THE

FOLK-LORE JOURNAL.

VOL. VI.

(JANUARY—DECEMBER 1888.)

Alter et Idem.

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

1888.

[XXI.]

List of Officers of the Society, 1888-1889.

PRESIDENT.

ANDREW LANG, ESQ., M.A.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.
EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S.

DIRECTOR.

G. L. GOMME, F.S.A., 1, Beverley Villas, Barnes Common, S.W.

COUNCIL.

HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.
THE EARL BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A.
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S A.
LOYS BRUEYRE.
MISS C. S. BURNE.
EDWARD CLODD.
J. G. FRAZER, M.A.
G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.
S. HARTLAND, F.S.A.
A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.
W. F. KIRBY.
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bt., F.R.S
REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.
ALFRED NUTT.
T. F. ORDISH.
Lt.-Gen. PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L. F.R.S., F.S.A., etc.
PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE, M.A.
CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE.
J. S. UDAL.
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

HON. TREASURER.

EDWARD CLODD, 19, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.

AUDITORS.

G. L. APPERSON.
JOHN TOLHURST, F.S.A.

LOCAL SECRETARIES.

Ireland: G. H. KINAHAN.
South Scotland: WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.
North Scotland: Rev. WALTER GREGOR.
India: Captain R. C. TEMPLE.
China: J. STEWART LOCKHART.

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.

CONTENTS.

AINO FOLK-LORE.

By Basil Hall Chamberlain.

Prefatory Remarks.

I VISITED the island of Yezo for the third time in the summer of 1886, in order to study the Aino language, with a view to elucidate by its means the obscure problem of the geographical nomenclature of Japan. But, as is apt to happen on such occasions, the chief object of my visit soon ceased to be the only object. He who would learn a language must try to lisp in it, and more especially must he try to induce the natives to chatter in it in his presence. Now in Yezo, subjects of discourse are few. The Ainos stand too low in the scale of humanity to have any notion of the civilised art of "making conversation." When, therefore, the fishing and the weather are exhausted, the European sojourner in one of their dreary, filthy seaside hamlets will find himself,—at least I found myself,—sadly at a loss for any further means of setting his native companions' tongues in motion. It is then that fairy-tales come to the rescue. The Ainos would not suggest the idea themselves. To suggest ideas is not their habit. But they are delighted to follow it when suggested. Simply to repeat something which they have known by heart ever since the days of their childhood is not such an effort to their easily-tired brains as is the keeping up of a conversation with one who speaks their language imperfectly. Their tongues are at once loosened.

In my own case, I found myself, after a short time, listening to the

stories for their own sake,—not merely as linguistic exercises ; and I ventured to include a few of them in the " Memoir on the Ainos " which was published a few months ago by the Imperial University of Japan. Some remarks in a review of this " Memoir," contained in *Nature* of the 12th May, 1887, have encouraged me to believe that anthropologists and comparative mythologists may be interested in having laid before them something more than mere samples of the mental products of a people which is interesting for three reasons,—interesting because its domain once extended over the entire Japanese archipelago, interesting because absolutely nothing certain is known as to its origin and affinities, interesting because it is, so to speak, almost at its last gasp. I have, therefore, now collected and classified all the tales that were communicated to me by Ainos, in Aino, during my last stay in the island, and more latterly in Tōkyō, when, by the kind assistance of the President of the University, Mr. H. Watanabe, an exceptionally intelligent Aino was procured from the North, and spent a month in my house. These tales form the paper which I now have the honour to offer for the acceptance of your learned Society.

It would, no doubt, be possible to treat the subject of Aino folk-lore in great detail. The gloss might easily be made longer than the text. Each story might be analysed according to the method proposed by the Folk-Lore Society; a " survey of incidents " might be appended to each, as in Messrs. Steel and Temple's charming " Wide-Awake Stories," from the Punjab and Cashmere. More interesting to the anthropologist than such mechanical dissection of each tale considered as an independent entity would be the attempt to unravel the affinities of these Aino tales. How many of them, what parts of them, are original? How many of them are borrowed, and whence ?

To carry out such an investigation with that completeness which would alone give it serious value, would necessitate a greater expenditure of time than my duties will allow of, perhaps also a fund of multifarious knowledge which I do not possess. I would, therefore, merely suggest in passing that the probabilities of the case are in favour of the Ainos having borrowed from their only clever neigh-

bours, the Japanese. (The advent of the Russians is so recent that they need hardly be counted in this connection.) The reasons for attributing to the Japanese, rather than to the Ainos, the prior possession (which, by the way, by no means implies the invention) of the tales common to both races, are partly general, partly special. Thus it is *a priori* likely that the stupid and barbarous will be taught by the clever and educated, not the clever and educated by the stupid and barbarous. On the other hand, as I have elsewhere demonstrated, a comparative study of the languages of the two peoples shows clearly that this *a priori* view is fully borne out so far as far as the linguistic domain is concerned. The same remark applies to social customs. Even in religion, the most conservative of all institutions, especially among barbarians, the Ainos have suffered Japanese influence to intrude itself. It is Japanese rice-beer, under its Japanese name of *sake*, which they offer in libations to their gods. Their very word for "prayer" seems to be archaic Japanese. A mediæval Japanese hero, Yoshitsune, is generally allowed to be held in religious reverence by them. The idea of earthquakes being caused by the wriggling of a gigantic fish under the earth is shared by the Ainos with the Japanese and with several other races.

At the same time, the general tenour and tendency of the tales and traditions of the Ainos wear a widely different aspect from that which characterises the folk-lore of Japan. The Ainos, in their humble way, are addicted to moralising and to speculating on the origin of things. A perusal of the following tales will show that a surprisingly large number of them are attempts to explain some natural phenomenon, or to exemplify some simple precept. In fact they are science,—physical science and moral science,—at a very early stage. The explanations given in these tales completely satisfy the adult Aino mind of the present day. The Aino fairy-tales are not, as ours are, survivals from an earlier stage of thought. They spring out of the present state of thought. Even if not invented of recent years they fit in with the present Aino view of things,—so much so, that an Aino who recounts one of his stories does so under the impression that he is narrating an actual event. He does not "make believe" like the European nurse, even like the European child, who

has always, in some nook or corner of his mind, a presentiment of the scepticism of his later years.

So far as I can judge, that "disease of language" which we call metaphor, and which is held by some great authorities to have been the chief factor in the fabrication of Aryan myth, has no place in Aino fairy-land; neither have the phenomena of the weather attracted more attention than other things. But I speak subject to correction. Perhaps it is not wise to invite controversy on such a point unless one is well armed for the fight.

Failing an elaborate analysis of the Aino fairy-tales, and a discussion of their origin and affinities, what I venture to offer for your Society's acceptance is the simple text of the tales themselves, rendered into English. Nine of them have already been printed in the Aino "Memoir" already referred to. One has been printed (but not quite in its genuine form, which decency was supposed to forbid) at the end of Mr. Batchelor's grammar included in the same "Memoir." All the others are now given to the world for the first time, never having yet appeared in any language, not even in Japanese.

I would draw special attention to the character of the translation, as being an absolutely literal one in the case of all those stories which I originally wrote down in Aino from the dictation of native informants. As time pressed, however, I sometimes had the story told me more rapidly, and wrote it down afterwards in English only, but never more than a few hours afterwards. In such cases, though every detail is preserved, the rendering is of course not actually literal. This, and the fact that there were several informants, will account for the difference of style between the various stories. I have appended to each story either the words "translated literally," or the words "written down from memory," together with the date and the name of the informant, in order that those who use the collection may know exactly what it is that they are handling. In all such matters, absolute accuracy, absolute literalness, wherever attainable, is surely the one thing necessary. Not all the charm of diction, not all the ingenious theories in the world, can for a moment be set in the balance against rigid exactness, even if some of the concomitants of rigid exactness are such as to spoil the subject for popular treatment. The

truth, the stark naked truth, the truth without so much as a loin-cloth on, should surely be the investigator's sole aim when, having discovered a new set of facts, he undertakes to present them to the consideration of the scientific world.

Of course Aino tales, like other tales, may also be treated from a literary point of view. Some of the tales of the present collection, prettily illustrated with pictures by Japanese artists, and altered, expurgated, and arranged *virginibus puerisque*, are at the present moment being prepared by Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, who thought with me that such a venture might please our little ones both in England and in the United States. But such things have no scientific value. They are not meant to have any. They are mere juvenile literature, whose English dressing-up has as little relation to the barbarous original as the Paris fashions have to the anatomy of the human frame.

The present paper, on the contrary, is intended for the sole perusal of the anthropologist and ethnologist, who would be deprived of one of the best means of judging of the state of the Aino mind if the hideous indecencies of the original were omitted, or its occasional ineptitude furbished up. Aino mothers, lulling their babies to sleep, as they rock them in the cradle hung over the kitchen fire, use words, touch on subjects which we never mention; and that precisely is a noteworthy characteristic. The innocent savage is not found in Aino-land, if indeed he is to be found anywhere. The Aino's imagination is as prurient as that of any Zola, and far more outspoken. Pray, therefore, put the blame on him, if much of the language of the present collection is such as it is not usual to see in print.* Aino stories and Aino conversation are the intellectual counterpart of the dirt, the lice, and the skin-diseases which cover Aino bodies.

For the four-fold classification of the stories, no importance is

* [The tales in this collection which are not fit to publish are omitted from these pages. The omissions can readily be detected by the numbers of the tales not running consecutively. It seemed to the Council that for scientific purposes the complete collection should be preserved, and they accordingly decided to print a limited number to be issued to Members of the Society only. This limited issue is accompanied by an introduction by Professor E. B. Tylor.—Ed.]

claimed. It was necessary to arrange them somehow; and the division into "Tales Accounting for the Origin of Phenomena," "Moral Tales," "Tales of the Panaumbe and Penaumbe Cycle," and "Miscellaneous Tales," suggested itself as a convenient working arrangement. The "Scraps of Folk-Lore," which have been added at the end, may perhaps be considered out of place in a collection of tales. But I thought it better to err on the side of inclusion than on that of exclusion. For it may be presumed that the object of any such investigation is rather to gain as minute an acquaintance as possible with the mental products of the people studied, than scrupulously to conform to any system.

There must be a large number of Aino fairy-tales besides those here given, as the chief tellers of stories, in Aino-land as in Europe, are the women, and I had mine from men only, the Aino women being much too shy of male foreigners for it to be possible to have much conversation with them. Even of the tales I myself heard, several were lost through the destruction of certain papers,—among others at least three of the Panaumbe and Penaumbe Cycle, which I do not trust myself to reconstruct from memory at this distance of time. Many precious hours were likewise wasted, and much material rendered useless, by the national vice of drunkenness. A whole month at Hakodate was spoilt in this way, and nothing obtained from an Aino named Tomtare, who had been procured for me by the kindness of H. E. the Governor of Hakodate. One can have intercourse with men who smell badly, and who suffer, as almost all Ainos do, from lice and from a variety of disgusting skin-diseases. It is a mere question of endurance and of disinfectants. But it is impossible to obtain information from a drunkard. A third reason for the comparatively small number of tales which it is possible to collect during a limited period of intercourse is the frequency of repetitions. No doubt such repetitions have a confirmatory value, especially when the repetition is of the nature of a variant. Still, one would willingly spare them for the sake of new tales.

The Aino names appended to the stories are those of the men by whom they were told to me, viz. Penri, the aged chief of Piratori; Ishanashte of Shumunkot; Kannariki of Poropet (Jap. Horobetsu);

and Kuteashguru of Sapporo. Tomtare of Yūrap does not appear for the reason mentioned above, which spoilt all his usefulness. The only mythological names which appear are Okikurumi, whom the Ainos regard as having been their civilizer in very ancient times, his sister-wife Turesh, or Tureshi[hi] and his henchman Samayunguru. The "divine symbols," of which such constant mention is made in the tales, are the *inao* or whittled sticks frequently described in books of travels.

BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.

Miyanoshita, Japan,
20th July, 1887.

I.—TALES ACCOUNTING FOR THE ORIGIN OF PHENOMENA.

i.—*The Rat and the Owl.**

An owl had put by for next day the remains of something dainty which he had to eat. But a rat stole it, whereupon the owl was very angry, and went off to the rat's house, and threatened to kill him. But the rat apologised, saying: "I will give you this gimlet and tell you how you can obtain from it pleasure far greater than the pleasure of eating the food which I was so rude as to eat up. Look here! you must stick the gimlet with the sharp point upwards in the ground at the foot of this tree; then go to the top of the tree yourself, and slide down the trunk."

Then the rat went away, and the owl did as the rat had instructed him. But, sliding down on to the sharp gimlet, he impaled himself on it, and suffered great pain, and, in his grief and rage, went off to kill the rat. But again the rat met him with apologies, and, as a peace-offering, gave him a cap for his head.

These events account for the thick cap of erect feathers which the owl wears to this day, and also for the enmity between the owl and the rat.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 25th November, 1886.)

* The Aino name here used (*ahunrashambe*) denotes a horned species.

ii.—*The Loves of the Thunder-Gods.*

Two young thunder-gods, sons of the chief thunder-god, fell violently in love with the same Aino woman. Said one of them to the other, in a joking way: "I will become a flea, so as to be able to hop into her bosom." Said the other: "I will become a louse, so as to be able to stay always in her bosom."

"Are those your wishes?" cried their father, the chief thunder-god. "You shall be taken at your word"; and forthwith the one of them who had said he would become a flea was turned into a flea, while he who said he would become a louse was turned into a louse. Hence all the fleas and lice that exist at the present day.

This accounts for the fact that, whenever there is a thunder-storm, fleas jump out of all sorts of places where there were none to be seen before.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 27th November, 1886.)

iii.—*Why Dogs cannot speak.*

Formerly dogs could speak. Now they cannot. The reason is that a dog, belonging to a certain man a long time ago, inveigled his master into the forest under the pretext of showing him game, and there caused him to be devoured by a bear. Then the dog went home to his master's widow, and lied to her, saying: "My master has been killed by a bear. But when he was dying he commanded me to tell you to marry me in his stead." The widow knew that the dog was lying. But he kept on urging her to marry him. So at last, in her grief and rage, she threw a handful of dust into his open mouth. This made him unable to speak any more, and therefore no dogs can speak even to this very day.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 29th November, 1886.)

iv.—*Why the Cock cannot fly.*

When the Creator had finished creating the world, and had returned to the sky, he sent down the cock to see whether the world was good

or not, with orders to come back at once. But the world was so beautiful, that the cock, unable to tear himself away, kept lingering on from day to day. At last, after a long time, he was on his way flying back up to the sky. But God, angry with him for his disobedience, stretched forth his hand, and beat him down to earth, saying : "You are not wanted in the sky any more."

That is why, to this very day, the cock cannot fly high.—(Written down from memory. Told by Penri, 18th July, 1886.)

v.—*The Origin of the Hare.*

Suddenly there was a large house on the top of a mountain, wherein were six people beautifully arrayed, but constantly quarrelling. Whence they came was unknown. Thereupon Okikurumi came and said: "Oh ! you bad hares ! you wicked hares ! who does not know your origin ? The children in the sky were pelting each other with snowballs, and the snowballs fell into the world of men. As it would be a pity to waste anything that falls from the sky, the snowballs were turned into hares, and those hares are you. You, who dwell in this world, which belongs to me, should not quarrel. What is it that you are making such a noise about ?"

With these words, Okikurumi seized a fire-brand, and beat each of the six with it in turn. Thereupon all the hares ran away. This is the origin of the hare[-god]; and for this reason the body of the hare is white because made of snow, while its ears—which are the place where it was charred by the fire-brand,—are black.—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 10th July, 1886.)

viii.—*The Owl and the Tortoise.*

The tortoise[-god] in the sea and the owl[-god] on land were very intimate. The tortoise spoke thus : "Your child is a boy. My child is a girl. So it will be good for us to unite them in marriage. If I send into the river the fish that there are in the sea your son and my daughter, being both of them enabled to eat fish, will possess the world." Thus spoke the tortoise. The owl was greatly obliged. For this reason, the child of the tortoise and the child of the owl

became husband and wife. For this reason, the owl, without the least hesitation, eats every fish that comes into the river.—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 15th July, 1886.)

ix.—*How a Man got the better of two Foxes.*

A man went into the mountains to get bark to make rope with, and found a hole. To this hole there came a fox, who spoke as follows, though he was a fox, in human language: "I know of something from which great profit may be derived. Let us go to the place to-morrow!" To which the fox inside the hole replied as follows: "What profitable thing do you allude to? After hearing about it, I will go with you if it sounds likely to be profitable; and if not, not." The fox outside spoke thus: "The profitable thing to be done is this. I will come here to-morrow about the time of the mid-day meal. You must be waiting for me then, and we will go off together. If you take the shape of a horse, and we go off together, I taking the shape of a man and riding on your back, we can go down to the shore, where dwell human beings possessed of plenty of food and all sorts of other things. As there is sure to be among the people some one who wants a horse, I will sell you to him who thus wants a horse. I can then buy a quantity of precious things and of food. Then I shall run away; and you, having the appearance of a horse, will be led out to eat grass, and be tied up somewhere on the hillside. Then, if I come and help you to escape, and we divide the food and the precious things equally between us, it will be profitable for both of us." Thus spoke the fox outside the hole; and the fox inside the hole was very glad, and said: "Come and fetch me early to-morrow, and we will go off together."

The man was hidden in the shade of the tree, and had been listening. Then the fox who had been standing outside went away, and the man, too, went home for the night. But he came back next day to the mouth of the hole, and spoke thus, imitating the voice of the fox whom he had heard speaking outside the hole the day before: "Here I am. Come out at once! If you will turn into a horse, we will go down to the shore." The fox came out. It was a big fox.

The man said : "I have come already turned into a man. If you turn into a horse, it will not matter even if we are seen by other people." The fox shook itself, and became a large chestnut [*lit.* red] horse. Then the two went off together, and came to a very rich village, plentifully provided with everything. The man said: "I will sell this horse to anybody who wants one." As the horse was a very fine one, every one wanted to buy it. So the man bartered it for a quantity of food and precious things, and then went away.

Now the horse was such a peculiarly fine one that its new owner did not like to leave it out-of-doors, but always kept it in the house. He shut the door, and he shut the window, and cut grass to feed it with. But though he fed it, it could not (being really a fox) eat grass at all. All it wanted to eat was fish. After about four days it was like to die. At last it made its escape through the window and ran home ; and, arriving at the place where the other fox lived, wanted to kill it. But it discovered that the trick had been played, not by its companion fox, but by the man. So both the foxes were very angry, and consulted about going to find the man and kill him.

But though the two foxes had decided thus, the man came and made humble excuses, saying : "I came the other day, because I had overheard you two foxes plotting ; and then I cheated you. For this I humbly beg your pardon. Even if you do kill me, it will do no good. So henceforward I will brew rice-beer for you, and set up the divine symbols for you, and worship you,—worship you for ever. In this way you will derive greater profit than you would derive from killing me. Fish, too, whenever I make a good catch, I will offer to you as an act of worship. This being so, the creatures called men shall worship you for ever."

The foxes, hearing this, said : "That is capital, we think. That will do very well." Thus spake the foxes. Thus does it come about that all men, both Japanese and Aino, worship the fox. So it is said.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 15th July, 1886.)

x.—*The Man who Married the Bear-Goddess.*

There was a very populous village. It was a village having both

plenty of fish and plenty of venison. It was a place lacking no kind of food. Nevertheless, once upon a time, a famine set in. There was no food, no venison, no fish, nothing to eat at all; there was a famine. So in that populous village all the people died.

Now the village chief was a man who had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time, only those two children remained alive. Now the girl was the older of the two, and the boy was the younger. The girl spoke thus: "As for me, it does not matter even if I do die, since I am a girl. But you, being a boy, can, if you like, take up our father's inheritance. So you should take these things with you, use them to buy food with, eat it, and live." So spoke the girl, and took out a bag made of cloth, and gave it to him.

Then the boy went out on to the sand, and walked along the sea-shore. When he had walked on the sand for a long time, he saw a pretty little house a short way inland. Near it was lying the carcase of a large whale. The boy went to the house, and after a time entered it. On looking around, he saw a man of divine appearance. The man's wife, too, looked like a goddess, and was dressed altogether in black raiment. The man was dressed altogether in speckled raiment. The boy went in, and stood by the door. The man said to him: "Welcome to you, whencesoever you may have come." Afterwards a lot of the whale's flesh was boiled, and the boy was feasted on it. But the woman never looked towards him. Then the boy went out and fetched his parcel, which he had left outside. He brought in the bag made of cloth which had been given to him by his sister, and opened its mouth. On taking out and looking at the things inside it, they were found to be very precious treasures. "I will give you these treasures in payment for the food," said the boy, and gave them to that divine-looking man-of-the-house. The god, having looked at them, said: "They are very beautiful treasures." He said again: "You need not have paid me for the food. But I will take these treasures of yours, carry them to my [other] house, and bring you my own treasures in exchange for them. As for this whale's flesh, you can eat as much of it as you like, without payment." Having said this, he went off with the lad's treasures.

Then the lad and the woman remained together. After a time

the woman turned to the lad, and said: "You lad! listen to me when I speak. I am the bear-goddess. This husband of mine is the dragon-god. There is no one so jealous as he is. Therefore did I not look towards you, because I knew that he would be jealous if I looked towards you. Those treasures of yours are treasures which even the gods do not possess. It is because he is delighted to get them that he has taken them with him to counterfeit them and bring you mock treasures. So when he shall have brought those treasures and shall display them, you must speak thus: 'We need not exchange treasures. I wish to buy the woman!' If you speak thus, he will go angrily away, because he is such a jealous man. Then afterwards we can marry each other, which will be very pleasant. That is how you must speak." That was what the woman said.

Then, after a certain time, the man of divine appearance came back grinning. He came bringing two sets of treasures, the treasures which were treasures and his own other treasures. The god spoke thus: "You, lad! As I have brought the treasures which are your treasures, it will be well to exchange them for my treasures." The boy spoke thus: "Though I should like to have treasures also, I want your wife even more than I want the treasures; so please give me your wife instead of the treasures." Thus spoke the lad.

He had no sooner uttered the words than he was stunned by a clap of thunder above the house. On looking around him, the house was gone, and only he and the goddess were left together. He came to his senses. The treasures were there also. Then the woman spoke thus: "What has happened is that my dragon-husband has gone away in a rage, and has therefore made this noise, because you and I wish to be together. Now we can live together." Thus spoke the goddess. Afterwards they lived together. This is why the bear is a creature half like a human being.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 9th November, 1886.)

xi.—*The two Foxes, the Mole, and the Crows.*

Two brother foxes consulted together thus: "It would be fun for us to go down among men, and assume human shape." So they

made treasures and they made garments out of the leaves of various trees, and they made various things to eat and cakes out of the gum which comes out of trees. But the mole[-god] saw them making all these preparations. So the mole made a place like a human village, and placed himself in it under the disguise of a very old man. The foxes came to that village; they came to the very old man's house. And the mole himself made beautiful treasures and made garments out of various herbs and leaves of trees; and, taking mulberries and grapes from the tops of the trees, he made good food. On the arrival of the foxes, the mole invited all the crows in the place and all sorts of birds. He gave them human shape, and placed them as owners in the houses of the village. Then the mole, as chief of the village, was a very old man.

Then the foxes came, having assumed the shape of men. They thought the place was a human village. The old chief bought all the things which the foxes had brought on their backs, all their treasures and all their food. Then the old man displayed to them his own beautiful treasures. The old man displayed all his beautiful things, his garments. The foxes were much pleased. Then the old man spoke thus: "Oh you strangers! as there is a dance in my village, it will be well for you to see it." Then all the people in the village danced all sorts of dances. But at last, owing to their being birds, they began to fly upwards, notwithstanding their human shape. The foxes saw this, and were much amused. The foxes ate both of the mulberries and of the grapes. They tasted very good. It was great fun, too, to see the dancing. Afterwards they went home.

The foxes thought thus: "What is nicer even than treasures is the delicious food which human beings have. As we do not know what it is, let us go again and buy some more of it." So they again made treasures out of herbs. Then they again went down to that village. The mole was in a golden house—a large house. He was alone in it, having sent all the crows and the rest away. As the foxes entered the house and looked about them, they saw a very venerable god. The god spoke thus: "Oh! you foxes; because you had assumed human shape, you made all sorts of counterfeit treasures. I saw all that you did. It is by me, and because of this, that you are

brought here. You think this is a human village; but it is the village of me, your master the mole. It seems you constantly do all sorts of bad things. If you do so, it is very wrong; so do not assume human shape any more. If you will cease to assume human shape, you may henceforth eat your fill of these mulberries and grapes. You and your companions the crows may eat together of the mulberries and of all fruits at the top of the trees, which the crows cause to drop down. This will be much more profitable for you than to assume human shape." Thus spoke the mole.

Owing to this, the foxes left off assuming human shape, and, from that time forward, ate as they pleased of the mulberries and the grapes. When the crows let any drop, they went underneath the trees and ate them. They became very friendly together.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 11th November, 1886.)

xii.—*The Stolen Charm.*

A very rich man kept a puppy and a fox-cub. Besides these he possessed a tiny silver model of a ship,—a charm given to him by some god, what god I know not. One day this charm was stolen, and could nowhere be found. The rich man was so violently grieved at this, that he lay down and refused all food, and was like to die. Meanwhile the puppy and the fox-cub played about in his room. But when they saw, after some time, that the man was really going to die, the fox-cub said to the puppy: "If our master dies, we shall die of hunger too; so we had better search for the charm." So they consulted as to the best way to search for it; and at last the fox-cub was struck by the idea that the ogre who lived at the top of the large mountain that stands at the end of the world might have stolen the charm and put it into his box. The fox-cub seemed to see that this had really happened. So the two little animals determined to go and rescue the charm from the ogre. But they knew that they could not accomplish this alone, and resolved to add the rat[-god] to their number. So they invited the rat, and the three went off, dancing merrily.

Now the ogre was always looking steadily in the direction of the

sick rich man, hoping that he would die. So he did not notice the approach of the fox-cub, the dog, and the rat. So when they reached the ogre's house, the rat, with the help of the fox-cub, scooped out a passage under and into the house, by which all three made their way in. They then decided that it must be left to the rat to get hold of the charm by nibbling a hole in the box in which it was kept. Meanwhile the fox-cub assumed the shape of a little boy, and the puppy that of a little girl,—two beautiful little creatures who danced and went through all sorts of antics, much to the amusement of the ogre. The ogre was, however, suspicious as to how they had come into the house, and whence they had come, for the doors were not open. So he determined just to divert himself awhile by watching their frolics, and then to kill them. Meanwhile the rat had nibbled a hole in the box. Then getting into it, he rescued the charm, and went out again through the passage in the ground. The little boy and girl disappeared too; how, the ogre could not tell. He made to pursue them through the door, when he saw them fleeing. But on second thoughts he came to the conclusion that, having once been taken in by a fox, there was no use in further endeavours. So he did not follow the three animals as they fled away.

They returned to the village; the puppy and the fox-cub to their master's house, the rat to its own place. The puppy and the fox-cub took home with them the charm, and placed it by their master's pillow, playing about near him, and pulling his clothes a little with their teeth. At length he lifted his head and saw the charm. Then he worshipped it with great joy and gratitude. Afterwards the fox-cub and the puppy caused him to see in a dream how the charm had been recovered through the rat's assistance. So he worshipped the rat also.

For this reason the Ainos do not think so very badly of the rat after all. The fox, too, though often pursued by dogs, will sometimes make friends with them; and even when a dog is pursuing a fox, it will not bite the latter if it turns its face towards the pursuer.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 21st November, 1886.)

xiii.—*The Fox, the Otter, and the Monkey.*

In very ancient days, at the beginning of the world, there were a fox, an otter, and a monkey, all three of whom lived on the most intimate terms of friendship.

One day the fox spoke to the other two as follows: "What do you say to our going off somewhere, and stealing food and treasures from the Japanese?" His two companions having consented, they all went together to a distant place, and stole a bag of beans, a bag of salt, and a mat from the house of a very rich man. When they had come home with their plunder, the fox said: "Otter! you had better take the salt, for it will be useful to you in salting the fish which you catch in the water when you go fishing. Monkey! do you take the mat; it will be very useful for you to make your children dance upon. As for myself, I will take the bag of beans."

After this, all three retired to their respective houses; and a little later the otter went to the river to fish. But, as he took his bag of salt with him when he made the plunge, all the salt was melted in a moment, to his great disappointment. The monkey was equally unlucky; for, having taken his mat and spread it on the top of a tree, and made his children dance there, the children fell, and were dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The monkey and the otter, enraged by the misfortunes which the fox's wiles had brought upon them, now joined together in order to fight the fox. So the latter took a lot of beans out of his bag, chewed them to a pulp, smeared all his body with the paste, and lay down pretending to be very ill. And when the otter and the monkey came and made to kill him, he said: "See to what a pitiful plight I am reduced! As a punishment for having deceived you, my whole body is now covered with boils, and I am on the point of death. There is no need for you to kill me. Go away! I am dying fast enough." The monkey looked, and saw that the fox seemed to be speaking the truth. So he went testily away, across the sea to Japan. That is the reason why there are no monkeys in the land of the Ainos.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 11th July, 1886.)

xiv.—*The Fox and the Tiger.*—(No. I.)

Said the tiger to the fox : "Let us run a race from the top of the world to the bottom of the world, and he who wins it shall be lord of the world!" The fox agreed, and off the tiger bounded, but without noticing that the fox had caught hold of his tail so as to get pulled along by him. Just as the tiger was about to reach the other end, he suddenly whisked round, in order to jeer at the fox, whom he believed to be far behind. But this motion exactly threw the fox safely on to the far end, so that he was able to call out to the astonished tiger : "Here I am. What are you so long about?"

For this reason there are no tigers in Aino-land.

(No. II.)

Said the tiger to the fox : "You are said to be the craftiest of all creatures. Let us now enter into rivalry, and see which of us can roar the loudest ; for to him shall belong the chieftainship of the world." The fox consented, and the two stood up alongside of each other. But as it was for the tiger to roar first, he remained standing up, and did not notice how the fox scraped a hole with his paws to hide his head in, so that his ears might not be stunned by the tiger's roaring.

Well, the tiger roared a roar which he thought must be heard from the top of the world to the bottom of the world, and must certainly stun the fox. But the fox, as soon as he knew the tiger's roar to be at an end, jumped up out of the hole where he had been hiding his ears, and said : "Why! I hardly heard you. You can surely roar louder than that. You had better try again."

The tiger was very angry at this ; for he had expected that the fox would be stunned to death. However he resolved to make another still more tremendous effort. He did so, while the fox again hid his head in the hole ; and the tiger burst his inside in the attempt.

For this reason there are no tigers in Aino-land. For this reason, also, foxes are crafty and eloquent even at the present day.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 27th November, 1886.)

xv.—*The Punishment of Curiosity.*

In very ancient days, when the world had just been made, everything was still unsettled and dangerous. The crust of the earth was thin, and all was burning beneath. For this reason the people did not dare to venture outside of their huts even to obtain food: for they would have scorched their feet. So they were fed by the god Okikurumi, who used to fish for them, and then send round his wife Turesh with what he had caught. But he commanded the people to ask no questions, and never to attempt to look at Turesh's face. But one day an Aino in one of the huts was not content with being fed for nothing, and disobeyed Okikurumi's commands. He wished to see who the woman was that came round every day with food. So he waited till her hand was stretched in at the window, seized hold of it, and pulled her in by main force. She screamed and struggled; and, when she was inside the hut, she turned into a wriggling, writhing dragon. The sky darkened, the thunder crashed, the dragon vanished, and the hut was consumed by lightning. Okikurumi was very angry at what the man had done. So he left off feeding the people, and went away, none knew whither. That is why the Ainos have been poor and miserable ever since that time.—(Written down from memory. Told by Kuteashguru, July, 1886.)

xvi.—*How it was settled who should rule the World.*

When the Creator had finished creating this world of men, the good and the bad gods were all mixed together promiscuously, and began disputing for the possession of the world. They disputed,—the bad gods wanting to be at the head of the government of this world, and the good gods likewise wanting to be at the head. So the following arrangement was agreed to: Whoever, at the time of sunrise, should be the first to see the luminary, should rule the world. If the bad gods should be the first to see it rise, then they should rule; and if the good gods should be the first, then they should rule. Thereupon both the bad Gods and the brilliant gods looked towards

the place where the luminary was to rise. But the fox[-god] alone stood looking towards the west. After a little time, the fox cried out: "I see the sunrise." On the gods, both bad and good, turning round and gazing, they saw in truth the refulgence of the luminary in the west. This is the cause for which the brilliant gods rule the world.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 10th July, 1886.)

xvii.—*The Man who lost his Wife.*

A man had lost his wife, and was searching for her everywhere, over hill and dale, forest and sea-shore. At last he came to a wide plain, on which stood an oak-tree. Going up to it he found it to be not so much an oak-tree as a house, in which dwelt a kind-looking old man. Said the old man: "I am the god of the oak-tree. I know of your loss, and have seen your faithful search. Rest here awhile, and refresh yourself by eating and smoking. After that, if you hope to find your wife again, you must obey my orders, which are as follows: Take this golden horse, get on his back, fly up on him to the sky, and, when you get there, ride about the streets, constantly singing."

So the man mounted the horse, which was of pure gold. The saddle and all the trappings were of gold also. As soon as he was in the saddle, the horse flew up to the sky. There the man found a world like ours, but more beautiful. There was an immense city in it; and up and down the streets of that city, day after day, he rode, singing all the while. Every one in the sky stared at him, and all the people put their hands to their noses, saying: "How that creature from the lower world stinks!" At last the stench became so intolerable to them that the chief god of the sky came and told him that he should be made to find his wife if only he would go away. Thereupon the man flew back to earth on his golden horse. Alighting at the foot of the oak-tree, he said to the oak-god: "Here am I. I did as you bade me. But I did not find my wife." "Wait a moment," said the oak-god; "you do not know what a tumult has been caused by your visit to the sky, neither have I yet told you that it was a demon who stole your wife. This demon, looking up from

hell below, was so much astonished to see and hear you riding up and down the streets of heaven singing, that his gaze is still fixed in that direction. I will profit hereby to go round quietly, while his attention is absorbed, and let your wife out of the box in which he keeps her shut up."

The oak-god did as he had promised. He brought back the woman, and handed over both her and the gold horse to the man, saying: "Do not use this horse to make any more journeys to the sky. Stay on earth, and breed from it." The couple obeyed his commands, and became very rich. The gold horse gave birth to two horses, and these two bred likewise, till at last horses filled all the land of the Ainos.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishan-ashte, 21st July, 1886)

xix.—*Sunrise.*

When the sun rises at the head of the world [*i.e.* in the east], a devil tries to swallow it. But some one thrusts two or three crows or foxes into the devil's mouth. Meanwhile the sun mounts on high. The creatures, than which there are none more numerous in this world, are the crows and the foxes. That is why things are thus. In return for this service of theirs, the crows and foxes share in all man's eatables. It is because of the above fact.—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 13th July, 1886.)

II.—MORAL TALES.

xxi.—*The Kind Giver and the Grudging Giver.*

A certain man had laid his net across the river; having laid his net, he killed a quantity of fish. Meanwhile there came a raven, and perched beside him. It seemed to be greatly hungering after the fish. It was much to be pitied. So the fisherman washed one of the fish, and threw it to the raven. The raven ate the fish with great joy. Afterwards the raven came again. Though it was a raven, it spoke thus, just like a human being; "I am very grateful for having been

fed on fish by you. If you will come with me to my old father, he too will thank you. So you had better come."

The man went with the raven. Being a raven, it flew through the air. The man followed it on foot. After they had gone a long way, they came to a large house. When they got there, the raven went into the house. The man went in also. When he looked, it appeared like a human being in form, though it was a raven. There were also a divine old man and a divine old woman besides the divine girl. This girl was she who had led the man hither. The divine old man spoke thus: "I am very grateful to you. As I am very grateful to you for feeding my daughter with good fish, I have had you brought here in order to reward you." Thus spoke the divine old man.

Then there were a gold puppy and a silver puppy. Both these puppies were given to the man. The divine old man spoke thus: "Though I should give you treasures, it would be useless. But if I give you these puppies, you will be greatly benefited. As for the excrements of these two puppies, the gold puppy excretes gold and the silver puppy excretes silver. This being so, you will be greatly enriched if you sell these excrements to the officials. Understand this!" Then the man, with respectful salutations, went away, carrying with him the two puppies, and came to his own house. Then he gave the puppies a little food at a time. When the gold puppy excreted, it excreted gold for him. When the silver puppy excreted, it excreted silver for him. The man greatly enriched himself by selling the metal.

Thereupon another man, for the sake of imitation, set his net in the river. He killed a quantity of fish. Then the raven came. The man smeared a fish with mud, and then threw it to the raven. The raven flew away with it. The man went after it, and at last, after going a long way, reached a large house. He went in there. The divine old man was very angry. He spoke thus: "You man are a man with a very bad heart. When you gave my daughter a fish, you gave it smeared all over with mud. I am very angry. Still, though I am angry, I will give you some puppies, as you have come to my house. If you treat them properly, you will be benefited." Thus

spoke the divine old man, and gave a gold puppy and a silver puppy to the man. With a bow, the man went home with them.

The man thought thus: "If I feed the puppies plentifully, they will excrete plenty of metal. It would be foolish to have them excreting only a little at a time. So I will do that, and become very rich." Thinking thus, he fed the puppies plentifully on anything, even on dirty things. Then they excreted no metal for him. They only excreted dirty dung. The man's house was full of nothing but dirty dung. As for the former man, who had received puppies from the divine old man, he fed his on nothing but good food, a little at a time. Gradually they excreted metal for him. He was greatly enriched.

Thus in ancient times, with regard to men who wished to grow rich, they could grow rich if their hearts were as good as possible. As or bad-hearted men, the gods became angry at all their various misdeeds. It was for this reason that, on account of their anger, even a gold puppy excreted nothing but dung. As for the house of that bad-hearted man, it grew so full of dung as to be too dirty for other people to enter. This being so, oh! men, do not be bad-hearted. That is the story which I have heard.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 20th July, 1886.)

xxii.—*The Man who was changed into a Fox.*

A certain man's conduct was as follows: he went to every place, making it his business to do 'nothing but tell lies and extort things from people. Then, after a time, when wanting to extort again, he went on to another place. While walking along he used to think of what lies he could tell. Afterwards he heard a voice. It was not human language. He walked saying—"Pau! pau!" * When he looked at his own body, it was a fox's. Then he thought that, whether he might return to his own village, or go to another place, the dogs would kill him. So, with tears, he went away from the road into the mountains. There he found a large, leafy oak-tree. He lay down crying beneath it.

* An onomatopœia for the bark of the fox.

Then he fell asleep. He dreamt that there was a large house He was outside of that house. A divine woman came out of it, and spoke thus : " Oh ! what a bad man ! what a villain ! You have become a bad god, a devil, as a divine punishment for your misdeeds. Being thus made into a devil, why do you come and stand near my house ? I should like to leave you alone. But as I am this tree, which is made the chief of trees by heaven, and as it would defile me to have you die beside my house, I will turn you into a man again and send you home. Do not misbehave yourself henceforth ! " Thus spoke the divine woman.

Such was his dream. Meanwhile the branches at the top of the tree broke, and came crashing down, and he was greatly frightened. But when he started up, he was a man again. Then he worshipped the tree. Then he returned home. Then afterwards he did not misbehave. So also must you not misbehave, you men who live now ! —(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 19th July, 1886.)

xxiii.—*The Rat Boy.*

In a certain village there lived a very rich couple ; but they were childless. They were very anxious for a child. But one day, as the wife went to the mountains to fetch wood, she found a little boy crying beside a tree. Rejoiced at this, she took him down with her to the village. Thenceforth they kept the boy with them. It was a place where there was plenty of deer and also of fish ; it was a place provided with all the things which people like to eat. But though they hunted the deer, they could not catch them ; though they angled for the fish, they could not catch them. They were very hungry. Hearing that great quantities both of fish and of deer were killed in the village next to theirs, towards the mountains, the wife went off to buy food there, taking the child with her. She went to the village next to theirs, towards the mountains. She went to the house of the chief.

The woman looked and saw fish hanging on poles, and flesh hanging on poles. With tears she longed for some. She went in, she went in to the chief's house. Then she stayed there. She was feasted on the best bits of the fish and on the best bits of the flesh. After that, as she lay down with her little boy, he rose quietly in the middle of

the night. Then there was the sound of a rat nibbling at the fish and flesh on the poles. The woman thought it very strange. So at dawn the boy came quietly back, lay down by the woman's side, and slept there till the day was bright. The people of the house rose, and the chief went out and mumbled thus to himself: "Never were there such rats as this. There have been rats nibbling my good fish and my good flesh."

So the woman bought a quantity of fish and flesh and went off with it. She wanted the little boy to walk in front of her; but he disliked to do so. He would only walk after her. Then there was the sound of a rat nibbling at her load. When she looked back, the little boy was grinning. So they went on; they went home. Then she put both the fish and the flesh into the store-house. Then she whispered to her husband. Then her husband went into the next room, and made a trap. Then the trap was set in the store-house. Then they went to bed. The little boy lay between the woman and her husband; but after awhile he quietly rose and went out. He stayed away, without coming back. Daylight came. On the man of the house going into the store-house, there was a large rat in the trap. So he brought it down, beat it to death, and swept it on to the dust-heap. That night he had a dream. A person of divine aspect spoke to him thus; "You were childless, and wanting to have a child. The most wicked of the rats, seeing this, took the shape of a little boy, and dwelt in your house. For this reason, your village has been polluted. But as you have now killed the rat, all will now be right. I am sorry for you, so you shall have a child." Thus did he dream that the god spoke to him. As it was true, they got a child, though they had been childless.

For this reason, whether it be on the shore or in the mountains or anywhere else that one finds either a child or a puppy, one should not let it dwell in one's house without knowing its origin.—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 20th July 1886.)

XXIV.—*Don't throw Useful Things away.*

A certain man had a little boy. A divine little boy and a divine

little girl used to come and play with him every day. But the little boy alone could see them. His parents could not see them, but believed their child to be alone.

Now one day he fell ill, and during his illness his two playmates did not come to see him. Only at the very last did they come, when he seemed to be on the point of death. Then they came, and the little girl said: "We know the cause of your illness. Your grandfather possessed a beautiful axe. I myself am a small tray which he fashioned with that axe, and the little boy who comes with me is a pestle which was also fashioned with it. So the axe was our chieftain, and we are its children. But your father has been bad. He has thrown away the axe, which is now rusting under the floor. For this reason are you ill, in order to punish your father, because our chieftain the axe is angry. Therefore, as we were your playmates, we have come to warn you that, if you wish to live, you must tell your father to search for the axe, to polish it, to make a new handle for it, and to set up the divine symbols in its honour. Then may you be cured, and the axe too will pay you a visit in human shape."

So the boy told his father of this. The father thought that his son had been instructed in a dream. He searched under the floor of the house, and found the axe, and polished it, and made a new handle for it, and set up the divine symbols in its honour. Then his son was immediately healed.

After that, the axe (who appeared as a very handsome man), the tray, and the pestle all came, and became the little boy's brothers and sisters. The axe, being a god, knew all that went on and the causes of everything; and it and the tray and the pestle used always to tell the boy everything. Thus, if any one was sick, he knew why the sickness had come, and how it should be treated. He was looked upon as a great soothsayer and wizard, who could turn death into life. This was because other people only saw *him*. They did not see his divine informants, the axe, the tray, and the pestle.

For this reason never throw away anything that has belonged to your ancestors. You will be punished by the gods if you do so.

[In a variant of this tale, the death of child after child borne by a certain woman was owing to the fact that the doll with which she

herself had played as a child (a piece of wood shaped like a bird) had been thrown away in the grass, and had thus had its anger aroused. A conversation on the subject between the spoon, the cup, and the iron chain whereby the kettle is hung over the fire from a hook in the ceiling, is overheard by a half-burnt piece of firewood, who warns the woman's husband in a dream. The doll is then looked for; and, when found, the divine symbols are set up in its honour. Thereupon the woman bears again. This time the child survives, to the delight of both its parents.]—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 2nd December, 1886.)

XXV.—*The Wicked Wizard punished.*

One day a wizard told a man whom he knew that, if any one were to climb a certain mountain-peak and jump off on to the belt of clouds below, he would be able to ride about on them as on a horse, and see the whole world. Trusting in this, the man did as the wizard had told him, and in very truth was enabled to ride about on the clouds. He visited the whole world in this fashion, and brought back a map which he had drawn of the whole world both of men and of gods. On arriving back at the mountain-peak in Aino-land, he stepped off the cloud on to the mountain, and, descending to the valley, told the wizard how successful and delightful the journey had been, and thanked him for the opportunity kindly granted him of seeing sights so numerous and so strange.

The wizard was overcome with astonishment. For what he had told the other man was a lie, a wicked lie invented with the sole intention of causing his death; for he hated him. Nevertheless, seeing that what he had simply meant for an idle tale was apparently an actual fact, he decided to see the world himself in this easy fashion. So, ascending the mountain-peak, and seeing a belt of clouds a short way below, he jumped off on to it, but was instantly dashed to pieces in the valley below.

That night the god of the mountain appeared to the good man in a dream, and said: "The wizard has met with the death which his fraud and folly deserve. You I kept from hurt, because you are a

good man. So when, obedient to the wizard's advice, you leapt off on to the cloud, I bore you up, and showed you the world in order to make you a wiser man. Let all men learn from this how wickedness leads to condign punishment!"—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 21st July, 1886.)

xxvi.—*The Angry Crow.*

A man came to a certain village—whence was not known,—dressed only in fine black robes. While he was there, some rice-beer was brewed. On being given some of it to drink, he was very joyful, and then danced. Then, as he went out-of-doors, he re-entered the house with a piece of hard dung in his mouth, and put it in the alcove. As the master of the house became angry and beat him, he, being a large crow, flew out of the window, making the sound "Kā! kā!" For this reason, even crows are creatures to be dreaded. Be very careful! —(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 11th July, 1886.)

[In another version of this story, communicated to me by Mr John Batchelor, the crow, enraged at not having received an invitation to a feast given by some of the more handsome birds, flies high into the air with a piece of hard dung in its mouth, and lets it drop into the middle of the party, to the great confusion of the guests. Some of the smaller birds take counsel together as to the advisability of interfering to restore the harmony of the occasion, but finally decide that it is not for them, who were also omitted from the list of invitations, to mix themselves up with such a matter. *Moral:* If you give a feast, ask all your friends to it. If any are left out, they are sure to feel hurt.]

xxvii.—*Okikurumi, Samayunguru, and the Shark.*

Okikurumi and his henchman Samayunguru went out one day to sea, and speared a large shark, which ran away, up and down the sea, with the line and the boat. The two men grew very tired of pulling at him, and could not prevent the boat from being pulled about in all directions. Their hands were bloody and blistered both on the backs and on the palms, till at last Samayunguru sank dead in the bottom

of the boat. At last Okikurumi could hold on no longer, and he cursed the shark, saying: "You bad shark! I will cut the rope. But the tip of the harpoons, made half of iron and half of bone, shall remain sticking in your flesh; and you shall feel in your body the reverberation of the iron and the scraping of the bone; and on your skin shall grow the *rasupa*-tree and the *shiuri*-tree of which the spear-handle is made, and the *hai*-grass by which the tip of the harpoon is tied to the body of it, and the *nipesh*-tree of which the rope tying the harpoon itself is made, so that, though you are such a mighty fish, you shall not be able to swim in the water; and you shall die, and at last be washed ashore at the river-mouth of Saru; and even the carrier-crows and the dogs and foxes will not eat you, but will only void their fœces upon you, and you shall at last rot away to earth."

The shark laughed, thinking this was merely a human being telling a falsehood. Okikurumi cut the rope, and, after a long time, managed to reach the land. Then he revived Samayunguru, who had been dead. And afterwards the shark died and was washed ashore at the river-mouth of Saru; and the tip of the harpoon made half of iron and half of bone had stuck in its flesh; and it had felt in its body the reverberation of the hammering of the iron and the scraping of the bone; and in its skin were growing the *rasupa*-tree and the *shiuri*-tree of which the spear-handle used by Okikurumi was made, and the *hai*-grass by which the tip of the harpoon was tied to the body of it, and the *nipesh*-tree of which the rope tying the harpoon itself was made; and even the carrion-crows and the dogs and foxes would not eat the bad shark, but only voided their fœces upon him; and at last he rotted away to earth.

Therefore take warning, oh! sharks of the present day, lest you die as this shark died!—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishan-ashte, 24th November, 1886.)

III.—TALES OF THE PANAUMBE AND PENAUMBE CYCLE.*

xxviii.—*Panaumbe, Penaumbe, and the Weeping Foxes.*

There were Panaumbe and Penaumbe. Panaumbe went down to the bank of a river, and called out: "Oh! you fellows on the cliff behind yonder cliff! Ferry me across!" They replied: "We must first scoop out a boat. Wait for us!" After a little while Panaumbe called out again. "We have no poles," said they; "we are going to make some poles. Wait for us!" After a little longer, he called out a third time. They replied thus: "We are coming for you, Wait for us!" Then the boat started,—a big boat all full of foxes.

So Panaumbe, having first seized hold of a good bludgeon, feigned dead. Then the foxes arrived, and spoke thus: "Panaumbe! You are to be pitied. Were you frozen to death, or were you starved to death?" With these words, all the foxes came up close to him, and wept. Thereupon Panaumbe brandished his bludgeon, struck all the foxes, and killed them. Only one fox did he let go, after breaking one of its legs. As for the rest, having killed them all, he carried them home to his house, and grew very rich [by selling their flesh and their skins].

Then Penaumbe came down to him, and spoke thus: "Whereas you and I were both equally poor, how did you kill such a number of foxes, and thereby become rich?" Panaumbe replied: "If you will come and dine with me, I will instruct you." But Penaumbe at once said: "I have heard all about it before." With these words he befouled the door-sill, and went out.

Descending to the bank of the river, he called, crying out as Panaumbe had done. The reply was: "We are going to make a boat. Wait for us!" After a little while, he called out again. They replied: "We are going to make the poles. Wait for us!"

* Panaumbe means "the person on the lower course of the stream." Penaumbe means "the person on the upper course of the stream." Conf. Aino "Memoir," p. 28.

After a little longer, they started,—a whole boatful of foxes. So Penaumbe first feigned dead. Then the foxes arrived, and said: "Penaumbe here is to be pitied. Did he die of cold? or did he die from want of food?" With these words, they all came close to Penaumbe and wept. But one fox among them, a fox who limped, spoke thus: "I remember something which once happened. Weep at a greater distance!" So all the foxes sat and wept ever further and further away. Penaumbe was unable to kill any of those foxes; and, as he brandished his bludgeon, they all ran away. He did not catch a single one, and he himself died a miserable death.—(Literal translation. Told by Ishanashte, 23rd July, 1886.)

XXX.—*Panaumbe, Penaumbe, and the Sea-Lion.*

There were Panaumbe and Penaumbe. Panaumbe went down to the sea-shore, and walked up and down upon the sand. Then he saw a sea-lion in the water. He wanted to catch that sea-lion, and eat its flesh. So he called out to it: "Oh! Mr. Sea-Lion, if you will come here, I will pick the lice out of your head." The sea-lion was very glad to have the lice picked out of its head. So it swam to him. Then he pretended to pick the lice out of its head. But in reality he picked the flesh off its head, and the fat, and ate it. Then he said: "All the lice are picked off. You may go." After the sea-lion had swum a short way, it put its paw up to its head, in order to see whether the lice had really all been taken off. Then it felt that its flesh and fat were all gone, and that only the bones remained. So it was very angry, and swam back quickly towards the shore, to catch Panaumbe and kill him.

Panaumbe, when he saw the sea-lion pursuing him, ran inland towards the mountains. After running some time, he reached a place where the path divided. An old crow was perching on a tree there, and said: "Right or left! right or left! I see a clever man." The road to the right was broad, and the road to the left was narrow, because it was in a valley which ended in a point. Panaumbe thought thus: "If I take the broad path to the right, the sea-lion will overtake me, and kill me. But if I take the narrow path to the left, he

will run so fast that he will get stuck at the end of the narrow valley, and I, being small, can slip out between his legs, and beat in his head from behind, and kill him." So Panaumbe ran along the narrow path to the left, and the sea-lion pursued him. But the sea-lion ran so heedlessly and quickly that it got stuck at the end of the narrow valley. Then Panaumbe slipped out between the sea-lion's legs, and beat in his head from behind, and killed him, and took home his flesh and his skin. Then Panaumbe became very rich.

Afterwards Penaumbe came down to him, and said: "You and I were both poor. How is it that you are now so rich?" Panaumbe said: "If you will come and dine with me, I will instruct you." So they went together to Panaumbe's house, where Panaumbe's mother, and his wife and children, were eating the flesh of the sea-lion. But Penaumbe, when he had heard what Panaumbe had done, said: "I knew that before." Then he stepped in the dishes set before Panaumbe's mother and wife and children, and spilt their food. Then befouled the threshold, and went away.

Penaumbe went down to the sea-shore, and saw a sea-lion, as Panaumbe had done. He called out to the sea-lion: "Oh! Mr. Sea-Lion, if you will come here, I will pick the lice out of your head." So the sea-lion swam to him. Then Penaumbe pretended to pick the lice out of its head. But in reality he picked the flesh and the fat off its head, and left nothing but the bones. The sea-lion felt a little pain, but thought that it was owing to the lice being picked out. So, when Penaumbe had finished picking and eating the flesh off its head, it swam away. But afterwards, feeling the pain more sharply, the sea-lion put its paw up to its head, and found that nothing but bone was left. So it was very angry, and swam back quickly towards the shore, to catch Penaumbe and kill him.

Penaumbe, when he saw the sea-lion pursuing him, ran inland towards the mountains. After running some time, he reached the place where the path divided. The old crow, which was perching on the tree, said: "Left or right! left or right! I see a fool." Penaumbe took the broad road to the right, in order to be able to run more easily. But the sea-lion ran more quickly than he could, and caught him and ate him up. Then Penaumbe died. But if he

had listened to advice he might have become a rich man like Panaumbe.—(Written down from memory. Told by Kannariki, June, 1886.)

xxxii.—*Drinking the Sea dry.*

There was the Chief of the Mouth of the River and the Chief of the Upper Current of the River. The former was very vainglorious, and therefore wished to put the latter to shame, or to kill him by engaging him in the attempt to perform something impossible. So he sent for him, and said: "The sea may be a useful thing, in so far as it is the original home of the fish which come up the river. But it is very destructive in stormy weather, when it beats wildly upon the beach. Do you now drink it dry, so that there may be rivers and dry land only. If you cannot do so, then forfeit all your possessions." The other (greatly to the vainglorious man's surprise) said: "I accept the challenge."

So, on their going down together to the beach, the Chief of the Upper Current of the River took a cup, and scooped up a little of the sea-water with it, drank a few drops, and said: "In the sea-water itself there is no harm. It is some of the rivers flowing into it that are poisonous. Do you therefore first close the mouths of all the rivers both in Aino-land and in Japan, and prevent them from flowing into the sea, and then I will undertake to drink the sea dry." Hereupon the Chief of the Mouth of the River felt ashamed, acknowledged his error, and gave all his treasures to his rival.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 18th November, 1886.)

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS TALES.

xxxiv.—*The Worship of the Salmon, the Divine Fish.*

A certain Aino went out in a boat to catch fish in the sea. While he was there, a great wind arose, so that he drifted about for six nights. Just as he was like to die, land came in sight. Being borne

on to the beach by the waves, he quietly stepped ashore, where he found a pleasant rivulet. Having walked up the bank of this rivulet for some distance, he saw a populous place. Near the place were crowds of people, both men and women. Going on to it, and entering the house of the chief, he found an old man of very divine aspect. That old man said to him: "Stay with us a night, and we will send you home to your country to-morrow. Do you consent?"

So the Aino spent the night with the old chief. When next day came, the old chief spoke thus: "Some of my people, both men and women, are going to your country for purposes of trade. So, if you will be led by them, you will be able to go home. When they take you with them in the boat, you must lie down, and not look about you, but completely hide your head. If you do that, you may return. If you look, my people will be angry. Mind you do not look." Thus spoke the old chief.

Well, there was a whole fleet of boats, inside of which crowds of people, both men and women, took passage. There were as many as five score boats, which all started off together. The Aino lay down inside one of them and hid his head, while the others made the boats go to the music of a pretty song. He liked this much. After awhile, they reached the land. When they had done so, the Aino, peeping a little, saw that there was a river, and that they were drawing water with dippers from the mouth of the river, and sipping it. They said to each other: "How good this water is!" Half the fleet went up the river. But the boat in which the Aino was went on its voyage, and at last reached his native place, whereupon the sailors threw the Aino into the water. He thought he had been dreaming Afterwards he came to himself. The boat and its sailors had disappeared—whither he could not tell. But he went to his house, and, falling asleep, dreamt a dream. He dreamt that the same old chief appeared to him and said: "I am no human being. I am the chief of the salmon, the divine fish. As you seemed in danger of dying in the waves, I drew you to me and saved your life. You thought you only stayed with me one night. But in truth that night was a whole year. When it was ended, I sent you back to your native place. So I shall be truly grateful if henceforth you will offer rice-beer to me,

set up the divine symbols in my honour, and worship me with the words 'I make a libation to the chief of the salmon, the divine fish.' If you do not worship me, you will become a poor man. Remember this well!" Such were the words which the divine old man spoke to him in his dream.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 17th July, 1886.)

XXXV.—*The Hunter in Hades.*

A handsome and brave young man, who was skilful in the chase, one day pursued a large bear into the recesses of the mountains. On and on ran the bear, and still the young fellow pursued it up heights and crags more and more dangerous, but without ever being able to get near enough to shoot it with his poisoned arrows. At last, on a bleak mountain-summit, the bear disappeared down a hole in the ground. The young man followed it in, and found himself in an immense cavern, at the far end of which was a gleam of light. Towards this he groped his way, and, on emerging, found himself in another world. Everything there was as in the world of men, but more beautiful. There were trees, houses, villages, human beings. With these, however, the young hunter had no concern. What he wanted was his bear, which had totally disappeared. The best plan seemed to be to seek it in the remoter mountain district of this new world underground. So he followed up a valley; and, being tired and hungry, picked the grapes and mulberries that were hanging to the trees, and ate them as he trudged along.

Happening suddenly, for some reason or other, to look down upon his own body, what was not his horror to find himself transformed into a serpent! His very cries and groans, on making the discovery, were turned into serpent's hisses. What was he to do? To go back like this to his native world, where snakes are hated, would be certain death. No plan presented itself to his mind. But, unconsciously, he wandered, or rather crept and glided, back to the entrance of the cavern that led home to the world of men; and there, at the foot of a pine-tree of extraordinary size and height, he fell asleep.

To him then, in a dream, appeared the goddess of the pine-tree,

and said : "I am sorry to see you in this state. Why did you eat of the poisonous fruits of Hades ? The only thing you can do to recover your proper shape is to climb to the top of this pine-tree, and fling yourself down. Then you may, perhaps, become a human being again."

On waking from this dream, the young man,—or rather snake, as he still found himself to be,—was filled half with hope and half with fear. But he resolved to follow the goddess' advice. So, gliding up the tall pine-tree, he reached its topmost branch, and, after hesitating a few moments, flung himself down. Crash he went. On coming to his senses, he found himself standing at the foot of the tree ; and close by was the body of an immense serpent, ripped open so as to allow of his having crawled out of it. After offering up thanks to the pine-tree, and setting up the divine symbols in its honour, he hastened to retrace his steps through the long, tunnel-like cavern, through which he had originally entered Hades. After walking for a certain time, he emerged into the world of men, to find himself on the mountain-top, whither he had pursued the bear which he had never seen again.

On reaching his home, he went to bed, and dreamt a second time. It was the same goddess of the pine-tree, that appeared before him and said : "I have come to tell you that you cannot stay long in the world of men after once eating the grapes and mulberries of Hades. There is a goddess in Hades who wishes to marry you. She it was who, assuming the form of a bear, lured you into the cavern, and thence to the under-world. You must make up your mind to come away."

And so it fell out. The young man awoke ; but a grave sickness overpowered him. A few days later he went a second time to Hades, and returned no more to the land of the living.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 22nd July, 1886.)

XXXVI.—*An Inquisitive Man's Experience of Hades.*

Three generations before my time there lived an Aino who wished to find out whether the stories told about the existence of an under-

world were true. So one day he penetrated into an immense cavern (since washed away by the waves) at the river-mouth of Sarubutsu. All was dark in front, all was dark behind. But at last there was a glimmer of light a-head. The man went on, and soon emerged into Hades. There were trees, and villages, and rivers, and the sea, and large junks loading fish and seaweed. Some of the people were Ainos, some were Japanese, just as in the every-day world. Among the number were some whom he had known when they were alive. But, though *he* saw *them*, *they*,—strange to say,—did not seem to see *him*. Indeed he was invisible to all, excepting to the dogs; for dogs see everything, even spirits, and the dogs of Hades barked at him fiercely. Hereupon the people of the place, judging that some evil spirit had come among them, threw him dirty food, such as evil spirits eat, in order, as they thought, to appease him. Of course he was disgusted, and flung the filthy fish-bones and soiled rice away. But every time that he did so the stuff immediately returned to the pocket in his bosom, so that he was greatly distressed.

At last, entering a fine-looking house near the beach, he found his father and mother,—not old, as they were when they died, but in the heyday of youth and strength. He called to his mother, but she ran away trembling. He clasped his father by the hand, and said: "Father! don't you know me? can't you see me? I am your son." But his father fell yelling to the ground. So he stood aloof again, and watched how his parents and the other people in the house set up the divine symbols, and prayed in order to make the evil spirit depart.

In his despair at being unrecognized he did depart, with the unclean offerings that had been made to him still sticking to his person, notwithstanding his endeavours to get rid of them. It was only when, after passing back through the cavern, he had emerged once more into the world of men, that they left him free from their pollution. He returned home, and never wished to visit Hades again. It is a foul place.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishan-ashte, 22nd July, 1886.)

xxxvii.—*The Child of a God.*

There was a very beautiful woman, who was still without a husband. A man had already been fixed upon to become her husband, but he had not yet lain with her. Nevertheless the woman suddenly was with child. For this reason she was greatly surprised. As for other people, they thought thus: "She has probably become with child through lying with some other man." That was what other people said. The man who was to be her husband was very angry. But he could not know whence it was that she was with child.

Then she was delivered. She bore a little snake. She was greatly ashamed. Her mother took the little snake, went out, and spoke thus, with tears: "What god has deigned to beget a child in my daughter? Though he should deign to beget one, it would at least be well if he had begotten a human child. But this little snake we human beings cannot keep. As it is the child of the god who begot it, he may as well keep it." So saying, she threw it away. Then the old woman went in.

This being so, afterwards there was the noise of a baby crying. The old woman went out, and looked. It was a nice baby. Then the old woman carried it in. The woman who had given birth to the child rejoiced with tears. Then the baby was found to be a boy, and was kept. Gradually he grew big. After a time he became a man. Then, being a very fine man, he killed large numbers both of deer and of bears.

The woman who had given birth to him was alone astonished. What had happened was that, while she slept, the light of the sun had shone upon her through the opening in the roof. Thus had she become with child. Then she dreamt a dream, which said: "I, being a god, have given you a child, because I love you. When you die, you shall truly become my wife. Your and my son, when he gets a wife, shall have plenty of children." The woman dreamt thus, and worshipped. Then that son of hers, when pursued by the bears, could not be caught. He was a great hunter, a very rich man.

Then the woman died, without having had a human husband.

Afterwards her son, getting a wife, had children, and became rich. His descendants are living to this day.—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 21st July, 1886.)

xxxviii.—*Buying a Dream.*

A certain thickly populated village was governed by six chiefs, the oldest of whom lorded it over the other five. One day he made a feast, brewed some rice-beer, and invited the other five chiefs, and feasted them. When they were departing, he said: "To-morrow each of you must tell me the dream which he shall have dreamt overnight; and if it is a good dream I will buy it."

So next day four of the chiefs came and told their dreams. But they were all bad dreams, not worth buying. The fifth, however, did not come, though he was waited for at first, aud then sent for several times. At last, when brought by force, he would not open his lips. So the senior chief flew into a rage, and caused a hole to be dug in front of the door of his own house, and had the man buried in it up to his chin, and left there all that day and night.

Now the truth was that the senior chief was a bad man, that the junior chief was a good man, and that this junior chief had forgotten his dream, but did not dare to say so. After dark, a kind god came and said: "You are a good man. I am sorry for you, and will take you out of the hole." This he did; and, at that very moment, the chief remembered how he had dreamt of having been led up the bank of a stream through the woods to the house of a goddess who smiled beautifully, and whose room was carpeted with skins; how she had comforted him, fed him plenteously, and sent him home in gorgeous array, and with instructions for deceiving and killing his enemy, the senior chief. "I suppose you remember it all now," said the god; "it was I who caused you to forget it, and thus saved you from having it bought by the wicked senior chief, because I am pleased with the way in which you keep the privy clean, not even letting grass grow near it. And now I will show you the reality of that of which before you saw only the dream-image."

So the man was led up the bank of a stream through the woods to the house of the goddess, who smiled beautifully, and whose room was carpeted with skins. She was the badger-goddess. She comforted him, fed him plenteously, and said: "You must deceive the senior chief, saying that the god of door-posts, pleased at your being buried near him, took you out, and gave you these beautiful clothes. He will then wish to have the same thing happen to him." So the man went back to the village, and appeared in all his splendid raiment before the senior chief, who had fancied him to be still in the hole,—a punishment which would be successful if it made him confess his dream, and also if it killed him.

Then the good junior chief told him the lies in which the badger-goddess had instructed him. Thereupon the senior chief caused himself to be buried in like fashion up to the neck, but soon died of the effects. Afterwards the badger-goddess came down to the village, and married the good man, who became the senior of all the chiefs.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 16th November, 1886.)

XXXIX.—*The Baby in the Box.*

There was once a woman who was tenderly loved by her husband. At last, after some years, she bore him a son. Then the father loved this son even more than he loved his wife. She therefore thought thus: "How pleasant it used to be formerly, when my husband loved me alone! But now, since I have borne him this nasty child, he loves it more than he does me. It will be well for me to make away with it."

Thus thinking, she waited till her husband had gone off bear-hunting in the mountains, and then put the baby into a box, which she took to the river and allowed to float away. Then she returned home. Later on, her husband came back; and she, with feigned tears, told him that the baby had disappeared—stolen or strayed,—and that she had vainly searched all round about the house and in the woods. The man lay down, like to die of grief, and refused all food. Only at length, when he saw that his wife, too, went without

her food, did he begin to eat a little, fearing, in his affection for her, that she too might die of hunger. However, it was only when he was present that she fasted. She ate her fill behind his back.

At last, one day, not knowing what to do to rouse him, she said to him: "Look here! I will divert you with a story." Then she told him the whole story exactly as it had happened, being herself, all the while, under the delusion that she was telling him an ancient fairy-tale. Then he flew into a rage, took his bludgeon, beat her to death, and then threw her corpse out-of-doors. This was the way in which the gods chose to punish her.

Then the husband, knowing now that his search must be made down the stream, started off. At last, after seeking for a long time, he came to a lonely house, where he found a very venerable-looking old man, an old woman, and their middle-aged daughter, and also a boy. He said to the old man: "I come to ask whether you know anything of my little boy, who was placed in a box and set to float down the stream." The old man replied: "One day, when my daughter here went to draw water from the river, she found a box with a little boy in it. We knew not whether the child was a human creature, a god, or a devil. So doubtless he is yours. We have kept the box too. Here it is. You can judge by looking at it."

It turned out to be the same box, and the same boy. So the father rejoiced. Then the old man said: "Remain here. I will give to you for wife this daughter of mine, my only child. Live with us as long as my old wife and I remain alive. Feed us, and then you shall inherit from me." The man did so. When the old people died, he inherited all their possessions; and then, with his new wife and his beloved son, returned to his own village. So you see that, even among us Ainos, there are wicked women.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 17th November, 1886.)

xli.—*The Wicked Stepmother.*

In ancient days, when men were allowed to have several wives, a certain man had two—one about his own age, the other quite young,—

and he loved them both with equal tenderness. But when the younger of the two bore him a daughter, his love for his daughter made him also perhaps a little fonder of the mother of the child than of his other wife, to the latter's great rage. She revolved in her mind what to do, and at last feigned a grave illness, pretending not to be able even to eat, though she did eat when everybody's back was turned. At last, being to all appearance on the point of death, she declared hat one thing alone could cure her. She must have the heart of her little step-child to eat.

On hearing this, the man felt very sad, and knew not what to do; for he loved this wicked wife of his and his little daughter equally dearly. But at last he decided that he might more easily get another daughter than another wife whom he would love as much as he did this one. So he commanded two of his servants to carry off the child to the forest while her mother was not looking, to slay her there, and bring back her heart. So they took her. But, being merciful men, they slew, instead of her, a dog that came by that way, and brought the child back secretly to her mother, who was much frightened to hear what had happened, and who fled with the child. Meanwhile the dog's heart was brought to the step-mother, who was so overjoyed at the sight of it, that she declared she required no more. So, without even eating it, she left off pretending to be sick.

For some time after this, she lived alone with her husband. But at last he was told of what had happened, and he grew very sullen. She, seeing this, wished for a livelier husband. So one day, when her husband was out hunting, a young man, beautifully dressed all in black, came and courted her, and she flirted with him, and showed him her breasts. Then they fled together, and came to a beautiful house with gold mats, where they slept together But when she woke in the morning it was not a house at all, but a rubble of leaves and branches in the midst of the forest; and her new husband was nothing but a carrion-crow perching overhead, and her own body, too, was turned into a crow's, and she had to eat dung.

But the former husband was warned in a dream to take back his younger wife and his child, and the three lived happily together ever

after. From that time forward most men have left off the bad habit of having more than one wife.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, November, 1886.)

xlii.—*The Clever Deceiver.*

A long. long time ago there was a rascal, who went to the mountains to fetch wood. As he did not know how to amuse himself, he climbed to the top of a very thick pine-tree Having munched some rice he stuck it about the branches of the tree, so as to make it look like birds' dung. Then he went back to the village, to the house of the chief, and spoke thus to him: "I have found a place where a beautiful peacock has its nest. Let us go there together! Being such a poor man, I feel myself unworthy of going too near the divine bird. You, being a rich man, should take the peacock. It will be a great treasure for you. Let us go!"

So the chief went there with him. When the chief looked, there truly were many traces of birds' dung near the top of the tall pine-tree. He thought the peacock was there. So he said: "I do not know how to climb trees. Though you are a poor man you do know how to do so. So go and get the peacock, and I will reward you well. Go and get the divine peacock!" So the poor man climbed the tree. When he was half way up it, he said: "Oh! sir, your house seems to be on fire." The chief was much frightened. Owing to his being frightened, he was about to run home. Then the rascal spoke thus: 'By this time your house is quite burnt down. There is no use in your running there." The rich man thought he would go anywhere to die; so he went towards the mountains. After he had gone a short way, he thought thus: "You should go and see even the traces of your burnt house." So he went down there. When he looked, he found that his house was not burnt at all. He was very angry, and wanted to kill that rascal. Then the rascal came down. The chief commanded his servants, saying: "You fellows! this man is not only poor, but a very badly behaved deceiver. Put him into a mat, and roll him up in it without killing him. Then throw him into the river. Do this!" Thus spoke the chief.

The servants put the rascal into the mat, and tied it round tight.

Then two of them carried him between them on a pole to the river-bank. They went to the river. The rascal spoke thus: "Though I am a very bad man, I have some very precious treasures. Do you go and fetch them. If you do so, it can be arranged about their being given to you. Afterwards you can throw me into the river." Hearing this, the two servants went off to the rascal's house.

Meanwhile a blind old man came along from somewhere or other. His foot struck against something wrapped up in a mat. Astonished at this, he tapped it with his stick. Then the rascal said: "Blind man! If you will do as I tell you, the gods will give you eyes, and you will be able to see. So do so. If you will untie me and do as I tell you, I will pray to the gods, and your eyes will be opened." The blind old man was very glad. He untied the mat, and let the rascal out. Then the rascal saw that, though the man was old and blind, he was dressed very much like a god. The rascal said: "Take off your clothes and become naked, whereupon your eyes will quickly be opened." This being so, the blind old man took off his clothes. Then the rascal put him naked into the mat, and tied it round tight. Then he went off with the clothes, and hid.

Shortly afterwards, the two men came, and said: "You rascal! you are truly a deceiver. So, though you possess no treasures, you possess plenty of deceit. So now we shall fling you into the water." The blind old man said: "I am a blind old man. I am not that rascal. Please do not kill me!" But he was forthwith flung into the river. Afterwards the two men went home to their master's house.

Afterwards the rascal put on the blind old man's beautiful clothes. Then he went to the chief's house and said: "My appearance of misbehaviour was not real. The goddess who lives in the river was very much in love with me. So she wanted to take and marry my spirit after I should have been killed by being thrown into the river. So my misdeeds are all her doing. Though I went to that goddess, I felt unworthy to become her husband, because I am a poor man. I have arranged so that you, who are the chief of the village, should go and have her, and I have come to tell you so. That being so, I am in these beautiful clothes because I come from the goddess." Thus he

spoke. As the chief of the village saw that the rascal was dressed in nothing but the best clothes, and thought that he was speaking the truth, he said: "It will be well for me to be tied up in a mat, and flung into the river." Therefore this was done, just as had been done with the rascal, and he was drowned in the water.

After that, the rascal became the chief, and dwelt in the drowned chief's house. Thus very bad men lived in ancient times also. So it is said.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 18th July, 1886.)

xliii—*Yoshitsune.*

[It has been generally believed, both by Japanese and Europeans who have written about the Ainos, that the latter worship Yoshitsune, a Japanese hero of the twelfth century, who is said,—not, indeed, by Japanese historians, but by Japanese tradition,—to have fled to Yezo when the star of his fortune had set. The following details concerning Yoshitsune bear so completely the stamp of the myth, that they may, perhaps, be allowed a place in this collection. It should be mentioned that Yoshitsune is known to the Ainos under the name of *Hongai Sama*. *Sama* is the Japanese for "Mr." or "Lord." *Hongai* is the form in which, according to a regular law of permutation affecting words adopted into Aino from Japanese, the word *Hōgwan*, which was Yoshitsune's official title, appears! The name of *Hongai Sama* is, however, used only in worship, not in the recounting of the myth. Mr. Batchelor, whose position as missionary to the Ainos must give his opinion great weight in such matters, thinks that the Ainos do *not* worship Yoshitsune. But I can only exactly record that which I was told myself.]

Okikurumi, accompanied by his younger sister Tureshi[hi], had taught the Ainos all arts, such as hunting with the bow and arrow, netting and spearing fish, and many more; and himself knew everything by means of two charms or treasures. One of these was a piece of writing, the other was an abacus; and they told him whence the wind would blow, how many birds there were in the forest, and all sorts of other things.

One day there came,—none knew whence,—a man of divine appearance, whose name was unknown to all. He took up his abode with Okikurumi, and assisted the latter in all his labour with wonderful ability. He taught Okikurumi how to row with two oars instead of simply poling with one pole, as had been usual before in Aino-land. Okikurumi was delighted to obtain such a clever follower, and gave him his sister Tureshi[hi] in marriage, and treated him like his own son. For this reason the stranger got to know all about Okikurumi's affair, even the place where he kept his two treasures. The result of this was that one day when Okikurumi was out hunting in the mountains the stranger stole these treasures and all that Okikurumi possessed, and then fled with his wife Tureshi in a boat, of which they each pulled an oar. Okikurumi returned from the mountains to his home by the seaside, and pursued them alone in a boat; but could not come up to them, because he was only one against two. Then Tureshi excreted some large fœces in the middle of the sea, which became a large mountain in the sea, at whose base Okikurumi arrived. But so high was it that Okikurumi could not climb over it. Moreover, even had not the height prevented him, the fact of its being nothing but filthy fæces would have done so. As for going round either side of it, that would have taken him too much out of the way. So he went home again, feeling quite spiritless and vanquished, because robbed of his treasures.

This is the reason why, ever since, we Ainos have not been able to read.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, 25th November, 1886.)

V.—SCRAPS OF FOLK-LORE.

xliv.—*The Good Old Times.*

In ancient days, rivers were very conveniently arranged. The water flowed down one bank, and up the other, so that you could go either way without the least trouble. Those were the days of magic. People were then able to fly six or seven miles, and to light on the trees like birds, when they went out hunting. But now the world is

decrepit, and all good things are gone. In those days people used the fire-drill. Also, if they planted anything in the morning, it grew up by mid-day. On the other hand, those who ate of this quickly-produced grain were transformed into horses.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, November, 1886.)

xlv.—*The Old Man of the Sea.*

The Old Man of the Sea (*Atui koro ekashi*) is a monster able to swallow ships and whales. In shape it resembles a bag, and the suction of its mouth causes a frightfully rapid current. Once a boat was saved from this monster by one of the two sailors in it flinging his loin-cloth into the creature's open mouth. That was too nasty a morsel for even this monster to swallow; so it let go its hold of the boat.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, July, 1886.)

xlvi.—*The Cuckoo.*

The male cuckoo is called *kakkok*, the female *tutut*. Both are beautiful birds, and live in the sky. But in spring they come down to earth, to build their beautiful bottle-shaped white nests. Happy the man who gets one of these nests, and lets no one else see it. He will become rich and prosperous. Nevertheless, it is unlucky for a cuckoo to light on the window-sill and look into the house; for disease will come there. If it lights on the roof, the house will be burnt down.—(Written down from memory. Told by Penri, 16th July, 1886.)

xlvii.—*The* [*Horned*] *Owl.*

There are six owls,—brethren. The eldest of them is only a little bigger than a sparrow. When perching on a tree, it balances itself backwards, for which reason it is called "The Faller Backwards." The youngest of the six has a very large body. It is a bird which brings great luck. If anyone walks beneath this bird, and there comes the sound of rain falling on him, it is a very lucky thing.

Such a man will become very rich. For this reason the youngest of the six owls is called "Mr. Owl."

[The rain here mentioned is supposed to be a rain of gold from the owl's eyes.]—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 16th July, 1886.)

xlviii.—*The Peacock in the Sky.*

A cloudless sky has a peacock in it, whose servants are the eagles. The peacock lives in the sky, and only descends to earth to give birth to its young. When it has borne one, it flies back with it to the sky. —(Written down from memory. Told by Penri, July, 1886, and by Ishanashte, November, 1886.)

xlix.—*Trees turned into Bears.*

The rotten branches or roots of trees sometimes turn into bears. Such bears as these are termed *payep kamui*, *i.e.* "divine walking creatures," and are not to be killed by human hand. Formerly they were more numerous than they are now, but they are still sometimes to be seen.—(Written down from memory. Told by Penri, July, 1886.)

li.—*Birth and Naming.*

Before birth, clothes are got ready for the expected baby, who is washed as soon as born.* The divine symbols are set up, and thanks are offered to the gods. Only women are present on the occasion. Generally in each village there are one or two old women who act as midwives.

The child may be named at any time. Ishanashte said that it was usually two or three months, Penri said that it was two or three years, after birth. The name chosen is usually founded on some circumstance connected with the child, but sometimes it is meaningless. The parent's name is never given, for that would be unlucky.

* For the only time in its whole life!

How, indeed, could a child continue to be called by such a name when its father had become a dead man, and consequently one not to be mentioned without tears?—(Written down from memory. Told by Penri and Ishanashte, July, 1886.)

lii.—*The Pre-eminence of the Oak, Pine-tree, and Mugwort.*

At the beginning of the world the ground was very hot. The ground was so hot that the creatures called men even got their feet burnt. For this reason, no tree or herb could grow. The only herb that grew at that time was the mugwort. Of trees, the only ones were the oak and the pine. For this reason, these two trees are the oldest among trees. Among herbs, it is the mugwort. This being so, these two trees are divine trees; they are trees which human beings worship. Among herbs, the mugwort is considered to be truly the oldest.

Listen well to this, too, you younger folks!—(Translated literally. Told by Penri, 19th July, 1886.)

liii.—*The Deer with the Golden Horn.*—(A specimen of Aino history.)

My very earliest ancestor kept a deer. He used to tie the divine symbols to its horns. Then the deer would go to the mountains, and bring down with it plenty of other deer. When they came outside the house my ancestor would kill the deer which his deer had brought from the mountains, and thus was greatly enriched. The name of the village in which that deer was kept was Setarukot.

There was a festival at a neighbouring village. So the man who kept the deer went off thither to the festival with all his followers. Only his wife was left behind with the deer. Then a man called Tun-uwo-ush [*i.e.* "as tall as two men"], from the village of Shipichara, being very bad-hearted, came in order to steal that deer. He found only the deer and the woman at home. He stole both the woman and the deer, and ran away with them. So the man who kept the deer, becoming angry, pursued after him to fight him. Being three brothers in all, they went off all three together. So Tun-uwo-ush

invoked the aid of the whole neighbourhood. He called together a great number of men. Then those three brethren came together to fight him. As they were three of them, the eldest, having killed three score men, was at last killed himself. The second brother killed four score men, and was then killed himself. Then the youngest brother, seeing how things were, thought it would be useless to go on fighting alone. For this reason he ran away. Having run away, he got home. Having got home, he came to his house. Then he invoked the aid of all the neighbourhood. He invoked the aid even of those Ainos who dwelt in the land of the Japanese. Then he went off with plenty of men. Having gone off, he fought against Tun-uwo-ush. In the war, he killed Tun-uwo-ush and all his followers. Then he got back both the deer and the woman. That was the last of the Aino wars.—(Translated literally. Told by Ishanashte, 8th November, 1886.)

liv.—*Dreams.*

To dream of rice-beer, a river, swimming, or anything connected with liquids, causes rainy weather. For instance, I dreamt last night that I was drinking rice-beer, and accordingly it is raining to-day.

To dream of eating meat brings disease. So does dreaming of eating sugar or anything red.

To dream of killing or knocking a man down is lucky. To dream of being killed or knocked down is unlucky.

To dream that a heavy load which one is carrying feels light is lucky. The contrary dream prognosticates disease.

To dream of a long rope which does not break, and in which there are no knots even when it is wound up, is lucky, and prognosticates victory.

To dream of flying like a bird, and perching on a tree, prognosticates rain and bad weather.

When a man is about to start off hunting, it is very lucky for him to dream of meeting a god in the mountains, to whom he gives presents, and to whom he makes obeisance. After such a dream, he is certain to kill a bear.

To dream of being pursued with a sharp weapon is unlucky.

To dream that one is wounded, and bleeding freely, is a good omen for the chase.

To dream of the sun and moon is probably unlucky, especially if one dreams of the waning moon. But it is not unlucky to dream of the new moon.

To dream of a bridge breaking is unlucky. But to dream of crossing a bridge in safety is lucky.

For a husband to dream of his absent wife as smiling, well-dressed, or sleeping with himself, is unlucky.—(Written down from memory. Told by Ishanashte, November, 1886.)

IRISH FOLK-LORE.

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

(*Continued from ante*, Vol. v. p. 335.)

Kilmactige, county Sligo.

The sick bed is usually a wad of straw laid on the floor, near the fire, and sometimes on a bedstead, and let the weather be what it may there is a constant fire and abundance of smoke kept up, neither do they think of changing the poor creature's linen or bed-clothes. As soon as the breath has departed from a sick person the bed is carried out, and if there be high ground near the house it is there set on fire and consumed to ashes, whilst the air resounds with the doleful cries of the survivors, who use this ceremony for the purpose of notifying the departure of the deceased to the surrounding villages and warning them to give their attendance at the approaching wake and funeral.—(Vol. ii. p. 368.)

There are two holy wells, they are resorted to by the inhabitants who go there to pray and perform certain penances; these are either voluntary or imposed by the priest. . . . At one of these, called "Tubber Art," there used to be a large assemblage of people accompanied by tents, pipers, fiddlers, liquors, and everything necessary to celebrate the festival of the patron; but on account of the excesses committed there the priest put a stop to them. . . . . Many of the people who frequent these wells will assure you that they possess a miraculous virtue, and perform the same cures on the blind, lame, and impotent folk who try them as the pool of Bethesda had formerly done.

The common people believe that their priests have a power of performing the like miracles by prayers and charms which they use; and they not only call on them when one of the family happens to be afflicted with sickness to perform "an office" as they call it for the sick person, but they also bring the priest to perform the same ceremony for a cow, horse, or a pig if any of these should be taken ill. They believe also that their clergy can cure the epilepsy or falling sickness, and they obtain from them what they called "Lour Oens," which means the Gospel of St. John, and consists of the first verse of that book written on a bit of paper, and sewed up in a small piece of cloth, sanctified by the priest's benediction and hung about the person's neck. This, they believe, will preserve them from the complaint, and also protect them from the power of demons and witches, which they believe to have still the power of afflicting the human race with convulsions, madness, and similar maladies.—(Vol. ii. pp. 369-370.)

Kilkredane, county Clare.

There is a well in one of the cliffs here dedicated to Credan Neapha, "the Sanctified Credun"; it is remarkable for curing sore eyes and restoring rickety children to health, on which account great numbers of people resort to it in summer.—(Vol. ii. p. 435.)

Inniscattery, county Clare.

The traditionary account of Senanus at Kilrush is this:—He was born at Mologha, on the site of the present ruined church, which was erected in honour of him. Before he was baptised his mother took

him in her arms early on a summer's morning, and, as she passed along, tasted some wild fruit, the child, to her utter astonishment, exclaimed, "Es much a lungan thu a vahir," "You have an early appetite, mother." The mother answered, "Shan a lavrin thu a laniv," "You have old talk, my child." The word "shan" (or old) was then adopted by the saint for his name. He desired his mother to pluck three rushes from a valley near her dwelling, where a lake sprang up, in which she baptised the child with a form of words prescribed by himself. To this day the lake remains, and is called Loughshanan.

Senanus and the monks of his abbey at Inniscattery were so strict as to make it a matter of conscience not so much as to look at a woman, and much less to suffer one to land on the island.

A stone upon which Senanus once knelt, and in which the print of his knee is still shown at the head of the creek of Kilrush, is still held in such veneration that every countryman who passes it bows, takes off his hat, or mutters a prayer as he goes along.

An ancient bell, said by O'Halloran and many others to belong to St. Senanus's altar, is still preserved by the descendants of the family of O'Kane in "the West"; and the spot on which it is averred that it fell from Heaven for the saint's use is shown at the cross between Kildimo and Farrihy, where an altar has been erected to commemorate the event. This relic of antiquity is covered by a strong coat of silver, firmly fastened to it, and ornamented by raised figures; it is in general use for the discovery of petty thefts and the clearance of characters. Many of the country people would not swear falsely on the "Golden Bell," as it is called, for they are taught from their infancy that the consequence would be instant death.*

The remains of the monument of Senanus are still to be seen in Scattery Island. . . . . This is one of the most popular burial-places in the county. . . . The country people believe that all bodies buried in Shanakill, near Kilrush, are miraculously conveyed under the bed

* The bell of Saint Evan, as reported in the survey of Kildare, had the same veneration attached to it; and a large wooden image at Saints Island, in Lough Ree, is used for the same purpose in the counties of Roscommon, Longford, and Westmeath.

of the river into the holy ground of Inniscattery.—(Vol. ii. pp. 439-440.)

The fishing-boats in use are the ancient Celtic coracles, or nivoges, a kind of basket-work covered with hides.—(Vol. ii. p. 451.)

The new year is opened with divine service in Kilrush. Young people expect "New Year's Gifts" to fill their "Christmas boxes." On the first of February the labour of Spring commences with the old adage, "On Candlemas Day throw candle and candlestick away." Shrove Tuesday is the greatest day in the year for weddings. The usual desert and supper on Shrove Tuesday is the pancake. Small pieces of them rolled up in a stocking and placed under a lover's pillow are found to be very efficacious in producing prophetic dreams (of future husbands).

On Easter Sunday every one in the union breakfasts on eggs and dines on fresh meat. Easter Monday is a great holiday here, and multitudes go into Scattery Island this day for the purpose of performing penance on their bare knees round the stony beach and holy well there.

On the 1st of April the old practice of fool-making is kept up here. On the 1st of May bushes are erected before the doors and decked with flowers. (It is worth observing that so tenacious are the native Irish in Ulster of their ancient customs that it is on the 1st of May, "old style," namely, the 11th day of that month, they put up their May-bushes and strew flowers round them.) On the night of the 23rd of June, being Midsummer eve, bonfires are kindled in all directions through the country, the young people dance round them, and some drive their cattle through them.

On the last day of October all the Hallowe'en tricks are played here in a manner similar to those in the mountains of Ulster or the highlands of Scotland.

Till within a few years, for some weeks before Christmas, a midnight procession with music took place at Kilrush called "Waits," but this custom, with that of assembling in the Christmas holidays as mummers or wren-boys, and baiting a bull on St. Stephen's day, is now grown obsolete.

It was formerly usual here to make expensive entertainments at

christenings. . . . The inhabitants marry at an early age. In "the West," a girl's first appearance at mass is well understood to be an intimation that her parents wish to receive proposals for her. Wakes and funerals here exhibit the mixture of grief and mirth which has been so often observed in other parts of Ireland. Dismal howlings are alternated with songs, plays, and ridiculous stories.—(Vol. ii. pp. 458-460.)

Ramoan, county Antrim.

During the summer months a singular appearance is seen on the coast, particularly near the causeway shore, resembling the Fata Morganna of Rhegio. Shadows resembling castles, ruins, and tall spires darted rapidly across the surface of the sea, which were instantly succeeded by appearances of trees, lengthened into considerable height; the shadows moved to the eastern part of the horizon, and at sunset totally disappeared. These phenomena have given rise to various romantic stories. A book, still extant, printed in 1748, and written by a person who resided near the Giants Causeway, gives a long account of an enchanted island annually seen floating along the Antrim coast which he calls the "Old Brazils." It is supposed by the peasants that a sod of Irish soil thrown on this island would give it stability; but though several fishing-boats have gone out at different times provided with the article, it has hitherto eluded their vigilance. —(Vol. ii. pp. 515-516.)

Whitechurch, county Wexford.

The only patron solemnity observed is that of Priest's Haggert, or Trinity Sunday.

The lower classes are uncommonly fond of dancing, and the young men of playing ball. They assemble in multitudes in the evenings of Sundays for these amusements.—(Vol. ii. p. 544.)

Ardclinis and Laid, county Antrim.

Near Cushendall is a small well called Tobordmony, or Sunday Well, which has its origin from being visited on that day for the cure of complaints chiefly of children. A little pebble is thrown into the well, and a pin stuck in a bit of cloth left beside it—thousands of these shreds may be seen there. . . . . There are some prejudices

as to disturbing old thorn-trees. The curate has heard a man swear most solemnly that he has seen some hundreds of the "wee-folk" dancing round these trees, and told him he should suffer for meddling with them. There is also among them a superstitious opinion as to cow's milk blinked, so that it will not produce butter for several days' churnings until some old woman with a charm elves it away. Another relates to cows being elf-shot; and the inhabitants will show you the spot where you may feel a hole in the flesh, but not in the skin, where the cow has been struck; she gives no milk till relieved.—(Vol. iii. p. 27.)

Whenever a person dies in a townland no work is done till the body is interred.—(p. 28.)

Saint Peter's, Athlone, county Roscommon.

The ridiculous notions of the existence of fairies and witches obtain implicit belief in the minds of the ignorant who are extremely superstitious, and the number of absurd stories told on this subject among them, received with incredible avidity, repeated and believed, however inconsistent with reason and common sense, is hardly to be credited. . . . . The collection of people called patterns, more properly denominated patrons, being originally assemblies of people met together with their priest for prayers, and the religious adoration to be paid to the Trinity who are considered the patrons of the places where these are held; at which there is necessarily some holy well or other local object tending to call forth the attendant's devotion. At these places are always erected booths or tents as in fairs for selling whiskey, beer, and ale, at which pipers and fiddlers do not fail to attend, and the remainder of the day and night (after their religious performance is over, and the priest withdrawn) is spent in singing, dancing, and drinking to excess. . . . . Such places are frequently chosen for the scenes of pitched battles fought with cudgels by parties not only of parishes but of counties, set in formal array against each other to revenge some real or supposed injury.—(pp. 72-73.)

May bushes are set up at the doors of the peasants on the last day of April, and the eve of St. John the Baptist is as constantly celebrated with bonfires here as in any other part of Ireland. . . . . Flowers are gathered by the peasantry and strewed before their doors,

. . . . . It is probably a joyous mode of ushering in the following day, the first of May, which is known to the Irish of the present day by the epithet Labaalteine, pronounced Lavalteena, that is the day of Baal's fire.—(p. 74.)

On the eve of St. Martin, on the 11th of November, every family of a village kills an animal of some kind or other: those who are rich kill a cow or a sheep, others a goose or a turkey; while those who are poor and cannot procure an animal of greater value kill a hen or a cock, and sprinkle the threshold with the blood, and do the same in the four corners of the house, and this ceremonious performance is done to exclude every kind of evil spirit from the dwelling when the sacrifice is made till the return of the same day the following year.—(pp. 75-76.)

Another custom or religious adoration is that of praying to the new moon the first time that luminary is seen after its change. Selden, *de Diis Syriis*, speaks of this, quoting a French author, and saying of the inhabitants of Ireland, "Se mettent a genoux en voyant la lune nouvelle, et disent en parlant a la lune; laisse nous ausi sains que tu nous as trouvé."—(p. 76.)

The barbarous custom, the Irish cry at wakes, is still kept up here in all its savage howl of discordant sounds.—(p. 77.)

[On Sunday] as soon as their public prayers are over they, as a matter of course, dedicate the remainder of it to ball-playing, hurling, and dancing. These dances are called cakes, on account of a large cake of 18 or 20 inches in diameter, which is laid on a circular board of nearly similar breadth elevated on a pole 6 or 8 feet high, or not unfrequently on a churn dish. In the spring and summer this cake is ornamented with garlands of the flowers of the season, and in the autumn crowned with apples fancifully ranged. When the dance was at an end this cake had in early days been usually given to the best female dancer, to be divided by her as she thought fit among the company; and the judgment was generally given, not in favour of the most graceful dancer, but of her who held out longest. But this mode of deciding who is to gain the cake has been changed for one less conducive to emulation in the exercise of such dances as the peasants indulge in . . . .; for the young fellow who has procured

money enough for the occasion takes down the cake at any time of the evening he thinks fit, throws it into the lap of any girl he chooses to mark as his favourite, carries her and the cake into the public-house contiguous to which these dances are always held, where he treats the company after dividing the cake, and getting as many to join him as the strength of purse, inclination for drinking, and other sports or vices have attraction for; these spend the night in carousing to intoxication, and all the consequences of such uncontrolled dissipation.—(p. 107.) The production of illegitimate children [is] one of the lamentable consequences which flow from such Sunday meetings.—(p. 108.)

Ballyvoorney, county Cork.

The patron saint of this parish is called Abigail. The day appointed to be held in honour of her memory is 11th February, on which day a vast concourse of people assemble to form their religious or rather their superstitious rounds; they also meet here on Whit-Sunday and the day following to perform the same silly and absurd ceremonies. There are traditionary reports that many have received great benefit from the prayers and orisons offered at these times to the patrons.—(p. 116.)

Errigall-keroge, county Tyrone.

The custom [obtains] of lighting fires on the eve of St. John the Baptist. That of hanging rags on some wells is rather a general superstitious usage than a local custom.—(p. 161.)

The generality of the inhabitants attribute the building of the old parish church to a St. Kieran. They acknowledge three holy men of this name. The festival of one is on the 5th of March, of another on the 9th September, and that of the third undetermined. The extraordinary powers of that St. Kieran who built the church were little inferior to those of Orpheus and Amphion. Their influence extended to the moving of the very stones and arranging them into architectural order; while his only went so far as to provide the means of doing so. The saint possessed only one ox, which during the day drew the materials for the building, and in the evening was slaughtered to feed the workmen. There is a well at the foot of the hill on which the building is erected which still retains its character for miraculous

powers. Into this well the bones of the ox were thrown each evening, and every following morning he appeared ready for his daily labour. One evening, however, when nothing but a small part of the eastern gable remained to be finished, one of the workmen, named McMahon, broke one of the shin-bones to get the marrow, and, though every care was taken to collect the splinters, the next morning the ox appeared with his leg broken, and totally incapable of continuing his share of the work. So melancholy a spectacle overcame the patience of the saint, and he prayed that the gable should never fall till it crushed a McMahon. Most part of it, however, is fallen; but enough remains to make every McMahon in the parish dread lest he should be the victim of its final ruin.—(pp. 161-162.)

Those who speak Irish when they would wish strongly to assert any fact use a phrase which signifies in English that to prove what they say they would venture their head into the Theim-orrim. This is said to have been an instrument used by one of the religious establishments of the country partly for the discovery and partly for the punishment of guilt. It was a kind of trap into which the suspected person put his head. If considered innocent, he was suffered to withdraw it in safety; but if guilty, the instrument strangled him or chopped off his head.—(pp. 164-165.)

Among the mountains the country people make use of dwelling-houses in several cases of sickness. These are small hovels partly scooped out of the side of a hill, and finished with rods with a very small entrance. In one of them, when heated like an oven with charred turf, the patient stretches himself upon some straw, and the entrance is closed up. He there lies in a state of violent perspiration, caused by the close heat. This operation is, as usual among the ignorant, considered a sovereign remedy against almost every disorder, but is chiefly used for rheumatic pains.—(p. 165.)

Holywood, county Down.

Amongst their other amusements, the game of *shinny*, as it is called by some, and *common* by others, is worthy of note. Common is derived from a Celtic word "com," which signifies "crooked," as it is played with a stick bent at its lower extremity, somewhat like a reaping-hook. The ball, which is struck to and fro, in which the

whole amusement consists, is called *nag*, or, in Irish, *brig*. It resembles the game called golf in Edinburgh. Christmas is the season when it is most generally played. It prevails all through Ireland, and in the highlands of Scotland.

The trundling of eggs, as it is called, is another amusement, which is common at Easter. For this purpose the eggs are boiled hard and dyed of different colours, and when they are thus prepared the sport consists in throwing and tumbling them along the ground, especially down a declivity, and gathering up the broken fragments to eat them. Formerly it was usual with the women and children to collect in large bodies for this purpose. They pursue this amusement in the vicinity of Belfast. Here it is generally confined to the younger classes. It is a curious circumstance that this sport is practised only by Presbyterians, though it is admitted that it is a very ancient usage, and was spread over the Russian empire and Greek islands long before the Reformation.—(pp. 207-208.)

The belief in witches and fairies is as firm as any article of their creed. When any person dies of a disease not generally known it is attributed to the influence of the former: and the latter imaginary personages are held in such reverence that their supposed places of haunt are guarded with the utmost sacred care. The fairy thorn, for instance, is often seen with an intrenchment, or barricade of stones erected around it, lest any persons, or even cattle, should injure this favoured spot of fayish revel.—(p. 208.)

Listerling, county Kilkenny.

There is a tradition that St. Mullen formerly resided in or near the moat of Listerling, and consecrated a well in its vicinity. The well is overshadowed by a fine old spreading hawthorn-tree, which the tradition says sprung from St. Mullen's walking-staff that he stuck down in that spot. . . . The saint, having been disgusted with the conduct of the people who stole some articles from him, left them in displeasure, and removed to a place about two miles distant called Carrickmullen (*i.e.* Mullen's Hill), now Mullinakill (*i.e.* Mullen's Church), from a church dedicated to him, the ruins of which still remain, and where his day, as patron saint, is annually celebrated on the Sunday after the feast of St. Bartholomew.—(p. 245.)

Rathcline, county Longford.

Veneration [is] paid to a well called St. Martin's, whither the poor at some times in the year go to pray.—(p. 291.)

Rathconrath, county Westmeath.

The only particular customs are (1st) its married women calling themselves by their maiden names; (2nd), wakes, which are productive of nothing but riot, intoxication, and indecent mirth; and (3rd), their crying at funerals.—(p. 303.)

Rosenallis, Queen's County.

Old superstitions are going out of use: even the funeral cry is laid aside. The people of Rearymore parish annually assemble on the 12th December at St. Fenian's well, to celebrate the festival of their patron saint. The well consists of three or four holes in the solid rocks, always full of water, and is surrounded by old hawthorns, which are religiously preserved by the natives. It is also customary for the common people to go round this well on their bare knees, by way of penance and mortification. On the return of the annual festival of St. Manman, the Roman Catholic clergyman performs a mass in the parish of St. Manman, which is attended by those who are to be interred in the burying-ground of that parish. The same custom prevails in the parish of Rearymore on the festival of St. Finyan.—(p. 322.)

Shruel, county Longford.

The new year, and the first day of the month or week, are considered the properest time for commencing any undertaking. No man removes to a new habitation on a Friday, because it is one of the cross days of the year, and "a Saturday flitting makes a short sitting." For a fortnight before Shrove Tuesday—the great day for weddings—it is the practice for persons in disguise to run through the street of Ballymahon from seven to nine or ten o'clock in the evenings, announcing intended marriages, or giving pretty broad hints for matchmaking in these words:—"Holloa, the bride—the bride, A.B. to C. D." &c.; their jokes some times prove true ones. On St. Patrick's-day every one in the parish wears a shamrogue, which is drowned at night in a flowing bowl. The first of April is observed here pretty much in the same way as its observance in London. On

the first of May green bushes are planted opposite every door, and the pavement covered with flowers. On Midsummer-eve the bonfires are kindled with great regularity.

In the course of the summer several individuals make pilgrimages either to holy wells in the immediate neighbourhood of this parish, such as that of Killevally, or St. John's, in the county of Roscommon, opposite to the ruined church of Cashel; or else to the more distant but more celebrated shrine of Loughderg, in the county of Donegal, to which latter place many persons in affluent circumstances have been known to walk barefooted as an act of penance for their sins. On the 29th September (Michaelmas-day) hunting commences, and every family that can procure a goose has one dressed for dinner. Hallow-eve is observed on the last day of October, with the usual necromantic ceremonies, and the amusement concludes with a supper of granbree —that is, boiled wheat, buttered and sweetened.

For some weeks before Christmas, several musicians, generally pipers, serenade the inhabitants of Ballymahon about an hour or two before daybreak, calling out, in the intervals, the hour of the morning, and stating whether it is cold, wet, frosty or fine. This is called going about with "the waits"; and those who give themselves this trouble expect to be paid for it in the Christmas holidays, when they go about in the daylight playing a tune, and receiving the expected remuneration at every door. At this festive season the grown people, after feasting on their best fare, amuse themselves by dancing, blind-man's buff, questions and commands, and the relating or hearing legendary tales. The children make and paint circular crosses; expect Christmas-boxes from their friends as a reward for the exhibition of their proficiency in writing in what are called Christmas pieces. A large candle is lighted on Christmas night, laid on a table, and suffered to burn out. If it should happen by any means to be extinguished, or more particularly if it should (as has sometimes happened) go out without any visible cause, the untoward circumstance would be considered a prognostic of the death of the head of the family. St. Stephen's day is always spent in bull-baiting.

It is customary to give entertainments at christenings here. Protestants stand sponsors for Roman Catholic children, and *vice versa.*

No woman thinks of taking any concern in her household affairs until she has been churched after childbirth. Marriages are the scenes of festivity and mirth; a bridesman and bridesmaid are indispensable attendants on this occasion; and the ceremony of "throwing the stocking" is too well known to need description. A fine day for the bringing home is reckoned an omen of good fortune, according to the popular adage:

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on."

A similar proverb renders a wet day desirable for a funeral:

"Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on."

The wakes of all ranks of people here are conducted pretty much on the old Irish plan. The corpse is kept in for two nights during which time the Irish cry is seldom interrupted.

The funerals are generally attended by crowds, summoned by the bell of Ballymahon. Gravestones with crucifixes mark the respective burial-places. There is also another kind of monument here, viz. heaps of stones on the sides of the roads, marking the spot on which untimely deaths have occurred. Some of these are inclosed and planted with one or two ash-trees.—(pp. 346-350.)

Tracton Abbey, county Cork.

The great patron day is that of St. John, on 24th of June, on the eve of which innumerable fires are lighted on every hill, in the streets of every village, and at the meeting of every cross-road. On the festive day itself, and the subsequent week, myriads of persons of all ranks and ages flock to the holy well of St. Zonogue, where booths and tents are erected, and wondrous cures announced to be performed by this miraculous water.—(p. 472.)

Tintern, county Wexford.

St. Martin, whose day is kept on 11th November, is patron of the parish. On that day numbers of people perform pilgrimages to a well dedicated to him; and there is a fair or market held on that day for which no patent has been granted.

The people . . . wear wisps of straw in their brogues; call women by their maiden names, and illegitimate children after their mother. hey are addicted to superstitious practices, and believe in apparitions;

some believe in a warning voice, which is said to be heard when any of the Colclough family are near death. They always kill some animal on the eve of St. Martin's day; the very poor kill a cock or a hen. They never spin wool or flax on the afternoon of Saturday, or the eve of any holiday, and many will not yoke a plough after twelve o'clock on Saturday.—(pp. 491-492.)

Tullaroan, county Kilkenny.

The family spirit of clanship, descending lineally, and collaterally spreading itself, is particularly strong among the population of this parish. . . . . Among the tribes of Galway this feeling is powerfully predominant, and in Scotland it is unnecessary to state that every man bearing the same name regards himself as a kinsman to his laird or chief. In Grace's county, Tullaroan, the feeling is not less strong and fixed. The patriotism of this sentiment was condensed by the compression of hostilities in the royal Milesian septs of FitzPatrick, who were placed close in their neighbourhood with every possible convenience for frequent battles. The tales of these exploits are the tales most dear to the descendants of the combatants engaged in these encounters, and they cannot remember one single occasion when they were worsted.—(p. 589, note.)

THE TRADITIONS OF THE MENTRA,* OR ABORIGINES OF MALACCA AND THE ADJOINING STATES.

BEFORE entering upon the subject of this paper, it would, perhaps, be as well to explain the system upon which the numerous native names occurring in it are spelt.

Shortly it may be stated that the consonants, with the exception of some of those occurring in words borrowed from the

* Sansk.: "mantra," a prayer, and then a charm. These tribes are much feared by the Malays owing to their supposed powers in the way of charms and incantations, &c. The spittle of one tribe called "Kĕnâboi" is believed to have

Arabic (which are marked by . placed under the letters not used in ordinary Malay words) are sounded as in English.

Final "k" is only partially sounded, and the same sound is indicated by "'" succeeding a vowel.

"Ng," which is *one letter* in the native character, is *always* sounded as in "singing," and *never* as in "anger"; the latter sound being indicated by an additional "g," which always in such case follows the "ng" in the native character.

"G" is *always* hard, as in "go"; *never* soft, as in "ginger."

The vowels are sounded as in Italian, ^ over them indicating the long sound, but not invariably the syllable on which the chief emphasis rests, which is marked by ' over it, and if needed in addition to the ^, but ordinarily the ^, where it occurs, suffices to mark the emphatic syllable.

There is no mark over the ordinary short vowels, but the prosodial mark ˘ over "e" (besides the ordinary short "e" which gives the sound of "e" in "pen") is used to mark what may be called the indefinite vowel sound, a sound which closely resembles the "e" in the French "ce" and "le," and in the English "literal."

To enable the reader to more readily appreciate the position of the tribes whose traditions are here given, a rough map of the Malay peninsula is attached showing the states among which they are scattered. [The map is not reproduced.]

The following traditions were communicated to me by Bâtin* Pa' Înah,† one of the aboriginal chiefs, residing in the state of Johól.‡

poisonous effects if trodden upon. I was gravely informed by a Malay that our host, one of the chiefs of a tribe in the interior of Johór, used to walk round his little hamlet at night in the jungle unarmed and send any inquisitive tigers away by the mere force of his supernatural powers.

* Title of chiefs of aboriginal tribes, both on the mainland and on the Malacca seas. Possibly derived from Ar.: "bâtin," hidden, occult, a suitable title for those possessing the powers attributed to them.

† The father of Inah. But his original name was Kôloi, which is, however, still in use, as well as the later one. It is common for these people to be known later in life as the father of so and so.

‡ The position of this state can be seen in the map, but there is not space to show all the pettier states which once formed part of it but have since broken away.

Tûhan Dibâwah (the Lord below) made the earth, and lives beneath it; it is supported by an iron staff sustained by crossbars. Beneath these again is *Tânah** *Nyâyek* (land of Nyâyek), which is inhabited by a sort of "sêtan,"† who have children, not born in the ordinary way, but pulled out of the pit of the stomach.

They were visited by M'ĕrtang, the first "*pôyang*,"‡ who brought back this account of them.

Tûhan Dibâwah dwells beneath *Tânah Nyâyek*, and by his power supports all above him.

The earth was first peopled through M'ĕrtang, the first *Pôyang*, and Bĕlo his younger brother.

Their mother was *Tânah Sak'ĕpal* (a handful of earth) and their father *Âyĕr Satîtik* (a drop of water).

They came from Tânah B'angun§ in the sky, and returned to it, taking with them a house from Húlu Kĕnaboi,‖ on the other side of J'ĕlĕbu,¶ which flows into the Paháng.**

B'ĕlo died, and when he was buried a *mĕngkârong*†† came towards the grave, and M'ĕtang threw his *pârang*‡‡ at it, and cut off his tail, and the "mĕngkârong" ran away tail-less, and Bĕlo thereupon came to life again, left his grave, and returned to his house.

* "Tânah," both earth, soil, and land, country.

† Ar.: sheitân, evil genii. Can this account be attributed to a corrupt version of the Indian mythical Nâgas in Pâtâla (the infernal regions) which were visited by Nârada (one of the Rishis, and also a Prajâpati), who might be represented by Mĕrtang in the next paragraph, but the latter's account of what he saw is less flattering?

‡ Generally this word, like "pâwang," may be regarded as the equivalent of "medicine man." It also, like "môyang," which is doubtless connected with it, is used in the sense of "ancestors."

§ Lit. the rising land. "Bento 'mbangun," or rising arch, is an expression for the rainbow; whether the expression in the text is a condensed form of this must remain a matter of conjecture.

‖ One of the aboriginal tribes takes its name from this stream. (See map.)

¶ Said to mean "the swimming vapour that floats athwart the glen, puts forth an arm and loiters slowly drawn."

** The largest river in the peninsula, flowing (through probably the largest state) into the China Sea.

†† A small variety of lizard, also called "bĕngkârong."

‡‡ Woodman's knife. A slight anachronism.

When M'ĕrtang took his house away with him to Tânah Bángun, a dog, the first of the species, appeared where the house had been, and was prevented by M'ĕrtang's power from attacking mankind.

Then B'ĕlo had a dog at his house, and from this dog came the tiger, which devours mankind and animals.

When M'ĕrtang left the earth for *Tânah Bángun*, he flew away with his house in the air.

B'ĕlo went to *Tânah Bángun* by the sea on foot ; he was so tall that the water only reached to his knees.

Originally the sky was very low, but B'ĕlo raised it with his hands, because he found it in the way of his pestle when he raised it to pound his padi.*

M'ĕrtang took his youngest sister to wife, and from them are descended the *Mĕntra*.

B'ĕlo married the other sister, but they had no offspring.

In course of time the descendants of M'ĕrtang multiplied to such an extent that he went to *Tûhan Dibâwah* and represented the state of things, which *Túhan Dibâwah* remedied by turning half of mankind into trees.

In those days men did not die, but grew thin with the waning of the moon, and waxed fat as she neared the full.

When their numbers had again increased to an alarming extent, To' Ĕntah,† the son of M'ĕrtang, and the first Bâtin, brought the matter to his father's notice.

The latter wished things to remain as they were, but B'ĕlo said it was better they should die like the banana, which leaves young shoots behind it, and leave children behind them when they died: the matter was submitted to *Tûhan Dibâwah*, who decided in favour of B'ĕlo's view, so that since then men have died, leaving their children behind them.

In the earliest times there used to be three suns—husband, wife, and child—and there was no night, there being always one sun left in

* "Pádî," the rice plant, and the grain, before it is pounded, after which it is called "bĕrás," when boiled it is called "násî."

† "Ĕntah," *i.e.* I don't know, which might have been reply of parent regarding name before it was fixed, and so adopted as a joke.

the sky, if the others had set. In those days people slept as they felt inclined, and there were no divisions of time.

After a long time To' Ĕntah thought the heat too great, and devised a plan for reducing it, in pursuance of which he went to the moon, which then gave no light, and told her to call her husband *Bíntang Tûnang*,* the evening star, and the stars their children, and to put them into her mouth, but not to swallow them, and to await his return. When she had done this, To' Ĕntah went to the female sun, and, by representing that the moon had swallowed her husband and children, induced her to swallow completely her husband and child, the other two suns. Having thus gained his end, To' Ĕntah returned to the moon, and told her she could release her husband and children, which she did, flinging them out into the sky again.

As soon as she discovered the deception which had been practised on her, the sole remaining sun waxed very wrath, and withdrew in dudgeon to the other side of the heavens, declaring that when the moon came her way she would devour her, a promise which she carries out at the time of eclipses.†

It was from this time, this separation between the sun and the moon, that the division between day and night, and the rule of the moon and the stars over the latter took place.

Till the time of *Bâtin* To' Ĕntah men used not to drink, no water

* "Bintang," star; "tûnang," magic. "Tûnángan" means a betrothed person, from "tûnang," to betroth; but I prefer the former meaning.

† The aborigines, as well as the Malays, seem to have borrowed from India in this as well as other points; the Malay term is "mâtahâri mâkan rahu'," or "brîlan," ditto, *i.e.* sun or moon devoured by the dragon or beast: in Hindu mythology "rahu" is a "Daitya" (Titan), who is supposed to seize the sun and moon and swallow them, and so obscure their rays. The Malays also use "Garhâna," to denote eclipses, whether of sun, "mâtahâri" (eye of day), or "bûlan," moon (from "graha," the seizer, one of the Indian epithets of Rahu). So the aborigines of Johor speak of "mâtahâri," or "bûlan," "tângkak (Malay 'tángkap') rĕmâñ" (ñ = Fr. "gne"), *i.e.* sun or moon being caught by the beast. The phrases are rough and elliptical, not strictly correct Malay; literally they would be rendered "the sun" or "moon eats" or "catches the dragon" or "beast"; the passive form of the verb, followed by the preposition preceding the agent, being omitted; properly it should run "mâtahâri" or "bûlan," "di mâkan ûleh ráhu'," etc.

was to be had, and the sensation of thirst was unknown. It came about in this way: One day To' Ĕntah shot a monkey with a blow-pipe,* and made a fire, and cooked and ate the monkey; after which he became sensible of a desire to imbibe something, and went about in search of something to drink, but could find nothing, not even an "*ákar*"† (water-giving liane, or monkey-rope). The "*ákar*" did not produce water then. At last he came upon an old "*jĕlôtong*"‡ stump, and through a hole in it heard the sound of something trickling down below: he fastened a *rôtan mânau* § above outside, and then let himself down into the hole by it till he reached what he found to be flowing water, and there he slaked his thirst.

He made his way out again by the *rôtan*, and when leaving the spot he saw a large white *lĕlâbi*, or *labi-lâbi* (a sort of fresh-water turtle), issue from the hole, with a vast body of water, and begin chasing him; he ran for his life, and called to the elephants for help, but they were driven away by the water. To' Ĕntah then met a tiger, whose help he begged, and the tiger attacked the head of the *lĕlâbi*, but could do it no harm. To' Ĕntah continued his flight till he met a *sĕlâdang*,‖ whom he implored to come to his rescue, and the *sĕlâdang* trampled on the *lĕlâbi*, but to no purpose.

He next begged the aid of the rhinoceros, but with no better result, and they had to fly before the *lĕlâbi*.

* Usually about seven feet long.

† There are considerable numbers of these water-producing creepers; of a few the water is very good, delicious in fact; of others, though not so pleasant, it is quite drinkable; while some are only safe as long as spirits are abstained from. Witness a painful case which occurred in South America a few years ago, where a traveller suffered an agonizing death from drinking alcohol, in the shape of whisky, shortly after a draught from one of these creepers, the alcohol having solidified the sap of the creeper, which was probably one of the gutta-bearers.

‡ There are two or three varieties of this tree which is used medicinally, and for its timber, and also produces a sap which is mixed with marketable kinds of "gutta." (Alstonia eximia, Filet.)

§ "Rôtan," Anglicé, "rattan," from Malay, "ráut," to split, pare; "manau," the name of a variety from which excellent walking-canes are made.

‖ Wild ox of the peninsula, a large animal, short close hair; several specimens of heads and horns were exhibited in the Malay Court (Straits Settlements) at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in 1886.

At last he had to apply for the intervention of the *kanchil** (the smallest of all the deer kind, not so large as a hare): the *kanchil* said, "What can small creatures like us do?" To' Ĕntah replied, "I have asked all the others, and they have been able to do nothing." Then the *kanchil* said, "Very well, we will try: get you to one side." And he called together an army of *kanchil*, the whole of the race, and said, "If we do not kill the *lĕlâbi* we all perish, but if we kill him, all is well."

Then they all jumped on to the *lĕlâbi*, which was of great size, and stamped on him with their tiny hoofs, till they had driven holes in his head, and neck, and back, and killed him.

But in the meantime the body of water which had accompanied the *lĕlâbi* had increased to a vast extent, and formed what is now the sea.

After the destruction of the *lĕlâbi* the *kanchil* asked To' Ĕntah what was to be his reward for the service he had performed; on which To' Ĕntah replied that he would take the root of the *kĕlêdek*,† and the *kanchil* could have the leaves for his share, and they have accordingly ever since been the food of the *kanchil*.

From Hûlu‡ Kĕnâboi To' Ĕntah went to Págar-rûyong§ (in Sumatra, seat of sovereign of former Malay empire of Mĕnangkabau), and his son To' T'ĕrjĕli‖ came across again thence and settled in J'ĕlĕbu.

To' T'ĕrjĕli had eight sons—*Bâtin* Túngang Gâgah,¶ who settled in Kĕlang;** *Bâtin* Chángei, or Chánggei Bĕsî,†† who lived in J'ĕlĕbu;

* Smallest of the "Moschus Javanicus" genus; the three kinds, taking them in the order of size, "nâpoh," "pĕlánduk," and "kánchil," are all indiscriminately spoken of as "pĕlánduk" ("landuk," wiles), *i.e.* the wily one: they take the place of the fox in Malayan fable.

† Convolvulus batatas (Faure), or batatas edulis chois (Filet).

‡ "Hûlu," head, source.

§ "Pagar," fence; "rûyong," hard part of the "nîbong" palm (On cos perma filamentosa, Blume).

‖ Grand, great (Ar.: jal?)

¶ Strong-back.

** In the state of Salângor now (see map); Salângor grew out of it.

†† Iron nail. "Changei" is a long nail grown to a great length, as a sign of being a leisured person, free from manual labour, both among Malays and Chinese. According to a Johor legend this chief "was the first of all Bâtins

Bâtin Alam,* who settled in Johor; *Bâtin* P'ĕrwei, who went across to Págarrûyong; *Bâtin* Siam, who went to Siam; *Bâtin* Mînang, who crossed to Mĕnangkâbau; *Bâtin* Paháng, who settled in the country of that name; *Bâtin* Stambul, who went to Stambul; and *Bâtin* Râja, who ruled over Moar.

Pĕnghûlus† were first made by To' T'ĕrjĕlî, who placed one at Bĕrânang, in Kĕláng, the To' Kĕlâna Putra‡ at Sungei Hujong,§ To' Âkî Sáman in J'ĕlĕbu, To' Mûtan Jantan,‖ a woman, at Kwala,¶ Múar** and her husband, Janhan Pahlâwan Lêla Pĕrkâsa,†† at Johol: hence, to preserve the memory of the first female ruler, the Dáto' Pĕnghûlu of Johol always wears his hair long, down to the waist.

The To' Kĕlâna Putrâ, of Sungei Hûjong, established the states of R'ĕmbau‡‡ and Nâning,§§ placing his sons over them.

and rulers, and he lived at Gunong Pĕnyârong (Pĕnyâring) in Mĕnangkâbau. By him a Râja was placed over Mĕnangkâbau, a Bandahara over Pahang, and at a later period a Pĕnyhûlu over Hûlu Pahang.—(*Journal Ind. Arch.* vol. i. p. 326.)

* Âlam, the world (Arabic).

† "Pĕng," personal prefix, and "hûlu," head, a title enjoyed both by chiefs of states and of villages.

‡ "Kĕlâna," wandering; "putrâ," prince (Sansk.: "putra," son).

§ Name of a state (now under a Resident). "Sungei," river; "hûjong," point; the reason of the name has not been ascertained.

‖ "To'," short for "Dato'," elder chief. "Mûtan," contracted form of "rambutan," a tree bearing a fruit (Nephelium lappaceum) covered with soft spines or brittles, whence its name, from "rambut," hair; "jantan," male; the tree, near which this "Dato'," lived in Johor, being male, and therefore unproductive, the fertile trees being always called female.

¶ Mouth of a river where it joins the sea, or point of junction of a tributary with the parent stream.

** Small state shown in the map lying between Malacca and the Múar river.

†† The regular title of the chiefs of Johor. "Jauhan" or "jôhan," a military officer, perhaps corrupted from Pers., "jihân," used in combination to intensify epithets, or perhaps merely to add sound; "pahlâwan," from Pers., "pahluwan," a bold man, warrior; "lêla," fencing; "pĕrkâsa" (Sansk., "prakaça"), mighty, valiant. The Malays string these titles and epithets together without stint for the pettiest officials, in entire ignorance of their meaning.

‡‡ A state lying north of Malacca, and west of Johol (see map). The name is said by natives to be derived from the sound made by the fall of a gigantic "m'ĕrĕbau" tree (Intsia amboinensis), which was described by the words "m'ĕrebau r'ĕmbau," a sort of metathesis to which Malays are much addicted; "r'ĕbah" is to fall.

§§ This state, since 1833, has been part of Malacca territory. "Nâning" is a

Lûkut* was also established by the To' Kĕlâna. The Dáto of Johol made Tĕrâchi,† Gûnong Pasir,‡ Gĕmĕncheh,§ J'ĕmpol,‖ and Ayĕr Kûning.¶ J'ĕlei** was originally part of Johol, but afterwards broke away.

After the death of To' Mûtan Jantan, the succession passed to her nephews, and has since been held by males, but always passing through the female side, as in Nâning.†† After To' Mûtan Jantan came To' Ûlar Bîsa (the Dáto' of the poisonous snake), next To' Maharâja Gârang,‡‡ who was succeeded in turn by To' T'ĕngah,§§ To' Nari,‖‖ To' Bunchit (pot-belly), and the present Pĕnghûlu, To' Êta.

kind of wasp-like bee, which stings badly; and the discovery on the first settlement of the country of the nest of a white variety of this insect is said to have given the name. This is, no doubt, mythical, all the early traditions being in the colour white.

* There are several water-plants of this name of N. O. Lemnaceæ, Salviniaceæ, and Marsilaceæ (Filet). The river and district are in Sungei Hûjong. (See map.)

† I believe this is the name of a tree as yet unidentified.

‡ "Gûnong," mountain; "Pâsir," sand. This state is in Hûlu Muar (see map), adjoining Rĕmbau, while Tĕrâchi adjoins Sungei Hûjong, but they are too small to show separately.

§ Possibly from "gĕmûnchi," an earthen vessel.

‖ The state takes its name from the river flowing through it, which is named from a fish called "J'ĕmpol." (See map.)

¶ "Âyĕr," water; "kûning," yellow; the adjective always comes after the noun in Malay, except in certain special cases.

** Name of a plant of which there are two or three varieties: "j'ĕlei bâtu," Job's tears (coix lacryma, Filet). It is also used medicinally (the root) in infantine convulsions. Position of state is shown in map.

†† This practice prevails throughout the Mĕnangkabau states of the peninsula,[1] being brought over by their people from the parent country in Sumatra (where it was probably imported from Southern India). It is not confined to the question of the succession of chiefs, but is applied to all private property.

‡‡ "Gârang," fierce.

§§ "Tĕngah," middle, a common Malay name (frequently shortened to "Ngah").

‖‖ From "Nârî" or "Nĕrî," the place where he resided. ("Niri" sund. is given by Filet as Xylocarpus obovatus. Some of the Sumatran names resemble the Javan.)

---

[1] *i.e.* All the states within the red boundary line in the map lying north of Malacca, with Múar, Sungei Hûjong, and J'ĕlĕbu, which are all purely Sumatran in origin, and since only effected by intercourse with the local aborigines,

The first Râja was Saléngkar Âlam,* of Bukit Guntang Pĕnyâring, in Hûlu Mĕnangkâbau. Pĕnyâring, according to native ideas, is derived from "guntang," the shaking of the "jâring" net used to catch the "kĕluang" (flying-fox) for the feast at which Saléngkar Âlam was proclaimed Râja.

The Bâtin Minang previously mentioned remained in the jungle.

The derivation of M'ĕnangk'âbau is likewise given, as follows :— "M'ĕnang," to win," and "k'ĕrbau" (in the compound word often sounded and sometimes written "kâbau"), buffalo, meaning, "the buffaloes win," which is thus accounted for :—From a hole behind the site of the new palace issued hundreds of buffaloes, the horns and hoofs of their leader appearing to be of gold ; on observing this the people chased him, but before they could catch him he and his herd vanished back into their hole, and were never seen again ; the buffaloes, thus winning in the race for the hole, gave the name to the place.†

* "Léngkar," to coil : this would imply "the ruler of the world."

† The tradition found in the "Sĕjârah Malâyu," Malay annals, and other native writings, makes the first royal ruler descend from the mountain Sagántang, or Sagúntang Mahamîru, under the name of Sang Sap'ĕrba, or Sang p'ĕrba, (*i.e.* first chief), claiming descent from Sĕkándĕr, or Iskándĕr Dulkĕrnéin (*i.e.* Alexander, the two-horned possessor of East and West), Alexander the Great. The reference to "Mahamiru," the Indian Olympus, clearly shows the direction in which the origin of a portion at least of those traditions is to be sought, and this track has been followed in an interesting paper by Mr. W. E. Maxwell, on "Aryan Mythology in Malay Traditions" (vol. xiii. Journal R.A.S. new series, 1881), where he points out that "sagántang," or "sagúntang," is probably "Sughanda," one of the mountains surrounding "Meru." "Gandhamâdana" appears to be an epithet of the whole of that district. So the native explanation of "gúntang pĕnyâring" (or "pĕnyârong," as Mr. Maxwell found in one MS., suggesting it as an error for "P'agarrûyong," which I doubt), cannot be accepted. Whether "pĕnyâring" be a later native addition to "guntang" in ignorance of its Indian origin, or a corruption of some Indian name, has yet to be ascertained. The same view as to a possible Indian origin must be advocated as to the name "Mĕnangkâbau," which is strengthened by the variety in the way of sounding and spelling it, "Mĕnangkérbau" being the correct form to accord with the native legend, while "Minangkâbu" and "Mĕnangkábu" are also to be met with. There are two other native derivations given to account for the name "M'ĕnangk'ĕrbau" ; one of a fight between a buffalo and a tiger, in which the former was victorious, pushing the latter over a precipice ; the other, of a gigantic buffalo, which the Javanese put forward for the Malays to match,

Khatib Mâlim Sĕlêman,* the son of Salengkar Âlam, came over to Bûkit Pĕrâja,† in Hûlu Jĕmpol, with a "parang" (woodman's knife), a "patil" (adze, or hatchet, according to the turn given to the blade), a "pahat" (chisel), and a "kâchip" (betel-nut clippers), in pursuit of a beautiful princess, and after searching in vain for food he went to sleep near an enormous bamboo, a fathom in diameter. During the night the princess appeared and cooked him some food, and passed the night with him, but disappeared at dawn.

The prince tried in vain to cut the bamboo, in which the princess had told him he would find her, using in turn the "pârang," "pâtil," and "pahat." Then he tried the "kâchip" on the point of the bamboo with success, after which he was able to split it downwards, when the princess fell out, and he secured her, and she did not disappear again: then she was conducted on horseback by many followers with her husband to Bukit Pĕrâja, where they both disappeared, but there they both live invisible to this day; their horses in full trappings are occasionally to be seen on certain favourable seasons. If their aid is invoked with burning of "k'ĕmnyan,"‡ they will come and "bĕchâra,"§ and then disappear. The princess was quite fair in complexion, and her hair was white and seven fathoms in length.

All the different tribes of aborigines are said to be merely varieties of the "Mĕntra," who also exist in the M'ĕnangkâbau country, but the Batin suggested that they may have turned Malay (*i.e.* Muhammadan).

D. F. A. Harvey.

if they could: the latter, having no fit antagonist to bring to the struggle, had recourse to stratagem, bringing into the arena a baby-buffalo; but his horns were tipped with sharp steel, and he had been given a short supply of milk some time before; so that the moment he saw his huge opponent, he rushed underneath him to search for milk, and, before the other could do anything, had inflicted fatal wounds; but the point of the story is not very apparent, as it would, whatever the termination of the fight, been "m'ĕnang *kĕrbau*."

* "Khatib," properly preacher in a mosque; "Mâlim," master, teacher; "Sĕlêman," the ordinary Malay form of the Arabic "Suleimân," *i.e.* Solomon.

† "Bukit," hill; "pĕrâja," "raja," king with personal prefix "pe," an unusual form.

‡ Styrax benzoin, commonly known as gum benjamin.

§ Deliberate over, discuss, try, decide.

BIRTH CEREMONIES OF THE PRABHUS.

AT the last meeting of the Bombay Anthropological Society, Dr. Kirtikar read a very interesting paper on the birth ceremonies observed among one section of the Hindoos :

He began by observing that his remarks were confined to the Prabhu community of Bombay, to which he had the honour to belong. When it was apparent that the Hindoo lady was expecting her first baby, her " special " *wishes* or *tastes* were consulted, and she was treated with great tenderness. Nothing that would frighten her was allowed to approach her. The sight of a serpent or of a corpse was avoided ; the news of a sudden and horrible death, or of a terrible accident, was studiously kept away from her. She was not permitted to be out of doors at dusk, lest the evil spirits hunting the *peepul* might do her harm. She was presented with flowers and sweetmeats. All the delicacies of the table, especially the various rich sweetmeats so numerous among the Hindoos, were specially prepared for her. About the fifth month, the *muhurt* ceremony was performed. It had no religious significance. It was a gathering of the lady relatives of the house. Sugar and flowers and new clothes were presented by the visitors. The lady concerned and the visitors were presented with sugar. The ceremonial was purely a social one. It clearly showed that Hindoo ladies had their own sphere of independent action, and that they were not the slaves foreigners painted them through sheer want of knowledge. In some families the *Sohola* ceremony was performed. It was a religious ceremony, in which *Gunpati* was invoked as the averter of evil and destroyer of all danger. *Ganga* and *Varuna* were also worshipped to ensure peace and plenty. Offerings of rice and ghee were made to the sacred fire. Supposing the confinement natural, Dr. Kirtikar said, after the birth of the baby, it was received in a bamboo tray, and honey was dropped into its

mouth. The *Putravan* ceremony was performed by the father of the child on the first day, or reserved to the fifth day, when the *Sashti-pujan* ceremony was due. The chief event of the *Putravan* ceremony was the preparation of the birth-paper or horoscope, which was done by the caste astrologers. The family priest was also in attendance on the occasion. Friends, male and female, were invited and presented with sugar and cocoa-nuts. The *Sashtipujan* ceremony includes the worship of *Jiwatee*. Shasti or Sati was a goddess akin to the Roman Parcae, or Fates, who the Hindoos believed wrote the fortune of the new-born baby on its forehead on the fifth night after birth. *Jiwatee* was the protecting goddess, and acted as a counteracting agent to the mischievous propensities of Shasti, or Sati. On the twelfth day, the father's sister proceeded to the house of the new-born babe to exercise her right of *naming* the child. This Dr. Kirtikar mentioned as another illustration of the authority the Hindoo woman exercises in her household. The horoscope name was determined from the hour of the birth, the moment of birth rather, and from the *grahas*, or stars, by the astrologer, but the pet name was always given by the aunt. If this right was infringed, the aunt had a just right to complain. It was she who put the child into the cradle for the first time, for up to that time the child lay by the mother's side. This also was a ladies' ceremony strictly. About the twenty-first day the mother worshipped a pail of water, which was equivalent to worshipping the well, implying that from that time she was free to attend to the linen of the child herself, washing it herself if necessary.

Mr. Sitaram Vashnu Sukhthanker rose to mention a few matters which he thought had either escaped Surgeon Kirtikar, or had been purposely omitted by him as being of small importance. In the first place, he called attention to certain matters connected with the treatment of the infant on its birth; and, secondly, to the reading of the *Shanti Path* and the *Ram Raksha*, every evening during the ten days of confinement. A small quantity of ash being pulverised, a finger mark of the same is applied to the head of the mother and to that of the child, and the rest being tied in a piece of rag, is placed near the head and under the bed of the lady. This reading of the *Path* consists in repeating the name of God, and is intended as a prayer for

the welfare of the mother and the child. The last point which he would mention was the practice of placing a crowbar along the threshold of the room of confinement, as a check against the crossing of any evil spirit. This was owing, he believed, to a belief among Hindoos that evil spirits always kept themselves aloof from iron, and even now-a-days pieces of horseshoe could be seen nailed to the bottom sills of doors of native houses. The bar is kept *in situ* for ten days. On the eleventh day a preparation of milk, sugar and rice, is prepared, and a small quantity of the same is placed near the spot where the umbilical cord is buried, and the rest is partaken of by the members of the family. On the same day the lady worships the sun, as, owing to her being confined for the ten days in almost a dark room, she could not see the sun, and the first time that the sun appears to her after her confinement she considers it her duty to offer prayer and thanksgivings.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

An Old-Frisian Funereal-rite.—The following ancient custom, being hallowed by tradition, and strictly observed still at present by the people of Friesland, may deserve a corner among the Notes of the *Folk-Lore Journal*:—As long as a corpse is still in a house, the looking-glass is turned round, or covered, and the clock remains stopped. H. K.

Man-in-the-Moon.—The idea conveyed to a Chinese mind by "the man in the moon" may be gathered from the following account, given by *The Chinese Times*, of one of the great festivals observed in the Middle Kingdom: "The common people soon lose whatever knowledge they may have possessed at one time of the origin of a festival, but the account which was given me by a young Chinese scholar bears a strong resemblance to some of the Buddhist tales of India. It was in the

olden times, he said, that an aged man, while trudging along a country road, was accosted by a fairy, who, perceiving him to be a worthy fellow, desired to translate him to the heavenly land. 'Take,' he said, 'these two pills; keep them until the fifteenth day of the eighth month; at a certain hour, if you look towards the southern heavens, you will see a door appear. As soon as the door opens swallow the two pills, and you will be changed into a genie.' And in a moment he had disappeared. The old man in simple faith pocketed the pills and returned to his home, where—alas! for the frailty of man—he was not long able to keep the secret from his wife. When the appointed day arrived, the husband having left the house, the wife bethought herself of the pills and determined to try their virtue. Looking towards the southern heavens, there surely was the door as her husband had told her. As it slowly opened she swallowed one of the pills, considerately leaving the second for her husband. Forthwith the heavens opened and a stool descended to the earth, and no sooner had the good lady seated herself than she was wafted away into space. Shortly afterwards the husband returned much distressed to find himself minus a wife and a pill too. There was no help for it, so he did the best he could under the circumstances. The heavens indeed had not opened and no door had appeared. But he hastily swallowed the remaining pill and another stool descended from the sky, and soon he was flying after his wife. But ere he reached the gate of heaven the bolt had been drawn, and he was left like a peri weeping at the confines of paradise. Touched at his distress the guardian angel turned him into a genie, and gave him the Kuang Han Kung, or 'Palace of Chilly Vastness,' in the moon for a residence, where he still lives in dreary solitude. Meanwhile his wife had entered the heavenly portal and been changed into a female genie under the name of Chang O. Once a year, on the anniversary of their separation, she opens the door of heaven and gladdens the heart of her wronged and suffering husband with a sight of his spouse. It is to join and support him in his transitory bliss, and to drink to his health, says my scholarly friend, that mortals carouse and become jovial at the mid-autumn festival. The reader will notice that it is not a hare that is worshipped, but a man, or

genie, to whose form distance gives the outline of a hare. In spite of the long ears which we see in those images sold in the streets, T'u Erh Ye must not be considered a member of the animal pentalogy which we discussed in these columns some weeks ago. The mid-autumn festival is free both of animal worship and animal superstition."

Fairy Tales.—Children appear, as indeed they naturally should, to be the soundest of all folk-lorists, for they show an instinctive preference for the oldest, and, mythologically speaking, the purest form of the fairy-tale—the tale without a moral. Everybody knows that as soon as the narrator of a nursery-story "stoops to truth," and attempts to "moralize his song," no natural and healthy-minded child, no child who is worth his salt (and that is saying a good deal, for children require very little salt), will have the song at any price. Its infancy, in fact, is in sympathy with the infancy of the race, when morals (of all sorts) were regarded as a strange an unintelligible excrescence upon human life. Nothing, in fact, appears to me to mark the legitimate and uncorrupted descent of a modern fairy-tale from a piece of immemorial folk-lore more unmistakably than the fact of its tacitly concluding, in the words of a lamented humorist, with an "As for the moral, it's what you please." In a recent interesting lecture, Mr. Lang discussed the question whether one of the most famous, and perhaps *the* most delightful, of our nursery stories was or was not originally told for the moral's sake; and whether, consequently, the modern form beloved of every child, in which there is no moral, is or is not to be regarded as a degenerate version. Now Mr. Lang, a student of folk-lore *comme il y en a peu*, has doubtless thoroughly studied the genealogy of his "Puss in Boots," and if he is of opinion (though I rather gather from his language that he is not) that the oldest form of this particular story is the form with a moral, I should hesitate, as an inexpert in such matters, to maintain the contrary. But I *should* venture to maintain, as a general rule, that where any folk-tale exists in two forms—a moralized and an unmoralized one—the presumption of superior antiquity is strongly on the side of the latter. In addition to the general presumption, it is much less easy to comprehend the process by which a moral could drop out of a story

in the course of its dispersion over the world than to comprehend how the reverse of that process could take place. The latter phenomenon is a mere incident of ethical growth : the former would have to be accounted for by what is certainly the difficult hypothesis that some races of lower civilisation have received the tradition of the particular myth from a more ethically advanced people. Meanwhile, let us all try and forgive Cruikshank for having re-written "Puss in Boots," because he considered that "it represented merely a series of successful falsehoods!" I have never seen this moralized version, but I should like to do so. "No, sir," replied Puss, "these fields are not the property of my master, the Marquis of Carabas—who indeed, to be frank with you, for we should always speak the truth, is not a marquis at all. But he is something much better than a nobleman : he is a most excellent though penniless young man, and you would do well to allow him to marry your daughter." I suppose it must be something in that style. But I know that I should not have liked that style so well as I did the other when I was a child, and I think too well of the children of the present day to believe that their taste would be different from mine. D. H. Traill.

—In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for January.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. By Andrew Lang. London, 1887 (Longmans Green and Co.) 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xvi. 340; vii. 373.

At last we have a book which deals with some of the most important phases of mythology and folk-lore, and in no single instance confuses the provinces and terminology of these sciences. How considerable an advantage this is to the student only those who have long felt the difficulties of a loose system of terminology can readily understand. And there is no mistaking the comprehensive grasp which this book takes of the subject, and which it imparts to its readers.

Whether we differ or not from Mr. Lang's conclusions, and his method of workmanship, it is only right to note that these features of his book render it one of the most important contributions to the history of prehistoric man which has recently been published.

But on the whole we neither differ from Mr. Lang in his general conclusions, nor in his method of workmanship.

Here and there it is probable that Mr. Lang may not have pushed his evidence to its legitimate end: here and there we should have wished for some more detail which was available for his use, but a very careful examination of the whole book compels us to admit that the position he takes up is impregnable. He disclaims the intention of attempting, or of having obtained, a "key to all mythologies"; but there is little doubt that a very great deal has been done towards this end. There are facts of human history which would account for the remarkable parallel between the most widely distributed races in matters of mythology and religion; and by the critical examination of ritual and its survival in folk-lore Mr. Lang has gone a long way towards discovering what these facts might be. If he declines, doubtless for good reasons enough, to go further than the immediate conclusions to be drawn from his evidence, it is no reason why other scholars should not take up the work where Mr. Lang leaves off. Herein, indeed, lies the true strength of Mr. Lang's system. He will not go beyond the line he has set himself for a boundary, and consequently within this line he is absolutely sure of all his steps. The student will at once see what a gain this is to the science, and we cannot express our opinion in better terms than to recommend this book as a model to the coming generation of folk-lore and anthropological workers. If every one would take up a definite piece of work, perfect that, and then let us register his results, we should rapidly progress in knowledge. System in mapping out the true course of study and research is as essential as it is in arranging the details.

It is unnecessary in these pages to explain what Mr. Lang's method is. Most of our readers will remember his statement of it in *Custom and Myth*, and the book before us is practically the carrying out of it on an extended plan. He notes that in the myth, ritual, and religion of advanced societies there are observances and beliefs which

are grotesque, cruel, and oftentimes hideous and revolting; and asking whence come these characteristics and why do they lurk alongside of a more pure and highly cultured tone of thought, he appeals to the lower races and ascertains that in the customs and beliefs of savages there exist exact counterparts, but unaccompanied by any high tone of thought. Then, applying his method to phenomena thus ascertained, Mr. Lang suggests that the people possessed of a high culture and retaining savage practices were once in a stage of development similar to the races now extant who have never advanced to a high culture. It is difficult to conceive how this argument is to be met. Those who refer the savage practices preserved in some Greek ritual or myth to a borrowing from Babylonian or Egyptian sources do not really answer the question, for if it is got rid of so far as regards the Greek, which we do not admit, we have still to ask it as regards the Babylonian or Egyptian. And, of course, it becomes a legitimate inquiry to consider why the Greek, highly cultured, with magnificent art instincts and possessed of the most highly developed philosophical mind, should borrow from Babylonian or any other people practices and beliefs at complete variance with their own ideas. Having inherited them from their ancestors it would take whole generations of civilized thought to eradicate them; but, not possessing them, to unthinkingly or designedly borrow them is a theory which will require much more conclusive arguments than have hitherto been advanced before it can be accepted, and which by the side of Mr. Lang's book seem absolutely inadequate to meet the position.

Mr. Lang is always good in suggesting new branches of research and throwing unexpected light upon old facts by a new reading of them. His remarks upon the songs of incantation among savages (i. 101), and their connection with the rhyming formulæ so often met with in *märchen*, is a case in point; and we venture to think that they are but the preface to a very considerable and interesting inquiry. Another instance is afforded by his explanation of that curious custom, the couvade (ii. 223). On some matters we do not think Mr. Lang quite so correct, as, for instance, the very incidental way in which he connects property and rank with some of the customs he is de-

scribing. We fancy that he does not appreciate the labours of the late Mr. Lewis Morgan, and on points that Mr. Morgan has certainly much to tell us Mr. Lang is, in our opinion, deficient. But it is in the marvellously adroit use to which he puts his discoveries in local observances that Mr. Lang is really at his best. No one before him has seen that while at Athens or Sparta the worship of the gods would be attended by ceremonies which were more in keeping with the most advanced Greek life the lesser towns would use their own ceremonial, which, like the examples of Ombi and Tentyra, afford evidence of the old savage stage of culture. Mr. Lang does not often refer to Roman history, but if he had done so in this respect he would have found that local ritual and practices among the Romans reveal a similar state of things.

Where everything is so well done, and where we agree so completely as we do with Mr. Lang, it may seem almost trivial to note small blemishes, but we must confess to a frequent feeling of irritation that in so distinctively a scientific book expressions belonging to the humorous side of Mr. Lang's many-sided nature constantly crop up. This may be, perhaps, a fault of our's rather than of Mr. Lang's, but we are content to record our protest on the simple ground that in the hands of some imitator who would not be the literary artist that his master is, the practice would be simply unbearable.

Totemism. By J. G. Frazer. Edinburgh, 1887 (A and C. Black) 8vo. pp. viii. 96.

Totemism is perhaps one of the most well-known features of savage society as it has been made popular by the histories and fictions dealing with the American Indians. The late Mr. McLennan discovered that so far from being confined to one people or country there was almost certain evidence that it existed universally at certain stages of human culture. Few inquirers have followed up the hints conveyed by Mr. McLennan in his articles which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, but first Mr. Lang, and now Mr. Frazer, recognise the importance of the subject. In all inquiries into phenomena which take a prominent place in human history, it is pre-eminently necessary to obtain a complete summary of the features which distinguish them in various parts of the world, and we cannot conceive of any more

important work by anthropologists than the collection of such evidence. Mr. Frazer has produced a model for other inquirers. He finds that Totemism has a religious side and a social side—of course not distinguished by those who practise the various totemistic rites—and he groups his evidence under these two heads. To the well-known features of totemism, descent from the totem, respect and worship for it, &c., are now added several other particulars which help us to realize that some of the least-explainable of savage rites and customs may be referred to totemism. This is very important. Mr. Frazer neither enlarges upon his theme nor develops any theories, but contents himself with giving facts and ample references to authorities—a piece of work which is as important to all anthropological students as it is evidence of the ungrudging generosity of a true scholar who loves his subject too well not to give it up to the world. Few better specimens of conscientious work have come within our notice, and although, following out the plan of his book, Mr. Frazer does not grapple with the puzzle as to what is the origin of totemism, we shall be much surprised if he has not actually hit upon the solution, and is preparing the result of his examination for publication. Nobody dealing with the various subjects which the history of man in pre-civilized stages presents to the inquirer can do without this book, and the folk-lorist will do well to study it before committing himself to the theories of the mythological school.

It is proposed to form a society in America for the study of Folk-Lore, of which the principal object shall be to establish a Journal of a scientific character, designed:—(1) For the collection of the fast-vanishing remains of Folk-Lore in America, namely,—(*a*) Relics of old English Folk-Lore (ballads, tales, superstitions, dialect, &c.;) (*b*) Lore of Negroes in the Southern States of the Union; (*c*) Lore of the Indian Tribes of North America (myths, tales, &c.); (*d*) Lore of French Canada, Mexico, &c. (2) For the study of the general subject, and publication of the results of special students in this department. Subscribers will please send their names to the Temporary Secretary, William Wells Newell, 175, Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass. The name taken will probably be The American Folk-Lore Society.

FOLK-TALES AND FOLK-LORE.

COLLECTED IN AND NEAR WASHINGTON, D.C.

By W. H. Babcock.

THE work of traditional fancy in and about Washington divides naturally into three branches : negro tradition, children's tradition, and adult tradition. These of course overlap each other, but not so as to cause any practical inconvenience in writing of them.

The exclusively negro traditions consist of tales, games, and hymns, with some superstitions and peculiar practices. A good part of their folk-lore proper is of white derivation, or passes into that of the white race. They also preserve some songs which are unmistakeably of English ballad origin, though not as yet discovered among white children. But the subdivision, as a whole, is very well marked, its roots being in the African nature, not the European. I have made only one or two slight incursions into this field, which I reserve for future effort.

Fragments of the second class have appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* and elsewhere ; but I expect shortly to make a more full and systematic representation in the *Anthropologist* of this city. I have been able to collect about a hundred games, involving some literary or fanciful element, without going even into our suburbs. No doubt there are many ears left for the gleaner.

The adult traditions take one farther afield, the wonder-tales in particular being scattered at irregular distances up or down the river. Each belongs to a place, and may be considered as an attempted explanation of something unusual also belonging thereto. I will begin with them.

The Spectral Drummer Boy.

Three miles above Georgetown (now West Washington) the Potomac in a narrow stream comes shattering through and over a mass of rocks, making a "rapid" rather than a cataract, which is known as the Little Falls. The Virginia shore rises from the water's edge in precipices of considerable height, generally wooded, here and there indented by ravines, and at some points blasted out by quarrymen. The Maryland shore is flat; at low water a labyrinth of rocks and thickets, pools and devious waterways; in times of freshet a reach of hidden obstructions where the water tears and boils and wears great hollows with stone in stone. From the Chain Bridge, inaccurately so called, you look down on the ceaseless rush and upflowering against the piers. It is the very place for strange and musical noises, and the fancies which should go with them; and there, from time to time, has verily been heard the phantom drum.

It seems that in one of the early British expeditions a boat-load of soldiers attempted to cross the river, where the water widens about a quarter of a mile below the falls. Near the Maryland shore they were upset, and a drummer boy who was with them went down, and never rose again. But his music did not cease. He played one tune down below, and that usually in token of coming death. My first informants had heard the sound more than once when out fishing, and made all haste for the shore. But they knew of a less fortunate result of the warning. A certain river man, growing tired of the endless repetition of notes in the same order, turned on his unseen borer, demanding with a curse, "Can't you play anything but that?" My narrator added with all solemnity, "That man never reached the shore alive."

The main items of the legend, with certain additions which I did not get at first hand, were first made public by Mr. Charles Lanneau in one of his books, he having derived them from an old fisherman who was dead when my inquiries began. I have since heard the tale, with slight additions, from divers persons. The musician is heard by those ashore as well as by those afloat; occasionally he seems to be ashore also; and finally there are those who believe him to have come

as a ghostly herald or accompaniment of war, and discountenance all faith in his performances since 1865.

The Three Sisters.

About half a mile above the city limits there are three rocky islets. Just below the last of these three rock-points rise out of water at low tide. Some say that just here the sisters were drowned. One account makes them Indian maidens out fishing ; another, white damsels going to mill. The three islands, it used to be said, came up to mark their resting-places; but the popular credulity which can still swallow and digest a drum-playing phantom is no longer equal to dealing with such gymnastics on the part of great masses of stone. Also one hears no longer of a certain dreaded whirlpool near that group, which young swimmers once knew of. Old residents insist on the actual death of three sisters by an overset boat; but the circumstances raise a strong presumption in favour of the theory that the three neighbouring islands called for a metaphorical name, and the name in turn called for some fancy work by way of justifying it.

The Devil's Jump.

Fifteen miles down the river the Piscataway joins it from the north by a broad, shallow estuary, once navigable, now choked; most probably by the uptilting of strata. The region about it was early settled, the village of the above name appearing on maps of over two hundred years ago. Near it Tinker's Branch, a tributary, flows in. Following this beyond the deserted Chapel Hill, where white men's graves are going as the red men's have gone before, you come to a wild cluster of steep ravines, branching like the fingers of one's hand, converging toward the south-eastward, and overgrown with magnificent forestry. It is a spot sacred to Pan, or rather Satan, for he took from here his twenty-mile leap to Port Tobacco over the open country lying stretched before you; and moreover, according to one account he is even yet to be dreaded hereabout by sinners late o' nights, for he has not lost his agility. This curious fragment of a tale and the local name, the Devil's Jump, have lasted for at least a

generation, and spread over many miles. Beyond the rather savage picturesqueness of the place, its secluded situation, and the chance that Indian rites may once have taken place there, I know of nothing to throw light on the matter.

The Pincushion Stone.

Crossing the river and going a very little downward, you would come to what was formerly the Mount Vernon estate. Professor Otis T. Mason, who formerly dwelt on a part of it, tells me that at the crossing of two roads there formerly stood an upright landmark, or what seemed to be one, which went by the above title. It was said that a man had murdered his wife there because of a quarrel about a pincushion; and that in (rather illogical) consequence she lay in wait at this point for benighted wayfarers, whom she delighted to stick full of pins. A sceptic finally took up the stone and built it into his barn by way of disproof; but unluckily the barn took fire and burned down, a series of misfortunes followed, and in the end the hold of the Pincushion Stone on popular credulity was stronger than ever.

The Treasure of Cacapan.

Cacapan creek is one of the minor affluents of the Potomac while that river passes through the Alleghany ridges; and one of the minor folds of those ridges parallel with the creek is known as Cacapan mountain. Walking over this beside a mountaineer some years ago, I heard from him a local legend which sounded to me like something fresh from the old world. I had asked him if there were any mines of valuable metals thereabout. After some information of a commonplace kind, he added that as to gold and silver there was plenty of them in the mountains as everybody knew; and the place had been found. A lot of foreign men, who acted very queerly, and kept to themselves, and who spoke a language which nobody about them could understand, had settled along that mountain, and dug into it, and found gold there. They worked at night mostly; and at last left suddenly, and covered the hole with a stone, and put a spell on it. For a long time nobody could find the spot; but a man out hunting

came on it in a thicket and tried to raise the stone, but failed. He went for help, but could not lead them back to where it was. Afterward a man looking for sheep or cattle discovered it; but he could not lift it either, and proved a bad pilot likewise. These men had described it as marked with very strange letters. Now in that neighbourhood there was a negro who pretended to that kind of magic which is commonly supposed to belong to Vaudos or other heathen rites, although most of those who practise it claim to be Christians. He determined to set *his* black lore against that of the foreigners; and succeeded not only in finding the stone but in partly lifting it also. Then there was a sudden rush of enemies whom he could not see, and he felt blows falling all over him as he was fleeing headlong down the mountain-side. Nobody has ever found the magically-anchored stone since that day.

Ghost-stories are attached to various houses in Washington as in other cities, but they are of recent date, or ordinary features, presenting nothing, so far as I know, that would interest a student of folk-lore. We are quite without any ghost-laying parsons, or any faith in such; and the services of our rather numerous scientific societies have not as yet been called into requisition. Across Chesapeake bay, in Queen Anne county, Maryland, there is an unique tale, of long standing, wherein a ghost appears by daylight, evidently from a very hot place, makes a demand for certain moneys on behalf of his children, and burns his finger-points into a fence-rail to attest the verity of his presence. This rail, I am assured, was actually produced in court as documentary evidence. But I am travelling beyond my proper bounds.

Animal Lore.

Some elements of this are hardly less marvellous. Now and then they take a narrative form, though of course not confined to any places.

Of the mole it is said that he once had excellent eyes, but no tail. The other animals jeered at him for this deficiency. Meeting a creature, or being (of which I could get no more definite account), he bewailed his tailless condition. The offer was then made to him by

this one of preternatural power that he should give up his eyesight in exchange for his tail. He accepted, and the mole goes blind, but with a slim tail, to this day.

In another narrative the mole is a young lady who was too proud to be tolerated. So she wears fine clothes underground, and has no eyes either for her own beauty or that of others.

The fore-paws of a mole cut off and hung around a child's neck are considered an excellent assistance in teething.

The large rock-fish, or striped bass, are found to be unwholesome at certain seasons. This is caused by their bad habit of feeding on the copper-mines under the sea.

There are divers creatures of fabulous or exaggerated attributes about our homes. Thus the "wood-bitch" will attack man, leaping upon him in the spring from some tree. Her bite is fatal. The "ground-dog" keeps close to the earth, but can bark and bite, being a degree less dangerous. Both of these must be salamanders by the description I have of them. So, too, the "scorpion," which is bright coloured, and runs along fence-rails, not having much in common with the diabolical wingless little dragon, which goes elsewhere more properly by the same name. The "sassafras-worm" has a face somewhat like an owl, feeds on the sassafras-tree, and stings severely. The "corn-worm" I suppose to be some large and active grub which devotes itself in like manner to the maize. It is dreaded by workers in the field.

The "fire-tangler" is a caterpillar with a feathery parti-coloured fan-like tail, very handsome and very virulent I have seen its work, which was very effective. The "rearhorse" is the Carolina mantis, one of our oddest insect figures. The "devil's saddle-horse" is an ugly predatory creature, not growing so large as the other, but bearing a mark like a saddle on his back. The "blood-'n-'oven," or "blood-nout," is the deep-voiced green batrachian elsewhere known as "bull-frog." The "bull-bat" is the "night-hawk" of the north, a near cousin of the English goat-sucker. "Chimney-bats" are swifts. The "rain-crow" is the cuckoo, and a weather-prophet.

When it is ebb-tide the slits in a cat's eyes are horizontal; flood-tide, vertical.

When a sleeping dog "hunts in dreams," some one is coming from the direction in which his nose points.

Hang up a dead snake, and it will rain to-morrow.

Kill a frog, and it will rain hard for three days.

A cock crowing at the door announces a visitor.

If he walks in, turns round and crows, he announces a death in the family.

Moon-lore.

The moon lying on her back indicates rain.

The moon pointing to the south-east does likewise.

There will be no change in the weather until the moon changes.

Potatoes should be planted in the dark of the moon or they will not thrive. This applies to seeds, in a less degree.

Fish will bite better in the change of the moon.

A spring should be cleaned only in a certain time of the moon. Informant not sure which.

A child born at the full of the moon will be a boy.

Omens and Divinations.

If you open an umbrella in the house, the youngest person present will die.

If you hang a coat or hat on the door-knob of a door or door-bell, the youngest of the house will die.

It is unlucky to sweep the dirt out of the house after 12 a.m. That is the time for funerals.

It is unlucky to go in at one door and out at another. (As life does?)

It is not wise to set a hen during a certain part of August. The life of the world is at its lowest then.

On a journey, if you meet a woman, it is bad luck. If an old woman, it is worse. If you speak to her, worst of all.

Take the combings of your hair, and burn them. If they burn steadily for a long time, you will live long also. If the blaze flashes up and dies out quickly, your life will do likewise.

A piece of paper is sometimes used instead.

If two people are about to wash their hands in the same water, they must sign the cross over it, or they will quarrel.

If two persons going hand-in-hand meet an obstacle which divides them, the one on the left will go to hell, the one on the right to heaven. Another version substitutes "good luck" and "bad luck" for this impromptu day of judgment.

If you drop a pair of scissors, and one point sticks in the floor, a visitor is foretold from the direction in which the other leg is extended.

If you find a four-leaved clover, put it in your slipper. Look in after a week, but not till then, and you will find a gold bracelet.

If you find a four-leaved clover, you will have good fortune.

To determine whether you are loved or not, strike a match. If it goes out before it crumbles to pieces, yes; if not, no.

Or, fold a rose-petal to form a bag. Knock it on your hand. If it makes a loud noise, yes; if not, no.

You must keep very quiet after a wedding as the bride passes out. If you can hear a pin drop, that is good luck.

"Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger,
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,
Sneeze on Wednesday, expect a letter,
Sneeze on Thursday, expect something better,
Sneeze on Friday, joy and sorrow,
Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow."

Luck in Birth.

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday, no luck at all."

Infancy.

A child which has never seen its father possesses through life the power of curing most diseases, especially whooping-cough. The remedy is applied by blowing down the patient's throat.

An infant born with a caul has the gift of seeing spirits. The only way to prevent this is to keep the caul carefully as long as he (or she) lives, and not to let him (or her) ever see it.

A cradle must not be rocked while empty, or the child's death will soon make it empty indeed.

A cradle must not be moved by two persons. Two would move the child's coffin.

A child should not be laid on the table or measured, these acts being ominous of death.

If a sick child smiles as though recognising some one, it has been called, and will soon go to another world.

Baptism (by the mark of the cross) will make a child sleep better thereafter.

Baptism (by the mark of the cross) is a cure for sickness.

An infant must be carried upstairs before it has ever gone downstairs. Otherwise it will keep going down all its life.

Charms.

For warts.—Touch the wart with a stick, looking over your shoulder at the new moon. Then throw the stick away, and be careful not to look at the moon or the stick again that night.

Take stones and smear them with blood from the wart. Throw them away. Whoever steps on the stones will get the wart, and you will lose it.

For freckles.—Count them, and throw an equal number of pebbles in a paper. Whoever steps on the paper will get the freckles.

This list is by no means exhaustive, I presume. Indeed, it represents, more probably, but a very small part of what might be collected. Some of the above sayings have currency mainly in certain classes of adults, farm labourers, for. example, or nurses; others are of recent importation from remoter parts of the neighbouring states, and may not stay with us permanently; a few would rarely, if at all, be heard except among the negroes or the children; yet taking the past and

future into consideration they are hardly assignable to either of the two corresponding classes. As a whole they are anything but homogeneous, having come trooping here from divers quarters of perhaps three continents.

CLOUD-LAND IN FOLK-LORE AND IN SCIENCE.

[A Lecture delivered before the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh, Dec. 6th, 1887, by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby.]

THE last time I had the honour of addressing an audience in this hall it was for the purpose of explaining modern developments of cloud-knowledge from a meteorological point of view. To-night, I propose to cast a glance backwards, so as to bring to your notice the manner in which people in ancient times have looked at clouds, and the extraordinary influence which the imagery they saw in cloud-forms had on their mental development.

Two important facts connected with cloud-forms will greatly simplify our task. In the first place, cloud-forms are essentially the same all over the world, as I shall show you incidentally during this lecture; and, in the second place, though no two clouds are ever the same, any more than two faces, still, all varieties of combinations are essentially reducible to six or seven fundamental structures.

I think the best way will be to show you successively seven of the fundamental structures of clouds, chiefly by means of photographs taken by myself in various parts of the world. Then, when you see the cloud on the screen, you will readily realise how the forms have suggested ideas to savages, and how these ideas have grown into mythology. I will next remark on the survivals of that attitude of

mind which are still current in the names that are used by rustics to denote certain forms of cloud, and then give the modern explanation of the origin of each type of cloud-structure.

Finally we will consider the difference in the attitude of mind induced by ancient and modern thought, and show the great superiority of what we may call the scientific spirit to the frame of mind that is influenced by poetry and by art.

Hairy Structure.

We will begin with that hairy or fibrous structure which is universally known as "cirrus." This is a form of cloud which unfortunately it is almost impossible to photograph. The picture* now on the screen is a rather heavy wisp of cirrus taken near London, in which you see the fibrous structure of the end of the cloud. The picture was taken at sunset, so that the cloud appears dark against a bright background.

The next example is from a beautiful drawing by Mr. C. Ley, the great authority on clouds, where you see two typical examples of the commonest forms of cirrus. The upper wisps have often been called "cirrus claws," from a fancied analogy to the claws of a bird, while the lower mass, where a patch of cloud is drawn out into hairs, looks something like a flattened centipede.

Now a glance at these pictures will explain at once how in an early stage of civilisation people saw hairy monsters in the sky, and there is no doubt that many mythological stories have grown out of or been suggested by hairy cirrus.

There are numerous survivals of this attitude of mind in present use; "mares'-tails" (Fig. 1, see next page), or the long wisps of cirrus which often precede or accompany wind, are familiar to you all. So also is "goat's hair," to which we shall refer again, though here it will suffice to mention that one of the monsters of Greek mythology was called "Chimæra," or the she-goat.

Other less known forms of cirrus are known as "sea-grass," "cats'

* This and many other allusions to illustrations refer to pictures shown at the lecture, and not to examples given in this printed paper.

tails," and cocks'-plumes." The last two are of great importance as they are the almost invariable precursors of tropical hurricanes.

The history of the word cirrus, which is now applied to hairy clouds, affords an extraordinary illustration of the persistency of the same ideas in men's minds in different ages. Cirrus was first used about fifty years ago by Mr. Luke Howard, a Quaker, to whom any name connected with heathen mythology was specially distasteful. Still, when looking about for a word for this cloud structure, he selected the

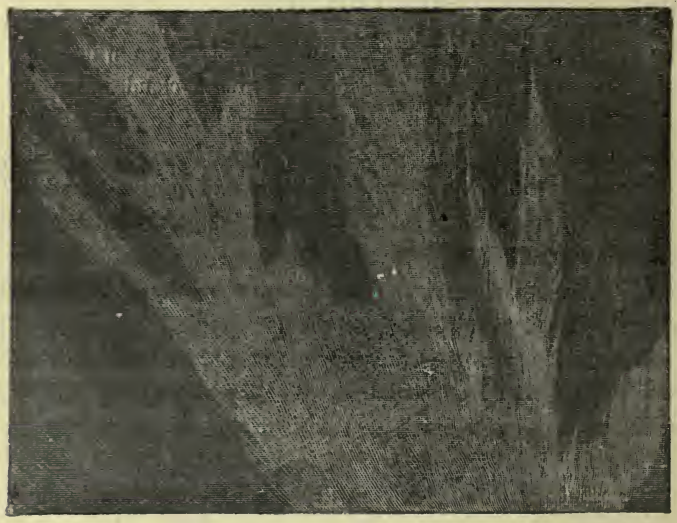

Fig. 1.—Mares' Tails: a form of Cirrus. From a Photograph by Osti of Upsala.

Latin word cirrus or a curl of hair, little knowing that he was reproducing exactly the same idea as suggested the Chimæra and other mythological monsters.

Another form of cirrus takes rather the form of long lines than of hairy wisps.

The example now before you is from the tropics, and here we see a line of cirrus over the top of a fine rocky cumulus, while in this picture you see cirrus-stripes taken near Dover, which do not converge because they are not seen end on.

The lines when long enough always appear to converge in perspective towards some two points on the horizon exactly opposite to each other; and numerous curious names have been given to this appearance of the clouds. In England and Sweden the converging stripes are called "Noah's ark," and several weather prognostics depend on whether the ark turns its head to the wind, and whether the windows are open or shut. What phase of cloud represents the windows I cannot say, for I have never heard the expression myself applied to an actual cloud, but it may have reference to the cross-barred or striated structure which cirrus-stripes so often exhibit.

In Rhineland a similar form of cirrus is called the "sea ship," or "Mary's ship," and in all cases the converging stripes appear to have suggested the timbers of a ship tapering towards the bow and stern.

We shall show presently the modern explanation of the origin of cirrus; that of cirrus-stripes, and reason why they sometimes lie across the wind, and why they at other times turn their head to the wind is far too complicated for a popular lecture. Suffice it say that we do not now see fanciful forms in cirrus-stripes, but rather the product of threads of vapour being condensed and drawn out by currents of air 20,000 feet above the earth; and that we can often get useful information respecting coming weather by noting the direction and motion of these thin lines of hairy cloud.

Fleecy Structure.

There is another type of structure to which it is impossible to give a better epithet than fleecy. We often see a lovely, bright cloud high in the heavens that looks exactly like a sheep's fleece, and totally unlike any other cloud-form. It is found all over the world. The picture you now see was taken at Folkestone, while this heavier form of the same cloud is from the "Doldrums" in the North Atlantic, and this beautiful specimen (Fig. 2, see next page) is from near the Falkland Islands.

I cannot give you any mythological or folk-lore story which refers exactly to this kind of cloud, but I have no doubt that some of the imagery of the Greek legends has been taken from this source. At the present time, however, nearly every country uses the word fleecy, or some

term derived from a sheep to denote this structure. We often call it "wool-pack," the Germans dub these cloudlets "schafschen," while the Italians talk of "El ciel pecorello," all of which contain the same idea of something fleecy.

In another allied form we get a flock of cloudlets without a characteristic fleecy look, and then there is the familiar appearance of what is called "mackerel-sky" or "mackerel-scales," and also the less well-known forms, "the salmon" and "the hake." I am sorry that I cannot show a photograph or even a good drawing of these clouds (as they are not common), and their forms are not easy to delineate.

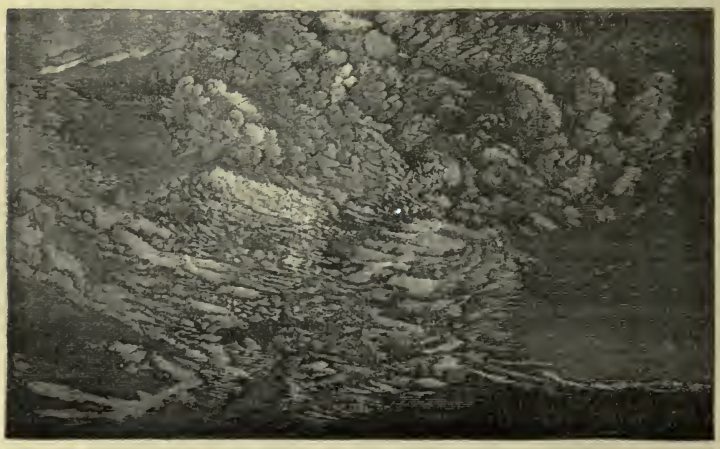

Fig. 2.—Fleecy Cloud, near Falkland Islands.

To those who know this kind of sky it is, however, easy to see how the forms have suggested the idea of fishes to people who dealt much in fish.

The explanation of the origin of fleecy clouds has not yet been altogether discovered. There is, however, no doubt that they are formed somehow by the action of two currents of air, moving either at different speeds, or in different directions one above the other, on a thin sheet of cloud that lies between them. Sand is often blown into ridges transverse to the wind like waves of the sea, and we can reproduce the structure of fleecy clouds in an extraordinary manner by making

the water in a bucket which contains a little very fine sand oscillate to and fro. We cannot, however, suppose that air oscillates this way backwards and forwards, though one current may easily flow over another in puffs or gusts. We also often see rising mist dragging along a mountain side assume a very fleecy appearance, apparently owing to the effect of little eddies caused by friction along the ground. Here is a very good example of a rising drifting mist taken by myself in the Himalayas from an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet. You see that the lowest and thinnest part of the mist is decidedly fleecy in structure.

But whatever uncertainty there may be as to some of the conditions under which fleecy clouds are developed, whenever we do see them we do not think about flocks of sheep, or of who shepherds the herd, but of the upper currents of the atmosphere, and of their varying speed and direction, and of what circulation of the atmosphere will produce the woolly structure.

Flat Structure.

I shall pass by with barest notice the flat thin layers or sheets of cloud that are so often found in fine weather, and which are technically known as stratus-clouds. Here is a typical example from London (Fig. 3), and another one nearly from the Antipodes, at Ohinemotu in New Zealand.

Fig. 3.—Flat Cloud, usually known as Stratus. Taken in London.

There is so little distinctive about this cloud-form that it scarcely appears in folk-lore, though I believe that in Lancashire these flat sheets of condensed vapour are still called "the blanket of the sun."

We will therefore pass on to the most striking and important.

Rocky Structure.

In this form the summit of the cloud is always more or less rocky or lumpy, but the varieties are innumerable. Meteorologists call the whole class—cumulus.

Sometimes, as in this illustration from the Brazilian coast, you see small detached clouds, each with its own rocky top above a flat base; while in this beautiful picture of Rio Janeiro you see a mountainous mass of cloud rising out of the gloom below it. The third example I have put on the screen is a rocky cloud in London, simply to show that the form of cloud there is essentially the same as in South America.

There is no doubt that some mythical caves and mountains have their origin in rocky clouds, but it is always difficult to separate these legends from the purely folk-lore story of human incident.

Sometimes these threatening masses of rainy cloud are associated with low hairy cloud, something like the form of cirrus we have called "goat's-hair." Here is a typical illustration from a thunderstorm in Borneo (Fig. 4), where you see the cloud on the top of the picture

Fig. 4.—Mountainous Cumulus, drawn out into a sort of "Goat's hair" above, over a thunderstorm in Borneo.

combed out, as it were, into a hairy mass in front of the heavy cloud-bank below.

I have no doubt that the old Norse idea of Thor's chariot being drawn by goats had its origin in this phase of cloud building. Here is an exact quotation from the story of Rungni in Theodwolf's haust-long, as given by Mr. Vigfuson.

"THEODWOLF'S HAUSTLONG.

"*The story of Rungni.*—Next I see how the terror of the giants (Thor) visited the cave-dweller, Rungni, at Rockgarth, in a ring of flame. The son of earth drove to the battle, and the moon's path (heaven) thundered beneath him. The whole ether was on fire about him, and the flat outstretched ground below him was beaten with the hail. Yea, the earth was rent asunder as the goats drew the chariot-god on to his tryst with Rungni."

So that where man in the myth-making and poetic epoch of development speaks of Thor's chariot being drawn by goats the more prosaic man of modern times notes the combing out of a cloud in front of rocky looking masses, popularly known as "goats'-hair," as a sign of impending rain.

Unfortunately we cannot explain this curious appearance, but it is certain that it is due to the condensation of vapour under certain conditions that we do not know at present.

In another form of rocky structure, the cloud takes the form of a number of small heads, usually all in a line.

Here is a beautiful slide, from a sketch by Mr. Ley, of a type which so frequently precedes thunderstorms that they are called "thunder-heads" in many parts of the country.

There is no doubt that the hundred-headed monsters, and three-headed dogs, which play so large a part in all mythologies, have their mental origin in this form of rocky cloud. The idea of a cloud-form, like heads, is perpetually cropping up.

We have already mentioned one cloud-name that contains the idea of a head; but we often see on the west coast a small detached, lumpy, patch of cloud, usually above a heavy gust, which fishermen call the

"wind-gall," or "wind-dog." When the sun suits, and a little fragment of rainbow forms at the side of the cloud, the whole is called a "boar's head." I have no doubt that the little bit of shiny bow on the side of the knobby cloud has suggested the idea of a boar's tusk.

In mythology and folk-lore all these phases of rocky structure are naturally combined and confused, for they all occur together during thunderstorms. The rocky cavernous masses of cloud, the small heads of condensed vapour, and the hairy structure in front of ominous gloom, are all combined in folk's minds, till cloudland is peopled with hairy monsters and many-headed dragons.

Here is an extract from some Chinese historical records nearly three hundred years ago :—

"A.D. 1605. A couple of dragons fought at Whampoa and tore up a large tree, and demolished several tens of houses.

"A.D. 1608, 4th moon. A gyrating dragon was seen over the decorated summit of a pagoda; all around were clouds and fog, the tail only of the dragon was visible ; in the space of eating a meal it went away, leaving the marks of its claws on the pagoda."

These manifestly refer to the long narrow funnel, or tail-shaped cloud, which constitutes the spout of a tornado or whirlwind.

Even in our own time the idea of monsters embracing the heavens and fighting with the sun strikes many minds. The following extract is from a charming book by a London barrister published about ten years ago.* At page 46 we find the following:—

"October 4th, 1880. Wind E.S.E. At midday in long. 25° 1′ W. lat. 10° 32′ N.; distance made this day 152 miles. During the day the wind came round till it was quite aft. The glass fell rather suddenly—more than a tenth in a few hours. In the evening there was a wild appearance of the sky, slight squalls of wind and rain, and signs of worse weather coming; then followed a magnificent sunset, ominous of a storm, and a calm for a while.

"So threatening was the appearance of the heavens to windward that all hands stayed on deck to see what was coming. Right aft we perceived an inky mass of cloud rising from the horizon. It had huge rugged black streaks diverging from it in all directions like the

* From Knight's *Cruize of the Falcon*, pp. 46-47.

claws or arms of some great monster crab or polypus. Bigger and bigger the threatening mass swelled, and the evil-looking arms stretched half round the horizon to the zenith, as if the monster was about to enclose the whole world in its grasp—a wonderful and awful appearance. Our sails flapped as we rolled in the calm; we lowered the mainsail, made all snug, and awaited. First, constant and vivid sheet and forked lightning of a blue colour came out of the cloud, and then down burst the squall on us, and such a squall. The cloud had enveloped all the sky, had blotted out all the stars; never have I experienced so complete a darkness on the seas. The wind blew with great fury; and we could not turn our faces to the stinging rain, so smartly it struck. We scudded on before the heavy gusts."

The modern explanation of rocky cloud is very simple. Under certain circumstances air seems to rise in columns, when it is chilled, both by its own expansion and by its projection into the colder regions of the atmosphere. At some height a temperature will be reached when the vapour in the air is condensed. This level gives the line of the flat base of the cloud, while the rocky summits are formed by the air rushing up like the steam out of the funnel of a locomotive. Rocky clouds are in fact the visible capital of an invisible column of air.

The form and details depend on circumstances. On a fine day evaporation produces a beautiful, quiet, and peaceable looking cloud, while the rolling eddies in front of a thunderstorm produce wild-looking masses of extraordinary shape, whose terrifying effect is enhanced by their inky look and by the ominous calm which precede an impending storm.

Here is a diagram to show the general idea of the origin of rocky cloud where the dotted lines below indicate the position of the rising air column under the rocky cloud.

Sometimes a column of rising air gets attenuated into a thread, and when this condenses we get a hairy or fibrous cloud. This I have endeavoured to show in the upper part of the diagram.

There are numerous forms of hairy structure which we cannot at present explain, but they are all unquestionably only forms of condensed vapour drawn out into threads and fibres, as we so often see

dust blown out by the wind, or possibly by some electrical action between the particles of ice or water-dust.

Pendulous, or Festooned Structure.

In another very marked type of structure the under surface of a cloud is festooned downwards, as in the diagram now before you (Fig. 5), which is from a sketch by Mr. Clouston of Orkney. Up there they call this the "pocky," *i.e.* the pocket-cloud; while in Lancashire these somewhat globular masses are known as "rain-balls." This is because this cloud is almost the invariable precursor of a heavy shower.

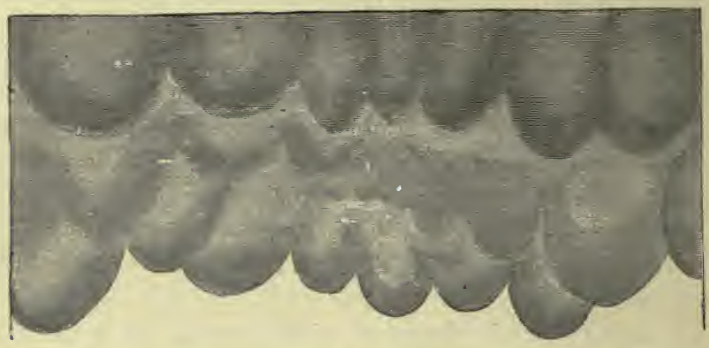

Fig. 5.—The Udders of the Cows of Indra. Festooned Clouds.

The poets who wrote the Vedic hymns talk of the udders of the cows of Indra, which drop richness on the earth; and to show how persistently the same idea is suggested by the same forms Mr. C. Ley has proposed the technical name of *mammato-cumulus* for this shape of cloud.

The modern explanation of festooned clouds assumes that the ascentional column of air which forms flat-based cumulus suddenly fails, and that then the cloud begins to fall downwards.

Flat Lumpy Structure.

Lastly there is a cloud structure, intermediate between flat cloud and rocky cloud, which is known to meteorologists as *strato-cumulus*.

Here is an example from the English Channel, and two beautiful examples from near Teneriffe.

It is evident that the form is not very distinctive, but you see in one of the last two pictures (Fig. 6) a striking appearance, which has apparently impressed men's minds in all countries. When the sun shines through the chinks of this kind of cloud we see a sheaf of diverging rays radiating from him. This is when he is above the horizon, but in finer climates than our own we sometimes see a beautiful fan

Fig. 6.—The Ropes of Maui. Rays of light diverging from the sun behind a cloud. Near Teneriffe.

of pink rays streaming up from below the horizon just after sunset or before sunrise. These last are technically known as crepuscular or twilight rays.

In this country the first of these kinds of rays, when the sun is above the horizon, is universally known as "the sun drawing water." In Yorkshire, I believe, they call this appearance "the ship," from a fancied resemblance to the shrouds and rigging of a ship; and when looking at these rays I have heard a sailor say that "the sun was setting up his back-stays."

In Denmark they talk of "Locke drawing water," which is a distinct survival of some attribute of that strange god Locke in the Eddas, who is alternately the betrayer and saviour of his brother Asas.

Both forms of rays are very common in Ceylon, where they are

known as "Buddha's rays"; while in the Harvey Islands, between Fiji and Tahiti, they are called "the ropes of Maui."

The following beautiful story of Maui, the great hero of the Pacific, is a typical specimen of a folk-lore story, where some of the imagery has been suggested by appearances in the sky.

The Legend of Maui.

Maui was the great hero of the Pacific, and had already not only discovered the secret of fire for the use of mortals, but had elevated the sky above the earth; the sun, however, had a trick of setting every now and then, so that it was impossible to get through any work, even an oven of food could not be prepared and cooked before the sun had set; nor could an incantation to the gods be chaunted through, ere the world was overtaken by darkness.

Now Ra, or the Sun, is a living creature and divine; in form resembling a man, and possessed of fearful energy. His golden locks are displayed morning and evening to mankind. But Tatanga advised her son not to have anything to do with Ra; as many had at different times endeavoured to regulate his movements, and had all signally failed. But the redoubtable Maui was not to be discouraged, and resolved to capture the sun god Ra.

Maui now plaited six great ropes of strong cocoa-nut fibre, each of four strands, and of a great length. He started off with his ropes to the distant aperture through which the sun climbs up from Avaiki, or the land of ghosts, into the heavens, and there laid a slip-noose for him. Further on in the Sun's path a second trap was laid; in fact all the six ropes were placed at distant intervals along the accustomed route of Ra.

Very early in the morning the unsuspecting Sun clambered up from Avaiki to perform his usual journey through the heavens. Maui was lying in wait near the first noose and exultingly pulled it; but it slipped down the Sun's body and only caught his feet. Maui ran forward to look after the second noose, but that likewise slipped, though luckily it closed round the Sun's knees; the third caught him round the hips; the fourth round the waist; the fifth under the arms. Still the Sun went tearing on his path, scarcely heeding the contrivances of Maui, but happily for Maui's designs the sixth and last

of the nooses caught the Sun round the neck. Ra, or the Sun, now terribly frightened, struggled hard for his liberty, but to no purpose. For Maui pulled the rope so tight as almost to strangle the Sun, and then fastened the end of his rope to a point of rock.

Ra, now nearly dead, confessed himself to be vanquished; and, fearing for his life, gladly agreed to the demand of Maui that he should be in future a little more reasonable and deliberate in his movements through the heavens so as to enable the inhabitants of this world to get through their employments with ease.

The Sun god Ra was now allowed to proceed on his way; but Maui wisely declined to take off these ropes, wishing to keep Ra in constant fear. These ropes may still be seen hanging from the Sun at dawn and when he descends into the ocean at night. By the assistance of the ropes he is gently let down into Avaiki, and in the morning raised up out of the shades; while the islanders still say when they see rays of light diverging from the Sun, "Tena te taura a Maui!" "Behold the ropes of Maui."

Such is the pretty story as given by Mr. W. W. Gill, in his *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, and it would be impossible to find a simpler instance of a nature folk-lore story, or tale to account for the origin of the aspects of nature. Here we have the story in a simple form, but Sir George Grey gives a variant of the same from New Zealand in which all trace of nature origin is lost.

What we have to note here is that a climate where rays form nearly every day is very different from that of Scotland, where the appearance is uncommon. I wish I could have developed here in more detail the relation of mythology to climate.

The modern explanation of diverging rays is very simple. They are simply parallel rays of light, streaming through chinks between the clouds, but appearing to converge from the effect of perspective. When the sun is high, the rays appear bright against the dark under-surface of the clouds, which are in shadow; but when the sun is below the horizon the rays are pink and the surrounding sky green.

Fog and Mist.

These need not detain us long, as they are too formless to attract men's minds.

There is however a very pretty Bengalese tale to explain the origin of mist, which is such a typical example of a folk-lore story in which nature has furnished none of the imagery that I will now read it to you.

The origin of mist is grounded on the following story.

One fine summer's morning Matsaganda, the daughter of Whebur Raja, was tripping along the bank of a beautiful silvery lake, clear as crystal. As she sped along she admired the brightness of the scenery, and the flitting of the beautiful plumaged waterfowl, scarcely disturbed by her fairy feet. She was charmed with the mellow tints of the morning dawn, and the light murmurs of the southern breeze. Approaching day smiled in brightness, and happiness dwelt around. As she was listlessly musing on these beauties, suddenly there appeared before her a man of large and majestic appearance, and richly clad. Taking her tapering hand in his, he thus spoke: "I am Monassi Muni, lady; thy loveliness has bound me your slave; my heart is gone and with it happiness, unless you smile on me." The fair Matsaganda blushed and brightened at these words; she hesitated to reply, she was indeed silent. Muni waited in impatient ecstacy; at last he took her in his arms; when breaking silence, she thus replied: "If thou be a god, darken this sequestered spot of my father's kingdom." Muni created mist.

People nowadays only look on fog or mist as the product of the condensation of vapour in a calm atmosphere, and have no need to go into the supernatural for the cause of so simple a phenomenon.

We have now finished our review of all the structures in cloudland which concern us this evening; we have seen the likeness to terrestrial objects that many nations have found in the sky; we have sketched briefly the modern explanations of these same cloud-forms; and we will now conclude with a few remarks on the difference in the attitude of mind induced by the ancient personification of every natural phenomenon, and the modern way of looking at the same thing.

We may notice that nature stories are of two kinds. The forms of clouds or appearances in the sky have furnished the imagery or suggested a simile in the first kind; while the latter are simply tales

of human incident to account for a natural phenomenon on which the form of the cloud has had no influence.

The legend of Maui, and all the fanciful cloud-names we have just described, are examples of the first kind of tale, while the story of Matsaganda is a typical specimen of the latter variety.

The images that people see in the sky depend on their attitude of mind and on any exciting ideas that may be prevailing at the time. For instance, before the siege of Jerusalem chariot-wheels were seen in the sky. These of course were halos, which sometimes form very curious and complex circles near the sun.

When the Turks were driven from the gates of Vienna there was observed in the sky a crescent reversed, with a sword through the centre. This was evidently the fragment of the halo whose centre is directly over the observer, which was only bright enough to show just above the sun, with a so-called "sun-pillar" or streak of white light shooting upwards from the sun through the halo. The outside of the halo would be downwards, and therefore look like a crescent reversed; while the bright stripe of light would suggest a sword to fighting-men.

Similarly the night before Culloden, King George, with two courtiers, observed from Windsor battlements a cloud resembling a thistle upside down, with the dim shadowy outline of a Scotchman, with targe and claymore, falling backwards.

And now coming nearer the present time, to the 22nd of September last, the *St. Stephen's Review* of London published the illustration I now show on the screen, together with the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,— I venture to enclose a rough sketch from nature of an extraordinary appearance presented in the clouds this day—September 16, 1887—between twelve and one o'clock, and to my mind it seemed like the British lion suppressing the uncrowned Irish harp. The harp vanished, and in its place came a clearly defined head of a man with a beard under the paw of the lion, and behind was a crowned female head. This wonderful appearance was clearly defined in white clouds on grey . . . . . Yours faithfully,

E. M. Hutton.

Sept. 16, 1887. Luchie, North Berwick."

What kind of sky this would be I really cannot say, but it would have been very interesting to have seen a photograph of the cloud-forms. Most probably the sky was a shifting form of flat heavy striated sky, while the recent Jubilee and prevailing excitement about the Irish question suggested the similes to the observer's mind.

Here is a curious photograph of a cloud-form taken by myself near Teneriffe, and reproduced most accurately by Mr. J. D. Cooper in Fig. 7. When taking it I cannot say I was looking much at the

Fig. 7.—Clouds in the form of a one-eyed flying figure. From Teneriffe.

shape, but was waiting with my hand on the shutter-trigger to give an instantaneous exposure to the plate when the sun was sufficiently behind the cloud; but everybody who has seen the picture says at once,—What a singular appearance of a flying figure! The ball of the sun, just showing through the cloud, is the eye of the face which is seen in profile; while some of the cloud to the right may be taken either for wings or hair, according to fancy. Has not some similar imagery suggested the idea of a one-eyed Thor, and of many other one-eyed mythological characters?

But now let us turn to the disastrous influence, which the attitude of mind that personifies everything, has on human conduct and human development.

So long as cloudland was peopled with terrible beings and horrible monsters it necessarily followed that man was afraid of the creatures of his own imagination.

If a man believes there is a being up in the clouds who throws thunderbolts about, it is but natural that he should be afraid of that being, just as he would be of some one stronger than himself who was throwing stones in ordinary life.

These ideas would be intensified by familiarity with the productions of poets and painters. The poet deals in heroics, and the essence of his art is to embody and personify the manifestations of nature. The painter lives by inspiring awe and exaggerating mental emotions. If he paints a thunderbolt-throwing man, the hero must be colossal and above the strength of ordinary mortals; while if he paints a storm at sea the waves must be mountainous, the sky must be more ominous than was ever seen in nature, and the men's faces must show terror.

Aristophanes parodies the poetic attitude of mind in the following passage from his play called "The Clouds":

"Strepsiades. For this reason, then, they introduced into their verses 'the dreadful impetuosity of the lightning-whirling clouds,' and 'the locks of the hundred-headed Typho,' and 'the hard-blowing tempests,' and then 'aerial moist crooked-clawed birds floating in the air.'"

And again:

"Chorus. Eternal clouds! let us raise into open sight our dewy clear-bright existence from the deep-sounding sea, our father, up to the crests of the wooded hills, whence we look down over the sacred land, nourishing its fruits, and over the rippling of the divine rivers."

Now this is all poetic and very pretty, but the attitude of mind is bad, for this way of looking at things will never brace man up to conquering or utilizing the manifestations of nature.

Let us therefore turn to modern science and see what attitude of mind is engendered by recent research.

Meteorologists now consider that all cloud-forms are the product of the condensation of vapour-laden air under a very limited number of

ways, and that the fundamental cloud-structures which we have just exhibited represent the result of these different conditions.

The varieties of cloud-form and the mixture of structures are of course infinite, but still the delicate fibrous or hairy clouds, the lovely white fleeces on the blue sky, the mountainous rocky masses, and the curious drooping festoons of cloud, are all only the products of condensation under different circumstances.

The result of all modern research leads to the general conception that we live below a sea of air mixed with watery vapour ; and that the earth has a coating of that physical manifestation which is called electricity. This atmosphere is in a state of perpetual eddying, and occasionally some of this vaporous air is driven up into such cold high regions that the water is condensed, and the resulting cloud torn and rolled between conflicting currents. Sometimes the electrical coating is so disturbed that equilibrium can only be attained by the disruptive discharge of lightning.

Meteorologists have classified the different kinds of atmospheric eddies; the names of cylones and anti-cyclones will be familiar to you all; and it is found that every different kind of eddy has a different cloud-structure associated with itself.

The motive power for all this is of course the general circulation of the atmosphere, which may either develope great cyclones; small thunderstorms which do not affect the barometer ; or that peculiar long roll-like formation associated with what are called "line-thunderstorms."*

Socrates and some other of the Greek philosophers seem to have had a suspicion that thunderstorms were of an eddying nature, but they arrived at this conclusion rather by guesswork than by observation. We know it for certain now, as the result of laborious observation on the surface and high-level winds which surround a thunderstorm. For instance, Aristophanes, in the play we have before quoted, introduces the following dialogue :—

"Strepsiades. Tell me, who is it that thunders ? This makes me tremble.

* Full details of these processes are given in the Author's book, *Weather*, International Scientific Series, No. 59.

Socrates. These—the clouds—as they roll thunder.

Strepsiades. In what way, you all-daring man ?

Socrates. When they are full of water, and are compelled to be borne along, being necessarily precipitated when full of rain, then they fall heavily upon each other, and burst, and clap.

Strepsiades. Who is it that compels them to be borne along? Is it not Jupiter ?

Socrates. By no means, but ætherial vortex.

Strepsiades. It had escaped my notice that Jupiter did not exist, and that vortex now reigned in his stead. But you have taught me nothing, as yet, concerning the clap and the thunder."

But poetry and art were too strong in ancient Athens for such advanced ideas. Socrates was poisoned, and the artists reigned supreme for 1500 years.

Then our present knowledge of cloud-form and structure can be utilised to purposes of which the poets and painters never dreamt. Viñez has shown how the lie of the stripes of hairy cloud called " cocks'-tails " show the position of the dreaded vortex of a hurricane; and with this knowledge a sailor can not only save his ship from danger, but sometimes even utilise the cyclone to help him on his course. Mr. C. Ley has shown how the lie of similar cloud-stripes indicate the approach of an ordinary British gale.

When we see a waterspout in the distance we do not think of a dragon and his tail, like the Chinese, but consider how to get out of its path or to break it up by firing guns. The whirlwind on the western prairies takes the specially intense form known as a tornado, and there the ingenuity of the American nation is exercised in the construction of tornado-proof houses.

But the research that has led to these important discoveries has incidentally involved a process which powerfully alters the attitude of mind induced by the personifying stage of mental development.

All research involves measurement. When a meteorologist sees an ominous mass of thundery cloud, he not only notes the direction in which the different layers are moving so as to gain some conception of the kind of vertical eddy that is associated with the storm, but he does more than this. He measures the height and thickness

of the clouds, tries to calculate the electric potential necessary for lightning, records the depth and weight of water precipitated by the storm, and thereby learns that there are several distinct kinds of whirling air that produce thunderstorms.

Contrast, therefore, ancient and modern thought. Our ancestors saw in a thunderstorm the conflict between a many-headed, hairy monster, with the sun, or with a being of superhuman strength and attributes, throwing lightning and thunderbolts about. Such an attitude of mind can only induce terror.

Now, when we see a thunderstorm we might observe a wind coming from the W. overhead, while we were oppressed by a stuffy S.E. breeze; and note a squall from the S.W. with a velocity of sixty miles an hour just as the rain commenced. Then we might measure the height of the lower base of the clouds and find it not more than five thousand feet above the earth, while the rocky summits rise no less than fifteen thousand feet above the ground, and the rain-gauge might show that water to the depth of three inches fell out of these ten thousand feet of cloud.

Fear and terror are unknown and almost inconceivable to a man who looks at nature from this point of view.

But the moral effect of weighing and measuring is so great I should like to give you another illustration.

Poets are fond of describing big waves; they talk about mounting on them up to the heavens and then descending to the depths. Painters draw waves of impossible height and steepness, and the influence of both the artist and the poet is to exaggerate any natural fear at first seeing a big wave.

But if you stand on a ship's deck with a couple of chronographs to measure the length and speed of the waves, you find that an exceptionally big wave is only four hundred feet long from crest to crest, and travelling at a rate of thirty-six miles an hour; while your aneroid shows that the height from trough to crest is only forty feet. Then, if you are mathematically inclined, you can calculate like our distinguished countryman the late Professor Rankine that the curve of wave shape is what is called a trochoid; that unless the crest breaks, a ship can ride safely over the highest sea.

Under such circumstances any idea of fear vanishes and the knowledge thus obtained can be utilized in designing ships that may laugh at waves.

So that while the ancient frame of mind which personifies everything leads to vague terrors and diverts the intellect into the path of poetry and art, the modern frame of mind destroys all nervous fear of supernatural beings—the bogies and bugbears of our own imagination—and braces our minds up to conquer, to avoid, or to utilize nature.

Modern science is not merely a catalogue of facts, but the means of building up that attitude of mind which raises man to a higher level instead of prostrating him before the creatures of his own imagination.

DORSET FOLK-LORE.

MR. HENRY J. MOULE, of Dorchester, has kindly sent me the following "Jottings." I venture to append a few comments thereon, pointing out, for the most part, where parallel superstitions are recorded in the earlier publications of the Society. J. J. FOSTER.

He says: "We Dorset are not without our odd beliefs and queer tales of past time. But most likely many of both are common to us and other shires. I can but jot down what comes to mind, leaving to others to pick and choose."

"*Pigeon feathers* should never be used for beds. Folks die hard on them."

[The old superstition that no one can die in a bed containing the feathers of pigeons or game-fowl can scarcely be called local, says Mr. Henderson in his *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 60. In Yorkshire the same is said of cock's feathers. The Russians consider the use of pigeon's feathers as sacrilegious, the dove being the emblem

of the Holy Spirit. It is, moreover, a Hindoo and a Mahomedan custom to lay a dying man on the ground. Cf. also Gregor's *Folk-Lore of North-East of Scotland*, p. 206; Mr. W. G. Black in *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. p. 94, quotes some curious feather-charms, and their use around dishes and bowls set for the wandering dead to drink from, amongst the Pueblo people in New Mexico, which seem to have some connection with the subject.]

"*Comfrey* is a capital cure, but I don't know what for, or in what form—a salve, I think. But you must mind to use the red-flowered sort for men, the white for women."

[In Black's *Folk-Medicine*, pp. 108, et seq. will be found a great deal of curious information pointing to a very wide-spread superstition as to the use of red colours in sickness. Heucherus et Fabricius, *De Vegetalibus Magicis*, Wittenberg, 1700, is quoted to show that red flowers were given for disorders of the blood, and yellow for those of the liver. When the son of Edward II. was sick of small-pox, the bed-furniture, John of Gaddesden directed, should be red. The Emperor Francis I. when suffering from the same disease was rolled up in a scarlet cloth. So in Japan, when the children of the royal house were attacked by small-pox, the beds and walls were covered with red and the attendants clothed in scarlet. At the present day in China red cloth is worn in the pockets. Red is used liberally at the death of a New Zealand chief. In the West of Scotland red flannel is employed to ward off whooping-cough: and in Wales when the corpse-candles burn white the doomed person is a woman, but if the flame be red it is a man.]

"*Fairies* come down the chimney and do a deal of harm if you don't stop them. The way to keep them out is to hang a bullock's heart in the chimney."

[The use of the heart of animals and birds is a curious sub-division of witchcraft; and, to quote Henderson alone, in the *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* will be found incantations connected with the hearts of pigeons, horses, cows, hens, sheep, and pigs to counteract a witch, and of a hare to torment a faithless lover, &c.]

"*The Dolmen on Blackdown* is called the Hell-stone. Folks say that the devil chucked it across from Portland—nine miles or so."

[It may not be out of place to observe that this interesting megalithic monument has been lately "restored" by Mr. Manfield, assisted by Mr. M. Tupper of "Proverbial" celebrity, who have re-arranged the stones (for there are seven in all, the largest being about eight feet square, of very hard conglomerate), according to their own sweet will!

Mr. Moule may have told us something about "The Devil's Night-cap," or Agglestone (Saxon, Halig-stan = Holy-stone).

This is a block of ferruginous sandstone, nearly 17 feet high and 35 feet in diameter, computed to weigh some 400 tons. It stands on a moor near Poole harbour; and Dorset folk say that the devil, being one day seated on the Needles, "chucked" this stone at the towers of Corfe Castle, but it fell short, and has remained on the Purbeck heath to this day. Its name of "Night-cap," I may add, is probably derived from its shape, viz. an inverted cone. It is figured in Hutchins's *Dorset*.]

"Folks say that no man ever saw a 'winter-borne' break. It is dry one day and running the next, but its first downpour was never beheld. Many years ago watch was kept day and night for a fort-night for the breaking of Winterborne Abbas stream. One night the watchman on duty found that his pipe had gone out. 'Bridehead-lodge —he bean't 'bove hundred or two yard—can't do any harm to get light there.' But in those three minutes the winter-borne broke unseen."

[There are or were no less than seventeen villages in Dorset whose names are compounds of Winterbourne.]

"Folks seem to have an odd belief in good luck coming with remnants of antiquity, judging from what a Dorchester antiquary tells me, and has recorded in the *Archaeologia*. Some years ago several metal objects were found buried in a Keltic earthwork. Among them was a curious little grotesque bull, with a quaint tail curled up, which makes it somewhat like a dog. My friend heard that these things were in the hands of a certain old woman, and

offered to buy them. 'Ha'nt got 'em—used to't—but there—'twer loike this yer. My poor buoy—he wer turble bad, and *he pined like* a'ter they wold things. And ther—I thought myself how thick brass dog a noiil'd ovver door 'd do en a power o' good.' And 'noiil'd ovver door' it was found."

[This remarkable "find," which was made in Belbury Camp, near Higher Lytchett, Poole, is fully described in *Archaeologia*, vol. xlviii. pp. 1-6, where the objects are figured. Mr. Franks was of opinion that the ornamentation on the bull resembled Etruscan, but that the article itself "was late-Celtic." Its use as recently as 1881 as a prophylactic is surely an extremely interesting fact to students of folk-lore.]

"There stood by the cross His mother. Now there grew on Calvary a green-leaved plant with flowers of deep azure blue, but the buds were red. St. Mary's eyes were as blue as the flowers, but with weeping her eyelids were as red as the buds. And as she wept the tears fell on the leaves and spotted them. And spotted they have been from generation to generation ever since, and the plant is grown in cottage gardens, and its name is Mary's Tears. But books call it Pulmonaria."

[We are reminded in Black's *Folk-Medicine* that blue is the sky colour, the Druids' sacred colour, and the Virgin's colour; but I find no reference to this beautiful legend in the above-named work, where one would expect to meet with it. Dorset, probably, does not possess a monopoly of it, and doubtless members will be able to furnish other examples.]

"Folks hold to the belief that St. Austin's Well, hard by Cerne Abbas, still works wondrous cures. I have had a case told in all detail while sketching the lovely spring."

Of course there are wishing-wells everywhere, although few so clear and full as that at Upwey. But in St. Catherine's Chapel, high on a hill by Abbotsbury—one of the most interesting of fifteenth-century buildings in these parts, by the way—in St. Catherine's are wishing-holes. They are in the south doorway. You put your knee in one hole and your hands in two others, and *wish*."

[As Mr. Moule has alluded to Cerne Abbas, I wish he had told us something of the remarkable Phallic superstition which attaches to the Cerne Giant, counterparts of which are to be found in Brittany and all over India to this day.]

NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE AND SOME SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF THE WESTERN SOMALI TRIBES.

By Captain J. S. King.

(*Continued from* vol. v. *page* 323.)

II.—Marriage Customs at Zayla.

THE town of Zayla (or Audal, as it is more usually called locally) is inhabited by three classes: (1) The original inhabitants of the town, who are called "Rer Audal," (2) Eesa Somál, (3) Gadabúrsi Somál.

The Rer Audal are a community of half-castes, the offspring of Arab settlers who have intermarried with Somáli, Habshi, or Dankali women. They speak both Arabic and Somáli, but generally prefer the latter. Their marriage customs, which differ in many respects from those of the surrounding tribes, are worthy of notice.

Girls are usually married at the age of fifteen or sixteen, and are selected for their personal charms, such as they are.

When a man has fixed his choice on a girl he goes through the ceremony of asking her in marriage from her father or nearest male relative, to whom he presents $5 in cash and about five pounds of coffee-husks. The Kázi and a number of the male relatives and friends of both parties are present, and after a long and generally very animated discussion the amount of *dafa* or dowry to be paid to

the girl's father is settled ; it is seldom less than $100, and sometimes amounts to $700 or $800.

These arrangements being concluded, the proposer is entitled (on payment of $5 each time) to private interviews with his *fiancée*, to enable him by a closer inspection to judge better of her personal charms. But it frequently happens that the man squanders all his money on these "interviews" before paying the *dafa* agreed upon. The girl then (at her parents' instigation) breaks off the match, and her father, when expostulated with, replies that he will not force his daughter's inclinations.

Hence arise innumerable breach of promise of marriage suits, in which the man is invariably the plaintiff.

I have known instances of a girl being betrothed to three or four different men in about a year's time, the father receiving a certain amount of *dafa* from each suitor. But I am now supposing that the course of love has run smoothly, and the marriage takes place as originally arranged.

Before all things it is necessary for the bridegroom to provide a perfectly new *'árísh*, or hut, for the accommodation of his bride. If the bridegroom is a popular man the erection of the hut costs him little beyond the actual price of the materials used, as his friends volunteer their services in constructing it. The bridegroom regales them with coffee (or rather a concoction of coffee-husks) and tobacco prepared for chewing. They sing merrily over their work ; and, as they place the thatch on the roof, compose impromptu verses containing witty and flattering allusions to the happy couple about to occupy the hut. The bride's relatives supply coloured mats for lining the inside of the hut, and also supply a few household utensils. The bride always makes with her own hands a handsome coloured sleeping-mat to cover the nuptial couch.

Dancing and singing, accompanied by hand-clapping in lieu of musical instruments, is kept up at the bridegroom's house for about a fortnight.

On the day fixed for the removal of the bride to her new home she is escorted to it from her father's house by a large party of young men and maidens, the latter dressed in their best clothes, and having

their tightly-plaited and well-oiled hair tastefully decorated with cowries, coloured beads, and flowers (when procurable). As the procession moves slowly through the streets the young men and maidens dance in front of the bride, and make a deafening noise with their singing and hand-clapping, while the married women express their approval by a shrill, quavering noise from the back part of the throat.

On reaching the bridegroom's house a low-caste man sacrifices a goat or sheep on the threshold, and the bride steps over it as she enters.

On the same day, about 4 p.m., the bridegroom, clad in handsome silk garments, his head, clean shaved, bound up in a large silk turban, repairs to a *masjid*, where he is supposed to remain at his devotions till about 7·30 p.m., when he is escorted by a number of young men to his house, which the bride has previously entered. As the bridegroom enters another goat is sacrificed, and he steps over it in the same way as the bride.

The wedded couple now shut themselves up in the nuptial chamber, which is sometimes an upper room with a rude ladder leading to it, but more often a small dark room partitioned off from the rest of the house. An elderly woman of low caste is generally shut up with them for a short time. Dancing and singing continue in the "compound," while in the house itself assemble seven unmarried young men and the same number of maidens (called *manheis*), friends of the bride and bridegroom. When they hear any cries from the nuptial chamber they commence singing and clapping their hands as loudly as possible. Over the seven couples of *manheis* a man entitled "Sheikhu-l-Manheis," or "Sheikhu-sh-Shubán," is nominated. He portions off a girl to each young man, and performs a mock marriage between them. Each girl is bound to obey without murmur any order which her mock husband may give. He may say: "Give me a drink of water," and she immediately fetches a vessel of water; and if he be lying down she raises him up in her arms, as though he were an invalid, and puts the vessel to his lips. Another may order his bride to give him tobacco to chew, upon which she grinds up some tobacco-

leaf with wood-ashes, and mixing it in the palm of her hand, places it in her lord's mouth. Then the Sheikhu-l-Manheis sings:

"'Aroso! Hobalé! Hobalé! Kaimahi zábí a*kh*a sá'at."

"Come! O brides and bridegrooms this instant," and then gives various absurd orders to each couple, such as, "Fetch a live fish from the sea," or "Fetch a live lizard, a live flea," &c.

The couples start off in search of the articles which they have been ordered to produce. If they return to the house without obtaining the object of their search, they are put sitting on the ground, back to back, and their arms tied tightly together; they are then rolled over from side to side, and water sprinkled over them.

This sort of amusement continues for about seven days, with variations. Sometimes the males and females exchange dresses—each man becoming a woman, and each girl a man. The girls dress up their partners, using padding to make the disguise as complete as possible; and then, assuming all the airs of husbands, they flog their partners with horsewhips, and order them about in the same manner as they themselves had been treated by the young men.

On the morning after the marriage, the husband on rising gives his bride a present of from ten to twenty dollars, according to his means. During the space of a week he remains with his espoused, scarcely ever venturing out of the house, and rarely showing himself even at the dancing which goes on in the compound.

When the seven days have expired, the bridegroom presents to the "Sheikhu-l-Manheis" a dollar and a waist-cloth, and a dollar to each of the young men. The bride gives a dollar to each of the girls.

III.—Marriage Customs of the Eesa and Gadabúrsi Tribes of the Somal.

The marriage customs of the Eesa and Gadabúrsi differ in many respects from those just described.

Girls are usually married between the ages of fifteen and twenty: they are often chosen by men of a different tribe, in order to obtain

immunity from the blood-feud, or for some other political reasons; and in such cases the bride is rarely consulted. Love matches, however, are by no means uncommon: drawing water from the well and tending cattle in the jungle afford opportunities for frequent *tête-à-têtes*, often continued for some months without the knowledge of the girl's relatives. Having made his choice, the man makes a formal demand for the girl's hand in marriage from her father or nearest male relative. If the offer be accepted, the proposer gives his future father-in-law two spears, a shield, a water-bottle (*weisu*), a prayer-skin (*musalla*), and a rosary (*tasbíh*). The amount of *dafa* to be given to the girl's father is then fixed: it varies from ten to a hundred she-camels giving milk. If the man does not possess the required number of camels or cattle, he proceeds to loot them from some sub-tribe inferior to his own, or perhaps steals them from some of his own relatives.

Three months in the year, viz. Jumádu-l-Awwal, Jumadu-l-A*kh*ir, and Rajab (in Somali—Rajal Dehe, Rajal Dambe, and Saboh), being considered inauspicious, no marriage ever takes place then. This appears to be another remnant of Pagan superstition.

Before the marriage the bridegroom employs a fortune-teller to read his *fál*, or fortune, by means of the rosary—what particular day and hour will be auspicious for the marriage, and whether he will have good luck or the reverse in his married life.

The marriage formula is recited by a *kádhi*, a pilgrim (*Hajji*), or any man with a little education. If none such be procurable, the bridegroom simply cuts a branch from an acacia or any thorny tree, and hangs it up in the nuptial *gúrí* (hut) provided by the bride's relatives. He then fetches her from her father's hut, accompanied by a crowd of young men and maidens dancing and singing. On reaching the new hut, the bride holds a goat or sheep in the doorway, while the bridegroom cuts its throat in the orthodox manner with his *jambia* (long knife). The bride dips her finger in the blood, smears it on her forehead, and ties a strip of the goat's skin round one wrist; and then enters the *gúrí*, stepping over the blood. The bridegroom follows her, also stepping over the blood, and is accompanied by some of his nearest male relatives.

The first act of the bridegroom on entering the hut is to take a horsewhip (*jédal*) made entirely of leather, and with it inflict three severe blows upon the fair person of his bride, with the view of taming any lurking propensity to shrewishness.* His example is followed by his male relatives, who by this act obtain ever afterwards peculiar rights and power over the bride, which her husband dare not dispute. If she cries out in the least, or even flinches under the chastisement, she is ridiculed and despised by the village community.

All then leave the hut except the bride and bridegroom, and two of the male relatives of the latter, whose duty it is to hold the girl down while the husband performs the operation of defibulation with a knife, her cries being drowned by four girls who dance and sing immediately outside the hut.

The happy pair are then left to themselves, while dancing and singing are kept up in the kraal for the greater part of the night.

In the morning the bride's female relations bring presents of milk, and are accompanied by a young male child whose parents are living. The child drinks some of the milk before any one else tastes it; and after him the bridegroom, if his parents are living; but if one or both of his parents are dead, and those of the bride living, she drinks after the child. By doing this they believe that if the newly-married woman bears a child the father will be alive at the time.

After an irregular marriage ceremony of this kind, if the woman shows signs of approaching maternity, the husband takes a pearl or bead of some kind from his wife's necklace, and travels in search of a *kádhí*, to whom he presents the pearl, thus insuring the legitimacy of the offspring.

The mother-in-law is never allowed to interfere in the domestic affairs of her daughter; and she dare not—without risk of a broken head—enter the hut while her son-in-law is present.

If the wife dies, leaving unmarried sisters, the widower is bound to

* A similar custom seems to have prevailed among the ancient Muscovites. Barclay, an early English traveller in Russia, speaking of the women of the country says:—"They don't think their Husbands love them unless they give them now and then reall Proofs of it, by giving them a good Cudgelling."

marry one of them; and if the father refuses to give him another of his daughters, the widower can claim a refund of the *dafa* which he paid at the time of his marriage. It is also usual for a man to marry his brother's relict.

While on the subject of matrimony, it may not be out of place to mention a fact noticed by Darwin in his "Expression of the Emotions," viz. that kissing is unknown throughout the Somali country. Burton, too, in his book on Zanzibar, says:—"Yet even amongst the Somal, if you attempt to salute a woman—supposing that you have the right—she will draw back in horror from the act of incipient cannibalism." Still there is a word (*dúnkad*) in their language to express the word "kiss."

There are one or two other interesting Somali customs which I should like to describe, but I fear they are too physiological for the Folk-Lore Society.

THE TREASURE ON THE DRIM.

THE following story was narrated by John Williams, collier, of Tavern-y Banwen, near Neath, on the 26th June last, to Mr. Llywarch Reynolds, of Merthyr Tydfil, Mr. David Lewis, barrister-at-law, and myself. It was told in Welsh, and copious notes were taken on the spot by Mr. Lewis, who afterwards read them over again to me. Mr. Lewis has also kindly compared the following (which was written the next morning from memory) with the notes in question, and corrected it by them.

There was a conjurer living at Ystradgynlais [a parish in Brecknockshire, at the top of the Swansea Valley] who had an iron hand; and there was a rumour that a lot of money was lying hid on the Drim [a mountain on the south-eastern side of the valley]. This

conjurer said, if he could get a man to abide with him on the Drim the whole of a night he would get the money. John Gethin was a man of spirit, and he said he would abide with him. So the conjurer took John up to the Drim ; and he took his conjuring books and a bit of a candle. And he drew two rings like the figure of 8; and there was John Gethin standing in one ring and the conjurer in the other ring. And the conjurer told John that whatever came he was not to be frightened, nor to step outside the ring. Then he lit his candle, and busied himself with his books, and began to read. Then there was a row ; and first of all a great fiery bull came at John Gethin like a thunderbolt (*fel ergyd*); but John stood that time, and the bull vanished. Then there came a great wheel of fire like a fly-wheel, rolling along towards John Gethin ; and John stepped aside to get out of its way, and he stepped outside the ring. This broke the charm. Then the devil (*gwr drwg*) got hold of John, and began to take him off. But the conjurer caught him ; and there was the devil pulling John Gethin on one side and the conjurer pulling him on the other side. The devil had nearly got him away, when the conjurer said to the devil :—"Hold on! Let me keep John Gethin while this candle lasts." Then the devil let go John Gethin; and the conjurer blew out the candle, and gave it to John Gethin ; and he took it home, and put it in a cool place. And he was very ill ; and the candle kept on wasting, though it was not lighted. And John Gethin never got better, but worse and worse, until he died ; and when he died the candle was found to be all gone too. And John Gethin's body vanished, so that they could not find it; and they filled his coffin with clay, and buried it. This is true, because the conjurer's books are there in a coffer in Waungynlais to this day.

I sent the foregoing to Mr. Howel Walters of Ystradgynlais, a gentleman who is intimately acquainted with the history and legends of the neighbourhood, and inquired whether he knew the tale. In reply he was kind enough to send me the following as the version current at Ystradgynlais. It differs in so many respects from the story as told by John Williams that I give it in its entirety. Mr. Walters assures me that it is firmly believed in the parish.

There was a conjurer living at Ystradgynlais the beginning of the

present century, who had an iron hand; and there is an old tradition that a treasure is hidden at the Garngoch, the highest point of the Drim mountain. The "Iron-hand" conjurer made the acquaintance of one John Gething, a farmer's son, who lived at Werngynlais farm, and gave him some books to study, with a view of teaching him the black art. John is reported to have made great progress in a short time; and, being a very courageous man, his teacher was able to perform in his presence many things which few mortals can withstand. One day John Gething was working at the hay on his father's farm, when two men appeared before him. John said to them, "Hei!" And one of the men said to him: "Well, is it for thee that thou hast spoken! Thou must come with us to the Garngoch to seek the hidden treasure." John went, and on the way he found out that he who spoke to him was his old teacher; but the other being disappeared, and John never saw him again. On arriving at Garngoch the conjurer told John that he was not, on the peril of his life, to divulge anything that he would see or hear that night on the top of Garngoch. When night came on the conjurer opened his books, lit a candle, and began to read, with strict injunctions to John not to be afraid of anything he saw. While the conjuror read spirits appeared and surrounded them with great noise; and then great light shone on Garngoch, and John saw three pots full of gold. Nothing more happened that night; but the conjurer gave John strict instructions to meet him there another night which he named. When the appointed night came John met him to time. The first thing done by the conjurer this night, after giving John the same instructions as on the previous night, and that he was not to be frightened, was to make two rings joined like the figure 8. John stood in one ring and the conjurer in the other, and neither of them was to step out of the ring, or fear, at the risk of losing their lives or being carried away by the devil! The conjurer lit his candle and began to read his books; and the spirits appeared with great noise. Then came a fiery bull, and ran at John Gething; but John stood in the ring fearlessly, and the bull and all the evil spirits vanished. The conjurer was very pleased with John Gething's courage, and told him one night more would be sufficient for them to fight against the spirits to secure all

the hidden treasure and gold he had seen on the first night. The conjurer, before leaving, told John on what night he was to meet him again. On the third night the conjurer had brought more books, and told John before he opened them that it was a matter of life or death to him how he acted that night, that terrible things would appear, but there would be no harm if he stood fearlessly, and did not move out of the ring; but first he must have a drop of John's blood to give to the devil to satisfy him before the spirits appeared, and John gave a drop of his blood to the conjurer to give to the devil. The conjurer then made two rings as before, lit his candle, and began to read his books. The spirits came with greater noise than before, and surrounded them, and a large wheel of fire came towards the ring in which John Gethin stood, and John was so frightened that he stepped out of the ring. The devil immediately took hold of him, and was going to carry him away in such a terrible storm and heavy rains as no one before witnessed in the district, but the conjurer implored him not to kill John, as he had displayed such courage before; and there was a hard fight between the devil and the conjurer for John's life, and the devil at last gave in, and permitted John to live as long as the candle lasted which the conjurer had to read his books, and the devil told them that neither of them should ever have the hidden treasure, but a virgin not yet born would some day own the same. The conjuror gave John Gething the candle, and told him not to light it, but to keep it in a cool place. John did so, but the candle wasted, though it was never lighted, and John Gething from that night became ill, and worse and worse, until he died. The candle also was found to have wasted completely at the time of his death. During John's illness several doctors attended upon him, but no one understood the cause of his sufferings or death, except a few persons to whom he divulged what had transpired on the Garngoch. John was buried at Ystradgynlais church. E. Sidney Hartland.

FOLK-LORE OF THE FEROE ISLANDS.

[Reprinted from Landt's *Description of the Feroe Islands*, 1810.]

A WEDDING-DRESS consists of a fine blue, and sometimes red jacket, called stakkur, somewhat short in the body, with long round skirts formed into many small folds or plaits. The sleeves, which reach to the wrists, are ornamented with small black velvet cuffs, and to the extremities are sown broad lace ruffles, which are folded back on the cuffs. Around the neck the bride wears a fine white handkerchief, with broad lace at the edges. On the breast is fastened a large silver pin, from which is suspended by one corner a square plate of the same metal about four inches wide. This plate is furnished with a great many projecting rings or hooks, from which hang abundance of silver spangles that on the least motion glitter and make a rattling noise. Around the middle is a girdle of red velvet, interspersed with silver figures and fastened before with a silver buckle; but one end of the girdle hangs down over the skirts of the jacket. The hair is formed into two braids, which are folded round the head, and above them are placed a small roll or fillet ornamented with ribbons, either of different colours or interwoven with gold and silver, which are entwined and fastened to each other in a great many knots and figures to the height of about two or three inches. To the back part of this fillet are fastened four broad ribbons, often interwoven with gold and silver or covered with various ornaments: of these four ribbons, each of which is about eighteen inches in length, two are suffered to hang down the back; but the other two are drawn forwards and fastened in such a manner as to hang down on the breast. (If the bride be a widow or with child before marriage, she must wear below the fillet a cap of red velvet or cloth, which stands somewhat upwards in order to cover the

back part of her head, but without the ribbons that hang down on the back and breast.)—(P. 280.)

Sometimes a young man in Feroe endeavours to gain the affection of a young woman without communicating his intentions to any of his friends; but as soon as he obtains the young woman's consent he no longer thinks concealment necessary. If he proves unfortunate in his suit, has no means of access to the object of his love, or is unacquainted with her parents, he employs the intervention of some respectable person, who makes the proposal in his name. This confidential friend waits upon the young woman and her parents, acquaints them with the young man's intention, and receives their answer. If the offer be rejected nothing more is to be done, and the suitor must direct his views to some other quarter; but if no objections are made by any of the parties, the lover repairs a week after to the house of the young woman with his high hat on his head, and his wooing-staff in his hand, as a signal of his errand. Persons of higher rank celebrate their weddings at any period of the year they think proper; but the common people marry only in the autumn, which is their slaughtering-time. The bridegroom has two men, who are generally selected from the most respectable of his friends, and whose duty is to accompany him to and from church, and to dress and undress him. The bride has also two bride-maidens, who dress her, and who, during the ceremony, stand behind her and the bridegroom; she has also two young men called loyasvoynar, that is, leaders, who, each laying hold of an arm, accompany her to the church, hand her into her pew, and when the service is over attend her in the same manner back to the house where the wedding is celebrated. The bridegroom first repairs to the church, with all his male attendants walking in pairs; and then the bride, who, however, is preceded by a company of bride-girls (stoylar), all neatly dressed and ornamented, who arrange themselves in a row in the passage before the pew appropriated for her, where they remain standing till she and her maids have passed them. During the ceremony a great many candles are placed on the altar; and when it is ended, which is generally in the afternoon, the company return. After the new-married pair have received a congratulatory kiss from each of the guests, they all sit down to a dinner, which consists of

soup, made with beef, or lamb; roast beef or lamb, succeeded by rice-soup, plum-tarts, and a kind of fritters without apples; and on such occasions there is always a plentiful supply of brandy and ale, which is handed about by cup-bearers. When the dinner is over, and a thanksgiving hymn sung, the apartment is made ready for dancing. The bride and bridegroom, with the whole company, form themselves into a circle, and, joining hands, dance round in cadence, towards the left side, to the sound of a nuptial song, which is sung by all the dancers in full chorus. If the apartment is not large enough to admit the whole company to make one circle, they form themselves into two or more concentric circles.

When the evening has been spent in dancing, the cup-bearers enter, and, giving a loud thump on one of the beams, summon the bridegroom to bed for the first time: half-an-hour after they give a second thump, and summon the bride to bed: this ceremony is repeated, and afterwards the bridegroom is summoned to bed for the last time. The bride is conducted first to bed, in which she lies down half undressed, and on this occasion she sheds a few tears. The same ceremony is observed in regard to the bridegroom, who however lies down without dropping any tears. When both are in bed a couple of psalms are sung in most places, and the evening prayers read, after which the company retire, and continue their dancing as long as they think proper. Next morning the wedded pair receive in bed presents from the guests, which generally amount to one or two crowns; and a glass of wine, or brandy is given to each person present. The whole of the day is spent in feasting and dancing; but after dinner one of the most ingenious of the guests brings in a rump of roast beef, part of the cow killed for the wedding, the tail of which, adhering to it, is bent upwards and ornamented with ribbons; but the whole piece sometimes is decorated with painted or gilt paper: it is introduced with a poetical oration, the subject of which is a panegyric on the dish; and sometimes the fate and history of the cow is detailed in this speech. The vessel containing the dish is placed at the upper end of the table, where it is handed from the one to the other, each of the company, if they choose, giving vent at the same time to some witty and

extempore effusion in verse, which either contains some trait of satire, or is calculated to excite a roar of laughter.—(Pp. 403-407.)

The people of Feroe have so-called hulde-folk, who reside in the fields ; are of large stature, wear a grey dress, and on their heads black hats. These beings possess large fat cows and sheep, and also dogs ; which, though invisible, are sometimes, but very seldom, seen by the inhabitants. They are fond of Christian women as well as of children, and often carry the latter away, leaving their own in their stead. Nikar is a supposed being which resides in the fresh waters or lakes, drags people into them, and drowns them. Niägruisar (hobgoblins) are small beings in the human form, with red caps on their heads which bring good fortune to the place where they have taken up their abode. Vattrar are good beings, which reside for the most part in churchyards. Marra lie upon people when asleep, and almost suffocate them; but if they are able to pronounce the name of Jesus they immediately betake themselves to flight; they may be driven away also by keeping a knife in the house, and by repeating certain words which I do not at present remember. In the seventeenth century, when Debes wrote his *Feroa Resarata*, several of the inhabitants had been carried away by these evil spirits, some of whom never appeared, but the greater part of them were again found, or returned home of their own accord. People may be carried away in this manner either by these evil spirits or by Satan himself. In the course of the last century these islands were pretty free from such terrible events, but not entirely ; for when I left Feroe there was still living in Osteroe a man little more than forty years of age, who, when a child about three years old, was carried away from his father's house, without any one knowing whither, or in what manner ; but after a search of two days the child was found asleep on a rock, at the distance of about two miles from its home. This circumstance is confirmed by the testimony of many persons now living; but it is not known what kind of a spirit could have carried this child to such a distance from the place of its residence.

Witches sometimes think proper to ride on the backs of the cows, which produce in them a disease called trolri. And when a cow has

calved various superstitious means are practised, by plucking the hair from the tail, moving a light round the horns, or on the hoofs ; and when the animal is milked for the first time a small wooden cross, a knife, a white mussel-shell, and a nut or bean called quitnnuyra, must be previously placed in the milking-pail.—(P. 401.)

As a cure for disorder of the heart, the people of Feroe drink the water in which the upright fir-moss (*lycopodium selago*) has been boiled.

Cure for "the stone."—A stone which has been voided by a woman, pulverised and mixed with water, is considered as a cure for a man, and *vice versa.*

The jaundice may be cured by drinking water in which an eagle's claw has been steeped, and to eat the broth in which a yellow-legged hen has been boiled. The sanitive quality is here ascribed to the yellow legs,

Gyo, a swelling and stiffness of the wrist.—To cure this the natives employ certain superstitious practices, holding the diseased part over hot ashes and repeating certain words.

Quroynt, violent pain or smarting.—This is cured by holding the place of the body in which the pain is felt over a vessel or tub filled with water, in which any piece of gold, handed down from father to son in the family, such as money or rings, has been boiled : and the diseased limb is covered with a cloth.

A disease consisting of small bladders which suddenly make their appearance on the body may be cured by bathing them in a decoction of ground liverwort (*lichen caninus*), pulled with gloves on either at sunset or when the sun is below the horizon.

Olvar-eld is cured by fumigating the part with conferva, first dried a little, and then placed on burning coals.—(Pp. 409-411.)

RAJA DONAN: A MALAY FAIRY-TALE.

IN the Journal of the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society Mr. W. E. Maxwell gives the following story, never before printed, as taken down from the lips of Mir Hassan, a Malay:—

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Mandi Angin, there reigned a certain King Raja Besar, whose wife was the Princess Lindongan Bulan. He was blessed in every way that the gods bless mortals, except in one respect, which was that he had no son and heir. By constant prayers and the giving of alms, at length when the king had reigned nearly eight years, there was a prospect of Raja Besar's happiness being completed. All the astrologers were summoned to tell whether the child would be male or female, and what was the lot in store for it. The astrologers, having for a long time continued their incantations, at length perceived that the expected child would be a prince, and that he would be gifted with extraordinary qualities. But the astrologers hated the king, and so they did not tell him the truth, but told him that his child would be a prince who was fated to be a curse to all who would come in contact with him.

Next day the king summoned an old astrologer who was both blind and deaf and infirm to tell the destinies of the child. The old man having pursued his divinations from sunset to sunrise, announced to the king that his son would be a highly-gifted prince, and that under him the kingdom would attain an unheard-of prosperity. "This is altogether different," said the king, "from the prognostication of the former soothsayers." "I am blind and deaf and of failing memory," said the old man, "but in all things that concern the prince your highness may rely on what I say." At last, a terrible storm then raging, the princess gave birth to a son. The infant disappeared into the earth; then he was vomited out again, seated on a cushion, and

with him a sword, a hen's egg, a swivel-gun, a flute, a piece of scented wood for burning, and some incense. The king, influenced by the opinion of the seven lying astrologers, directed that the child should at once be put into a rickety old boat and set adrift on the river. The princess wept on hearing what was to be the fate of her child, and directed her maids to put into the boat a basket full of clothes and another full of provisions for the child. This done, the boat was cast off amid the roaring of cannons which the king had ordered to be fired off for joy that evil had been averted from his kingdom.

The king's elder brother, Bandahara Tua, was living some distance away, at the mouth of the river, and, hearing the cannons, he said, "Surely a prince has been born, and the king has believed the lying astrologers and cast his son away." He prayed that God would send his new-born nephew to him, and, after waiting a day and a night on the bank of the river, at last the little boat was wafted up to his very steps. The Bandahara went into the cabin to seek his nephew, and having found him he brought him on deck to take him to his house, but found that while he was below the boat had floated into mid-stream, and was being rapidly carried out to sea. Day and night for a year the boat went on, and at the end of that time the little cast-away, now able to talk, gave himself the name of Raja Donan. One day the Bandahara, at the request of his nephew, who said he felt a presentiment of approaching evil, climbed into the look-out place and carefully scanned the horizon, and at length sighted a great fleet of 99 ships approaching them, whose masts were like a grove of cotton-trees. Raja Donan now prepared for the worst, and put on the magic garments which his mother had given him, and girded on the sword which was supernaturally produced at the time of his birth. The fleet approached; it was that of Raja Chamar Lant, of Mundam Batu, who was on board the "Biduri," the largest of all. On sighting the little boat, Raja Chamar Lant ordered one of his galleys to be manned to see who was on board the stranger. This huge boat, carrying 44 rowers, came alongside, and those on board it saw no one but a pretty child, who said that he came "from the country of Mandi Angin, from the rice-fields where there are no embankments, from the waters where no fish are ever seen, a lonely place where the ape howls nightly,

inhabited only by people who live on fern-shoots." The officers of the galley said that tribute must be paid to his master, or the little boat would be seized as a prize. Raja Donan said he did not refuse to pay, but he should first ask the port-fire of his cannon and the blade of his sword, and if they answered that he should pay there was an end of the matter. With this answer the officer returned to his master, who at once ordered his men to fire and blow the little craft to pieces. For seven days and nights did the fleet keep up a terrible shower of ball from cannon and musket, and at the end of that time the order to cease firing was given. When the smoke cleared away, there stood the little boat, brighter than ever, and quite unharmed. Raja Chamar Lant was furious. He would show his men how to shoot, and so he fired at Raja Donan's boat. But he did not harm it. Raja Donan now fired his little brass swivel-gun which was thrown out of the earth when he was born, and with the one shot he sunk the whole 99 ships, leaving only the "Biduri" afloat. His trusty craft bore him alongside the survivor. With a terrible shout he boarded it. For three days and nights, single-handed, he kept up the battle with the warriors on board, and finally killed them all, the last being Raja Chamar Lant.

The prince found in the cabin of the "Biduri" the younger sister of Raja Chamar Lant, who prayed him that he would kill her. He, however, soothed her with an account of his woes, and she agreed to go into his boat and remain with him. Raja Donan brought his prahu alongside with a wave of his turban, and, having got the princess into it, he then stepped in and sank the "Biduri" Che Amborg, as the princess was called, told Raja Donan that the reason she had left her beautiful home was that Petukal, a powerful raja, had asked for her in marriage, but her brother had taken her to sea to save her from Petukal, who was even now pursuing them. Raja Donan now prayed for a breeze that would bring them up to Petukal—a breeze "so strong as to be visible in a form resembling human shape, which would lay prostrate the cattle feeding in the fields, and sweep away the young cocoa-nuts growing in the court-yard." For seven days and seven nights they ran before the wind that sprang up, and on the eighth day, about noon, the fleet of Petukal, 99 ships in all, was

seen right ahead. Raja Petukal, observing the new comer, sent off his eighty-oared galley to make inquiries. Raja Donan answered them as he had the officers of Raja Chamar Lant, and met their demand for tribute in the same way. In the same way Raja Petukal opened fire, and continued it for seven days and nights, at the end of which time he ordered the firing to cease. So dense was the smoke that it took three days to clear away, and then the little home of Raja Donan was seen to be quite untouched. Raja Petukal, having, like Raja Chamar Lant, fired some of his guns with his own hand, had no better luck. Then Raja Donan with a single shot from his gun sent the whole fleet, excepting the raja's vessel, to the bottom. Raja Donan boarded this, and slew all his enemies except their chief: with him he had a dreadful struggle. Once Raja Donan's sword shivered in his hand when he made a thrust at Raja Petukal, and before he could recover himself his opponent threw him overboard. His prayer to be put back again on deck was answered; and in the next struggle Raja Petukal was hurled into the sea, where he perished.

Che Muda, a sister of Raja Petukal, was found in the cabin, and went with Raja Donan aboard his boat. Guided by the princesses, he sought the shores of the country in which resided the beautiful Princess Ganda Iran. He played his magic flute, and, though he was many miles away, his prayer was heard that the Princess Ganda Iran should be able to hear his music. She was enraptured, and despatched a kite to bear to the youth a cap made of beautiful flowers. The kite carried his message, and placed the cap in the hands of Rajah Donan, who in return sent three rings, one as a sign of betrothal, one to bind the promise, and one as a sign that whatever was undertaken would be successfully carried out, and a shawl as a sign of intimacy. When the kite had safely delivered the prince's message, the beautiful princess again despatched the bird with all kinds of sweetmeats, and in return the prince sent some other presents, telling the kite that they were setting out at once for the princess's palace.

By the prayer of Raja Donan all the troops of Raja Chamar Lant and Raja Petukal were restored to life, and his little boat was turned into a magnificent palace. He called all the restored warriors toge-

ther, and, putting chiefs over them, he set out on his journey on foot, taking with him his sword and his magic flute. When on his way, a certain princess, named Linggam Chahya, who resided in heaven, but came down often to the earth to amuse herself, met and fell in love with him, and sent her favourite bird to ask him to come to see her. He pleaded another appointment, but promised to come within three years, three months, and ten days. Disguised as a Semang, or wild hill-man, with all the skin diseases and sores which disfigure those people, he gained admittance to the Princess Ganda Iran. The raja, her father, forced him to play his magic flute, which when the princess heard she fell down, and was thought to be dead. Preparations were made for her funeral, and the Semang was promised her hand in marriage, and the sovereignty of the country if he restored her to life. He played his magic flute, and when he saw her coming back to life disappeared from the palace. The Semang could not be found, but in their search the officers of the raja met a pretty child by the road-side. They brought him to the palace, where the princess took a great fancy to him. The child suddenly changed one day into Raja Donan, a handsome young man, and the princess, having heard who he was, was exceedingly happy. Raja Piakas, who had been affianced to the princess, being exceedingly jealous, on losing her, went to his home and begged his sister that she would help him to take revenge on the country of the Princess Ganda Iran. Now the sister of Raja Piakas had power over all dragons, crocodiles, and all beasts of the earth. These she summoned from all parts of the world, and ordered them to invade the country of the princess who had injured her brother. The reptiles and animals advanced, doing immense mischief; but at the prayer of Raja Donan the sea rushed over the whole land and drowned all these creatures. Raja Piakas then fitted out an expedition against his former friends, but he was slain in single combat by Raja Donan. The magnanimous conqueror, however, brought him back to life, and married him to the princess Che Amborg.

Raja Donan now set off with his uncle and a large fleet to find his old home in Mandi Angin. After a long voyage they arrived at the well-known river, but found everything desolate, the palace gone, the

cottages burnt. An old man told them that the king had been dethroned years ago by seven lying astrologers, who were living like rajas far up the river. Raja Donan found his parents occupying a poor hut in a wood ; but, having slain the lying astrologers, he put his parents on the throne again, and made Mandi Angin as prosperous and peaceful as it had ever been. Having done this, Raja Donan sailed away to his kingdom, where he ever after dwelt in peace and happiness. He was absent for a short time, however, when he kept his word and visited the Princess Linggan Chahya in the heavens.

THE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE MOORS OF CEYLON.

AT the meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society (Ceylon Branch) Mr. Corbet read a paper upon "The Marriage Customs of the Moors of Ceylon," which, he said, had been written by Mr. Ahamadu Bawa, and which had been communicated to them by the author's son, Mr. P. W. Bawa. The paper commenced by remarking, if the pun might be excused, that matrimony amongst the Moors of Ceylon was merely a matter of money, love and courtship playing no part as factors in the great social institution. This fact was fully accounted for by the seclusion and ignorance in which the girls were brought up, the religious restrictions upon social intercourse between the sexes, and the total subjection of the youths of the community to their parents and guardians in all that related to matrimonial affairs. Among the Moors overtures of marriage invariably originated with the relatives of the prospective wife, the amount available as dowry and the caste of the lady being important points to start with. As a rule, a girl

was considered eligible for marriage at twelve, and a boy at sixteen; for at eighteen a girl was considered an old maid, and a bachelor at twenty-five was a *rara avis* But, as a consequence of the dowry system and the entire absence of anything like elopements or clandestine marriages, there was necessarily a very large proportion of old maids. If the intelligent men of the community would but reflect on the consequences of the pernicious dowry system, and the daily increasing misery its perpetration entails on the masses, they would surely endeavour to reform it. Among the wealthy families early marriages were the rule, and the matches were often made even before the girls had reached their teens. In all cases where eligible *matchams*, *i.e.* cousins or sons of mothers' brothers or fathers' sisters were available preference was accorded to them—almost as a matter of right. In the absence of any such, a young man of equal caste was fixed on, and negociations with his relations commenced. The paper then described these negociations, dwelling at length on the arrangements entered into with regard to dowry, and then proceeding to tell of all the feasts and ceremonies connected with a Moorish marriage. A deputation went to solicit Meera Lebbe as a husband of "Aysha, the daughter of Hassim Marikar, their dear friend and near relative." Various panegyrics were passed, a rich feast followed, and the party dispersed. From this time a periodical exchange of presents kept the flame from dying out. There is yet another ceremony before the marriage, viz. the payment of "Seedanam," or dowry-money, which is a function of importance, and takes place some months in advance of the nuptials. The cash of the dowry alone goes to the husband, and enables him to meet the wedding expenses and to purchase the bride's *trousseau*. On an auspicious day, after partaking of the usual *Patchoru Paniaram*, milk, rice, and cakes, a party of the bride's immediate friends, to the number of about seventy, attended by the family priest, or "Lebbe," and a brother or cousin of the bride carrying the *seedanappanam* of the sum agreed upon, with some betel-leaves and a lot of other things, proceed to the young man's house, where elaborate ceremonies are gone through. About ten days before the day fixed for the wedding the invitations are issued. The bridegroom, arrayed in his best and attended by a large party of friends, calls at

every house of every Moor, high and low, within a radius of several miles, and invites its inmates of both sexes by calling out in stentorian tones. On the wedding-day takes place the great feast at the bridegroom's house, called *Mapulle weetto pakel choru.* By midday all the invited guests from far and near have arrived and seated themselves on the floor, tailor fashion, shoulder to shoulder, according to caste and condition. Water-basins are then passed round preparatory to eating. After the repast the guests leave with the remark to the effect "I will go and come again." The men all gone, the fair sex are entertained in a similar manner. In the afternoon a party goes to the bride's house, where they are received with much cordiality, and the bridegroom is presented with a ring. In the evening there is a fresh assembly of friends to do honour to the bridegroom and accompany him to the bride's, where the marriage-rites are to be solemnized. In the presentation of the *santosam* the immediate friends of the bridegroom head the list with the highest sums—say fifty rupees —and then smaller sums follow. Thus sometimes R.1000 have been collected in addition to rings of varying value presented by the relatives. While this is going on the bridegroom is supposed to be at his toilet, to the due performance of which a bath is essential. After this the party proceed to the bride's house in great state, on the way to which numerous ceremonies are gone through. At the house the *kaduttam* or written record of the marriage is signed. The next function is *kavin.* The priest takes the bridegroom's right hand in his own and repeats a formula in Arabic three times, asking if the bridegroom is willing, to which of course he replies in the affirmative. The priest with two witnesses then enters the bridal-chamber, and similarly addresses the bride. After the conclusion of the ceremony the bride is conducted to the bridal-chamber by her father or brother, and the ceremony of tying the "tali" takes place, the "tali" being clasped round the throat, and never removed during the lifetime of the spouses. The "tali" being tied, the bridegroom is expected to "clothe" his bride. This consists of placing a silk kambaya round her waist. All this time the bride neither sees nor hears; and after the ceremony the bridegroom, sitting on the bed near by, has his first look at his future life-partner. The position is embarrassing,

as all eyes are fixed upon him. More feasting follows, and it is not till two o'clock in the morning that the bridegroom retires to the bridal-chamber for the night. Early next morning the married sisters and female cousins or nearest female relative of the bridegroom visit the bridal-chamber, and prepare its inmates for the bath, to which they are conducted under a white canopy, and, sitting side by side, are bathed. Then the newly-married couple feed each other. At night the bridegroom's family are invited to dinner at the bride's house, and the next night she and her family are similarly entertained at the bridegroom's. From this time feasts at intervals take place at the houses of the mutual friends over a period of some months, the happy couple living in *Beena* at least until the first child is born; but if a part of the house has been given in dowry, the best room is appropriated to them.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Terms used in Talking to Domestic Animals.—In controlling the movements of domestic animals by the voice, besides words of ordinary import, man uses a variety of peculiar terms, calls, and inarticulate sounds—not to include whistling—which vary in different localities. In driving yoked cattle and harnessed horses teamsters cry "get up," "click click" (tongue against teeth), "gee," "haw," "whoa," "whoosh," "back," etc., in English-speaking countries; "arre," "arri," "jüh," "gio," etc., in European countries.

In the United States "gee" directs the animals away from the driver, hence to the right, but in England the same term has the opposite effect, because the driver walks on the right-hand side of his team. In Virginia mule-drivers gee the animals with the cry "hep-yee-ee-a"; in Norfolk, England, "whoosh-wo"; in France, "hue" and "huhaut"; in Germany "hott" and "hotte"; in some parts of

Russia "haitä" serves the same purpose. To direct animals to the left another series of terms is used.

In calling cattle in the field the following cries are used in the localities given: "boss, boss" (Conn.); "sake, sake" (Conn.); "coo, coo" (Va.); "sook, sook," also "sookey" (Md.); "sookow" (Ala.); "tloñ, tloñ" (Russia); and for calling horses, "kope, kope" (Md. and Ala.); for calling sheep, "konanny" (Md.); for calling hogs "chee-oo-oo" (Va.)

The undersigned is desirous of collecting words and expressions (oaths excepted) used in addressing domesticated animals in all parts of the British Empire.

In particular he seeks information as to—

(1) The terms used to start, hasten, haw, gee, back and stop horses, oxen, camels, and other animals in harness;

(2) Terms used for calling in the field cattle, horses, mules, asses, camels, sheep, goats, swine, poultry, and other animals;

(3) Exclamations used in driving from the person domestic animals;

(4) Any expressions and inarticulate sounds used in addressing domestic animals for any purpose whatever (dogs and cats);

(5) References to information in works of travel and general literature will be very welcome.

Persons willing to collect and forward the above-mentioned data will confer great obligations on the writer; he is already indebted to many correspondents for kind replies to his appeal for the *Counting-out Rhymes of Children*, the results of which have been published in a volume with that title (Elliot Stock, London).

To indicate the value of vowels in English please use the vowel-signs of Webster's Unabridged, and in cases of difficulty spell phonetically.

All correspondence will be gratefully received, and materials used will be credited to the contributors.

H. Carrington Bolton.

University Club, New York City.

An old Ballad.—Has the following ballad ever been printed, and if so where? I heard it from a relative of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's, in whose family it is traditional. A young man on his way to the gallows appeals to his parents and brethren in the following terms:—

"Hold up, hold up your hands so high,
Hold up your hands so high,
For I think I see my own mother coming o'er yonder stile to me.
Oh mother hast thou any gold for me,
Any money to buy me free,
To save my body from the cold clay ground and my head from the gallows tree?"

Mother, father, and brethren all refuse him aid:—

"Oh no, I have no gold for thee,
No money to buy thee free,
For I have come to see thee hanged, and hanged thou shalt be."

But his sweetheart is kinder and buys him off. At the end of each verse is the refrain—

"Oh the briars, the prickly briars,
They prick my heart full sore.
If ever I get free
From the gallows tree
I never get there any more."

ALFRED NUTT.

Selling by Inch of Candle.—In relation to a very curious custom which is annually observed in the little village of Tatworth, near Chard, it would be interesting to learn whether a similar practice is carried out in any other part of this country. It appears that there is in the village referred to a certain piece of land, measuring six acres and one perch, which has no legal owner, but the owners of certain properties in the vicinity are recognised as entitled to share the annual value of it, which value is, however, as a rule, very small. Those who claim a right by virtue of property they hold meet yearly at the village inn to let the land for one year, and appoint a steward, whose duty it is to see that the proceeds are divided among those who claim rights. The most curious part of the matter is the manner in which the field is let. The meeting is styled a court, and is strictly private, no one save those interested being admitted to the room. The steward presides over the court, and an inch of tallow-candle is

placed on the mantel-piece and lighted. The candle is supposed to act as auctioneer; and, while it is burning, those who desire to rent the field bid in the same way as at an ordinary auction, and the last bidder before the candle goes out gets the field for the year ensuing at the price he has quoted. The steward pays each one interested his share of the rent of the field for the past year, and the rest of the evening is generally spent in conviviality. The letting took place the other evening, when the bidding was particularly spirited, and ultimately reached the high sum of 17*l.* 10*s.*, at which sum Mr. J. B. Payne secured the field. Last year it was let for 7*l.* 10*s.*, and the rent now given is said to be fabulous, as the land is very boggy and of very little value. This custom has been observed at Tatworth from time immemorial, and no one seems to know how it originated.

Another instance of a sale by half-inch of candle, viz. a plot of land and cottage near the village of Chedzoy, known as "Church Acre," which is sold every twenty-one years at the Crown Inn, Chedzoy, during the time half-an-inch of candle takes to burn. The proceeds are devoted to church purposes. The last sale was in 1884, and the sum realised was spent in putting a new clock in the church tower. A. Hudd.

Turning of the Looking-Glass (*ante*, p. 77).—A somewhat similar custom to that commented upon by H. K. in *The Folk-Lore Journal* of January—March, 1888, came under my notice in one of our Midland counties some years ago.

When a young girl, I was taken up to the bedroom of an old maiden lady, a connection of my family, who was suffering from a slight attack of paralysis, brought on by a sudden fright, and from which she never entirely recovered, although she lived at least a year or two afterwards.

At the time of my visit she was in a state of semi-consciousness, and I remember being doubtful whether she recognized me. I fancy her attendants considered her then at the point of death. I was much struck by seeing the looking-glass on the toilet-table opposite the bed covered with a large towel, and on inquiring the reason I was

told that it was deemed unlucky that a sick person should see their face in a glass—a custom which appears more reasonable than that the looking-glass should be turned round or covered as a corpse is in the house—though this would seem perhaps to indicate that the survivors are too absorbed in their grief to think of plaiting of hair or of adorning themselves.

In Naples, in Spain, and in the island of Corfu, the church clocks and the time-pieces in the houses are stopped during Passion Week, or at least during the latter portion of it. In Spain, wooden clappers on the summit of the church towers are used instead of bells to summon the worshippers, and in Naples a small machine like the old watchman's rattle is adopted at that period to assemble the family to meals in place of the ordinary dinner-bell.

H. G. M. Murray-Aynsley.

Bees.—Mr. B. recently bought a straw skep of bees of Mr. D., whose wife died lately, and a few days afterwards, when his other bees were at work, he observed that those he had bought were not at work, so he turned the skep up to see the cause, and found the bees were dead. Upon telling this to several old people they all said they died because the master of the house did not go and tap three times at the hive and tell them the mistress was dead. One who is a bee-keeper said they died of starvation, but we find that that was not the cause, as there was between five and six pounds of honey in the hive. —*Hertfordshire Mercury*, 11th Feb. 1888.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

On February 12, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin read, before the Anthropological Society of Washington, U.S.A., a paper of some interest on the folk-lore of Ireland. Last year Mr. Curtin went to Ireland for the express purpose of finding out how far the old "myths and tales"

were still alive in the minds of the people. He visited some secluded parts of the western coast, and "took down personally a large body of myths and stories, some very long, others not so long. This collection of materials," he says, "is sufficient to fill a couple of 12mo. volumes, and will give some idea of what yet remains in the Celtic mind of Ireland. It is, however, but a small part of the mental treasure still in possession of the people."

At a recent meeting of the Wellington Philosophical Society of New Zealand Mr. E. Tregear read a most interesting paper on the "Origin of Fire in relation to Polynesian Folk-lore." The following is an abstract of it:—

Mr. Tregear said that, in bringing forward the story of Maui's procuring fire for men, he had collated the different New Zealand versions with those to be found in the Polynesian Islands. The legends possessed, far more than any other of the Maori traditions, a verisimilitude and consistency which were astonishing—the names, incidents, &c., having been preserved through the long lapse of time (which must have elapsed since the dispersion of the Polynesian tribes) in a curiously complete manner. The Maori legend of the procuring fire from the old fire-goddess Mahuika had to be prefaced by that portion of the Maui story which related his power to become a bird at will, as this had an important bearing on the sister traditions. Reading the legend in Sir George Grey's work, and noticing briefly the story as told by Wohlers, White, and others, Mr. Tregear then passed on to the Samoan version, in which the fire-deity is a male personage with whom Maui has a personal encounter, but the hero achieves his object. With brief mention of the story as told at Tokelau, and by the natives of Savage Island, the paper then related the Rarotongan tradition, one of much detail and value. The Manikiki legend differs, in that the great Polynesian deity, Tangaroa, takes the place of Mahuika as fire-divinity. The version from Nukuhiva, in the Marquesas Islands, was last dealt with: a story of rugged simplicity, but agreeing generally with the other stories. Mr. Tregear suggested that the scene being laid in Hawaiki appeared to give great age to the legends, and that, as the pathway was always downward

into the bowels of the earth in order to reach this under-world, it was probable that the ancestors of the Polynesians had acquaintance with natural fire drawn from volcanic sources; but that Maui's gift, like that of Prometheus, was the art of procuring fire by friction. Maui's birth and parentage were then considered; the difficulties in the parent-names, &c., compared one with the other, and the suggestion made that probably place-names, personified as myth, might account for some of the discrepancies. The assumption of the dove-form and hawk-form by Maui was consistent with the belief current in the ancient world as to the shapes assumed by divinities, and especially by solar deities. The "seed of fire," an expression used in the traditions for the inflammable nature of certain woods, was an idiom common in old days to the continental nations, and a singular instance of survival of linguistic phrase. Fire-worship continued to have its devotees in Europe until comparatively recent days; and the sacred fire was always "new fire," kindled by friction, or not previously used for common purposes. The deity who was supposed in India to be the father of fire, and of the birth of fire by friction, was the maker of Indra's thunderbolts, and is probably identical in name with the thunder-divinity of New Zealand. A distinct legend is preserved in Eastern Polynesia as to the descent of the Maori people from a race whose name is identical with that of the fire-kindling instrument used in India.

THE FOLK-LORE OF SUTHERLAND-SHIRE.

By Miss Dempster.

I GATHERED these tales and sayings from the mouths of the *folk* in the summer of 1859, and to all the kind friends from whom I got this *lore* I offer, after many years, my warmest thanks.

Of these stories two were printed by the late Mr. J. F. Campbell in his interesting *Collection of the Tales of the West Highlands;* the others are added to-day for the first time to that store of old-world knowledge which the Folk-Lore Society is intended to preserve. It was difficult in 1859 to make such a collection, but it would be impossible now to gather them in Sutherland. The measured prose of some of the tales would suggest that at one time they may have been actual compositions, but what is called "reading" has now supplied a substitute for this unwritten literature, which is being further banished by bigoted religious ideas and by modern progress in all its shapes. "Other times" inevitably bring their proverbial "other manners," and the relics of popular antiquity are fast vanishing along with the language, the associations, and the primitive life of the people, who are out of touch with their betters and given over to social and polemical hatreds.

Such as this collection is it was my own introduction to folk-lore, to the forgotten history, and to the past in which is buried in the present of the genuine Highland mind—to that primitive literature, in short, which is at once so like and so unlike the mythology of other primitive races.

During the years that the volume has been in my possession I have

amused myself by annotating it with references to parallel superstitions in other lands. I leave the notes, because they would seem to illustrate, without affecting, the folk-lore of the people of Sutherland.

LEGENDS.

i.—The Death of Sweno.

Once upon a time there was a king in Sweden, and his son Sweno sailed on the sea. Upon a certain day Sweno took ship; he had many men on board and red gold too, in heaps. His stepmother was a wise woman, and she bade him beware of Paraff (Cape Wrath), of Pol-dhu, and of Pol-darrachgawn.

He sailed and he sailed, till he anchored in Porst-an-Stuvanaig (Port of Sweno) as it is now called; but he did not know what land he had made. The men of the place armed themselves, and blackened their faces with soot from their pots. They came out to the ship in boats, and they told him this was Pol-Gawn! Then cried the king's son, "The Lord have mercy upon my soul if this be indeed Pol-gawn!" He weighed anchor and spread his sail; but, though he made as if to stand out to sea, the men of the isles and of Assynt were too strong for him, and they came on board the ship, and cried to Sweno that he should yield; but the Swedes were stout men, and they fought on deck and below. Then the king's son was wounded, and they put him below, and the fighting went on till a man of Pol-dhu, looking through a hole in the door, saw the king's son lying, and he shot him. Then the Swedes lost heart, and they gave up the treasure, and all that was in the ship, so only they might get away with the vessel, and with their lives. So the islanders began to work with the gold, and to lift it out in their plaids. One man held a plaid on the ship's side, and the other end was made fast in a boat; but the gold was heavy, so the plaid tore in two, and that treasure lies still in Pol-gawn. A year later the man from Pol-dhu, who had shot the king's son, said, "I go fishing to-day in Pol-gawn." While he fished a boat came suddenly over the waters, and in it there was a man with gold on his dress, and

with a sword. When the boat came along they saw that the man had the face of Sweno the king's son. Then Sweno shot the fisherman of Glendhu dead—he crying out as he died, "*Eh! Mes me hae, es me fuhr!*" (If I 'gan it before, ah! I get it now!) The place is called Porst-an-Stuvanaig to this day.—(From J. McLeod.)

[The prince's heart was buried here. His sailors embalmed the body, and took it back to Sweden, to lay it in the king's choir—at least so said a fisherman on the Lax-Fiord who told me this tale, but Pennant gives another version. "Torfaus mentions a bloody battle fought in this firth, at a place called Glendhu, by two pirates; one of them he calls Ordranus Gillius, the other *Svenus*."—(Pennant, vol. iii. p. 342.)

The fatality of one locality to certain persons has always been maintained. The oracle warned Cambyses that he should die in *Eckbatana*. The prince determined never to go there; but, on being accidentally wounded in the chase, he asked the name of the spot to which they had brought him to be treated for his wound; he was told that it was called "Eckbatana," and immediately expired.

Twardowsky (the Dr. Faustus or Michael Scott of Lithuania) sold his soul to the devil, with this condition that the fiend could only claim it if they chanced to meet in Rome. The wizard avoided any visit to the city of St. Peter; but in a hamlet of his native land, which chanced to be called "Roma," the devil accosted him, and Twardowsky had difficulty in baffling the fiend.

Henry IV. considered the prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem to be fulfilled by his death in the "Jerusalem Chamber" at Westminster.

The late Emperor Louis Napoleon had been told and he believed that the streets of London would be fatal to him.

Captain Campbell was warned by the ghost of a murdered kinsman that he must render his soul at Ticonderoga. He had never heard of such a place, and the name was quite unknown in Argyllshire. But the war of American Independence broke out, Campbell went to America with his regiment, and, while lying wounded under the walls of Fort-Edward, he learned just before he expired that the Indian name of the spot was "Ticonderoga."]

ii.—The Legends of Donald-Duival McKay, the Wizard of the Reay Country.

Donald-Duival learned the black art in Italy. The devil sat in the professor's chair of that school, and at the end of each term he claimed as his own the last scholar. One day as they broke up there was a regular scramble, for none wished to be the last. Donald-Duival really was so; but, just as Satan snatched at him, Donald-Duival, pointing to his own shadow, which fell behind him, cried, "Take then the hindmost!" and his shadow being seized, he himself escaped. When he returned to Scotland he was never seen to have a shadow.

Donald went one day to meet his old master in the great Cave of Smoo. They had a violent quarrel, and Donald fled: the print of his horse's hoofs may be seen there to this day. But Donald was himself very cruel, and a ring may also be seen to which at low water he fastened his victims, who of course were drowned by the rising tide. He could at any time travel to Italy and back in one night, sometimes alighting covered with the frosts and snows of the high regions which he had traversed on the traditionary broomstick.

Donald could oblige the fairies or "little men" to work for him. One day, when short of straw for his cattle, he begged some of a neighbour, who goodnaturedly replied that, provided he thrashed it himself, he might take as much straw as he liked. Donald went to the barn, flung himself down, and went to sleep. The hinds made a good joke of this, saying, "Donald-Duival's thrashing will be a light one." On their return from dinner they heard a great thumping and beating, and saw straw flying out of the windows in quantities. Donald's voice was heard repeating, "You and me, me and you." Fairy flails were hard at work, and all the straw was soon thrashed out.

Donald once explored the Cave of Smoo. Having penetrated further than any man had ever gone, he heard a voice cry, "Donald, Donald-Duival! return!" Undaunted, however, he pushed on till he came to a large cask. In this he bored a hole, and out of it, to his surprise, there jumped a little man about an inch and a half long.

Surprise grew to terror when this creature gradually assumed colossal proportions, and addressed him as follows: "Donald, did you ever see so great a wonder?" "Never, by my troth," replied the wizard; "but wert thou to shrink again, that would be a bigger wonder still." The giant grinned assent, and, after diminishing to a span, was simple enough to jump into the cask, which Donald closed immediately, and then left the cave much quicker than he had entered it.

Donald was a rich man, having herds and herdsmen. One day his *dey* (dairywoman) was churning, when a man appeared and asked her for a drink of milk. Her husband, who was present, noticed that the man was followed by a large white and yellow colley, an animal of unusual strength and beauty. He did not like to make an offer for it to a stranger, but was surprised to hear the man mutter as he walked away, "Though I do not give my dog unasked, I *might* give him to the man who asked me for him." All this was repeated to Donald-Duival. "Is that so?" he said. "Then it is likely the man will be back to-morrow. Bake ye a cake for him to-night; but put the girdle-plate inside the bannock, and set it before him with a stoup of milk, if he comes." The stranger did come, and did eat the bannock through. He again left, saying, "Though the man did not ask for my dog, I *might* give it to him if he said the word." No word, however, was said, for the dairyman and his wife knew by this time that the visitor was not *canny;* so they called after him, "If we did not ask for your dog yesterday, we will not take him in a gift to-day." On the following day the man came again, but this time without his dog, nor was he offered milk by the *dey*. Donald, however, watched him, and presently saw him go off with the best cow. A struggle took place, in which the cow was torn to pieces close to the Cave of Smoo.

There was a Boke of Magic much consulted by Donald. He once lent it to another wizard, a relation of his own, who returned it by a servant. The man was duly charged not to open its pages by the way; but, curiosity prevailing, the churl opened the leaves, and was instantly surrounded by hundreds of "little men," who cried, "Work, work!" The servant was horribly frightened; but, thinking it safest to keep them employed, he bade them twist ropes of the heather.

Quick as light all the heather within sight was coiled up into ropes. Again they cried, "Work, work!" The servant despatched them to the Bay of Tongue, and bade them turn its sand into ropes. With an angry scream at finding the task impossible they plunged into the sea, and Donald-Duival lost his servitors among the little men, though he still remained able at any time to draw rain or snow from the skies by a wave of his hand.—(From J. McLeod.)

[There is a mixture here of the genii in a cask, which is oriental, with a legend about Fingal, and with the book of Michael Scott. Dempster in his *Historia Ecclesiastica* says that he had heard in his youth of the existence of such books, which could not be opened without danger.—(Lib. xii. p. 495, 1827.)

A cavern at Salamanca where magic was taught was walled up by Queen Isabella the Catholic.

A celebrated professor in the chair of magic was Maugis d'Aggremont, but all the seven arts of enchantment, as taught by such masters to such scholars as Donald-Duival Mackay, are derived from Hercules. Michael Scott and Heron de Bourdeaux were able like Donald to fly through the air, and there was once a magician named Wade who in his boat Guingelot made fabulous journeys.

A certain *Virgilius*, whose adventures, as recorded by J. Doesborcke, of Antwerp, are now very rare, had twenty-four unearthly assistants, whose iron flails did great execution, and he had an adventure with the devil in a very small hole, by means of which the "fynde" is imprisoned to this day.—(Montfaucon.) Donald-Duival Mackay is by some persons declared to have been really the first Baron Reay (1628). Part of the legend about the fiendish visitor who ate the iron girdle is to be found in the MSS. of the Highland Society of Scotland.]

iii.—The Rotterdam.

Once upon a time a wicked sea captain built a ship in which he sailed the high seas, and hoped to conquer the world. When she was launched and manned he called her "the Rotterdam," and he said, "I now fear nor God nor man." His ship was so large that on her deck there was a garden of fruits and flowers, besides sheep, and milch kine,

and provisions of all sorts. He was ignorant of the navigation of the Dornoch Firth, but he tried to enter it, in the hopes of some north-west passage. He ran his ship on the quicksands of the Gizzen Brigs, and there where she sank the fisherman can still see her topgallant, and her bargee, flying and fluttering in the waves. Her crew and her captain must be still alive, for in calm weather they may be heard praying and singing psalms to avert the judgment of the Last Day, when the master of the Rotterdam will be punished.

[This recalls the account of Vanderdecken's attempt to double the Cape, and the legend of the "Flying Dutchman." In Delabouche's poem of "Le Navire Inconnu," the crime of the captain is said to have been his traffic in slaves:—

"On raconte, mon fils,
Qu'un grand forfait s'expie
Dans les flancs habités
De ce navire impie."

The bells seem to refer the present story to a superstition about the buried cities, which finds expression in the next tale.]

iv.—The Buried Castle.

Once upon a time there was a strong castle which belonged to a very bad man, and in its court there was a well which supplied the soldiers when their wicked lord had to stand a siege. One night he gave a great ball, at which dancing was kept up to a very late hour. It was Sunday morning, yet the dancing was still going on, when a servant-girl came to tell the master that the well was overflowing. He told her rudely to empty it; but she soon came again, and said that the water came up very fast. He swore at her, and bade her return to her work. The water continued to rise, and to rush out till first the court was filled, and then the castle itself disappeared into the earth, leaving in its place a deep lake. On clear days the chimneys and gables can be seen, and a gentleman who used to fish in the lake frequently remarked them. One day a little mannikin started up from among the reeds of its shore and said to him, "Come no more! You must fish here no more, for there are more mouths here than

there are fish to feed them." The mannikin then disappeared; but the fisherman, whenever he heard a reed tremble in the wind, shook also in every limb, lest the creature should appear to him a second time.—(From D. Murray, Skibo.)

[The Folge-Fiord in Norway is said to cover seven parishes which were overwhelmed for their wickedness by snow and ice. Their church bells may be heard ringing, and the peasants of the Hardanger-Fiord expect that the buried villagers will one day be restored to the world.

The Fucine Lake contains a buried city, and Herbadilla disappeared under a lake in Brittany.

The tradition of the sea-covered city, as existing in Germany, suggested Müller's beautiful poem:—

"Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingen Abendglocken, dumpf und matt,
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der schönen, alten, Wunderstadt.

"In der Fluthen Schooss hinabgesunken,
Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehen,
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldene Funken,
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

"Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,
Nach derselben Stelle schifft er immer,
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

"Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt,
Ach! sie geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat."

* * * * *

This is the pathetic side of the legend; its rational origin may well be the lacustrine habitations existing in so many lakes, to say nothing of some geological sinkings of the earth's surface.]

v.—St. Gilbert and the Dragon.

There lived once upon a time, in Sutherland, a great dragon, very fierce and strong. It was this dragon who burnt all the fir-woods in Ross, Sutherland, and the Reay, of which the remains, charred, black,

and half decayed, may now be found in every moss. Magnificent forests they must have been, but the dragon set fire to them with his fiery breath, as he rolled over the whole land. Men fled from before his face, and women fainted when his shadow crossed the sky-line. He made the whole land a desert. And it came to pass, that this evil spirit, whom the people called "the Beast," and *Dhu guisch* (of the black firs), came nigh to Dornoch, as near as to Lochfinn, from whence he could see the town, and the spire of St. Gilbert—his church. "Pity of you, Dornoch!" roared the dragon. "Pity of you, Dornoch!" said St. Gilbert; and taking with him five long and sharp arrows, and a little lad to carry them, he went out to meet the "Beast." When he came over against it he said, "Pity of you!" and drew his bow. The first arrow shot the Beast through the heart. He was buried by the townspeople. Men are alive now who reckoned distance by so or so far from "the stone of the Beast," on the moor between Skibo and Dornoch. The moor is now planted, and a wood called Caermore waves over the ashes of the fir-destroying dragon.—(From Alexander the Coppersmith.)

vi.—The Salamander.

The dragon killed by St. Gilbert (before-mentioned) must have been a salamander, since it was born from a fire which has lasted seven years. It lived in fire, and its breath burnt all the forests of the Highlands: only a man who should see it before it saw him had power to slay it. St. Gilbert dug a hole and hid himself in it, so as to get the first sight of it.

Gilbert finished his cathedral in Dornoch by witchcraft; he worked at it himself, and he used to fling up the nail to the spot he meant it to occupy, and sent the enchanted hammer after it. They both did their duty, and the hammer then returned to the hands of this "master-mason." He is called "Holy Gilbert," and sometimes "Gilbert Saor."—(From Mrs. McKay.)

[Holy Gilbert was really a bishop of Caithness, surnamed *Cartophilax*.

"In the time of king Alexander waz mony nobill clerkes: as Hugo— was in his dayes Saint Gilbert, bishop of Catteynes, redemption: ann: M.CCXLIX.

"Gilbert, archdeacon of Moray, a member of the great family of De Moravia, was himself already possessed of great estates in Sutherland by the gift of his kinsman, Hugh Freskyn. He was the son of W. de Moravia, Lord of Strabock and Duffus, and cousin-germain of William, Earl of Sutherland. He built the cathedral church of Dornoch at his own expense, and its endowments were procured by him. In the charter-room at Dunrobin is the charter of the constitution of his newly-built cathedral. It is not dated, and its era can only be limited by the period of Gilbert's episcopate: 1223-45."—(Cosmo Innes, *Sketches of Scottish History*, p. 82.)

So much for the historical value of these legends. As for their mythology, I hear St. Gilbert called in Sutherland the *Gobhainn Saor*, and this epithet connects him as a builder with the fabulous freemason and master-smith to whom seventeen Irish churches are attributed. *Gobha* means a smith, *Saor* means free or noble, but the name applies really not to any man but to a class—to those Cuthite builders to whom Ireland owes her round towers. Tradition, however, there affirms that that fabulous *Gobha* was "a black and lusty youth."* It is interesting to see the prehistoric Vulcans and Tubal Cains of Cuthite descent transformed in Sutherland into Holy Gilbert, and in Ireland figuring as St. Gobban and St. Abban.—(See Keane's *Irish Temples*, and Colgan's *Fables of the Irish Saints*.)

The tradition of the hammer goes back to the Scandinavian tale of Thor and his hammer.

In his character as a dragon-slayer St. Gilbert forms but one of a goodly company of medieval saints and heroes.

The prowess of certain knights like William de Somervale against the "loathly worm" gives its name to Ormiston, so-called from the *wyrm*, or dragon, which perished there. There is a Cheshire legend which goes over the same dangers and the same exploits.

* "He was so *dark* that you might have taken him for a *smith*."—Hurwitz's *Jewish Tales*.

In France there are commemorated:

S. Romain at Rouen, 628.
S. Pol, in Brittany, 594.
S. Julien, first bishop of Mans, 59.
S. Bié, or Bienheureux, at Vendôme.
S. Arnaud, on the banks of the Scarfe.
S. Clement, at Metz.
S. Radegonde of Poitiers, on the Claiń.
S. Bertram, at Comminge, 1076.
S. Martial, on the Garonne.
S. Martha, at Tarascon, first century.
S. Marcel, at Paris.
S. Cyr, at Genoa.
S. Arnel, at Thiel.
S. Florent, near Saumur.
S. Véran, at Arles.
S. Victor, at Marseilles.
Dieudonné, at Rhodes.
Gilles de Chin, near Mons.
Nino Orlandi, at Pisa, 1109.
Raymond, at Neufchatel.
Alexis Comnenus, at Trebisonde, 1204.]

vii.—The Death of Diarmid; or, the Boar of Ben Laighal.

Once upon a time there was a king in Sutherland whose lands were ravaged by a boar of great size and ferocity. This boar had a den, or cave, in Ben Laighal, and that was full of the bones of cattle and of men.

The king swore a great oath that he would give his daughter to the man who should rid the country of the monster.

There came Ossian, and Fingal, and Oscar, and I know not how many more, but vainly they tried to compass the death of the boar. His bristles were a foot long, his tusks were great and white, and his eyes glowed red like beltane fires.

When Diarmid came he saw the king's daughter. Her robe was

white, her eyes were blue, and her long yellow hair fell round her as she stood in the gate. Then Diarmid said to himself that he would have her. Before the dawn of next day he had gone forth. He reached the boar's den and saw the monster lying, like a boat lies on the shore, long and broad and black. Drawing a shot from his bow he killed it on the spot. All the king's servants turned out and dragged the monster home with shouting. The king's daughter stood in the gate, like a May-morning, and smiling. But the king's heart was evil, and his face grew dark. Now that the boar was dead he would go back from his word, but he dared not do so openly. So he said to Diarmid that he should not have his daughter to wife till he had measured the body of his foe, by pacing it from snout to tail, and also backwards from tail to snout.

"*That*," said Diarmid, "will I gladly do, and our wedding shall be on the morn's morning."

He paced the beast from the head to the tail without harm or hindrance, but in measuring it backwards the bristles pierced his bare feet, and in that night Diarmid sickened and died. His grave, beside the boar's den, may be seen in Ben Laighal to this day.

[The death of Diarmid, derived as it is from the older myths of Greece, forms the argument of a well-known Ossianic poem, and is referred to in the Ossian of the Highland Society.

The boar's-head forms the crest both of the Mac-Dermots and of the Campbell family.]

viii.—The Tailor and the Skeleton.

There lived in Dornoch in the olden time a tailor, who did not believe in witches, and who said "there was no ghosts." Now, St. Gilbert—his church—was the place where many were buried in those days that were not of the meaner of the people, and the tailor boasted that he would sew a pair of hose, alone, in that cathedral, in one night. Accordingly he took his seat, cross-legged before the high altar, and plied his penetrating needle with wonderful assiduity: when, lo! a human skull began to roll towards him, and spoke at last as follows: "Mo cheanna gun fiah, gun fail, aig . . . . . ," viz.: "My

large head, having neither flesh nor blood, rises, tailor, to you." "I will see that presently, when this is finished," answered the undaunted tailor, sewing away as fast as possible. The skull next said: "My great head, and breast, without flesh or blood, rises, tailor, to thee." "I will see all that when this is done," was the reply; and so it went on, the skeleton rising from the floor, higher and higher, repeating its observation, and the tailor sewing with clammy hands, and giving the same answer. At last the task was completed, and not till then did the tailor venture to look. Lo! the ghastly skeleton stood upright its full length; the damp clay covering only its white and fleshless feet. He started off, the ghost followed, but it did not overtake him till he reached the church-porch, when it slammed the door after his retreating feet with such horrid violence that it caught and lacerated the tailor's heels, leaving him a cripple for life.

The spectre had, in closing the door, grasped the posts; its fingers left a mark there, which might be seen any day till the restoration of the cathedral.

[In Inverness-shire the scene of this story is laid at Beauly. The tailor worked in the ruined abbey, and he had candles, which the ghost blew out.]

ix.—The Legend of the Holy Virgin and the Beetle.

When the Holy Family were on their flight into Egypt they passed through a field where some men were sowing corn. The Holy Virgin spoke to the men, and begged them, should any one ask for tidings of the fugitives, to say that a man, a woman, and a child had indeed passed this way, but only when they were sowing their crop. The labourers promised to obey her, and instantly the corn shot up, first the blade and then the ear, and then the full ripe corn in the ear. The husbandmen began to reap it. While they were thus employed the king's soldiers appeared, and asked them if they had seen a man and a woman leading their ass, and carrying a young child? Obedient to the orders they had received, the men replied that such persons had indeed passed through the field, but that it had been when the corn was being sown, which they were now binding into

sheaves. The soldiers were about to turn back, discouraged, when a black beetle lifted up its voice, and said:—"Yesterday, only yesterday, the Son of God passed this way." (*An dé! an dé! cha Mac Dhé seachad.*)

[This legend, lingering in Sutherland and Inverness-shire, has caused the death of many a beetle. Boys, if they find one, will stamp on it and say,—"Beetle! beetle! you won't see to-morrow:" *i.e.* live to tell any tales.]

x.—The Lonely Giant of Barra.

Once upon a time a sea captain, who had some horses on board, landed in Barra to get some hay. He wandered about, but he met no one till he came upon a splendid castle in which was a giant, an immense man, old and grey, who was quite alone. This giant said that he had once been with Fingal in Morven; "and ah!" he sighed, "I feel that if I could only fill my hand once more full of Highland earth I should be king again." The captain, having earth for ballast, said he could help him. From a sack full of Highland soil he began to fill the hand of the giant. But the hand was so big that one sack did not suffice, it seemed to be no bigger than a dry pea in that enormous palm. They were both much vexed, and the captain promised in return for the giant's hay to come back to Barra with earth enough to do the business. He did return, but the castle had vanished, and its great grey old man was nowhere to be seen.

xi.—The Three Hunters and their Brides.

Once upon a time there lived at the foot of Ben Mohr of Assynt three young men, who were the sons of one man, and famous hunters. They were fair to see, as kings' sons ought to be: fleet of foot, too, and one of them, the youngest, was skilled in music, and carried a "chaunter" in his quiver. They were promised to three sisters, all daughters of one man, but quite unlike each other. The first had golden locks, the second had lint white (flaxen) hair, and the curls of the youngest

were as black as the raven's wing. Their necks and breasts were as white as the swan, the canna (cottongrass), the sea-gull, or the foam on the pools of the shore. It came to pass on a certain day that these three young men went deer-stalking in the corries of Ben Mohr, but Ben Mohr put her cap of cloud on, and they lost their way in the mist. Hours passed. They groped about, and at last they espied a light. On making for it they discovered, to their joy, a bothy with a blazing fire, at which they warmed themselves and roasted some of the venison they had killed. When they had eaten, the piper brother played first *piobrachds* and then marches and reels. "Ah!" cried the eldest, "if our three sweethearts were but here, we might have a dance." Hardly had he spoken than three beautiful maidens, all dressed in green, appeared, who held out their hands to them, and then led off a merry reel. But the piper lad was the first to see that these girls were all web-footed. He was alarmed, and, turning to his partner, he asked permission to go to the open door so that he might have fresh air before playing for them a second time. She said that he might do so, provided that he did not let go the long green ribbon that was fastened round her slender waist. He took the girdle in his hand, and the fair girl followed him mutely. Quick as light he drew his skenedhu from his stocking, cut the ribbon across, and, shouting his own love's name, he dashed out into the night. The weird damsel, however, followed swift and noiseless, and she gained upon his steps. Some cattle and horses were grazing near, but they scenting the Evil One flew in terror, urging a mad flight down the glen. Only one horse remained. He advanced towards the hunter neighing. The fugitive flung himself upon him; but the noble beast, with head and heels, managed to keep the sorceress at bay. She continued to hurl darts at them till the dawn appeared. Our hunter then made his way to the bothy, which he found reduced to ashes; but bones and fragments enough remained to prove that his two elder brothers had perished in the embraces of their green-robed brides.

[For a legend like this, see the notes to the "Lady of the Lake."

There is a German song in which three fair maidens appear: the one is called Anna, the other Barbara; the third is to be the singer's love; but they all turn into birds, and fly away.]

xii.—The Sleeping Giants.

The giants, it is hoped, are not all dead, but only sleeping in *Tigh Mohr na Alba* (the Great House of Albyn). A man once entered a cave, and there found many huge men all asleep on the floor. They rested on their elbows: in the centre of the hall there was a stone table, and on it lay a bugle. The man put the bugle to his lips, and blew once. They all stirred. He blew a second blast, and one of the giants, rubbing his eyes, said, "Do not do that again, or you will wake us!" The intruder, who fled in terror, never could find the mouth of that cave again.

[This touches on the myth of the sleeping king or hero which is so widely distributed through the world.

Jeremy the prophet is expected by the Jews. Barbarossa and Charlemagne are only asleep, the one under a mountain, the other not in his vault, but in the Unterberg. Lost King Sebastian of Portugal is another case in point, to say nothing of Balder and of Arthur, "buried by weeping queens in Ascalon"; all heroes for whom the world is waiting. Marko of Servia retreated into a cavern; there in the forest hangs his sword. His horse is eating the grass; and when the sword falls to the ground, Marko will awake and will come forth.—(See Raube's *History of Servia*, p. 85.)]

xiii.—The Demon Angler of Loch Shin.

Once upon a time a man lived on Loch Shin side. He had flocks and herds in plenty, and he went up with his two sons to the shieling, for it was summer-time, and his cows were in the upland pasture. Well, that was good to him; and in his house by Loch Shin side there was nobody left but a little lassie and a neighbour's son, a bit laddie that played with her all the week long. The lassie had a wild dove's nest in an old tree, and first she would not show the nest, and syne she would. So they two went together, and they climbed to see the eggs that were in it. They were wandering home, *their lone*, when they saw a man fishing off a stone, with a yellow dog beside him. The man's back was turned to them, and the lassie was

keen to know who he was, and the bit laddie to know if he had fish. "Call ye to him," she said, "and ask him if he has trout, and if he will give us one to our supper?" At first they feared to do this, but at last the laddie crept up to him. "Have ye got fish?" said he; and then the girlie said, "And will ye give us a trout to our supper, for my father is in the hill?" Up rose the man; but it was not a man, but a fire, which blazed up to the sky. The heather taking fire rolled flames up to the children's feet, who were crying with fright before they got home.

"And what was it?"

"Ou, just the Mischief."—(W. Ross, stalker.)

xiv.—The Mermaid of Lochinver.

A mermaid fell in love with a fisherman of Lochinver. Her lover was enamoured, but he had heard how youths ensnared by mermaids had found a watery grave.

It became necessary then to make his own terms, and to arrange matters so as to secure himself. To rule a mermaid it is necessary to possess yourself, not of her person, but of the pouch and belt which mermaids wear. This carries the glass, comb, and other articles well-known to be indispensable to the lady's comfort, but also as a sort of life-preserver helps them to swim.

By fair means or foul this cautious swain got hold of the pouch, and the mermaid became in consequence his bride and his bonds-woman. There was little happiness in such a union for the poor little wife. She wearied of a husband, who, to tell the truth, thought more of himself than of her. He never took her out in his boat when the sun danced on the sea, but left her at home with the cows, and on a croft which was to her a sort of prison. Her silky hair grew tangled. The dogs teased her. Her tail was really in the way. She wept incessantly while rude people mocked at her. Nor was there any prospect of escape after nine months of this wretched life. Her powers of swimming depended on her pouch, and that was lost. What was more, she now suspected the fisherman of having cozened her out of it.

One day the fisherman was absent, and the labourers were pulling down a stack of corn. The poor mermaid watched them weeping, when to her great joy she espied her precious pouch and belt, which had been built in and buried among the sheaves. She caught it, and leapt into the sea, there to enjoy a delicious freedom.—(J. MacLeod, Laxford.)

XV.—A Wild Night's Vision.

After the ruin of kingcraft and prelacy in Scotland many gentlemen found the country but little to their taste.

Captain William Ross, of Invercarron, in common with "Sir Randal," and with many more good soldiers, went to push their fortunes in the wars of "the high Germanie." This laird of Invercarron was a tall and very muscular man, and legends about his strength and his courage long lingered in Strathcarron. People thought it a pity that so pretty a fellow as had been their soldier-laird should ever have shed his blood on foreign soil. Captain William Ross fell at last in action, but his fame did not die with him; and many generations later a young Mr. Ross, of Invercarron, felt no little envy of his legendary reputation for strength, size, and beauty. This young man would fain have been declared the tallest, fairest, and strongest man that the family had ever produced; but there were old people in the glen who told him that so far was this from being the case that he would not reach up to the shoulder of the captain who fell on a German battle-field. "*That*," replied the young man, "remains to be proved." "*That* you can never prove," was the retort, and at last the boaster determined by fair means or foul to convince himself of his superiority.

At Langwell, on the Oikel, there lived a wizard, and to him young Mr. Ross applied for help. "Could he see his ancestor? Could he measure himself against him?" The *wise man* undertook to exhibit the dead soldier to his descendant's inquisitive gaze: only Mr. Ross must promise obedience and silence.

They accordingly repaired that night to a flat meadow near the Oikel, where the enchanter, drawing a large circle on the turf, bade

our hero take his stand beside a white stone in the centre of it. He engaged, under peril of his life, not to stir from this spot, and not to touch or handle anything he might see. "And," quoth his guide, "there are many that must pass before you this night. As each lot passes before your eyes, ask only, 'Is Captain William Ross here?'"

The wizard now returned to his hut. The harvest-moon was at the full, and assuredly its mellow light never fell upon a stranger sight than was now presented to the gaze of a young man who half-repented of his rashness, as at midnight a large spectral army, drawn up to his right, began to move towards the bed of the Oikel. Company after company, regiment after regiment, this host defiled before him. All was silent as the grave, for the tread of these armed men fell noiselessly on the turf. The whole ghostly army unrolled itself, and of each company he demanded in a hoarse whisper, "Is Captain William Ross here?" "No; but he is coming," at length replied an officer at the head of one of the companies. Hours seemed to have elapsed, and still these foreign legions, in the strange uniforms, new colours, and strange eagles, succeeded others. There came men of fierce aspect; hordes of Tilly and Mérode, ragged and worn, but all silent; and each brigade vanished as its predecessor had done. The waters of the Oikel, lapsing softly by woods and hills to its junction with the North Sea, seemed to swallow them up, along with the uncouth field-pieces that had been dragged slowly across the verge of the magic circle. Young Mr. Ross still asked the same question, and at intervals he received the same answer. At last a company appeared, and an officer walked conspicuous, for in his great height he towered a Saul among the people, a head and shoulder above the stoutest corporal. "Is Captain William Ross here?" asked our hero. "He is," replied the corporal, and saluted. At that moment the tall officer, to whose shoulder the boastful young laird of Invercarron hardly reached, stepped out, and advanced within the circle. He greeted his young kinsman by name, and asked to shake hands with him. But our hero had been instructed not to touch or handle anything that he saw, so he refrained himself. The late soldier next pressed him to march a little way with them, but this also young Ross explained that he was unable to do. "Then," said Captain William Ross, "I must not

linger here." And after bidding good evening, the gigantic officer strode on, rejoined his company, and along with it vanished into the swift-running river. Then the vision ended. The crestfallen young boaster had to stand at his charmed post till the sun rose in the sky —till the kine began to low in the meadows, and faint cock-crows came from the distant cottages. He was so vexed that he threatened to have the wizard burnt for his unholy practices; but as the story made against himself, he thought better of it. The result of his moonlight expedition could only, if made known, raise a laugh at his expense, so young Ross never put his threat against the *wise man* into execution; and, what was better, he never boasted any more among the *beaux* and *belles* of Ross-shire of his strength or of his stature.—(W. Graham, Cuthil.)

XVI.—The Assynt Man's Mistakes.

The Assynt man's wife once asked him to take her spinning-wheel to be mended. The wind catching the wheel set it turning, so he threw it down, and said, "Go home, then, and welcome!" He then struck across the hill, and on arriving asked his wife if her wheel had got home yet? "No," she replied. "Well, I thought not, for I took care to take the short cut. It will be here presently."

A traveller stopping one day at his house asked the hour. The Assyindach, lifting a large sun-dial from its stand, put it in the stranger's lap that he might see for himself.

Seeing a four-wheeled carriage, he exclaimed, "Well done the little wheels! the two big ones wont overtake them to-day."

He took his child to be baptised. The minister, who knew him, said he doubted if he were fit to hold the child for baptism. "Oh, to be sure I am, tho' he *is* as heavy as a stirk." This answer showing but little wit, the minister then asked him how many commandments there were? The Assynt man boldly replied twenty. "Oh, that will never do. Go home first, and learn your questions" (catechism). On his way back the Assynt man fell in with a neighbour. "But how many commandments are there? There must be a great many, for the minister would not be content with twenty." When set right

on this point he went back to the minister, and to keep the baby warm he slipped it into his coat-sleeve, tying up the mouth of the sleeve with a string. But as he walked the string came off, the baby fell out, and slipped into a snow-wreath. Not till he was in church did the Assynt man discover his mistake. "I am very sorry," he said, "but not a bit of Kenneth have I got now."—(N.B. No wise person names an unbaptised infant; it is unlucky, and this infant died in the snow.)

The Assynt man once went as far as Tain to buy meal. A man overtaking him asked him what o'clock it was. "Well, last time it was twelve; but if it is striking still it must be nearly twenty."

He carried two bags full of cheese to market one day. One bag broke, and the cheese rolling fast down hill testified to a power of locomotion on their part which he was sorry not to have found out sooner, as they were very heavy. He, therefore, opened the second bag, and sent its contents after the first ones, walking on himself to market. He was surprised, as he said, not to find his cheeses. He waited all day, and then consulted his mother, who advised him to look for them at the bottom of the hill. There, to his great joy, he found them all.

On seeing a hare for the first time he took it for a witch, and while repeating the Lord's Prayer he backed from it. Unluckily he backed into a pond, and there, but for his wife's help, he must have been drowned.

[Assynt is spoken of in Sutherland as Beotia was spoken of in Thebes. But the Greeks had a tale of a stupid man who, when asked if his house was a good one, brought one of its stones as a sample.

In Germany a certain "Kördel" and "Michel" are remarkable for their stupidity, and make just such mistakes as the Assynt man perpetrated.]

xvii.—The Last Giant, and he Blind.

The last of the giants lived among the Fearn hills, Ross-shire, and within sight of the windows of Skibo. He had an only daughter, married, not to a giant, but to a common man. His son-in-law did

not always treat him well, for he was sometimes very hungry, so hungry that he had to wear a hunger belt.

One day, at dinner, his son-in-law said to him, "Did you ever, among the giants, eat so good beef, or from so large an ox!" "Among us," said the last of the giants, "the legs of the birds were heavier than the hindquarters of your ox." They laughed him to scorn, and said it was because he was blind that he made such mistakes. So he called to a servant, and bid him bring him his bow and three arrows, and lead him by the hand to a corrie which he named in the Balnagowan forest. "Now," he said, "do you see such and such a rock?" "Yes," said the servant. "Are there rushes at the foot of it?" "Yes," said the servant. "And is there a step in the face of it?" "Yes." "Then take me to the steps, and put me on the first of them." The servant did so. "Look now, and tell me what comes." "I see birds," said the fellow. "Are they bigger than common?" "No, no bigger than in Fearn," said the servant. A little after, "What do you see now?" "Birds still," said the servant. "And are they bigger than usual?" "They are three times bigger than eagles." A little later, "Do you see any more birds?" said the giant. "Yes; that the air is black with them, and the biggest is three times as big as an ox." "Then guide my hand on the bow," said the blind giant. And the lad guided him so well that the biggest bird fell at the foot of the rock among the rushes. "Take home a hindquarter," said the giant, and they carried it home between them. When they came to the house of his son-in-law he walked in with it, and aimed a tremendous blow at the place where his son-in-law usually sat. Being blind, he did not see that the chair was empty. It was broken to atoms. But the son-in-law lived to repent, and to treat the blind giant better.—(Rev. Niel Mackinnon, Creich.)

[This tale is known in the Hebrides. The giant was Ossian.

There is an Irish version of the legend, in which the *blackbirds* are called deer, or *elks*.]

xviii.—The Tree taken to Witness.

Once upon a time there were two men travelling together on foot along Spey side. The elder one of the two grew weary, and they sat

down to rest under a tree, having drank of a little stream that ran below them. The wearied man soon fell asleep, and his companion sat watching the larks singing above the furze-bushes, and the dimpling and purling of the burn. He heard his fellow-traveller groaning and muttering in a restless sleep, and he soon after saw creep out of his mouth an insect like a bee, only wanting its wings. This bee crawled along the man's clothes, and down on the sod, till it came to the brook, which it could neither fly over nor swim. It aye turned back and back, and aye tried it again, till the waking man, letting it creep on his sword, helped it across. It then went on two hundred yards, or more, and disappeared in a small cairn. Presently the sleeper came to himself, and told his friend that he had had a strange dream: a "wee, wee crayterie, no bigger nor a bee," had told him of a hidden treasure, and had promised to show it to him. It had seemed to him as if the creature came out of his mouth, had crossed the burn by his comrade's help, and had gone out of sight in a cairn. The watcher (who had had time to follow the bee to the cairn just hid by a rising ground, and not more than two hundred yards off) laughed at the story, but the elder man said that it must be true, and declared his mind to seek the cairn and its contents. High words followed, and the younger, drawing his sword, slew the man who had dreamt the dream of gold. The victim with his last breath upbraided the other with treachery, and took the tree, under which he had slept and now lay, to witness that he had been foully murdered. The murderer dug out the cairn and found the treasure, gold and silver and silver armour-pieces, and became a gay, rich man, but "aye where he went men saw a tree abune him and behind him, aye walking where he walked, and staying where he stayed. An' for all his gear he never got a friend to bide wi' him, nor a lass to marry him. At last he was over weary of it all, and went to the priest, and telled him the way of it, and made a restitution to the dead man's folk, and that was good to him whatever: but he did na live lang syne."—(Rev. W. Forsyth, Dornoch.)

xix.—The unjust Sentence.

Once upon a time two men went salmon-fishing in the Shin, and

one of them happened to fall into the linn pool, a very deep place indeed. The other pulled him out with the gaff, but in doing so blinded him of one eye. Well, what did this man do, but sue his friend for the loss of the eye. They went before the magistrate, and the magistrate was so foolish as to decide that the one must pay the other damages for the loss of his sight. All the country talked about the sentence, and said that the man had "had a bad justice," and that the next man who fell into the falls of Shin must be left to drown at this rate, as no man could afford to save another's life at the risk of his own, and to pay a fine into the bargain. A few days after the magistrate was out walking, and at his right-hand side was a green mound, on which some little girls were playing. They were ranged in rows, one sat at the top, and two stood before her. "Now," said the little girl, "I am the unjust judge, and you are to be the man that lost his eye," and so on they went, and the magistrate stood to listen to them. They talked for a long time, and at last the judge got up and said, "My sentence is, let the man go into the pool again, and give him his choice there to drown if he can't help himself out, or to lose his eye in being lifted; if he chooses the last, he is never to say another word, but go home and be thankful."

The magistrate was so much struck that *he* went home, summoned the men, revoked the sentence, and ordered the grumbler a beating for his pains.—(D. R. Stack.)

[There is a legend in H. Hurwitz's *Collection of Jewish Tales* (1826) which is something like this.]

XX.—Drochaid-na-Vouha, or, The Kelpie's Bridge, (A legend of the Gissen Brigs).

It is said that the kelpies were tired of crossing the Dornoch Firth at its mouth in cockle-shells, so they resolved to build a bridge. This was a magnificent work, the piers and the piles were all headed with pure gold. Unfortunately a countryman went by, and, lifting up his hands, bade "God bless the workmen and the work." At the sound of the Divine Name the workmen vanished and the work sank beneath the waves. The sand accumulating round it forms a danger-

ous bar across the entrance to the Dornoch Firth to this day.—(D. Murray, Skibo.)

[Froissart tells how in 1381, when the Duke of Anjou was besieging a strong castle on the coast of Naples, a necromancer built a bridge which carried ten soldiers abreast, until any that passed on the bridge made "the sign of the crosse on hym, then all went to nought, and they that were on the bridge fell into the sea."]—Vol. i. p. 391.

xxi.—The Romance of Gille na Cochlan Crackenach.

It happened to the Righ na Lirriach, after his marriage, to lose his way in the hills, while on a hunting expedition. He wandered long, and at last discovered a hut, and entered it, to be hospitably received by the Ben-ee (an enchantress, a fairy of the mountains), its only occupant. Here, under spell, he lived for twelve months; and not till the Ben-ee had given birth to a son did she set him free to return to the palace. There he found that in the first months of his absence the queen had also given birth to a son, over which he rejoiced, while the people rejoiced to see again the Righ na Lirriach. Not long after he went again to hunt on the hills. Now the henwife was one skilled in enchantment, and she came to the queen, and declared to her that the king had another son, and that that son's mother was the great Ben-ee. In order to get the king to return the queen feigned herself sick, and sent to tell him that she lay a-dying, and that, to see her alive, he must come instantly. On receiving the message, the king hastened home, and to his wife's chamber, where he asked her if nothing would do her good? "One thing," she said, might, but he would have to vow to give it to her before she revealed what it was; so he swore that he would do it. "Then," she said, "bring me here the son of the Ben-ee." To this he replied that the thing grieved him, and, had he not vowed, he would not perform it—however, now he must and would. He started for the hut of the Ben-ee, and had to remain long with her before he could obtain her consent; but at last he brought the boy to the palace, and the queen, receiving him kindly, ordered him to be brought up with her own son. The boys grew up together. One day, as they were amusing themselves together, there passed by them

a man, greyheaded and old, who said thus to them: "You seem to be very happy together, but one of you shall yet kill the other." They both answered, "That shall never happen"; and, in order to falsify the prediction of the old man, Fach-Mòhr-mac-Righ-na-Lirriach (the son of the Ben-ee, and so called in his father's palace) took his departure, and went from his father's house to push his fortunes in some other land. Wandering about, as he was, in search of some employment, and being weary of the way, he sat down and fell asleep under a tree. When he awoke and looked up he observed a man standing over him, who spoke kindly to him, inquiring whither he was going, to which Fach-Mòhr replied that he sought a master to give him work. The stranger asked his name. "Gillie-na-Cochlan Crackenach," replied the lad, but said not that he was a king's son. "Since I have given you my name," said the young man, "tell me now yours." "Then," said the stranger, "I am Ossian-Righ-na-Faen" (king of the Picts). So Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach agreed to enter the service of the king, and went home with him to be introduced to the other servants in the castle. But that very night the son of the Ben-ee quarrelled with them and killed half of their number. So the king's counsellors advised the king to turn out Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach, or else he would destroy all his subjects in Faen. "Where shall we send him to?" said the king. "To Eillan Phir Mohr" (Isle of the Giants), they said, "and let him bring from thence the *corn chearach*" (drinking-cup). Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach set out for the island, and there found a great and enchanted castle. Round it stood a guard armed with iron flails. He took hold by the legs of the man of them who had the biggest head, and with this flail killed the whole of the guard. He then walked into the castle; there sat the king and the giants his companions, and the *corn chearach* was before them on the table. After saluting the king he asked for a drink. They desired him to drink from the cup on the table; he took it up, drank it out, and, putting it under his arm, he walked out, the king heeding it not, for he thought that the robber would be slain by the guard in going out of the castle with the cup. Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach returned to the Righ-na-Faen. Men were much surprised. "And now," said the king's counsellor, "now that this

man has returned from Eillen-Phir-Mòhr your subjects are all dead men. "What now will we do with him?" cried the king. "Let us order him," said the counsellor, "to leap twelve times backwards and forwards over the ditch, twelve feet broad, which surrounds the castle, and cause him to be shot at with arrows from both banks," and the gillie leapt, but, leaping, caught the arrows with his hands before they touched him.

"What now?" said the king to the counsellor. "Make him try a race with Cuillie" (swift as the wind, and brother of the king). And the gillie ran; but, before starting, he bid Cuillie start, saying he should himself wait for a little to rest. This set the whole court laughing. When Cuillie was halfway over the course, and scarce halfway up the hill, the gillie set off, overtook him, and, striking him with the hand on the shoulder, changed him into a white deer. After this he left the country of the Faen, and went to visit the Ben-ee. He remained with her for a year, till one day he told her that he wished to return to the country of the Faen to free Cuillie from the enchantment. He did so, and he returned with Cuillie to the castle, where the king joyfully received him, but shortly after informed Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach that he had had that day a letter from the queen of Eillen-na-Muck but could not go to her, nor to her country, unless Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach went with him. "Through the world," said he, "I will go with the king, but not to one place, and that place is Eillen-na-Muick." The king would take no refusal, upon which Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach said that, if the king could get the consent of the Ben-ee, his mother, he would then gladly go. The king then asked where the Ben-ee was to be found. "On the hill by the sea, combing her hair, you will find my mother." The king went and found the Ben-ee, as her son had said. He caught her by the hair. Winding the long locks round his hand, he swore to her that he would not let her go till she gave leave for her son to go with him to Eillen-na-Muick. "Let him go then," she said; "but, if you bring my son home alive, let the sails you hoist up as you sail in the bay be red; if not, let them be black in your vessels." The king swore it to her, and they sailed for Eillen-na-Muick.*

* Isle of the Pig.

They came at last into the bay below the castle, and the queen stood with her twelve maids and looked from the windows; and, seeing a vessel in the bay, she laid the whole crew under a spell, except Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach. Upon this Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach laid one on the queen and on her twelve maids, and they changed into twelve white stags that could not draw their heads back into the windows because of the width of their branching cabers (horns). The queen cried, "Fach-Mòhr-mac-Righ-na-Lirriach, remove the enchantment." "Nay," he replied, "remove yours first, because it was the first laid on." She did so, and Ossian Righ-na-Faen knew now for the first time that his strong servant was the son of the Righ-na-Lirriach. Now the queen called a second time, "Remove the enchantment." Said Fach-Mòhr to the queen, "I like well that you should look at us so; but where am I and my master and his servants to find a lodging to-night?" "There is a big barn here," she said, "it is close by, and will hold the whole of you." When they saw the barn, lo! it consisted of seven couples, and seven miles between each, full of giants. So Fach-Mòhr looked round, and took by the legs the one who had the biggest head, and with him he slew the whole of them. He then bade the servants to go in and clean out the barn. They began, but every spadeful they threw flew into their faces. "Be off! be off!" he said, and, setting to, cleaned the whole out in a few minutes. He then went to the queen and said they needed fuel and fire. "There is a large stack of peats hard by," said the queen; "take from it as much as you please." So the men went, but every peat they took flew back and hit them in the face. They went and told this to Fach-Mòhr, who came out, lifted the stack in his arms, and carried it into the barn. Then Fach-Mòhr went again to the queen and said, "Where are provisions for me, for my master, and for his men?" Said the queen, "There is a bull in the park below, take him and kill him for your use." The men went out to take the bull, but dared not come near it for the flames of fire it vomited forth out of its mouth. This they told to Fach-Mòhr. "I do not know," cried Fach-Mòhr, "what to think of a crew like this that can do nothing," and, catching the bull by the horns, with one wrench tore him in half. The carcase was hauled up to the barn, and they feasted there that

night. When darkness came on, Fach-Mòhr said to them all, "We must watch. Choose you the first part of the night or the last?" They said they were ready to take the first watch, but Fach-Mòhr replied, "He now thought he would take the first, and they should have the latter watch, and so they might now go to bed." About midnight the mother of all the giants he had slain in the barn came home with provisions for her sons, and, seeing Fach-Mòhr, a battle began between them. He got the great mother down, when she cried, "Spare my life, and I will give you what will bring the dead to life and cure all manner of disease." "Where is it?" "Under the flag of the hearthstone," she said. "And how do you call it?" "Flaggan Fiacallach." As soon as she had said this he put her to death. In the morning they all went down to the bay, and got on board their vessel. "Now," cried the queen, "Fach-Mòhr, remove all your enchantments." "I like well, O queen, that you should look at us so till we go out of sight." They had now got some way from Eillen-na-Muick, when Fach-Mòhr said to his master and to the crew, "I will now make war in the sky, and you will not see me for six days and six nights, except as a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire." At the end of that time he said they would see him coming down, when they must hold up the blunt end of a spear, on which he might alight. They were overjoyed when the storm was over and they saw him coming down; but they had held up the points of their spears, and on them Fach-Mòhr-mac-Righ-na-Lirriach falling was slain. They were sorry for the death of their champion, and, as ordered by the king, they hoisted black sails, that the Ben-ee might see that her son was dead. Soon after they landed, and the Ben-ee met them. To the king of the Faen she said, "I knew how it would be and how it is—my son is dead. It is not willingly that you slew him, else none of you had ever reached the land," and, taking her son in her arms, she carried him to the hills; she found on his body the Flaggan Fiacallach, and rubbing some of the oil into the corpse brought him to life again. She then brought him to her hut, and there he lived till he heard that his brother, the son of the king of the Lirriach, was ill and dying. All the physicians of the land had been called, but they could not cure him; when they failed, their heads were cut off, and

nailed round the castle. At last came Fach-Mòhr, and brought with him the "Flaggan Fiacallach"; * with the oil he anointed the body of his brother, and restored him to health. Great was the joy of the Righ-na-Lirriach, and he commanded that when he died his kingdom should be equally divided between the two sons.—(Mrs. Young, Lairg.)

[The romance of Gillie-na-Cochlan-Crackenach is a specimen of the long-winded stories still told, the unwritten novels of the western highlands and islands. It is a wonderful fumble of many mythologies. Thor, Arthur, Theseus, Circe, Hercules, may all be traced, to say nothing of scriptural allusions.]

XXI.—Mr. Alexander Fraser's Pilgrimage.

(This story was told by a field labourer. It had been repeated to her by another woman, who said that it had never been written, but that she had heard it repeated by four generations.—Peggy Munroe, Achlach.)

Mr. Alexander Fraser was the priest of a hill parish in Inverness-shire. A tall, grave man, he was feared and not much loved; but he had become moodier than ever, and men ceased to speak well of him in the last year of his residence among his flock. He had broken the vow of celibacy, and had implicated in his guilt one of his humblest parishioners. The evil tale got wind; but it was in an agony of remorse that this man bid his love farewell, and fell on his knees on the hillside, where they had parted for the last time, vowing that he would neither shave his beard nor wear shoes till he had expiated his guilt, and obtained remission of his sin at the Sepulchre of our blessed Lord. He took leave of his sister and of his aged mother, who was blind, bidding her bless him, as he went on a needful errand. "Is it an errand of mercy, my son?" said the aged woman. "It is an errand of necessity, mother, and may God have mercy upon it." So Alex-

* In an Icelandic legend the mysterious phial appears. An old woman in a blue cloak, with a glass phial, goes over the corpses after a battle. She anoints them with the ointment, and life is restored.—*Legends of Iceland*, by Powell and Magnusson, p. 159.

ander Fraser went out barefoot across the Inverness-shire hills. The mother did not long survive the shock and the obloquy cast on her son's name, and they laid her head under the shadow of his deserted church.

The penitent kept his vow, and reached the Sepulchre, where he fell down on his face, praying for pardon and forgiveness. Suddenly a light filled the place, and he lifted his face, streaming with tears, to hear a voice say, "I am Mary, and thy sins are forgiven of God; go in peace." And Alexander Fraser arose, and rested not till his foot trod again the hills of Lochaber. He was a sore altered man when he came by the old place again; grey was his beard, and his clothes hanging in rents, as he slouched and stooped in his gait. The house where his mother had lived he entered last. He had begged a trifling alms first in many others, aye asking who was the priest of the parish. "Their minister," they said, "had fallen in with the Evil One, and for five years had not been seen." A glance at his old house showed him that it was in a state of commotion; he entered it by the kitchen door an eldritch-looking beggar, whom the serving-maids ordered out. They were preparing a wedding-feast. Their old mistress was dead, and their young one was to wed, on the morrow's morn, a certain Patrick Morrison. "Tell your mistress that there is a wanderer that wants word of her," and the maid went ben to Miss Betty's chamber, where she was sewing the wedding-clothes.

"Tell the gaberlunzie that I cannot come for any but one, I am that busy in the house; but give him," she added, "a glass of wine to drink our health and luck." The wine was served to the beggar, who, when he had drunk it, slipped off a ring he wore into the glass, and returned that to Miss Betty's message. At the sight of the ring Miss Betty fainted. When she came to herself, she ran to the kitchen, where the ragged strange man sat. "The mischief! the mischief!" she cried; "that took off my brother; put him out!" "Keep quiet, and you will, maybe, see your brother yet," he said. He told her what his errand had been and now was. Then he went upstairs and washed and shaved himself, and came down and sat with her, and put it all before her; and that he had forgiveness given him at our Lord's grave. And syne he made the marriage between Miss

Betty Fraser and Patrick Morrison, and they lived happily all their days.

[There is a trace here of the Indian legend of "Sakouthala."]

XXII.—The Lost Wedding-Ring.

It fell out once that in a little farmhouse one day the mistress and the maid were sifting meal in the morning, and that in the evening at supper the former perceived that her wedding-ring was missing. After due and unavailing search, she accused the lass of having stolen it, upbraiding her with the theft before the other servant, a farm lad who had long been courting her, and with whom she was (as my authority expresses it) "on terms of marriage." The ring could not be found. Appearances were against the girl. She lost her place, and well-nigh her lover, "for the word was that hard against her" that he felt unwilling to have his banns proclaimed with a thief. Perplexed and unhappy, he went for counsel to a wise or spae woman. She bid him be of good cheer, and go to bed in his house, and to sleep "till she got word of the ring." To bed he went, but not to sleep. An hour after, when she supposed him to be sound, the wise woman rose from her chair by the hearth, and began turning over the clothes he had taken off. After searching the pockets, which were empty, she took up the brace, or band for supporting his trews, and left the hut, quick as thought and unseen. The young man followed her to a flat beside the river, where "with words I cannot say, she fetched Him I dare not name." "Well, what is it now?" said he, "and he was just the Muscheef (mischief), my dear." "Well," she said, and told how the lad was ill at ease after the ring, and the poor lassie set by as a thief, "an' what do *you* say about the ring?" "I say, that the ring is just in the meal-gurnel; it fell in while they were sifting in the morning. Let them sift it again." So far, so good, thought the lover; but the wise woman and her friend had not finished their say. "An' what will I get for this?" said the mischief. "You will get him that is the fill of this" (or that this holds), showing him the waistband. . . . . .

The ring was found as predicted, and the girl's character cleared,

but the last sentences rung in her betrothed's ears; and this time he selected for his adviser a wise man. "Au! what can I do to be rid of the ill thing?" he asked, eyeing the band askance. "Take you the brace," quoth the wizard, "and go back to the river side; tie it round a tree, and cut a cross in the tree, then kneel you down, and say, 'May the Lord God Almighty bless me, and make me free of the ill word and the ill thing.'" He did as he was bid, and next morning the tree, split open, lay by the water side. The curse had passed on to it, and the couple, who were married the next week, lived long and happily all their lives.—(Peggy Munroe.)

xxiii.—An Erse Version of Jack the Giant Killer, called The Giant and the Little Herd.

The giant appeared to the little herd-boy, and threatened to kill him; but the boy gave him to understand he had better not, as he was, though small, very strong, and an enchanter, and that if the giant ate him he would make him very ill. The giant did not quite believe him, and taking up a stone which he ground to powder by closing his hand on it, bid the herd do the same, or he would make short work with him. Our little friend had a lump of curds in his pocket, which he contrived to roll in dust, till it looked like a stone; pressing it between his fingers, a stream of whey run out through them. The next trial was with the heavy hammer, which the giant threw to an immense distance, telling the would-be enchanter that unless he could match *that* he would blow his brains out. "I suppose," said the boy, "you have no regard for the hammer, and don't care whether you ever see it again or not?" "What do you mean?" growled the giant. "I mean that if I take up the hammer it goes out of sight in the twinkling of an eye, and into the sea." "I beg you will let the hammer alone, then, for it was my great-grandfather's hammer," replied the giant, and they were both pleased with the bargain. Then followed the hasty-pudding feat (called brose and brochen here), and the experiment with the black-pudding, which the boy had inside his jacket, and which ran blood when he pierced it. The giant, trying to imitate him, plunged a knife into himself and died, as may be seen in

all carefully compiled books for the use of young persons.—(D. Murray, Skibo.)

[The opening of the tale, and the deaths of Comoran and Blunderbore, as told in our children's books, are all unknown here, and the whole thing as found in Sutherland more nearly resembles the Scandinavian story of "The Giant and the Herd Boy," given in Thorpe's *Yule Tide Stories* (Bohn's library edition), but, as will be seen, it incorporates with that some of the features of our Jack.]

XXIV.—The Herds of Glen Ouar.

A wild and romantic glen in Strath Carron is called Glen Craig. It was through this that a woman was once passing, carrying an infant wrapped in her plaid. Below the path, overhung with weeping birches, and nearly opposite, ran a very deep ravine known as *Glen Ouar*, or the Dun Glen. The child, not yet a year old, and which had not yet spoken, or attempted to speak, suddenly addressed her thus :—

"I' leanvar vo mhoal ouar
(Le lavidh na ghoul)
Himig meish a che bloau
An's a gleana ouar ad palla,
Gun chu, gun duinie
Gun chain, gun gillie,
Ach aon duinie
Ajus e lea"———

Or—

"(Many is the dun hummel cow, each having a calf.)
I have seen milked
In the opposite dun glen
Without the aid of dog,
Or man, or woman, or gillie,
One man excepted,
And he grey"———

The good woman, terrified and grieved, flung down child and plaid, and ran home, where, to her great joy, her baby lay smiling in his cradle. Some frolicsome spirit had played her the trick, and returned the infant to the cottage.—(D. Murray, Skibo.)

XXVI.—The Unwelcome Guest.

(Told on a New Year's Eve thirty-six years ago, to D. M., in Gaelic.)

In the good old times the New Year's festivities were kept up for eleven days together. A long time ago a funeral took place in the churchyard of Dornoch, on a New Year's day. In the churchyard it was, therefore, that on this occasion invitations were given and received. It happened that they were so by all the men attending the funeral, with the exception of one, who was left, when the others moved off, standing alone and crest-fallen among the green graves of his forbears. His attention was attracted to a human skull, lying blackening on the surface of "the strangers' burying-ground." He went up to it, and, hitting it with his staff, addressed it thus:—"Thou seemest to be forsaken and uncared for, like myself. I have been hidden by none, neither have I invited any—I now invite thee." The poor man then walked home, where he arrived as the long mid-winter's night closed in, and found his wife on the look-out for him and for any guests he might have brought with him. Soon after they had sat down to dinner, a venerable old man, dressed in greyish clothes, entered the room in the most perfect silence, took his seat at the table and his share of the viands under which it groaned; indeed, it was amply spread with the food used in the good old times,—mutton, venison, kippered salmon, and oat-bannocks, which had been baked on a red-hot flag-stone, and mixed with eggs, caraway seeds, &c., made from barley-malt. After the meal, the old man, rising, departed without having spoken a word. In the same way he repeated his visits for six nights. At last the host became alarmed and uneasy; as he had been indeed from the beginning convinced that the stranger belonged to the other world. He accordingly asked the priest's advice as to how he was to get rid of the unwelcome guest. The reverend father bade him, in laying the bannocks in the basket for the seventh day's supper, *reverse* the last-baked one. This, he assured him, would induce the old man to speak.

That night the old grey man perceived it on entering. He did not sit down, as usual, but said as follows:—"I now see, oh, friend! that

you are tired of me, before the end of the New Year's festival. I now invite *you* to spend the remainder of it with me in the kirk-yard. I go before you, and will await your coming: on your peril do not fail."

Mine host went again and craved the priest's advice, whose counsel was to proceed. This he did, with a trembling step, while from every pore a cold sweat distilled. On reaching the churchyard, he there saw a great house, illuminated in its many windows, while sounds of music and dancing met his ears. The savoury odours issuing from the kitchen soon reminded him that he had had no dinner that day: his fears vanished, and he felt hungry. The grey old man received him at the door, led him into a large room, beautifully decorated, where a numerous company was assembled. The old man, disappearing then, left him to enjoy himself for the evening, which he did—eating, drinking, piping and dancing. After a short time the grey master of the house entered, and said to him that the entertainment was at an end, and that he must make the best of his way back. "Surely not yet. I have been but for a few hours, and I kept you for days." The other replied: "Hasten home, or your wife will be married to another; in parting, let me give you this advice: never take liberties, using disrespectful words or actions to the remains of the dead." Having said so, the grey old man, the guests, the house, and all that it contained, vanished, leaving our hero standing alone in the churchyard-grass, and so fatigued that he could hardly crawl back in the moonshine.

When he neared his own house he again heard the sound of music and dancing; and, on opening the door, the first thing that met his sight was his wife, in a bride's dress. She swooned away immediately; the piper flung down his pipes and bolted through the window; the would-be bridegroom scrambled up the chimney; the wedding-guests made for the door, or hid under the bed, and the husband and wife—called back from her faint,—were left alone to make their mutual explanations. It seemed he had been away a year and a day; and that is the time within which widows are restricted from making a second marriage.

It was some time before the man recovered from the fatigue of a

year spent in dancing, or the wife wholly got over her fright; but I am assured they lived happily ever after; saw their great-great-grandchildren; and that their descendants are scattered through the country to this day.—(D. M., gamekeeper.)

XXVII.—THE STUPID BOY.

Part I.—*The Nine Yards.*

There lived once on a time in Sutherland a widow, who had one son, and he was a very stupid boy; so stupid that he could not be trusted out of sight, and that he had no idea how to buy or sell. One day his mother had nine yards of home-spun to sell; and there was a market within a few miles of her, at which she wished to show it for sale; but she could not go herself, and had no one to send but her son, and she thought a great deal how she was to prevent him doing something stupid with it, and being cheated. At last she thought that as the fair lasted three days she might send him every day with three yards, and that he could not go far wrong in getting a price for so small a quantity. So she sent him off with the first three, and charged him to bring it home if he did not get plenty of bidders and a long price for it. Nobody at the fair noticed the stupid boy and his little bundle; and he was turning to go home when a butcher met him, and asked him if he would sell the three yards of cloth. The boy said it was for sale, if he could get anything for it. "I will give you the two best things you ever saw in your life," said the butcher, and pulled out of his pocket a mouse and a bee. Presently the bee began to fiddle, and the mouse to dance, and they were the strangest pair you ever saw. "Done," cried the stupid boy, and hastened home to his mother with the mouse and the bee. When she saw for what he sold her stuff she was so angry that she flogged him soundly. Next day, however, she told him to take the next three yards and sell them better than the first, or that she would give him a terrible thrashing, and bread and water for a week.

Our stupid boy came to the fair, and began looking about for the butcher again, like a goose that he was. Very soon he saw him coming. "Have you any more homespun to sell to-day, my little

friend?" said he. Then the boy let him have the three yards more, for what do you think?—for a long, leather string, that would tie of its own accord, and a stick ("plochan") used for stirring brose, that beat of its own accord. "They will do to serve my mother out," said the stupid boy. When he got home, she began to be very angry at being cheated for the second time, but the tie soon held her, and the stick gave her such a thrashing that she was too ill and frightened to say another word.

Part II.—*The Stupid Boy and the Three Laughs.*

Now there lived in those days a rich man, who had an only daughter, and she was a very stupid girl; so stupid that she sat like a lump and thought, and never had laughed in her life. And the father said he would not give her in marriage to any one unless the bridegroom could make her laugh three times.

And it came to pass, when the stupid boy, who had grown to be a man, heard *that*, he asked his mother's leave to go and try if he could not make the stupid girl laugh. She said he might try, for the girl was to be rich, and he was stupid enough to make the cat laugh in the fire-corner. "Well, we will see that," and he went to the house where the girl lived. Soon after he came in he put the mouse and the bee down on the table, and whistled to them till the one began to pipe, and the other to dance, and when the grave girl (who was very pretty, with snow-white skin and eyes like sloes) saw them she clapped her hands and laughed for a quarter of an hour. Her father clapped his hands and cried, "Well done," and "Do it again."

Now, you must know, that though her father was vexed all his life to see her sit like a stone, her mother—who was rather a dull woman too—did not mind it, and was very anxious that she should marry a rich, fat old man, whom her father thought as stupid as the boy and the girl put together.

So it was, that next night, when the boy came to the house, he found the other lover sitting at the table, and the mother filling him with bread and cheese and fine words, and the girl sitting by like a stone. When our stupid boy saw him, he pulled the leather string

and the "plochan" out of his pocket; and the string tied the fat man, and the porridge-stick beat him, till he roared for mercy. Then the girl clapped her hands and laughed till her sides ached.

Next morning the mother sent for both the lovers. She told the boy that he was a rogue, and would come to be hung, as he deserved, and that he should never have her daughter; but she said to the old man that he might have the girl, and that the wedding should be that very evening.

But the stupid boy was determined not to be beat, so he came to the window quietly, and put the bee in. The bee stung the man in the face, so that he ran about, holding his hands to his head, and the girl sat opposite him and laughed till the tears ran down her face; and every time she looked at the fat old man's swelled nose and eyes she began again. Her father heard the noise, and came in, when he saw her not able to speak for laughing. He was so delighted that he said no one should have her but the stupid boy that had made her laugh three times. So they were married next day, and lived happily all their lives after.—(D. R., forester, Loch Stack Lodge.)

[Of this story a very similar version is told in Argyllshire.]

xxviii.—The Master Thief.

[This was twenty or thirty years ago a common school-boy's tale. I have tried in vain to get it written down in Gaelic, but they tell it with all that is in the Norwegian version, and more besides, such as the theft of some rabbits (how performed I cannot hear), and that of a lot of calves. The master thief stole these for the robbers by imitating in the woods and upland pastures the cry of their milky mothers.]

xxix.—A Legend of Loch Spynie.

There was a gentleman in Morayshire, at one time, who had learnt witchcraft in the school of black art in Italy. On one occasion he ordered his coachman to drive him, in his carriage and four horses, across Loch Spynie, on the ice of one night's frost. Loch Spynie was very deep at that time. The wizard charged a pair of pistols in the

coachman's presence, telling him that he would be shot dead if he looked back when on the ice.

On they went, on the thin ice, and as soon as the leaders had their fore-feet on dry land the coachman looked back, and saw "twa black craws" on the front of the coach. The ice immediately gave way, and down went the carriage and wheelers; but the leaders, being very powerful animals, dragged them all to land.

The powder in the pistols got wet, and would not burn, which saved the coachman's life.

The crows were two familiar imps or devils.—(J. Rose, Skibo.)

XXX.—The Bogie Roschan,* or Robin-Goodfellow.

There is a sprite, who is very easy and good-natured to those that are civil to him.

Once upon a time, in the middle of winter, a man was walking from Tain to Assynt with a basket on his back, which was full of bottles of wine. At a bridge he meets the sprite, who offers to carry the basket for him. Well, they walked on together till they came to Loch Assynt, where the sprite says they had better sit down at the side of the loch. This they did, and the bogie began to take out the bottles of wine, and roll them one after the other over the ice for mischief, because the ice was only of two nights' frost; and though it carried the bottles, would not bear a man's weight. Says the man then to the hobgoblin, "Since you have sent out the bottles, you will have to get them back, or I shall be in trouble."

"Since you are so good-natured about it, I will do that same," said the sprite, and he gathered all the bottles into the creel again, and the two men went on their way. The man soon asked the hobgoblin if he ever did any harm, saying that he seemed very obliging. "Well," said the other, "since you have asked me, I will tell you all the harm that ever I did. At Tallachie there was a servant lass that angered me with aye saying she had seen me, and telling lies on me, and she never saw me but once, and that once I broke her leg for her pains." "And did you ever do any more tricks?" "I thrashed a

* Some pronounce it like Baderroschan.

thief once that had stolen a pack-saddle, and I whipped him all the way back with it." "And anything more?" "There was a dog at a bothie that I killed, for he barked at me, and would not let me lie in the stack, but that is the truth (fenina), and all the ill I have done since I came to this place."

(*To be continued.*)

CHARMS AND SPELLS AT GRETNA.

Communicated by William George Black, F.S.A.Scot.

THE following curious passages have been transcribed by Mr. George Neilson, Solicitor, Glasgow, from the Kirk Session Records of the parish of Gretna, and will, I think, be interesting to Members of the Folk-Lore Society.

Graitney Kirk, Feb. 11, 1733.

Session met after Sermon.

Armestrang. It was represented by some of the members that the Charms and Spells used at Watshill for Francis Armstrong, Labouring under distemper of mind, gave great offence, and 'twas worth while to enquire into the affair and publickly admonish the people of the evil of such a course that a timely stop may be put to such a practice.

1741, Aprile 24. Francis Armstrong was married to Mar: Birrel. Several of the members gave account that in Barbara Armestrang's they burned Rowantree and Salt, they took three Locks of Francis's hair, three pieces of his shirt, three roots of wormwood, three of mugwort, three pieces of Rowantree, and boiled alltogether, anointed his Legs with the water and essayed to put three sups in his mouth, and meantime kept the door close, being told by Isabel Pott, at Cross, in Rockcliff, commonly called the Wise* Woman, that the person who had wronged

* Interlined as in original.

him would come to the door, but no access was to be given. Francis, tho' distracted, told them they were using witchcraft and the Devil's Charms that would do no good.

Isabel Pot some time after was Lost wading Esk.

It is said they carried a candle around the bed for one part of the inchantment. John Neilson, in Sarkbridge, declared before the Session this was matter of fact others then present. Mary Tate, Servant to John Neilson in Sarkbridge, is to be cited as having gone to the Wise woman for the Consultation.

Graitney Kirk, Feb. 25, 1733.

Session met after Sermon.

Mary Tate having been summoned, was called on, & compearing confessed that She had gone to Isabel Pot in the Parish of Rockcliff, and declared that the s^{d} Isabell ordered South running water to be Lifted in the name of Father, Son, & Holy Ghost, and to be boiled at night in the house where Francis Armstrong was, with nettle roots, wormwood, mugwort, southernwood, and rowantree, and his hands, Legs, & temples be stroaked therewith, and three sups to be put in his mouth, and withal to keep the door close: She ordered also three locks of his hair to be burnt in the fire with three pieces clipt out of his shirt, and a Slut, *i.e.* a rag dipt in tallow, to be lighted and carried round his bed, and all to be kept secret except from near friends: Mary Tate declared that the said Francis would allow none to touch him but her, and at last Helen Armestrang, Spouse to Archibald Crichton, Elder, assisted her, and after all the said Francis, tho' distracted, told them they were using witchcrafts & the Devil's Charms that would do no good: Mary Tate being admonished of the Evil of such a course was removed: Notwithstanding her acknowledgements of her fault she is to be suspended *a sacris*, and others her accomplices, and that none hereafter pretend Ignorance the Congregation is to be cautioned against such a practice from the Pulpit.

DAFYDD WILLIAM DAFYDD AND THE FAIRIES.

THE following story was related by Mr. Howel Walters, of Ystradgynlais, to Mr. G. L. Gomme and myself on Whitsun Monday last. Mr. Walters had heard it from John Williams, late of Penrheol, Ystradgynlais, who died the year before last, aged 94:—

"There was a person of the name of Dafydd William Dafydd living at Bryngrainen farm, Palleg, Ystradgynlais. He was a very religious man, fond of music, and a good player on the flute. One day he went out as usual to see after his cattle and sheep on the adjoining mountain, to a place called Llorfa, near the Van Pool. He often went up there to play the flute. This day, as usual, he took his flute with him; and he did not return home that evening. His wife called together her friends, and said Dafydd had not come home. They went looking for him that night and the day after, and for many days. They dragged all the pools in the rivers, and made a great search for him, but could not find him, nor any account of his whereabouts. His wife and friends at last made up their minds he had come to some sad end. However, in about three weeks after Dafydd came home, about five o'clock one evening, to the great surprise of his wife, who had given up all hope of ever seeing him again. She asked him where he had been instead of coming home as usual; and he was quite as much surprised to hear the question, for, as he thought, there was nothing unusual for him to be out of the house for only a few hours. He inquired why she asked. His wife said: 'Where have you been for the past three weeks?' 'Three weeks! Is it three weeks you call three hours?' said Dafydd. His wife told him they had been looking everywhere for him, but could get no clue to him, and pressed him to say where he had been. At last he told

her that while playing on his flute at the Llorfa he was surrounded at a good distance off by little beings like men, who closed nearer and nearer to him until they became a very small circle. They sang and danced, and so affected him that he quite lost himself. They offered him something to eat,—small, beautiful cakes, of which he partook; and he had never enjoyed himself so well in his life."

Mr. Walters states that John Williams declared that in his youth he knew Dafydd well; and it was useless to try to persuade Williams that the adventure above related was not a fact, for he would always reply that Dafydd was a very religious man, and he did not believe he would say what was not true.

There is little calling for remark in this version of a well-known story. The incident of the cakes, however, may be noticed. In general, when the hero of a folk-tale gets into the power of supernatural beings in the under-world he must be careful not to partake of any food which is offered him if he desire to return. But Dafydd, though he had fallen into the hands of the Tylwyth Teg, and become for the time invisible to human eyes, had not reached the under-world, their dwelling-place. This may account for his escape; and careful search should be made among Welsh and other Celtic legends for parallels. There is a Chinese story, given by Dr. Dennys in his *Folk-Lore of China*, page 98, which is told of Wang Chih, one of the patriarchs of the Taoist sect :—"Wandering one day in the mountains of Kü Chow to gather firewood he entered a grotto in which some aged men were seated intent upon a game of chess. He laid down his axe and looked on at their game, in the course of which one of the old men handed him a thing in shape and size like a date-stone, telling him to put it into his mouth. No sooner had he tasted it than he became oblivious of hunger and thirst. After some time had elapsed, one of the players said: 'It is long since you came here you should go home now!' whereupon Wang Chih, proceeding to pick up his axe, found that its handle had mouldered into dust. On repairing to his home he found that centuries had passed since the time when he left it for the mountains, and that no vestige of his kinsfolk remained." It is obvious here that the effect of time on Wang Chih had been counteracted by the sweetmeat, since the axe

which he had laid down, and which was no longer in contact with his body, still remained subject to it. The same action seems attributable to Dafydd's fairy cakes. In another Chinese story mentioned by Dr. Dennys two friends who have lost their way in the T'ien T'ai mountains are entertained, during seven generations of men, in a fairy retreat by two beautiful girls and fed on hemp. Can it be that the notorious effects of this and similar drugs in producing dreams, wherein the relations of time are altogether confounded, may have had something to do with the origin of tales like these? Or, given the independent existence of the legend, has the dream-producing quality of hemp caused the introduction of the drug in this one instance? This hypothesis appears to me the more reasonable; but Gruppe, perhaps, might make something of the other.

E. Sidney Hartland.

SOME SPECIMENS OF AINO FOLK-LORE.

By the Rev. J. Batchelor.

N interesting paper on the above subject was recently read before the Asiatic Society of Japan at Tōkyō. These specimens had been taken down as they were sung, chanted, or recited by the Aino bard or story-teller. In all, seven legends were given in the original Ainó, accompanied by a literal translation and commentary. The first was the legend of a famine, which Mr. Batchelor seemed to think was kept alive simply to show how good a thing is wine. The second legend also bore upon the same subject of famine, and had a somewhat curious moral to the effect that, as the gods had, in extending food to the Aino race, shown that they had been pleased by offerings of wine and *inao* (whittled wood), why then should the form of religion be changed?

The third legend was an account of a great trout that quite filled a large lake, and proved such a scourge to the people of Aino-land that the gods at last took pity, and, descending, killed it. It is to the action of such a fish that the Ainos refer all earthquakes, the land indeed being supposed to rest on its back. The fourth legend relates how Okikurumi and Samai (that is, as Mr. Batchelor believes, Yoshitsune and his servant Benkei) harpooned a large sword-fish, and, after long struggling, finally conquered it. The tale seems intended to preserve the fame of Yoshitsune as a benefactor to the Ainos, and point the moral that a new comer or stranger should not be despised. The fifth legend tells of Yoshitsune in love—how, through taking just one glance at a beautiful woman, he got exceedingly love-sick, retired to his hut in sullen despair, and would not be comforted. "Though two bad fish and two good fish were put before him he could not eat." The news of his condition is brought to the beautiful woman by a water-wagtail, which called upon her to have mercy upon Aino-land; for, if Yoshitsune should die, the soul of Aino-land will depart. So an unreal woman is made in the likeness of the beauty, and introduced into the hero's hut, where she proceeds to put things in order. "Then Yoshitsune looked through his sleeve and saw the beautiful woman. He got up greatly rejoiced, he ate some food, strength came back to his body, and the woman was gone. Yoshitsune saw he had been deceived, but there was nothing to be done, and nothing to say, so he got well." The moral the Aino draws is, "Be not too easily deceived by woman's love, for it soon passes away like a mere unsubstantial phantom or shadow." The sixth legend recounts the exploit of Yoshitsune and his wife in cutting down a "metal pine-tree" which had resisted all the strokes of the Aino ancients. The moral the Aino teach from it is, let not the younger laugh at the elder, for the very old people can teach their juniors a great deal, even in so simple a matter as felling trees.

The seventh legend was of a very different style from the preceding ones. It was called by a name which indicated the subject-matter, whereas the titles of the others all seemed to refer to the tune or tone in which the legend was chanted. To the philologist the legend was especially interesting, as it contains many old and now disused words.

The younger Aino indeed require to be specially taught by their elders before they can understand the allusions and idioms which occur in this and other legends of a like character. Old men listen with rapt attention to the recital of this really exciting tale, so pathetic and graphic as it is in the original—qualities, however, which are much lost in the translation. The title *Poiyaumbe* means literally "little beings residing on the soil"—"little" being probably meant to express endearment or admiration. The heroes of the people seem to be meant, or simply the brave Aino. The tale is one of invasion and war. The enemy invade the land in the form of deer, male and female, a large speckled buck, speckled even to its horns, leading the male herd, and a speckled doe leading the female. The reciter, who is aided by his younger sister and elder brother, sends a poisoned arrow into the thickest of the herd, slaying multitudes with one shot. The speckled buck took then his true form of a man, and a fierce duel followed between the two. Meanwhile both the brother and sister were slain by the woman who had been the doe, and, in the quaint phrase of the Aino, "rode upon the setting sun." The malignant man and bad woman then set fiercely upon the Aino, who, after vanquishing the latter, swooned under a blow from the former. On his recovery he set out to discover the path by which the deer had been seen to come, and after six days' travelling came to a tall mountain with a beautiful house built on its summit. Descending—for his path had always been through the air—by the side of the house, and looking through the chinks of the door, he saw a little man and a little woman sitting beside the fireplace. At the request of the man the woman proceeds to prophecy. She tells of the fight that had just been in the distant land, and of the victory of the single Poiyaumbe over their elder brother, who had without cause been the aggressor. She cannot clearly see what is next to happen, but there is clashing of swords and spurting forth of blood. As she ends her prophecy the Aino enters, fiercely curses the Sematuye man and his people, and chases him about the house with intent to kill. The noise attracts the multitude, who swarm as thick as flies, but are mown down like grass. The little woman curses her people for their wickedness in attacking the Poiyaumbe without a cause, and throws in her

lot with the stranger. Side by side they fight until all are slain, the little Sematuye man last of all.

Among the Aino there are still prophets and prophetesses, who limit their powers now, however, to telling the cause of illness, prescribing medicine, charming away sickness, and such like. A person when prophesying is supposed to sleep or otherwise lose consciousness, and to become, so to speak, the mouth-piece of the gods. The prophet is not even supposed to know what he himself utters, and often the listeners cannot understand the meaning of the utterances. The burden of prophecy sometimes comes out in jerks, but more often in a kind of sing-song monotone. It is difficult to imagine a more solemn scene than that of an Aino prophet prophesying, as once witnessed by Mr. Batchelor. Absolute silence reigned around, old men with grey beards sitting with eyes full of tears, in rapt attention, the prophet himself, apparently quite carried away with his subject, trembling, perspiring profusely, and beating himself with his hands. At length he finished exhausted; though, as he opened his eyes for a moment, they shone with a wild light.

FOLK-LORE OF THE SENECA INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

By John Wentworth Sanborn.

THE Seneca Indians relate to their children a great number of tales, weird, ingeniously constructed, and interwoven with which are the customs and manners of the tribe. These tales they do not, for superstitious considerations, tell when snakes are about. In the long winter evenings a story-teller, whom some family secures for the occasion—and he must be

one of the regularly appointed story-tellers of the tribe—croons out the legendary lore to an interested company of old and young gathered for the evening. Each person pays tribute to the story-teller: one presenting an ear of corn, another an apple, a third a potatoe, until all have contributed. In return for making translations into the Seneca tongue of hymns and other matter, the writer was adopted into the tribe with imposing ceremony, and given the name of O-yo-ga-weh, signifying "Clear sky," and honoured by the Indian council with the narration, by the official story-teller, of the legends of the tribe. I subjoin one of the tales.

The Man who became a Bear.

A little boy lived in a bark-house with an old man who called the boy his nephew. The boy was a good hunter, and he kept the old man well supplied with bear's-meat.

Growing older, the boy wandered every day at a greater distance from the wigwam, and the old man said, "My nephew, do not go far to the north, it will not be safe." "What can uncle mean by that? Why didn't he tell me why I should not go that way? I will be careful, but I will go that way. I will know the reason."

So he started, not meaning to run into any danger, but only to learn why the old uncle cautioned him. He found all kinds of game in plenty, and was allured by the game to go a great distance. Suddenly he discovered what to him was very strange, the track of a great bear; so large and heavy was the bear that at every step his great weight pressed his foot deep down into the earth, and so fat was he that the footprints were filled with oil from the bear's leg. "I will follow this wonderful track," said the boy, "and kill this great bear."

The track appeared to be lately made, for the weeds which the bear trod down were slowly straightening themselves up again. He followed the track, forgetting, in his eagerness, all about the old man in the wigwam far away, and at length came to a bark-house which contained a large family, and among them quite a number of girls. He asked an old woman when the bear went by the house and on to

the forest, and she replied, pointing to the youngest, "When that girl was a baby; but the animal is not a bear, it is a man."

"She is a foolish old woman. She does not know a bear from a man," said the nephew to himself. "I know it is a bear's track, and I will follow it."

In his journeying he reached another house, and saw an old man, and asked, "When did the great bear go past?" And the man answered, "That is the track of your own uncle who went past. He made the track to catch your attention. He will be glad to see you. I moved into this house when he made the track that I might have this oil to eat on my corn-bread."

"I know it is a bear's track and not a man's," muttered the boy to himself.

He continued to follow the great track, and in a few hours reached another house where the track seemed to end. Near the house there was a deep ravine, and not far off a lake.

Stopping at the door, he asked, "When did the great bear go past? I am after him, and am going to shoot him."

The man in the house said, "My nephew, you have at last come home and I am glad. I made that track when you were a little boy. I made it and filled it with oil to catch your mind and lead you home. That old man who told you not to go to the north stole you away from this house when you were twelve moons * old. I wanted to show you the way home, so I made the track. The old man will come for you, but he shall not have you. I will command my house to become a stone house, and he cannot hurt you."

* * * * * *

The old man in the wilderness wondered what had become of the boy. He feared that his orders were disobeyed, and that the boy had found the track. So he started very early in the morning to look him up. He saw the boy's track near the track of the bear. "Yes, my nephew has surely found out why I told him not to go to the north; I will follow him. But first I will change into a grizzly bear, and he will see me and be afraid, and I can catch him." The old man accordingly turned into a bear and started on the run. Reaching the

* A "moon" is a month in Indian reckoning.

first bark-house he halted, and asked if the boy had gone past; he was told that he had. He hurried on, and inquired at the next house, and they told him that the boy had gone along. Soon he reached the house where the boy was. When the boy's own uncle saw the bear approaching, he said to his bark-house, "Let my house become a stone!" and it turned into one the shape of a mound, and there was a very small hole for an entrance. The uncle and nephew remained within.

The bear said, "You have my boy, and now let us decide by a fight who shall have him. You come out here and we will fight." "No, you come into the house if you want to fight," said the uncle, and the boy laughed.

The bear became very angry at this, and put his paw into the entrance and tried to open it wider, but he could not do it.

The uncle lighted a pine-knot and set fire to the bear's paw. The bear withdrew his paw and tried to brush off the fire with the other paw, but his fur was so oily that, instead of putting the fire out, he set fire to the other paw. He ran to the lake and plunged into it, but the lake was not water, it was oil, and he set it all afire, and was consumed in it.

The house became a bark-house again, and the uncle went to the lake and blew out the fire.

They lived together in happiness, fished, and trapped, and hunted, and had all good things in abundance.

THE THREE LEMONS.

(From the "Slovenish of North Hungary:" J. Rimarski's *Slovenckje Povesti*, i. 37.)

THERE was once upon a time an old king who had an only son. This son he one day summoned before him, and spoke to him thus: "My son, you see that my head has become white; ere long I shall close my eyes, and I do not yet know in what condition I shall leave you. Take a wife, my

son! Let me bless you in good time, before I close my eyes." The son made no reply, but became lost in thought. He would gladly with all his heart have fulfilled his father's wish, but there was no damsel in whom his heart could take delight.

Once upon a time when he was sitting in the garden, and just considering what to do, all of a sudden an old woman appeared before him. Where she came, there she came. "Go to the glass hill, pluck the three lemons, and you will have a wife in whom your heart will take delight," said she; and as she had appeared, so she disappeared. Like a bright flash darted these words through the prince's soul. At that moment he determined, come what might, to seek the glass hill and pluck the three lemons. He made known his determination to his father, and his father gave him for the journey a horse, arms and armour, and his fatherly blessing.

Through forest-covered mountains, through desert plains, went our prince on his pilgrimage for a very very great distance, but there was nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard of the glass hill and the three lemons. Once, quite wearied out with his long journey, he threw himself down in the cool shade of a broad lime-tree. As he threw himself down his father's sword, which he wore at his side, clanged against the ground, and a dozen ravens began croaking at the top of the tree. Frightened by the clang of the sword, they rose on their wings and flew into the air above the lofty tree. "Hem! till now I haven't seen a living creature for a long while," said the prince to himself, springing from the ground. "I will go in the direction in which the ravens have flown; maybe some hope will disclose itself to me."

He went on, he went on anew for three whole days and three nights, till at last a lofty castle displayed itself to him at a distance. "Praise be to God! I shall not at any rate come to human beings," cried he, and proceeded further.

The castle was of pure lead; round it flew the twelve ravens, and in front of it stood an old woman: it was Jezibaba * leaning on a long leaden staff. "Ah! my son; whither have you come? Here there is neither bird nor insect to be seen, much less a human being," said Jezibaba to the prince. "Flee, if life is dear to you; for if my

* Jezibaba represents winter.

son comes he will devour you." "Ah! not so, old mother! not so!" entreated the prince. "I have come to you for counsel as to whether you cannot let me have some information about the glass hill and the three lemons." "I have never heard of the glass hill; but stay! when my son comes home, maybe he will be able to let you have the information. But I will now conceal you somewhat; you will hide yourself under the besom, and wait there concealed till I call you."

The mountains echoed, the castle quaked, and Jezibaba whispered to the prince that her son was coming. "Foh! foh! there's a smell of human flesh. I am going to eat it!" shouted Jezibaba's son, while still in the doorway, and thumped on the ground with a huge leaden club, so that the whole castle quaked. "Ah! not so, my son! not so!" said Jezibaba, soothing him. "There has come a handsome youth, who wants to consult you about something." "Well, if he wants to consult me, let him come here." "Yes, indeed, my son, he shall come, but only on condition that you promise to do nothing to him." "Well, I'll do nothing to him, only let him come."

The prince was trembling like an aspen under the besom, for he saw before him through the twigs an ogre, up to whose knees he did not reach. Happily his life was safeguarded when Jezibaba bade him come out from under the besom. "Well, you beetle, why are you afraid?" shouted the giant. "Whence are you? what do you want?" "What do I want?" replied the prince. "I've long been wandering in these mountains, and can't find that which I am seeking; now I've come to ask you whether you can't give me information about the glass hill and the three lemons." Jezibaba's son wrinkled his brow, but after a while said in a somewhat gentler voice, "There's nothing to be seen here of the glass hill; but go to my brother in the silver castle, maybe he'll be able to tell you something. But stay! I won't let you go away hungry. Mother! here with the dumplings." Old Jezibaba set a large dish upon the table, and her gigantic son sat down to it. "Come and eat!" shouted he to the prince. The prince took the first dumpling, and began to bite, but two of his teeth broke, for they were dumplings of lead. "Well, why don't you eat? Maybe you don't like them?" inquired Jezibaba's son. "Yes, they are good; but I don't want any just now."

"Well, if you don't want any now, pocket some, and go your way." The good prince, would he, nould he, was obliged to put some of the leaden dumplings into his pocket. He then took leave, and proceeded further.

On he went, and on he went for three whole days and three nights, and the further he went the deeper he wandered into a thickly wooded and gloomy range of mountains. Before him it was desolate, behind him it was desolate; there was not a single living creature to be seen. All wearied from his long journey, he threw himself on the ground. The clang of his silver-mounted sword spread far and wide. Above him four-and-twenty ravens, frightened by the clash of his sword, began to croak, arising on their wings, flew into the air. "A good sign!" cried the prince. "I will go in the direction in which the birds have flown."

And on he went in that direction; on he went as fast as his feet could carry him, till all at once a lofty castle displayed itself to him! He was still far from the castle, and already the walls were glistening in his eyes, for the castle was of pure silver. In front of the castle stood an old woman, bent with age, leaning on a long, silver staff, and this was Jezibaba. "Ah! my son! How is it that you have come here? Here there is neither bird nor insect, much less a human being," cried Jezibaba to the prince: "if life is dear to you, flee away! for if my son comes, he will devour you." "Nay, old mother! he will hardly eat me; I bring him a greeting from his brother in the leaden castle." "Well, if you bring a greeting from the leaden castle, then come into the parlour, my son, and tell me what you are seeking." "What I am seeking, old mother? For ever so long a time I've been seeking the glass hill and the three lemons, and cannot find them: now I've come to inquire whether you can't give me information about them." "I know nothing about the glass hill; but stay! when my son comes, maybe he will be able to give you the information. Hide yourself under the bed, and don't make yourself known without I call you."

The mountains echoed with a mighty voice, the castle quaked, and the prince knew that Jezibaba's son was coming home. "Foh! foh! there's a smell of human flesh, I'm going to eat it," roared a horrible

ogre, already in the doorway, and thumped upon the ground with a silver club, so that the whole castle quaked. "Ah! not so, my son, not so; but a handsome youth has come, and has brought you a greeting from your brother in the leaden castle." "Well, if he's been at my brother's, and if he has done nothing to him, let him have no fear of me either; let him come out." The prince sprang out from under the bed, went up to him—looking beside him as if he had placed himself under a very tall pine. "Well, beetle! have you been at my brother's?" "Indeed I have; and here I've still the dumplings which he gave me for the journey." "Well, I believe you; now tell me what it is you want?" "What I want? I am come to ask you whether you can't give me information about the glass hill and the three lemons?" "Hem! I've heard formerly about it, but I don't know how to direct you. Meanwhile, do you know what? Go to my brother in the golden castle, he will direct you. But stay! I won't let you go away hungry. Mother! here with the dumplings!" Jezibaba brought the dumplings on a large silver dish, and set them on the table. "Eat!" shouted her son. The prince, seeing that they were silver dumplings, said that he didn't want to eat just then, but would take some for his journey, if he would give him them. "Take as many as you like, and greet my brother and aunt." The prince took the dumplings, thanked him courteously, and proceeded further.

Three days had already passed since he quitted the silver castle, wandering continuously through densely wooded mountains, not knowing which way to go, whether to the right hand or to the left. All wearied out, he threw himself down under a wide-spreading beach, to take a little breath. His silver-mounted sword clanged on the ground, and the sound spread far and wide. "Krr, krr, krr!" croaked a flock of ravens, over the traveller, scared by the clash of his sword, and flew into the air. "Praise be to God! the golden castle won't be far off now," cried the prince, and proceeded, encouraged, onwards, in the direction in which the ravens showed him the road. Scarcely had he come out of the valley on to a small hill when he saw a beautiful and wide meadow, and in the midst of the meadow stood a golden castle, just as if he were gazing at the sun, and before the gate of the castle stood an old, bent Jezibaba, leaning on a golden staff. "Ah!

my son! what do you seek for here?" cried she to the prince: "here there is neither bird nor insect to be seen, much less a human being. If your life is dear to you, flee; for, if my son comes, he will devour you." "Nay, old mother! he'll hardly eat me," replied he; "I bring him a greeting from his brother in the silver castle." "Well, if you bring him a greeting from the silver castle, come into the parlour, and tell me what has brought you to us." "What has brought me to you, old mother? I have long been wandering in this mountain-range, and haven't been able to find out where is the glass hill and the three lemons; I was directed to you, because, haply, you might be able to give me information about it." "Where is the glass hill? I cannot tell you that; but stay! when my son comes, he will counsel you which way you must go, and what you must do. Hide yourself under the table, and stay there till I call you."

The mountains echoed, the castle quaked, and Jezibaba's son stepped into the parlour. "Foh! foh! there's a smell of human flesh; I'm going to eat it!" shouted he while still in the doorway, and thumped with a golden club upon the ground, so that the whole castle quaked. "Gently, my son! gently!" said Jezibaba, soothing him; "there is a handsome youth come, who brings you a greeting from your brother in the silver castle. If you will do nothing to him, I will call him at once." "Well, if my brother has done nothing to him, neither will I do anything to him." The prince came out from under the table and placed himself beside him, looking in comparison as if he had placed himself beside a lofty tower, and showed him the silver dumplings in token that he had really been at the silver castle. "Well, tell me, you beetle, what you want?" shouted the monstrous ogre. "If I can counsel you, counsel you I will. Don't fear!" Then the prince explained to him the aim of his long journey, and begged him to advise him which way to go to the glass hill, and what he must do to obtain the three lemons. "Do you see that black knoll that looms yonder?" said he, pointing with his golden club. "That is the glass hill. On the top of the hill stands a tree, and on the tree hang three lemons, whose scent spreads seven miles round. You will go up the glass hill, kneel under the tree, and hold up your hands. If the lemons are destined for you they will fall off into your hands of

themselves; but if they are not destined for you, you will not pluck them whatever you do. When you are on your return, and are hungry or thirsty, cut one of the lemons into halves, and you will eat and drink your fill. And now go, and God be with you! But stay! I won't let you go hungry. Mother, here with the dumplings!" Jezibaba set a large golden dish on the table. "Eat!" said her son to the prince; "or, if you don't want to do so now, put some into your pocket; you will eat them on the road." The prince had no desire to eat, but put some into his pocket, saying that he would eat them on the road. He then thanked him courteously for his hospitality and counsel, and proceeded further.

Swiftly he paced from hill into dale, from dale on to a fresh hill, and never stopped till he was beneath the glass hill itself. There he stopped as if turned to stone. The hill was high and smooth; there wasn't a single crack in it. On the top spread the branches of a wondrous tree, and on the tree swung three lemons, whose scent was so powerful that the prince almost fainted. "God help me! Now as it shall be, so it will be. Now that I'm once here I will at any rate make the attempt," thought he to himself, and began to climb up the smooth glass; but scarcely had he ascended a few fathoms when his foot slipped, and he himself pop down the hill, so that he didn't know where he was, what he was, till he found himself on the ground at the bottom. Wearied out, he began to throw away the dumplings, thinking that their weight was a hindrance to him. He threw way the first, and lo! the dumpling fixed itself on the glass hill. He threw a second and a third, and saw before him three steps, on which he could stand with safety. The prince was overjoyed. He kept throwing the dumplings before him, and in every case steps formed themselves from them for him. First he threw the leaden ones, then the silver, and then the golden ones. By the thus constructed steps he ascended higher and higher, till he happily attained the topmost ridge of the glass hill. Here he knelt down under the tree and held up his hands, and lo! the three beautiful lemons flew down of themselves into the palms of his hands. The tree disappeared, the glass hill crashed and vanished, and when the prince came to himself there was no tree, no hill, but a wide plain lay extended before him.

He commenced his return homeward with delight. He neither ate nor drank, nor saw nor heard for very joy; but when the third day came a vacuum began to make itself felt in his stomach. He was so hungry that he would gladly have then and there betaken himself to the leaden dumplings, if his pocket hadn't been empty. His pocket was empty, and all around was just as bare as the palm of his hand. Then he took a lemon out of his pocket and cut it into halves—and what came to pass? Out of the lemon sprang a beautiful damsel with no more covering on than his thumb, made a reverence before him, and cried out, "Have you made ready for me to eat? Have you made ready for me to drink? Have you made pretty dresses ready for me?" "I have nothing, beautiful creature, for you to eat, nothing for you to drink, nothing for you to put on," said the prince in a sorrowful voice, and the beautiful damsel clapped her white hands thrice before him, made a reverence, and vanished.

"Aha! now I know what sort of lemons these are," said the prince. "Stay! I won't cut them up so lightly." From the cut one he ate and drank to his satisfaction, and thus refreshed proceeded onwards.

But on the third day a hunger three times worse than the preceding assailed him. "God help me!" said he; "I have still one remaining over. I'll cut it up." He then took out the second lemon, cut it in halves, and lo! a damsel still more beautiful than the preceding one placed herself before him just as God created her. "Have you made ready for me to eat? Have you made ready for me to drink? Have you made pretty dresses ready for me?" "I have not, dear soul; I have not," and the beautiful damsel clapped her hands thrice before him, made a reverence, and vanished.

Now he had only one lemon remaining. He took it in his hand, and said, "I will not cut you open save in my father's house," and therewith proceeded onwards. On the third day he saw after long absence his native town. He did not know himself how he got there, when he found himself at once in his father's castle. Years of joy bedewed his old father's cheeks. "Welcome, my son! welcome, a hundred times!" he cried, and fell upon his neck. The prince related how it had gone with him on his journey, and the members of the household how anxiously they had waited for him.

On the next day a grand entertainment was prepared. Lords and ladies were invited from all quarters, and beautiful dresses, embroidered with gold and studded with pearls, were got ready. The lords and ladies assembled, took their seats at the tables, and waited expectantly to see what would happen. Then the prince took out the last lemon, cut it in halves, and out of the lemon sprang a lady thrice as beautiful as had been the preceding ones. "Have you made ready for me to eat? Have you made ready for me to drink? Have you got pretty dresses ready for me?" "I have, my dear soul, got everything ready for you," answered the prince, and presented the handsome dresses to her. The beautiful damsel put on the beautiful clothes, and all rejoiced at her extraordinary beauty. Ere long the betrothal took place, and after the betrothal a magnificent wedding.

Now was fulfilled the old king's wish: he blessed his son, resigned the kingdom into his hands, and ere long died.

The first thing that occurred to the new king after his father's death was a war which a neighbouring king excited against him. Now he was constrained for the first time to part from his hard-earned wife. Lest, therefore, anything should happen to her in his absence he caused a throne to be erected for her in a garden beside a lake, which no one could ascend save the person to whom she let down a silken cord, and drew that person up to her.

Not far from the royal castle lived an old woman, the same that had given the prince the counsel about the three lemons. She had as servant a gipsy whom she was in the habit of sending to the lake for water. She knew very well that the young king had obtained a wife, and it annoyed her excessively that he had not invited her to the wedding, nay, had not even thanked her for her good advice. One day she sent her maidservant to the lake for water. She went, drew water, and saw the beautiful image in the water. Under the impression that this was her own reflection, she banged her pitcher on the ground, so that it flew into a thousand pieces. "Are you worthy," said she, "that so beautiful a person as myself should carry water for an old witch like you?" As she uttered this she looked up, and lo! it wasn't her own reflection that she saw in the water, but that of the beautiful queen. Ashamed, she picked up the pieces and returned

home. The old woman, who knew beforehand what had occurred, went out to meet her with a fresh pitcher, and asked her servant for appearance sake what had happened to her. The servant related all as it had occurred. "Well, that's nothing," said the old woman; "but do you know what? Go you once more to the lake, and ask the lady to let down the silken cord and draw you up, promising to comb and dress her hair. If she draws you up, you will comb her hair, and when she falls asleep stick this pin into her head. Then dress yourself in her clothes, and sit there as queen."

It was not necessary to use much persuasion to the gipsy. She took the pin, took the pitcher, and returned to the lake. She drew water, and looked at the beautiful queen. "Dear me, and how beautiful you are! Ah! you are beautiful!" she screamed, and looked with coaxing gestures into her eyes. "Yes," said she; "but you would be a hundred times more beautiful if you would let me comb and dress your hair. In truth, I would so twine those golden locks that your lord could not help being delighted." And thus she jibbered and she coaxed till the queen let down the silken cord and drew her up.

The nasty gipsy combed, separated, and plaited the golden hair, till the beautiful queen fell nicely asleep. Then the gipsy drew out the pin, and stuck it into the sleeping queen's head. At that moment a beautiful white dove flew off the golden throne, and not a vestige remained of the lovely queen, save her handsome clothes, in which the gipsy speedily dressed herself, took her seat in the place where the queen sat before, and gazed into the lake; but the beautiful reflection displayed itself no more in the lake, for even in the queen's clothes the gipsy nevertheless remained a gipsy.

The young king was successful in overcoming his enemies, and made peace with them. Scarcely had he returned to the town, when he went to the garden to seek his delight, and to see whether anything had happened to her. But who shall express his astonishment and horror when, instead of his beautiful queen, he beheld a sorry gipsy. "Ah! my dear, my dear one, how you have altered!" sighed he; and tears bedewed his cheeks. "I have altered, my beloved! I have altered; for anxiety for you has tortured me," answered the gipsy, and wanted to fall upon his neck, but the king turned away from

her and departed in anger. From that time forth he had no settled abode, no rest; he knew neither day nor night, but merely mourned over the lost beauty of his wife, and nothing could comfort him.

Thus, agitated and melancholy, he was walking one day in the garden. Here, as he roamed about at haphazard, a beautiful white dove flew on to his hand from a high tree, and looked with mournful gaze into his bloodshot eyes. "Ah, my dove! why are you so sad? has your mate been transformed like my beautiful wife?" said the young king, talking to it, and caressingly stroking its head and back. But, feeling a kind of protuberance on its head, he blew the feathers apart, and beheld the head of a pin! Touched with compassion, the king extracted the pin; that instant the beautiful mourning dove was changed into his beautiful wife. She narrated to him all that had happened to her, and how it had happened; how the gipsy had deluded her, and how she had struck the pin into her head. The king immediately caused the gipsy and the old woman to be apprehended and burnt without further ado.

From that time nothing interfered with his happiness, neither the might of his enemies nor the spite of wicked people; he lived with his beautiful wife in peace and love: he reigned prosperously, and is reigning yet, if he be yet alive. (Rev.) A. H. Wratislaw.

26, Market Place, Rugby.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Folk-lore of Whistling.—In some districts of North Germany, the villagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep. Speaking, however, of ladies in connection with whistling, it is a widespread superstition that it is at all times unlucky for them to whistle; which, according to one legend, originated in the circumstance that while the nails for Our Lord's cross were being forged a woman stood by and whistled. Curiously enough, however, one very seldom hears any of the fair sex indulging in this recreation, although there is no reason, as it has been often pointed out, why they should not whistle with as much facility as the opposite sex. One

cause, perhaps, of the absence of this custom among women may be, in a measure, due to the distortion of the features which it occasions.

A Spanish Easter Custom.—A writer in the last number of the *Journal* refers to the Spanish custom of calling worshippers to prayer during Passion Week by means of wooden clappers instead of bells. A few years ago, happening to be at the little town of Espluga, near the great monastery of Poblet, on the day before Good Friday, I heard a rattle of clappers proceeding from the tower of one of the churches on the chief square. A Spaniard whom I asked the meaning of the noise told me that it was made by the children in imitation of the thunder which rent the heaven during the Passion of Our Lord. A similar ceremony in South America is thus described: "There is another church service, quite as ludicrous and preposterous, on the day of celebrating the Rending of the Veil of the Temple, when Our Saviour gave up the ghost. The people have large hammers, with which they beat the benches, and have sheets of tin, &c., which they shake, to imitate the noise of thunder as nearly as possible." C. S. Cochrane, *Journal of a Residence and Travels in Colombia*, London, 1825, vol. ii. p. 335 *seq.*) The other custom (not, however, an Easter one) described by the writer is this: "At midnight [December 24th] a curious custom of the Roman Catholic Church was performed, called the Cock Mass, in commemoration of the crowing of the cock which took place on Peter's denial of Christ. When the curate commences the service the people imitate and mock his gestures, tone of voice, and manner of reading, making all kinds of noise, shouting, bawling, hooting, and imitating the crowing of the cock, with every possible exertion of lungs, the whole forming an exhibition most deafening to the ear, and perfectly ridiculous to the eye."

The custom of substituting clappers or mallets for bells before Easter seems to have been observed in France, for Sir William (then Colonel) Napier wrote thus from Bapaume, April 21st, 1816: "The bells and clocks of Arras have departed *by the force of prayers* to Rome to be blessed; and, as it will take a fortnight to bless them and perform the journey with comfort, the hours are struck by boys with mallets in the streets."—(*Life of General Sir William Napier*, vol. i. p. 192.)

J. G. Frazer.

Milk v. Lightning.—In Emin Pasha's letter published in *Nature* (vol. xxxvii. p. 583), the Sudan Arabs are said to have a superstition that fire kindled by a flash of lightning cannot be extinguished until a small quantity of milk has been poured upon it. A similar belief seems to have existed formerly in this country. The earliest register-book of this parish contains the following note :—

"In the yeare of our Lord 1601 and uppon ye 14 day of May beinge thursday ther was great thundringe and lightninge and ye fyer descendinge from heaven kindled in a white-thorne bush growinge neere to a mudd-wall in Brook-street westward from Thomas Wake his house, it burned and consumed ye bush and tooke into ye wall about on yeard then by milke brought in tyme it was quenched and it did noe more hurt."

JOHN CYPRIAN RUST.

The Vicarage, Soham, Cambridgeshire.

Singing Game.—I have received the following which was recently taken down from word of mouth at Bocking in Essex :—

"Here come seven sisters,
And seven milken daughters,
And with the ladies of the land,
And please will you grant us.

I grant you once, I grant you twice,
I grant you three times over ;
A for all, and B for ball,
And please [Maudie Everard] deliver the ball."

The children stand all together, with another girl opposite. She comes forward and sings the first four lines. Then one child answers from the numbers, then the chorus sings "A for all," &c.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

A Welsh Mining Superstition.—Thursday, May 10, being Ascension-day, work was entirely suspended at Lord Penrhyn's extensive slate-quarries near Bangor. The cessation of work is not due to any religious regard for the day, but is attributable to a superstition which has long lingered in the district, that if work is continued an accident is inevitable. Some years ago the management succeeded in over-

coming this feeling and in inducing the men to work. But each year there was a serious accident, and now all the men keep at a distance from the quarries on Ascension-day.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, May 18th, 1888.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Perrault's Popular Tales. Edited from the original editions with Introduction, &c., by Andrew Lang. Oxford (Clarendon Press), 1888. 4to. pp. cxv. 153.

The same. 8vo. same pagination.

The value of popular tales must have advanced very much in the opinion of the literary and scientific world for the Clarendon Press to have considered them proper for one of their publications, and, of course, we gladly welcome such evidence of the progress of our study. Mr. Lang's introduction is, he says, "intended partly as an introduction to the study of popular tales in general. . . . . Each prose story has been made the subject of a special comparative research; its wanderings and changes of form have been observed, and it is hoped that this part of the work may be serviceable to students of folk-lore and mythology." Mr. Lang first traces the bibliographical history of Perrault's tales, how they made their way from the peasant's cottage to the palace at Versailles, how in the transition the peasant heroes and heroines of the tales became princes and princesses, and how above all the genius of Perrault won for them a place in "the land of matters unforgot." How very real the history and fortunes of books seem to be when the details are once for all set forth by the true bibliographer: they seem to have a life of their own quite apart from the wishes of any reader; they live because, like the gods, they are deathless. It is pleasant to think that long before Mr. Lang and Professor Max Müller began to fight their battles over the interpretation of fairy tales there was a very pretty quarrel between Perrault and Boileau about Peau d'Âne.

The tales which Mr. Lang examines are the following:—"The

Three Wishes," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots," "Toads and Diamonds," "Cinderella," "Riquet of the Tuft," and "Hop o' my Thumb." Mr. Lang's method is too well-known to need detailing here, but suffice it to say that he applies it successfully to show that the true source of Perrault's tales was tradition. Of all the studies we think that on "Puss in Boots" the least satisfactory. Mr. Lang lays stress upon the arguments that wealth being an element in the tale it could not have originated among people in a savage condition of society; that a moral being found in the majority of instances, particularly the Zanzibar variant, it was originally invented at one place by one author "for a purpose"; that the totemistic evidence which almost accidentally is supplied from Arabia must not argue for the tale being originally "a heroic myth of an Arab tribe with a gazelle for a totem." Against these propositions it may be argued, in the first place, that wealth is a relative, not an absolute term, and there is wealth and success among savage societies as among more civilized, particularly when it is found by the adventurer, not in his own tribe but in a neighbouring one; any one who follows the events in savage politics knows that a little king sometimes rises who promotes his own tribe to a foremost position amongst its neighbours. Secondly, the evidence as to tales with or without the moral is not complete, as Mr. Hartland has pointed out in the *Archæological Review* tales overlooked by Mr. Lang which do not contain morals, and on this topic much more evidence is required before accepting even Mr. Lang's cautiously-worded position. Thirdly, there seems much in the animal incidents of the story which may be properly compared with incidents in other tales giving exactly the same class of ideas. But like all Mr. Lang's work in this line this book is a powerful addition to the study of Folk-lore, and its views are not to be lightly rejected or criticised.

Euterpe: being the Second Book of the famous History of Herodotus. Englished by B. R., 1584. Edited by Andrew Lang. London, 1888 (D. Nutt). 8vo. pp. xlviii. 174.

The raciest of all the books of Herodotus was Englished by one of the raciest of translators (whoever B. R. of 1584 was), and is now

edited by the most finished of modern English writers. The fitness of the thing is attested by the whole book—type, binding, illustrations, and above all the editorial introduction. Mr. Lang defends Herodotus against some charges brought against him by Professor Sayce, and we think the defence is wholly successful and pleasing. Mr. Lang evidently thinks that if Herodotus had lived in this age he would have been a member of the Folk-Lore Society, and Mr. Lang's admirable skill as a literary artist is, we fancy, nowhere better illustrated than in the really noble words by which he speaks out his opinion of the good faith of Herodotus.

This book of Herodotus is of considerable interest to the folk-lorist, and almost everywhere he will come upon passages which bear upon his own studies, particularly in the many details relating to local animal worship. Of course, it is unnecessary to go into this subject here, because it will be thoroughly well-known to our readers. The translation by B. R. is, of course, not exact. But to get one of the most popular of the writings of Herodotus translated by an Elizabethan writer and introduced by his Victorian successor makes us wish for more gems from the same source. There is something in the Elizabethan style that seems particularly pleasing to this age, and once more Chapman's Homer is taking its proper place in the public estimation. There are other translations equally worthy of our attention, and if they could be produced as Herodotus has been they would be almost certain to have an equally warm reception.

Mr. William George Black, who has visited frequently the out-of-the-way string of islands which stretch from Heligoland up the coast of Schleswig-Holstein, has written a book descriptive of his travels which will be published very shortly by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons under the title of *Among the Islands of the North Sea*. This will be the first work in English treating of the curious customs and legends of the North Frisian Islanders, who are our nearest kin, and will contain much newly-garnered folk-lore.

THE FOLK-LORE OF SUTHERLAND-SHIRE.

By Miss Dempster.

(*Continued from page* 189.)

CHAPTER II.

FAIRY STORIES.

i.—The Fairy Changeling.

ONCE upon a time there was a tailor and his wife who owned a small croft, or farm, and were well-to-do in the world, but they had only one son, a child that was more pain than pleasure to them, for it cried incessantly, and was so cross that nothing could be done with it. One day the tailor and his helpmeet meant to go to a place some miles distant, and after giving the child its breakfast they put it to bed in the kitchen, and bid their farm-servant look to it from time to time, desiring him also to thrash out a small quantity of straw in the barn before their return. The lad was late setting to work, but recollected before going off to the barn that he must see if the child wanted for anything. "What are you going to do now?" said the bairn sharply to Donald as he opened the kitchen door. "Thrash out a pickle of straw for your father; lie still, and do not girn, like a gude bairn." But the bairn got out of bed, and insisted there and then on being allowed to accompany the servant. "Go east, Donald," said the little master authoritatively, "go east, and when you come to the big brae, chap ye (Anglicé, rap) three times, and when they come, say ye are

seeking Johnnie's flail." The astonished Donald did as he was bid; and by rapping three times called up a fairy ("little man"), who, giving him the flail, sent him off in an unenviable state of terror. Johnnie set to with a will, and in an hour's time he and Donald had threshed the whole of the straw in the barn. He then sent Donald back to the brae, where the flail was restored with the same ceremony, and went quietly back to bed. At dusk the parents returned, and the admiration of the tailor at the quantity and quality of the work done was so great that he questioned Donald as to which of the neighbours had helped him to thresh out so much straw. Donald, trembling, confessed the truth, and it became painfully evident to the tailor and his wife that the child was none of theirs. They agreed to dislodge it as soon as possible, and chose as the best and quickest way of doing so to put it into a creel (open basket), and set it on the fire. No sooner said than done; but no sooner had the child felt the fire than, starting from the creel, it vanished up the chimney. A low crying noise at the door attracted their attention. They opened, and a bonny little bairn (which the mother recognised by its frock to be her own) stood shivering outside. It was welcomed with rapture from its sojourn among the "little people," and grew up to be a douce and wise-like *lâd*, says my informant.

[In the Icelandic version of this tale the mother whips the changeling, on which the fairies come for the elf. Its name in Icelandic means "the father of eighteen elves."—See Powell and Magnusson's *Icelandic Tales*.

"They prefer the south sides of hills."—Lilly's *Life and Times*.

"He wha tills the fairie's green
Nae luck shall hae;
He wha spills the fairie's ring,
Betide him want and wae;
For weirdly days and weary nights
Are his till his deein' day."

—"Lowland Rhymes," see Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, p. 324.

Turkish women put a turquoise ring on the child's finger as a charm to prevent mischief.]

ii.—Hill haunted by Faries.

The burn of Invernauld, and the hill of Durchâ, on the estate of Rose hall, are still believed to be haunted by fairies who once chased a man into the sea, and destroyed a new mill, because the earth for the embankment of the mill-dam had been dug from the side of their hill. The hill of Durchâ is also the locality assigned for the following tale:—

iii.—The Man who Danced with the Fairies.

A man whose wife had just been delivered of her first-born set off with a friend to the town of Tain to have the child's birth entered in the sessions-books, and to buy a cask of whiskey for the christening fête. As they returned, weary with a day's walk (or, as it is called in the highlands, with "travelling"), they sat down to rest at the foot of this hill, near a large hole, from which they were ere long astonished to hear a sound of piping and dancing. The father, feeling very curious, entered the cavern, went a few steps in, and disappeared. The story of his fate sounded less improbable *then* than it would now, but his companion was severely animadverted on, and when a week elapsed, and the baptism was over, and still no signs of the lost one's return, he was accused of having murdered his friend. He denied it, and again and again repeated the tale of his friend's disappearance down the cavern's mouth. He begged a year and a day's law to vindicate himself, if possible, and used to repair at dusk to the fatal spot, and there call and pray. The term allowed him had but one more day to run, and, as usual, he sat in the gloaming by the cavern, when what seemed as his friend's *shadow* passed within it. He leant down, heard reel-tunes and pipes, and suddenly descried the missing man tripping merrily with the fairies. He caught him by the sleeve, stopped him, and pulled him out. "Bless me! why could you not let me finish my reel, Sandy?" cried the dancer. "Bless me!" rejoined Sandy, "have you not had enough of reeling this last twelvemonth?" "Last twelvemonth!" cried the other in amazement; nor could he

believe the truth concerning himself till he found his wife sitting by the door with a yearling child in her arms. So quickly does time pass in the company of the "good people."

iv.—Observations on Fairies, Kelpies, &c.

The Highlanders distinguish between the water and the land or "*dressed* fairies." In Wales the fairies of the mines are called "knockers": they are about one foot and a half in height; but the "*Bergmann*," "*Berggeist*," gnome, and kobold, with their subterranean treasures, grotesque proportions, and great strength, are "powers of darkness," not acknowledged or classified in Sutherland. I have given one story which shows that the fairies are supposed to be "spirits in prison." It is not the only legend of the kind. In a Ross-shire narrative a beautiful lady is represented as appearing to an old man who sat reading the Bible. She sought to know if for such as her the Holy Scriptures held out any hope of salvation. The old man spoke kindly to her, but said that in those pages there was no mention of salvation for any but the sinful sons of Adam. She flung her arms over her head, screamed, and plunged into the sea. Fairies will not steal a baptized child, and "Bless you" said to an unbaptized one acts as a charm against their power.

A woman when out shearing laid her baby down under a hedge, and went back from time to time to look at it. She was going once to give it suck, when it began to yell and cry in such a frightful way that she was quite alarmed. "Lay it down and leave it, as you value your child," said a man reaping near her. Half an hour later she came back, and, finding the child apparently in its right mind again, she gave it the breast. The man smiled, and told her that he had seen her own infant carried off by the "good people," and a fairy changeling left in its place. When the "folk" saw that their screaming little imp was not noticed, and would get nothing, they thought it best to take it back at once, and replace the little boy.—(Betsey Ross, Altass.)

As fairies are represented as having abundance of food, riches, power, and merriment at their command, it cannot be temporal advan-

tages that they seek for their children, probably some spiritual ones are hoped for by adoption or by a marriage with human beings (as in the romantic legend of Undine), and they are therefore tempted to foist their evil-disposed little ones on us. They never maltreat those they carry away.

v.—The Fairy asking about his Salvation.

An old man sat in the gloaming by a dyke in Strath Oikel. It was Sunday evening; he read in a Gaelic Psalm-book, and he was alone. Suddenly he perceived that the mist had rolled up close to him, and he felt a cold sough or swirl of wind in his face, so strong that it made him look up. A voice called "Geordie, are you seeing anything there for us?" "No," he said, when there was a loud, an exceedingly loud and sharp cry, as of one in distress, which wailed away among the echoes of the rocks till it died up the valley.

vi.—Donald Gow and the Fairy Hunt.

Three conical hills all much of the same shape and size, and of which two have the same name (Torr Berrichan), are the principal haunts of the fairies in Sutherland. They are of the kind called "Dressed fairies," affecting green clothes, horns, bagpipes, reel-tunes, and hounds. They hunt three or four days in the week, and have their meets and *morts* like their betters. Donald Gow, as he sat resting after ploughing, once heard the hunt, and all "the horns of elfland" faintly blowing. Two strange-looking hounds, with hanging tongues and forbidding aspects, bounded up to him and sniffed at his knee. He was horribly frightened, when a voice cried, "Down! It's only old Donald Gow! Let him be."—(W. Graham's sister.)

vii.—A Badenoch Fairy.

Duncan, surnamed Mohr, a respectable farmer in Badenoch, states as follows:—A matter of thirty summers ago, when I was cutting peats on the hill, my old mother that was was keeping the house. It

was sowens that she had in her hand for our supper, when a little old woman walked in, and begged a lippie of meal of her. My mother not knowing her face, said, "And which of the glens do you come from?" "I come from our own place, and am short of meal." My mother, who had plenty in the house, spake her civil, and bound her the meal on her back, following her a few steps from the door. She noticed that a little kiln on the hillside was smoking. The wifie saw this, too, and said, "Take back your meal; we shall soon have meal of our own." My mother pressed ours on her; but she left the poke lying, and when she came to the running burn she went out of sight. So my mother just judged that it was a fairy.

viii.—The Man who Flew with the Fairies.

Five generations ago two men were walking on a Thursday morning to attend the sacramental preachings in the parish of Dornoch, to which one of them now belonged. The other was a native of Lairg. G. (the Dornoch man) asked the other of his welfare, who replied that his health, under Providence, was but middling. "Rory," said G., "I would like to hear of yourself concerning a point that troubles me." "And what is that?" "They say that you are now taken up with creatures which we are little acquainted with." Rory could not deny the impeachment, but confessed that he was in the power of the "little people," that they called him away at any time, carrying him off, when he flew like a bird, having once been as high as the steeple of Dornoch cathedral, spending sometimes weeks, sometimes days and nights, in their society. G. inquired anxiously what they gave him to eat, when he replied that the food was much the same as he had at home, but that everything—beef, bread, or fish—had the same taste, and was like so much cork. This is all of their conversation that has been recovered. My informant, an old woman, had it from her grandfather, whose grandfather is the G. of the tale.

CHAPTER III.

OF WITCHES AND KELPIES.

i.—The Wakes of Loch Manaar.

Once upon a time in Strathnaver there lived a woman who was both poor and old. She was able to do many wonderful things by the power of a white stone which she possessed, and which had come to her by inheritance.

One of the Gordons of Strathnaver having a thing to do wished to have both her white stone, and the power of it. When he saw that she would not lend it or give it up he determined to seize her, and to drown her in a little loch. The man and the woman struggled there for a long time, till he took up a heavy stone with which to kill her. She plunged into the lake, throwing her magic stone before her, and crying, "May it do good to all created things save to a Gordon of Strathnaver." He stoned her to death in the water, she crying, "*Mañaar! manaar!*" ("Shame! shame!") And the loch is called the Lake of Shame to this day.

ii.—Lauchlin-Dhumohr and the Witch.

It came to pass that at a feast, when Fhion or Fin Maccoul or Fingal sat at meat with the giants that were his companions, he passed round to each the cup from which he drank—to all but to Dhumohr, the darkest man of all, the third for strength, and of great courage. So Dhumohr's anger rose in his breast, and he left the place and the service of Fhion, and took ship to Denmark, to the place where Lauchlin, the enemy of Fhion, lived. Wild was the shore in the land of Lauchlin, and great the waves, but the ship of Dhumohr came safe to land, and he pulled her up with his right hand till she was high on the beach. "Who is this?" said the men of Lauchlin. "This is one of the heroes of Fhion. When he comes we shall know him by his face." And they found that it was Dhumohr, third in strength of all the men of Morven.

Then Lauchlin made a feast of heroes, and Dhumohr sat by the queen (for he had made his head and his arm over to the foes of

Fingal). "Let the feast be served," said the king, and the table creaked with the weight of the venison, and the hall was filled with music. "Did you ever see such feasting, or hear such music before with Fingal, tell us, Dhumohr?" said Lauchlin. "Lower not the land, though we have left it," said Dhumohr aside to his servant, and then to the king. "In Morven, O Lauchlin! every servant of Fhion could eat such a feast, or carry it all unassisted." "Bring more," said the king, astonished; and the table was served more largely.

"Did you ever feast, then, so largely with Fingal?" said the queen, with a smile at Lauchlin. "Every night, at the supper of Fingal, the dogs eat the remainder, and their portion is greater than this." "Then bring more," said Lauchlin, in anger; and the table was still served more largely, till the room would not hold all the dishes. "Tell us, Dhumohr," said the king, "if *so* great is the supper of Fingal?" "A greater portion than this eat daily three servants of Fingal." Then the queen said to Lauchlin, "Never will I speak with you more till you fetch me, bound (for my servants) from Morven, these three servants of Fingal." But in Denmark there was no man would venture, nor would Dhumohr serve against Fingal.

At last the witch in the kitchen, that lived on the floor among the ashes, rose up and said to Lauchlin, that if he would feed her, and keep her, she would bring to the queen, captive from Scotland, the three great servants of Fingal. "The sea is rough, and the men are strong," said Dhumohr, "that fight with Fingal in Morven, and you will lose that old grey hare, if she ventures."

The breath of the witch in Scotland killed 300,000 men; but at Nigg, in Ross-shire, she was taken, and on this wise:*—Twenty men with sharp spears lay in wait in a cave, and twenty giants with spears drove her into it, and she died on the points of twenty spears.

So the old grey hare never returned to Lauchlin. And as for Dhumohr, he died in Denmark.

(N.B.—The witch ate before starting nine bolls of oats, and nine stone of butter.)—(D. M., Stack.)

* Ford, the Icelandic witch or troll, could only be killed before sunrise on Whit-Sunday."—Powell and Magnusson's *Icelandic Tales*.

iii.—The Lord's Prayer.

Kerstie, the witch of PortMahomack, killed both the wives of the minister of the parish in succession within a year after their marriage. Dr. B. was told that she was to blame for it, nor did she deny the accusation. "Then, Kerstie," said the doctor, "if you had been to kill anybody I wish you had taken me first." "But I had no power over you," said the witch, "for when you close your eyes at night, it is aye with the Lord's Prayer, and when you open them again in the morning it is with the same prayer."—(Miss Fraser, Dornoch.)

iv.—The Vaugh, the Poacher, and the Dog.

Once upon a time two men at Inveran were in the habit of poaching in the Shin, and they carried on their depredations in this way:—When they had reason to believe that there was a fish in any pool they dragged it with a small net, one man holding it on one side till his companion caught the rope tied to a stone which was flung to him. They repaired to the place singly so as to avoid suspicion. One night John threw the rope across the pool, and called to his friend as he did so. He received the usual whistle in reply; and having dragged the pool, pulled a fine salmon ashore. Again he drew the net, and again his prize was a beautiful fish. The third time the result was the same. And then it dawned on John's guilty mind that his accomplice on the present occasion could be no less than the Vaugh of the Shin. He caught up net and salmon, and calling his dog to follow him, ran off as hard as he could. "Halves! Ian," cried a voice; and lo! the Vaugh was at his side, revolting in face, and dressed in green. A struggle began, for Ian was not inclined to part with the wages of iniquity. The dog at last disposed of the Vaugh, but he lost all his hair in the scuffle. The poacher became grey from terror in a single night, and we have reason to believe he did not again visit the pools of the Shin after dusk for any illicit purposes. —(D. M., Stack)

[Vaugh-vie in Little Russia is a kobold, or nixie.]

v.—The Vaugh of the Laxford.

She seems to have been rather migratory in her habits, for it was by a loch on the south side of Ben Stack that a man met her. Now this man had a large white and yellow dog which his neighbours had often advised him to kill, as it had the "bad name" which is fatal to one of his species. However, it proved useful on this occasion, for it attacked the Vaugh. Whether from his size and courage, or from being, as was supposed, a devil, he prevailed. Both woman and dog fell over the steep terraces of the north side of the hill, where they disappeared.—(J. Macleod, Laxford.)

[Some ascribe this feat to DonaldDuival Mackay.]

vi.—The Mohr Bhain,

An Assynt witch—but the stories of her are disjointed and half-forgotten, excepting the circumstances of her death by strangulation.

Some boys attacked her one Sunday, and fastened a rope to her neck. She struggled, and managed to get them outside the door, but the knot in the rope would not yield, and, as they continued dragging it, the unfortunate creature died, predicting for them and for their descendants violent or self-inflicted deaths. The story is well-known, and the last inheritor of the curse was drowned not many years ago, the rest having in the interim all perished: one hung himself, another fell over a precipice. Another was lost at sea, and so on. The memory of the Mohr Bhain lives, but her manes are now appeased.

vii.—The Vaugh of MoulinnaVuagha.

[Vaugh, or Baugh, is a water-fairy, attached to this mill. The word is spelt "*fouah*" in the maps and survey of the estate made when it was bought by Captain J. Hamilton Dempster.

This story was told by widow Mary Calder, a pauper, in Gaelic, to D. M., gamekeeper, and transcribed by him for C. H. D.]

One of John Ray Bethune's forbears, who lived at Inveran, laid a bet that he would seize the kelpie of MoulinnaVaugha, or Moulinna

Glannan, and bring her bound to the inn at Inveran. He procured a "brown, right-sided maned horse," and a brown black-muzzled dog, and by the help of the latter, having secured the Vaugh, he tied her on the horse behind him, and galloped away. She was very fierce, but he kept her quiet by pinning her down with an awl and a needle. Crossing the burn at the further side of Loch Migdall, she became so restless that he stuck the shoemaker's and the tailor's weapons into her with great violence. She cried out, "*Och! och! cur anum am minme crourm; L' cum asum au' hail chiul rouach*," which is, being interpreted, "Pierce me with the crooked awl, but keep that small sharp needle out of me."

When he reached the clachan of Inveran, where his companions were anxiously waiting for him, he called out to them to come out and see the Vaugh. Then they came out, with lights, but as the light fell upon her she dropped off, and fell to earth, like the remains of a fallen star,—a small lump of jelly.

[These jellies are often seen on the moors, and are called "dropped stars."]

viii.—The Brolachan MacVaugh.

In the MoulinnaGleannan there lived long ago a cripple of the name of Murray; better known as AllaynaMoulin. He was maintained by the charity of the miller, and of his neighbours, who, when they removed their meal, put each a handful into the lamiter's bag. This lad slept usually in the mill, and it came to pass that one night who should enter but the brolachan, the son of the Vaugh. Now the brolachan has eyes and a mouth, and can say two words only, "myself" and "yourself." Besides that he has no speech, and also no shape. He lay all his lubber length by the dying fire, and Murray threw a fresh peat on the embers, which made them fly about, red-hot, till brolachan was severely burnt. So he screamed in an awful way, and soon comes the Vaugh, very fierce, crying, "Och! my brolachan, who then burnt you?" But all he could say was "me," and then he said "you"; and she replied, "Were it any other, would not I be revenged." Murray slipped the peck measure over himself, and hid among the machinery, so as to look as like a sack as possible, ejacu-

lating at times, "May the Lord preserve me." So he escaped unhurt, and the Vaugh and her brolachan left the mill.

That same night a woman, going by the place, was chased by the still infuriated parent, and could not have been saved had she not been nimble enough to reach her own door in time to leave nothing for the Vaugh to catch but her heel. This heel was torn off, and the woman went lame all the rest of her days.—(Widow M. Calder.)

[This creature is called a *glashan*, or *brounie*, in the Isle of Man. At Skipness, in Argyllshire, he is called *grugach*. He is the boneless bug or goblin mentioned by Reginald Scot in his *Witchcraft*.]

ix.—The Cailleach Mohr of Clibrek.

This great witch was once suspected of having enchanted all the deer of the Reay forest, by which means they became bullet-proof. Lord Reay, who was exceedingly angry, was yet at a loss how to remedy the evil, or to break the spell. His man, William, promised to find out all about it. He watched the witch for a whole night, and by some counter-spell contrived to be present in the morning, when he detected her milking the hinds. They stood about round the door of her hut, but one of them took a fancy to a skein of blue worsted that hung from a nail, and ate it. The witch, in a rage, struck the animal. "Ah!" she cried, "the spell is off you now, and Lord Reay's bullet will be your death to-day." William repeated this to his master, who would, however, hardly believe that he had spent the night in the hut of the great witch. But a fine hind was shot that very day, and a hank of blue yarn found in her stomach established at once the reputation of the servant and of the *Calleach mohr* of Ben Clibrek.

William determined to pay her another visit, well-knowing that this wicked old woman, though very rich, never gave anything away, and had never asked any one to sit down in her house. He accordingly walked into her kitchen. She turned round, and craved to know the stranger's name and his destination. "I come from the south, and I am going to the north," he answered curtly. "But what is your name?" "My name is William *Sitdoun*." "*Sit-doun!*" she re-

peated: whereupon he flung himself into a chair. She gave an angry cry. "This do I willingly," he said, "when the mistress bids me." She was very much provoked, and taking out a bannock, as white and as round as the moon, began to eat without taking any more notice of him. "Your piece seems a dry one, mistress," he said at last. "Ah, the fat side is towards me," gruffly answered the witch, who had indeed spread one side with butter almost an inch thick. "The side that is to you shall be to me," cried William, and, making a dash at the cake, he ran out of the hut, carrying the witch's supper with him as a trophy. The old woman began to curse, and to hope that the morsel might kill him; but William was too wise to eat anything that was fashioned by such uncanny hands. The witch it was who ate up in a fury all that her visitor did not carry off, so she died of her unhallowed meal, to the great joy of Lord Reay and of all her neighbours.

x.—Magical disappearance of a Witch.

A herd-woman of the parish of Criech had "that coming to see her which we dare not name." One Saturday morning she was observed to dress herself with great care, as if for church. Her daughter said, "Why, mother, it is not Sabbath to-day." "No," she said, "but I am going out to meet a man I am acquainted wi'." The neighbours, thinking this suspicious, followed her, but when she came to the Alt-na-Criech, a rough, rapid burn, she went out of sight, and was never seen again, nor were her clothes recovered, which her family seemed to consider as the greater misfortune of the two.—(Peggy Munroe.)

xi.—Wise Man of the Rock.

A *boddach*, or wise-man, lives in a rock called *The Raven's*, in one of our woods. He frightens people extremely in the evening (the rock commands a long hill on the road), but there is no proof that he has killed any one as yet.—(D. M.)

xii.—The Banshee, or Vaugh, or Weird Woman of the Water.

Four or five miles from Skibo there is a lake called Migdall, with a great granite rock of the same name to the north of it. At one end a burn runs out past Moulinna Vaugha, or the kelpie's mill. It is also haunted by this banshee, which the miller's wife saw about three years ago. She was sitting on a stone, quiet, and beautifully dressed in green silk, the sleeves of which were curiously puffed from the wrist to the shoulder. Her long hair was yellow, like ripe corn, but on a nearer view she turned out to have no nose.—(Miller's wife.)

xiii.—The Web-footed Kelpie.

A very old, coarse, and dirty banshee belongs to a small sheep-farm of Mr. Dempster's. A shepherd found her lying, apparently crippled, at the edge of a moss, and compassionately offered her a lift on his back. In going, he espied her feet, which were dangling down his back, and seeing she was web-footed, he threw her off, flung away the plaid on which she had lain, and ran as if for his life.

A weird woman, magnificently adorned, with gold and silken gear, was once seen by our old keeper running violently down a steep brae, on the east side of the river Shin. She disappeared in one of its deepest pools, but not before she had been seen by half-a-dozen trustworthy witnesses.

xiii.—Water-Kelpies.

The Highlanders distinguish between these fairies (dressed fairies) and the water-kelpies, who are more unmitigatedly mischievous in their tendencies. The kelpies preside over mills and fords, where they do a great deal of harm.

One William Monroe, and the grandfather of the person from whom we have this story, were one night leading half-a-dozen pack-horses across a ford in the Oikel, on their way to a mill. When they neared the river-bank, a horrid scream from the water struck their ears. "It is the Vaugh," cried the lad, who was leading the first horse; and,

picking up some stones, he sent a shower of them into the deep pool at his feet. She must have been repeatedly hit, as she emitted a series of the most piercing shrieks. "I am afraid," said Monroe, "that you have not done that right, and that she will play us an ugly trick at the ford." "Never mind, we will take more stones," he answered, arming himself with a few. But the kelpie had had enough of stones for one night.—(D. Murray, Stack.)

xiv.—Honeysuckle as a Charm against Witchcraft.

Honeysuckle has great power against witchcraft, and it should be worn by women with child. Our gamekeeper's wife tells me she has often seen a piece stitched inside the body of a gown.

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD AND BAD SERPENTS.

i.—Farquhar the Physician.

Now Farquhar was one time a drover in the Reay country, and he went from Glen Gollich to England to sell a drove of black cattle, and the staff that he had in his hand as he walked was hazel. One day a doctor met him. "What's that," he said, "you have in your hand?" "It is a staff of hazel." "And where did you cut that?" "In Glengollig north, in Lord Reay's country." "Do you mind the place and the tree?" "That I do." "Could you get the tree?" "Easy." "Well, I will give you gold more than ye can lift if ye will go back there and bring me a wand of that hazel-tree; and take this bottle, and bring me something more, and I will give ye gold as much again. Watch at the hole at the foot, and put the bottle to it. Let the six serpents go that come out first, but put the seventh into the bottle, and tell no man, but come back straight with it here." So Farquhar went back to the hazel glen alone, and when he had cut

some boughs off the tree he looked about for the hole that the doctor spoke of. A hole there was, and Farquhar sat to watch it; and what should come out but six serpents, brown and barred like adders. These he let go, and clapped the bottle to the hole's mouth to see would anything more come out. By-and-by a white snake came rolling through. Farquhar had him in the bottle in a minute, tied him down, and hurried back to England with him.

The doctor gave him siller enough to buy the Reay country, but asked him to stay and help him with the white snake. They lit a fire with the hazel-sticks, and put the snake into a pot to boil; the doctor then bid Farquhar watch it, and not let any one touch it, and not to let the steam escape (for fear, he said, folk might know what they were at). He wrapped paper round the pot-lid; but he had not made all straight, for when the water began to boil the steam began to come out at one place. Well, Farquhar saw this, and thought he would push the paper down round the thing; so he put his finger to the bit that was wet, and then his finger into his mouth, for it was wet with the bree. Lo! he knew everything, and the eyes of his mind were opened. "I will keep it quiet though," he said to himself. Presently the doctor came back, and took the pot from the fire. He lifted the lid, and, dipping his finger in the steam drops, sucked it. But the virtue had gone out of it, and it was no more than water to him. "Who has done this?" he cried, and saw in Farquhar's face that it was he. "Since you have taken the bree of it, take the flesh too," he said in a rage, and threw the pot at him (*ma dohl us a sugh ith n' fheol*).

Now Farquhar had become all wise, and he set up as a doctor, and there was no secret hid from him, and nothing that he could not cure. He went from place to place and healed them, so that they called him Farquhar the physician. Now he heard that the king was sick, so he went to the city of the king to know what would ail him. It was his knee, said all the folk, and he has many doctors, and pays them all greatly, and whiles they can give him relief, but not for long, and then it is worse than ever with him, and you can hear him roar and cry with the pain that is in his knee, and in the bone of it. One day Farquhar walked up and down before king's house (*N'daol dubh*,

vis a' chnaumh gheal). "The black beetle to the white bone," he cried out. The people looked at him, and said that the strange man of the Reay country was through other (mad). The next day Farquhar stood at the gate, and cried, "The black beetle to the white bone." And the king sent to know who it was that cried outside, and what was his business. "The man," they said, "was a stranger, and men called him the physician." So the king, who was wild with pain, said to call him in, and Farquhar stood before the king and aye. "The black beetle to the white bone," said he. And so it was proved. The doctors, to keep the king ill and get their money, put at whiles a black beetle into the wound which the king had in his knee; and the beast was eating his bone and his flesh, and made him to cry day and night. Then the doctors took it out again for fear he should die ; and when he was better they put it back again that it might eat him more. This Farquhar knew by the serpent's wisdom that he had whenever he laid his finger under his teeth. And the king was cured, and had all the doctors hung. Then he said to Farquhar that he would give him lands or gold or whatever he asked. Then Farquhar asked him the king's daughter, and all the isles that the sea runs round from Point of Storr to Stromness in the Orkneys. So the king gave him a grant of all the isles. But Farquhar the physician never came to be Farquhar the king, for he had an ill-wisher that poisoned him, and he died.—(J. MacLeod, Laxford.)

[I have taken the story as it was told me, bad grammar and all, and got the chief sentences in Gaelic. It was by serpents' tree that Michael Scott got his knowledge, and the wisdom of the mouth is said, in county Clare, to have belonged to Fingal, who began life as a herd-boy on the Shin. Some giants came to him one day, and bade him roast a fish for them, threatening to kill him if he burnt it. He did so on one small spot. On this spot he quickly put his finger, and as quickly transferred the hot finger to his mouth (putting it under his teeth). A gift of omniscience was the result, and this quality became the foundation of his future greatness. Cassandra had been licked by a serpent before she became a prophetess.]

ii.—The Dragon of Loch CorrieMohr.

At Loch CorrieMohr there lived for many years a flying serpent, so terrible and wild that nobody could fish in the loch, nor come within a mile of it. At last one summer, when there was a drought and a dearth, a man said to his son, "Let us go and fish in Loch CorrieMhor, and maybe the serpent will not heed us." So they went; but they had not made two casts when they see her coming, swimming across the loch. The man said, "It is time we should be out of this." And they ran together, but the serpent outran them, and they could feel her hot breath. "Run you, my son, for my hour is come," said the man. So the lad fled, and his father went up into a tree, having put his cap upon his sword, and struck that into the trees root, hoping to frighten the beast. But she snuffed at the cap, and knocked down the sword, and began to wind round the tree. Then he began to shoot arrows at her; but she pulled them out with her teeth as fast as he put them into her. The last arrow had an iron head and two barbs, and was of the kind which men call *saidth baiseh*, or the death arrow, which they do not part with till the last struggle. Just as the serpent reached him, and opened her jaws to seize his feet, he shot at her open jaws with the two-barbed dart. It fastened there, and could not be pulled out. So, after a struggle, the terrible beast died, and the man got home to tell the tale.

N.B.—A whole kid was taken out of the serpent at her death.—(D. M., Stack.)

iii.—The Two Dragons on Loch Merkland.

There were a pair of dragons, one of them had wings and another had not. They lived one on each side of the loch. They were in girth about twice that of a man, and the flying one roared so as to be heard a mile off. A carrier killed the one and a soldier the other and rendered the place safe for travellers.—(J. MacLeod.)

[The wings with which dragons are endowed are only the emblem of the promptitude with which the serpent pounces on his prey, or in order to seize it gets into trees.—*The Philosophy of Magic*, by Eusébe Salverte.]

CHAPTER V.

OF DREAMS AND OF GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

Lucky Dreams.

Lucky to dream of deer.
Lucky to dream of blue.
Unlucky to dream of red.
Unlucky to dream of white.
Unlucky to dream of yellow.
Unlucky to dream of waves close to you.
Unlucky to dream of water.
Unlucky to dream of babies.
Unlucky to dream of copper money.
Unlucky to dream of a serpent or of its sting.
Unlucky to dream of black.
Unlucky to dream of green.
Unlucky to dream of the sea.

Lucky Omens.

To have a mole on the body.
To be the seventh son in a family where there are no daughters.
To let a thing drop into the fire from your hand.
To sneeze.
To find and pick up a pin.
To find and pick up a horseshoe.
To wash a baby with a piece of gold in its hand.
To have new clothes on New Year's Day.
To see a person of the opposite sex first on New Year's Day.

Unlucky Omens.

To see the new moon through a pane of glass.
To see the first lamb of the year with its tail towards you.
To turn to the left.
To hear furniture cracking (this means removal).

To destroy a swallow's nest.

To break a glass or cup.

To bake bread while a corpse is in the house.

To see a woman the first thing on New Year's Day.

To turn back when you have started on a journey.

To hear a dog howl at night.

To see the candle go out suddenly, leaving the room in darkness.

To stumble in going into a house.

To meet a hare or an old woman.

[A Breton peasant takes off his hat to the new moon, and calls her *madame*, repeating a *pater*.

In Greece it is believed that you can get what you wish for when you first see the new moon.

In Brittany the peasants think bread baked on St. Thomas' Day turns bad; but bread baked on Christmas Eve will keep for ten years. They think Thursday and Saturday as lucky as Friday is the reverse.]

Thursday and Saturday are good days for women born in April.

Friday and Monday are unlucky days.

A servant-maid will not go to a new situation on Monday.

It is very unlucky to turn the mattrass of a sick person on Friday night.

A tree planted on Friday never thrives.

A boat launched on Friday sinks.

A vessel ought to sail on Sunday, and start by going round in the direction of the sun.

[In the valley of the Garonne "a Friday tree" means an enterprise that has miscarried, a marriage that has turned out badly.

"Among the Finns whoever undertakes any business on a Monday must expect very little success."—Tooke's *Russia*.]

Three very unlucky Mondays:

First Monday in April, when Cain was born and Abel slain.

Second Monday in August, when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed.

Last Monday in December, when Judas was born.

W. L. Burleigh's *Precepts to his Sonne*, 1636.

Silver.

A new-born infant must be washed with a piece of silver in the water: the larger the sum the better the luck. The midwife's fee of five shillings is generally put in the bath; but to make matters safe, in poor houses, where there is no fee, the midwife wears a silver ring.

[In Russia children are generally baptised in a silver font. A rich Greek merchant will make a point of this for luck, and even a Presbyterian minister will use a silver basin at a christening.]

Miscellaneous Sayings, &c.

"Deine nan seachd satharn ort!" or, "The fag end of seven Saturdays befall you!" You must not wish evil to the fairies, or indeed say any harm of them, except on a Friday. On that day they are "at home," and not anywhere in man's vicinity (witches' sabbath), then say, "Beannachd nan suibhal a's nan imeachd! Sé 'n diugh di n'aoin, cha, chlimm iod Linne"; or "Blessed (ironical) be their travelling and their departing! This day is Friday, and they do not hear us. "Bithidh di h'aoin au aghaid na seachain," or, "Friday is contrary to the week."

Of the Weather.

If February is mild, the winter is past. A gloomy Friday makes a wet Saturday. A fair Sabbath a fair week. When the sun shines in the evening of a very rainy day they say, "Am fear a wharbhadh a mhathair a chianamh bheireadh e veò nois"; or, "The man who killed his mother is now trying to bring her alive again." Of the winds they say, "Gaoth a deas, teas, ajus, toradh. Gaoth au rar vasg is bainne. Gaoth a tuath, fuachd is gaillshion. Gaoth au carmeas air crannaibhe"; or, "The south wind brings warmth and fertility, the west fish and milk, the north cold and storm, the east fruitfulness of trees."

CHAPTER VI.

RIDDLES AND RHYMES.

Riddles.

What comes, and goes, and yet never leaves the spot?—(A door.)

["Qu'est ce qui va, qui vient, et ne quitte pas sa place."—(*Les Soireés Amusantes.* Par Attigny. Ardennes, 1856.)]

A little white house, well shaped but without doors or windows.—(An egg.)

I see to me,
I see from me,
Two miles over the sea,
A little blue man,
In a green boatee:
His shirt is lined with a skein of red.—(The rainbow.)

The lad that eats his own flesh and drinks his own blood.—(A candle.)

[De qu'es acò? De qu'es acò?
Que bien soun sang
E minja sous budels?—Dialect of Lower Languedoc.]

Three times four and four times three,
That make only two and four.—(24.)

Poetical Sayings. (Older than 1750.)

1.

Tha è nios air slige firimn.
He is now on the journey of truth—*viz. dying.*

2.

Tha è mios air fcrd na firimn.
He lies now under the turf of truth.

3.

Uigh air uigh thig an t-slaint, 's na torma mòr au ca slainte—*or,*
Health comes gradually, but in huge billows cometh ailment.

4.

Thig au fhren a mach le tutaist—*or*,
Truth will come out with misfortune.

5.

Thig math a mulad.
Good comes out of sadness.

6.

"Après moi le deluge." *In Gaelic*,
Nuair Chios mise thall, gearr an drochaid.
Break the bridge when I have got over it.

7.

Yesterday, a woman said to me of a poor girl dying slowly of consumption,—"Oh, poor lassie, I am thinking she is just *passing her time*."

8.

An indifferent matter is like the Sunday-plucked herb; it does neither good nor harm: or, "Mar lus au' donaich gun auhath na dolaihd aun."

9.

Green are the hillocks that are far distant.

A Rhyme.

Na falbh diluan,
Lua gluais di mairt
Tha dicendein craobhach,
Is tha dirdavin dilach
Di-h, aoue cha'n 'eile buag hail
'S cha dual dhurt falbh a *mairach*.

Say this to any one leaving on Saturday.

An Evil Proverb.

"Math air seaun duine, math air fall duine, is math air beanaibh beagh, tri mathau cailte."—*Namely*,

Good done to an old man, a bad man, and a little infant, are three goods cast away.

A Local Rhyme.

There is a caillaich in Skibo,
There is two in Ardalie,
There is three in Kirkton.
And four in Culmailie.
Chorus—And they long live,
They long live;
They long live, the Carlins!

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND SIGHT.

i.—The Road.

A carpenter assures us that when he was a boy, in Assynt, he was one day herding sheep on the limestone cliffs of Stronchrubie (which commands the head of Loch Assynt), when he beheld a four-wheeled carriage (a thing he had never seen in his life), with a pair of horses, and harness that shone in the sun, coming down at a quick pace a spur of one of the most rugged hills in Sutherland (Glashbhein). He thought no more of the apparition, though it was sufficiently wonderful, considering that on that side of the loch there was not a yard of road. He left Assynt, nor did he return there till a very few years ago, when the road that now runs from Assynt to GlenDhu was made.

One day, lying again above the tarn, he saw an open carriage and pair of horses come quickly along the new road, at the very spot where his prophetical vehicle had, thirty years before, crossed the steep incline, from Glashbhein to the lake.—(Graham.)

ii.—The Funeral Procession.

On an autumn evening, one of our tenants was standing at his own door, when he saw a funeral coming along the road. So common are such *warnings* in this country that he paid it comparatively little

attention, till a man distinguished from the others, by wearing whitish trousers, stepped out of the ranks, and ran across the grass in front of the house as if to speak to him. Then the figure vanished, and my friend went to bed. Next day, at twelve o'clock, a funeral *did* pass Mr. ——'s door. This was not strange; but it is a fact, and a curious one, that a man in whitish trousers, a friend from a distant part of the county, *did* leave the procession, and walking quickly across the grass, shook hands with G., and asked after his health and family.—(Graham, Cuthil.)

X. came to ask a tenant of ours to cross the ferry with him, and to go to Tain, for the fair held there. The man refused, because he had been warned of God in a dream that *many* would be drowned by the capsizing of the boat. X. laughed at him, went to Tain, and was among the eighty-eight persons drowned the following day. This happened on 16th August, 1809.

iii.—Warning of Death.

A miller, of the name of Munro (a tenant and clansman of Mr. Munro of Novar), added to his calling the lawful one of carpenter and the unlawful one of distiller of whisky. One Saturday evening late he was drying and preparing some malt in the mill. His wife had gone to bed, but had left, as he found when his work was finished, a good fire in the room (not the kitchen) from which their bed-closet opened. To his horror he found a corpse, or its similitude, lying, as X. says, *in linens*, below the window. He looked at it for some time, feeling very sad (he had often had board-rattling and warnings of coffins required in the neighbourhood): he did not like to pass it, but, going by the other side of the fire, slipped into the little room where his wife slept. He undressed, but looked out again to see if the horrid occupant of his house was still there, which it was, stiff, and white, and still. In the morning of course it had vanished; but it had a great effect on Munro, and when X. met him eight days after he thought him looking grave and unwell. Six days later word came to X. to come quickly to Mrs. Munro, for the mill-stone had broken suddenly, and her husband and a lad who worked with him had both been killed by the fragments. X. made what arrangements he could, but being a

contractor and master mason it was impossible for him to get up to the mill that day. Next day, however, he went to the bye-wake, and started painfully on going into the room to see poor Munro's mangled body, rolled in fair linen cloths, and lying under the window, to the right of the fire, in the same spot where the dead man had seen the *warning* repose.

X. was the only person to whom the miller had told the vision (which he had concealed from his wife), and he has never forgotten the fate of his poor friend.—(Graham.)

iv.—The Hour and the Man.

Some workmen, trenching by the side of a river in Sutherland long, long ago, heard, one day, an unearthly voice cry: "The hour is come, but not the man." Half-an-hour later they descried a man running at full speed, as if with the intention of crossing the stream. One of them started off to try and intercept him, because the river was then in "speat," or "spate," and he was very likely, from his haste, to plunge in without noticing how heavily it was running. The man, a stranger, seemed eager and breathless, and, indeed, what is called "fey," for he refused to listen to the workmen, and shook them off. They, familiar with the pools and shallows of the river, used force to prevent his running so great a risk; and finding he would not listen to reason, they carried him off, and locked him up in our Lady's Chapel, not far off. Thither they returned to seek him, when work hours were over, and, to their horror, found that he had drowned himself in the font. The "man" could not pass his "hour."—(Dell.)

v.—A Wraith.

Farther on there is a hill covered with birch and oak copse, through which the high-road to Bonar Bridge also passes. One morning, in winter, and in deep snow, a man, proceeding slowly westward, saw ahead of him another man in a long hooded cloak of blue homespun. He recognised him, though the figure had its back to him, to be the father of one of our small tenants, a man of the name of Murray. Eager to overtake him, the traveller quickened his pace, but it was not

easy to make much way in the snow, which was a good deal drifted, but in which he now saw, to his horror, the man in front of him had left no foot-marks. He then ran, getting nearly alongside the supposed Murray, and called to him, when the apparition vanished.

[An architect, residing in Glasgow, required to see his friend and partner, Mr. H., who resided at a short distance. Mr. T., the architect, started to walk to the house, and was delighted, in a lane near the dwelling of Mr. H., to see that his friend was coming towards him on foot. The number of yards between them was so few that T. was amazed to perceive that Mr. H., instead of drawing nearer, turned, opened the wicket-gate of the shrubbery of his house, and disappeared. T. was vexed, as the business was pressing, but was almost immediately shown into the library, where, to his amazement, Mr. H. sat in his dressing-gown and slippers. He had not left his house or room that day.

Mrs. G. A., having just parted from a relative who was on his way to India, was amazed to see him seated on the sofa in her room. She never doubted the reality of his presence, as he moved and seemed about to speak. The room was found to be empty, and she fainted.

J. de L., when busy at his desk, saw a friend, whom he believed to be in Oxford, walk past the window. An hour later he was summoned by the mother of this friend, who had just been drowned at Oxford.]

CHAPTER VIII.

SUPERSTITIONS.

i.—The Triple Jewel of Ben Stack.

At midnight, in a stormy season and on a "fearsome" night, Donald Murray saw blazing on the north side of Ben Stack, where three streams fall straight down from the brows of the hill, a triple light, one above the other, the highest being brightest. It has been seen before, and he says it is a diamond, and sacred, probably, to some powers of storm and darkness.

[A hill near Loch Maree is named Ben Ailleagan : a jewel.

Jewels in general figure but little in Highland lore; but the jewel of Gemshid pales before the three-fold diamond of Ben Stack.]

ii.—The Spectral Hosts.

Part of the estate of Embo, recently bought by the Duke of Sutherland, consists of an open moor sloping almost to the sea. On this piece of ground spectral hosts have been repeatedly seen charging and repulsing each other, and people crossing the moor have been noticed by others to be surrounded by these armies, of which they themselves saw nothing. It is most common before sunrise, and may be supposed (though the country people think it uncanny) to resemble the figures seen by travellers in the Erzegebirge.—(Miss Leslie, Dornoch.)

iii.—AltnaHierinn, or The Burn of the Maiden.

One of the march burns here has this name because tradition says that a girl was once murdered beside it; under what circumstances I do not know. She haunts it still; and this spring a spectral dog and man were observed near it. All parties agree that on the spot on which her blood was spilt the snow never lies; it is exposed summer and winter, night and day, to the angry eye of heaven.—(Peggy Munro, Achlach.)

The Sea.

In 1806 a number of people were drowned at the Mickel ferry (between Ross and Sutherland) owing to overloading the boat. On the anniversary of this accident nothing could have induced our gamekeeper to draw his net in a little arm of Skibo, and near the said ferry. I do not know what he was afraid of; perhaps of some misfortune to himself, certainly of bad luck in his fishing, or he may have had some lingering fear of drawing in a dead body.—(D. M.)

The sea, they say, does not always cast up those who have been drowned either by accident (as falling from a rock or pier) or by stress of weather; but the corpse of one murdered and thrown into it is sure to float ashore. "The sea will not keep what it did not seek."—(Matheson, Clackmore.)

Tide.

Death is looked for early in the morning—between twelve and two; but it is also looked for as the tide recedes.

The Wraith.

Before a death the wraith is often heard in the carpenter's shops selecting boards for the coffin. Linen for the shroud is said to be chosen with equal care by the provident spirit. But the rattling of board and tools may be considered a sign of rapidly approaching dissolution.

Death Struggle.*

They open the door during the death struggle to facilitate the departure of the spirit. A plate of salt is often laid on the dead body, which it is the custom to watch with candles.

Passing and Funeral Bell.

Old people remember when it was the custom for a man to walk alongside of a funeral ringing a bell (to drive away evil spirits); and when the earth began to be shovelled into the grave the church bells, which had been slowly tolling, rang out a loud violent peal; I believe with a view of warning the devil more effectually off the premises.—(R. Gordon.)

Omens of Death.

Some days before the death of Dr. Bethune, some time minister of the parish of Dornoch (1816), a large cormorant was observed sitting on the steeple of the cathedral church. The whole town took this as a sign that the incumbent was not long for this world. One of the same birds was seen flying and lighting on parts of the building in 1850. The vulgar predicted from this a similar event, and the result justified the saying, for the then clergyman sickened and died after a short illness.

* Same customs in Northumberland and Leicestershire. Moreton says salt is the emblem of immortality, and the candle is the Egyptian hieroglyphic for life. A light set on the head of a corpse is a Jewish custom.

[Before the death of the Tzar Nicholas a great sea eagle came into St. Petersburg, and sat on the Winter Palace. Crowds collected to look at the bird, which must have come from some distant part of Finland. Its appearance was held to be ominous, and it was often referred to after the illness of the Tzar became known in the city.

The *grebes* which fly up the Bosphorus in the mornings and return at night are said to be the spirits of the Sultan's wives.]

Spiritual Visitors.

There lived on our property some twenty years ago an old woman named Christy Ross. She was not only the last of her family, who had all lived and died on the croft, but was also so very infirm that Mrs. Dempster was anxious to persuade her to change her house, and to go to another, where there were neighbours able and willing to be of use to her in case of sickness or death. This she steadfastly refused, saying the kindness was well-meant, but that she could not abandon what had been her home and her people's home. "At night," she said, "she heard a man's voice praying by her bedside, and sweet music as of singing." She had no doubt it was her father and brothers, and no doubt but that in a strange house she would miss this happiness, one which she valued above neighbours or help.

Holy Wells.

A well in the black isle of Cromarty (near Rosehaugh) has miraculous healing powers. A countrywoman tells me that about forty years ago she remembers its being surrounded by a crowd of people every first fine day in June, who bathed or drank of it *before sunrise*. Each patient tied a string on a rag to one of the trees that overhung it before leaving. It was sovereign for headaches.—(Peggy Munro.)

[A well at Skibo Castle, called St. Mary's, used to be visited by patients who hung the trees round with bits of red rags.

A well at Biel, near East Linton, is called the "Rood, or Rude, Well." It has no healing properties but is haunted by a very tiny figure.

St. Anthony's Well, near Edinburgh, is still frequented on May mornings by youths and maidens who wash their faces in the well,

though the custom is not so universal now as it was one hundred years ago.

At Balokali, a village near Constantinople, there is a sacred well. Visitors go there to eat fish fried on one side! The Greek patriarch comes once a year to plunge the Cross into the water. The sick, who have been lying all night on the floor of the church, are then sprinkled with the water, of which bottles are carried away for the cure of disease.

Bottles of water from the Jordan are believed to be of use to sick people, and the water of the well at Lourdes is now in great request.

Votive rags may be seen in the Island of Chalki (Sea of Marmora) stuck round the window of the cells where the hermits live who are resorted to as healers.

St. Lawrence's Well, Peterborough, and St. Edmund's Well, at Oxford, used to be visited.

The Vandals had a well at Glamutz to which they offered sacrifices. It was a giver of presages rather than of health.]

The Evil Eye.

The evil eye is very common. Children, cattle (milch cows), and poultry, suffer most from it. But the evil wishes, it is remarked, often fall back on the utterer, because to the "mischief" it is a matter of indifference on which of the two the spell or the wish falls.

[A Turkish nurse objects just as a Sutherland woman does to your looking at the baby. A pasha's daughter explained to a friend of mine that this was because of the evil eye.

I do not know if the Jews believe in the evil eye; but Offenbach, the composer, who was of Jewish extraction, was believed by Christians to have this horrid power, and was often avoided because of the *jettatura*.

Turquoises are said to be a preservative against it. I have never heard whether blue eyes or dark ones had the power of doing harm.]

Cure of the Evil Eye.

A woman, Ann Macrae, on this estate cures cows, &c., by incantations. She has a bag of stones as a "medicine," and a large

practice, being sent for from place to place, but seems rather feared than loved. Water in which one of these stones is boiled cures the effect of the evil eye. They are hereditary in her family.

A man, also our tenant, cures pains in persons at a distance by magic. The patients send him their names sealed up; he requires no diagnosis, but from the moment he receives the paper the pain or fever begins to mend. This was tried by a girl weeding in the garden here last autumn, but without success. I must say that the failure did not shake her faith, at which, as she had been for half a year one of my pupils in a Bible-class, I was not a little scandalised.

Verses of Scripture.

I remember an old woman, now dead, who never went an hour from home without making one of her neighbours open the Bible and see what the first verse said. If the verse was to her mind, she then said, "I will go in God's name." The Book of Psalms is the one most used for this purpose. She was very superstitious, assembled the whole kirk session of elders once to hear of a revelation she had from heaven, and frequently told us that she "seed the Mischief sitting up in a tree, and girning at her." She prayed a great deal, but was so cross as to be almost mad, or, as her neighbours said, "very thro' other at the full of the moon."

If a young woman wished to know who is to be her husband, let her read the third chapter of Ruth, and put the Bible under her head at night on Hallow-e'en. The intended will appear to her in a dream. —(Peggy Monro, Achlach.)

CHAPTER IX.

ANIMALS AND CHIMERAS.

The Golden Horse of LochnaGillie.

A loch on this estate, now small and muddy, but once much larger, at the time when it received its name from the following sad event:—

A dozen lads were playing by its banks, riding and chasing the

ponies which grazed among the reeds and rushes. They all quarrelled who should mount a beautiful horse which grazed among the others, but was finer than any they had ever seen; its skin was smooth, bay-coloured, and shining like gold. Two boys jumped up. "There is room for three," said the next, and got on. "There is room for four," said the fourth lad, and so there was; for the more boys mounted him the more the golden horse lengthened. At last all the boys sat on him, but two who were brothers. "Come let us up," said the youngest, touching the horse with his forefinger; but lo! the finger stuck there, it had grown to the golden skin. "Take your knife, Ian, and cut it off," he cried. His brother did so, and the two ran home together, too much frightened to look behind them and to see the fate of the rest. That no one saw, but by an hour after the hair and entrails of the boys were scattered all over the water. The golden horse had plunged in with all his victims, and the loch is called by their name to this day.—(Widow Calder.)

[Loch Laggan, also on this property, boasts of a water-horse, and at night a bright light is seen to swim up and down the middle of the lake. Then they say, "The water-horse moves."—(W. M., sheriff's officer.)

A golden horse was once seen, born of the waters of the *Fleet*. It tempted a woman to follow it and try to drive it, but she was warned in time, and so it was foiled of its aim to lure her to a watery grave.

The Grahams of Morphie, in the Mearns, are said to have caught and bridled the water-horse, and made him draw stones for their new castle. This unwilling workman's curse lay on the family for ever, and caused their ruin.

Apropos of manes, a family of Munro, having many generations ago intermarried with the Vaugha of Ben-na-Caulting, were said to have manes and tails till within the last four generations.]

The Seven Herds of Sallachie and the Water-Horse.

Lang syne, when men, and flocks, and herds were plenty in Sutherland, there were seven herds watching their flocks by Loch Shin, and it was evening. They all quarrelled who should mount a beautiful horse which grazed among the others. Said one herd to the other,

"That is my father's horse." "No, it is my father's horse:" and they fell to fighting (for the horse looked different to each of them). The first jumped up. "There is room for two," said the second, and jumped up also. The others were angry. "It is a bonny horse, too," said a girl that came by, when they were all up but one. And she patted its shining skin, but her hand had stuck to it. "Oh! Annach," cried her brother, "will ye die with the others, or want your hand?" "Oh! take off the hand and let us run." So he took the hand off, and they two ran home, and the seven herds of Sallachie were never seen again.—(Mr. Young, Lairg.)

This is nearly the same as the legend of LochnaGillie; and a third story is current of Loch Badandarroch, or the loch of the oak branches, where two girls were the victims, and no one remained to tell the tale.

In Ben-na-Caulting one day, the Vaugh called to D. MacRobb, "Will you eat any charcoal, Donald?" "No," he said, "my wife will give me supper when I get home."

[Pliny speaks of a mysterious affinity between serpents and the hazel-tree.

In Brittany a stick or wand cut from an apple-tree leads by a mysterious wisdom. Repeat this rhyme:—

"Conduis-mois
Par les mers,
Par les terres,
Partout ou aller
Voudras."—Le Naer.

In the Lowlands of Scotland the bourtree or elder is revered. In Upper India a tree of the mimosa tribe is called *wise*. It sleeps all day, wakes all night, and is a charm against witches.—See Heber's *Journal*. So much for the *Rowan*, or Mountain Ash of established reputation.]

The Otter King.

The mythical zoology of Sutherland contains also a white otter. These animals have a king, sometimes all white, sometimes dun with a white star. He has a jewel in his forehead, and is only vulnerable in one spot on the breast. I do not know whether it is an elective or hereditary sovereignty.

The Dun Otter (*Ouar Hoo*).

Such an animal was killed in Assynt by the man who told me the story. It had a white spot on the forehead, and one on each side of the muzzle, with one under each shoulder, and a large white place on the breast. It is always the seventh in the hole, and said to be the king, and that the others cater for it. The skin is much larger than that of the other otters, and is a profitable thing to have; for, owing to some superstition on the part of ship captains here, they are afraid to let the skin go out of the ship, if it has once been in it, and so any one taking a skin to a ship to sell it may name his own price. It is very fierce, and called in Gaelic Ouar Hoo. It is supposed to be invulnerable, except in the breast, but my friend shot it in the hind quarter.

The Great White Snake.

It is not uncommon in Sutherland, and has been sometimes but not often killed. It never rests by day or by night, and besides running along the ground has a revolving motion peculiar to itself, turning over and over through an ivory ring, which is loose in its body. This is formed from its own slime, and sometimes drops off, in which case the snake makes another, and the finder of the ring is safe against all disasters and enchantments. Another great serpent has been seen by the natives, the last was nine feet long, and covered with hair; it had a mane, and was a bodily manifestation of the Evil One.—(Widow Mary Calder, pauper, aged 70.)

Why the Wolf is Stumpy Tailed.

One day the wolf and the fox were out together, and they stole a dish of crowdie. Now the wolf was the biggest beast of the two, and he had a long tail like a greyhound, and great teeth. The fox was afraid of him, and did not dare to say a word when the wolf ate the most of the crowdie, and left only a little in the bottom of the dish for him. But he determined to punish him for it: so, the next night, when they were out together, the fox said, "I smell a very nice

cheese, and" (pointing to the moonshine on the ice) "there it is, too!" "And how will you get it?" said the wolf. "Well! stop you here till I see if the farmer is asleep, and if you keep your tail on it, or put it through the ice, nobody will see you, or know that it is there: keep it steady, though I may be some time of getting back." So the wolf lay down, and laid his tail on the moonshine in the ice; and there he kept it for an hour, till it was fast. Then the fox, who had been watching him, ran in to the farmer and said,—"The wolf is there, he will eat up the children—the wolf, the wolf!" Then the farmer and his wife came out with sticks to kill the wolf, but the wolf ran off, leaving his tail behind him: and that is why the wolf is stumpy, and the fox has a long brush.—(J. Macleod, Laxford.)

The Fox and the Cock and Hen.

One day the fox chanced to see a fine cock and a fat hen, off whom he would much have liked to dine, but at his approach they flew up into a tree. He did not lose heart, however, and soon began to make talk with them, inviting them at last to go a little way with him. There was no danger, he said, no fear of his hunting them, for there was peace now between men and beasts, and among all animals.

At last, after much parleying, the cock said to the hen, "My dear, do you not see a couple of hounds coming across the field?" "Yes," said the hen, "and they will soon be here." "If that is the case, it is time I should be off," said the fox, "for I am afraid these stupid hounds may not have heard of the peace," and with that he took to his heels, and never drew breath till he reached his den.—(D. M., and J. Macleod.)

The Fox and the Goose.

One day the fox succeeded in catching a fine, fat goose, asleep, by the side of a loch. He held her by the wing, and making a joke of her cackling, hissing, and fears, he said: "Now, if you had me in your mouth, as I have you, tell me what you would do?" "Why," said the goose, "that is an easy question. I would fold my hands, shut my eyes, say a grace, and then eat you." "Just what I mean to do," said Rory, and folding his hands, and looking very demure, he

said a pious grace, with his eyes shut. But, alack! while he did this, the goose had spread her wings, and was now half-way over the loch: so the fox was left to lick his lips for supper. "I will make a rule of this," he exclaimed, in disgust, "never, in all my life, to say a grace again till after I feel the meat warm in my belly."—(J. Macleod, fisherman on the LaxFord.)

The Fox and the Wrens.

A fox had noticed for some days a family of wrens, off which he much wished to dine. He *might* have been satisfied with one, but he determined to have the whole lot—father and eighteen sons; and all so like, he could not tell the one from the other, or the father from his children. "It is of no use to kill one son, because the old cock will take warning and fly away with seventeen: I wish I knew which was the old gentleman." He set his wits to work to find out, and one day, seeing them all threshing in a barn, he sat down to watch them. Still he could not be sure." "Now I have it," he said. "Well done, the old man's stroke, he hits true," he cried. "Ah!" replied the one he often suspected of being the head of the family, "if you had seen my grandfather's strokes you might have said so." The sly fox pounced on the cock, ate him up in a trice, and then soon caught and disposed of the eighteen sons, all flying in terror about the barn.

The Fox and the Fox Hunter.

Once upon a time a fox-hunter had been very anxious to catch our friend, the fox, and had stopped all the earths in cold weather. One evening he fell asleep in his hut, and saw, when he opened his eyes the fox sitting very demurely at the other side of the fire. It had entered by the hole under the door, provided for the convenience of the dog, the cat, the pig, and the hen. "Oh! ho!" said the fox-hunter, "Now I have you I shall keep you," and he went and sat down at the hole to prevent Reynard's escape. "Oh! ho!" said the fox, "I shall soon make that stupid fellow get up:" so he found the man's shoes, and, putting them into the fire, wondered if that would make the enemy move. "I shan't get up for that, my fine gentle-

man," cried the fox-hunter. Stockings followed the shoes, coat and trousers shared the same fate, but still the man sat over the hole. At last the fox, having set the bed and bedding on fire, put a light to the straw on which his jailor lay. It blazed up to the ceiling. "No, that I cannot stand," shouted the man, jumping up; and the fox, taking advantage of the smoke and confusion, made good his exit. —(D. M.)

THE LAME FOX.

From the Servian (*Podunarka*, 1848).

HERE was a man who had three sons, two intelligent and one a simpleton. This man's right eye was always laughing, while his left eye was weeping and shedding tears. This man's sons agreed to go to him one by one and ask him why his right eye laughed and his left eye shed tears.

Accordingly, the eldest went to his father by himself and asked him: "Father, tell me truly what I am going to ask you. Why does your right eye always laugh and your left eye weep?" His father gave him no answer, but flew into a rage, seized a knife, and at him, and he fled out of doors, and the knife stuck in the door. The other two were outside, anxiously expecting their brother; and when he came out asked him what his father had said to him. But he answered them: "If you're not wiser than another, go, and you will hear."

Then the middle brother went to his father by himself and asked him: "Father, tell me truly what I am going to ask you. Why does your right eye always laugh and your left eye weep?" His father gave him no answer, but flew into a rage, seized a knife, and at him, and he fled out of doors, and the knife stuck in the door. When he came out to his brothers, his brothers asked him: "Tell us, brother —so may health and prosperity attend you—what our father has said

to you." He answered them: "If you're not wiser than another, go, and you will hear." But this he said to his elder brother, on account of the simpleton, that he, too, might go to his father to hear and see.

Then the simpleton, too, went by himself to his father, and asked him: "Father, my two brothers won't tell me what you have said to them. Tell me why your right eye always laughs and your left eye weeps?" His father immediately flew into a rage, seized a knife, and brandished the knife to pierce him through; but as he was standing so he remained standing where he was, and wasn't frightened in the least. When his father saw that, he came to him and said, "Well, you're my true son, I will tell you, but those two are cowards. The reason why my right eye laughs is, that I rejoice and am glad because you children obey and serve me well. And why my left eye weeps, it weeps on this account: I had in my garden a vine, which poured forth a bucket of wine every hour, thus producing me twenty-four buckets of wine every day and night. This wine has been stolen from me, and I have not been able to find it, nor do I know who has taken it or where it is. And for this reason my left eye weeps, and will weep till I die unless I find it." When the simpleton came out of doors his brothers asked him what his father had said, and he told them all in order.

Then they prepared a drinking-bout for their father and the domestics, and set out on their journey. On the journey they came to a cross-road, and three ways lay before them. The two elder consulted together, and said to their youngest brother, the simpleton: "Come, brother! let us each choose a road, and let each go by himself, and seek his fortune." "Yes, brothers!" answered the simpleton; "you choose each a road, I will take that which remains to me." The two elder took two roads which ran into each other, started on their way, and afterward met, came out into one road, and said: "Praise be to God that we're quit of that fool!" They then sat down to take their dinner. Scarcely had they sat down to eat, when up came a lame fox on three legs, approached them, fawning and begging to obtain something to eat. But as soon as they saw the fox: "Here's a fox," said they, "come, let us kill it." Then

stick in hand and after it. The fox limped away in the best fashion it could, and barely escaped from them. Meanwhile, shepherd-dogs came to their wallet and ate up everything that they had. When they returned to the wallet they had a sight to see.

The simpleton took the third road right on, and went forwards till he began to feel hungry. Then he sat down on the grass under a pear-tree, and took bread and bacon out of his wallet to eat. Scarcely had he sat down to eat, when lo! that very same lame fox, which his two brothers had seen, began to approach him, and to fawn and beg, limping on three feet. He had compassion on it, because it was so lame, and said: "Come, fox! I know that you are hungry, and that it is hard lines for you that you have not a fourth foot." He gave it bread and bacon to eat, a portion for himself and a portion for the fox. When they had refreshed themselves a little, the fox said to him: "But, brother, tell me the truth, whither are you going?" He said: "Thus and thus, I have a father and us three brothers, and one of my father's eyes always laughs because we serve him well, and the other eye weeps because there has been stolen from him a vine belonging to him, which poured forth a bucket of wine every hour; and now I am going to ask people all over the world whether some one cannot inform me about this vine, that I may obtain it for my father, that his eye may not weep any longer."

The fox said: "Well, I know where the vine is; follow me." He followed the fox, and they came to a large garden. Then the fox said: "There is the vine of which you are in search. But it is difficult to get to it. Do you now mark well what I am going to say to you. In the garden before the vine is reached it is necessary to pass twelve watches, and in each watch twelve warders. When the warders are looking you can pass them freely, because they sleep with their eyes open. If they have their eyes closed go not, for they are awake, not sleeping, with their eyes closed. When you come into the garden, there under the vine stand two shovels, one of wood and the other of gold. But mind you don't take the golden shovel to dig up the vine; for the shovel will ring, and will wake up the watch; the watch will seize you, and you may fare badly. But take the wooden shovel, and with it dig up the vine, and when the watch is

looking, come quietly to me outside, and you will have obtained the vine."

He went into the garden, arrived at the first watch, the warders directed their eyes towards him; one would have thought they would have looked him to powder. But he went past them as past a stone, came to the second, third, and all the watches in succession, and arrived in the garden at the vine itself; the vine poured forth a bucket of wine every hour. He was too lazy to dig with the wooden shovel, but took the golden one; and as soon as he struck it into the ground the shovel rang, woke the watch, the watch assembled, seized him, and delivered him to their lord.

The lord asked the simpleton: "How did you dare to pass so many watches, and come into the garden to take my vine away?" The simpleton said: "It is not your vine, but my father's; and my father's left eye weeps, and will weep till I obtain him the vine, and I must do it; and, if you don't give me my father's vine, I shall come again, and the second time I shall take it away." The lord said: "I cannot give you the vine. But, if you procure me the golden apple-tree, which blooms, ripens, and bears golden fruit every twenty-four hours, I will give it you."

He went out to the fox, and the fox asked him: "Well, how is it?" He answered: "Nohow. I went past the watch, and began to dig up the vine with the wooden shovel, but it was too long a job, and I took the golden shovel. The shovel rang and woke the watch. The watch seized me and delivered me to their lord, and the lord promised to give me the vine if I procured him the golden apple-tree, which every twenty-four hours blooms, ripens, and bears golden fruit." The fox said: "But why did you not obey me? You see how nice it would have been to go to your father with the vine." He shook his head: "I see that I have done wrong but I will do so no more." The fox said: "Come, now! let us go to the golden apple-tree." The fox led him to a far handsomer garden than the first one, and told him that he must pass similarly through twelve similar watches. "And when you come in the garden," said she, "to where the golden apple-tree is, two very long poles stand there, one of gold and the other of wood. Don't take the golden one to beat a golden apple-tree, for the golden branch will emit a whistling

sound, and will wake the watch, and you will fare ill; but take the wooden pole, beat a golden apple-tree, and then mind you come out immediately to me. If you do not obey me, I will not help you further." He said: "I will, fox; only that it may be mine to acquire the golden apple-tree, to purchase the vine. I am impatient to go to my father." He went into the garden and the fox stayed waiting for him outside. He passed the twelve watches and also arrived at the apple-tree. But when he saw the apple-tree, and the golden apples on the apple-tree, he forgot for joy where he was, and hastily took the golden pole to beat a golden apple-tree. As soon as he had stripped a golden branch with the pole, the golden branch emitted a whistling sound and woke the watch. The watch hastened up, seized and delivered him to the lord of the golden apple-tree.

The lord asked the simpleton: "How did you dare, and how were you able, to go into my garden, in face of so many watches of mine, to beat the golden apple-trees?" The simpleton said: "Thus and thus: my father's left eye weeps because a vine has been stolen from him, which poured forth a bucket of wine every hour. That vine is kept in such and such a garden, and the lord of the garden and the vine said to me: 'If you procure me the golden apple-tree which every twenty-four hours blooms, ripens, and produces golden fruit, I will give you the vine.' And therefore I have come to beat a golden apple-tree; to give the apple-tree for the vine; and to carry the vine to my father, that his left eye may not weep. And if you do not give me the golden apple-tree now, I shall come again to steal it."

The lord said: "It is good, if it is so. Go, you, and procure me the golden horse, which in twenty-four hours goes over the world. I will give you the golden apple-tree; give the apple-tree for the vine; and take the vine to your father, that he may weep no more."

Then he went outside, and the fox awaiting him said: "Now then, how is it!" "Not very well. The golden apple-trees are so beautiful that you can't look at them for beauty; I forgot myself, and couldn't take the wooden pole, as you told me; but took the golden pole to beat the golden apple-tree; the branch emitted a whistling sound, and woke the watch; the watch seized me, and delivered me to their lord, and the lord told me if I procured him the golden horse, which goes

over the world in twenty-four hours, he would give me the golden apple-tree, that I might give the apple-tree for the vine, to take to my father, that he might weep no more."

Again the fox began to scold and reproach him: "Why did you not obey me? You see that you would have been by now at your father's. And thus you torment both yourself and me." He said to the fox: "Only procure me the horse, fox, and I will always henceforth obey you."

The fox led him to a large and horrible forest, and in the forest they found a courtyard. In this courtyard twelve watches, as in the case of the vine and the apple-tree, guarded the golden horse. The fox said: "Now you will pass the watches as before; go, if they are looking; do not go, if they have their eyes shut. When you enter the stable, there stands the golden horse equipped with golden trappings. By the horse are two bridles, one of gold and the other plaited of tow. Mind you don't take the golden bridle, but the one of tow; if you bridle him with the golden bridle, the horse will neigh, and will wake the watch, the watch will seize you, and who will be worse off than you? Don't come into my sight without the horse!" "I won't, fox," said he, and went. He passed all the watches and entered the stable where the horse was. When he was there, golden horse! golden wings! so beautiful; good heavens! that you couldn't look at them for beauty! He saw the golden bridle, it was beautiful and ornamented; he also saw that of tow; it was dirty and couldn't be worse. Here he thought long what to do and how to do. "I can't put that nasty thing (the tow bridle), it's so nasty, on that beauty; I had rather not have him at all than put such a horse to shame." He took the golden bridle, bridled the golden horse and mounted him. But the horse neighed, and woke the watch; the watch seized him and delivered him to their lord.

Then the lord said: "How did you have resolution to pass my numerous warders into my stable to take away my golden horse?" The simpleton replied: "Need drove me; I have a father at home, and his left eye continually weeps, and will weep till I obtain for him a vine which in a day and night poured forth twenty-four buckets of wine. This vine has been stolen from him. Well, I have found it;

and it has been told me that I shall obtain the vine if I procure the golden apple-tree for the lord of the vine. And the lord of the golden apple-tree said if I procured him the golden horse he would give me the golden apple-tree. And I came from him to take away the golden horse, that I might give the golden horse for the golden apple-tree, and the golden apple-tree for the vine ; to take it home and give it my father, that he may weep no more." The lord said : "Good; if it is so, I will give you my golden horse if you procure me the golden damsel in her cradle, who has never yet seen either the sun or the moon, so that her face is not tanned." And the simpleton said : "I will procure you the golden damsel, but you must give me your golden horse, on which to seek the golden damsel and bring her to you. And a golden horse properly appertains to a golden damsel." The lord : "And how will you guarantee that you will return to me again ?" The simpleton: "Behold! I swear to you by my father's eyesight that I will return to you again, and either bring the horse, if I do not find the damsel; or give you the damsel, if I find her, for the horse." To this the lord agreed, and gave him the golden horse. He bridled it with the golden bridle, and came outside to the fox. The fox was impatiently expecting him to know what had happened.

The fox: "Well, have you obtained the horse?" The simpleton: "I have; but on condition that I procure for him the golden damsel in her cradle, who has never yet seen the sun or the moon, so that her face is not tanned. But, if you know what need is, good friend in the world, say whether she is anywhere, and whether you know of such a damsel." The fox said: "I know where the damsel is, only follow me." He followed, and they came to a large cavern. Now the fox said : "There the damsel is. You will go into that cavern, deep into the earth. You will pass the watches as before. In the last chamber lies the golden damsel in a golden cradle. By the damsel stands a huge spectre, which says: 'No! No! No!' Now, don't be at all afraid, it cannot do anything to you in anywise; but her wicked mother has placed it beside her daughter, that no one may venture to approach her to take her away. And the damsel is impatiently waiting to be released and freed from her mother's cruelty. When you come back with the damsel in the cradle, push all the

doors to behind you, that the watch may not be able to come out after you in pursuit." He did so. He passed all the watches; entered the last chamber; and in the chamber was the damsel, rocking herself in a golden cradle; and on the way to the cradle stood a huge spectre, which said: "No! No! No!" But he paid no attention to it. He took the cradle in his hands, seated himself with the cradle on the horse and proceeded, pushed the doors to—and the doors closed from the first to the last; and flew out with the damsel in the cradle before the fox. The fox was anxiously expecting him.

Now the fox said to him: "Are you not sorry to give so beautiful a damsel for the golden horse? But you will not otherwise be able to acquire the golden horse, because you have sworn by your father's eyesight. But come; let me try whether I can't be the golden damsel." She bounded hither and thither, and transformed herself into a golden damsel; everything about her was damsel-like, only her eyes were shaped like foxes' eyes. He put her into the golden cradle, and left the real damsel under a tree to take charge of the golden horse. He went, he took away the golden cradle, and in the cradle the fox-damsel; delivered her to the lord of the golden horse, and absolved himself from the oath by his father's eyesight. He returned to the horse and the damsel. Now that same lord of the golden horse, full of joy at acquiring the golden damsel, assembled all his lordship, prepared a grand banquet for their entertainment, and showed them what he had acquired in exchange for his golden horse. While the guests were gazing at the damsel, one of them scrutinised her attentively and said: "All is damsel-like, and she is very beautiful, but her eyes are shaped like foxes' eyes." No sooner had he said this, when up sprang the fox and ran away. The lord and the guests were enraged that he had said, "foxes' eyes," and put him to death.

The fox ran to the simpleton; and on they went to give the golden horse for the golden apple-tree. They arrived at the place. Here, again, the fox said: "Now, you see, you have got possession of the golden damsel; but the golden horse properly appertains to the golden damsel. Are you sorry to give the golden horse?" "Yes, fox; but, though I am sorry, yet I wish my father not to weep."

The fox: "But stay; let me try whether I can be the golden horse." She bounded hither and thither, and transformed herself into a golden horse, only she had a fox's tail. Then she said: "Now lead me; let them give you the golden apple-tree, and I know when I shall come to you."

He led off the fox-horse, delivered it to the lord of the golden apple-tree, and obtained the golden apple-tree. Now the lord of the golden apple-tree was delighted at having acquired so beautiful a horse, and invited his whole lordship to a feast, to boast to them what a horse he had acquired. The guests began to gaze at the horse and to wonder how beautiful he was. All at once one scrutinised his tail attentively and said: "All is beautiful, and all pleases me; only, I should say that it is a fox's tail." The moment he said that, the fox jumped up and ran away. But the guests were enraged at him for using the expression, "fox's tail," and put him to death. The fox came to the simpleton, and proceeded with the golden damsel, the horse, and the golden apple-tree to the vine.

Now, again, the fox said: "You see now, you have acquired the golden apple-tree. But the golden damsel is not appropriate without the golden horse, or the golden horse without the golden apple-tree. Are you sorry to give the golden apple-tree?" The simpleton: "Yes, fox; but I must to obtain the vine, that my father may not weep. I had rather that my father did not weep than all that I have." The fox said: "Stay; I will try whether I can be the golden apple-tree." She bounded hither and thither, and transformed herself into a golden apple-tree, and told him to take it away and give it for the vine. He took off the golden fox-apple-tree and gave it to the lord of the vine; obtained the vine, and went away.

The lord, for joy, assembled his whole lordship and prepared a grand feast, to display what a golden apple-tree he had acquired. The guests assembled, and began to gaze at the apple-tree. But one scrutinized it attentively and said: "All is beautiful, and cannot be more beautiful; only the fruit is in shape a fox's head, and not like other apples." No sooner had he said this when up jumped the fox and ran away. But they were enraged at him and slew him, because he had said, "fox's head."

Now he took leave of the fox and went home; having with him the golden damsel, the golden horse, the golden apple-tree, and the vine. When he arrived at the cross-road, where he had parted from his brothers, when he went from home to seek the vine, he saw a multitude of people assembled, and he too went thither to see what was the matter. When he got there his two brothers were standing condemned and the people were going to hang them. He told the damsel that they were his brothers, and that he would like to ransom them. The damsel took a large quantity of treasure out of her bosom, and she ransomed his brothers, the malefactors, who had thought to acquire the vine by slaying, burning, and plundering. They envied him, but could not help themselves. They proceeded home. The simpleton planted the vine in the garden where it had been ; the vine began to pour forth wine, and his father's left eye ceased to weep, and began to laugh. The apple-tree began to blossom, the golden horse to neigh, the damsel to sing, and there was love and beauty at the farm-house. Everything was merry, everything was rejoicing and making progress.

All at once, the father sent his sons to bring him from the country three ears of rye, that he might see what manner of season it would be. When they came to a well in the country they told their simpleton brother to get them some water to drink. He stooped over the well to reach the water for them; they pushed him into the water, and he was drowned. Immediately the vine ceased to pour forth wine, the father's eye began to weep, the apple-tree drooped, the horse ceased to neigh, the damsel began to weep, and everything lost its cheerful appearance. Thereupon that selfsame lame fox came up, got down into the well, gently drew her adopted brother out, poured the water out of him, placed him on the fresh grass, and he revived. No sooner had he revived than the fox was transformed into a very beautiful damsel. Then she related to him how her mother had cursed her because she had rescued her greatest enemy from death. She was cursed, and was transformed into a cunning fox, and limped on three feet, until she should rescue her benefactor from a watery death. "And, lo ! I have rescued you, my adopted brother. Now adieu ! " She went her way, and the simpleton his way to his father;

and, when he arrived at the farm-house, the vine began again to pour forth wine, his father's eye to laugh [the golden apple-tree to bloom], the golden horse to neigh, and the golden damsel to sing. He told his father what his brothers had done to him on the way, and how a damsel had rescued him and freed herself from a curse. When his father heard this, he drove the two villains away into the world. But him he married to the golden damsel, with whom he lived long in happiness and content.

(Rev.) A. H. Wratislaw.

The Market Place, Rugby.

SOME FOLK-LORE FROM ACHTERNEED.

THE following was gleaned by me during a few days' stay at the hamlet of Achterneed, in the parish of Fodderty, Ross-shire. The hamlet lies on the slope of a hill near the well-known health resort of Strathpeffer, and is a station on the Dingwall and Skye line of railway.

I.—Death Customs.

A cock crowing during the afternoon is regarded as an omen of a death near at hand in the neighbourhood. An old man died on the 21st of September this year in the hamlet. A cock crowed between three and four o'clock the afternoon before; and it was the common remark among the inhabitants that a death was not far distant.

Any creaking of the chairs and tables in a house is looked upon as a sure sign of the death of one of the family. My informant told me that, not long ago, her mother entered a house in which was lying a young woman sick. She heard some creaking among the chairs or tables during the time she was in the house. On returning home she mentioned the fact, and at the same time made the remark that it

was the warning of the death of the girl. The girl died not long after.

It is believed that dogs are gifted with the power of seeing what is to happen. Hence their howling before a death occurs in the vicinity.

When a death takes place, if there is a clock in the house, it is stopped, and looking-glasses and everything in the shape of ornaments are removed from the apartment in which the death occurs and the body is to be laid out. A table and a few chairs are left for the use of those that are to watch the body, for it is never left without one or more watchers. For this purpose several of the neighbours meet nightly. They spend part of the time in reading. Food, as well as whiskey, is served them; but the food is not partaken of in the apartment in which the dead is laid out. When the others retire to another apartment for this purpose, one remains with the dead. Whiskey, however, may be drunk beside the dead body. Lights are burned not only beside it, but in every apartment of the house during the whole of each night till it is buried.

It is accounted very unlucky for a cat to pass between one and a dead body. Cats are, therefore, shut out of the apartment in which the body lies. Some do not allow a cat to remain in the apartment in which one lies dying. On the occasion of the death of the old man spoken of above, another old man from the hills entered, and, seeing a cat lying on the bed beside the dying man, at once ordered the animal to be taken not merely off the bed but out of the room.

It is unlucky to look at a funeral procession through a window, or to stand in the door to do so. One must go right outside. My informant has been reproved by her father for attempting to do so.

At funerals there is a religious service in the house, but none at the grave. There is always a liberal supply of whiskey, and sometimes some indulge rather freely; although at one time, not long ago, the people came to a resolution to dispense with it.

The deceased father's wearing apparel is not distributed to the sons, if he has any, but is given to his brother or brothers. There is a strong feeling against the sons using it.

The same does not hold with regard to the clothing of the deceased mother, for it commonly goes to the daughter or daughters.

II.—Marriage Customs.

It is looked upon as very unlucky for a marriage party to meet a woman. If a woman sees such approaching, she leaves the road to avoid the meeting.

During the time the dance to "The Reel of Tulloch" is going on, the bridegroom's man steals away with the bride. When the flight is discovered, the whole of the guests rush off in search of the fugitives, and never rest till they are caught and brought back.

Sometimes the bridegroom disappears.

The bride is welcomed to the house by her mother, if she is alive; but, if she is dead, by her maternal aunt.

Bread, *i.e.* oaten cakes, and cheese, are thrown over the bride on her coming up to the door of the house.

III.—Charms.

A Cure for Whooping-Cough.

Take the child out of the parish, and carry it over a stream in another. This is called "crossing strange water," and effects a cure.

A Cure for the Evil Eye.

The father of the patient takes the marriage ring, a penny, a sixpence, a shilling, and a florin, puts them into a wooden ladle—the one in use in the household—and goes with the mother and the patient to the nearest stream, fills the ladle with water, and with that water sprinkles the sufferer. This goes by the name of "silver water."

IV.—Luck.

Modes of averting Ill-Luck.

Deer-grass (*lycopodium*) brings luck to a house, and as long as a piece of it is in a house, ill-luck will not enter.

Horse-shoe.—It is almost the universal custom to keep one or more old horse-shoes in the house, or affixed to some part outside.

Lady —— keeps some in the hall of ——, and when one of the maids one day removed them, with the intention of throwing them out, her mistress observed what was to be done, and forbade it, with the remark, "Throw out the horse-shoes, throw out all the luck." (Told by the maid). The house in which I lived had one lying on the window-sill outside. (Rev.) W. Gregor.

IRISH PLANT-LORE NOTES.

The Smooth-leaf Holly.

IN the north of Ireland, especially Donegal, I have heard the smooth-leaf holly called the "Queen of the Wood," but I could not learn the reason why. Lately, however, I was in Ross and Cromarty, and learned, when in the neighbourhood of Loch Maree, that St. Maelrubha (who is both an Irish and Scotch saint) founded the church of Applecross A.D. 673, and died there on the 21st April, A.D. 722. He was much venerated in Gairloch, having his residence on Tuchmaree in Loch Maree. He is said to have introduced "the sacred smooth-leaf holly to outrival the Druidical oaks," and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. In the neighbourhood of the western end of Loch Maree there was a Druidical station, the ancient oaks, under which they sat, still remaining, and it is said that up to not long ago the place was used as a manor court.

The Ash.

A lady has sent me the following query and notes in connection with the ash in Ireland. Can any correspondent answer the query?

"Can any one give me information as to whether the common ash is treated with veneration in Ireland—whether it is supposed to be a sacred tree in any sense (as it is in England and Scotland), or

possessed of mystic virtue, or malignant influence of any kind? As well as I can remember when I was a child, in days now long ago, the country people in Tipperary used to use the common ash and the rowan-tree indiscriminately to keep the witches, or evil influences of some sort, away from the cows. Whether this was done only at certain seasons or on certain days of the year I cannot recollect, but that the presence of leaves and branches about the cows' heads (which I have often seen) was considered to secure a good supply of milk I am certain, although not quite so sure that the common ash as well as the rowan-tree was used. I also remember an old gate-keeper in Tipperary telling me that the ash made the best of all walking-sticks, giving as a reason that ash trees might grow wherever they liked, but had a way of growing 'all of themselves' on the ruins of old churches and on the tops of the walls round graveyards. It was 'a good tree,' he said, and the impression left upon my mind was that he implied some mysterious sanctity in it. A few years ago, in Cork, at a holy well where an ash and some thorn-trees were decked with the usual rag offerings, a countryman I met at the spot told me the Irish held the ash and the thorn to be the best of all trees; but further information on the subject I could not get from him. I shall be much obliged if any one will help me with Irish ash-tree lore."

The rowan and hazel are known to have been and still are considered sacred trees; but the lone trees and those most often found at holy wells, stations, and ancient churches are the ash, the hawthorn (May), and the yew. When in such places they are considered holy, but whether they are naturally holy, or get their sanctity from the places, I cannot learn. The hawthorn, or *skea*, grows in most unaccountable places, away in wild mountains, and under such circumstances is supposed to be a fairy haunt. There was such a tree on the lone mountain road between Feakle and Gort near the mearing of Clare and Galway. When a boy my attention was directed to it by the parson of Feakle, who said it was considered a fairy bush, and pointed out the worn spot under it where they danced. The fairies were said to have left the county during the famine years (1848-52) as the grass grew on the bare spot, but they returned afterwards. As this was the only shelter for miles on the road, it is possible that

it was not the fairies but sheltering wayfarers that wore away the grass; the latter growing during the famine years while the country was desolate and without an inhabitant. Also different thrushes carry the haws and plant them in the out-of-the-way places where the hawthorn grows. In North Munster the fieldfare or feld is called the *skeauraun* because it carries the haws and sows the skea in the grass-land.

What carried the seed of the ash, except the wind, I do not know, as I think it is too bitter for any bird to eat. As it grows so quickly, is so easily transplanted, and is so common, it is not to be wondered at if it was specially planted adjoining the wells, while afterwards it would be protected by its sacred position. Some of the oldest Irish trees that I remember to have seen were ash; especially a hollow one at Duniny, co. Galway, in which a hedge-schoolmaster held his school. A second very large one in the same county is at an ancient church near the shore of Lough Derg, its back having sent up a circle of young ash-trees. The yew's connection with ecclesiastical settlements seem to have been principally due to its being required on Palm Sunday in the religious procession. A great many places in Ireland, as mentioned by Joyce, have been called after the yew. Among the others, Youghall, co. Cork, was called after a yew-wood now under the sea in Youghall bay, while Mayo was the plain of the yews. There are different fine ones still remaining in some of the ancient abbeys as at Muckruss, Killarney; while lone leafless stumps occur in places all over the island, the finest assembly being on the crags near the ferry of Knock on the Galway side of Lough Corrib; of them there used to be twenty-three or thereabouts coming up out of the bare crag. These ancient yews must have been as old as the yews found below the peat in the neighbouring bogs.

G. H. Kinahan.

FOLK-LORE AT BALQUHIDDER.

THE following scraps of folk-lore at Balquhidder were collected by me, from personal observation and inquiry, at Balquhidder, Perthshire, in September 1888:—

At Balquhidder, on September 25th, 1888, I witnessed the ceremony of cutting the harvest "Maiden." The farmer, Mr. McLaren, knowing that we were interested in the custom, gave us notice when the cutting of the corn was almost finished and the "Maiden" was about to be made. When we entered the field the oats were all cut, except one small patch and a single slender bunch or sheaf which remained standing by itself uncut amid the cut corn. This bunch or sheaf was to form the "Maiden." First the standing patch was cut down; then an old man grasped the sheaf which was to form the "Maiden" and gave it a twist. It was the regular custom, he said, thus to twist it, and the sheaf should be cut at a single stroke. The youngest girl on the field (a child about four years old) then put her hands on the scythe and, assisted by an unmarried lady present, cut through the sheaf. At this point we left the field. But shortly afterwards I was told that the "Maiden" was being carried home by a small boy, who was hurrahing and kicking up his heels as he ran. I hastened out, but when I met him his demonstrations of joy had subsided, doubtless through shyness, into a very sober walk. Mrs. McLaren kindly made a special "Maiden" for us from part of this last sheaf cut, the remainder of the sheaf being used to make a "Maiden" for the farm. The head of our "Maiden" was formed of a bunch of ears of oats; a broad blue ribband was tied in a bow under the head, the ends of the bow projecting (to form arms?); a skirt of paper neatly made and cut out in a pattern completed the costume of the "Maiden." I hope to place this "Maiden" in the Antiquarian Museum, Cambridge, and to make it the beginning of a collection of "Maidens," or "clyack sheafs" (see Mr. W. Gregor,

in *Revue des traditions populaires*, October 1888, p. 484, *seq.*), from all parts of the country where the custom is still observed.

So much for what I saw. Now for what I ascertained about the "Maiden" by inquiry from different inhabitants, particularly Miss McColl and Miss Watt of Kirkton. At harvest the last corn cut on the farm is dressed like a doll and called "the Maiden." It is kept in the farmhouse, generally above the chimney-piece, for a good while, perhaps a year. One old woman stated that she has known people keep the old "Maiden" in the house till the new "Maiden" of the next year is brought in. It is not every house on the farm that has a "Maiden," but only the farm-house itself. The farm on which we witnessed the cutting of the "Maiden" was a small one, and the members of the family sufficed to cut the corn without needing to hire reapers. But on large farms where there are many reapers, a competition takes place as to who shall have the "Maiden." Each reaper is followed by a girl binding the corn as he cuts it. A reaper who wishes the girl who follows him to have the "Maiden" will sometimes leave a little corn uncut and will turn it down, and the girl who is binding the corn behind him will throw a sheaf over it to hide it. At the end of the reaping (which may not be finished for several days), when a rush has been made on the (supposed) last patch standing in order to make the "Maiden" from it, the girl who knows where the corn was turned down and hidden returns to it and cuts it after all the rest has been cut. It is for the girl who follows binding the corn that the reaper turns down the corn; he himself takes no more concern about it. If several have thus concealed uncut corn, the girl who is cunning enough to wait till all the rest have revealed their hidden corn and cut it is successful, for her corn is the last cut and out of it is made the "Maiden." It is supposed to be always the youngest maiden on the field who cuts the "Maiden." Mrs. Stewart, of Immercon, a farm about three miles from the Kirkton of Balquhidder, told my sister that formerly on the evening when the "Maiden" was cut they had what they called a "Kirn," *i. e.*, cream whipped up and eaten with bread or mashed potatoes; in the potatoes were put a ring, thimble, and sixpence for the same purpose of divination as at Hallow e'en. At another farm they used to give

the harvesters on this occasion a supper of curds and cream, but this is now replaced by tea. With regard to the "Kirn," the Rev. Mr. Cameron, minister of the parish, told my sister that sometimes the cream is whipped up very stiff and mixed with oatmeal; into this mixture the ring, thimble, and sixpence are placed. Mrs. McLaren told my mother that some people make arms of straw to the "Maiden." Before leaving the "Maiden" I may add that my mother remembers seeing the "Maiden" at Daldouie, near Glasgow, many years ago, though she is not sure of the name by which the figure went. So far as she remembers, it had a ribband tied round its head and one round its waist; and the stalks were neatly arranged to represent the skirt of a woman's dress. It was kept hanging on the wall.

Mr. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, tells me that in his part of Aberdeenshire there is a competition as to who shall have the last sheaf (the clyack sheaf) like that at Balquhidder, but with this difference, that the last corn left standing and hidden is cut by the reaper himself, not, as at Balquhidder, by the girl who followed binding. Mr. Duff adds that he was informed by a perfectly trustworthy authority, that in an English county it was the custom for all the harvesters to worship the last corn in the field by bending the knee and bowing the head to it.

To return to Balquhidder. The old man who assisted at the cutting of the "Maiden" explained a mode of divination by throwing the reaping-hook over the shoulder, but as he seemed to speak English with difficulty I could not be sure that I fully understood him. He seemed to say that one man took all the reaping-hooks of the reapers in a bundle and threw them over his shoulder three times. The man whose hook stuck in the ground twice would die soon. Omens were also drawn from the direction in which the hooks fell.

At Hallow e'en each house has a bonfire. They do not dance round the fires. The custom is chiefly observed by children. The fires are lighted on any high knoll near the house.

In the churchyard at Balquhidder is a green knoll known to English-speaking people as the Angels' Mount. The Rev. Mr. Cameron told us that "Angels" is here a corruption of the Gaelic *aingeal*, the name of the knoll being *Tom-nan-aingeal*, *i. e.* "the hill

of the fires" (*aingeal* is genitive plural). The tradition is that the Druids kindled their fires on this knoll.

It is unlucky if a hare crosses your path. In setting out on a journey they used to regard the first person they met as ominous of good or bad luck on the journey. Some people were lucky to meet, some unlucky.

When a child was carried out of the house to be baptised, bread and cheese were given by the person who carried the child to the first person met.

In the old ruined church of Balquhidder is an ancient gravestone, said by tradition to be the grave of a Culdee saint. The Rev. Mr. Cameron informed me that formerly at marriages and baptisms the people used to stand barefoot on the gravestone as on holy ground. Some suppose it to be the tombstone of St. Angus.

The Rev. Mr. Kirk, author of *The Secret Commonwealth* (a work on fairies), and minister of Balquhidder parish about the beginning of the last century, died suddenly; it was thought by the people that he had been carried off by the fairies for revealing their secrets. Once after his death he appeared to a man and said that he (Kirk) would appear at a certain wedding, and that he might be released from fairyland if his friend would throw a knife over his shoulder. He did appear at the wedding as he had foretold, but his friend forgot to throw the knife over his shoulder; so Mr. Kirk is still a prisoner in fairyland. This story was told me by the Rev. Mr. Cameron.

J. G. Frazer.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Burial Customs of the Ainos.—The Rev. J. Bachelor writes, in a recent issue of the *Japan Weekly Mail*, on the burial customs of the Ainos of Yezo. He says that as soon as a person dies, a blazing fire is made the corpse is dressed in its best garments, which are

neatly laced up, and is laid lengthways on the right hand side of the fireplace. The relatives and friends of the deceased sit around the remaining parts of the fireplace, and usually they are so numerous as to fill the hut. In all cases many sacred symbols (*inao*) are made, and placed around the hut and the dead body. Mr. Bachelor has seen the corpse of a woman laid out. She was well dressed, and had her utensils and paraphernalia about her (the rings and beads being, in this instance, laid upon her bosom), and was shod with pieces of white calico which Mrs. Bachelor had, a few days previously, given to the husband of the deceased to bind up his wounded foot. Any white material seems to be especially welcome to the Ainos for wrapping up the bodies of their dead. When the body has been properly dressed, and when the necessary eating-vessels or hunting materials are placed in position, a cake made of millet, or a cup of boiled rice and some wine, are placed by its side, and the spirit of the departed is supposed to eat up the essence of these things. Then the goddess of fire is implored to take charge of the spirit and lead it safely to the Creator of the world and the possessor of heaven, and she receives various messages to the Deity setting forth the praises of the dead and extolling his many virtues. Millet cakes and wine are then handed round to every member of the assembled company, and each of them offers two or three drops of the wine to the spirit of the dead, then drinks a little, and pours what remains before the fire as an offering to the fire goddess, to whom they have not ceased to pray; then part of the millet cake is eaten, and the remainder buried in the ashes on the hearth, each person burying a little piece. After the burial these scraps are collected and carried out of the hut and placed before the east window, which is regarded as a sacred place. The corpse is then carefully rolled up in a mat, neatly tied up, attached to a pole, and carried to the grave by two men. The mourners follow after the corpse, in single file, each carrying something to be buried in the grave, the men leading and the women following them. The grave is from two and a half to three and a half feet deep, and round the inside of it stakes are driven, and over them and at the bottom of the grave mats are placed. Then the body is laid in the grave, with numerous little knicknacks—

cups, rings, beads, a saucepan and some clothing being buried with the woman; a bow and quiver, an eating and a drinking cup, tobacco, a pipe, a knife with the men; and playthings with the children. These things are always broken before being put into the grave, and it is noticeable that they are not usually the best the deceased had during life. Everything is then closely covered with mats; pieces of wood are placed so as to form a kind of roof, and on this the earth is piled. A pole is generally stuck at the foot of the grave to mark the spot. No prayers are offered up during burial. The mourners then return to the hut, where the men pray, make *inao, i. e.* sacred symbols, eat, drink, and get drunk. The dead body is never allowed to remain in the house longer than one day; and once the funeral is over, the name of the departed is never mentioned.

Danes' Blood—Medgelly's Cow.—The following passages from the third volume of *The Family Memoirs of Rev. William Stukeley, M.D.*, a work just issued by the Surtees Society, are worth a place in the *Folk-Lore Journal*:—

Ryhall, Rutlandshire.—"Here abouts grows much elrilus, or wild-elder, fancyed to spring from the Danes' blood."—1736.—(p. 169.)

Cherbury, Shropshire.—"A proverb in this country, 'Medgelly's cow, for one that gives a deal of milk.' The report of this temple is that a cow in this place gave milk to all the honest and good folks of the neighbourhood; but one of evil life milked her into a sieve, whereupon the cow disappeared and never came more."—1753.—(p. 179.)

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Halibut.—What is the connection between the Jews and a halibut?

The Dublin fishmongers say that when they have one for sale the Jews rush to buy pieces of it; but all try to get the head if possible.

An amusing story used to be told by an old Bristol gentleman, for a long time living in Dublin, who was rather fond of abusing the "Hirish" because they could not pronounce their words correctly.

"Hi was going up Baggot Street, and a 'orrid woman came running

after me and said, ' Your 'onor, come back and look at my fish.' I went back, and it was only an 'alibut, and I said, I don't want your beastly 'alibut,' but she said, ' Hoh, your 'onor, you must buy some, as all the 'ebrew gentlemen 'ave been in with me to-day.' The 'orrid hold woman 'ad taken me for a Jew." G. H. K.

Devil's Glen, co. Wicklow.—The Devil's Glen is so called as it was one of the Irish residences of his satanic majesty, and those seeking an audience were required to apply at Pouldoule, or the deep hole below the waterfall, where he was to be heard of.

It is said that Murdock O'Toole, the rapparee of Lough Dan, when he wanted a banshee, came in at the upper end of the glen to see the devil. When the Byrnes, Cavanaghs, and other chiefs met to defend the country against Cromwell's invasion, the rapparee was also there. Cavanagh objected to a churl sitting in council with them, and O'Toole claimed he was a bastard son of O'Connor, and that a royal bastard had a right to sit in council with the noble but uncrowned blood of the Leinster chiefs; also he stated that he would forfeit to the Cavanaghs all his property if he failed to have a banshee appear at his death. In various ways he tried to induce the O'Connor banshee to act for him, but all his devices failed; so as a last resource he visited the devil at Pouldoule. The devil was kind, and promised one on the condition that he destroyed the ecclesiastical settlement at Glendalough of St. Kevin. This he did, and since then a devil as a banshee attends at the death of this family of O'Tooles. But, unfortunately, devils cannot weep at the death of a mortal, they can only laugh; so that the O'Tooles' banshee announces their deaths with peals of most unearthly laughter. It is said, however, that these O'Tooles increased so fast and scattered so over the world, while the devil had so much business on hand, that of late years he rose out of his contract, and that now-a-day one of these O'Tooles can go quietly to his rest. As to the Devil's Glen—since the English overran the country, his majesty has so many habitations that he finds it rarely necessary to visit the glen. G. H. K.

Church Folk-lore.—The following paragraph, which I transcribed some years ago from *The Hull Advertiser* of 14 May, 1796, is worthy of preservation in your pages. Watching the church porch on the eve of St. Mark is a well-known practice; watching the supper I have not, as far as I remember, heard of before:—"The lamentable effects of terror have been frequently recorded. We are sorry to add another instance of its fatal power. On Friday morning a girl living at a public-house in Mill Street, in this town, was seized with an illness. . . . . She died early on Saturday morning. Thursday evening, being what is called St. Mark's Eve, the above girl, in company with two others, sat up to observe a custom of the most dangerous and ridiculous nature, which they called watching their suppers; in doing which it is supposed the girl heard some noise, or fancied she saw some object, which had such a terrible effect on her mind as to produce the fatal consequences above mentioned. We hope her awful example will be a warning to the thoughtless observance of such superstitious and impious practices." EDWARD PEACOCK.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg.

Milk v. Fire.—In Mr. Rust's note in *Nature*, vol. xxxvii. p. 583, there is mention of a superstition that milk alone can extinguish a fire kindled by lightning—a belief that existed in Cambridgeshire, and which is entertained by the Sudan Arabs. The Sinhalese (natives of Ceylon) have a similar belief in the efficacy of milk. When an epidemic such as small-pox breaks out in a village, two games of a religious character, *An-Edíma* (horn pulling) and *Pol-gehíma* (striking cocoa-nuts together), are played in public for a couple of days. Then the Kapurála (lay priest), and those who have taken part in the games, go in procession with music, &c., to every house in the village, where arrangements have been made for the Kapurála's reception. The house and grounds are cleaned; the inmates wear newly-washed clothes; and portions of the ceiling and floor are covered with white cloths. A lamp is lit at the threshold of the building. The Kapurála carries an earthen pot containing either cocoa-nut milk or water medicated with saffron-leaves, and over which charms have been pronounced. On his arrival at the door he chants

a song about a fire in Madurápura (Madura, South India) which was quenched by the goddess Pattini with milk. He then pours the fluid from the earthen vessel upon the lighted lamp and extinguishes it. The Sinhalese use the expression "May milk be poured on him [or her]," when desiring to avert from some one an impending calamity, or to counteract a curse or prophecy of evil pronounced against him. The idea of employing milk to quench the fire of an epidemic (typified by the flame of a lamp), and the idea of the deity pouring milk on an individual in order to protect him from malignant influences, appear to be somewhat analogous to the belief that milk alone will extinguish a conflagration kindled by the fire from heaven. —F. M. Wickramasingha. Colombo Museum, Ceylon, June 30.— *Nature*, vol. xxxviii. p. 453.

Whistling.—As a whistler of the female sex I must offer a protest against the one and only suggested reason why women are not so frequently heard to indulge in whistling as men, which is given by the writer in your "Notes and Queries" of last issue.

It seems evident to me that the writer in question has never been a little girl with a strong desire to become skilful in the accomplishment, or he (?) would have had vivid and painful recollections of the persistent manner in which all juvenile efforts were quelled. Unless he (?) had been possessed of an unusually free and self-reliant mind, the treatment would probably have had the effect of making him even acquiesce in the general verdict, and in his tender years take it for granted that it was an "unlucky," or "unlady-like," pastime. Perhaps he (?) was never (as I was) at a school where the pupils were fined for indulging in it.

I think that much of the prejudice instilled in youths unconsciously survives in riper years, and prevents so free an indulgence (in the presence of the opposite sex) of the decidedly soothing recreation, as might have taken place under more favourable circumstances. Any inferior excellence in female performances might be attributable to the more advanced age (when nursery and school-room shackles no longer appear indestructible) at which practice begins. I for one have never

heard one of my sex depreciate whistling on account of its being unbecoming.

Perhaps your writer would kindly consider my remarks, and not take it amiss if it should be suggested to him that the lack of frequency with which he is treated to an exhibition of female whistling might be the result of his not being altogether behind the scenes.

BERTHA PORTER.

16, Russell Square, W.C., Aug. 8, 1888.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

The *Japan Weekly Mail* says, that the only calm and wholly undisturbed view of the late volcanic eruption of Bandai-San obtained by a human being was due to a fox. The Japanese believe that foxes bewitch good folks, and cause them to see all sorts of appalling unrealities. This was quite understood by a resident of the neighbourhood who happened to be ascending a hill opposite Bandai-San at the moment of the eruption. It appeared to him a much more probable and natural event that he should be bewitched by a fox than that a hitherto peaceful mountain should belch forth mud and fire. Accordingly, when the first explosion took place, he instantly recollected that he had seen a fox a short time previously, and concluded that all the commotion was a hallucination prepared for his special annoyance by reynard. Determined not to be overcome by such an agent of wanton mischief, he quietly sat down and watched the whole outburst, convinced that what he saw was an impalpable, intangible picture. It was only when he descended from his perch into the valley that he found what had really happened.

In an interesting paper on ancient tide-lore, which appears in *The Transactions of the New Zealand Institute*, Mr. W. Colenso, F.R.S., describes the old belief of the Maories as to the ebbing and flowing of the sea. These phenomena, it seems, they attributed to a huge ocean monster, whose home was low down in the depths beyond the

horizon. It was supposed to do its work by powerful and regular respiration, or ingurgitation and regurgitation of the water. The monster's name was Parata; and any one overtaken by great misfortune is said to have fallen into Parata's throat. In a myth relating to the first peopling of New Zealand, one of the chief canoes, named the *Arawa*, is represented as being carried into the enormous mouth of the monster, and as being with difficulty extricated by Ngatoroirangi, the courageous and cunning *tohunga* (= priest, or wise man) on board, who recited his powerful charm for the purpose. The words of this charm or spell are still preserved.

INDEX.

WESTMINSTER:
PRINTED BY NICHOLS AND SONS, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.