Society is under to Lord Beauchamp for his kindness and assistance in their labours during this period.

The Council are glad to announce that Viscount Enfield has consented to be put in nomination for the presidentship.

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE *for the year ending* 31*st December*, 1884.

RECEIPTS.

Date	Receipts	Sub-total	£	s.	d.
1884.	To Balance brought from last account—				
	At Bankers	£66 15 2			
	In hands of Hon. Sec.	1 19 8	68	14	10
	To Receipts, as per details supplied by the Hon. Secretary:—				
	On account of Subscriptions due—				
	1st January, 1878		4	4	0
	1st January, 1879		4	4	0
	1st January, 1880		5	5	0
	1st January, 1881		4	4	0
	1st January, 1882		6	6	0
	1st January, 1883		16	5	0
	1st January, 1884		195	15	10
	1st January, 1885		6	6	0
	1st January, 1886		2	2	0
	Compounding fee...		10	10	0
	Sale of Books		1	1	0
	Interest on Investment (£52 12*s.* 9*d.* New Three per Cents.)		1	11	6
			£326	9	2
1885. Jan. 1st	Balance carried forward...		£38	9	8

PAYMENTS.

Date	Payments	Sub-total	£	s.	d.
1884. Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.	Printing Account (Messrs. Nichols) ...		245	0	0
	Translating Sindibad		4	11	0
	Carriage of Parcel from Africa		3	4	2
	Bibliography of Folk-Lore		10	0	0
	Editorial Assistance		12	0	0
	Bankers' Exchange Stamps		0	0	1
	Petty Cash Payments, per the Hon. Secretary:—				
	Advertisements, Stationery, Carriage, &c., Copying, Postages, &c., and Index to Folk-Lore Record		13	4	3
			287	19	6
	Balance in hand:—	£ s. d.			
	At Bankers	36 10 0			
	In hands of Honorary Secretary	1 19 8	38	9	8
			£326	9	2

Examined and found correct,
(Signed) JOHN TOLHURST, G. L. APPERSON, } *Auditors.*

Balance Sheet up to 31st December, 1884.

	£	s.	d.
To amount due to Printers	196	12	10
To Balance in favour of Society (exclusive of Publications in stock)	34	10	0
	£231	2	10

	£	s.	d.
By arrears of Subscriptions	42	0	0
By amount of Compounding Fees invested in New Three per Cents.	52	10	0
By amount due for Sales of Books during 1882-1883	20	11	2
By MS. of Denham Tracts	25	0	0
By value of MS. collection of Scotch Proverbs ...	12	12	0
By value of Dr. Callaway's Zulu Nursery Literature	40	0	0
By value of Books (not included in this account) ...	—	—	
By Cash in hand (including £21 Compounding Fees)	38	9	8
	£231	2	10

(Signed) G. L. GOMME, A. GRANGER HUTT, } *Hon. Secretaries.*

PROPOSED

List of Officers of the Society,

1885-1886.

PRESIDENT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT ENFIELD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

ANDREW LANG, M.A.
W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A.
EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S.

COUNCIL.

THE EARL BEAUCHAMP,
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S.A.
EDWARD CLODD.
SIR W. R. DRAKE, F.S.A.
G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.
J. T. MICKLETHWAITE, F.S.A.
REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.
ALFRED NUTT.
PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE, M.A.
EDWARD SOLLY, F.R.S., F.S.A.
WILLIAM J. THOMS, F.S.A.
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

AUDITORS.

G. L. APPERSON.
JOHN TOLHURST, F.S.A.

LOCAL SECRETARIES.

IRELAND: G. H. KINAHAN, ESQ.
SOUTH SCOTLAND: WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK, ESQ.
NORTH SCOTLAND: REV. WALTER GREGOR.
INDIA: CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE.
CHINA: J. STEWART LOCKHART, EQS.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society was held on Saturday, 27th June, 1885, at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, at 3 o'clock p.m.

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Vice-President, took the Chair.

It was moved by Mr. Clodd, seconded by Mr. Wheatley, and resolved unanimously, "That the Right Honourable Viscount Enfield be President of the Society."

The Vice-President having vacated the Chair, Lord Enfield thereupon took his seat as President, and briefly addressed the Members upon his election, stating his great interest in the study of Folk-lore, and pointing out some of its features, and saying he was pleased to follow such good Presidents as Lord Verulam and Lord Beauchamp.

Mr. Ralston moved the adoption of the Report of the Council.

The Honorary Secretary having read the Report,

Mr Stephenson seconded the motion of adoption, which was carried unanimously.

The Honorary Secretary then read the Treasurer's Account and the Statement of the Auditors.

It was proposed by Rev. C. Swainson, 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 by Mr. Ralston, seconded by Mr. Wheatley, and resolved unanimously, "That the thanks of the Society be given to the Right Honourable Earl Beauchamp for his kind and valuable services as President during a period of five years."

It was moved by Rev. J. Long, seconded by Mr. Stephenson, and resolved unanimously, "That Mr. A. Lang, M.A., Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., and Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., be the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

"That the Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Edward Brabrook, Mr. Edward Clodd, Sir W. R. Drake, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, Mr. Alfred Nutt, Rev. Professor A. H. Sayce, Mr. Edward Solly, Mr. William J. Thoms, 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 by Mr. Ralston, seconded by Mr. Wheatley, and resolved unanimously, "That this Society desires to place on record its sense of the loss incurred by the lamented death of Mr. W. S. W. Vaux, lately a Member of the Council, and who had always assisted the Society in every way in his power."

It was proposed by Dr. Morris, seconded by Mr. Stephenson, and carried unanimously, "That this Meeting desires to express its best thanks to the Viscount Enfield for his kind services in presiding at the meeting."

List of Officers of the Society

1885-1886.

PRESIDENT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT ENFIELD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

ANDREW LANG, M.A.
W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A.
EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S.

DIRECTOR.

G. L. GOMME, F.S.A., 2, Park Villas, Lonsdale Road, Barnes, S.W.

COUNCIL.

THE EARL BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A.
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S.A.
EDWARD CLODD.
G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.
A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.
J. T. MICKLETHWAITE, F.S.A.
REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.
ALFRED NUTT.
EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A.
PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE.
EDWARD SOLLY, F.R.S., F.S.A.
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

AUDITORS.

G. L. APPERSON.
JOHN TOLHURST.

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INDIA: CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE.
CHINA: J. STEWART LOCKHART, ESQ.

HONORARY SECRETARIES.

A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A., 8, Oxford Road, Kilburn, N.W.
J. J. FOSTER, 36, Alma Square, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MEMBERS. (December, 1885.)

Abercromby, Hon. J., 21, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.
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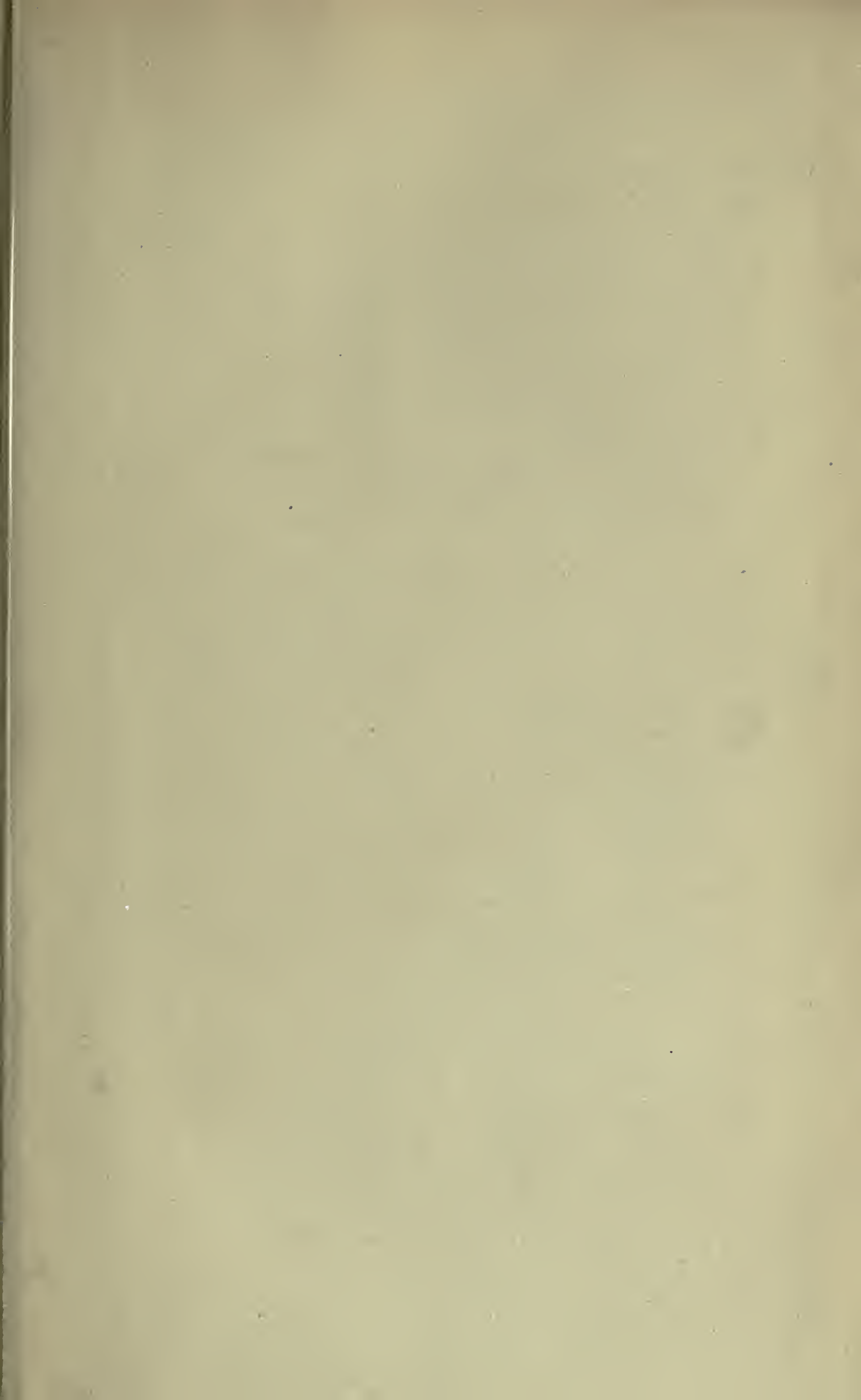

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