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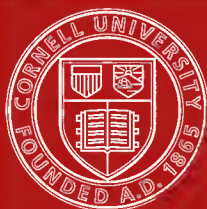
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SEGNIUS IRRITANT:

OR

EIGHT PRIMITIVE FOLK-LORE STORIES.

*Translated and Compared, with Notes, Comments, Tables, and
Two Supplementary Essays.*

BY



W. W. STRICKLAND.

*The eight stories are selected and translated from KAREL JAROMIR ERBEN'S
"A Hundred Genuine Popular Slavonic Fairy Stories in the Original Dialects."*

LONDON:

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Three Hairs of Grandfather Know-All.

It was, it was not: there was once a king who was very fond of hunting wild animals in the woods. And so it happened one day that he pushed too far forward after a stag and lost his way. He was alone, alone: night came on, and the king was glad to find a cottage at the forest toll-house. The woodcutter lived there. The king says: "Perhaps he would kindly shew him the way out of the wood, and that he would pay him well." "I would gladly go with you," said the woodcutter; "but see here, my wife is just now expectant: I cannot leave her. And, then, where would you be at night? Sleep on the hay in the loft, and in the morning I will shew you the way." Soon after this a little son was born to the woodcutter. The king lay in the loft, and could not get to sleep. About midnight he noticed down below, in the living-room, a kind of light. He peeps through a chink in the ceiling, and this is what he sees. The woodcutter was asleep; his wife lay as if in a trance; and beside the babe stood three old grandmothers, all in white, each with a lighted candle in her hand. The first one says: "I grant to this boy that he shall run into great dangers." The second says: "And I grant him happily to extricate himself from them all and to live long." And the third says: "And I grant him for a wife the little daughter that has to-day been born to this king who lies up aloft here on the hay." On this the grandmothers extinguished the candles and all was again quiet. They were the Fates.

The king remained as though a sword had been thrust into his breast. He did not sleep till morning, but thought over what to do and how, so that what he had heard might not happen. When the morning broke, the child began to cry. The woodcutter rose; and he sees that in the meantime his wife had slept away into eternity. "Ah! my poor little orphan!" he cried, lamenting; "what am I now to do with thee?" "Give me this infant," says the king. "I will take care of it, that it shall be well with it. And to thee I will give so much money that until the day of thy death thou wilt never more have to burn wood." The woodcutter was glad at this, and

the king promised to send for the said infant. When he reached his castle they announced to him with great joy that a beautiful little daughter had that very night been born to him. It was the same night that he had seen the Three Fates. The king frowned, summoned one of his servants, and says: "Go such and such a way into the woods; in a cottage, there, lives a woodcutter; give him this money, and he will give thee a little child. This child take and afterwards drown on the way home. If thou dost not drown it, thou shalt thyself drink the brook." The servant went, took the infant in a basket, and when he came to a plank bridge where a deep and broad river flowed, threw it, basket and all, into the water. "Good night, unwelcome son-in-law," said the king afterwards, when the servant told him of it.

The king thought that the infant was drowned, and it was not drowned; it swam with its little basket over the water, as if the water rocked it, and slept as if the water sang to it, until it floated away to the cottage of a fisherman. The fisherman sat on the bank mending his net. Then he sees something floating down stream, jumps into his boat and away after it, and has drawn out of the water an infant in a small basket. And so he took it to his wife, and he says, "Why, thou hast always wanted a little son, and here thou hast him; the water has brought him to us." The fisherman's wife was glad at this, and brought up the child as her own. They called him *Plavachek* (*Swimmerlet*) because he had floated down to them over the water.

The river flows and the years flow with it, and the boy has grown up into a beautiful youth, who has not his equal far and wide. Once, in summer, it happened that thither rode on horseback the king alone, alone. It was stifling, he wanted to drink, and beckoned to the fisherman to give him a little fresh water. When *Plavachek* (*Swimmerlet*) offered him it, the king started, looking upon him: "That's a jolly boy, oh! fisherman," says he. "Is he thy son?" "He is, and he is not," answered the fisherman. "Just twenty years ago, he floated down stream in a small basket as a tiny little infant, and we brought him up." Motes flickered before the king's two eyes, and he grew as white as a sheet (*lit.*: as a wall). He perceived that it was the very one he had given to be drowned. But he remembered himself at once, leapt from horseback, and says: "I want to send a messenger to my royal castle, and have no one with me. Could you let this youth go there?" "Your royal highness

commands, and the boy goes," said the fisherman. The king sat down and wrote his royal lady a letter as follows: "The youth whom I herewith send to thee, have stabbed with a sword without more ado; it is my wicked enemy. By the time I return, see that it is accomplished. Such is my will." Then he folded the letter, sealed it, and pressed his signet-ring upon it.

Plavachek set off at once with the letter. He had to go through a great wood, and before he was aware of it, strayed from the road and lost his way. He went from thicket to thicket until it now began to grow dark. Then he met an old grandmother. "Whither away, Plavachek, whither away?" "I am going with a letter to the castle of the king, and have lost my way. You could not inform me, little mother, how I am to get on to the road again?" "In any case, to-night you will never reach your journey's end, it is so dark," said the grandmother. "Stay with me for the night; you won't be with strangers, you know, for I am your godmother." The youth agreed, and scarcely had they proceeded a few steps, when, lo! there stood before them a pretty little house, just as if it had all at once grown out of the ground. In the night, when the boy had fallen asleep, the grandmother drew the letter out of his pocket and put there another one, in which it was written as follows: "This youth whom I herewith send to thee, have married to our daughter without more ado; it is my predestined son-in-law. Before my return see it is accomplished. Such is my will."

When the royal lady had read through this letter, she at once had the wedding prepared, and both the royal lady and the young queen could not gaze upon the bridegroom enough, they liked him so much, and Plavachek was also contented with his royal bride. After several days, home came the king, and when he saw what had happened he was tremendously angry with his lady for what she had done. "Nay, but thou didst thyself order me to have him married to our daughter before thy return!" replied the queen, and handed him the letter. The king took the letter: glanced at the handwriting, seal, paper—all was his own. And then he bade summon his son-in-law, and enquired of him: "What had happened, and how; and where he had gone?"

Plavachek related how he had gone and lost his way in the wood, and had stopped the night at his old godmother's. "And what did she look like?" "Thus and thus." And the king recognised from his description that it was the same person who twenty years

before had predestined his daughter to the son of the woodcutter. He pondered and pondered, and then he says: "What has happened cannot be changed, but for all that, thou canst not be my son-in-law for nothing; if thou wishest to have my daughter thou must bring her for dowry three golden hairs of Grandfather Know-All. He thought that in this way he would be quite certain to get rid of his unwelcome son-in-law.

Plavachek bade farewell to his wife, and went whither and where? I know not; but, having a Fate for his godmother, it was easy for him to find the right way. He went long and far, over hill and dale, over broad and ford, until he came to a black sea. There he sees a boat and a ferryman upon it. "Hail to thee, in the Lord's name, old ferryman!" "The same to you, young wayfarer! Whither away, then, by this road?" "To Grandfather Know-All for three golden hairs." "Ho, ho! for such a messenger I have long been waiting. These twenty years have I been ferrying here and no one comes to set me free. Promise me to ask Grandfather Know-All when will be the end of my serfdom, and I will ferry thee over." Plavachek promised, and the ferryman ferried him over.

After this he came to a certain great city, but it was all gone to rack and ruin. Before the city he meets a little old man, who held a staff in his hand, and scarcely crawled along. "Hail to thee, in the Lord's name, oh! grey-haired old grandfather." "The same to thee, my fine young fellow! And whither away by this road?" "To Grandfather Know-All for three golden hairs." "Ay! ay! for such a messenger we have long been waiting here; so I must conduct thee at once to our lord the king." When they came there, said the king: "I hear thou art on a message to Grandfather Know-All. We had here an apple tree; it bore apples that made one young again; if any man ate one, though he were on the verge of the grave, he grew young again, and was like a stripling. But now for the last twenty years the apple tree has borne no fruit. Wilt thou promise me to ask Grandfather Know-All if there is any help? I will reward thee royally." Plavachek promised, and the king graciously let him go forward.

After this he again came to another great city, but it was half overthrown. Not far from the city a son was burying his dead father, and tears like peas kept rolling down his cheeks. "Hail to thee, in God's name, melancholy gravedigger!" said Plavachek. "The same to you, worthy wayfarer. Whither away, then, by this road?" "I go

to Grandfather Know-All for three golden hairs." "To Grandfather Know-All? 'Tis a pity thou camest not sooner! But our lord the king has now long been waiting for such a messenger. I must bring thee to him." When they came there the king said: "I hear thou goest on a message to Grandfather Know-All. We had here a well. Living water gushed from it; when anyone drank of it, were he at the point of death, he was at once again hale and hearty; and if he was already dead and they sprinkled him with this water, he again rose and walked. But now these twenty years the water has ceased to flow; wilt thou promise me to enquire of Grandfather Know-All whether there is any help for us? I will give thee a royal reward." Plavachek promised, and the king graciously let him go forward.

After this he went long and far through a black forest, and in the middle of this forest he sees a great green meadow, full of fair flowers, and on it a castle of gold. It was the castle of Grandfather Know-All. It flashed and quivered as though it were on fire. Plavachek entered the castle, but found no one there, save that in one corner sat an old grandmother and spun. "Welcome, Plavachek," she says, "I am glad to see thee again." It was his godmother, just as he was at her house in the wood for the night, when he carried the letter. "What, pray, has brought thee here?" "The king won't have me for his son-in-law for nothing, and so he has sent me for three golden hairs of Grandfather Know-All." The grandmother smiled, and she says: "Grandfather Know-All is my son, the clear orb of day; in the morning he is a little boy, at mid-day a man, and in the evening an old grandfather. I will provide thee with three hairs from his golden head, that I, too, may not be thy godmother for nothing. But for thee to stop here just as thou art, my little son, is impossible! My son is a really worthy soul, but when he comes hungry home at even, it might easily happen for him to roast thee and eat thee for supper. There is here an empty cask; I will fasten it over thee." Plavachek begged her to ask also about the three things respecting which he had promised on his journey to bring answers. "I will ask," said the grandmother, "and pay attention to what he says."

All at once the wind began to roar outside, and through the western window, into the living-room, flew the sun, an old grandfather with a golden head of hair. "Sniff! snuff! There is man's flesh!" says he. "Thou hast somebody here, little mother?" "Oh! star of day! whom, pray, could I have here without thy see-

ing him? But it's this: all day long thou art hovering over that blessed world, and there thou keepest sniff-snuffing that man's flesh; and so no wonder, when thou comest home in the evening, if the smell still haunts thee." To this the old man said nothing, and sat down to supper.

After supper he laid his golden head in the grandmother's lap and began to snooze. When the grandmother saw that he had already fallen asleep, she drew out a single golden hair and threw it on the ground; it rang out like a harp-string. "What wouldst thou of me, little mother?" said the old man. "Nothing, little son, nothing! I was dozing, and had such a strange dream." "And what did you fancy?" "I fancied I saw a city; they had there a spring of living water; when any one was dying and drank of it, he got well again, and if he were dead, and they sprinkled him with this water, he came to life again. But these twenty years the water has ceased to flow. Is there any way to make it flow again?" "Nothing easier. In this well, at the source, sits a frog, and does not let the water flow. Let them kill the frog, and clean out the well; the water will again flow as before." When, after this, the old man fell asleep again, the grandmother drew out another of his golden hairs, and threw it on the ground. "What's the matter with thee this time, little mother?" "Nothing, little son, nothing. I dozed off, and again fancied something so strange. Methought there was a city, and they had an apple tree there. It bore rejuvenating apples; when any one grew old and ate one, he grew young again. But now these twenty years the apple tree has borne no fruit. Is there any help?" "Easy help. Under the apple tree lies a snake which gnaws away its strength. Let them kill the snake and transplant the apple tree; it will bear fruit again as before." After this, the old man soon fell asleep again, and the grandmother drew from his head the third golden hair. "Why won't you let me sleep, little mother?" said the old man crossly, and wished to get up. "Lie down, little son, lie down! Don't be angry, I didn't mean to wake you. But a drowsiness came over me, and I again had such a very strange dream. Methought I saw a ferryman on a black sea. For twenty years he has now been ferrying there, and no one comes to set him free. When will be the end of his serfdom?" "Noodle of a mother that I am the son of! Let him put the oar into another's two hands and himself jump out on to the beach. This other will then be ferryman in his place. But now let me rest in peace at last.

I must get up early to-morrow morning and go to dry the tears which the king's daughter weeps every night for her husband, the woodcutter's son, whom the king has sent for my three golden hairs."

Early next morning the wind again howled outside, and on the lap of his little old mother awoke, instead of an old man, a beautiful golden-haired child, the divine sunrise; bade adieu to his mother, and flew away out of the eastern window. The grandmother now unfastened the cask again and said to Plavachek: "Look, here are the three golden hairs, and what answers Grandfather Know-All gave about those three things thou also now knowest. Go, and God be with thee! Now thou wilt see me no more; there is no further need." Plavachek thanked the grandmother finely and went.

When he came to the first city the king asked him what sort of news he brought them. "Good," said Plavachek. "Have the well cleaned out, and the frog that sits at the source of it killed, and the water will flow for you as it did formerly." The king immediately ordered this to be done, and when he saw that the water gushed forth in full force, he presented Plavachek with twelve horses white as swans, and upon them as much gold and silver and precious stones as they could carry.

When he came to the second city the king again asked him what sort of news he brought them. "Good," said Plavachek. "Have the apple tree dug up, you will find a snake under the roots; kill this snake; then replant the apple tree, and it will bear you fruit as before." The king at once ordered this to be done, and the apple tree clothed itself in blossom during the night as if it had been sprinkled with roses. The king was highly delighted, and presented Plavachek with twelve horses black as ravens, and upon them as much treasure as they could carry.

After this, Plavachek rode forward, and when he reached the black sea the ferryman asked him whether he knew when he should be set at liberty. "I know," said Plavachek; "but ferry me across first and then I will tell you." The ferryman, indeed, was reluctant; but when he saw there was no help for it, he finally ferried him over, four-and-twenty horses and all. "The next time thou hast some one to ferry over," said Plavachek to him, hereupon, "put the oar into his hands and jump ashore, and he will be ferryman in thy place."

The king did not believe even his own eyes when Plavachek brought him those three golden hairs of Grandfather Know-All, and his daughter wept, not for grief, but for joy, that he had again returned. "And where hast thou acquired these fine horses and this great treasure?" enquired the king. "I deserved it," said Plavachek, and related how he had helped this king to grow his regenerating apples again, which made young people out of old ones, and that king to set his living water going again, which made sound people out of sick, and living out of dead. "Youth-giving apples! living water!" the king kept repeating quietly to himself. "If only I could eat one I should be young again; and even if I were dead, with this water I should come to life again." Without more ado he set out upon a journey to get the youth-giving apples and the water of life—and as yet he has not returned.

And so the woodcutter's son became the king's son-in-law, and as for the king, perhaps he is still hard at work ferrying people across the black sea.

NOTE.

This story holds in solution, as it were, in a primitive form, a large number of other legends. The Three Hairs of Father Know-All is more primitive than the Miraculous Hair of the Servian legend, which is itself at least as ancient as the time of Virgil; for Virgil's account of the death of Dido is copied minutely from it. Another form of the same legend is the Golden Fleece hung upon a tree, which the Argonauts went in search of. We shall meet with it again in the second half of the Hungarian-Slovenian story of the Three Citrons, where a gipsy, corresponding to Medea, causes the golden-haired queen, seated on a rock, to be turned into a dove by thrusting a pin into her head. This portion of the legend has developed into a whole crop of stories of stepmothers or mothers-in-law turning their daughters into birds, which resume their human form when the pin is drawn out again. The Lorely is another form of the legend. It is the sunlight dancing on the crown of a rock. The legend of the Tailor crag at Troll-hatten, in Sweden, is another form of it. The tailor, condemned for murder, is to be spared if, seated on this precipice, between sunrise and sunset, he can sew a suit of clothes. He works for dear life. Just as the sun sets, he has finished, but at the same instant turns giddy and plunges headlong into the maelstrom below. Transplanted to the Cambridge fens, the legend reappears in Tennyson's beautiful poem of the Lady of Shalott. Father Know-All, in his three forms of child, middle-aged man, and old man, also reappears in Vedic mythology under exactly the same name. In the Three Fates we have the Norns or Greek Parcæ, one of them being, in fact, represented as spinning. Their attendance at the birth of Plavachek is a more primitive form of the legend of the Magi. Just as in the Venetian legend of the basket of flowers we shall find that Capricornus, the Goat, in the Story of George and his Goat, has been metamorphosed into an enchanted basket of flowers; just as the Vedic horses, Harites, become the Three Graces of Greek mythology; so the three old women in the present myth become, in the later one of the birth of Christ, the three kings accompanied by a star in the East. In Plavachek we seem to have, in a primitive form, Moses in the basket of rushes; in the king's impotent attempts to put him out of the way, the legend of Œdipus and that of Herod and the Massacre of the Innocents as well.

The part of the story relating how the fisherman saved Plavachek appears strangely developed into another story, Otesanek, or Little Shaveling. Here it is a woodcutter who brings home to his childless wife a tree-root shaped like a little baby. They called it Otesanek, and feed it with pap. This infant rapidly develops into an *enfant terrible*, who eats up its father and mother, everything and everybody who comes in his way, until he threatens to eat up an old woman hoeing greens. She throws her hoe at him; it splits open his stomach, and all his victims march merrily out again. Since this is an allegory of winter, it is evident that Plavachek is carried down by a late autumn flood. In the supplementary comparative essay, the different characters of these stories are analysed. The king as howman corresponds to Sagittarius; the commencement of the story is therefore laid in the beginning of December or towards the end of November. The Otesanek

story, it may be observed, occurs in various forms, the most obvious one being that of Red Cap or Red Riding Hood; linking it by means of the Red Cap with the Polish story of Hloupý Piecuch (Stupid Sit-by-the-Fire), and this with Cinderella. Red Cap straying among the forest flowers is the red winter sun straying amid the stars; and the fact of her ultimate disappearance into the maw of Fenris, the wolf, shows that this form of the legend was developed within the Arctic circle. The character of the woodcutter has split up into two in Grandfather Know-All. In these folk-lore stories he is sometimes represented as a gamekeeper; in the Vedic mythology he is called Tvashtar (*lit.*, the coverer), the artificer or carpenter, and allegorises the waning autumn sun. As autumn is the seed-time, he is considered as a kind of Demogorgon. Like Vulcan, his Latin form, he is lame. In the Middle Ages this form dwindled to Asmodeus, the lame devil, who presides over mines and hid treasures, and appears in the Slavogenovese tale of the Three Brothers. In the Scandinavian legends he is Wayland Smith, and in the Christian ones, Joseph the Carpenter. All these personages have in common a wife or daughter whom they or their sons-in-law fail to render pregnant, and who has to have recourse to miraculous means of fertilisation. Vulcan's wife is unfaithful with Mars. Tvashtar's daughter is sometimes represented as a Virgin whom a Marut, or wind-god, fertilises; sometimes as the wife of the impotent Pandu who gets Vaju, the Zephyr or Holy Spirit, to supply his own shortcomings. Her name is Kunti. In the Christian form of the legend, the wind-god fertilises a virgin of the name of Mary; a name recalling on the one hand the Maruts, and on the other, Maya or Illusion, the mythical mother of Buddha.

The number twenty, which occurs in Grandfather Know-All, is unusual. Plavachek is twenty years old when his adventures begin. I offer the following explanation for what it may be worth. We know that the story begins in December. We also know that in very primitive times the year was reckoned in half—that is to say light and dark—moons. There would therefore be twenty-four of them to a year. Now supposing Plavachek's age to be reckoned years for half moons, the twentieth would fall at the beginning of September, that is to say, at the end of summer; which tallies with the visit of the king in summer to the fisherman, his request for a drink of water, and his discovery of the twenty-year-old Plavachek. Giving the black sea incident to October, the two cities to November and December, the castle of gold to January, the events of the story distribute themselves as in the other annual fairy stories, concluding with the triumph of spring. Only that while many of the stories limit themselves to the three winter months, this one, including its prelude, covers a year and three months.

Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes.

THERE was a king and he was now old, and had but one son. Once he called this son to him, and said : " My dear son, thou well knowest that the mature fruit falls to give place to another. My head is also ripening to decay, and perhaps in a short time the sun will no more shine upon it ; but before thou buriest me, I would gladly see my future daughter, thy bride. Marry thee, my son." And the king's son said : " I should gladly have submitted to thy wishes, father, but I have no sweetheart, and know of no one. And so the old king felt in his pocket, drew out a golden key, and offered it to his son. " Go up on to the tower, to the top storey : look round there and tell me which thou fanciest." The king's son tarried not, but went. All his life he had never yet been up there, and also had never heard what there might be there.

When he came up above to the last storey, he saw in the ceiling a small iron door like a trap-door ; it was locked ; he opened it with the golden key, raised it, and stepped out into the room above. This was a large circular hall, the ceiling blue, like the sky in a clear night ; silver stars twinkled upon it ; the floor was a carpet of green silk, and round the wall stood twelve lofty windows in golden mouldings, and in each window on crystal glass was a virgin depicted in rainbow hues, with a royal crown on her head, different in each window, and in a different dress, but one more beautiful than the other, so that the king's son could scarcely take his eyes off them ; and when he thus looked upon them with astonishment, not knowing which to choose, these virgins began to move as if alive, looked round at him, smiled, and all but spoke.

Then the king's son observed that one of these twelve windows was covered with a white curtain ; and so he tore aside the curtain that he might see what was under it. And there was a virgin in a white dress, girdled with a silver girdle, with a crown of pearls on her head ; she was the most beautiful of all, but pale and sorrowful as if she had risen from the grave. The king's son stood a long time before this picture as if in the presence of an apparition ; and as he thus looked his heart melted within him, and he said : " Her I wish

to have, and no other." And as he said these words this virgin bowed her head, blushed like a rose, and in a moment all the pictures vanished.

When after this he came down again and told his father what he had seen, and which of the virgins he had chosen, the old king grew gloomy, reflected awhile, and said: "Thou hast done ill, my son, in uncovering what was veiled, and by this word thou hast put thyself in great peril. This virgin is in the power of a wicked sorcerer or prince of darkness, and is imprisoned in a castle of iron; no one who has attempted to set her free has ever yet returned. But what is done cannot be undone: given word is law. Go, try thy fortune, and come home again to me safe and sound."

The king's son bade farewell to his father, mounted his horse, and rode away for this bride. And so it befell him to ride through a great wood, and in this wood he rode on and on until at last he quite lost his way. And when he and his horse had thus wandered among thickets and among rocks and quagmires [bazimami: baziti means to desire], not knowing whither he went nor where he was, he heard some one calling after him: "Hi! wait a minute!" The king's son looked round and saw how a tall man was hurrying after him. "Stop and take me with you, and if you take me into your service you will not repent it." "Who art thou?" said the king's son, "and what art thou skilled in?" "My name is Long, and I am skilled in stretching. Do you see up there on that tall fir tree a bird's nest? I will take the nest for you, and there is no need for me to climb up the tree the least little bit."

And so Long began to stretch; his body quickly grew until it was as tall as the fir tree; then he reached for the nest, and in a twinkling crumpled himself up again, and offered it to the king's son. "Well hast thou learnt thy feat of skill; but what good are birds' nests to me if thou canst not lead me out of this wood?" "Oh! that is an easy matter," said Long, and began to stretch himself out again, until he was three times as tall as the tallest pine tree in that wood; looked round about him, and says: "In yonder direction we shall find the shortest way out of the wood." Then he crumpled himself up, took the horse by the bridle, and walked before it, and ere the king's son expected it, they were out of the wood. Far before them stretched a broad plain, and beyond the plain were lofty grey rocks, like the walls of a great city, and mountains overgrown with forest.

"Look, master, there goes my comrade," said Long, and pointed in the direction of the plain. "Him you ought also to have taken into your service; faith! he would have served you well." "Shout to him, and summon him, that I may see who he is." "It is rather far, master," said Long, "he would scarcely hear me, and it would be sometime before he came, for he has much to carry. I had rather take a skip after him." Then Long stretched himself out so tall that his head was quite buried in the clouds, took two—three steps, seized his comrade by the shoulder, and placed him before the king's son. He was a dumpy little fellow, with a paunch like a four-gallon souterkin. "Who art thou, pray?" enquired the king's son, "and what art thou skilled in?" "I, master, am called Broad, and I know how to broaden out." "Then shew me." "Master, ride back into the wood, quick, quick," cried Broad, and began to puff himself out.

The king's son could not conceive why he was to ride back; but seeing that Long was flying in haste to the wood, he spurred his horse and rode after him at a gallop. And it was high time for him to ride away, or Broad would have crushed him to pieces, horse and all, his paunch grew so rapidly in all directions; for all at once everything was full of him, just as if a mountain had come down in an avalanche. Then, after this, Broad ceased to puff himself out, blew the wind off, so that the woods bent double, and again made himself just as he was at first. "A pretty breathing thou hast given me," said the king's son to him, "but such a fellow I shall not find every day; come with me."

And so after this they continued their journey. When they came near to those rocks they met a certain one, and he had his eyes bound with a handkerchief. "Master, that is our third companion," says Long. "Him you ought also to have taken into your service; faith! he would not have eaten your victuals in vain." "Who, pray, art thou?" enquired the king's son of him, "and why hast thou thy eyes bandaged; why thou canst not see the road?" "Hoj! master, on the contrary, it is just because I see too sharply that I have to have my two eyes bandaged; I, with my two eyes bandaged, see as much as another fellow with his eyes unbandaged, and when I unbandage myself, I look everything through and through; and when I look hard at anything, it catches fire, and what cannot burn splits in pieces. Therefore I am called Sharp-Eyes." Then he turned to a rock not far off, unbound the handkerchief, and fixed upon the rock his glowing eyes; and the rock began to crackle, and

pieces to fly from it in all directions, and after a very short time nothing remained but a heap of fine dust. And in this dust something flashed and quivered like fire. Sharp-Eyes went to fetch it and brought it to the king's son. It was pure gold.

"Ho! ho! Thou art a lad beyond money's worth," said the king's son. "A fool were he who would not desire to use thy services. But since thou hast such a good sight, please look again and tell me if I have still far to go to the castle of iron, and what is going on there." "If you had been riding alone there, master," answered Sharp-Eyes, "perhaps you would not have reached it even by next year; but with us you will get there this very day; for us and no one else they are now preparing supper." "And what is my destined bride doing there?" "In an iron-grated bower, all upon a lofty tower, Black-Prince holds her in his power." And the king's son said: "Thou who art good, help me to set her free."

And they all promised to help him. And so they led him between those grey rocks by that cleft which Sharp-Eyes had made in them with his two eyes, on and on among those rocks and lofty mountains and deep forests; and where there was any kind of obstacle in the way, those three jolly mates had cleared it off in no time; and as the sun inclined towards the west, the mountains began to lower, the woods to thin out, and the rocks to cower among the heather; and when it was already above the west, the king's son saw not far before him a castle of iron; and when it was just setting, he rode over the iron bridge into the gateway of the castle, and the instant it had set, the iron bridge rose of itself, the gates closed with a bang, and the king's son and his companions were imprisoned in the castle of iron.

When they had looked about here in the courtyard, the king's son put his horse into the stable—and everything was already prepared there for it; then after this they went into the castle. In the courtyard, in the stable, in the castle hall, and also in the rooms, they saw in the twilight many people richly dressed, some of them masters and some servants, but none of them moved the least; they were all turned to stone. They passed through several rooms and came to the dining hall. It was brightly lighted, in the middle a table on which were plenty of good eatables and good drinkables; it was laid for four persons. They waited and waited, and thought that someone would come; but when after a long time no one came, they sat down and ate and drank to their hearts' content.

When they had finished eating, they began to look about to see where they were to sleep. At this moment the door unexpectedly flew open with a bang, and into the room stepped the sorcerer, a hump-backed old man, in a long black robe, with a bald head, grey beard and whiskers down to the knees, and instead of a belt, three iron hoops. By the hand he led a beautiful, surpassingly beautiful virgin, dressed in white, round her waist she wore a silver girdle, and a crown of pearls on her head, but she was pale and sorrowful as though she had risen from the tomb. The king's son recognised her at once, started, and went towards her; but before he could utter a word Black-Prince, the sorcerer, had addressed him as follows: "I know why thou art come; this queen thou wouldst take away from here. Very well. Be it so. Take her if thou canst manage to keep watch over her for three nights so that she does not escape thee. But if she eludes thee, thou shalt be turned to stone, servants and all, like all who have come before thee." After this he shewed the queen to a chair that she might sit down, and departed.

The king's son could not take his eyes off this virgin a moment, she was so beautiful. He even began to speak to her, and to ask her all sorts of questions; but she did not answer him, she did not smile, and never once looked at any one, as if she had been of marble. And so he seated himself beside her, and determined not to sleep the whole night, that she might not escape him; and for greater security Long stretched himself out like a thong and wound himself all round the room against the wall; Broad settled himself at the door, puffed himself out, and stopped it up, so that not even a little mouse could have crept through, and Sharp-Eyes posted himself by the pillar in the middle of the room on guard. But after a very short time they all began to snooze, dropped off, and slept the whole night, as if he had thrown them into water.

In the morning when it began to dawn, the king's son was the first to awake. But it was just as if someone had thrust a knife into his heart—the queen was flown! And he immediately roused his servants and asks what is to be done. "Don't be the least anxious, master," said Sharp-Eyes, and looked hard out of the window. "Why, I see her already! A hundred miles from here is a wood, in the middle of the wood an old oak, and on this oak, on the top of it, an acorn—and this acorn is she. Let Long take me on his shoulders and I'll get her." And Long at once put Sharp-Eyes on his back, stretched himself out, and went, every step was ten miles, and Sharp-Eyes pointed out the way.

And before time enough had passed for one to run three times round the cottage, lo! they were back again, and Long offered this acorn to the king's son: "Master, drop it on the ground!" The king's son dropped it on the ground, and at that moment the queen stood before him. And as the sun began to show itself beyond the mountains, the door flew open with a clatter, and Black-Prince entered the room and smiled maliciously; but when he perceived the princess he frowned, grumbled—and crack! one iron hoop on him split and bounded off. Then he took the virgin by the hand and led her away.

The whole day after this the king's son had not anything to do but to wander through the castle and round the castle, and to gaze at all that was strange there. Everywhere it was just as though life had expired at one and the same moment. In one hall he saw some sort of royal personage who held in his two hands an uplifted hunting knife, as if he meant to cut someone in half, but the blow fell not, he was turned to stone. In one room was a knight also turned to stone; he fled as if in terror before someone, and stumbling at the threshold missed his footing but did not fall. In the chimney corner sat some servant or other; he held in one hand a piece of roast meat from supper, and with the other he carried a mouthful to his lips, but it never got so far; when it was just before his lips it also had been turned to stone. And many others besides he saw there turned to stone, every one exactly in the attitude he was in when the sorcerer said: "Be turned to stone." And also many handsome horses he saw here which had been turned to stone. And in the castle and around the castle everything was dead and desolate; there were trees, but without leaves; there were meadows, but without grass; there was a river, but it did not flow; no little bird singing; no little flower springing—earth's daughter, not one wee white fish in the water.

Morning, mid-day, evening, the king's son and his companions found in the castle a good and abundant feast, the dishes served themselves up, the wine poured itself out. And when supper was over the doors again opened and the sorcerer led in the queen for the king's son to guard. And although they all determined to try with all their might to prevent themselves from going to sleep, it was all of no use, off to sleep again they went. And when in the morning the king's son awoke at daybreak and saw that the queen had vanished, he leapt out of bed and twitched Sharp-Eyes by the

shoulder. "Hi! get up, thou Sharp-Eyes! Knowest thou where the queen is?" Sharp-Eyes rubbed his two eyes, looks, and says: "Now I see her; two hundred miles from here is a mountain, and in that mountain a rock, and in that rock a precious stone, and that stone is she. When Long takes me there we shall get her."

Long immediately took him on his shoulder, stretched himself out, and went—every step was twenty miles. Sharp-Eyes then fixed his two burning orbs on the mountain, and the mountain dissipated itself, and the rock split into a thousand pieces, and among them flashed and quivered a precious stone. This they took and brought to the king's son, and as he dropped it on the ground, there stood the queen again. And when after this Black-Prince came and saw her there, his two eyes sparkled with rage, and crick! crack! again an iron hoop upon him split and bounded off. He grumbled and growled, and led the queen out of the room.

This day was again just like the day before. After supper the sorcerer again brought the queen, peered shrewdly into the eyes of the king's son, and observed sarcastically: "We shall see who's master here; whether thou winnest or I!" And so saying, he departed. And so to-day they all took greater pains than ever to prevent themselves from dozing off; they would not even sit down, they would walk up and down the whole night; but it was all in vain, for they were under a spell; one after the other fell asleep as he walked, and the queen escaped as before.

In the morning the king's son was again the first to awake, and when he did not see the queen, he aroused Sharp-Eyes: "Hi! get up, Sharp-Eyes, look about, where is the queen?" Sharp-Eyes looked out of the window for a long time. "Ho! master," he says, "she's a long, long way off. Three hundred miles from here is a black sea, and in the middle of this sea, at the bottom, lies a shell, and in this shell a golden ring, and this ring is she. But do not be uneasy, we will get her yet, only to-day Long must also take Broad with him—we shall want him." Long put Sharp-Eyes on one shoulder and Broad on the other, stretched himself out and went; every step was thirty miles. And when they came to the black sea, Sharp-Eyes showed him where he must reach into the water for the shell. Long stretched and stretched out his arm as much as he could, but still there was not enough of him to get to the bottom.

"Wait a bit, comrade, wait just a little bit; see if I don't help you," said Broad; and puffed himself out as much as his stomach



would stand it. Then he laid himself down by the shore and drank. After a very little time the water had fallen so much that Long quite easily reached the bottom, and drew the shell out of the sea. And he took the ring out of it, put his comrades on his shoulders, and hastened back to the castle. But on the way home it was just a little inconvenient to run with Broad on his back, the fellow having half a sea of water inside him, and so he shook him off his shoulders on to the ground in a broad valley. He bounced about like a bladder let fall from a tower, and in a moment the whole valley was under water, like a great lake. Broad himself scarcely managed to creep out of it.

Meanwhile, in the castle, the king's son was in great anxiety. The sun's beam began to show itself from behind the two mountains and the servants still returned not; and the more fiercely the rays mounted on high, the greater grew his distress. A deadly sweat started to his forehead. Then soon the sun appeared in the east like a thin glowing stripe, and at that moment the doors flew open with a tremendous bang, and on the threshold stood Black-Prince, and, seeing no signs of the queen, chuckled horribly and stepped into the apartment. But at that moment—crunch!—the window flew in pieces and a golden ring fell upon the floor, and at that very instant there stood the queen again. Sharp-Eyes, seeing what was happening in the castle, and what danger his master was in, informed Long. Long took a step and threw the ring through the window into the room. Black-Prince roared with rage till the castle shook again, and then—crick! crack! crick!—the third iron hoop cleft upon him, bounded off, and Black-Prince turned into a raven and flew away out of the window.

And then immediately this beautiful virgin addressed the king's son and thanked him for having set her free, and she blushed like a rose. And in the castle and round about the castle all at once everything came to life; he who held in the hall a drawn hunting knife flourished it in the air till the air whistled again, and then stuck it in the sheath; he who stumbled at the threshold finished falling on to the ground, but immediately got up again and caught himself by the nose to see if it was still whole; he who sat by the chimney corner put the mouthful of roast meat between his lips and went on eating; in a word, everyone finished doing what he had begun, and went on where he had left off. In the stables, the horses pawed the ground and whinnied cheerily; the trees about the

castle grew green like the periwinkle, on the meadows were plenty of parti-colored flowers; high in air the skylark twittered, and in the rapid river shoals of tiny little fish careered along. Everywhere was life and merriment.

Meanwhile many nobles gathered together to the room where the king's son was, and they all thanked him for their liberation. But he said: "Me you ought not to thank; if it had not been for my trusty servants, Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, I should have been in the same state you were in yourselves." And immediately after this he set off on his way home to his father, the old king, he and his bride and his servants, Long and Sharp-Eyes, and all those nobles escorted him. On their way they met Broad and took him with them, too.

The old king wept with joy that his son's affairs had turned out so prosperously; he thought that he was fated never to return. Soon after this there was a noisy wedding. All the nobles whom the king's son had set free were invited. When the wedding was over, Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes announced to the young king that they were going again into the world to look for work. The young king begged and prayed them to remain at his palace. "I will give you everything you may stand in need of till the day of your death." But to them such a lazy kind of existence was distasteful; they took leave of him and went in spite of everything, and ever since have been tramping it somewhere in the world.

NOTE.

THIS story, perhaps a primitive form of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, occurs in various forms in the folk-lore of the Italianised Slavs of Venice. In the Venetian variants of the Slav stories there are several things worth noticing, for they prove conclusively that the Venetian folk-lore, or at all events the main hulk of it, comes directly from the Slav reservoir of Central and Eastern Europe, and not *vice versâ*. It might have been supposed that the Venetian fairy stories, like the Slav so Eastern in many of their aspects, had been brought direct from the East in the palmy days of Venetian grandeur and had thence penetrated among the Western Slavs; but this is not the case. One famous Venetian legend, that of the Merchant of Venice, is identical with, and perhaps has been taken from the episode of the Falcon and the Dove, which occurs in the Mahabharata, and has been so splendidly versified in the late Lord Lytton's *Glenaveril*; but nothing resembling this story is at all general, if it occurs, amongst the folk-lore of the Western Slavs. On the other hand, many of the characteristics of annual myths have disappeared from the stories in the milder climate of Venice. In the Three Sisters and the Twelve Brothers, the frozen lords and their retainers take the form of marble statues, who are resuscitated by a vial of elixir found in the head of the enchanter; in the Dead Man, winter is simply represented by a dead man who comes to life after being watched by the heroine a year, three months, and a week—exactly the period, it will be observed, we have deduced from internal evidence as the period of the story, Three Golden Hairs of Father Know-All. But the most conclusive evidence is perhaps to be found in the punishment of the witches, step-mothers, and mothers-in-law of the Venetian Slav and the Central European Slav stories respectively. In the latter the invariable punishment is to be torn to pieces by four wild horses, perhaps representing the four points of the compass. In the former it is as invariably to be burnt alive on a barrel of tar. Now if the stories had been transplanted from Venice to the pine forests of Slavonia, Hungary, and Bohemia, there is no reason why this penalty should not have figured in the stories of Central Europe, the genial methods of Christian love having naturalised this horrible form of it all over Christendom in the Middle Ages; but there is an overwhelming reason why, transplanted to Venice, the Central European Slav stories should lose their horse element, namely that, from the nature of the case, there is not a single horse, carriage, cart, or pony to be found from one end of the city of Venice to the other. To anyone conversant with the stories in their original dialects, definite proofs of this kind are superfluous, the fact emerges in a thousand minute details of fact and manner, but to the general reader a general proof may be not unwelcome. Though not strictly relevant to the present story, another remarkable difference between the Central European and the Venetian Slav folk-lore is worth pointing out. In the former it is invariably the hero who undergoes hardships in search of the heroine, but in the Venetian variants it is quite as often the heroine who goes in search of and rescues the hero—an extraordinary fact when one considers the purely passive

rôle conceded to the weaker sex by Italian social usage and custom. The only other part of Italy where the women play an active part in social life is amongst the riveral population of East Liguria, where it has earned for them and their region amongst other Italians the cynical saying that Liguria is a region where the mountains are without woods, the seas without fish, and the women without shame. Several facts of folk-lore, and more of language and place-names, seem to point to some close connection in early times between the peoples of the north-west mountain district of the Venetian province and those of isolated Liguria.

It is worth noting, finally, that in this story the enchanted maiden is invariably styled not "princess," but queen, and this is the case generally in the Venetian stories in which a king's daughter is the heroine. She is spoken of as a queen and not as a princess.

Golden Locks.

THERE was a king and he was so clever that he even understood what all living creatures said to one another. And hear how he taught himself. A certain old grandmother came to him, brought him a snake in a basket, and says that he is to have it cooked; when he eats it he will understand everything that any creature in the air, on the ground, or in the water says. The idea of knowing something no one else knew pleased the king; he paid the grandmother handsomely, and at once bade his servant prepare this fish for him for dinner. "But mind," he says, "you don't even touch it with your tongue; verily, if you do you shall pay for it with your head."

George, this servant, wondered why the king so strictly forbade it. "Never in my life have I seen such a fish," he says to himself. "It looks just like a snake; and what sort of a cook must he be not to try what he is cooking?" When it was baked he took a morsel on his tongue and tasted it. At that moment he heard something buzz past his ears: "Us a bit too! Us a bit too!" George looks round to see what it is, but there is nothing but a few flies flying about in the kitchen. Then, again, outside on the street he hears someone exclaim sibilantly: "Whither away? whither away?" and a tiny little voice answer: "To the miller's barley! to the miller's barley!" George peeps out of the window and sees a goose girl with a flock of geese. "Ah!" he says, "that's the sort of fish it is!" Now he knew what it was. Yet again he stuffed a small piece into his mouth and then took the snake to the king as though nothing had happened.

After dinner the king ordered George to saddle the horses, for he wished to take a ride, and George was to accompany him. The king rode before, and George after him. As they were riding over a green meadow George's horse frisked and whinnied. "Ho! ho! ho! brother, I feel so light I should like to jump over the mountains." "Oh! as for that," says the other, "I should like to jump about too, but on me sits an old man; were I to jump about, he would fall to the ground like a bladder and break his neck." "Let him break it! What of that?" said George's horse; "instead of an old man

you will then carry a young one." George laughed heartily to himself at this conversation, but only silently that the king might not know it. But the king also understood very well what the two horses had been saying to one another, looked round and seeing that George was laughing, inquires: "What art thou laughing at?" "Nothing, your Serene Highness; it was only that something occurred to me," said George in excuse. But the old king now had him in suspicion, and did not much trust the horses either, faced about, and so home again.

When they rode into the castle the king bade George pour him out a glass of wine. "But with thy head shalt thou answer for it if thou fillest not brimful or over-pourest." George took the vessel with the wine and pours. At that moment two small birds flew in by the window; one was chasing the other, and the other that took flight had three golden hairs in its beak. "Give me them," says the one, "they're mine, indeed they are!" "I won't, they're mine! As if I didn't pick them up!" "As if I wasn't the one to see how they fell, when the golden-haired maiden combed herself! Give me two, at any rate." "Not a single one, I tell you." Here this other little bird hies after him and has caught hold of these golden hairs. After tussling for them in the air, each was left with one golden hair in its beak, and the third fell upon the ground and just rang out like a harp-string. At that moment George looked round at them and over-poured. "Thy life is forfeit to me," exclaimed the king, "but I wish to treat thee graciously, on condition that thou obtainest for me this golden-haired maiden and bringest her to me as my bride."

What had George to do? If he wanted to preserve his life he must hie after the maiden, although he didn't the least know where to look for her. He saddled his horse and rode hither and thither. He rode to a black wood, and here under the wood by the roadside burnt a hush; shepherds had kindled it. Under the bush was an ant-hill; the sparks were falling upon it, and the ants with their little white eggs were running hither and thither. "Oh! help, George, help!" they cried piteously; "we are burning, and our young too in their little eggs." Down from his horse in a minute was George, grasped the bush, and quenched the fire. "When thou shalt have need of us, think of us, and we also will help thee."

After this he rode through the same wood and came to a tall pine. On the top of the pine was a nest of young ravens, and down on the ground were two young ravens piping and lamenting:

“Father and mother have flown away and left us to feed ourselves, and we poor fledglings do not yet know how to fly. Oh! help, George, help! fill our maws, for really we are dying of hunger.” George did not reflect long; leapt from his horse and thrust his sword into its side that the young ravens might have something to devour. “When thou shalt have need of us,” they croaked gaily, “think of us and we will help thee, too.”

After this George had to go forward on foot. He went a long, long way through the wood, and when at last he emerged from the wood he saw a sea extending far and wide before him. On the shore at the edge of the sea two fishermen were disputing together. They had caught a large golden fish in a net, and each one wished to keep it all to himself. “Mine is the net, therefore mine the fish!” And the other replied: “Little would thy net have availed thee, if it had not been for my boat and my aid.” “The next time we catch such another it shall be thine.” “Not so; wait thou for the next one and just give me that!” “I will arrange your differences,” says George. “Sell me this fish; I will pay you well, and the money you can divide between you half and half.” And so he gave them for it all the money he had from the king for his journey; he left himself nothing. The fishermen were glad to have sold it so well, and George let the fish go again into the sea. It splashed merrily out into the water, plunged, and then, not far from the shore, stuck out its head just once. “When you shall have need of me in your turn, George, remember me and I will serve you!” And after this it was lost to sight. “Where goest thou?” asked the fishermen of George. “I go in behalf of my master, the old king, for a bride, for a golden-haired maiden, and I don’t the least know where to look for her.” “Oh! about her we can well inform thee; it is Golden Locks, the royal daughter, of the castle of crystal yonder on that island. Every day in the morning, when it dawns, she combs her golden tresses; the glitter from them flashes over sea and sky. If thou wishest, we will ourselves ferry thee across to this island, because thou hast so well arranged our differences. But take care thou chooseth the right maiden; there are twelve of them, all the king’s daughters, but only one has golden hair.”

When George was at the island he went into the castle of crystal to request the king to give his golden-haired daughter in marriage to his lord the king. “I will give her,” said the king, “but thou must deserve her; thou must during three days accomplish three tasks

which I shall impose on you, each day one. Meanwhile, thou must wait until to-morrow." The next day early, says the king to him: "My Golden Locks had a string of precious pearls; the string snapped, and the pearls were scattered in the long grass upon the green meadow. All these pearls must thou collect, and not a single one must be missing." George went to this meadow; it extended far and wide; he knelt down in the grass and began to search. "Oh! if my little ants were here, they could help me." "Why, here we are to help thee!" said the ants; where they came, there they came, but around him they just swarmed. "What wantest thou?" "I have to collect pearls on this meadow, and I don't see a single one." "Just wait a little bit, we will collect them for thee." And it was not long before they had brought him out of the grass a small heap of pearls; he had nothing to do but thread them on the string. And after this, when he was just meaning to tie up the string, yet one other little ant hobbled to him; it was crippled, its foot having been burnt when there was the fire at their ant-heap, and it cried out: "Stop, George! don't tie it up yet, I am bringing just one other little pearl."

When George brought these pearls to the king, and the king had counted them over, not a single one was missing. "Well hast thou performed thy task," he says; "to-morrow I will give thee something else to do." George came early, and the king said to him: "My Golden Locks bathed in the sea and lost there a golden ring; this thou must find and bring." George went to the sea and walked sadly along the shore; the sea was clear, but so deep that he could not even see to the bottom, and however was he to pick out a ring at the bottom? "Oh! if my golden fish were here, she could help me." That very instant something flashed in the sea, and from the depths on to the surface floated the golden fish. "Why, here I am to help thee. What needest thou?" "I have to find a golden ring, and I do not even see to the bottom." "Only just now I met a pike,* he wore a gold ring on his fin. Just wait a little bit and I will bring it to you." And in no long time she returned from the depths of the sea and brought with her the pike, finger-ring and all.

The king applauded George for having so well accomplished his task; and after this, next morning, imposed the third. "If thou wouldst have me give my Golden Locks to thy king as a bride, thou

* Hence we may infer that the black sea of these stories was a fresh water lake.

must bring her dead and living water, for she will have need of it." George, not knowing where to turn for this water, went haphazard hither and thither, where his feet carried him, until he came to a black wood. "Oh! if my ravens were here, perhaps they could help me!" Here something rustled above his head, and where they came, there they came—two young ravens: "Why, here we are to help thee. What wouldst thou?" "I have to bring dead and living water, and I do not know where to look for it." "Just wait a little bit, we will bring it thee." And after a short time each brought George a gourd full of water; in one gourd was dead water, in the other was living water. George was glad to have succeeded so well, and hastened to the castle. At the outskirts of the wood he saw stretched from pine to pine a spider's web, in the middle of the spider's web sat a big spider sucking a dead fly. George took the gourd with the dead water, spattered the spider with it, and the spider rolled to the ground like a ripe cherry. It was dead. After this he spattered the fly with the living water from the other gourd, and the fly began to stretch itself, scraped itself clean from the spider's web, and hi! away into the air. "Lucky for thee, George, that thou hast resurrected me," it buzzed past his ear, "for without me thou hadst scarcely guessed which of the twelve is Golden Locks."

When the king saw that George had also discovered the third thing, he said that he would give him his golden-haired daughter. "But," says he, "thou must select her thyself." Hereupon, he led him into a large hall; there in the middle was a round table, and round the table sat twelve beautiful maidens, one just like the other; but each had on her head a long whimple falling to the ground, white as snow, so that it was impossible to see what sort of hair each had. "Look, there are my daughters," says the king. "If thou guessest which of them is Golden Locks, thou hast won her, and canst take her away with thee; but if thou dost not hit upon her, she is not decreed to thee; thou must go away without her." George was in the greatest perplexity, he did not know how to begin. At that moment something whispered in his ear: "Buzz! buzz! walk round the table. I'll tell thee which it is." It was the fly that George had brought to life again with the living water. "It isn't that girl—nor that one either—nor that—here, this is Golden Locks." "Give me this daughter!" exclaimed George, "her I have deserved for my master." "Thou hast guessed," said the king, and

the maiden also at once rose from the table, threw off the whimple, and her golden hair rolled in rich masses from her head to the ground, and all about her was as bright as when in the morning the sunrise [*lit.* : the little sun] emerges, so that George's two poor eyes quite ached again.

After this the king gave his daughter an escort for her journey, as was right and proper, and George led her to his master to be the old king's bride. The old king's two eyes sparkled, and he skipped about with delight when he saw Golden Locks, and he gave orders at once that preparations for the wedding should be made. "I meant, indeed, to have had thee hanged for thy disobedience, that the young ravens might feast off thee," he says to George; "but since thou hast served me so well, I will only have thy head cut off with an axe, and then I will have thee respectably buried." When they had executed George, Golden Locks begged the old king to make her a present of his dead servant, and the old king could not refuse his golden-haired bride anything. After this she fastened George's head to his body, sprinkled him with the dead water, and body and head grew together, so that not the least trace of the wound remained; then she sprinkled him with the living water, and George got up again as if he had been born anew, fresh as a stag, and with youth just beaming from his face. "Oh! how sound I have slept," says George, and rubbed his eyes. "Ay, verily thou hast slept sound," said Golden Locks; "and if it had not been for me, for ever and ever thou wouldst never have awoken again." When the old king saw that George had come to life again, and that he was younger and more beautiful than before, he also would gladly have been rejuvenated in the same way. He at once ordered them to decapitate him also, and then sprinkle him with the water. They cut off his head and sprinkled and sprinkled with the living water till all the water was sprinkled away; but the head would on no conditions attach itself to the body again; only afterwards did they begin sprinkling it with the dead water, and in a moment it grew fast to the body; but the king was again dead because they had now no living water to resurrect him with. And because a kingdom without a king cannot exist, and they had no one so clever as to understand all living creatures in the way that George did, they made George king and Golden Locks queen.

NOTE.

IN the preceding story we have a transitional form to the various Lorelys, Didos, and luckless heroines turned into birds by a pin stuck into their brains, of which European folk-lore is full. Perhaps of all these stories the most instructive is the Servian legend of the Miraculous Hair. The poverty-stricken hero is warned in a vision that he will find under his bed-pillow an apple, a kerchief and a mirror. He is to follow a certain river to its source, where, on a crag, he will find a beautiful maiden seated with a work-frame in front of her, on which she is embroidering patterns with the sunbeams. He is not to reply to her questions or he will be instantly changed into a fish or a snake; but when she asks him to search her head for lice he is to do so; he will there find a blood-red hair, which he is to pluck out, and run away. He does all this; the maiden pursues him; he throws away the apple, then the kerchief, then the mirror; never having seen a mirror before, the Servian Lorely spends so much time coquetting with her own image in it that the man outstrips her, sells the hair to the Sultan, and makes his fortune. Just as the Servian legend of the radiant, amber-clear maiden the boy beholds under the bark of the fir-tree is due to the trementina spruce forest, so the *plica polonica* may have something to do with this form of the Lorely legend, which, as we shall find in the note to the Three Citrons, belongs to the last week of the annual myth epic, which consisted of one year, three months and a week; but the remarkable part of it is that this comparatively modern form of the legend, setting aside certain Christian embellishments, is certainly as old as Virgil's *Æneid*, the death of Dido in the fourth book being imitated from it. Being a specialised form of legends which are variants, certainly, and most likely primitive forms of early Vedic myths, it must have drifted south from East-Central Europe. Virgil therefore took the particulars of Dido's death from the myth: the myth was not developed from the poem. Likely enough, the two Venetian writers, Livy and Catullus, amused themselves by making collections of the folk-lore stories of their province, and thus they became popularised amongst literary Romans. Much more ancient, therefore, must be the more generalised legends like the Three Golden Hairs of Grandfather Know-All, in which woodcutters, carvers, or gamekeepers represent seed-time and the waning autumn sun, and are variants, perhaps prototypes, of the Vedic demigorgon *Tvashtar*—represented, like his Latin counterpart, *Vulcan*, as lame and impotent. If the Virgilian legend, then, was borrowed from the Servian one, and this was a development of still more ancient myths coeval with Vedic ones and perhaps anterior, it is evident that the legend of the impotent Bethlehem carpenter, whose virgin wife is impregnated, like *Tvashtar's* daughter, by a health-bearing wind, could not have given rise to them, but was itself merely a still later development of them. Christians, therefore, who affirm, by their religious and domestic practices at the end of the year, the historic truth of this Bethlehem fairy story, this last wreckage of the primitive annual-solar myth, act unwisely, for it is never wise to maintain by word or act that something is an historical fact when it is really the remains of a primitive allegory.

Tvashtar, the autumn woodcutter-god, and Indra, the storm-god, are closely connected together in the Vedic legends. According to one of the legends, Indra was thrown into a well, where he fought a dragon and let loose the autumn floods; and in this legend Gubernatis suspects the legend of the first, that is to say, of the Old Testament Joseph thrown into the well by his brethren. Now, in another form of the legend, Indra, in the form of an ant, stings the serpent, which, distracted by the pain, allows the escape of the autumn floods. In the limping little ant which rolls up the last pearl, therefore, it is possible that we have, in an exceedingly abridged form, the limping carpenter, Tvashtar, the limping blacksmith, Vulcan, the limping Asmodeus of the Genovese-Slovenian "We Three Brothers."

We have seen that the black sea of these stories must have been a fresh water lake because there were pike in it; the golden fish was therefore most likely a golden carp. When the Polish story of Hloupny Piecuch reached Venice, the wonder-working pike was exchanged for an eel, another proof that the stories drifted from Central Europe to Venice and not the other way, for there are plenty of eels both in the Central European lakes and in the lagoons, but no pike in the lagoons. The more primitive character of the Polish variant of the story also appears from Piecuch's fondness for kvas and redcaps, the former symbolising the torpid cold, the latter the red sun of winter. When, by the help of the pike, he wins his princess, these eccentricities cease, and he becomes a commonplace human being. In the Venice variant, *El Mezo* (the Half), a pregnant woman, having eaten all the parsley in a witch's garden, is made to promise to give the witch half the child when it is seven years old. The other half has much the same adventures as Piecuch, and when he marries his princess the two halves come together again and form "un bellissimo zovine."

Reason and Fortune.

ONCE Reason and Fortune met at a foot-bridge. Reason was in those days still inexperienced; he did not know who is expected to give place to whom, and so he said: "Why should I move out of thy way? Thou art no better than I." "The better is he," replied Fortune, "who proves himself to be so in practice. Seest thou that peasant's son yonder, who is ploughing in the field? Enter into him, and if he fares better with thee than with me, I will always submissively move out of thy way when and wheresoever we meet." Reason agreed to this, and then and there entered into the plough-boy's head. As soon as the plough-boy felt that he had Reason in his head he began to syllogise. "Why must I walk behind the plough to the day of my death? I am sure I could make my fortune in some other and easier way as well." He left off ploughing, put by the plough, and went home. "Dear little father," he says, "I don't like this husbandry business; I had rather apprentice myself to a gardener." His papa said: "What's up with thee, Vanek? Art thou out of thy wits?" But then he reflected, and said: "Nu! since thou wishest it, go in Heaven's name! thy brother will have this cottage after me." Vanek lost the cottage; but he cared nothing for that; he went and apprenticed himself to the royal gardener. The gardener did not show him much; on the other hand, Vanek, just through this, got to understand more. Soon after he did not even obey the gardener when he told him to do anything, and did everything his own way. At first the gardener was cross; but then, seeing that everything succeeded better so, he was contented. "I see that thou hast more reason than I have," he said, and henceforth left Vanek to garden exactly as he pleased. In no long time Vanek had improved the garden so much that the king had great delight in it, and often took a walk in it with his royal lady and his only daughter. This daughter of the king was a very beautiful maiden, but from her twelfth year she had ceased to speak; no one had ever heard a single word from her. The king was greatly vexed on that account, and had it proclaimed, who causes her to speak again shall be her husband. And so many young kings, princes, and other great lords announced themselves one after the other, but as they came so they

went away again ; none of them succeeded in causing her to speak. "And why should not I try my fortune, too?" thought Vanek. "Who knows whether I may not succeed in bringing her to answer when I ask a question?" And so he at once mentioned the matter to the king, and the king and his counsellors led him into the room where his daughter lived. This daughter had a pretty little dog and was very fond of it, because it was very intelligent ; it understood everything she wanted to have. When Vanek and the king and those counsellors stepped into her room, Vanek pretended not even to see the royal maiden, but turned to that little dog and says : "I have heard, doggy, that thou art very intelligent, and I am come to thee for advice. We were three boon companions : one a carver, the other a tailor, and myself. Once we went through a wood and had to pass the night in it. In order that we might be safe from the wolves we made a fire and agreed to watch in turn. First the carver watched, and to shorten the time he took a block of wood and carved out of it a fine maiden. When it was finished he woke the tailor that he might watch his turn. The tailor, seeing the wooden maiden, asked what it meant. 'As thou seest,' said the carver, 'time hung heavily, and I carved a dummy out of a block of wood ; if thou also findest the time hang heavily, thou canst dress her.' The tailor immediately drew forth his scissors, needle and thread, cut out a suit, and set himself to sew ; and when the suit was ready, he dressed dummy in it. After this he summoned me to go and watch. And I also ask what is up with him. 'As thou seest,' said the tailor, 'time passed slowly with the carver, and he carved a dummy out of a log, and I, finding time pass slowly, clothed her, and if thou shalt find time pass slowly, thou canst teach her to speak.' And so I really did teach her to speak by morning. But in the morning when my comrade awoke, each one wished to have dame dummy. The carver says : ' 'Twas I made her.' The tailor : ' 'Twas I clothed her.' And I also maintained my right to her. Tell me, then, doggy, to which of us does that dummy maiden belong?" Doggy was silent ; but instead of the dog, the king's daughter replied : "To whom should she belong but to thee? What is there in a carven dummy without life? What in a tailor-made suit of clothes without speech? Thou gavest her the best gift, life and speech, and therefore she belongs of right to thee." "Thou hast thyself given judgment about thyself," said Vanek. "Even to thee have I restored speech and new life, and

therefore thou too belongest to me of right." Then said a certain one of the counsellors of the king: "His royal highness will give thee a sufficient reward for having succeeded in unloosing his daughter's tongue; but thou canst not marry her thyself, thou art of vulgar birth." But Vanek would not hear of any other reward, and said: "The king promised without reservation: he who causes his daughter to speak again shall be her husband. The king's word is law, and if the king wishes others to keep his laws, he must himself be the first to respect them. And therefore the king must give me his daughter." "Guards! bind him," exclaimed that counsellor; "he who says that the king must do anything, outrages his royal majesty, and is worthy of death. Your royal highness, please command that this criminal be executed by the sword." And the king said: "Let him be executed by the sword." And so then and there they bound Vanek, and led him to the scaffold. When they came to the place of execution, Fortune was already waiting for them there, and said privily to Reason: "See how this man has fared with thee. Now it has come to this: he has to lose his head! Retire, that I may enter in thy place!" As soon as Fortune entered into Vanek, the executioner's sword snapped off close at the hilt, as though someone had cut it in two with scissors; and before they had brought him another, forth from the city on horseback rode a trumpeter as if he were winged, trumpeted gaily and waved a white pennon, and after him drove the king's coachman to fetch Vanek. And this was how it was. That king's daughter had said afterwards to her father at home, that, after all, Vanek had only spoken the simple truth, and the king's word ought not to be broken, and that if Vanek was of vulgar birth the king could easily make him a prince. And the king said: "Thou art right; let him be a prince!" And so they sent the royal coachman at once for Vanek, and instead of him was executed that counsellor who had prompted the king against Vanek. And when after this, Vanek and that royal daughter drove away together from the wedding, Reason happened somehow to be on the road, and seeing that he would have to meet Fortune, he bent his head and fled aside, as if he had been well splashed. And ever since then they say Reason, whenever he has to meet with Fortune, gives him a wide berth.

NOTE.—IN the original there is a play upon the word "maiden" which cannot be given in the translation. *Panna* means a virgin, as for instance the Virgin Mary, and also a wooden doll or dummy. *Shtjesti*, again, means rather more than good luck or fortune, as it also includes the notion of happiness.

George and His Goat.

[Bohemian : in the Domaslik dialect. The dialect of this story differs from pure Czech chiefly in placing a *v* before *on* (*he*), and also before words compounded of *od* and *o*, "from" and "about." There is further a misuse of the aspirate: *ale, aby, kde* and *kdy* becoming *hale, haly, hde, hdy*.]

THERE was a king and he had a daughter, and no one could make her laugh; she was always gloomy. So this king said he would give her to him who made her laugh. So there was a shepherd, and he had a son, and they called him George. He said: "Little father! I will also go and see if I can make her laugh. I do not ask anything of you except this nanny-goat." And his father said: "Well, go then." This goat was of such a kind that when she wished, she held every one fast, and the man must remain stuck to her.

So he took this nanny-goat and went, and he met a certain one, he had his foot on his shoulder. George said: "Why, prythee, hast thou thy foot on thy shoulder?" And he: "I, when I lift it off, so I make a skip of a hundred miles." "And where goest thou?" "I go into service if any one will take me." "Soh! come with me."

They went on, and again met a certain one, he had a small plank across his eyes. "Thou, prythee, why hast thou that plank across thy eyes?" And he: "I, if I raise that plank, so I see an hundred miles." "And where goest thou?" "I go into service if thou wouldst take me." "Very well, I will take thee. Come thou, too, with me."

They went a piece of the way and met a third comrade; he held a bottle under his arm, and held his thumb in it instead of a cork. "Why dost thou hold thy thumb so—eh?" "When I uncork it I send a jet a hundred miles, and souse everything I please. If thou wilt take me too, into thy service, that can be our fortune and thine likewise." And George replied: "Well, then, come."

After that they went into that city where that king was, and piled up ribbands on their goat. And they came to an ale-house, and the man there had been told beforehand, when such and such people came that he was to give them what they wanted to eat and drink, and that the king would pay him everything. So they led

this goat out, all over ribbands, and put it into the bar under charge of the barman, and he put it into the alcove where his daughters lay. Now this ale-house fellow had three daughters, and they were not yet asleep. Then that Manka (Maggie) said: "Oh! if I could have some ribbands like those, too! I will go and take some off that goat." The second, Doodle (Dolly), says: "Don't go, he will find out next morning." But she went all the same. And when a long time passed and Manka came not, the third one, that Kate, said: "I will go there for her." So that Doodle went and slapped Manka on the back: "Do come and leave it!" And there she was, and couldn't tear herself away from it. So that Kate says: "Do come away; don't untie them all." She went and shook Doodle by the petticoat, and now she too couldn't get away, but had to remain fast to her.

So in the morning that George got up early and went for that nanny-goat and led them all out: Kate, Doodle, and Manka. The barman was still asleep. They went through the village, and there was the mayor peeping out of the window. "Oh! fie, Katey, what's this? what's this?" He went and seized her by the hand and tried to pull her away, and he also remained stuck fast to her. After this a herdsman drove cows by the lane, and the bull in passing rubbed against them, got fixed, and George led him along with the rest.

So after this they came before the castle, and there came out the servants, and when they saw such a thing they went and said to that king: "Oh! sir, there's such a strange sight to see; we've already had all sorts of masquers here, but never anything like this." So that king at once brought out his daughter into the square, and she was taken by surprise and laughed until the castle shook again.

So now they asked who it was. He replies: "That it is the shepherd's son, and that they call him George." And they: "That it cannot be; that he is of vulgar birth, that they cannot give him that daughter, but that he must do them something else." He says: "What?" And they: "Look, yonder is a well, a hundred miles off; if within a minute he shall bring that jar full of water, then he shall get the girl." So he, that George, says to him who has his foot on his shoulder: "Thou saidst, if thou wert to take that foot off thy shoulder that thou wouldst skip a hundred miles." And he: "Oh! as to that, I can easily do it." Put his foot down, gave a skip, and was there. But after this it already wanted a very little of the time for him to have returned. So George said to that second fellow: "Thou saidst, if thou wert to lift that small plank off thy eyes,

that thou wouldst see a hundred miles ; look and see what he is doing there." " Oh ! master, he's lying down there. Oh ! Jemini ! why he's gone to sleep there." " That will be the deuce," says George, " time will be up directly. Thou, number three, thou saidst that when thou didst uncork that thumb of thine, thou couldst throw a jet a hundred miles ; quick, throw a jet there, that he may get up. And thou, take a glance and see if he's yet stirring there or not ?" " Oh ! master, now he's getting up, now he's wiping himself—now he's drawing water." After this he gave a skip, and was already back again, and just in time.

So after this they said that he must show them yet another trick ; that in yonder rocks there was such and such a wild beast, a unicorn, and that it destroyed many of their people ; if he would clear it out of the wood, that then he should get the girl. So he took his men, and into that wood they went. So they came to such and such a pine tree. So there were the three wild beasts, and as many lairs rubbed bare by their lying in them. Two of these animals did nothing, but that third one devoured people. So they collected stones and those pine cones in their lap and crept up into the tree ; and when those three beasts laid themselves down, they let drop a stone on to that one of the animals that was an unicorn. And he, that beast, cried to the second one : " Do be quiet, don't push me !" And the other says : " I am doing nothing to thee." And again they let drop a stone from above on to that unicorn. " Do be quiet ! now thou hast done it to me a third time." " When I have done nothing to thee !" So they seized one another and fought together. And that unicorn tried to run the other beast through ; but he skipped aside, and as the unicorn rushed savagely at him, it drove its horn into the tree and could not at once draw it out again. So the men jumped down at once from the pine tree, and those two animals took to flight, and they cut off the head of the third one—that unicorn, put the head on their shoulders, and carried it to the castle.

Then those in the castle saw that George had again accomplished his task. " What, prythee, shall we do ? Perhaps we must give him that girl after all ?" " No, master !" said that one of the servants, " it cannot be, when he is of vulgar birth, to think of his getting a king's daughter such as yours. But we must clear him out of the world." So he, that king, said he should keep the word that he had spoken. So there was there a female lodger, she said to him : " Oh ! George, to-day it will go ill with thee, they want to clear thee out of

the world." So he says: "Oh! I'm not frightened; once, when I was only twelve years old, I killed twelve of them at a blow." But it was thus when his mamma baked him ember cakes, twelve flies settled on them, and he killed them at a single blow.

So they, when they heard it, said: "There is nothing for it but to shoot him." So, after this, they prepared the soldiers, and told them they must make a parade in his honour, for he was going to be married in the square. So they led him out there, and the soldiers were just going to let fly at him. And he, that George, said to the man who used his thumb instead of a cork: "Thou saidst, if thou wert to uncork that thumb of thine, that thou couldst souse everything; quick, uncork!" So he uncorked his thumb and sousted them all until they were all blind, and no one saw at all.

So at last, when they saw there was nothing for it, they told him to come and they would give him that girl. So after this they gave him fine royal robes, and there was a wedding. And I, too, was at that wedding; they had music there, sang, ate and drank; there were baskets full of meat, pound-cake, and everything, and casks full of vodka. I went to-day and got there yesterday; I found an egg among the tree roots, broke it on somebody's head, and made him bald, and bald he has been ever since.

NOTE.

THIS story occurs in Venetian Slav folk-lore as the Basket of Flowers. We have already shewn reason to believe that the Venetian folk-lore stories have travelled from East-Central Europe south, and not from Venice north. The story in its Venetian dress confirms this hypothesis. We shall see later on that George's Goat is Capricornus. With its transformation into a basket, and the disappearance of the three mates corresponding to Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, as well as the bull and the mayor, the story almost entirely loses its character of an annual myth. Like the transformation of the pike in the Polish story into an eel in the Venetian one, and of the horse punishment of Slav stories into the punishment of being burnt on a tar barrel in the Venetian ones, the transformation of Capricornus into a basket of flowers is just what we might expect if the story was transplanted from rigorous Central Europe to the lagoons of Venice, and its character of an annual myth became thus obliterated. The loss of the three mates and the transformation of the mayor and the bull into other characters is particularly significant, for, as will be shewn further on (see supplementary essay), Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes are the three signs of the Zodiac, Sagittarius, Aquarius, and Pisces, and the mayor and the bull in all probability the sun and Taurus. In the Venetian variant, instead of George we have an old man, instead of the mayor a bell-ringer with a bunch of grapes, instead of the bull a baker's boy, a wayfarer and a flock of geese. But the transformation of the goat into a basket is the most instructive of all, for it tells us a lot of things, and shows in actual operation the mechanism, partly linguistic, partly local, partly racial, by which the characters of myths and fairy-stories change their form with Protean facility. If there is one characteristic more marked than another in the Venetian dialect, and therefore in the speech organs of the race that speaks it at present, it is the softening of the harsh *s* into the soft *z*. Now there are two words in Czech—*koza*, a she-goat, and *kosh*, a basket. The former word, it might be remarked in parenthesis, gives us the famous Slav Cossacks, properly goat-herds. Supposing a people in Venice and the neighbouring lagoons who spoke, or at all events understood Slavonic, and the absence of that mountain animal, the goat, among swamps and rushes, the two words *koza* and *kosh*, being both pronounced with the terminal consonant as soft *z*, would easily be confused and interchanged; and the basket, being more appropriate to that rushy region than the goat, would soon take its place. We may thus infer, with some probability, that the story was transplanted to Venice, or at all events to the adjacent fens, at a period when the people inhabiting Venice or those fens still spoke Slavonic. That such a period existed in the perhaps not very distant past is also rendered highly probable from the fact that all the principal place-names of the region, and indeed those of a great part of the province of Venetia, can be perfectly accounted for as Latinized Slav words.

The Three Citrons.

[SLOVENIAN.]

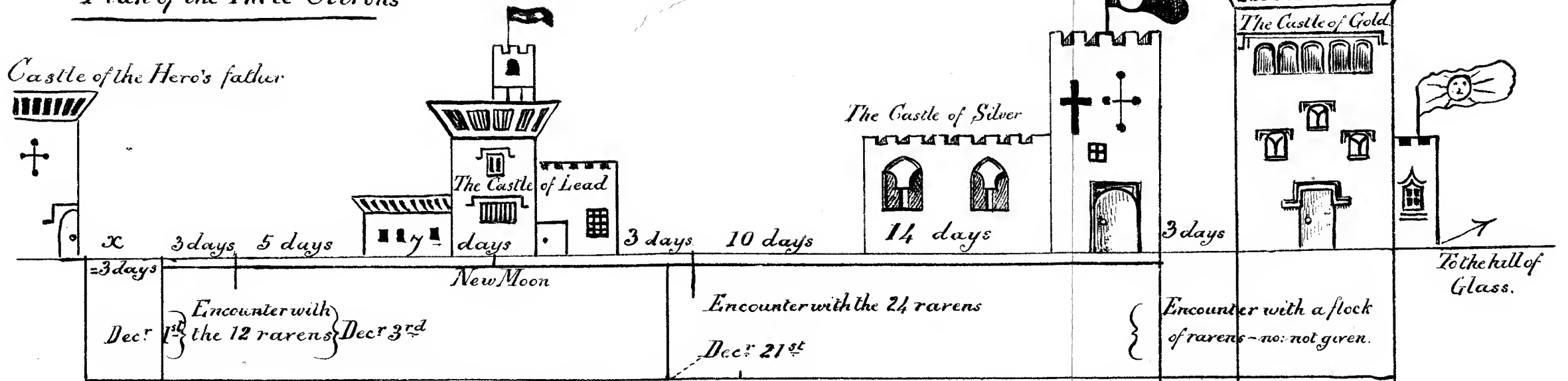
THERE was once an old king, and this king had an only son. This son he once called before him and addressed him thus: "My son! thou seest that my head is now white with age; to-day or to-morrow I shall close my eyes, and yet I know not in what state I shall leave thee. Wed thee, my son! let me bless thee, just as thou closest my eyes in death." The son answered nothing, only he remained very pensive; he would have been heartily glad to fulfil his father's wish, but there was no girl for whom his heart could feel affection.

Once as he sat in the garden, and was just thinking what he ought to do, where she came, there she came, before him stood an old woman. "Go to the hill of glass, gather the three citrons, and thou shalt have a wife that shall be dear to thy heart," she said, and as she had appeared so she vanished. Like a bright ray of light these words streamed through the soul of the prince. That instant he determined, come what might, to discover the hill of glass and to gather the three citrons. He disclosed his intention to his father, and his father gave him a horse for the journey, a suit of armour and his own paternal benediction.

Through dense mountains, over lonely plains, wandered our prince, a long, very long, time; but of the hill of glass and the three citrons no hint or rumour. Once, quite tired out by the long journey, he threw himself down under a broad linden in the cool. As he threw himself on the ground, his father's sabre rang out, for he had it at his side, and on the top of the broad linden, a dozen ravens croaked. Scared by the clatter of the sabre they rose on the wing and flew away through the air above the tall trees. "H'm! it is long since I have seen a living creature," said the prince to himself, and leapt from the ground. "I will go in the direction the ravens flew, perhaps some hope will shew itself."

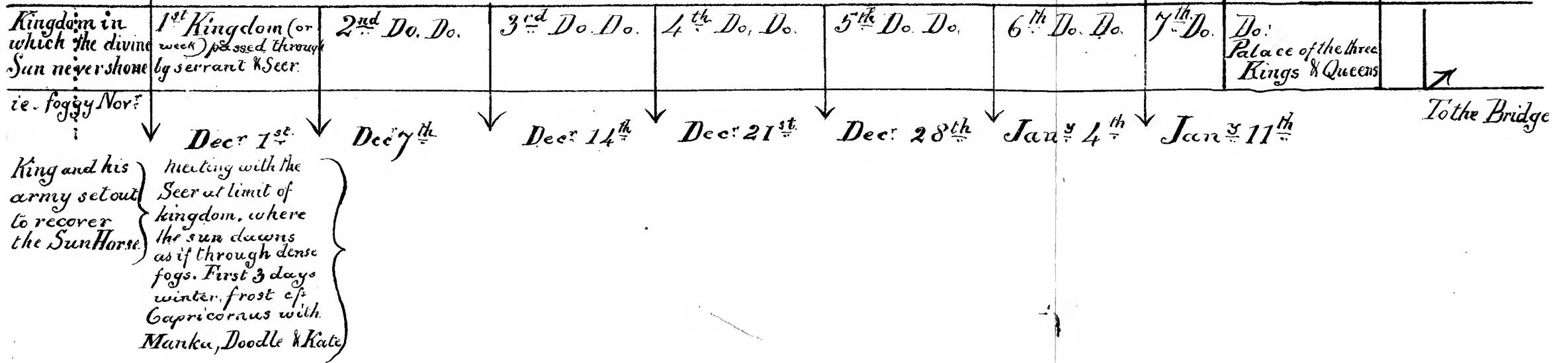
On and on he went again for three whole days and nights, until at last a lofty tower appeared in the distance. "Praised be God! at all events I shall once more get among human beings," he exclaimed joyfully, and stepped forward.

Plan of the Three Citrons



Departure on
27th Nov^r

Plan of the Sun Horse to shew its relation to the Three Citrons.



The castle was of pure lead ; round it fluttered the twelve ravens, and before it stood an old woman leaning upon a long leaden staff. " Eh ! my son, where art thou going by this road ? Why, here not one little bird, not one little butterfly is to be heard, much less any little man of earth," said Jezibaba to the prince. " Fly ! if thy life be dear to thee ; for when my son comes he will eat thee." " Ah ! not so, aged mother, not so !" entreated the prince. " Why, I have come to you for advice, to see if you could tell me anything about the hill of glass and the three citrons." " About the hill of glass I have never heard, but wait until my son comes home, perhaps he will be able to tell you something. Why, I will stow thee away somewhere safely at once ; thou shalt hide thyself under the broom, and thou shalt stay there so long on the watch as I do not summon you."

The mountains re-bellowed, the castle shook again, and Jezibaba whispered to the prince that it was her son coming. " Fuj ! Fuj ! what a smell of man's flesh ; I am going to eat it," roared Jezibaba's son, while still at the door, and thumped on the ground with a great club of lead, so that the whole castle shook again. " Ach ! not so, my son, not so !" said Jezibaba coaxingly ; " Why, it is a beautiful youth who has come, and wishes to ask your advice about something." " Oh ! well, if he wishes to ask my advice, let him come here." " Faith, he shall come, my son, but only if thou dost promise me that thou wilt not do anything to him." " Well, I will not do anything to him, only let him come !"

The prince, under the broom, was shaking like an aspen, for he saw through the rods before him a giant to whose knees he scarcely reached. Happily he had now his life guaranteed, when Jezibaba bade him come out from under the broom. " Well, thou cockchafer, what art thou frightened of ?" roared the ogre ; " Whence art thou ? What wouldst thou ?" " Oh ! as to what I want," replied the prince, " I have been wandering ever so long in these mountains and cannot find what I am looking for, and so I have come to thee to see if thou mightest not be able to tell me something about the hill of glass and the three citrons." Jezibaba's son wrinkled his brow, and after a little time said in a quieter voice : " About the hill of glass, nothing is to be heard here ; but hie away to my brother of the castle of silver, perhaps he will be able to tell thee something. But stay, I will not let thee go away empty ; mother, bring here the dumplings." Old Jezibaba placed a large dish on the table, and her

gigantic son sat down to it. "Come and eat," he roared to the prince. The prince took the first dumpling and bit it, but two of his teeth snapped, for it was a dumpling of lead. "Nu! why dost thou not eat? Perhaps it does not please thee?" asked Jezibaba's son. "Oh, yes! indeed, they are excellent, but I am not hungry just now." "Well, if thou art not hungry just now, put it in thy pocket and eat it on the road." The poor young prince, must, willy-nilly, put the leaden dumplings into his pocket. After this he took himself off, and went forward.

On and on he went for three whole days and nights, and the further he went the more he wandered astray in the thick dark mountains. Before him was a desert, behind him a desert; not a single living creature was to be seen. Quite wearied out by the long journey he flung himself on the ground. The sound of the silver sabre spread far and wide. Above him croaked four-and-twenty ravens, scared by the clatter of the sabre, and rising on the wing, flew into the air. "A lucky sign!" cried the prince, "I will go in the direction in which the ravens have flown."

So he went in that direction, on and on, as far as his feet would carry him, until all at once a tall castle appeared. He was still far from the castle, and already its walls flashed brightly, for this castle was of pure silver. Before the castle stood a hump-backed old woman leaning on a long silver staff, and it was Jezibaba. "Eh! my son, whither wouldst thou this way? Here there is not even a little bird, not even a little butterfly, much less any little human being," exclaimed Jezibaba to the prince. "As thy life is dear to thee, fly, for when my son comes he will eat thee." "Ah! old mother, he'll scarcely eat me, I fancy; why, I have not yet saluted him from his brother of the castle of lead." "Oh! if thou hast not yet saluted from the castle of lead, then go into the room, my son, and tell me what thou art looking for?" "Hey! old mother! what am I looking for? Now, for ever so long I have been looking for the hill of glass and the three citrons, and I cannot find them; and so I am come here to ask if you could not tell me something about them." "About the hill of glass I know nothing; but stay until my son comes, perhaps he will be able to tell you something. Hide under the bed, and do not betray thy presence unless I summon thee."

The mountains re-bellowed with a voice of a hundredfold compass, and the castle shook again, and the prince now knew that it

was Jezibaba's son coming home. "Fuj! Fuj! what a smell of man's flesh, I am come to eat it!" roared the gigantic fellow, while yet at the door, and thumped with a silver club on the ground, so that the whole castle shook again. "Ah! not so, not so, my son; why, it is a beautiful youth has come and brought thee salutations from thy brother of the castle of lead." "Oh! if he has been at my brother's, and if he has done nothing to him, don't let him be the least afraid of me; let him come out." The prince jumped out from under the bed and stood beside him, and looked beside him as if he had posted himself under a very tall pine tree. "Well, thou midget, wert thou really at my brother's?" "Yes, that I have been; and here I have some of the dumplings left which he gave me for the journey." "Well, I believe thee; so now tell me, what wouldst thou?" "Ach! what would I? I have come to ask thee if thou couldst perhaps tell me something about the hill of glass and about the three citrons." "H'm! I have heard something about it all, but I cannot point thee out the way. Meanwhile, knowest thou what? Go to my brother at the castle of gold—he will direct thee. But, stay! I will not let thee go empty; mother, quick, the dumplings!" Jezibaba brought the dumplings upon a great silver dish and placed them on the table. "There! eat," exclaimed her son. The prince, perceiving that the dumplings were of silver, said he was not hungry, but would take some on the journey, if he might. "Take as many as thou wishest, and salute my brother and aunt." The prince pocketed the dumplings, politely expressed his thanks, and continued his journey.

Three days had already elapsed since he had quitted the castle of silver, and had wandered continuously through thick mountains, not the least knowing whither he ought to go, whether this way or that. Completely tired out he threw himself under a broad beech tree to take breath a bit. His silver sabre rang out upon the ground, and its voice was carried far and wide. "Kr, kr, kr," croaked above the wayfarer a flock of ravens, scared by the clatter of the sabre, and flew into the air. "Praised be God! the golden castle will not be far off now!" exclaimed the prince, and, relieved and comforted, continued his journey according as the ravens showed him the way. Scarcely had he emerged from the valley on to the hillside, when he saw a beautiful broad meadow; in the middle of the meadow stood a castle of gold. It was as though he had been looking at the sunrise, and before the gate of this castle stood old hump-backed Jezibaba

leaning upon a staff of gold. "Eh! my son, what art thou looking for?" she called out to the prince. "Why, here there is not a single little bird, not a single little butterfly to be heard or seen, much less any poor little human being. Ah! as thou lovest thy life, be off with thee! for when my son comes he will eat thee." "Hoj! old mother, he'll scarcely eat me, I fancy. Why, I have not saluted him yet from his brother of the castle of silver." "Oh, well, if thou hast not saluted yet from the castle of silver, then come into the hall and tell me what has led thee to us." "Oh! old mother! what has led me hither? Ever so long I have been wandering through these mountains and cannot discover where the hill of glass is and the three citrons; so they directed me to you, as perhaps you might be able to tell me something about them." "Where is the hill of glass? that I cannot tell thee myself; but wait until my son comes, he will counsel thee what to do and whither to go. Hide under the table, and stay there so long as I do not summon thee."

The mountains re-bellowed, the castle shook again, and Jezibaba's son entered the hall. "Fuj! Fuj! there's a smell of man's flesh, I am come to eat it!" he roared, while yet at the door, and thumped with a golden mace upon the ground, so that the whole castle quivered. "Softly, softly, my son," said Jezibaba coaxingly, "why, it is a beautiful youth that has come and has brought thee salutations from thy brother of the castle of silver; if thou wilt do nothing to him, I will summon him at once." "Well, if my brother has done nothing to him, I will do nothing to him either." The prince dragged himself out from under the table and stood beside the other, and looked, compared with him, as if he had posted himself beside some lofty tower; and he shewed him the silver dumplings in proof of his really having been at the castle of silver. "Well, tell me, midget, what wouldst thou?" thundered the tremendous fellow. "If I can advise thee I will advise thee, never fear!" Then the prince recounted to him all his own long journeyings, and begged him to advise him what way to go to get to the hill of glass, and what he ought to do to obtain the three citrons. "Seest thou that globe which blackens yonder?" he said, pointing it out to him with his golden mace; "that is the hill of glass; on its summit stands a tree, and on that tree hang three citrons which scent the air all round for seven miles. Thou shalt climb on to that hill of glass, kneel under the tree and stretch out thy hands; if the citrons are destined for thee they will fall of their own accord into thy hands;

but if they are not destined for thee, thou wilt not tear them off, do what thou wilt. When thou art returning, and art hungry or thirsty, cut one of these citrons in two, and thou shalt eat and drink thy fill. And now go! and God be with thee! But stay, I will not let thee go away hungry; mother! here with those dumplings!" Then old Jezibaba placed a large golden dish on the table. "There, eat!" says her son to the prince, "and if thou art not hungry now, put them in thy pocket and eat on the road." The prince was not hungry, but put them in his pocket, observing that he would eat them on the road. After this he thanked the giant finely for his hospitality and advice, and continued his journey.

Briskly he stepped out from hill to valley, from valley to hill again, and never halted until under that very same hill of glass. Here he halted as if turned to stone. The hill was high and smooth, there were no excrescences of any sort upon it. On the summit waved and trembled the branches of the miraculous tree, and on the tree the three citrons swung to and fro, and smelt so strong that the young prince almost swooned. "Honour and praise to God! What will be, will be. Now I am once here, I can at least know my fate!" he thought to himself, and tried to scramble up by clawing at the smooth glass; but scarce had he ascended a few fathoms, when he missed his footing and down he fell head over heels from the top to the bottom, so that he had not a notion where he was nor what he was, save when he found himself on the ground. In his vexation he begins to toss away the dumplings, thinking that perhaps their weight impeded him. He flings away the first, and lo! the dumpling sticks to the hill of glass; he throws away a second and a third, and sees before him three steps on which he could stand without danger. The prince was quite enchanted. He flung the dumplings before him, and everywhere steps formed out of them for him. First he flung out the leaden dumplings, then the silver ones, and finally the golden ones. Over the steps thus formed the prince strode upward, ever higher and higher, until he had reached safe and sound the very crest of the hill of glass. Here he knelt under the tree and stretched out his hands, and lo! three beautiful citrons flew down into his outstretched palms of their own accord. The tree crumbled away, the hill of glass flattened out and vanished, and when the prince came to himself again, there was neither tree nor hill—a bare plain stretched before him in all directions.

And so he again turned his steps homeward, overjoyed. He neither ate nor drank, nor saw nor heard, for very rapture. Not until the third day did his interior begin to assert its claims. He was so hungry that he would even have had recourse to the leaden dumplings if his pocket had not been empty. There he was with empty pockets, in a plain as bare as the palm of your hand! So he drew out of his pocket a citron and cut it in half; but what did not happen? Out of the citron sprang a beautiful girl, naked as your finger, bowed herself before him, and exclaimed: "What hast thou prepared me to eat? What hast thou prepared me to drink? What fine clothes hast thou prepared for me?" "I have not, oh! beautiful creature, anything to give thee to eat, nor to drink, nor to array thyself in," said the prince, remorsefully; and the beautiful girl clapped three times with her white hands before him, bowed, and vanished.

"Aha! now I know then what sort of citrons they are! Stay, now I will not cut them open on such slight prettexts," said the prince. From the one he had cut in half he ate and drank his fill, and thus refreshed, marched forward. But on the third day a hunger three times worse than the previous hunger overpowered him. "Praise and glory to the Lord God!" he thought to himself, "there is still one left; I will divide it." And here he drew out the second citron, cut it in half, and lo! a still more beautiful girl than the previous one stood before him, just as God had created her. "What hast thou prepared me to eat? What hast thou prepared me to drink? What fine raiment hast thou prepared for me?" "Nothing have I prepared, fair darling! nothing," and the beautiful girl clapped with her hands three times before him, bowed herself, and vanished.

Now he had only one citron left. He takes it in his hand and thus addresses it: "I will not cut thee in two, save in the house of my father!" And with this he hastened home. On the third day he saw again, after a long time, his native city. He himself did not the least know how he got there, save that all at once he found himself in the fortress castle of his father. Tears of joy filled his aged father's eyes. "Welcome, my son, welcome, a hundred times!" he exclaimed, and fell about his neck. The prince related how he had fared on the journey; and those at home, how yearningly they had awaited his return.

The following day a grand feast was prepared; the nobility was invited from all sides, the tables were loaded with the choicest wines

and viands in the world, and dresses were prepared, beautifully embroidered with gold and begemmed with pearls. The nobility gathered itself, sat down to table, and awaited what should happen. Then the prince drew out the remaining citron, divided it in half, and forth from the citron sprang a maiden, three times more beautiful than the previous ones: "What hast thou prepared me to eat? What hast thou prepared me to drink? What fine raiment hast thou prepared for me?" "Everything, my darling, everything have I prepared," responded the prince, and offered her the beautiful raiment. The beautiful girl arrayed herself in the beautiful raiment, and all—how they exulted in her incomparable beauty. Not long after this was the betrothing, and after the betrothals a splendid wedding.

And so at last the desire of the old king was fulfilled; he blessed his son, handed the kingdom over to him, and not long after died.

The first thing that surprised the young king, after the death of his father, was a war which neighbouring kings stirred up against him. So now he must separate for the first time from his hardily-won bride. That nothing might happen in his absence, he had a throne erected in a garden above a lake, and this garden no one could reach unless she let down a silken cord and drew him to her.

Not far from the royal fortress castle lived an old grandmother—she, in fact, who had advised the young king about the three citrons. She had for a servant a gipsy-girl, whom she sent to this lake for water. Well, she knew that the young king had got a wife, and it vexed her exceedingly that he had not invited her to the wedding, ay, that he had not even thanked her for her good advice. And so once she sent this servant-girl to the lake for water. The servant goes, dips her jug, and behold in the water a beautiful form. Under the impression that it is her own reflection, she flings the vessel of water on the ground, so that it breaks into a hundred fragments. "As if thou wert worthy," she says, "that I, such a fine girl as I am, should carry water for thee, thou old witch." And as she so spoke she looked up, and lo! it was not her own reflection that she had seen in the water, but that of the beautiful queen. Abashed and mortified, she collected the fragments and returned home. The old grandmother, who already knew beforehand what had happened, ran out with a new vessel to meet her, and inquired of her servant, only for form's sake, what had occurred. The servant related everything as it had happened. "Nu! that's nothing," says

the old grandmother; "but knowest thou what? go once again to the lake and request this lady to let down the silken cord and to draw thee up that thou mayst comb her hair; and when she falls asleep, stab this pin into her head. After this, array thyself in her robes and sit there as queen."

The gipsy-girl did not require much persuasion. She took the pin, took the water vessel, and returned to the lake. She fills her vessel and looks round at the beautiful queen. "Ach! how fine thou art, oh! how fine thou art!" she exclaims, and peers maliciously into her eyes. "Hej!" she says, "but you would have been a hundred times more beautiful if you had let me comb your hair; verily, I would so have plaited your majesty's golden hair that your royal husband would have been enchanted." And she so bewildered the queen, so bewitched her, that at last she let down the silken cord and drew the gipsy up to her.

The wicked gipsy combs the golden hair, handles and plaits it, until the beautiful queen at last fairly dozes off to sleep. Then the gipsy draws out the pin and thrusts it into the head of the sleeping queen. At that moment a beautiful white dove fluttered down from the golden throne, and of the queen not a trace was left except her beautiful robes, in which the gipsy hastily arrayed herself, seated herself on the spot where the queen had sat before, and looked at herself in the lake; but in the lake no beautiful reflection appeared, for the gipsy, even in royal robes, remained a gipsy still.

The young king happily prevailed over his enemy, and made peace with him. Scarcely had he returned to the city, when he ran to the garden to look for his beloved, in case anything had happened to her. But who can describe his dismay and astonishment when, instead of his beautiful queen, he beheld the wicked gipsy. "*Ah! my dear, my ever dearest, how changed I find thee!" he sighed deeply, and with streaming eyes. "Changed I am, my beloved, changed I am, for my longing for thee has sapped my strength," said the gipsy, and tried to fall upon his neck; but the king turned away from her and quitted the garden full of angry sorrow.

From that time he had no rest nor peace, he had neither day nor night, but continually bemoaned the lost beauty of his queen, and nothing could comfort him.

* There is here, as in many passages in this story, a play upon words which cannot be given in the translation. The original runs thus: "*Ach, moja mila premila, ako si sa mi premjenila!*"

Thus resentful and absent-minded, he once walked up and down the garden. And would you believe it? there flies down to him from a high tree a beautiful white dove, and alights upon his hand, and looks with sorrowful eyes into his sorrowful and indignant ones. "Ach! my little dove! why art thou so gloomy? Has thy mate grown ugly and repulsive to thee as my fair queen to me?" murmured the young king as he stroked her fondly over the head and neck. Only he detects on her head a sort of lump, blows the feathers apart, and lo! there is the head of a pin. Stirred by pity the king draws out the pin; at that moment the beautiful mournful dove transforms itself into his beautiful wife. She related him everything, how it happened to her and what, how the gipsy had hocused her and had thrust the pin into her head. The king immediately ordered the gipsy and the old grandmother to be seized and burnt without any sort of trial.

From that time nothing any more disturbed his happiness; neither the strength of his enemies nor the wickedness of malicious people; and so he lived with his beautiful queen in peace and love, and ruled happily, and is ruling still if he is not yet dead.

NOTE.

THIS story is one of the most complete of the West Slavonia annual solar or epic fairy stories, and it will be worth while dwelling upon it a little. It is a form of the Jack in the Bean Stalk legend, which occurs over the whole northern hemisphere from Dogger Indians to England, and has travelled south in its original form pretty near as far as the Siebenhürger. Transmitted from there through Bohemia to Slovenia, the branches the shepherd-hero carries with him from plateau to plateau, became transformed into dumplings, either through a deliberate play upon words or unconsciously — most likely the former. For in Bohemian, *haluze* means a branch (a small one), whereas in Slovenian the word *halushki* means dumplings, and the word *konar* a branch. Most likely it was from Slovenia that the legend penetrated to Venice, where the whole of it occurs in an abridged and more or less mutilated form under the name of The Love of the Three Oranges. The second half of the story has also become another Venetian legend called The Dead Man. There are also traces of it in a third called *El Vento* (The Wind). In one or two particulars the Venetian and apparently modernized forms of the legend supplement the Slovenian legend; in fact, they render it possible to lay down a more or less definite chronological plan of the story, and this in its turn leads to some very remarkable conclusions. In the Venetian story of The Love of the Three Oranges, the legend has adapted itself to town life, and would hardly be recognizable as an annual solar legend were it not for the Slovenian one. The castles have become three old men, who send the hero on from one to the other when he asks them where he is to go for the love of the three oranges. The third sends him to an enchanted Venetian palace, the ground floor of which is full of cats, dogs, and witches. He duly pacifies them, goes upstairs and finds the three oranges on the chimney-piece in the drawing room. When the third beauty springs from the cleft orange (this happens on the journey home), he leaves her in charge of a washerwoman whose swarthy daughter takes the place of the gipsy in the Slovenian story. She sticks three pins into the head of the heroine, and when they are drawn one by one from the dove's head, first an arm and a leg, then the other arm and leg, and lastly the whole person of the heroine re-emerges. It is particularly worth noticing that in this story, and also in that of The Dead Man, the wicked character is represented in one case as swarthy, in the other as a Moorish slave. This is a strong indication that the two stories have travelled south, for it is a particularly northern idea, and is in exact contradiction to the ideas of the Venetian common people as expressed in their popular sayings, of which the following are a few :

Tera mora fa boni fruti
Tera bianca tuti bruti.—(Matrimonial proverb.)
Oci gori (castagna) fa bel vardar
Oci mori fa inamorar
Oci da gata (chiari) fa ispirita
Xe meglio una mora co tuti i so ati
Che no una bianca co mile ducati.

[Those whose hair-front forms an M () are good and to be trusted.]

The beginning of the Venetian variant is as follows: A king has a son who never laughs. To make him laugh the king digs a hole in his garden and fills it with oil, thinking that the people who come to draw this oil may make his son laugh. The device does not succeed until the oil gets very low, and an old woman, in attempting to draw it, tumbles into the hole. Then the king's son laughs, and the old woman threatens that he shall never be happy until he has won the love of the three oranges. Now we know for certain, from internal evidence and from comparison with other folk-lore stories, that the Slovenian version of the Three Citrons begins at the end of November or the beginning of December; the Venetian variant proves beyond doubt that the goat in George and his Goat is Capricornus and not Aries. The prince, or princess, therefore, who does not laugh, is, as regards this idiosyncrasy, the gloomy month of November; Listopad, the fall of the leaf in Slav, the month of the Novene, the commemoration of the dead; in Central Europe of small-pox and other epidemics, of Morana, goddess of pestilence, of fog and gloom everywhere, and of expiring life. Capricornus the goat, which has the faculty of sticking things together, and which makes nature laugh, is therefore the first winter frost with a bright clear sky, that occurs at the beginning of December or the end of November. And how closely the popular imagination has kept to fact in the allegory is shewn in the following. In the Basket of Flowers (Venetian) the story finishes with the making of the princess laugh, and she marries an old man, because the story finishes within the limits of the old year. In George and his Goat, on the contrary, we have the three boon companions—that is to say, besides Capricornus, Aquarius, Sagittarius and Pisces—in other words, the story is carried on to the eve of the new year, and includes the triumph of spring. The princess, therefore, is imagined as ultimately marrying the youthful hero.

The story of *L'omo morto*, The Dead Man (Venetian), is the second half of The Three Citrons, modified by being told as a city story.

A poor sempstress runs away to find her fortune, and comes to an empty and enchanted palace. Here she finds dinner prepared, and is served by mysterious hands. She wanders over the palace, and in one room finds a dead man, with a placard at his feet announcing that if any one will watch by him *a year, three months, and a week*, he will come to life and marry her. She watches a year. Towards the end of the three months she hears from the canal below the balcony (the scene, observe, has contracted to Venice), voices from a gondola announcing Moorish slaves for sale. Being weary of solitude she buys one. At the beginning of the last week, she tells this Moorish girl to watch by the dead man while she sleeps for three days. On the third day the Moorish girl is to awake her. Instead of this, the slave lets her sleep on, and thus supplants her. The dead man wakes, sees the slave-girl watching, embraces and marries her. Ultimately, as in The Three Citrons, etc., but by a different chain of circumstances, the fraud is discovered, and the slave punished by being burnt alive. The story forms, therefore, one of the large family of stories that have sprouted from the last week's events of the primitive annual solar or epic fairy story. The Lorely legend, the Lady of Shalott, The Troll-hatten legend, The Miraculous Hair (Serbian), The Death of Dido (Virgil), Medea and the Golden Fleece, The Dead Man (Venetian), the second half of The Three Citrons, the second half of The Love of the Three Oranges (Venetian)—and no doubt there are many other variants and derivatives—have

all in common the following: (1) A shining* maiden seated aloft (except in the Argonaut legend, where she has become a golden fleece); (2) a river, sea, or piece of water below her; (3) a dark, sinister, or adverse person, who comes from below, meddles with her hair, and thus bewitches her—except in the Lorely legend where the tables are turned.

This event occurs some time in March, when the triumph of the spring of life has been definitely assured, and the sunlight has been rescued from its imprisonment during winter in the pitch-dark underworld.

The action of this kind of epilogue is comprised within exactly seven days, or a week. Translating the allegory into general terms, it evidently is intended to represent something of the following kind. The sunlight dancing on a rock, increasing every day in power, causes vapours to rise from the water as dusky clouds when seen against the mountain and to interfere with the sun's rays (the golden hair). Ultimately, they obscure the sun, forming above into white cumulus clouds (transformation of the maiden into the dove). This process has continued a week, and has been accompanied by frost (struggle of the young king with his enemies). At the end of that time the frost ceases, but the sky still remains overcast, until finally the warm teeming earth disperses the white cumulus clouds, and the sun again leaps forth.

So specialized a phenomenon, particularly as to time (just seven days) seems to point to the primitive legend having been framed in some very definite and circumscribed locality, with an extremely cold upper stratum of atmosphere.

Let us now turn to the internal evidence of the Slovenian legend, which indicates pretty clearly whereabouts that region lay. And first let us take stock, so to say, of our acquired knowledge in the matter. First, from *Father Know-All* and *L'omo morto* we know that the *whole* period of the primitive myth was one year, three months, one week, and a brief indefinite period after it.

From Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, and from George and his Goat, and other stories, we know that the three months are the three winter months presided over by Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

From George and his Goat, and from the Venetian form of *The Three Citrons* (*L'amore delle Tre Narancie*), we know that these three months were sometimes preluded by two or three of the last days of November, represented by George's goat, Capricornus, symbolizing the first frosts after the misty weather of November. Now these three winter months count exactly ninety days, and this, he it said parenthetically, explains the prevalence of this number, which is a noteworthy feature of Siberian legends and others of high latitudes, but which disappears almost completely as the legends drift south. It may be laid down as a rule that the imagination of the people and of poets is much more matter-of-fact than learned people give it credit for, and that to produce a myth of the prodigious dimensions of the primitive annual solar fairy story we are here considering required a prodigious natural phenomenon. When the popular fancy declares that the sun disappeared into a black sea, that the hero wandered through pitch-black forests, or that there was a kingdom where the sun never shone, and that to make up for its absence the king of that country led a Sun-horse through it from

* In the Troll-hatten legend, she and her framework of embroidered sunbeams have become a tailor sewing.

one end to the other, popular fancy means what it says; it doesn't mean that there came a bright spell of keen frosty winter weather. Let us, then, for a moment assume that the myth was hatched within the Arctic circle, on a latitude where the sun disappears below the horizon for a length of time equal to that occupied by the prince from his first encounter with the ravens to his exodus from the castle of silver. Let us also assume that the ravens represent days. Turn to the plan of the story represented graphically, and it will be seen at a glance that it is a period of 42 days of darkness—that is to say, 21 days from the 1st of December to the shortest day, and 21 days from the shortest day to the departure from the castle of silver. Now, when the prince disturbs the next flock of ravens after three days' journeying, we should expect them to be 36 in number, but the story expressly omits to give the number, and it is easy to see why it does so; but it will become more clear when we consider the interpretation of the citrons, which can be explained by comparing them with the three hairs in Father Know-All. The general reason is that, having emerged from the definite period of darkness, the period of light is, as regards the story, unlimited. We have, then, a period of three days from the castle of silver to the castle of gold, a period when the sun was just re-appearing after its long winter sleep. Now, there was a period between the departure of the prince from his father's castle and his first encounter with the ravens. If, in George and his Goat, Manka, Doodle and Kate represent three days, as is likely enough, they would be the last three days of November, and the law of symmetry also requires this number. We should then have just 48 days from the prince's departure from home to his arrival at the castle of gold. Now in Father Know-All the hero arrives at a precisely similar castle of gold, and the sun returns to the castle as an old man. Therefore, when the giant returns to the castle of gold he returns at sunset, and is, in fact, the sun returning to the underworld. The three golden hairs are pulled out *in a single night*, the old man wakes three times and then falls asleep again. Now this part of the allegory falls in, to perfection, with the Arctic hypothesis, but cannot be satisfactorily explained in any other way whatever. Obviously, at the beginning of the sun-period in high Arctic latitudes, the sun rises for a very short time at first, and then sets again, hardly, in fact, as yet really breaking the long winter night, in allegorical language, the old man (Pushan, *Bhaga* (Czech, *Buh*, god) or Aditya), just waking and then falling asleep again. Since, then, the gathering of the three citrons obviously corresponds to the drawing out of the three hairs in Father Know-All, the period of transit from the castle of gold to the hill of glass may be neglected as probably only occupying a few hours; the three citrons will therefore represent three Arctic winter days; to the cutting of the first orange there are three days; to the cutting of the second, three days; to the arrival home, three days—in all, twelve. From the arrival home, comprising the betrothal, marriage, and death of the old king, we may well imagine a month of thirty days to elapse, and this just accounts for the 90 days of the three winter months, thus:

Capricornus 31, Aquarius 31, Pisces 28 = 90.
 Prince's journey to castle of gold 48+3 (hill of glass), +3+3+3+30 = 90.

The hill of glass ought not to occasion any difficulty, though learned people have racked their brains over it to little purpose. The giant of the castle of gold (recollect, it is sunset) points it out to the hero with these words: "Do you see

that globe there blackening in the distance?" That is to say, it obviously means the cap of darkness spreading over the eastern region of the sky after sunset. And seeing that the next three days are but brief and fleeting apparitions, it maintains its individuality throughout, and then, as the days go on lengthening, crumbles away, vanishes and collapses altogether. The result, therefore, of this investigation is as follows: (1) The primitive epic fairy story consisted of five parts—A prelude of a year; the three months of winter, and a week with a few days appended. (2) This fairy story was hatched on that degree of latitude within the Arctic circle where the sun remains continuously below the horizon in winter for just six weeks. (3) It was hatched in a region where some very special formations of cloud cumulus occurred during one week, and, in fact, the first week in March; probably a region where exists a wide extent of lakes and perhaps rivers.

When we reflect upon this reconstituted Arctic fairy story, we find to our amazement that it lies at the root of the three most celebrated and popular forms of our European literature—the Epic poem, the Greek and modern drama, the latter with its five acts being based upon the analysis of the Greek drama, and the three-volume novel. As to the epic poem, the Iliad and Odyssey are the two perfect types, and conform so completely to the annual solar myth as to have induced competent writers to believe them to be altogether allegorical—myths of the dawn or what not. All other modern European epics are merely imitations of them. In the drama the first act is the annual prelude, the next three develop the action, and the fifth gives the final solution—exactly as in the annual solar myth. Many of Shakespeare's plays are indeed forms of fairy stories. We may cite for example "All's well that ends well," closely dramatized from Boccaccio, whose story most likely is but an elaborated European form of Kalidasa's masterpiece, the Indian drama, "Sakuntala, or the Lost Ring," itself obviously drawn from the annual solar myth; "The Taming of the Shrew," also dramatized, if I mistake not, from Boccaccio, who was probably indebted to the Venetian popular fairy story, Casa Cuccagna, itself a version of the Slovenian, "The Golden Spinneress." How appropriate, too, to lay the scene of the fairy drama, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in Athens in the time of Theseus, to indicate what our modern learned are only just beginning to realize, that Greek myths, North and Central European fairy stories, Jewish and Christian superstitions, and Hindoo creeds and mythologies are all but parts and parcels of one and the same thing. The first half of "Cymbeline," again, is taken from Boccaccio's story of the Merchant of Genova, and this has its counterpart in various Venetian fairy stories, the closest being The Three Waiters and the Golden Apple (*El pomo d'oro*), which in its turn is derived from the Polish legend of the Shepherd's Pipe. In form, again, "King Lear" is a pure and simple annual solar myth containing all the principal elements. But it is needless to insist further upon what is so obvious. In the three-volume novel—we moderns are such busy folk—the three winter months, the months of action of the Epic fairy story, have alone gone to form the new literary variant. In Blackmore's highly artistic "Lorna Doone," we have, however, an anti-climax, corresponding to the seven days at the end of The Three Citrons. Probably the host of unhappy scribblers who furnish our half-educated reading public with that feeble literary pabulum, the three-volume novel, which is supposed to give a picture of modern life, is quite unconscious that the optimistic fatality which compels it to marry off its heroes and heroines at the end of the story is due to the permanent disappear-

ance of the sun during some weeks of winter within the Arctic circle, and its re-appearance and subsequent marriage, in spring, with the re-awaking and glittering forces of life and movement that have conjured it back once more. In what is probably the greatest modern novel, however, Flaubert's *Salambô*, the solar myth form has been scrupulously preserved, only that, being transplanted to the semi-tropic soil of North Africa, the annual solar myth has melted into its microcosm of a diurnal one, as, in fact, happens more or less wherever the original Arctic epic fairy story drifts south. We have had instances, but not very marked ones, in the case of the Venetian fairy stories. The similar case of the Vedic and Brahmin mythology is still more to the point. When the winter setting is removed, the allegory in its original form ceases to appeal to the senses of the popular audience, and little by little modifies itself to reflect more closely the new climatic conditions. Cervantes' *Don Quixote* also partakes more or less of the nature of a solar myth, and most likely, upon analysis, it would be found that many of our most famous novels were modelled upon the same block, not perhaps always consciously, but owing to the instinctive conservatism of art and literature and its loyal adherence to and reliance upon the traditions of the craft.

In conclusion, it may be noted that, as I have already pointed out, two of the most famous modern lyrics, Heine's *Lorely* and Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott* are merely versified forms of the seven days' epilogue or anti-climax of the primitive story of *The Three Citrons*.

If the reader looks at the graphic plan of the story, and reflects a little, he will perceive that, whatever the state of the moon, when the sun disappeared on the 1st of December, the relative position of the castle of lead and the castle of silver can always be imagined as in the story and diagram. In certain cases, however, the distance between the castle of silver and that of gold would be increased. The mysterious disappearance of the sun into the underworld for a considerable period of time is sufficient to account for all the various Indian and Egyptian solar myths as well as those of Central and Northern Europe and Asia; but no other natural phenomenon is in the least degree sufficient—eclipses are too rare and intermittent, the diurnal disappearance too brief, frequent, and commonplace. When the primitive northern folk perceived that the ebb or drain underground of the life-forces in operation upon the surface of the ground, as it intensified, had gradually affected the sky also, and finally pulled the golden apple of the sun underground as well—for with their rude scientific knowledge they naturally inverted cause and effect according to our scientific way of looking at things—they must have turned to the pale image of the sun, the waxing and waning moon, as a pledge that the disappearance of the vital forces of nature was not permanent. No wonder if they associated it with those ebbing forces, and if the juices of life, the Soma, the water of immortality, became indissolubly connected with the waxing and waning, but yet, relatively speaking, constant moon, so that at last they came to be looked upon as almost one and the same thing.

The Sun-Horse.

[SLOVENIAN.]

THERE was once a region, gloomy and dark as the grave, for in it the divine sun never cast its rays. But there was there a king, and this king had a horse with a sun on its forehead, and this Sun-horse of his he had led through the dark region, from one end to the other, that the people might exist; and from this horse light flashed in all directions wherever they led him, as if it had been the loveliest day.

All at once this Sun-horse vanished.* Darkness worse than that of night rolled over the whole region, and nothing could scare it away. Unheard-of terror spread among the subjects, dreadful misery began to weigh them down, for they could neither work at anything nor fashion anything, and such confusion arose among them that everything was turned upside down. And so, to prevent the dissolution of his kingdom and the general ruin, the king set out with all his army to look for the Sun-horse.

Through dense darkness, here, there and everywhere, he at last somehow groped his way to the boundary of his kingdom. Through dense primeval mountains the divine light at last began to break forth from the next region, as if at dawn sunrise were emerging from densely packed masses of cloud. In these same mountains the king and his army arrived at a poor and lonely cottage. He enters to enquire where he is, what it all means, and so forth. By the table sat a fellow diligently reading in a large open folio. When the king bowed, he raised his eyes, returned the greeting, and got up. His whole figure proclaimed that he was not a man like other men, but that he was a seer.

"I have just been reading about thee," he said to the king; "how that thou goest in search of the Sun-horse. Harass not thyself further, for thou wilt not get him; but rely on me, I will discover him for thee." "And i' faith right royally will I reward thee, good man," responded the king. "I reckon not of any recompense; return home, thou and thy army; there there is need of thee; only leave me one servant."

* *Skapati* (it scappare) means lit.: to trickle away, drip or drain off; from *kap*, a drop of water.

The following day the seer, together with the servant, set off on a journey. The journey was long, and led them far, for they had already past the sixth region and had to go yet further, until, in the seventh kingdom, they halted at the royal palace. In this seventh kingdom three own brothers ruled, having three own sisters as their wives, whose mother was a witch. When they had halted before the palace, the seer says to the servant: "Now, listen, stay thou here and I will go in to spy out whether the kings are at home, for with them is the Sun-horse, and the youngest king is wont to ride it." So saying, he transformed himself into a green bird, and, flying off to the window of the eldest queen, fluttered about it so long and so kept pecking at it, until at last she opened it and let him into her apartment. And when she had let him in, he sat upon her white hand, and the queen was as delighted with him as if she had been a little child. "Ach! little rascal! i' faith! thou art a darling," she kept repeating as she sported with him; "if my husband were at home, thou hadst delighted him, too; but he comes not save in the evening, he has gone away to inspect a third part of his district."

All at once the old witch dashed into the apartment, and glancing at the bird shrieked to the girl: "Seize that accursed bird, or else it will dirty thee." "Ach! how could it dirty me when it is such a darling, such a harmless little thing?" replied the girl; and the witch: "A harmless darling? piece of nastiness! here with it, that I may wring its neck;" and now she rushed after it. But the bird quickly turned itself into a man, and away out of the door; they did not the least know what had become of him.

After this, he again turned himself into a green bird, and flew off to the window of the second sister, and pecked and pecked at it until at last she opened it for him. And when she had let him in he flew on to her white hand and fluttered backwards and forwards from hand to hand. "Ah! little wretch, what a darling thou art!" exclaimed the queen smilingly; "faith, thou hadst delighted my spouse when he left home; but he cometh not until to-morrow evening, he has gone to inspect two-third parts of his kingdom."

At this moment the witch dashed wildly into the apartment. "Wring its neck! wring its neck! the accursed bird, or it will dirty thee still!" she shrieked the moment she caught sight of it. "Ach! how should it dirty me? why, it's such a harmless, such a darling little thing!" replied the girl; and the witch: "A harmless darling piece of nastiness; here with it, let me wring its neck," and she was

just on the point of clutching it. But the green bird, at that instant, transformed itself into a man; he ran out of the door, and as if from a flat palm of the hand, disappeared, so that they did not the least know what had become of him.

After awhile he again changed himself to a green bird, and flew away to the window of the youngest queen, and fluttered about it and pecked at it so long until at last the queen opened it. And when she had let him in, he flew straight to her white hand, and so ingratiated himself that she sported with him with a childlike delight. "Ach! little rascal! indeed thou art a darling!" says the queen; "were my husband here, indeed thou hadst charmed him too; but he will not come until the evening of the day after tomorrow, for he is gone to inspect all three divisions of his kingdom."

At this moment the old witch ran into the apartment. "Wring its neck! wring its neck! the accursed bird!" she shrieked while still at the door, "or it will dirty thee yet!" "Ah! mother mine, the idea of its dirtying me, the beautiful innocent little pet!" replied the daughter; and the witch: "Beautiful, innocent piece of nastiness! here with it, let me wring its neck!" But at that instant the bird made itself into a man, and he off and away out of the door so that they never saw him again.

Now the seer knew where the kings were, and when they were coming home. He came to the servant and told him to hasten after him out of the city. After this they went at a brisk pace, on and on, until they came to a bridge, over which the kings must pass. Under this bridge they lurked until the evening.

When the evening sun had sunk behind the mountains, there was to be heard at the bridge the thud of a horse's hoofs. It was the eldest king returning home. At the bridge the horse stumbled over a beam which the seer had rolled across the bridge. "Eh! who is the scoundrel that has rolled this beam here?" shouted the king, incensed. That instant the seer leapt from under the bridge and stormed at the king for daring to abuse him as a scoundrel, and seizing his sword hurried after him. The king, too, drew his sword in defence; but after fencing a short time, fell from his horse a corpse. The seer lashed the dead king to his horse and then whipped up the horse that it might carry its dead master home. After this he retired under the bridge and again lurked there until evening.

When the next day inclined towards evening, the second king arrived at the bridge, and seeing the ground bespattered with blood,

exclaimed: "They have killed someone here! Who has ventured, in my kingdom, to commit such a crime?" At these words, the seer leapt from under the bridge, and with drawn sword rushed at the king, exclaiming: "How darest thou insult me? Defend thyself as best thou canst." The king fenced and fenced, but after a short tussle expired under the sword of the seer. The seer again lashed the dead body to the horse and whipped up the horse that it might carry its dead master home. After this he retired under the bridge and lurked there until the third evening.

The third evening, just at the set of the sun, sped the youngest king on the Sun-horse, sped fast, for he had been delayed somewhat; but as a pool of blood crimsoned the ground before the bridge, he halted, and observing it, exclaimed: "It has been some unheard-of criminal who has dared to kill a man in my kingdom." Scarcely had these words escaped his lips when the seer posted himself before him with drawn sword, vigorously urging him to defend himself for having cast a slur upon the honour of a seer. "I know not how," responded the king, "unless thou art thyself the criminal." But as his opponent was already hurrying after him with a sword, he drew his, too, and did his best to defend himself.

To vanquish the first two brothers was mere child's play for the seer. Not so, this one. Long they fought, their swords were broken, and yet victory did not declare itself for one or the other. "Now we shall never decide the affair with our swords," says the seer; "but knowest thou what? We will turn ourselves into wheels, and then let ourselves off down yonder hill; the wheel which is broken, he is vanquished." "Very well," replied the king; "I will be a cart wheel, and thou some lighter wheel." "Ah, not so; thou shalt be the lighter wheel and I will be the cart wheel," observed the seer hastily; and the king agreed even to that. Hereupon they set off to the hill, there turned themselves into wheels and let themselves roll down the slope. The cart wheel flew spinning along, and whack! into the lighter one, so that it smashed it all to pieces. The seer immediately emerged in his proper shape from the cart wheel, and exclaimed exultantly: "There thou art at last! mine is the victory!" "Ah! not so, worshipful brother," cried out the king; "it is only my finger that thou hast broken as yet. But knowest thou what? We will transform ourselves into flames, and the flame which burns up the other shall be the victor. I will transform myself into a crimson flame, thou into a whitish one." "Ah! not

so," broke in the seer; "thou into the whitish one and I into the crimson one." The king consented even to this. They ran out on to the road to the bridge, and, changing themselves into flames, began to burn one another without mercy. For a long time they burnt one another and nothing came of it. At this moment—would you believe it?—appears an old beggar-man with a long grey beard and a bald head; he has a large wallet at his side, and is bending over a big thick staff. "Old father," says the whitish flame, "if you will bring water and sprinkle that crimson flame, I will give you a kreutzer." And the pink flame quickly cries out: "Old father, I will give you a groschen if you will pour the water on to the white flame." The beggar liked a groschen better than a kreutzer; brought the water and poured it on the white flame. So it was all over with the king. The crimson flame changed itself into a man, caught the Sun-Horse by the curb-chain, seated himself upon it, summoned the servant, and, thanking the beggar for his timely aid, continued his journey.

In the royal palace was deep sorrow over the murdered kings; the whole palace was draped in black cloth, and the people thronged into it from all sides to look at the mutilated bodies of the two elder brothers, just as their horses had brought them home. The old witch, infuriated at the death of her sons-in-law, was brewing vengeance upon their murderer, the seer. Then suddenly she seats herself upon a rake-handle, catches up her three girls under the armpits, and hie! away with them into the air.

The seer and his servant had already traversed a good part of the road, for they had put their best foot forward; and now they were going among nothing but barren mountains and smooth-shorn wildernesses. Here a terrible hunger seized upon the servant, and to appease it there were not even any wild berries anywhere. Here-upon they all at once come to an apple-tree. Apples hung upon it; 'twas well the boughs were not broken; they smelt beautifully, they glowed a delicious russet red, and quite invited you to eat. "Praised be God!" cries out the servant, in ecstasies; "now I shall make a dainty feast off these apples." And he was just running to the apple-tree. "Don't attempt to pluck of them," shouted the seer to him; "stay, I will gather them myself for thee." And instead of gathering an apple, he drew his sword and thrust it forcibly into the apple-tree. Crimson blood spouted far out of it. "There, look! thou seest; thou wouldst have taken corruption if thou hadst eaten

of those apples, for that apple-tree was the eldest queen, whom her mother had posted here on purpose to carry us out of the world."

After a time they came to a spring. The water in it welled up, clear as crystal; it regularly surged out, and quite allured the wayfarers. "Ach!" says the servant, "if I cannot get anything more substantial, I will drink plenty of this good water." "Do not venture to drink of it," cried the seer; "but wait, I myself will draw of it for thee." But the seer did not really draw the water, but with drawn sword made a stab into the very middle of it. All at once it was stained with the blood which began vigorously to surge up, wave after wave. "That's the second queen, whom her mother, the witch, posted for the purpose of carrying us out of the world," said the sage; and the servant, thanking him for his warning, trudged on, willy nilly, whether thirsting or starving, wherever the seer led him.

Soon after this they came to a rose-bush; it was one mass of pink from the delicious roses all over it, and filled the whole neighbourhood with its odour. "Ah! what beautiful roses! Really, I am sure I never saw their like before in all my life. Ej! I will go and gather a few of them; at any rate, I shall find some consolation in them for not being able to satisfy my hunger and thirst." "Nay, do not venture to pluck any of them," exclaimed the seer; "I will gather them for thee myself." So saying, he made a slash at the bush with his sword; crimson blood spurted out, just as when one cuts a human vein. "That is the youngest queen," says the seer to the servant, "whom her mother, the witch, posted here, wishing to avenge herself upon us for the death of her sons-in-law." This said, they continued their journey.

When they stepped across the boundary of the dark kingdom, flashes of light streamed in every direction from the horse's forehead, and everything came to life again; the beautiful regions exulted, and spring returned with new flowers. The king knew not how sufficiently to thank the seer, and pressed upon him as a reward one half of his kingdom; but the seer replied: "Thou art king, lord it over the kingdom, and I will return to my cottage in peace." He departed and went.

NOTE.

FROM the conclusion of the Three Citrons it was inferred that the primitive epic fairy story was hatched within the Arctic circle at some point where there are numerous lakes or rivers, or both. The Sun-horse tends to confirm this theory. Let the reader turn to the plan of the two stories, and he will see that, assuming the six kingdoms traversed by the seer and servant in search of the Sun-horse to be so many weeks, they exactly tally with the journey of the young prince from the first meeting with the ravens to the departure from the castle of silver, a period of forty-two days. And, assuming this coincidence, the other elements also exactly coincide. It follows, therefore, that the first kingdom—that one, namely, in which the divine sun never shone—is also a period of time. It therefore coincides with November, of which, in fact, it is a perfectly natural and obvious allegory. The disappearance of the Sun-horse seems to allegorize a year when the fog was so thick that the sun disappeared for awhile altogether: that is to say, the legend belongs to some region intersected with lakes or canals to supply vapour enough to produce such a phenomenon in an Arctic, and therefore smokeless, part of the world. The arrival of the king at the limits of his kingdom where the sun peeps through dense fogs, will thus correspond to the Manka, Doodle and Kate incident in George and his Goat, and the end of the three first days' travelling of the young prince in the Three Citrons, that is, to the end of the first three days' winter frost at the end of November.

We have already seen that Father Know-All represents the original epic fairy story with the incidents fairly distributed over it, the only part which is missing being the last week's epilogue or anti-climax, followed by a brief indeterminate period of a few days.

The stories we have been considering are all varied from the primitive type by the omission of part of the period, or the excessive elaboration of one or two of its elements. Thus, while Father Know-All corresponds in form to the epic poem, Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes is the prototype of our three-volume novel, The Three Citrons of the three-volume novel with an anti-climax of the Lorna Doone type; in both of these stories the three months' winter period being excessively elaborated; in the former, indeed, the last three days' struggle to get back the sun is the *pièce de résistance*, while in the latter the journey through the forty-two sunless days is the appetizing morsel. In reading other fairy stories and legends with intelligence, it will be perceived that all the more celebrated ones—those, that is to say, most widely diffused—obey the same law. Either we have abridgments of the whole primitive epic, or condensation of one part or parts, combined with the expansion of others, or the isolation of one of the elements and its special elaboration. In the more purely local stories the disintegration may have gone further, and some single incident be that from which the story is evolved, and the only link connecting it with its proper section of the primitive myth. To make this clearer, I will give two instances of local fairy stories in which the connecting link has almost disappeared. The first is a Venetian one called *La Merda*, which is an allegory of the rise of Venice from the slime and mud of the Lagoons.

Three fairies, passing over a meadow, find a beautiful piece of dung. They decide to turn it into a beautiful girl with a golden ring on her finger, who, so long as she wears this ring, is fated to say nothing but "Dung, dung, dung." The ring, transferred to another person, carries the peculiarity with it. A prince passes and sees the beautiful girl, and in spite of her conversational defects takes her home and marries her. (The incident of the Virgin Mary Godmother, The Tinkling Linden, *Bela la mare ma più bela la fia*, and hundreds of others.) One day they go to mass. After mass there is a collection and a sermon. The girl, having forgotten her purse, puts the gold ring in the collector's alms-salver. The preacher, seeing a fine gold ring in the salver, beckons the collector to bring it him, puts it on his finger and begins his sermon: "Dearly beloved brethren, Dung, dung, dung, dung, dung." Hereupon the congregation stampedes, scandalized at this peculiar form of Papal benediction; but henceforth the young queen remains cured of her defect. This ring is almost the only link between *La Merda* and Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, or Golden Locks; but the incident of the gold ring on the pike's fin turns up in a thousand different forms. We have seen it in the *Sakuntala*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, and in *Boccaccio*; we have it in the *King of Thule* and a Lowland Scotch variant of the *Sakuntala* legend; nay, this image of the disappearance of the golden apple of the Arctic circle into its black sea of sunless winter has so taken hold of popular imagination that it has become embodied in custom, and we have the Papal fisherman's ring, the wedding ring, and the gold ring worn by the boys in their left ear all through the Venetian province, as well as the ring with which the Doge married the Adriatic. Lastly, in the legend of the piece of money found in the fish's mouth we have another form of the primitive myth, unless indeed it was that the myth so impressed Christ's mind, that he took it into his head to act it by means of ground-baiting, and the simple, ignorant, and superstitious Christians have since dubbed this commonplace trick of fishing craft, a miracle—something, that is to say, according to their confused ideas, which reverses the ordinary laws of nature, and proves the performer of it to be a direct Incarnation of the Divinity.

The other story of a local type similar to *La Merda* to which I alluded, is a Slovenian one called *The Lake of Carlovics*. In this story a Wallachian peasant is induced by a black priest (or enchanter) to help him to exorcize two dragons out of the lake. They then fly through the air on their backs until they arrive at a certain town. Here they alight, kill the dragons, and sell their flesh for a large sum of money, because it is so hot in that town that the inhabitants, to keep alive, are obliged constantly to hold a piece of the dragon's flesh under their tongues. Now this is obviously the popular, poetical way of saying that some one, long ago, made a lucrative business of collecting the ice of the Lake of Carlovics, and selling it in some hot southern town in the neighbourhood; but the black priest or prince (the two words are closely connected in Slavonic) is our friend of the Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes story, and the dragon is the gentleman that so frequently keeps guard over the enchanted beauty. The black priest or sorcerer is, in fact, the long black night of the Arctic winter, who, after the three days' struggle, flies out of the window as a raven; and the dragon is the frost and ice—his agent in keeping nature spell-bound. This story forms a remarkable instance of how easily the most commonplace events become distorted into legends of miraculous events, by the imagination of the ignorant and superstitious, and how they become a sort

of radiating centre for much more ancient legends and myths to crystallize around.

We have seen in Father Know-All that the Prelude occupies a period of a year from the 1st of December to the 1st of December. Naturally, therefore, the events are sketched in but slightly. The childhood of Plavachek, for example, is passed over without comment, because, occupying the same period as the great winter romance, it would only be a feeble, infantile anticipation of it. This period, however, being left indefinite, has been seized hold of by popular fancy to burlesque the great winter romance; hence we have a crop of stories of the Red Riding Hood type, in which a wolf or an overgrown baby eats up all the characters and then splits open, and all the characters march out again. *El Galo*, the cock (Venetian), *Le tre ochete* (the three goslings), also Venetian, *Otesanek* (Little Shaveling, Czech), *Budulinek* (Moravian: *buda* is connected with the word "booth"), Red Riding Hood, the Finding of Moses in the Rushes (so appropriately parodied in the frontispiece to Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad"), are one or two types of this large group of popular burlesqued annual solar myths. Speaking generally, it may be said that the first incident in Father Know-All has given us the group of miraculous birth legends of the Bethlehem and Three Magi (Christian), or The Godmother death type (Moravian, but found in a degraded form in Italy as *Crispino e la Comare*). The saving of Plavachek has given us the popular burlesques of which the Finding of Moses and Little Red Riding Hood are types. The journey of the prince and the struggle for the three hairs gives the bulk of the popular fairy stories which differ according as the journey or the struggle is the most elaborated; in the Three Citrons the journey, in the Sun-horse the struggle, is the part most carefully worked out. The struggle for the three hairs isolated has perhaps, on drifting south, transformed into the midsummer fairy stories of which *Ježinky* and the Wood Woman (Czech) are among the most beautiful instances. Lastly, the week's epilogue, tag, or anti-climax has given us the great group of Lorely and Miraculous Hair legends. Nor is this, perhaps, all. This or that segment of the primitive myth having produced a whole group of variants, the details of these new stories have been transformed and grafted, so to say, upon members of the other groups; language, latitude, and climate, as the stories drifted southward or to and fro, have helped to modify them, and thus the precious heirloom of folk-lore and popular legend, as we possess it at the present day, has been gradually compounded from the disintegration of the primitive rock.

A glance at the plan, and a rapid mental *résumé* of the Sun-horse, and we see that the whole bulk of the story consists of a development of the incident of the three hairs in Father Know-All, of the three days and nights in the enchanted castle of Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, and of the castle of gold and the hill of glass in the Three Citrons. The Sun-horse, in this part of it, is nearest to the Three Citrons; the three days' struggle at the return of the sun from its winter underworld causes a twofold set of events, the first in the castle or palace where information is obtained as to the whereabouts of the hill of glass in the former, and of the three kings in the latter case, but it is more highly elaborated. I have said that the rape of the three hairs in Father Know-All can only be explained as an Arctic allegory of the first days of the sun's return, when it only appears for so short a time above the horizon that it may be said just to wake and go to sleep again during a single long night. No doubt as the myth drifted south this part of

the legend would gradually modify itself to suit a less rigorous winter and other changed climatic conditions, and perhaps this may have been partly the case with Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes; nevertheless, in all four of the above-cited fairy stories it is perfectly possible to interpret the incidents, without forcing them, as Arctic winter ones, while in Father Know-All and the Three Citrons it is the only satisfactory interpretation. Let us look a little more closely at the event as elaborated in the Sun-horse. But before doing so let us try and put ourselves into the mental position of our savage circumpolar ancestors. At present, enlightened by science, we refer all the vital phenomena of the surface of our globe to the heat of the sun. But the instinct of savage people is just the other way. There is with them a complete inversion of cause and effect. It is not (see supplementary essay) the sun that creates mankind, but mankind that creates the sun. It is not the sun that brings back the spring, but the gathering vital forces of nature that conjure back the sun. And if this habit of mind, still prevalent among religious folk whose superstitions represent the dying cosmical blunders of primitive barbarism, is still powerful enough to cause hundreds of thousands of Christians to believe that by prayer they can conjure the climatic effects dependent upon the movements of cyclones and anti-cyclones, or thereby change the course of epidemics or their own lives and conduct, it is not wonderful if savages within the Arctic circle, with few or no means of accurate observation and scanty stores of accumulated knowledge, mistook cause for effect, and imagined it was the cold which killed the sun and not the sun which killed the cold. In fact, it is probable that with the scanty accumulated knowledge and means of observation of those times, our first men of science would have come to pretty much the same conclusion. The sun being imagined as at all events not so very far away from the earth, the cold that affected the earth would naturally be supposed, when it was extreme, also to extend itself to the upper sun-heaven. Now it would be matter of constant observation that as things lost their heat they lost their mobility and buoyancy, that as the fire smouldered out its flames leapt less high, that as the water cooled its vapour ceases to rise, that when it congealed to ice all movement was checked. Again, it would be also recognized that if the sun was not the primary source of heat, it was all events a sort of reservoir or point of condensation of terrestrial warmth, and that, as this last declined, the sun had less *vis viva* to perform its diurnal revolution, until at last, growing weaker and weaker *pari passu* with the increasing rigour of the frost, it had hardly force left to raise itself a few degrees above the horizon. At last it died, the cold had killed it, it disappeared into the maw of Fenris the wolf; the golden apple, frost-bitten like any other apple, had fallen into the subterranean apple garth; all that remained to hope for was that the deity, prime source of the vigorous, sensual northern vitality, would have vital force enough to revivify the old sun or to create another one. In order to do this, in order to resuscitate the sun, to recover the Sun-horse, what was required was for the vital forces of nature to combat and conquer the long winter frost and lifelessness. And seeing that man was conscious above all things in himself of that general vitality, the notion of the seer or hero who performed the miracle became something more than a mere metaphor, it hovered between allegory and reality, like the faiths, hopes, and superstitions of our own modern religious world. If the reader has followed these preliminary observations, he will see how perfectly natural and easy is the explanation of

the incidents which take place in the castle and at the bridge in the story of the Sun-horse.

In the adventures of the seer at the palace of the three kings we have an allegory of the indications of the coming break-up of the long winter Arctic night and the return of warmth and vitality upon the earth which rescue and bring back the sun. The reader will remember that the Three Fates in Father Know-All were dressed in white and carried tapers in their hands, the imagery being taken from the white world of snow with the stars shining above it. In the same way the three queens with their white hands represent the snow, and the witch mother-in-law is the cold or the darkness, the dragon or the black priest, or perhaps a sort of blending of the two. The green bird is the patches of green where the snow has melted owing to the ground-thaw, so often the prelude to the atmospheric thaw. When the witch exclaims, "Wring the bird's neck, or it will dirty you yet," it is only another way of saying: "If the thaw continue, the snow will become nothing but mud and slush." In the palace of the seventh kingdom, then, we are given the indications of the coming thaw—Nature's great vernal transformation-scene in circum-polar lands; at the bridge, which, as we know from Long, Broad, and and Sharp-Eyes, is the popular, poetical figure for the moment of sunset, we have the actual beginning of the transformation scene. All ardent skaters must be conscious with what anxiety they scan the weather at the moment of sunset, in order to divine whether their divine pastime will yet have a lease of life accorded to it, or is destined to expire with the morrow's sun.

No doubt, in the same way, in circum-polar regions, the sunsets of the brief days after the first re-appearance of the sun after its winter sleep were scanned by our circum-polar ancestors with the same eagerness, in order to be able to conjecture whether or no the victory of vitality and light were at last in process of being secured. Did the puddles remain wet, or was a net-work of ice-spicules beginning to form over them? Did the dead-white sky veil itself rapidly in a cloak of darkness, or did the sunset burn low in lurid redness, or did a pellucid rose-tree rise transparent, like the shimmering vapour of a hot summer mid-day, suffusing itself through the limpid transparency of the western sky? It was a matter of very practical importance to those primitive ancestors of ours in their stuffy, uncomfortable, round winter pits, destitute of all or nearly all our modern luxuries, with the water that wouldn't boil, or cooled as soon as boiled, no soap, and only flint scraping stones to shave with, quite as important, indeed, as it is nowadays to the modern skating enthusiast or tobogganer, or perhaps even more so.

Now in the three days' contest at the bridge we have an admirable description of the last three days of a spell of winter weather. We have all the prognostications of the coming thaw in a poetical dress, and in the journey home a picture of the milder weather with the efforts of the frost "to take hold" again. Two popular weather saws (*Sagas*) inform us that in winter "Three white frosts and then a thaw," and in summer, "Three fine days and then a thunderstorm," is the usual sequence; and in both cases the weather intensifies from the first day to the third. The frost goes on doubling and doubling, and then bursts like the "enfant terrible" in Otesanek or Little Shaveling; the weather gets hotter and hotter, and people say: "Oh! this must end in a thunderstorm." In the present instance we shall have two elements, therefore, tugging in opposite directions, so to say: the

lengthening days and the strengthening power of the sun, the strengthening frost and the shortening nights, or three to one against the frost-kings. For let us assume the three kings to be the frost, riding home at sunset, then we see at once why the encounters became more difficult each night; the story also gives us a clear hint of the lengthening of the days when it says "the youngest king sped fast, for he had been delayed somewhat." The horror of the frost-kings at bloodshed is intelligible enough, anything fluid being contrary to their very existence and abhorrent to their whole *régime*. The pool of blood is evidently the pool of unfrozen water in which the lurid red of the sunset is reflected. The cart-wheel which smashes the lighter wheel is the disc of the sun, supplanting the disc of the moon that had been omnipotent in the long winter night; the red flame conquering the pale flame is the light of the sunset and the sunrise gradually crowding out the moonlight; the old heggar man is the Annual Destiny or Fate sprinkling with dew the dying moon at the triumph of the dawn. The witch catching up her daughters and flying with them into the air is the evaporation of the snow, which, by cooling the air occasionally at the end of a long spell of winter weather, galvanizes the frost into a last effort, and effects brief temporary arrests of the triumph of returning spring. The apple tree, the well, and the rose tree symbolize three such brief arrests, and the blood of the three queens is the surface-water produced by the melting of the snow in contradistinction to the genuine streams and rivers. And lastly, the Sun-horse, with the sun on its forehead, which at the beginning of the story in November was but a substitute for the sun, faintly glimmering through autumnal mist and fog, has now become the sun itself, returning triumphant in the triumph of a re-awakening and unclouded spring.

Right after all remains Right.

[UPPER LUSATIAN.]

Now there was a gamekeeper who had a son who was also a gamekeeper. He sent him into a foreign land to see the world and learn a little more. Here he comes to an ale-house where he finds a strange man, with whom he enters into conversation. And the two discourse together on all sorts of topics, until at last they begin to talk in earnest. And the stranger said that it was possible, with the help of money, to make even the most unrighteous thing right. The gamekeeper, on the other hand, maintained that right after all remained right, and said that as a foreigner he was willing to stake three hundred dollars on it. The stranger was quite satisfied with this arrangement, and the two agreed to ask the opinion of three advocates in the matter. The two go to the first advocate, and he says that it is possible for money to turn wrong into right. Then the two go to the next one. He also says that, for money, wrong can be turned into right. Finally, the two go to the third. And he also tells the pair that it is possible for money to make wrong right. After this the two go home again together, and as they had been walking about the whole day, they reached the ale-house quite late in the evening. The stranger then asks the gamekeeper whether he does not now believe that it is possible for the most unrighteous act to be made right with the help of money, and the gamekeeper replies that he must almost believe it, according to the ruling of the three legal gentlemen, although it still did not seem true to him. The stranger was willing to leave him his head provided he paid the three hundred dollars; but just as the two were talking it over, another man arrived, who suggested to the stranger that he ought to stand by the arrangement they had made together at first. However, he does not do so, but just deprives the gamekeeper of the light of his eyes with a red hot iron, observing at the same time that he, too, will believe that right remains right in the world when the gamekeeper gets his sight again.

And the gamekeeper entreated the ale-house keeper to conduct him on to the right road to the town. Mine host conducted him on to the road to the gallows, and went his way. When the gamekeeper had gone on some distance, the road came to an end, and he heard eleven strike. He could go no further, and remained lying there in the hopes that perhaps some one would come in the morning. After a little while he hears a tapping, then again some one comes, and no long time elapsed before a third joined the other two. Now it was three spirits who at night left their bodies and performed all sorts of abominations on earth. They began to talk among themselves, and one remarked: "'Tis exactly a year and a day since we were here together and related to one another our performances of the previous year. A year is again gone by, and the time has come for us to investigate which of us in the past year has done the best stroke of business." The first answered, and said: "I deprived the inhabitants of the city of Ramuli of their water; but there is still help for them, if some one will discover what it is that stops up the source." "And what pray is it?" says the second; and the first replies: "I have placed a great she-toad upon the source from which the water used to run; if this toad is taken away, the water will then again flow as before." The second says: "I bewitched the princess of Sarahawsky, so that her beauty perishes, and she is shrinking into a skeleton; still there is help for her, if some one will draw out the silver broad-headed nail which is fixed above her couch." The third said: "Yesterday evening I had another man deprived of the light of his eyes with a red hot iron; still there is help for him, if he laves his eyes with the water which is to be found in a well not far from this gallows." After this, in the town it strikes twelve, and in a twinkling the three spirits vanish; the gamekeeper, however, carefully keeps in mind all he has heard, and rejoices to think that he will be able to get the light of his eyes again.

Early next morning he hears some one passing somewhere near, and begs him to send him people from the city to tell him where that good well is. After this, all sorts of people come to him, but none of them can shew him the well, until an old woman does so. He has himself conducted thither, and when he had washed his eyes, he then and there gets the light of his eyes again.

He now immediately enquires for the city of Ramuli, and sets off thither. As soon as he arrived there, he announced at once to the town council that he was willing to give them their water back.

Now as plenty of persons had already stayed there and the town had lavished much money upon them, but none of them had done any practical good, since everything had been in vain, they were now unwilling to have any further hand in the matter. Then he said that he was willing to do everything free of expense, if only they would let him have some of the slaves to give him help. And so it is arranged. When they had dug so far down as to have reached the appliances through which the water formerly flowed, and which were adapted to the source, he sent all the workmen away, and after groping about for a short time, lo! there was the she-toad seated on the source, like a copper built into a wall. He drew it out, and immediately the water began to flow, and after a short time all the wells were full and running over with water. Then the town prepared a grand feast in his honour, and rewarded him with much money for what he had done.

After this he continued his journey, and reached the town of Sarahawsky. There he found out after a short time that the princess was as ill as he had heard, and that no doctor could do her any good; that, consequently, the king had promised that he should marry her who succeeded in curing her complaint. Hereupon, he dressed himself up very smart, went to the king's castle, and there said that he had come from a distant country and that he wished to help the princess. The king replied that now he had quite lost all hope; but that at the same time he might try his hand on her. The gamekeeper said that he must go and get some medicines. He goes off and buys all sorts of nasty sweets, and then presents himself to the princess. He gives her the first dose and looks round to see in which of the beams the silver nail is fixed. Next day early, he visits her again, gives her some of his medicine, and while she is taking it seizes the nail and tugs away at it so long that at last it moves a little. In the evening the princess already feels a little better. The third day he again goes to her, and as the princess is taking her physic he again catches hold of the beam, pulls the nail clean out, and secretly stows it away in his pocket. By the forenoon the princess was now so perfectly cured that she wanted to dine, and the king invited the gamekeeper to a grand dinner. And they settled when the marriage was to be; the gamekeeper, however, made up his mind that he ought first to go home.

And after staying at home, he again came to the ale-house where he had lost the light of his eyes, and the stranger man was also

there. Again they began to discourse on all sorts of topics, and the gamekeeper mentioned what he had heard under the gallows; how he had discovered the water, and finally, also, how he had got the light of his eyes again, and he added that the strange man ought now to believe that right in the world still remained right. The strange man was very much astonished, and said that he was ready to believe it.

After this the gamekeeper pursued his way and came to his princess, and they had a grand wedding festival for a whole week in succession. The strange man now thinks to himself that he will go under the gallows: perhaps he, too, may discover things as the gamekeeper had done, and afterwards get some princess for his wife. And he goes there just as the year has run out. He hears eleven strike, and then after a little while a tapping, then again some one, and in no long time a third joins them. They begin to speak among themselves, and number one says: "It cannot be but last year some one overheard us, for everything which we had contrived has been spoilt and ruined. So before we recount to one another the past year's performances, let us make a thorough search." Forthwith they begin to search, and soon light upon the strange man. They rend him in three pieces and hang them upon the three arms of the gallows.

Now when the old king was dead, his people choose the gamekeeper to be their king, and if he is not yet dead, he is still ruling at the present day, and sticks to his faith in right being always and for ever right—in his kingdom at all events.

NOTE.

Just as the Venetian story, *The Love of the Three Oranges*, is a corrupted version of the *Three Citrons*, so the present story is a more modern and corrupted version of *Father Know-All*. We have left far behind us the open-air life of nature with its complete moral indifference and exuberant vitality as depicted in the earlier myths, and have got into an atmosphere of pot-houses, gallows, pettifogging lawyers and morality. It is worth noticing how in many of the Venetian variants, also relatively modern, pot-houses take the place of castles. This is the case in the *Three Waiters*, a variant of the *Cymbeline* legend, and also in others. Another indication of its more recent character is the confusion of the dates and the transference of the pin and dove incident, properly belonging to the epilogue of the *Three Citrons*, in a very corrupted form to an earlier section of the story, just as the three kings of the *Sun-horse* legend with their jewels of ice and snow have taken the place of the three Norns present at the birth of *Plavachek* in the more modern *Bethlehem* variant.

Both these variants are interesting and important as giving an indication of the great antiquity of the primitive myth.

Return of young king from the war. Disenchanted of queen, and burning of the witch and gipsy.

Time Indefinite.

War of young king with neighbouring kings. Bewitching of queen and transformation into a dove.

Arrival home: Cleaving of 3rd Citron: Betrothal and marriage of hero, and death of old king.

Complete plan of the second half of the story of the Citrons.

19th	January	Journey to Hill of Glass.
20th	"	Three days struggle at the bridge.
21st	"	"
22nd	"	"
23rd	"	"
24th	"	"
25th	"	"
26th	"	"
27th	"	"
28th	"	"
29th	"	"
30th	"	"
31st	"	"
1st	February	"
2nd	"	"
3rd	"	"
4th	"	"
5th	"	"
6th	"	"
7th	"	"
8th	"	"
9th	"	"
10th	"	"
11th	"	"
12th	"	"
13th	"	"
14th	"	"
15th	"	"
16th	"	"
17th	"	"
18th	"	"
19th	"	"
20th	"	"
21st	"	"
22nd	"	"
23rd	"	"
24th	"	"
25th	"	"
26th	"	"
27th	"	"
28th	"	"
29th	"	"
30th	"	"
31st	"	"

Complete plan of the second half of the Sun-Horse, showing the close relationship between the two stories.

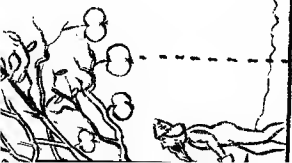
Boundary of the Sun-Horse Kingdom.

Return of young king from the war. Disenchanted of queen, and burning of the witch and gipsy.

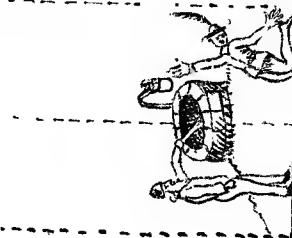
EXPLANATION OF PLAN.

THIS plan of the second half of the Three Citrons is a necessary deduction from comparing the Sun-horse, Father Know-All and the Three Citrons with the corresponding and later variants in Bernoni's Venetian folk-lore. The merit of the great Venetian folk-lorist's work is that it is an absolutely plain unvarnished tale, every syllable of which has been taken down direct from the mouths of the common people; it is, therefore, absolutely to be relied upon. Now before reading his work, I deduced *from internal evidence* that the period of Father Know-All was *a year and three months*. Now in that most precious relic, the Venetian story *L'omo morto* (the dead man), we find this deduction confirmed with certainty, for the heroine is invited to watch a year and three months and a week by the bedside of the dead man. And this story is a variant of the anti-climax of the Three Citrons, and allows us to infer with certainty that the incident of the war and the bewitching of the queen occupied exactly seven days. Again, in the variant of the whole story of the Three Citrons, in the Venetian *L'amore delle tre narance* that is to say, the *one* discrepancy between the Sun-horse and the Three Citrons does not occur, the third citron being cleft *before* the arrival at the castle home of the hero (see plan). And this discrepancy in the two forms of the Three Citrons is easily explained by the uncertainty whether in the return journey the three last days of November ought or ought not to be counted in. On the one hand, the law of symmetry requires that they should be; on the other hand, that they should not, in order that the marriage and betrothal month should exactly tally with February, the month when the birds pair. It follows from this that the Sun-horse is a fragmentary story, and closely related to the Three Citrons. Again, Right remains Right is simply a later variant of Father Know-All. We have thus established for four of the eight stories the period of a year, three months, a week, and a brief indefinite period, that is to say, in their primitive form. Again, all eight stories in their period from the first disappearance to the first re-appearance of the sun after its Arctic winter death exactly tally and synchronize. On the other hand, as we shall see, it is next to impossible to draw a comparative illustration to scale in which the events of the second half of the eight stories can be made to synchronize. To quote the most obvious instance: in Father Know-All the three days' struggle to recover the sunlight occurs in the castle of gold, and is omitted in Right remains Right; in the other stories it occurs as a twelve hours' journey from the castle or its equivalent. And the further we travel from the first half of the stories the greater become the discrepancies. Now if the

theory of the Arctic origin of the eight stories be the true one, this is just what we should expect; on any other it is inexplicable. For the six weeks' winter night on a given latitude is a definite period, not merely in theory, but in practice, and one that would indelibly stamp itself upon the primitive savage mind, with the dark misgivings of a perfectly reasonable terror—for there was to the people of those days no logical reason of any validity why the sun should re-appear after its winter death. Granted that within living memory and tradition it always had done so after a period of forty-two days, there was no logical proof whatever that it always would do so; it might be destined at no very distant period to set for ever and close for ever the sorry roll of earthly human existence, or to set for a period long enough to destroy all existing life upon the world and then to re-emerge and re-create a new era. We can only dimly realize with what passionate anxiety the more intelligent of the primitive inhabitants of the Arctic circle, under the constant shadow of this misgiving, would note the phases of the moon in that long night in order to establish the period of darkness, how light and dark moons would thus of necessity become the natural mode of reckoning time, how the moon would be everywhere hailed as *par excellence* the measurer and its light be looked upon as the water of life, the mystic Soma juice, the elixir of life, because it was the earnest and promise of the return of spring life and immortality, with the sun its mystic symbol in the heavens. So much for the winter night. The period after the solar resurrection down to the 1st of March was in a very different condition. It was in a certain sense an arbitrary period. It did not begin and end with the sharpness and definiteness of a newly-made grave. It was not a gap, a blank in the existing order of nature delved by some invisible hand, and always of exactly the same length, but merged gradually into the nightless summer day. And the partial thaws prelude the spring, and typified by the cleaving of the citrons, the apple tree, the well and the rose bush, were events which stubbornly refused to be submitted to any chronological law whatever, their occurrence varying with every varying year. Thus these eight primitive fairy stories in whose literary sculpture the Arctic winter mystery of death and regeneration is remodelled with such striking fidelity, have preserved at once the rigidity of death and the flexibility of life, synchronizing precisely where they re-mirror the definite period of Arctic winter death, diverging and divesting themselves of their mutual coherence where they allegorize the gradual return of spring, with its variously distributed thaws and partial relapses into winter frost and ice.



The Tree



The Well



The Rose-Bush



Cleansing the wolf at the City



Healing the Apple tree at 2nd Ferry-boat.



final bag.



EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

THE preceding plate is a comparative illustration of the first half of the eight fairy stories, and shows to demonstration that they are all variants of one and the same primitive myth, the origin of which was the long winter night of the Arctic circle. The drawings are not fancy ones, they are simply plotted down from the stories. Truly astonishing is the absolute uniformity in segments seven, with the exception of the story of George and His Goat, the most confused of any of the stories. In all the rest we have the termination of a black forest or of the night spent in a black forest, or of journeying through kingdoms of darkness. In all these again we have a castle of gold with the figure of an old woman outside it, or some obvious variation to represent the re-appearance of the sun after the long Arctic winter night, either a castle of gold or a castle where a green bird perches on the three queens' snow-white hands, obviously the patches of green which appear at the melting of the snow; or a well which gives sight to the blind, or a lake with a gold fish in it, or a cleft rock with a gold nugget extracted from it, or a doll given the golden gift of speech and life. In George and His Goat we have an illustration of how in later variants the symbolical characters became mixed and interchanged. We know from the Venetian variant of the Three Citrons, *Le tre narance*, as well as from *Il cestelo di fiori*, that George's goat properly signifies Capricornus, and that the incident of making the princess laugh belongs properly to the beginning of the winter fairy romance. But in this story the events occurring in the black forest being hastily sketched in, the first frosts at the end of November have become linked with the return of light in spring, a combination all the more easy to be made from the facility with which the goat Capricornus was confounded with Aries; thus we can explain the mayor looking out of the window, and the bull afterwards brushing past and attaching itself to him, as the sun passing into the constellation of the bull in spring. The same is more or less true of the three mates in Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes; they are in part the long moonless night of the Arctic winter, its broad moonlight, and the returning sunlight after the dark period, in part the last autumn and two winter signs of the zodiac; and Broad is perhaps, besides this, a symbol of the autumn or spring floods, or perhaps both. We shall see soon how pre-eminently synthetic the speculation of primitive times was; this transformation and transposition of the symbolical characters is not, consequently, due to confusion of thought, but to a desire to establish recondite analogies between the part and the whole, to find the impress of the whole year in its microcosm, and of this in its six weeks' sunless period. Thus in the Moravian story of the Four Brothers, the four seasons are symbolized by personages closely resembling Long, Sharp-Eyes,

and the tailor of Reason and Happiness. Thus in the Bethlehem legend we have the three kings of the Sun-horse put in the place of the three Norns of Father Know-All. In the comparative illustration the dark line at the top of it indicates the long Arctic winter night, where the primitive legend was first invented; and so profoundly did it affect the consciousness of our ancestors, that, like the traditional blood-stain which cannot be effaced, faint or distinct it has remained within the web and woof of these eight primitive Slavonic fairy stories, and can be more or less clearly traced in all of them. There is, in fact, in all of them, a strange material kind of inertia. Just as the Noah's Ark or cloud-wrack persists identical in form through the long winter's night, and maintains its contours until the last flicker of white fleece melts away into the transparent ether, just as every vibration of the tide's waves are mirrored in the sand pictures of the sand and coal dust in the Durham Sands, just as the cloud-line follows the mountain, just as the gyroscope retains the inclination given to it, just as the expression of face in a pencil sketch cannot wholly be got rid of by any amount of after-altering of the lines which form the features, so in the first half of these stories the sun's six weeks' sojourn in the underworld of Arctic winter life has printed itself indelibly upon all of them. One of the most curious instances of this "inertia" is perhaps to be found in the Venetian story—in every respect modern—of a holiday dinner. As we shall see, the cat jumps into a spider's web, her tail hangs down, and the dog jumps at the tail, the wife at the dog, the husband at the wife, and they are all hung up together. Now this is George and His Goat over again: the goat is the old woman of the *Tre narance*, she is the old woman of the Three Citrons, who corresponds to the Norns of Father Know-All, the third of whom is found by the hero, spider-like, spinning in a corner of the deserted castle of gold.

The Three Gibbons (6)								
	12 hours for Castle of Gold Hill of Glass	3 days at the Hill of Glass	cleaving of the first Orange	cleaving of the 2nd Orange	all February	cleaving of the third Orange and death of the old King.	7 days war and bewitching of Queen	Final denouement.
The Sun Horse (7)								
	12 hours from the palace of the Three Kings to the Bridge	3 days Struggle at the Bridge	The Apple Tree	The Well	The Rose-Bush			
Father Know-All (1)								
	Rape of the Three Hairs (interpolated from the Castle of Gold.)				Cleansing the well at the 7th City	Healing the Apple Tree at 2nd Ferry-boat.	final tag.	
Goldenlocks (3)								
	Passage by boat across the Lake to the Castle of Goldenlocks	Triptych representing the 3 days task there	Selection of Goldenlocks				Execution & resuscitation of George and final denouement.	
Right (85)								
				The gamekeeper cleansing the well at Rosnati.	Healing the sick Princess at Sarahawsky.	Fate of the stranger Man.		
Long, Broad, & Stamp Eyes (2)								
	Passage from the Cleftrock & Gold Nugget to the Castle of Iron.	The 3rd morning at the Castle of Iron.				Triumphal Return Home.		
George His Go (5)								

IF this second illustration, drawn as far as possible to scale, and representing the second half of the eight primitive annual solar fairy stories, be compared with the previous illustration, the symmetry of the one and the irregularity of the other cannot fail to strike the reader's imagination. The first is symmetrical because it represents the conventional myth fashioned, so to say, upon the rigid unchanging block of the six weeks' journey of the sun through the Arctic winter night from its first disappearance on the 1st December to its re-appearance forty-two days later in January. The second is irregular because the partial thaws and spells of warm weather, heralding the return of spring, are differently distributed in different years, and the final break-up of the reign of winter is also very variable in date. The only event which is of constant occurrence in this second half of the eight fairy stories, is the three days' struggle for the light, and even this is absent in *Right remains Right*, that story being a degraded and moralized version of *Father Know-All*, in which the rape of the three hairs occurs within the castle of gold instead of a twelve hours' journey beyond it. There is a certain correspondence—more apparent, however, than real—in the incident of the well; but in general the distribution of the incidents is so different in each of the eight stories as to form the strongest possible contrast with the mathematical regularity of the first group, which were capable of being exactly drawn to scale. Now the primitive annual solar fairy story's period may be compared to a ribbon a little more than sixty-one inches in length, this length being constant to represent the one year, three months, one week, and a few days deduced roughly from *Father Know-All*, and confirmed by the Venetian variant of the end of the *Three Citrons—L'omo morto* (the dead man)—and we must imagine this ribbon pinned down for just six inches to represent the definite six weeks' period of the Arctic winter night which gave rise to the myth. Hence, if a variant does not quite reach to the end of the period—the second week in March, and yet is to represent the whole of the year, three months, one week, and a few days, it will have to begin a little earlier, in other words, what is cut off one end of the ribbon will have to be added on to the other. Now *Father Know-All* is the only one of the eight myths which covers all, or nearly the whole of the period, and the end of it does not exactly tally with that of the *Three Citrons*, so that it is not wonderful if it begins a week or two earlier than the *Three Citrons* would have done if it had been complete, that is to say, if it had preserved its prologue or rapid sketch of the year previous to the prince's wandering through the forty-two days of the Arctic winter night. Consequently, in drawing the following diagram, which forms a rough plan of the primitive annual myth, it has been necessary to extend it rather beyond the exact limit of sixty-one equal spaces and a fraction, because the internal evidence of *Father Know-All* points to the birth of *Plavachek* having been imagined to occur about the middle of November instead of at the end of it, though it is not absolutely necessary to make this assumption. In any case absolute identity of parts and relation of parts in eight elaborate annual solar weather myths of great antiquity is hardly to be expected.

THIS general plan sums up in a more or less graphical form many of the results arrived at in the previous notes and comments to the eight stories. I have introduced the principal incidents in the last, and in many ways the most remarkable of the Venetian folk-lore stories, collected orally by the late D. G. Bernoni, because it confirms in a remarkable manner the inferences as to the dates and periods which were drawn from a comparison of Father Know-All, The Three Citrons, The Sun-horse, and *L'omo morto*. This story, called *El Rè Corvo* (King Raven), is a Venetian and consequently later variant of the Three Citrons; but while it has lost the anti-climax, it has preserved its prologue which links it more or less with Father Know-All. The main points of the story are briefly as follows: A queen, under a "conjunction," gives birth to a raven, which just twenty years afterwards returns and demands for a wife the baker's daughter. He has three. The king and queen go to the baker, who reluctantly agrees, after receiving a bribe to give his first daughter in marriage to the raven. On the eve of this marriage a beautiful youth passes the door of the baker's daughter, and says: "The idea of a beautiful girl like you to go and marry a raven. It will sit on your shoulder and dirty you." The girl replies: "If it does I shall kill it." The marriage takes place. On the following morning the girl is found strangled in bed. The raven has flown. The raven returns exactly at the end of a year, and the same happens to the second daughter of the baker. At the end of another year the raven returns and is betrothed to the third daughter of the baker. When the beautiful youth passes her door and taunts her, she replies: "Mind your own business; if it dirties me I shall have plenty of fine changes of raiment." The raven says to his parents: "This is the girl for me, I won't kill her." They marry, and in bed the raven turns into a beautiful youth. The young bride carries the raven about on her shoulder all day, and is devoted to it. Unfortunately, though bade keep the matter secret by her husband, she divulges to his aunt the secret of their marriage, and the raven flies away. His disconsolate wife begs of her father-in-law a pilgrim's dress and three pairs of iron shoes, and goes in search of him. Much the same events occur as in the Three Citrons, but she meets no flocks of ravens. The first castle is the castle of the wind, and the old woman gives her a chestnut, and bids her only open it in case of extreme need. The wind is prevented from eating the heroine by being well fed up and gorged with a plate of "pasta" and haricot beans, and sends her on to the castle of the moon. Here much the same happens, except that the old woman gives the heroine a walnut instead of a chestnut, and the moon (of course, a lady giant in Italian) is gorged with a saucepanful of rice, and sends the heroine on to the castle of the sun. Here the sun is gorged with maccaroni; the heroine is given an apple by the old woman, and is carried by the sun on his ray to the castle of King Raven. At the castle of King Raven the heroine engages herself as goose-girl, opens the chestnut, and a splendid robe comes out. The geese cackle on seeing it; the queen

enquires why; the heroine informs her, and shews her the dress. The queen desires to buy it; the heroine will only give it for a night with king Corvo; the queen, to get the robe, consents, and possets the king's wine. Baulked of her desire, the heroine laments throughout the night. The same happens with the walnut; but the king's confidential servant, who sleeps in the adjoining room, overhears the heroine lamenting, and informs the king. When the apple is opened, and the queen is bribed by the beautiful dress to concede a third night to the heroine, the king throws the possetted wine, unseen by the queen, under the table, and when the heroine sleeps with him the whole mystery is explained. A banquet is then announced, and the twelve neighbouring kings invited. At dessert, when the cloth is removed, each recounts his adventures, and last of all King Raven his. The end of the story is so quaint that I give it in full: "And now (says he) it's my turn to speak; and I have to relate what happened to a king, a friend of mine. Well, you must know, that this king was, in person, as we others are, and in the presence of his parents, in the form of a raven; because his mother, while *enceinte* with him, was under a conjuration; and so to her eyes he was a raven. In his kingdom of so and so, he married, and told his young spouse not to divulge that he was a youth; and she confided it all—every bit, to a friend of hers. And so it happened to this king to scamper off all at once, and to go a long, long way into another city. There he married again, never dreaming that his first wife would go and find him in that city so far away. Instead of that, this first wife of his, to go and find him again, she has worn out three pairs of iron shoes, and she has passed through all sorts of hardships. And his second wife has had the courage to arrange that for three suits of clothes his first wife should sleep with him for three nights. If it had been anyone who had had the idea of murdering him, that there second wife would have let him be deprived of life for three suits of clothes. Now what would she deserve, this second wife?" And he turns to the oldest king present, and says to him: "Sacred majesty, he who is the oldest king of all we others here, let him say what this second wife would deserve." He rises to his feet, this king, and he says: "She would deserve to be burnt in the middle of the piazza on a harrel of tar." Then King Raven causes his second wife to come forth, and he says: "And burnt let her be; it is your own daughter."

And so it was done; and this King Raven took with him the goose-girl, and they have renewed their marriage, and have always felt a world of love for one another.

Now this story is full of points of interest. In the first place it is obviously a form of the Three Citrons, and the three citrons were shewn by a comparison of the word *haluze* (a branch), and *halusky* (Slovenian for dumplings), to have come from the north through some Slavonian region north of Slavonia, and where *haluze* meant a branch; because in the north the Jack in the Bean Stalk legend speaks of branches but not of dumplings. In the Venetian variant a

trace of the bean stalk remains in the dish of scarlet runners, and as the scarlet runner is a symbol of the moon, this proves that the castle of the wind and the castle of lead really do, as was before inferred, represent the dark moon. The dumplings of the Slovenian legend have been transformed, the lead ones into a chestnut, the silver ones into a walnut, and the gold ones into an apple, the invariable high latitude symbol of the sun. It is, therefore, an absolutely unavoidable conclusion that the legend was transferred from Slovenia to Venice, and not the other way. Veronese *gnocchi*, a diminutive sort of dumplings, are indeed found in the restaurants of Venice, but they do not play the semi-comic rôle the dumpling has in Germany and Slavonia, nor are they, as there, to anything like the same extent popular national dishes; on the other hand, chestnuts, walnuts, and roast apples are sold everywhere in Venice, and form a substantial part of the common people's bill of fare.

As an instance of this, and of the large part plays upon words have in the formation of popular superstitions, I may cite the popular Venetian remedy for hæmorrhoids, viz.: to put a chestnut in your pocket; as it shrinks so, it is said, will the hæmorrhoids. This superstition is due to the similarity between the Venetian for hæmorrhoids, *'marroide*, and the word for the larger chestnut, *marroni*: the remedy, however, is not recommended to be applied, because, according to popular Venetian superstition, the malady carries with it the promise of longevity. Again, what else can the three pairs of iron shoes be but skates?—another indication of the northern origin of the legend, just as Mercury's, the mirk-god's, winged feet are most likely only another southern form of the Norsemen's ice-runners. But most significant of all is the prominence given to the raven element, that pre-eminently Scandinavian and anything but Venetian bird.

Still more important perhaps are the time elements of the story. It was shewn that, in Father Know-All, by assuming the twenty years of Plavachek to be twenty dark and light moons, that is, ten months, we brought the king's thirst after his hot summer ride to somewhere about the middle of September, and that the rest of the story would complete itself within the limits of a year and three months, as indicated by the Dead Man, the Three Citrons, etc. Now making the same assumption for King Raven, and supposing him to be born at the end of November—for his flight out of the window with the consequent gap or blank in the story is a faint palimpsest or *inertia-print* of the six weeks' Arctic winter night—his marriage with the first baker's daughter (*i.e.*, the successor to the baker or summer), will fall at the beginning of October. Now as there is an interval of a year, that is, a fortnight (light or dark moon) between each wedding, the second wedding will fall on the 15th October (about), and the third at the beginning of November. No straining of the imagination, therefore, is required to place the flight of King Raven at the end of November, and the journey of his bride through the dark world at the 1st of December. Thus the uniformity

of all these stories, because fashioned upon the same block of the six weeks' Arctic winter night, is again and again confirmed by different lines of reasoning. Lastly, as to the marriage of King Raven in October, it is to be observed that October in Slavonic is called *rijen* or the rutting month, and also that in that month and in the second week in November occur St. Martin's summer, and his little summer respectively. It may be considered too large and gratuitous an assumption to make that a fortnight corresponds to a year. Let us see. The whole character of the stories, Father Know-All and the Three Citrons, shews them to be more archaic than the moralized variants, such as Right remains Right and Fortune and Happiness. Now we know from George and his Goat, and a comparison between this and the other eight stories together, and with their Venetian variants, that the laughing of the prince or princess is an incident which allegorizes the first bright winter frost after the fogs and gloom of November; we also know from similar evidence that the hero and heroine were supposed to be born at the same date, and that this date was either the end of November or the beginning of December. In a late variant like Reason and Happiness, the *stain*, so to say, of the December-January Arctic winter night would have almost disappeared, and the heroine would be born at the beginning of December. Thus when the story says the heroine never spoke or laughed since the beginning of her twelfth year, this can only mean that nature was rendered dumb and gloomy by the fogs of November; that it was sad and cheerless without the laughter of the sunlight. Hence, if in two stories a year is found to correspond to a calendar month, and in another that it corresponds to a fortnight, we may safely infer that the origin of the latter was the more ancient, or, at any rate, that in this particular it had maintained the more ancient form, because it was only in very primitive times that the years were reckoned by light and dark moons, and not by calendar months. And it has been already pointed out that this method of reckoning most likely originated in the Arctic circle where, during the long winter night, the moon was of supreme importance as the measurer *par excellence*. There would also be another reason, the desire of symmetry and the tendency to synthesize and to endeavour to discover the whole remirrored in the part, characteristic of primitive thought. In Polar regions, and nowhere else, the system of reckoning by dark and light moons would satisfy this yearning, for the six microcosms of dark and light moons would reflect in miniature the year's bi-fold divinity, its long summer day and long winter night, the *cerny bog* and *bily bog*, the black and white divinity of the primitive Polar Slavs or Finno-Slavs. Now a long time must have elapsed for the legend of the Miraculous Hair to detach itself from the anti-climax of the Three Citrons and develop into so different a variant. But the Miraculous Hair was certainly prior to Virgil's account of the death of Dido in the fourth book of the *Ænid*, which was copied from it. Much older, therefore, than the time of Virgil was the story of the Three Citrons, and also, therefore, of its companion story the

Sun-horse. Now the Bethlehem legend has been formed by the substitution of the three kings in the Sun-horse for the Three Fates of Father Know-All; probably, therefore, there was some intermediate legend between the fates in Father Know-All and the Magi of Bethlehem, some legend in which three ice-kings stood by the bedside of some Arctic Plavachek. And speaking generally, it is sufficiently clear that the Bethlehem Magi legend was taken from the Sun-horse and Father Know-All, and not Father Know-All and the Sun-horse from the Bethlehem legend. Even the further development of the Bethlehem legend corresponds not vaguely to its earlier counterpart. Just as the hero of the primitive myth leaves home to wander through darkness and bring back the light, so Jesus, the putative child of the Jewish Tvashtar, runs away from home, and disputing with the doctors of divinity, proves himself to be more enlightened than any of them; and not long after this, after a forty days' fast, which is perhaps a faint reminiscence of the forty-two days' Arctic winter night, occurs the struggle for the light in its usual triple form, but vulgarized into a trial of moral strength between a devil and a saint, perhaps having been modified by ancient Buddhist legends. Such is the stuff religions and religious thought are formed of.

In saying this, I do not mean that the story of the New Testament is a mere annual myth or allegory; just as in the legend of the Lake of Carlovits, there may very well be a core of real fact round which the legends have crystallized. Moreover, in the case of a religious mystic, the question is a more complicated one, and it becomes difficult to draw the line where fact ends and fiction begins. These allegories and mysteries must have been widely diffused in the time of Christ himself, and it is more than likely that a person who proposed to himself the task of solving all human difficulties and pointing out the narrow gate which leadeth unto life, had turned his receptive mind to the study of popular beliefs, and had somehow or other got to know of the great mystery of Arctic regions, the death and burial of the sun, together with and in consequence of the temporary death of vegetable and animal life, and their resurrection together with the sun in spring. And with his total absence of scientific training and his idealizing tendencies, the knowledge of this cosmical mystery would almost certainly lead him to the same conclusion to which it had led our rudely cultivated Finnish ancestors themselves, that, namely, the gradual collapse of the golden apple of the sun into the apple-garth of the under-world, was only part of the great ebb of vital energy which took place every autumn and winter. And believing this great tide of vitality to be gathered up and to reach its maximum in the human organism, no wonder if he came to believe that in some mysterious way it was possible for an individual, by accumulating within himself the forces of the soma of vitality by means of signal chastity and singleness of life, and then acting in his own life the great mystery of the sun's death, burial, and resurrection, by sacrificing himself voluntarily as human beings had from the

foundation of the world been sacrificed against their will to symbolize that mystery—no wonder if he came to believe that it was possible for him, singly and alone, to cause the sun of righteousness to rise with healing on its wings, to bring back the age of gold, a spring and fountain of eternal happiness, and some few years after his own death, to come flying through the air in person on clouds of glory to inaugurate an era of peace and happiness when all things should become new. For that was the gigantic delusion to which he sacrificed his life. If it were not so tragical, we, with our present knowledge of the vastness of the universe and our own insignificance, should be inclined to smile at the ludicrous want of a sense of proportion between the means and the end that such an idea displayed, and no doubt no Greek philosopher or even Greek lyric poet, with their instinctive sense of proportion and harmony, could ever have been betrayed into so glaring and fatal an error; but it should be remembered that Christ was most likely, in part at any rate, by birth a Jew, and that that people have always tenaciously held the savages' view of creation, which causes individual Scotch Presbyterians to this day to believe that they can affect the local weather by the action of their own wills, and Protestants to declare when hard pressed and getting the worst of an argument, that they are God, and that it is impious to endeavour to confute them.

And if there be any truth in this theory of the Christian legend, it helps to explain a good many things in it. It may be, as the great folk-lorist Gubernatis has pointed out, that the finding of the piece of gold in the fish's mouth is merely a form of the Sakuntala, Golden Locks, and Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes legends; but it may also be a fact, Christ having deliberately acted the legend by ground-baiting, and, if he did, we ought not exactly to accuse him of charlatanism, for the importance of the esoteric truth thereby symbolized may in his eyes have justified the trick; but we ought to remember, although a sufficient quantity has never yet been accumulated in any individual or even congregation, that by faith we can remove mountains—as Sharp-Eyes did. Symbolical, too, may have been the so-called miraculous draught or draughts of fishes, which, if they happened, were no miracle at all, they having been repeated in a much more remarkable form in the lake at Nostell Priory by the late Charles Waterton. We are not even informed how often Christ failed to divine the presence of the shoal of fish by observing their shadows in the water. In fishing with the grasshopper or spinning the minnow for large trout in the Oglio of Val Camonica, the success of the fisherman depends in great part upon his power of seeing the fish in the water as it follows the bait. This faculty depends upon the power of rapidly changing the eyes' focus when viewing anything isolated in a transparent medium, and this, I believe, to the more or less perfect adjustment of range of vision in the right and left eye. In most people the range of sight differs more or less in the right and left eye, and where this is very much the case, it is often impossible to judge at a moment's notice whether an object flying be

a great near at hand or a bird a long way off. Christ, like Waterton, very probably picked up the art of seeing fish deep down in the water from some savage fisherman, and then perfected himself by practice in his rambles about the Lake of Galilee. And speculating on the cause of his success, the aphorism ascribed to him would naturally occur of itself: "If I thing eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, but if thy eye be dark, how great is that darkness." This theory of the Gospel legend would also explain the confidence with which Christ confronted death, and if there be any grain of truth in the Scripture account, the terrible collapse upon the cross itself. All at once the vision of death as a reality swept away the fine-spun reasonings and inductions of the Idealist, and he saw as if in a lightning-flash the vast gulf of nothingness, which was all that in reality he had to hope for, the dream of returning within a few brief years through clouds of glory was at an end, the grand idea of awakening the dead and bringing them back to earth in a bodily resurrection, as the prince with the help of Long, Broad, and Sharp-Flies had recalled the frozen warriors to life in the enchanted castle of iron, had dissipated itself as a summer mist or a thin dream of dawning. Oh! the pity of it, that so genial, well-meaning and poetical an intelligence, bent upon benefiting the world at large, and sacrificing itself for the good of mankind, should in reality have sacrificed itself to so gigantic a delusion; oh, the double pity of it, that the sacrifice, so far from having any good results whatever, was destined to perpetuate the horrors of religious mania, of Christianity, of the savages' barbarous conception of the universe for another two thousand years, and to deluge great part of the western hemisphere with tears and blood.

The idea, like all ill weeds, grew apace, and soon it was the whole creation—just imagine it!—from the earth-centre to the farthest limits of the Milky Way, that was groaning and trailing in pain together, and which man's regeneration was somehow to set to rights. After this, the monster of religious arrogance grew beyond all bounds, the poisonous seed which would never have had a chance amongst a primitive and healthy people living in the open air, throved apace on the hot-bed of the expiring classic world which the tradition of superstition converted little by little into the *fetid nichor* and gaudy corruption, covered by the long dark autumnal and winter night of the Middle Ages. But when, after centuries of pious fraud, it gradually began to dawn upon even the stupidest believer, after centuries of practical experience, that no amount of bottling even the purest faith in the most suitable human organisms, would transform even the most ascetic of saints into blasting-powder and dynamite, religious arrogance, to preserve itself, suffered a gradual transformation. Human conduct must somehow certainly be all-important, and if faith was useless from an engineering point of view, it must be all the more effective in the moral and spiritual world, deferring the condition of the individual soul after death and for all eternity. Thus religious vanity has managed, by hook or by crook,

to save its bacon, and to this day our religious world bears witness to and perpetuates, in a slightly modified form, the grotesque delusions, more pardonable in them from their want of our accumulated stores of knowledge of our savage ancestry.

Lastly, when the authority of Rome, and the respect felt even in its decay for the classic world by the rude northern tribes, had attracted the northern chiefs to the Christian superstition, and had caused them to be baptized themselves and to order the conversion *en masse* of their serfs and vassals, half unconsciously, perhaps, it would come to be felt, if our theory be the true one, that underlying the new faith and incorporated with it, lay large fragments of the half-forgotten primitive Arctic winter myth, with its glittering jewels of ice and snow, and this half-recognition of the old friends under new faces may help to explain the strange tenacity with which the northern people of Europe have clung to the arid, cruel and vain superstition which developed itself by degradation from the genial, poetical, and, if in part mistaken, not at all events sour or absurd beliefs, myths and generalizations of their lusty savage ancestry.

Supplementary Essay.

THIS table is an attempt to classify the characters of these eight stories. It will be seen that nearly all the characters are the same in the eight stories, and that they can easily be referred to the natural events they allegorize. Just as in biology the simple forms precede the more differentiated chronologically, so, in a general way, the story which most closely allegorizes the death of the year and the renewal of spring will be the most ancient. Those stories in which some of the characters have become rudimentary, or have disappeared, in which new characters have been added or the original ones differentiated into two, three, or more, will be the more modern ones. That this principle is a sound one is borne out by the fact that the two stories most differentiated are those to which a moral is tacked on, *viz.*, Right yet remains Right and Reason and Happiness. In George and his Goat a moral idea also glimmers: George declares that the king *ought* to keep his promise, for saying which the wicked counsellor declares his life to be forfeit. In this story the characters have greatly changed in form. Jezibaba has become a goat, not an inappropriate change. The sun has become the mayor looking out of the window. Four new characters, a landlord and his three daughters, Manka, Doodle and Kate (perhaps corresponding to the baker and his three daughters in *Rè Corvo*), have been added, not to mention a unicorn and two beasts. In Reason and Happiness, Charon and the sun have both disappeared. The father of the heroine has differentiated into a perfectly inert king, a cruel counsellor and the executioner, that is, inert winter—the icy wind and the frost which nips the nose off two of the heroes in a story called “Are you Angry?”; not to mention the farmer’s wife who cuts the mice’s tails off in the catch of “Three Blind Mice.” Jezibaba has differentiated into Reason and Good-Luck, and the Fates dwindled into a carver and tailor (mentioned incidentally), and have to be eked out by the hero himself, who forms a third. In Right remains Right, the Fates and the sun have both disappeared. Jezibaba plays a very subsidiary part as the old woman who points out the sight-restoring well; and Charon has developed into three damned spirits, the souls of three executed murderers.

Let us now pass in review the eight allegorical figures and examine them more closely.

1. Dead winter, in all eight stories, is represented by a king who is either inert or harsh and stubborn, with the exception of one, the Sun-horse, where he has been replaced by the witch mother-in-law.

	<i>Dead Winter.</i>	<i>Frost-bound Living Nature.</i>	<i>Living Nature in waning Autumn.</i>	<i>Aggressive Life of Nature in re-opening Spring.</i>	<i>Gross, age-clotted, frozen Matter tempting to the knowledge of good and evil.</i>	<i>The Fates.</i>	<i>Charon.</i>	<i>The Sun.</i>
Father Know-All.	King—father of the heroine.	His daughter.	The woodman—father of the hero.	Hero, son of the woodman.	Old man leaning on a staff: dead one being buried.	The three fates—godmothers of the hero.	Ferryman over the black sea.	As child, adult and old man.
Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes.	Lord of the Castle of Steel—father of the heroine.	His daughter, dressed in white. Her white spectre is one of twelve seen by the prince in the tower.	The old king—father of the hero.	The prince, son of the old king, and hero.	The old woman who brings the serpent.	Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes.	Outskirts of a dense wood.	
Golden Locks.	King—father of Golden Locks.	Golden Locks, one of twelve maidens; the only one with golden hair.	A king, Jirichek's master.	Jirichek, the king's servant, and hero.	The old woman who brings the serpent.	The ants, the ravens, and a fish. A fly is added.	Outskirts of a black forest.	In part Golden Locks.
Reason and Fortune.	A king—father of the heroine, his cruel counsellor, and the executioner.	His daughter, dumb from her twelfth year.	A peasant/cottage proprietor.	Vanek, his son, the hero.	Reason and Good Luck.	A carver, tailor and the hero.	Outskirts of a pine forest, with wolves.	
George and His Goat.	A king—father of the heroine.	His daughter, who cannot laugh.	A shepherd.	George, his son, the hero.	The goat.	Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes.		The mayor looking out of the window.
The Three Citrons.	Lord of the Castle of Steel—father of the heroine.	The third of the maidens who appear at the cleaving of the citrons.	An old king—father of the hero.	His son, the hero.	Jezibaba, who incites the prince to go for the three citrons, and appears to him before the castles of lead, silver and gold.	The three giants of the castles of lead, silver and gold, respectively.	Three days before point of meeting with the twelve ravens.	The giant of the castle of gold.
The Sun-horse.	Mother-in-law of the three kings.	A horse with a sun on its forehead.	The king of the sunless kingdom.	A seer, the hero.	In part the mother-in-law and the three queens, and the old man at the bridge.	In part the servant and the old man leaning on a staff.	Cottage of the seer.	
Right yet Remains Right.	Father of the sick heroine (a princess).	An invalid princess.	A gamekeeper.	His son, the hero. Also a gamekeeper.	An old woman who points out the well.		Gallows and the three damned spirits.	

This substitution of a mother-in-law or step-mother occurs constantly where the story is not one of courtship. Observe that where the king is represented as inert, he has evil counsellors prejudiced against the hero and determined to ruin him, corresponding to the frost and ice-wind, or Loki, of the Scandinavian legends.

2. Frost-bound living Nature, in all but the Sun-horse story, is represented as the daughter of the king in (1). In two of the stories she is one of twelve maidens, and in Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes she is dressed in white. She is therefore, in part, the last winter month enveloped in snow. Where not one of twelve, she is generally represented as under a spell. In the Sun-horse story alone is she represented by a Sun-horse, which is stolen by the mother-in-law and her three daughters and rescued from them by the seer. We are expressly told that when the sun had disappeared the king had this horse led through his kingdom from end to end, and that light streamed from it in all directions and saved the people from perishing. When the horse was lost everything was in darkness; it was only when the king had reached the adjoining kingdom in his search for the Sun-horse, that he saw the real sun just glimmering, as if through a mist. This, as has been shown in the notes to the Sun-horse, seems to be an allegory of the sun dimly seen through the fogs of November, and points to some region in the Arctic circle with abundant lakes or rivers as the source of the legend. The legend would then be the tradition of a year or period, when, owing to floods or some other reason, the fog was so thick that the sun was completely veiled. Note particularly the substitution of a horse for a young lady. This would lead one to expect to find traces of some primitive legend in which the heroine was herself on horse-back.

3. Living Nature in waning autumn. This character is more or less subsidiary and faintly defined. In two stories he is a woodman, the woods above all showing plainly the year's decay. In Reason and Happiness he is a peasant, perhaps an allusion to the Libusa and Premysl tradition. In one he is a shepherd; in two he is a superannuated old king; and in two the master of the hero. But in these two last (the Sun-horse and Golden Locks), he merges more or less into the king, who represents winter—particularly in Golden Locks; a perfectly natural transformation to a people without almanacs, considering how variable the degree of cold is in autumn and winter respectively, during different autumn and winter seasons.

4. Aggressive life of Nature in returning re-opening spring. The hero. He is always the son or dependent of the last. In Father Know-All, the most primitive of the legends in form, he is called Plavachek (just as the Piave is the chief river in the Slav province of Venezia), the swimmer, a clear allusion to the river floods in autumn, and perhaps also after the breaking up of the ice in early spring. In two of the stories his name is Jiricek (? a diminutive of year), which name, corresponding in Czech to George, may be an

allusion to the Libusa legend (cf., γειουργος), and at the same time connect the legends in which it occurs with St. George and the Dragon.

5. Gross matter, congealed by the cold, and the cold itself, represented as extreme old age, tempting the hero to the knowledge of good and evil. The primitive idea seems to have been that of an old woman or old man leaning on a staff—a figure dear to Slavonic literature. In the Slovenian legend, one of the most complete and elaborate of any Slavonic fairy stories, Jezibaba, the fire-hag of the tundra and steppes, plays the part. Now this hag (*agni*, gipsy, *yag*, fire), was imagined as driving in a car drawn by two horses over the steppes at a wild speed, stirring with an immense pestle an immense mortar, from which sparks flew in all directions. She bears, therefore, a certain resemblance to the heroine on horse-back (inferred as existing somewhere from the Sun-horse), and may perhaps be considered as a sort of burlesque of her. In Golden Locks she bears a considerable resemblance to Eve. She appears at the palace (as Jezibaba does in the Three Citrons), and offers the king a serpent, which, when eaten, was to make him understand the language of birds and animals. For the interpretation of the symbols of the serpent and the apple, I refer the reader to Michael Angelo and Gubernatis. George, the servant, contrary to express orders, himself takes a bite before serving up the serpent, and in this way also acquires the gift of understanding what the birds and beasts say.

This character, as I have said, represents the clotting cold, and more or less merges, on the one hand, into the Fates, on the other into the king or Black Prince—representing the black sunless winter of the Arctic circle. Thus the mother-in-law of the Sun-horse legend in part resembles the Black Prince of the Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes legend, while her three daughters, the snow, have much in common with the Fates dressed in white, with tapers in their hands. It is easy to see why in Arctic regions the idea of cold and fate should be associated. Fate is, above all things, associated with death, and death with cold—particularly where the cold is intense enough to kill directly. To dwellers in Arctic regions the ever-present idea is, and always must have been, that cold is the cause of death, or *vice versa*, and this explains why in old Slavonic the words for cold, congelation, and death are all closely linked together, because at some very early period of their history the Slav stock certainly inhabited a region within the Polar circle. Here is a list of some of these words: *mor*, pestilence; *Morana*, the Goddess of pestilence and death; *mord*, murder (cf., the Italian *merda*, the compact excrement); *more*, a morass or stagnant piece of water, afterwards the sea; *morek*, marrow; *morena*, madder; *morous*, a morose, concentrated, reserved person; *mrak*, a cloud; *mramor*, marble; *mrz*, frost; *mrcha*, carrion; *mrity*, to die; *mrtev*, dead, and other derivatives; *mrzeti*, to vex or render morose; *mrznouti*, to freeze; *mrzout*, a grumbler; *mrzuty*, tiresome, morose; *smrk*, a turpentine pine and suot; *smrkati*, (cf. Danish *mørke*, Yorkshire *mirk*, and Mercury Psychopompon, the

mirk-god) to become mirk, *i.e.*, the day curdling into night; *smrsk-nouti*, to wrinkle; *smrstiti*, the same; and *smrst*, an elephant's trunk; *smrt*, death; *unrirti*, to die; and numerous derivatives from both these words. Death therefore being evidently so closely linked with cold, wrinkling and congelation, and fate with death (*cf.* the Moravian story of Godmother Death), no wonder if Jezibaba now and then plays the part. And if there were any doubt about this it would be set at rest by the story of the Three Citrons.

The old woman who persuades the young prince to go in search of the citrons is the first winter frost after the fogs of November; she who makes the young prince laugh in the Love of the Three Oranges (Venetian) by tumbling into the oil-well. But she is also Destiny, for, arrived at the Hill of Glass, the prince exclaims: *Porucena Bohu! uz ak bud'e tak bud'e! che sarà, sarà* (Honoured be God! what will be will be). And in a special sense is the cold of the first winter frost at the beginning of the hero's adventures, a reappearance of the Fates, who appeared just a year before at the same date round his cradle when he was born; because just as fate leads human life irresistibly to the grave, so did the first winter frost infallibly prelude the grave's Arctic prototype, the long winter night, in which the darkness was not all an evil; for to our sensual Ugrian ancestors it was a period of unbridled licence and sensuality—the earthly Soma juice, the elixir of life, the physical, material, bodily delight, corresponding on earth to the moonlight in heaven, which together rendered that darkness anything but unendurable. Thus the people that walked in darkness saw a great light; thus to the annual winter death of Polar regions, enshrining in its sunless gloom the silver casket of an utterly abandoned sensuality, we owe the beautiful but alas! unproven superstition, that the light of love still gilds the tomb, just as it silvered the long Arctic winter night to our lusty Hungarian ancestors. We can now, step by step, shew that the Norns and the basket in *Il cestelo di fiori* (Venetian) are, incredible as it may seem, one and the same person. For Jezibaba, the old woman at the beginning of the Three Citrons, is a re-embodiment of the Three Fates in the prelude to Father Know-All. This old woman is the same as the one at the beginning of the Venetian variant of the story (*L'amore delle tre narance*), who makes the prince laugh by falling into the oil-well. The old woman who falls into the oil-well is the same as George's goat in the Czech story, who makes the princess laugh; and a mistaken derivation of the word *koza*, combined with the Venetian lagoons, has turned the goat into a basket. The transformation has even gone a step further in an absurd Venetian variant called A Holiday Dinner. A woman leaves the dinner cooking. The cat and dog eat it. Then, afraid of a whipping, the cat jumps into a spider's web (note, the basket of flowers has become an autumn spinner's web—the spider of St. Martin's summers), but her tail hangs down. The dog jumps at the tail and sticks to it. The wife, returning from mass, and then her husband share the same fate, and are also hung up. Their crony

Tony finds them so, pulls off the cat's tail, and the dog swallows the cat, the wife the dog, the husband the wife—and the hearers are great fools if they swallow Tony and my tale. But, for all that, I would, in conclusion, heartily recommend this demonstrated series of transformations to Professor Sayce and Canon Taylor, who find it hard to believe that the Vedic *Parkun'ya* and the Slav *Perkuna*, the Vedic *Pandu* and the Homeric *Pandarus*, the Vedic *Harites* and the Greek *Charites*, the Vedic *Gandharvas* and the Greek *Centaur*s, etc., etc., are really one and the same thing.

We now see why the old woman in the Three Citrons is not invited to the wedding. She was the herald of the black Arctic winter night, symbol of death, and thus the temptress to its dark and sensual delights; but not for this was she banned from the festivities, but because the cold has no place in the marriage of the spring. All she could do to revenge herself for the slight was, like the Christian superstition of which she and the rest of the Arctic legends are the more genial origin, to condense a black cloud, and with it for awhile to obscure the sun.

We now see also why the three Frost Kings of the Sun-horse story, substituted in the Bethlehem legend as three Magi for the three white-robed winter Fates of Father Know-All, bear caskets of precious jewels: they are the jewels of ice and snow which the three Frost Kings scattered in their Arctic kingdoms, transformed to gems and blended with spices and scents as the legend was carried into warmer southern climates.

6. The Fates appear in the first story as the godmothers of the hero, reduced to one in the famous Moravian legend of Godmother Death. They perfectly correspond to the three Norns seated under the tree, Igdrasil, of the Scandinavian legend. In two stories they take the form of dependents, and change sex, viz., as Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes. In Golden Locks they become ants, ravens, and a fish and a fly. In the Three Citrons (in part), three giants. In another Slavonic fairy story they become identified with the four brothers themselves, and this change is beginning to manifest itself in Reason and Happiness. In the Scandinavian Norns we have the past, the present, and the future. It is not wonderful, therefore, to find them in the Three Citrons blended with three periods. Nor need we be surprised if they tend to merge in the hero or heroes of these folk-lore tales. It is only in our actions that the fates which rule our lives manifest themselves.

7. Charon only occurs in Father Know-All. He corresponds to the three damned spirits and his boat to the gallows in Right remains Right, and perhaps to the first flock of ravens in the Three Citrons, and his boat to the cottage of the seer in the Sun-horse. He represents the passage of the sun into the underworld of the Arctic winter night. The bridges, and perhaps the dumplings, represent the sunsets of the brief winter days on the return of the sun of the Polar winter night. In Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, the draw-bridge which is represented as moving *pari passu* with the setting

sun. It is drawn up and disappears just as the disc of the sun disappears below the horizon. The simile, in fact, is an extremely happy one. When halved by the horizon, the disc of the sun does in fact form a one-arched bridge; the instant it has sunk, the hero and his companions are plunged in the kingdom of night. They remain there three days. Again, in three lengthening days at the beginning of the Arctic spring (if it can be called so), the course of the sun will form three arches of a bridge, each arch a little wider and higher than the one before, just as they are drawn in the illustration of the second half of the Sun-horse.

As I have already said, in *Right remains Right* Charon has become three accursed spirits; after their appearance, the hero visits the two cities of Ramuli and Sarahawsky, in the kingdom of darkness. That Charon and the Three Spirits represent one and the same element is shown by the fate of the king and the stranger man (*tcuzy muz*) in *Father Know-All* and *Right remains Right* respectively. The sun has dropt out of the latter story, and with it the final three days' struggle between the light and the darkness. The dumplings in the Three Citrons, and the bridge in the Sun-horse, are closely incorporated with the final struggle between the light and the dark, the heat and the cold. Comparing *Father Know-All*, *The Three Citrons*, the Sun-horse, and *Right remains Right*, the four stories in which the time previous to the final struggle is sharply divided, we find:

In (1) the hero passes through two ruined cities.

In (8) named Sarahawsky and Ramuli.

In (5) the seer in search of the Sun-horse passes through seven kingdoms.

In (3) the hero visits two castles, first one of lead and then one of silver.

This last form of the legend gives a clue to its general solution. As we know, in primitive ages time was reckoned, not by lunar months, but by dark and light moons, of fourteen days each. In the castles of lead and silver, therefore, and the journeyings to reach them, and stay in them, it is impossible not to recognise periods of dark moons and light moons. If there were any doubt about the matter, it would be set at rest by the Sun-horse legend. The seven kingdoms, if taken as weeks, exactly tally with the time in the Three Citrons (see the diagrams). It is worth noting that the Three Citrons and the Sun-horse are both Slovenian, and have travelled south, while the Magyars are related to the Turanian races of the extreme north. I suppose, though my astronomical imagination is too poorly cultivated to feel quite sure of it, that in a latitude where the sun disappeared for a time permanently below the horizon, the dark moon period would be less marked than with us, the waxing moon appearing for the same length of time each diurnal revolution in the constant darkness. This would quite agree with the details of the legend where it is stated that the giant of the castle of lead was considerably shorter than he of the castle of silver, and this

gentleman than the lord of the golden castle. That is to say, there was first a brief dark moon, then a long light one, followed by the re-appearance of the sun with increasing and then waning splendour for the remainder of the year. In the Siebenbürgen form of the story, in place of a castle of lead is a copper well, with copper-coloured water, and a copper palace, which may be a reminiscence of the Aurora borealis; in the Venetian variant the lead and copper have given place to the wind.

Let us now attempt roughly to compare a few of the principal incidents and properties of the eight stories. First, let us take the properties of the Three Fates in the different stories. These figures are absent from Vedic legends. Their most primitive form (ideally if not chronologically), is that of the three Norns, past, present, and future, allegorized in Greek myth as the Parcæ plying that most ancient of all spinning-jennies, the spindle, and twisting the line with it from the distaff. In *Father Know-All* we observe them to be dressed in white and to carry tapers. In *Grandmother Death*, as has been observed, they have dwindled to one who leads the hero into a cavern, where tapers representing the lives of human beings are burning. This cavern with the tapers is the night firmament studded with stars. *The idea that the life of every human being is bound up with a star in heaven is a thoroughly and profoundly Slavic one, although it also occurs among the Maoris of New Zealand in the legend of Hikatoro.

* In my selections of Victor Halek's (the great Slav poet) evensongs, there is a translation of his versified version of the legend. As my translation of his admirable writings proved "caviar to the general," and the reader is not likely to possess a copy, I reproduce here the translation, such as it is :

Two thoughts in God, as stars were set

In heaven's divine communion,

And shone, of all the starry choir,

In closest union,

Till one of them fell prone to earth

And left her mate to languish,

Till God excused her, too, the skies

Pitying her anguish.

And many a night on earth they roved

In grief for their lost Aden,

Till once again they met as men,

As youth and maiden,

And looking in each other's eyes

They recognized straightway,

And lived, thrice blest, till God to rest

Called one away.

Who, dying out of earth, recalled

Her love to heaven's fair shore,

And God forbade it not, and now

They're stars once more.

Versifying this legend, the great constructive Slav poet wished to point out not merely the only possible, but the only thinkable, form of immortality since the new world of thought, created by Darwin and Darwinism. In the New Zealand legend, Hikatoro's wife fell from heaven on to the earth. He followed in search of

In the hands of Tycho Brahe, of Prague, and indeed much earlier, this idea was developed into the pseudo-science of astrology which occupied so large a field in the Middle Ages. Those who have walked over a plain or table-land thickly covered with snow on a starry winter's night, know how intensely the mind is besieged by the idea of fate and fatality. This is the feeling or idea which has dressed the fates in white, with tapers in their hands. Interwoven in these stories to the inmost core is the presence of snow and ice. Carried to a warmer climate they may have melted into Indra myths and the like: no Indra myth could ever have frozen into the Norns of Father Know-All.

In the Three Citrons the fates have become three periods presided over by three giants—at least in part. These periods are not exactly Past, Present, and Future, but they resemble them. There is first a sun-and-moonless period—chaos. The castle of lead. A sunless period—the castle of silver. A middle period, and so corresponding to the present; and a sunny period, the return of spring, the golden age we hope for but which never comes. In Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes a great change occurs. The vagueness in which fate was enveloped in the Three Citrons, where it was partly represented by the giants and partly by Jezibaba, has disappeared; again it has become three persons who are active helpmates of the hero and strongly individualized.

There are three stories in which these figures occur. In Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes we have—

- (1) Long, the man who can go 100 miles at a stride;
- (2) Broad, who can puff himself up like a puff-ball and drink seas dry;
- (3) Sharp-Eyes, who can split rocks open with a beam from his eyes.

In George and his Goat—

- (1) The man who goes so fast, that he has to tie one foot to his shoulder;
- (2) The man with his finger in a wine-pouch, who squirts 100 miles;
- (3) The man so sharp-sighted that he has to wear a beam across his eyes.

her, placed her in a boat, attached a rope to it, and they were hauled back into heaven and there transformed into two stars. The legend also occurs in China in the following form: "In the depths of the Milky Way dwells, according to Chinese tradition, a disconsolate star-goddess. One day, when she had been sent on a mission to the world, she committed the error of falling in love with a Chinese shepherd. When her mission was concluded she was recalled to heaven, and left her spouse a prey to profound despair. But when the hour of death sounded for him, the council of the gods had pity upon the erring goddess and carried the soul of the shepherd into the Milky Way, opposite to the spot where shone his beloved one's. Once a year, on the seventh day of the seventh month, magpies descend into the Milky Way, and, by the help of their wings, the divided lovers can reunite."

In Reason and Happiness—

- (1) The carver;
- (2) The tailor;
- (3) The hero.

In Golden Locks we have—

- (1) The ants who collect the pearls of the bracelet;
- (2) The fish that recovers the princess's gold ring from the bottom of the sea;
- (3) The ravens that bring dead and living water (*i.e.*, hail and rain, or ice and flowing water);
- (4) The fly that indicates which of the twelve maidens is Golden Locks.

Now, Broad in the first story, and the fish in Golden Locks, have both the same task, *viz.*, to recover the heroine's golden ring from the bottom of the black sea. The recovery of the golden ring is the return of the sun after the sunless Arctic winter, and this return occurs towards the end of January or the beginning of February, under the constellation of the Pisces. The fish, then, is the constellation of the Pisces, and Broad can be no less. In George and his Goat the man with his finger in the mouth of the bottle is certainly Aquarius, and Sharp-Eyes is always Sagittarius. It follows, therefore, that in Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, Long is Aquarius, and in George and his Goat, Pisces. The idea, perhaps, is the gigantic stride the Arctic winter makes from darkness to light with the re-appearance of the sun.

Turning to the story of Golden Locks, we shall soon identify the ants and the ravens. In Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, when the last task has been completed, the heroine freed from the spell, the frozen warriors recalled to life, and the third hoop has snapped off the body of the Black Prince, he flies out of the window as a raven. That is, the long winter night, when the thaw comes, flies off as a thunder-cloud. In the Three Citrons the hero is given his father's sword. Every time in his journey that he throws himself down to rest, the sword clanks and disturbs the ravens above, who fly into the air. The prince, following them, arrives at the different castles of lead, silver and gold. Now the stick and sword represent the lightning in these myths; here again, therefore, the ravens represent the cloud-wrack drifting eastward. In Golden Locks, therefore, the ravens bearing frozen and fluid water are the thunder-clouds showering hail or rain, and correspond to Aquarius, hence of necessity the quick-eyed ants to Sagittarius. According to a Vedic legend, Indra as an ant passed into a cavern where was a great serpent. He bit this serpent and, distracting its attention for a moment, caused it to allow the waters to escape and usher in the spring. In this form, therefore, Indra, the ants and Sagittarius identify and may be compared to Hermes Psychopompos, the usherer of the souls to the under-world, just as Sagittarius ushers the sun into his Arctic winter tomb. Lastly, the fly which recognizes which of the twelve

maidens is Golden Locks is a symbol of the return of life in spring. In George (? little year) and his Goat we have another sign of the Zodiac—Capricornus, the December sign. The mayor looks out of the window and says: "Oh fie! Martha, Kate and Doodle!" comes down to detach them from the goat as the bull is passing, and he and the bull both stick too. This seems to indicate the passing of the sun into the constellation of the bull. There is, however, some confusion here. The goat is certainly Capricornus; but, as we have seen (and the explanation has been given), there is a tendency for the characters to walk out of their frames, so to say, and assume different parts. Analogies might easily be imagined between Capricornus, the first winter, and Aries, the first spring constellation; between the first constellation of the year, and the first one of the little year, *i.e.*, the three winter months.

The carver, tailor, and hero of the story Reason and Happiness are explained by a Moravian legend called The Four Brothers. In this story four sons of a gamekeeper, like the Panduidi, go into a wood, there divide and seek their fortunes. At the end of a year they return home, each having learnt a trade. One is a botcher, the second a thief, the third a gamekeeper, and the fourth a star-gazer. The star-gazer wins the princess, and each brother is given a kingdom. In spring the father lives with the botcher, in summer with the thief, in autumn with the gamekeeper, and in winter with the star-gazer. The hero, therefore, corresponds to the winter; the carver is autumn; and the tailor who clothes the world with flowers is the spring. In the Vedic legend Tvashtar (the Vedic Vulcan)—compare Slav *tvoritel*—the former or creator is associated with the autumn, he creates all forms of beings. In other words, the seeds which contain all the forms of vegetable life set and fall, the fish spawn, the cattle rut.

We have now identified all the characters in these eight stories who correspond, and have found, in their most abstract form, the fates or grandmothers to represent vague ideas of time, past, present and future; then the recurrent periods of dark moons, light moons and day, particularly associated with the long Arctic winter night; then the four seasons; and lastly the twelve signs of the Zodiac, presiding over the twelve months, and supposed in the dark ages of the world to influence the destinies of human beings. The stories, therefore, with the least differentiated Norns will, as a rule, be the most ancient.

The table on next page shows the relation of the fates and their substitutes to one another in the stories.

This analysis of the fate-element brings out in very clear relief one or two facts with respect to the Slavonic myths, which seem to me of considerable importance. In the first place, *all* the stories are annual myths. In the next place, all are more or less impregnated, so to say, with the elements of frost and cold. And, lastly, in all the stories the hero is not the sun, but the revivifying forces of nature acting upon the surface of our globe, and which bring dead nature

to life again in spring. There is not a vestige of a myth of the dawn. Even in the Vedas it does not seem certain that any of the myths were originally dawn-myths, and a little reflection will show that if they are very primitive they cannot have been. Professors Gubernatis and Max Müller have drawn pathetic pictures of primitive man's terror at seeing the kindly orb of day disappear at night, and his thankfulness when it returned, brighter than ever, next morning. These pictures display a lively fancy in the composers of them, but very poor imaginative faculties. The writers seem to forget that primitive man began life, like ourselves, as babies. Moreover, primitive man in many respects resembled children. In fact, just as intra-uterine life is an epitome of our race's evolution from the primitive monad to the first savage, our early years on earth may be supposed to resemble that of primitive man himself. Now, referring to our early years, we shall certainly find that normal, often recurring events are accepted without fear or criticism. From infancy to ten years of age we witness, or at all events assist at, 3650 sunsets and the same number of sunrises, and are gradually trained to the phenomenon by nature. What infant troubles its head about the changes of day and night? What boy of ten is the least alarmed at the sun's disappearance, accustomed to it as he is from the earliest days of awakening consciousness? But every savage passes through the same stages of infant and youthful life, so that there is no reason why he should be more alarmed than ourselves. If we interrogate our early past by means of memory, we shall find that the things which impressed us were not frequently-recurring events, but those which happened less frequently—a hard winter, a hot summer, an eclipse of the sun, a comet, the rapid shortening of the forest of the growing hayfield from year to year, for example, and others of the like kind. Such, then, would also be the case with an infant savage, and not more with one than another: that is, all would so feel. Even the more marked changes from summer to winter would soon cease to impress where the change was not exceptionally striking. These myths, which ring a change upon the mysterious disappearance of the winter sun into the black sea of death, could never for instance have originated in warm countries where there is no snow or ice, or next to none, and where, if the sun gives intenser light and more heat in summer, it is far more brilliant and sparkling in winter. An eclipse gives rise to the myth of the dragon eating the sun because it is an event which appeals to the senses, and the myth is a presentation of a fact; the myth of the disappearance of the sun into the black sea, into the womb of night, its death and burial, also represents a felt and seen physical fact, if primitive man invented it, and it is not a scientific allegory which primitive man was not in a condition to create. As to sunsets and sunrises and winters and summers in tepid climates, he takes them as much as a matter of course as do the other animals, to such an extent, in fact, as to resent rational explanations of what seems so commonplace as not to need explaining: witness the Church and Galileo. If this general

reasoning were insufficient, the fact that the fates invariably in the later forms of the myth develop into late autumn and winter signs of the Zodiac, and that in one of them we have as well an allusion to the second spring constellation, ought to be conclusive. But in the early forms of the myth the fates occur as Norns or Parcæ. In the Vedic legends there are no traces of Norns or Parcæ. Therefore the early forms of the myths were not derived from Vedic mythology. Nor were the later ones, for they are evolved from the primitive ones under the influence of astrology. Moreover, all the stories bear witness to having been evolved under a rigorous winter climate. On the other hand many of the characters correspond to those of the Vedic mythology. For instance, the ants collecting the pearls are Indra, as ant biting the serpent and setting free the autumn or spring floods. The gamekeepers and woodsmen correspond to the carpenter-god Tvashtar, the autumn god, the former of all things dead and living, because autumn is the time of seeds which contain all the forms of life within themselves. A connection undoubtedly exists between some details of these primitive fairy stories and the Vedic legends, but that they were borrowed from the latter there is no proof. Seeing that it is now well ascertained that our primitive ancestry did not "swarm" out of India into Europe, but that the nomad tribes of North-West Europe and North-East Asia gradually drifted south, part diverging *viâ* Persia and the Punjaub into India, and part settling in Europe, it is more likely that the portion which drifted into India took its inheritance of legends with it into the Punjaub, and there developed its Vedas from them, while the other nomad tribes which occupied Europe carried their portion of the Arctic legends into Europe with them, and there developed them in their own way. This theory explains better than any other both the points of resemblance and the points of difference between the fairy stories and the Vedas, and their wide diffusion. That a myth of the dawn, supposing it could be invented, belonging to a low latitude should develop into an annual Arctic myth seems an impossibility, but that an Arctic myth removed from surroundings which rendered it intelligible should thaw and degrade into a dawn-myth is what we should naturally expect of it if it were to travel south—it would adapt itself to that order of facts in nature which best assured it a basis in reality. Now by a singular coincidence, the day is an epitome of the year; the day begins with cloud and mist, culminates at mid-day, and ends in cold and darkness, just as the year begins with thaw and rain, culminates in summer heat, and ends in frost and shortening daylight. And the analogy between the Arctic year and the day and night of the temperate zone is still closer and more striking. The northern myth, transplanted to a warmer climate, would thus easily adapt itself from being first an annual myth to becoming a diurnal one, while many "survivals" of the primitive myth would remain, like rudimentary organs, to puzzle the Sanscrit scholar; and this is exactly the condition of the Vedic myths.

Now, suppose a philosophizing reflective stage of thought reached, as in fact was reached in the north of India some five or six centuries before the birth of Christ, the condition of their mythology would naturally turn thoughtful people's minds to the curious analogy between the cyclus of the day and that of the year, the evolution of the day and the year, and that of human life: all three beginning with a little fluid or viscid slime, and finishing in darkness, rigidity, and death. And the verification of this fact (more particularly in minds to which the true conditions and relations of the organic and inorganic world were still a mystery) would lead to a very natural and simple inference. If, it would be said, the day is an epitome of the year, the year will be an epitome of the Kalpa, or æon. Partial floods and deluges and the regular floods of spring would, in fact, be data from which to infer that the Kalpa of which the year was an epitome also began with flood and deluge. And if one Kalpa, then the whole series of Kalpas, so that at last the generalization of Thales would be reached, and in fact was reached—that the world began as water. But in those early days of a robust vitality, still unbroken by crowding and the insanitary conditions of city life, and when inorganic nature was so totally inexplicable, organic vitalism was considered to be, in a way not understood, the source of the inorganic activities and superior to them; it was the spring that brought the sun, not the sun that brought the spring, exactly reversing the modern scientific conception. The third parallel series, the organic vital cyclus from generation to the grave, would therefore come in with irresistible force to clinch the previous induction and give it the stamp of certainty. Finally, since all life begins with an egg, the two primitive elements of the ontology would be, and were considered to be, water and an egg (whence our baptism and Easter eggs)—an egg floating on the water, although sometimes, as was indeed logical where organic vitality was supposed to be at the root of the inorganic, the egg itself was held to be the origin of the condition of deluge which succeeded it (*cf.*: the Serbian chicken legends).

Now, this induction, of 2,500 years before the present day, was considerably in advance of the latest modern thought and discovery which has recognized in the development of the embryo an epitome of the whole development through geologic time of organic beings. What was necessarily wanting to it was verification by observation and the collection of facts; nevertheless, these ancient philosophers in the legend of Purusha, who is developed from an egg, lives a thousand years, producing from the different parts of his body, light, air, fire, etc., and then dies, had in their general induction hit upon the development among the lower animals by alternate generation, and in their ontology are in substantial accord with the conclusions of modern science. Lastly, in those earlier times, not only may several missing links between men and apes have been still lingering upon earth (just as the Moas have only recently become extinct in New Zealand), or at any rate traditions of them have survived, but the creation of an inflexional language

(perhaps *consciously* and *deliberately* evolved during its later stages as a stupendous *memoria tecnica*), and the absence or rarity of books and printing, with the pernicious habit of mind they create of transferring memory from brains to paper, contributed to the development of well-stored minds, with all their knowledge, so to say, *in hand*, and tended to ensure the soundness of their inductions. I have said we are behind these early philosophers in one respect, and so we are. We have never yet attempted to infer the evolution of the æon from that of the year, because the analogical nexus between the two has not been shewn to be necessary. Considering the success of this method of induction among the ancients for arriving at respectably accurate conclusions, it might even now be of use, at all events for the framing of hypotheses to be afterwards the subject of analytical study, observation, and the collation of facts. However this may be, one thing is certain, that ancient traditions, beliefs and theories are far from being the despicable trash they are supposed to be by missionaries in the East, and that geologists, by a careful collation of all the traditions and notices of the ape-hero Hanuman in the Hindoo classics, might greatly facilitate their search for the remnants quaternary, or perhaps yet more ancient, of the missing link. A comparative study of the name for apes in all the languages of the world might also lead to some valuable results. The roots of many Latin words as, *e.g.*, that of *tabes* and *macula dim* (*cf.* : *mak*), are to be found in their most primitive form in old Slavonic. Now the name of the filthy oscans was originally *opisci* (see Juvenal), and *isco*, *asco*, etc., means "that nasty," while *op* in Slavonic means ape; it is not unlikely, therefore, that the word *opisci* meant originally "those nasty monkeys," from the likeness of the ancient oscans to apes.

If the tenacity of the memory of the men of old be doubted, I would appeal to that of the modern North Russian *moujik biliny* (*lit.* : weeds) or ballad singers, or to Homer and Hesiod, who, from not being able to read or write, could remember 50,000 lines of poetry, as well as to Herodotus, who repeated from memory a great part of his history at the Olympic games.

To return to our immediate subject—the eight primitive Slav fairy stories. From their comparison, the just conclusion seems to be that they point to having been derived from Arctic annual myths, and not from Indian Vedic solar ones, themselves more probably a derivation from the same stock, the annual myth degrading to diurnal ones, when the climatic conditions that originated them were exchanged by migration (either of the story or the story-teller), for less rigorous winters and warm summers. This theory in no way touches or impugns what has been repeatedly demonstrated, that Eastern legends and fairy stories (like the Bethgellert legend) have constantly, and from remote times, found their way into Europe, become naturalized, and extended themselves to remote regions. The very welcome that they received proves that the soil was congenial to them. They stirred memories of legends long since

passed into oblivion, and were doubly welcome, both for their novelty, and because, though the hearers, perhaps, only half-realized it, they were old friends with new faces. When in some angle of a breakwater the rolling breakers are repelled, the crests colliding with the advancing billows increase the confusion and hurly-burly, and heighten its wild extravagance. This is what has happened with our myths and fairy stories. The huge majestic billows of the past are subsiding, but the reflux from the last of their spent forces, crossing the subsiding wave-roll of western pagan fancy, has prolonged the semblance of its activity and galvanized its decay into a last flicker of youthful vitality.

In all the eight stories from the Czech, Lusatian, and Ungaro-Slovenian of which I am writing, the frost and snow element is intrinsic, and in some of them stronger than the climate of Bohemia and Hungary would seem to warrant. This is particularly the case with the Three Citrons and the Sun-horse, both of which have many points in common with Eastern fairy stories. Every one knows the story of Jack and the Bean Stalk; it is the variant of a fairy myth which extends from Alaska in North America to Serbia in the Balkan Peninsula, and to Great Britain in the North of Europe. That is to say, it covers probably nearly the whole of the Northern hemisphere. In the Alaska (Dogger-Indian) legend, Chepewa, the divine being, plants a stick* which grows into a fir-tree. This was after the great flood. The stick rapidly grew into a fir which reached heaven. A squirrel ran up the tree, and Chepewa after it, and reached the stars and a broad table-land, where, laying a snare for the squirrel, he caught the sun. In the Siebenbürgen form of the legend a young shepherd comes to a tree, the branches of which form a kind of a ladder. After nine days' climbing he arrives at a plateau on which is a palace, a forest, and a well, with copper-coloured water. He dips his hand in, which becomes copper-coloured also. He breaks off a branch, climbs other nine days, and reaches a similar plateau, palaces, and a silver well, dips in his hand, and it becomes silvered. He breaks off a branch, climbs other nine days, and arrives at a plateau with a castle and well of gold. He detaches a third branch, obtains admission to the castle, rides thrice round the hill of glass, and, touching the breast of the king's daughter with the three branches, causes her to become his bride.

In the English variant the plant of a haricot-bean shows that the legend is a lunar one, the pea and haricot-bean being symbolical of the moon, perhaps from their crescent-shaped pods (*cornetti* in Italian), or because the scarlet-runner is a rapid-growing plant. In one of the Serbian legends the miraculous hair has disappeared, but the hero is conducted by a limping fox in return for kind treatment (the squirrel of the Dogger-Indian story), to a sort of starry underworld for the golden maiden, the golden maiden is only to be obtained in

* In the Serbian variant it becomes a vine-stock, perhaps through influence of the Bible legend.

exchange for the golden horse, and the golden horse for the golden apple; the fox transforms itself at each step into a golden maiden, a golden horse, and a golden pippin; thus the possessors of these treasures are cheated as well as the stealer of the vine-stock, which yields twenty-four buckets of wine. All these precious articles are thus recovered and brought home by the hero, and the father, whose right eye laughs and left eye weeps, being presented with the vine-stock, weeps no more. In the normal form of the story it is always a tree or leguminous plant the hero climbs; in the Hungaro-Slovenian variant the dumplings have been developed through a misunderstanding. *Haluski* in Slovenian means dumplings; and in Bohemian and perhaps other Slavonic languages *haluze* means a branch. The legend has therefore drifted into Hungary from the north, and the branches turned to dumplings in the process. We have no right to assume that the Slovenian Three Citrons was derived from the Siebenbürgen legend; both may be variants of some legend more primitive still; all we have a right to affirm is that the legend travelled south, and that the mistake about *haluze* created the dumplings. Still we may safely assert that, besides being Arctic in many other respects, the Slovenian legend is closely connected with a story in which three periods of nine days each is a strongly marked feature. Now in the Vedic legends (except in the late cosmogonical one of Purusha, the universal male being nine months hatching in the primitive egg), the number nine does not occur, but it is of common occurrence in the northern forms of the legends. Thus, for example, in the Siberian version of the legend of the fall, the fatal tree has nine branches, and there are nine Adams and nine Eves. The fruit of five of the branches pointing east might be eaten, the fruit of the four other branches pointing west were forbidden. Under the tree were a dog and a serpent. Erlik, the tempter, persuaded one of the Eves to eat the forbidden fruit. This caused the shaggy hides of the men and women (for, like the Japanese Ainos, they were covered with hair) to fall off, and their expulsion from Paradise. How can we here fail to identify the four westward-facing branches with the bean-stalk—that is, dark- and light-moon periods of the Arctic winter night, the profoundly phallic character of which can be traced with certainty in the vulgarisms of the common people, both of Durham and Liguria to this very day. May it not be that to the pious orgies of those genial winter nights of the primitive circum-polar civilization we owe it that our simian hides thinned off and human forms emerged, worthy to be the subjects of the chisel of Pheidias and Praxiteles? To this day the Northern Mongols are almost hairless. Vice is a great depilatory, profligacy a great humanizer. Juvenal, in his diatribes against Roman vice, was well aware of this, and begs heaven, in his satires, to restore the golden ages of the world when the women were nearly as hairy as the men, and both as bears.

Finally, in a lovely Lithuanian folk-lied, in which every syllable declares itself the genuine offspring of a northern winter in all its

gelid and sparkling splendour, we have the following myth enshrined. "Liebe Maria" gives an orphan her handkerchief to dry her tears. Having dried them, the orphan throws it into a bed of nettles. Boys passing the nettles see something shining there; ask what it is, and are told that it is Liebe Maria's handkerchief sparkling with the orphan's tears. I ask where shall I wash it? Mary replies: In the golden brook. I ask where shall I keep it? Mary replies: In a golden casket hung round with nine little locks, having nine little keys. Now these stinging-nettles correspond to the stinging-ants of Golden Locks, and these to Sagittarius. The handkerchief lying in the nettles sparkling with the orphan's tears is, therefore, the winter sky bereft of the sun, but sparkling with stars, when the sun has entered the November constellation of Sagittarius to remain there and in Aquarius until February. The golden casket would, therefore, seem to mean the year of nine months (the nine keys and locks), illuminated by the sun. The strong contrast between the two periods in the myth, between the starlit winter yearlet of three and the sunlit golden year of nine months, shows that it must have been manufactured in high latitudes as surely as the Serbian legend of the boy who looked under the bark of a spruce-tree and saw a sun-bright, amber-clear nymph shining there, was the produce of a spruce trementina forest of a much lower latitude.

Wonderful to dwellers within the northern circle must have been the following coincidences, particularly where the sun remained eclipsed just a month. (1) The three sharply-defined winter months, just ninety days in all, and the nine sunny months, giving the numbers three and nine. (2) The nine months' gestation of the human fetus in the womb, perhaps, originally in some way, really due to the arrest of nature's life during the three glacial winter months, and our man-ape ancestry having a fixed rutting period (perhaps in March), like the other animals. And (3), the $3 \times 9 = 27$ days of the lunar month. It is worth remembering that nine is the number sacred to Buddha, and that the Turanians of the north resemble that personage in the respect they show for human life. Indeed, the rareness of murder and the roundness of the skull of the Lapp and Samoyede Nomads, besides their skill in magic, seem to indicate that physically they are the highest type of human beings yet in process of being evolved. But they are so small, it may be objected. Size, however, is no criterion of excellence. But we are Christians, and just the right size, it may be retorted angrily. Of course, to this argument there is no answer. All disbelievers can do is humbly to bow the head in presence of a revelation.

In conclusion, I quote a Lithuanian versified form of the legend in which the northern nine again occurs, and which is so obviously an Arctic annual myth as to require no comments:

Bitterlich weint das Sonnchen
 In apfel-garten
 Von apple-baum ist gefallen
 Das Goldnen apfel
 Wein nicht Sonnchen
 Gott macht ein Ander
 Von gold, von erz
 Von Silberchen
 Steh früh auf,
 Sonnen-tochter,
 Wasche weiss
 Den linén-tische
 Morgen früh kommen,
 Gottes Sohne
 Den goldnen apfel
 Zu wirbeln

Einfuhr die Sonne
 Zum apfel-garten
 Neun wagen zogen
 Wohl hundert Rosse
 Schlumme o Sonne
 Im apfel-garten
 Die augenlider
 Voll apfel-blüthen
 Was weint die Sonne
 So bitter traurig
 In's meer gesunken
 Ein goldnen Boot ist
 Wein nicht, o sonne,
 Gott baut ein neues
 Halb baut er's golden
 Und halb von Silher.

To make the allegory still clearer, the following Swedish enigma is to the point: "Our mother," it says, "has a counterpane no one can fold. Our father more gold than he can count. Our brother a golden apple that nobody can bite." The answer tells us that the counterpane is the sky, the gold is the stars, and the golden pippin the sun.

Lastly, in all these eight stories, the hero is *never* the sun, but the living-power of organic nature triumphant in spring, and with whose triumph the return of spring is somehow connected. Poets, and "that universal poet, the people," are much more matter-of-fact and stick much closer to it than philologists give them credit for doing. When a great number of myths are vaguely compared together, a certain indefiniteness results, and many points of resemblance are masked and thus overlooked; what is required is to group the immense mass of myths and legends, and first to compare minutely among themselves the members of the different groups. We are so accustomed to the scientific way of looking at nature, and to refer all activity to the sun as the prime source of it, that it is difficult for us to realize that the primitive savage's point of view was a very different one. It was a mistake, of course, but with his limited observation and knowledge of facts it was a perfectly logical one. A child with strong rational and comparative instincts, that is to say, poetical ones, tossed about at sea in a boat, blames the trees for the wind, and exclaims: "Naughty trees." He knows that a fan produces a current of air, and, observing that the trees wave their arms about when the wind is high, naturally concludes that the trees are the source of it. In the Roumanian versified legend, the infant Jesus being restless, the Virgin Mary gives him two apples to play with; one he throws into the air, and it becomes the sun, the other becomes the moon. In the Hottentot form of the legend, the first Hottentot man throws up his right shoe, and it becomes the sun; he throws up his left, and it becomes the moon. This is the frame of mind one must try to get into to understand these early Slav annual myths. The sun may be, indeed, an essential factor of the problem, but it is always the hero, the latent invincible power of

organic life, which is the active agent in so re-adjusting the earthly and the celestial as to ensure the triumph of life over death. A vague over-ruling Destiny, to which, as in Greek mythology, even the sky-gods are destined ultimately to succumb, is more or less recognized. The fates and Father Know-All are somehow associated as over-ruling human destinies, but it is the hero who succeeds in carrying off the three golden hairs ; it is the hero who removes the spell from the frozen waters of the life-giving well, causes the life-giving apple tree once more to bear fruit, kills the dragon, cures the sick princess, exorcises the black prince, and dethrones the autumn king and takes his place.

The analysis of these eight stories has, therefore, brought out into strong relief three important facts about them :

- (1) They are all annual solar high latitude myths, and not low latitude solar myths of the dawn.
 - (2) They can all be traced to somewhere in the Arctic circle as their point of origin ; the total disappearance of the sun in winter and an excessive degree of frost and cold being essential elements in their composition.
 - (3) The hero is *never* the sun, but invariably the latent force of organic life, conceived as somehow instrumental in bringing back the sun, by conquering the forces of death and cold on the earth itself.
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Primitive Lapp and Slav Myths Compared.

AN examination of the eight Slav fairy stories has constrained us to refer them to an Arctic origin. If the theory be correct, points of resemblance ought to be found between the primitive myths of the Arctic dwellers and our Slav folk-lore. The myths of the Lapps, among the most northern nations of Europe, have lately been collected; the principal ones, embodied in poetical form, are given, translated literally from the German or Swedish into Italian, in Professor Mantegazza's admirable little book "Un viaggio in Lapponia." He ascribes to these legends a very great antiquity, believing the most primitive of them to date as far back as the neolithic period. Be this as it may, while it is very unlikely that Central Europe Slavs should have carried the legends in remote times into the Arctic circle, nothing is more likely than that dwellers in high latitudes, finding it cold there, and life difficult, should have drifted into warmer southern regions and brought their legends along with them. In fact, there is some evidence that this happened. About 10 or 15,000 years ago the climate of Belgium was much colder than it is now. It was inhabited by chamois, the ptarmigan, the ibex, and the reindeer, and also by a peaceful race of people, resembling in their physique the modern Lapps of Lapland. These people were gradually driven south about 10,000 years ago by their raw-boned Scottish neighbours, and settled in the Auvergne, Savoy, and the Maritime Alps. Between 20 and 80,000 years ago, Siberia was much warmer than it is now, and mammoths lived there. All at once, most likely in consequence of a sudden change in the distribution of sea and land, where the Caspian now is, combined with other causes, a sudden spell of cold weather set in, which killed all the mammoths, and ice-potted them in the frozen gravel of Siberia, which, since then, has never been warmer than it is at the present day. The difficulty is to believe that myths hatched 70,000 years ago could be orally transmitted down to the present day. But we know nothing of the longevity of oral traditions among illiterate nature-folk. It is a curious fact, which I do not pretend even to endeavour to explain, that the primitive Slav stories are more clearly hall-marked with the stamp of the long Arctic winter night than the (supposed) neolithic Lapp ones. They may have been deliberately touched up in later times, while the tradition of their Arctic origin was still fresh in men's minds, although the stories themselves were circulating in Central Europe.

One of the most ancient of the Lapp poems is called "The Child of the Sun," and the substance of it is briefly as follows:—The Child of the Sun goes on a voyage. After several years he reaches the dreadful land of the giant. The giant asks if he has come "to the table of death to nourish his (the giant's) father, to give him (the giant) a mouthful to suck, to restore his tired brother, and set his brother-in-law on his legs again." The Child of the Sun says that, on the contrary, he has come to marry the giant's daughter. I ought to have said that this lady did the sewing and washing for the giant, who was blind, and she must soon have washed his shirts into holes, for she thumped and swabbed exactly as they wash to this day all over the North of Italy. On the Child of the Sun's frank declaration, the daughter of the giant said it was a case of love at first sight, that she couldn't wait, that they must be married that instant, and that she would speak to her papa about it, as well as her mamma, who was lying rolled up in sand and birch-bark (? dead or inebriated). "The giant, who meant to eat the hero, said: 'Come, Child of the Sun, and see whose fingers are the most flexible.'" His daughter gives the hero an iron anchor to proffer the giant, who, on feeling it, declares him to be too tough for anything. On the advice of the daughter, the hero then gives the giant a barrel of fish-oil (as wedding food), one of tar as wedding drink, and a horse as a tit-bit. The giant is thus made maudlin drunk, and in this condition unites the happy pair, and loads their ship with bits of gold and silver; besides this the bride takes "three pine-wood chests, blue, red, and white, respectively, containing war and peace, blood and fire, illness and death, and three knots containing breeze, wind, and storm, respectively." When the hero and his bride have departed, her brothers, who were out walrus-hunting, return, and finding only "the smell and sweat" of her seducer, are riled. They give chase: the first knot is untied, a wind rises, and the lovers outstrip them; again close pressed, the lovers untie the second knot, and a powerful west wind blows; close pressed again, they untie the third knot, a tremendous north wind blows; the bride's eyes flash fire as the light of dawn spreads, her two brothers are turned into two rocks, even their copper-coloured skiff becomes a rock visible with the other two to this day at Vake. After this she became as small as other human beings, and gave birth to the sons of Kalla—*i.e.*, a race of royal heroes.

This poem belongs to the three-months winter fairy story of the three volume novel type: examples—Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes and the Three Citrons. In the speech of the giant: "Hast thou come to the table of death?" etc., we have the Lapp form of Jezi-baba's stereotyped phrase: "Fly! fly! here there is not one little bird, much less one little human being; and when my son comes home he will eat you." In the orally collected Venetian variants it occurs with unfailing regularity in the formula: *Tanti anni e tanti anni e nessuno ha picchiato à questa porta*, in King Raven, the King of the Beans, and many others. In the incident of the anchor it is

needless to point out that we have the Lapp form of the incident of the flute in Jank a Hanka, the Upper Lusatian equivalent of the German Hans and Grettel. The gingerbread-maker is fattening the children up to eat them, and requests Hans to put out his finger to see if he is yet fat enough; he proffers his shepherd's pipe, and old Wjera hacks away at it, and says: "Oh! no, he's much too tough yet." In the way the heroine saves her lover from being eaten, we have a primitive form of the incidents at the castle of the wind, the moon, and the sun in King Raven: one of the Venetian variants of the Three Citrons. The three chests, blue, white, and red, seem to correspond to the castles of lead, silver, and gold; the dark moon, the light moon, and the sun periods; the three knots to the cutting open of the three citrons—perhaps blood oranges. It was a primitive Lapp superstition that three knots tied in a handkerchief steeped in the blood of a virgin had this power of raising storms. Many similar superstitions occur in Lapland, which are exactly remirrored in Latin ones as given by Pliny. They are common in Venice to this day. The untying of the winds is an incident that has assumed various forms. We have it in the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*. It occurs again in the legend of the Argonauts, so strikingly similar to this Lapland poem. When *Æetes* pursues the Argonauts on their homeward journey, *Medea* dismembers her young brother *Absyrtos*, and throws his limbs into the sea. *Æetes* stops to pick up the remains of his child, and *Jason* and *Medea* escape. We have seen the legend in a different form in the story of the Miraculous Hair. There are, in fact, a whole crop of stories in which the lovers escape the sorceress by throwing behind them a brush, a mirror, and a razor, which change into thickets, a lake, and a quantity of razors; the witch trips over these and is cut to pieces. In the Polish story of the Skeleton King, we find even the indignation at the sweat and smell of the fugitive reproduced. Before flying from her father's house, the princess spits upon the pane of glass; she and her lover then locked the door and fled. The spittle at once froze. When the servants of King Skeleton go to summon the prince they find the door locked; and when they summon the prince it exclaims: "Immediately." After being once or twice choused in this way they break open the door, and find the spittle splitting with laughter on the frozen pane. When the father pursues the lovers the princess first changes herself into a river and her lover into a bridge across it; next they change into a wood; and lastly the princess changes herself into a church, and her lover into the bell, and in this way they escape. In place of the castle of lead in the Siebenbürgen variant is a copper-coloured well into which the hero dips his hand, which also becomes copper-coloured. In the Servian legend of the Two Brothers, again, the brother who goes by the lower road, the three days' journey through the other world, comes to a lake which he has to swim across, and when he comes out he and his dog are all gilded. In the Virgin Mary Godmother (Upper Lusatian) the naughty godchild thrusts its finger through the keyhole of the

forbidden chamber, and the finger remaining gilded, the Virgin Mary thereby discovers her disobedience. In the story of the Argonauts the copper-man Talos attempts to prevent the landing of the crew in Crete, but Pœas, father of Philokletes, managed to hit the copper-man's single vein running from neck to heel, with the bow of the Sun-god Herakles (or Melcarth). Talos fell and died. In this Lapp legend the two brothers pursue the child of the Sun and their sister in a copper-coloured ship. All these yellow and copper-coloured objects seem to be symbols or reminiscences of the Arctic Aurora Borealis.

The next Lapp poem in length is called the Son of Pissa Passa. Pissa, we are told, was chief of the villages of the land of the sun; Passa, daughter of the chief of the lands of night. When they married they swore on the bear-skin that not a sparkle of the second world should shine on the one who broke his oath. Unluckily a statu (some sort of magician or ogre) killed Pissa, and stole his herds and wealth; and Passa fled, enceinte, with what remained. The son, when born, asked who his father was: the mother says he had none. "Bosh," says the precocious youth, "everything has a father." Then he goes and kills a bear, brings it home, and asks his mother for hot bread, and again: "Who is my father?" "Pissa Passa, my son!" "Where did he go?" "The old man of the black mountain slew him, and stole our herds and wealth; that's why I don't like you to go on the high, sparkling mountains." The son begs to be armed with his papa's stick and helmet of war; goes and challenges the old man of the mountain. One of his servants, Hurry, thunders; another, Hurry-skurry, lightens; and one, Ilmaratje, pours torrents of water. The old man asks what the hero is like? Hurry-skurry says: "He's a head taller than anybody else, and very cock-a-hoop." The old man orders a dinner of a whole young reindeer, his coat of mail, bows, arrows, spears, and lances. The youth approaches and sees a pointed skull encircled by poisonous snakes, from which boys are taking the venom for the arrows. The youth challenges the old man to combat (1) on the surface of the water (no answer); (2) to take headers (no answer); (3) to box (no answer). He then asks whose the skull is, and is told Pissa Passa's. He then challenges the old man with the bow. The old man shoots; the youth catches the arrow and breaks the point against a stone, exclaiming: "Old man, what turned the point?" The old man replies: "The teeth of Pissa Passa." The same happens with the bolt and the lance. The old man then issues for a hand-to-hand combat, and is soon disarmed. His life is spared, and the herald, in a magnificent speech, glorifying the power and mercy of the one invisible and spiritual God, urges him to repent. He does so, and soon after dies. The poem concludes: "He, the hero, had conquered the storm, and reconciled the dead, one with the other. He embraced his mother, he, the excellent man of the south, of the north, of the house of the reunion of the peoples." Thus, in this noble Lapp poem, dating perhaps from the Neolithic epoch, the doctrine of the forgiveness of

our worst enemies was inculcated, at all events many thousand years before the birth of Christ.

As will be at once apparent, it belongs to the epic fairy myth group of the Father Know-All type, beginning with the birth of the hero and something mysterious about that birth. In the details and development of the myth there is not very much to connect it with our Slav myths. The hero, however, as in Golden Locks, George and his Goat, Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes, etc., has his three faithful helpmates, Hures, Hureskutje and Ilmaratje. There is no anti-climax.

The next poem is called the Daughter of the Sun, and is founded on a Lapp superstition that anyone who can embrace her will be wealthy. She appears as a beautiful shiny maiden seated on a rock. Owing to the climate of the Arctic circle, or its proximity to the magnetic pole, or perhaps to both causes together, the hyperborean peoples are liable to hallucinations, whatever that may mean. Only a few years ago a Lapp clergyman saw the Daughter of the Sun seated, stole behind her to embrace her and struck his head against a rock. In the poem the seer succeeds in embracing her; she tells him to follow her, and by no means to look back. He follows, but looks back, and the front of his herd of reindeer disappears. A storm occurs, he looks back again and the middle of the herd become wild reindeer. The Daughter of the Sun then goes home with him and bids him close every chink of his tent. He does so, but the sun still shines through a small crevice, whereupon the Daughter of the Sun kisses him and vanishes. In the morning he looks out of his tent and finds the rest of his herd of reindeer turned to stone, so that it made you shudder to look at them.

This story has nothing very closely in common with our eight Slav myths, except the central figure, so strikingly similar to the figure of the Lorely, or the Maiden of the Miraculous Hair. Those who favour the theory of the separate genesis of similar myths will prefer to see here only a coincidence. In the next poem, however, the points of resemblance between the Lapp and its Slav (Moravian) equivalent are so striking that I shall give the two stories almost in full. They belong to the group of burlesque fairy myths, having their point of origin at the rescue of Plavachek.

THE MAN IN THE BIG FUR COAT; OR, THE STUPID MAN.

The boys and girls used to play and sing, run skipping and wrangle here and there, and leave traces of their feet at the margins of the springs. The Statu prepared his traps of iron, placed them near the water, hid them in the mud. The old Lapp perceived the hidden traps of the eater of men, hid himself in his tight fur coat, and placed himself in the trap of the bear. Statu visits his traps. Aha; the old friend has taken the bait; he is dead here. The Statu takes him home and hangs him to the roof above the smoke. The youngest Statu says: "Look how he whimpers and grunts!" The other (the elder) son: "Thou whimperest and gruntest thyself; not

at all this gift of God." The old Lapp thinks: "Of God even he knows something." Statu: "Yes, yes; he begins already to liquefy." Behind the mill he splits wood for the trough, chops it, trims the branches, splits and cuts, carries it to a trough near the back door. To the elder son: "Dear child, bring me the axe (out of the hut)." The old Lapp carries away the axe. The younger Statu: "Father, now he's looking up; now he's moving; now he seizes even the axe." Statu chuckles, sings and plays; he does not hear, observe, or know anything. The old man strikes the elder youth on the head and kills him. Statu finds that he dallies, sings and waits. He says to the younger son: "Bring me the axe, quick, quick." The old Lapp then split open this child's head too, took out the brains and severed the windpipe. Statu (listening): "They loaf round all the angles, they wave their heads and eyes; I myself wish to take the axe." The old man awaits with care with the axe behind the door of the *possu*, waits and moves here and there. He let fall a splitter on the head of the terrible one, split the large skull, tore away the eyes and nose, shed the blood of the devourer of men, and the blood coloured the soil. (The old Lapp carries out the fallen one, cuts him in pieces and throws them one after the other to *Ludac, who in the meantime had come home). Ludac taps on the ground here and there, snuffs, noses, and gloats over that which enters the *possu*. She resumes the prey, beats it with her hands and cries in anger: "Throw me reindeer's hoofs and not stockinged feet." (She continues while she proceeds to eat the soup prepared from her husband and children): "How good it is; but yet it has a queer taste of its own!" (The Lapp takes the eyes of the woman, which lie under the door, fries them in a frying pan, and she perceives it and enquires: "What is it that explodes, crackles and hisses; what is it that fizzles on the charcoal, bursts, brawls, goes click clack? Look, O my eyes, become clear under the door; become clear, O my eyes, O my sparks." The Lapp: "He has dipped the flesh of thy husband thy eyes in the fat and has eaten them." Ludac: "In his stomach are my eyes, O my husband, my little owlet, † dear boy, my little one. (The man in the fur coat, the Lapp, goes away making merry).

The Moravian variant of this poem is called Budulinek, and is as follows:

There was once a grandfather and grandmother, and they had Budulinek. They boiled him a nice dish of soup, and said: "Budulinek, don't open to any one." After this they went away into the wood. When they had gone away came Mrs. Foxey, tapped at the door and cried: "Open! Budulinek." Budulinek replied: "I won't open," and Foxey cried: "Do open, and I'll give you a ride on my little tail!" Budulinek wanted to have a ride on Foxey's little tail, forgot grandfather's warning and opened.

* The wife of Statu is called Ludac (a bug) because she sucks the blood from the bodies of men with an iron tube.

† Pet name for babies, because they open their eyes wide.

Foxy walked into the room and gobbled up all his nice soup. When grandfather and grandmother came home they enquired: "Budulinek, who has been here?" Budulinek said: "Foxy has been here, and has gobbled up all my nice soup." They said: "There, you see; did we not tell you not to open to any one." The next time they boiled him pap, and exactly the same thing happened.

The third day they cooked him a nice stew of pears and went into the wood. When they were gone, again came Foxy, and cried: "Budulinek! open, I will give thee a ride on my little tail." Budulinek replied: "Thou wilt never give me a ride, I know." Foxy promised she would, and he opened to her. Foxy entered and gobbled up the nice stewed pears. Budulinek seated himself on her tail, and Foxy gave him a ride; but after this she ran off with him, and carried him away into her earth.

When grandfather and grandmother came home and did not see Budulinek, they bethought them at once where Budulinek was. They took a hatchet, a pot, and a fiddle, and went to the fox's hole. When they came in front of the fox's hole grandfather began to play his nice little fiddle. Grandmother drummed rub-a-dub on the pot, and sang thereby as follows:

Four little foxes live within,
And the fifth is Budulinek;
We've a nice new violin
And a really fine bubinek [a small drum or tambourine].

And so the old fox said to the young she-fox: "Just go and peep out to see what that is." The young fox ran out. And as she ran out of the hole grandmother chopped off her poor little head and flung it under the pot. After this grandfather went on playing. Grandmother drummed rub-a-dub, and sang:

Three little foxes now within,
And the fourth is Budulinek:
We've a nice new violin
And a really fine bubinek.

The third little fox shares the same fate as the previous one, and then the second; for the old fox again said to her: "Those scamps there are dancing; just go and take a peep to see what it's all about." She went; and as she crept out of the hole grandmother cut off her poor little head and threw it under the pot. Grandfather again played, grandmother drummed rub-a-dub, and sang. Then the old she-fox said: "I must go out there myself." But as she came out grandmother cut off her head too, and threw it under the pot. After this, grandfather and grandmother crept into the fox-hole and found Budulinek. He sat there in a corner and cried for his grandfather and grandmother, and for not having obeyed them. They took him and brought him home, and from that time forth Budulinek has been obedient and got on well.

In another rambling Lapp poem called the Song of the Lamenting Kaskias, occurs the following: ". . . He threw me into the river. The pike took me into his custody; he placed me under his

liver, where I remained a year. . . .” After that the malignant man laid his nets and caught the pike, and the hero lived three years in a house. He was then enclosed three years alive in a coffin. The malign man’s son then comes flying in the form of a black-cock. To the malign man’s great disgust, they quarrel about it, and various things happen. Here the pike saviour corresponds closely to the friendly pike Piecuch spares in the Polish story, and which afterwards obeys all his behests when called upon.

These are the principal narrative poems given by Mantegazza; the others are shorter lyrics, often shrewdly and accurately describing fish and animals, as, *e.g.*, the wolf, the salmon, and the reindeer: their habits and habitats. We come now to the three prose fairy stories, of which a translation is given. The first is called the Giant whose life was hid in a hen’s egg. I give it only slightly abbreviated. It is from Uts-zok:

A woman had a husband who, for seven years, had been in constant war with a giant. The woman pleased the giant, who wanted to get rid of the husband, and at last, after seven years, succeeded in killing him. But she had a son, who, when grown up, endeavoured to avenge the death of his father by killing the giant. But he never succeeded. It seemed just as though there was no life in the giant.

“Dear mama,” said the boy one day, “perhaps thou knowest where the giant conceals his life?”

The mother knew nothing, but promised to enquire; and one day when the giant was in a good humour, did so.

“Why do you ask me?” said the giant.

“Because,” replied the woman, “if you or I were in any danger, it would be a consolation to know that your life was well defended.”

The giant had no suspicion, and recounted as follows: “In the middle of a sea of fire there is an island, in the island a barrel, in the barrel a sheep, in the sheep a hen, in the hen an egg, and in the egg exists my life.”

Having discovered the secret, the mother confides it to her son. “Then,” said her son, “I ought to choose me helpmates, with whom I may cross the sea of fire.” He hired a bear, a wolf, a falcon, and a yunner (a large kind of sea bird), and they set off. He sat under an iron tent with the falcon and the yunner to prevent being burnt, and made the bear and wolf row.

This is why the bear has dark brown fur and the wolf brown spots about the shoulder; for both have made a journey in the middle of a sea of fire, the waves of which burnt like the flame.

And so they reached the island. When they had found the barrel, the bear knocked the bottom out with his paw. Out of the barrel leapt the sheep. The wolf pursued the sheep and rent it. From the sheep out flew the hen. The falcon seized it and tore it to pieces. In the hen was an egg, which fell into the sea and foundered. The yunner dived for it. The first time he remained a long time under water, but not being able to stay so long without breathing, returned to the surface. Having recovered breath he

dived again, and remained longer under water than the first time, but still did not find the egg. The third time he remained under water longer than the two preceding times, and this time found the egg at the bottom of the sea. When the youth saw that the yunner had found the egg, he was delighted. They made a fire and put the egg in the middle to burn it. This done they returned home. As soon as they reached the shore whence they set out, the youth hastened home, and then he saw that the giant was burning like the egg in the island. The mother was delighted at the return of her son. "Thanks, dear son, for you have triumphed over the life of the giant." There was yet a little life in the giant. "What folly was mine," he exclaimed, "to let myself be wheedled into telling the secret of my life to this malign woman!"

Then the giant seized his tube of iron (with which he used to suck the blood of people), but the woman had put one end of it in the fire. Thus he sucked up fire and cinders, and burnt both within and without. At last the fire went out, and with it was spent the life of the giant.

This story occurs in the Cyrilian Serbian as the Dragoness and the Czar's Son. It is manifestly a form of the Three Citrons legend. It is, briefly, as follows: A Czar had three sons; the first went out hunting, started and pursued a hare which arrived at a mill, turned into a dragoness and ate him. The same happened to the second son. The third son did not pursue the hare, but went after other game and at length reached the mill, and behold at the water mill an old woman (our old friend Jezibaba, in fact). The Czar's son greeted her in God's name: "God assist thee, aged mother." And the old woman accepted the greeting, and responded: "God protect thee, little son!" Then the prince enquired: "Aged mother, where is my hare?" And she replied: "My little son, that was no hare, but was a dragoness! All this country she ravages and destroys." Hearing this, the Czar's son was somewhat troubled, and said to the old woman: "Well, what's to be done? No doubt it is she who has killed my two brothers." The old woman replied: "Alas! alas! there is no help; therefore, little son, go home while you are safe and sound, and not where they are." Then he said to her: "Aged mother, do you know what? I'm certain you, too, would be glad to free yourself from this misfortune." And the old woman hastened to reply: "Oh, my little son I should just think so. The dragoness would have seized me, too, but she has not yet had the chance." Then he continued: "Hear well what I tell you; when the dragoness comes home ask her where her strength resides; and kiss all the place where she says her strength resides, as if from affection, until you discover where it is, and then, when I return, tell me where it is." The Czar's son then returns to the palace, and the old woman stays at the water mill. When the dragoness comes home the old woman begins to ask her: "And where has it been, the dear? And whither away so far? And why won't it tell me where it goes? And the dragoness replies: "Oh

Lord, old mother, I go a long way." Then the old woman begins to coax and wheedle. "And why does it go so far? and why won't it tell its old baba where its strength resides? Why, if I knew where its strength resides, I don't know what I should do for joy; I should go and kiss the place all over." At this the dragoness laughed, and said: "Look! there's my strength in yonder fireplace!" Then the old woman goes and embraces and kisses the fireplace all over. And when the dragoness sees it she burst out laughing, and exclaims: "You silly old woman; my strength isn't there. My strength is in yonder tree." The old woman now began to embrace and kiss the tree, and the dragoness again burst out laughing and said: "Get away, you old noodle, my strength isn't there! A long way off, in the next czarstvy near the imperial city is a lake (the bridge near the palace of the three kings, in the kingdom of the Sun-horse), in that lake is a dragon, and with the dragon a wild boar, and with the wild boar a dove; in the dove is my strength." The old woman having discovered the secret, confides it to the Czar's son, who goes to the next kingdom and engages himself with the king of it as his shepherd. The shepherd takes with him two greyhounds to chase the boar, a falcon to chase the dove, and bagpipes. The first two days the fight with the dragoness results in a draw, but the third day the shepherd obtains permission to take the king's daughter. He bids her at the critical moment of the fight kiss him on the cheek, the eye, and the forehead. This she does, and he flings the dragoness to the height of heaven. She falls on the ground and is broken to pieces. Out of her springs the boar; the greyhounds catch the boar and reud it. Out of it flies the dove. The falcon catches it and brings it to the prince. The Czar's son says to it: "Now, tell me where my brothers are?" And the dove replies: "I will, only don't do anything to me. Hard by your father's city is a water mill, and at that water mill are three willow saplings; cut down those three saplings, and smite upon the rocks; immediately the iron door of a vast underground storey will open. In that underground storey are a host of people, old and young, rich and poor, small and great, women and maidens enough to found a considerable czarstvy. There your brothers are." When the dove had explained everything, the Czar's son instantly wrung its neck. The hero and heroine then returned to the palace, the hero triumphantly tootling the bagpipes; and the readers will of course divine the termination of the story.

It is unnecessary to insist upon the identity of this Slav and the Lapp story, which is too obvious to require comment; nor need any more be said of the various phials and bottles hid in lions' heads, etc., which contain the life of the wicked Magi in the Venetian variants. We have had an instance in the story of the Twelve Brothers, where the twelfth sister wheedles the magician into telling her where his life resides, and betrays it to the twelfth brother, who is thus enabled to set free the other eleven brothers and sisters whom the magician

had turned to stone. We have thus traced the legend from the Arctic circle to the shore of the Mediterranean. In the Serbian story it is interesting to observe how the grave of the Arctic winter sun, whose return is allegorized in so many ways in these stories, and which has given us so many enchanted castles, of which the castle of iron, with its frozen warriors, is the prototype, is here gradually transforming itself into the place of eternal torment of our genial Christian theology. I quote another Serbian story called the Devil and the Archangel, partly because it illustrates this metamorphosis, and partly because it shows that the egg which fell into the sea of fire in the Lapp story, symbolizes the sun. The yunner's three attempts to recover it correspond to the plucking of the three hairs in Father Know-All, and to the three days' struggle at the bridge in the Sun-horse, to the invariably triple form of the three days' struggle for the light at the re-appearance of the sun from its Arctic underworld.

When the devils revolted and fled to the earth, they brought the sun with them, and the Czar of the devils stuck it on a pike, and carried it over his shoulder. But when the world began to disgust God so that he wished to burn it up by means of the sun, he sent his Holy Archangel on to the earth, and the Archangel began to fraternize with the Czar of the devils: but the Czar of the devils perceived what the other wanted, and carefully kept on his guard. Going thus about in the world they came to the sea and prepared to bathe, and the devil flung the spear with the sun on it upon the ground. After bathing a little, says the Holy Archangel: "Suppose we dive to see who can go the deepest." And the devil replies: "Come along, then." So the Holy Archangel dives and brings up a sponge in his teeth. Now it is the devil's turn, but he fears lest the Archangel filch the sun while he is diving. Just then an idea strikes him. He spits on to the ground, and from the spittle forms a magpie to watch the sun while he is under water; but the Holy Archangel makes the sign of the cross over the sea, and ice forms upon the surface twelve ells in thickness; then he seizes the sun and carries it to God, and the magpie begins to cry out. When the devil hears the magpie's voice he knows what it means, and hastens back at full speed. But rising to the surface, he finds it hard frozen, and cannot get out. So down he goes again to the bottom, fetches a stone, breaks the ice, and hurries after the Holy Archangel. Away runs the Archangel and the devil after him. Just as the Holy Archangel is stepping up to God in heaven with one foot, that moment the devil catches him up, and with his nails pinches a large piece of flesh out of the soles of both his feet. When the Archangel, thus wounded, comes into the presence of God, he complains thus: "What am I to do, O God, thus deformed as I am." And God said: "Never fear! I wish to arrange that all people should have a dent like a small valley in the soles of both feet." And so God formed them, and in all people is formed on the soles of both their feet a depression like a small valley. And thus it has remained even down to the present day.

This curious legend, which does not tend to raise one's opinion either of Christian honesty or of the sublimity of Christian imagination—we are a long way from the Herald's speech in the Lapp pagan poem—seems to show a consciousness of what was probably the case, that our primitive ancestors were flat-footed, as many negro races and the anthropoid apes are to this day (Lombroso). If so, just as Erlik in the Siberian legend helped semi-simian humanity out of its monkey-fleeces to higher things, so this Serbian devil was no inconsiderable stepping-stone in the triumphant upward march of human evolution.

The next story—the Woman of the Sea from Naessebegy—is one of that large class of which *El Granchio* (the crab), and a Slavonic one, the Frog, are examples. The hero is conducted to a palace under the sea by a mermaid, and presented with a heap of silver and a large golden cup, which once stood on the table of a king. These stories seem to be expansions of the third task in the three days' struggle for the light, when the hero fishes up a gold ring from the bottom of a black sea with the help of a pike or a boon companion.

The third story is called the Poor Boy, the Devil, and the City of Gold (from Karasjok). A poor and a rich man go out fishing; the rich man is fortunate, the poor man catches nothing. Then he hears a voice: "Promise me what your wife carries under the heart and you shall be rich" [*Jephthah's daughter: El mezo* (Venetian) etc.]. The man catches a fish full of gold coins, and makes his fortune. He finds his wife *enceinte*. Fifteen years after the devil comes and claims the boy. The rest of the story is one of the innumerable variants of the Three Citrons—the three volume novel form of fairy story. Taking it all together, it belongs therefore to the epic fairy story type, beginning as it does with the birth of the hero, and something miraculous connected with it.

We have now compared the principal fragments of ancient Lapp literature with the Slavonic folk-lore, and have shewn beyond the possibility of cavil how close is the connection between the two.

In conclusion, a few words may be said of the Lapp superstitions, which may perhaps be traced in our Slav variants of Lapp nature myths. They are not very numerous, perhaps, in part because the records of Lapp mythology are few and rapidly perishing.

1. When the noaide's, or Lapp magician's soul, during the mesmeric trance passed into *Saiuvo*, the subterranean Lapp elysium, it was conducted by a *Saiuvo*-bird or fish. The fish was either piscine or vermiform. In the Venetian variant (*El Mezo*) of the Polish *Hloup*y *Piecuch*, the wonder-working pike is exchanged for an equally thaumaturgic eel. A reminiscence of the primitive Lapp idea may perhaps have contributed to the choice of pike and eels, as well as to the serpent in the story of *Golden Locks*.

2. Originally the Lapps adored the sun, and a fragment of the ancient belief is preserved to this day in the custom of smearing the walls of the round hut with butter, that the sun may melt it after

the long Arctic winter night. In the Vedas, one of the epithets of the day is the extraordinary one of buttery dawn, which may be a reminiscence of this primitive Lapp rite.

3. The magicians kept magic flies in bags, which they let out to produce skin diseases in their enemies. An allusion to these magic flies may perhaps be traced in the flies in Golden Locks.

4. The Lapps believed in auguries by means of birds, a superstition which developed to such vast proportions in the classic world. In the Serbian legend we have the various legends of miraculous cocks, in Polish Iskrzytski, in Czech the Raras and Setek legends, in Slovenian Vtacok Bracok (bird-brother), and numerous other stories in which the hero or heroine is murdered and transformed into a bird. Specially noticeable is the transformation at will of the seer in the Sun-horse into a green bird. It was the special sign of a good noaide or Lapp magician to be able to change at will into the form of an animal or bird. Some of them could, it was pretended, change into as many as six different animals. Setek, the little boy with chicken claws, a regular *enfant terrible* reappears in Venetian folk-lore as Mazzariol, an old man who would turn into a baby, and let himself be washed and dandled by some good housewife, and then run off in his true form and stand in the street and laugh at her credulity.

5. In the root the woodman brings home in Otesanek and trims to form a little baby, which his wife puts to bed, feeds it with pap, and causes to come to life and grow into a veritable *enfant terrible*, may perhaps be traced a faint reminiscence of the pagan Lapps' wooden idols which were formed out of the roots of birch trees.

We have thus traced our hypothetical primitive Arctic winter weather myth or fairy story, the source of all our principal literary forms and the most essential of our religious beliefs and superstitions to the creative minds of Arctic Mongols, and the influence upon them of the peculiar seasons of the Arctic circle. With the rude plan of the primitive Arctic myth the foundation is laid for a scientific study of folk-lore myths. Placing them in their natural groups (see plan) and arranging them in these according to the latitude of the place where they were collected, and then comparing the myths of each group minutely among themselves, it will, perhaps, be possible to reconstruct the primitive annual solar Arctic winter myth or weather allegory, which, if it actually existed, is the most ancient piece of literature in the world, compared to which Egyptian hieroglyphics are modern history. This re-constituted myth may possibly lead to the conviction that some seventy or more thousand years ago the climate of Siberia was temperate, and the Arctic circle was the centre of civilisation of a Turanian people like the present Samoyedes, of which the reconstituted myth is a relic, and of the warmer weather that prevailed there in those days. The civilisation of these ancient Turanians was not only high latitude but high. They were small with very round heads; swearing, theft and murder, and deeds of violence were unknown, or

almost unknown among them. Their religion consisted of a high order of spiritualism (the latitude and proximity of the magnetic pole rendering their nervous systems peculiarly sensitive) and absolute freedom in the indulgence of the amorous passions, love and happiness were the sole objects aimed at in their state of organization; war was unknown; the illusion of the death and burial of the sun in the Arctic winter night, and its subsequent resurrection in spring was the basis of their religion.

From geometrical considerations, the round-headed type of human beings must be the highest, because a spherical skull, other things being equal, contains the greatest amount of brains. The present predominance of the Aryans (*i.e.*, elliptical skull-folk) is due to their aptitude for motion consequent upon their well developed cerebellums. How deeply seated is this instinct in us is shewn in every department of our science, the last word of which is motion in a medium. When we have resolved even thought itself into the motion or electrical discharges of its molecules, we assume we have penetrated as far as human intellect can go; it does not occur to us to proceed in the opposite direction, and endeavour to express cosmical energy in terms of thought. But when all the problems of mechanical locomotion have been solved, there will be no further use for our physical and mental restlessness, with its nomad instinct; and our science of motion and locomotion having been learned and adopted by the round-headed Turanian races, ours may be destined to die out or become absorbed in theirs, our rôle on earth being accomplished. The age of peace, impossible to our combative type of humanity, may then perhaps dawn, as well as that of freedom for the emotions, and therefore of relative happiness. Once again things will be as they were in that long past golden age of the Arctic world, when, just as the moon was a pledge and earnest in the long Arctic winter night of the reappearance of the sun, so the orgies and beanfeasts of that long jovial winter midnight were the pledge and earnest of the resurrection of ome and its perpetual enjoyment after death:

The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

APPENDIX I.

THE Herald's speech, from the Lapp poem "The Son of Pissa Passa"
(supposed to date from the Neolithic epoch):

I.

God alone can give remission.

When his lightnings he hath hurled, [night;
And has planted the colours of shame in the soul and laid bare the abyss of its
When the conscience is seared by his levin and his spiritual power unfurled,
He alone can cancel, pardon, cleanse from hate and re-unite.

II.

He alone is in himself, not as I or thou is he—

Not as thou or I designing—
He alone enlightens, pardons,
All things for the best combining.

III.

But with joy must we receive him
As the heart's most precious treasure—
Its divinest cup of pleasure.

IV.

Have a care, or the levin shall fall, and the blight
Of its spells hurl thee prone to the nethermost night;
For the souls of the next world are proof 'gainst decay
When the flesh and the bones shall have mouldered away.

V.

Space no more their home is, rocks cannot arrest them,
Nor the stream retain them, nor the ocean drown them.
Like the thoughts' swift shuttle, through all space they wend them,
Suns and constellations, moon and earth that crown them.

VI.

Time no more they reckon of, time has passed behind them;
And in dreaming
They reveal them to the moon-struck spirits,
Now in touch no longer with our world of seeming.

VII.

They are souls o' the mirk whom Ilmaracca healed,
Sad shades of ill omen, blackened, blasted, sear,
Naked as the daylight—good and ill revealed—
Space no more contains them, nor the circling year.

VIII.

Some have donned the heavenly vesture,
Some the sombre weeds of night,
And have changed into forms of abhorrent despair and for ever and ever at strife;
Taste no more the sweet concord of love, unrequited evermore to the light;
Warfare, vain recriminations, are for aye their death in life.

IX.

He, the father of the heaven, in himself is all in all,
Not as we and you; the rolling
Sphere of day and night sustaining,
And the spirit-world controlling.

APPENDIX II.

A LIST of the fairy stories in D. G. BERNONI'S collections, showing their relation to similar Slavonic ones :

FIRST COLLECTION.

The Two Waiters.—In part is the story of Boccaccio and Cymbeline. Its relation to the Sun-horse type of story is shewn by the king going to a *hut*, where he leaves his robes for *seven years, seven months, and seven days*. Its more modern character by the title *I due camerieri*.

The Shark.—In part the Virgin Godmother (Upper Lusatian); in part Halek's modern story Under the Hollow Tree, itself derived from ancient folk-lore sources. Compare the Shepherd's Pipe (Polish), *Bracok Vtacok* (Slovenian), The Tinkling Linden (Upper Lusatian), etc.

The Devil.—This is the Blue Beard story, itself related to the Virgin Godmother, the Sun-horse, and the *Zlata pava* (golden or darling pea-hen; Slovenian).

A Holiday Dinner.—The most modern travesty of George and his Goat (Domaslik Bohemian).

Twelve Girls in Child.—Of the Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes class.

Bestianelo.—This is Foolish Greta.

The Fisherman's Wife.—This is a local legend of an unfaithful wife, exposed by a priest. It contains of Slavonic fairy stories only the triple element to connect it with the Arctic myth.

Consa Cenere.—Cinderella (Bulgarian: Popelka).

Ari Ari Caga Danari.—*Obrechu hybej se*, Beat-stick (Kasubian).

The Beast with the Seven Heads.—George and his Goat, and Perseus and Andromeda.

The Madcap.—Local.

The Parsley.—Connected by El Mezo with Hloupny Piecuch (Polish). The number seven occurs in it. In part The Miraculous Hair (Serbian); in part The Skeleton King or Prince Unexpectedly (Polish).

Good as Salt.—In part Boccaccio's Merchant of Genova, and thus a variant of *El pomo d'oro* (Bernoni's third and last collection), that is The Shepherd's Pipe (Polish).

Cipro Candia e Morea.—This is a modernized form of the Tinkling Linden and the Virgin Mary Godmother.

The Three Old Women.—A burlesque fairy story. Compare the Three Fates.

The King of the Beans.—Distantly related to the Three Citrons.

King Bufone.—Of the *El Granchio* type. Related to the Golden Treasure (Upper Lusatian).

The Girl with Four Eyes.—In part the Tinkling Linden; in part The Devil (Polish).

The Friulan.—Local.

Mazzariol.—The Venetian *Raras* or *Setek* (Bohemian), *Iskrzytski* (Polish).

SECOND COLLECTION.

The Five Ells of Cloth.—The introduction is the same as that of the Devil and the Shoemaker (Moravian). The story is the Polish *Jalmuzna* (Alms).

El Giusto (The Just).—This is the Moravian Godmother Death.

How the Race of the Friulani were Born.—Local.

Siropa de barcazzo le fieve descazzo (Barge sirop drives away fever).—Local.

San Querin.—Local and Comic. The element three occurs in the beans, scarlet-runners, and corn, which connect it with the Three Citrons, etc.

Vigna era e vigna son.—No apparent relation to Slav folk-lore. It is connected, however, with the two Zodiacal signs, Leo and Virgo.

I orfaroni.—Local.

Co gerimo vivi (When we were alive).—Comic. Local.

The Three Brothers.—Burlesque, but connected by the triple element with the Slav and Arctic solar myth.

The Riddle.—No apparent relation to the Slav.

The Three who go to the Pope of Rome.—Comic.

The Three Goslings and the Cock.—These two stories belong to the Budulinek (Moravian), and Otesanek (Bohemian) group.

Petin Petelo and Galeto e Sorzeto.—This is our "Fire burn stick, stick beat dog."

Nono Cocon.—A degraded form of *Rè Corvo* and the Three Citrons.

Rosseto.—In part Budulinek; in part a corrupted form of Hank a Jauka. Comic.

Sorzeto e Luganega.—An amusing variety of *Petin Petelo*.

La Mosca.—The same as *Un Vecieto birbo*. (Bernoni; last collection).

The Three Sisters.—Long, Broad, and Sharp-Eyes. The flask of water giving life connects it with the next story, and this with the Dragon and Czar's son (Serbian), which in turn links it to the Lapp—The giant who preserved his life in an egg.

The Twelve Brothers and the Twelve Sisters.—As the last. It contains also the principal incident of the Spirit of the Unburied one (Polish), and that of Joseph and his Brethren, but in a form which shows that this last is really an allegory of the dubious victory of the spring at the beginning of the year. The youngest of the twelve brethren thrown into the well by them, and saved from it by the spirit of the Unburied one whom he had buried, is the Hero of vitality who buried the Sun in winter, and in return is saved from the spring flood by it in spring.



BERNONI'S THIRD (AND LAST) COLLECTION.

The Basket of Flowers is George and his Goat.

Apple and Rind.—This is the Two Brothers (Serbian), it also occurs in English folk-lore.

A Wife who won't eat.—The Golden Pea-hen (Slovenian).

The Golden Apple.—The Shepherd's Pipe (Polish). Note the name of the Venetian variant connects the Polish story with the annual Arctic myth.

Bela la mare ma piiu bela la fia.—(Fair the mother but fairer the daughter). In part The Virgin Mary Godmother. In part Father Know-All. In part the Tinkling Linden.

The Wind is the Skeleton King. Points of resemblance with Father Know-All, the Three Citrons, and the Miraculous Hair.

The Enchanted Ring.—Traces of the Virgin Mary Godmother.

Casa cucagna.—The Golden Spinneress (Slovenian), becoming, in the last stage of its eventful history, Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew.

El Mezo (The half).—Hloupý Piecuch.

The Crab.—A form of the Golden Treasure; some points of resemblance to the Miraculous Hair.

The Love of the Three Oranges.—The Three Citrons.

The Sister Dumb for Seven Years.—The seven connects it with the Sun-horse. It continues as the Three Citrons, then turns into the Virgin Mary Godmother, to end something like the end of the Merchant of Genoa (Boccaccio).

The Dead Man.—A blending of the general idea of the Sleeping Beauty legend, with a close reproduction of the anti-climax of the Three Citrons.

Goat's Head and Hare's Ears.—More or less a variant from the Three Sisters, which see.

King Crow.—A variant of the Three Citrons; but it has preserved its Prologue.

Un veiceto birbo.—Comic.

