his best; and in a short time the Prince finished his studies, and became a lamp of learning. And afterwards he hired another teacher to whom he gave the other fifty sequins, to learn navigation; and at the same time he learned to make shoes well. At last the master wanted to make him a bridegroom—and, in short, he played him the same trick as he had played his former master. And again he takes to the hills and runs and runs, until he meets with a herd who was tending a thousand goats.

'Good day, my goatherd!'

'Welcome, my boy!'

And after they had exchanged a few words the goatherd goes away, and leaves him in charge of the goats. And the goats again, as formerly the pigs, prospered; none ever fell lame, or got lost out of his hand, and his master was delighted with him.

One day, as he was driving the goats home to the fold, one goat strayed away from the rest, and as he was very unwilling to lose her, he followed after. She crossed one hill ridge, and stopped, and then another, and stopped, and the youth ran after her to catch her. Well, what are you expecting?—she crossed seven ridges, and finally stopped content; and when the youth approached her, there appeared before him the Wild Man, who embraced him and kissed him and said to him,

'My Prince, for my sake thou hast suffered this adversity, and art become a shepherd and a shoemaker! But I have been ever near thee, that evil might not befall thee; and now I will make thee the greatest king upon earth! And to-day I enticed away the goat, that I might show myself to thee, and put an end to thy misfortunes. So sit thee down and rest thyself.'

'No,' replied the Prince, 'I cannot. I must first take back the goat to my master, and then, if thou desire it, I will return, but now I cannot.'

'Go, then, and come back quickly!'

So he takes the goat, and goes back, and finds the rest all together, and leads them to his master, and tells him that he cannot remain, as he has received letters from his parents who bid him come, for they are in trouble. And so he arose and went away to meet the Wild Man. And when he was come again to the same ridge the Wild Man appeared before him, and took off his old clothes, and dressed him in royal cloth of gold, and showed him a cave filled with sequins, and said to him,

'Seest thou all that?—for thee have I kept it.'

Then he took him to another place where was a marble slab with an inscription upon it. And when the Wild Man had read the inscription he removed the slab, and said to the Prince,

'Now thou wilt descend three hundred steps, and when thou art at the bottom thou wilt see forty chambers, and in each one of them a Nereid.[44] When thou hast entered the first chamber, the first Nereid will appear before thee, and her first words will be to ask thee to marry her. Thou must reply, "With all my heart, that is what I am come for!" and she will be pleased, and will bestow on thee a gift; and so thou must deceive them all, and when thou hast gained the forty gifts, escape and come back to me.'

So the Prince descended the three hundred steps, and when he came to the first chamber as the Dhrako[a] had said, the first Nereid immediately appeared, and asked him, 'What seekest thou? Wilt thou marry me?'

[a] The Wild Man is here alluded to by this name.

'Certainly, my lady,' he replied. 'It is for that I have come.'

Then she said, 'May'st thou shine like the sun!'

Then he goes to the next, and she says to him, 'May'st thou be a philosopher!' In a word, they endowed him with forty gifts. And he fled and returned to the Dhrako, who, when he saw him, said, 'Well done! Now we are all right, you only lack a beautiful wife. In the nearest city is a beautiful Princess who sets a task, and the task is this: She has a ring which is hung on the roof of the tower, and whoso is able to leap up and seize the ring, may marry her; but if he fails she cuts off his head. And already many Princes and King's sons have decorated the tower with their heads, and but one is wanting to finish a tower. So now let us go and fulfil this condition; and if perchance thou art afraid of the leap, do but jump upwards and I will give the ring into thine hand, and we will win the Princess. And give no heed to the people who, when they see such a youth, will say, "For God's sake, leap not! Lose not so unjustly thy beautiful young life!" but do as I have told thee.'

Then he presented the Prince with a mare all golden from head to foot, and with trappings of diamonds—a wonder to behold; and she was so swift that she went like the wind. They mounted her, and, as soon as you could wink your eye, they found themselves outside that city, when the Wild Man disappeared, and the Prince was left alone. The people stared at them, and knew not which to admire more, the mare or the Prince. When the Princess saw such a handsome youth, she lost her senses; and all prayed God that the Prince might win, and marry the Princess; and on the other hand they pitied his youth, and begged him not to attempt the task.

The Prince, however, heeded them not, but thought of what the Wild Man had said to him. And he hastened to the tower, and all the crowd followed him, weeping and crying, 'The poor Prince!' When he arrived at the tower, and saw how high it was, his courage failed; but he was ashamed to show it, and said to himself, 'Come with thy prayers, my mother!' And he took a leap, and found the ring in his hand.

Then was their lamentation changed into laughter and joy! And the King said they should be married that very evening. But the Wild Man presently said to the Prince, 'Do not be married this evening, but betrothed only, for thy father has been dead six months, and another has come forward to claim the kingdom, and on the morrow thou must set out, for there is no time to be lost.'

So he told the King that he had such and such business on hand. Then he took the ring which he had got down, and gave his to the Princess, and when they had said farewell to each [other, he went away. Mounting his mare, he was soon in his native country, and he hastened to the palace and asked for his mother. The servants told him that since the death of the King of blessed memory, the Queen had covered herself with seven black veils, and would see no man.

'And so,' they said, 'we cannot tell you where she is.' (For how should they know, poor things, that he was the Prince?)

He begged them [to let him go in] because he had a secret to tell the Queen, which would do her good to learn. He begged so hard that they relented, and went to tell the Queen. And when the Prince saw his mother's chamber, he rushed in and cried, 'Queen! I am thy son!'

Without seeing him at all, she said, 'Go, and good luck go with you, my boy, you drive me mad every hour with my son!—"My boy is found, and to-morrow he will be seen on the road!"'

'Am I not, mother mine, the Prince, whose father of blessed memory sent the Monk to find the Wild Man; and one day I was playing with the golden apple, and it fell into the cage, and I took the key and opened it, and the Wild Man escaped?'

'[Those are] things that have happened, my boy, and thou hast heard, and repeatest them.'

'Am I not he whom thou didst embrace and didst save from my father, and didst send to a foreign land, because my father had made an oath to kill me?'

'[Those are] things that have happened, my boy; and thou hast learnt and repeatest them.'

'Am I not that Prince into whose shoes thou didst put a hundred sequins that I might finish my studies?'

When the Queen heard these words, she cast off her black coverings, and threw herself on his neck, saying, 'Thou art my son! O live, my Light! Thou hast come back safely! Thou art my Consolation!' and much besides.

When it was known in the town that the real Prince had come back, the people ran to meet him, and made great rejoicings and displays; and the Prince had no concern save the grief of his mother, who was still sorrowing for the King. After a few days they allowed him to go with his mother to take the air. And they went to fetch the Princess who, while the Prince delayed, stood wasting like a candle, for she thought he did not love her. But when she heard that the Prince had returned with his mother, she was like to burst with joy. And the King ran, and the Twelve ran, and

small and great ran to welcome the Prince. And when they had led them to the palace, they crowned them,[a] and again there was staring and wondering!

When the wedding and the rejoicings came to an end, the Prince took his mother and the Princess, bade adieu to his father-in-law, and returned to his own kingdom. When they arrived, the Wild Man appeared, and told the Prince to give him fifty camels to bring away the treasure [from the cave]. So he takes the camels, and goes and lades them all with sequins, and brings them to the palace, and remains there himself. And the Prince at last begins to enjoy his life.

But, behold you, a time comes when the other kings learn that he has wealth and gear, and they envy him; and seven Kings and seven Princes come against him and soldiers without number, to fight against him, and to take from him his towns, and his treasures, and his wife.

When the Prince heard this, he, too, began to get ready. But what could he do against so many soldiers? And so his heart quaked with the fear of losing his kingdom. Then the Wild Man said to him, 'Thou hast me, and yet thou art afraid! And not only with regard to this matter, but whatever may happen, let it not even make thine ear sweat! For so long as the Wild Man lives, thou needest neither raise soldiers, nor do anything but amuse thy sweet one.'

So the Prince took courage, and troubled himself no more as to whether he was at war or not. And when his good Wild Man knew that the enemy had come quite close to the town, he arose and went and fell upon them, first on this hand and then on the other, till he had destroyed them all. Then he took the seven Kings

[a] With the marriage crowns.

and the seven Princes, and bound them, and brought them before the Prince, and said, 'Here are thine enemies, do with them as thou wilt!'

Then they began to weep, and to beg the Prince not to kill them, and they would pay him tribute every year. Then the Prince had pity on them, and said, 'Be off, I give you your lives! But truly ye shall, each one of you, pay me so much tribute every year.'

Then he released them, and they fell down and did homage to him as to their superior, and each one went about his business. And so the Prince became, as the Wild Man had promised, the greatest King in the world, and feared no one. And so he lived happily, and more than happily. And we more happily still!

THE LORD OF UNDEREARTH.[47]

Milos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, A. 1.)

ONCE upon a time there was a poor old man, and one day he set off to gather firewood. He went and gathered a small quantity, and brought it back with him to the village. On the road, feeling tired, he sat down at a certain spot, and heaving a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he cried, '*Och oïmé* and *allímono*[a] (O dear me, and alackaday)!' He had no sooner said the words than lo! there stood before him a Negro, who said,

'What dost thou want of me?'

The poor old man was frightened, and he answered, 'I want nothing, I did not call thee!'

Then the Negro asked him, 'Hast thou any daughters?'

'I have three,' replied the old man.

'To-morrow morning thou must bring me here the eldest.'

Early the next morning the old man took his eldest daughter to that spot. The Negro came up and took her and led her to a place where there were great palaces and gardens exceedingly beautiful. At noon, when it was time to eat, the Negro laid the table for her, and served to her a man's foot all rotten and alive with worms, and said to her, 'If thou wilt eat that foot thou shalt marry the Lord of the Underearth, otherwise I will take thee back to thy father.'

[a] The first two syllables of the last word are pronounced *Alī*, which happened to be the Negro's name. See Vol. I., Annot. No. 23.

The bare sight of the foot made the poor girl sick; and presently, when the Negro had gone away, she took it and threw it into the ashpit. By and by the Negro came back to clear the table, and he called out, 'Little foot of mine, little foot of mine, where art thou?'

'In the ashpit, where my lady threw me!' it replied.

Then said the Negro, 'Come, my girl, I will take thee back to thy father, for thou art not for us.'

He takes and gives her back to her father, and says to him, 'Bring me the second!'

The next day the old man leads the second to him. The Negro takes her too down below, and spreads a table for her. But instead of food he gives her a worm-eaten human hand to eat. Not to make a long story of it, when she too had thought about it a little while, she took it and threw it into the ashpit. The Negro comes back again, clears the table, and calls to the hand, 'Little hand of mine, little hand of mine! where art thou?'

'In the ashpit, where my lady threw me!'

Then the Negro takes her, too, back to her father, and tells him to bring his third daughter. The next day the old man brought the third to him. The Negro takes her, seats her too at the table, and instead of food he gives her a stinking human stomach to eat, and says to her, 'If thou art capable of eating that, thou shalt have for thy husband the Lord of the Underearth, otherwise thou, too, shalt go where thy sisters have gone.'

The girl, who was cunning, answered him,

'At your orders, my Negro; if you will only bring me two or three cloves, and a little cinnamon to season the stomach with, I will eat it.'

So the Negro brought her the stomach, and the cloves

and the cinnamon. She set to, and seasoned it and plastered it upon her own stomach, and tied it there with her girdle. When the Negro came to clear the table, he called,

'My stomach, my stomach, where art thou?'

'In[a] the stomach of my lady,' it replied.

Then the Negro was glad, and she was to him both light and eyesight. The poor girl, however, never saw her husband, because in the evening, when she had eaten, the Negro gave her coffee, and in the coffee there was sleep. And so she slept, and when the Lord of the Underearth came to sleep, she knew it not. And so the time passed. But one day her sisters, when they saw that the Negro did not bring her back, took into their heads to go and see what she was doing down below there. They told the old man, and he came to the place and called,

'*Och oïmé!* and *allimono!*' and lo! there was the Negro again!

Then the old man says to him, 'My children miss their sister; if it is possible, allow them to see her.'

The Negro replies, 'Bring them here to-morrow.'

In the morning the old man brought them, and the Negro took them and led them to their sister. She received them with great joy, and when they were sat down and had talked of this and that, one of them said to the youngest,

'My dear sister, you think the Negro is your husband, while all the time you have a most handsome young man; but you never see him because the Negro gives to you every evening [a draught of] sleep. To-night, however, when he gives you the coffee, throw it away secretly; and when he comes to sleep with you he has a

[a] The Greek words 's τὴν signify equally *in the* or *on the*.

key in his navel—turn that key and thou wilt see the whole world!'

When the wicked sisters had said this, they went away.

In the evening, she threw away the coffee, and then pretended to be asleep. The Negro took her up, and laid her in her bed. In a little while she sees an exceedingly handsome young man come into the chamber and lie down on the bed. When he let her alone and went to sleep, she, like a wise and prudent woman, took and turned the key which was in his navel, and what did she see?—Constantinople, Smyrna, and all the world! There she saw, too, an old woman washing her yarn in a river, and the water was carrying some of it away unknown to the old woman.

Then the poor girl forgot where she was, and she cried, 'Old woman, old woman! the river is carrying away thy yarn!'

When the youth heard in his sleep these cries, he awoke, and said to her, '*Skýla*, turn the key, for thou hast lost me!'

Then she was afraid, and turned the key. But in the morning the Lord of the Underearth said to his Negro, 'Take her and cut off two hairs from her head, and put them in a basin of water, and watch them day and night, and when thou seest them sink, tell me. Give her a piece of bread and send her away.'

As his master bade him, so did the Negro. The unlucky girl took her piece of bread and went away. She went on, and on, till she came upon a shepherd, and said to him,

'Wilt thou, happy man, give me thy clothes, and take mine?'

'With pleasure,' replied the shepherd.

She put on the shepherd's clothes, and left. When she had gone a long way, she came to a great city, and cried in the streets,

''Tis I who am the good servant! 'Tis I who am the good servant!'

The King of the city hearing him, and seeing that he was well built and clean, took him for his servant. He asked him what he was called, and he said, 'Yiánni.'

But in time, and for Yiánni's sins, the Queen fell in love with him. One day the King was going out hunting, and took Yiánni with him. When they had gone half way on their road, the King discovered that he had left his watch behind, and he said to him, 'My good Yiánni, I have forgotten my watch. Run back and bring it to me, but go softly into the chamber in order not to waken your lady.'

So Yiánni turned back, and went softly into the chamber. But his lady was awake, and was still in bed. She threw herself upon him in order to satisfy her wicked desires. Yianni resisted her, and in the struggle she scratched him with her nails, and made the poor fellow's face all in a mess with the blood. Finally he escaped from her, seized the watch of his lord, and fled. When he overtook him, and his master saw his face all over blood, he asked, 'I say, Yiánni, what has happened to thee?'

Said he, 'I passed, *Affendi*, through a place full of brambles, and from my hurry to overtake you, I got scratched.'

In the evening they returned again to the palace, but the Queen was in a wild-beast rage with Yiánni, and she said to the King,

'To-day, my King, it is a wonder that you find me

living, for you sent that wretch to bring your watch, and he came to shame me who was still in bed ; and I, poor thing, like a weak woman, I fought against him with my nails, and made his face as you see it, and drove him forth.'

When the King heard these words, he determined to call together all the Princes of his country, and before them to hang Yiánni. The appointed day arrived, and all the people were gathered beneath the palace where they were going to hang him. Then the Negro called to the Lord of Underearth, 'My lord, come! for the hairs are beginning to sink!'

Then the Lord of Underearth hastened and mounted his horse, and galloped with all four [legs], and from afar he made signs that they should wait. The Queen who was in the gallery of the palace and saw him, told them to wait a little, for there was coming one in great haste. They waited until he came up, but when he was come, he asked, 'Why are you hanging that man?'

Then the Queen, without allowing anyone else to speak, said, 'My Prince, that wretched man wished to put me to shame.'

Then said the Lord of Underearth, 'And if this man is a woman, what shall we do to you, my lady?'

'Then let them hang me,' replied the Queen.

The Lord of Underearth lost no time, but tore the clothes that covered Yiánni's chest, and immediately the bosom of a woman was seen.

'Now say, my lords, shall I tear down any farther?'

'No, so far is enough,' said the King. Then they let the Lord of the Underearth take away Yiánni, and the wicked Queen they hanged.

I was not there, and neither were you, so you need not believe it!

THE TWO COBBLERS.[48]

Syra.

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια*, p. 227.

Good-evening!—and here begins my story!

Once upon a time there were two brothers who were shoemakers, and both were very poor. Finally, in order to earn a living, they made up their minds to travel in search of work. The wife of the one was wise and prudent, and she advised her husband to take any work that might come in his way, even if it were but for a halfpenny, or even a farthing, rather than sit idle. The other was a vain and silly woman, and she said to her husband, 'In whatsoever place thou may'st be, mind and never waste thy time working for one or two piastres; if thou gettest not five, don't work!'

So the two husbands set off on their travels. The one always asked for five piastres, and if he did not get it, he would not work, and so he did not prosper. The other also asked for five piastres, but when he did not get it, he took what he could get, and, by-and-by, with the blessing of God, he had new clothes and three hundred piastres[a]—at that time three hundred piastres was a large sum!

One day the two brothers met. The do-nothing, when he saw his brother so well off, said, 'How art thou, brother, hast thou earned anything?'

'Little by little,' he replied, 'I have made three hundred piastres.'

'Well, I can only say that it was not my luck to find work.'

[a] About £2 14s.

His brother gave him a little money, and they started to go to Syra. When they had gone some distance, says the do-nothing, 'I will ask thee a riddle.'

'Ask away.'

Says he, 'Which wins, truth or falsehood?'

'Truth, of course!'

'No,' says he, 'falsehood. If truth wins, I will give thee a hundred piastres; but if falsehood, thou must give me a hundred.'

The other does not know the riddle; but, not to quarrel with his brother, he consents. Presently there appears before them Satan in the form of a man. They ask him, 'Which wins, truth or falsehood?'

'Falsehood,' he replies.

Says the do-nothing, 'Give me my hundred piastres!'

What could he do? He takes them out and gives them to him. To make a long story short, with two other tricks of the same kind he eases him of the remaining two hundred; and, finally, he puts out his eyes, leaves him in a cave, and goes away. He goes to the town. His brother's wife asks him, 'But where is my husband?'

'*Ouf!*' he replies, 'he is a drunkard, an idle fellow. He would not take any work that came, but would have his five piastres.'

Says she, '*Bré!* But I advised him to take any work that came in his way.'

Let us leave this fellow in Syra, and return to his brother, who was lying blinded in the cave. There he remained, and wept, and wept. In the evening, towards midnight, he heard a great noise, and shouting, and cursing, and there came into the cave a troop of Nereids and sat them down—for this was their haunt—and began to relate their adventures.

The first said, 'Do you know what I have done to-day. I made the King of Constantinople a leper. And thou?'

'I made a mother throw her living child into a cauldron of boiling water. And thou?'

'I caused a man to take three hundred piastres from his brother, and put out his eyes. And thou?'

'I made one brother kill another.'

And so one told her doings, and another hers. Said the one who made the mother to throw her child into boiling water, 'I have done good work!'

Then the two who had made the King a leper, and made the man put out his brother's eyes said, 'Yes, indeed, thou hast done a good deed; thou hast sent a soul to heaven! And thou boasteth of it, forsooth! We will tell thee what we did to torment them.'

Said the one who had made a man kill his brother, 'Thou hast done well to torment them! If they only knew, they would come to the fountain outside here to bathe, and the leper would be whole, and the blind would see.'

And so they went on talking all night; and in the morning they arose and went away. The poor blind man, whom by God's mercy the Nereids had not discovered, got up in the morning, and after a little search he found the fountain, in which he bathed his eyes, and again saw the light. He then bethought him of the King of Constantinople, and finding a potsherd on the road, he filled it with water and set off for the city. He went to the palace and asked to see the King. The guards go and tell the King.

Says he, 'Let him come in!'

He goes in, and says to the King, 'My King, lie down!'

The King lay down, and he took and washed him, and the leprosy fell from him, and he was healed. The King embraced him, and kissed him, and said to him, 'I will give thee the half of my kingdom, and make thee my Vizier!'

'No thank you, my King, for I have a wife and children and want to go home to them.'

So as he would not, the King loaded twelve camels with gold coins and sent him home with them. When his wife saw him, she lost control of herself with joy. Said she, '*Bré!* they told me that thou hadst become a beggar and a do-nothing!'

Said he, 'Never mind, my brother was playing thee a joke.' But he told her nothing more.

Now his brother was spending his time in coffee-houses and taverns, and did no work whatever, but spent his three hundred piastres. And his brother gave him money two or three times. Then an idea came into his head. '*Bré!*' said he to himself, 'this fellow, as he gives me money, must have plenty!—but where did he get it?'

He went one day to his brother, and said to him, 'Thou knowest what I did to thee?—tell me where didst thou get back thy sight, and so much money?'

Well, he sits down and tells him.

Says he, 'Wilt not do me the favour to take me to that same place, and put out my eyes, and perhaps I also may find riches?'

So they go, and he puts out his eyes, but not as he had done, from malice. He leaves him in the same cave and goes away. During the night the Nereids come again, and begin to talk one to the other, and the other to another. One striking her forehead says, '*Bré!* Do you know that that blind man re-

covered his sight, and the King of Constantinople was cured? There must be someone who listens! Let us search!'

So they search, and soon find our good man, and make mincemeat of him. And his brother remained with his wife, and they lived happily. And we more happily still![a]

[a] The conclusion of this story recalls the tale of 'Alí Baba and the Forty Thieves.' A still closer parallel to that Oriental favourite exists in 'The Two Brothers and the Forty-nine Dhrakos.' As it has already been translated into English (GELDART, *Folklore of Modern Greece*), it is not given here. The original is to be found in the Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα.

THE PUZZLED HERMIT.[40]

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 2.)

THERE was once an old man who lived as a hermit for forty years, and knew nothing whatever of what the world was doing. At last he took it into his head to go down to the city to see and to hear what was happening. So he sets out, your Honours, from his cell, and goes, and goes, and goes, and at last he stops at a well outside the city. He takes off his wallet, and eats, and drinks. Then lo! there comes up a man, and says to him,

'On this spot nine hundred and ninety-nine [heads] have I already cut off, there is but one lacking to make a thousand, and that one shall be thine!'

The poor old Monk was so frightened, that he could neither cross himself nor go backwards nor forwards. The other drew his sword and was about to fall upon him, when he burst in the onset. Then the old Monk crossed himself; he dug a grave and buried him in it, and then went and hid himself in a hollow tree to see what would happen next. Thence he saw a rich man ride up to the well on horseback. He had abundance, and ate, and as he went to the well to drink there fell from him a purse, but he did not see it. He left it, mounted his horse, and went away.

Then he saw a beggar come up, and sit down by the well to rest. He saw the purse, picked it up, and went away. Afterwards came another beggar and sat down by the well, and was eating his food, when lo! there falls on him the man who had lost the purse.

'*Moré!*[a] what hast done with my purse of money which I dropped here?'

'By my Christ and my Virgin, I am a Christian, and have only just arrived here.'

'Thou, *Moré*, hast taken it!' and he cut his head off.

The Monk cudgelled his brains: 'That the murderer should burst was well; but that one should lose, and another find, and a third lose his head—I cannot understand why that should be!'

Then he beholds as it were a Man with Wings, who says to him, 'Why hast thou left thy monastery and come here to see things that torment thee, and cause thee to forget the wisdom of God? I am an Angel and God has sent me to interpret these things to thee. The murderer burst because he had committed so many crimes, and so that he should not be able to commit any more.'

'Well,' says the Hermit, 'but why should one man lose, and another find, and a third have his head cut off?'

'Wait, let us take one at a time. He who lost the purse, had made the money by selling the field of a poor widow. He who found it was the widow's brother, and the money will go back to its owners. He who had his head cut off was sent as a spy with orders to set a whole city on fire, and it was better that he alone should be lost. But now return to thy cell, and long no more for worldly things.' And he flew up into heaven.

'I praise Thee, O God, great art Thou, O Lord, and marvellous are Thy works!' exclaimed the old man, and he returned to his cell, and left it no more.

[a] 'I say!' 'Fellow!' 'You there!' etc., vocative of μωρός.

THE STINGY WOMAN.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα*, B. 26.)

THERE was once a woman who would not have given a drop of water even to the Angels. If a beggar came to her door she would cry, 'Get away, we have nothing.' When she died she went straight to hell; and her daughter was afraid, and she sold all that they had, and gave the money to the poor; and then she set out with prayers and entreaties to seek her mother.

On the road she met a little Old Man like a Hermit —it was the Lord Christ.

'Give thee good day, and bless thee! Where art thou going?'

'I am going to seek my mother.'

Said he, 'Follow me; but whatever strange thing thou mayest see, speak no word.'

They walked on, and on. It grew dark. As night fell they found themselves near the dwelling of a poor widow.

'If thou art a Christian open to us, and let us pass the night here.'

'I have no accommodation for you, but I will do my best.'

She leads them upstairs, takes a panful of flour, which was all that she had in the kitchen, puts some of it into a dish, mixes it with oil, makes it into cakes, and says, 'Come and eat this makeshift, for bread I have none.'

When they had eaten, she spread for them what mattrasses she had, and they slept. The next morning

they left, and travelled all day, and night overtook them near a wealthy house.

Said he, 'If ye be Christians, give us shelter for the night!'

'Hearest thou that?' Men and women came hurrying down, they awoke their children and made the travellers comfortable. In the morning Christ said, 'Come all of you out of the house.'

'But why?'

'Come out quickly, for the house will tumble down!'

'But don't you see that it is not at all out of repair?'

'Why will you delay?'

As soon as they were all out, down came the house in a heap. Christ went away from thence, left them on the five highways, and took with him the maiden.

The poor woman wondered much as they went along the road, but said not that he had made it crumble, for fear of the consequences. So all day long they journeyed and came at night to a house where they were well received.

'As we rest, so shall you,' they said.

Said Christ, 'Let all sleep.'

They go upstairs. It was a little house in which there was not room to turn round. A baby lay in a cradle in the corner. Sleep overtook them as soon as they had laid down. Before the dawn Christ arose, he took the soul of the child, aroused the girl, and they left. Again they journeyed all day, and night overtook them outside a wealthy house.

'Let us sleep to-night in your house, for we are weary!'

'Come in and welcome,' was the reply. They bring them upstairs, serve them with dainty food on golden

dishes and silver trays. Afterwards they spread for them soft beds to lie upon.

In the morning Christ arose, took the silver trays and the golden dishes, went to the window and threw them into the street. He awoke the girl and they left before their hosts were up, and took to the road, she still at a loss to understand these strange doings; but, as you know, she was under a promise not to ask questions. At night they again found themselves before a house and it was hailing.

'*Amān!* for the love of God, let us come up and sleep, that we may not get wet!'

'Go away, we have no guest-chamber.'

'*Moré!* if you are Christians!'

'You disturb our rest!'

'Out of your store!'

'There is a fowl-house below, go in there, and unburden yourselves.'

What could they do? They went in. One of the walls was ruined and ready to fall, and Christ was so kind as to support it all night standing erect, and did not close his eyes. In the morning he set to work, made the wall new and solid, and went away again with the girl along the high road. She, however, could contain herself no longer.

'But, good Father!' she cried, 'what are all these wonders? Till now I have sewn up my mouth, though I have been sorely tried. Instead of showing me my mother, you took me to the widow's dwelling, and she had but a panful of flour and one jar of oil. We ate of them, and we left, and thou helpedst her not at all who would have no food for the next day. And we went to another house, thou didst ruin it, and left them on the five highways. And we went to a meaner one where

they had an only child, and thou didst bear away his soul. And we went to a lordly house, and thou didst throw away the silver tray and the golden vessel. And to an inhospitable house we went where they would have left us to perish, and thou didst set up their wall.'

Christ laughed. 'Thou art but simple, and I will not call thee to account. The widow whom thou thinkest that I left without bread to eat for the next day, I blessed so that her pan should be always full of flour, and her jar of oil run like a fountain for ever. The house I threw down had a treasure hidden under it, and when they went to take out the furniture and the chests they found it. Again, the child whose soul I took away, had he lived, would have become a bad man, the scourge of his kinsfolk. The silver tray and the golden cup I threw away were gotten unjustly from a widow with a family; and they passed by and found them. The crazy wall again of the uncharitable people had within it a treasure, and in order that it might not fall and they find it, I built it up; it is better that their descendants find it. Come now, and I will show thee thy mother—but wilt thou know her when thou seest her?'

'Of course.'

'But take care that thou touch her not.'

They go on, and on, and he brings her to Paradise, where the sweet scents cause her to exclaim, '*Ikhitès!* I think I must have died and risen again!'

'Search about and see if she is here.'

The girl wanders first in one direction and then in another, sees many strange persons under the trees by the brooks, but seeks her mother in vain. She turns back, and says, 'I cannot find her.'

'But hast thou looked well?'

'I have.'

Thence he takes her to Hell, where there were evil odours, and stenches, and cauldrons with lurid fires under them, and they were boiling. The girl looks and sees her in one of the cauldrons, and, horrified, she ran to her and took hold of her. But as she touched her, her hand turned black from the flames, and remained crippled.

When Christ saw this, he said, 'Did I not warn thee not to touch her? Follow me now.'

He took her to a place where there was a river which ran with the Water of Life,[9] and said, 'Put in thine hand.'

When she had put it in, it became whole, and then he said to her, 'Seest thou what thy mother suffers, because she was wicked? No one can save her now. But be thou glad at heart, and go home to thy house, and pray God to keep thee ever as thou art now.'

Then he brought her down from the Upper World, near her dwelling, and left her—alone. And she passed her days in prayer and supplication, and her soul had health.

THE MISERLY SHEPHERD.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 9.)

THERE was once a shepherd who had a thousand head of cattle—sheep, goats, and oxen; and he sold in the town all his *megíthra*[a] cheese, his curds, his milk, and his cream-cheeses, and amassed much wealth. But he never would allow himself to take home so much as one milk-cheese, or one cream-cheese on a feast-day, not even on Sexagesima Sunday, nor at Easter, so that his wife and children might eat; but gave them only plain boiled herbs, sow-thistles, succory, and such like. His wife would sometimes say to him,

'But, really, husband, so many sheep as we have, and never to have meat on a feast-day! Others have no sheep, and buy meat; and we, who have, never taste it.'

'My good wife, a cream-cheese sells for ten piastres, meat or no meat, and the money is ours.'

When Christmas-day dawned, the woman said to her husband, 'At least you will bring us a milk-cheese!'

'The smallest milk-cheese weighs thirty drachms, and is worth half a piastre. Is it not better to put it into the purse than to squander it?' he replied. And what could the poor woman do when he would bring her nothing?

[a] A round flat cheese, about an inch in thickness, made from sheep's milk.

On the morning of another feast-day, she said, 'At least you will cut half a cheese and bring it?'

'But, wife, don't you understand that half a cheese is worth ten *paras*?'

The wife was patient. The shepherd in time found himself the owner of purses full of money. When he fell ill and was about to die, he gave orders that the money was to be buried with him, and left nothing for the poor, as a Christian should. All regretted that so much wealth should be wasted, but what could they do when he had willed it so? So they put it in the grave. The gravediggers regretted the purses too, and planned to go at night, open the grave, and take them out.

So at midnight they went, when everyone was asleep, and opened the grave, when what should they see but devils with horns who had hold of the purses, and kicked the dead man on the head. So terrified were the gravediggers that with one accord they abandoned their project, and each ran to his own house and died of fright.

The Little Dog's Warning.

The shepherd's brother was just such another [miser]. His wife said to him: 'Do buy some clothes for our child so that we may take him to church!' But not he; and his wife, too, was all in rags. If you say they had no money it would be a sin; but it was the Devil's will he was doing.

One day, as he was going through the shambles—not to buy anything, God forbid! his road lay that way only—he saw a little dog which two sheep-dogs were worrying. Pitying it, he raised his stick, drove away the sheep-dogs, and saved the little dog, which followed

him out of gratitude. The miser goes home, and his wife asks him, 'What dog is that?'

'Well, I saved it from two sheep-dogs who were worrying it, and it has followed me.'

The dog fed on what herbs it could find, and frisked about for happiness; but after a day or two the man began to grudge the food it ate. Then there came two men from the King, and they asked him to take the dog as a present to him, and he would receive a *bakshîsh*.

'*Bravo*,' said he, when he heard of the *bakshîsh*. So he goes and says to his wife, '*Moré*, but we are lucky! The dog that we were tired of, because it required food, the King has sent and asked for.'

So he takes the dog and follows the men. On the road the dog calls softly to his master, and says to him, 'Take no *bakshîsh;* but if they wish to give you one, say that you only desire that which you deserve.'

So he followed the men, and they led him into a golden palace. It was the palace of the Devil, but how was he to know that? They brought him into the presence of the big Devil who was sitting on a golden seat set with diamonds, and he gave the little dog into his hands, and saluted him. Then he called the big *Diabola*, and she came out and sat on another seat; and he told the man to sit on another opposite them. And when he had thanked him many times, he said, 'What gift desirest thou of me?'

The man remembered the little dog's counsel, and replied, 'I want nothing.'

'That cannot be.'

'Then I desire only that which I deserve.'

What a rage the Devil was in when he found that he could not destroy him, as he asked for nothing! But

as he could do nothing, he said, 'Go thy ways—thou hast already what thou deservest!'

The man returned home. He bought clothes for his children and for his wife, and gave them good food, so that his children said to him, 'Now you are a good daddy.' He gave alms to the poor, and so he lived well. And he who might have been boiled in the pitch at last went to Paradise.

CHRIST'S EXORCISM.[50]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 6.)

WHILE Christ was on earth, he wandered about the world like a poor man, that he might see the hearts of every one, who was good and who was bad. There lived then a couple and the man was good, but the woman bad. Christ passed by this house and divined that the woman was not good, for he saw that she was shrewish. So he went in, and begged her to receive him, as he was a stranger, and poor. She grumbled a little, but afterwards what should happen, but that she put him in the stable.

'Stay there,' she said, 'till my husband comes home, for I have nowhere to lodge thee.'

So Christ remained there as she bade him. Just then a neighbour brought the housewife a plate of beans very nicely cooked. After a little while the husband came home, and the housewife told him that a poor man had come, and that she had put him in the stable.

'Bless you,' said her husband, 'was he a stranger man, and you did not bring him into the house?'

'*Bá!* how should I put such a man at my table!' cried she. 'See, these few beans which have been brought to us.'

What could her husband do? To escape her grumblings he let her alone, and she heated the oil to make the pilaf. Then she gave him the beans and a piece of bread. When he had well eaten, he asked, 'Where shall he sleep?'

Said the woman, 'There, on the bedstead. We will give him, too, a stone for pillow.'

'No, wife,' said the husband, 'that will not do!'

'It matters not, it matters not,' said Christ, and so he lay down on the bare bedstead. During the night, however, the woman was seized with a colic.—(It must be understood that Christ caused this miracle.)—The guest heard many people coming and going to her assistance, and asked, 'What is the matter? I hear a disturbance, a coming and going—what is it?'

'*Ná*, my wife is not well,' said the good man, 'and cried out from pain. I don't know what to do, she is going to give up the ghost.'

'Let me go and see. I know an exorcism and have cured many,' said the guest.

'Come, then, good man, you too, and see if you can cure her; ever so many neighbours have tried, but have failed.'

Then Christ went, and made the exorcism; he cured the woman, and then vanished. All understood that it was Christ. From that time the woman became less shrewish.

CLASS II.

SOCIAL FOLK-STORIES:

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF VILLAGE LIFE;

ANTENUPTIAL, FAMILY AND COMMUNAL.

SECTION (I.)

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANTENUPTIAL LIFE.

CROWS' LANGUAGE.

Constantinople.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα*, A. 5.)

ONCE upon a time there was a Prince who was anxious to marry, but he wanted to find a maiden who knew how to speak the Crows' language. Every day there came offers [of their daughters] from great Kings, but he would none of them, for they did not know the Crows' language as he required. Being melancholy and in despair, he took his gun, and went out to shoot to rid himself of his heartache. From morning till evening he roamed, and thought not of his shooting, but how he was to find a woman to his taste. At last, towards supper time, as he was going up a hillside, he saw

before him an old man and a maiden who seemed to be his daughter, and they were going up the same hill. They go on in front and he follows softly behind them. He hears the girl say to the old man,

'Father, put your feet on your shoulders, we shall then walk faster.'

'What sayst thou, my child? How can I put my feet on my shoulders?'

'Why, I don't mean your feet, father, I mean—take off your shoes and carry them on your shoulder, your feet will then be free and you will walk faster.'

The Prince, following behind, heard the girl's words, and they rejoiced somewhat his sad heart. After a little while, the girl said to the old man,

'Father, help me, and I will help thee, so that we may walk the faster, for it is night already.'

'Why, my girl, how can I help thee, who am an old man?'

'I don't mean that, my father, I mean—talk to me and I will talk to thee to pass the time.'

When the Prince heard this, he again rejoiced greatly, and made up his mind that, as it was already dark, he would go to the cottage to which they were going. In a little while he sees a cottage on the mountain towards which the old man went with his daughter. He let them go in, and afterwards went in himself suddenly and silently.

'Good evening to your worships,' said he to them.

The girl replied, 'We had, but we have lost, and again we shall get.' (The Prince thought she meant they had no dog to bark, but the maiden meant that they had had a dog and had lost it, but would get another.) 'Welcome, and sit down, *Affendi*.'

'I will remain and pass the night here, with your

permission, for darkness has overtaken me while shooting.'

'Stay and welcome.'

At the far end of the cottage sat an old woman, the mother, weaving cloth, and round about her were her little children, naked and barefooted.

'O,' said the Prince, 'see the little unglazed pitchers!'

The girl at once replied, 'Here is clay to glaze them with' (that is to say, the Prince meant that the naked and barefooted children resembled unglazed jars, and the girl meant that the mother was weaving cloth for the naked children).

As there was not much food, the old man told them to kill a cock, and when it was cooked, they sat down to table. The girl arose and cut up the cock, and she gave to her father the head, to her mother the frame, to the Prince the wings, and to the children the flesh. When the old man saw his daughter's division of it, he turned and looked at his wife, for he was ashamed to speak before the guest. Afterwards, when they were going to rest, the old man said to his daughter,

'Why, my child! How badly you divided the cock! The guest will go to bed hungry!'

'*Ach!* my father, hast thou not understood that either? Wait a moment, and I will give you to understand: The head of the cock I gave to thee, as thou art the head of the house; to our mother I gave the frame, for is she not the frame of the house; the wings to our guest, for to-morrow he will take wing and depart; the flesh to us children, for in truth we are the flesh of the house. Do you understand now, my good father?'

Now the chamber in which the mdeain talked with her father adjoined that in which their guest was sleep-

ing—the Prince, as we may say. The Prince heard all the story, and was filled with joy, and said to himself that this was just the woman he was in search of, for she knew how to speak Crows' language.

When morning came, he took leave of them, and rose and went away. When he arrived at his palace, he called his servant, and gave him thirty-one loaves, a whole cheese, a cock stuffed and roasted, and a skin of wine, put them all in a sack, and directed him to the mountain and the cottage where the Prince himself had lodged, [told him] to take them there and give them to a maiden about eighteen years old.

The servant took the sack, and arose and set off to do his master's bidding. But with your pardon, my ladies, I forgot to tell you this: Before the servant left, the Prince told him to repeat these words to the girl—'Many many greetings from my master, who told me to say to you "The month has thirty-one [days], the moon is full, the crower of the dawn is roasted and stuffed, and the buck's skin is as tight as a fiddle-string."'

The servant set out for the cottage. On his road he met some friends of his.

'Good day, Michάeli, where art going so heavily laden, and what is thy burden?'

'I am going to a cottage on the mountain to which my master has sent me.'

'And what hast got inside there?—the smell of it tickles our nostrils.'

'This is what I've got—bread, cheese, wine, and roast cock, which my master has given me to take to a poor woman.'

'I say! Sit down, my good fellow, and let us eat a bit—how should thy master know? Let us sit down.'

So they sat down on the green mountain-side and began to eat. The more they ate the greater became their appetites, until the rascals had finally cleared off thirteen loaves, half a cheese, the whole of the fowl, and nearly half the wine. When they had well eaten and drunk, the servant took up the remainder, and went on his way to the cottage. When he arrived he found the girl, gave them to her, and told her the words which his master had ordered him to say. When she had taken them, the girl said to him,

'Say to thy master, "Many many greetings and thanks for all he has sent us; but the month has but eighteen [days], the moon is at the half, the crower of the dawn has not appeared, and the buck's hide is as loose as loose can be. But, to please the partridge, he must not thrash the pig.' (She meant that the loaves were but eighteen, the cheese was half gone, the roast cock not there at all, the wine nearly half gone, but, to please the girl, he must not beat the servant, who had failed to bring them entire.)

The servant arose, and set off, and went to the palace. He told the Prince all that the girl had said to him, except the last, which he forgot to say. Then the Prince understood it all, and ordered another servant to lay him down and give him the stick. When the servant had eaten much stick, and his skin began to be sore, he called out, 'Stop, my lord Prince, stop! and I will tell you something else which the maiden said to me, and I forgot to tell you.'

'Say quickly, fellow, what thou hast to say!'

'She said, my lord, that maiden, "but, to please the partridge, don't beat the pig!"'

'Ah, idiot!' said the Prince to him, 'why didst thou

not say that at first? Then thou wouldst not have eaten stick! Let be, then!'

A few days afterwards the Prince took that maiden for his wife, and they had feastings and rejoicings.

I was not there, nor you either, so you needn't believe it.

THE ROVING PRINCE.

Naxos.

(Νεοελ. Αναλ., B. 15.)

THERE was once a Prince who was an only son, and do what they would, his parents could not keep him quiet.[a] Whenever the fancy took him he would go out in the evening on horseback raking about, and very often, too, he would want to go quite alone. His parents, lest they should lose his love, finally let him have his own way. One day he rode and rode for many hours far away, and came to a river, where he found a woman and her daughter washing. The Prince said pleasantly, 'Good day, what are you doing?' and they became acquainted.

The next day he went again to the same spot with his horse. When they learnt that he was a King's son, they received him with great ceremony, and said, 'Come into our poor house!' They gave him dried figs, and raisins, and other things, and the youth was pleased, and took out and gave them *liras*, and said, 'I know that you are in need, take them.'

The next day he went again to their house. They were expecting him, and they entertained him well, and showed him both the open and the hidden things. So he got in the habit of going there every evening, and he brought them presents, at one time a dress for the maiden, at another one for the mother, and at another again he gave them gold coins, and again at another as many dresses as he could get (for he was a King's son).

[a] Literally 'did not know where to seat him.'

When his parents found out that he visited a washerwoman, they said, 'My son, we will marry thee.'

'Why, father?'

'Because I desire it, my son, the time has come, and I have found thee a bride.'

The Prince submitted and said nothing. They began to make preparations and invited all the city and all the villages—'Whoever wishes to come to the wedding, to the Prince's wedding, may come and welcome!' Consequently, your Honours, the washerwoman and her daughter were invited among the rest. They put on some of the fine clothes which the Prince had given them, and went to the Court. Then they placed in the midst the Prince and his bride ready for the [marriage] blessing. But as the priest was going to crown them with the wedding wreaths, the bride's wreath turned into a snake and wound itself round her head. Then the Prince cried, 'Bring the other who has been pushed aside!' (it was the washerwoman's daughter). And they gave her the marriage blessing, and left the other to her worthlessness.[a] And then they held,

> 'Wedding feasts and banquets gay,
> And rejoicings many a day.'

The moral of this story is that everyone has his luck. The luck of the washerwoman's daughter was to marry a King's son. Will they, or nill they, she had to marry him.[b]

[a] Μπόσικα, from the Turkish *bosh*, 'empty,' which since the Crimean War has been adopted into English.

[b] See vol. i., Annotations, No. 13.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 533.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

There was once a King, and he had a very beautiful daughter. All the Princes sent matchmakers to her, but she would none of them. At last her father said she must marry, as she had neither mother nor anyone else. Still she was unwilling, for she was very fond of her father. A summons came to the King to go on a campaign. On leaving, he bade his daughter stay quietly in the palace if she would have his blessing. The Princess had with her her nurse when her father left her and went on a campaign.

The Princess, when her father had gone, sat at the window embroidering. At some distance from her father's palace was the palace of another King. In this palace was a Prince, and when he had finished his duties, he took his spy-glass, and looked at all the country round about. There his glass fell on the window of the Princess. When he had once seen her, he said,

'Who can she be who is so beautiful?'

He asked, and learnt that she belonged to the other King, and that her father was at the wars. Then he went under her window, and walked up and down to get a closer view of her. Several days passed, but she did not lean out of the window, and so he could not see her, and he was devoured with longing and could not rest. One day, as the Princess was cutting her thread,

her scissors fell into the street. She leaned out to look, and saw a handsome Prince who was holding them in his hand. Then she said to her nurse,

'Go and fetch my scissors which have fallen into the street.'

He told her [the nurse] that he would take them up himself, for he was a Prince. But the Princess's nurse said that no man might go in, because the King was absent on a journey; and so he went away sorrowful, for on a closer view she was more beautiful than from a distance. On another day the Princess was twisting silk, and she hung her spindle out of the window to make a long thread. He runs up from afar, cuts the thread, and the spindle falls down. The Princess again leans out and sees the same Prince.

'*Ouf!*' said she to her nurse, 'he is for ever under the window!'

What was she to do? She sent her nurse, and he gave it to her. Afterwards she did not come out to the window. He walked, and walked, up and down, but she did not come out.

What was he to do? He lost his wits [because] he could not see her. He had a friend. 'I love the Princess,' he said to him, 'and don't know what to do.'

Said he, 'Build a bath, and send round a crier [to invite] everybody to go during three days to the new bath and bathe, and afterwards your mother must invite all the princesses and viziers' daughters to bathe, and tell the bathwoman[a] she must find means to detain her later than the others, and wash her later, and so she will remain longer in the inner chamber.'[b]

[a] Τελάλισσα, literally the female crier or messenger who carried the invitations, and afterwards acted in the capacity of bathwoman.
[b] Χαλβέτι, from the Turkish *khalvet*, 'retirement.'

The Prince was pleased with this plan. He set masons to work, and built a splendid bath. One told another, and she told yet another, and it came to the ears of the nurse that the Prince was building the bath for the sake of her mistress, so that he might see her.

The Princess had a dog, very small, but very wide-awake. She said to it one day,

'Go to the bath which the Prince is building, and when he goes away from the bath, come and tell me what coloured clothes the Prince wears.'

The dog went, and came back and told her that the Prince wore green and gold velvet, and was riding on a white horse. The Princess, without losing time, took clothes of green and gold velvet and put them on, mounted a white horse, went to the bath, and said,

'I forgot to tell you something.' She took the architect aside and said to him, 'Here, in this inner chamber, you must raise this slab, and make a passage from hence to lead to the palace of the other King. But the matter must remain a secret, you must work secretly at night, and if anyone learns that this passage has been made, off go your heads! No one is to know it. Not even to me are you to tell the same—when the passage is finished or anything else; for I shall see when it is finished, and shall thank you without your mentioning it at all.' She takes out and gives him a bag of sequins, and says to him, 'That is to pay for the passage.' And when she had again told him to work in secret, she rose and went away.

She returned to the palace, undressed, put on her women's clothes, and sat down to her work. Some time passed, and she learnt that the bath was finished, and that people could go and bathe. Says she to the little dog,

'Go to the bath, and see what clothes the Prince is wearing, and when he leaves, come and tell me.'

The little dog went, watched when the Prince left, and came and said to her, 'Red and gold velvet, and he rides a [black] horse.'

Without losing time, she put on red and gold velvet clothes, mounted a black horse, and rode to the bath.

She goes in to the bath, sees the architect and beckons to him; he comes up and she asks, 'Is it finished?'

Says he, 'Not even the Princess knows of it!'

She gave him a handful of sequins, and says to him, 'Be silent, and thou shalt not repent it. Say nothing, and forget that thou hast made the passage!' and she whipped her horse and went off. She returned to the palace, changed, and sat down. When it was dark, she took a lamp, and went down below where she saw a square slab. She raised it, and went straight to the inner chamber of the bath. She saw that it was all right, returned home, and went to sleep. When three days had passed she received an invitation from the Prince's mother begging her to go and bathe in the bath at the same time as the other noble maidens. So she had to go. She arose and went, and took her nurse, and she went too. She went in; there were other maidens there; they talked and sang, and laughed. Then she noticed that the bathwoman washed all the others and plaited their hair, and said to her, 'Now, my Princess, now, my lady, have a little patience.' Then she set to, and washed her, and put lots of soapsuds in her eyes, and washed her. Afterwards she threw water on her eyes, and she looked and saw that all were gone, not one was there. The Prince only she sees coming into the bath, and says to him,

'Ah, my Prince, wait till I am washed and dressed, and then I am thine!' And she darted into the inner chamber and locked the door. She lifts up the slab, and in the passage were two pigeons which she had tied there. She puts them in the basin where the water was, so that they might beat their wings, and that the Prince might think that she had not fled. And so she entered the passage, let down the slab softly, softly, and went home to sleep.

Let us now leave her to sleep, and return to the Prince, who was outside the inner chamber, and heard the pigeons *splishsplash*, *splishsplash*, *splishsplash*, and thought it was the Princess washing herself in there. At last he lost patience to wait any longer. He called to her,

'Come, beautiful Princess, for I am maddened for your sake!' But she—where [was she]? And many other foolish things he said to her, but she was gone. As he heard no reply from within, only the *splash*, *splash*, *splash* of the water, he said,

'Let us see what she is doing in there.'

He opens the door—what does he see? Two pigeons in the water, and nobody else!

'*Bré!* what the devil?—what was she? Was she an Outside One,[25] and has she vanished? What thing was it?'

He went away very sorrowful and returned home; and all night he could not sleep, and he thought to himself that she had been metamorphosed into a pigeon. He decided to spread a table in the open air, and invite all the maidens, the Princesses, and to invite her with them. The table was laid, he invited all the maidens, and invited her too. When they had eaten, they sang; then they rose one by one, and went away. She, too,

asked for her horse [in order] to leave, and it was 'Now,' and 'Directly,' and still they delayed to bring it. There remained only the Prince and herself.

'Now, my Prince, I can go nowhere, I am yours,' she said to him. 'Where can I go without a horse?'

'I fear,' said he, 'that you will flee again.'

'Then tie me by the hand with a string, so that I may not escape.'

He ties her by the hand. Our good Princess goes down[a] and unties her hand, and ties it [the string] to the tail of the Prince's horse, and goes to the stable and takes her own horse, and *Hi!* straight she goes off home!

The Prince waits and waits—where [is she]? [He sees] nothing; he pulls the horse's tail, and so hard did he pull that it came off; and he pulled and pulled the string till the tail fell *plap!* on the floor. Then he became very angry, so angry, that if he had had the Princess [there] he would have killed her. Said he,

'*Bré*, this is no human being! [She is] either a Nereid or some other Outside One!'

Then said to him all those who were there, his friends, 'My Prince, why not get married, and leave her who does you such despite?'

So he resolved to marry. His mother sent match-makers to a Princess; they were betrothed; and they made ready for the wedding. The Princess heard of it, and sent her little dog to find out which tailor was to make the dresses for his bride. Then she said to the dog, when he told her which tailor it was,

'Go and see what clothes the King[b] is wearing to-day.'

[a] The table was probably spread in one of the wide verandahs of the first floor so common in the East.

[b] The Prince is occasionally referred to as the 'King.'

The dog went, and when he came back he said, 'He wears white [and] gold velvet, and rides a white horse. I saw him,' said the little dog, 'just now leave the tailor's.'

The Princess, without loss of time, put on white [and] gold velvet, and mounted a white horse, and went to the tailor's. Said she, 'Listen to me. I came before and told you about the clothes for my wedding, but I have changed my mind—cut them into bits, and make them into coats for my greyhounds and into tobacco-bags, and say nothing to anyone, or—off goes your head! Say only, "They are ready" without being asked what.' She gives him a handful of sequins, and goes away.

The tailor, according to the [supposed] King's orders, cut them up into tobacco-bags and coats for the greyhounds, and said, 'What a pity, such stuff! They may well say, "*At the King's orders, dogs are tied up.*"'[a]

Then he [the King] sends his servant to ask if the things are ready.

'Certainly,' says he, 'and I was just about to bring them to the palace.'

First of all he took out a tobacco-bag.

'O, you made a tobacco-bag, too?' said the King. 'Well done!'

'Not one only; as you commanded me, so I did.'

'*Aï*, let us see the others!'

He takes out first a greyhound's coat.

Said he [the King], 'What is this that thou hast sat down and made?—for the greyhound only?'

'But no, my long-lived King, I made for the blood-hound too.'

'*Bré*, what sayest thou? Say, art thou well?—or art thou gone mad?'

[a] A Greek proverb.

'But what dost thou say, my King? Didst thou not come and command me to make coats for the greyhounds, and for the bloodhounds?'

'When did I come?'

'*Ná!* The same day on which you left you came back again in your white clothes and on your white horse, and ordered me to make them for the hounds, and not to make them for the Queen.'

'Well,' said the King, 'see that thou listen to no one, whatever they may say to thee, but finish them [the clothes]; even if I myself should come, give no heed to me again.'

The tailor went away. Then the King reflected and said,

'*Bré!* that *skýla! she* went and gave the orders! But I will get married and she may burst!'

So when he had ordered the clothes for his bride, the Queen set them to wash corn; they filled sacks and charged the millers not to grind because the royal [corn] was going, for the wedding of the Prince was to be held. So the millers stopped and waited for the King's corn, to grind it.

Says she to her dog, 'Go and see what clothes the Prince wears.'

'Purple[a] [and] gold velvet, and he rides on a red horse.'

She loses no time, but dons purple velvet, [leaps] on the horse, and off at a gallop.

'Hi!' she calls to those who were carrying the corn, 'Hi!'

They who were carrying the corn say, 'Stop, I say—the King!'

'Empty all of them into the sea, for we have found

[a] Μελιτζανιά, the colour of the μελιτζάνα, aubergine.

out that the corn is poisoned; and come back and fill them with sound grain to grind!'

They obeyed, poor fellows, and, one by one [they emptied the sacks] into the sea.

'Wash the sacks, too, in the sea, and return quickly!' and she whipped her horse and came home. Said she to herself,

'Now I am in for it! The King will be furious, and he will come and kill me, and small blame to him. But again, what could I do who love him, and don't want him to marry another, and my father away from home. Let me see now what I can do.'

She takes a skin and fills it with *petimézi*,[a] places it upright against a big cupboard, and dresses it as if it were herself. She squeezes it and makes it a neck, and round the neck hangs pearls, and puts on it her best dresses; on its head she placed a fez covered with pearls, threw a veil over it, and covered its face with a kerchief which fell low down. In the middle of the cupboard was a knot which she took out, and passed a string through the hole. The Princess locked the chamber in which she herself was, and left open the door of the room in which the skin was.[b]

When the Prince saw them coming back, he asked, 'Where is the flour?'

'But we threw it away, my King, as you ordered us, because it was poisoned, and we washed the sacks and have come back to take the sound corn.'

'*Brè!* I told you that the corn was poisoned?'

'Yes, my King, you called to us and told us that it

[a] A syrup made from grape-juice, and much used instead of sugar for the commoner kinds of preserve.

[b] One of the large wall cupboards, used for storing bedding in the daytime, and communicating with two rooms, is evidently indicated.

was poisoned, and that we must come back and take more.'

'*Aï!* Well!' He sent them away. 'But this is not to be borne with! I will go and kill her!' And he rushed off, so angry was he, and went to the palace. He mounted the staircase on all fours,[a] and rushed in and went straight to the room where the skin stood.

'Stop, stop!' he cried. 'You needn't try to hide in the cupboard! I have come to kill you, you shall not escape me again!'

She pulls the string from within, and the skin makes a bow.

'Was it not thou whom I locked in the inner chamber, and thought was bathing, and thou didst leave two pigeons in the basin, and I knew not how the devil thou didst arise and flee?'

She pulls the string, and the skin bows its head, as if to say—'Yes!'

'Was it not thou who told me that thou wert mine when I spread a table, and didst arise and flee, and tied the tail of my horse, and I pulled, and pulled, from within, and it came out?'

Again she pulls the string from within, and again the skin bowed.

'Was it not thou who went to the tailor's and told them to rip up the clothes of my bride and make them into tobacco-bags and coats for the hounds?'

'Yes!' again [said] the skin.

'Was it not thou who went and told my people to throw away into the sea the corn, and they came back to me with empty sacks, swinging their legs on the horses and asking me for corn to grind?'

She pulls the string—'Yes!'

[a] 'στὰ τέσσερα, a popular expression to indicate speed.

'Now I have a right to kill thee.'

'Yes!'

He makes a stroke with his sword and cuts the skin right across.

'*Ach!* the *skŷla!* Her blood is black!'

Then she opens the door and says, 'Stay! Thou hast just made thy complaint, and now I will make mine.'

He hears her words, and in his fright lets his sword fall.

'*Bā!* she is still alive!' says he.

'Was I so silly as to let thee marry, while I love thee so much?—and let thee take another? Wait a little while till my father comes back, and thou shalt wed me. For I shall be a queen, and come with great pomp to thy house.'

So they embraced, and exchanged rings. And he went and told his mother to send the presents back to his betrothed, because he was going to take for his wife the Princess he loved. After a short time her father returned from his journey, and they held the wedding with many rejoicings and feastings. And they lived happy. And we happier![a]

[a] As the only magical element in this story is the clever dog, which has, doubtless, been substituted for a servant, this Section has been thought the most suitable place for it.

SECTION (II.)

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF FAMILY LIFE.

I. MARITAL LIFE. II. NURSERY STORIES. III. FILIAL LIFE.

SUBSECTION I. STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MARITAL LIFE.

THE SILENT BRIDE.

Naxos.

(Νεοελ. Αναλ., B. 12.)

A GIRL was once married against her will by her kindred to a good and worthy young man, and on that account she held her peace, and would sit mute at the window, and neither sleep with him nor anything else.[a] The youth was near falling into a consumption. What does he devise? He carves a piece of marble as it were [a piece of] cheese, and gives it to her, so that she may be angry and say, 'What is this that you give me?'

She put it to her mouth, and when she found that it was marble, she spit it out again without uttering a

[a] A Turkish husband is not entitled to exercise any authority over his wife until she pleases to speak to him; relics of similar customs are also found among the Christians of Turkey.

syllable. What can he do to make her kind? A few days afterwards, he takes an unclean vessel and fills it with dung, and says to her, 'Come and eat!' so that she might at least be angry and say, 'Are you not ashamed?' But she did not.

A few days later, he hid himself behind the door to startle her, so that, being frightened, she might call 'Mother!' He lies in wait, and as she passes the door he calls '*Ba!*' Her blood ran cold, but not a sound escaped her.

As a last resource he said, 'I will pretend to be dead, and she will weep for me and sing dirges, and so her tongue will finally be loosed.' So he said, and so he did. He stretched himself on a bed, and closed his eyes; his relatives came, and also the neighbours who had been informed [of his death]; they crossed his hands and bound them, and sat round in a circle;[a] and lamented him in dirges. Then they said to his wife,

'Well, perchance you will weep for your husband whom you have thus untimely lost before the end of forty days?'

So she began to chant falteringly, 'My husband, my good husband, what should remind me of thee?—the marble cheese; the vessel and its contents; and, from behind the door, "*Ba!*"'

Then he gets up and embraces her, 'My Eyes! Thou hadst a mouth, but no voice!'

And then they kept the wedding with

> Songs and feast and laughter gay,
> And rejoicings many a day.

[a] It is usual for the women to sit on the floor of the death chamber while chanting the customary dirges.

THE FOOLISH WIFE.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 8.)

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago it was, there was a man, and he thus charged his bride:

'Now listen to me who am going to marry thee, and don't eat much!'

'Very good,' said she.

When they were married, and she had cooked his dinner for him at noon, he said to her, 'Come, sit down, and let us eat.'

'I am not hungry.'

Two hours afterwards, when she saw that her husband had gone out, she sat down and ate till you might have walked on her! In the evening her husband comes home, she sets the table for him, and again he says, 'Come and eat at least at even, after fasting since God's dawn!'

'I will not eat; I am not hungry.'

Not to make a long story of it, she did thus every day. She refused to eat with her husband, and when he had gone out, she stuffed herself with victuals. After a time, however, he began to guess how matters were, and he took her out with him one day to the fields.

When it was near noon, he threw himself on the ground and said, 'Come and take pot luck, we'll picnic here.'

'I am not hungry; I will not eat.'

When two or three hours of the afternoon had passed,

and she saw that her husband had no intention of taking her home, gnawed with hunger, she cried, making believe,

'Neighbour, neighbour, I'll come at once, so that you may give me the wool!' (her idea was to go to the village to eat).

Says her husband, 'Wait, there will be plenty of time to do that in the evening.'

Soon she began again, 'Well, what do you want, neighbour, the washtub? Now I will come and give it to you.'

Said the husband, 'Nonsense! Where is the neighbour?—I don't see any neighbour. Stay here, and at even we'll go together to the town.'

When at last they were on their way home, the woman couldn't see for hunger, and she took up some black beetles crawling on the road, and ate them, saying, 'O my little olives, my little *grolives*,[51] you had no feet, and yet you got feet to come and meet me that I might crunch you!'

And from that time forward she sat down to table with her husband, and was guilty of no more such absurdities.

And tales like these but fables are,
The stomach's but an empty jar.

THE IDLE WIFE.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 9.)

THERE was another idle woman, who would neither cook, nor sweep, nor do anything else. She would put a sheep on the table, and when her husband came in with meat which he had bought, she would put her elbows on the table and say, 'Do you hear, Sheep, cook it!' And when her husband came home at noon, and found fault with her because she was too lazy to get the dinner ready, she would scold the Sheep, saying, 'Why, Sheep, dost thou not cook?' and give it a few slaps.

'*Bré!* my wife, my Eyes! the Sheep cannot cook, thou must cook!' At last, on the third day, he said, 'Well, enough of the Sheep, put it down, and I will beat it.' He throws it on her back, saying, 'There, Sheep, I give thee this, and this, why wilt thou not cook, Sheep?' And he struck so that the Sheep had less than she who was under it, and when she had got many a wale, she cried, 'Enough, husband, enough! I will cook the food, and not leave it to the Sheep!'

And this is the origin of the saying—*the Stick came out of Paradise.*

SUBSECTION II.—NURSERY STORIES.

THE TRICKS OF MISTRESS FOX.

Smyrna.

(LENORMANT, *An. Mus. Guimet*, X., 78.)

THERE was once a Priest and he was returning from saying Mass in the various churches of which he had charge. He had received offerings of all kinds, loaves, fowls, turkeys, and even fish. Well, he was on his way home, mounted on a donkey, and singing verses to pass the time. A Fox who happened to be about, seeing the poultry suspended from the pack-saddle, made up her mind to steal them. She went and stretched herself in the middle of the road as if she were dead.

When the priest saw her, 'Hallo!' he said to himself, 'if I take her home and skin her, her fur will make a nice jacket for my wife.' So he picked her up and put her in one of the saddle-bags.

He had hardly set off again when the Fox began to drop quietly on the road, one by one, the loaves which were in the saddle-bag. She next threw down the poultry, and presently the cunning animal leaped lightly down without the Priest's knowing anything at all about it. When the good man got home, it was quite dark, and he called to his wife,

'Come quick, and help me to unload the provisions. I have brought a splendid foxskin to make you a jacket of!'

The *papadhiá* was delighted to hear this, and she

dived first into one saddle-bag, and then into another, here and there, but could find nothing. The poor *papa* lighted a candle, and looked in his turn, and then he understood that the wicked Fox had cheated him. He was quite crestfallen, but what could he do?

The Fox in the meantime had set to, and carried loaves and poultry home to her earth. She was just carrying her last load when a Wolf caught sight of her. She ran her fleetest, but in vain, for the Wolf overtook her and seized her by the leg.

'Go on! pull up the root,' cried the cunning gossip.

Believing that he had got hold of a root, the Wolf immediately let go, and the Fox made off crying, 'O my poor little foot, my poor little foot! what a lucky escape thou hast had!' And she ran and hid herself in the far end of her earth.

The Wolf tried to get at her, but he was so fat that he could not enter. So he thought he would excite the Fox's pity by saying, 'Dear Fox, have pity on a poor old Wolf who has nothing to put between his teeth! Out of your charity give me one of your hens!'

'Not I,' replied the Fox, 'I have been at too much trouble to get them. Work as I do, and you will earn some too.'

'And what work hast thou done?'

'What have I done, dear Mister Nikóla? I have been to church and helped the parson sing *Kyrie Eleison*, and in return he has given me these loaves and birds. Go thou, and sing the *Kyrie Eleison*, and thou wilt surely receive good pay for thy trouble.'

'Is that all true, Mistress Fox?'

'Why, my dear Mister Nikóla, do you think I would tell thee lies? It is the simple truth!'

The poor Wolf ran straight to the church and began

to sing. But they threw stones at him and chased him with sticks. Quite crestfallen, Mister Nikóla came back to the deceitful Fox, reproached her bitterly with having misled him, and told her that he had no sooner entered the church than there had been a hue and cry after him.

The Fox pretended to be greatly surprised at this, and she said to the Wolf,

'Let me hear how thou didst sing.'

'*Kývgoude daïson! Kývgoude daïson!*' howled the Wolf.

'*Aï*, my dear Mr. Nikóla,' cried the Fox, 'thy tongue is much too thick. That is why they drove thee away. They like a clear and delicate voice.'

'Well, what must I do to make mine so?' asked the Wolf.

'Go and stretch out thy tongue over an anthill; a host of ants will come out and make it more slender.'

The idiot of a Wolf followed the advice of his sly gossip, and the ants riddled his tongue till it was like a sieve. He then went to the church and sang in a hoarse voice his *Kyrie Eleison;* and again they drove him away with sticks.

He went once more to complain to Mistress Fox of this treatment. The Fox, anxious to get rid of him at any price, said,

'Thy tongue is still too thick, dear Mr. Nikóla. The people at the church didn't like thy voice, and that is why they drove thee away. But listen to the wise counsel of a friend. If thou really wouldst have a tongue slender enough for that, go into the village and look for a blacksmith. Place thy tongue on the anvil at the moment when he is going to strike the iron, and he will flatten it with his hammer.'

Again the Wolf took the Fox's advice, and without stopping to reflect—like the big silly he was—he went to the blacksmith's. When the blacksmith turned round to see who had entered his shop, he saw a great Wolf with his tongue stretched on the anvil. He immediately seized his biggest hammer, brought it down *crash!* on the poor beast's head, and stretched him dead on the ground.

THE BALDHEADED YOUTH.[52]

Messenia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 273.)

THERE was once an old man and an old woman, and they had a baldheaded son. When he grew up they married him. So there he sat, a bridegroom, as prim as you please.[a]

When they had eaten up all the wedding loaves, they kneaded a cake and sent it to the bakehouse. The old man bade the bald youth go fetch the cake home. Said he,

'A bald boy am I, and affected and shy,
With my nose to the ground,
Which I sweep all around!'

Said the old man, 'Go thou, bride, and bring the cake!'

'A brideling am I, and affected and shy,
With my nose to the ground,
Which I sweep all around!'

replied the bride.

'Go thou, old woman!'

'An old woman I, and affected and shy,
With my nose to the ground,
Which I sweep all around!'

replied the old woman.

After a little while the bald youth went. He brought the cake, and set it down to cool.

[a] The affectedly constrained manners which custom imposes on Greek brides and bridegrooms are here caricatured. 'As affected as a bride' is a proverbial saying.

A Fox, passing by, saw the cake, seized it, and fled. She ate the crumb, and left only the crust. She found also a skin of wine, and drank it all. She then filled the cake-crust with mud, and the skin with water,[a] and went on and on, till she came upon a Shepherd with his sheep. The Fox called to him,

'Shepherd, Shepherd! call up your dogs and your hounds so that they may not worry me! For I have brought you a new cake and a skin of wine in exchange for your fattest Lamb!'

Said he, 'Hang them up on the hook.'

The Fox goes and chooses the best Lamb, takes it, and makes off. The Shepherd goes to eat the cake, and finds it full of dirt, and the skin full of water.

'Ah! how she has done me!'

He calls his dogs and his hounds, but how is he to catch her now that she has got such a start?

The Fox goes to her earth, leaves there the Lamb, and says to it,

'I am going to fetch you some nicey, nicey, coldy water, and freshy, freshy grassy' (for the Fox was a fibber). And she forbade it to open the door to anyone, and went away.

Presently a Wolf, scenting the Lamb, went and knocked at the door, and said in a very gruff voice,

'Open, for your mother has come, and she has brought you nicey, nicey, coldy water, and freshy, freshy grassy.'

The Lamb heard the Wolf's gruff voice, and knowing it was not the Fox, it replied, 'You are not my mother, but the Wolf who would eat me. I shall not open.'

The Wolf goes to the Gipsy, and gets him to cleave his tongue, and then comes back again to the Lamb.

[a] A coarse detail is here omitted.

'Open, for your mother has come!'

'Put your little foot through the little hole that I may see.'

The Wolf tries, but his foot is too large.

'You are not my little mother, but the Wolf who would eat me!'

He sets off again to the Gipsy, and gets him to split his foot. When he came back he put it through the hole, and the Lamb opened to him. When the Wolf was in, he said,

'Come now, and let us dance, and whoever wearies first, the other shall eat him.'

What could the Lamb do? She set to, and they danced, and danced, till she was tired. The Wolf ate one of her little feet. They danced again, and the Lamb grew tired, and the Wolf ate another; and so on until he had eaten all four. Then he sat down and ate her up, put the bones in the skin, stuffed it with straw, set it up on the settle, and went off.

Presently the Fox comes home. She knocks and shouts, but who was there to open? Finally she resolves to get in through the roof. She looks about, and when she sees her Lamb eaten, she comes out and goes to seek the Wolf in order to pay him out. She meets him on the road.

'Hallo! Dame Maria!'

'Glad to see you, gossip Nikóla. Let us go, gossip, to the Parson's cellar where there is no end of dried meat, and we may eat till we are satisfied.'

'Hearest thou that?'[a] replied the Wolf.

So they went to the Parson's cellar, crept in at a little hole, and were soon busy with the parson's dried meat and his fine flour. The Wolf fell upon the meat, and

[a] Ἀκούς ἐκεῖ; meaning, 'I should think so!' or 'rather!'

ate, and ate till he was so stuffed that he couldn't move. The Fox ate a little flour, put some in her sack, and then began to dance about, singing,

'In the Parson's well-stocked cellar,
Is the place where I would find me,
See the Wolf the meat devour,
And the Fox enjoy the flour!'

The *Papá*, hearing the noise and the singing, awoke the *Papadhiá*. They each seize a club and hasten to the cellar. As soon as the Fox saw them, she gave a spring, crept through the hole, and made off. The Wolf was about to follow her, but how could he get through when he was so stuffed? They began upon him, first one, and then the other, till they had made salt meat of him, and at last he got out at the door, but in a sorry state.

When the Fox had got out, she went and bathed in a pool, and then rubbed herself in some red earth so that she might appear bloody. She then went to her hole, heated water in a cauldron till it was boiling hot, and then put the cauldron outside the door, spread over it a covering to make it look like a sofa, and then went to seek the Wolf.

'Why, gossip! what a mishap we had!'

'What happened to *thee?* They made *me* into salted meat!'

'Me?—seest thou not the state I am in? But let us go outside and sit on the sofa.'

They went out, and the Fox with much politeness said, 'There, pray get up on the sofa.' The Wolf went to seat himself, and fell into the boiling water, and was scalded to death. The Fox looked in [and said],

'Art thou comfortable now? It was thou who ate my Lamb!'

[Another version terminates as follows. As the Fox is going to seek the Wolf, she sees coming along the road a cart laden with fish. She lies down and pretends to be dead. The driver sees her.]

'*Bré*,' says he, 'I'll make a fine fur jacket out of her skin!' and he throws the Fox on the cart. She ate, and ate of the fish, and filled her little sack, and after a while took a spring—and catch her if you can! She went home to her earth and hung the fish up over the door. Going out, she meets the Wolf.

'Hallo, Dame Maria, how art thou? I hope thou art well?' [said the Wolf].

'Pretty well, gossip Nikóla, wilt thou come to my house?' says she. 'But mind thou look not up when thou art inside, or needles will fall into thine eyes!'

So they go to her earth, but the Wolf was not able to refrain, and raising his eyes, what did he see?

'Why, gossip,' said he, 'where didst thou get those fish?'

'I went to the sea and caught them.'

'How didst thou catch them?—Could I catch some too?'

'Why not,' said she. 'Come, and I'll show thee how.'

She leads our good Wolf down to the seashore, hangs a jar round his neck—to put the fish in, perhaps—and pushes him into the water. The Wolf shouts,

'Dame Maria! where are the fish?'

'Further out, go where it is deeper,' replied the Fox.

The Wolf went further, and was drowning, and the Fox called out to him, 'It was thou who ate my Lamb, and now I have paid thee out!'

[In some versions the story ends here. Another version continues:]

The Fox left the Wolf in the sea, and went away. There passed by a Raven, the Wolf shouted to him, 'Come, Raven, and save me!' But the Raven went on his way. There passed by a Donkey. 'Come, Donkey, and save me!' The Donkey went near, gave a kick to the jar and broke it into a thousand pieces. Then the Wolf came out and ate the Donkey!

BIG MATSÍKO.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 681.)

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three daughters. Word came to him to go to the wars, and he was very anxious about leaving his daughters alone.

Said his daughters to him, 'What is the matter, father, that you are so sad?'

'What is the matter, my children?—word has come to me to go to the wars.'

'Go, father, with an easy mind. There lives close by here an old woman, who is great at jokes, and sometimes she tells us stories and amuses us. We will invite her to come and stay with us till you come back from the wars, and the time will not seem long.'

The King sent and called the old woman. He said to her, 'Mother, wilt thou stay here with my children till I come back from the wars?'

'*Bá!* what do I hear, my long-lived King?—will I stay?—of course I will stay! Go, my King, and have no anxiety about your daughters. I will amuse them, and take them to walk in the garden, only go, my King, with your mind at ease!'

The King went and made ready, and set off to the wars. The old woman came and stayed with the girls. She stayed two or three days, and then she got bored.[a] One day she arose, and went down to the garden, and walked about here and there, and was a long time before she went upstairs again to the Princesses. They waited

[a] Σεκλετίζω from the Turkish *siqlet vermek*, 'to be bored.'

dinner for her, and waited long. Where could she be? Presently she came.

'*Ach!* mother,' said they to her, 'why are you so late, and we dying of hunger?'

'*Aï!* what shall I say, my children?—I can't always stay here; I am bored; but if I don't come at the proper time, do you eat, and keep some for me.'

So every day, whenever she wanted to go out walking, she came back when she liked, and the Princesses made no remark. One day, when she had gone into the garden, she walked down to the very end, and there she stepped on a stone which moved under her.

'*Ví!*' cried she, 'what can there be here that the stone moves?'

She raised the stone, and saw a staircase. She went down a few steps, and saw that there were many more. But it was already late in the day.

'I'll go back now,' said she, 'and get up very, very early in the morning, and go down here and see what there is.'

She goes up into the palace, finds the Princesses, tells them stories, and passes the time charmingly for them. They went to sleep early; and she got up very, very early, went down into the garden and found the stairs, went down, down several steps and came to a great courtyard; she walked a few paces along the courtyard and then saw at a distance a palace.

'*Bá!*' said she, 'what palace is that?—I'll go nearer and see.'

She went nearer, and saw that the palace was very splendid, but no human being was to be seen. She went up, and called out,

'*Aï!* masters! is there no one here?' Then she peeps about, and sees in a corner an old man cooking.

'*Bá!* Good day, gaffer!' she says to him.

'Welcome!' replied the old man. 'How didst thou get here?'

'*Aï!* my Fate brought me, what does it matter? What's thy name, my gaffer?'

'Big Matsíko,' said he.

'*Vi!* Big Matsíko, mayst thou live long! What a fine name, poor fellow! But what art doing here?'

'Dost not see?—cooking!'

'But who is to eat?'

'*Aï!* who is to eat?—my masters!'

'But who are thy masters?'

'Three Princes, very handsome ones.'

'And where are the Princes now?'

'They are out hunting.'

'But, my Big Matsíko, let us have something to eat, for poor I am hungry.'

He served some food, and the two sat down to eat, and they drank a little wine besides. Then she said to him,

'Hastn't thou a little honey to give me?'

'Well, I have, but it is down at the bottom of the jar, for it is about finished.'

'*Aï!* let us go now, and thou can give me a little to eat!'

He went and took a spoon and a plate. He went in front, and she followed behind to see where he would go. He came to the place where the honey was, and as he was scraping up the honey, she gave him a push, and he fell head foremost into the jar.[a] She ran off as fast as she could, and went up to the Princesses. They asked her why she was so late.

'*Aï!* what can I do, my children? I met some of my

[a] Such immense jars are still used in the East for storing olive-oil, etc.

gossips, and they kept me talking, and we had something to eat. But now take your frames and embroider, and I will take my spindle and tell you stories.'

Let us now leave these, and let us go to the unlucky old man. The Princes came home, and called,

'Big Matsíko. Big Matsíko!'

But where was Big Matsíko? They searched here, and searched there, and after a time they came to the place where the honey jar was, and saw him stuck in it. They pulled him and got him out.

'*Bré*, Big Matsíko! how didst thou fall into the jar?'

'*Ná!* how did I fall? I went to get some honey to make you a sweet dish, and my foot slipped and I fell into the jar.'

'Come then, go wash thyself, and serve the dinner.'

He went and got ready the dinner for them, and they lay down and slept. In the morning they arose and went a-hunting. When a little time had passed, back comes the old woman again.

'Good day to thee, my Big Matsíko!'

'Mayst thou perish, Witchhag!'

'*Ví!* my Big Matsíko! as if I did it on purpose! When I saw thee slip, could I pull thee out? I—an old woman?'

'*Aï!* but don't do such a thing to me again!'

'Certainly not, my Big Matsíko. What did thy masters say?'

'*Ná!* they scolded me—what should they say?'

'Come now, let us have something to eat, and let us drink a little wine, and then I will go.'

When they had eaten well, and drunk some wine, she said to him,

'Tell me true, Big Matsíko, where dost thou see thy masters from when they are coming back?'

'*Ná!* Let us go upstairs and walk about the palace, and I will show thee whence I see my masters when they are coming.'

She went upstairs, and what did she see?—three chambers in a row, splendidly furnished, with their beds, the Princes' beds, with silken sheets and golden coverlets.

'*Aï!* now I have seen so many wonderful things, take me and show me whence thou seest thy masters when they are returning home.'

'*Ná!* dost see that little window high up there? I put a ladder there and see them coming.'

'O do get up now, and see if they are coming, lest they happen to find me here!'

He placed the ladder, and climbed up to the window. But when he had taken hold of the window-sill to look out, she knocked down the ladder, went downstairs, threw a handful of salt into every dish, and arose and fled.

The Princes came home and called,

'Big Matsíko! Big Matsíko! Where art thou?'

'He-e-e-re!' he replied from where he hung on the window.

'Where can he be calling from?' They look here, and look there, and presently they see him hanging from the window.

'*Bré!* how didst thou get up there?' they ask him.

'Why, I got up to see if you were coming, and the ladder fell down, and I remained hanging up here.'

'Ah?—well, serve the dinner,' they said, as they placed the ladder for him to come down.

He served the dinner. But the dishes were so horribly salt, that they were uneatable.

'What has happened to that Big Matsíko?' said the

Princes, 'now he tumbles here, and now there; we must look out for someone else, he is useless, he is in his dotage.'

They dined as well as they could, and lay down and slept.

Said the old woman to the Princesses, 'My Princesses, will you give me a bundle-wrap,[a] a shirt, a girdle, and a gold broidered scarf, as my niece is going to be married, that the bride may wear them, and afterwards I will bring them back.'

'*Bá*, never mind that, mother, take them as a present from us to your niece.'

They gave her all she asked for; she took besides a razor, a jar of cosmetic, a jar of rouge, and a little glass of sleeping draught, and arose and went to the steps. She left the bundle on the steps and went down and came to Big Matsíko.

'Good day, my Big Matsíko! How art thou?'

'Mayst thou perish, old Witchhag!'

'*Oú! Oú!* my Big Matsíko! Dost not know?—When I heard the ladder fall, I thought it was thy masters firing their guns, and coming home, and I scratched my head and made for my own vineyard; and now I hardly liked to come, I was so ashamed, but I said, "I'll go and beg his pardon!"'

'Well, come, but don't do such crazy things again!'

'*Aï!* now, my Big Matsíko, let us eat, and drink a little wine, and then I will go, for I am quite faint.'

She got over him, and he served some food. While he was serving the food, she found means to pour the sleeping draught into Big Matsíko's wine. As soon as he had drunk his wine, he grew stiff, and fell stretched on the floor. She lifted him gently in her arms, and

[a] The Turkish *boghtcha*, the primitive portmanteau.

laid him in the bed of the youngest Prince. This done, she went and fetched the bundle which she had left [on the stairs], shaved off his moustaches, whitened his face, rouged his cheeks, dyed his eyebrows, decked him out in the gold embroidered clothes she had brought, covered him with the embroidered kerchief, and went away.

The Princes came in the evening, and called, 'Big Matsíko! Big Matsíko!' But no Big Matsíko was to be seen.

'*Bré!* what the devil can have become of Big Matsíko?—he can't have fallen into the well, surely?' They searched here and they searched there, till they wearied; and then they supped and went to bed. They began, according to a custom they had, the second to undress the eldest, the youngest to undress the second, while the third was undressed by Big Matsíko. But since Big Matsíko was not to be found, he resolved to undress himself and go to sleep. He took the candle to go to his chamber, but as soon as the light fell on the bed, something sparkled.

'*Bré!* what can this be?—perhaps a Nereid who has come to sleep in my bed?' He went out again, for he was frightened. He went to his brothers, and said, 'There is something in my chamber, and I am afraid to go in.'

'*Bá!* what is it?' asked his brothers.

'*Ná!* it must be some Nereid.'

His brothers got up and went in. They lifted the sheet, and what did they see?—Big Matsíko! At first they were angry, but soon they began to split their sides with laughing, and they said, 'We must find out what this mystery is. Now we find him in the honey-jar, now hanging on the wall, and now in this state—something is going on.'

They took hold of him, the one by his arms, and the other by his legs, and put him in his own room. The Princes threw him down there somewhere, and went to sleep. In the morning Big Matsíko got up, stared at the golden clothes he was wearing, and was going to stroke his moustaches, but — where were his moustaches?

'Ah!' said he. 'Did my masters see me in this state? If that horrid old woman comes again, *I'll kill her!*'

The Princes awoke in the morning, and called to Big Matsíko, 'Come here and tell us what is all this which has been going on so long?'

'What shall I tell you?—There is an old woman who comes, and with her wheedlings she, one way or another, does what she has done to me. But now, if she comes again, I have a great mind to beat her and drive her away.'

'No!' said the Princes, 'don't beat her, or drive her away. At what hour does she come?'

'*Ná!* in about an hour she may come.'

'Then we won't go out hunting to-day. We will stay at home and see where she comes from, and why she plays thee these tricks.'

So the Princes remained at home, and hid themselves. The old woman came down, and came in.

'Good day, Big Matsíko!'

'Good day, indeed! and very good day! Thou hast made me a laughing stock, and I haven't the face to look at my masters!'

'There thou art again! Face or no face, I only did it to make those poor Princes laugh. All day long they are all alone without a woman in the house, to say a sweet word to them. That is why I did it—to make

them laugh, and not because I had any grudge against thee, only so as to make thy masters laugh.'

When she had said this, *pop!* out came the three Princes and surrounded her.

'Come now, dame, and we will judge thee,' said the eldest. When she saw him, she trembled. 'Whence comest thou, and why art thou always pulling Big Matsíko's nose?'

'I will tell you, my long-lived King, plainly and frankly, for I don't know fine phrases. Such and such a King who has gone to the wars, left me to take care of his daughters, for they are three Princesses the sight of whom would make you lose your wits. They read, and embroider, and I walk about here and there, for I get bored. One day, when I was walking in their garden, I went very near the end and saw a stone which rocked——' And she told them all the story.

'Canst thou trick the Princesses and bring them here, that we may see them?'

'*Bá!* I will bring them, only you must hide yourselves, and see them without their seeing you.'

'Very well, we will hide, but we shall expect thee to come back with the Princesses, that we may see them.'

Then the old woman went up to the palace, and one way or another she got over them—'My Princesses! get up and let us go and walk a little, it is so fine'—and she persuaded them, and they went down to the garden. As they were walking there, she contrived to tread on the stone which moved.

'*Bá!* this stone moves! What can it be? Let us go and see what is going on below!'

'*Po! po! po!* we are afraid to go!' said the Princesses, 'do you go!'

'*Aï!* let us all go; I will go with you; what is there

to fear, if I am with you?' and at last she quite persuaded them, and they all went down, and walked in the great courtyard, and went up to the palace.

'*Po! po! po!*' cried the Princesses, 'let us go back, we are afraid!'

'*Kalé*, no! let us go in, there is nobody there!'

The Princes saw them from a distance, and were amazed at their beauty. When they had gone upstairs and were walking about, *pop!* the Princes appeared. Then they were frightened. But the Princes said to them,

'Don't be afraid, for we are Princes, and know how to behave to Princesses.'

Then said the old woman, 'Listen to me, and let me tell you. The eldest [Prince] must marry the eldest [Princess], the second the middle one, the youngest the little one, and I will marry my Big Matsíko! Not at once, however, but when the King comes back from the wars.'

The King came back from the wars; and the Princes went and asked him for the Princesses. Then music and drums and great rejoicings, and the three Princesses kept four weddings. And they lived happy and contented. And we happier!

THE TRIPE.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 17.)

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago, there was an old man and an old woman. Said the old woman to the old man,

'It is now many months that we have eaten nothing but bread and olives. Go, my dear, this evening and buy a little tripe that I may cook it to-morrow, which is Sunday, and we will feast like lords, and forget our poverty.'

So the old man goes to the shambles to buy it for her. She puts it in a dish, and goes down to the sea to clean it. While she was washing it, there swooped down an eagle, took it out of the dish, and flew away, without her seeing who had taken it. The poor old woman looked on this side and on that, sought the tripe here, and sought it there, but couldn't find it. At last she sees the Eagle carrying it off to the mountain to eat it. So frightened was she lest her husband should beat her, that she bit her nails to get it back. But she had to be careful how she set about it. She goes to the Eagle.

'Eagle mine, Eagle mine, give me back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat me!'

'Didst thou ever give me a chicken to eat?' said he.

The old woman goes away to the Hen.

'Henny mine, Henny mine, give me a chicken to take to the Eagle, and the Eagle will give back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat me!'

'Didst thou ever throw corn to me?' said she.

So she goes away to the Miller.

'Miller, Miller, give me a little grain. The grain is for the Hen, that the Hen may give a chicken for the Eagle, and the Eagle give me back my tripe so that my old man may not beat me!'

'And didst thou ever bring me a broom to sweep out my mill with?'

So she went to the Broom-tree.

'Broom-tree mine! Broom-tree mine! Give me a branch or two to make a broom. The broom is for the mill, that the Miller may give me grain; the grain is for the Hen, that she may give me a chicken; the chicken is for the Eagle, that he may give me back my tripe so that my old man may not beat me!'

'Didst thou ever water me?'

She goes away, and climbs a high mountain, and says, 'O Skies! O my dear Skies! throw me down a little water for the Broom-tree that she may give me a branch or two. The branches are for the Miller, that he may give me grain; the grain is for the Hen, that she may give me a chicken; the chicken is for the Eagle that he may give me back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat me!'

'Didst thou ever burn incense to propitiate me?' asked the Skies.

So she went to the Incense-seller.

'Incense-seller! Incense-seller mine! Give me a little incense for Heaven, that it may give me water for the Broom-tree and the Broom-tree may give me a branch or two. The branches are for the mill, that the Miller may give me grain; the grain is for the Hen, that she may give me a chicken; the chicken is for the Eagle that he may give me back my tripe, so that my old man may not beat poor me!'

'And didst thou ever bring me a Maiden to kiss?'

She goes away to the Maiden.

'Maiden mine! Maiden mine! give me a kiss for the Incense-seller, that he may give me some incense. The incense is for Heaven,' etc.

'And didst thou ever bring me a pair of slippers to wear?' said she.

So the old woman goes away to the Shoemaker.

'O Cobbler mine! Cobbler mine! give me a pair of slippers to take to the Maiden, that the Maiden may give me a kiss. The kiss is for the Incense-seller,' etc., etc.

'Am I to give them to thee without payment?'

So she goes to the Coiner.

'O Coiner mine, Coiner mine! give me two or three *paras*[a] for the Shoemaker, that he may give me the shoes for the Maiden,' etc., etc.

'And didst thou ever bring me a whetstone to sharpen my tools, that I should make *paras* for thee?'

Then the old woman gave it up, and went home to her old man, and he laid the stick on her.

[a] The fortieth part of a piastre, the smallest Turkish coin, worth about a quarter of a farthing.

THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Milos.

(*Νεοελ. Ἀνάλ.*, A. 2.)

HERE begins the story, good-evening to you!

Once upon a time there was a poor old woman, and she set out to gather sticks, so as to have a store for the winter, poor creature. As she went looking for sticks she came out on some untilled land, and on the edge of the untilled land at the foot of a mountain she saw a house. While she picked up wood, a shower came on, so the poor old woman, not to get wet, ran into that house. No sooner was she inside, than she saw Twelve most beautiful Youths.

'Good day, *pallikars*,' said she to them.

'Welcome, old woman,' say they, 'how dost thou happen to be here in such bad weather?'

'Alas, my sons, I am a poor woman, and I came to gather two or three sticks for the winter which is coming; for, my sons, mine is a poor tumble-down cottage, and the wind comes in, and the rain, and the cold.'

Then says one of them to her, 'Wilt not tell us, dame, which of all the months is the worst?'

'Ah, my son, none of the months is bad. Each has its fair and its foul [side].

All the months are good [believe];
All my blessing shall receive.'

'But that cannot be, dame. Tell us now if January is as good as May, for instance?'

'My sons,' says the old woman, 'if January did not rain and make bad weather, May would not have his flowers. Why shall I say?—

All the months are good [believe];
All my blessing shall receive.'

Then they say to her, 'Hast thou not a double sack,[a] my old woman?' The old woman gave them the sack which she had brought to put wild herbs in, and they filled it for her with gold coins up to the mouth. The old woman takes it and goes back to her village. When her sister saw that she no longer lived in poverty, but spent gold pieces, she said to her,

'I say, sister, wilt not tell me where thou found all those sequins?'

She sat down and told her all the story. The next day, she gets up, looks for the biggest sack, and takes it as if she were going to gather wild herbs. She goes —not to make a long story of it—and finds the same house and the Twelve Youths within. She enters, salutes them, and sits down. Say they, 'What has brought thee here, dame?'

'I came,' said she, 'to gather two sticks, for now comes the bad and cold month of January, which I would that never came, for it makes me shrink into my shell.'

'But which month pleases thee, dame?' they ask then.

'None, they are all bad and cold to me! Which can I call good?—hirplin February?[b]—or fickle March—March the stake-burner?[c]—All the rest are fire and flame!'

[a] A kind of saddle-bag carried over the shoulder.

[b] Κουτσό, lame of one leg. So called because shorter than the other months.

[c] The store of winter fuel being exhausted by February, a cold March obliges the peasants to burn their fences.

Then said they, 'Hast thou a sack?'

She joyfully replied, 'I have.'

'Give it to us.' They took it and filled it to the mouth with every kind of reptile—vipers, frogs, and lizards, and all that the black earth possesses. They give it to her and say,

'When thou comest to thy house, shut the doors and windows, and then open the sack.'

The old woman takes it with great joy, goes to her house, shuts herself in, and opens the sack. Immediately all the snakes spring out, and tear in pieces the unhappy woman for being an impertinent chatterbox.

I was not there, and neither were you, so you need not believe it!

THE CATS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 335.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a poor old beggar-woman, and all day long she wandered about asking for alms, and at night she went home to her little hut, and rested. But one day it happened that no one gave her anything, it was all—'May God relieve thee!'[a] It grew dark, the poor creature returned home, went in, it was all dark; hungry and weary, what was she to do? She tossed and turned, she could neither lie still nor sleep, and her stomach played the drum. So she took her stick, and determined to go out again. She tramped, and tramped, and knew not where she went; all the doors were shut, and there was darkness everywhere. At a distance she saw a light, a long way off. Said she,

'What can there be there, perchance it is some wedding. I'll go and see!'

She goes up and sees a great door; she knocks and knocks, but nobody opens, and not a soul speaks. She begins to knock louder still. Then the door opens, and she sees appear before her a black Tom-cat. He said to her,

'*Mar-mour, mar-mar?*'

'Give me an alms, my gentleman!'

Another Tom-cat rushes up, and says to the porter, the black cat,

[a] 'Ο θεὸς νὰ σ' ἐλεήσῃ! The common formula when refusing alms to a beggar.

'*Maou ! maou !*'

The old woman hurries up, 'Give me an alms, my gentlemen !'

Said the Tom-cat who was on the stairs, '*Mar-mar-mar-mar !*' She made as if she would go upstairs, and as no one spoke to her, she went up. She came into a great room, and there were opposite two sofas all embroidered with gold, and on each sofa sat a great Tabby-cat ; the one on the one sofa was white, and the one on the other was brindled. One, the white one, had a beautiful *tchibouk* of jasmine, and was smoking ; and the other, the brindled one, had a *narghileh* set with diamonds and coral, and she was smoking. When the old woman came in she made a reverence and said,

'Give me an alms, my ladies, for I am dying of hunger.'

Said one of the Cats to the other, '*Mar-mar ? Mar-mour ?*'

Then, '*Mar-mar-mar,*' said the other.

Then said the Cat which was on the stairs,

'Go and bring a sack from thy house.'

The poor creature went ; she had no sack at her house, and she went to a poor neighbour and begged hers.

'What dost want it for ?' she asked.

'They are going to give me a little flour, and I want a sack to put it in.'

She took the sack, went back, and they put some sequins in it and gave it back to her. She put it on her shoulder, thanked them, and left. She went home, emptied out the sequins into an old chest which she had, took back the sack to her neighbour, and went away. Then the old woman puts her hand into the sack to see what it had had in it, and finds in the run

of the sack a sequin. She takes the sequin and goes to the old woman, and says to her,

'Where didst thou find the sequins?'

'What sequins?' she replied.

'*Ná!* those thou put'st in the sack.'

'*Kalé!* I didn't put any sequins in, my Christian,' said she.

'Either thou'lt tell me where thou found'st them, or I will go and say at the Court that thou art a thief.'

Then the old woman was afraid, and said to her, 'There, in that house,' which she pointed out, 'I went, and they gave them to me.'

Then she lost no time, folded up her sack, and—one, two, three,—she was at the palace. She knocks and knocks at the door; the black Tom-cat opens.

'*Ví!* May'st thou burn! *Ná!*[a] How he startled me, opening the door like a human!'

Then up comes the other Tom-cat who was on the stairs—'*Mar? Mar? Mar? Mar?*'

'*Ví!* and be hanged to you!' Then she came in and mounted the stairs and entered the room where the great Tabby Cats were, and when she saw them smoking *tchibouks* [she cried], '*Ví!* Here's a go! Why—they're smoking *narghilehs*, *tchibouks!* But who will catch mice in here?'

Said the big Cats, '*Máou! máou! máou?*'

Said she, 'Now I will go and learn cat-language, and come and talk to you!' and she split her sides with laughing.

Then the other Cat who was on the staircase turned and said to her, 'What dost thou want?'

'*Ná!* I want you to fill my sack full of *liras*, as you filled the other old woman's, or else I will go and

[a] The gesture of the *phaskelon* accompanies this exclamation. See p. 154.

accuse her at the Court with being a thief, and have her put in prison.'

Then said the big Cats to the Cat on the stairs, '*Máou, máou, mamáou!*'

The old woman did nothing but laugh and split her sides, and say, 'Ah, my son, let them look out when such a cat as thou goes for them!'

Said the Cat on the stairs to her, 'Give me thy sack, and I will go and fill it with sequins.'

He took it, and went down to the cellar, and put in what his mistresses had bidden him, tied it up tightly, and gave it to her, saying,

'Here, dame, are sequins, but it will not do for the stars to see them; thou must go alone into thy house, shut the door well, undress thyself, and then open the bag with the sequins.'

She took them, said 'Good-night,' burst out laughing, and went off. She went into her house, fastened her door and window, undressed herself as he bade her, and then untied her sack. As soon as she had untied it, there rushed out snakes, creeping things, and beetles; and the snakes wound themselves round her neck and throttled her, and devoured her, and there remained only her skeleton.

The other poor woman could not sleep all night for fear that this one might accuse her. So she waited for her neighbour to open her door and her window; but neither door nor window was opened. Then she went softly, softly, and opened the door, and saw her stretched dead on the floor. Then she pulled-to the door softly again, and shut it, and arose and fled to her own little house. And she took her sequins, and all her clothes, and left that house and went to another place, and built another little house, and spent a golden old age. But neither you nor I was there, so you needn't believe it!

THE STORY OF THE BAD COMPANIONS.

(Sakellários, II., p. 357.)

Once upon a time the Cock determined to go to the Holy Sepulchre and become a Pilgrim, and he said to the Hen,

'Shall we go and become *Hadjís*?'

'Let us go,' said the Hen, 'Cock the prior, Hen the prioress, let us set off and go.'

They went a little way, and met a Partridge.

'Good day, Partridge!'

'Glad to see you, Cock and Hen, and where may you be going for your good?'

'We are going to become Pilgrims; wilt thou come too?'

'I'll come! Cock the prior, Hen the prioress, and the singing Partridge, let us set off and go.'

They went a little further and met a goose.

'Good day, Goose!'

'Good day to you, and where are you going?'

'We are going to become Pilgrims; wilt thou come with us?'

'I will. Cock the prior, Hen the prioress, the singing Partridge, and the fluffy Goose—let us set off and go.'

They went a little further and met a Fox.

'Good day, Fox!'

'Good day to you, and where are you going for your good?'

'We are going to become Pilgrims; wilt thou come with us?'

'Indeed I will. Cock the prior, Hen the prioress,

the singing Partridge, the fluffy Goose, and the cunning Fox—let us set off and go.'

As they went, night came on, and the Fox ate the Goose.

'Where is the Goose? Where is she?' they asked.

'She has flown away,' replied the Fox. 'Come, let us set off and go.'

The next night he ate the Partridge.

'Where is the Partridge? Where is she?' again they asked.

'She has flown away,' again replied the Fox. 'Come along and let us be off.'

The next night he ate the Hen.

'Where is the Hen? Where is she?' asked the Cock.

'She has flown away,' again replied the Fox.

'But does a Hen fly?'

'She does,' said the Fox to him, 'and now thou wilt see that thou wilt fly too!' And he fell upon him and ate the Cock too.

The moral of this story is that one should be careful in choosing one's companions.

SUBSECTION III.—STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF FILIAL LIFE.

THE RIDDLES, OR, THE DEVOTED DAUGHTER.

Peloponnesos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα*, A. 8.)

ONCE upon a time and a long time ago, there was a King. This King had an elder brother who was married, and this King's brother had a daughter, beautiful as an angel, and both clever and witty. One day the Devil put it into the head of the King that this elder brother of his sought to kill him, and take away his kingdom from him. As soon as this idea had taken possession of him, he ordered his soldiers at once to seize his unfortunate brother, and cast him into a dark tower; and there keep him without food till he should die of hunger.

As he bade them, so they did. They took him, and threw him into a dark prison in which he could not see even his finger.

The daughter of the King's brother, seeing that her father was put without cause and unjustly into prison, at once suspected that the King designed some evil against him; and she gave here, and she gave there[a] till she learnt that the King had made up his mind to let her father die of hunger in the prison. At once she hastens to the King, and says to him,

[a] *I.e.*, bribed.

'My lord King, I will ask thee to do me but one favour—let me go twice a day to see my father in the prison where they have placed him.'

The King, (thinking that) no harm could result, granted her leave, but gave at the same time orders to his soldiers to search her well whenever she came into the prison, lest perchance she might bring bread or other food to her father; and he told them to make a hole in the prison wall through which the father and daughter might talk.

The maiden, seeing that she had succeeded in saving her father from death, went at once to the bath and bathed. This brought out her milk,[53] and she went to her father in the prison. She put her breast through the hole, and told him to suck. Thus she did every day and her father had need of no other food.

When the King saw that so much time had passed, and his brother had not died of hunger, he suspected that his niece must do something magical to nourish him. So he gives orders to his *gens d'armes*[a] not to let the maiden come to see her father at all, in spite of all she might say to them.

When the girl heard that the King had forbidden her to see her father, she was ready—what shall I say?—to burst with grief, for she saw that all her efforts were useless; her father to-day or to-morrow would die of hunger.

As she was walking sorrowfully along the road, not knowing what to do, she came a little way out of the town, and there she saw a farrier busy cutting open a dead mare.

'Health to you!' says she, 'what are you doing there, gossip?'

[a] Ντζαντάρμιδές.

'Eh, my lady,' says he to her, 'I am a poor man, and yesterday my mare, which was near foaling, died. I am taking the foal out, and then I shall skin the mare, and so gain a little money to buy another.'

'But,' says she, 'can the foal live?'

'*Bá*,' says he, 'do you see that pony down there running about like a fawn? I took him out in the same way now four years ago, from his mother's womb.'

The maiden, like a wide-awake girl as she was, when she heard this was ready to jump for joy, for a plan occurred to her for saving her father. So she takes and gives a hundred sequins to the farrier and buys the pony which had been taken out of its mother, and its mother's hide, and takes them as a present to the King, the pony for him to ride on, and the skin for him to sleep on,[54] asking the favour to be allowed to go again and see her father. The King, when he saw the pretty pony, gave her leave. One day when the King was out for a ride mounted on that little horse, lo! the maiden appears before him, takes the pony by the bridle and stops it, and says to the King,

'If thou sittest on one unborn, thou liest on his mother!'

When the King heard these words, he could not understand what they meant, and he begged the girl to explain them.

'I will, my King, explain my words if thou wilt give me my child, the husband of my mother; and when thou hast given him he will be my father; but if thou give him not he will still be my nursling.'

The King, being still more puzzled, told her to ask any favour she liked and explain her words. Then she asked him to let out of prison her father who unjustly

and without cause had been shut up so long. The King could not go back from his word, and he let her father out of prison ; and then she sat beside him [the King] and, one thing after another, she told him all the story. The King marvelled at her wit, and repented that he had put his brother in prison, for he now understood that all he had heard against him was falsehood and devilry. And so they lived happy. And we happier!

MODA.[a]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 544.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours! Once upon a time, there was a wealthy merchant, and he had a wife and two very handsome sons. But there came a time when he lost on every transaction. Said he to his wife,

'I don't know what to say, wife, everything goes now from bad to worse. The boys are growing up; I will leave them to keep thee company, and I will collect the little money we have left, and go and trade abroad. When I have gained some money, I will come back and settle our boys.'

So he decided, and sold all that he had. He left them some money to go on with, bade them good-bye, and set off. They waited, but neither did they hear news of him, nor yet did he return. Some years passed, and, careful though his wife was, they had eaten all they had. But the boys did not tell her that they were in such misery, for they did not wish to distress her. She was grieving for her husband, and if she should have to grieve for their poverty besides, she might die of sorrow. They told her that they went to school, but they went instead into the city, and worked, and in the evening they took home their purchases. But how could they earn enough to live well and also to buy themselves clothes? Much money was necessary.

[a] Μόδα=*μόδιος*=the sixth part of the Attic *μέδιμνος*=a bushel, the nickname of the hero of this story.

They pondered—what could they do? what could they do? At last the elder said to the younger,

'Thou must bind me, and sell me as a slave, so that we may get much money, and our mother may live comfortably. When our father comes back fortunate, he will redeem me.'

The younger wept, and was unwilling. He said,

'Thou hadst better sell me, and remain with our mother.'

'No,' said the elder, 'because thou hast coaxing ways, and the mother will be consoled by thee, for I am not good at coaxing.'

So they settled to go and tell their mother that the elder brother was going to seek his father. The old lady cried, and made a great fuss, but she gave him her blessing.

'Go, my boy, and come back with thy father.'

He took his mother's blessing, and his brother led him away and they went to the city. Then his brother bound him, and called out,

'Buy-y-y slaves!' all along the streets.

But nobody came out to ask for him, and they got tired and hungry. They passed by the Vizier's palace, and the brother cried,

'Buy slaves!'

The Vizier puts out his head upstairs, and says,

'How much dost thou want for the slave?'

He starts up and says, 'A bushel of sequins!'

'*Bá!*' said the Vizier, 'I'll give thee forty piastres.'

Up jumps the slave and says,

'Donkey! Buy thy father for forty piastres!'

When the Vizier heard the boy call him 'Donkey,' he wanted to cut off his head. But in order to cut off his head he must first buy him. So he gives a bushel

of sequins to his brother and buys him. He whispered to his brother not to let it be known that he was his brother, but to come sometimes and tell him how his mother was and his father. So he said good-bye, took the sequins, and went away, and his brother they took into the palace. They sent him to work in the garden. He worked hard, and they were all much pleased with him, and he became the gardener's right hand.

The Vizier had a very beautiful daughter. When she went down to walk [in the garden] Móda gave her the best of everything, and she liked him very much, and came often into the garden. And thus some time passed, and the Vizier's daughter became very fond of Móda. And it was Móda here, and Móda there, till the gardener began to understand, and he said to the Vizier,

'My Vizier, I would reveal something to you, but I fear that you will kill me. I must tell you that your daughter has taken a fancy to Móda.'

Then the Vizier called him, and gave him a basket of seeds of different kinds of fruit, pomegranates, and apricots and all sorts, and sent him to a far-away place in the midst of precipices, where he had an estate. Such a wild place it was, and such high mountains were there around that even a serpent would be torn in getting there. Said the Vizier then to Móda,

'Thou must take these seeds, and dig the ground and plant them, and in a year's time thou must bring me the fruit of every kind of which I have given thee. And if thou bring me not a basket filled with all those fruits, do not set foot in my palace, or thy head will go—I will cut it off!'

The unlucky Móda took the basketful of seeds with a cloth sewn over it, and went away. He had neither

money, nor tools, nor anything. He went on, and on, and on, and still on. By-and-by he grew weary, and went into a lovely church which was there, and slept. Then he saw in his dream an Old Man who said to him,

'Where goest thou, Móda?'

'*Aï!* where should I go?' and he told all his story.

Then he [the Old Man] said to him, 'When thou hast gone ten paces thou wilt see a mountain, and at the foot of the mountain a white slab. Raise this slab, and under it thou wilt find tools, take them, and go about thy business. I am thy mother's blessing, and I will be always near thee.'

Móda awoke, he looked around, like one dazed, for the Old Man, but saw no one. He got up, took his basket with the seeds, and set off. He went to the mountain, raised the slab, and there were the tools—axe, and saw, and everything. He took them just as they were, in the basket, on his shoulder, and went whither the Vizier had sent him. He saw a spot exceedingly rocky, which neither spade nor anything else could dig. Up above this spot there was plenty of earth, and he determined to throw it down, for remove the stones he could not. He worked day and night, and lighted fires to see by. Now and again the Old Man went and left him bread to eat without the boy's seeing him, and sometimes the youth found bread and sometimes other food, and he ate.

Let us now leave him to work, and let us go to the Vizier's daughter. She, when Móda left, had laid down to die of grief. Doctors and doctresses [came], but none of them could do her any good. Whenever the door gave a *kirr* and creaked [she would cry], 'Móda!' if anyone stepped in her room 'Móda!' At last it was

all 'Móda!' nothing else did she say. At the end of a year you might have seen daylight through her, she was so wasted! What to do they didn't know. For her parents had no other children. Móda they looked upon as lost, and said,

'There where he is gone, the wild beasts must have eaten him, and there's an end of him.'

As Móda was digging to plant the seeds which his master had given him, he saw a great vessel on the edge of the cliff. He threw a rope up to the vessel, and began to pull, pull, to throw it down. When the vessel fell, gold pieces rolled out of it. Móda looked more closely, and what did he see?

'*Bré!*' said he, 'now I have made my fortune!'

When he had laid out the garden, his first work was to plant the seeds, and they grew, and grew, till they were as tall as he. He picked up all the coins which had fallen out of the vessel and put them in a cave, and rose and went to a city, took tools, and masons, and set to and built a beautiful little palace. When the palace was built, he bought horses, and built stables. The trees he had planted bore fruit, and he gathered of them all and set off to return to the palace. When he arrived at the palace, and the Vizier's daughter heard the door creak, she cried, 'Móda! Móda!' and then indeed all the servants ran and said '[It is] Móda!'

The maiden who for so long had not moved now sat up in her bed for joy.

Then Móda went and offered the basket of fruit to the Vizier. When the Vizier saw him he was amazed.

'*Bré*, Móda!' he cried, 'art thou still alive?'

'I am alive, *Affendi*, and I have brought you the fruits from your garden.'

'Are those from the seeds I gave thee?'

'Certainly, from the seeds you gave me.'

'Thou liest, where didst thou plant them?—on the rocks belike, and they have grown into trees, and borne fruit?'

'If you don't believe me, *Affendi*, let us go, and you will see for yourself.'

Then his wife said to him, 'I will go, too, with my daughter for change of air.'

Then he said, 'I will come here to-morrow and we will go.' He went out, got into a carriage, and found to his surprise his mother, his father, and his brother at the little palace. The Old Man had taken them there. When they saw him at last they fell on his neck and said,

'Ah, my boy, what hast thou suffered for our sakes! But again thou seest how our blessing has brought thee luck.'

He said to them, 'Do you now make ready, and I will give you money, while I go to bring the Vizier and his daughter to dine here to-morrow.'

He took two golden coaches with four horses to each, and said,

'My Vizier, everything is ready for you to come to our poor house.'

The Vizier leant out of the window to look and what did he see?—golden coaches with four horses. He went downstairs with his daughter and with his wife into one coach, and Móda got into the other with two other men belonging to the palace, and they drove off.

Then the others came out to receive them. 'You are welcome!' The table was laid, and everything ready.

'Thou wert right,' said the Vizier, 'to ask a bushel of sequins.'

Then said his [the youth's] mother, 'What can I say, my Vizier? We were wealthy folk, and when my son was born, a Witch told me that if I wished him to live to twenty-two, I must sell him as a slave, otherwise he would die. So I put a stone in my heart, and resolved to sell him for a slave, and that has happened which has happened, as you know.'

His mother said all this because she had been advised to do so by the Old Man whom Móda had seen for the first time in his sleep, and afterwards saw when he was awake.

Then the Vizier turned and said to Móda's parents, 'I know not whether you will condescend to make my daughter your child.'

And so it was settled, and they held the wedding there, and they spent a happy life. But they did not go into the town, but remained in the country on the estate which the Vizier gave them for dowry.

Said the Vizier, '*This world is a wheel; lucky he who can turn it!*'

THE HANDSOME HALVA SELLER.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 540.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they had no children. At last they prayed to God to give them a child to comfort them in their old age. The Queen said,

'Let me have a child, and the next hour let me die.'

The Queen chanced to become pregnant in an evil hour, and after the child was born she died. The child was as beautiful as an angel, but scarcely had she seen it than she died. Imagine the grief of the poor King, who had not had time to rejoice at the birth of his child before he lost his wife. *Aï!* what was he to do now?—but, for the sake of his daughter, he took heart. As the girl grew up she became very lovely, and resembled her mother. The unfortunate King took care that she had nurses and nursemaids to bring her up and ever so many things. The King had a young Councillor, and this Councillor gave the Princess lessons, for she was always in her father's study. So fond was the King of her, and so good a daughter was she, that she could neither be happy without her father, nor her father without her.

But, you see, Kings cannot do all that they like, any more than their people can. And so there came a message to this King that he must go on a campaign, and he could not but go. When his daughter heard of it, she threw herself on his neck.

'My father! my father! thou canst not leave me, thou must take me with thee!'

'*Bré!* my good girl! *bré!* my naughty girl, that cannot be,' said her father. 'But I will leave thee my Councillor, and he will hear thee read and do everything else that is necessary for thee, and I will return safe, if it is God's will.'

When he had said this, he begged his Councillor to love her, and be kind to her; he embraced her, kissed her, and went away with a sorrowful heart.

As soon as the King had left, and gone about his business, the Devil told the Tutor in his ear to ruin the girl. At first the girl thought that it was petting and kindness to prevent her fretting after her father; but afterwards she perceived that her Tutor had evil intentions. So she went to him and told him that, if he continued [to act] thus, she would write to her father about it. She said to him,

'Thou mayest stay in the palace, if thou wilt, but let not mine eyes see thee!'

Then he was afraid that she might write to her father; so he set to, and wrote himself to her father,

'To my great grief, my longlived King, the Princess has become unrecognisable. She brings youths into the palace to amuse herself with, and afterwards she takes these youths and goes with them into the country, and stays away for days. She will hear no counsel. Not even me? you will say. Me she has driven out of the palace. When you left I hung the Princess round my neck to take care of her, and was watchful of your honour and hers. Everyone here wonders at the doings of the Princess. Give me orders, my King, what I must do.'

When the King received such a letter about his

daughter, he was like to lose his wits. Thinks he, how can he go and see her in such a state? At last he made up his mind and wrote to the Tutor,

'I love my honour better than my life, or the life of my daughter. Kill her, and cleanse the palace from shame.'

When the Councillor received the letter, he read it to her, and said, 'Thy life is in my hands, either thou must love me, or I will kill thee.'

And she said, 'I am my father's child, and I love my honour better than my life; so kill me, that I may escape from thy hands.'

Then he called one of his own men, and said to him, 'Take the Princess and kill her.'

So he took the Princess and went far away into the forests, but he said to her,

'I have not the heart to kill thee; I will only leave thee here in the wilderness, and may God help thee. But come not near the city, lest someone see thee, for then thy father's Councillor would kill me.'

He left her, and the unlucky girl heard, all alone as she was, the roar of the wild beasts, and she was afraid. She crouched under a rock and passed the night. God dawned the day, and she found a shepherd's hut. She went in, and the dogs rushed at her. The shepherd's wife ran up, and drove out the dogs. She said, 'What do you want here, my lady?'

'I came that thou might'st give me thy clothes and I give thee mine.'

Then the shepherdess gave her a clean suit of clothes, and took her royal clothes. Then the Princess, when she had also taken a crook, set off, and went, and went, and went, to try to hear something about where her father was. Here and there she learns that in a certain

place there is a very sorrowful King, whom everyone tries to console, but for whom there is no consolation. She said to herself, 'That must be my father!' She learnt where he lived, and where his palace was, and that under it there was a seller of *halvá*;[a] and she went to him and hired herself as a shop-boy. She made a very handsome boy; she took off her shepherdess's clothes and put on male attire. All day long he had his business to attend to, a thing to which he was not accustomed, and in the evening he told stories, and the earth and the world came together to hear him. And because he was a very handsome youth they called him *Guzél Halvadjí*—'The Handsome *Halvá*-seller.' Up above sat the King with those who desired to comfort him, and he heard the uproar going on below in the *halvá* shop. He asked,

'What is all that noise about below in the *halvá*-shop, what is going on?'

'It is *Guzél Halvadjí*,' they told the King, 'and he is telling stories, and that is why there is such an uproar below.'

Up jumps the Councillor, and says, 'My longlived King, let us bring him up to tell us a story, and pass the time?'

The King did not answer, and the others said, 'If he likes to come, let him.'

So, as they called him, he went, and sat him down in a corner. They told him to tell them a story to amuse them.

'My Gentlemen,' said *Guzél Halvadjí*—for he pretended that he did not know there was a King there—'if you will accept my conditions, I will tell you not one story, but ten.'

[a] A sweetmeat made of sesame-seeds and honey.

'And what are thy conditions?' they asked.

'That whoever wishes to go out should go out now, and whoever wishes to hear my story must hear it to the end. I will lock the doors and put the keys in my purse, and no one must budge from hence.'

Then they laughed and said, 'Very well, lock us in and take the keys!'

Then he began the tale, and the King heard the whole of his own history! And he said to himself, '*Bré!* has my history become a tale?' But when he went on and said 'Tutor,' and 'maiden,' and so on, the Tutor grew pale, and in his fear he cried, 'I feel ill! I want to go out!'[a]

Then the *halvá*-seller said that the doors would not be opened till the story was finished. As the story went on, the Tutor cried, 'O dear! O dear, your majesty, let me go out!' But the King had clasped his head in his two hands, and was weeping rivers of tears. He turned and said to *Guzél Halvadjí*,

'Tell me, my boy, who taught thee that story!'

'A girl in a shepherd's hut.'

'Is she alive, this girl?' asked the King.

'The girl is alive and the evil doer is alive.'

'And where are they? If thou canst show them to me I will give thee the half of my kingdom!'

'Behold the girl!' said the *halvadjí*, and he tore off his clothes, and left only the woman's garments. She kissed her father, and then said, 'And behold the evil doer—('Let me go out!' cried the Tutor)—who has done all this to me. And there is he who pitied my innocence and saved my life.'

They all turned and gazed at the Tutor, who was dead, but unburied. Then they bound him tightly, and

[a] A somewhat coarse Turkish expression is here used.

asked him if he had anything to say. Then he confessed that the story was true, and prayed them to forgive him. But they hanged him.

There was also there a handsome Prince among those who were comforting the King, and he begged him to give him his daughter to wife. The King gave her to him ; and from being the most miserable man on earth, he became the happiest King in the world.

SECTION (III.)

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF COMMUNAL LIFE.

THE THREE PRECEPTS.[55]

Upper Syra.

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελ. Παραμ.*, p. 222.)

Once upon a time there was a man, and he was so poor that he had nothing to eat. One day this man says to his wife,

'Wife, I will go to the City[a] to seek work, so that I may earn my bread and send you [something] now and again, so that you may live.'

So the man set out, and went to the City; but, as he knew no trade to work at, he hired himself as servant to a gentleman, and worked every day with a right good will. His mistress was kind to him, and every now and again would give him something to send to his wife; but his master was niggardly, and never gave him anything. So he was patient, and waited until his master should give him his hire. He waited a year, two years, three years, four years, ten years,

[a] *I.e.*, Constantinople.

twenty years; but his master did not pay him.[a] Then one day he went and said,

'Master, pay me my wages, because I want to go home to my wife.'

The master pulls out and gives him three hundred piastres[b] for twenty years' service! When Phrindírikos —for that was his name—saw his niggardliness, how for twenty years' labour, look you, he gave him but three hundred piastres, he said nothing, but wept. He took them, and was going away. But his master called,

'Phrindírikos, Phrindírikos, come here!'

He turns round, and says, 'At your orders, master.'

Says he, 'Give me back a hundred piastres, and I will give thee a precept.'

Said he, 'But, master, I don't want——'

'No,' said his master, 'give them back to me!'

What could he do? He gave them back; and the master said,

'*Ask no questions about what does not concern thee.*'

Again he was going away when his master called him back, saying, 'Come here, come here, give me back another hundred piastres, and I will give thee another precept!'

He gave back another hundred.

'*Change not the direction in which thou hast set out.*'

He was going away again, sore at heart, when his master called him a third time, saying, 'Give me back the other hundred piastres, and I will give thee another precept.'

He gave them. Said his master,

'*Anger that thou feel'st at night,*
Keep until the morning light!'

[a] As it is customary in the East for servants to be supplied with clothes and all other necessaries by their employers, their wages are often allowed to accumulate for years.

[b] About £2 14s.

Well, what would you?—he went away without a *para*, and wept as he went. When he got out into the country, he saw a withered tree, and a Negro who was covering it with gold coins instead of leaves. It seemed to him a very extraordinary thing; but, recollecting his master's precept, he went about his business without saying anything. When he had gone a little way, the Negro called to him, 'Come here! Come here!'

'What do you want?'

Said he, 'It is now two hundred years that I have been here to see if anyone would pass by without asking me what I am doing; and I said that whosoever should pass without questioning me, I would give him all these sequins, and whoever should question me, I would take his head. I have built a tower of heads, and I had hoped that thou also wouldst question me, so that I might finish it, for only one is lacking. But as it was written that it is not to be finished, take these sequins and go!'

He takes and loads forty camels with the sequins, and goes his way. On the road he overtook forty other camels laden with sequins, and these were carrying the tithes. Says he to the men who were in charge of them, 'Good day, boys!'

'Well met, my *pállikar*.'

Said he, 'Where are you going?'

'We are taking the tithes to the King,' they replied. And they went along the road together. Presently they came to a cross road, near which was a tavern. Said they who had the tithes, 'Let us go and drink a glass.'

But Phrindírikos recollected his master's second precept—'*Change not the direction in which thou hast set out*'—and said [to himself] 'Well was I repaid, and so

it may be a second time!' So he replied, 'I will not go!'

They said to him, 'Then take care of our camels while we go.'

So they went. But there they met with two robbers, who killed them and fled. And our man took the camels and went home. He knocked at his wife's door, and she opened; she did not know him, but he knew her. Said he, 'Will you do me the favour to let me lodge here to-night, for I am a stranger?'

Said she, 'My husband is absent, and I cannot take you into the house; but you are welcome to sleep in the stable.'

So he went to the stable, and sat down. As he was taking out his bread to eat, he saw a man come up and enter his wife's house. Presently he comes down to the stable, leaves his sack there, and returns to the house. Said Phrindírikos to himself,

'*Bré!* my wife is deceiving me! Eh? She would not let me into the house, and he is going in to sleep there!'

He took up his gun and was getting it ready to shoot them both, when his master's third precept came into his mind—

'*Anger which thou feel'st at night,*
Keep until the morning light'—

and he put down his gun and lay down to sleep. In the morning he rises and comes out of the stable, and sees a youth of twenty, and he hears him say to his wife, '*Nené* [Mother] I am going out, and at noon I will send you some beans to cook.' And the youth rose and went out. And then our man made himself known to his wife; and from that time they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE LITTLE PIG.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 26.)

THERE was once a *Papá*[a] and a *Papadhiá*, and they had a little pig. One day the *Papadhiá* said to the *Papá*,

'Let us kill the little pig.'

'No, *Papadhiá* mine, not till the fat hangs down.'

After a few days, she says again, '*Papá*, let us kill the little pig.'

'No, *Papadhiá*, not till the fat hangs down.'

She takes a bit of cotton wool, fastens it under piggy's tail, and then says,

'*Papá! Papá!*'

'Well, *Papadhiá?*'

'See, the fat is hanging down!'

The Parson looks, and says, 'We will kill the little pig. I will go and seek a man.'

He goes, and goes, and he meets a man.

'Good day!'

'Well met!'

'Dost thou eat pork?'

'Hearest thou there?'[b] says he.

'Then thou art not the man to kill my pig for me!'

This man was cunning; he takes a turn down another street, puts on his coat inside out, and again there he stands before the *Papá*. The *Papá* does not recognise him, and asks again, 'Dost thou eat pork?'

[a] *Papá* and *Papadhiá* are the titles given to a Greek village priest and his wife.

[b] See p. 331, note [a].

'Never, never do I [eat] anything of the kind. No flesh do I ever put in my mouth; but at pork my gorge rises.'

'Thou art the man to come and kill my little pig!'

He takes him to his house, and he kills it. The *Papadhiá* dresses the fry, and eats it with the *Papá*. For him they cook a couple of eggs, and he eats them; but his mouth waters when he sees them eating the pig. Then the *Papá* says to the *Papadhiá*, 'Put on the head and the trotters to-night to boil, and we will eat them in the morning. Spread a mattress for the man to sleep on to-night, and to-morrow he will go away.'

She puts on the head and trotters, spreads the mattress, and the man lies down. Early in the morning the stranger gets up, uncovers the pot, eats the head and trotters, which were cooked, cuts off half the pig which was hanging up, takes it, and makes off. Afterwards the *Papá* and the *Papadhiá* get up, go to the pot, and—if your lordships and ladyships see the head and trotters—well, they saw them too! They saw besides that half the pig was missing, and the stranger gone.

'A nice trick he has played us!'

The *Papá* saddles his white horse, and gallops about seeking for him. He meets him again in other clothes.

'Good day!'

'Well met!'

'Dost thou happen to have seen anyone carrying half a pig?' says he.

'He has just passed by. But while thy horse is lifting up and down his four legs, the man will be far off with his two only; to catch him thou must dismount, and I will hold thy horse while thou goest.' (In those times people were very silly, and if one had the least

bit more sense than another he made a gull[a] of him.) The other believed him, and did as he bade him. When he was gone out of sight, the thief mounted the horse, and went to the *Papadhiá*.

'What dost want?' she asked.

'The *Papá* has caught the thief with the half of the pig, and he gave me his horse to come and fetch the other half to compare them, for the thief won't admit that it is the same.'

The *Papadhiá* unhooks the other half, and he takes it where he had taken the other. The *Papá* comes back, looks for his horse, goes home on foot, but no horse. Says he, 'Set on half a quarter of the pig, and let it be ready when I have found the horse.'

Says she, 'What quarter?'

'Of the half which was left,' says he.

'But didn't thou send the man on thy horse who came and took it, as thou had found the thief, and wanted to compare it with the other half, [to see] if they matched?'

'What is all this fine story?'

'Do I want to deceive thee?'

Finally the *Papá* understood that it was the same [man], and he said, 'Let nothing worse happen to me!' and went neither to find the pig nor the horse. So he goes still on foot, and all through his own fault. For he grudged that the man who was to kill the pig should eat a bit of it, and got nothing himself but the fry!

[a] Literally 'a mare.'

THE CONTENTED POOR MAN.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελ. Ἀνάλ.*, B. 8.)

THERE was once a poor man with many children, and he and his wife worked all day long. Every evening, when they were weary, they would eat their bread in peace and without a care. Afterwards the father would play on his fiddle, and the children would dance, and they lived the life of angels. Hard by there lived a rich man, and hearing every evening the sound of laughter and dancing in the poor man's house, he wondered, and said, 'Why am not I, too, as happy and careless as he? All day long he chops wood, and at evening he fiddles. I will give him some money, and see what he will do with it.'

So he goes to the poor man, and says to him, 'As I know thee to be a worthy man, I will give thee a thousand piastres, so that thou may'st open a shop. If thou succeed, thou canst pay me back; if not, I make thee a present of it.'

All that day the poor man pondered what he should do with so much money. He thought of one thing, and then of another. 'Should he open a little shop? —Should he put it out to usury?—Should he buy a vineyard with it?' The evening came, but he neither played the fiddle nor talked to his children; and, if they laughed, he scolded them. All night he could not close his eyes for thinking. Next day he neither went to his work, nor to any other place, so absorbed was he. His

wife asked him what was the matter, but he only told her to leave him in peace.

The rich man listened as he passed by one evening, and he turned and passed again, but heard neither fiddling, nor laughter, nor children dancing.

One morning he sees the poor man coming to him.

'There, Christian, take thy money, I want neither it nor its shadow!'

And he went joyfully home again, and played on his fiddle, and his children danced as before when the day's work was done.

THE DERVISHES.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 703.)

THERE was once upon a time a very rich merchant and he had one son. This merchant could play on the fiddle. So beautifully did he play the fiddle that whoever passed by stood still to listen to him. One day as he was playing a charming air in his warehouse, there passed by a great lady, and she stood to listen. This lady was a young and very beautiful woman, and her husband was very wealthy, but exceedingly jealous. Whenever this great lady passed by the merchant's place of business, she stood and listened if he happened to be playing the fiddle. An enemy of the merchant went and told this lady's husband that his wife was in love with the merchant who played so beautifully on the fiddle, and if he did not believe it, he advised him to watch and see for himself. One day the merchant was making merry in his office, and he had some of his friends with him, and they were amusing themselves. Then he played very charming pieces, and the great lady stopped and looked without observing that her husband was secretly watching her. This was the cause of the merchant's ruin. The husband of the great lady made an accusation against him, and had him put in prison, and so he was ruined. The merchant could not imagine what he had done to be thus treated, for he was a very good man. Then he who had informed against him, pretended to be the merchant's friend, and said to him,

'Dost thou know why such a one persecutes thee?—Because thou play'st so well on the fiddle, and his wife has taken a fancy to thee!'

Then the merchant played no more on his fiddle, and he laid this charge on his wife: 'Never let thy son play on the fiddle—blessing and cursing!'[a]

One misfortune brought another, and finally the merchant sickened and died, leaving his wife and son in great poverty.

As the boy grew up, he heard that his father had played beautifully on the fiddle, and he asked his mother,

'Did my father play beautifully on the fiddle?'

'Yes, my boy,' replied his mother, 'but it was his ruin; and on that account he left blessing and cursing that thou shouldst never take a fiddle in thy hand, my boy.'

But the youth had a great fancy for the fiddle, and he begged his mother, 'Let me play a little in the house, mother, and nowhere else.'

One way or another he managed to persuade her, and she gave him leave to play the fiddle, but only in the house, and he learnt to play it even better than his father had done.

The unfortunate woman had sold her diamonds and all her ornaments in order to live, and now none remained to her. When the boy was grown up, he said,

'Mother, how are we to live now? We must work at something in order to live.'

Said she, 'We will sell the few things that we still have. When we have sold them we shall have a little money, with it thou must trade and so we may live.'

[a] A brief way of saying, 'You will have my blessing, if you obey me, my curse if you do not.'

So the mother and son agreed, and the poor woman sold all that she had, and he went to Stambóli. He arrived, and made inquiries, and stopped at the shop of a *halvadjí*.[a] He stayed there a few days; he was a clever lad, and helpful, and he made *halvá*, and *rahát loukoúm*, and when he [the master] saw how intelligent the youth was, he said to him,

'What hast thou come here to do, my boy? If thou hast come as a shop-boy, I will keep thee here, for thou art a wideawake lad.'

'No,' replied the youth, 'I cannot stay here, for I have a mother who has no one else in the world, and she cannot do without me.' And he related to him how his mother had sold all that she had, and that he had come there to trade. Then the *halvadjí* said to him,

'Where hast thou thy money? Take great care of it, for there are many bad people here!'

Then the youth gave his money to the *halvadjí* to keep for him until he should find a favourable opportunity for buying and returning to Athens. One day, when he was in the shop, the youth heard that a big ship was about to sail for Athens. He went and said to the *halvadjí*,

'Give me my money, for I am going to buy.'

He took the bag with the gold pieces and coppers all mixed together, and went to buy. On the way, at a place where three roads met, sat a blind Dervish, begging for alms. As the youth passed, he said,

'Whoever thou art, may thy youth be blessed with all thou desirest, if thou give me an alms!'

The youth pitied the Dervish, and put his hand in his bag to find some coppers to give him. As he was searching, the coins jingled.

[a] See p. 371, note [a].

'What hast thou there,' he asked, 'that jingles—gold pieces?'

'Yes. I have come from Athens to buy, and I am going back to my country.'

'Let me, my boy, finger them a little, it is so many years since I had a sequin in my hand. Alas! I too was once rich!'

The youth held the bag down to him, that the Dervish might finger them. As he pretended to put his hand in to play, as he said, in the bag, he seized hold of it, put it between his legs and shouted,

'Ah! I am robbed! This youth would rob me! Help!'

There were some policemen hard by, and hearing the old man cry out, they attacked the youth with sticks.

'*Bré!* vile *Giaour*, wouldst thou rob an old man and blind?'

The unlucky youth cried out that the money was his, but as the policemen did not understand Greek, or pretended they didn't, he ate the stick, and away went the money! He returned to the *halvadjí*, but weeping and beaten, instead of with merchandise. Said his master,

'What has befallen thee?'

He related to his master all that had happened to him. Said his master,

'I am sorry for thee, my boy, but what can I do? Dost thou know any trade at all?'

'I can play the fiddle, but with the fiddle how should I gain money?'

'Play the fiddle then, my boy, and let me hear how thou playest.'

The boy at once began to play a tune, and everybody came together at the *halvá* shop, and the *halvadjí* did a roaring trade. A few days passed thus, but the youth's

grief overcame him. The *halvadjí* was sorry for him, and he said to him,

'My boy, wouldst thou know that Dervish?'

'Know him?—I should think so!'

'Then I will provide thee with a suit of Dervish clothes, and a staff like those of the Dervishes, and thou must bind thine eyes with a large piece of cloth, as if thou wert blind and could not see. Thou must follow behind him, and when he goes into his *tekkéh*,[a] thou must go in too. All round the *tekkéh* are the cells where the Dervishes live, and thou must enter the cell of him who stole thy money, and notice where he keeps his hoard—for these Dervishes have money. Tie a towel in front of thee and fill it with the money; and when he comes out, do thou too come out with him. Only be careful, my boy, when thou goest in, to climb up into the loft which crosses the rafters of the roof. For when the Dervishes come in and undress, they take an iron bar and draw it all round the walls, and when they have drawn it all along the walls they begin to poke it about, in case there should be anyone hidden; and when they have done that, the Dervishes say their prayers and go to sleep. Do thou look well where he has thy money,—for he will put with it that which he brings in in the evening. Then come down, take thy money, and climb up there again, and rise in the morning when they are opening their *tekkéh*, and go thou out with them, for they are all blind and will not see thee.'

So the youth went. He put on the clothes, followed behind the Dervish who had robbed him, and when he entered the *tekkéh*, the youth was by his side, and so into his cell. And the boy looked, and saw the loft,

[a] A Dervish monastery.

and as soon as he got in he climbed up and sat on the loft which was laid across the rafters. Then he saw the Dervish lock the door well, and open the cupboard and take out a great pot with gold coins in it. As he threw them in, he said,

'Go and join your fellows, ha! ha! ha!' and he played with them.

The youth saw the sequins, but he said nothing. When the Dervish had fondled the coins, he went and took the bar, and *bang!* he went at the wall with it. He drew it round once, and then began to poke with it all round, and when he had made sure that there was no one within, he laid down and went to sleep. At midnight he got up again, and again he fondled them [the coins], 'Ha! ha! ha!' and chuckled, and laid himself down again, and slept. After the second caressing of the coins, when a deep sleep had fallen upon him, the youth arose softly, softly. He climbed down, emptied the pot into the towel which he had tied round his waist, and clambered up again into the loft, and sat there. Towards morning the Dervish opened the cupboard again, just as day was breaking, and when he was about to caress the sequins again what did he find?—neither sequins, nor anything else! He opened the doors and began to shout,

'Thieves! Run! I am ro-obbed! My sequins are gone! Gone!'

All the Dervishes run up and enter the cell of this Dervish, who shouted and yelled and made such an uproar as roused the whole community.

'You have robbed me—you Dervishes!'

'*Bá, bá,* who comes in here?'

Then one Dervish came forward and said to him, '*Bré,* where didst thou keep thy money that has been stolen?'

'Here, in this pot I had it—where should I have it?'

'*Bré*, dost thou go and put thy money in a pot? I have some too, but I keep it in my turban!' and *tap!* he strikes his turban. The youth loses no time, but catches hold of the turban, throws his own down, and dons that of the Dervish.

'*Amán!*' he cries, '*amán! amán! amán!* There goes my turban! there go my sequins!' and he struck out right and left, and deafened everyone with his noise and uproar, but the sequins were gone!

'Why dost thou behave thus, *bré?*' said another Dervish to him, 'what is all this, *bré?* See what simpletons you are! I have sequins too, but *ná!* I have them here in my staff!' and he lifts it up. *Snap!* He from above catches hold of the Dervish's staff, and throws down his own on the floor. The Dervish hears the *bang!* and thinks his own staff has fallen. He stoops to pick it up; one tumbles over him, such a noise he made! *Plump!* falls another on the top, then—*plump!*—another on the top of them; they kicked, and pinched, and cuffed each other; the youth saw his opportunity, and came down, and *slap!* he gives one a box and then another, and darts out at the door, and the others rush in the opposite direction.

He goes home to his master, knocks at the door, the door opens, and he goes in. Says his master,

'What hast thou done?'

'Hush! Look—sequins and mischief!'

'*Bré!* how didst thou manage it?'

'Don't ask! I have just left them beating and kicking each other, and they are at it still!' and he related all the story from beginning to end.

They took the sequins out of the turban, and burnt the staff, and the next day they heard that the Dervishes

had been fighting in the night, and nothing more. They kept the sequins until the youth should find an opportunity for going to Athens. His master said to him,

'I fear to have so much money in the shop lest there should be a fire, or a robbery. But the Vizier's son-in-law is here, and if you like we will give it to him on interest, and whenever thou wantest it thou canst have it again.'

'Do you know the Vizier's son-in-law?' asked the youth.

'Why, he comes here every evening, and I will point him out to thee.'

So in the evening the youth played on the fiddle, and with the rest came the Vizier's son-in-law to amuse himself. Said he [the *halvadji*],

'My *Affendi*, this youth has some money which he has brought from Athens to make purchases; if you like he will lend it to you.'

The Vizier's son-in-law made a note of it, and the youth gave the money to him, and he gave him a receipt for it. One day the youth heard again that a ship had come from Athens. He went to the Vizier's son-in-law and asked for his money. His wife saw a handsome youth come into the palace, and she hid herself behind the lattice[a] and looked at him, for he had taken her fancy. The youth went and said to the banker,

'I beg you to give me back my money, for I am going away to Athens.'

'What money?' asked the banker.

'The money I lent you!'

[a] Καβάσι, or καφάσι, the Turkish *kaphés*, a latticed aperture in the wall between the *haremlik* and *selamlik*, or private and public apartments of an Osmanli mansion.

'Have you a receipt? Did I give thee a receipt for it?'

'Certainly I have,' and he takes out the receipt from his bosom and gives it to him. As the banker took it, he pretended to read it, and then threw it on the brazier and burnt it. The youth shouted, and cried, and yelled.

'Hush!' said he, 'or I will call them to hang thee!'

The banker's wife, the daughter of the Vizier, saw it all, and she was sorry for the youth. When the youth heard what he said, he arose and went back to his master, weeping afresh. Well, the *halvadjí* was trying to comfort him, when they saw a Negress coming, and she said to the boy,

'Come in the evening to the palace where they burnt thy receipt, for someone wishes to speak to thee there.'

In the evening he arose and went to the door. A Negress was there awaiting him. She was the same who had bidden him, and she took him and led him upstairs to her mistress. Her mistress was a very beautiful woman, quite young and lovely, and she was the Vizier's daughter. Then when she had told him how much she liked him, she said,

'Never mind, don't be grieved, for, little by little, I will give thee back all thy money.'

Then when they had entertained each other very pleasantly, she gave him some money and he went away. He returned to his master, and told him that his money was coming back by degrees. The next day the Negress came again and said to him,

'Be ready in the evening, for I will come and fetch you again.'

That day as she [the lady] ate with her husband, they had a bird, and she said to her husband,

'Shall we have a *yiádës*?[56]—whoever loses shall give to the other two hundred sequins?'

Said her husband, 'I am willing.'

So they had the *yiádës*, and her husband went out; and she, when evening came, sent again to fetch the youth to divert her. The Negress came in and said, 'Mistress, the master is coming!'

What was she to do? She opened a great chest which she had, locked him in, and put the key in her purse. When her husband came in she lost no time in saying,

'Do you know, a man came in here, and I have locked him up in that chest, so that I might give thee the key to open it!'

Imagine the terror of him in the chest! But the sly rogue, immediately her husband took the key, clapped her hands and cried, 'I've played you a trick! *Yiádës!*' and she went off into a fit of laughter.

Then he threw the key on the floor, and said, 'Curse it! I forgot, and thou hast tricked me!'

Said she, 'Come now and give me the money!'

Said he, 'Wait a bit, and let us sit down—presently.'

But not she. 'Come and give me the money!' [she cried].

Then her husband went to fetch the money, and she made a sign to the Negress, and the Negress took him [the youth], and led him away. So he went to his master, who asked him,

'What hast thou been doing this evening?'

'I have been ready to burst with anger, and my heart has trembled like that of a hare,' and he related how he had been shut up in the chest, and the rest of it.

The next day the banker came to the *halvadjí's* shop and asked him,

'Where wert thou last evening? I came here to hear thee play on the fiddle, and thou wert not here.'

'Ah! The night before last I was well entertained; but last night my heart beat like that of a hare!'

'But why? What happened to thee?' asked the other.

'What happened to me?—I went to visit a beautiful lady, and she locked me up in a great chest and gave the key to her husband, and said to him, "*Yiádës*," and went out with her husband, and the Negress unlocked me and led me out, and I went away.'

'But art thou going this evening also?' asked the banker.

'If I am sent for, I shall go—how should I not go?'

When the banker had gone, the Negress came. 'Be ready in the evening, I will come and fetch you again.'

So in the evening she came again and fetched him, and he went. A little while afterwards, the husband comes home. The Negress goes and cries, 'The Agha is coming!' She [the lady] opens a big cupboard, locks him in, and puts the key in her pocket. Her husband comes and says,

'Give me the key of the chest. I want to open it.'

Says she, throwing the key on the floor, 'There, take it! Thou art jealous, thou art a miser, I cannot put up with thee any longer—I shall go and ask my papa to divorce thee!'

He opens the chest, and finds nothing inside. She begins to abuse him; he leaves the key, and her to abuse, and goes to his own apartments. His wife follows him with abuse, and gives the key to the Negress who lets him [the youth] out, and he goes away.

The next day the banker goes again to the *halvadjí's*, and says,

'Ha! didst thou go again to the beauty's?'

'Ah! last night it was famous! How we laughed! He asked for the keys of the chest, and I was hidden in the cupboard!'

'Indeed! Art thou going again this evening?'

'Do I know?—if they send for me.'

The beauty wrote him a letter:—'Come this evening, and I will lay a bet with my husband—whoever hits a gourd which will be in the fountain of our palace shall receive from the other three hundred piastres. I will bid the Negress put a pith helmet[57] on thy head, and thou must get into the fountain. When my husband throws, thou must move aside, so that he may not hit thee; and when I throw, thou must stand still so that I may hit thee and win the bet, and give thee the three hundred piastres.'

So the Negress took him and put him in the basin with the pith helmet on his head. Says she [the lady] to her husband,

'Let us go and dine in the garden.'

He was a little surprised [at this invitation] as she had not spoken to him all that day, and replied, 'Certainly, whatever thou pleasest.'

They went to the kiosk, and as they were eating, she turns round—so!—towards the fountain, and pretends to catch sight of the gourd.

'*Bá!*' said she, 'come now, whoever hits it, the other shall give him three hundred piastres.'

He throws a stone first, and the stone falls into the water. Then she throws. *Tap!* it hits the gourd! She claps her hands, and is very delighted and happy. She takes her husband upstairs to get him to give her the money. Then the Negress lets him [the youth] out of the well, dresses him handsomely in furs, and he

goes home to his master. The next day the banker comes again.

'Well, how didst thou amuse thyself yestre'en?' he asked.

'Well, last evening I caught a slight cold; for they put me in the fountain, and when he threw into the basin I moved aside, and the stone fell into the water; and when she threw, I stood still, and she hit me, and won the three hundred piastres which she sent me by the Negress.'

'Listen. To-morrow I give a dinner to some of my friends, and if I ask thee to come with thy fiddle, wilt thou come? I will give thee back the money which I took from thee. And if I say to thee—"Tell a story!"—relate all this, wilt thou?'

'*Bá*, I will, why shouldn't I?'

So the next day the banker invited to his table the Vizier, his wife's father, his wife's brothers, her uncles, and the youth with his fiddle. Said he to his wife,

'I am giving a dinner to-day to thy father and thy relatives, and I have got someone who plays beautifully on the fiddle; if thou wilt, come to the lattice and listen.'

So all the guests assembled, and ate, and drank. Then the banker said to the fiddler,

'Wilt thou not tell us a story?'

Then the youth sits down and tells all the story as we know it—how a lady had taken a fancy to him, and had put him in the chest, and in the cupboard, and in the fountain; and when he had told all this, he threw away his fiddle as if he were mad, and cried,

'Ah, *Affendi* mine, give me my money! He has taken it from me, and burnt the receipt, and told me to say all that I have related. But it is all false, and I am

a poor lad; and, because he promised to give me back my money, I have said what I have said!'

Then the Vizier turned to the banker, and said,

'Thou art a money changer, and a Jew.[58] Thou art not fit for my daughter. I have a great mind to hang thee, but to show thee favour, I will only send thee into exile.'

Then he exiled him, and took his daughter home, and divorced her from her husband. The youth he compensated, and repaid him his money. He went to his master the *halvadjí*, received back from him the rest of his money, and returned to his mother in Athens. There he opened a shop, and lived happy and contented.

THE FRIENDS.

Upper Syra.

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*, p. 220.)

Once upon a time there were two youths who were such great friends that they only left each other to sleep. But there came a time when one of them got married; and after that he avoided his friend, and did not so much as wish him 'Good day,' lest perchance he should come to his house and speak to his wife.

So what does he do then? He goes and builds a house of three stories, puts his mother in the lower story, his mother-in-law in the second, and his wife in the third; and commands his mother on no account to open and let anyone in.

Well, how does his friend outwit him? He goes and changes his clothes, and dresses himself up like a lord,[59] and when he knew that the husband had gone out to his work, he went and knocked at his door, and out came his friend's mother.

'Eh, good day, dame!'

'You are welcome, young man!' Then she asks him, 'What seek you here?'

'I, dame,' he replied, 'am a lord. I like your house very much, and if you will have the goodness to allow me, I should like to take its measurements.'

'God forbid, my boy, my son does not allow me to let anyone in.'

'I will give you a hundred piastres if you will let me in.'

When the good woman heard of the hundred piastres,

she took them and said, 'Come in, but depart quickly, so that my son may not find you here.'

So, will she, nill she, he goes up to the second floor, when the mother-in-law sees him.

Says she, 'What seek you here?'

Says he, 'I have come to measure the house.'

She tried to prevent him, and would not let him come in; when he takes out and gives her a hundred piastres. She was wise, and took them, and what her son-in-law's mother had done, why should she not do too? In a word, he went up to the top story.

When the young wife saw him, she was afraid, and asked him what he wanted.

'I wish to take the measurements of the house.'

When he had taken them, he came down again to the second floor, and sat down. Said the mother-in-law, 'Go away at once, for fear my son-in-law should come.'

'I shall not go,' he replied, 'until you give me back my hundred piastres.'

Well, what could she do? She was afraid that her son-in-law might come back, so she gave him the hundred piastres. When he had got them, he went down to the first floor, and in the same way he got back there his other hundred piastres. And he left, and went and stopped at a place where he knew his friend would pass, and waited.

Soon his friend came by, saw him, and said, 'Good day!'

'What said'st thou?—"Good day?" Know'st thou not that the King has commanded us to say not "Good day!" but "Good day, and I know all about it."'

'Good day, and I know all about it, then!' And he goes away and comes to his house. Says he to his mother, 'Good day, and I know all about it!'

She made no reply, and he went up to the second floor, where he finds his mother-in-law.

'Good day, mother-in-law,' says he, 'and I know all about it.'

'Well,' says she, 'if thou knowest all about it, it was thy mother's doing, for she opened the door and let him in!'

So down he goes again to his mother, and asks her, 'To whom didst thou open the door, and whom didst thou let in?'

'My dear son, it was a lord who wanted to take the measurements of our house.'

Then he rushes upstairs to his wife, and questions her. Said she, 'What shall I tell thee? Thy friend was grieved that thou wouldst no longer speak to him, and could think of no other way of outwitting thee.'

Then the husband came to the decision that it is useless for a man to shut up his wife. So he gave her her liberty, and when he met his comrade again, they became greater friends than ever.

THE STORY OF THE BORN THIEF.[90]

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., 6.)

THERE were once two brothers, the one was poor and had three children, and the other was rich but had no heir. The rich man, in order to help the poor one, asked him to give him one of his sons and he would adopt him; and he sent him the eldest. When the uncle had got him he took him to the top of a mountain and asked him, 'What is the best thing we could do from up here?'

The boy replied, 'Roll down stones to amuse ourselves.'

'Is that all?' said he.

The boy was silent.

On the following day he sent the boy to his father and said, 'Send me another, for this one does not suit me.'

The father sent the second, and he did the same. When he, too, was sent home, he sent him the youngest. The uncle, instead of taking him up the mountain, shut him up in a chamber, hung up a ringcake from the crossbeam, and went away. When the boy got hungry, he raised his head and saw the cake, but as it was high up he set his wits to work to get it down. He made a sort of squirt, and squirted water at the cake, so that as it got wet it fell down and he ate it. At night his uncle went to see him, and said, 'How have you got on, my boy, all the day?'

'Very well, uncle,' he replied.

Said his uncle, 'But wert thou not hungry?'

'No,' he replied, 'for I wetted that cake which was hanging from the crossbeam with a squirt, and so I satisfied myself.'

Then the uncle took the boy and led him to the top of a hill, and asked him, 'What is the best thing we can do here, my boy?'

Said the boy, 'Let us steal and eat.'

His uncle asked him, 'How?'

'This way,' he said. 'Do you see down below there a man with a sheep on his shoulder which he is going to carry away? Let us go and take it from him.'

His uncle asked how, as he was carrying it on his shoulder.

Said the lad, 'I will go in front, and when you see the sheep on the ground, seize it and carry it up to the mountain here.'

The boy let fall one of his shoes on the road and again after a little way he let fall another. When he who had the sheep saw the one shoe he did not stoop to pick it up, but when he saw the second, he tethered the sheep with a cord and turned back to take the first shoe; but the lad had already picked it up again, and the man ran looking for it. The uncle on the other hand picked up the sheep together with the shoe, and went off to the mountain. There the two met and sat down and ate the sheep.

When they had eaten the sheep, the uncle said, 'Now what shall we do, my boy?'

'Look!' said the lad, 'there's the same man carrying another sheep; let us go and take that too.'

The uncle asked, 'How?'

'The same way as before, my uncle,' he replied. 'As soon as you see it tethered, take it, that's all.'

The boy went and hid himself in a ditch and began to cry '*Baa! baa!*' The peasant, thinking that it was the sheep he had lost, tied this one to a stake and went to look for the other; but he lost also the one he had, for the uncle seized and carried it off to the hills.

When they had eaten that too, the uncle asked, 'What shall we do now, my boy?'

The lad replied, 'Do you see, uncle, a man yoking a team? Let us go and take one of the oxen.'

Said the uncle, 'But how can that be managed, seeing that he has the oxen in front of him?'

The lad replied, 'Come along with me, and don't fash yourself.'

When they were come down from the mountain the boy stood at a distance and shouted 'O wonderful! wonderful!'

The teamster, fancying that the lad had found something, left his oxen and ran towards him, and the uncle behind unyoked one of the oxen, and led it off to the hills. And when the teamster came up to the boy and asked where was the wonder he shouted about, the lad replied that he had never before in his life seen a man drive a pair with one ox! Then the teamster turned him and saw that he had but one ox. He went to look for the other, but did not find it, and the lad went by a roundabout way up the mountain and slew the ox, and ate it with his uncle.

'Now, my boy,' said the uncle, 'what shall we do?'

Said the boy, 'Let us have done with these trifles, and let us go and open the King's treasury.'

'But how can we do that, my boy?'

'Come with me, and I will manage it. Buy me only a sack, some cord, and a couple of hooks, and with them I shall climb up.'

So they went by night, and the lad climbed up upon the roof, and afterwards drew up his uncle and placed him there also. The boy then raised a flagstone and went below and filled his sack with dollars. And this they did three nights running.

A few days afterwards, the King went to his treasury to get some money to pay his workmen. But when he saw his treasury empty, he called all the people in the palace and began to examine them. The Vizier said that they had better consult a robber whom they had in the prison. So they called the robber, and asked him, and he said,

'Shut all the doors and windows and observe where light comes in, and then I will tell you what to do.'

When they had done as the robber said, they saw that light fell from above, and told the robber. The robber advised them to place beneath the hole a cauldron full of boiling pitch. They at once did as he bade them.

At night the two thieves came, but the lad would not descend, for he smelt the pitch, so his uncle went down. As soon as he was down he stuck in the pitch and called to his boy to pull him up, but he couldn't. He called to his uncle, but he was burning and did not speak. Then the lad descended, cut off the head of his uncle, took it, and fled.

When he got home, he told his aunt the evil which had befallen, and advised her to have her wits about her, and not to weep, or they would both be lost. The next day the King went to his treasury and saw there a headless body. He went immediately to the robber, and asked what he should do now? The robber advised them to take this body and hang it in the bazaar, and to send men secretly into all the streets to

observe who was lamenting, and to seize any whom they saw weeping. The lad passed by there and saw his uncle hanging, and went home and said to his aunt,

'My aunt, take care you don't go into the bazaar where they have hung my uncle, and weep, or we shall all be lost; but I will tell you what you must do, if you wish to weep for relief: Take some pots of *yiaoúrt*,[a] and cry in the streets "*Yiaoúrti!*" and, as you pass by the body of my uncle, throw them down so that they may break, and sit down there and cry as if you were crying for your pots till you are relieved.'

The aunt did as he advised her. At night they began to question those who had been watching. They said that they had seen no one but an old woman who had broken her dishes and was crying over them. Then the robber said that this was the man's wife, and that they had done ill not to have arrested her.

Then the King asked the robber, 'What dost thou advise us to do now?'

The robber said to them, 'Put some gold pieces beneath the dead man's body, and his comrade will not be able to resist, but will steal them; then do ye open your eyes and seize him.'

The lad on the next day passed by there and saw the coins, and went immediately and found another boy, and said to him,

'Let us play at horses, and every time thou passest under the dead man's body I will give thee ten paras.'

He put some sticky stuff on the soles of his shoes, and every time they passed under the body he carried away on his shoes some half-score of the coins. Those who were watching saw two lads running about and

[a] Curdled milk.

passing under the dead man's body, but they had no suspicions of two little rascals like them. When night came, they counted the gold pieces, and found that some were missing. The King punished the guards for letting the boys outwit them, and again immediately asked the robber what he advised him to do. The robber told them to take a camel and load it with various kinds of precious things, and have their wits about them, for the thief would not be able to resist it.

When they had loaded the camel and led it into the town, the lad saw them, and at once changed his clothes, and became a vendor selling wine, and met them on the road.

'What wilt thou take, my boy,' they said, 'for a drink?'

The lad replied, 'One *para* a cup.'[a]

Finding the wine so cheap, they set to and got drunk, while the camel went on in front and the aunt opened her gate and took it inside. When they were drunk, they lay down in the street and slept. The lad took out his razor, shaved the half of their heads and the half of their beards, and left them wallowing like swine, dead drunk. He went home, unloaded the camel, took all the goods, killed the camel, melted down its fat, and filled two jars with it. When the men woke up from their slumber they returned to the King quite shamefaced. He questioned them and put them in prison. Then he went again to the robber, and asked what he should do.

Said he, 'Get an old woman, and send her from house to house asking for camel's grease to use as medicine, and wherever she finds it, there will be the thief.'

[a] Ποτικὸν, a measure of a hundred drachms.

So they sent an old woman, and she went from house to house asking for camel's grease; and she came to the lad's aunt, and she gave her a crockful. The old woman, not to forget [the house], as she came out dipped her hand in the grease, and marked the door with it. Soon after she had gone the lad returned and saw the camel's grease on the door.

'Ah, my aunt,' he said to her, 'thou hast given away of the camel's grease, we are lost! Give me, too, a crockful of the grease, and I will go and mark all the doors in the town.'

Then the King, when the old woman came back, went out with all his court. But what did he see? All the doors of the town marked! So he couldn't find out anything and went back to the robber. Then the robber said to them,

'He is a cleverer robber than I, and I cannot counsel you any more.'

Then the King collected all his troops in an open space and set a crier to proclaim that if the thief would present himself he should receive great gifts from the King. The lad dressed himself in soldier's clothes, and when the crier proclaimed, he answered, 'Here am I!' But when he heard 'Arrest him!' he mingled with the soldiers and cried also 'Arrest him! Arrest him!' so that this time, too, he escaped them.

Then the King proclaimed that he who should confess fully to his daughter all his crimes, should take her for his wife, and he would make him his heir. Then the lad went to the cemetery, cut off the hand of a corpse, hid it in his clothes, made his way under cover of the darkness to the King's daughter, and began to relate to her all his exploits. She took him by the hand, and called to them to come to her help, for she was holding

the robber by his hand. When the men came in with lights, they found in the hand of the King's daughter a dead man's hand.

Then the King swore that he would in truth give his throne to the robber, and then the robber presented himself, and he married him to his daughter, and he inherited his kingdom.

THE JUST ONE.

Asia Minor.

(CARNOY and NIKOLAÏDES, *Les. Litt. Pop.*, xxviii., p. 144.)

A PEASANT had just welcomed his firstborn.

'Whom shall we ask to be our son's Godfather?' asked the mother.

'His Godfather shall be the most just man I can find. To-morrow I will set out to seek this supremely just person.'

So the next day the peasant set out. Towards evening he met on the road a handsome Old Man.

'Whither art thou bound, traveller?' asked the Old Man.

'My father, I am seeking a Godfather for my child.'

'I can render thee that service.'

'But I require a person whose justice is without equal.'

'I am that person.'

'What is thy name, my father?'

'My name is God.'

'Then thou art not he whom I seek.'

'That is strange. How? Is not God Sovereign Justice itself?'

'No, Lord! Thou art not the most just. The good things thou bestowest on mortals are ill-distributed. To the righteous thou givest poverty, to the wicked, riches. Thou art all injustice—*Addio!*'

The peasant continued his journey, and passed that night in a cave. Next day he met another traveller with a venerable and kindly face.

'Whither goest thou, O peasant?' was his question.

'I seek a man supremely just as Godfather to my son.'

'I am that just man. Take me to thine abode. I will be Godfather to thy son.'

'And what may be your Honour's name?'

'I am the good Apostle, the beloved disciple of Christ—Saint Peter, in fact.'

'Then you are not he whom I seek.'

'How is that?'

'I said that I required a man supremely just, and you say you are Saint Peter?'

'Well! what then?'

'Then you are not a just man. Every day you admit into Paradise the wicked, the misers, and the drunkards who have never done a good deed, under the pretext that the Pope has pardoned them. Yes, indeed! and you refuse entrance to heaven to the good and upright if unfortunately they have no money. Decidedly you are not the person I seek!'

On the third day, the peasant met another traveller who also asked him,

'Whither goest thou, gaffer?'

'To seek a sponsor for my child. I have now been walking for three days without finding a suitable one.'

'What kind of man seekest thou then?'

'A being supremely just.'

'I am just, and I will be Godfather to thy child.'

'I have met God, and also Saint Peter. Are you more just than they?'

'I am more just than the Lord and his Apostle.'

'Who are you then?'

'I am Death.'

'Then you are right. You respect neither rich nor

poor; you strike alike the King on his throne and the beggar in his hovel; you take the child from its mother's breast and the old with their crown of gray hair. You are supremely just. Will you, then, be Godfather to my child?'

'I will. Let us go.'

And the peasant, followed by Death, returned home.

The christening took place with great ceremony, and Death was, as he had promised, the infant's sponsor. When the festivities were over, Death said to the peasant,

'Thou hast done me great honour, my friend, in choosing me as *Nono* to thy son. I would reward thee. Perhaps an honourable calling would please thee. Say, would it not?'

'Yes, your Honour, but——'

'But what? There is nothing I cannot do. Listen. I could easily give thee riches; I have but to say the word, and that chest would be full of gold. But fortune, without credit and renown, is worthless. Thou shalt have all these things.'

'I—a poor peasant?'

'Yes. From this moment thou art an eminent physician—the first physician in the world.'

'But I have never studied!—I can hardly read and write!'

'That matters not. Listen. The rich banker, Abraham, is ill. Go thou boldly to him, prescribe him what thou wilt, and assure him of recovery. He will not die, and will of course deem that thou hast saved his life and reward thee generously, and thy fame will spread.'

'But the other patients?'

'Whenever thou art called to anyone, do but look at

the head and feet of the patient. If I stand at his feet, he will recover, if at his head, know that his days are numbered. All thy drugs and salves will make no difference.'

So the peasant went to the Jew, Abraham, and cured him, after all the other doctors had given him up. His fame spread apace, and very soon everyone was talking of the wonderful doctor who could tell at a glance whether sick persons would live or die.

In a short time the peasant-physician became one of the richest men in the country. All the rich men, the merchants, Bishops, Kadis, Pashás, even the Sultan himself sent for him for the smallest ailment, and would, if it had been possible, have kept him always in attendance.

Years passed. The doctor grew old, but was rich and respected, and continued to bless the lucky day on which he had set out to seek a just Godfather for his son.

One day as he was sitting under the great olive-tree in his garden, a stranger suddenly stood before him.

'Who are you, *Affendi*?' he asked.

'Dost thou not, then, know me?'

'My eyes are growing dim.'

'And yet thou still knowest me when I am beside thy patients.'

'Ah, is it you? Forgive me, *Affendi*. What are your commands?'

'The number of thy days is nearly fulfilled. Thou must prepare to depart.'

'Depart? Die? Now?'

'Yes, now.'

'*Ach!* Mercy! mercy! Grant me a few years more!—a few days only!—To-morrow!' And the

doctor threw himself at the feet of Death and wept like a child.

'For the sake of your godson! Let me but see him married ere I die! *Ach!* Mercy! mercy!'

'Come, come, my friend, I cannot wait.'

So the doctor had to follow Death through valleys and forests, across rivers and seas, and over mountains and hills. They hurried on until they came to an immense plain in the middle of which stood a wonderful palace.

'We have come to the end of our journey,' said Death.

As they came near, the doctor saw that the windows of the palace were as numerous as the stars of the sky. Some were dark, others brilliantly lighted. They went in, and Death led the way to one of the lighted chambers. A number of tapers were burning there, and one of them was nearly burnt out.

'That taper,' said Death, 'pictures thy life. Dost thou not see how wasted it is?'

'I pray thee, O Death, let me put one of these tapers in its place!'

'They are those of thy relatives.'

'This one, then?'

'It is the life-taper of thy son—of my godson.'

'What matter!'

'"What matter!" sayest thou? Come, come, look at thy taper! See—the flame flickers—it dies—it is gone!'

And at the same instant, the old man fell dead at the feet of the supremely just Being who shows favour to none!

CLASS III.

HISTORICAL FOLK-LEGENDS.

LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HISTORICAL MEMORIES.

SECTION (I.)

LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF BYZANTINE MEMORIES.

THE LAST OF THE OLD HELLENES.[61]

Khrysovitza.

(HEUZEY, *Le Mont Olympe*, p. 264.)

VERY long ago, in the times of the grandfathers of our grandfathers, some people of our village went to Constantinople. While there they heard that one old woman of the race of the ancient Hellenes was still living in that city, and they went to visit her. She was very tall, taller than any man of our day, but had become blind from old age. She asked her visitors about their country, and, addressing one of them, 'Give me thine hand,' said she. He was afraid; so, taking up the fire-shovel, he held it towards the old woman, who bent it with her fingers till it broke.

'You are pretty strong,' she remarked, 'but not so strong as we used to be.'

SINTSIRLÍ, AND MINTSIRLÍ, AND LITTLE SINTSIRLÁKÍ.[a]

Epeiros.

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια.*)

There was once a youth who was called Sintsirlí and Mintsirlí and Little Sintsirlákí. One day he was passing along a narrow street, and he saw at a window a maiden named Helioyénneté, and the moment he saw her he was seized with such a pain that he could scarcely walk. And when he reached home, there fell from his lips these words,

'Mother, my soul! Mother, my heart! and my poor head, O mother!
Mother, such pain has seized on me, I shall be dead at even!
Mother, fair Helioyénneté was at her lofty window!'

And he repeated them a second and a third time, and cried, and raved. Then his mother asked what ailed him that he cried thus; and when she heard that Helioyénneté was the cause of his woe, she at once told her husband, who sent servants to her house. And when they arrived and knocked at the door, she asked 'Who is it, and what is it, and who knocks?'

And they answered, 'We are the servants of Sintsirlí and Mintsirlí and Little Sintsirlákí.'

Then said Helioyénneté, 'Hasten, servants and maidens, and open!'

And quickly they opened the doors and the people came in. Now among them was Sintsirlí and Mint-

[a] See Vol. I., Annotation No. 48.

sirlí and Little Sintsirlákí, who had disguised himself as a servant in order to hear for himself what Helioyénneté would say. When they went upstairs, golden seats were set for them to sit upon; and when they had sat a little while,[a] the servants began to tell her that they were sent by Sintsirlí, who wished to make her his wife.

Then Helioyénneté said that Sintsirlí's hands were [only fit for] hoes to dig her garden; that his feet were [only fit for] spades to dig her fields with; and that his tongue was [only fit for] a shovel for her dunghill. And this she bade them tell him, and so they went away. And Sintsirlí, grieved and angry, left with them; and there fell from his lips these words, and he cried them louder than before,

'Mother, my soul! Mother, my heart! and my poor head, O mother!
Mother, that Helioyénneté!—I shall be dead at even!'

Then his mother bade him go to the Witches, and do whatever they might advise. So he went to the Witches, and said to them, 'Such and such things have happened to me—what shall I do? What shall I take?'

'Nothing at all,' they replied. 'Go, get a suit of women's clothes and put it on, and hie thee and knock at her gate; and when she asks from within, "Who is it, and what is it, and who knocks?" thou must reply,

[a] This little touch is exceedingly characteristic of Eastern as contrasted with Western manners. In the West, if a stranger called unexpectedly, he would at once either mention, or be requested to mention, the cause of his visit. In the East, however, all the polite formalities of service with *glyko*, coffee, and pipes must first be gone through. And so it was only after 'they had sat a little while' that the object of this visit was broached.

'"I am thy cousin come to thee from far-off St. Donáto;
Of golden broidery nought I know, of thee I've come
to learn it!'"

Then the Witches gave him magic [ointment], and said to him,

'Take this magic [ointment], and when thou art come in, kiss her first and anoint her, and then kiss the servants and anoint them; and, as you are eating bread, the magic will, little by little, take hold of them, and then thou must begin to say,

'"Ah! all the birds, the little birds, in golden pairs are
sleeping,
And I, poor solitary bird, to-night where shall I rest
me?"

And she will answer, "Hush, hush! my cousin, thou shalt bide with my servants." Then thou must again reply, "Ah? I am a King's daughter! Should I lodge with servants?" Then she will say, "With the nurses," and thou must give the same answer. And she will then say, for the third time, "Hush, my Cousin, thou shalt bide with me." Then thou must be silent, and leave her a little while until bedtime, and afterwards thou must seize her and carry her off.'

So Sintsirlí went and did as the Witches told him. He took her and carried her home to his house. And as he held her in his arms—'*Oukh!*' she said, 'where are you, nurses and maidens, that I may tell you what I have been dreaming? It seemed to me that I was in the arms of that donkey of a Sintsirlí!'

'That is precisely where thou art,' said he.

And perhaps Helioyénneté didn't scream at all when she found that it was true! Afterwards they were married, and lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE ACCURSED ONE.[62]

(*Circa* 1370.)

Thrace.

In the olden time, the town of Stenémacho and the surrounding country belonged to the King of Kalé who lived in the Castle there in great pomp and splendour. Sallying forth at the head of his army of mighty warriors he vanquished and slew myriads of his enemies, returning with rich spoils which he distributed among his followers, reserving for himself only the glory of his exploits.

But times changed. For the hated enemy of the Greek faith and nation, the conquering Sultan Amurath, had seized town after town, and castle after castle, until the great city of Adrianople had fallen into his hands. There he had raised his throne, and from this new stronghold was threatening the neighbouring Princes. Long and valiantly did the King of Kalé defend his country against the invader, but he was at last compelled to shut himself up in his Citadel. This fortress was built on the top of a precipitous rock, and so well was it defended by nature and art that, when prepared for a siege, a bird of the air only might approach it. Nor was this all. For the King had had constructed a secret mechanism by means of which he could at will dam up the torrent that rushed below the rocky foundations of his Castle, until its waters rose to the summits of the surrounding hills. Then, as the enemy advanced unsuspectingly up the dry bed of the torrent, the besieged opened the huge

flood-gates, and the waters rushed forth, like another Red Sea, and overwhelmed them.

At the beginning of these troublous times there had come to Stenémacho from beyond the Balkans a Bulgarian family who gave out that they were relatives of the Kral of Bulgaria, but having found the Ottoman yoke insupportable, they had left their country to seek an asylum with the Christian King of Kalé.

Some doubted the truth of this story, and feared that the good town of Stenémacho might be harbouring spies and traitors in the guise of refugees from Moslem tyranny. The King, however, received the strangers kindly, and promised them his protection. The family consisted of an old man, whose lips were never seen to smile; a young and beautiful woman; and a fair-faced youth. People said that this beautiful foreign woman had tried hard to win the love of the King, but in vain; for he was betrothed to a daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, and his heart was as impregnable as his Castle.

But more and more evil grew the times for the Christian dwellers in those parts. Twice had the Moslems besieged the fortress of Kalé, and twice had the waters swept away the besiegers, strewing the Thracian plain with their dead bodies. The Ottomans at length seemed to be outworn, their camp was broken up, and they retired from Kalé towards the East. The King received this glad news on a Saturday afternoon, and immediately commanded that a solemn thanksgiving service should be held the next day in the citadel church of the *Panaghía*. All the notables of Stenémacho were bidden and with them the Bulgarian family.

Early on the following morning, the paths leading

to Kalé were thronged with the townspeople; the great iron gates were thrown open; and as the solemn Mass was chanted by the priests, the people gave heart-felt thanks to God and the *Panaghía* for their deliverance from the enemy.

But before the service was over a loud cry of alarm from the sentinel startled the worshippers, and a soldier forcing his way through them to where the King stood hurriedly informed him that a numerous band of the enemy were advancing on the Castle by the secret path, now undefended. The service ceased, the bugles sounded, all flew to arms. The King girded on his two-handed sword and hurried to the battlements. But the enemy came on. Presently a messenger arrived breathless at the foot of the tower, and was drawn up by a rope. He brought a letter for the King containing these words: '*Beware of the Bulgarian woman—she is a spy.*' Looking up, and across the ravine the King beheld standing on a jutting rock above the torrent the figure of a woman who, with outstretched hand, pointed out to the enemy the secret path.

'Accursed be the Bulgarian!' he cried. And at the same moment a well-aimed arrow pierced him to the heart. As the soldiers standing near received the dying hero in their arms, and looked with rage and grief in their hearts towards the traitress, they saw that the King's curse had indeed fallen upon her. For what had been the figure of a woman was now but a black and motionless pillar of stone. And there, to the present day, above the rushing torrent, stands the *Anathematismené*—bound there by the dying curse of the King of Kalé.

SECTION (II.).

LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OTTOMAN MEMORIES.

THE MONK OF ST. SOFÍA.[63]

(1430.)

When the Turks conquered Salonica, one of their first acts was to take possession of all the public buildings, and especially the churches, and with this object they approached St. Sofía. All the monks had fled save one, who, boldly addressing the invaders, announced to them that he was the guardian of the church and would die rather than abandon his charge. After a determined resistance at several points which were successively assailed, the brave monk finally took refuge in the bell-tower, where he again performed prodigies of valour. But the Turks, ashamed and infuriated at being thus held at bay by one man, and that man a monk, put forth their utmost efforts, and at last succeeded in making him prisoner. As an example to the rest of the inhabitants, they cut off his head, which they threw out of one of the tower windows. The monk's head rolled down the side of the wall,

leaving a streak of blood from top to bottom. The Turks, who soon transformed this church into a mosque, did everything they could think of to efface the stain. They scraped and limewashed the wall a hundred times, but all in vain. For centuries afterwards the red streak remained a source of secret exultation to the Christians and of vexation to the Osmanlis.

MAVROMICHAELIS AND MOURZINOS.[64]

Maina.

(SOUTZO, *Scènes et Récits*, p. 301.)

ONE day Mavromichaelis and Mourzinos met on a high rocky platform overlooking the sea where there is now a little chapel of the *Panaghía*. The two rivals, after some angry and defiant words, began a furious combat. For two whole days they fought; the blows they dealt each other shook the very ground, the blood from their wounds reddened the very sea; but neither of them was mortally wounded. The sun was setting for the second time since the beginning of the fearful duel, when suddenly the figure of a woman appeared before the combatants, and said,

'My children, cease your strife! Fall upon the Turks—they are burning your villages!'

When she had said these words, she disappeared. But the red glow of distant fires could be seen on the horizon, confirming this divine warning. Mavromichaelis and Mourzinos made the sign of the Cross, shouted loudly to their followers, and hastened to attack the enemies of the nation.

GIOVANNI AND THE DAUGHTER OF IATRAKIS.[65]

Maina.

(SOUTZO, *Scènes et Récits*, p. 302.)

THE family of the Mavromichaelis had gone to keep Easter in one of their manor-houses to the north of Vitulo, the ruins only of which now mark its former site. The Mourzinos took advantage of their occupation in fasting and prayer to scale the walls of the castle, and surprised their enemies while unarmed and defenceless. They carried off with them Giovanni, then twelve years old, and gave him up to the Turks, who shut him up in one of the prisons of the Seven Towers, thinking that the hope of ransoming this precious hostage might make the Mavromichaelis more tractable on some future day.

Some years afterwards, Iatrakis, the chief of Bardounia, was on his way to Zante with his daughter, who was very beautiful, when they were taken by Maltese pirates. The father was killed, and the girl sold as a slave to the Sultan's *Serail*. The Iatraki family possessed from time immemorial certain medical secrets which were carefully preserved and handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms. At the time when the young girl was brought into the *Serail*, the Sultan was ill with a fever which all his physicians had failed to cure. The maiden offered to cure him on the condition that, when the Sultan recovered, she might have any boon she chose to ask. Her offer was accepted. She brewed a draught accord-

ing to her family prescriptions, and succeeded in saving the life of her Imperial patient. In return she asked for her own liberty and also for that of the Greek captive whom she would choose as her husband. On being led to the prisons where languished so many of her countrymen, she recognised the son of Mavromichaelis by his tall stature, handsome features, and proud bearing. Giovanni's chains were struck off, and the young couple were sent away with every mark of honour to their own country.

SECTION (III.).

LEGENDS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HELLENIC MEMORIES.

YIÁNNI STATHAS.

Argos.

(YEMENIZ, *Voyage en Grèce*, p. 62.)

SOON after Ypsilanti had uttered the first cry of insurrection in the Morea, Yiánni Stathas gathered round him his relatives and friends, and telling them that he was going to join the defenders of Greek national freedom, he chose from among them the bravest and hardiest, leaving the rest to guard their native village. In a few months he had gained a great reputation by deeds of daring which he again and again repeated. The terror which he caused among the Turks was also mingled with superstitious dread. Followed only by a small band of men, he fought with whole armies, which took to flight, panic-stricken by the suddenness and unexpectedness of his onslaught upon them. Even the very elements he made use of as his weapons. For with more than superhuman strength he would dislodge and roll down upon his foes great masses of rock

from the mountain side, and precipitate them into torrents or abysses. With his intimate knowledge of the country it was impossible to seize him. Appearing suddenly when believed to be at a distance, he dealt his stroke, and vanished without leaving any trace by which he could be followed.

Now and again he would visit his native village to see his kindred, bring back one son and take another, or recruit fresh followers to replace those who had fallen. These visits, though rare, and carried out with great precaution, did not escape the knowledge of the Turks, who determined to lay an ambush for him there, and crush him and his men by overwhelming numbers.

So one day when they had been informed by their spies that Yiánni was at Kastro with all his band, the Turks went by night to the number of 1,000 and surrounded the village, which could then muster but fifty fighting men, but each *pallikar* was a match for ten Turks. The Moslems surrounded the houses of the sleeping Greeks, and their chief summoned the villagers in these words:

'Give us up Yiánni Stathas! Your heads are promised to the Pashá, but he will give you yours if you will give him Yiánni Stathas! We are a thousand, you but fifty!'

At these words a shutter was thrown open, and Yiánni's wife, armed with a long *tophaíki*, appeared and cried in answer,

'O merciful Turks! We grieve to refuse you, but Yiánni Stathas is gone, and we are here but his wife, his three sons, and fifty *pallikars!*'

While speaking, she takes aim at the Turkish leader, and stretches him dead in the dust.

Yiánni Stathas had in fact left the preceding night,

he having by a lucky chance been summoned to the Greek camp to meet and confer with Ypsilanti.

The day was just beginning to break that was soon to see one of the most cruel and bloody combats imaginable. The fifty *pallikars*, entrenched in houses or behind trees and rocks, kept up an uninterrupted fire, the old men and the women loading guns for them. The Turks, whose numbers were being gradually thinned by the balls of the Greeks, filled the air with their cries and imprecations. When the combat had lasted five hours, ten Christians had fallen—a terrible loss, considering their numbers; while the Turks made a rampart of the dead bodies of their comrades, so numerous were these. Exhausted by the heat and fatigue, both sides were slackening their fire, when a woman appeared on the roof of a house, her hair dishevelled and face and dress blackened with powder and smoke. It was the wife of Yiánni Stathas.

'Sons of Mohammed!' she cried, 'and you, Children of Christ, cease for an instant your firing that the dust and smoke may disperse and both sides count their dead and wounded. *Pallikars*, give me news of my three sons—how have they borne themselves, and where are they?'

A voice replied, 'One has gone for water, and the second is cleaning his *tophaíki*.'

'And the third?'

There was no answer. But a finger pointed to her third son, the handsomest, bravest, and best beloved, who lay stretched on the earth with his face to the sky, riddled with bullets, his unclosed eyes glazed in death, his fingers still clutching the stock of his long *tophaíki*.

The wife of Yiánni Stathas hastened down from the housetop, and throwing herself upon the corpse of her

son, divided the black curls that lay matted on his brow, and spoke to him some words in a low tone. Then, seizing the arms he had used, she rallied the few remaining *pallikars*, and followed closely by her two sons, who while shielding her with their bodies, dealt around them blows worthy of giants, led them again to the assault.[66]

When evening came, silence reigned in the village of Kastro. The streets were filled with heaps of the slain—six hundred Turks, fifty *pallikars*, and the wife and three sons of Yiánni Stathas had fallen.

Two days afterwards Yiánni was returning joyfully from the Greek camp, singing as he strode along one of those folk-songs which a Greek peasant sings when returning to his native village. But on drawing near his song ceased and he wondered at the unwonted silence that reigned around. No sound of human voice, no bleating of flocks, barking of dogs, or lowing of cattle. A boding of evil suddenly seizes upon him. He sniffs the air; it has an acrid, sickening smell. He looks skywards, and sees birds of prey hovering overhead, unusual visitors to those regions. A turn of the path brings him suddenly in full view of the village, and the field of battle with its heaped up corpses and blackened and ruined houses meets his gaze. In an agony he seeks for his wife and sons; they were not far apart. Collecting the charred timber of what had once been his home, he raised over each body a mausoleum; then, facing the sun, he laid his right hand on his heart, and swore a solemn oath to return to Kastro only when he had taken as many Turkish heads as would fill these four mausoleums.

Such a vow made by such a man boded evil to the Moslems. From this moment his foes had no security.

Yiánni fell upon them by day when they were feasting, by night while they slept. He fought no longer, he massacred, for his courage had become transformed into ferocity. Leaving one day at Argos his followers, who had just returned from performing some exploit under his orders, and taking his way alone by a mountain path, he came upon a Moslem dwelling from which proceeded sounds of mirth and music. The inhabitants were celebrating some family festival. Stathas must wreak his vengeance on them too. Entering the house, he slew all the men he found within, and a woman with a child at her breast did not escape his blind fury. Drunk with blood, he was about to despatch the infant as well, when the poor helpless thing in its fright threw itself into the arms of its mother's murderer, and clung to his clothing.

The child's cries of terror touched the heart of the fierce Greek. He paused, looked at the baby, as if undecided how to act. Then clasping the infant to his breast, he hurried away with it to a little monastery in the neighbourhood. Calling out one of the *kalóyers*, all of whom knew and esteemed him as one of the bravest defenders of their faith and country, Stathas gave the child to him, saying,

'This child is a Turk. Its father and mother are dead—I have killed them. I adopt the boy, and leave him in thy care for some years. Baptize him, and bring him up in the faith of Christ, the love of our Fatherland, and hatred of the Infidels. Let the past remain unknown to him and to the world. I make thee responsible with thy life for this secret.'

Stathas then betook himself to fresh combats with the Turks; but though as valorous as of old, he had now laid aside the ferocity which had characterised

him since the tragedy of Kastro. When the War of Independence was drawing to a close, Stathas arrived one day at the monastery to claim his adopted son, who, he found, had received every care at the hands of the good *kalóyer*. Before the termination of the struggle he found an opportunity of completing the boy's education as a Greek and Christian by making him take part in the last combat with the Turks.[a]

[a] This story was told to M. Yéméniz by a Greek who professed to have heard it from the lips of the monk, then living in Athens, where he had removed when the monastery near Argos fell into ruin.

THE GROTTO OF MELIDHÓNI.[67]

(*Crete.*)

1822.

(PASHLEY, *Travels in Crete*, I., p. 127.)

NEAR the end of August, 1822, Hassán-Pashá passed with his troops through Melidhóni when on his way from Khánia to Megalo-Kástron. The unarmed Christians fled before him everywhere as he approached, and many of the inhabitants of Melidhóni, especially women and children, as well as people from neighbouring villages, took refuge in the great cave in the neighbourhood, and remained there several days. They found in it plenty of water, and since a few *tophaikia* sufficed to guard its entrance against any number of troops, they had but little fear of being attacked. The Pashá passed, however, without molesting them, and at length they emerged from their lurking-place, and returned in safety to their villages.

Soon after the death of Hassán-Pashá, Husséin-Bey and Mustafa-Bey[a] came to Melidhóni with their troops. The people fled before them as they had done before Hassán-Pashá, and now took with them all their cattle and as much of their goods as they could remove, knowing full well that they would lose all that they might leave behind them. They felt no fear whatever, for they believed they were returning to an impregnable fortress and had provisions enough to enable them to stand a siege of half a year. The number of

[a] This Mustafa Bey was still Governor at the time of Mr. Pashley's visit to Crete.

those who retired to the grotto on this occasion was upwards of 300 souls.

Hussein-Bey in vain summoned the Christian fugitives to come out of their lurking-place. His messenger was fired on, and fell. He then attempted to force the entrance of the cave, and in doing so, lost twenty-four of his brave Arnauts,[a] who were killed by shots from the Christians within. On this the Bey sent a Greek woman into the cavern with a message that 'if they would all come forth and give up their arms, they should not meet with any ill-usage.' The woman was immediately shot, and her body cast out of the cave.

When the Turkish General saw this, he himself took up a stone and threw it into the cavern's entrance. His troops followed his example, and thus the only opening through which light and air could pass to the Christians was entirely filled up. The following morning the besiegers saw that a small opening had been made in their work during the night. They again filled it up and their labour was again undone by the Christians the following night. This attempt of the Turks to close the entrance of the grotto was repeated twice more. Still they saw that the Christians could yet breathe and live. They therefore collected wood, oil, chaff, spirit, sulphur, refuse olives, and all other combustibles on which they could lay hands, and filled up the mouth of the cave with these materials, instead of the stones and earth they had before used, and then set fire to the pile.

Volumes of smoke immediately filled the spacious vault of the entrance cavern, in which many of the ill-starred Christians were assembled. The dense vapour rolled so swiftly through the whole chamber that many

[a] Albanians.

had not time to escape through the winding passage, leading to the inner recesses of the cave. The husband and wife, parent and child, could only take a last embrace and die. The smoke soon forced its way into the second chamber, where many more fell; but the greater number had still time to escape through narrow passages, in some of which they must have crept on their hands and knees into little side-chambers and to the more distant recesses of the cavern. Alas! the passages through which they rushed allowed the stifling vapour to follow them. And thus, at last, the groups of fugitives who had taken refuge in the inmost depths of the cave died as their companions had done before them, and in a few minutes after their funeral pile was first lighted, all the unhappy Christians had perished. The Turks and the Cretan Mohammedans, doubtful of the effect of their diabolical contrivance, waited patiently outside the grotto for eighteen days. They had with them a Greek prisoner, and him they offered his life if he would go down into the cavern to see what his fellow Christians were about. He gladly accepted their proposal; and after venturing, with much fear and anxiety, into the grotto, found in it only the silence of the grave, and soon returned, saying, 'They are all dead in there, *Affendi*.'

The Turks, fearful of being entrapped if they entered, sent the man in again to make sure, telling him to bring up some arms as proof of the truth of his report. He did so, and three days afterwards the Mohammedans themselves ventured in, and in their ferocity stripped the victims of everything of value, taking away with them also the stores and other property they found.

Soon after this, and while the headquarters of the

Beys were still at Melidhóni, six Christians, who had all of them both relations and friends in the cavern, ventured up to see with their own eyes what had happened. Three remained outside to give the alarm should any Moslems approach, and three entered the grotto. One of them never again lifted up his head, but pined and wasted, and died only nine days after the fatal confirmation by the evidence of his senses of his worst fears. The second lived twenty days, and then he, too, died.[a]

[a] The third, Manúlios Kermezákis, related the story of this tragedy to Mr. Pashley while surrounded by a numerous group of his fellow villagers, every one of whom confirmed his account in all its details (*loc. cit.*, p. 131).

THE SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI.

(1826.)

(SOUTZO, *Hist. de la Révolution Grecque*, p. 383.)

ON the 10th of July the Ottoman squadron commanded by Topal Pasha covered the Gulf of Lepanto with sixty warships and a number of transport vessels. They brought warlike stores to Reschíd Pashá and helped to build a battery of eight cannons on the east of Missolonghi and fill up the ditch. At the same time the Turkish admiral bombarded Vassiladi and approached the town with a flotilla of thirty-six pinnaces. The Seraskier offered terms of submission to the Missolonghiots, and, in Ottoman fashion, promised a thousand favours and privileges. He vaunted his own power and made use alternately of threats and cajoleries. These brave men, however, curtly replied to both,

'The keys of the town hang on the guns; come and take them!'

When these proud words were repeated to Reschíd Pashá, his anger knew no bounds. He gave orders that his picked soldiers should at once proceed to storm the walls, and rushing out of his tent he shouted,

'To the assault!'

'To the assault!' was echoed by ten thousand Albanian throats. They rushed to the attack. The batteries of Missolonghi thundered, and covered the earth with corpses. The Moslems trod underfoot the bodies of their brethren as they pressed forward. A

mine is exploded under the tower of Botzaris.[a] A wild cry is heard from the besieged,

'Let us defend the ashes of Botzaris!'

Then the soldiers stand to their posts on the towers. The women fly to their assistance, heedless of the balls which fall like hail around them. They fill the breach made by the explosion with mattresses, pile up stones and timber, and the enemy, with their ranks fearfully thinned, retire to their entrenchments.

[a] Every bastion and tower by which Missolonghi was defended bore some illustrious name. Among them were those of Byron, Franklin, William Tell, Montalembert, Righas, etc.

ANNOTATIONS:

HISTORICAL, COMPARATIVE, AND EXPLANATORY.

1 (p. 5). In an Epirote parallel (Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*) the Princess is directed to put water in a cup, and a ring in the water, and to call three times, 'Come, come, come, my Golden Wand!' when the Prince who bore this name would fly into her chamber in the form of a dove, bathe in the water, and become a man.

2 (p. 12). A brief way of saying 'I have my mother's blessing if I cure people for the pleasure of doing good, and her curse if I take payment.' This rule, says Greek tradition, was followed by the brother saints, Kosmo and Damiano. So strict was the latter on this point that he broke off all relations with his brother for accepting from a widow two eggs with which to make an unguent for her sciatica, and at his death gave orders that Kosmo should not be laid in the same grave with him. (Ricaut, *The Present State of the Eastern Church.*)

3 (p. 16). Iron, silver, or golden combs occur frequently in Greek, as in other folk-tales, as magical and much-prized objects in the possession of Giants,

Dhrakos, and other superhuman beings. In a Greek story from the Turkish island of Astypalæa (Von Hahn, *loc. cit.*), the Dhrako's talking Mare tells the hero to throw down behind them a comb he has stolen from the Dhrako's Castle, and it becomes a forest between them and their pursuers. And in the Epirote story of 'The Morning Star and the Pleiads' (*Ibid.*) a comb becomes a similar obstacle between the runaway children and their cannibalistic parents. In the Gaelic tale of 'Maol a Chiblain' (Campbell's *Tales*, I., 253), the heroine likewise steals 'the fine comb of gold and the coarse comb of silver that the giant has.' See also for combs and their place in traditional tales, Campbell, *loc. cit.*, vol. i., pp. lxxvii-lxxxi, and 53, 61, 69, 260; vol. iv., p. 321; and as a symbol on sculptured stones, vol. iii., p. 340. For description of the *Lamia*, see *Annot.*, No. 25.

4 (p. 18). Perhaps a reminiscence of the golden apples of the Hesperides and their guardians. The orange and kindred fruits, such as the lemon, lime, citron, etc., with their delicious flavours and medicinal virtues, were probably the originals of 'gold' and 'silver apples,' which are, in folk-tale, invariably possessed of magical qualities. Compare, for instance, the 'glittering fairy branch with nine apples of red gold upon it,' in exchange for which Cormac gave his wife and child, for none could 'bear in mind any want, woe, or weariness of soul when that branch was shaken for him' (Nutt, *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, p. 193).

5 (p. 20). The incident of the reflection in a well of a beautiful maiden concealed in an overhanging tree is very widespread. It occurs, for instance, in the Keltic

stories of the 'Bodach Glas' (*Celtic Mag.*, Nos. 133-34); and 'Battle of the Birds' (Campbell's *Tales*, I., p. 34); in the Hungarian tale of 'The Three Lemons' (*Folklore Journal*, vol. vi., p. 199), and in a Malagasy tale (*ibid*, vol. i., p. 233).

6 (p. 28). The opening incident recalls the story of Thesevs, whose father Aigevs left with Aithra his mother his sword and sandals hidden beneath a mighty boulder; and a further parallel exists between the tasks the hero of the folk-tale was called upon to perform on arriving at his father's house, and the toils which Thesevs performed at the bidding of Aigevs. With reference to the Beardless, a man characterized by any physical imperfection or peculiarity is, in Greek folk-tale, credited with an extra degree of cunning, and is consequently to be guarded against. In an Epirote story (Von Hahn, *loc. cit.*), a father on dying leaves as a legacy to his three sons the warning 'never to travel with anyone beardless or lame'; and in one from the island of Tinos (*Ibid.*) a Beardless man outwits a Dhrako and a Fox. This prejudice may be a souvenir of the Mongol invasions of Turkey. In an Albanian variant—'The Liouvía and the Beauty of the Earth' (Dozon, *Manuel Schkipe*, No. 16; and *Contes Albanais*, No. 12)—a King is the youth's sponsor, and a boy-companion sent by the hero's father to accompany him to his godfather's city, takes the place of the Beardless. In an Epirote tale, the hero, a King's son, is personated by a beardless muleteer; a blind Dhrako is substituted for the forty Dhrakontas, and an old lame horse for the Fate.

7 (p. 32). As the main features of this tale are of a Zoönist character, and the Fate occurs only inci-

dentally, it has been placed in this Section instead of in Section III., Supernalist, where the other tales in which the *Moirai* occur will be found.

The Fates (*Μοῖραι*) of to-day, it will be remarked, closely resemble their Classic prototypes, and, as in ancient times, occupy a place above and behind all gods. They are popularly represented as presiding more especially over the three great events of Man's existence, birth, marriage, and death—*τὰ τρία κακὰ τῆς Μοίρας*—'the three evils of Destiny.' As in olden time, they came to Altheia and made the life of her newly-born son, Meleagros, dependent on the burning brand; so in folk-belief the *Moirai* visit every child on the third night after its birth, and assign to it its destiny, which no power can alter, and no precaution avert. Anxious mothers seek to propitiate the *Moirai* by placing under the child's pillow, if a boy, gold and silver coins, bread and weapons; if a girl, a distaff or spindle, and bundle of flax or wool. Two of the Fates suggest a destiny for the infant, but the dictum of the third is final. It is she who becomes thenceforward the special *Moira* of that individual, and takes upon herself to see that her predictions, good or evil, are fulfilled. In folk-tale the *Moira* often acts the part generally assigned in the West to the 'fairy godmother,' and appears at critical moments to help the hero or heroine. Although the Fates are represented as continually wandering about in the fulfilment of their arduous labours, the summits of Olympos constitute their special abode; and it is to this mountain that those who desire their assistance turn when addressing to them the invocation given on p. 81, vol. i.

8 (p. 33). The *Δράκος* or *Δράκοντας* appears to be the modern representative of Polyphemos and the

Cyclops (see *Annot.*, No. 19). He is sometimes represented as having but one eye, but is always of gigantic stature and superhuman strength. 'As strong as a Dhrako' is, in fact, an everyday proverb. In many of his characteristics he closely resembles the Rakshasas of Indian folktales, the Trolls of Scandinavia, and the Giants of the West generally. He has a wife called *Dhrákissa, Dhrákaina,* or *Dhrakóntissa,* and sons and daughters, and is of cannibalistic habits, but excessively fond of cheese, which, if he has no flocks of his own, he steals from the nomad shepherds. He carries off Princesses and marries them, and is often possessed of magical powers and objects. The Dhrako is also represented as living, like the Cyclops, in a cave, pasturing his own flocks and tilling his fields, or hiring mortals to till them for him, though he, at the same time, is the owner of a magnificent palace, sometimes underground, and approached through a well. He possesses untold wealth, his palace is furnished with Oriental magnificence, and he is occasionally conventional enough to go to Mass. But though of great stature and immense strength, he is, like our own Giants, not remarkable for intelligence, and is easily outwitted by a courageous and crafty hero. These heroes are usually Widows' Sons, or the youngest of three brothers; but a Beardless Man also plays a prominent part in such adventures. In classic myth *Δράκοντοι* are referred to as 'keen-eyed beings.' Mr. Geldart, in his translations of some folk-tales from Von Hahn's *Παραμύθια,* has rendered *Δράκος* 'Dragon.' The Greek *Δράκος* is, however, a Giant rather than a 'Dragon,' in the Western sense, or in the sense of the Bulgarian *Zmok.* And in the description of St. George's encounter with a 'Dragon,' the Greek word used is *θεριό* = 'monster,' and not *Δράκος.*

9 (pp. 39, 74, etc.). Allusions to the 'Water,' 'Well,' or 'Fountain of Life,' are frequently met with in Turkish and Persian poetry, as well as in Oriental folk-tales generally. This 'Fountain of Life' is said to spring forth in a Land of Darkness surrounded by a 'Sea of Darkness,' or in an 'Isle of the Isles of the Sea.' According to Moslem belief, if anyone drinks of this water he will live for ever. But so great are the dangers and terrors of the way that one man only has succeeded in overcoming them and obtaining the reward of immortality. This is the mysterious being called Khidhr or Khizr, the traditions concerning whom connect him, among others, with the Prophet Elias. Moses is said to have set out in search of this Fountain of Life, and Alexander the Great to have wandered long in the Land of Darkness, and at last to have given up his quest in despair. On page 171, a magical herb resuscitates the dead hero. In Keltic story we also find mention of 'Healing-balm out of the Well of the Western world' (Hyde, *Beside the Fire*, p. 41); 'Water of the Well of Virtues' (McInnes, *Folk and Hero Tales*, p. 197); a 'Reviving Cordial' (*Ibid.*, p. 357); 'Living Water' (Campbell, *West Highland Tales*, iii., p. 13); a 'Well of True Water' (ii., p. 130); and a 'Vessel of Cordial' (*Ibid.*, i., p. 215), or 'Balsam' (ii., p. 275), which restore dead men to life, as do also a 'sour herb' (i., p. xciv); a 'sour gray weed' (i., p. 294); and in 'The Widow's Son' (ii., p. 293), wax shaken out of the deer's ear has the same effect.

10 (p. 40). In an Epirote variant of this story, the objects the Prince brought for the Goose-girl are the 'Knife of Slaughter,' the 'Whetstone of Patience,' and the 'Unwasting Candle'; and a Gipsy woman takes the place of the slave girl. (Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*)

11 (p. 50). Campbell remarks (*West Highland Tales*, vol. iv., p. 299) 'that Cardigan Bay was once the site of a submerged country,' and that the same tradition is found 'in Breton, in Irish, in Manks and Gaelic, in Norse, and in Italian, of a country submerged for wickedness, and whose houses can be seen under the water.'

12 (p. 53). Some of the incidents in this story are similar to those which occur in the Keltic tales of the 'Battle of the Birds' (*West Highland Tales*, i., p. 34), and the 'Bodach Glas' (*Celtic Magazine*, Nos. 133, 134). Among these are the kissing and forgetting, though it is the dog or greyhound, and not the hero's mother, who kisses him; and the closing incident is practically the same in all three stories. A variant from Smyrna, in which the heroine is called 'Belezza,' is translated in the *Histoire des Religions* (Musée Guimet), t. x., 1884.

This story, together with 'Saddleslut' (p. 116), and 'Sintsirli' (p. 414), were evidently in their origin *cante-fables*. The last named, indeed, still exists in ballad form, without any prose admixture (vol. i., p. 267). See Mr. Jacob's remarks on this subject in his *Notes and References* to *English Fairy Tales*, p. 240.

13 (p. 55). The grief of Oriental women of rank often finds expression in giving to their dwellings the most dismal and funereal appearance by painting black either the whole of the exterior walls, or the shutters only, and covering up, or removing from their usual places, mirrors and other ornaments of the interior. Shainitza, the sister of Ali Pasha of Ioannina, is said to have given vent to her grief for the death of her favourite son, Aden Bey, by destroying all his and her

own diamond ornaments, cashmeres and furs, and also all the mirrors and ornaments of her palace, the windows and walls of which were painted black. I have also just read in a daily paper that a visitor who lately called on Madame Stambuloff, found 'the whole house draped in black.'

14 (p. 60). *"Οταν παίζουν* (also written *παίξουν* and *βάρουν*) *τὰ νεμπέτια.* The last word is probably derived from Turkish, but I have not yet been able to trace it to its source.

15 (p. 73). Evidently a folk-echo of the saying attributed to Archimedes, 'Give me a lever, and where I may stand, and I will move the world!'

16 (pp. 74, 107). These heroes figure in other Greek tales, as, for instance, 'The Golden Casket' and 'The Widow's Johnny' (Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*). Similar champions also occur in the Keltic tales of 'The King of Lochlinn's Three Daughters' (Campbell, *Tales*, i., p. 256), 'The King of Ireland's Son' (Hyde, *Beside the Fire*, p. 19), and 'Finn MacCuail and the Bent Gray Lad' (McInnes and Nutt, *Folk and Hero Tales*, p. 53). See also Mr. Nutt's notes on this subject *loc. cit.*, p. 447.

17 (p. 78). *Ψάριν ἀππάριν.* This is the only mention I have found of this extraordinary animal. It may possibly have some connection with the Magical Fish, for which see *Annot.*, No. 34.

18 (p. 82). A mother's blessing is to the present day, in the East, formally asked by, and given to, sons and daughters when leaving home, especially if for the first time. In folk-tale it possesses a magical power, and becomes, indeed, occasionally personalised, as in the

story of 'Moda,' as a helping Old Man (p. 364), and elsewhere as two doves. In Keltic tales a mother's blessing is also the hero's shield in every danger, and in one instance is bestowed as a name upon a youth of exceptional goodness (Campbell, *Tales*, vol. i., p. 51).

19 (p. 84). This is evidently a popular survival of the story of Odysseys and Polyphemos. A similar incident, which occurs in 'Conall Cra Bhuidhe' (*West Highland Tales*, No. 5), is commented upon by Mr. Nutt in the *Celtic Magazine* (No. 12). The Romaic version, as might be expected, bears a closer resemblance to the Classic form than does the Keltic. In the latter the Giant is drowned in a loch, while in the Greek he is blinded in precisely the same way as in the Homeric story. (See also *Annot.*, No. 8.)

20 (p. 88). A Keltic parallel may be found in the tale of 'Whittlegaire' from County Leitrim, published in the *Folklore Journal*, June, 1895.

21 (p. 94). *Ὁ Πολυῤῥοβυθὰς.* This story evidently belongs to the 'Marquis of Carabas,' or 'Puss in Boots' type. Mr. Lang has remarked in his *Introduction* to Miss Cox's *Cinderella* (p. vii.), that in this class of stories the supernal aid is always given by a beast. This is no doubt true as a general rule, and a Fox is the helpful animal in some Greek and other Oriental parallels. In the 'Man of many Chickpeas,' however, the animal element is absent, and the hero secures advantages by his own wit. Greek variants may be found in Von Hahn's *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*, and *Griechische u. Albanesische Märchen*, pp. 17 and 210; Sanders' *Volksleben der Neugriechen*, p. 328; the *Φιλομαθῶν*, 1865, pp. 774, etc.; and Sakellario's *Τὰ Κυπριακά*. The *Arabian*

Nights version is contained in the 'History of the Fifth Brother of the Barber.' A Kurdish story of this type (Lerch, *Forschungen*, etc., p. 83) has been translated in the *Women of Turkey* (vol. ii., p. 163). And the European variants are well known.

22 (p. 96). *Ὦμὸς*. In the villages of Naxos Satan is referred to either by this term, or as *Ὦ πονηρὲ ὠμὲ*. In the following story he is called *Βερσεβούλιν*, and is slain with an arrow. For, as Campbell remarks (*loc. cit.*, p. lxxvii.), 'the Fiend of popular tales is own brother to Gruagach and Glashan.' In an Astypalæa variant (Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παραμ.*) he gobbles up men and horses, and sucks the Princess's blood like a Vampire, but is also finally killed by an arrow.

23 (p. 97). *Πούλια*. This Greek folk-name for the Pleiads bears a close resemblance to the French *Poussinière*, and to our own folk-name, 'The Dove.' An Epirote tale, *Ὁ Ἀνγερινὸς καὶ ἡ Πούλια* (Von Hahn, *loc. cit.*), translated by Mr. Geldart as 'Starbright and Birdie,' relates the origin of this constellation.

24 (p. 103). 'Birds' milk' is mentioned in several tales as a delicacy possessing medicinal virtues, as is also 'Swallows' milk,' which, like the 'Water of Life,' is brought from a mountain that opens and shuts. Theal's *Kafir Folklore* contains the story of a 'Bird that made Milk' (p. 29).

25 (pp. 106, 200, 203). *Τα ἐξωτικὰ*, the variations of which—*ξωτικαὶς*, *ξωτερικὰ*, *ξωθκιὰ*, *ξωθικὰ*—are euphemisms in common use for Nereids, Lamias, and Supernals generally. In Kephalonia they are called *ξωτερικαὶς γυναῖκες*—'Outsider Women'; in Zagorie *καλότυχοι*—'Lucky Ones'; and in Arachova (Parnassos) *φύλοι* or *ἀδερφοί*—'Friends' or 'Brothers.' The Nereids,

who occupy in the popular imagination of the Greeks a place similar to the Fairies of more northern countries, differ from them in being invariably of the full stature of mortals. Popular belief divides them into two classes —'Nereids of the Sea' (*Θαλασσιναὶς*), and 'Nereids of the Mountain' (*Βουνήσιαις*). Phenomena of Nature, such as whirlwinds and storms, are ascribed to their agency, and it is customary to crouch down when they are supposed to be passing overhead. If this precaution is not taken, the Nereids may seize the irreverent individual and carry him or her off to the mountains. Offerings of milk, honey, and cakes are made to them in certain spots which they are believed to frequent, and the country women, when they see the wind-driven cloud scudding overhead, mutter *γάλα κὶ μέλι*—'Honey and milk' to avert all evil from themselves. They are believed, as a rule, to marry male beings of their own species; but they also occasionally fall in love with mortals, who, if they return their affection and prove faithful to them, they reward with great prosperity. Lamias are generally represented as ill-favoured and evilly-disposed beings, who haunt desert places and lonely seashores. Sometimes, however, they take the shape of beautiful women, who, like the Sirens, lure men to destruction by their sweet voices and graceful dancing, or, as recorded in the song in vol. i. (p. 101), lay wagers with them, in which the mortal is sure to be the loser. The popular beliefs respecting them are very similar to those of the ancient Greeks, and they are at the present day, as Strabo tells us they were in Classical times, made use of to terrify naughty children into obedience (*Geog.*, Trübner's Edition, i., p. 24).

26 (p. 112). The four Greek versions of the Cinderella tale with which I am acquainted all contain this canni-

balistic incident. Three of these have been included in Miss Cox's *Cinderella*, together with a very close parallel from Dalmatia. The fourth, translated on p. 116, I unearthed quite recently in the Ἑλλ. Φιλα. Συλ. of Constantinople. Cannibalism occurs also, but under different circumstances, in No. 278 of Miss Cox's collection, a Portuguese tale. In two of these Greek stories the nickname bestowed on the heroine may be translated as 'Cinderella'; in the other two it is only translatable as 'Saddleslut,' her usual seat being the σαμάρα, or heavy wooden pack-saddle common in the East. Von Hahn has, however, freely rendered this also *Aschenputtel*.

27 (p. 116). See preceding note; also No. 12.

28 (p. 118). May not such transformations as apples, lemons, citrons, etc., into maidens have been suggested by the hardly less marvellous metamorphoses undergone by butterflies and other insects, frogs and other reptiles?

29 (p. 120). This incident of the creation by human hands of a body which becomes animated, occurs in two other stories, 'The Wand' (p. 138) and 'King Sleep' (p. 179). The former, which is frequently met with in Eastern folklore, forms one of the many anecdotes related by the hero in a fuller parallel of 'The Wand,' 'The Golden Casket,' translated by Mr. Geldart from Von Hahn's Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια. In all these instances, however, the material used for the figure is wood. In 'King Sleep,' the 'Laughterless Fate' endows the wooden image with life; in all the others, this is the result of prayer to God. The concluding incident is found in other stories. See, for instance, 'The Daughters of King O'Hara,' in Curtin's

Myths and Folklore of Ireland, p. 60; and 'The Daughter of the Skies' (*West Highland Tales*, i., p. 206). In the former, the real wife gives a magical scissors, comb, and whistle; and in the latter a magical shears, needle, and thread. Compare also 'Peau d'Ane' in Bladé's *Contes Populaires*, No. 275 of Miss Cox's *Cinderella* variants.

30 (pp. 132, 225). Dervishes, being to a great extent the magicians of the modern East, are often credited with the possession of magical objects. A Persian verse alludes to

> 'The Talisman of magic might,
> Hid in some ruin's lonely site,
> Emerging from its ancient night
> At the mild glance of Dervishes.'

Compare also the 'Quadrangular Cup of the Fayn,' which contained anything the holder desired, in 'The Bent Gray Lad' (McInnes, *Folk and Hero Tales*, p. 33). Like the Jack-knife in this, a Sword in a subsequent story (p. 225), when bidden by the holder, cuts down everything before it.

31 (p. 142). A variant of this tale in the same collection, 'The Golden Casket,' referred to in a preceding note, contains no fewer than four other stories embedded in the narrative after the manner of the *Thousand Nights and a Night*, including that told above by the youth to the King and the Twelve, and a parallel to the tale of the 'Thrice Accursed' (p. 99). They are related to the hero, a Prince, by a Talking Casket, and the Prince's absurd judgments on the questions propounded in them provoke the Princess to speak.

32 (pp. 150, 207, 234). *Τὴ Σολομονική μου*—'my Solomonic book.' The Solomon whose magical powers form the theme of so many Eastern stories, is not the much vaunted King of Israel, but the Chaldean 'King

of the Gods,' the wise Ea, one of whose names, 'Sallimanu,' was adopted by the Hebrew Jedidiah. See Sayce, *Religion of the Ancient Babylonians.* A Keltic variant of this tale is found in 'The Fisherman's Son, or the Gruagach of Tricks' (Curtin, *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*, p. 139). It is also one of the *Tales of the Forty Viziers*, 'The Magician and his Apprentice.'

33 (p. 158). Compare the *Fachan* in Campbell's *Popular Tales* (vol. iv., p. 327), of whom a portrait is given, 'with one hand out of his chest, one leg out of his haunch, and one eye out of the front of his face.' He also was a woodcutter. The *Fachan*, according to Campbell, is unknown in Norse or German mythology, but is met with in an Irish manuscript (Hyde, *Beside the Fire*, xx.). A creature described as 'Half Man, Half Iron,' occurs in the Albanian tale of 'The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters') (Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. xv.; and *Langue Chkipe*, No. xxiv.). The magical words spoken by the Fish are in the original '*Πρωτο λόγο τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ δεύτερο τοῦ ψαριοῦ.*' A Cyprus variant (Sakellarios, ii., p. 335) has '*Μὰ τον λόον του θεοῦ, καὶ μὰ τον λόον τοῦ ψαρκοῦ, κ' ἐμένα τοῦ ἀμαρτωλοῦ.*' Another 'Story of the Golden Fish' (*loc. cit.*, p. 337) belongs rather to the 'Grateful Dead' type, the Fish which has been returned to the water reappearing in the form of a man, and aiding the hero in an encounter with a Dhrako. Mr. Stuart-Glennie suggests that this legend of a magical Fish may have some connection with the Oannes tradition found in the *Χαλδαϊκά* of Bérossos—namely, that 'a wise Being with the body of a fish, and under the head of the fish another and human head, and in the tail the feet of a man came out of the sea, mixed with men, but took none of their food, taught them all the arts during the day, and returned

at sunset to the sea.' (Lenormant, *Fragments cosmog. de Bérose*, p. 6). The expression, *Πῶς μὰς ἔρριξαν τουτον τὸ φτρᾶ*, which I have translated—'Why have they thrown this shovel at us?'—is obscure. Pio has suggested a derivation of *φτρᾶ* from *φ 'τρᾶω* = or *φοντράω* = *ὑποφέρω*; but *φτρα* = *φτυάρι*, a shovel, spade, hoe, etc., seems to me quite as probable. The concluding incidents of this story occur also, though in a less extended form, in the Epirote variant of Cinderella (Von Hahn, *Griech. und Alban. Märchen*, vol. i., Story II.). I venture, however, to differ from Von Hahn in connecting the episode of the concealment of the spoon in the King's boot with the Albanian (and Greek) wedding custom referred to, the motive for this act being apparent in the version of the tale above translated, from which the episode is probably borrowed, as it has no *raison d'être* in the Cinderella tale. Compare the story of *The Lucky Fool, Pentamerone*, i. 43, abstracted by Mr. Hartland, *Perseus*, i. 101, 102.

35 (p. 162). See preceding *Annotation*.

36 (p. 171). This story was related to M. François Lenormant about 1860, at Elevsis, by a Greek priest said to be over a hundred years old, who was a perfect mine of legendary lore. The colossal statue of Demeter, brought from that place in 1801, and now at Cambridge (see also Clarke, *Greek Marbles in the Public Library of Cambridge*, p. 33), was, according to M. Lenormant, an object of worship to the people of the neighbourhood. Garlands were hung on the statue to ensure good harvests; and so apprehensive were they that the loss of it would bring sterility to their fields, that force was necessary to carry out the operations connected with its removal. Similarly, as recorded by Cicero (*In*

Verr. iv., 51), the people of Enna accused Verres of destroying the fertility of their fields by removing a statue of this Goddess. M. Lenormant points out at some length the resemblances between this modern story, with its details of Christian manners and Turkish domination, and the ancient myth of the Sorrow of Demeter. M. Jean Psichari, however, in his *Etudes de Philologie* (p. lxxxix) thus refers to this story: 'François Lenormant . . . invente un récit où Déméter—Sainte Dhimitra—les chateaux francs et un agha turc font ensemble bon ménage. . . . Il est douteux que Déméter subsiste encore. . . . Mais si l'agha Turc est douteux en tant que facteur mythologique, le *κάστρο* l'est beaucoup moins, et ce qu'il faut retenir de la fable de Lenormant, c'est que le mélange a dû s'opérer sur plus d'un point d'une façon analogue, et entre des éléments très divers.' The transformation during the Ottoman period of King Hades into a Turkish Agha possessing magical powers is, however, most natural, and precisely what might be expected in a modern echo of a classical myth. The details have changed, but the framework is the same.

The 'External Soul,' or 'Life-Correlate' incident introduced at the end of the story connects the 'Turkish magician' with such superhuman beings as Dhrakos or Giants. In the Greek story of 'The Brother who saved his Sister from the Dhrako' (Von Hahn, *Νεοελ. Παραμ.*), the Dhrako's strength is in three golden hairs on his head, which open a chamber containing three doves. If one were killed, the Dhrako would fall sick; if the second, he would get very ill; if the third, he would die. In Classic tale, the strength of Nisos is represented as contained in a purple lock of hair. In an Albanian variant (Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. 15),

Half-Man-Half-Iron's strength is in three pigeons, which are in a hare, which is in the silver tusk of a wild boar. Miss Cox gives a long list of references to such incidents in *Cinderella* (Notes, No. 25).

37 (p. 185). In a variant from Milos (*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, A. 14), the children are in turn put into a box and thrown into the sea. A monk rescues them and brings them up. After various adventures, in which a green-winged horse, and a magical being called Tsitsinaina play important parts, the parents and children are reunited, and the wicked Queen and nurse torn to pieces by horses. In an Armenian parallel, it is the heroine's sisters who represent to their brother-in-law that his wife has borne twin puppies in place of the promised boy and girl with the sun and moon on their brows. The King believes them, and orders her to be covered with a veil and chained to the palace gate with a puppy on either side of her, and a mallet hung above, so that every passer-by might spit on her and strike her on the head. Here she remained fourteen years, and the two dogs became as fierce as wild beasts. In the meantime, the children who had been thrown into the sea in a box were first found and nourished by a goat, and subsequently adopted by its owner, a poor woman, who was soon enriched by the pearls and gold into which the girl's tears, and the water in which she washed, were changed. The boy meets with adventures similar to those found in the tale from Milos, a giant called Barogh Assadour ('Dancing Theodore') taking the place of Tsitsinaina (*L'Arménie*, 15th June, 1892).

38 (p. 199). A 'Hat of Invisibility' occurs also in the story of 'The Widow's Son' (p. 225). This may be a reminiscence of the 'Helmet of Hades,' given to Perseus

by the Nymphs, described as worn by Athènè in *Iliad* v. 845, and represented on the shield of Herakles (*Asp. Herakl.*, 222). Invisibility is in folk-lore obtained by various means, as, for instance, the wearing of 'cloaks of darkness,' magical rings, or stones, such as the heliotrope. A long list of these, with references, is given in the notes to Miss Cox's *Cinderella*, pp. 497, 517.

39 (p. 203). A similar allusion occurs in a story in Von Hahn's *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*, translated by Geldart under the title of 'The Scabpate,' *loc. cit.*, p. 172. It was formerly the custom in the East to carry upstairs persons of rank and distinguished guests. The late Zohrab Bey, who was at one time physician to the harem of the Viceroy of Egypt—Ismail Pasha—related to me that whenever he saw the slaves of the household hastening to render this service to one of the young Princes, he would scatter them with a few forcible words and bid the lad use his own limbs. A survival of this practice still exists in the custom observed at Turkish weddings and other ceremonies, when two attendants meet each guest at the foot of the haremlik staircase, and support her on either side as she ascends.

40 (p. 207). Similar nonsense 'runs' often occur at the end of Keltic tales. One is, 'And I left them, and they gave me butter on a cinder, porridge kail in a creel, and paper shoes; and they sent me away with a big gun bullet, on a road of glass, till they left me sitting here.' (Campbell's *Tales*, i., p. 300.) Another is, 'The presents we got at the marriage were stockings of buttermilk and shoes of paper, and these were worn to the soles of our feet when we got home from the wedding.' (Curtin, *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*, p. 156.)

41 (p. 208). This story from the island of Naxos contains many incidents precisely similar to those in the Gaelic story of the Seamaiden. The incident of the three grains, which is wanting in the Mother of the Sea, occurs in the Greek story of 'The Twins' (Pio's edition of J. G. Von Hahn's Greek Manuscripts); and that of the cowardly knight impostor in another—'The Three Wonderful Dresses' (*Women of Turkey*, vol. i., p. 172). It is noteworthy that the Gaelic fisherman and the Seamaiden show themselves less scrupulously honourable in observing the terms of their bargain than do the Greek islander and the Mother of the Sea. For the Gael cheats the Seamaiden of his son, and she, in her turn, seizes upon the King's daughter when she has released her husband. The personalizing of the Sea is apparent in the Gaelic as in the Greek tale; for, in one of the versions given in *West Highland Tales*, i., p. 96, when the narrator is questioned as to the Seamaiden's putting up the man's head out of the water, 'What do you mean?' he replies, '*Out of her mouth, to be sure. She had swallowed him!*' It may be remarked that at the beginning of the Keltic story the terms used are 'Sea' and 'Seamaiden,' while farther on a 'Loch' takes the place of the Sea, and a 'Bheist' that of the 'Seamaiden.' Campbell confessed himself unable to explain 'how the story had got to the Highlands, and the lion into the mind of a woman in Berneray' (*loc. cit.*, i., p. 102). It would not be easy to trace the wanderings of the tale, but the lion evidently started in it from his native East, and is the sole survivor in these islands of the Western Sea, of the troop of lions who came to the rescue of Yianko. I may add that Mr. Stuart-Glennie suggests that there may be a connection between this Folk-conception of the Sea, and

the Culture-conception of Aphrodite; and hence that the famous line *Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα*, so variously translated (see Wharton's *Sappho*, pp. 48-60), may refer to the innumerable resplendent hues of the Ægean, and may therefore, perhaps, be translated *Iridescent-throned, deathless Aphrodité.*

42 (p. 219). This tale will be readily recognised as belonging to the 'Swanmaiden' type. The main incidents are strikingly similar to those contained in the 'Hassán of Básra' version of the tale, though the magician has been transformed into a Jew (the villain of the majority of Greek stories). The bundles of sticks are here precious stones, and a benevolent Dhrako replaces the seven friendly maidens. In the Arabic tale the species of bird is not mentioned, but in the Greek, as in the Magyar and other variants, they are pigeons of marvellous plumage. The redoubtable 'elder sister' of the heroine does not appear, but her father and mother have to be overcome before she is rescued by her husband. See Mr. Stuart-Glennie's theory of the origin of the 'Swanmaiden' myth in *Women of Turkey*, vol. ii., *Origins of Matriarchy*, pp. 583 *fig.*; and for further parallels of this tale Mr. Hartland's *Science of Fairy Tales*, pp. 255 *fig.*

43 (p. 229). This is the only folk-tale I have met with in which Gorgons figure. Save for their explicit connection with birds there is little to differentiate them from the Nereids who figure in other tales. The alternative of 'taking and regretting, or leaving and regretting,' I have met with in two other Greek stories. In 'The Golden Casket' from Astypalaia (Geldart, p. 108), a hawker cries, 'This casket for sale! Whoever buys it will rue it, and yet whoever does not buy

will rue it!' And in 'Tsitsináina,' the variant from Milos of 'The Good Fate,' already alluded to in No. 37, a Jew offers for sale in the same words a casket, out of which comes a 'green-winged horse.'

44 (pp. 237 and 244). See No. 25.

45 (p. 245). Στρίγγλα or στρίγλα, the Italian *striga* or *struga*, Albanian ζτρίγκεα or ζτρίκου, a witch. The Greek Stringla is, however, rather a species of man-devouring Lamia than a witch in our acceptation of the term. An interesting note on this subject, communicated by M. Politis, will be found in the *Folklore Journal*, vol. iv., Pt. III. The term Γρουσούζης or Χουρσούζης, which is, I believe, of Turkish origin, is also used in this connection, and a peevish child may be heard apostrophized as a γρουσούζικο παιδί. Compare also Von Hahn, *Grusúza auf den Cycladen; Märchen*, ii., No. 65; *Albanesische Studien*, p. 163; B. Schmidt, *Das Volksleben*, p. 138; and Politis, *Bio.*, p. 173.

46 (p. 261). In this and in the preceding tales, as also in that of 'The Beardless' (p. 28) are found a few of the sixteen incidents of Von Hahn's *Arische Aussetzungs-und-Rückkehr Formel*. In other particulars these tales do not appear to be connected with that formula. In one of Von Hahn's Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια (translated by Mr. Geldart in p. 154 of his little volume), no fewer than nine of these incidents may, I think, be found.

47 (p. 277). M. Legrand has remarked that this tale (*Contes pop. Grecs*, x.) contains certain details which recall the fable of Cupid and Psyche as related by Apuleius. The attempts at seduction by the Queen recall also the story of Bellerophon and Anteia, wife of Prætos. There is also an analogy with the 'Filek Tchelebi' of Hahn's *Märchen* (vol. ii., p. 67).

48 (p. 283). This reference should have been deleted in the text, as the note corresponding to it has been placed at the end of the tale.

49 (p. 288). The leading features in this and the following story are to be met with in Moslem legend, from which they have probably been adopted and adapted. The incidents of the journey of Christ and the daughter of the Stingy Woman occur in the Moslem account of the journey of Moses and Khidhr-Elias in search of the Water of Life (see *An.*, No. 9). Their transformation into Christian monkish legends is, therefore, probably of comparatively recent date.

50 (p. 300). An exorcism referring to this legendary incident is still used by the Greeks in similar emergencies, and may be translated as follows:

Just and kind the goodman was,
Though the goodwife shrewish was;
Beans they cooked and brought to her,
Oil she heated in a pan;
Bedstead bare was all His couch,
Pillow had He but a stone.
Come out, Pain! and come out, Aching!
For 'tis Christ who thee is hunting,
With His precious knife of silver,
With His hand, His hand so golden!

51 (p. 323). *Ἐληδάκια μου, γρηληδάκια μου.* Such forms are common both in Greek and Turkish folk-speech. The Turks have a humorous anecdote illustrating these expressions, of which Nasr-ed-Dín Hodja, the Turkish Joe Miller, is as usual the hero. The envoy of a small European state, when visiting the provincial town where the parson-jester lived, asked him in the presence of the Governor to explain the meaning of such expressions as *Pashá-mashá, Khirk-mirk, Eltchí-meltchí,* etc. 'Willingly, *Effendi,*' replied the Hodja.

'*Pashá* means a grand Vizier, or Field-Marshal, or the Governor-General of a province; *Mashá*, such an official as—say, our friend the *Mutessarif* here—*Khirk* signifies a rich sable-lined pelisse, such as the Sultan or some grand functionary wears; *mirk* such a pelisse as—well, as poor folk like us keep ourselves warm with. *Eltchí* means a great Ambassador, like the English, or French, or Russian; *meltchí*, a mere second-rate Minister, like—with your Excellency's pardon—your Excellency's self!'

52 (p. 329). M. Politis has, in a very interesting paper, compared this Greek story of Reynard the Fox with the various forms of it found in other countries. (Δελτίον τῆς Ἱστ. καὶ Ἐθν. Ἑταιρίας, vol. i., pp. 278-288.)

53 (p. 358). M. Legrand has the following note on this story: 'C'est le récit qui se trouve dans Valère Maxime (v. 4) et dans Pline (*Hist. Nat.*, vii. 36) avec quelques variantes. Hygin (*Fab.* ccliv.) raconte que cet événement eut lieu en Grèce et que ce fut Xantippe qui nourrit ainsi de son lait Cimon, son père. Une fresque de Pompéï, conservée au musée de Naples, à été inspirée par ce fait, vrai ou faux' (*Contes Pop. Grecs*, xii.). I have also heard of a childless woman at Broussa, who, having adopted a baby, was able herself to nurse it; and similar phenomena are related in connection with cats and dogs.

54 (p. 359). M. Politis, who collected this story, remarks that sleeping on a horse's hide was a Homeric custom, and suggests that the story itself may have an origin equally ancient. (Νεοελλ. Ἀναλ., A., p. 42, *note*).

55 (p. 374). In his interesting note to the Cornish story of 'Ivan' (*Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 264), Mr. Jacobs

has suggested that the chapter of the *Gesta Romanorum*, in which a similar story is related, came, like others in the *Gesta*, from the East. This Greek form of the story, which was collected by Von Hahn, is not included in his *Märchen*, and has not, I believe, been previously translated. In connection with the Gaelic variant of 'The Baker of Beauly' (*Folklore*, June, 1892), Mr. Clouston gives other Oriental parallels and references.

56 (p. 392). Γιάντες, the French *philippine*, for which we have, I believe, no equivalent in English. A 'merry-thought,' or the twin kernel of a nut is divided by two persons, who settle at the same time the terms of this species of wager. The most ready-witted will, on the following day, hand some object to the other, and should he take it, the giver exclaims 'Yiadës!' and the wager is won.

57 (p. 394). Ἀγγλιὰ is the word in the original. As pith helmets are in the East worn chiefly by Englishmen, and I could obtain no other rendering, the context seemed to suggest the translation I have ventured upon.

58 (396). The word used here is Τσιφούτι, the Turkish *Tchifūt*. According to a Moslem legend, the gray-legged partridge, after the massacre of the martyrs, Hassan and Hussein, abused their infidel persecutors with its cry of '*Tchifūt! Tchifūt!*'—this being 'the most opprobrious epithet that can be applied to any creature of Allah' (*Les. Litt. Pop.*, vol. xxviii., p. 234). On p. 147 of vol. i., a Greek mother, in her indignation, apostrophizes her daughter as 'Jewess.'

59 (p. 397). Λόρδος. The English word 'lord' is often met with in Greek folkspeech under this form.

60 (p. 400). Compare 'The Shifty Lad' of Keltic story (Campbell's *Tales*, i., p. 320). The incidents in these two versions of the story are, allowing for difference of local colour, strikingly similar. The robbing of the King's treasure-house, and subsequent events, bear, however, a closer resemblance to the ancient story of Rhampsinitos as told to Herodotos more than 2,000 years ago. (Rawlinson's Edition, vol. ii., p. 191.)

61 (p. 413). M. Heuzey remarks (*Le Mont Olympe*, p. 264) that the peasants of Acarnania believe the ancient cities of which the ruins lie around them to have been built by a race of men different from themselves, whom they designate Ἕλληνες οἱ ἀνδρειωμένοι—the Heroic Hellenes—and imagine to have been giants, who raised in their hands the enormous blocks of stone with which they built their strongholds. 'He works like a Hellene' (Δουλεύγει σὰν Ἕλληνας) is a common proverb. M. Kondylakis has an interesting article on this subject in the Δελτίον τῆς Ἱστ. καὶ Ἐθν. Ἑταιρίας (vol. i., p. 273).

62 (p. 417). This is a condensed translation of a story published in the Ἑστία.

63 (p. 420). Saint Sofia (Ἅγια Σοφιὰ), the ancient cathedral church of Salonica, was converted into a mosque by Raktoub-Ibrahim Pasha. It is said to have been built under Justinian on the same plan as the mosque of the same name at Constantinople, but on a smaller scale. The monastic buildings surrounding it are now used as schools and charitable institutions.

64 (p. 422). This legend is depicted in a rude fresco in the oratory of this chapel, and is probably, as suggested by M. Soutzo, founded upon some real

episode, to which a supernatural character has been added by the country people. It also graphically depicts the sanguinary local rivalries always characteristic of the history of Maina, but which were invariably laid aside at the approach of the common enemy. According to M. Soutzo, popular poetry has no existence in Maina. 'Elle n'a pu éclore sur ces rochers où la guerre nationale et la guerre civile apparaissent simultanement et sans trêve dans toute leur âpreté.' Prose traditions of these struggles are, however, still cherished by the Mainotes of to-day (*loc. cit.*, p. 300).

65 (p. 424). This Giovanni plays a great part in the history as well as in the legends of his country. When the Russians landed at Vitulo, he was over sixty, and bore on his face the marks of gunshots received in combats with the Turks. He led the Mainotes to the siege of Koron, undertaken conjointly with Dolgouraki and four hundred Russians. Irritated by the failure of this attempt, Dolgouraki reproached the Greeks for not having carried the town by assault. 'What!' replied Mavromichaelis haughtily, 'thou darest to speak here as the master—thou, who art but the slave of a woman! Thou leavest us to be massacred, and takest shelter behind our ranks. I am the leader of a free people; but were I the least among the citizens of Maina, my head were worth more than thine!' (Soutzo, *Scènes*, p. 304).

66 (p. 428). A similar incident is related as having occurred during a battle which took place at Prastia. A woman of Maina—Theocharis by name—seeing her son fall, hastened to his side, and taking the dying youth in her arms she bent over him, saying, 'Sleep thou, my boy, for I take thy place.' And, assuming

her dead son's arms, she fought in his stead until she, too, fell mortally wounded. (Soutzo, *loc. cit.*, p. 288).

67 (p. 431). The caverns of Crete appear to have been thus used from very early times, and *Κρησφύγετα* —'The Cretans' Refuges'—became the general name for grottoes supposed to be places of security. See Pashley (*loc. cit.*, pp. 128, 129), who thus quotes from Photius (*Lex*, p. 178): *Κρησφύγετα τὰ πρὸς τοὺς χειμῶνας στερνὰ καὶ ὀχυρώματα οἱ δὲ φασὶν ὅτι Κρῆτες ἔφυγον εἰς σπήλαια τινά ὅθεν ἐκεῖνα ὠνομάσθησαν κρησφύγετα.*

CONCLUSION.

'*He feels from Juda's land*
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in the swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.'

MILTON: *Ode on the Nativity.*

'*Of the other class* [*of superstitions*], *namely those which have this* [*religious*] *element, there are great numbers in various parts of the world; as, for instance, the veneration paid and the offerings made to fairies; these being in fact the very gods that were worshipped by our heathen ancestors.*'—WHATELY: *Superstition.*

THE SURVIVAL OF PAGANISM.

THE SURVIVAL OF PAGANISM.

PREAMBLE.

THE HISTORICAL AIM OF THE INVESTIGATION.

In Plutarch's Dialogue 'On the Cessation of Oracles,'[a] Kleómbrotos, the Lacedæmonian, who had been travelling in Egypt and the Soudan,[b] and who had met, among others, at Delphi, the Grammarian, Demetrios of Tarsus, who had been travelling in Britain, at the opposite end of the Roman world[c]—this Kleómbrotos informs the company that Æmilian, the Rhetorician, had told him a wonderful story touching the mortality of Dæmons. On a voyage made by his father, Epitherses, to Italy, when they were still not far from the Echinádes Islands, the wind fell, and they were drifting in the evening towards the Islands of Paxi. Then, suddenly, as the passengers were drinking after supper, a voice was heard from one of the islands, calling on a certain Thamus[d] so loudly as to fill all with amazement. This Thamus was an Egyptian pilot, known by name to but few on board. Twice the voice called him with-

[a] *De Def. Orac.*, xvii. [b] Περὶ τὴν Τρωγλοδυτικὴν γῆν. [c] Τῆς οἰκουμένης.
[d] See Lenormant, *Sur le nom de Thammuz.*

out response, but the third time he replied; and then the voice said, '*When thou comest over against Palódes, announce that the great Pan is dead.*' On hearing this, all were terrified, and debated whether it were better to do as ordered, or not to trouble themselves further about the matter. As for Thamus, he decided that if there should be a wind, he would sail past, and say nothing; but if it were a dead calm and smooth sea, he would give his message.[a] When, therefore, they were come over against Palódes, there being neither breath of wind nor ripple of wave, Thamus, looking towards the land from the quarterdeck, proclaimed what he had heard: '*The great Pan is dead.*'[b] Hardly had he said this, when there arose a great and multitudinous cry of lamentation, mingled with amazement.[c] And as this had been heard by many persons, the news of it spread immediately on their arrival in Rome, and Thamus was sent for by the Emperor, Tiberius Cæsar. Such was the story of Æmilian, as reported by Kleómbrotos.[d] As Æmilian was an 'old man' when he told the story, and as his father had flourished under Tiberius, the period of the 'Dialogue' would appear to be about the end of the first century A.C., in the reign of the Emperor Trajan. But as Tiberius died in 37 A.C., having succeeded his stepfather, Augustus, in 14 A.C., the date of this death of

[a] Compare the common Folklore incident of saying, 'If thou do not do so-and-so, may thy ship move neither forward nor backward.' *Above*, p. 4; GELDART, *Folklore of Modern Greece*, p. 37, etc.

[b] Ὅτι ὁ μέγας Πὰν τέθνηκεν.

[c] Μέγαν οὐχ ἑνὸς ἀλλὰ πολλῶν στεναγμὸν, ἅμα θαυμασμῷ μεμιγμένον.

[d] See generally as to Pan stories, MANNHARDT, *Wald und Feld-Kulte*; also the story in PAULUS DIACONUS, *Gest. Long.*, v. 37, 38, as cited by KEARY, 'The Earthly Paradise of European Mythology,' *Trans. R. Soc. Lit.*, 1879, p. 26; and LINDSAY of PITSCOTTIE'S Story of the 'Summons of *Plotcock*,' before the fatal battle of Flodden (1513), *History*, p. 112. *Plotcock* is also mentioned by RAMSAY, *Poems*, ii. 95. The name, according to JAMIESON, *Dict. Scottish Lang.*, is derived from the Icelandic *Blotgod*.

Pan has been plausibly assumed to coincide with that of the crucifixion of Christ.[a]

This story has been often repeated or alluded to as a fact by mediæval writers, as also by Rabelais, by Spenser, and by Milton, and its essential, if not formal, truth has become almost an article of Christian faith. Certainly no more splendid scene could be selected for such a legend than that vast mountain-girt sea-plain and gleaming land-locked bay identified with Palódes, on the Albanian coast opposite Corfu.[b] But, as it singularly chanced one September day in 1880, it was amid the very scene of this romantic legend of the death of Pan—it was in my boat in the bay, and while wandering over the plain of Vutzindró[c] (*Βουντζιντρὸν*), that an Epirote friend spoke to me of the recently-published *Ασματα τῆς Ἠπείρου* ('Songs of Epeiros'), collected by Dr. Aravandinos, of Ioánnina, and of which the next day he was good enough to present me with a copy. And it is from the foregoing translations of the collected originals, of which the *Ἄσματα τῆς Ἠπείρου* was the nucleus, that I now propose to demonstrate the Survival of Paganism. Such a demonstration implies, first, definitions of the characteristic conceptions of Paganism, as generalized more particularly from the foregoing Collection of Greek Folk-poesy; secondly, the comparison of these conceptions with those of the supernatural Culture Religions, and particularly of that Christianism under the influence of which the Greek folk have lived

[a] MILTON, however, for his poetic purpose in his *Ode to the Nativity*, makes the death of Pan coincide with the birth of Christ. See *below*, p. 472, note *b*.

[b] Ptolemy, Plutarch, and the word itself, sufficiently identify Palódes with the muddy bay of Vutzindró.—LEAKE, *Northern Greece*, vol. i., p. 100.

[c] Once, perhaps, the property of Atticus, the friend of Cicero.—*Cicero ad Attic.*, l. iv., ep. 8.

for nearly 2,000 years; and, thirdly, the comparison of the Pagan conceptions found in Greek Folk-poesy with those of Modern Science. This Essay, if completed, should thus include three Sections. And the Method of the investigation will, of course, be that of which I have, in the *Introduction*, stated the principles as deduced from my theory of the Conflict of Races.

For, as stated in the *General Preface* to these *Folklore Researches*, their distinguishing aim is the solution, or some contribution to the solution, of these great Historical Problems—the Problem of the Origin of Progressive Social Organization, and that of the Origin of Progressive Philosophic Thought. The solution of the latter Problem especially is the *sine quâ non* of discovery of an Historic Law of Thought, or Ultimate Law of History. Rather than to Turgot, in his *Second Discours* (1750), to Hume, in his theory of the *Natural History of Religion* (1757), and especially if it is taken in conjunction with the *Treatises* (1738-48), which preceded the publication of that theory, and of his *Dialogue on Natural Religion*, belongs, as I think, the honour of having been the first to state, or, at least, suggest, an historic Law of Thought, or Law of the Development of the Conception of Causation. Such a Law in a more developed, but still only provisional, form I stated nearly a quarter of a century ago.[a] But a more complete, accurate, and verifiable statement of such an Ultimate Law of History has been sought in the study, more particularly, of the Greek Folk-Poesy collected and translated in these two volumes. And, as we shall see, a critical investigation of the conceptions found in Greek Folk-Poesy leads to definitions of the characteristic conceptions of Paganism, and hence, of what

[a] See *The New Philosophy of History* (p. 191), published June, 1873.

would appear to be primitive Folk-conceptions, very different, not only from Hume's notion of 'Vulgar Polytheism,' and Comte's definition of 'Fetishism,' but from those assumed Folk-beliefs in 'Spirits' which Dr. Tylor has termed 'Animism,' and which, in my first statement of the Historic Law of Thought, I too hastily accepted as adequately verified. But, though Dr. Tylor complacently imagines that the vast advances in our knowledge both of History and of Folklore during the last quarter of a century have not made it in any way 'needful to alter the argument,' which he set forth in his two volumes on *Primitive Culture* in 1871,[a] I have come to a very different conclusion. And now, in generalizing, in our First Section, the facts revealed more especially in our Collection of Greek Folk-poesy, and hence defining the characteristic conceptions of Paganism, we shall, in effect, define anew the First Stage of the Conception of Causation. In a Second Section the relation of these conceptions to those of the Supernatural Religions should be indicated and the character of the Conflict which leads from this First to a Third Stage of Thought should be at least generally pointed out in its larger outlines. In a Third Section, the comparison of Scientific with Pagan or Folk-conceptions should lead, in effect, to a definition of the Third Stage of Historic Thought, and indication at the same time of its relation to the First Stage. And if, in the *Retrospect* which concludes the Essay, I venture to formulate these results in what I believe will be found to be, at least, a somewhat more complete, accurate, and verifiable statement of the Historic Law of Thought, it will be with a profound conviction of the immense labours still required in order adequately to verify any such Law.

[a] See the Preface to the lately published third edition of *Primitive Culture*; and *below*, p. 496, note *a*.

SECTION I.

THE CONCEPTIONS CHARACTERISTIC OF PAGANISM.

§ 1*a*. It is one of the constantly recurring, grimly humorous incidents of History that the approaching rout of an Old Belief is preceded by a specially jubilant affirmation of its truth, or regretful admission of its victory. The Sixteenth Century Epoch of the Collecting of Folklore, and hence of the evidence (though not yet as such recognised) of the Survival of Paganism—an Epoch dating, in this country, from Camden's *Britannia* (1586) and Drayton's *Polyolbion* (1613), was distinguished by the triumphant Ode on the overthrow of Paganism[a] in which the Plutarchian legend of the Death of Pan is alluded to in these splendid lines—

> 'The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore
> A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament'—

so amazingly misinterpreted by Milton's most voluminous editor.[b] And the Folklore Era of MacPherson

[a] This very ode, however—as one cannot remark without amusement—is replete with Pagan conceptions.

[b] Professor MASSON (*Milton's Poetical Works*, vol. iii., p. 336) imagines that

> 'A voice of weeping heard'

refers to the Massacre of the Innocents at the *birth* of the Christian Pan, and to *Matt.* ii. 18, and *Jer.* xxxi. 15. It is true that 'the mighty Pan' of line 89 must be taken to refer to Christ, just as the 'greater Pan' of the *May Eclogue* of SPENSER'S *Shepherd's Calendar*,

> 'When great Pan account of Shepherdes shall aske,'

refers, according to E.K. (EDWARD KIRBE), commenting on this line, to 'Christ, the very God of all shepherds, which calleth Himself the great and good Shepherd.' But the lines above cited are not only, the last one, a tolerably close translation of PLUTARCH, but, the first two, such a singularly graphic description of Palódes, the scene of

(dating from 1760) was similarly marked by Gibbon's twenty-eighth chapter (1776-81) on *The Final Destruction of Paganism*. But, as Milton would have regretted, and Gibbon rejoiced to know, a profounder Paganism still survived than that which they saw had been overthrown. Since Gibbon's time Folklore studies have so greatly advanced that even an Archbishop was long since driven to believe that, as expressed in the motto to this essay, which answers that taken from Milton, the vulgar in most parts of Christendom are still serving the gods of their heathen ancestors.'[a] Numerous are now similar testimonies, not with respect to the Greeks only, but all the other West Aryan peoples nominally Christians.[b] Here, however, I shall confine myself to the Greeks, and shall cite only such clerical witnesses as must be presumed not willingly to recognise the ineffectiveness of Christianity. And more correctly, as well as more definitely, than his Grace the Archbishop, the Rev. Mr. Tozer thus writes :[c]

§ 1*b*. 'At the outset, we may say broadly that the beliefs

the death of the Pagan Pan, that one is tempted to believe that MILTON, when in Italy, had read or heard such a description of it, while they in no way describe Bethlehem, the scene of the birth of the Christian Pan. 'The resounding shore' is at Bethlehem non-existent, while, at Palódes, it is a low prairie with mountains rising steeply over it, or, in Miltonic language, 'with lonely mountains o'er.'

[a] WHATELEY, *Miscellaneous Remains*, p. 274.

[b] See, for instance, for the Greeks, PASSOW, *Carm. Pop.*; FAURIEL, MARCELLUS, and LEGRAND, *Chants Populaires de la Grèce;* and the books of THIERSCH, of SANDERS, and of SCHMIDT on the *Folksleben der Neugriechen :* For the Italians, PITRÈ, *Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane*, and *Novelle Popolari Toscane:* For the Kelts, CAMPBELL, *West Highland Tales;* NUTT, *Keltic Folk and Hero Tales;* and MACBAIN, *Celtic Mythology and Religion:* For the Teutons, GRIMM, *Deutsche Mythologie;* DASENT, *Popular Tales from the Norse;* and HENDERSON, *Folklore of the Northern Counties:* And for the Slaves, RALSTON, *Songs of the Russian People* and *Russian Folktales;* DOZON, *Poésies Populaires Serbes* and *Chansons Populaires Bulgares;* and CHODZKO, *Contes Slaves*.

[c] *Highlands of Turkey*, vol. ii., p. 322.

of the modern Greeks respecting death, and the state of the dead, so far as we have the means of judging of them, are absolutely and entirely Pagan. In the numerous ballads which relate to these subjects there is not a trace of any features derived from Christian sources, while the old classical conceptions are everywhere manifest. It may be said, indeed, that in any country the views on the subject of religion which might be gathered from a collection of popular songs would be of a very questionable description, and would not fairly represent the beliefs of the people. But this objection does not apply to the modern Greek ballads, as they are the simple and straightforward expression of the ideas of an unlettered people on the points to which they refer. Some of the songs are intended for Christian festivals, others are dirges to be sung at funerals, and others relate to subjects akin to these. But in none of them does the belief in a Resurrection or a Future Judgment make itself apparent. That the people at large have no knowledge of those doctrines it is hard to believe; but, at all events, they have not a sufficiently firm hold on their minds to come prominently forward, and they certainly have not succeeded in expelling the old heathen notions. And if most of the figures which we associate with the Inferno of the Greeks, such as Pluto, Persephóné, Hermes, Kérberos, etc., are now wanting, it should be remembered that, in ancient times, the popular conceptions of such a subject were in all probability much simpler than the elaborate scheme which is found in the poets.'

§ 1*c*. Thus there appears to be an absolute contradiction between the conclusions of such scholars as Milton and Gibbon and those of students of Folklore. As so often happens, however, in the case of apparently con-

tradictory conclusions, both the Scholars and the Folklorists are right, and their apparent antagonism is due only to the want of clear definition of the subject in dispute. Paganism for Classicists usually means the Culture-Religions of Greece and Rome; while Paganism for Folklorists ordinarily means in a vague way both what the Classicists mean by it, and also the Beliefs, Customs, and Morality found among the Folk. But 'the Gods still served by the people' are not the Culture-Gods 'of their heathen ancestors,' but the Powers of the *Vecchia Religione*, as it is called in Italy, which may or may not have the names of old Culture-Gods attached to them.[a] Indeed, the more thoroughly the Paganism of the Folklorist is studied, the clearer become the differences that separate it from the Paganism of the Classicist. Hence I think it of the utmost importance to have regard here to the etymology of the word, and to confine the connotation of the term *Paganism* to those conceptions of Nature, and consequent customs, and morality, found among the *Pagani*,[b] or Folk, defined as peoples or classes unaffected, or but partially affected, by the conceptions of Culture, and particularly of the Culture-Religions.[c] The term 'Paganism' applied to the Culture-Religions which preceded Christianity is, like 'Heathenism,'[d]

[a] LELAND, after citing, corroborates the remark made by Prof. ANGELO DE GUBERNATEIS to Mr. GLADSTONE 'that under the Religion of Italy lay hidden ten times as much Heathenism as Christianity.'—*Etruscan Roman Remains*, *International Folklore Congress*, 1891, p. 186.

[b] Peasants, or villagers, and called *Pagani*, 'quasi ex uno fonte—πηγη, Doric παγα—potantes.' For Religion, as HOOKER truly says, 'did first take place in cities' (*Eccles. Politie*, bk. v., § 80). And why and how this was, is shown, as I venture to think, in the theory of the origin of Religion deducible from my general theory of the Conflict of Races.

[c] Compare the definition of the *Folk* above, vol. i., p. 16.

[d] From *Heath*, the German *Heide*, the uncultivated lands where those lived who were unconverted to the Christianity of the Cities.

similarly applied, merely an opprobrious epithet.[a] The Culture Religions, from those of Chaldea and Egypt downwards, present a succession of very different, and, in one way or another, progressive conceptions of the Universe, elaborated and systematized by Priests. Paganism, properly so-called, presents, on the contrary, the wonderfully unchanging conceptions of the *Pagani* or Folk, as above defined. And to confound these very different conceptions under the same undiscriminatingly used term is altogether to obscure the great historical conflict between Culture- and Folk-conceptions.

§ 2*a*. But the recognition of such a conflict makes it indispensably necessary clearly to define the conceptions characteristic of Paganism—or, in terms of the general definition of Paganism just given—the conceptions characteristic of Folklore as distinguished from Culture-lore, and from the conceptions more particularly of the Culture-Religions. These conceptions will be most verifiably defined after studying that Class of Verse and Prose Poesy—Mythological Idylls and Tales—in which Kosmical Ideas are predominantly expressed, and comparing therewith the incidental, rather than predominant, expression of these ideas in the other two Classes—Social Songs and Stories, and Historical Ballads and Legends. Mythological Idylls and Tales, defined as predominantly expressions of Kosmical Ideas, I have, in my Classification of Folklore, distinguished as Zoönist, Magical—I should rather have said Magicianist—and Supernalist. First, then, as to the definition of that conception of Nature which the reader has found illustrated under the head of

[a] Hence, in *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), I suggested the term *Naturianism* for the Culture-Religions antecedent to the Moral Revolution of the Sixth Cent. B.C.; and the term *Olympianism* for the Greek form of that class of Religions. See pp. 218 and 251.

Zoönist Ideas, though by no means there exclusively, so all-pervading is this conception. Consider the facts illustrating Zoönist Ideas which I recall in the *Appendix*.

The first set of these illustrative facts shows us all Objects—(1) Inanimates, as they are ordinarily regarded, no less than (2) Plants, and (3) Animals—conceived as *responsively Sentient Powers*. The second set brings into relation all the facts connected with influences exerted, or supposed to be exerted (1) through non-isolation of Bodies; (2) through what is called the Evil Eye; and (3) through identity of Blood. Consider these facts, and it will, I think, be seen that they are all referable to a conception of the *Solidarity of Objects through their Mutual Influences;* and that this conception is but a corollary of the general conception of Objects as responsively Sentient Powers. For if Objects generally are responsively sentient, and if no distance-limit is known beyond which Influence cannot extend, there is no real isolation of Bodies, and distance cannot prevent those interactions which make of Persons and Things Life-correlates. A certain malign form of the Influence which all bodies, as responsively sentient, are conceived as exerting on each other is naturally distinguished as the Evil Eye. And Persons with the same blood in their veins may well be believed to be especially apt to confer benefits on, and resent injuries by, their kindred or Blood-correlates. The third set of illustrative facts brings together all manner of Transformations, whether due to (1) the Environment, or (2) one's own Will, or (3) the Will of Others. Consider these facts, and they will, I think, be found generalisable as expressions of a conception of both Things and Persons as *unlimitedly Transformative Powers;* and this conception itself will be seen to be

but another corollary of the general conception of Objects as responsively Sentient Powers. This conception of Bodies (Things and Persons) as Powers unlimitedly capable either of being transformed, or of transforming themselves, or others, is, indeed, paradoxical as the assertion may at first appear, but such a development of the fundamental conception as observation and experience could not but give rise to. For, while observation and experience of the actual changes of Objects—Seeds, for instance, and Insects—attest transformations essentially no less wonderful than those of Folk-Idylls and -Tales ; observation and experience had not yet ascertained the limits of actual transformations. And hence, to speak of Folk-tale Births, for example, as 'Supernatural,' because represented as transformations of other substances than the united sperm- and germ-cells now ascertained to be alone thus transformed, shows inadequate recognition of the true character of the Folk-conception of Objects as Powers whereof the limits of influence, and hence capacity of transforming, and being transformed, not having yet been ascertained, are believed to be unlimited.[a]

Now, having regard to all the three sets of facts leading to these three connected notions of the Objects of Nature as (1) Sentient Powers ; as (2) Powers exerting Mutual Influence ; and as (3) Transformative Powers (Powers capable of transforming, of being transformed, and of passing from one form to another)—I would define Zoönist Ideas, or in a word *Zoönism*, as *The Con-*

[a] I may note also that the Folk-conception of Mutual Influence and of consequent unlimited possibilities of Transformation, which is the fundamental explanation of these stories, is supported by innumerable female observations and experiences as to barrenness, and as to antecedents of its cure which, unsubjected as they are to scientific analysis, not unreasonably appear even more effective than coition. I have myself found that, given other circumstances, *that* was by no means regarded as a *sine quâ non*.

ception of the Objects of Nature as Sentient Powers influencing and being influenced, according to their diverse capacities, at any distance, and even to the extent of transforming and being transformed. This Zoönist conception of Nature as a Solidarity of Sentient Powers united by their Mutual Influences would appear to be the primitive form of man's consciousness of Nature. And its origin must, I think, be referred to that Kosmos-animating, differentiating, and integrating Energy which Mind essentially is.

§ 2*b*. But under the name of *Animism*—a doctrine which, as I pointed out more than twenty-three years ago, would be far less misleadingly termed *Spiritism*[a]—a very different account of the origin and character of Folk-beliefs has, for the last quarter of a century, been accepted on the authority of Mr. Spencer and Dr. Tylor. Admitting, regretfully admitting, the universality, save in the Culture-classes, of the conception of Nature as living, Mr. Spencer maintains that this was not a primitive conception. He affirms that, 'under penalties of death by starvation or destruction,' there was such a constant cultivation, and consequent increase, of the power to class apart the Animate and the Inanimate, and to discriminate the two, that it became at last 'almost perfect' among all creatures, at least, of higher intelligence than 'cirrhipeds and seaflies.' This would

[a] In *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 11, n. 2, I thus wrote: 'To the general theory of Supernatural Agents, and beliefs in Spiritual Beings, Mr. TYLOR, in his learned and suggestive work on *Primitive Culture*, has given the name of *Animism*. But I venture to think that *Spiritism* would be a preferable term. For, in the first place, "Animism," as he himself acknowledges (vol. i., p. 384), is a term in great measure identified with the special theory of Stahl. Secondly, "Animism" does not, while "Spiritism" does, at once explain itself as the doctrine of Spirits. Thirdly, "Spiritism" has the advantage, not shared by "Animism," of connecting the vulgar theory of what I would call Homian phenomena [the manifestations by and through such "mediums" as Home] with the

seem to imply that the primitive conception of Nature, previously to this perfecting of the discrimination between Animate and Inanimate, had been an undiscriminating conception of it as living. But however this may be, it must surely be evident to unbiased reflection, that it was not between Animate and Inanimate that animals were bound to discriminate, but between harmful and harmless; that what might kill, and what might be killed, what might eat, and what might be eaten, can by no means be equated respectively with Animate and Inanimate; and further, that such abstract notions as those of Animate and Inanimate were, as they are still, altogether beyond the mental capacities of animals even infinitely above the stage of 'cirrhipeds and seaflies.'[a]

general theory of Supernatural Agents, and thus making the one throw light on the other. Fourthly, "Animism" does not, while "Spiritism" does, apply equally well to the supernatural theory of God as to the supernatural theory of the Soul. And, finally, "Animism" gives no such expressive adjective, and adjective-noun, as "Spiritist," and "Spiritists."' See now MAX MÜLLER, *Natural Religion* (1889), p. 158. 'Animism . . . has proved so misleading a name that hardly any scholar now likes to employ it.' And see generally my *Queries as to Animism*, *Folklore*, Sept., 1892.

[a] Against this theory of Mr. SPENCER'S of a primitive discrimination between Animate and Inanimate (*Principles of Sociology*, i., pp. 123-131), as also against his theory of the elaboration by Savages of a Spiritist 'Philosophy,' no one is a more powerful witness than MR. SPENCER himself. For, as he truly says: 'Conditioned as he is, the savage lacks abstract ideas' (p. 74). 'An invisible, intangible entity . . . is a high abstraction unthinkable by Primitive Man, and inexpressible by his vocabulary' (p. 133). '"Plants are green," or "Animals grow," are propositions never definitely formed in his consciousness, because he has no idea of a plant or animal apart from kind' (p. 83). 'In proportion as the mental energies go out in restless perception they cannot go out in deliberate thought' (p. 77). 'When the Abipones are unable to comprehend anything at first sight, they soon grow weary of examining it, and cry, "What is it after all?"' (p. 53). And after citing other facts, Mr. SPENCER'S conclusion is: 'The general fact thus exemplified is one quite at variance with current ideas respecting the thoughts of Primitive Man. He is commonly pictured as theorizing about surrounding appearances; whereas, in fact, the need for explanations of them does not occur to him' (p. 87).

But if the stages of the Embryo are a record of the stages of the physical evolution of the Species, the stages of the Individual should be a record of the stages of the mental evolution of Mankind. Hence Mr. Spencer tries to rebut the evidence against his theory afforded by the Zoönism of Children. This, however, he can do only by affirming that this evidence is 'vitiated by the suggestions of adults'; and that it is not because the child does not discriminate between Animate and Inanimate that mother or nurse says, 'Naughty chair to hurt baby—beat it!' but that it is because these adults use such language that the child does not, or does not appear to, distinguish between Animate and Inanimate.[a] But is it credible that all the mothers and nurses of all the peoples of the world would use such language to children if they themselves, as children, had naturally, as affirmed by Mr. Spencer, discriminated perfectly between Living and Not-living? Surely this perversity on the part of adults in thus falsifying what are affirmed to be the naturally true discriminations of children should be somehow explained? And we ask how it was, that the affirmed original discrimination between Animate and Inanimate became universally transformed into what is admitted to be now, among Folk unaffected by Culture, the undiscriminating conception of all things as living?

The answer of Mr. Spencer[b] and Dr. Tylor[c] may be thus summarized: 'Savage Philosophers,' hitherto, according to Mr. Spencer, at least,[d] perfectly discriminating

[a] *Ibid.*, i. p. 129. [b] *Ibid.*, pp. 169 *flg.* [c] *Prim. Cult.*, i. 387, 451; ii. 99.

[d] Dr. TYLOR does not appear to share Mr. SPENCER'S belief in a former perfect discrimination between Animate and Inanimate, and, thus far, is less logical in his theory of Animism, which certainly requires some hypothesis as to the character of the conceptions from which the supposed 'Savage Philosophers' started. Dr. TYLOR, indeed, professes himself a believer in Fetishism precisely as it was defined by COMTE. But in himself defining

between Animate and Inanimate, were led by cogitations on dreams, shadows, reflections, echoes, etc.,[a] to a theory of 'ghosts,' 'souls,' or 'spirits'; then, to such an application of their theory that all things hitherto conceived as inanimate became henceforth conceived as animated by these 'ghosts,' 'souls,' and 'spirits'; not so conceived only by these 'Savage Philosophers,' but by savages not 'philosophers,' and notwithstanding their previous 'perfect' discrimination of Animate and Inanimate. But, first, it must be evident that, if the conception of the livingness of Nature is not an intuition, but an inference, some verifiable, or, at least, not manifestly fallacious, theory of the previous conception of Nature must be stated. Secondly, there is absolutely no evidence of such an amazing historical event as that supposed—the elaboration by 'Savage Philosophers' of a theory which reversed not only their own previous notions of things, but the previous notions also of all other savages. Thirdly, Philosophy is not inference merely, but the co-ordination of inferences; and all we know of the mental state of savages is opposed to this extraordinary Culture-theory of a Savage Philosophy of Animism.[b] Fourthly, the so-called 'ghosts,' 'souls,' and 'spirits' of Folk-conception are by no means such intangibles as we

Fetishism as a 'subordinate department' of Animism, defined as 'the doctrine of Spirits in general,' Dr. TYLOR not only contradicts his own expression of agreement with COMTE, but includes under the name of Animism two conceptions of Nature which are not only essentially different in their characteristics, but which, according to Dr. TYLOR'S own contention, have two different origins—the origin of the one being a primitive tendency 'quite independent of the Ghost theory,' and the origin of the other being entirely derived from the Ghost theory. Compare *Prim. Cult.*, i., pp. 145, 260, 431, etc.; and ii., pp. 133, etc.

[a] For Dr. TYLOR'S complete list as distinguished from Mr. SPENCER'S see *Mind*, 1877, ii., 424.

[b] See *above*, p. 480, note *a*.

might reasonably expect were they really derived, as affirmed, from cogitations on such intangibles as dreams, shadows, reflections, echoes, etc., but are, on the contrary, and are, indeed, admitted to be, substantial material bodies.[a] And, fifthly, this theory of Animism, so unverifiably attributed to 'Savage Philosophers,' seems wholly impotent to explain, or, rather, wholly impotent to withstand, the vast mass of facts indicated in the *Appendix* as proving that the essential notion of the Folk-conception of Nature is that of its Solidarity, through the Mutual Influences of its Parts—a notion the direct antithesis of the Animistic, or, rather, Spiritist, notion of 'the wilful action of pervading personal Spirits.'[b]

§ 2*c*. Indefensibly false would thus appear to be the theory of Animism, as an account of the origin and character of the genuine Folk-conception of Nature. And I have now but to show cause for that new coinage, *Zoönism*, which I ventured to suggest some seven or eight years ago in order to connote that very different Folk-conception of Nature which seems to be revealed by the facts I have collected and classified. I propose to show, first, that its etymology is such that it must at once suggest the ideas it is meant to connote; and, secondly—what is, of course, the most important plea

[a] See for illustrations of the notion of souls as 'substantial material beings,' *Prim. Cult.*, ii. 409, 412. (I might myself add many other illustrations; but it may here suffice to refer to SHAKESPEARE'S 'sheeted dead' who leave the 'graves tenantless'—*Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 1.) And Dr. TYLOR'S conclusion is, that 'it appears to have been within the systematic schools of civilized philosophy that the transcendental definitions of the immaterial were obtained by abstraction from the primitive conception of the ethereal-material soul so as to reduce it from a physical to a metaphysical entity' (ii., p. 413). I do not, however, believe that Savages could either form or express the notion either of 'ethereal' or 'ethereal-material.'

[b] 'The savage refers the phenomena of the Universe to the wilful action of pervading personal spirits.'—*Prim. Cult.*, i. 201.

in defence of a new term—that no other exists which either does, or might equally well, connote the facts generalized in the definition of the term.

As to the etymology of the word. Either in themselves, or in their English derivatives, the Greek words —*Ζάω*, *Ζῶ*, *Ζωή*, *Ζωός*, *Ζῶον*, κ.τ.λ.—are sufficiently familiar to make *Zoönism* immediately understood as denoting a doctrine, or conception, of the livingness of things, whether these are of the meanest or of the most sublime character, and whatever may be the mode or degree of their livingness. And as to the need of such a term, the question is simply whether the old word *Fetishism* introduced by Des Brosses,[a] and adopted by Comte,[b] and the later word *Animism* revived by Dr. Tylor, do not, one or other of them, make such a new coinage unnecessary? As to *Fetishism*, I reply: Our knowledge of Folk-lore has so immensely advanced as both to demand and to make possible such a particularity combined with generality of definition as neither Des Brosses nor Comte gave, or could give, to the Folk-conception which they rightly recognised, but inadequately apprehended. Yet such a combined generality and particularity is, I submit, now given in a definition which explicitly states what our fuller knowledge shows to be the three mutually implying constituents of this Folk-conception, the ideas, namely, of Sentient Powers, of Mutual Influences, and of Transformative Powers.[c] And

[a] In his *Culte des dieux fétiches, ou Parallèle de l'ancienne Religion de l'Egypte avec la Religion actuelle de Nigritie.* (1760.)

[b] *Philosophie positive*, t. v., p. 30 (1841), where it is thus defined: . . . 'pur fétichisme, constamment caracterisé par l'essor libre et direct de notre tendence primitive à concevoir tous les corps extérieurs quelconques naturels ou artificiels, comme animés d'une vie essentiellement analogue à la nôtre, avec de simples différences mutuelles d'intensité.'

[c] *Above*, p. 479.

as to retaining the term *Fetishism*, but amending the definition given to it, the associations connected with its derivation from the Portuguese *Feitiço*, a 'charm,'[a] and which still cling to it inseparably, make it not only impossible to use it, without misapprehension, in such a definite new sense as that which I have given—not arbitrarily, but at the demand of facts—to this new term *Zoönism*, but impossible to use it, in all higher references, without prejudicial associations. Either *Fetishist*, perhaps, or *Zoönist*, we might call such savage customs as that observed by Habakkuk: 'They sacrifice to their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by these their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous.'[b] But only as *Zoönist* could we, without such derogatory implications as attach to *Fetishism*, qualify either the sacred chant of the Pleiade priestesses of Dodona:

Γῆ κάρπους ἀνίει διο κλῄζεται μητέρα Γαῖαν[c]

Earth bringeth forth fruits; mother, therefore, call Earth;

or the sublime invocation of Promethevs:

Ὦ δῖος αἰθὴρ, κ.τ.λ.

O divine Ether, and swift-winged Breezes,
Fountains of Rivers, and Sea-waves'
Laughter innumerable, Allmother Earth,
Allseeing Circle of the Sun, on you I call—
See ye what from the Gods I, a God, suffer![d]

[a] From *Factitius* ('artificial, done or made by art, factitious, τεχνικὸς'), whence also Old French *faitis*, and Old English *fetys*, 'well made.'

[b] *Hab.* i. 16.

[c] PAUSANIAS, X., xii. 10.

[d] Thus I have *literally* translated the famous lines of ÆSCHYLOS (*Prometh. Vinc.*, 82-91). But Christian prepossessions so overpower the perceptions even of such a scholar as Dean PLUMPTRE that he translates the first words, 'O divine firmament *of God*.' But surely the passage is an appeal from the Younger Anthropomorphic to the Elder Elemental Gods?

But if, for the reasons thus stated, *Fetishism* does not make unnecessary this new coinage, *Zoönism*, still less does *Animism* make it unnecessary. Used as this term is by Dr. Tylor to mean 'the doctrine of Spirits in general,' it affirms a conception of things wholly different, as I have above endeavoured to show, from that which the facts of Folk-expression have led me to indicate in my definition of *Zoönism*. For *Animism* denotes a conception of Things as actuated by attached or embodied 'Spirits'; and *Zoönism* denotes a conception of Things as themselves Sentient Powers manifesting their own inherent capacities.

§ 3*a*. Next, as to the definition of those Ideas which we have found illustrated in the Second Class of our Mythological Idylls and Tales, and which I have distinguished as Magical, but should rather have called Magicianist, Ideas. As we have seen, the Conception of the Objects of Nature as responsively Sentient Powers implies both the Solidarity of Nature through the Mutual Influences of its Parts, and their unlimitedly Transformative Powers. But we may also see that, from this central conception of Mutual Influence, there necessarily follows the conception of the state of one thing as indicating that of another, and of the action of one thing as affecting that of another. And hence there arises the conception of the events of Nature as not only predictable but controllable.[a] That, however, is

[a] For—to quote *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 219—'Powers are, as Ultimate Facts, or Causes, conceived either as regular or as irregular in their action. Conceived as regular in their action, we have that beginning of Science, or of the forecasting and determination of events through knowledge of their Causes, or supposed Causes, which is Witchcraft. Conceived as irregular in their action, we have that beginning of Theology, or of the forecasting and determination of events, through sacrifice to, and invocation of, their supposed Causes, which is Superstition. For Science, in its command of Nature, is ever essentially Craft, if not

precisely the conception of Nature which we find illustrated in the aims, and hence, the arts of Magic, classed in the *Appendix* (p. 512) as Arts of (i.) Operation, (ii.) Divination, and (iii.) Co-operation. Magicianist Ideas we may, therefore, define as *Ideas of the predictableness of the events, and controllableness of the forces of Nature by Human Powers;* and the Aims of Magic as *Prediction of the events, and Control of the forces of Nature as conceived by Zoönism.* And this immediate deduction of the aims and arts of Magic would appear to be a conclusive verification of our inductively generalized definition of Zoönism.

§ 3*b*. If so, however, no less conclusive evidence of the falsity of the Animism affirmed by Dr. Tylor, and Mr. Spencer, must be found in the impossibility of any such deduction from it of Magicianist Conceptions and Procedures. From the conception of bodies — not as influencing each other, in accordance with their own inherent capacities, as themselves Sentient Powers, but —in accordance with the caprices of their 'attached or embodied Spirits,' there must arise the reverse of any such notion as that which is the very foundation of Magic — the controllableness of Nature. Naturally, therefore, the essential notion of Magic is no less unapprehended by Dr. Tylor and Mr. Spencer than it was

Witchcraft; and Theology, in its fear of Nature, is ever essentially Superstition. In Witchcraft, indeed, as in Superstition, Causes are conceived, not as Relations, but as Powers; yet there is this prodigious difference that, in Witchcraft they are conceived as subject Powers; in Superstition, only as invocable Powers.' Mr. (now Sir Alfred) LYALL had contemporaneously reached similar conclusions; and, as my page 219, though already in type, was not yet printed off, I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity of referring to his corroborative paper *On Witchcraft in Relation to the Non-Christian Religions* in the *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1873, and now included in his collected *Asiatic Studies*.

by Des Brosses and Comte. To Dr. Tylor, indeed, Magic is but 'one of the most pernicious delusions that ever vexed mankind'[a]; and of this 'delusion' he can offer no explanation save such a vague reference to the Association of Ideas as is not really any explanation whatever. Magicianist, of course, like all other notions, *illustrate* the Association of Ideas—that is to say, certain definite Laws of Contiguity, Similarity, and Construction referable to the characteristically differentiative and integrative energy of Mind.[b] But it is no explanation of the origin of the distinctive conceptions and procedures of Magic, or, to use Dr. Tylor's phrase, 'Occult Science,' to assert that 'the principal key to the understanding of it is to consider it as *based* on the Association of Ideas.'[c] The association, as a later affair than the origin, of Ideas, cannot explain that origin. We have found the origin of Zoönist, and hence of Magicianist Ideas, in the functioning of that differentiative and integrative Energy which Mind essentially is. The 'Association of Ideas' is but a vague way of referring to certain Laws of Differentiation and Integration. And by these Laws the distinctive character and collocations of Magicianist Ideas are no more specially explicable than are the distinctive

[a] *Prim. Cult.*, i. 101.

[b] For—as queried in *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 185—'are not these three Laws clearly distinguishable as, the first, an objective; the second, a subjective; and the third, an objectivo-subjective Law? What are the Laws of Contiguity and Similarity but simply inductive generalizations of the conditions of Differentiation? And what is the Law of Constructive Association but a recognition of the Power of Integration? In the results, therefore, of the inductive researches of the Association School, we seem to have but an analytical statement of that very Law of Thought which HEGEL presented in the obscure metaphysical shape of the *Begriff*.'

[c] *Prim. Cult.*, i. 104.

character and collocations of any other quite different Ideas.

§ 3*c*. But not only is it thus impossible to deduce from Animism the conceptions and procedures of Magic, but the more distinguished of those who still hold the theory of Animism, as, for instance, Mr. Frazer and Mr. Hartland, find themselves obliged implicitly to postulate Zoönism in order to give any rational account of Magic. This they do by using, instead of the term Magic, the phrase, 'Sympathetic Magic,' and so defining the principles of Sympathetic Magic as to make them deducible from nothing else but Zoönism as above defined. For instance: 'One of the principles of Sympathetic Magic,' says Mr. Frazer, 'is that any effect may be produced by imitating it.'[a] But such a principle, though not only undeducible from, but contradictory of, the Animistic conception of Nature as actuated by 'Spirits,' is a very evident deduction from the Zoönist conception of Nature as a solidarity of mutually influencing Powers. Keener observers and abler experimenters discovered, indeed, that the method of Imitation was not to be depended upon in the attempt to control Nature. But that such a method might be effective was a quite logical *a priori* deduction from the Zoönist conception of Natural Objects as responsively Sentient Powers. And the historical fact is that, while men, possessed of this primitive conviction of the solidarity and hence controllableness of Nature, recognised the ineffectualness of the method of Imitation, and became the discoverers of more effective methods, and hence the Founders of the Sciences, women, quite characteristically, continued to trust to, and practise the old ignorant methods of attempted control, and primitive

[a] *Golden Bough*, i. 9.

Science survived, therefore, not as Wizardcraft, but as Witchcraft.

§ 4*a*. But besides Zoönist, and besides Magicianist Ideas, we have found a third set illustrated in the foregoing Collection of Folk-Poesy, and especially in our Third Class of Mythological Idylls and Tales. And just as we have seen that Magicianist Ideas—Ideas of the Controllableness of Nature—flow necessarily from Zoönist Ideas—Ideas of the Solidarity of Nature—we shall, I think, find that those now to be considered flow similarly from Zoönist Ideas, and are, therefore, the necessary completion of the general Folk-conception of Nature, as yet but partially defined. For if, as in the Zoönist conception of Nature, Objects are conceived as exerting influences because of, and in proportion to, their own inherent capacities as Sentient Powers, some of these Objects will certainly be found to be, and, either in their actual forms, or in mythical forms personalizing their qualities or effects, will be regarded as mightier than others in the influences they exert. Of such Objects I have given a Classified illustrative List in the *Appendix* (p. 505). For in three forms the Powers of Nature may produce, in Folk-consciousness, the impression of being exceptionally dynamic in the influences that ray from them, and may, therefore, become what might be named, were the phrase not equivocal—*natural* Gods.

They may, first, produce this impression in their own proper forms as External Objects. Such are the Earth itself, and all the grander, or more impressive Objects of Nature which constitute, with Sacred Wells, Trees, Stones, etc., our First Class of exceptionally dynamic Powers. But however undifferentiating in its earlier stages human Consciousness may be, the

faculties of abstraction and language can hardly but lead to differentiation between Internal and External, and hence, from the conception of Objects *as* Powers, to the conception of Objects *and* Powers, but Powers still conceived quite concretely and as the Chemists' theine or caffeine is conceived. And the fact is that, just as the Chemists' 'essential principle' is conceived as a material body, the 'essential principles' of Objects are conceived in material forms corresponding to their fair or foul qualities, or fair or foul effects. But no more than the Chemist calls the 'essential principle' of tea or coffee its 'soul,' does the man of the Folk, uninfluenced by Culture-conceptions, call the 'essential principle' of an Object its 'soul,' or not, at least, in the sense that we now attach to that term. He calls it rather the element of movement—the 'go,' to use a familiar term—the 'life' or 'strength,' the στοῖχειον,[a] ζῶη, or δύναμις, of the Object. And hence arises the Second Class of our above referred to List. But as happens in the present, so in the past, some Objects certainly impressed themselves as of exceptional might, and both in their own proper forms, and in forms in which their qualities or effects were personalized, as just indicated. And hence arises a Third Class composed of

[a] Στοιχεῖον appears to be derived from στοιχέω, *to go*, especially *to go after one another in line or order*. Hence στοιχεῖον would originally mean a *thing going*, or '*the go*' *of a thing*. The Στοιχεῖα of Empedokles were Forms of Matter, and he endeavoured to show that there were but four. Plato's Στοιχεῖα were Ideas. The Signs of the Zodiac were also called Στοιχεῖα. Hence the term came to be used generally for 'The Heavenly Powers.' And it may be added that such Biblical critics as BAUR (*Christenthum*, s. 49) and HILGENFELD (*Galaterbrief*, s. 66) are of opinion that it is certainly in this sense that St. Paul uses the phrase τὰ στοιχεῖα τοῦ κοσμοῦ, and that he attributes to them a distinct personality as Genii, or Spirits of the Universe. Compare *Gal.* iv. 3, etc.; *Col.* ii. 8, 20; and *Ephes.* vi. 12. See GELDART, *Modern Greek*, pp. 201-205, and *The Gospel according to St. Paul*, pp. 23-25.

such mythical beings as may seem, like Swan-maidens and the others hypothetically named in the appended List, to owe their origin to remote historical facts.

By no means, however, are these exceptionally dynamic Powers—whether regarded in their own proper forms, or in forms personalizing their qualities or effects—conceived as in any way Supernatural. Just as much as are ordinary Powers, these extraordinary Powers are conceived as parts of the System of Nature itself, possessed of greater capacities indeed than, but not otherwise different from, other Powers; and so, if controllers of most, controllable by some, and especially by omnipotent Man. The distinction of Natural and Supernatural has, in fact, not yet arisen.[a] These Powers, therefore, being regarded simply as but in some way or other *Superior* to other Powers, and not as in any way *Supernatural*, can, I submit, be truly designated only by some such term as *Supernals*. And summarizing all above stated, I would define *Supernals*, or the Objects of Supernalist Ideas, as *Powers of Nature which, either in their own proper forms as External Objects, or in imaginary forms, personalizing their Qualities or Effects, are conceived as possessing, or as having possessed, exceptional capacities.*

§ 4*b*. But with one change there must ever go other changes. And if, as we have seen, the notion of Mutual Influence so pervades genuine Folk-belief as to exclude the notion of Supernatural Action, and hence, to require us to speak of Supernal, rather than Supernatural Beings, it will require us also, when referring to genuine Folk-belief, to substitute new terms for the whole catalogue of words now generally used with

[a] 'A savage hardly conceives the distinction commonly drawn by more advanced peoples between the Natural and the Supernatural.'—FRAZER, *Golden Bough*, i. 8.

Supernaturalist connotations. Nothing like what we ordinarily mean by such words as 'Ghost,' 'Soul,' and 'Spirit,' is ordinarily meant by the Folk-words—such as the English *Bogle*,[a] or those others from various Folk-dialects that might be instanced—or even by the earlier Culture-words—such as the Chaldean *Zi*,[b] the Egyptian *Ka*,[c] or the Chinese *Yang*[d]—usually thus translated; and the same may be said of such words as 'Demon,' 'Deity,' or 'God,' as translations of Folk- or even of Culture-words, in their earlier meaning.[e] I would propose, therefore, to use, instead of such utterly misleading translations, either the actual Folk-word, or early Culture-word;[f] or such terms devoid of supernatural

[a] See my reference to Mrs. BALFOUR'S admirably transcribed and most interesting *Legends of the Lincolnshire Cars* (*Folklore*, March, September, and December, 1891) in *Queries on Animism*, *Folklore*, September, 1892, p. 298, note 2; and Mrs. BALFOUR'S note on *Bogles and Ghosts*, *Folklore*, March, 1893, pp. 107, 108.

[b] The Chaldean *Zi*, ordinarily translated 'Spirit,' was *not*, says Professor SAYCE, 'a "Spirit" in our sense of the word, nor even in the sense in which the term was used by the Semitic tribes of a later day. The *Zi* was simply that which manifested life.' —*Religion of the Ancient Babylonians*, p. 327.

[c] 'The *Ka* meant *life*, though what *life* was conceived to be she [Miss EDWARDS, *Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers*] cannot venture to say. I am inclined to identify the Egyptian *Ka* with the Chaldean *Zi*.'—SAYCE, *Academy*, February 13, 1892.

[d] See DE GROOT, *Religious System of China*. What we would mistranslate 'Soul' is of the kind of matter called *Yang*, of which the correlate is *Yin*, and it continues after, as before death, to be attached to the body, though in an enfeebled condition, which, however, the influences emanating from other portions of *Yang* matter may so revive that there may be a resurrection of the body.

[e] 'There was a time when Gods, in the sense of beings distinct from and above man . . . did not exist in the belief of Mankind.'—HARTLAND, *Perseus*, iii. 67.

[f] This I have uniformly done in editing *Greek Folk-songs*, *The Women and Folklore of Turkey*, and *Greek Folk-Poesy*. But such misleading translations are, unfortunately, still the rule with the majority of European Folk-lorists. GELDART, for instance, translates Δράκος as 'Dragon,' and Νηραΐδα as 'Fairy'; and Νηραΐδες, Λάμιαι, Στοιχεῖα, κ.τ.λ. are all turned indiscriminately into *Fées* by French, and into *Elfen* by German Folklorists.

implications, as *power* instead of 'god'; *life* instead of 'spirit,' or 'demon' (*e.g.*, the *tree-* or *corn-life*, instead of 'tree- or corn-spirit or -demon'); *strength* instead of 'soul'; *life correlate* instead of 'external soul'; *abnormal* instead of 'supernatural birth,' etc.

Endless self-contradictions would thus be saved, and the historical truth would be thus expressed with incomparably greater accuracy. For instance, no one has shown with greater clearness than Mr. Frazer that the Supernals of Folk-religion are *not* Supernatural Beings, but Natural Powers, or representatives of such Powers; and that the Observances, therefore, connected with them are directed *not* to appeasing or imploring them by Priestly Rites, but to strengthening or controlling them by Magical Arts.[a] And yet he at once contradicts and obscures his whole demonstration by designating these Natural Powers 'spirits,' 'deities,' or 'gods,' just as if they were, after all, Supernatural Beings.[b] But if the candid reader reflects on the conceptions which later Folklore research has revealed in the Folk Customs of the old Nature-Festivals; and if he compares with these the conceptions witnessed to by the Priestly Rituals of the Culture Religions (including, of course, Christianity) which have adopted and adapted these Festivals of the Seasons; he will hardly, I think, doubt that to call the Natural Powers, which are, in the one case, by Magical Arts, strengthened or controlled, 'Gods,' even as we call

[a] *Golden Bough*, *passim*.

[b] Mr. FRAZER, for instance, in the very next sentence, after affirming quite truly that the savage does not distinguish between Natural and Supernatural, self-contradictorily affirms that, to the savage, 'the world is mostly worked by Supernatural Agents.'—*Golden Bough*, i. 8. And with similar self-contradiction, Dr. TYLOR, while using such terms as 'Souls' 'Spirits,' etc., admits, or rather affirms, that they are not, in Folk-belief, conceived at all as by the Culture-Classes, but as 'substantial material beings.'—*Prim. Cult.*, ii. 409, 412, and *above*, p. 483, note *a*.

'Gods' the Supernatural Beings who are in the other case, by Precatory Rites, flattered and implored, is a misuse of terms which is in the highest degree unscientific.

No doubt our highly abstract Culture-notions of 'Souls,' 'Spirits,' and 'Gods' have been developed from those highly concrete, and otherwise, as we have seen, quite different notions which I would distinguish generally as notions of Supernals. But considering the antithesis between the earlier and the later notions, I submit that to call the earlier by the same name as the later notion is no less unscientific—that is to say, no less inimical to clear and verifiable thinking—than it would be to speak of the earlier non-human ancestors of Man, not by the zoölogical terms now used to designate them, but as already Men. For, to designate Folk-conceptions of Natural and Corporeal Powers by the same terms—'Souls,' 'Spirits,' 'Gods,' etc.—as those used to designate Culture-conceptions of Supernatural and Incorporeal Beings, is so to veil the profound differences of the conceptions thus identically named as utterly to obscure the true facts of the origin, and hence history, of Human Thought, and particularly of Religion.

§ 4*c*. To sum up. In established possession is the theory of Animism, or, as it would be more lucidly termed, Spiritism; in militant opposition is that of Zoönism. Questioningly, however, rather than dogmatically, I submit that the theory of Zoönism gives a more verifiable, more coherent, and more complete, interpretation and explanation of the facts of Folk-belief than does the theory of Animism. But should this be so, it is certainly due simply to my having been more deferential to the immense results of Historical and Folklore Research during the last quarter of a

century than, with reference, at least, to their theory of 'Spirits,' Messrs. Spencer and Tylor have been.[a] As pointed out in the *Preface* and *Introduction*, the results of Historical Research have led to quite a new theory of the Origins of Civilization, and this, to quite a new Method of Folklore Research. Obnoxious, then, to criticism on many points as may be the foregoing very brief and inadequate exposition of the theory of Zoönism, it will take but little harm if its Method cannot be assailed. And due criticism of this *Conclusion* must, therefore, begin with criticism of the *Introduction*.

To illustrate this. 'Side by side,' says Mr. Frazer, 'with the view of the world as pervaded by Spiritual Forces, primitive man has another conception in which we may detect a germ of Natural Law.'[b] Both notions are doubtless found now, though in varying proportions, in most Folklores. But as it is not even affirmed that there is a necessary correlation between these antagonistic notions, both cannot have been entertained by

[a] On the recent publication of a third edition of Dr. TYLOR'S *Primitive Culture*, I took up a copy expecting to find that much of my criticism of his Animism Theory of 1871 was out of date. But my fear that I should have the trouble of withdrawing or amending my criticisms, and correcting my references to the first edition were groundless. With a surprising complacency, considering the revolutionary results of research in this long interval, Dr. TYLOR informs us, in his *Preface* to this third, but not *new*, edition of his work, that he has not 'found it needful to alter the general argument,' but only 'to insert further details of evidence, and to correct some few statements,' not particularized. His fundamental postulates—the Homogeneity of Human Races, and the Spontaneous and Independent Origin of Civilizations; his fundamental hypothesis of the origin, the notion of 'Spirits,' 'Souls,' and 'Gods,' from Savage cogitations on Shadows, etc.; and his fundamental self-contradiction in both accepting COMTE'S Fetishism, and treating it as a subordinate department of the theory of 'Spirits'—these all, therefore, remain unchanged in Dr. TYLOR'S theory of Animism. And it is to these positions and their implications that Zoönism is opposed.

[b] *Golden Bough*, i. 9.

'primitive man,' and one only can be primary, while the other is but secondary. A theory of the Conflict of Higher and Lower Races as the main condition of the Origin of Civilization naturally leads to attributing chiefly to the Higher Races, after they had obtained leisure for intellectual development, that one of these antagonistic notions requiring the greater degree of such development. Hence, it is the more concrete notion of Sentient Powers, rather than the more abstract one of Animating Spirits, that we are led to regard as primary. A Method of collecting Folklore, of which the principles are derived from such an Historical theory, will, therefore, lead us to separate as clearly as possible Culture- from Folk-notions. An utterly undiscriminating Method is, on the contrary, that on which is based those collections of Folklore which give plausibility to the theory of Animism. And the opposition of Zoönism and Animism is, therefore, first of all, an opposition of fundamental Method.

It is, however, to my *Appendix* of Classified Facts that I would chiefly refer critics of my theory of Zoönism, and criticism of Animism. With reference to what I have classed as Zoönist Facts, the question is, does not consideration of these Facts, as here analysed, justify my definition of Zoönist Ideas? Considering what I have classed as Supernalist Facts, the question is, do not these Facts form an incomparably sounder basis for the later development of notions of Supernatural Beings than the utterly unverified hypothesis suggested by the authors of the theory of Animism? Finally, does not consideration of the Facts classed as Magicianist show that they can be deduced only from such conceptions as those defined as Zoönist, and as Supernalist? And yet further support of the theory

of Zoönism will, I think, be given by the facts indicated, at least, in the sequel, as to the development of Supernaturalism.

§ 5*a*. But we shall hardly have a due apprehension of Pagan or Folk Conceptions without some consideration of the Social Conduct which is their correlate. For, as noted in the *General Preface* to these Researches, the third of the three more and more clearly verified ideas of the New Philosophy of History is that of the correlation of all Social Facts. And hence, as the essential characteristic of the Pagan Conception of Nature is, as we have seen, an intuition of its Solidarity, through the Mutual Influences of its Parts conceived as Sentient Powers, we should conclude that the Social Conduct found with such a conception of Nature is essentially Moral. For what is Morality? *Conduct governed by regard for others.* And the Law of Correlation is here again vindicated in the fact that, with the Pagan conception of the Solidarity of Nature, there is unquestionably found the correlative conception of the Solidarity of the Kin; an intuition, therefore, of the social effects of individual conduct so far, at least, as the Kin is concerned; and hence, so powerful a control of individual conduct by regard for others—others, at least, of the Kin—as to make Conduct, though not 'Civilized,' essentially Moral. I must here regretfully forego any such detailed reference to the older Customs of Paganism as would demonstrate this conception, or rather intuition, of Social Solidarity in the pains voluntarily undergone by individuals in connection more particularly with Puberty, with Marriage, with Child-birth, with Blood-mingling, and with Death.[a] For I have space here

[a] See more particularly FRAZER, *Golden Bough*, and HARTLAND, *Legend of Perseus;* and I would especially draw attention to Mr. HARTLAND'S explanation of the *Couvade*, ii., chap. xv., pp. 400,

only to recall to the reader some illustrations of the Moral Characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy, notwithstanding the upbreak, abolition, or modification, so long since, of old Pagan Customs, and the very slight traces to be found in that Folk-poesy of distinctively Christian ideas. Illustrations of the Moral Characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy fall naturally into two Classes. The First of these Classes includes illustrations of only the more superficial characteristics of that Folk-poesy—the evidences we find in it of (1) Family Affection, and Sexual Purity; of (2) the Social Virtues of Truthfulness, Honesty, and Greatheartedness; and of (3) Patriotic Self-devotion and Brotherly Fidelity. But profounder characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy are those indicated in our Second Class of illustrative Incidents—those evidencing the character of the effective Moral Sanction.

§ 5*b*. As to the First Class. In illustration of (1) Family Affection, and Sexual Purity, I would refer more particularly to the Songs relating to the Χενητευομένοι, the 'Exiles,' as they are termed—sons, sweethearts, or husbands, whose breadwinning takes them to far countries;[a] or containing such narratives as that of a Sister's rescue from Charon himself by her Brothers;[b] or even of a Brother rising from the grave to fetch his sister 'from Babylon' to console their mother;[c] to such Stories as those which tell how a Daughter saved her Father's life, and obtained his pardon and reinstatement in his possessions;[d] or how a Son got himself sold as a slave so that his impoverished mother might live comfortably;[e] or how the Daughter of the 'Stingy Woman' went

407, etc., as a much more general institution than usually supposed, and one of which 'it is a mistake to see the origin in a legal form' as Dr. TYLOR does.

[a] Vol. i., pp. 162-165. [b] *Ibid.*, p. 93. [c] *Ibid.*, p. 243.
[d] Vol. ii., pp. 357-360. [e] *Ibid.*, pp. 361-367.

even to Hell to seek and save her Mother ;[a] and finally, I would here refer to the pathetic *Moirológia*, or Dirges, when of one or other of its members the Family has been bereft.[b] As to the Sexual Purity of Greek Folk-poesy, it is distinctively Pagan, not Christian. In other words, it is not that *ascetic* purity of abstinence from sexual relations of which the result, as so abundantly evidenced by the realities of the history of Christian Morals, is but a specially nauseous impurity. It is that *natural* purity which arises from, at least, the general predominance of affection over passion, and which, in Love-song and -story, shows itself in a complete absence of lewd suggestiveness.[c]

Of (2) the Truthfulness, Honesty, and Greatheartedness of the Pagan Heroes of Greek Folk-poesy,[d] my space here permits only of single illustrations. 'Consider

[a] Vol. ii., pp. 290-294. [b] Vol. i., pp. 95-100.

[c] What underlies the hypocrisies of Christian Morals is interestingly shown by the writings of our emancipated Eves. And so inconceivable seems to them the noble reticence of these Greek Love-songs and -stories that already, since the publication of the first of these volumes last June, letters have been received from the fair Sisterhood confidently insisting that, in the Originals, all *must* have been described that occurs to their own lewd imaginations. This is detailed by their facile pens, in but partially disguised handwriting. And what they fancy is merely the translator's 'prudery,' they sharply resent and condemn as, in the words of one of these letters, 'an anachronism and an atopism covering with modern and northern reserves the unashamed nakedness, innocent rather than impure, with which a Southern people fronts the relations of Sex.' The fact, however, is, that whatever has been translated has been literally and fully translated. Further, the only pieces in the whole Corpus of Greek Folk-poesy of which examples have not been given have been those of such a coarsely expressed comic character as the Satires on Monks and Nuns. And not only the fact of the extreme outspokenness about sexual matters usual in the Levant, but the printing of every word of the Satires by the Greek collectors sufficiently guarantees their having in no way bowdlerized the Love-songs and -stories.

[d] Compare CAMPBELL, *West Highland Tales*, iv. p., 169 : 'A remarkable feature in these [Gaelic] poems is the magnanimity and gallantry which distinguish their heroes, though mixed with much barbarism and fierceness.'

well,' said the King to him, 'and don't tell us lies, or off will go thy head.' 'A Man,' replied the Prince, 'who has resolved to deliver a Princess from death or to sacrifice his own life, never tells lies.'[a] In another story, a goat having escaped from the flock herded by an unfortunate Prince, a Wild Man appeared to him who said, 'I enticed away the goat that I might show myself to thee, and put an end to thy misfortunes.' But the Prince replied, 'I must first take back the goat to my master, and then, if thou desire it, I will return.'[b] And in another, a youth having been discovered 'sleeping like one dead,' 'That's lucky,' said one of the Forty Dhrakos; 'we shall sup finely to-night!' 'Never,' cried another, 'it is not honourable to kill him while he sleeps. We must first awaken him, and fight him one by one.' 'No,' replied the eldest brother, 'that will not do either, for one to fight against forty; but we will kill him if we beat him at feats.' 'Very well,' said all the brothers. And the hero having beaten them all in playing at ball, 'Our word is our word,' said they, and they married him to their sister.[c]

Finally, as to (3) Patriotic Self-devotion and Brotherly Fidelity, all the Historical Ballads and Legends may be cited in evidence. Evidence the Ballads also, indeed afford of occasional treacheries among the Klephts themselves[d] and occasinal ferocities against their Turkish foes.[e] But incomparably more fully do they attest that generation after generation, mothers have sent their sons to battle against the Turks, and that, to mothers less heroic, sons have cried:

> 'I tell thee, mother, ne'er will I to base Turks be enslavéd;
> I cannot bear it, mother mine—my heart would die within me.
> My gun I'll take, and I will go—I'll go and be a Klephti'—[f]

[a] Vol. ii., p. 105. [b] *Ibid.*, p. 171. [c] *Ibid.*, p. 69.
[d] Vol. ii., pp. 350, 360. [e] *Ibid.*, p. 342. [f] Vol. i., pp. 377, 387.

—attest that in Klephtic bands innumerable

'They've made an oath upon the sword, three oaths on the *tophaiki*,
That when a comrade should fall sick, then would they all stand by him.'[a]

and that rarely has such an oath not been sacredly kept :—attest that, generation after generation, there has arisen from patriot ranks the Homeric shout :

Λεβέντες κάμετε καρδιὰ, σα χριστιανοὶ φανῆτε !
Τους Τούρκους γὰ παστρέψομε ![b]

'Take heart, my warriors, and show that ye are men and Christians !
We'll clear the Turks from out the land !'

—and that this has been not sworn only, but in so great part done that but little more is needed to complete the heroic task.

§ 5*c*. But even if it be granted, as I think it must be, that regard for some Others is no less original a correlate of regard for Self than consciousness of some Others is of consciousness of Self, the question may still arise, Whether the regard for Others which makes Conduct moral is, if not originated by Supernatural Grace, fostered by Supernatural Sanctions? To such a question with reference to the Morality of Greek Folk-life, the answer is supplied by our Second Class of facts illustrative of the Moral Characteristics of Greek Folk-poesy. These facts show that the regard for Others, which makes Conduct moral, is generally and effectually fostered, among the Greek Folk, not by Supernatural, but *only* by Natural Sanctions—the penalties, namely, which, in the case of Conduct disregardful of Others within certain limits, regard for Others automatically inflicts, first, in

[a] Vol. i., p. 347.
[b] Vol. i., p. 308. As I have, there, noted ([b]) 'the true equivalent of the χριστιανοὶ of the text would be "Greeks" rather than Christians.'

the remorse which it excites in the individual, and, secondly, in the detestation which it excites in his social environment. And these are some of the facts I would submit as evidence of this possibly somewhat startling proposition. So far, at least, as the Customs and Poesy of the Greek Folk testify, there is no practical, as distinguished from merely professed, belief in the *sine quâ non* of the Christian, as of all other Supernatural, Sanctions—a separable and immortal 'soul,' destinable to endless torment or endless bliss. I would refer more particularly to the whole body of the Charonic lyrics, and of the *Moirológia*, or Dirges, and also to the pieces relating to Vampires, and testifying to belief in the 'soul,' if so we may call the life, of the Corpse, being still in it, and rendering it capable even of rising from the Grave. To die, therefore, is simply to be carried off from home and friends, and all the joys of ὁ ἀπάνω κόσμος, the Upper World, by the remorseless Charon. In the *Moirológia*, the mourners in no single instance console themselves with the hope or belief that the beloved dead are in a state of bliss. Even in the Songs specially distinguished as Θρησκευτικὰ—Religious, or Christian—there is seldom other difference made between the condition in the Other-world of Good and Bad, or rather, as indeed with Jesus himself, Poor and Rich,[a] than that the Poor are in the warm sunshine, and the Rich in the chilly shade.[b] In one instance, indeed, in the foregoing Collection, such a Hell as that of the *Gospels*[c] is described;

[a] See Renan, *Vie de Jésus*, p. 179. 'Le pur *ébionisme*, c'est-à-dire la doctrine que les pauvres (*ébionim*) seuls seront sauvés, que le règne des pauvres va venir, fut donc la doctrine de Jésus. Malheur à vous, riches, disait il, car vous avez votre consolation. Malheur à vous qui étés maintenant rassasiés, car vous aurez faim,' etc.

[b] See *The Visit to Paradise and Hell*, vol. i., p. 106.

[c] As people are now apt not only to forget, but to deny, that eternal damnation was one of the chief doctrines preached by

but it is in such a way as to make one suspect not belief in, but revolt at its horrors, and therewith satire on Christian morality.[a] Nor only are the Saints, and particularly St. George,[b] and even the *Panaghía*,[c] described as anything but Divine personages; but God Himself is represented as a pander;[d] and when, as an Old Man, He offers Himself as Godfather to a child, He is rejected by its father as not the 'Just One' he seeks.[e] Death is the only 'Just One,' and Fate, rather than Providence, rules the world. After numberless sufferings and dangers, all, indeed, ends happily for the Heroes of the Stories.[f] 'But,' adds the narrator, with pleasantly cynical unbelief in Virtue's sure reward, 'I was not there, and neither were you, so you need not believe it.'[g] With similar,

Christ Himself, it may be well to recall a few passages: 'The Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth' (*Matt.* xi. 41, 42) . . . 'shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth' (*Ibid.*, viii. 12). 'It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched' (*Mark* ix. 43, 44).

[a] The girl sees her mother in one of the cauldrons with lurid fires under them, and takes hold of her to rescue her. For this she is punished, as she had been told she would be, if she thus gave way to natural affection. 'No one can save her now,' says Christ to the heart-broken daughter. But, as she herself was safe, 'Be thou glad at heart,' He says, 'and go home to thy house.'

[b] Who, for instance, when more highly bribed by the Turkish youth than by the girl he has hidden, discovers her hiding-place to the ravisher. See vol. i., p. 105.

[c] '"Thou dog! Thou gipsy dog!"' says the Blessed Virgin, with an amusing unconventionality. Vol. i., p. 116.

[d] Sigropoulos prays to God that he may find the man, whose wife he covets, undressed and defenceless. 'And as he prayed, so it fell out, for Yiannakos was sleeping.' Vol. i., p. 240.

[e] See *above*, p. 408.

[f] Mr. NUTT has very suggestively contrasted the optimistic and happily ending Idylls and Tales of Folk-poesy with the fatalistic and tragic character of the great heroic Legends and Ballads. HYDE'S *Beside the Fire*, *Postscript*, lvi., lvii.

[g] See, for instance, *above*, pp. 207 and 282.

but more serious unbelief, Cretan patriots, undismayedly fronting their Turkish foes, exclaim,

'Belike you may the victors be, for miscreants are you!'

'And so,' the ballad continues,

'And so the parley ended, and began the battle's din!'[a]

Life seems, indeed, in Greek Folk-poesy, ever to be regarded with a Classical sanity,[b] without Christian, or other, unverifiable illusions. There is no pessimistic outcry, and what Life offers of Good is frankly enjoyed. But for all that, Life's three great events—Birth, Marriage, and Death—are characterized as what, in fact, for the vast majority, they have, for unnumbered millenniums, been, and still are—*Τὰ τρία κακά τῆς Μοιρῆς*, 'The Three Evils of Destiny.'[c]

APPENDIX.

CLASSES OF ZOÖNIST, SUPERNALIST AND MAGICIANIST FACTS.

I.—ZOÖNIST FACTS.

(I.) Objects as Responsively Sentient Powers.

1. *Sympathetic Inanimates.*

The Sun is represented as pityingly addressing a sad and lonely Deer (i., 52); as sleeping on the hill (i., 172); as having a Mother (i., 82); and as angry with the Moon and Stars (i., 87). The Morning Star is spoken of as a man whom a widow's daughter desires for her husband (i., 121); and as the sweetheart of the North Wind's Mother (i., 170). The Moon weeps in sympathy

[a] Vol. i., p. 304.

[b] I regret that I can here only commend to the reader a comparison of the world-view of Modern Greek Folk-poesy with that of Classical Greek Culture-poesy.

[c] Heuzey, *Le Mont Olympe et l'Acarnanie.*

with the sorrowing Virgin (i., 114); is prayed to by a child going to a night-school in the bad times of Turkish oppression (i., 282, 283); and discovers the kiss of lovers (i., 137). The Stars are brimming with tears (i., 114); and the words used in speaking of the setting of the Morning Star, as likewise of the Sun—βασιλεύω and βασίλευμα—denote also reigning as a king (i., 64). Earth opens her mouth three times to swallow the murderers of Dimos, and three times vomits them forth again, 'for murderers she liked not' (i., 420). The Wind questions the Mountains (i., 310); and sleeps on the plain (i., 172). The Mountains also ask and answer questions (i., 311); grieve for the absence of the Klephts (*ibid.*); or are wrathful when their inhabitants are carried away captive (i., 352). Proudly Olympos disputes with Kissavos, and boasts of his glories (i., 57); or, falling in love with his fellow-mountain, now called by the feminine name of Ossa, they become the parents of the Klepht Vlachava (i., 327), whose head, when he is slain, his faithful dog carries to his mother Ossa, and buries in the snows of her bosom. Fountains, pouring out tears, lament the death of the Klephts who formerly frequented them (i., 128). Lovers would fain transform themselves into Rivers, and so consciously embrace their mistresses and rid themselves of the poison of passion (i., 128). And even the Dead are conceived as still conscious in their tombs (i., 98); and they occasionally issue therefrom as Vampires (i., 77, 243; ii., 168). Nor these greater 'Inanimates' only, as we conceive them, but things inanimate of all kinds—Inanimates of Art as well as of Nature—are represented as living, and sympathetically living. A Bridge is rent in twain, and a Stream ceases to flow on hearing the sad lament of a widow (i., 200). A Ship is fascinated by the song of a Siren (i., 61); or stops sailing, horrified by the groan of a galley-slave (i., 284); or compelled by the magic of a wish (ii., 4). Her Pillow and Couch sympathetically respond to the complaint of a forsaken wife (i., 194). A Knife, Cord, and Stone respond to and counsel a distressed Princess (ii., 44). Doors open wide from fear (i., 116). And even a Gravestone feels and speaks (i., 76).

2. *Sympathetic Plants.*

To pass from what we ordinarily consider inanimate to animate Nature, Vegetable and Animal. Trees, and especially the Cypress (i., 57), Apple (i., 58), and Rose-tree (i., 129); and Fruits—Lemons and Apples (i., 118); and Flowers—Sweet Basil and Carnation, are all endowed with human feeling and speech. The Cypress beneath which a Bishop is beheaded dies of grief (i., 285); and—as in Scotland the 'Flowers of the Forest,' after the battle of Flodden (1513), so, in a contemporary ballad, the flowers after a Cretan battle (i., 305) lie withered on the ground.

3. *Sympathetic Animals.*

It is Birds—Eagles (i., 289), Partridges (i., 316), and Crows (i., 376), Cuckoos (i., 361), Blackbirds (*ibid.*), and Nightingales

(i., 278)—who sing the dirges of the slain, or give warning to the living of death or betrayal. 'That he may gossip with birds' (νἄχω μὲ τὰ πουλιὰ κουβέντα) the dying Klepht begs that he may be carried up to a mountain ridge to die (i., 385). A Bird, πουλί, bewails her hard lot in colloquy with a king's daughter (i., 55); an Eagle predicts the fortune of a Princess (ii., 40); a Partridge reproves an erring Bulgarian girl (i., 132); an Owl heralds the approach of Vampires (i., 77); and a Stork assists St. Demetra to find her daughter (ii., 172). And so, among Beasts, Lions (ii., 215) as well as Dogs (ii., 257) come to the assistance of heroes; nor are Horses less helpful: a Horse understands the entreaties of his mistress and wins a wager for his master (i., 55); counsels his master how to win a maiden (i., 272); or warns a maiden against his master (i., 142); a Deer complains to the Sun of the cruel hunter who has killed her child and her husband (i., 52); a Mouse advises and saves from danger a Prince (ii., 258); a Snake suggests the remedy for a wounded youth (ii., 10); and a Golden Fish teaches a powerful charm to a Halfman (ii., 159). Finally, even Insects, such as Bees and Ants, are associated with heroes as their helpers (ii., 210).

(II.) The Solidarity of Objects through Mutual Influences.

1. *Life-Correlates.*

What I have termed Life-Correlates may be distinguished as (1) *External-accidental*, (2) *Personal*, and (3) *External-essential*.

The first, or *External-accidental*, may be illustrated by the following farewell charge of a Klepht to his mother:

'And plant for thee a rose-bush fair, and plant a clove carnation,
And while they blossom, mother mine, and while they put forth flowers,
Know that thy son is living still and 'gainst the Turks is fighting.
But when that sad, sad day shall come, when comes that bitter morning,
The morn when both those plants shall die, and faded fall their blossoms,
Know that thy son all wounded lies, in weeds of black array thee' (i. 342).

What I would distinguish as (2) *Personal Life-correlates* may be illustrated by the following:

'The Stork, which had helped him (the hero) so well, then fell upon the prostrate Agha, pecked out his eyes, and plucked out a white hair which was visible in the black tuft with which his head was surmounted. On this hair depended the life of the Turkish Magician, who immediately expired' (ii. 175).

The third kind of Life-Correlates, the *External-essential*, are such as that of the Half-man-half-iron:

'My strength,' he said, 'is in a wild boar which lives on such and such a mountain. It has a silver tusk; in this tusk is a hare; the hare has in its inside three pigeons, and in them resides my strength' (*Women of Turkey*, ii. 334).

The first of the above distinguished three sets, or species, of Life-Correlates includes the facts usually detailed under the title 'Life-token, or Life-index' (HARTLAND, *Perseus*, ii.), while the third includes those illustrative of what, as I think, is most misleadingly termed 'The External Soul' (FRAZER, *Golden Bough*, ii. 296). I think, however, that it is of great importance for the due understanding of all these sets of facts to bring them under such a general head as that of *Life-Correlates*. And I submit that their explanation is to be found, not in an hypothesis of the 'divisibility of Personality' (*Perseus*, ii., pp. 56 fol., iii., pp. 185 fol.), but in the fact that the notion of an *isolated* Personality has not yet arisen, and that, instead of it, we find the conception of a *universal* Solidarity.

2. *The Evil Eye.*

The belief in the power to exert a malign influence by a mere look and wish, and the power, on the other hand, of certain acts, gestures, words, and objects to counteract such malign influence, is evidently a further illustration of belief in the Solidarity and Mutual Influence of persons and things. It is, of course, in Folk-custom rather than in Folk-poesy that illustrations are to be found of this belief. For illustrations in Folk-custom I would refer generally to ELWORTHY, *The Evil Eye*, and also to our *Women and Folklore of Turkey* for illustrations not only among Christians (i. 145, 191, 339), but Jews (ii. 68), and Moslems (ii. 469, 475). The most curious feature perhaps about this notion is, that the malign influence is so generally believed to be exerted by eulogistic words, that, if no evil is meant, it is customary to say or do something of a contrary character (*Women of Turkey*, ii. 475), partly, perhaps, because of distrust of fair words, and partly because of such general experience of evil that it is feared lest the Fates or Charon be provoked either by eulogium of others, or congratulation of oneself.

In illustration of the former I may recall:

'Two brothers had a sister dear, through all the world renownéd,
The envy of the neighbourhood, the belle of all the village;
And Charon looks with jealous eye, and for himself he'd take her' (i. 93).

And in illustration of the latter, or of what would in Scottish phrase be called *forespeaking oneself*, I may cite:

'There boasted once a cherished one, she had no fear of Charon;
For she had nine tall brothers bold, and Konstantine for husband.
And Charon somehow heard of it, some bird the tale had told him,
And he set forth and came to them while seated at their dinner' (i. 89).

Or again,

'From towering mountain-summit down there strolled a young *levénté*,
His fez on one side cocked he wore, and loosely hung his gaiters.
And Charon looked at him, he looked, and much was he displeaséd,
And seized him by his flowing hair and by his right hand held him' (i. 90).

3. *Blood-Correlates.*

But if, as we have seen, the conception of a general Solidarity is testified to by such facts as have been indicated under the heads of *Life-Correlates*, and the *Evil Eye*, we may expect it to be especially illustrated in the case of those of the same blood. Hence we find such passages in the Folk-songs as the following :

'By Brotherhood the hills are rent, and torn the spreading tree-roots ;
Out in pursuit goes Brotherhood and triumphs over Charon' (i. 93).

Again—

'The river swept two brothers down, with kisses intertwinéd ;
And one unto the other said, and one said to the other :
"O tightly, tightly grasp me now, nor, brother, from me sever,
For, if we once should separate, we'd ne'er be reunited"' (i. 94).

Even by death this Solidarity is not always dissolved, and Konstantine hears in his grave his mother's cry :

'Arise, arise, O Konstantine, arise and bring her to me !'

And

'The tombstone cold a horse becomes, and the black earth a saddle,
The worms are changed to Konstantine, who goes to fetch his sister' (i. 244).

With such Solidarity there naturally goes speciality of Mutual Influence, which may be thus illustrated in the case of a father and his sons :

'Andronikos at table sat, there came to him a presage :
The bread which in his hand he held grew hard as 'twere a pebble ;
The wine which in his hand he held became like blood and troubled.
"Now somewhere in the world the Turks do sore oppress my children"!' (i. 238).

And so with the father of Konstantine, when his son was shut up in a tower of iron—

'And as his father sat at meat, away in Babylonia,
The wine, as he was drinking it, turned turbid in the wine-cup.
"Now know I that this day my son within a trap is taken"!' (i. 236).

But it is Folk-custom rather than Folk-poesy that testifies to the feeling of Solidarity among those of the same Blood, and hence to the Mutual Influences believed to be exerted by members of the kindred or tribe. And, indeed, unless they are referred to this conception of *identity of Blood*, and hence *speciality of Mutual Influence*, the more characteristic Folk-customs are wholly inexplicable. And I would refer especially to customs connected with Puberty, particularly that of girls ; with Marriage ; with Childbirth, and particularly the *Couvade* in its more general meaning (see *above*, p. 498) ; with Bloodmingling, and with Death.

(III.) Objects as Unlimitedly Transformative Powers.

1. *Environment-Transformations.*

A Nereid Queen who has emerged from a citron is, when thrown by a Negress into a Well, transformed into a Golden Eel. When the Eel has been killed and eaten, its bones, thrown into the Garden, become a Lemon-tree covered with fruit and blossom The Lemon-tree is rooted up and its branches lopped off, but out of the Trunk the Nereid again appears in her original form (ii. 23). In one Cinderella story, when the two wicked sisters have killed and eaten their mother, the Heroine subjects her bones for forty days to fumigations with Incense, and then finds them changed to jewels and beautiful clothes. In another version Cinderella, after she is slain by her sisters, emerges from her Burial-place in the shape of a bird. The bird is shot, but three drops of its blood which fall in the Courtyard become an apple-tree which in a year's time bears fruit. The tree is cut down, but from one of its Apples, which has been begged by a passing old woman, Cinderella again emerges as beautiful as ever, and with her betrothal ring still on her finger (ii. 116). An *Archonta's* daughter, of whom it has been foretold that she shall marry her father, to prevent this, compasses his death. But an apple-tree grows up from his Grave, and in consequence of eating of its fruit she becomes the mother of a child. This last illustrates that transformation to which under the title of the *Supernatural Birth* Mr. Hartland has devoted vol. i. of his 'Legend of Perseus.' But as I have said, in the text, it is to be regarded rather as an *abnormal* than as a *supernatural* incident.

2. *Self-Transformation.*

In return for services rendered, a Hero receives from a community of Ants, and from an Eagle, the power of transforming himself at will into an Eagle, or Ant (ii. 212). A Magician and his servant acquire by drinking a certain Red Water the faculty of transforming themselves alternately into a pigeon, an eagle, a fly, a fly-catcher-bird, a carnation, a venerable old Turk, millet, a hen and chickens, a fox, and a handsome Prince (ii. 146). A Frog is able to assume human form, and again to become a Frog at will (ii. 48).

3. *Other-Will-Transformation.*

Two princes are transformed respectively into a Horse and a Dog by the stroke of a Wand (ii. 86). Another Wand, when struck on the pavement by a Frog-princess, becomes a golden coach with horses (ii. 51). A Curse pronounced by an offended mistress transforms a Prince into a Snake (ii. 157). And, in order to hide him from a Drakos, a slap from a captive maiden tu.ns a Hero into the Oriental equivalent of a Birch-broom (ii. 148).

II.—SUPERNALIST FACTS.

(I.) Objects as themselves Superior Powers.

1. *Inanimates—Greater or Less.*

Such Elemental Powers as those to which Prometheus appealed (*above*, p. 485), Sun and Moon and Stars, Earth and Sea, Rivers and their Fountains, etc.

2. *Plants and Animals.*

The Oak and Corn, etc. ; the Horse and Cow, etc.

3. *Persons—Men and Women.*

Individuals who, either as belonging to a higher Race, or as otherwise differing, impress themselves as possessed of superior powers.

(II.) Personifications and Incarnations of Energies.

1. *Fates, etc.*

The three Fates ; the Fatescribe ; Good Luck. The three Stoicheia of the World. Charon, and the Mother of Charon ; the Mother of the Sun ; the Mother, also the Stoicheion, of the Sea ; the Mother of the North Wind ; the Lamia of the Sea ; of the Almond, and Walnut-tree ; and the Stoicheion of the Plane-tree, Gorgons, Sirens, etc.

2. *Kings.*

Weather Kings ; Kings of Fire and Water ; Kings of the Wood, etc.

3. *Gods and Goddesses.*

Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Dionysos, Demeter and Persephóné, Lityersas (see *Golden Bough*, i. ch. 3).

(III.) PERSONS REMEMBERED AS SUPERIOR POWERS.

1. *Higher Races.*

If, for instance, Matriarchal Women were generally of a Higher White Race, then, as I have suggested (*Women of Turkey*, v. II, *Origin of Matriarchy*), *Swan-maidens* may be a mythical reminiscence of them.

2. *Tribal Ancestors and Inventors of Arts.*

For instance, the later 'Gods of Samothrace' may have been originally the first Metallurgists (see ROSSIGNOL, *Les Métaux dans l'Antiquité, Origines religieuses de la Metallurgie*, and my *Gods of Samothrace, Contemporary Review*, April, 1882).

3. *Lower Races.*

For instance, as Mr. MACRITCHIE particularly has shown to be, at least, probable, an Early Dwarf Race, possessed of what appeared magical powers, were the origin of stories of *Fairies.*

* * * * *

But it is impossible here to give anything like an adequate statement, or even indication of those facts of Folk-mythology which, due as they are to the Zoönist Folk-conception of Nature, were the basis of the later Culture Mythology, and of Religions in which fictitious Gods rather than actual Powers of Nature were worshipped.

III.—MAGICIANIST FACTS.

Of these facts, the explanation of which forms the chief verification of the above generalizations as to the Zoönist conception of Nature, I can here only indicate the three chief classes :

(I.) Magic of Operation.
(II.) „ „ Divination.
(III.) „ „ Co-operation.

By this last I mean to indicate the ceremonies at the Folk-Festivals of Nature. (See FRAZER, *Golden Bough.*)

[*Exigencies of space and of expense make it impossible here to give more than, as above, the first of those three Sections which I have indicated in the* Preamble *as necessary for a complete demonstration of the Survival of Paganism* (*pp.* 469-70-71). *Nor, though the investigation has, in fact, been completed in those other divisions of it which should have formed the subjects of two other Sections, can I here do more than refer the reader to the* Analytical Table (*pp.* 527, 528) *for an indication of what the contents would have been of such complementary Sections. And in the* Summary *to which I now proceed, I can only, in the briefest manner, state the general results of the studies complementary to that of which the results with reference to* the Characteristic Conceptions of Paganism *have been given in some detail in the foregoing First* Section.]

SUMMARY.

THE HISTORICAL RESULT OF THE INVESTIGATION.

WHAT is the origin of the notion of Supernatural Gods? The facts and conclusions indicated, or stated, in the foregoing First *Section* and its *Appendix*, are, if verifiable, of revolutionary importance with respect to current answers to this question, and hence with respect to current theories of the origin and nature of Religion even when defined—not as it usually implicitly or explicitly is, as 'Christianity,' but—as more broadly by Dr. Tylor—as 'the belief in Spiritual Beings."[a] For the general result of these facts and conclusions is, that the primitive Folk-conception of Nature is a notion of it as made up of mutually influencing Powers; a notion,

[a] *Prim. Cult.*, i. 383.

therefore, of the predictableness of the events, and controllableness of the forces of Nature by knowledge of these Powers; and hence a notion the very antithesis of that derived from a belief in Spiritual Beings whose action on Nature is wilful and arbitrary, or, in a word, Supernatural. Neither, then, the notion of Spirits, nor the notion of Supernatural Action, is of a primitive character, or to be found in Folk-beliefs uninfluenced by Culture-conceptions. What was the true origin of these notions? I submit that the answer to this question, as to so many other questions not verifiably answerable on current Theories of the Origin of Civilisation, is to be derived only from the facts on which I have insisted as the main condition of these Origins—the facts implied in the Conflict of Higher and Lower Races. It was under the Conditions of this Conflict that the Folk-conception of Supernals—Superiorily powerful Things and Persons, or personified Energies of such Things and Persons—was developed into the Culture-, rather than Folk-conception of Spiritual and Supernatural Beings. For materially conceived Supernals were naturally less and less concretely conceived by more intellectually developed Races or Classes, and hence, from Material, were transformed into Spiritual, Beings. And naturally also the Higher Races, breaking up the social conditions, and hence the Morality, of the Lower Races, were, with conscious or unconscious purpose, impelled, for their own preservation, and that of the new social economy which they founded, to supplement Natural by Supernatural Sanctions, in developing Supernal into Supernatural Beings, Lords of Otherworld Heavens and Hells, Gods who could be appeased only by the Priests of the Higher Races. *Primos in orbe Deos fecit timor.* Nay! Fear is by no means the natural emotion of

Man amid the powers of Nature. On the contrary, nothing is at once more remarkable and more charming in Folk-lore than the faith expressed, now, in the sympathy of the Nature-powers, and now, in Man's ability to control them when antagonistic.[a] It would appear, therefore, more true to say that it was the Gods who created Fear. And it was the Higher Races who, in their conflict with the Lower, created the Gods, and elaborated the Hells.

But to a question no less deep-reaching than that as to the origin of the notion of Supernatural Gods, our investigation of the Survival of Paganism suggests an answer—the question as to the origin of the notion of Natural Causation. For consider, first, some of the more famous statements in which this notion has been expressed. *Οὐκ ἔοικε δ' ἡ φύσις ἐπεισοδιώδης οὖσα ἐκ τῶν φαινομένων ὥσπερ μοχθηρὰ τραγουδία*—('Nature is not episodic in its phenomena, like a bad tragedy,') said Aristotle.[b] 'Actioni contrariam semper et

[a] Very significant is, I think, in this relation, that wonderful contemporary engraving of Palæolithic Man not only standing up, in his nakedness, to the Mammoth, but attacking him with such a dart as our bravest hunter now would not trust to as his sole weapon. One recalls also that story of Sir Walter Scott being found, as a child, no whit terrified by a thunderstorm, but lying on his back exclaiming, as he witnessed the lightning flashes, 'Bonny, bonny!' And one may likewise note how remarkably fearless animals are even still with each other, and after all hereditary experiences—how some children, and girls as well as boys, go up to and caress strange cattle, horses and dogs, however large; and how small terriers, and even kittens, will face, nay, amaze by attacking, in play, or earnest, big St. Bernards. Animals are, indeed, physically, and, therefore, mentally discomposed by unusual electric, and other atmospheric conditions; and so doubtless was primitive man. But such occasional discomposures could hardly be *alone* adequate to produce permanent religious fear. And my contention is, that fear was not specially developed and exploited till the establishment—at what is now an approximately dateable period—of the Hell-Religions of Civilization.

[b] *Metaph.*, xiii., iii.

æqualem esse reactionem: sive corporum duorum actiones in se mutuo semper esse æquales et in partes contrarias dirigi' — ('Action and reaction are equal and opposite: or the actions of two bodies on each other are always equal and directed to opposite parts'), said Newton,[a] and demonstrated, not the idea merely, but the Law of Mutual Attraction. 'I have long,' said Faraday, 'held an opinion almost amounting to conviction that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest . . . are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, one into another, and possess equivalence of power in their action.'[b] Already Joule had stated the mechanical equivalent of heat;[c] and the further demonstration of the equivalence of work done, and force expended was generalised in the Principle of the Conservation of Energy.[d] And this Principle of Conservation which, as at present stated, is a Law of Transformation, I have stated as a Principle of Co-existence[e]—and in these terms: *Every Existent determines and is determined by Co-existents.*[f] And now

[a] *Principia*, vol. i., p. 15.

[b] *Experimental Researches*, vol. iii., p 1; and *Philosophical Trans.* 1846 (read November 20, 1845).

[c] In his first paper on *The Mechanical Value of Heat*, 1843.

[d] See HELMHOLTZ, *Erhaltung der Kraft*, 1847; or translation by L. PERARD, *Conservation de la Force*, 1869.

[e] Implicitly in my *Proposal of a General Mechanical Theory of Physics*, founded on the conception of Mutually-determining Centres of Energy, and read at the Meeting of the British Association, 1859, *Reports—Physical and Mathematical Section*, p. 58; and explicitly in *The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 158.

[f] As I have above said (vol. i., p. 14), it is this principle, developed in correlative conceptions of the Atom, the Organism, and the State, that I would make the basis of the Sciences of Evolution. But its metaphysical application also may be briefly indicated by the following extracts. 'While Kaul denied to the mind any sort of knowledge antecedent to, or independent of, experience, he still maintained that the Mind possesses certain

if, after reflecting on these Culture-expressions of the notion of Natural Causation, one recalls the Folk-expressions of the notion of Mutual Influence, the answer to the question as to the origin of the notion of Natural Causation will hardly, I think, seem doubtful. It is but a developed and verified form of the Folk-intuition of the Solidarity of Nature. And securely established as Supernaturalist Religions seemed to be on the fears of men, Folk-lore and Culture-lore afford ample evidence, the one for the Lower, the other for the Higher Races or Classes, that Supernaturalist Beliefs were never universal. Neither in the one Class nor in the other, and least of all among the Priests of the higher ranks, was the primitive Zoönist Conception of Nature ever lost—the conception of Natural Objects as mutually influencing Powers. Magic was still practised by the Folk; and, on the basis of the fundamental intuition of Magic, Science was developed by the Priests. A very superficial view, therefore, it is, which represents the origin of European Philosophy and Science with Thales and the Hylozoists as due merely to the splendour of Greek genius. It was but part of the general Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., and a publication and

"Forms," destined to enfold, though requiring to be supplemented by the "Matter" of Experience. In opposition to this, it would, from the above principle, follow that the Mind is to be conceived as, not only in its *knowledge*, but in its *constitution*, dependent on the World; that this constitutional dependence, however, is not, as with the Materialists, a contingent and *sequential relation;* but such a necessary and *systematic correlation* that, not only our Cognitions, but our Faculties would not be such as they are, were not the World such as it is. . . . Thought and Existence are thus conceived as neither independent, as the Materialist maintains; nor identical as the Idealist contends; but correlative' (*The New Philosophy of History* (1893), pp. 168-9). And I submit that the discovery of the true primitive intuition, but false primitive conceptions, of the Oneness of Nature, is an historical proof of this metaphysical theory.

development of ideas far from unknown in Priestly Colleges, notwithstanding the mythologic forms of their exoteric Cosmogonies. But synchronously with this New Philosophy developed by nameable individual thinkers, and recorded, not in mythic, but in scientific language, and not in hieroglyphic, but in alphabetic writing, there arose those New Moral Religions which made of this great Revolution the true Epoch from which date the Modern as distinguished from the Ancient Civilisations. Among these New Religions of the Sixth Century B.C. was one in which the general revolt against Mythologic Polytheism took the form of a specially absolute and anthropomorphic Supernaturalism — the Yâhvehism of the Jews after the Babylonian Captivity. And the Semitic conception of a Creator-God outside and independent of Nature, becoming 500 years later the intellectual core of Aryan Christianism, such an antagonism was set up between the fundamental conceptions of Religion and of Science as to this day endures.

Within what time the full development at once and victory of the conception of Natural Causation—the conception of the Mutual Determination of the differentiated Energies of a Kosmos—will be general and assured, we cannot tell. But we may at least say that—notwithstanding the immense economic and political forces on the side of a discredited and uncredited Supernaturalism—the ultimate triumph of that Science which is but the splendid verification of the primitive Folk-intuition of the Solidarity of Nature appears as if it were in the drift of things. But if so, then, surveying Human History, do we not see before us three great Stages in the development of Human Thought—three Stages which, rationally connected, will form an Ultimate Law of

History? The First Stage is that which is still found in contemporary Thought—even as Archaian rocks are found cropping up through the latest strata—the Stage of the Primitive Folk-intuition of the Oneness of Nature, the Stage of the true intuition, but generally false conceptions of Mutual Influence. Then, there is the great Middle Stage, beginning with, or at least having its roots in, the earliest Chaldean and Egyptian Civilisations—the Stage of the Supernaturalist Religions, and of the long conflict between the Supernatural and Natural conceptions of Causation, a conflict which, since the Sixth Century B.C., has been especially marked by the differentiation of Philosophy and Religion, and, in Philosophy, of Idealism and Materialism. And now, see we not before us a Third Stage in that above indicated of the development and verification of the Primitive Folk-intuition? And what has led to this? There has been a more important interaction between Folk- and Culture-conceptions than that which I indicated in the *General Preface* to these Researches. For what has distinguished the great heroes of Science? It has been uniformly a profound conviction, with reference at least to some special class of phenomena, of that Oneness, that unepisodic character, that Solidarity of Nature which we have found to be a primitive intuition. But is the triumph of this Folk-conception the destruction of all Religions? Nay, it will only make evident that Religion must be otherwise and more largely defined than as 'the belief in Spiritual Beings.' It must be defined as what I submit that it has always in fact been, 'an Ideal of Conduct derived from some general conception of the Environments of Existence.' The Supernaturalist Conception of the Environments of Existence was not a primitive, but a secondary and

transitional, conception. But to that Supernaturalist Conception of the Environments of Existence, another is now succeeding, which should be indicated in that definition of the Third Stage of Human Thought which must constitute the last clause of an Ultimate Law of History. And whether the following is a verifiable statement of such a Law it will be the work of the rest of my life to inquire, and with the assistance, I would fain hope, of competent critics. *From the Primitive Intuition of the Oneness of Nature in unverified conceptions of the Mutual Influences of undifferentiated Sentient Powers,* THOUGHT—*after the differentiation of Psychical from Physical Development, as result of certain Conflicts of Higher and Lower Races—has advanced and advances, under the conditions of a Conflict between Folk- and Culture-conceptions, through differentiated and progressively antagonistic and abstract conceptions of Natural Powers and Supernatural Agents, to the truth of that Primitive Intuition in verified conceptions of the Mutual Determination of the differentiated Energies of a Kosmos.*[a]

[a] Whatever corrections may still have to be made in the statement of this Law, the twenty-three years of further research since my first statement of it (1873) do not seem to have been without result in developing it, at least, into a more fully verifiable form. For these were the terms of my first statement of this Law. *Thought, in its Differentiating and Integrating Activity, advances under Terrestrial conditions, from the conception of Onesided Determination, through the Differentiation of Subjective and Objective, to the conception of Mutual Determination—The New Philosophy of History* (1873), p. 191. The definition of the First Stage as one in which there was a general conception of 'Onesided Determination' was due to my too-hasty acceptance of Mr. Spencer's and Dr. Tylor's theory of 'Spirits.' This has been corrected by an independent and prolonged study of Folk-lore, and the editing of five Folk-lore Volumes. And the further corrections and amplifications in the statement now of this Law are due to those studies of the immense new results of research with reference to the primitive origins of Civilization to which I was impelled by the results of my own explorations, in 1880 and 1881, in Northern Hellas, and conclusions as to the derivative origins of Hellenic Civilization.

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