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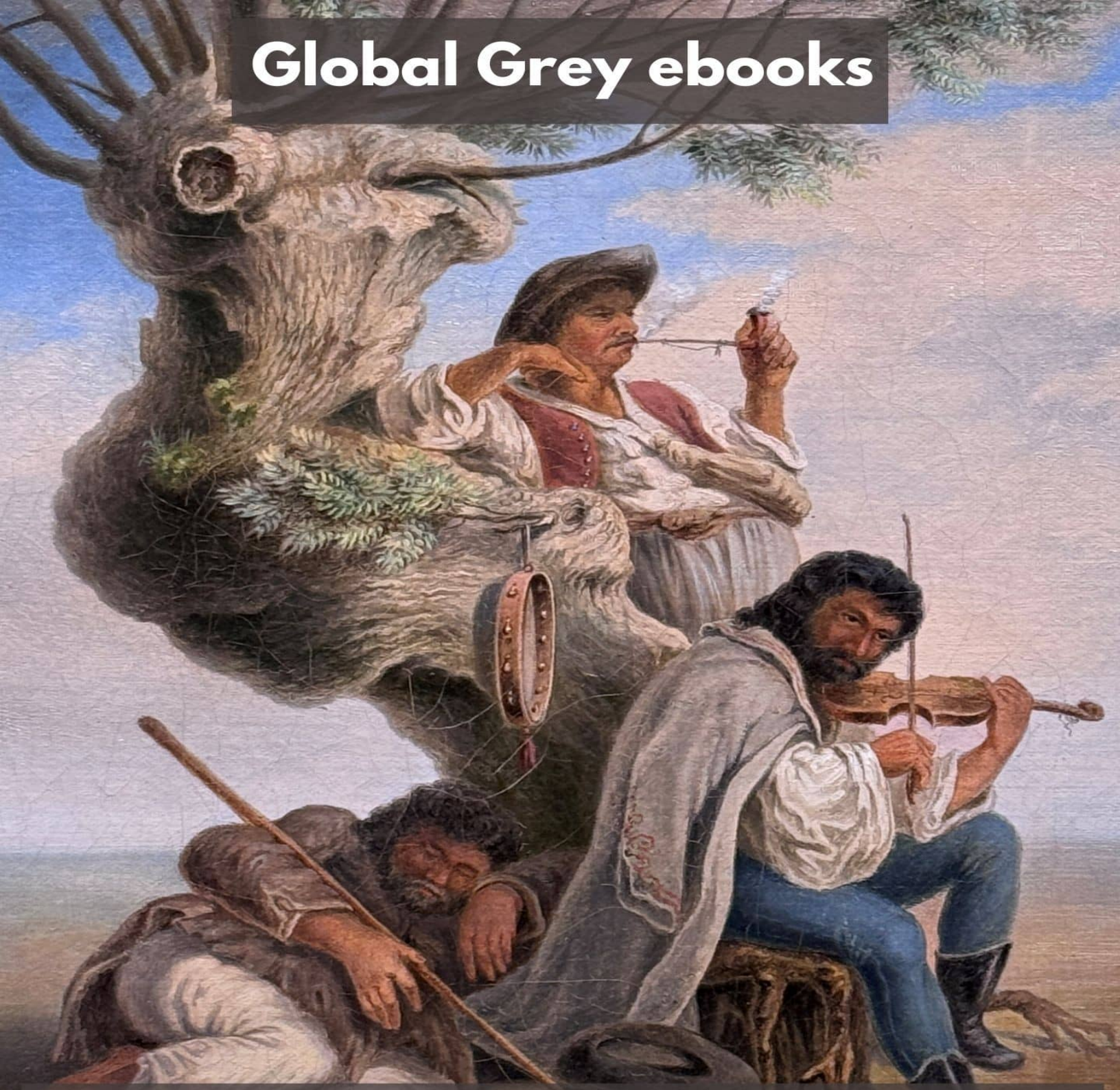

GYPSY FOLK TALES

Francis Hindes Groome

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Gypsy Folk Tales
by Francis Hindes Groome

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‘Pazorrhus’

I AM no folklorist; I have merely dabbled in folklore as a branch of the great Egyptian Question, which includes also intricate problems of philology, ethnology, craniology, archæology, history, music, and what not besides. But for twenty years I have been trying to interest folklorists in Gypsy folk-tales. Vainly so far; and during those twenty years there have died Dr. Paspati, Dr. Barbu Constantinescu, Dr. Franz von Miklosich, Dr. Isidore Kopernicki, M. Paul Bataillard, and John Roberts, the Welsh-Gypsy harper: with them much has perished that folklorists should not have willingly let go. Meanwhile, however, a Rómani Grimm has arisen in Mr. John Sampson, the librarian of University College, Liverpool. With unparalleled generosity he has placed his collections at my free disposal--I trust I have not made too lavish use of them,--and has read, moreover, every page of the proofs of this volume, enriching it from the depths of his knowledge of ‘matters of Egypt.’ Another, a very old friend, to whom my debt is great, is the Rev. Thomas Davidson, author of the admirable folklore articles in *Chambers’s Encyclopædia*; he has lent me scores of scarce works from his unrivalled folklore library. Others to whom I owe acknowledgments are: Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Mr. W. A. Clouston, Dr. Hyde Clarke, Professor Bensly (all five also dead), Mrs. Gomme, Mr. H. Browne of Bucharest, Mr. Robert Burns, Lord Archibald Campbell, Mr. Archibald Constable, Mr. H. T. Crofton, Professor Dobschütz of Jena, Mr. Fitzedward Hall, Dean Kitchin, Mr. William Larminie, Mr. David MacRitchie, M. Omont of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Dr. David Patrick, Dr. Fearon Ranking, Mr. Rufus B. Richardson of Athens, Professor Sayce, and Dr. Rudolf von Sowa of Brünn. And, finally, I would thank in advance whoever may send me corrections, additions, or suggestions on the subject of Gypsy folk-tales.

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Introduction

Distribution Of Gypsies

No race is more widely scattered over the earth's surface than the Gypsies; the very Jews are less ubiquitous. Go where one will in Europe, one comes upon Gypsies everywhere--from Finland to Sicily, from the shores of the Bosporus to the Atlantic seaboard. Something under a million is their probable number in Europe; of these Hungary claims 275,000, Roumania 200,000, Servia 38,000, and Bulgaria 52,000. How many Gypsies there are in Great Britain I have not the vaguest notion, for there are no statistics of the slightest value to go by.[1] But I have never lived for any length of time in any place--and I have stayed in most parts of both England and Scotland--without lighting sooner or later on nomadic or house-dwelling Gypsies. London and all round London, the whole Thames valley as high at least as Oxford, the Black Country, Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, and Yarmouth, it is here I should chiefly look for settled Gypsies. Whilst from study of parish registers, local histories, and suchlike, and from my own knowledge, I doubt if there is the parish between Land's End and John o' Groats where Gypsies have not pitched their camp some time or other in the course of the last four centuries.

Asia has untold thousands of these wanderers, in Anatolia, Syria, Armenia, Persia, Turkestan, and Siberia, perhaps also India and China; so, too, has Africa, in Egypt, Algeria, Darfûr, and Kordofan. We find them in both the Americas, from Pictou in Canada to Rio in Brazil; nor are New Zealand and Australia without at least their isolated bands.

To-day at any rate the sedentary Gypsies must greatly outnumber the nomadic: in Hungary only 9000, or less than one-thirtieth of the entire number, are returned as 'constantly on the move.' Still the race has always been largely a migratory race; its wide distribution is due to bygone migrations. Of these the most important known to us is that of the first half of the fifteenth century, whose movements have been so lovingly and laboriously traced by the late M. Paul Bataillard in his *Dè l'Apparition et de la Dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe* (1844), *Nouvelles Recherches* (1849), and 'Immigration of the Gypsies into Western Europe in

the Fifteenth Century' (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, April 1889 to January 1890, for pages[2]).

Appearance In West

Late in 1417 a band of 'Secani' or Tsigans, 300 in number, besides children and infants, arrived in Germany 'from Eastern parts' or 'from Tartary.' Their presence is first recorded at Luneburg; and thence they passed on to Hamburg, Lübeck, Wismar, Rostock, Stralsund, and Greifswald, At their head rode a duke and a count, richly dressed, with silver belts, and leading like nobles dogs of chase; next came a motley crew afoot; and women and children brought up the rear in waggons. They bore letters of safe-conduct from princes, one of which from the Emperor Sigismund they had probably procured that same year at Lindau on Lake Constance; and they gave out that they were on a seven years' pilgrimage, imposed by their own bishops as a penance for apostasy from the Christian faith. They encamped in the fields by night outside the city walls, and were great thieves, especially the women, 'wherefore several were taken and slain.' In 1418 they are heard of at Leipzig, at Frankfort-on-Main, and in Switzerland at Zurich, Basel, Berne, and Soleure: the contemporary Swiss chronicler, Conrad Justinger, speaks of them as 'more than two hundred baptized Heathens from Egypt, pitiful, black, miserable, and unbearable on account of their thefts, for they stole all they could.' At Augsburg they passed for exiles from 'Lesser Egypt'; at Macon in August 1419 they practised palmistry and necromancy; and at Sisteron in Provence as 'Saracens' they got large rations from the terrified townsfolk. In 1420 Lord Andreas, Duke of Little Egypt, and a hundred men, women, and children, came to Deventer in the Low Countries; and the aldermen had to pay 19 florins 10 placks for their bread, beer, herrings, and straw, as well as for cleaning out the barn in which they lay. At Tournay in 1421 'Sir Miquiel, Prince of Latinghem in Egypt,' received twelve gold pieces, with bread and a barrel of beer.

At Bologna

Next the *Chronica di Bologna* tells how 'the 18th of July 1422 a duke of Egypt, Duke Andrew, arrived at Bologna, with women, children, and men from his own country. There might be a hundred. This duke having denied the Christian faith, the King of Hungary [the Emperor Sigismund] had taken possession of his lands and person. Then he told the King that he wished to return to Christianity, and he had been baptized with about four

thousand men; those who refused baptism were put to death. After the King of Hungary had thus taken and rebaptized them, he commanded them to travel about the world for seven years, to go to Rome to see the pope, and then to return to their own country. When they arrived at Bologna, they had been journeying for five years, and more than half of them were dead. They had a mandate from the King of Hungary, the Emperor, permitting them during these seven years to thieve, wherever they might go, without being amenable to justice.

When they arrived at Bologna, they lodged themselves inside and outside the Gate of Galiera, and settled themselves under the porticoes, except the duke, who lodged at the King's Inn (Albergo del Re). They remained a fortnight at Bologna. During this time many people went to see them, on account of the duke's wife, who, it was said, could foretell what would happen to a person during his lifetime, as well as what was interesting in the present, how many children would be born, and other things. Concerning all which she told truly. And of those who wished to have their fortunes told, few went to consult without getting their purse stolen, and the women had pieces of their dress cut off. The women of the band wandered about the town, seven or eight together; they entered the houses of the inhabitants, and whilst they were telling idle tales, some of them laid hold of what was within their reach. In the same way they visited the shops under the pretext of buying something, but really to steal. Many thefts were thus committed at Bologna. So it was cried through the town that no one should go to see them under a penalty of fifty pounds and excommunication, for they were the most cunning thieves in all the world. It was even permitted those who had been robbed by them to rob them in return to the amount of their losses. In consequence of which several of the inhabitants of Bologna slipped during the night into a stable where some of their horses were shut up, and stole the best of them. The others, wishing to get back their horses, agreed to restore a great number of the stolen articles. But seeing that there was nothing more to gain there, they left Bologna and went off towards Rome.

'Observe that they were the ugliest brood ever seen in this country. They were lean and black, and they ate like swine. Their women went in smocks, and wore a pilgrim's cloak across the shoulder, rings in their ears, and a long veil on their head. One of them gave birth to a child in the market-place, and at the end of three days went on to rejoin her people.'

On 7th August the same band, now swelled to two hundred, arrived at Forli, where, writes the city chronicler, 'some[3] said they were from India.' The Vatican archives may contain some record of the audience granted to these strange penitents by Pope Martin v.; all that we know is that later in the same year the 'cunning and lazy strange people called *Zigeiner*,' led by Duke Michael, were back in Switzerland with papal as well as imperial safe-conducts. And next, after a gap of nearly five years, in the August of 1427 there appeared outside Paris, then held by the English, a hundred men, women, and children, 'good Christians from Lower Egypt, who were headed by a duke, an earl, and ten other horsemen. They told how the pope, after hearing their confession, gave them as penance to wander seven years without sleeping in a bed, and letters enjoining every bishop and mitred abbot to make them one payment of ten *livres tournois*.'

At Paris

The Bourgeois of Paris, whose Journal records this visit with a Pepys-like fidelity, describes how multitudes 'came from Paris, from Sainct Denis, and from the neighbourhood of Paris to see them. And it is true that the children, boys and girls, were as clever as could be. And most or nearly all had both ears pierced, and in each ear a silver ring, or two in each, and they said it was a sign of nobility in their own country. *Item*, the men were very black, their hair was frizzled; the women, the ugliest that could be seen, and the blackest.

All had their faces covered with wounds (*toutes avoient le visage deplaié*), hair black as a horse's tail, for sole dress an old blanket, very coarse, and fastened on the shoulder by a band of cloth or a cord, and underneath a shift, for all covering. In short, they were the poorest creatures ever seen in France in the memory of man. Yet, in spite of their poverty, there were witches among them who looked into people's hands, and told what had happened to them, or would happen, and sowed discord in several marriages by saying to the husband, "Your wife has played you false," or to the wife, "Your husband has played you false."

And what was worse, whilst they were speaking to folks, by magic or otherwise, or by the Enemy in Hell, or by dexterity and skill, it was said they emptied people's purses and transferred the coin to their own. But in truth I went there three or four times to speak with them, yet never perceived that I lost a penny, nor did I ever see them look into a hand. But

people said so everywhere, and it came to the ears of the Bishop of Paris, who went there, and took with him a Minorite friar called Little Jacobin. And he, by command of the bishop, made a fine preaching, excommunicating all who had believed them and shown them their hands. And they were obliged to depart, and departed on the day of Our Lady of September, and went away towards Pontoise.'

Three weeks later, at Amiens, Thomas, Earl of Little Egypt, with forty followers, received pious alms from the mayor and aldermen after exhibition of the papal letters; and during the next seven years we find similar scattered bands of Egyptians, Saracens from Egypt, or Heidens, at Tournai, Utrecht, Arnheim, Bommel, Middelburg, Metz, Leyden, Frankfort, etc.

These, according to M. Bataillard, all belonged to the original band, some four hundred strong, which split up or reunited as occasion required, and which had probably started from the Balkan peninsula. The thirty *tented* Cingari or Cigäwnär, who encamped near Ratisbon in 1424 and 1426, seem on the other hand to have belonged to Hungary. Their leader had also a safe-conduct granted him at Zips on 23rd April 1423 by the Emperor Sigismund, and styling him 'our faithful Ladislas, Woiwode of the Cigani'; and they gave out quite a different reason for their exile, that it was 'in remembrance of the flight of our Lord into Egypt.'

The four hundred would-be pioneers, then, sent forward to spy out the lands of promise on behalf of vast hordes behind, who in 1438 began to pour over Germany, Italy, and France by thousands instead of by hundreds, and headed this time by King Zindl. Spain the Gypsies reached in 1447, Sweden by 1512, and Poland and Russia about 1501.

In England

The earliest certain mention of their presence in England is this chance allusion in *A Dyalog of Syr Thomas More, knyght* (1529), bk. iii. ch. xv. In 1514 the king sent the lords to inquire into the death of Richard Hunne in the Lollards' Tower, and a witness appeared who owned to having said 'that he knew one who could tell who killed Hunne. "Well," quoth the Lords, "at the last, yet with much work, we come to somewhat. But whereby think you that he can tell?" "Nay, forsooth, my Lord," quoth he, "it is a woman. I would she were here with your Lordships now." "Well," quoth my Lord,

“woman or man is all one. She shall be had wheresoever she be.” “By my faith, my Lord,” quoth he, “an’ she were with you, she could tell you wonders, by God. I have wist her tell many marvellous things ere now.” “Why,” quoth the Lords, “what have ye heard her tell?” “Forsooth, my Lords,” quoth he, “ if a thing had been stolen, she would have told who had it. And therefore I think she could as well tell who killed Hunne as who stole a horse.” “Surely,” said the Lords, “so think we all, I trow. But how could she tell it--by the Devil?” “Nay, by my troth, I trow,” quoth he, “for I could never see her use any worse way than looking into one’s hand.” Therewith the Lords laughed, and asked, “What is she?” “Forsooth, my Lords,” quoth he, “an Egypcyan, and she was lodged here at Lambeth, but she is gone over sea now. Howbeit, I trow she be not in her own country yet, for they say it is a great way hence, and she went over little more than a month ago.”‘

It is quite Shakespearian, this scrap of dialogue; well, that is our earliest evidence for the presence of Gypsies in England. Eight years later, in 1522, the churchwardens of Stratton in Cornwall received twenty pence from the ‘Egypcions’ for the use of the church house; and some time between 1513 and 1524 Thomas, Earl of Surrey, entertained ‘Gypsions’ at his Suffolk seat, Tendring Hall. For all which, and eighty more similar notes of much interest, see Mr. H. T. Crofton’s ‘Early Annals of the Gypsies in England’ (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 5-24).

In Scotland

In Scotland the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer yield this entry: ‘1505, April 22. Item to the Egyptianis be the Kingis command, vij lib.’; and Gypsies probably were the overliers and masterful beggars whom an Act of 1449 describes as going about the country with ‘horses, hunds, and other goods.’ In no other country were the Gypsies better received than in Scotland, where, on 3rd July 1505, James iv. gave Anthonius Gagino, Earl of Little Egypt, a letter of commendation to the King of Denmark; where in 1530 the ‘Egyptianis that dansit before the king in Halyrudhous’ received forty shillings, and where that same king, James v., subscribed a writ (February 15, 1540) in favour of ‘oure louit Johnne Faw, lord and erle of Litill Egipt,’ to whose son and successor, Johnne Wanne, he granted authority to hang and punish all Egyptians within the realme (May 26, 1540).

Exactly when cannot be fixed, but about or soon after 1559, Sir William Sinclair, the Lord Justice-General, ‘delivered ane Egyptian from the gibbet in the Burrow Moore, ready to be strangled, returning from Edinburgh to Roslin, upon which accoumpt the whole body of gypsies were of old accustomed to gather in the stanks [marshes] of Roslin every year, where they acted severall plays, dureing the moneth of May and June. There are two towers,’ adds Father Richard Augustine Hay in his *Genealogie of the Sainteclaires of Roslin* (written 2700; ed. by Maidment, 1835, p. 136), ‘which were allowed them for their residence, the one called Robin Hood, the other Little John.’ Roslin seems to have been a Patmos of the race for upwards of fifty years, but in 1623-24 they were hunted out, and eight of their leaders hanged on the Burgh Muir. Six of those leaders were Faas; and eleven years before, on 21st August 1612, four other Egyptians of the same well-known surname had been put on trial as far north as Scalloway in Shetland.

These were ‘Johne Fawe, elder, callit mekill Johne Faw, Johne Faw, younger, calit Littill Johne Faw, Katherin Faw, spous to umquhill Murdo Broun, and Agnes Faw, sister to the said Litill Johne.’ They were indicted for the murder of the said Murdo Brown, and for theft, sorcery, and fortune-telling, ‘and that they can help or hinder in the proffeit of the milk of bestiale.’ Three of them were acquitted; but Katherine, pleading guilty to having slain her husband with a ‘lang braid knyff,’ was sentenced to be ‘tane to the Bulwark and cassen over the same in the sey to be drownit to the death, and dome given thairupone.’

For all which, and a multitude more of most curious and recondite information, I refer my readers to Mr. David MacRitchie’s *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* (Edinb. 1894, 120 pages), which has done for our northern tribes what Mr. Crofton had done for the southern. Its one omission is this, the earliest mention of Gypsies in the Highlands, contained in a news-letter from Dundee of January 1, 1651:--’There are about an hundred people of severall nations, call’d heere by the name of Egyptians, which doe att this day ramble uppe and downe the North Highlands, the cheifest of which are one Hause and Browne: they are of the same nature with the English Gypsies, and doe after the same manner cheate and cosen the country’ (C. H. Firth’s *Scotland and the Commonwealth*, Edinb., Scottish Hist. Society, 1895, p. 29).

In North America

As to America it was till recently supposed that there were not, had never been, any Gypsies there. In 'The Fortune-teller,' a story reprinted in *Chambers's Journal* for November 25, 1843, from *The Lady's Book*, an American publication, a Mrs. Somers is made to exclaim, 'An English gipsy! Alice, you must be deceived. There never has been a gipsy in America.' And, sure enough, the fortune-teller turns out to be no Gypsy. Nay, in a work so well-informed as Appleton's *American Cyclopædia* (1874), the writer of the article 'Gipsies' pronounces it 'questionable whether a band of genuine Gipsies has ever been in America.' Yet in 1665 at Edinburgh the Privy Council gave warrant and power to George Hutcheson, merchant, and his co-partners to transport to Jamaica and Barbadoes Egyptians and other loose and dissolute persons; and on 1st January 1715 nine Border Gypsies, men and women, of the names of Faa, Stirling, Yorstoun, Finnick (Fenwick), Lindsey, Ross, and Robertson, were transported by the magistrates of Glasgow to the Virginia plantations at a cost of thirteen pounds sterling (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, ii. 60-62). That is all, or practically all, we know of the coming of the Gypsies to North America, where, at New York, there were house-dwelling Gypsies as far back as 1850, and where to-day there must be hundreds or thousands of the race from England, Scotland, Hungary, Spain, one knows not whence else besides. Some day somebody will study them and write about them; meanwhile we have merely stray jottings by Simson and Leland.

In South America

For South America our information was, quite recently, even more meagre. Twenty years ago I just knew from Henry Koster's *Travels in Brazil* (Lond. 1816, p. 399) of the presence of Ciganos there, whom he described as ' a people of a brownish cast, with features which resemble those of white persons, and tall and handsome. They wander from place to place in parties of men, women, and children, exchanging, buying, and selling horses, and gold and silver trinkets. . . . They are said to be unmindful of all religious observances, and never to hear Mass or confess their sins. It is likewise said that they never marry out of their own nation.' Since then, however, Mello Moraes has published *Os Ciganos no Brazil* (Rio de Janeiro, 1886), which, besides a Rómani glossary, gives a good historical and statistical account of the Brazilian Gypsies. They seem to be the descendants of Ciganos

transported from Portugal towards the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Thus, by a decree of 27th August 1685, the Gypsies were henceforth to be transported to Maranhão, instead of to Africa; and in 1718, by a decree of 11th April, the Gypsies were banished from the kingdom to the city of Bahia, special orders being given to the governor to be diligent in the prohibition of the language and 'cant ' (*giria*), not permitting them to teach it to their children, that so it might die out. It was about this time, according to 'Sr. Pinto Noites, an estimable and venerable Gypsy of eighty-nine years,' that his ancestors and kinsfolk arrived at Rio de Janeiro--nine families transported hither by reason of a robbery imputed to the Gypsies.

The heads of these nine families were João da Costa Ramos, called João do Reino, with his son, Fernando da Costa Ramos, and his wife, Dona Eugenia; Luis Rabello de Aragão; one Ricardo Frago, who went to Minas; Antonio Laço, with his wife, Jacintha Laço; the Count of Cantanhede; Manoel Cabral and Antonio Curto, who settled in Bahia, accompanied by daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, and grandchildren, as well as by wife and sons. They applied themselves to metallurgy--were tinkers, farriers, braziers, and goldsmiths; the women told fortunes and gave charms to avert the evil eye. In the first half of the nineteenth century the Brazilian Gypsies seem to have been great slave-dealers, just as their brethren on this side of the Atlantic have always been great dealers in horses and asses. We read on p. 40 of 'M . . ., afterwards Marquis of B . . ., belonging to the Bohemian race, whose immense fortune proceeded from his acting as middleman in the purchase of slaves for Minas.' And there are several more indications, scattered through the book, that the Brazilian nation, from highest to lowest, must be strongly tinctured with Rómani blood.

We know far too little about the Chinganéros or Montanéros, wandering minstrels of Venezuela, to identify them more or less vaguely with Gypsies (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 306, 373); and a like remark applies, even more strongly, to the Lowbeys of Gambia, who have been described as the 'Gypsies of North-West Africa,' who never intermarry with another race, and who confine themselves almost exclusively to the making of the various wooden utensils in use by natives generally (*ib*. i. 54). Still, these Lowbeys *may* be the descendants of Gypsies transported from Portugal, or of the Basque Gypsies, whole bands of whom so lately as 1802 were caught

by night as in a net, huddled on shipboard, and landed on the coast of Africa (Michel's *Pays Basque*, p. 137).

In Australia

To transportation Australia certainly owed its earliest Gypsies. In 1880, a few months before his death, Tom Taylor wrote to me:--'The only Gypsy I ever knew who had travelled among "the people" was one Jones, who used to drive a knife-grinding wheel at Cambridge. Having "left his country for his country's good" in the old transportation days, he had made his escape from Australia, and, the ship aboard which he had stowed himself putting into a Spanish port, had landed, met with some of the Zincali, and travelled with them for some time. He was looked on as a master of "deep Rommany" among the Gypsies round Cambridge.' Mr. MacRitchie has a letter containing a longish list of wealthy Australian Gypsies, whose grandsires were *bitchadé párdel* ('sent over'); yet, according to the *Orange Guardian* of May 1866:--'The first Gypsies seen in Australia passed through Orange the other day *en route* for Mudgee. Although they can scarcely be reckoned new arrivals, as they have been nearly two years in the colony, they bear about them all the marks of the Gypsy. The women stick to the old dress, and are still as anxious as ever to tell fortunes; but they say that this game does not pay in Australia, as the people are not so credulous here as they are at home. Old "Brown Joe" is a native of Northumberland, and has made a good deal of money even during his short sojourn here. They do not offer themselves generally as fortune-tellers, but, if required and paid, they will at once "read your palm." At present they obtain a livelihood by tinkering and making sealing-wax. Their time during the last week has been principally taken up in hunting out bees' nests, which are very profitable, as they not only sell the honey, but, after purifying and refining the wax, manufacture it into beautiful toys, so rich in colour and transparency that it would be almost impossible to guess the material' (quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 28th July 1866, p. 65).

Transportation

Banishment and transportation have been important factors in the dispersion of the Gypsies. They were banished from Germany in 1497, Spain in 1499, France in 1504, England in 1531, Denmark in 1536, Moravia in 1538, Scotland in 1541, Poland in 1557, Venetia in 1549, 1558, and 1588, etc.; to such banishment is probably due the fact that in 1564 we find in the

Netherlands a Gypsy woman, Katarine Mosroesse, who had been born in Scotland. Besides the transportation, already noticed, of Scottish Gypsies to Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Virginia, of Portuguese Gypsies to Africa and Brazil, of Basque Gypsies to Africa, and of English Gypsies to Botany Bay, we know that some time prior to 1800 Gitanos were transported from Spain to Louisiana; whilst in 1544 we find one large band of Egyptians being sentenced at Huntingdon to be taken to Calais, the nearest English port on the Continent, and another being shipped at Boston in Lincolnshire and landed somewhere in Norway.

In Crete

From the preceding it may be safely deduced that, with our present knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, we can seldom, if ever, fix the precise date when the Gypsies first set foot in any country. Till 1849 it was almost universally accepted that 1417, the year of their appearance at the Hanse cities of the Baltic, was also the date of their first arrival in Europe. But since then Bataillard, Hopf, and Miklosich have collected a number of passages which prove incontestably that long before then there must have been Gypsies in south-eastern Europe. Symon Simeonis, a Minorite friar, who made pilgrimage from Ireland to the Holy Land, tells in his *Itinerarium* (Camb. 1778, p, 17), how in 1322 near Candia in Crete: 'There also we saw a race outside the city, following the Greeks' rite, and asserting themselves to be of the family of Chaym [Ham]. They rarely or never stop in one place beyond thirty days, but always wandering and fugitive, as though accursed by God, after the thirtieth day remove from field to field with their oblong tents, black and low, like the Arabs', and from cave to cave. For after that period any place in which they have dwelt becomes full of worms and other nastinesses, with which it is impossible to dwell.'[4]

In Corfu

The Empress Catherine de Courtenay-Valois (1301-46), granted to the suzerains of Corfu authority to receive as vassals certain '*homines vageniti*,' coming from the Greek mainland, and using the Greek rite. By the close of the fourteenth century these *vageniti* were all of them subject to a single baron, Gianuli de Abitabulo, and formed the nucleus of a fief called the fief of Abitabulo or *feudum Acinganorum*, which lasted under various superiors until the abolition of feudal tenures in the beginning of the present century.

One of those superiors, about 1540, was the learned Antonio Eparco, Melanchthon's correspondent; another, the tyrannical Count Teodoro Michele, who died in 1787. This little Gypsy colony, numbering about a hundred adults, besides children, had a tax to pay twice a year to their superior, as also such fines as two gold pieces and a couple of fat hens for permission to marry. They were mechanics, smiths, tinkers, and husbandmen; celebrated a great yearly festival on the first of May; and were amenable only to the jurisdiction of their lord. Carl Hopf, in *Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa* (Gotha, 1870, pp. 17-23), tells us much about them, collected from the papers of Count Teodoro Trivoli, who succeeded to the property in 1863. Still we would fain know much more, especially something as to their language. One point to be noticed is that Italians must in Corfu have come early in contact with Gypsies, for the island belonged to Venice from 1401 to 1797.

In The Peloponnesus

From a Venetian viceroy, moreover, Ottaviano Buono, the Acingani of Nauplion in the Peloponnesus received about 1398 a confirmation of the privileges granted them by his predecessors; and Hopf from two facts infers that Gypsies must have been early settled in the peninsula--one, the frequency of ruins called *Gyphtokastron* ('Gypsy fortress'); the other, that in 1414 the Byzantine rhetorician Mazaris[5] reckoned Egyptians as one of the seven races dwelling there. Nauplion is on the east coast, Modone on the west; and at Modone the Cologne patrician, Arnold von Harff, who went on pilgrimage 1496-99, found a whole suburb of 'poor naked people in little reed-thatched houses, well on to three hundred families, called Suyginer, the same as those whom we call Heiden (Heathen) from Egypt, and who wander about in our lands. Here the race plies all sorts of handiwork--shoemaking, cobbling, and also the smith's craft, which is right curious to behold. The anvil stands on the ground, the man sat in front of it, like a tailor with us; near him sat his wife, also on the earth, and span. Between them was the fire. Near it were two little leather bags, like a bagpipe's, half in the ground and pointing towards the fire. So the wife, as she sat and span, sometimes lifted up one of the bags and then pressed it down again; this sent wind through the earth to the fire, so that the man could get on with his tinkering.' Harff then says that the race originates from a country called Gyppe, some forty miles distant from Modone 'Sixty years ago' [*i.e.* about

1436] ‘the Turkish emperor seized this territory, whereupon some counts and lords, who would not submit to his authority, fled to Rome to our spiritual father, and demanded his comfort and succour. So he gave them commendatory letters to the Roman emperor and to all princes of the empire, to render them conduct and assistance as exiles for the Christian faith. But though they showed the letters to all princes, they found, nowhere assistance. So they died in wretchedness, but the letters passed to their servants and children, who still wander about in our lands, and call themselves from Little Egypt. But that is a lie, for their parents came from the territory of Gyppe, called also Suginia, which is not so far from our city of Cologne as it is from Egypt. But these vagabonds are rascals and spy out the lands.’ This passage, modernised from Harff’s narrative by Hopf (pp. 14-17), is of high interest, though there was no Turkish occupation of the Morea about 1436, and though we know of no territory there called Gyppe or Suginia.

In Roumania

In 1387 Mircea I., woiwode of Wallachia, by a charter still preserved in the archives of Bucharest, renewed a grant made about 1370 by his uncle Vladislav to the monastery of St. Anthony at Voditza of forty *salaschi* (‘tents’ or families) of Atsegane. Which shows that already the Roumanian Gypsies were serfs; and serfs they continued till 1856. To the*Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society (vol. i., Lond., 1857, pp. 37-41) Mr. Samuel Gardner, H.M. Consul at Jassy, contributed some interesting ‘Notes on the Condition of the Gypsy Population of Moldavia.’ ‘The Tzigans,’ he says, ‘are an intelligent and industrious race, and in their general condition of prædial slavery (for few are in reality emancipated) are a reproach to the country and to the Government. Many of them are taught arts. They are the blacksmiths, locksmiths, bricklayers, masons, farriers, musicians, and cooks especially, of the whole country. . . . They dwell in winter in subterranean excavations, the roof alone appearing above ground, and in summer in brown serge tents of their own fabric. . . . The children, to the age of ten or twelve, are in a complete state of nudity; but the men and women, the latter offering frequently the most symmetrical form and feminine beauty, have a rude clothing. Their implements and carriages, of a peculiar construction, display much ingenuity. They are in fact very able artisans and labourers, industrious and active, but are cruelly and

barbarously treated. In the houses of their masters they are employed in the lowest offices, live in the cellars, have the lash continually applied to them, and are still subjected to the iron collar and a kind of spiked iron mask or helmet, which they are obliged to wear as a mark of punishment and degradation for every petty offence.' The Gypsies of Wallachia and Moldavia are referred to in eleven original documents of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Every one of these documents speaks of them as serfs, but we get never a hint of when they were first reduced to serfdom.

The Chaltsmide

In a free metrical paraphrase of Genesis, made in German about or before the year 1122 by an Austrian monk, and cited by Freytag in *Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*(1859, 226), occurs this passage:--'So she [Hagar] had this child, they named him Ishmael. From him are descended the Ishmaelitish folk. They journey far through the world. We call them *chaltsmide* [mod. Ger. *kaltschmiede*, 'workers in cold metal ']. Out upon their life and their manners! For whatever they have to sell is never without a defect; whenever he buys anything, good or bad, he always wants something in; he never abates on what he sells himself. They have neither house nor country; every place is the same to them. They roam about the land, and abuse the people by their knaveries. It is thus they deceive folk, robbing no one openly.' That here, by *chaltsmide, Ishmaelites, and descendants of Hagar* Gypsies were meant, can scarcely admit of doubt. The smith's is still the Gypsies' leading handicraft; Lusignan in 1573 says of the Gypsies of Cyprus,[6] 'Les Cinquanes sont peuple d'Egypte dits autrement Agariens'; *Agareni* is one of the numberless names applied to the Gypsies by Fritschius in 1664; and in German and in Danish thieves' slang*Geshmeilim* and *Smaelem* (Ishmaelites) are terms for Gypsies at the present day. One fancies that Austrian monk had somehow been 'done' by the Chaltsmide.

Athingani

From whatever cause, it seems certain that a confusion did exist between the Ἀτσίγκανοι, or Gypsies, and the Ἀθίγγανοι, or heretics forming a branch of the Manichæan sect of the Paulicians, which renders it sometimes extremely difficult to determine whom the Byzantine historians are speaking of in seven passages collected by Dr. Franz von Miklosich in his

great work, *Ueber die Mundarten and die Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's* (part vi., 1876, Vienna, pp. 57-64). It appears from these that the Athingani, described as magicians, soothsayers, and serpent-charmers, first emerge in Byzantine history under Nicephorus I. (802-11), were banished by Michael I. (811-13), and were restored to favour by Michael II. (820-29). But Miklosich's grounds for absolutely identifying them with Gypsies, and positively asserting the latter to have appeared at Byzantium in 810 under Nicephorus, are hard to recognise.

Atsincan

Far less dubious seems an extract from the Georgian Life of Giorgi Mtharsmindel of Mount Athos (St. Petersburg, 1846, p, 241), which was demonstrably composed in the year 1100. We have two French translations of that extract--one published by Otto Boehtlingk (*Bulletin historico-philol. de l'Académie de St. Petersbourg*, ii. 1853, p. 4), and the other by Miklosich (*loc. cit.*, part vi. p. 60). Both translations agree closely; I follow Miklosich's:--'Whilst the pious king, Bagrat IV. [*c*. 1048], was in the imperial city of Constantinople, he learnt--a thing marvellous and quite incredible--that there were certain descendants there of the Samaritan race of Simon Magus, called Atsincan, wizards and famous rogues.

Now there were wild beasts that used to come and devour the animals kept, for the monarch's chase, in the imperial park. The great emperor Monomachus, learning of this, bade summon the Atsincan, to destroy by their magic art the beasts devouring his game. They, in obedience to the imperial behest, killed a quantity of wild beasts. King Bagrat heard of it, and summoning the Atsincan, said, "How have you killed these beasts?" "Sire," said they, "our art teaches us to poison meat, which we put in a place frequented by these beasts; then climbing a tree, we attract them by imitating the cry of the animals; they assemble, eat the meat, and drop down dead. Only beasts born on Holy Saturday obey us not. Instead of eating the poisoned meat, they say to us, 'Eat it yourselves'; then off they go unharmed." The monarch, wishing to see it with his own eyes, bade them summon a beast of this sort, but they could find nothing but a dog which they knew had not been born upon that day.

The monk, who was present with the king, was moved with the same natural sentiment as we have spoken of above, on the subject of the icons and of the divine representation. He was moved, not with pity only, but with

the fear of God, and would have no such doings among Christians, above all before the king, in a place where he was himself. He made the sign of the cross on the poisoned meat, and the animal had no sooner swallowed it than it brought it up, and so did not drop dead. The dog having taken no harm, the baffled wizards begged the king to have the monk, Giorgi, taken into the inner apartments, and to order another dog to be brought. The holy monk gone, they brought another dog, and gave him the poisoned meat: he fell dead instantly. At sight of this King Bagrat and his lords rejoiced exceedingly, and told the marvel to the pious emperor, Constantine Monomachus [1042-54], who shared their satisfaction and thanked God. As to King Bagrat, he said, "With this holy man near me, I fear neither wizards nor their deadly poisons."' That things fell out precisely as here reported is questionable, but Gypsies are clearly meant by the Atsincan; the passage attests their existence in Europe in the eleventh century.

The poisoning of pigs--for which compare Borrow's *Romany Rye*--has become a lost Gypsy art. But twenty-five years ago I knew English Gypsies who had a most unpleasant knowledge of whence to get natural arsenic. One of them dropped down dead, and the policeman who examined his body found a quantity of it in his pocket. ' Oh! yes,' explained the survivors, ' he used it, you know, sir, in his tinkering.'[7]

Komodromoi

What it was first directed my attention to the Komodromoi of Byzantine writers I cannot be positive, but I am pretty sure it was something somewhere in Pott. Not in any of the 1034 pages of his *Zigeuner in Europa and Asien* (2 vols.; Halle, 1844-45), for I have once more gone through that stupendous work, but perhaps in a letter, perhaps in a conversation, or perhaps in one of his contributions to the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. Anyhow, I am sure no work hitherto on the Gypsies has cited this extract from Du Cange's *Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediæ et Infimæ Græcitatis* (Paris, 1688):--

'κωμοδρόμοι, interdum κομοδρόμοι, *Circulatores*, atque adeò *Fabri ærarij* qui per pagos cursitant: ut hodie passim apud nos, quos *Chaudroniers* dicimus. Lexicon MS. ad Schedographiam:

Βαβαὶ, θαυμαστικόν ἐστι, Βάναυσος, ὁ χαλκεύς τε,
Καὶ χρυσοχόος, λέγεται, ἀλλὰ καὶ κωμοδρόμος.

Glossæ Græcobarb. Ἀκμὼν, σίδηρον ἐφ᾽ ᾧ χαλκεὺς, χαλκεύει, ἤγουν ἀκμόνιν ὁπου κομοδρομεύει ὁ κομοδρόμος. Alibi, Ἀκροφύσια, τὰ ἄκρα τῶν ἀσκῶν, ἐν οἷς οἱ χαλκεῖς τὸ πῦρ ἐκφυσῶσιν· αἱ ἄκραι, ἤγουν ἡ ἄκρες τῶν ἀσκῶν ἢ ἀσκιῶν, μεθ᾽ αἷς ὁποίαις φυσοῦσιν οἱ κομοδρόμοι τὴν φωτίαν. Theophanes, an. 17 Justiniani: τὶς ἐκ τῶν Ἰταλῶν χῶρας κομοδρόμος,--ἔχων μεθ᾽ ἑαυτοῦ κύνα ξανθὸν καὶ τυφλὸν, etc. Constantinus de Adm. Imp. c. 50, p. 182, καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ θέματος τῶν Ἀρμενιακῶν εἰς τὸ τοῦ Χαρσιανοῦ θέμα μετέθησαν ταῦτα τὰ βάνδα, ἤτοι ἡ τοῦ κομοδρόμου τοποτηρεσία Ταβίας, καὶ εἰς τὴν τούρμαν τοῦ Χαρσιανοῦ τὴν εἰρημένην προςετέθησαν. Anonymus de Passione Domini: καί ὅτε φθάσωσιν εἰς τὸυ τόπον, ἐλθὼν ὁ κομοδόμος ἀς σταυρώσει αὐτὸν, etc. Occurrit præterea in Annalib. Glycæ.'

Dictionaries are not as a rule lively reading; but every line almost in this extract has its interest. *Komodromos*, 'village-roamer,' is certainly a vague term, but no vaguer than *landlooper*, which does in Dutch stand for 'Gypsy,' as *landlouper* does for 'vagrant' in Lowland Scotch. Du Cange's own definition of *komodromoi* as roamers (*circulatores*) and coppersmiths who rove about the country, like those in our midst whom we call *Chaudronniers*, must have been meant by him to apply to Gypsies, and to Gypsies only. The modern Roumanian and Hungarian Gypsies are divided into certain classes--*Caldarari* (chaudronniers or caldron-smiths), *Aurari* (gold-workers), etc.; and Bataillard's note prefixed to most of his monographs runs--'L'auteur recevrait avec reconnaissance toute communication relative aux Bohémiens hongrois voyageant hors de leur pays (vrais nomades pourvus de tentes et de chariots, la plupart *chaudronniers*).' Next, the six passages quoted by Du Cange show that the *komodromos* was variously or conjointly a coppersmith (*chalkeus*) and a gold-worker (*chrysochoos*, defined by Du Cange as 'aurifer, aurarius'). The Gypsy *Aurari* have practised gold-washing in Wallachia and Transylvania from time immemorial (Grellmann, *Die Zigeuner*, 2nd ed. 1787, pp. 105-112); but we have also many indications of the Gypsies as actual goldsmiths. Captain Newbold says that the Persian Gypsies 'sometimes practise the art of the gold and silver smith, and are known to be forgers of the current coin of Persia. These are the *zergars*(lit. "workers in gold") of the tribe' (*Jour. Roy. Asiatic Soc.*, vol. xvi. 1856, p. 310). The Egyptian Gypsies, he tells us, at Cairo 'carry on the business of tinkers and black-smiths, and vend ear-rings, amulets, bracelets, and instruments of iron and brass' (*ib*. p. 292). The Gypsy bronze and brass founders of Western

Galicia and the Bukowina--the only Gypsy metallurgists of whom, thanks to Kopernicki, we possess really full information--are called *Zlotars* and *Dzvonkars*, Ruthenian words meaning ‘gold-smiths’ and ‘bell-makers.’ They are no longer workers in gold, but they do make rings, crosses, clasps, ear-rings, etc., of brass and German silver (Bataillard, *Les Zlotars*, 1878, 70 pages). Henri van Elven, in ‘The Gypsies in Belgium’ (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, ii. 139), says: ‘The women wear bracelets and large earrings of gold, copper, or bronze, seldom of silver; while all the Gypsies wear earrings [*cf. supra*, p. xii.]. It appears to me that the Gypsy jewels and the metal-work of their pipes have not yet been sufficiently studied. In the fabrication of these objects they must have preserved something typical and antique, which would contribute to the comparative study of their ancient industries. I remember seeing some rings, cast in bronze, of which the setting was ornamented with a double or a single cross, and whose ornamentation recalled the *motifs* of the Middle Ages, the style being evidently Oriental. Their walking-sticks are topped with copper or bronze hatchets, but more frequently with round knobs, which are hollow, and which hold their money, the lid being screwed off and on. These Gypsies were tin-workers, repairing metal utensils, and also basket-makers.’ The Gypsies, says Dr. R. W. Felkin, ‘appear to be on friendly terms with the natives of the country, and curiously enough they are said to have introduced the art of filigree work and gold-beating into Darfûr’ (‘Central African Gypsies,’ *Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 221). Even the Brazilian Gypsies of 1816, as we have seen from Koster’s Travels, sold gold and silver trinkets.

The reference to the anvil and to the bellows of skins with which the *komodromoi* blew up their furnace recalls the passage cited from Arnold von Harff on p. xx., where, about 1497, he described the anvil and the bellows of the Modone Gypsies. Gypsy bellows are figured in Bataillard’s *Les Zlotars*, in Van Elven’s article, and in *Die Metalle bei den Naturvölkern* of Richard Andree (Leip. 1884, p. 83). Arthur J. Patterson in *The Magyars: their Country and Institutions* (1869, ii. 198) writes: ‘A curious consequence of their practising the art of the smith is that a Gypsy boy is in Hungary called *purde*, which is generally supposed to be the equivalent in the Gypsy language for “boy.” It is really the imperative mood of the verb “to blow,” for, while the Gypsy father is handling the hammer and the tongs, he makes his son manage the bellows.’ Small points enough

these, but they must be viewed in relation to the metallurgical monopoly still largely enjoyed by the Gypsies in south-east Europe and in Asia Minor. So exclusively was the smith's a Gypsy (and therefore a degrading) craft in Montenegro that, when in 1872 the Government established an arsenal at Rieka, no natives could be found to fill its well-paid posts. And in a very long letter of 21st January 1880, the late Mr. Hyde Clarke wrote to me that 'over more than one sanják of the Aidin viceroyalty the Gypsies have still a like monopoly of iron-working; the *naalband*, or shoeing-smith, being no smith in our sense at all. He is supplied with shoes of various sizes by the Gypsies, and only hammers them on.' It is most unlikely that, if recent comers to the Levant, the Gypsies should have acquired such a monopoly; it is obvious that, if they possessed that monopoly a thousand years ago, these *komodromoi* must have been Gypsies.

For Du Cange's first three quotations I can assign no dates, but Theophanes Isaurus was born in 758 and died in 818; the seventeenth year of Justinian would be 544 A.D.--a very early date at which to find a Gypsy from Italy, 'having with him a blind yellow dog.' The dates of the Emperor Constantinus Porphyrogenitus are 905-959; I own I can make little of this passage from his *Liber de administrando Imperio*,
but *thema*, *bandon*, *topoteresia*, and *tourma* seem all to be words for administrative divisions.

Nails Of Crucifixion

Du Cange's last passage is by far the most interesting:--'Anonymus de Passione Domini: "And when they arrive at the place,
the *komodromos* coming to crucify him," etc.' 'Why so interesting? there does not seem much in that,' my readers may exclaim. Why? because there is a widely-spread superstition that a Gypsy forged the nails for the crucifixion, and that henceforth his race has been accursed of heaven. That superstition was first recorded in an article by Dr. B. Bogisic on 'Die slavisirten Zigeuner in Montenegro' (*Das Ausland*, 25th May 1874); and in *Le Folklore de Lesbos*, by G. Georgeakis and Léon Pineau (Paris, 1891, pp. 273-8), is this 'Chant du Vendredi Saint,' this plaint of Our Lady:

'Our Lady was in a grotto
And made her prayer.
She hears rolling of thunder,
She sees lightnings,

She hears a great noise.
She goes to the window:
She sees the heaven all black
And the stars veiled:
The bright moon was bathed in blood.
She looks to right, she looks to left:
She perceives St. John;
She sees John coming
In tears and dejection:
He holds a handkerchief spotted with blood.
“Good-day, John. Wherefore
These tears and this dejection?
Has thy Master beaten thee,
Or hast thou lost the Psalter?”
“The Master has not beaten me,
And I have not lost the Psalter.
I have no mouth to tell it thee,
Nor tongue to speak to thee:
And thine heart will be unable to hear me.
These miserable Jews have arrested my Master,
They have arrested him like a thief,
And they are leading him away like a murderer.”
Our Lady, when she heard it,
Fell and swooned.
They sprinkle her from a pitcher of water,
From three bottles of musk,
And from four bottles of rose-water,
Until she comes to herself.
When she was come to herself, she says,
“All you who love Christ and adore him,
Come with me to find him,
Before they kill him,
And before they nail him,
And before they put him to death.
Let Martha, Magdalene, and Mary come,
And the mother of the Forerunner.”
These words were still on her lips,

Lo! five thousand marching in front,
And four thousand following after.
They take the road, the path of the Jews.
No one went near the Jews except the unhappy mother.
The path led them in front of the door of a nail-maker.
She finds the nail-maker with his children,
The nail-maker with his wife.
"Good-day, workman, what art making there?"
"The Jews have ordered nails of me;
They have ordered four of me;
But I, I am making them five."
"Tell me, tell me, workman,
What they will do with them."
"They will put two nails in his feet,
Two others in his hands;
And the other, the sharpest,
Will pierce his lung."
Our Lady, when she heard it,
Fell and swooned.
They sprinkle her from a pitcher of water
From three bottles of musk,
And from four bottles of rose;
Until she comes to herself.
When she had come to herself, she says:
"Be accursed, O Tziganes!
May there never be a cinder in your forges,
May there never be bread on your bread-pans,
Nor buttons to your shirts!"
They take the road,' etc.

And M. Georgeakis adds in a footnote, The Tziganes whom one sees in the island of Mitylene are all smiths.' It is a far cry from the Greek Archipelago to the Highlands of Scotland, but in the *Gypsy Lore Journal* (iii. 1892, p. 190), is this brief unsigned note: 'I should be pleased to know if you have the tradition in the South [of Scotland], that the tinkers are descendants of the one who made the nails for the Cross, and are condemned to wander continually without rest.' No answer appeared; and I know of no other hint of the currency of this belief in Western Europe, unless it be the couplet:

‘A whistling maid and a crowing hen
Are hateful alike to God and men,’

‘because,’ according to Lieut.--Col. A. Fergusson (*Notes and Queries*, August 1879, p. 93), though he gives no authorities, ‘a woman stood by and whistled while she watched the nails for the Cross being forged.’[8]

On the other hand, the Gypsies of Alsace have a legend of their own, opposed to, and probably devised expressly to refute, the *gaújo* or Gentile version. How there were two Jew brothers, Schmul and Rom-Schmul. The first of them exulted at the Crucifixion; the other would gladly have saved Our Lord from death, and, finding that impossible, did what he could--pilfered one of the four nails. So it came about that Christ’s feet must be placed one over the other, and fastened with a single nail. And Schmul remained a Jew, but Rom-Schmul turned Christian, and was the founder of the Rómani race (‘Die Zigeuner in Elsass and in Deutschlothringen,’ by Dr. G. Mühl, in *Der Salon*, 1874). In a letter of 16th December 1880, M. Bataillard wrote: ‘An Alsatian Gypsy woman, one of the Reinhart family, has been at me for some time past to procure a remission of sentence for one of her relations who has been in gaol since ad October.
“The *Manousch*” [Gypsies], she urges, “are not bad; they do not murder.” And on my answering with a smile that unluckily they are only too prone to take what doesn’t belong to them, and that the judges, knowing this, are extra severe towards them, her answer is, “It is true, it’s in the blood. Besides, you surely know, you who know all about the Manousch, they have leave to steal once in seven years.” “How so?” “It’s a story you surely must know. They were just going to crucify Jesus. One of our women passed by, and she whipped up one of the nails they were going to use. She would have liked to steal all four nails, but couldn’t. Anyhow, it was always one, and that’s why Jesus was crucified with only three nails, a single one for the two feet. And that’s why Jesus gave the *Manousch* leave to steal once every seven years.”‘[9] The Lithuanian Gypsies say, likewise, that ‘stealing has been permitted in their favour by the crucified Jesus, because the Gypsies, being present at the Crucifixion, stole one of the four nails. Hence when the hands had been nailed, there was but one nail left for the feet; and therefore God allowed them to steal, and it is not accounted a sin to them.’ (‘The Lithuanian Gypsies and their Language,’ by Mieczyslaw Dowojno-Sylwestrowicz, in *Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 1889, p. 253.)

This Gypsy counter-legend offers a possible explanation of the hitherto-unexplained transition from four nails to three in crucifixes during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The change must at first have been hardly less startling than a crucifix now would be in which both hands should be pierced with one nail. Dr. R. Morris discusses it in his Introduction to *Legends of the Holy Rood* (Early Eng. Text Soc., 1875). There it appears that while St. Gregory Nazianzen, Nonnus, and the author of the *Ancren Riwle* speak of three nails only, SS. Cyprian, Augustine, and Gregory of Tours, Pope Innocent 555., Rufinus, Theodoret, and Ælfric speak of four; and that the earliest known crucifix with three nails only is a copper one, of probably Byzantine workmanship, dating from the end of the twelfth century. Now, if the Byzantine Gypsies possessed at that date a metallurgical monopoly, this crucifix must of course have been fashioned by Gypsy hands, when the three nails would be an easily intelligible protest against the calumny that those nails were forged by the founder of the Gypsy race.

I give the suggestion just for what it is worth; but the occurrence of the legend and the counter-legend in regions so far apart as Lesbos and Scotland, Alsace and Lithuania, strongly argues their antiquity, and corroborates the idea that the *komodromos* was a Gypsy who figures in 'Anonymus de Passione Domini.' One would like to know the date of that Greek manuscript; but Professor R. Bensly, in a long letter of 28th May 5879, could only conjecturally identify it with 'S. Joannis Theologi Commentarius Apocryphus MS. de J. C.' (? No. 929 or 5005, Colbert Coll. Paris Cat. MSS. [10]). Probably there are many allusions to *komodromoi* in Byzantine writers, if one had leisure and scholarship to hunt them up; certainly it is strange that of Du Cange's six quotations for *komodromoi* four should seem unmistakably to point to Gypsies. I myself have little doubt of their identity. From which it would follow that more than a thousand years ago south-eastern Europe had its Gypsies, and that not as new-comers, but as recognised strollers, like the Boswells and Stanleys of our old grassy lanes. The verb *kōmodromein* occurs in Pollux Archæologus (*flo*. 583 A.D.); and the classic authors present many hints of the possible presence of Gypsies in their midst. Rómani Chals, or Gypsies, would often fit admirably for *Chaldæi*; and the fact that the water-wagtail is the 'Gypsy bird' of both German and English Gypsies reminds one that the Greeks had a saying, as old at least as the fifth century B.C., 'Poorer than a

kinklos' (κίγκλος = water-wagtail), and that peasants in the third century A.D. called homeless wanderers *kinkloi*. One need not, with Erasmus and Pierius, derive *Cingarus* (*Zingaro*, *Tchinghiané*, *Zigeuner*, etc.) from*kinklos*; the words in all likelihood were as distinct originally as *Gypsies* (Egyptians) and *vipseys* or *gipseys* (eruptions of water in the East Riding of Yorkshire; *cf.* William of Newburgh's twelfth century Chronicle). But the Gypsies may have been led, by the resemblance of its name to theirs, to adopt the water-wagtail as their bird; and Theognis and Menander may have applied to the water-wagtail the epithets 'much-wandering' and 'poor,' because the bird was associated in their minds with some poor wandering race.

I do not build on this guesswork, as neither even on the ingenious theories of M. Bataillard, according to which prehistoric Europe gained from the Gypsies its knowledge of metallurgy, and which may be studied in his *L'Ancienneté des Tsiganes* (1877) and other monographs, or in my summaries of them in the articles 'Gipsies' (*Encycl. Britannica*, vol. x. 1879, p. 658), and 'Gypsies' (*Chambers's Encycl.*, vol. v. 5890, p. 487). All that I hold for certain is our absolute uncertainty at present whether Gypsies first set foot in Europe a thousand years after or a thousand years before the Christian era. We have no certitude even for western Europe. In 1866 a large band of English ball-giving Gypsies paid a visit to Edinburgh; Scottish newspapers of that date wrote as though Gypsies had never till then been seen to the north of the Border. That was ridiculous: a similar mistake may have been made by the German, Swiss, Italian, and French chroniclers of 1417-34. As it is, M. Bataillard has established the presence, before 1400, of 'foreigners called *Bemische*' in the bishopric of Würzburg, who may have been Gypsies, as almost indubitably were certain *Bemische* at Frankfort-on-Main in 1495 (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 207-50).[11] Then 'A Charter of Edward III. confirming the Privileges of St. Giles' Fair, Winchester, A.D. 1349 (ed. by Dean Kitchin, 1886), contains this passage:--'And the Justiciaries and the Treasurer of the Bishop of Wolvesey for the time being, and the Clerk of the Pleas, shall yearly receive four basons and ewers, by way of fee (as they have received them of old time) from those traders from foreign parts, called *Dynamitters*, who sell brazen vessels in the fair.' On which passage Dean Kitchin has this note: 'These foreigners were sellers, we are told, of brazen vessels of all kinds. The word may be connected with *Dinant* near Namur, where there was a great manufacture

of *Dinanderie*, *i.e.* metal-work (chiefly in copper). A friend suggests *Dinant-batteurs* as the origin. *Batteur* was the proper title of these workers in metal. See Commines, II. i., ‘une marchandise de ces œuvres de cuivre, qu’on appelle *Dinanderie*, qui sont en effet *pots et pesles*.”‘

Gypsy Language

It is a relief to turn from the thousand and one appellations under which Gypsies have been known at different times and in different countries, to the sure and unerring light that their language throws on their history. Though never a chronicler or traveller had written, we yet could feel confident from Rómani that the forefathers of our English Gypsies must for a long period have sojourned in a Greek-speaking country. Among the Greek loan-words in the Anglo-Rómani dialect are *drom*, road, (δρόμος), *chírus*, time (καιρός),*éfta*, seven (ἑπτά), *énnea*, nine (ἐννέα), *fóros*, market-town (φόρος), *fílisin*, mansion (φυλακτήριον), *kekávi*, kettle (κακκάβη), *kókalo*, bone (κόκαλον), *kóli*, anger (χολή), *kúriki*, Sunday (κυριακή), *misáli*, table (μενσάλι), *óchto*, eight (ὀκτώ), *pápin*, goose (πάππια), *pápus*, grandfather (πάππος), *sápin*, soap (σαποῦνι), *shámba*, frog (ζάμπα), *síma*, to pawn (σημάδι), *skámin*, chair (σκαμνί), *soliváris*, reins (σολιβάρι), *stádi*, hat (σκιάδι), *wagóra*, fair (ἀγορά), *wálin*, bottle (ὐαλί), and *zímin*, soup (ζουμί). The total number of Greek loan-words in the different Gypsy dialects may be about one hundred; and the same loan-words occur in dialects as widely separate as those of Roumania, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, the Basque Country, Spain, and Brazil. This is important as indicating that the modern Gypsies of Europe are descended not from successive waves of Oriental immigration, but all from the self-same European-Gypsy stock, whenever that stock may have first been transplanted to Europe. It conclusively negatives the Kounavine theory that the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Basque, and French Gypsies arrived at their present habitats by way of Africa, and the Scandinavian Gypsies by way of the Ural Mountains.[12]

Slavonic loan-words come next to the Greek: English Rómani has some thirty of the former, against fifty of the latter. There are also a few words of Persian, Armenian, Roumanian, Magyar, and German origin; but the question of the presence or the absence of Arabic words in European Rómani is hardly yet determined. According to Professor De Goeje (1875;

trans. in MacRitchie's *Gypsies of India*, 1886, pp. 54-5), there are at least ten such words; according to Miklosich (*Ueber die Mundarten*, etc., part vi. 1876, pp. 63-64), there are none. *Kótor*, a piece, for instance, by De Goeje is derived from the Arabic *kot'a*, by Miklosich from the Armenian *kotor*. Neither, however, of the two scholars seems to have recognised the possible importance of the presence or the absence (especially the absence) of Arabic elements. Rómani contains Persian words, *e.g. ambról*, a pear; would it not have certainly contained also Arabic words if the ancestors of our modern European Gypsies had sojourned in Persia, or even passed through Persia, at a date later than the Arab conquest of Persia? If Miklosich is right in his contention that there are no Arabic words in European Rómani, it follows almost inevitably that the Gypsies must have passed through Persia on their way to Europe at some date prior to the middle of the seventh century A.D.

Important as are the borrowings of Rómani for helping us to trace the Gypsies' wanderings, they can barely amount to a twentieth of the total vocabulary (five thousand words rich, perhaps). The words of that vocabulary for 'water' and 'knife' are in Persia *páni*, *cheri* (1823); in Siberia, *panji*, *tschuri* (1878); in Armenia, *pani*, *churi* (1864); in Egypt, *páni*, *chúri* (1856); in Norway, *pani*, *tjuri* (1858); in England *pani*, *churi* (1830); in, probably, Belgium, *panin*, *chouri* (1597); in Brazil, *panin*, *churin* (1886)--where spelling and dates are those of the works whence these words have been taken. Over and above the identity in every Rómani dialect of these two selected words--and there are hundreds more like them--they are also identical with the Hindustani pani and churl, familiar to all Anglo-Indians. And to cite but a few more instances, 'nose,' 'hair,' 'eye,' 'ear' are in Turkish Rómani *nak*, *bal*, *akh*, *kann*; in Hindustani, *nak*, *bal*, *akh*, *kan*: whilst 'Go, see who knocks at the door' in the one language is *Jâ, dik kon chalavéla o vudár*, and in the other *Jâ, dekh kon chaláya dvár ko*. This discovery was not made till long after specimens of Rómani had been published--by Andrew Boorde (1542), whose twenty-six words, jotted down seemingly in a Sussex alehouse, were intended to illustrate the 'speche of Egipt'; by Bonaventura Vulcanius (1597), whose vocabulary of seventy-one words, collected apparently in Belgium, fills up some blank pages in a Latin work on the Goths; and by Ludolphus (1691), whose thirty-eight words are embedded in his huge *Commentarius ad Historian Æthiopicam*. In 1777 Rüdiger first compared with Hindustani

some specimens of Rómani got from a Gypsy woman at Halle, and in 1782 he published the result of the comparison in his *Neuester Zuwachs der Sprachkunde*. In 1783 Grellmann's *Historischer Versuch über die Zigeuner* reaped all the fruits of Rüdiger's research; and William Marsden the same year was independently led to a like discovery (*Archæologia*, 1785, pp. 382-6). Grellmann, whose work has still a high value, leapt naturally enough to the conclusion that the Gypsies who showed themselves in western Europe in 1417 had, newly come also to south-eastern Europe, and were a low-caste Indian tribe expelled from their native country about 1409 by Tamerlane. In 1783 the older languages of India were a sealed book to Europeans; and Grellmann's opinion found almost universal approval for upwards of sixty years. Now, however, thanks to the linguistic labours of Pott, Ascoli, and Miklosich, combined with the historical researches of Bataillard and Hopf, the question has assumed a new aspect. For while on the one hand it has been demonstrated that south-east Europe had its Gypsies long before 1417, so on the other Rómani has been shown to be a sister, not a daughter--and it may be an elder sister--of the seven principal New Indian dialects. Not a few of its forms are more primitive than theirs, or even than those of Pali and the Prakrits--*e.g.* the Turkish Rómani vast, hand (Sansk. *hasta*, Pali *hattha*), and*vusht*, lip (Sansk. *ostha*, Pali *ottha*). In his *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Zigeunermundarten* (iv. 1878, pages 45-54) Miklosich collected a number of such forms; but Miklosich it was who also pointed out there that many of the seeming archaisms of Rómani may be matched from the less-known dialects of India, especially north-west India--that we find, for example, in Dardu both *hast* and *usht*. I have not the faintest notion what was Professor Sayce's authority for his statement that 'the grammar and dictionary of the Romany prove that they started from their kindred, the Jats, on the north-western coast of India, near the mouth of the Indus, not earlier than the tenth century of the Christian era' (*The Science of Language*, ii. 325). So far as I know, the only attempted comparison between Rómani and Játáki was made by myself ('Gipsies,' *Enc. Brit.*, x. 618); and its results seemed wholly unfavourable to the Jat theory of the Gypsies' origin.

Gypsies As Nomads

No language, like history, has yielded important results, but on many points we still have almost everything to learn. We do not know within a thousand

years when the Gypsies left India, or when they arrived in Persia, Armenia, Africa, Asia Minor, and South-eastern Europe. But we do know that India was their original home, that they must have sojourned long in a Greek-speaking region, and that in western and northern Europe their present dispersion dates mainly if not entirely from after the year 1417. These three facts will have to be borne in mind for understanding what follows; a fourth fact is that a portion, if a small portion, of the Gypsy race is still intensely nomadic. Nothing is commoner than for the English Gypsies of our novels and plays to speak familiarly of 'sunny Spain'; those of a little anonymous story, *The Gipsies* (1842), go backwards and forwards to Norway. But as a rule English Gypsies never stir out of Great Britain, or, if they do leave it, leave it only for another English-speaking country--Canada, the United States, or New Zealand.[13] So far, too, as we know, our present Gypsies are all descendants of early Gypsy immigrants; their surnames--Lee, Faa, Baillie, Stanley, Gray, Smith, Heron, Boswell, etc.--date back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And our sole hint, until a quite recent date, as to visits to England by Continental Gypsies is a Bartholomew Fair handbill of 1689 about some German Gypsies, rope-dancers. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same seems to hold good of the Gypsies of Germany, Poland, Norway, etc.; they are apparently the descendants of early immigrants into those different countries.

Caldarari

But the case is quite otherwise with the Caldarari, or coppersmiths, of Hungary, for they will wander forth north, south, east, west, and sometimes stay away a whole seven years. Myself I have met with Caldarari but once, at Halle, in 1875; I described that brief meeting thus in my *Gypsy Tents* (1880, pp. 43-44):--

'I had been paying my first call to Professor Pott, who had told me that only once had he spoken with living Gypsies, somewhere near London. So I asked him did they never come to Halle, and he answered, No; and presently I came away. I was not two hundred yards from his doorstep, when I saw a curious sort of skeleton waggon, drawn. by two little horses, with their forelegs shackled together. On the top of this waggon sat a woman smoking a big black pipe; and round it three or four children were playing, stark-naked. The waggon was standing outside an inn; and entering the inn, I found two Gypsy men seated at the table, eating soup and

drinking beer. I greeted them with “Látcho dívvus” (Good-day), and they seemed not the least bit surprised, for these were travelled gentlemen. Three years they had been away from Hungary, in France and Germany; and they could both speak French and German fluently. We talked of many things, and compared, I remember, passports: mine they pronounced an exceeding *shúkar lil* (fine document), the lion and unicorn seeming to take their fancy. Every place they came to, they had to go first thing to the head policeman and show their passes, and then he told them where they were to stop. They were allowed three days in every place, and no one could meddle with them all that time. . . . The women came in, two of them, and some of the children. There was one, a little fellow of nine or ten, as brown and pretty a thing as ever I saw, but wild as a fox-cub. His father gave him a plate of soup to finish, and he lapped it up just as a fox-cub would, looking out at me now and again from behind his mother. Then they paid their reckoning, the women climbed up on the waggon, the children shouted, and the men cracked their whips. “God go with thee, brother”; and so we parted.’

There is not much in that, but one cannot learn much in half an hour’s chance interview. Nor, indeed, is there very much in all the scattered notes that I have been able thus far to collect respecting the Caldarari; some of those notes relate to them only conjecturally. Du Cange’s definition of *komodromoi* proves that coppersmiths roamed through France in 1688; and it is at least highly probable that to this caste belonged the band of forty Gypsies with whom, in the spring of 1604, Jacques Callot, a boy of twelve, wandered from Nancy to Florence. Of the journey itself we know nothing, but he has left an imperishable record of it in his three matchless engravings of the ‘Bohémiens,’ which show them on the march, in their bivouac, and spoiling the Gentiles. Charles Reade worked a clever description of Callot’s engravings into his *Cloister and the Hearth*, and they were admirably reproduced in the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for January 1890, with a long article on them by Mr. David MacRitchie.

In his *Travels* (1763, ü. 157-8), under the date 1721, John Bell of Antermony has the following passage:--’During our stay at Tobolsky, I was informed, that a large troop of gipsies had been lately at that place, to the number of sixty and upwards, consisting of men, women, and children. The Russians call these vagabonds tziggany. Their sorry baggage was carried on

horses and asses. The arrival of so many strangers being reported to Mr. Petroff Solovoy, the vice-governor, he sent for some of the chief of the gang, and demanded whither they were going? they answered him, to China; upon which he told them he could not permit them to proceed any farther eastward, as they had no passport; and ordered them to return to the place whence they came. It seems these people had roamed, in small parties, during the summer season, cross the vast countries between Poland and this place; subsisting themselves on what they could find, and on selling trinkets, and telling fortunes to the country people. But Tobolsky, being the place of rendezvous, was the end of their long journey eastwards; and they, with no small regret, were obliged to turn their faces to the west again.' I fancy these Gypsies also must have been Caldarari. But whether they were or no, the passage remains one of the most curious that we have relating to Gypsy migrations. Taken in its most limited sense, it shows that the band had wandered in small detachments from Poland to Tobolsk, a distance of two thousand miles or upwards. But it suggests a great deal more than this. There seems no reason to question the statement that China was really the ultimate goal of their wanderings. If so, it is probable that they were following in the track of former migrations, that Gypsies had been in the habit of passing backwards and forwards between Europe and China, which opens up a vista of a possible connection between the West and the farthest East undreamed of by all our geographers. But without further evidence this must be mere conjecture. Of Gypsies in China I know nothing whatever, except that a Russian noble, Prince Galitzin, whom I met three years since in Edinburgh; assured me he had seen a number of them there. Physique, outward appearance, seemed his only test; and his statement, though interesting, needs corroboration.

The *Weserzeitung* of 25th April 1851 announced that one hundred Gypsies had passed through Frankfort, on their way from Hungary to Algeria; and in the *Revue de l'Orient* for 29th January 1889 Madame Marlet thus described her meeting with a Hungarian Gypsy in North Africa:--'I shall ever remember a scene which I witnessed in Africa. It was one evening at the base of the superb mountains of Mustapha Supérieur, just as the setting sun flooded the plain with his last rays of golden and crimson light--the gold and purple of the incomparable majesty of the Eastern sky. I observed a caravan of nomads encamped in the plain beneath their tents. I drew near, and saw that they were Gypsies, but Gypsies who had dwelt under other

skies. Some were Spanish Gitanos, with garments of many hues, their shears hanging by their sides, at the end of a silvered chain wound around their blades; the others came from Morocco, and wore the simple white attire of the Children of the Desert. They received me with indifference. By means of my knowledge of Italian I managed at length to make the Gitanos understand that I came from Hungary. They were at once alive with interest. "Hungaria!" I heard them whisper into one another's ears; and finally an old Gypsy man informed me, "There is one of us who comes straight from that very country." They ran all at once to seek him out. But the young Gypsy--a superb, swarthy figure--quite unmoved, maintained a proud and gloomy silence. Did he suspect me of untruth in telling him that I knew that Hungary, so far away beyond the wide stretch of sea? He may have thought so. However, I saw that the old Gitano had told the truth. The dress of the young nomad was entirely Hungarian, from his shining boots up to his little Magyar calpate. His attire generally was rather rich than poor. Had I conversed with him in Hungarian, perhaps his heart would have softened. But he remained thus, sombre and mistrustful, and only the Gitanos, who, in their fantastic rags, stood around us, repeated vivaciously in Spanish, as they pointed towards him, "Patria Hungaria!"'

Ciboure

Ciboure, a suburb of St. Jean de Luz, is a sort of Basque Yetholm. Like Yetholm it has largely lost its Gypsy character. Its 'Cascarrotac' are supposed to be the descendants of Gypsies who came from Spain two centuries ago, but they are now quite mixed up with the Basques of the neighbourhood, and have lost the last remnants of Rómani, though at the beginning of the century they retained a few words, as *debla*, the sun, *mambrun*, bread, and *puro*, old man. But Ciboure is still a regular halting-place of Hungarian Gypsies, as appears from this passage in a very valuable article on 'The Cascarrots of Ciboure,' by the Rev. Wentworth Webster (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, October 1888, pp. 76-84):--'My own observations are that the passage of the Hungarian Gypsies, or Gypsies from Eastern Europe, alluded to in 1868 and 1874 by the former mayor of Ciboure, M. Darramboure, is a recurring fact every two or three years. I left St. Jean de Luz in 1881, but for some time before that I had been ill, and a band may easily have passed without my being aware of it; but there were at least two other bands between 1870 and 1880--one, I believe, in

1872.[14] Their route seems to be, as far as I have been able to trace it, *viâ* Paris, Bordeaux, Bayonne, St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye, through Spain quite to the south, and returning by the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees, by Barcelona and Perpignan. M. de Rochas appears to have met one of these bands at Perpignan in July 1875 (*Les Parias de France et d'Espagne*, by V. de Rochas; Hachette, Paris, 1876, p. 259). These bands follow always the same route, and encamp on the same spots. When at St. Jean de Luz they make an apparently useless visit to Ascain, a village about five miles off their road, returning to St. Jean de Luz. They are evidently well-off, with good carts, wagons, horses, and utensils; many of them wear silver ear-rings and ornaments. Their trade, mending the copper vessels in the neighbourhood, seems to me to be a mere pretence; it cannot pay the expenses of the journey. What is the reason of this migration? Once I was standing with a Basque fisherman, watching their arrival, when the chief of the band addressed him in Basque, and the conversation went on between them in that language. When it had ceased, I asked the fisherman, whom I knew well, how the man spoke Basque. The reply was curt:--"He speaks it as well as I do." Afterwards I tried to draw out the Gypsy, but he evaded my questions. "We pick up languages along the road. I was never in the neighbourhood before," etc. These I believe to have been falsehoods. I must, however, add, that I have known Basque scholars learn Magyar, and Hungarians Basque, with unusual facility. Still the question remains: What is the object of these journeys?--a question for your Society to answer.'

Alas! the Gypsy Lore Society is dead; after four years' most excellent work it died of want of support in 1892. And that question remains still unanswered. In the passage itself, however, there is a good deal to be noticed. Ciboure at present has little or nothing to draw foreign Gypsies to it; but a hundred, two hundred years ago, it was probably a genuine Gypsy quarter: then there would be every reason why Caldarari should make it a regular halting-place. This conjecture, if valid, suggests the antiquity of these strange peregrinations; and Gypsies assuredly are the very staunchest conservatives. Another guess is that at Ascain Gypsies very likely are buried; that would fully account for their descendants turning aside thus. Mr. Webster's remark as to the ease with which Basque scholars acquire Magyar, and Hungarians Basque, was well worth making; still the fact remains--and it is an important one for our theory--that the unlettered Gypsies as a race are marvellous linguists. The immigrants of 1417-34

must, to tell fortunes as they did, have been able to speak German, French, and Italian; and I could, if necessary, adduce many testimonies as to the Gypsies' faculty for picking up foreign languages. I have myself known an English Gypsy family remove (for family reasons) into Wales, and in three years' time become thoroughly Cymricised.

M. Paul Bataillard was for years collecting materials about the Caldarari, but he died without publishing his promised monograph on the subject, so we must content ourselves with these stray notes from his writings:--'The Gypsy Caldarari (as they are called in the districts of Roumania where they are accustomed to journey), have recommenced in our own days, throughout the whole of the west, circuits which have led them sometimes as far as England, as far as Norway, and sometimes, by way of France and Spain, as far as Corsica and Algeria. France was during a certain time "infested" by them, to quote the newspapers of the day, whilst I was rejoicing in the good luck which had thrown them in my way. . . . These exotic Gypsy blacksmiths generally return to the country whence they came. . . . They travel sometimes in rather large numbers in waggons which have no resemblance to the houses upon wheels of our Gypsies; and wherever they stop they set up large tents, where each waggon finds its place. The men have generally long hair, and clothes more or less foreign, often ornamented with very large silver buttons; and the chiefs carry a large stick with a silver head. It is easy to recognise them at a glance by these signs, and by their trade. . . . The journeys of these Gypsy blacksmiths had already been noticed in Germany and Italy[15] long before 1866. On the other hand, the edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, published at Medina del Campo in 1499, mentions the "*Calderos estrangeros*," who might well be Gypsies ("Immigration of the Gypsies into Western Europe," *Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 202-3). . . . The Caldarari, if I am rightly informed, form a corporation, strictly organised, and having its hierarchical chiefs, They always travel in groups, commanded by chiefs of different degrees; and the work is done always in common. They even say it is the head chief who procures at Temesvar all the copper used by the corporation, and supplies the wandering bands with it. . . . There was certainly an intermission in the circular journeys pushed as far as France and farther, since I know of none that date from earlier than 1866; but they may have gone back to a long way beyond that date; and, as a matter of fact, before 1866 the Caldarari made excursions in Germany and Italy' (*Les Zlotars*, p. 549). . . . 'A fact still

stranger is that Algeria has recently received a visit from Hungarian Gypsies, forming part of the numerous bands of Danubian Tsigans (for the most part chaudronniers), who, for some years (especially since 1866) have been traversing the West. I know for a fact that at Algiers a band of twenty to twenty-five persons was seen towards the middle of 1871, and that the same persons, or others like them, reappeared six months later. I have myself seen at Paris Hungarian Gypsies who had a vague idea of visiting Algeria' (*Les Bohémiens en Algerie*, 1874, p. 3, note). *Cf.* also his *L'origine des Tsiganes*, pp. 54-58.

In an article on the Lithuanian Gypsies (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 252) M. Mieczyslaw Dowojno-Sylwestrowicz says: 'Sometimes we are visited also by Hungarian, Servian, and Roumanian Gypsies. These last consider themselves to belong to the Orthodox (*i.e.* the Russian) Church. They are mostly tinkers, repairing copper cooking utensils; but of these they are very apt to steal the copper bottoms, substituting an imitation of *papier-mâché*. They differ greatly from our own Gypsies, whom they excel in an incredible amount of obtrusiveness; moreover, they attack and rob wayfarers, and when asked what they are, they say, "We are not Gypsies, sir, we are Magyars."'

In an article, already quoted, on the Gypsies of Belgium (*ib*. 138) Professor Henri van Elven writes of the Caldarari:--'They usually travelled in little two-wheeled carts covered over with tilts of grey cloth, and containing straw, baggage, and tinworkers' tools. They have a great love for their horses, who are far from being in the miserable condition of horses of wandering mountebanks. I have seen the children share their bread with the horses.

They buy and sell--sometimes steal--their horses. They have also dogs, large and well set-up. Their clothes are -for the most part of Hungarian style, but also often like ours notably, of gaudy colours, red and blue. All have long, black, curly hair, well furnished with inhabitants, which renders scratching a habit.[16] The complexion is swarthy; the features are fine and strongly accentuated, both among the men and the women. The nose is fairly long, and aquiline; the teeth are yellow, through the use of tobacco in all forms among women as well as men, unless in the case of some young girls. . . . These Gypsies were tin-workers, repairing metal utensils, and also basket-makers. The women went from door to door, asking work and

begging. The women and children usually go barefoot and bare-headed, even in bad weather, displaying an astonishing endurance.

We have not observed any smelters among the Gypsies, but many exhibitors of animals, jugglers, and female fortune-tellers. With regard to the young girls given over to vice, they are better attired, wearing clothes of the Italian and Hungarian modes of bright colours. They go about in the evening especially, looking about them, or carrying playing-cards, or again with small articles of basket-work for sale.'

In 1879 Sir Henry Howorth encountered in Sweden fez-wearing Gypsies, natives presumably of the Balkan peninsula; and in July 1881 a band of Gypsy blacksmiths from Corfu landed in Corsica, after having travelled over Italy (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 204, note). Late in the sixties a company of Caldarari visited England, and en-camped at several points round London. I know no mention of this visit in print, and I never met them myself, but I have talked with English Gypsies who did, and who were full of their little horses, their big copper vessels, and curious Rómani. Some of the Taylors on Rushmere Heath in 1873 told me these foreign Gypsies came from the Langári country, and were called Langarians.'

'Greek Gypsies.'

In July 1886 ninety-nine Gypsies arrived by train at Liverpool. They were called the 'Greek Gypsies,' and had started from Corfu, but according to their passports came from all parts of Greece and European Turkey, as also from Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, even Smyrna. Three hundred napoleons their journey had cost them thus far, and they meant to take shipping to New York. But America being closed to 'pauper' immigrants, no steamboat company would accept them, and they had perforce to encamp at Liverpool. Their encampment was visited by Mr. David MacRitchie and Mr. H. T. Crofton, the joint author with Dr. Bath Smart of the admirable*Dialect of the English Gipsies* (1875); the former wrote an excellent article about them in *Chambers's Journal* for September 1886. These Gypsies were not Caldarari, though some of them were coppersmiths (designated as 'chaudronniers'); others were builders, bricklayers, and agriculturists. They were typical Gypsies in physique, but not in apparel, 'absolutely free from the vice of drunkenness,' but most inveterate beggars. Their chief spokesman 'was quite an accomplished linguist, and could speak Greek, Russian, Roumanian, and two or three other dialects of south-eastern

Europe. The curious thing was, that he never once included in his list his own mother tongue, the speech of the Gypsy race. Neither would he admit that he was a Ziganka, not for a long time, at anyrate; but subsequently both he and his comrades answered to the name of *Roum*; and the cigar was no longer *bōn'* but *lásho*.' After stopping some time at Liverpool, these Gypsies crossed over to Hull, but neither there could they get passage to America; about a year later, so an English Gypsy informed me, a showman was exhibiting them, or some of them, through Yorkshire. Their subsequent fate is unknown to me; perhaps they are in process of absorption into English Gypsydom.

Eastern Gypsies In Galloway

I thought at first it must have been some of this band whom my friend Mr. Robert Burns, the Edinburgh artist, met in Galloway in 1895; but his account of that meeting, written at my request, dispels that notion:--'Two years ago, while

walking with my wife near Kirkcudbright, I met a large troop of Gypsies, of a type quite different from any I had formerly seen. The first to appear round a corner was a tall, swarthy man leading a brown bear. My dog, a big powerful beast, immediately made a rush for the bear, but I managed to catch him in time. On seeing me holding the dog, the man came up, and, in very broken English, said that the bear would not hurt the dog. I explained that my fears were not for the dog but for the bear, an undersized, emaciated beast, and strongly muzzled. By this time we were surrounded by the whole troop, numbering, I should think, sixteen or seventeen, all begging from the "pretty lady" and "kind gentleman," which seemed to be about all the English they knew. A good-looking young woman, with a baby on her back, asked me in French if I understood that language. I said I did, and asked her where they came from. "From Spain." Then she spoke Spanish also? "Oh! yes, and German, and other languages as well." I tried her with a few sentences in German and Spanish, and found that she spoke both languages fluently, although with an accent which made it difficult to understand her. While we were talking, the men, not having stopped, were a considerable distance off. So I gave the woman some silver, while my wife distributed pennies among the children, and with many smiles and thanks they started off to join the others. They were very dark in colour, like Hindoos; the men and the older women very aquiline in feature, some of the younger girls

really beautiful, with lithe graceful figures; and all without exception had splendid teeth. Their dress, though ragged and dirty, suggested Eastern Europe rather than Spain; some cheap brass and silver ornaments seemed to point in the same direction. They had two ponies with panniers, full of babies, cabbages, empty strawberry baskets, and other odds and ends; one of the ponies had a headstall of plaited cord similar to those used in Hungary. I saw them several times about Kirkcudbright and Gatehouse-on-Fleet; and from mental studies painted the head exhibited in the R.S.A. Exhibition of 1896.'

These must have been *Ursári*, or bear-wards, and recent arrivals in Britain; but what were they doing in that remote corner of Galloway, in Billy Marshall's old kingdom? Frampton Boswell, an English Gypsy of my acquaintance, met the very same band, I fancy, near Glasgow in 1896; and they were perhaps the foreign Gypsies encamped at Dunfermline in the autumn of 1897--I was lying ill at the time in Edinburgh. Almost certainly they were identical with 'a little band of Roumanian *Ursári*' whom Mr. Sampson met in Lancashire in the latter half of 1897, and who were 'travelling in English-Gypsy vans which they had bought in this country. They stopped for a month or more at Wavertree, quite close to us, and I saw a good deal of them. The first time, crossing a field by night and expecting to meet with some of the English breed, I stumbled among the six unmuzzled bears, chained to the wheels of the vans, and took them for large dogs till their grunts undeceived me; fortunately I got off with whole legs. They spoke a jumble of tongues--some Slavonic dialect (*brat* = brother), bad French, Italian, no German, and little English; but with the help of Rómani and scraps of other tongues we held some instructive conversations. Their young girls were beautiful, half-clad, savage, but the older women ugly as sin. When I first spoke to them, they replied to a question in Rómani with an Italian denial:--'We are not Gypsies, we are (✠) Christianos.'

Oh for three years of health, a thousand pounds sterling, say, and a good capacity for wine and languages! I would pass those three years at Temesvar and Ciboure, and also perhaps in Morocco; at their close I should hold the key to Mr. Wentworth Webster's problem. Fifty years hence, very likely, there will no longer be any problem left to solve; the ancient corporation of the Caldarari will have undergone dissolution.

Gypsy Folk-Tales

Given then this wandering race, from time immemorial established in Europe, but emigrants originally from India: the interest of their folk-tales, if folk-tales indeed they have, will surely at once be apparent to every student of Indo-European folklore. Yet folklorists as a body seem strangely ignorant of the existence of Rómani folk-tales, of the fact that not a few Gypsies are even professional story-tellers.

Campbell Of Islay

In the *Saturday Review* for 22nd August 1856 was an article by, I fancy, Grenville Murray, the 'Roving Englishman,' on Alexandri's *Ballades et Chants Populaires de la Roumanie*, where allusion is made to 'the long-haired Gypsies who wander about in their snowy tunics and bright sashes, the ῥαψῳ̃δοι of Moldo-Wallachia, as in Russia their brethren are the popular musicians.' But our earliest account of actual Gypsy folk-tales occurs in vol. iv. p. 431 of *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, by J. F. Campbell of Islay (4 vols. Edinburgh, 1860-62). That eminent collector 'picked up two gipsy tinkers in London--William and Soloman Johns.[17] They came to the office after hours, and were treated to beer and tobacco. Present, the author of *Norse Tales* [Sir George Dasent]. They were rather hard to start, but, when once set agoing, they were fluent. One brother was very proud of the other, who plays the fiddle by ear, and is commonly sent for to wakes, where he entertains the company with stories. He gave us: (1) A ghost, which appeared to himself. Finding that he was on the wrong track, told him a popular tale which I had got from another tinker in London, "The Cutler and Tinker." Got (2) "The Lad and the Dancing Pigs." This is the same as the "Mouse and Bee," and has something of "Hacon Grizzlebeard." A version of it was told to me by Donald MacPhie in South Uist. It is one of the few indecent stories which I have heard in the Highlands. There are adventures with a horse, a lion, and a fox, which the London tinker had not got. It savours of the wit which is to be found in Straparola. (No. 3) A sailor and others by the help of a magic blackthorn stick, go to three underground castles of copper, silver, and gold, and win three princesses. Same as "The King of Lochlin's Daughters" [i. 236] and "The Knight of Grianaig" [iii. 1], and several stories in *Norse Tales*and Grimm. (No. 4) "The Five Hunchbacks." This story was quite new to both of us, but a version of it was subsequently found in a book of Cruikshank's. The tinker's version was

much better. (No. 5) A long and very well told story of a Jew, in which there figured a magic strap, hat, etc. Same as “Big and Little Peter,” “Eoghan Tuarach” [ii. 235], a story in Straparola, etc. [*cf*. my No. 68]. (No. 6) “The Art of Doctoring”--dirty wit. (No. 7) Poor student and black man travel, dig up dead woman, make fire in church, steal sheep, clerk and parson take black man for fiend and bolt. Very well told. See “Goosey Grizzle” and several Gaelic versions. (No. 8) Poor student, parson, and man with cat, which was the fiend in disguise. Well told; new to both of us. The men said that they knew a great many more; that they could neither read nor write; that they picked these up at wakes and other meetings, where such tales are commonly told in England now.’

I hoped that the Campbell MSS. in the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh, might yield some further notes on these eight folk-tales; but a search, instituted in 1888 through the kindness of Mr. Clark, the librarian, proved ineffectual. Of all unlikely places in the world for a professional story-teller, London seems the unlikeliest; the heroine, it may be remembered, of Mr. Hardy’s *Hand of Ethelberta* prides herself on the absolute novelty of the notion. What is almost more surprising is that two folklorists like Campbell and Dasent should have struck so precious a vein, and not followed it up. Whatever the source of these stories, Gypsy, Irish, or English, they were distinctly valuable, and their value was enhanced by the meagreness forty years ago of the folk-tales collected in England.[18] But it is quite possible that one or other of the two brothers may still be living (he need not be seventy). At least any folklorist could probably find this out at the Potteries, Notting Hill, on Mitcham Common, or in some other of the Gypsyries in or round London.

Again in vol. i. p. xlvii., Campbell tells how in February 1860 he met two tinkers in St James’s Street, with black faces and a pan of burning coals each. They were followed by a wife, and preceded by a mangy terrier with a stiff tail. I joined the party, and one told me a version of “The Man who travelled to learn what Shivering meant,” while we walked together through the park to Westminster. It was clearly the popular tale which exists in Norse, and German, and Gaelic, and it bore the stamp of the class, and of the man, who told it in his own peculiar dialect, and who dressed the actors in his own ideas. A cutler and a tinker travel together, and sleep in an empty house for a reward. They are beset by ghosts and spirits of murdered ladies

and gentlemen; and the inferior, the tinker, shows most courage, and is the hero. "He went into the cellar to draw beer, and there he found a little chap a-sittin' on a barrel with a red cap on 'is 'ed; and sez he, sez he, 'Buzz.' 'Wot's buzz?' sez the tinker. 'Never you mind wot's buzz,' sez he. 'That's mine; don't you go for to touch it,'" etc. etc. etc.' [*Cf.* my No. 57, 'Ashypelt,' and No. 74, The Tale of the Soldier.'[19]] In vol. ii. p. 285, Campbell adds that he was never able again to find this London tinker, who 'could not read the card which I gave him, with a promise of payment if he would come and repeat his stock of stories. His female companion, indeed, could both read the card and speak French. The whole lot seemed to suspect some evil design on my part; and I have never seen the one who told the story or the woman since, though I met their comrade afterwards.'

In enumerating the sources of his Gaelic stories (i. p. xxiv.), Campbell gives (*a*) a West Country fisherman; (*b*) an old dame of seventy; (*c*) a pretty lass; or (*d*) 'it is an old wandering vagabond of a tinker who has no roof but the tattered covering of his tent. . . . There he lies, an old man past eighty, who has been a soldier, and "has never seen a school"; too proud to beg, too old to work; surrounded by boxes and horn spoons; with shaggy hair and naked feet, as perfect a nomad as the wildest Lapp or Arab in the whole world.' etc. Campbell gives four stories of tinker origin, our Nos. 73-76. To them and to their tellers I shall revert in my Introduction.

Dr. F. Müller

In *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Rom-Sprache* (Vienna, 1869), Dr. Friedrich Müller, the 'leading representative of linguistic ethnology,' published five Hungarian-Gypsy stories in the original Rómani, with an interlinear German translation. Taken down by Herr Fialowski from the recitation of a Hungarian-Gypsy soldier, Šipoš Janoš, quartered at Vienna, these stories are wholly void of literary merit. They are rambling and disconnected, sometimes all but unintelligible, and often excessively gross. At the same time they are genuine folk-tales; the soldier was trying to remember stories he had heard, not weaving them out of his own imagination. Four of them offer variants of Gypsy stories in other collections; and of these four I give summaries on pp. 19, 34, 48,174, and 208. The fifth, The Wallachian Gypsy,' after six most Rabelaisian pages, passes on to a Tannhaüser episode. For the Gypsy, having murdered his father, plants on his grave the stick he killed him with. And that stick began to blossom. That son went

about on his knees for four-and-twenty years, and carried water in his mouth. And every evening the tree blossomed, and every evening grew a red apple. . . . And once the king came that way, . . . and as he went to pluck an apple, "Stay," said the Gypsy, "don't seize it so, but shake the tree, and then they will all turn into doves." The king shook the tree, and all the apples then turned into doves. Up they flew, and the poor son's father arose.' The Gypsy then goes in quest of the Otter King (*Vídrisko Kírāli*). A king gives him a filly that can speak. On the way he is fed by a swineherd (one pail of wine and a whole swine) and a neatherd (an ox and two pails); he then meets a shepherd, overcomes a wether, and stabs the shepherd at his own request. Come to the Otter King, he eats his grapes, empties the biggest barrel of wine, wrestles with the Otter King on the Golden Bridge, and turns him into stone. He inquires of the king's daughter, 'Where is thy father's strength?' 'My father's strength is underneath the bridge. There is a besom; draw out a twig; and if thou with this, if thou with this wilt strike all the stones, then they will all turn into men.' After trying once vainly to destroy him, the maiden pushes him into a fountain. But he ups with the fountain, and puts it and a tree under the window of a king, to whom he becomes turkey-keeper. A lady falls with child by him. He is caught, and there is a trial. She has had other lovers, and she is adjudged to him to whom she shall throw a red apple. She throws it to the Gypsy. So they marry and have children.--A nightmare kind of story this, which I can match from no other collection; still it offers numerous analogies, *e.g.* for the apple-tree, to Hahn, i. 70 and my No. 17; for turning men into stone, to Hahn, i. 172 and ii. 47; for the besom, to Hahn, ii. 294; and for throwing the apple, to Hahn, i. 94, 104, and ii. 56; also Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, pp. 85, 228, and Reinhold Köhler in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 304-6.

Dr. Paspati

Alexander G. Paspati, M.D., who died at Athens in the Christmas week of 1891, practised long as a doctor at Constantinople, and was an eminent Byzantine antiquary. His*Études sur les Tchinghianés ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman* (Cont. 1870, 652 pp.), is one of the very best works that we have on the Rómani language. It is largely based on Turkish-Gypsy folk-tales, of which Dr. Paspati seems to have made a huge collection, but six only of which are published by him as an appendix (pp. 594-629), in the

original Rómani with a French translation. Two of these six stories--'Baldpate,' No. 2, and The Riddle,' No. 3--he got from a sedentary Gypsy, 'Léon Zafíri, middle-aged, by profession mower, musician, and story-teller. Gifted with a prodigious memory, this man has repeated to me a great number of folk-tales (*contes fabuleux*), portions of which I have inserted in the text of my vocabulary. To test his memory I have made him repeat some of these stories, and he has retold them word for word, making only very slight changes. During the long nights of winter his brother Gypsies invite him to tell his tales, which he also translates into Turkish with extreme facility. I have one whose recital would occupy two hours. These stories are very old. He has heard them from various members of his race, and has been able to retain them in his marvellous memory. I have written these stories at his dictation. I have several volumes of them among my papers. Several were told by his grandfather, long since dead, who was also a story-teller. In these stories, with their mixture of truth and fable, I have not hitherto met any token either of their Indian origin or of an ancient faith. I say that these stories are old, for one finds in them words such as *manghín*, *shéhi*, etc., which to-day are quite forgotten by the Tchinghianés. This illiterate man is not only familiar with the dialect of the Sedentary Gypsies, but he knows also that of the Nomads, in whose midst he sings his songs and tells his stories. One is sorry to see a man of such intelligence, so superior to the mass of his race, dragging out a pitiful existence and clad in rags' (pp. 34-35).

Paspati was, obviously, no folklorist; the folk-tales to him were valuable solely as so much linguistic material. But every word almost of the above deserves the closest consideration. I have tried, but in vain hitherto, to recover some trace of those 'several volumes'; their destruction would be a grievous loss to the science of folklore.[20] Still, from passages cited in the vocabulary, one can guess at in some cases, and in others actually identify, a portion of their contents. Thus, when one finds, 'The Sun said to her, "Thou art pretty, and thou art good; thou art not as pretty as Maklítcha"' (p. 580), one may feel sure that the Tchinghianés must possess some such version of Grimm's 'Little Snow-white' (No. 53) as 'Marietta et la Sorcière, sa Marâtre,' in Carnoy and Nicolaides' *Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure* (p. 91), where the stepmother asks, not a mirror, but the Sun, 'Hast thou seen any woman fairer than I?' and the Sun answers, 'I am fair, thou art fair, but not so fair as Marietta.' Three passages point as clearly to

Bernhard Schmidt's 'Die Schönste' (*Griechische Märchen*, p. 88), or some other version of 'Beauty and the Beast':--'In those days there was a man with three daughters. He said, "I am going to the city, I ask you what your souls desire me to bring you"' (p. 394); 'The eldest daughter said, "O father, bring me a thousand pieces of linen, to make dresses of"' (p. 410); and 'The middle daughter came, and she said, "Bring me, O father, the heaven with the stars, the sea with the fishes, the forest with the flowers"' (p. 535). 'My daughter, if your husband goes home, and one of his people kisses him, he will forget you, and you will remain in the forest' (p. 555) must be an excerpt from a 'Forsaken Bride' tale; and in 'He became a church, and the girl turned into a priest' (p. 580) one recognises a widespread episode, which recurs in our No. 34, 'Made over to the Devil,' and No. 50, 'The Witch.' Similarly, our , 'The Deluded Dragon,' a Bukowina-Gypsy version of 'The Valiant Little Tailor,' is foreshadowed by--'I am looking for the biggest mountain, to seize you, and fling you there, that not a bone of you may remain whole,' on which Paspati observes that 'this story relates the combat of a young man with a dragon, and the speaker here is the young man' (p. 576). 'She stuck a pin in her head; as soon as she had done so, the young girl turned into a pretty and beautiful bird' (p. 514), may be matched from India (*infra*, p. 271); and 'He gave the old man a feather, and said to the old man, "Take it and carry it to the maiden. I will come when she burns it,"' is discussed on our p. 167. The 'Beauty of the World' (pp. 347, 511, 569) is familiar through Hahn; and with Hahn i. p. 90, compare 'The mare was pregnant, and his wife, the queen, also was pregnant' (p. 195). 'The king said, "Come, my brother, and restore her to human shape" (a story of a woman punished by being turned into an ass),' on p. 351, must belong to a variant of our No. 25, 'The Hen that laid Diamonds'; and our No. 7, 'The Snake who became the King's Son-in-law,' is suggested by two passages on pp. 262, 266: 'He said to his mother, "I want the king's daughter to wife "' and '"How am I to plant trees, and make them grow up, and gather their fruits?" (from a story in which, as the price of his daughter's hand, the father requires the suitor to plant trees in the morning and gather their fruits in the evening).' One can almost reconstruct a story out of 'We are forty cats; three are black, one is white' (p. 411), . . . "'Very early we go to the bath, and we strip ourselves naked, we take off our skins, and we become human beings" (a story of forty pretty women turned into cats),' (p. 367), and '"When we are in the bath take the skins and

fling them in the fire"' (p. 368; *cf.* also p. 537). That story should belong to the husk-myth or swan-maiden type, as should also perhaps this passage on p. 381 "Why did you go off?" "There was a man." "There was no man: a stick fell from the tree" (a story in which a man surprises three maidens at the bath. Two go off, but the third, whom the man is in love with, remains behind, and she holds this discourse with her sisters as they go home).' Cats are pretty often referred to--*e.g.* 'The cat found a shop where they sold honey. She dipped her tail in it, and then rolled it in the ashes' (p. 344); 'The cat sat down near them; she sees they are flinging away the precious stone with the guts of the fish that had swallowed it' (p. 189); 'The queen said to the lame cat' (p. 195); and 'The lame cat said to the lad, "I'll give you a bit of advice"' (p. 245). To the same story--perhaps a version of the well-known 'Silly Women'--certainly belong 'His wife said, "Wait a bit till they put him in the coffin"' (p. 295) and 'They put him in the coffin; he rose up in the coffin; and his wife said, "Hold! my husband who was in the coffin, is alive"' (p. 227); and to the same story (? 'Ali Baba') doubtfully, these two passages: 'He packed the riches on his horses, and brought them at midnight to his house, and he became a rich man' (p. 349) and 'He sat down and sewed up the belly of his brother, whom the robbers had killed' (p. 422). Finally, some passages picked almost at random, to illustrate the wealth of Paspati's collections, are, on p. 472, 'He is the son of the King of the Serpents'; on p. 582, 'I pray you earnestly, O my wise king, have all the doors shut, and let no man come in, and none go out' (? 'Master Thief'); on p. 195, 'The King of India said, "I have no son"'; on p. 564, 'She went into the forest, she found a shepherd, and she changed clothes with the shepherd, and took the road: she went walking on a whole month'; on p. 505, 'One taper burnt at her head, the other at her feet' (? a 'Sleeping Beauty' story); on p. 170, 'I heard him, and I became a devil'; on p. 302, 'She took a sword and an arrow, and set off. She did not wish any one, even her sisters, to know of her departure'; on p. 250, 'The girl dressed herself, mounted her horse, and took her sword'; on p. 251, 'I become a bird for thee, O apple of my eyes'; on p. 291, 'I shall become a swallow, I shall sit on thy neck, to kiss the freckle upon thy cheek'; on p. 259, 'Said the lad, "Who has taken my black bird?"'; on p. 356, 'They lay down: the lad placed the sword between himself and the maiden' (*cf.* Grimm's No. 60, i. 262); on p. 421, 'The old man said, "I give you forty days to find me"'; on p. 310, 'The ass said, "All these years we have been with you, and to me you give bones to

eat, and the dog has had to eat straw"'[21]; and on p. 362, ' The dead man goes last, the*khodja* goes in front.'

They are not very lively reading, these little scraps; still, they considerably extend our knowledge of Tchinghiané folk-tales. Of the six stories given in full by Paspati I have had to omit two. One of these, told by Christian nomads in the mixed style, is mixed indeed, more incoherent than the tale of the Great Panjandrum, as witness this sample:--'The godfather sees her with flowers on her head. Song, "The wolf will eat the lamb; The wolf will eat the turkey; The cat hit the bear; A stranger was alarmed."' The other story, told by one of the wild Zapáris, opens with a boon granted by an old man to the youngest of a king's five sons, to possess all the holes in the country. 'He went; in the forest he went; he found a hole. He stooped down over the hole. "Come out of the hole, whoever is inside." A woman came out; he asked her, "What are you doing down there?" "There are two wolves; I feed them." "Feed them well; God be with you." "And with you also." Again he went and went; he found a hole, and stooped down over that hole. "Come out of the hole." Out came a blackamoor,' etc. It is not a bad opening, but the story wanders off into drivel and obscenity. Even of the four tales I do give, one, the 'Story of the Bridge,' is valuable solely for its theme, of the master-builder Manóli and his wife; if it is as old as it is corrupt, it should be of hoary antiquity. But the three others are really good folk-tales, versions of 'The Grateful Dead,' 'Faithful John,' and Campbell of Islay's 'Knight of Riddles.' As always wherever possible, my translations are made direct from the original Rómani.

Dr. Barbu Constantinescu

Probe de Limba si Literatura Taganilor din România, by Dr. Barbu Constantinescu (Bucharest, 1878; 112 pp.), is an admirable collection of seventy-five Roumanian-Gypsy songs and thirteen folk-tales, in the original Rómani, with a Roumanian translation. The thirteen tales were got from thirteen different Gypsies, and naturally they vary in merit, the best to my thinking being 'The Red King and the Witch,' 'The Vampire,' and 'The Prince and the Wizard.' I have given eleven of them, with full annotations; of 'The Stolen Ox' and 'The Prince who ate Men' there are summaries on pp. 66 and 219. Dr. Barbu Constantinescu, who was latterly a professor at Crajova, is, I learn, dead; he must have known Rómani thoroughly, and may have left large collections.

Miklosich

In part iv. of his great work, *Ueber die Mundarten and die Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's* (Vienna, 1874), Dr. Franz von Miklosich published fifteen Gypsy folk-tales and nine songs from the Bukowina, in the original Rómani, with an interlinear Latin translation. They were collected by Professor Leo Kirilowicz, of Czernowicz, but when, where, or from whom is not told; and they, alone of Gypsy folk-tales, have been utilised by M. Emmanuel Cosquin to illustrate his admirable *Contes de Lorraine* (2 vols. 1886). I have given them all in full, except 'The Rivals,' part only of which is cited under No. 48, p. 181. 'Tropsyn,' 'The Enchanted City,' and 'The Jealous Husband' are perhaps the best; the last has a special interest through its relation to Cymbeline. In his Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Zigeunermundarten (part iv., Vienna 1878), Miklosich published three more folk-tales, communicated by Professor Kirilowicz, Herr J. Kluch, and Dr. M. Gaster--the first a Lying Story from the Bukowina (No. 35), the second, 'The Three Brothers,' from the Hungarian Carpathians (No. 31), and the third, a mere fragment, from Roumania. This fragment is on the familiar theme of an emperor who till old age has had no heir; then his empress bears him a son; but just as the child is being shown to the people, two eagles carry it off. 'Men,' cries the empress, 'if you will find my boy, I will become your servant, to wait on you, to wash your feet, to drink the water they are washed in, to quit my greatness, to make you king in my stead, if only you will find my boy.' After which the story becomes hopeless nonsense, then suddenly stops--I fancy the Gypsy story-teller had got too drunk to continue.

Wlislocki

Märchen and Sagen der Transilvanischen Zigeuner (Berlin, 1886, 157 pages), by Dr. Heinrich von Wlislocki, differs from all other Continental collections of Rómani folk-tales in this, that its sixty-three stories are published for their intrinsic interest, not solely as linguistic curiosities. They are given in German only, not in the original. Hence they are open to a suspicion of having been here and there touched up, a suspicion somewhat confirmed in the rare cases where the original is appended in a footnote, as on p. 88. They are interesting, but only as a 'restored' building may be interesting; one doubts, one can never feel quite sure of anything. At the same time, I believe that such 'improvements' apply solely to the language,

not to the subject-matter, of these stories. Their general genuineness is attested by their occasional lacunæ, as in 'Godfather Death,' which is closely identical with Grimm's No. 44, but lacks the entire episode of the sick princess. Besides, except that his work is dedicated to Liebrecht, Dr. von Wlislocki gives no indication of acquaintance with the subject of folk-tales, whilst he has approved himself a master of Rómani by his *Grammar of the Dialect of the Transylvanian Gypsies* (Leipzig, 1884). He tells us in the preface to his *Märchen* that for several months of the summer of 1883 he wandered with a band of tented Gypsies through Transylvania and south-east Hungary, and that during his wanderings he collected these sixty-three stories, every one of which he was careful to verify from the lips of a second member of the race. His little work is easily accessible to every folklorist, so to the folklorists I leave the task of analysing its stories in detail, premising merely that, like their predecessors, they offer numerous analogies to non-Gypsy folk-tales, but that fourteen of them bear a distinctively Gypsy character, especially Nos. 15, 24,31, 36, 51, 55. Haltrich also gives some Transylvanian-Gypsy stories (*Zur Volkskunde der siebenbürgischen Sachsen*, Vienna, 1885); and Vladislav Kornel, Ritter von Zielinski, contributed four Hungarian-Gypsy ones to the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for April 1890, pp. 65-73.

Dr. R. Von Sowa

Die Mundart der Slovakischen Zigeuner (Göttingen, 1887), by Dr. Rudolf von Sowa, of Brünn, is based on nineteen Slovak-Gypsy stories which he collected at Teplicz in 1884-85, and nine of which are given in the original Rómani without a translation. Dr. von Sowa also contributed four Gypsy folk-tales--Slovak and Moravian--to the *Gypsy Lore Journal*; and the Bohemian-Gypsy story of 'The Three Dragons' he sent me in manuscript. His stories have a high value for the purposes of comparison, but are inferior as stories to those of several other collections. I have given eight of them--Nos. 12, 19, 22, 41, 42, 43, 44, 60.

Dr. Kopernicki

Isidore Kopernicki, M.D. (1825-91), published in 1872 a German monograph on Gypsy craniology, and, called from Bucharest to Cracow in 1870, collected thirty Polish- Gypsy folk-tales in 1875-77. A year or two before his death he put out a prospectus of a projected work on Rómani stories and songs, with a French translation; but the work never found a

publisher. Six, however, of his stories appeared in the *Gypsy Lore Journal*, and are reproduced here, Nos. 45-50. They are one and all so admirable as stories and valuable as folklore that I cannot but hope some folklore society or some individual folklorist may purchase and publish the entire collection--Madame Kopernicki, I believe, is still a resident of Cracow.

John Roberts

Twenty to thirty years ago I knew hundreds of Gypsies in most parts of England and Wales. But the Rómani dialect was in those days my all-in-all; I would walk or ride thirty miles, and feel richly rewarded if I came back with two or three new words, such as *mormússi*, midwife, or *taltoráiro*, crow. I knew little or nothing about folklore, and cared less; the few stray odds and ends of it that I picked up among the people are scattered mostly through my *In Gypsy Tents* (Edinb. 1880). At Virginia Water, in 1872, I remember old Matty Cooper telling me how the plaice went about calling out, 'I'm the King of the Fishes,' which was why her mouth was made crooked (*cf*. Grimm's No. 172, The Sole'); and from a Boswell in, I think, 1875, I got the lying story of 'Happy Boz'll,' which I give here, No. 36. But my one great find was my lighting on the Welsh-Gypsy harper, John Roberts (1815-94), of Newtown in Montgomeryshire. *In Gypsy Tents* contains a great deal about him and by him (pp. 78-81, 94-99, 149-158, 197-216, 269-278, 290-294, 299-319, 372-377) here, then, it may suffice to say that, though not a full-blooded Gypsy, he could speak Rómani, yes, and write Rómani, as no other Gypsy I have ever met at home or on the Continent. I know, indeed, of no other instance where the teller of folk-tales has also been able himself to transcribe them. He wrote out for me the two long folk-tales reprinted here (Nos. 54 and 55), and he had a wealth of others: I fear that many of them have perished with him. He was one of the finest of Welsh harpers; he spoke Welsh, English, and Rómani with equal fluency; and he was a man besides of rare intelligence. His tales, he would have it, were all derived from the *Arabian Nights*, 'leastwise if it was not from my poor old mother, or else from my grandmother, and she was a wonderful woman for telling stories.'

Mr. John Sampson

I may regret my own missed opportunities the less, as English and Welsh Gypsy folk-tales have found at length an ideal collector in my friend, Mr. John Sampson, the librarian of University College, Liverpool. No man

could be better equipped for the task than he, as the nineteen stories here of his collecting will amply prove. Long a master of English Rómani, he has also during the last few years been making a profound study of the 'deep' Welsh dialect, the best-preserved of all the Gypsy dialects with the doubtful exception of that of the Turkish Tchinghiané. His promised work on the subject is anxiously looked for. But, more than this, he possesses the rare gift of being able to take down a story in the very words, the very accents even, of its teller. Hundreds of times have I listened to Gypsies' talk, and in these stories of his I seem to hear it again: a phonograph could not reproduce it more faithfully. His 'Tales in a Tent' (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, April 1892, pp. 199-211) contained in a charming setting, from which, indeed, it has seemed a sin to wrench them, the three English-Gypsy stories of 'Bobby Rag,' 'De Little Fox,' and 'De Little Bull-calf,' given here as Nos. 51, 52, 53. They were got near Liverpool--the middle one from Wasti Gray, and the two others from her husband, Johnny Gray, who also told Mr. Sampson the story of 'The Horse that coined Golden Guineas.'[22] Then in 1896 from Matthew Wood, felling trees upon Cader Idris, and in 1897 from Cornelius Price in Lancashire, Mr. Sampson heard twenty-seven Welsh-Gypsy stories, about which he writes thus in letters:--

'On the slopes of Cader I have laboured for days together taking down these things in a sort of phrenzy. No work could be more exhausting. To note every accent, to follow the story, and to keep the wandering wits of my Rómani raconteur to the point, all helped to make it trying work. For days together I have heard no English spoken, the Woods always talking Rómani, and the Gentiles Welsh. It is as well I did so at the time, for Matthew Wood has cleared his mountain of trees, and departed, God knows whither. Three journeys into Wales, and many letters to post-offices and police-stations, have failed to find him. Nor can I chance upon his mother again. Matthew got these stories from his grandmother, Black Ellen, who, he says, knew two hundred stories, many of them so long that their narration occupied four or five hours. In listening to these tales, I think what struck me most was the severity of their style, reminiscent of Paspati's and other Continental collections. A single word serves often as a sentence--"*Chalé*," they ate; "*Ratí*," it was night. The latter beats for compression the Virgilian "*Nox erat*." . . . I have added lately to my tales to the number of five or six, taken down chiefly in English from a South Welsh Gypsy named Cornelius Price. . . . I have Cornelius's pedigree somewhere among my papers. The

Prices are a South Wales family, not of the purest descent, who entered Wales from Hereford some generations ago. Some of them intermarried with the Ingrams. Cornelius is a son of Amos Price, from whom my old tinker Murray got most of his Rómani lore, including the version of the old ballad 'Lord Barnard and Little Musgrave,' which I sent to MacRitchie, and which he sent to Professor Child. It has beautiful lines, like--

"She lifted up his dying head,
And kissed his cheek and chin,"

side by side with others like--

"And when he came to his brother dear,
He was in a hell of a fright."

It is printed in Child's collection. Cornelius got his stories from Nebuchadnēzar Price, his uncle. I met him at Wavertree, near Liverpool, but he has since left for Chester way, returning south. He is a man of middle age, or rather younger, perhaps, say thirty-five, a pleasant, harum-scarum fellow. His younger brother, he tells me, knows many more tales than he himself. . . . Some of the best tales Price forgets, or only remembers interesting fragments. Such as a story of a bull who fights a ------- query, what? If he conquers, he tells the hero, the stream will flow down to him blood one side only, but, if he is defeated, blood each side. The bull is defeated, and, following his instructions, the hero cuts a thong from his tail upwards, finds in his body a "Sword of Swiftness," and makes a belt of the hide. Of what tale is this a fragment? Cornelius assures me that his youngest brother knows thirty to fifty very long tales. . . . Had I time, I believe I could collect hundreds of such tales from English and Welsh Gypsies.'

(Three or four years ago I found myself in a library--I would not for worlds say where--alone with a complete set of the forty Reports of the *Challenger* Expedition. I drew out a volume reverently--its pages had never been opened. Tastes differ, and I own that myself I should be quite as much interested by the discovery (say) of a Welsh-Gypsy version of the 'Grateful Dead,' as by eight hundred and odd pages on the 'Abdominal Secretions of the Lower Gasteropoda.' Nay, I would even venture to suggest that a fraction, a very small fraction, of the money yearly devoted to the Endowment of Research by government, by our colleges, and by individual

generosity, might well be apportioned to the collecting and preserving of English and Welsh Gypsy folk-tales. Every year will make the task harder; but, as it is, I believe Mr. Sampson could bag the whole lot in a couple of three months' summer holidays. Holidays, quotha! I wonder what Mr. Sampson would say to my notion of holidays.)

Campbell Of Islay

Of the four stories which I cite (No. 73-76) from J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* (4 vols. 1860-62), three were told by John MacDonald, travelling tinker, and the fourth by his old father. 'John,' Hector Urquhart writes, 'wanders all over the Highlands, and lives in a tent with his family. He can neither read nor write. He repeats some of his stories by heart fluently, and almost in the same words. I have followed his recitation as closely as possible, but it was exceedingly difficult to keep him stationary for any length of time.' To which Campbell himself adds:--'The tinker's comments on "The Brown Bear of the Green Glen " I got from the transcriber. John himself is a character. He is about fifty years of age. His father, an old soldier, is alive and about eighty; and there are numerous younger branches; and they were all encamped under the root of a tree in a quarry close to Inverary, at Easter 1859. The father tells many stories, but his memory is failing. The son told me several, and I have a good many of them written down. They both recite; they do not simply tell the story, but act it with changing voice and gesture, as if they took an interest in it, and entered into the spirit and fun of the tale. They belong to the race of "Cairds," and are as much nomads as the gipsies are. The father, to use the son's expression, "never saw a school." He served in the 42d in his youth. One son makes horn spoons, and does not know a single story; the other is a sporting character, a famous fisherman, who knows all the lochs and rivers in the Highlands, makes flies, and earns money in summer by teaching Southerns to fish. His ambition is to become an under-keeper' (i. 174-5).

There are three points to be specially noticed here. First, if I mistake not, these two tinkers, father and son, are the only Gaelic story-tellers whom Campbell describes as reciting and acting their stories; he repeats the same of the son in a passage which I quote on p. 288. Secondly, the father told 'many stories,' but one does not learn what they were, except that Campbell got from him a version of 'Osean after the Feen' (ii. 106), that the son 'argued points' in the story of 'Conal Crovi' (i. 142), and that he knew the

story of the ‘Shifty Lad,’ though not well enough to repeat it (i. 353) ‘Many stories’ should mean more than these three and the four of our text. Lastly, these MacDonalds are said to ‘belong to the race of “Cairds,” and to be as much nomads as the gipsies are.’ But the question arises, Are they not Gypsies, or half-breed Gypsies, or quarter-breed Gypsies at any rate? To the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for January 1891, pp. 319-20, D. Fearon Ranking, LL.D., contributed this paper:--

Boat-Dwelling Tinkers

‘I spent the month of August this year (1890) at Crinan Harbour, in Argyllshire, and there came for a few moments across a family of “Tinklers,” who are, I fancy, worth following up for the sake of getting from them a stock of words. I was one morning on my way to the post-office at Crinan, and, lying at the slip in front of the office, I saw a good-sized boat, which I knew did not belong to the place. I crossed the road, and went down to see who the owners were. To my surprise, I found they were a party of “Tinklers.” On questioning them they told me that they always went about in this manner, sailing from place to place on the West Coast and among the Islands, and making and mending pots and pans. They had just put in for provisions, and were on the point of sailing for Scarba. The boat was a good-sized fishing smack, three-quarter decked, rigged, if I remember rightly, with a big lug-sail and jib, and a small lug aft, but on this point I am not quite certain. The party consisted of three men and two women, with two or three children. They were stunted in appearance, and quite young; the women reddish-haired, the men rather darker.

‘On a venture, I asked whether they spoke “Shelta,”[23] as I was anxious to learn something of this language, of which I knew nothing. One of the men said that they did speak it, and, on being questioned, gave the names of several common objects mentioned by me. Unfortunately, I had neither pencil nor paper with me, and was therefore unable to make any notes, and, the words being entirely strange to me, I could not retain them. The only word I can remember is *yergan* = “tin.”

‘One of the men suddenly said, “But we have another language, which I do not think any one knows but ourselves; it is not in any books.” “What do you call a ‘boat’ in your language?” I said. To my great astonishment, he replied, “*Bero*.” On my then asking for the words for “man,” “woman,” and “child,” he gave *mush* or *gairo*, *monisha*, and *chavo*. Feeling now tolerably

sure of my ground, I said, "*Kushto bero se duvo*." He stared at me as if I had been a ghost, and, on my continuing with a few more words, he called to one of the women in the boat and said, "Come here, I never saw anything like this. Here is a gentleman knows our language as well as we know it ourselves." I continued asking the names of various common objects, such as "fire," "water," the names of animals, parts of the body, etc., and soon noticed that for each they had two or three names, one being always good "Rommanis," the other, I presume, "Shelta." But my surprise was greatest when, on asking the name for a "hen," the answer was "*moorghee*," and then, as an afterthought, "*kanni*." Now, can any one tell me where they got this word "*moorghee*" from? I have never met with it among any "Rommani foki" of my acquaintance, but know it only as the common Hindustani name for a fowl. Is it an old word which has been lost by others, but retained by this family? Or have they picked it up from some one of their number who has been in India soldiering?

'Another surprise was in store for me. On asking them where they got this language from, one of the men said, "We got it from our grandfather. He could speak it much better than we can," and then volunteered the information .that this grandfather was a keeper to the Duke of Argyll, and had supplied Campbell of Islay with many of the *Sgeulachdan* in his Highland Tales. This must be either the John M'Donald, travelling tinker, referred to by Mr. MacRitchie in his article on the "Irish Tinkers and their Language" (Oct. 1889, p. 354), or a relation of his. An account of this family will be found in the notes to the tale of the "Brown Bear of the Green Glen" (*Popular Tales*, vol. i. pp. 174-175). It mentions that the father had served in the Forty-Second. Had he brought back this word *moorghee* with him from India? One of the sons is mentioned as being a keen sportsman. No hint is given, however, of their knowing any language but Gaelic. It would probably have astonished Campbell of Islay to find that they were masters of four tongues--Gaelic, Shelta, English, and Rommanis. It may be noticed that the accounts of occupation do not quite tally, as these tinklers distinctly stated that their grandfather was one of Argyll's keepers. I should like to know whether any of the sons did actually hold such a post. This is all I could learn in an interview of, at the most, twenty minutes.'

Dr. Ranking, my friend for a quarter of a century, has a thorough knowledge of Rómani; I would trust his judgment as I would trust my own. I have

never myself come across any Tinklers of the West Coast, but I have met scores in the Lothians and in the Border Country, and my observations on these tally closely with Dr. Ranking's. The Lowland Tinklers have little or nothing of the Gypsy type, though they have a marked type of their own--a bleached, washed-out, mongrel type; their language has sunk to a mere gibberish, without the least trace of inflection, as different from the Welsh-Gypsy dialect as Pidgin-English from the English of Tennyson. None the less, side by side with such thieves' cant as *mort*, woman, *dell*, girl, *beenlightment*, daylight, *ruffie*, devil, and *patri*, clergyman, that gibberish contains two or three hundred good enough Rómani words, as *chúri*, knife, *drom*, road, *paúni*, water, *gad*, shirt, and *dústa lóvo*, plenty money. Nay, a curious point is that it retains a few Rómani words which have been almost or wholly lost in the English and Welsh Gypsy dialects--*shúkar*, beautiful, *háro*, sword, *klísti*, soldier, *kálshes*, breeches, and *pówiski*, gun. On the other hand, Scottish thieves' cant shows a much larger admixture of words of Rómani origin than does the English. We possess no early specimens of Scottish Rómani, but Scotland two centuries since would seem to have had as true Gypsies as any Stanleys or Boswells or Herons south of the Border. But the persecution of the race as a race lasted a hundred years longer in Scotland than in England, and it is probable that, whilst many of its chief members were hanged or drowned or transported to America, others fled southward--one finds to-day the Gaelic *Gilderoy* ('red lad') a Christian name among English Gypsies, and such surnames as Baillie, Gregory, and Marshall. Those who remained behind must have intermarried largely with Scottish vagrants, Irish vagrants, gangrel bodies generally: the Gypsy stream broadened out, and became correspondingly shallow. Nowadays, then, it is difficult to say of the Faa-Blyths, Taits, Norrises, Baillies, Douglases, or any other of the Tinklers I have met, whether they are more Gypsies or Gentiles; English Gypsies assuredly would not regard them as Gypsies. Still, they have all a dash of the Gypsy, stronger or weaker; and with these boat-dwelling Tinklers, whom Dr. Ranking describes, the dash was decidedly stronger. There can hardly be any doubt that the grandfather whom they spoke of as a keeper to the Duke of Argyll, was John MacDonald the younger, who at Inverary in 1859 had an ambition to become an underkeeper.[24]

Kounavine

Lastly, in the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for April and July 1890, were two long articles by Dr. A. B. Elysseeff--'Kounavine's Materials for the Study of the Gypsies.' According to these, Michael Ivanovitch Kounavine (1820-81) studied medicine at Moscow, and then having passed as doctor, for the thirty-five years 1841-76 wandered from Gypsy camp to Gypsy camp in Europe, Northern Africa, and Asia. Eight of those years were passed amongst the Gypsies of Germany, Austria, Southern France, Italy, England, and Spain; twelve amongst those of Asia Minor, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, Iran, Hindustan, and the Deccan; ten amongst Russian Gypsies; and then from the Caucasus 'the indefatigable traveller followed the transition of the European Gypsies into those of Kurdistan, and all along the Ural Mountains into those of Central Asia and Turan, on this occasion revisiting India and the ranges of Tian-Shan and the Himalayas.' Meanwhile he collected an 'immense store of materials, consisting of 123 tales, 80 traditions and legends, 62 ritual songs, and 120 smaller products of Gypsy poetry. . . . In the ancient legends the mythological elements assert themselves most strongly, and the characteristic features of the Hindu mythology are there so evident, that even the names in these tales recall the analogous divinities of the Hindu theology. These are *Baramy*, the proto-divinity, *Jandra*, the sun-god, *Laki*, *Matta*, *Anromori*, and others, in which one cannot fail to recognise the Hindu *Brama*, *Indra*, *Lakshmi*, *Máta* (*Prithik*, earth-mother), as well as the Zendic name of *Ariman*. . . . In the traditions and historical narratives one meets with classic names of towns known to the Greek geographers, such as *Batala*, *Pourini*,*Espadi*, *Rikoi*, *Bikin*, and *Babili*, in which it is not difficult to recognise the ancient towns *Pattala*, *Poura*, *Aspadana* (*Ispahan*), *Rhagæ*, *Beikind*, and *Babylon*, cited by Arrian and other historians and geographers.'

These are the merest pickings from Dr. Kounavine's 'colossal' collections, which perished, alas! with him somewhere in Siberia, and are known to us only through an elaborate abstract drawn up in 1878 by Dr. Elysseeff, since himself also dead. First printed in the *Transactions* of the Russian Geographical Society (1882), that abstract, thanks to Dr. Kopernicki, appeared in English in the *Gypsy Lore Journal*, where it occupied twenty-five pages. It was quite right it should appear there; still, I cannot feel absolutely certain that there ever was any Dr. Kounavine at all. If there was, I am certain that nine-tenths of the discoveries claimed for him are the

merest moonshine. To maintain that the Gypsies of England, France, Spain, and Italy arrived at their present habitats from Africa by way of Sicily, is, as has been shown, to evince a crass ignorance of the Rómani language. Equally absurd is it to maintain that 'every Gypsy dialect contains a large number of words of non-Aryan origin: Aramaic, Semitic, and even Mongol words form 25 per cent. of the Gypsy vocabulary taken in its largest sense.' For this implies that Aramaic is non-Semitic, as though one should speak of Gaelic and Celtic, or of German and Teutonic. Again, what of the sketch-map, according to which Dr. Kounavine seems to have found 'fragmentary and confused traces of a primitive mythology' somewhere about Newtown in Montgomeryshire and round the Cambridgeshire Wash? Newtown is a Welsh-Gypsy centre (I had shown it be such in 1880); but unquestionably its Gypsies would have retained some recollection of a visit from a mysterious Rómani-speaking foreigner, even after the lapse of thirty or forty years.

Theory As To Gypsy Folk-Tales

So there the folklorists have all that is essential--or rather all that I can give of the essential--for the right understanding of the following seventy-six folk-tales. And there I should have been quite content to leave them, did I not wish to disavow the theory imputed to me mistakenly by my friend, Mr. Joseph Jacobs. In his *More English Fairy Tales* (1894), p. 232, he speaks of 'Mr. Hindes Groome's contention (in *Transactions Folk-Lore Congress*) for the diffusion of all folk-tales by means of Gypsies as *colporteurs*.' The paper I read before the Folklore Congress of 1891 was not on folk-tales at all, but on English popular superstitions; I certainly never contended that their diffusion was solely due to the Gypsies. Whilst as to Gypsy folk-tales, the first thing I ever wrote about them was forty-three lines in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. x. 1879, p. 615), which, with but forty stories to go by, concluded: 'At present our information is far too scanty to warrant any definite conclusion; but, could it once he shown that the Asiatic possess the same stories as the European Gypsies, it might be necessary to admit that Europe owes a portion of its folklore to the Gypsies.' And the last thing I wrote on the subject was twenty-seven lines in *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (vol. v. 1892, p. 489), and they wound up:--'According to Benfey, Reinhold Köhler, Ralston, Cosquin, Clouston, and other folklorists,

most of the popular stories of Europe are traceable to Indian sources. But how? by what channels? One channel, perhaps, was the Gypsies.'

That seven years ago was my theory, if it may be dignified with so high-sounding a title; and that is my theory still. And it seems to me even now, that, though now we possess 160 Gypsy folk-tales, our store is still far too scanty to warrant any definite conclusion.

We want the unpublished materials of Paspati and Kopernicki; we want Dr. von Sowa and Mr. Sampson to complete their collections; and we want, too, the Gypsy folk-tales, if such there be, of Spain, Portugal, Brazil, the Basque Country, Italy, Alsace, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, and Greece--above all, of Africa and Asia.[25] If a word like *páni*, water, is found in every Gypsy dialect from Persia to South America, from Finland to Egypt, one reasonably regards it as a true Rómani word, as one that the Gypsies have brought from their eastern home. Similarly, if a folk-tale could be shown to have an equally wide distribution among the Gypsies, we might reasonably believe that the Gypsies had brought it with them. But at present we know of no such wide distribution.

Gypsy Variants

We have five Gypsy versions of 'The Master Thief' (Nos. 11, 12), one from Roumania, two from Hungary, and two from Wales; and two of the cognate story, 'Tropsyn' (Nos. 27,28), from the Bukowina and Wales. We have two of 'The Vampire' (No. 5), Roumanian and Hungarian; three of 'The Bad Mother' (Nos. 8, 9), Roumanian, Bukowinian, and Hungarian; two of 'Mare's Son' (Nos. 20, 58), Bukowinian and Welsh; three of 'It all comes to Light' (Nos. 17, 18, 19), Bukowinian, Roumanian, and Slovak; two of 'The Rich and the Poor Brother' (Nos. 30, 31), Bukowinian and Hungarian; three of 'The Robber Bridegroom' (No. 47), Polish, Hungarian, and Welsh; three of 'The Master Smith' (Nos. 59, 60), Welsh, Catalonian, and Slovak; two of 'The Golden Bush and the Good Hare' (Nos. 49, 75), Polish and Scotch; and four of 'The Deluded Dragon' (Nos. 21, 22), Bukowinian, Slovak, Transylvanian, and Turkish. It is something to have established this much; and it will be seen how enormously Mr. Sampson has extended the area of Gypsy folk-tales since 1896. But it still needs much greater extension.

Unique Features

An absolutely unique story or incident is a very rare find in folklore. A few stories in the present collection I have not been able to match, *e.g.* 'The Three Princesses and the Unclean Spirit' (No. 10), 'The Red King and the Witch' (14), 'The Prince and the Wizard' (15), 'Pretty-face' (29), 'A Girl who was sold to the Devil' (46), and 'The Black Dog of the Wild Forest' (72). Then as to incidents, I have met with no non-Gypsy parallel to the somersault that in Gypsy stories almost invariably precedes a transformation (*cf.* footnote 2 on p. 16). I have met with none to the striking ordeal in 'Mare's Son' (No. 20):--

'He went to his brothers. "Good-day to you, brothers. You fancied I should perish. If you acted fairly by me, toss your arrows up in the air, and they will fall before you; but if unfairly, then they will fall on your heads." All four tossed up their arrows, and they stood in a row. His fell right before him, and theirs fell on their heads, and they died.'

'The Seer' (No. 23) offers a variant:

'And he said, "Good-day to you, brothers. You fancied I had perished. You have pronounced your own doom. Come out with me, and toss your swords up in the air. If you acted fairly by me, it will fall before you; but if unfairly, it will fall on your head." The three of them tossed up their swords, and that of the youngest fell before him, but theirs fell on their head, and they died.'

Then there is the fine conception, of frequent occurrence in Wlislocki's Transylvanian-Gypsy stories, that the sun in the morning sets forth as a little child, by noon has grown to a man, and comes home at eventide weary, old, and grey.[26] And this again, from 'The Hen that laid Diamonds' (No. 25)--

The emperor there was dead, and they took his crown and put it in the church; whosever head the crown falls on, he shall be emperor. And men of all ranks came into the church; and the three boys came. And the eldest went before, and slipped into the church; and the crown floated on to his head. "We have a new emperor." They raised him shoulder-high, and clad him in royal robes.'

The episode is reminiscent of 'Excalibur' in the old Arthurian legend. The story in which it occurs is identical with Hahn's No. 36, but there the episode is wholly wanting. The multiplication of such seemingly unique Gypsy stories and incidents would certainly favour a belief in the originality

of the Gypsies, would suggest that some at least of their stories are at first-hand, and not derived from Greeks, Roumans, Slavs, Teutons, or Celts.

Still, nothing would surprise me less than to come on non-Gypsy versions of one or all of these stories or incidents. The great mass of the collection can be paralleled from Grimm, Asbjörnsen, Hahn, Campbell, Cosquin, etc. Thus my No. 63 is Grimm's 'Our Lady's Child' (No. 3); No. 57 his 'Youth who went forth to learn what Fear was' (No. 4); No. 2 his 'Faithful John' (No. 6); No. 21 his 'Valiant Little Tailor' (No. 20); No. 38 his 'Devil with the Three Golden Hairs' (No. 29); No. 47 his 'Robber Bridegroom' (No. 40); No. 70his 'Frederick and Catherine' (No. 59); No. 25 his 'Two Brothers' (No. 60); No. 68 his 'Little Peasant' (No. 61); No. 59 his 'Brother Lustig' (No. 81) and 'Old Man made Young again' (No. 147); No. 32 his 'King of the Golden Mountains' (No. 92); No. 17 his 'Three Little Birds' (No. 96); Nos. 55 and 73 his 'Water of Life' (No. 97); No. 43 his 'Skilful Huntsman' (No. 111); No. 25 his 'Ferdinand the Faithful' (No. 126); No. 41 his 'Shoes that were danced to Pieces' (No. 133); Nos. 20 and 58 his 'Strong Hans' (No. 166); and Nos.11 and 12 his 'Master Thief' (No. 192); besides which his 'Cinderella' (No. 21), 'Godfather Death' (No. 44), and 'The Sole' (No. 172) are known to be current among the Gypsies. The Gypsies, then, by the showing even of our present meagre store of Gypsy folk-tales, have over ten per cent. of Grimm's entire collection.

Which are the better, the Gypsy versions, or the non-Gypsy versions, can only be definitely determined when we can feel pretty sure of possessing the best Gypsy versions procurable. Take, for example, our story of 'The Vampire' (No. 5). The wretched Hungarian-Gypsy version of Dr. Friedrich Miller (1869) could not for a moment compare with Ralston's fine Russian story of 'The Fiend,' but the Roumanian-Gypsy version of Barbu Constantinescu (1878) quite well can. The standard of Gypsy folk-tales should clearly be taken from the best, not the poorest, specimens; and the standard by that rule is high. Indeed, 'The Red King and the Witch' to me appears as good as anything in the whole field of folk-lore; and 'Ashypelt,' 'The Jealous Husband,' and half a dozen more of my collection seem only less good than it. But, of course, one's own geese are all swans.

Literary Sources

A curious point about these Gypsy stories is that in three or four of them one recognises an incident or a whole plot which, unless it be Gypsy, the

Gypsies would seem to have derived from books. Here, for instance, are two parallel passages from No. 120 of the *Gesta Romanorum* and from the Bukowina-Gypsy story of ‘The Seer’ (No. 23):--

Gesta.

Where to bend his steps he knew not, but arising, and fortifying himself with the sign of the Cross, he walked along a certain path until he reached a deep river, over which he must pass. But he found it so bitter and hot, that it even separated the flesh from the bones. Full of grief, he conveyed away a small quantity of that water, and when he had proceeded a little further, felt hungry. A tree, upon which hung the most tempting food, incited him to eat; he did so, and immediately became a leper. He gathered also a little of the fruit, and conveyed it with him. After travelling for some time, he arrived at another stream, whose virtue was such that it restored the flesh to his feet; and eating of a second tree, he was cleansed of his leprosy.

Gypsy Tale.

The youngest went into the woods, and he was hungry, and he found an apple-tree with apples, and he ate an apple, and two stag’s horns grew. And he said, ‘What God has given me I will bear.’ And he went onward, and crossed a stream, and the flesh fell away from him. And he kept saying, ‘What God has given me I will bear. Thanks be to God.’ And he went further, and found another apple-tree. And he said, ‘I will eat one more apple, even though two more horns shall grow.’ When he ate it, the horns dropped off. And he went further, and again found a stream. And he said, ‘God, the flesh has fallen from me, now my bones will waste away; but even though they do, yet will I go.’ And he crossed the stream; his flesh grew fairer than ever.

Which is the better here, the nearer the original--the Geste of the Romans, or that of the Romanies? It is hard to determine; but of this I feel pretty sure, that, if any one were asked to say which of these two passages was monkish and which Gypsy, he would decide wrongly: there is such a tone of pious fortitude about ‘The Seer.’ The Welsh-Gypsy story of ‘The Three Wishes’ (No. 65) looks as though it were taken straight from Giambattista Basile’s tale of ‘Peruonto,’ i. 3, in the *Pentamerone* (1637)--a none too accessible work, one would fancy, and a tale that has not passed into popular folklore. Then there is the fine Bukowina-Gypsy story of ‘The

Jealous Husband' (No. 33), derived apparently from the novella ii. 9 of Boccaccio's *Decamerone* (1358), the prototype of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. Except that the Gypsy story is localised on the Danube, the plot is almost identical--the wager, the chest, the theft of the ring, the mole. It sounds unlikely that Gypsies, the most illiterate race in Europe, should have enriched their stock of folk-tales from Boccaccio.

Still, that is how folklorists would probably account for the identity of the two stories, if those stories stood alone. But they do not; there are also four folk-tales at least to account for--Roumanian, German, Scottish Gaelic, and Irish Gaelic. And Campbell's Gaelic story of 'The Chest,' whilst like Boccaccio's, is in some points still liker that of the Bukowina Gypsies. On the whole, it seems easier to suppose that Boccaccio got his story directly or indirectly from the Gypsies, than that they got theirs from Boccaccio.

But Gypsies, it will be urged, were unknown in Italy in Boccaccio's day. That is by no means so certain. There was the *komodromos* with the blind yellow dog, who came from Italy in 544 A.D.; and there was the Neapolitan painter, Antonio Solario, 'lo Zingaro,' who was born about 1382.[27] And even though Boccaccio himself could never have seen Gypsies, many of his countrymen must have come across them outside of Italy--in Greece, in Corfu, in Crete, and in other parts of the Levant.

Questions Of Date

Sometimes, however, a date does seem to preclude the notion that the dissemination of this or that folk-tale can have been due to Gypsies. The 'Grateful Dead,' the first of our collection, is a case in point. The Turkish-Gypsy version is excellent--as good, indeed, as any known to me; but the story seems to have been current in England as early, at any rate, as 1420--the date assigned to the metrical romance of 'Sir Amadas.' Again, according to Mr. Jacobs' *More Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 229, 'the most curious and instructive parallel to Campbell's West Highland tale of "Mac Iain Direach" [= our No. 75] is that afforded by the Arthurian romance of Walewein or Gawain, now only extant in Dutch, which, as Professor W. P. Ker has pointed out in *Folk-Lore*, v. 121, exactly corresponds to the popular tale, and thus carries it back in Celtdom to the early twelfth century at the latest.' Only, how from Celtdom has the story wandered to the Polish Gypsies of Galicia, whose tale of 'The Golden Bush and the Good Hare' (No. 49) is clearly identical?

Indian Parallels

I raise these objections myself, knowing that, if I did not, someone else would certainly do so, with the gleeful remark, 'Down goes the silly theory of the dispersion of folk-tales by Gypsies.' By no means, necessarily. The theory may be inapplicable in these and in other cases; but what will the folklorists make of another Polish-Gypsy story, the 'Tale of a Foolish Brother and of a Wonderful Bush' (No. 45)? Of it we find a variant in the Welsh-Gypsy story of 'The Dragon' (No. 61), and a most unmistakable version in the Indian fairy-tale of 'The Monkey Prince' (Maive Stokes, No. 10, p. 41). The connection, indeed, between the Gypsy and the Indian folk-tale seems scarcely less obvious than that between *páni*, water, in Rómani, and *páni*, water, in Hindustani. This, I think, must be granted; but what, then, of the non-Gypsy versions, cited on p. 161, from Russia, Norway, and Sicily? Or take the Turkish-Gypsy story of 'Baldpate' (No. 2). It is identical, on the one hand, with Grimm's 'Faithful John' (No. 6) and many more European versions, and, on the other hand, with the latter half of 'Phakir Chand' (Lal Behari Day's *Folk-tales of Bengal*, pp. 39-52). Is it not possibly the link between them?

There is also a frequent identity of incident in Gypsy and Indian folk-tales. Thus, in the Hungarian-Gypsy version of 'The Vampire' (No. 5), the king sends his coachman to pluck the flower that has grown from the maiden's grave; the coachman cannot, but the king himself can, and takes the flower home. Just so the Bel-Princess, thrown into a well, turns into a lotus-flower, which recedes from the villager who tries to pluck it, but floats into the prince's hand (Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 145; also p. 10). Fruits causing pregnancy are common in Gypsy as in Indian folk-tales (*cf*. Notes to No. 16); and God sends St. Peter with them in the former just as Mahádeo does an old fakír in the latter. The sleeping beauty in 'The Winged Hero' (No. 26) lies lifeless on the bed, and is awakened only by the removal of the candle from her head; in 'The Boy with the Moon on his Forehead' (Lal Behari Day's *Folk-tales of Bengal*, p. 251) it is two little sticks of gold and silver that revive the suspended animation of the young lady sleeping on the golden bedstead. The rescue of the eaglets from the dragon in 'Mare's Son' (No. 20) exactly matches the rescue of the two birds from the huge serpent in the Bengal 'Story of Prince Sobur' (p. 134); and the princess in the tree in that same Bengal story (p. 126) comes very near the

wife in the oak in the Polish-Gypsy ‘Tale of a Girl who was sold to the Devil’ (No. 46). The robbers in a Moravian-Gypsy story (No. 43) break through the wall of a castle like the robbers of Scripture and of Indian folk-tales; and one very curious feature, which we can trace across two continents, is the feather, hair, or wing of a bird, beast, or insect, the burning of which, or sometimes the mere thinking on which, summons its former possessor to the hero’s aid. It occurs in this passage from an unpublished Turkish-Gypsy story (Paspati, p. 523):--’He gave the old man a feather, and he said to the old man, “Take it and carry it to your daughter, and if she puts it in the fire I will come.”‘ It occurs, too, in the Roumanian-Gypsy story of The Three Princesses and the Unclean Spirit’ (No. 10), in the Bukowina-Gypsy story of ‘The Enchanted City’ (No. 32), and in the Polish-Gypsy ‘Tale of a Girl who was sold to the Devil’ (No. 46). It is by no means a common feature in Western folk-lore, but it occurs in Basile’s *Pentamerone*, iv. 3, and in the Irish story of ‘The Weaver’s Son and the Giant of the White Hill’ (Curtin, pp. 64-77) the hero gets a bit of wool from the ram, a bit of fin from the salmon, and a feather from the eagle, with injunctions to take them out when in any difficulty, and so summon all the rams, salmon, or eagles of the world to his assistance. As I show in the notes to No. 46, the idea is of frequent occurrence in the folk-tales of the Levant[28] and of India. In Mrs. Steel’s *Wide-awake Stories*, p. 32, the demon says to the Faithful Prince, ‘Take this hair with you, and, when you need help, burn it, then I will come immediately to your assistance.’ And in the *Arabian Nights* (‘Conclusion of the Story of the Ladies of Baghdad’) the Jinneeyeh gives the first lady a lock of her hair, and says, When thou desirest my presence, burn a few of these hairs, and I will be with thee quickly, though I should be beyond Mount Kaf.’

The list, I expect, of identical plots and incidents could be largely extended even from my collection by M. Cosquin or any one else well versed in Indian folklore. Yet, as it stands, that list goes some way to corroborate my theory. One obvious objection may be anticipated. A folk-tale, as told to-day in India, need not be more primitive, more faithful to the original, than the same folk-tale as told to-day in Greece or Germany. The same wear and tear may have affected the story that stayed at home as has affected the story that wandered westward a thousand or two thousand years ago; it may have affected it in a very much greater degree. That is just what we find in language; the Rómani *vast*, hand, comes much nearer the

Sanskrit *hasta* than does the Hindustani *hāth*. Another point may also be illustrated from language. The same word, or two kindred words, may have reached the same destination by different routes and at widely different periods. The Gypsies brought with them *páni*, water, to England, whither centuries after came the 'brandy-*pawnee*' of Anglo-Indians; *páni* is a far-away cousin of *ae*, *aqueous*, *aquarium*, etc. *Brother* and *fraternal*,[29] *foot* and *pedestrian*, are two out of hundreds of similar instances. In much the same way, it need not be any positive objection to the late transmission of a folk-tale to Norway or England, that an earlier form of that folk-tale already existed there. Because in the *Nibelungenlied* one finds a striking parallel to an episode in the Bukowina-Gypsy story of The Prince, his Comrade, and Nastasa the Fair' (No. 24), it does not follow that that story is necessarily derived from the *Nibelungenlied*. Still, the difficulty of discriminating between the earlier and the more recent forms of a folk-tale must be enormous--it may be, insuperable.

Tokens Of Recent Diffusion

Sometimes, however, it seems to me, we get sure tokens of recent diffusion. Thus in the folk-tales to which Sir George Cox, Professor de Gubernatis, and their fellow-mythologists assign a prehistoric antiquity, one of the commonest incidents is where the hero and heroine, flying from a demon, magician, or ogre (the heroine's father often), transform themselves into a church and priest. We find the incident in Lorraine, Brittany, Picardy, many parts of both Germany and Italy, the Tyrol, Transylvania, Hungary, Croatia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil, as well as among the Gypsies of Turkey, the Bukowina, and Galicia Of. Cosquin, i. 106; and my own pp. 127, 196). What was the prehistoric form of the *church*? Was it a tope, a stone circle, something of the kind? That well may be. But how comes it that the development of the prehistoric form has in all these widely-separated countries reached exactly the same stage, and there stopped? Why has not the stone circle become in one case a stone-heap with a stone-breaker, in another a pound with a horse in it, in a third a field with a rubbing-post? Why always the modern Christian notion of a church? But the difficulty vanishes if one may suppose that the Gypsies, starting from the Balkan Peninsula at a date when churches were familiar objects, which a pursuer would naturally pass, carried with them the modern version of the

story to Russia, Spain, and the other countries in which it is told to-day. Similarly, in Gypsy stories, and in stories current in countries wide apart, one finds such incidents as the hero falling in love through a *portrait*, the hero playing *cards* with the devil, the hero carrying a Bellerophon *letter*, the hero looking through an all-seeing *telescope*. Such stories in their original form may be of indefinable antiquity; but the recurrence of their developed form amongst Slays and Teutons and Celts would seem to be due to recent transmission, unless one is prepared to maintain that our primæval Aryan ancestors were acquainted with portrait-painting, with playing-cards, with the art of writing, and with telescopes.

The Anthropological Theory

In his Introduction to Mrs. Hunt's admirable translation of Grimm, Mr. Andrew Lang thus expounded his 'Anthropological' theory of folk-tales:--

'As to the origin of the wild incidents in *Household Tales*, let any one ask himself this question: Is there anything in the frequent appearance of cannibals, in kinship with animals, in magic, in abominable cruelty, that would seem unnatural to a savage? Certainly not; all these things are familiar to his world. Do all these things occur on almost every page of Grimm? Certainly they do. Have they been natural and familiar incidents to the educated German mind during the historic age? No one will venture to say so. These notions, then, have survived in peasant tales from the time when the ancestors of the Germans were like Zulus or Maoris or Australians.'

Gypsy Savagery

It is an interesting, the most interesting theory; still I cannot forbear pointing out that many of Mr. Lang's survivals of dead Teutonic savagery are living realities in Gypsy tents. Matty Cooper, discoursing to his 'dear little wooden bear,' and offering it beer to drink; 'Gypsy Mary,' who 'washed herself away from God Almighty'; Riley Smith and Emily Pinfold, who both 'sold their blood to the Devil'; Mrs. Draper, who vowed that, sooner than touch beer or spirits, she would go to Loughton churchyard, and drink the blood of her dead son lying there; Riley Bosville with his two wives, and old Charles Pinfold with his three; Lementina Lovell, who heard the fairy music; her grandson, Dimiti, who lay awake once in Snaky Lane, and watched the little fairies in the oak-tree; and Ernest Smith (1871-98),

who one July night in the grounds of the Edinburgh Electrical Exhibition of 1890 saw ‘two dear little teeny people, about two feet high, and he upp’d and flung stones at ‘em’--I myself have known eight of these Gypsies, and kinsfolk of the two others. It is not sixteen years since an English Gypsy girl, to work her vengeance on her false Gentile lover, cut the heart out of a living white pigeon, and flung the poor bird, yet struggling, on the fire. It is barely fifty years since old Mrs. Smith was buried at Troston, near Ixworth, after travelling East Anglia for half a century with a sparrow, which, like the raven in Grimm’s story, told her all manner of secrets. (*Cf*. Mr. Lang’s ‘4. Savage idea.--Animals help favoured men and women.) Then, there is the Gypsy system of *tabu*, by which wife and child renounce for ever the favourite food or drink of the dead husband or father, or the name of the deceased is dropped clean out of use, any survivors who happen to bear it adopting another. There is the belief in the evil eye; there are caste-like rules of ceremonial purity; and on the Continent there is, or was lately, actual idolatry--tree-worship among German Gypsies, and the worship of the moon-god, Alako, among their brethren of Scandinavia.

Cannibalism

Nor even for cannibalism need Mr. Lang go far back or far afield. In 1782 in Hungary, next door to Germany, forty-five Gypsies, men and women, were beheaded, broken on the wheel, quartered alive, or hanged, for cannibalism. Arrested first by way of wise precaution, they were racked till they confessed to theft and murder, then were brought to the spot where they said their victims should be buried, and, no victims forthcoming, were promptly racked again. ‘We ate them,’ at last was their dispairing cry, and straightway the Gypsies were hurried to the scaffold; straightway the newspapers all over Europe rang with blood-curdling narratives of ‘ Gypsy cannibalism.’

Then, when it all was over, the Emperor Joseph sent a commission down, the outcome of whose investigations was that nobody was missing, that no one had been murdered--but the Gypsies. That was in Hungary, a century ago; but even: in England, in 1859, a judge seems to have entertained a similar suspicion. In that year, at the York assizes, a Gypsy lad, Guilliers Heron, was tried for a robbery, of which, by the bye, he was innocent. One of the prisoner’s brothers’ (I quote from the *Times* of Thursday, 10th March, p. 11), said they were all at tea with the prisoner at five o’clock in their tent,

and, when asked what they had to eat, he said they had a “hodgun” cooked, which is the provincial name for a hedgehog. His Lordship (Mr. Justice Byles): “What do you say you had--cooked urchin?” Gypsy: “Yes, cooked hodgun. I’m very fond of cooked hodgun” (with a grin).

His Lordship’s mind seemed to be filled with horrible misgivings, when the meaning of the provincialism was explained amid much laughter.’ Cannibalism is a common feature of Gypsy folk-tales, as this collection will show; but it is far commoner, and on a far grander scale, in the folk-tales of India, where a *rakshasi* makes nothing of polishing off the entire population of a city, plus the goats and sheep, horses and elephants. How does Mr. Lang account for this, for Germany remained savage long ages after India? I rather fancy, though I cannot be certain, that cannibalism in folk-tales tapers off pretty regularly westward from India.[30]

Gypsy Migrations

In the *Academy* for 11th June 1887 Mr. Lang objected: ‘Can M. Cosquin show that South Siberia and Zanzibar got their contes by oral transmission from India within the historical period? This is doubtful; but it seems still more unlikely that tales which originated in India could have reached Barra and Uist in the Hebrides, and Zululand, and the Samoyeds--not to mention America--by oral transmission, and all within the historical period.’ My pp. xv.--xviii. and xxxv.--xlv. furnish a fairly good answer to much of this objection, for they show that during the last three centuries recent immigrants from India, possessed of folk-tales, have been passing to and fro between Lorraine and Italy, Scotland and North America, Portugal and Africa and Brazil, Poland and Siberia, Spain and Louisiana, the Basque Country and Africa, Hungary and Italy, Germany, Belgium, France, Spain, and Algeria, the Balkan Peninsula and Scandinavia, Italy and Asia Minor, Corfu and Corsica, the Levant and Liverpool, Hungary and Scotland. But, indeed, Mr. Lang’s objection was, in part at least, answered already, by the discovery in Scandinavia, Orkney, and Lancashire of thousands of Cufic coins of the ninth and tenth centuries. For where coins could journey from Bagdad, so also of course could folk-tales.

I remember once in an English parsonage being shown a ‘cannibal fork.’ I do not think I rushed to the conclusion that the parson’s grandmother had been a ghoul; no, I rather fancy there was talk of a son or a brother who was a missionary somewhere, perhaps in the South Sea Islands. And I remember

also how a Suffolk vicar unearthed a Romano-British cemetery. One of his most treasured finds was a pair of brass compasses: ‘Marvellous,’ he would point out, ‘how like they are to our own.’ ‘As well they may be,’ old Mrs. C------ remarked to me (she was the daughter of a former vicar), for I can quite well remember my poor brother John losing them.’

Gypsy Originality

Sometimes, I scarce know why, the eloquence and the ingenuity of folklorists suggest these reminiscences; anyhow, I doubt if to folklorists my theory is likely to commend itself. From solar myths, savage philosophy, archæan survivals, polyonymy, relics of Druidism, polygamous frameworks, and such-like high-sounding themes, it is a terrible come-down to Gypsies = gipsies = tramps.[31] So I look for most folklorists to scout my theory, and to maintain that the Turkish Gypsies picked up their folk-tales from Turks or Greeks, the Roumanian Gypsies theirs from Roumans, the Hungarian Gypsies theirs from Magyars, the English and Welsh Gypsies theirs from the English and Welsh, the ------ Hold! hold! pray where are the English or Welsh originals of our Gypsy versions of The Master Thief,’ ‘The Little Peasant,’ Frederick and Catherine,’ ‘Ferdinand the Faithful,’ ‘The Master Smith,’ ‘The Robber Bridegroom,’ or ‘Strong Hans’? where those of such English and Welsh Gypsy stories as The Black Dog of the Wild Forest,’ ‘De Little Bull-calf,’ ‘Jack and his Golden Snuff-box,’ or An Old King and his Three Sons in England’? It may be answered that the last three are in Mr. Joseph Jacobs’ *English Fairy Tales* (2 vols. 1890-94). I know those stories are there; they form nearly ten per cent. of Mr. Jacobs’ entire collection; but have they any business to be there? I have John Roberts’ manuscript of An Old King’ before me now; it opens--’Adoi ses yecker porro koreelish, to ses les trin chavay.’ You may render that, as I rendered it, into English, ‘There was once an old king, and he had three sons’; but that does not make the story an English one. No; so far as our present information goes, An Old King’ is a Welsh-Gypsy folk-tale.[32]

There is at least one other story in Mr. Jacobs’ collection that may be Gypsy, not English. This is ‘The Three Feathers,’ which, Mrs. Gomme tells me, was collected from some Deptford hop-pickers by a lady now in America. Not all hop-pickers are Gypsies, but a goodly proportion are, as I know from old walks among Kentish and Surrey hop-gardens. ‘The Three Feathers’ is a variant of Laura Gonzenbach’s Sicilian story of ‘Feledico and

Epomata' (No. 55, i. 251), of an incident in Campbell's Gaelic story of 'The Battle of the Birds' (No. 2, i. 36, 50), of one in Kennedy's Irish story of 'The Brown Bear of Norway' (p. 63), and of one in the Norse story of ' The Master-maid.'

Gaelic And Welsh-Gypsy Stories

Now, of 'The Battle of the Birds' we have a Welsh-Gypsy version, 'The Green Man of Noman's Land' (No. 62), lacking, it is true, this episode, which may be an interpolation in the Gaelic story, but unmistakably identical with the Gaelic story, of which, however, it forms only a fragment. In the Gaelic version the hero is set four tasks by the heroine's father, in the Gypsy version five tasks.

The story, of course, is a very widespread one. We have a Sanskrit version of it on the one hand, and on the other an African Negro version from Jamaica, with many more referred to in the notes on two other Gypsy versions--one from the Bukowina, 'Made over to the Devil' (No. 34), and the other from Galicia, 'The Witch' (No. 50). But in the Gaelic and in the Gypsy version there are two special points to be noted. The first is that the almost absolute identity of the tasks imposed seems to preclude the idea that the likeness between the two versions can be explained by their being derived from a common original, three or four thousand years old. The second point is that in some respects the Gypsy version is decidedly the better of the two: the fir-tree beside a loch cannot compare with the glass mountain in the middle of the lake; and the selection of the youngest daughter at the dance is inferior to the selection of her as she flies in bird-shape over the castle.

Other Parallels

Resemblances only less strongly marked are observable between Campbell's two stories of 'The Shifty Lad' and 'The Three Widows' and the Welsh-Gypsy story of 'Jack the Robber' (No. 68), between his ' Tale of the Soldier' (given here as a tinker story, No. 74), and my 'Ashypelt' (No. 57), and between his 'Brown Bear of the Green Glen' (No. 73here) and my 'Old King his Three Sons' (No. 55). There is also sometimes a striking similarity of phrase and idea in Gaelic and Welsh-Gypsy stories. Thus, in Campbell we get: 'The dun steed would catch the swift March wind that would be before, and the swift March wind could not catch her'; 'He went much

further than I can tell or you can think'; and 'Whether dost thou like the big half of the bannock and my curse, or the little half and my blessing?' For which John Roberts gives: 'Off he went as fast as the wind, which the wind behind could not catch the wind before'; 'Now poor Jack goes . . . further than I can tell you to-night or ever intend to tell you'; and 'Which would you like best for me to make you--a little cake and to bless you, or a big cake and to curse you?' This last feature--of the big cake and curse, or the little cake and blessing--is found, to the best of my knowledge, in no folk-tale outside the British Isles; but it occurs also in the Aberdeenshire story of 'The Red Etin' (Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 90), and in Kennedy's 'Jack and his Comrades' and 'The Corpse-Watchers' (*Fictions of the Irish Celts*, pp. 5, 54).

Irish And Gypsy Folk-Tales

It is hard to conceive how stories told by Welsh Gypsies should have been derived from West Highland folk-tales; of the alternative notion that the West Highland folk-tales may have originally been derived from Gypsies we get one pretty strong confirmation--the identity of Campbell's 'Knight of Riddles' (No. 22) and the Turkish-Gypsy story of 'The Riddle' (No. 3). Reinhold Köhler, in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 320, failed to find in all Europe's folklore any parallel to the latter, the essential, half of the Gaelic story; but the knight's daughter's plaid there is clearly the Highland version of the princess's chemise in the Gypsy story. Campbell, too, is sore put to it how the Rhampsinitus story can have found its way to Dumbartonshire (i. 352), or a tale from Boccaccio to Islay (ii. 14), or one from Straparola to Barra (ii. 238). But all three stories are known to the Gypsies; there, then, is a solution of Campbell's perplexities. So that if Campbell's stories and the Welsh-Gypsy stories had stood alone, I should, I believe, have urged that alternative notion. But they do not, for in several cases the Welsh-Gypsy stories resemble Irish Gaelic versions a great deal more closely than they do the Scottish ones. Thus, in Mr. Curtin's *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*[33] (1890) is 'The Son of the King of Erin and the Giant of Loch Lein,' pp. 32-49, a variant of Campbell's 'Battle of the Birds'; the following brief abstract of it will show how exactly it tallies with our 'Green Man of Noman's Land' (No. 62)--Prince *plays cards* with giant, and *wins* two estates. Plays again, and wins golden-horned cattle. Plays again, and *loses his head*, so has to give himself up to giant *in a year and a day*. On his way

to giant's he *lodges with three old women, sisters, each of whom gives him a ball of thread for guide*. Near the giant's castle he *comes on a lake*, in which giant's *three* daughters are *bathing*. He *seizes* the clothes of the *youngest one*, and to get them back she promises to save him from danger. The giant *sets him tasks--to clean stable, to thatch stable with birds' feathers* (*no two alike*), and to bring down crow's *one egg* from a tree covered with *glass*, nine hundred feet high. *The youngest daughter helps him in all* three *tasks*, for the third task making him strip the flesh from her bones, and use the bones as *steps* for climbing. Coming down, he *misses* the last bone, and she *loses her little* toe. The prince goes home, and is to be married to the daughter of the King of Lochlin [Denmark], but the giant and his daughter are invited to the wedding. Then, as in Campbell's tale, the giant's daughter 'threw two grains of wheat in the air, and there came down on the table two pigeons. The cock pigeon pecked at the hen and pushed her off the table. Then the hen called out to him in a human voice, "You wouldn't do that to me the day I cleaned the stable for you."' So, too, the hen reminds the cock of the second and third tasks [34]; and, awakened at last to remembrance, the prince weds the giant's daughter.

Clearly, the readiest explanation of the likeness between 'The Green Man of Noman's Land' and the Scottish and Irish stories would be that these last are both derived from Gypsies; but then of Gypsies in Ireland our knowledge is almost *nil*. In a letter of 8th February 1898, Mr. William Larminie, of Bray, Co. Wicklow, the author of *West Irish Folk-tales* (1893), writes:--'I have never heard of Irish Gypsies proper. They seem never to have settled in the country for some reason.' On the other hand, three or four English-Gypsy families of my acquaintance have certainly travelled Ireland during the last thirty years; Simson's *History of the Gipsies* (1865) contains allusions on pp. 325-8, 356-8, etc., to visits of 'Irish Gipsies' to Scotland; and, according to a note by Mr. Ffrench of Donegal in the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for April 1890, p. 127, 'there are two tribes of Gypsy-folk in Ireland. The first are real Gypsies; the second are what are called "Gilly Goolies," and are only touched on the Gypsies, *i.e.* have a strain of Gypsy blood in their veins, and follow the mode of life followed by the Gypsies.' Moreover, the Irish novelist, William Carleton (1794-1869), in his Autobiography (1896), i. 212, shows that 'Scottish gipsies' did visit mid-Ireland about 1814 and earlier. 'My eldest married sister, Mary,' he writes, 'lived (about the period when I, having been set apart for the Church,

commenced my Latin) in the townland of a place called Ballagh, Co. Roscommon, remarkable for the beauty of its lough. It was during the Easter holidays, and I was on a visit to her. At that time it was not unusual for a small encampment of the Scottish gipsies to pass over to the north of Ireland, and indeed I am not surprised at it, considering the extraordinary curiosity, not to say enthusiasm, with which they were received by the people. The men were all tinkers, and the women thieves and fortune-tellers--but in their case the thief was always sunk in the fortune-teller.' And he goes on to describe how he had his own fortune told with a pack of cards by one of the women, 'a sallow old pythoness.'

One may not build upon so slight a superstructure, though at the same time it should be borne in mind that nothing, absolutely nothing, was known of the Welsh Gypsies till 1875. Where, however, as in England, Gypsies have certainly been roaming to and fro for centuries, nothing seems to me likelier than the trans-mission by them of folk-tales. For I know by frequent journeyings with them how the Gypsy camp is the favourite nightly rendezvous of the lads and lasses from the neighbouring village. All the amusement they can give their guests, the Gypsies give gladly; and stories and songs are among their best stock-in-trade.

Gypsy Story-Tellers

Campbell of Islay has shown us a Gypsy professional story-teller in London, and Paspati has shown us a Gypsy professional story-teller, the grandson of one at Constantinople. That is not much, perhaps; but there are several more indications of the transmission of folk-tales by Gypsies. *Bakht*, the Rómani word for 'luck' or 'fortune,' has passed, not merely into Albanian folk-tales, but into the Greek and Turkish languages, as I show in a footnote on p. 53; and a good many of the following seventy-six stories seem to show unmistakable tokens of the practised raconteur's art. 'Let us leave the dogs, and return to the girl,' in No. 47; 'Now we'll leave the master to stand a bit, and go back to the mother,' in No. 68; 'And I came away, told the story,' in Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 15; 'And I left them there, and came and told my story to your lordships,' in No. 10; 'I was there, and heard everything that happened,' in No. 12; 'Away I came, the tale have told,' in No. 18; 'Now you've got it,' in No. 28; 'If they are not dead, they are still alive,' in Nos. 41 and 42, and also in Hungarian-Gypsy stories; 'The floor there was made of paper, and I came away here,' in No. 43; 'So if they

are not dead, they are living together,' in No. 44; 'Excuse me for saying it,' in No. 55; 'She was delivered (pray, excuse me) of a boy,' in No. 46; 'And the last time I was there I played my harp for them, and got to go again,' in No. 54--these all sound like tags or formulas of the professional story-teller. Léon Zafiri's usual wind-up, says Paspati (p. 421), ran: 'And I too, I was there, and I ate, and I drank, and I have come to tell you the story.'

Story-Telling A Living Gypsy Art

A tree can never be quite dead as long as it puts forth shoots; I fancy the very latest shoot in the whole Yggdrasil of European folk-tales is the episode in 'The Tinker and his Wife' (No. 70), where the tinker buys a barrel of beer, and says, 'Now, my wench, you make the biggest penny out of it as ever you can,' and she goes and sells the whole barrel to a packman for one of the old big pennies. That episode cannot be earlier than the introduction of the new bronze coinage in 1861; it looks as though it must itself be a recent coinage of Cornelius Price, or of Nebuchanēzar, his uncle. But, there, I have known a Gypsy girl dash off what was almost a folk-tale impromptu. She had been to a pic-nic in a four-in-hand, with 'a lot o' real tip-top gentry'; and '*Reía*,' she said to me afterwards, 'I'll tell you the comicalest thing as ever was. We'd pulled up, to put the brake on and there was a *púro hotchiwítchi* (old hedgehog) come and looked at us through the hedge, looked at me hard. I could see he 'd his eye upon me. And home he'd go, that old hedgehog, to his wife, and "Missus," he'd say, "what d' ye think? I seen a little Gypsy gal just now in a coach and four bosses"; and "*Dábla!*" she 'd say, "*sawkúmni 'as vardé kenáw*"' (Bless us! every one now keeps a carriage).

Possible Gypsy Influences

I have told English Gypsies Grimm's tale of 'The Hare and the Hedgehog,' and they always pronounce that it must be a Rómani story ('Who else would have gone for to make up a tale about hedgehogs?')[35] But the question whether in many non-Gypsy collections there are not a number of folk-tales that present strong internal evidence of their Gypsy origin is a difficult question; it would take us too far afield, and could lead to no really definite results.

Still, I must say a word or two. In Hahn's fine variant (ii. 267) of our 'Mare's Son' from the island of Syra a vizier travels from town to town,

seeking a lad as handsome as the prince.

At last he is passing through a Gypsy quarter,[36] when he hears a boy singing: 'his voice was beautiful as any nightingale's.' He looks through a door, and sees a boy, who is every whit as handsome as the prince, so he purchases this boy, and the boy plays a leading part in the story. The abject contempt in which Gypsies are held throughout the whole of south-eastern Europe renders it probable that none but a Gypsy would thus have described a member of the race. The story, too, from its opening clause, a greeting to the 'goodly company,' would seem to have, been told by a professional story-teller--a kinsman, possibly, of Léon Zafiri. Krauss's Croatian story (No. 98) of 'The Gypsy and the Nine Franciscans' is just 'Les Trois Bossus' of the trouvère Durant (Liebrecht's *Dunlop*, p. 209); yet it has, to my thinking, a thoroughly Rómani ring.

In Campbell's Gaelic story of 'The Young King of Easaidh Ruadh' (No. 1) the hero's young wife is carried off by a giant, and, following their track, he comes thrice on the site of a fire. If I were telling that story to Gypsies, I should say, not site of a fire, but fireplace: I fancy I can hear the Gypsies' exclamations--'Dere! my blessed! following de fireplaces. Course he'd know den which way de giant had gone.' I could cite a good score of similar instances; but I will content myself with this footnote from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (ed. 1873, iv. 102):--'Besides the prophetic powers ascribed to the Gypsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon bystanders a spell, and causing them to see the thing that is not. . . . The receipt to prevent the operation of these deceptions was to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard (certainly very long ago, for at that time I believed the legend), that a Gypsy exercised his glamour over a number of persons at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dunghill cock, trailing what appeared to the spectators a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped, and picked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened,--and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.' But that is just Grimm's No. 149, 'The Beam': what folklorist has ever associated 'The Beam' with the Gypsies?

Theory

To recapitulate, my theory, then, is this:--The Gypsies quitted India at an unknown date, probably taking with them some scores of Indian folk-tales,

as they certainly took with them many hundreds of Indian words. By way of Persia and Armenia, they arrived in the Greek-speaking Balkan Peninsula, and tarried there for several centuries, probably disseminating their Indian folk-tales, and themselves picking up Greek folk-tales, as they certainly gave Greek the Rómani word *bakht*, 'fortune,' and borrowed from it *paramísi*, 'story,' and about a hundred more terms. From the Balkan Peninsula they have spread since 1417, or possibly earlier, to Siberia, Norway, Scotland, Wales, Spain, Brazil, and the countries between, everywhere probably disseminating the folk-tales they started with and those they picked up by the way, and everywhere probably adding to their store. Thus, I take it, they picked up the complete Rhampsinitus story in the Balkan Peninsula, and carried it thence to Roumania and Scotland; in Scotland, if John MacDonald was any sort of a Gypsy, they seem to have picked up 'Osean after the Feen.'

It is not so smooth and rounded a theory as I hoped to be able to present to folklorists, or as I might easily have made it by suppressing a little here and filling out somewhat there.

But at least I have pointed out a few fresh parallels; I have, thanks to Mr. Sampson's generosity, enriched our stock, not of English folk-tales, but of folk-tales collected in England and Wales;[37] and I have, I hope, stimulated a measure of curiosity in the strange, likeable, uncanny race, whom 'Hans Breitmann' has happily designated 'the Colporteurs of Folklore.' I let my little theory go reluctantly, but invite the fullest argument and discussion.

There is nothing like argument. I was once at a meeting of a Learned Society, where a friend of mine read a most admirable paper. Then uprose another member of that Learned Society, and challenged his every contention. In a rich, sonorous voice he thus began: 'Max Müller has said (and I agree with Max Müller), that Sanskrit in dying left twins--Chinese and Semitic.'

I. Turkish-Gypsy Stories

No. 1. The Dead Man's Gratitude

Told by an old sedentary Gypsy woman of Adrianople.

A KING had three sons. He gave the youngest a hundred thousand piastres; he gave the same to the eldest son and to the middle one. The youngest arose, he took the road; wherever he found poor folk he gave money; here, there, he gave it away; he spent the money. His eldest brother went, had ships built to make money. And the middle one went, had shops built. They came to their father.

'What have you done, my son?'

'I have built ships.'

To the youngest, 'You, what have you done?'

'I? every poor man I found, I gave him money; and for poor girls I paid the cost of their marriage.'

The king said, 'My youngest son will care well for the poor. Take another hundred thousand piastres.'

The lad departed. Here, there, he spent his money; twelve piastres remained to him. Some Jews dug up a corpse and beat it.

'What do you want of him, that you are beating him?'

'Twelve piastres we want of him.'

'I'll give you them if you will let him be.'

He gave the money, they let the dead man be. He arose and departed. As the lad goes the dead man followed him. 'Where go you?' the dead man asked.

'I am going for a walk.'

'I'll come too; we'll go together; we will be partners.'

'So be it.'

'Come, I will bring you to a certain place.'

He took and brought him to a village. There was a girl, takes a husband, lies with him; by dawn next day the husbands are dead.

‘I will hide you somewhere; I will get you a girl; but we shall always be partners.’

He found the girl (a dragon came out of her mouth).

‘And this night when you go to bed, I too will lie there.’

He took his sword, he went near them. The lad said, ‘That will never do. If you want her, do you take the girl.’

‘Are we not partners? You, do you sleep with her; I also, I will sleep here.’

At midnight he sees the girl open her mouth; the dragon came forth; he drew his sword; he cut off its three heads; he put the heads in his bosom; he lay down; he fell asleep. Next morning the girl arose, and sees the man her husband living by her side. They told the girl’s father. ‘To-day your daughter has seen dawn break with her husband.’

‘That will be the son-in-law,’ said the father.

The lad took the girl; he is going to his father.

‘Come,’ said the dead man, ‘let’s divide the money.’ They fell to dividing it.

‘We have divided the money; let us also divide your wife.’

The lad said, ‘How divide her? If you want her, take her.’

‘I won’t take her; we’ll divide.’

‘How divide?’ said the lad.

The dead man said, ‘I, I will divide.’

The dead man seized her; he bound her knees. ‘Do you catch hold of one foot, I’ll take the other.’

He raised his sword to strike the girl. In her fright the girl opened her mouth, and cried, and out of her mouth fell a dragon. The dead man said to the lad, ‘I am not for a wife, I am not for any money. These dragon’s heads are what devoured the men. Take her; the girl shall be yours, the money shall be yours. You did me a kindness; I also have done you one.’

‘What kindness did I do you?’ asked the lad.

‘You took me from the hands of the Jews.’

The dead man departed to his place, and the lad took his wife, went to his father.

In his introduction to the *Pantschatantra* (Leip. 1859), i. 219-221, Benfey cites an Armenian version of this story that is practically identical. Compare also the English 'Sir Amadas' (c. 1420), first printed in Weber's *Metrical Romances* (Edinb. 1810, iii. 243-275) Straparola (1550) xi. 2 ('The Simpleton,' summarised in Grimm, ii. 480); 'The Follower' or 'The Companion' of Asbjörnsen (Dasent's*Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 68), on which Andersen founded his 'Travelling Companion'; 'The Barra Widow's Son' (Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, No. 32, ii. 110); Hahn, ii. 320; Cosquin, i. 208, 214; Hinton Knowles' *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, pp. 39-40; Wratislaw's *Sixty Slavonic Folk-tales*, No. 18 (Polish); and especially Reinhold Köhler in *Orient and Occident* (1864, ii. 322-9, and iii. 93-103). What should be of special interest to English folklorists, is that Asbjörnsen's 'Follower' forms an episode in our earliest version (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1711) of 'Jack the Giant-killer.' *Cf*. pp. 67-71 of J. O. Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales* (1849), where we get the redemption of a dead debtor (who is *not* grateful), a witch-lady who visits an evil spirit, and the cutting off of that evil spirit's head by a comrade clad in a coat of darkness. The resemblance has never been noticed between the folk-tale and the Book of Tobit, where Tobit shows his charity by burying the dead; the archangel Raphael plays the part of the 'Follower' (in both 'Sir Amadas' and the Russian version the Grateful Dead returns as an angel); Sara, Tobias's bride, has had seven husbands slain by Asmodeus, the evil spirit, before they had lain with her; Raguel, Sara's father, learns of Tobias's safety on the morning after their marriage; Tobias offers half his goods to Raphael; and Raphael then disappears. The story of Tobit has certainly passed into Sicilian folklore, borrowed straight, it would seem, from the Apocrypha, as 'The History of Tobià and Tobiòla' (Laura Gonzenbach's *Sicil. Märchen*, No. 89, ii. 177); but the Apocryphal book itself is plainly a corrupt version of the original folk-tale.

Madame Darmesteter's *Life of Renan* (1897), contains at p. 251 the following passage:--'That night he told us the story of the Babylonian Tobias. Rash and young, this Chaldæan brother of our Tobit, discouraged by the difficult approaches of prosperity, had entered into partnership with a demi-god or Demon, who made all his schemes succeed and pocketed fifty

per cent. upon the profits. The remaining fifty sufficed to make Tobias as rich as Oriental fancy can imagine. The young man fell in love, married his bride, and brought her home. On the threshold stood the Demon: “How about my fifty per cent?” The Venus d’Ille, you see, was not born yesterday. From the dimmest dawn of time sages have taught us not to trust the gods too far.’

Unluckily there seems to be no authority whatever for this alleged Chaldæan version, which should obviously come closer to the folk-tale than to the Book of Tobit. At least, Professor Sayce writes word:--’The passage in Madame Darmesteter’s *Life of Renan* must be based on an error, for no such story--so far as I know--has ever been found on a cuneiform tablet. It may have originated in a mistranslation of one of the contract-tablets; but if so, the mistranslation must have appeared in some obscure French publication, perhaps a newspaper, which I have not seen.’ Alack! and yet our folk-tale remains perhaps the oldest current folk-tale in the world.

No. 2. Baldpate

In those days there was a man built a galleon; he manned her; he would go from the White Sea to the Black Sea. He landed at a village to take in water; there he saw four or five boys playing. One of them was bald. He called him. ‘Where’s the water?’ he asked. Baldpate showed him; he took in water.

‘Wilt come with me?’

‘I will, but I’ve a mother.’

‘Let’s go to your mother.’ They went to her.

‘Will you give me this boy?’

‘I will.’

The captain paid a month’s wages; he took the lad. They weighed anchor; they came to a large village; they landed to take in water.

The king’s son went out for a walk, and he sees a dervish with a girl’s portrait for sale. The king’s son bought it; it was very lovely. The girl’s father had been working at it for seven years. The king’s son set it on the fountain, thinking, Some one of those who come to drink the water will say, ‘I’ve seen that girl.’ The captain came ashore; he took in water; he lifted up his eyes, and saw the portrait. ‘What a beauty!’ He went aboard, and said to his crew, ‘There’s a beauty yonder, I’ve never seen her like.’

Baldpate said, ‘I’m going to see.’

Baldpate went. The moment he saw the portrait, he burst out laughing. ‘It’s the dervish’s daughter. How do they come by her?’

Hardly had he said it when they seized him and brought him to the palace. Baldpate lost his head the moment they seized him. But two days later they came to him: ‘This girl, do you know her?’

‘Know her? why, we were brought up together. Her mother is dead; she suckled both her and me.’

‘If they bring you before the king, fear not.’

He came before the king.

‘This girl, do you know her, my lad?’

‘I do, we grew up together.’

‘Will you bring her here?’

‘I will. Build me a gilded galleon; give me twenty musicians; let me take your son with me; and let no one gainsay whatever I do. Then I will go. I shall take seven years to go and come.’

They took their bread, their water for seven years; they set out. They went to the maiden’s country. At break of day Baldpate brought the galleon near the maiden’s house; the maiden’s house was close to the sea. Baldpate said, ‘I’ll go upon deck for a turn; don’t any of you show yourselves.’ He went up; he paced the deck.

The dervish’s daughter arose from her sleep. The sun struck on the galleon; it struck, too, on the house. The girl went out, rubs her eyes. A man pacing up and down. She bowed forward and saw our Baldpate. She knew him: ‘What wants he here?’

‘What seek you here?’

‘I’ve come for you, come to see you; it is so many years since I’ve seen you. Come aboard. Your father, where’s he gone to?’

‘Don’t you know that my father has been painting my portrait? He’s gone to sell it; I’m expecting him these last few days.’

‘Come here, and let’s have a little talk.’

The girl went to dress. Baldpate went to his crew. Hide yourselves; don't let a soul be seen; but the moment I get her into the cabin, do you cut the ropes; I shall be talking with her.'

She came into the cabin; they seated themselves; they talk; the galleon gets under weigh. He privily brought in the king's son.

'Who is this?' said the girl. 'I am off.'

'Are you daft, my sister? Let's have some sweetmeats.' He gave her some; they intoxicated the girl.

'A little music to play to you,' said Baldpate.

He went, brought the musicians; they began to play. The girl said, 'I'm up, I'm off; my father's coming.'

'Sit down a bit, and let them play to you.' They play their music; she hears not the departure of the galleon.

'I'm off,' said the girl to Baldpate.

She went on deck and saw where her home was. 'Ah! my brother, what have you done to me?'

'Done to you! he who sits by you is the son of the king, and I'm come to fetch you for him.'

She wept and said, 'What shall I do? shall I fling myself into the sea?' No, she went and sat down by the king's son. Plenty of music and victuals and drink. Baldpate is sitting up aloft by himself; he is captain. They eat, they drink; he stirred not from his post.

Two or three days remained ere they landed. At break of dawn three birds perched on the galleon; no one was near him. The birds began talking: 'O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird? The dervish's daughter eats, drinks with the son of the king; she knows not what will befall them.'

'What will?' the other birds asked.

'As soon as he arrives, a little boat will come to take them off. The boat will upset, and the dervish's daughter and the king's son will be drowned; and whoever hears it and tells will be turned into stone to his knees.'

Baldpate listens; he is alone.

Early next morning the birds came back again. They began talking together: ‘O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird? The dervish’s daughter and the king’s son eat, drink; they know not what will befall them. As soon as they land, as soon as they enter the gate, the gate will tumble down, it will crush them and kill them; and whoever hears it and tells will be turned into stone to the back.’

Day broke; the birds came back. ‘O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird? The dervish’s daughter eats, drinks; she knows not what will befall her.’

‘What will?’ the other birds asked.

‘The marriage night a seven-headed dragon will come forth, and he will devour the king’s son and the dervish’s daughter; and whoever hears it and tells them will be turned into stone to the head.’

Baldpate says, all to himself, ‘I shan’t let any boats come.’ He arose; he came opposite the palace; some boats came to take off the maiden.

‘I want no boats.’ Instead he spread his sails. The galleon backed, the galleon went ahead. One and all looked: ‘Why, he will strand the galleon!’

‘Let him be,’ said the king, ‘let him strand her.’

He stranded the galleon.

Baldpate said to the king, ‘When I started to fetch this girl, did I not tell you you must let me do as I would? No one must interfere.’

He took the girl and the prince; he came to the gate. ‘Pull it down.’

‘Pull it down, why?’ they asked.

‘Did I not tell you no one must interfere?’

They set to and pulled it down. They went up, sat down, ate, drank, laugh, and talk.

The worm gnaws Baldpate within.

Night fell; they will bed the pair. Baldpate said; ‘Where you sleep I also will sleep there.’

‘The bridegroom and bride will sleep there; you can’t.’

‘What’s our bargain?’

‘Thou knowest.’

They went, they lay down; Baldpate took his sword, he lay down, he covered his head. At midnight he hears a dragon coming. He draws his sword; he cuts off its heads; he puts them beneath his pillow. The king's son awoke, and sees his sword in his hands. He cried, 'Baldpate will kill us.'

The father came and asked, 'What made you call out, my son?'

'Baldpate will kill us,' he answered.

They took and bound Baldpate's arms.

Day broke; the king summoned him. 'Why have you acted thus? Seven years you have gone, you have journeyed, and brought the maiden; and now you have risen to slay them.'

'What could I do?'

'You would kill my son, then will I kill you.'

'Thou knowest.'

They bind his arms, they lead him to cut off his head. As he went, Baldpate said to himself; 'They will cut off my head. If I tell, I shall be turned into stone. Come, bring me to the king; I have a couple of words to say to him.'

They brought him to the king.

'Why have you brought him here?'

'He has a couple of words to say to you.'

'Say them, my lad.'

'I, when I went to fetch the dervish's daughter, I was sitting alone on the galleon; your son was eating, drinking with the maiden. One morning three birds came; they began talking: "O bird, O bird, what is it, O bird? The dervish's daughter eats, drinks with the son of the king; she knows not what will befall her. And whoever hears it and tells will be turned into stone to his knees." No one but I was there; I heard it.'

As soon as Baldpate had said it, he was turned into stone to his knees. The king, seeing he was turned into stone, said, 'Prithee, my lad, say no more.'

'But I will,' Baldpate answered, and went on to tell of the gate; he was turned into stone to his back.

'The third time the birds came and talked together again, and I heard (that was why I wished to sleep with them): "A seven-headed dragon will come

forth; he will devour them." And if you believe it not, look under the pillow.'

They went there; they saw the heads.

'It was I who killed him. Your son saw the sword in my hands, and he thought I would kill them. I could not tell him the truth.'

He was turned into stone to his head, They made a tomb for him.

The king's son arose; he took the road; he departed. 'Seven years has he wandered for me, I am going to wander seven years for him.'

The king's son went walking, walking. In a certain place there was water; he drank of it; he lay down. Baldpate came to him in a dream: 'Take a little earth from here, and go and sprinkle it on the tomb. He will rise from the stone.'

The king's son slept and slept. He arose; he takes some of the earth; he went to the tomb; he sprinkled the earth on it. Baldpate arose. 'How sound I've been sleeping!' he said.

'Seven years hast thou wandered for me, and seven years I have wandered for thee.'

He takes him, he brings him to the palace, he makes him a great one.

Miklosich's Bukowina-Gypsy story, 'The Prince, his Comrade, and Nastasa the Fair' (No. 24) presents analogies; but 'Baldpate' is identical with Grimm's No. 6, 'Faithful John,' i. pp. 23 and 38, where in the variant the third peril is a *seven*-headed dragon. *Cf.* also Wolf's *Hausmärchen* (Gött. 1851), p. 383; Basile's *Pentamerone* (1637), iv. 9; Hahn, i. 201-208, and ii. 267-277; and especially the Rev. Lal Behari Day's *Folk-tales of Bengal* (London, 1883), pp. 39-52, the latter half of 'Phakir Chand.' Here two immortal birds warn the minister's son of four perils threatening the king's son:--(1) riding an elephant; (2) from *fall of gate*; (3) choking by fish-head; (4) cobra. Penalty of telling, to be turned into statue. Another Indian version is 'Rama and Luxman; or, the Learned Owl,' in Mary Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, No. 5, pp. 66-78, whose ending is very feeble. See also Reinhold Köhler's *Aufsätze über Märchen and Volkslieder* (Berlin, 1894), pp. 24-35.

No. 3. The Riddle

In those days there was a rich man. He had an only son, and the mother and the father loved him dearly., He went to school; all that there is in the world, he learned it. One day he arose; took four, five purses of money. Here, there he squandered it. Early next morning he arose again and went to his father. ‘Give me more money.’ He got more money, arose, went; by night he had spent it. Little by little he spent all the money.

And early once more he arose, and says to his father and mother, ‘I want some money.’

‘My child, there is no money left. Would you like the stew-pans? take them, go, sell them, and eat.’

He took and sold them: in a day or two he had spent it.

‘I want some money.’

My son, we have no money. Take the clothes, go, sell them.’

In a day or two he had spent that money. He arose, and went to his father, ‘I want some money.’

‘My son, there is no money left us. If you like, sell the house.’

The lad took and sold the house. In a month he had spent the money; no money remained. ‘Father I want some money.’

‘My son, no riches remain to us, no house remains to us. If you like, take us to the slave-market, sell us.’

The lad took and sold them. His mother and his father said, ‘Come this way, that we may see you.’ The king bought the mother and father.

With the money for his mother the lad bought himself clothes, and with the money for his father got a horse.

One day, two days the father, the mother looked for the son that comes not; they fell a-weeping. The king’s servants saw them weeping; they went, told it to the king. ‘Those whom you bought weep loudly.’

‘Call them to me.’ The king called them. ‘Why are you weeping.’

‘We had a son; for him it is we weep.’

‘Who are you, then? ‘ asked the king.

‘We were not thus, my king; we had a son. He sold us, and we were weeping at his not coming to see us.’

Just as they were talking with the king, the lad arrived. The king set-to, wrote a letter, gave it him into his hand. ‘Carry this letter to such and such a place.’ In it the king wrote, ‘The lad bearing this letter, cut his throat the minute you get it.’

The lad put on his new clothes, mounted his horse, put the letter in his bosom, took the road. He rode a long way; he was dying of thirst; and he sees a well. ‘How am I to get water to drink? I will fasten this letter, and lower it into the well, and moisten my mouth a bit.’ He lowered it, drew it up, squeezed it into his mouth.

‘Let’s see what this letter contains.’

See what it contains--’The minute he delivers the letter, cut his throat.’ The lad stood there fair mesmerised.[38]

In a certain place there was a king’s daughter. They go to propound a riddle to her. If she guesses it, she will cut off his head; and if she cannot, he will marry the maiden.

The lad arose, went to the king’s palace.

‘What are you come for, my lad?’

‘I would speak with the king’s daughter.’

‘Speak with her you shall. If she guesses your riddle, she will cut off your head; and if she cannot, you will get the maiden.’

‘That’s what I’m come for.’

He sat down in front of the maiden. The maiden said, ‘Tell your riddle.’

The lad said, ‘My mother I wore her, my father I rode him, from my death I drank water.’

The maiden looked in her book, could not find it. ‘Grant me a three days’ respite.’

‘I grant it you,’ said the lad. The lad arose, went to an inn, goes to sleep there.

The maiden saw she cannot find it out. The maiden set-to, had an underground passage made to the place where the lad lies sleeping. At midnight the maid arose, went to him, took the lad in her arms.

‘I am thine, thou art mine, only tell me the riddle.’

‘Not likely I should tell you. Strip yourself,’ said the lad to the maiden. The maiden stripped herself.

‘Tell me it.’ Then he told her.

The maiden clapped her hands; her servants came, took the maiden, and let her go. The maiden was wearing the lad’s sark, and the lad was wearing the maiden’s.

Day broke. They summoned the lad. The lad mounted his horse, and rides to the palace. The people see the lad. ‘‘Tis a pity; they’ll kill him.’

He went up, and stood face to face with the king.

‘My daughter has guessed your riddle,’ said the king.

‘How did she guess it, my king? At night when I was asleep, there came a bird to my breast. I caught it, I killed it, I cooked it. Just as I was going to eat it, it flew away.’

The king says, ‘Kill him; he’s wandering.’

‘I am not wandering, my king. I told your daughter the riddle. Your daughter had an underground passage made, and she came to where I was sleeping, came to my arms. I caught her, I stripped her, I took her to my bosom, I told her the riddle. She clapped her hands; her servants came and took her. And if you don’t believe, I am wearing her sark, and she is wearing mine.’

The king saw it was true.

Forty days, forty nights they made a marriage. He took the maiden, went, bought back his father, his mother.

When I translated this story, I deemed it unique, though the Bellerophon letter is a familiar feature in Indian and European folk-tales, and so too is the princess who guesses or propounds riddles for the wager of her hand to the suitors’ heads. She occurs in ‘The Companion’ of Asbjörnsen (Dasent’s *Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 68, and so in our ‘Jack the Giant-killer,’ *cf*. p. 3), and in Ralston’s ‘The Blind Man and the Cripple’ (p. 241), of both of which there are Gypsy versions, our Nos. 1 and 24. In Ralston’s story, as here, the princess takes her magic book, her *grimoire*, and turns over the leaves to find out the answer (*cf*. also the Welsh-Gypsy tale of ‘The Green Man of Noman’s Land,’ No. 62). Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy*

Tales has a story, ‘Rájá Harichand’s Punishment,’ No. 29, p. 225, where a*ráni* is ‘very wise and clever, for she had a book, which she read continually, called the Kop shástra; and this book told her everything.’ I know myself of a Gypsy woman who told fortunes splendidly out of her ‘magic book’--it was really a Treatise on Navigation, with diagrams. Fortune-tellers with ‘sacred book’ occur in Mary Frere’s *Old Deccan Days*, p. 261. Now, since translating this story, I find it is largely identical with Campbell’s West Highland tale, The Knight of Riddles,’ No. 22 (ii. p. 36), with which *cf*. Grimm’s ‘The Riddle,’ No. 22 (i. 100, 368). See also Reinhold Köhler in *Orient and Occident* (ii. 1864), p. 320.

No. 4. Story Of The Bridge

In olden days there were twelve brothers. And the eldest brother, the carpenter Manoli, was making the long bridge. One side he makes; one side falls. The twelve brothers had one mistress, and they all had to do with her. They called her to them, ‘Dear bride.’ On her head was the tray; in her hands was a child. Whoseso wife came first, she will come to the twelve brothers. Manoli’s wife, Lénga, will come to the twelve brothers. Said his wife, ‘Thou hast not eaten bread with me. What has befallen thee that thou eatest not bread with me? My ring has fallen into the water. Go and fetch my ring.’

Her husband said, ‘I will fetch thy ring out of the water.’ Up to his two breasts came the water in the depth of the bridge there. He came into the fountain, he was drowned. Beneath he became a talisman, the innermost foundation of the bridge. Manoli’s eyes became the great open arch of the bridge. ‘God send a wind to blow, that the tray may fall from the head of her who bears it in front of Lénga.’ A snake crept out before Lénga, and she feared, and said, ‘Now have I fear at sight of the snake, and am sick. Now is it not bad for my children?’ Another man seized her, and sought to drown her, Manoli’s wife. She said, ‘Drown me not in the water. I have little children.’

She bowed herself over the sea, where the carpenter Manoli made the bridge. Another man called Manoli’s wife; with him she went on the road. There, when they went on the road, he went to the tavern, he was weary; the man went, drank the juice of the grape, got drunk. Before getting home, he killed Manoli’s wife, Lénga.

I hesitated whether to give this story; it is so hopelessly corrupt, it seems such absolute nonsense. Yet it enshrines beyond question, however confusedly, the widespread and ancient belief that to ensure one's foundation one should wall up a human victim. So St. Columba buried St. Oran alive in the foundation of his monastery; in Western folklore, however, the victim is usually an infant--a bastard sometimes, in one case (near Göttingen) a deaf-mute. But in south-eastern Europe it is almost always a woman----the wife of the master-builder, whose name, as here, is Manoli. Reinhold Köhler has treated the subject admirably in his *Aufsätze über Märchen and Volkslieder* (Berlin, 1894, pp. 36-47); there one finds much to enlighten the darkness of our original. 'God send a wind,' etc., is the husband's prayer as he sees his wife coming towards him, and hopes to avert her doom; 'My ring has fallen into the water,' etc., must also be his utterance, when he finds that it is hope-less, that she has to die. The Gypsy story is probably of high antiquity, for two at least of the words in it were quite or almost meaningless to the nomade Gypsy who told it (Paspati, p. 190).

The masons of south-eastern Europe are, it should be noticed, largely Gypsies; and a striking Indian parallel may be pointed out in the Santal story of 'Seven Brothers and their Sister' (Campbell's *Santal Folk-tales*, pp. 106-110). Here seven brothers set to work to dig a tank, but find no water, so, by the advice of a yogi, give their only sister to the spirit of the tank. 'The tank was soon full to the brim, and the girl was drowned.' And then comes a curious mention of a Dom, or Indian vagrant musician, whose name is probably identical with *Doum*, *Lom*, or *Rom*, the Gypsy of Syria, Asia Minor, and Europe.

II. Roumanian-Gypsy Stories

No. 5. The Vampire

THERE was an old woman in a village. And grown-up maidens met and span, and made a 'bee.'[39] And the young sparks came and laid hold of the girls, and pulled them about and kissed them. But one girl had no sweetheart to lay hold of her and kiss her. And she was a strapping lass, the daughter of wealthy peasants; but three whole days no one came near her. And she looked at the big girls, her comrades. And no one troubled himself with her. Yet she was a pretty girl, a prettier was not to be found. Then came a fine young spark, and took her in his arms and kissed her, and stayed with her until cock-crow. And when the cock crowed at dawn he departed. The old woman saw he had cock's feet.[40] And she kept looking at the lad's feet, and she said, 'Nita, my lass, did you see anything?'

'I didn't notice.'

'Then didn't I see he had cock's feet?'

'Let be, mother, I didn't see it.'

And the girl went home and slept; and she arose and went off to the spinning, where many more girls were holding a 'bee.' And the young sparks came, and took each one his sweetheart. And they kissed them, and stayed a while, and went home. And the girl's handsome young spark came and took her in his arms and kissed her and pulled her about, and stayed with her till midnight. And the cock began to crow. The young spark heard the cock crowing, and departed. What said the old woman who was in the hut, 'Nita, did you notice that he had horse's hoofs?'

'And if he had, I didn't see.'

Then the girl departed to her home. And she slept and arose in the morning, and did her work that she had to do. And night came, and she took her spindle and went to the old woman in the hut. And the other girls came, and the young sparks came, and each laid hold of his sweetheart. But the pretty girl looks at them. Then the young sparks gave over and departed home. And only the girl remained neither a long time nor a short time. Then came

the girl's young spark. Then what will the girl do? She took heed, and stuck a needle and thread in his back. And he departed when the cock crew, and she knew not where he had gone to. Then the girl arose in the morning and took the thread, and followed up the thread, and saw him in a grave where he was sitting. Then the girl trembled and went back home. At night the young spark that was in the grave came to the old woman's house and saw that the girl was not there. He asked the old woman, 'Where's Nita?'

'She has not come.'

Then he went to Nita's house, where she lived, and called, 'Nita, are you at home?'

Nita answered, ['I am'].

'Tell me what you saw when you came to the church. For if you don't tell me I will kill your father.'

'I didn't see anything.'

Then he looked,[41] and he killed her father, and departed to his grave.

Next night he came back. 'Nita, tell me what you saw.' I didn't see anything.'

'Tell me, or I will kill your mother, as I killed your father. Tell me what you saw.'

'I didn't see anything.'

Then he killed her mother, and departed to his grave. Then the girl arose in the morning. And she had twelve servants. And she said to them, 'See, I have much money and many oxen and many sheep; and they shall come to the twelve of you as a gift, for I shall die to-night. And it will fare ill with you if you bury me not in the forest at the foot of an apple-tree.'

At night came the young spark from the grave and asked, Nita, are you at home?'

'I am.'

'Tell me, Nita, what you saw three days ago, or I will kill you, as I killed your parents.'

'I have nothing to tell you.'

Then he took and killed her. Then, casting a look, he departed to his grave.

So the servants, when they arose in the morning, found Nita dead. The servants took her and laid her out decently. They sat and made a hole in the wall and passed her through the hole, and carried her, as she had bidden, and buried her in the forest by the apple-tree.

And half a year passed by, and a prince went to go and course hares with greyhounds and other dogs. And he went to hunt, and the hounds ranged the forest and came to the maiden's grave. And a flower grew out of it, the like of which for beauty there was not in the whole kingdom.[42] So the hounds came on her monument, where she was buried, and they began to bark and scratched at the maiden's grave. Then the prince took and called the dogs with his horn, and the dogs came not. The prince said, 'Go quickly thither.'

Four huntsmen arose and came and saw the flower burning like a candle. They returned to the prince, and he asked them, 'What is it?'

'It is a flower, the like was never seen.'

Then the lad heard, and came to the maiden's grave, and saw the flower and plucked it. And he came home and showed it to his father and mother. Then he took and put it in a vase at his bed-head where he slept. Then the flower arose from the vase and turned a somersault,[43] and became a full-grown maiden. And she took the lad and kissed him, and bit him and pulled him about, and slept with him in her arms, and put her hand under his head. And he knew it not. When the dawn came she became a flower again.

In the morning the lad rose up sick, and complained to his father and mother, 'Mammy, my shoulders hurt me, and my head hurts me.'

His mother went and brought a wise woman and tended him. He asked for something to eat and drink. And he waited a bit, and then went to his business that he had to do. And he went home again at night. And he ate and drank and lay down on his couch, and sleep seized him. Then the flower arose and again became a full-grown maiden. And she took him again in her arms, and slept with him, and sat with him in her arms. And he slept. And she went back to the vase. And he arose, and his bones hurt him, and he told his mother and his father. Then his father said to his wife, 'It began with the coming of the flower. Something must be the matter, for the boy is quite ill. Let us watch to-night, and post ourselves on one side, and see who comes to our son.'

Night came, and the prince laid himself in his bed to sleep. Then the maiden arose from the vase, and became there was never anything more fair--as burns the flame of a candle. And his mother and his father, the king, saw the maiden, and laid hands on her. Then the prince arose out of his sleep, and saw the maiden that she was fair. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her, and lay down in his bed, slept till day.

And they made a marriage and ate and drank. The folk marvelled, for a being so fair as that maiden was not to be found in all the realm. And he dwelt with her half a year, and she bore a golden boy, two apples in his hand.[44] And it pleased the prince well.

Then her old sweetheart heard it, the vampire who had made love to her, and had killed her. He arose and came to her and asked her, 'Nita, tell me, what did you see me doing?'

'I didn't see anything.'

'Tell me truly, or I will kill your child, your little boy, as I killed your father and mother. Tell me truly.'

'I have nothing to tell you.'

And he killed her boy. And she arose and carried him to the church and buried him.

At night the vampire came again and asked her, 'Tell me, Nita, what you saw.'

'I didn't see anything.'

'Tell me, or I will kill the lord whom you have wedded.'

Then Nita arose and said, 'It shall not happen that you kill my lord. God send you burst.'[45]

The vampire heard what Nita said, and burst. Ay, he died, and burst for very rage. In the morning Nita arose and saw the floor swimming two hand's-breadth deep in blood. Then Nita bade her father-in-law take out the vampire's heart with all speed. Her father-in-law, the king, hearkened, and opened him and took out his heart, and gave it into Nita's hand. And she went to the grave of her boy and dug the boy up, applied the heart, and the boy arose. And Nita went to her father and to her mother, and anointed them with the blood, and they arose. Then, looking on them, Nita told all the

troubles she had borne, and what she had suffered at the hands of the vampire.

The word *cĭohanó*, which throughout I have rendered ‘vampire,’ is of course identical with Paspati’s Turkish-Rómani *tchovekhano*, a ‘revenant’ or spectre, which, according to Miklosich, is an Armenian loan-word, and in other Gypsy dialects of Europe means ‘wizard, witch.’ This vampire story is a connecting link between the two meanings [46]; but whether the story itself is of Gypsy or of non-Gypsy origin is a difficult question. We have four versions of it--two of them Gypsy, viz., this from Roumania, and one in Friedrich Müller’s *Beiträge*; and two non-Gypsy, viz., Ralston’s ‘The Fiend’ (*Russian Folk-tales*, pp. 10-17), and one from Croatia (Krauss’s *Sagen and Märchen der Sudslaven*, i. 293). Hahn’s ‘Lemonitza’ (ii. 27) also offers analogies. Krauss’s and Müller’s are both much inferior to Ralston’s and our Roumanian-Gypsy one; and of them, although Ralston’s opens best, yet its close is immeasurably inferior. For in it, as in the Hungarian-Gypsy variant, the flower transforms itself merely to eat and drink. But Ralston’s story, it will probably be urged, as a typical Russian story, so must needs be of Russian origin. To which I answer, Irish-wise, with the question, How then did it travel to Croatia, to the Gypsies of Hungary and Roumania? That the Gypsies, with never a church, should make church bells might seem unlikely, did we not know that at Edzell, in Forfarshire, there is a church bell that was cast by Gypsies in 1726. So Gypsy story-tellers may well have devised some domestic narratives for their auditors, not for themselves. And this story is possibly theirs who tell it best.

The merest glance at Ralston or Krauss will suffice to show that the Gypsy and Gentile stories are identical, that the likeness between them is no chance one, but that there has been transmission--either the Gypsies have borrowed from the Gentiles, or the, Gentiles have borrowed from the Gypsies. Ralston and Krauss are readily accessible to the general folklorist; of Friedrich Müller’s version I append this brief résumé. It is compounded of the first half of his No. 4, which drifts off into quite another story about a dove and a soldier, and of the second half of his number No. 2, which opens with a variant of

Grimm’s ‘Robber Bridegroom’ (cf. *infra*, No. 47, notes):--

The Holy Maid will not marry. The devil creeps in at window. ‘“Now, thou fair maiden, wilt thou come to me or no?” “No”--this said the maiden--”to a

dead one say I it, but to a living one No.”‘ Devil kills first her father, next her mother; lastly threatens herself. She tells the gravedigger, ‘ Bear me not over the door [this supplies a lacuna in the Roumanian-Gypsy version], but bury me in a grave under the threshold, and take me not out from there.’ The girl then dies and is buried. Flower grows out of grave. King sees it and sends coachman to pluck it. He cannot [supplies lacuna], but king does, and takes it home. At night the flower turns into a girl and eats. Servant sees and tells. King watches next night. The girl bids him pluck the flower with a clean white cloth with the left hand,[47] then she will never change back into a rose, but remain a maiden [supplies lacuna]. King does so, and she marries him on condition he will never force her to go to church [supplies lacuna]. He rues his promise when he sees the other kings going to church with their wives. She consents: ‘But now, as thou wilt, I go. Thy God shall be also my God.’ When she comes into church, there are the twelve robbers [story reverts here to the first half of No. 2]. The robber cuts her throat and she dies. ‘ If she is not dead, she is still alive.’

It will be seen ‘that, rude and corrupt as these two fragments are, they supply some details wanting in the Roumanian-Gypsy version. They cannot, then, be borrowed from it, but it and they are clearly alike derived from some older, more perfect original.

No. 6. God’s Godson

There was a queen. From youth to old age that queen never bore but one son. That son was a hero. So soon as he was born, he said to his father, ‘Father, have you no sword or club?’

‘No, my child, but I will order one to be made for you.’

The son said, ‘Don’t order one, father: I will go just as I am.’

So the son took and departed, and journeyed a long while, and took no heed, till he came into a great forest. So in that forest he stretched himself beneath a tree to rest a bit, for he was weary. And he sat there a while. Then the holy God and St. Peter came on the lad; and he was unbaptized. So the holy God asked him, ‘Where are you going, my lad?’

‘I am going in quest of heroic achievements, old fellow.’

Then the holy God thought and thought, and made a church. And he caused sleep to fall on that lad, and bade St. Peter lift him, and went with him to

the church, and gave him the name Handak. And the holy God said to him, ‘Godson, a hero like you there shall never be any other; and do you take my god-daughter.’

For there was a maiden equally heroic, and equally baptized by God. And she was his god-daughter, and he told his godson to take her. And he gave him a wand of good fortune and a sword. And he endowed him with strength, and set him down. And his godfather departed to heaven, like the holy God that he was.

And Handak perceived that God had endowed him with strength, and he set out in quest of heroic achievements, and journeyed a long while, and took no heed. So he came into a great forest. And there was a dragon three hundred years old. And his eyelashes reached down to the ground, and likewise his hair. And the lad went to him and said, ‘All hail.’

‘You are welcome.’

Soon as that hero [the dragon] heard his voice, he knew that it was God’s godson.

And the lad, Handak, asked him, ‘Does God’s god-daughter dwell far hence?’

‘She dwells not far; it is but a three days’ journey.’

And the lad took and departed, and journeyed three days until he came to the maiden’s. Soon as the maiden saw him, she recognised him for her godfather’s godson. And she let him into her house, and served up food to him, and ate with him and asked him, ‘What seek you here, Handak?’

He said, ‘I have come on purpose to marry you.’

‘With whom?’

‘With myself an you will.’

She said, ‘I will not have it so without a fight.’

And the lad said, ‘Come let us fight.’

And they fell to fighting, and fought three days; and the lad vanquished her. And he took her, and went to their godfather. And he crowned them and made a marriage. And they became rulers over all lands. And I came away, and told the story.

This story, though poor as a story, is yet sufficiently curious. Tweedledum and Tweedledee, in *Alice in Wonderland*, are suggested by the ‘not without a fight’; but I can offer no real variant or analogue of ‘God’s Godson.’ It is noteworthy, however, that the holy God and St. Peter occur in another of Barbu Constantinescu’s Roumanian-Gypsy stories,. ‘The Apples of Pregnancy,’ No. 16, and baptize another boy in Miklosich’s Gypsy story from the Bukowina, No. 9, ‘The Mother’s Chastisement’; whilst we get Christ and St. Peter in a Catalonian-Gypsy story (cited under No. 60). For the nuptial crown in the last line but two, *cf*. Ralston’s *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 198, 270, 306. See also the Roumanian-Gypsy story of ‘The Prince and the Wizard,’ No. 15, for an heroic hero, nought-heeding, who sets out in quest of heroic achievements.

No. 7. The Snake Who Became The King’s Son-In-Law

There were an old man and an old woman. From their youth up to their old age they had never had any children (lit. ‘made any children of their bones’). So the old woman was always scolding with the old man--what can they do, for there they are old, old people? The old woman said, ‘Who will look after us when we grow older still?’

‘Well, what am I to do, old woman?’

‘Go you, old man, and find a son for us.’

So the old man arose in the morning, and took his axe in his hand, and departed and journeyed till mid-day, and came into a forest, and sought three days and found nothing. Then the old man could do no more for hunger. He set out to return home. So as he was coming back, he found a little snake and put it in a handkerchief, and carried it home. And he brought up the snake on sweet milk. The snake grew a week and two days, and he put it in a jar. The time came when the snake grew as big as the jar. The snake talked with his father, ‘My time has come to marry me. Go, father, to the king, and ask his daughter for me.’

When the old man heard that the snake wants the king’s daughter, he smote himself with his hands. ‘Woe is me, darling! How can I go to the king? For the king will kill me.’

What said he? ‘Go, father, and fear not. For what he wants of you, that will I give him.’

The old man went to the king. ‘All hail, O king!’

‘Thank you, old man.’

‘King, I am come to form an alliance by marriage.’

‘An alliance by marriage!’ said the king. ‘You are a peasant, and I am a king.’

‘That matters not, O king. If you will give me your daughter, I will give you whatever you want.’

What said the king? ‘Old man, if that be so, see this great forest. Fell it all, and make it a level field; and plough it for me, and break up all the earth; and sow it with millet by to-morrow. And mark well what I tell you: you must bring me a cake made with sweet milk. Then will I give you the maiden.’

Said the old man, ‘All right, O king.’

The old man went weeping to the snake. When the snake saw his father weeping he said, ‘Why weepest thou, father?’

‘How should I not weep, darling? For see what the king said, that I must fell this great forest, and sow millet; and it must grow up by to-morrow, and be ripe. And I must make a cake with sweet milk and give it him. Then he will give me his daughter.’

What said the snake? ‘Father, don’t fear for that, for I will do what you have told me.’

The old man: ‘All right, darling, if you can manage it.’

The old man went off to bed.

What did the snake? He arose and made the forest a level plain, and sowed millet, and thought and thought, and it was grown up by daybreak. When the old man got up, he finds a sack of millet, and he made a cake with sweet milk. The old man took the cake and went to the king.

‘Here, O king, I have done your bidding.’

When the king saw that, he marvelled. ‘My old fellow, hearken to me. I have one thing more for you to do. Make me a golden bridge from my palace to your house, and let golden apple-trees and pear-trees grow on the side of this bridge. Then will I give you my daughter.’

When the old man heard that, he began to weep, and went home.

What said the snake? ‘Why weepest thou, father?’

The old man said, ‘I am weeping, darling, for the miseries which God sends me. The king wants a golden bridge from his palace to our house, and apple and pear-trees on the side of this bridge.’

The snake said, ‘Fear not, father, for I will do as the king said.’ Then the snake thought and thought, and the golden bridge was made as the king had said. The snake did that in the night-time. The king arose at midnight; he thought the sun was at meat [*i.e.* it was noon]. He scolded the servants for not having called him in the morning.

The servants said, ‘King, it is night, not day’; and, seeing that, the king marvelled.

In the morning the old man came. ‘Good-day, father-in-law.’

‘Thank you, father-in-law. Go, father-in-law, and bring your son, that we may hold the wedding.’

He, when he went, said, ‘Hearken, what says the king? You are to go there for the king to see you.’

What said the snake? ‘My father, if that be so, fetch the cart, and put in the horses, and I will get into it to go to the king.’

No sooner said, no sooner done. He got into the cart and drove to the king. When the king saw him, he trembled with all his lords. One lord older than the rest, said, ‘Fly not, O king, it were not well of you. For he did what you told him; and shall not you do what you promised? He will kill us all. Give him your daughter, and hold the marriage as you promised.’

What said the king? ‘My old man, here is the maiden whom you demand. Take her to you.’

And he gave him also a house by itself for her to live in with her husband. She, the bride, trembled at him.

The snake said, ‘Fear not, my wife, for I am no snake as you see me. Behold me as I am.’

He turned a somersault, and became a golden youth, in armour clad; he had but to wish to get anything. The maiden, when she saw that, took him in her

arms and kissed him, and said, ‘Live, my king, many years. I thought you would eat me.’

The king sent a man to see how it fares with his daughter. When the king’s servant came, what does he see? The maiden fairer, lovelier than before. He went back to the king. ‘O king, your daughter is safe and sound.’

‘As God wills with her,’ said the king. Then he called many people and held the marriage; and they kept it up three days and three nights, and the marriage was consummated. And I came away and told the story.

Cf. Hahn’s No. 31, ‘Schlangenkind’ (i. 212) and notes, but the stories are not identical; and his No. Too, especially the note (ii. 313) for Indian version. Wratislaw’s Croatian story, No. 54, ‘The Wonder-working Lock,’ p. 284 (see under No. 54), offers striking analogies. *Cf*. too for cobra palace, Mary Frere’s *Old Deccan Days*, p. 21.

No. 8. The Bad Mother

There was an emperor. He had been married ten years, but had no children. And God granted that his empress conceived and bore a son. Now that son was heroic; there was none other found like him. And the father lived half a year longer, and died. Then what is the lad to do? He took and departed in quest of heroic achievements. And he journeyed a long while, and took no heed, and came into a great forest. In that forest there was a certain house, and in that house were twelve dragons. Then the lad went straight thither, and saw that there was no one. He opened the door and went in, and he saw a sabre on a nail and took it, and posted himself behind the door, and waited for the coming of the dragons. They, when they came, did not go in all at once, but went in one by one. The lad waited, sabre in hand; and as each one went in, he cut off his head, flung it on the floor. So the lad killed eleven dragons, and the youngest dragon remained. And the lad went out to him, and took and fought with him, and fought half a day. And the lad vanquished the dragon, and took him and put him in a jar, and fastened it securely.

And the lad went to walk, and came on another house, where there was only a maiden. And when he saw the maiden, how did she please his heart. As for the maiden, the lad pleased her just as well. And the maiden was yet more heroic than the lad. And they formed a strong love. And the lad told

the maiden how he had killed eleven dragons, and one he had left alive and put in a jar.

The maiden said, ‘You did ill not to kill it; but now let it be.’

And the lad said to the maiden, ‘I will go and fetch my mother, for she is alone at home.’

Then the maiden said, ‘Fetch her, but you will rue it. But go and fetch her, and dwell with her.’

So the lad departed to fetch his mother. He took his mother, and brought her into the house of the dragons whom he had slain. And he said to his mother, ‘Go into every room; only into this chamber do not go.’

His mother said, ‘I will not, darling.’

And the lad departed into the forest to hunt.

And his mother went into the room where he had told her not to go. And when she opened the door, the dragon saw her and said to her, ‘Empress, give me a little water, and I will do you much good.’

She went and gave him water and he said to her, ‘Dost love me, then will I take thee, and thou shalt be mine empress.’

‘I love thee,’ she said.

Then the dragon said to her, ‘What will you do, to get rid of your son, that we may be left to ourselves? Make yourself ill,[48] and say you have seen a dream, that he must bring you a porker of the sow in the other world; that, if he does not bring it you, you will die; but that, if he brings it you, you will recover.’

Then she went into the house, and tied up her head, and made herself ill. And when the lad came home and saw her head tied up, he asked her, ‘What’s the matter, mother?’

She said, ‘I am ill, darling. I shall die. But I have seen a dream, to eat a porker of the sow in the other world.’

Then the lad began to weep, for his mother will die. And he took[49] and departed. Then he went to his sweetheart, and told her. ‘Maiden, my mother will die. And she has seen a dream, that I must bring her a porker from the other world.’

The maiden said, ‘Go, and be prudent; and come to me as you return. Take my horse with the twelve wings, and mind the sow does not seize you, else she ‘Il eat both you and the horse.’

So the lad took the horse and departed. He came there, and when the sun was midway in his course he went to the little pigs, and took one, and fled. Then the sow heard him, and hurried after him to devour him. And at the very brink (of the other world), just as he was leaping out, the sow bit off half of the horse’s tail. So the lad went to the maiden. And the maiden came out, and took the little pig, and hid it, and put another in its stead. Then he went home to his mother, and gave her that little pig, and she dressed it and ate, and said that she was well.

Three or four days later she made herself ill again, as the dragon had shown her.

When the lad came, he asked her, ‘What’s the matter now, mother?

‘I am ill again, darling, and I have seen a dream that you must bring me an apple from the golden apple-tree in the other world.’

So the lad took and departed to the maiden; and when the maiden saw him so troubled, she asked him, ‘What’s the matter, lad?’

‘What’s the matter! my mother is ill again. And she has seen a dream that I am to bring her an apple from the apple-tree in the other world.’

Then the maiden knew that his mother was compassing his destruction (lit. ‘was walking to eat his head’), and she said to the lad, ‘Take my horse and go, but be careful the apple-tree does not seize you there. Come to me, as you return.’

And the lad took and departed, and came to the brink of the world. And he let himself in, and went to the apple-tree at mid-day when the apples were resting. And he took an apple and ran away. Then the leaves perceived it and began to scream; and the apple-tree took itself after him to lay its hand on him and kill him. And the lad came out from the brink, and arrived in our world, and went to the maiden. Then the maiden took the apple, stole it from him, and hid it, and put another in its stead. And the lad stayed a little longer with her, and departed to his mother. Then his mother, when she saw him, asked him, ‘Have you brought it, darling?’

‘I’ve brought it, mother.’

So she took the apple and ate, and said there was nothing more the matter with her.

In a week's time the dragon told her to make herself ill again, and to ask for water from the great mountains. So she made herself ill.

When the lad saw her ill, he began to weep and said, 'My mother will die, God. She's always ill.' Then he went to her and asked her, 'What's the matter, mother?'

'I am like to die, darling. But I shall recover if you will bring me water from the great mountains.'

Then the lad tarried no longer. He went to the maiden and said to her, 'My mother is ill again; and she has seen a dream that I must fetch her water from the great mountains.'

The maiden said, 'Go, lad; but I fear the clouds will catch you, and the mountains there, and will kill you. But do you take my horse with twenty-and-four wings; and when you get there, wait afar off till mid-day, for at mid-day the mountains and the clouds set themselves at table and eat. Then do you go with the pitcher, and draw water quickly, and fly.'

Then the lad took the pitcher, and departed thither to the mountains, and waited till the sun had reached the middle of his course. And he went and drew water and fled. And the clouds and the mountains perceived him, and took themselves after him, but they could not catch him. And the lad came to the maiden. Then the maiden went and took the pitcher with the water, and put another in its stead without his knowing it. And the lad arose and went home, and gave water to his mother, and she recovered.

Then the lad departed into the forest to hunt. His mother went to the dragon and told him, 'He has brought me the water. What am I to do now with him?'

'What are you to do! why, take and play cards with him. You must say, "For a wager, as I used to play with your father."'

So the lad came home and found his mother merry: it pleased him well. And she said to him at table, as they were eating, 'Darling, when your father was alive, what did we do? When we had eaten and risen up, we took and played cards for a wager.'

Then the lad: 'If you like, play with me, mother.'

So they took and played cards; and his mother beat him. And she took silken cords, and bound his two hands so tight that the cord cut into his hands.

And the lad began to weep, and said to his mother, ‘Mother, release me or I die.’

She said, ‘That is just what I was wanting to do to you.’ And she called the dragon, ‘Come forth, dragon, come and kill him.’

Then the dragon came forth, and took him, and cut him in pieces, and put him in the saddle-bags, and placed him on his horse, and let him go, and said to the horse, ‘Carry him, horse, dead, whence thou didst carry him alive.’

Then the horse hurried to the lad’s sweetheart, and went straight to her there. Then, when the maiden saw him, she began to weep, and she took him and put piece to piece; where one was missing, she cut the porker, and supplied flesh from the porker. So she put all the pieces of him in their place. And she took the water and poured it on him, and he became whole. And she squeezed the apple in his mouth, and brought him to life.

So when the lad arose, he went home to his mother, and drove a stake into the earth, and placed both her and the dragon on one great pile of straw. And he set it alight, and they were consumed. And he departed thence, and took the maiden, and made a marriage, and kept up the marriage three months day and night. And I came away and told the story.

Of this Roumanian-Gypsy story Miklosich furnishes a Gypsy variant from the Bukowina, which I will give in full at the risk of seeming repetition, italicising such words and phrases as show the most marked correspondence:--

No. 9. The Mother’s Chastisement

There was an emperor’s son, and he went to hunt. And he departed from the hunters by himself. And by a certain stack there was a maiden. He passed near the stack, and heard her lamenting. He took that maiden, and brought her home.

‘See, mother, what I’ve found.’

His mother took her to the kitchen to the cook to bring her up. She brought her up twelve years. The empress dressed her nicely, and put her in the

palace to lay the table. The prince loved her, for she was so fair that in all the world there was none so fair as she. The prince loved her three years, and the empress knew it not.

Once he said, ‘I will take a wife, mother.’

‘From what imperial family?’

‘I wish to marry her who lays the table.’

‘Not her, mother’s darling!’

‘If I don’t take her, I shall die.’

‘Take her.’

And he took her; he married her. And an order came for him to go to battle. He left her big with child.

The empress called two servants. ‘Take her into the forest and kill her, and bring me her heart and little finger.’

They put her in the carriage, and drove her into the forest; after them ran a whelp. And they brought her into the forest, and were going to kill her, and she said, ‘Kill me not, for I have used you well.’

‘How are we to take her the heart, then?’

‘Kill the whelp, for its heart is just like a human one, and cut off my little finger.’

They killed the whelp, and cut off her little finger, and took out the whelp’s heart.

And she cried, ‘Gather wood for me, and make me a fire; and strip off bark for me, and build me a hut.’

They built her a hut, and made her a fire, and went away home, bringing the heart and the little finger.

She brought forth a son. God and St. Peter came and baptized him;[50] and God gave him a gun that he should become a hunter. Whatever he saw he would kill with the gun. And God gave him the name Silvester. And God made a house of the hut, and the fire no longer died. And God gave them a certain loaf; they were always eating, and it was never finished.

The boy grew big, and he took his gun in his hand, and went into the forest. And what he saw he killed, carried to his mother, and they ate. Walking in the *forest*, he came upon the *dragons' palace*, and sat before the door. At mid-day the dragons were coming home. He saw them from afar, eleven (*sic*) in number; and *eleven* he shot with his gun, and *one*he merely stunned. And he took them, and carried them into the palace, and shut them up in a room; and he went to *his mother*, and said, 'Come with me, mother.'

'Where am I to go to, mother's darling?'

'Come with me, where I take you to.'

He went with her to the palace. 'Take to thee, mother, twelve keys. *Go into any room you choose, but into this room do not go*.'

He *went into the forest to hunt*.

She said, 'Why did my son tell me not to go in here? But I will go to see what is there.'

She opened the door.

The dragon asked her, 'If thou art a virgin, be my sister; but if thou art a wife, be my wife.'

'I am a wife.'

'Then be my wife.'

'I will; but will you do the right thing by me?'

'I will.'

'Swear, then.'

I swear.'

The dragon swore. The dragon said to her, 'Swear also thou.'

She also swore. They kissed one another on the mouth. She brought him to her into the house; they drank and ate, and loved one another.

Her son came from the forest. She saw him. She said, 'My son is coming; go back into the room.'

He went back, and she shut him in.

In the morning her son went again into the forest to hunt. She admitted the dragon again to her. They drank and ate. He said to her, 'How shall we kill

your son? Then we'll live finely. *Make yourself ill, and say that you have seen a dream, that he must bring* milk from the she-bear for you to drink. Then you'll have nothing to trouble you, for the she-bear will devour him.'

He came home from the forest. '*What's the matter with you, mother?*'

'*I shall die, but I saw a dream*. Bring me milk from the she-bear.'

'I'll bring it you, mother.'

He went into the forest, and found the she-bear. He was going to shoot her.

She cried, 'Stop, man. What do you want?'

'You to give me milk.'

She said, 'I will give it you. Have you a pail?'

'I have.'

'Come and milk.'

He milked her, and brought it to his mother.

'Here, mother.'

She pretended to drink, but poured it forth.

In the morning he went again into the forest, and met the Moon. 'Who art thou?'

'I am the Moon.'

'Be a sister to me.'

'But who art thou?'

'I am Silvester.'

'Then thou art God's godson, for God takes care of thee. I also am God's.'

'Be a sister to me.'

'I will be a sister to thee.'

He went further; he met Friday. 'Who art thou?'

'I am Friday, but who art thou?'

'I am Silvester.'

'Thou art God's godson; I also am God's.'

‘Be a sister to me.’

He went home. His mother saw him. ‘My son is coming.’

‘Send him to the wild *sow* to bring thee milk, for she will *devour* him.’

‘Always sick, mother?’

‘I am. I have seen a dream. Bring me milk from the wild sow.’

I know not whether or no I shall bring it, but I will try.’

He went; he found the sow; he was going to shoot her with his gun. She cried, ‘Don’t, don’t shoot me. What do you want?’

‘Give me milk.’

‘Have you a pail? come and milk.’

He brought it to his mother. She pretended to drink, but poured it forth. He went again into the forest.

She admitted the dragon to her. ‘In vain, for the sow has not devoured him.’

‘Then send him to the *Mountains* of Blood, that butt at one another like rams, to bring thee water, the water of life and the water of healing. If he does not die there, he never will.’

‘I have seen a dream, that you bring me water from the Mountains of Blood, which butt at one another like rams, for then there will be nothing the matter with me.’

He went to the Moon.

‘Whither away, brother?’

‘I am going to the mountains to fetch water for my mother.’

‘Don’t go, brother; you will die there.’

‘Bah! I will go there.’

‘*Take thee my horse* when thou goest, for my horse will carry thee thither. And take thee a watch, for they butt at one another from morning till noon, and at *noon* they rest for two hours. So when you come there at the twelfth hour, draw water in two pails from the two wells.’

He came thither at mid-day, and dismounted, and drew water in two pails, the water of life and the water of healing. And he came back to the Moon;

and the Moon said, ‘Lie down and sleep, and rest, for you are worn out.’

She hid that water, and *poured in other*.

He arose. ‘Come, sister, I will depart home.’

‘Take my horse, and go riding. Take the saddle-bags.’

He went home to his mother. His mother saw him coming on horseback, and said to the dragon, ‘My son is coming on horseback.’

Tell him that you have seen a dream, that you bind his fingers behind his back with a *silken cord*; and that if he can burst it he will become a hero, and you will grow strong.’

‘Bind away, mother.’

She made a thick silken cord, and bound his fingers behind his back. He tugged, and grew red in the face; he tugged again, he grew blue; he tugged the third time, he grew black.

And she cried, ‘Come, dragon, and cut his throat.’

The dragon came to him. ‘Well, what shall I do to you now?’

‘Cut me all in bits, and put me in the saddle-bags, and place me on my horse. Thither, whence he carried me living, let him carry me dead.’

He *cut him in pieces, put him in the saddle-bags, and placed him on the horse*. ‘Go, *whence thou didst carry him living, carry him dead*.’

The horse went straight to the Moon. The Moon came out, and saw him, and took him in, and called Wednesday, and called Friday; and they laid him in a big trough, and washed him bravely, and placed him on a table, and put him all together, *bit by bit*; and they *took the water* of healing, and sprinkled him, and *he became whole*; and they took the water of life, and sprinkled him, and he came *to life*.

‘Ah! I was sleeping soundly.’[51]

‘You would have slept for ever if I had not come.’

‘I will go, sister, to my mother.’

‘Go not, brother.’

‘Bah! I will.’

‘Well, go, and God be with thee. Take thee my sword.’

He went to his mother. His mother was singing and dancing with the dragon. He went in to the dragon. ‘Good day to you both.’

‘Thanks.’

‘Come, what shall I do to you, dragon?’

‘Cut me in little pieces, and put me in the saddle-bags, and place me on my horse. Whence he carried me living, let him carry me also dead.’

He cut him in little pieces, put him in the saddle-bags, placed him on his horse, and dug out the horse’s eyes. ‘Go whither thou wilt.’

Away went the horse, and kept knocking his head against the trees; and the pieces of flesh kept falling from the saddle-bags. The crows kept eating the flesh.

Silvester shot a hare, and skinned it, and spitted it, and roasted it at the fire. And he said to his mother, ‘Mother, look straight at me.’

His mother looked at him. He struck her in the eyes, and her eyes leapt out of her head. And he took her by the hand, led her to a jar, said to her, ‘Mother, when thou hast filled this jar with tears, then God pardon thee; and when thou hast eaten a bundle of hay, and filled the jar with tears, then God pardon thee, and restore thee thine eyes.’

And he bound her there, and departed, and left her three years. In three years she came back to his recollection. ‘I will go to my mother, and see what she is doing.’

Now she has filled the jar, and eaten the bundle of hay.

‘Now may God pardon thee; now I also pardon thee. Depart, and God be with thee.’

A third Gypsy version, from Hungary, the first half of Friedrich Müller’s No. 5, may be summarised thus:--Two children, driven from home by mother, wander thirty-five years, and come to a *forest*so dense the birds cannot fly through it. They come to a *castle* so high they cannot see the top of it. *Twelve* robbers dwell here. *Lad kills eleven as they come home, but only wounds the twelfth. He goes forth to hunt*, spares lives of twelve wild animals, and brings them home. The sister meanwhile has restored the twelve robbers to life. She suggests that her brother shall have a warm bath (*cf*. De Gubernatis’ *Zool. Myth.* i. 213), saying that thereby their father had

been so healthy. In the bath she *binds his hands* and feet.
She *summons* twelve robbers. They permit him to play his father's air on his pipe; it calls up the twelve animals. They rend the robbers, and loose the lad, who packs his sister into the great empty *jar* (here first mentioned), and leaves her to die of hunger.

This last is a poorly-told story; still, not without its features of interest. It will be noticed that in it, as in many non-Gypsy variants, the dragons are rationalised into robbers (sometimes blackamoors). Of the Roumanian and the Bukowina Gypsy versions the former seems to me the better on the whole. The opening of the Bukowina version cannot properly belong to the story, for it arouses an interest in the mother, who yet turns out a bad lot.[52] Its close, however, is decidedly superior. What a picture is that of the mother and the dragon singing and dancing, and what a one that of the blinded horse and the crows! In both versions there is the same omission--the inquiry into the seat of the hero's strength; and in the Bukowina one no use is made of the milk from the she-bear and the wild sow, nor are we told of the hero's first meeting with Wednesday. Plainly the Roumanian version is not derived from the Bukowina one, nor the Bukowina one from the Roumanian; but they point to an unknown, more perfect original. Even as they stand, however, both are better than any of the non-Gypsy variants known to me. These include five from Hahn's Greek collection (i. 176, 215; ii. 234, 279, 283); one in *Roumanian Fairy Tales*, by E. B. M. (Loud. 1884, pp. 81-89), resembling the Hungarian-Gypsy version; three German and one Lithuanian, cited by Hahn (ii. 236); one Russian, summarised by Ralston (p. 235); the well-known 'Blue Belt' in Dasent's *Tales from the Norse* (p. 178); and Laura Gonzenbach's No. 26, 'Vom tapfern Königssohn' (*Sicil. Mär.* i. 158-167), where the hero is cut in pieces by his supposed stepfather, the robber-chieftain, packed into a saddle-bag, and carried by his ass to a hermit, who revives him, after which the story drifts off into our No. 45.

I have annotated the Gypsy stories very fully; my notes cover several pages. Here, however, it must suffice to indicate some of the more striking parallels from non-Gypsy sources. In Hahn, i. 267, God gives a house to a woman abandoned in a forest (*cf.* also i. 73; ii. 26). For the heart and little finger, a very common incident, compare the English-Gypsy story of 'Bobby Rag' (No. 51), and Hahn, i. 258 and ii. 231. In Grimm, No. 111, a

hunter gives the hero a gun which never misses. For the formula, 'If thou art a virgin,' etc., *cf*. Ralston, pp. 75-76. For the mountains that butt together, *cf*. Ralston, p. 236; Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, pp. 313-316; Hahn, ii. 46-47; and Grimm, No. 97. For the water of healing and the water of life, *cf*. Ralston, pp. 17, 91, 230, 255. For 'Ah! I was sleeping soundly,' *cf*. Ralston, pp. 91-92; Hahn, ii. 274; and our No. 29. In Campbell's *Santal Folk-tales*, p. 92, a father, restored to life, says, 'O my son, what a lengthened sleep I have had!' For the sow biting off half of the horse's tail, *cf*. Hahn, i. 312; Krauss, ii. 94; Ralston, p. 235; and Burns's 'Tam o' Shanter.' For the leaves beginning to scream, *cf*. Hahn, i. 270 and ii. 171. In a variant from Afanasief, vi. 52, cited by De Gubernatis (*Z.M.*, i. 215), the sister for punishment is placed near some hay and some water, and a vessel which she is to fill with her tears. It is just worth noting that Silvester is a common English-Gypsy name.

No. 10. The Three Princesses And The Unclean Spirit

There was a king; and from youth to old age he had no son. In his old age three daughters were born to him. And the very morning of their birth the Unclean Spirit came and took them, the three maidens. And he fought to win a woman, the Serpent-Maiden; and half his moustache turned white, and half all the hair on his head, for the sake of the Serpent-Maiden. Time passed by, and he had no son; and his daughters the Unclean Spirit had carried away.

Then he took and thought. 'What am I to do, wife? I will go for three years (*sic*); and, when I return, let me find a son born of you. If in a year's time I find not one, I will kill you.'

He went and journeyed a year and a day. His wife took and thought. As she was a-thinking, a man went by with apples: whoso eats one of his apples shall conceive. Then she went, and took an apple, and ate the apple, and she conceived. The time came that she should bring forth. And she brought forth a son, and called his name Cosmas. So her king came that night, and sent a messenger to ask his wife.

She said, 'Your bidding is fulfilled.'

Then he went in, and, when he saw the lad, his heart was full.

And the time came when the lad grew big, and he looked the very picture of his father. The time came that his father died. By that time he felt himself a

man, and he put forth his little finger, and lifted the palace up. Then he came back from hunting, and he lifted the foundation of the palace, and told his mother to place her breast beneath it. Then his mother placed her breast beneath the foundation, and he left it pressing upon her. Then she cried aloud.

The lad said to her, ‘Mother, tell me, why was my father’s moustache half white?’

Then she said to him, ‘Why, darling, your father fought nine years to win the Serpent-Maiden, and never won her.’

Then he asked, ‘And have I no brother?’

‘No,’ she said; ‘but you have three sisters, and the Unclean Spirit carried them away.’

And he asked, ‘Whither did he carry them?’

Then she said he had carried them to the Land of the Setting Sun.

Then he took his father’s saddle and his bridle and likewise his father’s colt, and set out in quest of his sisters, and arrived at his sister’s house, and hurled his mace, and smashed the plum-trees.

Then his sister came out and said to him, ‘Why have you smashed the plum-trees? For the Unclean Spirit will come and kill you.’

Then he said, ‘I would not have you think ill of me; but kindly come and give me a draught of wine and a morsel of bread.’

Then she brought bread and wine. As she was handing him the bread and wine, she noticed her father’s colt, and recognised it. Then she said, ‘This must be my father’s horse.’

Take notice then that I also am his.’

Then she fell on his neck, and he on hers.

Then she said to him, ‘My brother, the Unclean Spirit will come from the Twelfth Region. And he will come and destroy you.’

Then the Unclean Spirit came, and hurled his mace; and it opened twelve doors, and hung itself on its peg. Then Cosmas took it, and hurled it twelve regions away from him. Then the Unclean Spirit took it, and came home with it in his hand, and asked, ‘Wife, I smell mortal man?’

(Meanwhile she had turned her brother into an ear-ring, and put him in her ear.)

Then she said, ‘You’re for ever eating corpses, and are meaning to eat me, too, for I also am mortal.’

Then he said to her, ‘Don’t tell lies; my brother-in-law has come.’

‘Well, then, and if your brother-in-law has come, will you eat him?’

Then he said, ‘I will not.’

‘Swear it on your sword that you will not eat him.’

Then she took him out of her ear, and set him at table. He ate at table with the Unclean Spirit.

Then the lad went outside,[53] and creeps into the fetlock of his colt, and hid himself there. Then the Unclean Spirit arose, and hunted everywhere, and failed to light on him. And he set his bugle to his mouth, and blew a blast, and summoned all the birds upon the horse, and they searched every hair of the horse. And just as he was coming to the fetlock, then the cocks crowed, and he fell.

Cosmas came forth, and went to him. ‘Good day, brother-in-law.’

Then he asked him, ‘Where were you?’

‘Why, I was in the hay, before the horse.’

Then Cosmas took leave of them, and went to his other sisters, and did with them just as with this one.

Then his little sister asked him, ‘Where are you going, my brother?’

‘I am going to tend the white mare, and get one of her colts, and I am going to win the Serpent-Maiden.’

Then she said to him, ‘Go, my brother, and if you get the colt, come to me.’

He went.

Now some peasants were hunting a wolf to slay it. The wolf said, ‘Cosmas, don’t abandon me. Send the peasants the wrong way, that they may not kill me; and take one of my hairs,[54] and put it in your pocket. And whenever you think of me, there I am, wherever you may be.’

Going further, he came on a crow that had broken its wing, and it said, ‘Don’t pass me by, Cosmas; bind my wing up; and I will give you a feather to put in your pocket, and whenever you are in any difficulty, I’ll be with you.’

Going still further, he came on a fish, which said, ‘Cosmas, don’t pass me by. Tie me to your horse’s tail, and put me in the water, for I will do you much good.’

He did so, and put it in the water.

Then he came to the old woman who owned the white mare; and she sat before her door; and he said to her, ‘Will you give me a colt of the white mare, old one?’

The old wife said, ‘If you can find her three days running, one of her colts is yours. But if you can’t find her, I will cut off your head, and stick it on yonder stake.’

‘I’ll find her,’ he said.

And she gave him the white mare, and away he went with her to try and find her. So the mare ran in among the sheep, and took and hid herself in the earth. And the lad arose and searched for the mare, and failed to light on her. And the wolf came into his mind; and he thought of him.

And the wolf came and asked him, ‘What’s the matter, lad?’

He said, ‘I can’t find the white mare.’

The wolf said, ‘Do you see this. one, the biggest of the sheep? that is she. Go, and give her a taste of the stick.’

So the lad took and called her, and she became a horse. And he went with her to the old woman.

And the old woman said, You have two more days.’

‘All right, old lady,’ said the lad.

So next day also he took and went off with the mare, to try and find her. (The old woman had thrashed the mare for not hiding herself properly, so that he could not have found her. And the white mare had said, ‘Forgive me, old woman. This time I will hide in the clouds, and he never will find me.’)

So the lad went off with her, to try and find her; and she went into the clouds. So the lad set to work, and searched from morning till noon. And the crow came into his mind; and, as he thought of it, the crow came and asked him, ‘What’s the matter, lad?’

‘Why, I have lost the white mare, and cannot light on her.’

So the crow summoned all the crows, and they searched upon every side, till they lighted on her. So they took her in their beaks, and brought her to the lad. So the lad took her, and led her to the old woman.

‘You have one day more,’ said the old woman.

So the day came when the lad had to find the mare once more. (That night the old woman had thrashed the white mare and pretty nigh killed it. And the mare had said to the old woman, ‘If he lights on me this time, old woman, you may know I have burst, for I will go right into the sea.)

So when the lad departed with her, she went into the sea. And the lad searched for her, and. it wanted but little of night. And the fish came into his mind. So the fish emerged before him and said, ‘What’s the matter, lad?’

‘I don’t know where the white mare has gone to.’

And the fish went and summoned all the fishes; and they gave up the white mare with her colt behind her. And the lad took her. He went with her to the old wife, and she said to him, ‘Take, deary, whichever pleases you.’

The lad chose the youngest colt.

And the old wife said, ‘Don’t take that one, my lad; it isn’t a good one. Take a handsomer.’

And the lad said, ‘Let be.’

And the lad went further; and the colt turned a somersault,[55] and became golden, with twenty-and-four wings. And the Serpent had none like his. And he went to his sisters, and took the three of them, and took too the Serpent-Maiden, and went with them home. Neither the Unclean Spirit nor the dragon could catch him. And he went home. So he made a marriage; and they ate and drank. And I left them there, and came and told my tale to your lordships.

A valuable story, but confused and imperfect. Who the dragon was is left to conjecture; and the serpent-maiden--she must have been a real old (serpent)

maid--is barely mentioned. In no collection can I find any exact parallel to this story; but it offers many analogies, *e.g.* to 'Childe Rowland' (J. Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*, i. 117-124, 238-245); and to Von Sowa's Bohemian-Gypsy story of 'The Three Dragons' (*infra*, No. 44). The 'Apples of Pregnancy' form the theme of another Roumanian-Gypsy story (No. 16). The hurling the mace occurs in Miklosich's Bukowina-Gypsy story, 'Pretty-face' (No. 29), and in 'Sir Peppercorn' (Denton's *Serbian Folklore*, p. 124). For 'the cocks crowed, and he fell,' *cf*. Ralston, p. 316; and for blowing a blast and summoning all the birds, the Welsh-Gypsy story of 'The Green Man of Noman's Land' (No. 62). For the latter part of the story reference should be made to Ralston, pp. 92, 98, 103-4; Krauss, i. 362; and especially the close of the Bulgarian story of 'The Golden Apples and the Nine Peahens' (Wratislaw's *Sixty Slavonic Folk-tales*, pp. 193-198), where we get the watching of a mare for three successive days, and the finding of her by the help of a grateful fish, fox, and crow. *Cf*. too, Wratislaw's Croatian story, 'The Daughter of the King of the Vilas' (No. 53, pp. 278-283).

No. 11. The Two Thieves

There was a time when there was. There were two thieves. One was a country thief, and one a town thief. So the time came that the two met, and they asked one another whence they are and what they are.

Then the country thief said to the town one, 'Well, if you're such a clever thief as to be able to steal the eggs from under a crow, then I shall know that you are a thief.'

He said, 'See me, how I'll steal them.'

And he climbed lightly up the tree, and put his hand under the crow, and stole the eggs from her, and the crow never felt it. Whilst he is stealing the crow's eggs, the country thief stole his breeches, and the town thief never felt him. And when he came down and saw that he was naked, he said, 'Brother, I never felt you stealing my breeches; let's become brothers.'

So they became brothers.

Then what are they to do? They went into the city, and took one wife between them. And the town thief said, 'Brother, it is a sin for two brothers to have one wife. It were better for her to be yours.'

He said, 'Mine be she.'

‘But, come now, where I shall take you, that we may get money.’

‘Come on, brother, since you know.’

So they took and departed. Then they came to the king’s, and considered how to get into his palace. And what did they devise?

Said the town thief, ‘Come, brother, and let us break into the palace, and let ourselves down one after the other.’ ‘Come on.’

So they got on the palace, and broke through the roof; and the country thief lowered himself, and took two hundred purses of money, and came out. And they went home.

Then the king arose in the morning, and looked at his money, and saw that two hundred purses of money were missing. Straightway he arose and went to the prison, where was an old thief. And when he came to him, he asked him, ‘Old thief, I know not who has come into my palace, and stolen from me two hundred purses of money. And I know not where they went out by, for there is no hole anywhere in the palace.’

The old thief said, ‘There must be one, O king, only you don’t see it. But go and make a fire in the palace, and come out and watch the palace; and where you see smoke issuing, that was where the thieves entered. And do you put a cask of molasses just there at that hole, for the thief will come again who stole the money.’

Then the king went and made a fire, and saw the hole where the smoke issues in the roof of the palace. And he went and got a cask of molasses, and put it there at the hole. Then the thieves came again there at night to that hole. And the thief from the country let himself down again; and as he did so he fell into the cask of molasses. And he said to his brother, ‘Brother, it is all over with me. But, not to do the king’s pleasure, come and cut off my head, for I am as good as dead.’

So his comrade lowered himself down, and cut off his head, and went and buried it in a wood.

So, when the king arose, he arose early, and went there, where the thief had fallen, and sees the thief there in the cask of molasses, and with no head. Then what is he to do? He took and went to the old thief, and told him, ‘Look you, old thief, I caught the thief, and he has no head.’

Then the old thief said, ‘There! O king, this is a cunning thief. But what are you to do? Why, take the corpse, and hang it up outside at the city gate. And he who stole his head will come to steal him too. And do you set soldiers to watch him.’

So the king went and took the corpse, and hung it up, and set soldiers to watch it.

Then the thief took and bought a white mare and a cart, and took a jar of twenty measures of wine. And he put it in the cart, and drove straight to the place where his comrade was hanging. He made himself very old, and pretended the cart had broken down, and the jar had fallen out. And he began to weep and tear his hair, and he made himself to cry aloud, that he was a poor man, and his master would kill him. The soldiers guarding the corpse said one to another, ‘Let’s help to put this old fellow’s jar in the cart, mates, for it’s a pity to hear him.’

So they went to help him, and said to him, ‘Hullo! old chap, we’ll put your jar in the cart; will you give us a, drop to drink?’

‘That I will, deary.’

So they went and put the jar in the cart. And the old fellow took and said to them, ‘Take a pull, deary, for I have nothing to give it you in.’

So the soldiers took and drank till they could drink no more. And the old fellow made himself to ask, ‘And who is this?’

The soldiers said, ‘That is a thief.’

Then the old man said, ‘Hullo! deary, I shan’t spend the night here, else that thief will steal my mare.’

Then the soldiers said, ‘What a silly you are, old fellow! How will he come and steal your mare?’

‘He will, though, deary. Isn’t he a thief?’

‘Shut up, old fellow. He won’t steal your mare; and if he does, we’ll pay you for her.’

‘He will steal her, deary; he’s a thief.’

‘Why, old boy, he’s dead. We’ll give you our written word that if he steals your mare we will pay you three hundred groats for her.’

Then the old man said, ‘All right, deary, if that’s the case.’

So he stayed there. He placed himself near the fire, and a drowsy fit took him, and he pretended to sleep. The soldiers kept going to the jar of wine, and drank every drop of the wine, and got drunk. And where they fell there they slept, and took no thought. The old chap, the thief, who pretended to sleep, arose and stole the corpse from the gallows, and put it on his mare, and carried it into the forest and buried it. And he left his mare there and went back to the fire, and pretended to sleep.

And when the soldiers arose, and saw that neither the corpse was there nor the old man’s mare, they marvelled, and said, ‘There! my comrades, the old man said rightly the thief would steal his mare. Let’s make it up to him.’

So by the time the old man arose they gave him four hundred groats, and begged him to say no more about it.

Then when the king arose, and saw there was no thief on the gallows, he went to the old thief in the prison, and said to him, ‘There! they have stolen the thief from the gallows, old thief. What am I to do?’

‘Did not I tell you, O king, that this is a cunning thief? But do you go and buy up all the joints of meat in the city. And charge a ducat the two pounds, so that no one will care to buy any, unless he has come into a lot of money. But that thief won’t be able to hold out three days.’

Then the king went and bought up all the joints, and left one joint and that one he priced at a ducat the pound. So nobody came to buy that day. Next day the thief would stay no longer. He took a cart and put a horse in it, and drove to the meat-market. And he pretended he had damaged his cart, and lamented he had not an axe to repair it with. Then a butcher said to him, ‘Here, take my axe, and mend your cart.’ The axe was close to the meat. As he passed to take the axe, he picked up a big piece of meat, and stuck it under his coat. And he handed the axe back to the butcher, and departed home.

The same day comes the king, and asks the butchers, ‘Have you sold any meat to any one?’ They said, ‘We have not sold to any one.’

So the king weighed the meat, and found it twenty pounds short. And he went to the old thief in prison, and said to him, ‘He has stolen twenty pounds of meat, and no one saw him.’

‘Didn’t I tell you, O king, that this is a cunning thief?’

‘Well, what am I to do, old thief?’

‘What are you to do? Whys make a proclamation, and offer in it all the money you possess, and say he shall become king in your stead, merely to tell who he is.’

Then the king went and wrote the proclamation, just as the old thief had told him. And he posted it outside by the gate. And the thief comes and reads it, and thought how he should act. And he took his heart in his teeth and went to the king, and said, ‘O king, I am the thief.’

‘You are?’

‘I am.’

Then the king said, ‘If you it be, that I may believe you are really the man, do you see this peasant coming? Well, you must steal the ox from under the yoke without his seeing you.’

Then the thief said, ‘I’ll steal it, O king; watch me.’ And he went before the peasant, and began to cry aloud, ‘Comedy of Comedies!’

Then the peasant said, ‘See there, God! Many a time have I been in the city, and have often heard “Comedy of Comedies,” and have never gone to see what it is like.’

And he left his cart, and went off to the other end of the city; and the thief kept crying out till he had got the peasant some distance from the oxen. Then the thief returns, and takes the ox, and cuts off its tail, and sticks it in the mouth of the other ox, and came away with the first ox to the king. Then the king laughed fit to kill himself. The peasant, when he came back, began to weep; and the king called him and asked, ‘What are you weeping for, my man?’

‘Why, O king, whilst I was away to see the play, one of the oxen has gone and eaten up the other.’

When the king heard that, he laughed fit to kill himself, and he told his servant to give him two good oxen. And he gave him also his own ox, and asked him, ‘Do you recognise your ox, my man?’

‘I do, O king.’

‘Well, away you go home.’

And he went to the thief. ‘Well, my fine fellow, I will give you my daughter, and you shall become king in my stead, if you will steal the priest for me out of the church.’

Then the thief went into the town, and got three hundred crabs and three hundred candles, and went to the church, and stood up on the pavement. And as the priest chanted, the thief let out the crabs one by one, each with a candle fastened to its claw; he let it out.

And the priest said, ‘So righteous am I in the sight of God that He sends His saints for me.’

The thief let out all the crabs, each with a candle fastened to its claw, and he said, ‘Come, O priest, for God calls thee by His messengers to Himself, for thou art righteous.’

The priest said, ‘And how am I to go?’

‘Get into this sack.’

And he let down the sack; and the priest got in; and he lifted him up, and dragged him down the steps. And the priest’s head went *tronk*, *tronk*. And he took him on his back, and carried him to the king, and tumbled him down. And the king burst out laughing. And straightway he gave his daughter to the thief, and made him king in his stead.

Good as this version is, the last episode is much better told in the Slovak-Gypsy variant from Dr. Rudolf von Sowa’s *Mundart der Slovakischen Zigeuner* (Gött. 1887), No. 8, p. 174:--

No. 12. The Gypsy And The Priest

There was a very poor Gypsy, and he had many little children. And his wife went to the town, begged herself a few potatoes and a little flour. And she had no fat.

All right,’ she thought; ‘wait a bit. The priest has killed a pig; I’ll go and beg myself a bit of fat.’

When she got there, the priest came out, took his whip, thrashed her soundly. She came home, said to her husband,’ O my God, I did just get a thrashing!’

And the Gypsy is at work. Straightway the hammer fell from his hand. ‘Now, wait a bit till I show him a trick, and teach him a lesson.’

The Gypsy went to the church, and took a look at the door, how to make the key to the tower. He came home, sat down at his anvil, set to work at once on the key. When he had made it, he went back to try to open the door. It opened it as though it had been made for it.

‘Wait a bit, now,’ he thinks to himself; ‘what shall I need next?’

He went straight off to the shop, and bought himself some fine paper, just like the fine clothes the priests wear for high mass. When he had bought it, he went to the tailor, told him to make him clothes like an angel’s; he looked in them just like a priest. He came home, told his son (he was twenty years old), ‘Hark’ee, mate, come along with me, and bring the pot. Catch about a hundred crabs. Ha! they shall see what I’ll do this night; the priest won’t escape with his life.’

All right!

Midnight came. The Gypsy went to the church, lit all the lights that were in the church. The cook goes to look out. ‘My God! what’s the matter? the whole church is lighted up.’

She goes to the priest, wakes him up. ‘Get up! Let’s go and see what it is. The whole church is blazing inside. What ever is it?’

The priest was in a great fright. He pulled on his vestment, and went to the church to see. The Gypsy chants like a priest performing service in the great church where the greatest folks go to service. ‘Oh!’ the Gypsy was chanting, ‘O God, he who is a sinful man, for him am I come; him who takes so much money with him will I fetch to Paradise, and there it shall be well with him.’

When the gentleman heard that, he went home, and got all the money he had in the house.

All right!

The priest came back to the church. The Gypsy chants to him to make haste, for sooner or later the end of all things approaches. Straightway the Gypsy opened the sack, and the priest got into it. The Gypsy took all the priest’s money, and hid it in his pocket.

‘Good! now you are mine.’

When he closed the sack, the priest was in a great fright. ‘My God! what will become of me? I know not what sort of a being that is, whether God Himself or an angel.’

The Gypsy straightway drags the priest down the steps. The priest cries that it hurts him, that he should go gently with him, for he is all broken already; that half an hour of that will kill him, for his bones are all broken already.

Well, he dragged him along the nave of the church, and pitched him down before the door; and he put a lot of thorns there to run into the priest’s flesh. He dragged him backwards and forwards through the thorns, and the thorns stuck into him. When the Gypsy saw that the priest was more dead than alive, he opened the sack, and left him there.

The Gypsy went home, and threw off his disguise, and put it on the fire, that no one might say he had done the deed. The Gypsy had more than eight hundred silver pieces. So he and his wife and his children were glad that they had such a lot of money; and if the Gypsy has not died with his wife and his children, perhaps he is living still.

In the morning when the sexton comes to ring the bell, he sees a sack in front of the church. The priest was quite dead. When he opened it and saw the priest, he was in a great fright. ‘What on earth took our priest in there?’ He runs into the town, made a great outcry, that so and so has happened. The poor folks came and the gentry to see what was up: all the candles in the church were burning. So they buried the parson decently. If he is not rotten he is whole. May the devils still be eating him. I was there, and heard everything that happened.

The briefest epitome will serve of our third Gypsy version, from Hungary, Dr. Friedrich Müller’s No. 1, which is very coarse and very disconnected:--’Somewhere was, somewhere was not, lucky, Golden God! somewhere was, somewhere was not, a poor Gypsy.’ An old woman tells him, ‘Go into yonder castle, and there is the lady; and take from her the ring, and put it on thine own hand, and turn it thrice, then so much meal and bread will be to thee that thou wilt not know what to do with it.’ . . . He wins twenty-four wagon-loads of money for seducing the nobleman’s wife, which he achieves by luring away the nobleman with a corpse. The Gypsy then kills his children and his wife; cheats an old woman of her money; cures and marries the king’s daughter; leaves her, because she will not go and sell the

nails he manufactures; and finally marries a Gypsy girl, who pleases him much better.

Our next version, ‘Jack the Robber,’ is from South Wales, told to Mr. Sampson by Cornelius Price. It is as good as the last one is bad, but like it somewhat Rabelaisian. The following is a summary of the first half, the latter (our No. 68) being a variant of Dasent’s ‘Big Peter and Little Peter’:--A poor widow has a son, Jack, who ‘took to smoking when he was twelve, and got to robbing the master’s plough-socks to take ‘em to the blacksmith’s to sell ‘em to rise bacca.’ So the farmer makes the mother send Jack away from home; and Jack comes to a big gentleman’s hall. This gentleman is the head of eleven robbers, and Jack, after cunningly relieving one of them of £11, joins the band, and in six months ‘got a cleverer robber than what the master hisself was.’ So, with the money he has made, he sets off for his mother’s, meets the farmer, tells him he has been prentice to a robber, and, to test his skill, is set to steal two sheep in succession. He does so by the familiar expedients of, first, a boot here and a boot there, and, next, baaing like a lost sheep. Then Jack is set to take the middlemost sheet from underneath the farmer and his missus, and achieves it by ‘loosing a dead body down the chimley,’ which the farmer shoots dead, as he fancies, and goes off to bury.

The fifth and last version, ‘The Great Thief,’ is from North Wales, told by Matthew Wood, and is thus summarised by Mr. Sampson:--’Hard by a parson lived a thief. The parson told the thief, “To-morrow my man goes to the butcher with a sheep. Steal it, and you shall have such and such money.” Thief gets a pair of new boots, and places one on one stile, the other on another further on. Man sees first boot and leaves it, finds other, ties up sheep, and goes back for the first. Thief steals sheep. The parson says again, “I want you to steal my wife’s ring from her finger and the sheet from under her. If you can’t, I shall behead you.” Thief makes dummy man, and props it against wall. Parson shoots it, comes out, and buries it in well. Meanwhile thief visits wife, pretending to be parson, and takes her ring and sheet for safety. Parson returns and discovers the trick.’

Though not, at least but very conjecturally, a Gypsy version, the following version is still worth citing. It is from Henry Mayhew’s *London Labour and the London Poor*, vol. iii. (1861), pp. 388-390:--’An intelligent-looking boy, aged 16, a native of Wisbech in Cambridgeshire; at 13 apprenticed to a

tailor; in three months' time ran away; went home again for seven months, then ran away again, and since a vagrant. Had read *Windsor Castle*, *Tower of London*, etc. He gives account of amusements in casual wards:

'"We told stories sometimes, romantic tales some; others black-guard kind of tales, about bad women; and others about thieving and roguery; not so much about what they'd done themselves, as about some big thief that was very clever and could trick anybody. Not stories such as Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard, or things that's in history, but inventions. I used to say when I was telling a story--for I've told one story that I invented till I learnt it. [I give this story to show what are the objects of admiration with these vagrants [56]]:--

'"You see, mates, it was once upon a time, and a very good time it was, a young man, and he runned away, and got along with a gang of thieves, and he went to a gentleman's house, and got in because one of his mates sweethearted the servant, and got her away, and she left the door open. And the door being left open, the young man got in, and robbed the house of a lot of money, £1000, and he took it to their gang at the cave. Next day there was a reward out to find the robber. Nobody found him. So the gentleman put two men and a horse in a field, and the men were hidden in the field, and the gentleman put out a notice that anybody that could catch the horse should have him for his cleverness, and a reward as well; for he thought the man that got the £1000 was sure to try to catch that there horse, because he was so bold and clever, and then the two men hid would nab him. This here Jack (that's the young man) was watching, and he saw the two men, and he went and caught two live hares. Then he hid himself behind a hedge, and let one hare go, and one man said to the other, 'There goes a hare,' and they both ran after it, not thinking Jack's there. And while they were running he let go t'other one, and they said, 'There's another hare,' and they ran different ways, and so Jack went and got the horse, and took it to the man that offered the reward, and got the reward; it was £100; and the gentleman said, 'D--- it, Jack's done me this time.' The gentleman then wanted to serve out the parson, and he said to Jack, 'I'll give you another £100 if you'll do something to the parson as bad as you've done to me.' Jack said, 'Well, I will'; and Jack *went to the church and lighted up the lamps* and rang the bells, and the parson he *got up to see what was up*. Jack was standing in one of the pews *like an angel*; when the parson got to the church, Jack said, 'Go

and put your plate in a bag; I'm an angel come to take you up to heaven.' And the parson did so, and it was as much as he could drag to church from his house in a bag; for he was very rich. And when he got to church Jack put the parson in one bag, and the money stayed in the other; and he tied them both together, and put them across his horse, and took them up hill and through water to the gentleman's, and then he took the parson out of the bag, and the parson was wringing wet. Jack fetched the gentleman, and the gentleman gave the parson a horsewhipping, and the parson cut away, and Jack got all the parson's money and the second £100, and gave it all to the poor. And the parson brought an action against the gentleman for horsewhipping him, and they were both ruined. That's the end of it. That's the sort of story that's liked best, sir."

Dasent, 'The Master Thief' (*Tales from the Norse*, p. 255). He takes service with robbers. Steals three oxen, the first one by a shoe here and a shoe there, the third by imitating lost ox. He steals the squire's roast, first catching three hares alive. He steals Father Laurence in a sack, but *not* out of church, posing as an angel, and bidding him lay out all his gold and silver. N.B. No crabs, no lighting of candles.

Grimm, No. 192, 'The Master Thief' (ii. 324). He steals horse from under rider. Steals sheet from under count's wife, first luring count away by means of corpse. Disguised like monk, he steals parson and clerk out of church in sack, bumping them against steps, and dragging them through puddles--'mountains' and 'clouds.' No mention of plate or money. Neither of these two versions can be the original of Mayhew's English vagrant one.

Straparola (Venice, 1550), No. 2, 'The Knave.' First, he steals from the provost the bed on which he is lying; next, horse on which stable-boy is sitting; and thirdly, an ecclesiastical personage in sack.

De Gubernatis (*Zool. Myth.*, i. 204) alludes to the famous robber Klimka, in Afanasief, v. 6, who, by means of a drum (in Indian tales a trumpet) terrifies his accomplices, the robbers, and then steals from a gentleman his horse, his jewel-casket, even his wife.

'Les Deux Voleurs' (Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, p. 169) has two thieves with the same mistress, as in Barbu Constantinescu. One of them, posing as the angel Gabriel, steals the cadi in a chest at the instigation of a pasha whom the cadi has ridiculed.

Much more striking are the analogies offered by 'Voleur par Nature' (Legrand's *Contes Grecs*, p. 205) from Cyprus. Here we get the stealing of two sheep, first by a boot here and a boot there, and next by baaing like a lost sheep. Then we have the stealing of one of a yoke of oxen, the robbery of the king's treasure-house, the consulting a robber in prison, a caldron of pitch, the headless robber, the exposure of his corpse, and, lastly, the marriage of the surviving thief and the princess.

For heroic form of 'The Master Thief' see Hahn's No. 3, 'Von dem Schönen and vom Drakos.' Hero has to steal winged horse of the dragon, coverlet of dragon's bed, and the dragon himself. He steals him in a box, and marries the king's daughter. In Laura Gonzenbach's most curious Sicilian story, No. 83, 'Die Geschichte von Caraseddu' (ii. 142-145), the hero steals the horse of the 'dragu' (? dragon, rather than cannibal), next his bed-cover, and lastly the 'dragu' himself; with which compare the Bukowina-Gypsy story, 'Tropsyn,' No. 27. In Hahn, ii. p. 182, we have mention of *sack*, in variant 4 of ring of the dragon. *Cf. infra*, p. 109.

Finally, three little points connecting the Gypsies and the 'Master Thief' may be noted. Mrs. Carlyle's 'mother's mother was a grand-niece of Matthew Baillie,' a famous Scottish Gypsy, who, as she said, could steal a horse from under the owner, if he liked, but left always the saddle and bridle.' John Macdonald, travelling tinker, 'knew the story of the "Shifty Lad," though not well enough to repeat it' (Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 142, 356). An English Gypsy once said to me, 'The folks hereabouts are a lot of *rátfalo* heathens; they all think they're *going to heaven in a sack*.'

Dr. Barbu Constantinescu's 'Two Thieves' is so curious a combination of the 'Rhampsinitus' story in Herodotus and of Grimm's 'Master Thief,' that I am more than inclined to regard it as the lost original which, according to Campbell of Islay, 'it were vain to look for in any modern work or in any modern age.' The 'Rhampsinitus' story and the 'Master Thief' have both been made special subjects of study--the former by Reinhold Köhler in *Orient and Occident*, 1864, pp. 303-316, by Clouston in his *Popular Tales and Fictions* (1887, ii. 115-165), and by Sir George Cox in *Fraser's Magazine* (July 1880, pp. 96-111); the latter by M. Cosquin in *Contes Populaires de Lorraine* (1887; ii. 271-281, 364-5). With their help and that of the above jottings, we can analyse the Gypsy story of the 'Two Thieves'

detail by detail, and see in how many and how widely-separated non-Gypsy versions some of those details have to be sought:--

(1) A town thief meets a country thief, and is challenged by him to steal the eggs of a magpie without her noticing it.--Grimm, No. 129, and Kashmir and Kabyle versions. (2) Whilst doing so, he is himself robbed unawares of his breeches by the country thief. The stealing of the labourer's *paijámas* in Kashmir version is analogous. (3) They enter into partnership, and have one wife.--Albanian version. (4) They go to the king's palace, and, making a hole in the roof, descend and steal money. The king, discovering his loss, takes counsel with an old robber in prison.--So in *Dolopathos*, modern Greek, and Cypriote versions. (5) By his advice the king finds out hole by lighting a fire in the treasure-house, and noticing where the smoke escapes.--*Dolopathos*, *Pecorone*, old French, Breton, old Dutch, Danish, Kabyle. (6) Under the hole he sets a cask of molasses.--Snare in 'Rhampsinitus,' Tyrolese, Kabyle; pitch in old English, modern Greek, Cypriote, old French, Gaelic, old Dutch, Danish. (7) The country thief is caught, and his comrade cuts off his head.--'Rhampsinitus,' Pecorone, old English, old French, Breton, Gaelic, Tyrolese, Danish, Kabyle, Tibetan, Cinghalese. (8) The headless trunk is exposed, and the comrade steals it by intoxicating the guards.--'Rhampsinitus,' Sicilian, Breton, Gaelic, old Dutch, Russian. (9) He further cheats them of 400 groats as payment for his horse, which he pretends the dead thief has stolen.--Wanting elsewhere. (10) The king then puts a prohibitive price on all the meat in the city, thinking the thief will betray himself by alone being able to pay it; but the thief steals a joint.--Italian (*Pecorone*, 1378, ix. 1; and Prof Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 166). (11) The king finally makes a proclamation, offering his daughter to the thief, who plucks up courage and reveals himself.--'Rhampsinitus,' *Pecorone*, Sicilian, modern Greek, Tyrolese, Kabyle. (12) To exhibit his skill, he steals one of a yoke of oxen.--Russian (De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, i. 186, from Afanasief). (13) As a further test he steals the priest out of the church in a sack, out of which he has just let 300 crabs, each with a lighted taper fastened to its claw. According to Cosquin, the complete crab episode occurs only in Grimm (he of course knows nothing of our Gypsy version). But herein he for once is wrong, since we find it also in Krauss's Croatian version of the 'Master Thief' (No. 55), which bears the title of 'The Lad who was up to Gypsy Tricks'; its hero, indeed, is generally styled 'the Gypsy.' He is a Gypsy in Dr. Friedrich

Müller's Gypsy variant, and in Dr. von Sowa's. In the latter version, as in several non-Gypsy ones, the hero, it will be noticed, catches crabs, but makes no use whatever of them afterwards.

No. 13. The Watchmaker

There was once a poor lad. He took the road, went to find himself a master. He met a priest on the road. Where are you going, my lad?'

'I am going to find myself a master.'

'Mine's the very place for you, my lad, for I've another lad like you, and I have six oxen and a plough. Do you enter my service and plough all this field.'

The lad arose, and took the plough and the oxen, and went into the fields and ploughed two days. Luck [57] and the Ogre came to him. And the Ogre said to Luck, 'Go for him.' Luck didn't want to go for him; only the Ogre went. When the Ogre went for him, he laid himself down on his back, and unlaced his boots, and took to flight across the plain.

The other lad shouted after him, 'Don't go, brother; don't go, brother.'

'Bah! God blast your plough and you as well.'

Then he came to a city of the size of Bucharest. Presently he arrived at a watchmaker's shop. And he leaned his elbows on the shop-board and watched the prentices at their work. Then one of them asked him, 'Why do you sit there hungry?'

'He said, 'Because I like to watch you working.'

Then the master came out and said, 'Here, my lad, I will hire you for three years, and will show you all that I am master of. For a year and a day,' he continued, 'you will have nothing to do but chop wood, and feed the oven fire, and sit with your elbows on the table, and watch the prentices at their work.'

Now the watchmaker had had a clock of the emperor's fifteen years, and no one could be found to repair it; he had fetched watchmakers from Paris and Vienna, and not one of them had managed it. The time came when the emperor offered the half of his kingdom to whoso should repair it; one and all they failed. The clock had twenty-four tunes in it. And as it played, the emperor grew young again. Easter Sunday came; and the watchmaker went

to church with his prentices. Only the old wife and the lad stayed behind. The lad chopped the wood up quickly, and went back to the table that they did their work at. He never touched one of the little watches, but he took the big clock, and set it on the table. He took out two of its pipes, and cleaned them, and put them back in their place; then the four-and-twenty tunes began to play, and the clock to go. Then the lad hid himself for fear; and all the people came out of the church when they heard the tunes playing.

The watchmaker, too, came home, and said, ‘Mother, who did me this kindness, and repaired the clock?’

His mother said, ‘Only the lad, dear, went near the table.’

And he sought him and found him sitting in the stable. He took him in his arms: ‘My lad, you were my master, and I never knew it, but set you to chop wood on Easter Day.’ Then he sent for three tailors, and they made him three fine suits of clothes. Next day he ordered a carriage with four fine horses; and he took the clock in his arms, and went off to the emperor. The emperor, when he heard it, came down from his throne, and took his clock in his arms and grew young. Then he said to the watchmaker, ‘Bring me him who mended the clock.’

He said, ‘I mended it.’

‘Don’t tell me it was you. Go and bring me him who mended it.’

He went then and brought the lad.

The emperor said, ‘Go, give the watchmaker three purses of ducats; but the lad you shall have no more, for I mean to give him ten thousand ducats a year, just to stay here and mind the clock and repair it when it goes wrong.’

So the lad dwelt there thirteen years.

The emperor had a grown-up daughter, and he proposed to find a husband for her. She wrote a letter, and gave it to her father. And what did she put in the letter? She put this: ‘Father, I am minded to feign to be dumb; and whoso is able to make me speak, I will be his.’

Then the emperor made a proclamation throughout the world: ‘He who is able to make my daughter speak shall get her to wife; and whoso fails him will I kill.’

Then many suitors came, but not one of them made her speak. And the emperor killed them all, and by and by no one more came.

Now the lad, the watchmaker, went to the emperor, and said, ‘Emperor, let me also go to the maiden, to see if I cannot make her speak.’

‘Well, this is how it stands, my lad. Haven’t you seen the proclamation on the table, how I have sworn to kill whoever fails to make her speak?’

‘Well, kill me also, Emperor, if I too fail.’

‘In that case, go to her.’

The lad dressed himself bravely, and went into her chamber. She was sewing at her frame. When the lad entered, he said, ‘Good-day, you rogue.’

Thank you, watchmaker. Well, sit you down since you have come, and take a bite.’

‘Well, all right, you rogue.’

He only was speaking.[58] Then he tarried no longer, but came out and said, ‘Good-night, rogue.’

‘Farewell, watchmaker.’

Next evening the emperor summoned him, to kill him. But the lad said, ‘Let me go one more night.’ Then the lad went again, and said, ‘Good-evening, rogue.’

‘Welcome, watchmaker. And since you have come, brother, pray sit down to table.’

Only he spoke, so at last he said, ‘Good-night, rogue.’

‘Farewell, watchmaker.’

Next night the emperor summoned him. ‘I must kill you now, for you have reached your allotted term.’

Then said the lad, ‘Do you know, emperor, that there is thrice forgiveness for a man?’

‘Then go to-night, too.’

Then the lad went that night, and said, ‘How do you do, rogue?’

‘Thank you, watchmaker. Since you have come, sit at table.’

‘So I will, rogue. And see you this knife in my hand? I mean to cut you in pieces if you will not answer my question.’ And why should I not answer it, watchmaker?’

‘Well, rogue, know you the princess?’

‘And how should I not know her?’

‘And the three princes, know you them?’

‘I know them, watchmaker.’

‘Well and good, if you know them. The three brothers had an intrigue with the princess. They knew not that the three had to do with her. But what did the maiden? She knew they were brothers. The eldest came at nightfall, and she set him down to table and he ate. Then she lay with him and shut him up in a chamber. The middle one came at midnight, and she lay with him also and shut him up in another chamber. And that same night came the youngest, and she lay with him too. Then at daybreak she let them all out, and they sprang to slay one another, the three brothers. The maiden said, “Hold, brothers, do not slay one another, but go home and take each of you to himself ten thousand ducats, and go into three cities; and his I will become who brings me the finest piece of workmanship.” So the eldest journeyed to Bucharest, and there found a beautiful mirror. Now look you what kind of mirror it was. “Here, merchant,[59] what is the price of your mirror?” “Ten thousand ducats, my lad.” “Indeed, is that not very dear, brother?” “But mark you what kind of mirror it is. You look in it and you can see both the dead and the living therein.” Now let’s have a look at the middle brother. He went to another city and found a robe. “You, merchant, what is the price of this robe?” “Ten thousand ducats, my son.”‘

‘What *are* you talking about, watchmaker? A robe cost ten thousand ducats!’[60]

‘But look you, you rogue, what sort of robe it is. For when you step on it, it will carry you whither you will. So you may fancy he cries “Done!” Meanwhile the youngest also arrived in a city and found a Jew, and bought an apple from him. And the apple was such that when a dead man ate it he revived. He took it and came to his brothers. And when they were all come home they saw their sweet-heart dead. And they gave her the apple to eat

and she arose. And whom then did she choose? She chose the youngest. What do you say?'

And the emperor's daughter spoke. And the watchmaker took her to wife. And they made a marriage.

This story, though well enough told, is very defective. Of course, by rights the eldest brother looks in his mirror, and sees the princess dead or about to die; then the middle brother transports the three of them on his travelling robe; and only then can the youngest brother make use of his apple of life.

'The Watchmaker' is a corrupt version of The Golden Casket' in Geldart's *Folk-lore of Modern Greece*, pp. 106-125, which should be carefully compared with it, to render it intelligible.

Compare also Clouston's chapter on The Four Clever Brothers' (i. 277-288), where he cites with others a Sanskrit version, and Grimm's No. 129 (ii. 165, 428). Apropos of the magic mirror here, and of the telescope in European folk-tales, Burton has this note on the ivory tube bought by Prince Ali in the Arabian tale of 'Prince Ahmad and the Peri Bánú':--'The origin of the lens and its applied use to the telescope and the microscope "are lost" (as the Castle guides of Edinburgh say) "in the gloom of antiquity." Well-ground glasses have been discovered amongst the finds in Egypt and Assyria; indeed, much of the finer work of the primeval artist could not have been done without such aid. In Europe the "spy-glass" appears first in the *Opus Majus* of the learned Roger Bacon (*circa* A.D. 1270); and his "optic tube" (whence his saying, "All things are known by perspective") chiefly contributed to make his widespread fame as a wizard.

The telescope was popularised by Galileo, who, as mostly happens, carried off and still keeps amongst the vulgar all the honours of the invention.' With the travelling robe compare the saddle in the Polish-Gypsy 'Tale of a Girl who was sold to the Devil' (No. 46) and the wings in the Bukowina-Gypsy 'Winged Hero' (No. 26); and with the apple of life, which occurs also in the Icelandic version of this story, the other-world apple in the Roumanian-Gypsy 'Bad Mother' (No. 8). See also Clouston on 'Prince Ahmad' in his Variants of Sir R. F. Burton's *Supplemental Arabian Nights*, pp. 600-616.

No. 14. The Red King And The Witch

It was the Red King, and he bought ten ducats' worth of victuals. He cooked them, and he put them in a press. And he locked the press, and from night to

night posted people to guard the victuals.

In the morning, when he looked, he found the platters bare; he did not find anything in them. Then the king said, ‘I will give the half of my kingdom to whoever shall be found to guard the press, that the victuals may not go amissing from it.’

The king had three sons. Then the eldest thought within himself, ‘God! What, give half the kingdom to a stranger! It were better for me to watch. Be it unto me according to God’s will.’

He went to his father. ‘Father, all hail. What, give the kingdom to a stranger! It were better for me to watch.’

And his father said to him, ‘As God will, only don’t be frightened by what you may see.’

Then he said, ‘Be it unto me according to God’s will.’

And he went and lay down in the palace. And he put his head on the pillow, and remained with his head on the pillow till towards dawn. And a warm sleepy breeze came and lulled him to slumber. And his little sister arose. And she turned a somersault, and her nails became like an axe and her teeth like a shovel. And she opened the cupboard and ate up everything. Then she became a child again and returned to her place in the cradle, for she was a babe at the breast. The lad arose and told his father that he had seen nothing. His father looked in the press, found the platters bare--no victuals, no anything. His father said, ‘It would take a better man than you, and even he might do nothing.’

His middle son also said, ‘Father, all hail. I am going to watch to-night.’

‘Go, dear, only play the man.’

‘Be it unto me according to God’s will.’

And he went into the palace and put his head on a pillow. And at ten o’clock came a warm breeze and sleep seized him. Up rose his sister and unwound herself from her swaddling-bands and turned a somersault, and her teeth became like a shovel and her nails like an axe. And she went to the press and opened it, and ate off the platters what she found. She ate it all, and turned a somersault again and went back to her place in the cradle. Day broke and the lad arose, and his father asked him and said, ‘It would take a

better man than you, and even he might do nought for me if he were as poor a creature as you.'

The youngest son arose. 'Father, all hail. Give me also leave to watch the cupboard by night.'

'Go, dear, only don't be frightened with what you see.'

'Be it unto me according to God's will,' said the lad.

And he went and took four needles and lay down with his head on the pillow; and he stuck the four needles in four places. When sleep seized him he knocked his head against a needle, so he stayed awake until ten o'clock. And his sister arose from her cradle, and he saw. And she turned a somersault, and he was watching her. And her teeth became like a shovel and her nails like an axe. And she went to the press and ate up everything. She left the platters bare. And she turned a somersault, and became tiny again as she was; went to her cradle. The lad, when he saw that, trembled with fear; it seemed to him ten years till daybreak. And he arose and went to his father. 'Father, all hail.'

Then his father asked him, 'Didst see anything, Peterkin?'

'What did I see? what did I not see? Give me money and a horse, a horse fit to carry the money, for I am away to marry me.'

His father gave him a couple of sacks of ducats, and he put them on his horse. The lad went and made a hole on the border of the city. He made a chest of stone, and put all the money there and buried it. He placed a stone cross above and departed. And he journeyed eight years and came to the queen of all the birds that fly.

And the queen of the birds asked him, 'Whither away, Peterkin?'

'Thither, where there is neither death nor old age, to marry me.'

The queen said to him, 'Here is neither death nor old age.'

Then Peterkin said to her, 'How comes it that here is neither death nor old age?'

Then she said to him, 'When I whittle away the wood of all this forest, then death will come and take me and old age.'

Then Peterkin said, One day and one morning death will come and old age, and take me.'

And he departed further, and journeyed on eight years and arrived at a palace of copper. And a maiden came forth from that palace and took him and kissed him. She said, ‘I have waited long for thee.’

She took the horse and put him in the stable, and the lad spent the night there. He arose in the morning and placed his saddle on the horse.

Then the maiden began to weep, and asked him, ‘Whither away, Peterkin?’

‘Thither, where there is neither death nor old age.’

Then the maiden said to him, ‘Here is neither death nor old age.’

Then he asked her, ‘How comes it that here is neither death nor old age?’

Why, when these mountains are levelled, and these forests, then death will come.’

This is no place for me,’ said the lad to her. And he departed further.

Then what said his horse to him? ‘Master, whip me four times, and twice yourself, for you are come to the Plain of Regret. And Regret will seize you and cast you down, horse and all. So spur your horse, escape, and tarry not.’

He came to a hut. In that hut he beholds a lad, as it were ten years old, who asked him, What seekest thou, Peterkin, here?’

I seek the place where there is neither death nor old age.’

The lad said, ‘Here is neither death nor old age. I am the Wind.’

Then Peterkin said, ‘Never, never will I go from here.’ And he dwelt there a hundred years and grew no older.

There the lad dwelt, and he went out to hunt in the Mountains of Gold and Silver, and he could scarce carry home the game.

Then what said the Wind to him? ‘Peterkin, go unto all the Mountains of Gold and unto the Mountains of Silver; but go not to the Mountain of Regret or to the Valley of Grief.’

He heeded not, but went to the Mountain of Regret and the Valley of Grief. And Grief cast him down; he wept till his eyes were full.

And he went to the Wind. ‘I am going home to my father, I will not stay longer.’

‘Go not, for your father is dead, and brothers you have no more left at home. A million years. have come and gone since then. The spot is not known where your father’s palace stood. They have planted melons on it; it is but an hour since I passed that way.’

But the lad departed thence, and arrived at the maiden’s whose was the palace of copper. Only one stick remained, and she cut it and grew old. As he knocked at the door, the stick fell and she died. He buried her, and departed thence. And he came to the queen of the birds in the great forest. Only one branch remained, and that was all but through.

When she saw him she said, ‘Peterkin, thou art quite young.’

Then he said to her, ‘Dost thou remember telling me to tarry here?’

As she pressed and broke through the branch, she, too, fell and died.

He came where his father’s palace stood and looked about him. There was no palace, no anything. And he fell to marvelling: ‘God, Thou art mighty!’ He only recognised his father’s well, and went to it. His sister, the witch, when she saw him, said to him, ‘I have waited long for you, dog.’ She rushed at him to devour him, but he made the sign of the cross and she perished.

And he departed thence, and came on an old man with his beard down to his belt. ‘Father, where is the palace of the Red King? I am his son.’

‘What is this,’ said the old man, ‘thou tellest me, that thou art his son? My father’s father has told me of the Red King. His very city is no more. Dost thou not see it is vanished? And dost thou tell me that thou art the Red King’s son?’

‘It is not twenty years, old man, since I departed from my father, and dost thou tell me that thou knowest not my father?’ (It was a million years since he had left his home.) ‘Follow me if thou dost not believe me.’

And he went to the cross of stone; only a palm’s breadth was out of the ground. And it took him two days to get at the chest of money. When he had lifted the chest out and opened it, Death sat in one corner groaning, and Old Age groaning in another corner.

Then what said Old Age? ‘Lay hold of him, Death.’

‘Lay hold of him yourself.’

Old Age laid hold of him in front, and Death laid hold of him behind.

The old man took and buried him decently, and planted the cross near him. And the old man took the money and also the horse.

In these days, when one is called upon to admire Maeterlinck and not for the world to admire Scott's *Marmion*, it is hard to know what is really good and what bad. Else this story of 'The Red King and the Witch' to me seems the finest folk-tale that we have. It is like Albert Dürer's 'Knight,' it is like the csárdás of some great Gypsy *maestro*. But is it original? Well, that's the question. There are several non-Gypsy stories that offer most striking analogies. There is Ralston's 'The Witch and the Sun's Sister' (pp. 170-175, from the Ukraine), and there is Ralston's 'The Norka' (pp. 73-80, from the Chernigof government). Then there is Wratislaw's 'Transmigration of the Soul' (pp. 161-162, Little Russian), of a baby that gobbles up victuals. And there are Grimm's No. 57 and Hahn's No. 65. From these it would not be difficult to patch together a story that should almost exactly parallel our Gypsy one; but not one of them, I feel certain, can rightly be deemed its original.

No. 15. The Prince And The Wizard

There was a king, and he had an only son. Now, that lad was heroic, nought-heeding. And he set out in quest of heroic achievements. And he went a long time nought-heeding. And he came to a forest, and lay down to sleep in the shadow of a tree, and slept. Then he saw a dream, that he arises and goes to the hill where the dragon's horses are, and that if you[61] keep straight on you will come to the man with no kidneys, screaming and roaring. So he arose and departed, and came to the man with no kidneys. And when he came there, he asked him, 'Mercy! what are you screaming for?'

He said, 'Why, a wizard has taken my kidneys, and has left me here in the road as you see me.'

Then the lad said to him, 'Wait a bit longer till I return from somewhere.'

And he left him, and journeyed three more days and three nights. And he came to that hill, and sat down, and ate, and rested. And he arose and went to the hill. And the horses, when they saw him, ran to eat him. And the lad said, 'Do not eat me, for I will give you pearly hay[62] and fresh water.'

Then the horses said, ‘Be our master. But see you do as you’ve promised.’

The lad said, ‘Horses, if I don’t, why, eat me and slay me.’

So he took them and departed with them home. And he put them in the stable, and gave them fresh water and pearly hay. And he mounted the smallest horse, and set out for the man with no kidneys, and found him there. And he asked him what was the name of the wizard who had taken his kidneys.

‘What his name is I know not, but I do know where he is gone to. He is gone to the other world.’

Then the lad took and went a long time nought-heeding, and came to the edge of the earth, and let himself down, and came to the other world. And he went to the wizard’s there, and said, ‘Come forth, O wizard, that I may see the sort of man you are.’

So when the wizard heard, he came forth to eat him and slay him. Then the lad took his heroic club and his sabre; and the instant he hurled his club, the wizard’s hands were bound behind his back. And the lad said to him, ‘Here, you wizard, tell quick, my brother’s kidneys, or I slay thee this very hour.’

And the wizard said, ‘They are there in a jar. Go and get them.’

And the lad said, ‘And when I’ve got them, what am I to do with them?’

The wizard said, ‘Why, when you’ve got them, put them in water and give him them to drink.’

Then the lad went and took them, and departed to him. And he put the kidneys in water, and gave him to drink, and he drank. And when he had drunk he was whole. And he took the lad, and kissed him, and said, ‘Be my brother till my death or thine, and so too in the world to come.’

So they became brothers. And having done so, they took and journeyed in quest of heroic achievements. So they set out and slew every man that they found in their road. Then the man who had had no kidneys said he was going after the wizard, and would pass to the other world. Then they took and went there to the edge of the earth, and let themselves in. And they came there, and went to the wizard. And when they got there, how they set themselves to fight, and fought with him two whole days. Then when the lad, his brother, took and hurled his club, the wizard’s hands were bound

behind his back. And he cut his throat, and took his houses, made them two apples.[63]

And they went further, and came on a certain house, and there were three maidens. And the lad hurled his club, and carried away half their house. And when the maidens saw that, they came out, and saw them coming. And they flung a comb on their path, and it became a forest--no needle could thread it. So when the lad saw that, he flung his club and his sabre. And the sabre cut and the club battered. And it cut all the forest till nothing was left.

And when the maidens saw that they had felled the forest, they flung a whetstone, and it became a fortress of stone, so that there was no getting further. And he flung the club, and demolished the stone, and made dust of it. And when the maidens saw that they had demolished the stone, they flung a mirror before them, and it became a lake, and there was no getting over. And the lad flung his sabre, and it cleft the water, and they passed through, and went there to the maidens. When they came there they said, 'And what were you playing your cantrips on us for, maidens?'

Then the maidens said, 'Why, lad, we thought that you were coming to kill us.'

Then the lad shook hands with them, the three sisters, and said to them, 'There, maidens, and will you have us?'

And they took them to wife--one for himself, and one for him who had lost his kidneys, and one they gave to another lad. And he went with them home. And they made a marriage.

And I came away, and I have told the story.

And a very quaint story it is; to the best of my knowledge, that rarest of all things, a new one. 'God's Godson,' No. 6, also offers an instance of an heroic hero, nought-heeding, who sets out in quest of heroic achievements; and we find the same notion in a good many folk-tales of South-east Europe, *e.g.* in the Croatian story of 'Kraljevitch Marko' (Wratislaw, No. 52, p. 266). For the comb, whetstone, and mirror, *cf*. Ralston, p. 142, and the Bukowina-Gypsy story, 'Made over to the Devil' (No. 34), where it is a whetstone, a comb, and a towel.

No. 16. The Apples Of Pregnancy

There were where there were a king and a queen. Now for sixteen years that king and that queen had had no sons or daughters. So he thought they would never have any. And he was always weeping and lamenting, for what would become of them without any children? Then the king said to the queen, ‘O queen, I will go away and leave you, and if I do not find a son born of you by my return, know that either I will kill you with my own hands, or I will send you away, and live no longer with you.’

Then another king sent a challenge to him to go and fight, for, if he goes not, he will come and slay him on his throne. Then the king said to his queen, ‘Here, O queen, is a challenge come for me to go and fight. If I had had a son, would he not have gone, and I have remained at home?’

She said, ‘How can I help it, O king, if God has not chosen to give us any sons? What can I do?’

He said, ‘Prate not to me of God. If I come and don’t find a son born of you, I shall kill you.’

And the king departed.

Then the holy God and St. Peter fell to discussing what they should do for the queen. So God said to Peter, ‘Here, you Peter, go down with this apple, and pass before her window, and cry, “I have an apple, and whoso eats of it will conceive.” She will hear you. For it were a pity, Peter, for the king to come and kill her.’

So St. Peter took the apple, and came down, and did as God had told him. He cried in front of the queen’s window. She heard him, and came out, and called him to her, and asked, ‘How much do you want for that apple, my man?’

He said, ‘I want much; give me a purse of money.’

And the queen took the purse of money, and gave it him, and took the apple and ate it. And when she had eaten it, she conceived. And St. Peter left her the purse of money there. So the time drew near for her to bear a child. And the very day that she brought forth her son, his father came from the war, and he had won the fight. So when he came home and heard that the queen had borne him a son, he went to the wine-shop and drank till he was drunk. And as he was coming home from the wine-shop, he reached the door, and fell down, and died. Then the boy heard it, and rose up out of his mother’s

arms, and went to the vintner, and killed him with a blow. And he came home. And the people, the nobles, beheld him, what a hero he was, and wondered at him. But an evil eye fell on him, and for three days he took to his bed. And he died of the evil eye.

Two other Roumanian-Gypsy stories may be compared with this one--No. 10 and The Prince who ate Men,' where, likewise, a king has no son, threatens the queen with death, and goes off to the war. The queen goes out driving, and meets a little bit of a man who follows her home, gives her a glass of medicine, and vanishes. She conceives, and bears a son, 'half dog, half bear, and half man.' The father returns victorious, and is going to slay this monster, till he learns who he is. Afterwards the monster takes to eating sentinels, until he himself is slain by a hero. Fruits of pregnancy are very common in Indian folk-tales, and God plays much the same part there. For instance, in 'Chandra's Vengeance' (Mary Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 253-4), Mahadeo gives a mango-fruit to a sterile woman, and she bears a child. *Cf.* also Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 42, 91; Knowles's *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, p. 416 *note*; Hahn, Nos. 4, 6, etc.; and the English-Gypsy story, 'De Little Fox,' No. 52.

III. Bukowina-Gypsy Stories

No. 17. It All Comes To Light

THERE was a man with as many children as ants in an anthill. And three of the girls went to reap corn, and the emperor's son came by. And the eldest girl said, 'If the emperor's son will marry me, I will clothe his whole army with one spindleful of thread.' And the middle girl said, 'I will feed his army with a single loaf.' And the youngest girl said, 'If he will marry me, I will bear him twins clever and good, with hair of gold and teeth like pearls.'

His servant heard them. 'Emperor, the eldest girl said, if you will marry her, she will clothe your army with one spindleful of thread; the middle girl said, if you will marry her, she will feed your army with a single loaf; the youngest girl said, if you will marry her, she will bear you twins clever and good, with golden hair.'

'Turn back,' he cried, 'take the youngest girl, put her in the carriage.'

He brought her home; he lived with her half a year; and they summoned him to the army to fight. He remained a year at the war. His empress brought forth two sons. The servant took them, and flung them into the pigstye; and she put two whelps by the mother.

At evening the pigs came home, and the eldest sow cried, 'Hah! here are our master's sons; quick, give them the teat to suck, and keep them warm.'

The pigs went forth to the field. The servant came, saw that the boys are well, not dead; she flung them into the stable. At evening the horses came home, and the eldest mare cried, 'Hah! here are our master's sons; quick, give them the teat to suck.'

In the morning the horses went forth to the field. The servant took them, and buried them in the dunghill. And two golden fir-trees grew.

The emperor came from the war. The servant went to meet him. 'Emperor, the empress has borne you a couple of whelps.'

The emperor buried the empress behind the door up to the waist, and set the two whelps to suck her. He married the servant. This servant said to the emperor, 'Fell these fir-trees, and make me a bed.'

‘Fell them I will not; they are of exquisite beauty.’

‘If you don’t, I shall die.’

The emperor set men to work, and felled the firs, and gathered all the chips, and burned them with fire. He made a bed of the two planks, and slept with his new empress in the bed.

And the elder boy said, ‘Brother, do you feel it heavy, brother?’

‘No, I don’t feel it heavy, for my father is sleeping on me; but you, do you feel it heavy, brother?’

‘I do, for my stepmother is sleeping on me.’

She heard, she arose in the morning. ‘Emperor, chop up this bed, and put it in the fire, that it be burnt.’

‘Burn it I will not.’

‘But you must put it in the fire, else I shall die.’

The emperor bade them put it in the fire. She bade them block up the chimney, that not a spark should escape. But two sparks escaped, and fell on a couple of lambs: the lambs became golden. She saw, and commanded the servants to kill the lambs. She gave the servants the chitterlings to wash them, and gave the chitterlings numbered. They were washing them in the stream; two of the chitterlings fell into the water. They cut two chitterlings in half, and added them to the number, and came home. From those two chitterlings which fell into the water came two doves; and they turned a somersault,[64] and became boys. And they went to a certain lady. This lady was a widow, and she took the boys in, and brought them up seven years, and clothed them.

And the emperor made proclamation in the land that they should gather to him to a ball. All Bukowina assembled. They ate and drank. The emperor said, ‘Guess what I have suffered.’ Nobody guessed. These two boys also went, and sat at the gate. The emperor saw them. ‘Call also these two boys.’

They called them to the emperor. ‘What are you come for, boys?’

‘We came, emperor, to guess.’

‘Well, guess away.’

There was a man with children as many as ants in an anthill. And three of the girls went to reap corn, and the emperor's son came by. And the eldest girl said, "If this lad will marry me, I will clothe his army with one spindleful of thread." The middle girl said, "If he will marry me, I will feed his army with a single loaf." The youngest girl said, "If this emperor's son will marry me, I will bear him twins clever and good, with hair of gold and teeth like pearls." His servant said to the emperor, "Emperor, the eldest girl said that, if you will marry her, she will clothe your army with one spindleful of thread; and the middle girl said, if you will marry her, she will feed your army with a single loaf; and the youngest girl said, if you will marry her, she will bear you twins clever and good, with hair of gold and teeth like pearls." Come forth, pearl.[65] The emperor lived with her half a year, and departed to war, and remained a year. The empress brought forth two sons. The servant took them, flung them into the pigstye, and put two whelps by her. At evening the pigs came home, and the eldest sow cried, "Hah! here are our master's sons; you must give them the teat." In the morning the pigs went forth to the field. The servant came, saw that they are well, flung them into the stable. At evening the horses came; the eldest horse cried, "Hah! here are our master's sons; you must give them the teat." In the morning the horses went forth to the field. She came and saw that they are well. She buried them in the horses' dunghill, and two golden fir-trees grew. The emperor came from the army. The servant went to meet him. "Emperor, the empress has borne a couple of whelps." The emperor buried her behind the door, and set the two whelps to suck. The emperor married the servant. The new empress said, "Fell the fir-trees, and make a bed." "Fell them I will not, for they are beautiful." "If you don't fell them, I shall die." The emperor commanded, and they felled them, and he gathered all the chips and flung them in the fire, and he made a bed. And the emperor was sleeping in the bed with the servant. And the elder brother said, "Do you feel it heavy, brother?" "No, I don't feel it heavy, for my true father is sleeping on me; but do you feel it heavy, brother?" "I do, for my stepmother is sleeping on me." She heard, she arose in the morning. "Emperor, chop up this bed, and put it in the fire." "Chop it up I will not, for it is fair." "If you don't, I shall die." The emperor commanded, and chopped up the bed, and they put it in the fire; and she told them to block up the chimney. But two sparks jumped out on two lambs, and the lambs became golden. She saw, and commanded the servants to kill them, and gave the chitterlings to two

girls to wash. And two chitterlings escaped, and they cut two chitterlings, and made up the proper number. From those chitterlings .came two doves; and they turned a somersault, and became two boys. And they went to a certain widow lady, and she took them in, and brought them up seven years. The emperor gathered Bukowina to a ball, and they ate and drank. The emperor told them to guess what he had suffered. Nobody guessed, but I have. And if you believe not, we are your sons, and our mother is buried behind the door.'

Then came his mother into the hall. 'Good-day to you, my sons.'

'Thank you, mother.'

And they took that servant, and bound her to a wild horse, and gave him his head, and he smashed her to pieces.

Dr. Barbu Constantinescu furnishes this Roumanian-Gypsy variant:--

No. 18. The Golden Children

There were three princesses, and they vaunted themselves before the three princes. One vaunted that she will make him a golden boy and girl. And one vaunted that she will feed his army with one crust of bread. And one vaunted that she will clothe the whole army with a single spindleful of thread. The time came that the princes took the three maidens. So she who had vaunted that she will bear the golden boy and girl, the time came that she grew big with child, and she fell on the hearth in the birth-pangs. The midwife came and his mother, and she brought forth a golden boy and girl. And her man was not there. And the midwife and his mother took a dog and a bitch, and put them beneath her. And they took the boy and the girl, and the midwife threw them into the river. And they went floating on the river, and a monk found them.

So their father went a-hunting, and their father found the lad. 'Let me kiss you.' For, he thought, My wife said she would bear a golden lad and girl like this. And he came home and fell sick; and the midwife noticed it and his mother.

The midwife asked him, 'What ails you?'

He said, 'I am sick, because I have seen a lad like my wife said she would bear me.'

Then she sent for the children, did his mother; and the monk brought them; and she asked him, ‘Where did you get those children?’

He said, ‘I found them both floating on the river.’

And the king saw it must be his children; his heart yearned towards them. So the king called the monk, and asked him, ‘Where did you get those children?’

He said, ‘I found them floating on the river.’

He brought the monk to his mother and the midwife, and said, ‘Behold, mother, my children.’

She repented and said, ‘So it is.’ She said, ‘Yes, darling, the midwife put them in a box, and threw them into the water.’

Then he kindled the furnace, and cast both his mother and also the midwife into the furnace. And he burnt them; and so they made atonement. He gathered all the kings together, for joy that he had found his children. Away I came, the tale have told.

And a very poor tale it is, most clearly defective; we never, for instance, hear what becomes of the mother. Non-Gypsy versions of this story are very numerous and very widely spread, almost as widely spread as the Gypsies. We have them from Iceland, Brittany, Brazil, Catalonia, Sicily, Italy, Lorraine, Germany, Tyrol, Transylvania, Hungary, Servia, Roumania, Albania, Syria, White Russia, the Caucasus, Egypt, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Bengal, as well as in *Dolopathos* (c. 1180) and Straparola. Special studies of this story have been made by Cosquin (vol. i. p. lxiii. and p. 190), and W. A. Clouston in his *Variants and Analogues of the Tales in vol. iii. of Sir R. F. Burton’s Supplemental Arabian Nights* (1887), pp. 617-648. Reference may also be made to Grimm, No. 96, ‘The Three Little Birds’; Wratislaw’s, No. 23, ‘The Wonderful Lads’; Grenville-Murray’s *Doine; or, Songs and Legends of Roumania* (1854), pp. 106-110; Denton’s *Serbian Folklore*, p. 238; Hahn, i. 272; ii. 40, 287, 293; ‘The Boy with the Moon on his Forehead,’ in the Rev. Lal Behari Day’s *Folk-tales of Bengal* (No. 19, p. 236); and ‘The Boy who had a Moon on his Forehead and a Star on his Chin,’ in Maive Stokes’s*Indian Fairy Tales* (No. 20, p. 119; *cf*. also, No. 2, pp. 7 and 245). ‘Chandra’s Vengeance’ in Mary Frere’s *Old Deccan Days* (No. 22, p. 225), offers some curious analogies. There the heroine is born with two golden anklets on her ankles, ‘dazzling to look at like the

sun.' She is put in a golden box, floated down the river, saved by a fisherman, etc. Cosquin acutely remarks that in the original story the king, of course, marries the three sisters, and the two elder, jealous, are the prime workers of the mischief.

Yet a third Gypsy version, a Slovak one, is furnished by Dr. von Sowa. It is plainly corrupt and imperfect:--

No. 19. The Two Children

Somewhere there was a hunter's son, a soldier; and there was also a shoemaker's daughter. She had a dream that if he took her to wife, and if she fell pregnant by him, she would bring forth twins--the boy with a golden star upon his breast, and the girl with a golden star upon the brow. And he presently took her to wife. And she was poor, that shoemaker's daughter; and he was rich. So his parents did not like her for a daughter-in-law. She became with child to him; and he went off to serve as a soldier. Within a year she brought forth. When that befell, she had twins exactly as she had said. She bore a boy and a girl; the boy had a golden star upon his breast, and the girl had a golden star upon her brow. But his parents threw the twins into diamond chests, wrote a label for each of them, and put it in the chest. Then they let them swim away down the Vah river.[66]

Then my God so ordered it, that there were two fishers, catching fish. They saw those chests come swimming down the river; they laid hold of both of them. When they had done so, they opened the chests, and there were the children alive, and on each was the label with writing. The fishers took them up, and went straight to the church to baptize them.

So those children lived to their eighth year, and went already to school. And the fishers had also children of their own, and used to beat them, those foundlings. He, the boy, was called Jankos; and she, Marishka:

And Marishka said to Jankos, 'Let us go, Jankos mine, somewhere into the world.'

Then they went into a forest, there spent the night. There they made a fire, and Marishka fell into a slumber, whilst he, Jankos, kept up the fire. There came a very old stranger to him, and he says to him, says that stranger, 'Come with me, Jankos, I will give you plenty of money.'

He brought him into a vault; there a stone door opened before him; the vault was full, brim full of money. Jankos took two armfuls of money. It was my God who was there with him, and showed him the money. He took as much as he could carry, then returned to Marishka. Marishka was up already and awake; she was weeping--'Where, then, is Jankos?'

Jankos calls to her, 'Fear not, I am here; I am bringing you plenty of money.'

My God had told him to take as much money as he wants; the door will always be open to him. Then they, Jankos and Marishka, went to a city; he bought clothes for himself and for her, and bought himself a fine house. Then he bought also horses and a small carriage. Then he went to the vault for that money, and helped himself again. With the shovel he flung it on the carriage; then he returned home with so much money that he didn't know what to do with it.

Then he ordered a band to play music, and arranged for a ball. Then he invited all the gentry in that country, invited all of them; and his parents too came. This he did that he might find out who were his parents. Right enough they came; and he, Jankos, at once knew his mother--my God had ordained it, that he at once should know her. Then he asks his mother,[67] does Jankos, what a man deserved who ruins two souls, and is himself alive.

And she says, the old lady, 'Such a one deserves nothing better than to have light set to the fagot-pile, and himself pitched into the fire.'

That was just what they did to them, pitched them into the fire; and he remained there with Marishka. And the gentleman cried then, 'Hurrah! bravo! that's capital.'

No. 20. Mare's Son

A priest went riding on his mare to town. And . . . . he led her into the forest, and left her there. The mare brought forth a son. And God came and baptized him, and gave him the name 'Mare's Son.' He sucked one year, and went to a tree, and tries to pluck it up, and could not.

'Ah! mother, I'll suck one year more.'

He sucked one year more; he went to the tree; he plucked it up.

‘Now, mother, I shall go away from you.’

And he went into the forests, and found a man. ‘Good day to you.’

‘Thanks.’

‘What’s your name?’

‘Tree-splitter.’

‘Hah! let’s become brothers. Come with me.’

They went further; they found another man. ‘Good day’

‘Thanks.’

‘What’s your name?’

‘Rock-splitter.’

‘Hah! let’s become brothers.’

They became brothers.

‘Come with me.’

They went further; they found yet another man. ‘Good day to you.’

‘Thanks.’

What’s your name?’

‘Tree-bender.’

‘Come with me.’

The four went further, and they found a robbers’ den. The robbers had killed a heifer. When the robbers saw them, they fled. They went away, and left the meat untouched. They cooked the meat and ate. They passed the night. In the morning Mare’s Son said, ‘Let three of us go to hunt, and one stay at home to cook.’ They left Tree-splitter at home to cook, and he cooked the food nicely. And there came an old man to him, a hand’s-breadth tall, with a beard a cubit in length.

‘Give me to eat.’

‘Not I. For they’ll come from hunting, and there’ll be nothing to give them.’

The old man went into the wood, and cut four wedges, and threw him, Tree-splitter, on the ground, and fastened him to the earth by the hands and feet, and ate up all the food. Then he let him go, and departed. He put more meat

in the pot to cook. They came from hunting and asked, ‘Have you cooked the food?’

‘Ever since you’ve been away I’ve had the meat at the fire, but it isn’t cooked properly.’

‘Dish it up as it is, for we’re hungry.’

He dished it up as it was, and they ate it. They passed the night. The next day they left another cook, and the three of them went off to hunt. The old man came again.

‘Give me something to eat.’

‘Not I, for they’ll come from hunting, and there’ll be nothing to give them to eat.’

He went into the wood, and cut four wedges, and fastened him to the earth by the hands and feet, and ate up all the food, and let him go, and departed. He put more meat in the pot to cook. They came from hunting. ‘Have you cooked the food?’

‘Ever since you’ve been away I’ve had it at the fire, but it isn’t cooked, for it’s old meat.’

They passed the night. The third day they left another cook. The three of them went to hunt; and those two never told what they had undergone. Again the old man came, demanded food.

‘Not a morsel, for they’ll come from hunting, and I should have nothing to give them.’

He went into the wood, and cut four wedges, and fastened him to the earth by the hands and feet, and ate up all the food, and let him go. They came from hunting. ‘Have you cooked the food?’

‘The minute you went away I put the meat in the pot but it isn’t cooked, for it’s old.’

The fourth day Mare’s Son remained as cook, and he cooked the food nicely.

The old man came. ‘Give me something to eat, for I’m hungry.’

‘Come here, and I’ll give you some.’

He called him into the house, and caught him by the beard, and led him to a beech-tree, and drove his axe into the beech, and cleft it, and put his beard in the cleft, and drew out the axe, and drove in wedges by the beard, and left him there. They came from hunting; he gave them to eat. ‘ Why didn’t you cook as good food as I?’

They ate.

The old man pulled the tree out of the earth on to his shoulders, and dragged it after him, and departed into a cave in the other world.

Said Mare’s Son to them, ‘Come with me, and you shall see what I’ve caught.’

They went, and found only the place.

Said Mare’s Son, ‘Come with me, for I’ve got to find him.’

They went, following the track of the tree to his cave.

‘This is where he went in. Who’ll go in to fetch him out?’

They said, ‘Not we, we’re afraid. Do you go in, for it was you who caught him.’

He said, ‘I’ll go in, and do you swear that you will act fairly by me.’

They swore that they will act fairly by him. They made a basket, and he lowered himself into the cave, and went to the other world. There was a palace under the earth, and he found the old man with his beard in the tree, put him in the basket, and they drew him up. He found a big stone, and put it in the basket. ‘If they pull up the stone, they will pull up me.’ They pulled it up half-way, and cut the rope He fell a-weeping. ‘Now I am undone.’

He journeyed under the earth, and came to a house. There was an old man and an old woman, both blind, for the fairies[68] had put out their eyes. Mare’s Son went to them and said, ‘Good day.’

‘Thanks. And who are you?’

‘I am a man.’

‘And old or young?’

‘Young.’

‘Be a son to us.’

‘Good.’

The old man had ten sheep. ‘Here take the sheep, and graze them, daddy’s darling. And don’t go to the right hand, else the fairies will catch you and put out your eyes; that’s their field. But go to the left hand, for they’ve no business there; that’s our field.’

He went three days to the left hand, until he bethought himself, and made a flute, and went to the right hand with his sheep.

And there met him a fairy, and said to him, ‘Son of a roarer, [69] what are you wanting here?’

He began to play on the flute. ‘Dance a bit for me.’

He began to play, and she danced. Just as she was dancing her very best, he broke the flute with his teeth.

The fairy said, ‘What are you doing, why did you break it, when I was dancing my very best?’

‘Come with me to that tree, that maple, that I may take out its heart and make a flute. And I will play all day, and you shall dance. Come with me.’

He went to the maple, and drove his axe into the maple, and cleft it. ‘Put your hand in, and take out the heart.’

She put in her hand; he drew out the axe, and left her hand in the tree.

She cried, ‘Quick, release my hand; it will be crushed.’

And he said, ‘Where are the old man’s and the old woman’s eyes? For if you don’t tell me, I shall cut your throat.’

‘Go to the third room. They’re in a glass. The larger are the old man’s, the smaller the old woman’s.’

‘How shall I put them in again?’

‘There is water in a glass there, and moisten them with the water, and put them in, and they will adhere. And smear with the water, and they will see.’

He cut her throat, and went and got the eyes of the old man and the old woman, and took the water, and moistened them with the water, and put them in, and they adhered. He smeared with the water, and they saw.

The old man and the old woman said, ‘Thank you, my son. Be my son for ever. I will give all things into your hand, and I will go to my kinsfolk, for it is ten years since I have seen them.’

And the old man mounted a goat, and the old woman mounted a sheep; and he said to his son, ‘Daddy’s darling, walk, eat, and drink.’ Away went the old man and the old woman to their kinsfolk.

He too set out, and went walking in the forest. In a tree were young eagles, and a dragon was climbing up to devour them. And Mare’s Son saw him, and climbed up, and killed him.

And the young eagles said to him, ‘God will give you good luck for killing him. For my mother said every year she was hatching chicks, and this dragon was always devouring them. But where shall we hide you? for our mother will come and devour you. But put yourself under us, and we will cover you with our wings.’

Their mother came. ‘I smell fresh man.’

‘No, mother, you just fancy it. You fly aloft, and the reek mounts up to you.’

‘I’m certain there’s a man here. And who killed the dragon?’

‘I don’t know, mother.’

‘Show him, that I may see him.’

‘He’s among us, mother.’

They produced him, and she saw him; and the minute she saw him, she swallowed him. The eaglets began to weep and to lament: ‘He saved us from death, and you have devoured him.’

‘Wait a bit; I’ll bring him up again.’

She brought him up, and asked him, ‘What do you want for saving my young ones from death?’

‘I only want you to carry me to the other world.’

‘Had I known that, I’d have let him devour my young ones, for to carry you up is mighty difficult. Do you know how I shall manage it? Bake twelve ovenfuls of bread, and take twelve heifers and twelve jars of wine.’

In three days he had them ready.

She said, ‘Put them on me; and when I turn my head to the left, throw a heifer into my mouth and an ovenful of bread; and when I turn to the right, pour a jar of wine into my mouth.’

She brought him out; he went to his brothers. ‘Good day to you, brothers. You fancied I should perish. If you acted fairly by me, toss your arrows up in the air, and they will fall before you; but if unfairly, then they will fall on your heads.’

All four tossed up their arrows, and they stood in a row. His fell right before him, and theirs fell on their heads, and they died.

I have excised the opening of this tale as far too Rabelaisian; in fact, it leaves the very priest ashamed. Its hero is called ‘Mare’s Son,’ and is suckled by a mare like Milosh Obilich in a Croatian ballad. But the story is clearly identical with Grimm’s ‘Strong Hans’ (No. 166, ii. 253, 454) and ‘The Elves’ (No. 91, ii. 24, 387), in one or other of which, or of their variants, almost every detail, sometimes to the minutest, will be found. Cosquin’s ‘Jean de l’Ours’ (No. 1, i. 1-27) should also be carefully studied, and Hahn’s ‘Das Bärenkind’ (No. 75, ii. 72). The Gypsy version is in one respect clearly defective: it has no heroine--a lack that might be supplied from Miklosich’s Gypsy story of ‘The Seer’ (No. 23). The episode of the fairies that blind occurs in ‘The Scab-pate’ (Geldart’s *Folklore of Modern Greece*, p. 158; *cf*. also Hahn, i. 222); and in Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 57, one finds a similar restoration of their eyes to seven blinded mothers, with salve, however, not water, for application. *Cf*. Krauss, i. 181, for a flute that obliges to dance; and a blind old man riding on a great goat comes in Denton’s *Serbian Folk-lore*, p. 249. The rescue of the young eagles, and the being borne to the upper world by the old mother-bird, are conjointly or separately very widespread. The meat generally runs short, and the hero gives her a piece of his own flesh (*cf*. p. 240). Hahn’s ‘Der Goldäpfelbaum and die Höllenfahrt,’ from Syra (No. 70, ii. 57, 297), furnishes an excellent example; and Cosquin (ii. 141) gives Avar, Siberian, Kabyle, Persian, and Indian variants. The rescue of two eaglets from a great snake occurs in ‘The Demon and the King’s Son’ (Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy Tales*, No. 24, p. 182), and in ‘Punchkin’ (Mary Frere’s *Old Deccan Days*, No. 1, p. 14). The striking ordeal at the close, recurring in ‘The Seer’ (No. 23, p. 89), is, to the best of my knowledge, peculiar to these two Gypsy stories; the arrows suggest a high antiquity. Von Sowa’s Slovak-

Gypsy story of ‘The Three Dragons’ (No. 44) offers many analogies to ‘Mare’s Son,’ of which the Welsh-Gypsy story, ‘Twopence-halfpenny’ (No. 58, p. 243), is actually a variant. The first eight pages of ‘Prince Lionheart and his three Friends,’ in F. A. Steel’s *Wide-awake Stories*, pp. 47-54, and her ‘How Raja Rasalu’s Friends forsook him,’ pp. 255-7; also the very curious story of ‘Gumda the Hero’ (Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales*, p. 57), offer Indian versions of the opening of Mare’s Son.’

No. 21. The Deluded Dragon

There was an old man with a multitude of children. He had an underground cave in the forest. He said, ‘Make me a honey-cake, for I will go and earn something.’ He went into the forest, and found a well. By the well was a table. He laid the cake on the table. The crows came and ate it. He slept by the well. He arose and saw the flies eating the crumbs. He struck a blow and killed a hundred flies. He wrote that he had killed a hundred souls with one blow. And he lay down and slept.

A dragon came with a buffalo’s skin to draw water. He saw what was written on the table, that he had killed a hundred souls. When he saw the old man, he feared. The old man awoke, and he too feared.

The dragon said, ‘Let’s become brothers.’

And they swore that they would be Brothers of the Cross.[70] The dragon drew water. ‘Come with me, brother, to my palace.’

They went along a footpath, the old man first. When the dragon panted, he drove the old man forward; when he drew in his breath, he pulled him back. The dragon said, ‘Brother, why do you sometimes run forward and sometimes come back?’

‘I am thinking whether to kill you.’

‘Stay, brother, I will go first and you behind; maybe you will change your mind.’

They came to a cherry-tree. ‘Here, brother, have some cherries.’

The dragon climbed up, and the old man was eating below. The dragon said, ‘Come up, they’re better here.’

The old man said, ‘No, they aren’t, for the birds have defiled them.’

‘Catch hold of this bough.’

The old man did so. The dragon let go of it, and jerked the old man up, and he fell on a hare and caught it.

The dragon said, ‘What’s the matter, brother? Was the bough too strong for you?’

‘I sprang of my own accord, and caught this hare. I hadn’t time to run round, so up I sprang.’

The dragon came down and went home. The old man said, ‘Would you like a present, sister-in-law?’ [seemingly offering the hare to the dragon’s wife].

‘Thanks, brother-in-law.’

The dragon said to her aside, ‘Don’t say a word to him, else he’ll kill us, for he has killed a hundred souls with one blow.’ He sent him to fetch water: ‘Go for water, brother.’

He took the spade and the buffalo’s hide, dragged it after him, and went to the well, and was digging all round the well.

The dragon went to him. ‘What are you doing, brother?’

‘I am digging the whole well to carry it home.’

‘Don’t destroy the spring; I’ll draw the water myself.’

The dragon drew the water, and took the old man by the hand, and led him home. He sent him to the forest to fetch a tree. He stripped off bark, and made himself a rope, and bound the trees.

The dragon came. ‘What are you doing, brother?’

‘I am going to take the whole forest and carry it home.’

‘Don’t destroy my forest, brother. I’ll carry it myself.’ The dragon took a tree on his shoulders, and went home.

He said to his wife, ‘What shall we do, wife, for he will kill us if we anger him?’

She said, ‘Take uncle’s big club, and hit him on the head.’

The old man heard. He slept of a night on a bench. And he took the beetle, put it on the bench, dressed it up in his coat, and put his cap on the top of it. And he lay down under the bench. The dragon took the club, and felt the cap, and struck with the club. The old man arose, removed the beetle, put it under the bench, and lay down on the bench. He scratched his head. ‘God

will punish you, brother, and your household, for a flea has bitten me on the head.'

'There! do you hear, wife? I hit him on the head with the club, and he says a mere flea has bitten him. What shall we do with him, wife?'

Give him a sackful of money to go away.'

'What will you take to go, brother? I'll give you a sackful of money.'

'Give it me.'

He gave it. 'Take it, brother, and be gone.'

'I brought my present myself; do you carry yours yourself.'

The dragon took it on his shoulders and carried it. They drew near to the underground cavern. The old man said, 'Stay here, brother, whilst I go home and tie up the dogs, else they'll wholly devour you.' The old man went home to his children, and made them wooden knives, and told them to say when they saw the dragon, 'Mother, father's bringing a dragon; we'll eat his flesh.'

The dragon heard them, and flung down the sack, and fled. And he met a fox.

'Where are you flying to, dragon?'

'The old man will kill me.'

'Fear not; come along with me. I'll kill him, he's so weak.'

The children came outside and cried, 'Mother, the fox is bringing us the dragon skin he owes us, to cover the cave with.'

The dragon took to flight, and caught the fox, and dashed him to the earth; and the fox died. The old man went to the town, and got a cart, and put the money in it. Then he went to the town, and built himself houses, and bought himself oxen and cows.

Dr. Von Sowa furnishes this Slovak-Gypsy variant:--

No. 22. The Gypsy And The Dragon

There were a Gypsy and a shepherd, who tended his sheep. Every night two of the shepherd's sheep went a-missing, or even three. The peasant came to his gossip, the Gypsy, who asks him, 'Hallo! gossip, what's up with you, that you're so sorrowful?'

The peasant says to the Gypsy, ‘Ah! how should I not be sorrowful, when some one--I know not who--does me grievous harm?’

‘All right. I’ll help you there, for I know fine who it is. To-night let your wife make me two big cheeses, the size of that; and let her bake me some nice fine dough for supper. I’ll come and sup with you to-night. Then I’ll go and look after your sheep.’

All right! The Gypsy went and had a fine blow-out at the peasant’s. Night came, and the Gypsy went off to the sheep. And the cheese he put in his pocket, and in his hand he took an iron bar weighing three hundredweight, besides which he made himself quite a light wooden rod. And off he went to the sheepfold. There was nobody there but the shepherd’s man.

‘Go you home, my lad,’ says the Gypsy, ‘and I’ll stop here.’

Midnight came. The Gypsy made himself a big fire, and straightway the dragon comes to the Gypsy by the fire.

He said to him, ‘Wait a bit. I’ll give it your mother for this;[71] what are you wanting here?’

‘Just wanting to see if you are such a strong chap, though you do eat three sheep every night.’

He was terrified.

‘Sit down beside me by the fire, and let’s just have a little trial of strength, to see which of us is the stronger. Do you throw this stick so high up in the air that it never falls down again, but stays there.’ (It was the bar that weighed three hundredweight.)

The dragon throws, threw it so high, that then and there it remained somewhere or other up in the sky. ‘Now,’ says the dragon to the Gypsy, ‘now do you throw, as I threw.’

The Gypsy threw--it was the little light wooden stick--threw it somewhere or other behind him, so that the dragon couldn’t see where he threw it, but he fancied he had thrown it where he had thrown his own.

‘Well, all right! Let’s sit down, and see whether you really are a clever chap. Just take this stone and squeeze it so that the water runs out of it, and the blood, like this.’ The Gypsy took the cheese; he squeezed it till the water ran out of it; then he said to the dragon, ‘Do you take it now and squeeze.’

He handed him a stone, and the dragon kept squeezing and squeezing till the blood streamed from his hand. ‘I see plainly,’ he said to the Gypsy, ‘you’re a better man than I.’

‘Well, take me now on your back, and carry me to your blind mother.’

They came to his blind mother. Fear seized her, for where did one ever hear the like of that--the dragon to carry the Gypsy on his back.

‘Now, you’ll give me just whatever I want.’

‘Fear not. I will give you as much money as you can carry, and as much food as you want, both to eat and to drink; only let me live and my mother. And I’ll never go after the sheep any more.’

‘Well and good. I could kill you this moment, and your blind mother too. Then swear to me that you will go no more to that peasant’s to devour his sheep.’

Straightway he swore to him, that indeed he would go no more.

‘Now you must give me money, both gold and silver, and then you must take me on your back and carry me home.’

Well and good. He gave him the money, and took him on his back, and carried home the Gypsy and the money. The Gypsy’s wife sees them. ‘My God! What’s up?’ And the children-he had plenty--came running out. The dragon was dreadfully frightened and ran off. But he flung down the Gypsy’s money and left it there. The Gypsy was so rich there was not his equal. He was just like a gentle-man. And if he is not dead, he is still living, with his wife and children.

There must be also a Turkish-Gypsy version, for Paspati on p. 576 gives this quotation from the story of a young man’s contest with a dragon:--’I am looking to see which is the highest mountain, to seize you, and fling you thither, that not a bone of you be left whole.’ Wlislocki furnishes a Transylvanian-Gypsy variant, ‘The Omniscient Gypsy,’ No. 23, p. 61; and the hero is a Gypsy in Lithuanian and Galician stories. ‘The Valiant Little Tailor’ (Grimm, No. 20, i. 85, 359), is very familiar, but is less like our Gypsy versions than is Hahn’s No. 23, ‘Herr Lazarus and die Draken.’ *Cf*. also Hahn, i. 152 and ii. 211; Cosquin, i. 95-102; and Clouston, i. 133-154. The story is widely spread; we have Norwegian, Sicilian, Hungarian, Albanian, Turkish, Persian, Sanskrit, and other versions. ‘Valiant Vicky, the

Brave Weaver,' in F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories*, pp. 89-97, is a very modern, non-heroic Indian version; *cf*. also 'The Close Alliance,' pp. 132-7. 'How the Three Clever Men outwitted the Demons' (Mary Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, No. 23, p. 271) offers certain analogies; so does the 'Story of a Simpleton' in Campbell's *Santal Folk-tales*, p. 45.

No. 23. The Seer

They say that there was an emperor, and he had three sons. And he gave a ball; all Bukowina came to it. And a mist descended, and there came a dragon, and caught up the empress, and carried her into the forests to a mountain, and set her down on the earth. There in the earth was a palace. Now after the ball the men departed home.

And the youngest son was a seer; and his elder brothers said he was mad. Said the youngest, 'Let us go after our mother, and seek for her in Bukowina.' The three set out, and they came to a place where three roads met. And the youngest said, 'Brothers, which road will you go?'

And the eldest said, 'I will keep straight on.'

And the middle one went to the right, and the youngest to the left. The eldest one went into the towns, and the middle one into the villages, and the youngest into the forests. They had gone a bit when the youngest turned back and cried, 'Come here. How are we to know who has found our mother? Let us buy three trumpets, and whoever finds her must straightway blow a blast, and we shall hear him, and return home.'

The youngest went into the forests. And he was hungry, and he found an apple-tree with apples, and he ate an apple, and two horns grew. And he said, 'What God has given me I will bear.' And he went onward, and crossed a stream, and the flesh fell away from him. And he kept saying,' What God has given me I will bear. Thanks be to God.' And he went further, and found another apple-tree. And he said, 'I will eat one more apple, even though two more horns should grow.' When he ate it the horns dropped off. And he went further, and again found a stream. And he said, 'God, the flesh has fallen from me, now will my bones waste away; but even though they do, yet will I go.' And he crossed the stream; his flesh grew fairer than ever. And he went up into a mountain. There was a rock of stone in a spot bare of trees. And he reached out his hand, and moved it

aside, and saw a hole in the earth. He put the rock back in its place, and went back and began to wind his horn.

His brothers heard him and came. ‘Have you found my mother?’

‘I have; come with me.’

And they went to the mountain to the rock of stone.

‘Remove this rock from its place.’

‘But we cannot.’

‘Come, I will remove it.’

He put his little finger on it, and moved it aside.[72] ’Hah!’ said he, ‘here is our mother. Who will let himself down?’ And they said, ‘Not I.’

The youngest said, ‘Come with me into the forest, and we will strip off bark and make a rope.’

They did so, and they made a basket.

I will lower myself down, and when I jerk the rope haul me up.’

So he let himself down, and came to house No. 1. There he found an emperor’s daughter, whom the dragon had brought and kept prisoner.

And she said, ‘Why are you here? The dragon will kill you when he comes.’

And he asked her, ‘Didn’t the dragon bring an old lady here?’

And she said, ‘I know not, but go to No. 2; there is my middle sister.’

He went to her; she too said, ‘Why are you here? The dragon will kill you when he comes.’

And he asked, ‘Didn’t he bring an old lady?’

And she said, ‘I know not, but go to No. 3; there is my youngest sister.’

She said, ‘Why are you here? The dragon will kill you when he comes.’

And he asked, ‘Didn’t he bring an old lady here?’ And she said, ‘He did, to No. 4.’

He went to his mother, and she said, ‘Why are you here? The dragon will kill you when he comes.’

And he said, ‘Fear not, come with me.’ And he led her, and put her in the basket, and said to her, ‘Tell my brothers they’ve got to pull up three

maidens.' He jerked the rope, and they hauled their mother up. He put the eldest girl in the basket, and they hauled her up; then the middle one, jerked the rope, and they hauled her up. And while they are hauling, he made the youngest swear that she will not marry 'till I come.' She swore that she will not marry till he comes; he put her also in the basket, jerked the rope, and they hauled her up.

And he found a stone, and put it in the basket, and jerked the rope. 'If they haul up the stone, they will also haul up me.' And they hauled it half-way up, and the rope broke, and they left him to perish, for they thought he was in the basket. And he began to weep. And he went into the palace where the dragon dwelt, and pulled out a box, and found a rusty ring. And he is cleaning it; out of it came a lord, and said, 'What do you want, master?'

'Carry me out into the world.'

And he took him up on his shoulders, and carried him out. And he took two pails of water. When he washed himself with one, his face was changed; and when with the other, it became as it was before. And he brought him to a tailor in his father's city.

And he washed himself with the water, and his face was changed. And he went to that tailor; and that tailor was in his father's employment. And he hired himself as a prentice to the tailor for a twelvemonth, just to watch the baby in another room. The tailor had twelve prentices. And the tailor did not recognise him, nor his brothers.

The eldest brother proposed to the youngest sister, whom the seer had saved from the dragon. And she said, 'No, I have sworn not to marry until my own one comes.' The middle son also proposed; she said, 'I will not, until my own one comes.'

So the eldest son married the eldest girl; the middle son married the middle girl; and they called the tailor to make them wedding garments, and gave him cloth.

And the emperor's son said, 'Give it me to make.'

'No, I won't, you wouldn't fit him properly.'

'Give it me. I'll pay the damage if I don't sew it right.'

The tailor gave it him, and he rubbed the ring. Out came a little lord, and said, 'What do you want, master?'

‘Take this cloth, and go to my eldest brother, and take his measure, so that it mayn’t be too wide, or too narrow, but just an exact fit. And sew it so that the thread mayn’t show.’

And he sewed it so that one couldn’t tell where the seam came. And in the morning he brought them to the tailor.

‘Carry them to them.’

And when they saw them, they asked the tailor, ‘Who made these clothes? For you never made so well before.’

‘I’ve a new prentice made them.’

‘Since the youngest would not have us, we’ll give her to him, that he may work for us.’

They went and got married. After the wedding they called the prentice, called too the maiden, and bade her go to him.

She said, ‘I will not,’ for she did not know him.

The emperor’s eldest son caught hold of her to thrash her.

She said, ‘Go to him I will not.’

‘You’ve got to.’

‘Though you cut my throat, I won’t.’

Said the youngest son, ‘I’ll tell you what, Prince, let me go with her into a side-room and talk with her.’

He took her aside, and washed himself with the other water, and his face became as it was. She knew him.[73]

‘Come, now I’ll have you.’

He washed himself again with the first water, and his face was changed once more, and he went back to the emperor. And he asked her, ‘Will you have him?’

‘I will.’

‘The wedding is to be in twelve days.’

And they called the old tailor, and commanded him, ‘In twelve days’ time be ready for the wedding.’ And they departed home.

Six days are gone, and he takes no manner of trouble, but goes meanly as ever. Now ten are gone, and only two remain. The tailor called the bridegroom. ‘And what shall we do, for there’s nothing ready for the wedding?’

‘Ah! don’t fret, and fear not: God will provide.’

Now but one day remained; and he, the bridegroom, went forth, and rubbed the ring. And out came a little lord and asked him, ‘What do you want, master?’

‘In a day’s time make me a three-story palace, and let it turn with the sun on a screw, and let the roof be of glass, and let there be water and fish there; the fish swimming and sporting in the roof, so that the lords may look at the roof, and marvel what magnificence is this. And let there he victuals and golden dishes and silver spoons, and one cup being drained and one cup filled.’

That day it was ready.

‘And let me have a carriage and six horses, and a hundred soldiers for outriders, and two hundred on either side.’

On the morrow he started for the wedding, he from one place, and she from another; and they went to the church and were married, and came home. His brothers came and his father, and a heap of lords. And they drink and eat, and all kept looking at the roof.

When they had eaten and drunk, he asked the lords, What they would do to him who seeks to slay his brother?’

His brothers heard. ‘Such a one merits death.’

Then he washed himself with the other water, and his face became as it was. Thus his brothers knew him. And he said, ‘Good day to you, brothers. You fancied I had perished. You have pronounced your own doom. Come out with me, and toss your swords up in the air. If you acted fairly by me, it will fall before you, but if unfairly, it will fall on your head.’

The three of them tossed up their swords, and that of the youngest fell before him, but theirs both fell on their head, and they died.

‘The Seer’ belongs to the same group as Miklosich’s ‘Mare’s Son’ (No. 20), Grimm’s ‘Strong Hans,’ and Cosquin’s ‘Jean de l’Ours.’ Its first half is

largely identical with that of Ralston's 'Koshchei the Dauntless' (pp. 100-103), its latter half more closely with that of Ralston's 'The Norka' (pp. 75-80). There also the prince engages himself to a tailor: but, whilst in our Gypsy version the change in his appearance is satisfactorily accounted for, the Russian says merely, 'So much the worse for wear was he, so thoroughly had he altered in appearance, that nobody would have suspected him of being a prince.' The striking parallel with No. 120 of the *Gesta Romanorum* has been noticed in the Introduction; minor points of resemblance may be glanced at here. The mist that descends, and the carrying off of the empress, may be matched from Hahn, ii. 49, and Dietrich's *Russische Volksmärchen* (Leip. 1831), No. 5. For the cross-roads, compare Hahn, ii. 50, and the Welsh-Gypsy story of 'An Old King and his Three Sons' (No. 55), where likewise the younger of three sons goes to the left. Figs causing horns to grow occur in Hahn, i. 257 (*cf.* also Grimm, ii. 421-422; and De Gubernatis' *Zool. Myth.* i. 182). The box with the little lord belongs to the Aladdin cycle (*cf.* Welsh-Gypsy story, 'Jack and his Golden Snuffbox, No. 54; Grimm, ii. 258; and Clouston, i. 314-346). For the engagement to court-tailor as apprentice, *cf.* Grimm, ii. 388; for washing the face, Grimm, ii. 145; for pronouncing one's own doom, Grimm, i. 59; and for the concluding ordeal the close of our No. 20, p. 79. In a Lesbian story, 'Les trois Fils du Roi' (Georgeakis and Pineau's *Folk-lore de Lesbos*, No. 7, p. 41, the hero also turns tailor, the youngest maiden having given him three nuts containing three superb dresses.

No. 24. The Prince, His Comrade, And Nastasa The Fair

There was an emperor with an only son; and he put him to school, to learn to read. And he said to his father, 'Father, find me a comrade, for I'm tired of going to school.' The emperor summoned his servants, and sent them out into the world to find a boy, and gave them a carriageful of ducats, and described what he was to be like, and how old. So they traversed all the world, and found a boy, and gave a carriageful of ducats for him, and brought him to the emperor. The emperor clothed him, and put him to the school; and he was the better scholar of the two.

There was an empress, the lovely Nastasa.[74] A virgin she, who commanded her army. And she had a horse, which twelve men led forth from the stable; and she had a sword, which twelve more men hung on its peg. And princes came to seek her, and she said, 'He who shall mount my horse, him will I

marry, and he who shall brandish my sword.' And when they led forth the steed, and the suitors beheld it, they feared, and departed home.

The emperor's son said, 'Father, I will go to Nastasa the Fair, to woo her'; and he said, 'Come with me, brother.' Their father gave them two horses, and gave them plenty of ducats; and they set out to Nastasa the Fair. And night came upon them, and they rested and made a fire.

And the emperor's son said, 'If I had Nastasa the Fair here, I would stretch myself by her side; and if her horse were here, what a rattling I'd give him; and if her sword were here, I would brandish it.'

And his brother said, 'All the same, you've got to feed swine.'

And in the morning they journey till night, and at night they rested again. Again he said, 'If I had Nastasa the Fair here, I would stretch myself by her side; and if her horse were here, I would rattle him; and if her sword were here, I would brandish it.'

'Brother, you've got to feed swine.'

He cut off his head with his sword, and went onward. And two Huculs[75] came, and put his head on again, and sprinkled the water of life. And he arose, and mounted his horse, and gave each of the Huculs a handful of ducats. And he went after his brother, and caught him up on the road. And they journeyed till night, and he said to his brother, Brother, if you will hearken to me, it will go well with you.'

'I will, brother.' He came to Nastasa the Fair.

What have you come for?'

'We have come to demand your hand.'

And she said, 'Good, but will you mount my steed?'

'I will.'

She cried to her servants, 'Bring forth the steed.'

Twelve men brought him forth; the comrade mounted him. The horse flew up aloft with him, to cast him down. And he took his club, and kept knocking him over the head.

The horse said, 'Don't kill me.'

‘Let yourself gently down with me, and fall beneath me, and I will take you by the tail and drag you along the ground, that she may see how I treat you.’

He cried aloud, ‘What a poor, wretched horse you have given me.[76] Bring the sword, that I brandish it.’

Twelve men brought the sword; he brandished it, and flung it to the Ninth Region. There was Paul the Wild; he was nailed to the roof by the palms of his hands. And thither he flung the sword; it cut off his hands, and he fled away.

They summoned the prince to table to eat, and set him at table, and twelve servants ate with him. They kept squeezing him, and he said, ‘I’ll step outside into the fresh air.’ He went out, and said to his brother, ‘Come, do you sit here, for I’m off.’

So he sat there in their midst, and they kept squeezing him. And he took his club, and began to lay about with it. And he said, ‘This is your way of showing one honour.’ They fled and departed.

At nightfall now it grew dark, and Nastasa the Fair called the prince to her. He went to her. She set her foot on him, and picked him up, and he was like to die.

And he said, ‘Let me go into the fresh air.’

She said, ‘Go.’

He went out, and said to his brother, ‘Stay you here, for I’m off.’

And he went and lay down beside her. She set her foot on him. He took his club and thrashed her with it, so that he left in her only the strength of a mere woman.

He went out, went to his brother. ‘Well, brother, now you can go, and don’t be frightened; but, when you come to her, give her a slap.’

He went to her, gave her a slap, and slept beside her. In the morning they went out for a walk, and she said to him, ‘My lord, what a thrashing you gave me! yet when you came back you kissed me.’[77]

And he said to her, ‘I didn’t kiss you, I gave you a slap.’

‘Who then was it thrashed me?’

‘My brother.’

She said not a word.

The brother slept by himself in another room. And she took the sword and cut off his feet. He made himself a winged cart; it ran a mile when he gave it a shove. And he found Paul the Wild, and said, ‘Where are you going to, brother?’

‘I am going into the world to get my living, for I have no hands.’

‘Ha! let’s become Brothers of the Cross,[78] and do you yoke yourself to the cart, and draw it gently, for you have feet.’

They went a-begging, and went into the woods and found a house, and took up their abode in it. And they went into a city and begged. A girl came to give him an alms; and he caught her, and threw her into the cart, and fled with her into the forest, there where their house was. And they swore they would not commit sin with her. The devil came, and lay with her. And they heard, and arose in the morning.

And Dorohýj Kúpec[79] asked, ‘You swore. Why then did you go in to her and commit sin?’

‘It wasn’t me, brother, for I too heard, and I thought it was you.’

‘He’ll come this night, and do you take me in the stumps of your hands, and fling me on to them; I’ll seize him, whoever he is.’

At night he came to her, and lay with her. They heard, and Paul took him and flung him on to them. He seized the devil, and they lit the candle, and began to beat him. And he prayed them not to, ‘for I will restore you your feet, and likewise him his hands.’ In the morning they bound him by the neck, and led him to a spring.

‘Put your feet in the spring.’

He put his feet in the spring, and his feet became as they were before. And Paul put his hands in, and his hands were likewise restored. And Dorohýj Kúpec put some of the water of life in one pail, and some of the water of death in another. And he came back to their house; and they made a fire, put a fagot of wood on the fire, and burnt the devil, and flung his ashes to the wind. And Dorohýj Kúpec said, ‘Now, brother, do you take that girl to yourself, and live with her, for I will go to my brother.’

He set out, and went to his brother, and found his brother by the roadside feeding swine.

‘Well, do you mind my telling you, brother, you’d come to feed swine? Do you put on my clothes, and give me yours, for I’ll turn swineherd, and do you stay behind.’

He took and drove the swine home, and she cried, ‘Why have you driven the swine home so soon?’

The swine went into the sty, and one wouldn’t go; and he took a cudgel and beat it so that it died. And when Nastasa the Fair saw that, she fled into the palace, for this is Dorohýj Kúpec.’

He followed her into the palace, and said to her, ‘Good day to you, sister-in-law.’

‘Thanks,’ said she.

He caught her by the hand and dragged her out, and cut her all in pieces, and made three heaps of them; and two heaps he gave to the dogs, and they devoured them. And the rest of her he gathered into a single heap, and made a woman, and sprinkled her with the water of death, and she joined together; and sprinkled her with the water of life, and she arose.

‘Take her, brother; now you may live with her, for now she has no great strength. I will go home,’ said Dorohýj Kúpec.

And home he went.

This Gypsy story is absolutely identical with the widespread Russian one of The Blind Man and the Cripple’ (Ralston, pp. 240-256). The Russian version as a whole is fuller and more perfect; yet neither from it, nor, seemingly, from any of its variants, can the Gypsy tale be derived. The opening of the latter comes much. closer to that of Hahn’s story from Syra (ii. 267), a variant of the Turkish-Gypsy story of ‘The Dead Man’s Gratitude’ (No. 1), and surely itself of Gypsy origin. Here a king has an only son, and puts him to school; and the vizier, sent in quest of another lad, buys a beautiful Gypsy boy with a voice like a nightingale’s. He, too, is put to school, and proves the better scholar of the two.

In Ralston, as in Hahn, ii. 268, the prince falls in love through a portrait (*cf*. *supra*, p. 4). In Ralston Princess Anna the Fair propounds a riddle, as in the Turkish-Gypsy story of The Riddle’ (No. 3), where, too, she consults her

book (*cf*. Ralston, p. 242). In Ralston there is no quarrel, and no cutting off of head; nothing also of the heroic sword. The squeezing by the servants is wanting in the Russian tale, but the sleeping with the bride occurs in a variant, and Ralston cites a striking parallel from the *Nibelungenlied*. The comrade in Ralston, after his feet are cut off, falls in with a *blind* hero; the devil--a late survival of the mediæval incubus--is represented by a Baba Yaga; and the prince is made a cowherd (but a swineherd in two of the variants). The finale in Ralston is extremely poor--best in the Ryazan variant, where the comrade beats the enchantress-queen with red-hot bars until he has driven out of her all her magic strength, 'leaving her only one woman's strength, and that a very poor one.' In the winged cart we seem to get a forecast of the tricycle.

No. 25. The Hen That Laid Diamonds

There was a poor man, and he had three sons. And the youngest found six kreutzers, and said, 'Take, father, these six kreutzers, and go into the town and buy something.' And the old man went into the town and bought a hen, and brought it home; and the hen laid a diamond egg. And he put it in the window, and it shone like a candle. And in the morning the old man arose and said, 'Wife, I will go into the town with this egg.' And he went into the town, and went to a merchant. 'Buy this egg.'

'What do you want for it?'

'Give me a hundred florins.'

He gave him a hundred florins. The old man went home and bought himself food, and put the boys to school. And the hen laid another egg, and he' brought it again to that merchant, and he gave him a hundred more florins. He went home. Again the hen laid an egg; he brought it again to that merchant. And on the egg there was written: 'Whoso eats the hen's head shall be emperor; and whoso eats the heart, every night he shall find a thousand gold pieces under his head; and whoso eats the claws shall become a seer.'

The merchant came to that village and hired the old man: 'What shall I give you to convey my merchandise?'

'Give me a hundred florins.'

And he hired the man with the hen for half a year. The merchant came to the man's wife and said, 'Your man is dead, and my money is gone with him, but I'm willing to wed you: I'm rich.'

'Wedded let us be.'

'Good, we will, and kill me the hen for the wedding-feast. We shall do without fiddlers.'[80]

And they hired a cook. 'Have the hen ready against our return from church.'

The boys came home from school. 'Give us something to eat.'

'I've nothing to give you, for he told me not to give any of the hen.'

And the boys begged her, 'Do let us have a bit too, for it was we looked after the hen; do let us have a bit too, if it's ever so little.'

She gave the eldest the head, and the middle one the heart, and to the youngest she gave the claws. And they went off to school.

And they came from the wedding, and sat down to table; and he said to the cook, 'Give us to eat.'

And she served up the hen to them. And he asked for the head and the heart, and he asked for the claws. There were none!

And he asked the cook, 'Where is the head?'

She said, 'The boys ate it.'

And he, that merchant, said, 'I don't want any of this hen. Give me the head and the heart and the claws; I will eat only them.'

The cook said, 'The boys ate them.'

And he said, 'Wife, make them bitter coffee to make them vomit.'

And they came home from school, and the youngest boy said, 'Don't drink this coffee, it will kill you.'[81]

They went home, and their mother gave them the coffee; and they poured it on the ground and went back to school.

The merchant came and asked, 'Were they sick?'

She answered, 'No.'

‘I will go to the town and buy apples; and do you entice them into the cellar, and I will cut their throats, and take out head, heart, and claws, and eat them.’

The youngest brother said, ‘Let us go out into the world.’

‘Go! what for?’

‘Our father is meaning to kill us.’

They departed, and went into another kingdom. The emperor there was dead; and they took his crown and put it in the church; whosever head the crown falls on he shall be emperor. And men of all ranks came into the church; and the three boys came. And the eldest went before, and slipped into the church; and the crown floated on to his head.

‘We have a new emperor.’

They raised him shoulder-high,[82] and clad him in royal robes. A mandate is issued: There is a new emperor. The army came and bowed before the new emperor.

And the middle brother said, ‘I’m off. I shan’t stay here. I want to be emperor too.’

And the youngest said, ‘I shall stay.’

So the middle one departed, and went to another emperor; that emperor had a daughter. And thus said the emperor, ‘Whoever surpasses her in money, he shall marry her.’

He went to her. ‘Come, let us play for money.’

They started playing; he beat her. One day they played, and two not. And he surpassed her in money, and wedded her. And the emperor joined them in marriage, and made him king.

And she had a lover. And that lover sent her a letter: ‘Ask him where he gets all his money from.’

And she asked him: ‘My lord, where do you get all your money from, that you managed to beat me?’

‘Every night I find a thousand gold pieces under my head.’

‘How so?’

‘I ate a hen’s heart.’

She wrote a letter and sent it to her lover: ‘He ate a hen’s heart, and every night he finds a thousand gold pieces under his head.’

And he sent her another letter: ‘Make him coffee, that he vomit--vomit that heart up. And do you take it and eat it; then I’ll marry you.’

She made him coffee, and he drank it, and vomited up the heart; and she took it and ate it. And she went to her father. ‘Come, father, see how he vomits. He’s not the man for me.’

The emperor saw how he vomited. ‘Here, off you go. I don’t want your sort.’ And he took all his clothes off him, and gave him common clothes. And he departed.

He went into the forest, and he hungered, and he came to an apple-tree. He took an apple and ate it, and became an ass. He goes weeping, goes onward, and found a crab-apple, and ate one of its apples, and became a man again. He turned back and took two apples, and took two also of the crab-apples, and went to the city where his wife was. And he stood by the roadside, and his wife went out to walk.

‘Are your apples for sale, my man?’

‘They are.’

He sold her an apple. She took a bite of it, and became a she-ass. He took her by the mane, and put a bridle on her head, and got on her, and galloped with her into the town, and went with her to an inn, and ordered bitter coffee, and poured it into her mouth; and she vomited, and vomited, and vomited up the heart. And he took it and ate it, and said, ‘Now, I’m master.’ And he went to his father-in-law: ‘I demand justice; this is your daughter.’

The emperor summoned his ministers, but he said, ‘I don’t want *you* to pass judgment; come with me to the new emperor.’

So they went to the new emperor. And the emperor drives in his carriage, and he goes riding on his wife.

And the youngest brother said, ‘My brother will appeal to you for judgment; deliver a good one.’

The emperors met, and bowed themselves; and the father-in-law said, ‘Deliver judgment for this man.’

‘I will. You have made her a she-ass; make her a woman again.’

‘But she’ll have to behave herself in the future.’

‘She shall,’ said her father, ‘only do restore her.’

He gave her a crab-apple, and she ate it, and became a woman again. The emperor took off his crown and set it on his head. ‘Do you take my crown, do you be emperor.’

‘Das goldene Hahn,’ a Greek story from Ziza (Hahn, No. 36, i. 227), presents a very close parallel:--The Jew knows that whoever eats the head will be king, whoever eats the heart will be able to read men’s hearts, and whoever eats the liver will every morning find a thousand piastres under his pillow. . . The three boys, coming from school, eat them. . . . Their mother tries to poison them. . . . By advice of the middle boy they do not eat. . . . Finally they go out into the world.

The episode of the crown, suggestive of the Arthurian legend, is wanting in Hahn. The notion of a contest in money occurs, to the best of my knowledge, in no other folk-tale; but we meet with it in the second fytt of the English ballad of ‘The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.’ And at Peterborough Fair, in September 1872, a Gypsy told me, as a matter of history, of a similar contest between two Gypsies: each had to show a guinea for the other’s.

Grimm’s ‘Two Brothers’ (No. 60, i. 244, 418), with its variants, should be carefully compared, also his ‘Donkey Cabbages’ (No. 122, ii. 139, 419), which is a recast of the latter portion of our Bukowina-Gypsy story, for we get bird’s heart . . . gold pieces under pillow . . . emetic . . . donkey cabbage . . . recovery through different kind of cabbage . . . punishment . . . restoration . emetic proposed. It is noteworthy also that the conclusion of Grimm’s ‘Two Brothers’ can be matched by the conclusion of a Hungarian-Gypsy story (Friedrich Miller’s No. 5), whose first half I have summarised on p. 34. Its hero next comes to a city deprived of its water by twelve dragons, who are also going to eat the king’s daughter. He undertakes to rescue her, but falls asleep with his head on her knee. The twelve white dragons roar under the earth, and then emerge one by one from out of the fountain, to be torn in pieces by the hero’s twelve wild animals. The water becomes plentiful, and the hero marries the princess. But a former lover of hers poisons him. The twelve animals find his grave, and dig him up. They

go in quest of the healing herb; and the hare, ‘whose eyes are always open, sees a snake with it in his mouth, robs the snake of it, and runs off, but at the snake’s request restores a portion.’ They then resuscitate their master. (*Cf*. Grimm’s ‘The Two Snake-leaves,’ No. 16, i. 70; Hahn, ii. 204, 260, 274; and our Bukowina-Gypsy story, ‘Pretty-face’ (No. 29, p. 111). The hero sends a challenge by the lion to the former lover, who is just about to wed the princess. She reads, weeps, and breaks off the match. In comes the hero, and they are married again. If they are not dead, they are still alive.’

Clouston epitomises Roman and Indian versions of our story (i. 93-99), but omits ‘The Two Brothers’ in F. A. Steel’s *Wide-awake Stories*, pp. 138-152, and ‘Saiyid and Said’ in Knowles’s *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, pp. 74-97. The last offers wonderfully close analogies to the Gypsy story. *Cf*. also Krauss, i. 187; and Vuk’s Servian story, No. 26.

No. 26. The Winged Hero

There was a certain great craftsman, and he was rich. He took to drinking and gambling, and drank away all his wealth, and grew poor, so that he had nothing to eat. He saw a dream, that he should make himself wings; and he made himself wings, and screwed them on, and flew to the Ninth Region, to the emperor’s castle, and lighted down And the emperor’s son went forth to meet him, and asked him, ‘Where do you come from, my man?’

‘I come from afar.’

‘Sell me your wings.’

‘I will.’

‘What do you want for them?’

‘A thousand gold pieces.’

And he gave him them, and said to him, ‘Go home with the wings, and come back in a month’s time.’

He flew home, and came back in a month; and the prince said to him, ‘Screw the wings on to me.’

And he screwed them on, and wrote down for the prince which peg he was to turn to fly, and which peg he was to turn to alight. The prince flew a little, and let himself down on the ground, and gave him another thousand florins more, and gave him also a horse, that he might ride home. The

prince screwed on the wings, and flew to the south. A wind arose from the south, and tossed the trees, and drove him to the north. In the north dwelt the wind, drove him to the Ninth Region. And a fire was shining in the city. And he lighted down on the earth, and unscrewed his wings, and folded them by his side, and came into the house. There was an old woman, and he asked for food. She gave him a dry crust, and he ate it not. He lay down and slept. And in the morning he wrote a letter for her, and gave her money, and sent her to a cookshop with a letter to the cookshop to give him good food. And the old woman came home, and gave him to eat, and he also gave to the old woman. He went outside, and saw the emperor's palace with three stories of stone and the fourth of glass. And he asked the old woman, 'Who lives in the palace? and who lives in the fourth story?'

'The emperor's daughter lives there. He won't let her go out. He gives her her food there by a rope.'

And the maid-servant lowered the rope, and they fastened the victuals to it, and she drew them up by the rope. And the maid-servant had a bedchamber apart, where she slept only of a night, and the day she passed with the princess.

And that emperor's son screwed on his wings and flew up, flew to the glass house, and he looked to see how the bars opened, and opened them, and let himself in. And she was lying lifeless on the bed. And he shakes her, and she never speaks. And he took the candle from her head; and she arose, and embraced him, and said to him, 'Since you are come to me, you are mine, and I am yours.' They loved one another till daybreak; then he went out, placed the candle at her head, and she was dead. And he closed the bars again, and flew back to the old woman.

Half a year he visited the princess. She fell with child. The maid-servant noticed that she was growing big, and her clothes did not fit her. She wrote a letter to the emperor: 'What will this be, that your daughter is big?' The emperor wrote back a letter to her: 'Smear the floor at night with dough, and whoever comes will leave his mark on the floor.' She placed the candle at her head, and the girl lay dead. And she smeared the floor with dough, and went to her chamber. The emperor's son came again to her, and let himself in to her, and never noticed they had smeared the floor, and made footprints with his shoes, and the dough stuck to his shoes, but he never noticed it, and went home to the old woman, and lay down and slept. The

servant-maid went to the emperor's daughter, and saw the footprints, and wrote a letter to the emperor, and took the measure of the footprints, and sent it to the emperor. The emperor summoned two servants, and gave them a letter, and gave them the measure of the footprints. 'Whose shoes the measure shall fit, bring him to me.' They traversed the whole city, and found nothing.

And one said, 'Let's try the old woman's.'

And another said, 'No, there's nobody there.'

'Stay here. I'll go.'

And he saw him sleeping, and applied the measure to his shoes. They summoned him. 'Come to the emperor.'

'All right.'

He bought himself a great cloak, and put it on, so that his wings might not be noticed, and went to the emperor. The emperor asked him, 'Have you been going to my daughter?'

'I have.'

'With what purpose have you done so?'

'I want to marry her.'

The emperor said, 'Bah! you'll not marry her, for I'll burn you both with thorns.'

The emperor commanded his servants, and they gathered three loads of thorns, and set them on fire, and lowered her down, to put them both on the fire. The emperor's son asked, 'Allow us to say a *pater noster*.' He said to the girl, 'When I fall on my knees, do you creep under the cloak and clasp me round the neck, for I'll fly upwards with you.'

She clasped him round the neck, and quickly he screwed the wings, and flew upwards. The cloak flew off, the soldiers fired their guns at it; on he flew. She cried, 'Let yourself down, for I shall bear a child.'

He said, 'Hold out.'

He flew further, and alighted on a rock on a mountain, and she brought forth a child there. She said, 'Make a fire.' He saw a fire in a field afar off. He screwed his wings, and flew to the fire, and took a brand of it, and

returned. And a spark fell on one wing, and the wing caught fire. Just as he was under the mountain the wing fell off, and he flung away the other one as well. And he walked round the mountain, and could not ascend it.

And God came to him and said, ‘Why weepest thou?’ Ah! how should I not weep? for I cannot ascend the mountain, and my wife has brought forth a child.’

‘What will you give me if I carry you up to the top?’

‘I will give you whatever you want.’

‘Will you give me what is dearest to you?’

‘I will.’

‘Let us make an agreement.’

They made one. God cast him into a deep sleep, and her as well, and God bore them home to his father’s, to his own bed, and left them there, and departed. And the child cried. The warders heard a child crying in the bedchamber. They went and opened the door, and recognised him, the emperor’s son. And they went to the emperor and told him, Your son has come, O emperor.’

‘Call him to me.’

They came to the emperor; they bowed themselves before him; they tarried there a year. The boy grew big, and was playing one day. The emperor and the empress went to church, and his nurse too went to the church. God came, disguised like a beggar. The emperor’s son said to the little lad, ‘Take a handful of money, and give it to the beggar.’

The beggar said, ‘I don’t want this money; it’s bad. Tell your father to give me what he vowed he would.’

The emperor’s son was angry, and he took his sword in his hand, and went to the old man to kill him. The old man took the sword into his own hand and said, ‘Give me what you swore to me--the child, you know--when you were weeping under the mountain.’

‘I will give you money, I will not give you the child.’

God took the child by the head, and the father took him by the feet, and they tugged, and God cut the child in half.

‘One half for you, and one half for me.’

‘Now you’ve killed him, I don’t want him. Take him and be hanged to you.’

God took him, and went outside, and put him together; and he was healed, and lived again.

‘Do you take him now.’

For God cut off his sins.

Of this story, widely familiar through H. C. Andersen’s ‘Flying Trunk,’ Wlislocki furnishes a Transylvanian-Gypsy variant, ‘The Wooden Bird,’ in his ‘Beiträge zu Benfey’s Pantschatantra’ (*Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenl. Gesellschaft*, vol. xxxii. 1888, part i. p. 119). For that variant and many others--Persian, Hindu, Modern Greek, etc., including ‘Der Weber als Wischnu’ from Benfey, i. 159-163, ii. 48-56, see W. A. Clouston’s *Notes on the Magical Elements in Chaucer’s ‘Squire’s Tale,’ and Analogues* (Chaucer Soc. 1890, pp. 413-471). *Cf.* also Grimm’s ‘Blue Light,’ No. 116; Hahn, No. 15, and ii. 269, for tower of glass or crystal; Cosquin, No. 31; and Hahn, ii. 186, for a king who governs nine kingdoms. With the princess lying lifeless on the bed compare the lady sleeping on a golden bedstead in Lal Behari Day’s *Folk-tales of Bengal*, p. 251. In ‘The Demon and the King’s Son’ (Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 186), the demon every day makes his daughter lie on her bed, and covers her with a sheet, and places a thick stick at her head, and another at her feet. Then she dies till he comes home in the evening and changes the sticks. This brings her to life again. *Cf.* also notes to our Welsh-Gypsy story of ‘An Old King and his three Sons’ (No. 55).

No. 27. Tropsyn

There was a poor man, and he had four sons. And they went out to service, and went to a gentleman to thrash wheat. And they received so much wheat for a wage, and brought it to their father. ‘Here, father, eat; we will go out to service again.’ And they went again to a gentleman, who was to. give them each a horse at the year’s end. And the youngest was called Tropsyn; and the gentleman made him his groom. And a mare brought forth a colt; and that colt said, ‘Tropsyn, take me. The year is up now.’

The gentleman said, ‘Choose your horses.’

So the three elder brothers chose good horses; but Tropsyn said, ‘Give me this horse, master.’

‘What will you do with it? it’s so little.’

‘So it may be.’

Tropsyn took it and departed; and the colt said, ‘Let me go, Tropsyn, to my dam to suck.’

And he let it go, and it went to its dam, and came back a horse to terrify the world.

‘Now mount me.’

He mounted, and the horse flew. He caught up his brothers, and his brothers asked him, ‘Where did you get that horse from?’

‘I killed a gentleman, and took his horse.’

‘Let’s push on, and escape.’

Night fell upon them as they were passing a meadow, and in that meadow they saw the light of a fire. They made for the light. It was an old woman’s, and she was a witch, and had four daughters. And they went there, and went into the house; and Tropsyn said, ‘Good-night.’

‘Thank you.’

‘Can you give us a night’s lodging?’

‘I’m not sure; my mother is not at home. When she comes you had better ask her.’

The mother came home. ‘What are you wanting, young fellows?’

‘We’ve come to demand your daughters in marriage.’

‘Good.’

She made them a bed on the ground with its head to the threshold, and her daughters’ with its head to the wall. And the old woman sharpened her sword to cut off their heads. And Tropsyn took his brothers’ caps, and put them on the girls’ heads. And the old woman arose, and kept feeling the caps, and keeps cutting off the heads, and killed her daughters.

Tropsyn arose, and led his brothers outside. ‘Come, be off.’ And he arose, Tropsyn; and the old woman had a golden bird in a cage; and Tropsyn said

to the horse, ‘I will take a feather of the bird.’

And the horse said, ‘Don’t.’

‘Bah! I will.’ And he took a feather, and put it in his pocket.

And they mounted their horses and rode away, and went to a city. There was a great lord, a count; and he asked them, ‘Where are you going?’

‘We are going to service.’

‘Take service with me, then.’

And that lord was still unmarried. And they went to him, and he gave them each a place. One he set over the horses, and one he set over the oxen, and one he set over the swine; and Tropsyn he made coachman. Of a night Tropsyn stuck the feather in the wall, and it shone like a candle. And his brothers were angry, and went to their master. ‘Master, Tropsyn has a feather, such that one needs no candle--of gold.’

The master called: ‘Tropsyn, come here, bring me the feather.’

Tropsyn brought it, and gave it to his master. The master liked him better than ever, and the brothers went to the master, and said to him, ‘Master, Tropsyn has said that he’ll bring the bird alive.’

The master called Tropsyn. ‘Tropsyn, bring me the bird. If you don’t, I shall cut off your head.’

He went to his horse. ‘What am I to do, horse, for the master has told me to bring the bird?’

‘Fear not, Tropsyn; jump on my back.’

So he mounted the horse, and rode to the old woman’s. And the horse said to him, ‘Turn a somersault,[83] and you’ll become a flea, and creep into her breast and bite her. And she’ll fling off her smock, and do you go and take the bird.’

And he took the bird, and departed to his master; the master made him a lackey.

And there was in the Danube a lady, a virgin; and of a Sunday she would go out on the water in a boat. And his brothers came to their master and said, ‘Master, Tropsyn boasts that he’ll bring the lady from the bottom of the Danube.’

‘Tropsyn, come here. What is this you’ve been boasting, that you’ll bring me the lady?’

‘I didn’t.’

‘You’ve got to, else I shall cut off your head.’

He went to his horse. ‘What am I to do, horse, for how shall I bring her?’

And the horse said, ‘Fear not, let him give you twelve hides and a jar of pitch,[84] and put them on me, and let him make you a small ship, not big, and let him put various drinks in the ship. And do you hide yourself behind the door. And she will come, and drink brandy, and get drunk, and sleep. And do you seize her, and jump on my back with her, and I will run off home.’

The horse ran home to the master, and Tropsyn gave her to his master in the castle. The count shut the doors, and set a watch at the window to prevent her escape, for she was wild. The count wanted to marry her; she will not.

Let them bring my herd of horses, then I will marry you. He who brought me, let him bring also my horses.’

The count said, ‘Tropsyn, bring the horses.’

Tropsyn went to his horse. ‘What am I to do, horse? How shall I bring the horses from the Danube?’

‘Come with me, fear not.’

When he came to the Danube, the horse leapt into the Danube, and caught the mother of the horses by the mane, and led her out. And Tropsyn caught her, and mounted her, and galloped off. And the whole herd came forth, and ran after their dam home to the count’s palace. The lady cried ‘ Halt!’ to the horses.

The count wants to marry her. She says, ‘Let him milk my mares, and when you have bathed in their milk, then I will marry you.’

The count cried, ‘Tropsyn, milk the mares.’

And Tropsyn went to his horse. ‘What shall I do, horse? How shall I milk the mares?’

‘Fear not, for I will catch her by the mane, and do you milk, and fear not.’

And he milked a whole caldron full.

And the lady said, ‘Make a fire, and boil the milk.’

And they made a fire, and the milk boils.

‘Now,’ said the lady, ‘let him who milked the mares bathe in the milk.’

And the count said, ‘Tropsyn, go and bathe in the milk.’

He went to the horse. ‘What shall I do, horse? for if I bathe, then I shall die.’

The horse said, ‘Fear not, lead me to the caldron; I will snort through my nostrils, and breathe out frost.’

He led the horse; the horse snorted through his nostrils; then the milk became lukewarm. Then he leapt into the caldron, and fair as he was before, he came out fairer still. When he came out, the horse snorted through his nostrils, and breathed fire into the caldron, and the milk boiled again.

And the lady said to the count, ‘Go thou too and bathe in the milk, then will I live with thee.’

The count went to the caldron and said, ‘Tropsyn, bring me my horse.’

Tropsyn brought him his horse; the horse trembled from afar. The count leapt into the caldron; only bones were to be seen at the bottom of the caldron.

Then cried the lady, ‘Come hither, Tropsyn; thou art my lord, and I am thy lady.’

Of this Bukowina-Gypsy story we have a very interesting Welsh-Gypsy version, taken down in Rómani from Matthew Wood’s recitation by Mr. Sampson, and thus epitomised by him in English:--

No. 28. The Beautiful Mountain

Somewhere far off were a quarryman and his wife. They had a son in their old age. They died. An old man comes to beg, and asks boy will he come with him to seek fortune. They go. ‘Wish me into a horse.’ Boy does so. ‘Jump on my back.’ He does so. They take the road. Horse warns boy to help anything in distress. Boy finds a little fish cast up by the tide, and puts it back in the water. Fish promises gratitude. They cross the Beautiful Mountain. Horse warns boy to touch nothing. A feather blows in his mouth. He spits it out again and again, but it returns. He looks at it, thinks it pretty, puts it in his pocket. They descend other side of the mountain. Boy hears

noise of bellowing in a castle. Finds sick giant in bed, without servant-maid. Boy gets him food. Giant promises gratitude. Horse asks boy if he touched anything on mountain. ‘Nothing but this feather.’ ‘That feather will bring you sorrow, but keep it now you have it.’ They come to a castle. Boy asks for work. Master tests his hand-writing. Engages him. Wants him to sleep indoors; he prefers stable beside his old horse (*cf*. Grimm, No. 126, ii. 155, also for *pen*). They marvel at his penmanship, done with this feather. One day the master’s man steals the pen by a ruse, and brings it to master: ‘Master, the man that got the feather can get the bird.’ Boy tells horse what they want him to do. Horse tells him to ask for three days’ leave and three sacks of gold. Horse and boy go off. They go and get the bird, choosing the dirtiest and ugliest bird (*cf*. Polish-Gypsy story, No. 49, for choosing bird in common cage). The master’s man says, ‘Master, the bird is fair, but fairer still the lady’ (that owned it). Boy told to fetch lady; he tells horse. Horse reminds him that he said the feather would bring him trouble. Three more days and three purses of gold. Horse says, ‘Wish me into a boat on the sea.’ The boat is full of the finest silk. They sail under the castle. Lure lady on board to see silk. She goes into cabin. Boy weighs anchor and off. Lady comes up, and drops her keys into sea. They return. Man says to master, ‘Master, the man that got the lady can get the castle.’ Boy tells horse. Horse reminds him of unlucky feather. Three more days and bags of gold. They go. Horse reminds boy of giant’s promise. Giant puts chain round castle and drags it along. The castle is walled round and locked. Lady demands her keys. Boy and horse go off, call the little fish. He fails to find keys. Tries again and brings them up. Keys given to lady. Lady says, ‘Which would you prefer, Jack, to have your head cut off or your master’s head cut off?’ Boy says, ‘Cut off mine, not his.’ Lady says, ‘You have spoken well. Had you not spoken thus, your own head would have been cut off. Now the master’s head will fall, not yours.’ Boy and lady wed, and live in the castle still. ‘Now you’ve got it.’

It must at least be nearly five hundred years since the ancestors of our Welsh Gypsies parted from those of their kinsfolk in Bukowina; yet the resemblance between these two versions still is marvellous. The talking horse, the entering into service at the castle, the feather, the fetching the bird, the fetching a lady (in the Bukowina version not *the* lady), the cabin even, the fetching the lady’s belongings, and the doom of the master--these eight details are common to both: the very order of them is identical. Non-

Gypsy variants are Grimm's 'Ferdinand the Faithful' (No. 126; ii. 153, 425), Cosquin's 'Le Roi d'Angleterre et son Filleul' (No. 3, i. 32), his 'La Belle aux Cheveux d'Or' (No. 72, ii. 290), the Donegal story of 'The Red Pony' in W. Larmenie's *West Irish Folk-tales* (1893, pp. 211-218), a Russian story summarised by Ralston (p. 287), and Laura Gonzenbach's long Sicilian story, 'Die Geschichte von Caruseddu' (No. 83, ii. 143-155, 257-9). All six deserve careful study, but specially the last, which links these stories to the heroic version of 'The Master Thief' (*supra*, p. 51). For its plot, told briefly, is this:--Caruseddu and his two elder brothers go as gardeners to a drape (rendered 'menschenfresser' or 'ogre,' but query rather 'dragon'). By the Hop-o'-my-thumb device of changing caps, as in 'Tropsyn' (*cf.* also Hahn, ii. 179-180), Caruseddu deludes him into devouring his own three daughters. The brothers then take service with a king--Caruseddu as trusted servant, the others as gardeners. They are jealous of Caruseddu, and get the king to send him to steal first the*dragu's* talking horse, next his bed-cover with golden balls, and lastly the *dragu* himself. This last task he achieves by the trick of getting the *dragu* to try if a new coffin for (the supposed dead) Caruseddu is big enough.[85] Still at his brothers' suggestion, Caruseddu is now sent to fetch the daughter of the queen with the seven veils; he achieves this, like his former feats, with the help of the talking horse. The princess refuses to wed the king unless he recovers for her the veil and the ring she had lost on the way to him; Caruseddu recovers them by the aid of a grateful bird and a grateful fish (*cf.* the Welsh version). He also sifts a barnful of wheat, oats, and barley with the aid of grateful ants. Lastly, he has to plunge into a fiery furnace, but, smeared with foam snorted by the talking horse, he emerges uninjured, far fairer than before. The old and ugly king has to essay the same ordeal, and asks Caruseddu what he smeared himself with. Who, sickened at last by his master's ingratitude, answers, 'With fat.' So the king is burnt to ashes, and Caruseddu marries the princess. Reinhold Köhler, the learned annotator of Gonzenbach, compares Straparola, iii. 2 (Grimm, ii. 478) and a Wallachian story, where the hero bathes in boiling milk, which his magic horse blows cold, but in which the king himself perishes. Wratislaw gives a curious Servian story from Bosnia,--'The Bird-catcher' (No. 42, pp. 239-245). Here the hero, a bird-catcher, is advised by a grateful crow, but the horse comes in very *mal-àpropos* at the finish. *Cf.* also Hahn, ii. 180, 186; and Clouston's*Eastern Romances*, p. 499, 570.

No. 29. Pretty-Face

There was a widow lady, and she had an only son. An he stuck his ring in the wall, and said, ‘Mother, when blood flows from the ring, then I am dead.’

And he was called Peter Pretty-face.

He took the road, and the dragon with six heads came, and he drew his sword and killed him, and made three heaps of him, and planted a red flag, and went further. And a dragon with twelve heads came, and he drew his sword, and killed him also, and made twelve heaps, and planted a black flag, and went further. And there came one with twenty-four heads, and he killed him also, and made twenty-four heaps, and planted a white flag.

Behold! the dragons carried off an emperor’s daughter--there were twelve dragons--and shut her up in their castle. And they went and fought from morning even till noon; he who shall prove himself strongest, he shall marry the maiden.

And his mother had said to him, ‘If you will go, your death will not be by a hero, but your death will be by cripple.’

So he went to that castle, and saw the maiden at the window, and he asked her, ‘What are you doing there?’

‘The dragons carried me off, and shut me up here.’

‘And where are they gone to?’

‘They are gone to fight for me.’

‘And when will they come home?’

‘They will come at noon to dine. And they will hurl their club, and it will strike the door, that I may have the food ready.’

He opened the door and went in to her. The dragon hurled the club, and struck the door; and he took the club and hurled it back, and killed them all.

‘Now have no fear; they are dead.’

He married the emperor’s daughter.

And the emperor heard that the dragons had carried off his daughter; and the emperor said, ‘He who shall free her from the dragons, he shall marry

her.' The emperor knew not that Peter Pretty-face had married her. He thought that the dragons had carried her off.

And there was one Chutilla the Handless, and he went to the emperor. 'I, O emperor, will rescue your daughter from the dragons.'

'Well, if you do, she shall be yours.'

So he, Chutilla, went to Peter Pretty-face. And night came upon him, and he had nowhere to sleep, and he crept into the hen-house. In the morning Peter Pretty-face arose, and washed his face, and looked out of the window, and Chutilla came forth from the hen-house.

And Peter Pretty-face saw him. ' By him is my death.' Chutilla came indoors and said, 'Good-morning, Peter Pretty-face.'

'Thanks, Chutilla.'

'Come, Peter Pretty-face, give me the emperor's daughter.'

He said, 'I will not.'

Chutilla caught him by the throat, and placed his head on the threshold.[86] 'Give me, Peter Pretty-face, the maiden, else I will cut off your head.'

'Cut it off; I will not give her.'

Chutilla cut off his head, and took the girl and departed.

Blood began to flow from the ring. His mother saw it. 'Now my son is dead.' She went after him, to seek for him, and came to the red flag. His mother said, 'My son went this way.' She went further, and came to the black flag. 'My son went this way.' She went further, and came to the white flag. 'My son went this way.' She came to the castle, found her son dead; and two serpents were licking the blood. And she struck one serpent, and it died. And the other serpent brought a leaf in its mouth, and went to the first serpent, and it also arose. And the lady saw, and killed it also, and took the leaf, and placed her son's head again on the trunk, and touched it with the leaf, and he arose.

'Mother, I was sleeping soundly.'

'You would have slept for ever if I had not come.'

'Mother, I will go to my lady.'

‘Go not, mother’s darling.’

‘Bah! I will go, mother.’

‘If go you will, God aid you.’

He went, and went straight to Chutilla, and seized Chutilla, and cut him all in little pieces, till he had cut him up, and cast him to the dogs, and they devoured him. And he took the emperor’s daughter, and went with her to the emperor.

And the maiden said, ‘Father, this is he that saved me from the dragons.’

The emperor joined them in marriage, and made him king. And they live, perhaps they are living even now.

I know no variant, Gypsy or Gentile, of this story, though Chutilla recalls the ‘Halber Mensch’ of Hahn, ii. 274. The three flags, red, black, and white, are seemingly unique. For casting the club to announce one’s coming, *cf. supra*, pp. 37, 40; and Denton’s *Serbian Folklore*, p. 124. For snake-leaf in Hungarian-Gypsy tale, *cf. supra*, p. 99. And for ‘Mother, I was sleeping soundly,’ *cf. supra*, p. 33. If the story of ‘Peter Pretty-face’ is complete, his easy victory at the end may be due to God’s help, invoked by the mother.

No. 30. The Rich And The Poor Brother

There were two brothers, one poor and one rich. And the rich one said to him, ‘Come with me, brother, to our father.’ And the rich one took bread for himself, and the poor one had none.

And the rich one kept eating bread, and the poor one said, ‘Give me, too, a bit of bread.’

‘If you will give me an eye, I will give you a bit of bread.’ ‘I will give it you, brother.’

And he took out an eye, and gave him a bit of bread.

And he went further, and he hungered. ‘Give me a bit more bread.’

‘Give me one more eye.’

‘I will give it you, brother.’

Behold, he was blind now, and his brother took him by the hand and led him under the gallows, and left him there; and his brother departed. At nightfall came the devils, and perched on the gallows.

And the biggest devil asked, ‘What hast done in the world? where wert walking?’

‘I did--I stopped the water.’

‘And thou, what hast thou done?’

‘The emperor’s daughter neither dies nor lives; she is just in torment.’

‘And thou, what hast thou done?’

‘I did--that a brother dug out a brother’s eyes.’

‘If he knew, there’s a brook here, and if he washed himself, he would see.’

‘If the townsfolk knew to go to the mountain and remove the stone, the water would flow again.’

And the third said, ‘But if the emperor’s daughter knew, under her bed there is a toad, and if she takes it out, and gets ready a bath, and puts the toad in the bath, and if they wash her, she would grow strong.’

Then the cocks crowed, and the devils departed.

So the man dragged himself to the brook, and kept feeling with his hand till he found the water. And he washed his face, and his eyes were restored to him. And he went into the city where they had stopped the water. ‘What will you give me if I release the water?’

‘What you want, we will give you.’

‘Well, come with me to the mountain, take to you iron crowbars.’

So they went to the mountain, and raised the stone; and the water flowed plentifully.

‘Well, now, what do you want, man, for releasing the water?’

‘Give me a carriage and two horses and a carriageful of money.’

They gave them to him. He went to the emperor’s daughter. ‘What will you give me if I make her strong?’

‘What you want, I will give you.’

‘Set water on the fire to boil.’

And he went and took out the toad, and threw it into the bath; and they washed the emperor’s daughter, and she grew stronger and fairer than ever.

‘What do you want for making her strong and fair?’

‘Give me two horses and a carriageful of money, and give me a driver home.’

So he went home, and sent the servant to his brother, to borrow a bushel. And his brother asked, ‘What to do with the bushel?’

‘To measure money with.’

His brother gave him the bushel; and went himself and asked his brother, ‘Where did you get it, the money, from, and the horses?’

‘From there where you left me.’

‘Lead me, too, thither to that place. I am sorry, brother.’

‘Don’t be sorry; you’ve just got to go. Well, come, brother.’

So they both went to the place where he dug out his eyes.

‘Give me, brother, a bit of bread.’

‘Give me an eye.’

He gave him an eye, and he gave him a bit of bread.

And they went further. ‘Give me, brother, a bit more bread.’

‘Give me one more eye.’

‘I will, brother.’

So he gave him a bit more bread, and took him by the hand, and led him under the gallows, and left him there, and departed. At nightfall came the devils, and perched on the gallows. And the biggest devil asked, ‘What have you done? where have you been to in the world?’

One said, ‘Don’t tell, for there was lately a blind man under the gallows, and he heard what we said. And he made himself eyes, and made the water run, and raised up the emperor’s daughter. Stay, while I look under the gallows.’

And they found the blind man. ‘There’s a blind man here.’ And they rent him all in pieces. Then the devils departed; the man was dead.

This story is told as well as story may be. There is a Gypsy variant, longer but not half so good, from the Hungarian Carpathians, in Miklosich’s *Beiträge*, p. 3:--

No. 31. The Three Brothers

There was, there was not, a lord; and he had three sons. And one was the eldest son, and he said to his father, ‘We will go somewhere to seek a livelihood.’

‘Well, go, my sons,’ said their father.

When they went, he baked loaves for each one to put in his wallet. Then they went a long way, and the youngest had most bread. And that youngest brother said, ‘Brothers mine, I cannot carry this wallet, so first we will eat from my wallet, brothers mine.’

When they had eaten, they then went a long way further, and then those two brothers ate, and gave not to the third. He now had nothing, and says, ‘Brothers mine, why don’t you give me to eat? You ate up mine, and now you don’t give me to eat.’

‘If you’ll let one of your eyes be taken out, then we will give you to eat,’ said the two elder brothers. And then they took out his eye, and then gave him to eat. When they had eaten, they went a long way further. And there again those two brothers eat, and the third one says, ‘Why don’t you give me to eat? Now you’ve taken my eye out, and yet give me nothing to eat.’

‘If you’ll let your other eye be taken out, then we will give you to eat.’

And he, the youngest, says, ‘Just do with me what you will.’

Then they took out his eye; then they gave him to eat; then that eyeless one said, ‘Lead me under the cross; maybe some one will give me something.’

They led him not under the cross, but under a gallows, and there hung a dead man. And then thither came three crows, and thus talked one with another:

‘What’s the news in your country?’ thus they asked one of them. ‘What’s the news?’

‘In my country there is no water.’

‘And in your country what’s the news?’

‘There’s a dew there, if a blind man rubs his eyes with it, he forthwith sees.’

‘And in your third country what’s the news?’

‘In my country there is a princess sick.’

And then those three crows went to the lad, and then they asked him what he was doing under the gallows. And he said, ‘My brothers brought me here.’

And then those three crows flew away. And that lad feels in the grass with his hands, then he put it on his eyes, then he moistened his eyes; forthwith he saw. And then that lad departed to the king. That lad was then the king’s servant, and went then to a city, and went up above the city, and saw there such a great rock, and struck that rock as with a rod; forthwith the water came from the rock. And then that water flowed into the city, where there was no water, there flowed that water, and the people were greatly rejoiced. And then he, that lad, cried that the water will always flow; then were the people greatly rejoiced that that water was flowing.

And then that boy went to another city, and there was a sick princess. He went to that king, and asked him, ‘What’s this princess got?’

‘What’s she got! she’s sick.’

‘If you will give me her to wife, then I will help her,’ said that lad to the king.

‘Do but help her, then we will give you her to wife.’

When he had healed her, then he took her to wife; and then they held the bridal seven whole years. And then he became young king.

That young king said to his soldiers, ‘Hark ye, soldiers, go after my two brothers.’

Then those soldiers went after those two brothers, and then they brought the brothers. Then that young king asks them, ‘How many brothers had you?’

And they said, ‘We are only two.’

The king says, ‘Hah! were there ever more of you?’

Then those two brothers say, ‘We were three.’

Then, ‘What have you done with the third one?’

‘Done with him! He demanded of us to eat, then we took out his eyes.’

Then, ‘I am he,’ thus did that young king say. ‘Now, what am I to do with you?’

Those two brothers say, ‘Lead us under that cross.’

He led them under that very cross. When he had led them, there came again those same three crows. When they had come, again they asked one another, ‘What is the news in your country?’

‘In my country now is the princess well.’

‘And in your second country what is the news?’

‘In my country now is much water.’

‘And in your third country what is the news?’

‘There now is no such dew as they rubbed the eyes with.’

Then those three crows came to those two lads, and then there those crows say, ‘We will tear these two lads.’ And they tore and devoured them. And then those three crows flew away, and flew into the sky.

With its *then’s* and its *that’s*, a very imperfect, schoolboyish version. It does not tell how the hero cured the princess, or that his two brothers were blinded. Non-Gypsy variants of this widespread story are Grimm’s The Two Travellers’ (No. 107, ii. 81), Cosquin’s ‘Les Deux Soldats de 1689’ (No. 7, i. 84), Denton’s Servian story of ‘Justice or Injustice’ (p. 83), Wratislaw’s ‘Right always remains Right’ (Lusatian, No. 14, p. 92), Hahn’s ‘Gilt Recht oder Unrecht’ (No. 30, i. 209), and others cited by Clouston (i. 249-261) from Norway, Portugal, the Kabyles, the Kirghiz, Arabia, Persia, and India. The borrowing the bushel occurs in the ‘Big Peter and Little Peter’ group of stories (*cf.* Clouston, i. 120, ii. 241-278; and Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales*, pp. 30, 100), of which we have a Welsh-Gypsy version (No. 68), and which have a certain affinity with ‘The Rich and the Poor Brother.’ ‘Prince Half-a-Son’ in F. A. Steel’s *Indian Wide-awake Stories*, p. 290, is plainly analogous. On p. 277 we have ‘a great rich wedding that lasted seven years and seven days.’

No. 32. The Enchanted City

There was a poor lad, and he served seven years, and could not earn anything. And he went into the world, and went into a city, and spent the night there, and lay down under a wall, and slept. In that wall there was a hole, and he awoke, and looked through the hole, and saw a candle. And he crept through the hole, and went into a palace. There was a great city, and there was an emperor in the city; and the emperor was dead, and also the empress was dead. And the emperor had a daughter, and she commanded

the army. And that city was excommunicated, and the people were turned into stone. So the lad went into the palace of the emperor, and there in the palace all were turned into stone. And he marvelled what this might be, that the men were like men, but yet were all turned into stone.

A cat came, and set food on the table. He sat down to table, and ate. At night came the cat, and brought him food, and brought. him cards, and said to him, ‘There will come a lord, and will say, “Play at cards,” and do you play; and he will spit on you, and do you bear it, but look at the clock. When it strikes ten, then give him a slap.’

Then there came devils as many as the blades of grass; and they beat him and tormented him till twelve o’clock; and the cocks crowed, and they fled. He lay down in the bed and slept. In the morning the cat brought him food, and he ate. At nightfall she again brought him food, said to him, ‘He will come again for you to play with him, and do you play till ten o’clock, and give him a slap; and they will come to you as many as all the blades of grass, and will beat you and torment you, and do you bear it till twelve o’clock.’

The lord came to him. ‘Hah! let us play cards.’

And they played till ten o’clock. He gave him, the devil, a slap. They came as many as all the blades of grass, and they beat him and tormented him till twelve o’clock, and they fled. He lay down in the bed and slept. In the morning he heard the folks talking in the city. In the morning the cat brought him food, and brought him royal clothes. He ate, and put on the clothes, and went into twelve chambers. There was the emperor’s daughter in her bed. One half was alive, and she said, ‘You are my emperor, and I am your empress, but come no more to me.’

Again at night the cat brought him food, and said to him, He will come again to-night to play cards till ten o’clock. At ten o’clock give him a slap again, and they will come to you as many as all the blades of grass, and they will beat you and torment you, but bear it.’

That lord came to him. ‘Hah! let us play cards.’

And they played till ten o’clock. He gave him a slap, and they came as many as all the blades of grass, and they beat him and tormented him, and he bore it till twelve o’clock. At twelve o’clock they fled. He lay down on the bed and slept. In the morning the band began to play, they held a

review.[87] 'For we have a new emperor.' The ministers came to him, and raised him shoulder-high. 'We have a new emperor.'

And he is in a hurry to go to his empress, and said, 'Stay here, I will be back immediately.'

And he went to her. There she stood with her head to the roof, and a vapour went forth from her mouth; and he opened the door, and she just made a sign to him with her hand, and fell back on the bed, and became stone up to the waist. And she called him to her. 'Leave me; I want you not. Why did you not wait to come to me, till I should obtain remission of my sins? Take you my father's horse and his sword, and take a purse; as much money as you want, it shall not fail.'

He set out, and journeyed, and departed into another kingdom. There two emperors were fighting, because one would not give his daughter to the other's son. 'Set yourself to battle with me, since you refuse your daughter.' They fought seven years. So he[88] came into that city, and came to an inn, to a certain Armenian. And there was a great famine; the soldiers were dying of hunger. So he asked the Armenian, 'What's the news here?'

'No good. They have been waging a great war seven years here for a girl, and the soldiers are dying of hunger.' And he said, 'Go and call them to me.'

The soldiers came, and he bought bread and brandy, and they drank and ate; and he said to the Armenian, 'I, if I choose, I will cut that army to pieces.'

The Armenian went to the emperor. 'Emperor, a king's son is come, and has boasted that he by himself will cut that army to pieces.'

'Call him to me.'

'What is this you've been boasting? will you cut that army to pieces?'

'I will.'

'If you do, I will give you my daughter, and give you one half of my kingdom.'

And he, when he went to battle, waved to the right hand, and slew one half of the army, and he waved to the left hand, and slew the other half. And he came home, and the emperor gave him his daughter, and made a marriage.

'Ask him what strength is his, that he slew so great an army.'[89]

And he said, ‘My sword slays.’

And she sent back a letter, ‘The sword alone slays; send me another sword, and I will send this one to you.’

She sent him the sword, and he then said, ‘Set yourself now to battle with me.’

And he went in hope. But the emperor slew him, and cut him all in pieces, and put him in the saddle-bags, and placed him on his horse, and said, ‘Whence thou didst bear him living, bear him dead.’[90]

The horse carried him home, thither to that lady who was of stone. She cried, ‘Bring him to me.’ She laid him on a table, and put him all together; and she sprinkled him with dead water, and he became whole; and she sprinkled him with living water, and he arose.[91]

Go back; take you this purse, you have but to wish and you will find it full of money. And go to that Armenian, and give him whatever he wants, and tell him you will turn yourself into a horse. Take a hair from my tail,[92] and bind it round you like a girdle, and fling a somersault.’[93]

So he turned himself into a horse; and the Armenian took him, and led him into the city. The emperor bought him, and mounted him. He dashed him to the earth, and he died. The horse took the sword in his mouth, and went to the Armenian. The Armenian’ loosened the hair, and he became a man again. He made the Armenian king; and he departed home to his mistress, the first one, and wedded her. And he became emperor.

A mere ruin of a folk-tale, but what a fine ruin. The cat reminds one of Grimm’s No. 106, ‘The Poor Miller’s Boy and the Cat’ (ii. 78, 406), where the cat takes the hero into an enchanted castle, and gives him to eat and to drink. But Grimm’s No. 92, ‘The King of the Golden Mountain’ (ii. 28, 390), comes much closer to our Gypsy story. There the hero has three nights running to let himself be tortured in a bewitched castle by twelve black men till twelve o’clock, so to set free an enchanted maiden. Grimm’s No. 121, ‘The King’s Son who feared Nothing’ (ii. 134, 419), should also be compared, and our Welsh-Gypsy story, ‘Ashypelt’ (No. 57). The latter half of ‘The Enchanted City’ is identical with Krauss’s No. 47 (i. 224), a Slovenian story. For the magic sword *cf. infra*, p. 160; Clouston’s notes to *Lane’s Continuation of Chaucer’s ’Squire’s Tale*’ (Chaucer Soc. 1888, pp.

372-381); Wratislaw's Polish story, 'The Spirit of a buried Man,' No. 18, p. 122; and F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories*, p. 62. Playing cards with the devil or a monster occurs also in our No. 63 (p. 256), and in folk-tales from Russia, Germany, French Flanders, Lorraine, and Brittany (*cf.* Ralston, p. 375; Grimm, No. 4, i. 16, 346; and Cosquin, i. 28; ii. 254, 259, 260).

No. 33. The Jealous Husband

There was a merchant, great and wealthy, and he had a beautiful wife; he did not let her go out. And he went in a ship on the Danube after merchandise with another merchant. And they were coming home. They hauled their ships to the bank, and moored them to the bank, to pass the night. They fell into discourse. Said one, 'Has your wife got a lover at home?'

And he said, 'My wife has not got a lover.'

'Come, what will you give me if I become her lover?'

'If you do, I will give you my estate, and my merchandise too, ship and all.'

'How will you know that I am her lover?'

If you tell me her birth-mark, and if you take the gold ring from her finger. But my wife will be like to thrash you, if you but hint such a thing to her. I left a maid with her, to see that my wife does not go out of doors.'

'I shall succeed, though.'

'Go home and try; I'll bring your ship.'

Home he went. What will he do? for he cannot come near her. He found an old wife. 'Old wife, what am I to do to get the ring from the lady?'

'What will you give me if I contrive that you get it?'

'I will give you a hundred florins.'

'Get a big chest made, and a window in it, and get into it, and make a bolt inside, and I will carry you to her.'

She carried him in the chest under the wall of her house, and went to the lady. 'I beg you, lady, to take in my box of clothes, so that they may not be stolen.'

'Carry it into the hall.'

She called the maid, and the maid helped her to carry him into the hall.

‘I beg you, lady, to let me take it right into your house. I will come in the morning to fetch it.’

‘Well, put it in a corner.’

The old woman went off home. The lady at night took a bath, and laid the ring on the table, and washed herself. And through the little window he perceived a mole under her right breast. The lady slept all night in her bed, and forgot the ring on the table, and put out the candle. And he let himself out, took the ring off the table, and got back into the chest, shut himself in. The old woman came next morning at daybreak, and carried her chest outside. He opened it, and came out, and took the chest, and departed. He went to meet the husband, and found him on the way.

‘Hast thou lain with my lady?’

I have.’

‘What is her birth-mark?’

‘She has a mole under her right breast. If you do not believe me, here is the ring as well.’

‘It’s all right; take the ship and everything in it, and come home, and I will give you also the estate.’

He went home, and said never a word to the lady; and he made a little boat, and put her in it, and let it go on the Danube. ‘Since you have done this, away you go on the Danube.’ He gave his whole estate, and became poor, and carried water for the Jews.

A whole year she floated on the Danube; the year went like a day. An old man caught her, and drew her to shore, and opened the boat, and took her out, and brought her to his house. She abode with him three years, and spun with her spindle, and made some money. And she bought herself splendid man’s clothes, and dressed herself, and cut her hair short, and went back to her husband. She went and passed the night beneath a lime-tree, and slept under the lime-tree. In that city the emperor was blind. She saw a dream: in the lime-tree was a hole, and in the hole was water; and if the emperor will anoint himself with that water he will see. She arose in the morning, and searched around, and found the hole. And she had a little pail, and she drew water in the pail, and put it in her pocket, and went into that city to an inn,

and drank three kreutzers' worth of brandy. And she asked the Jew, 'What's the news with you?'

'Our emperor is blind, and he will give his kingdom to him who shall make him see.'

'I will do so.'

The Jew went to the emperor, and the emperor said to him, 'Hah! go and bring him to me.'

They brought him to the emperor. 'Will you make me see? then I will give you my daughter.'

She took water, and anointed his eyes, and he saw. The emperor set his crown on her head. 'Do you be emperor. I want nothing but to stay beside you.' The emperor clad her royally, called his army, beat the drum. 'For there's a new emperor.'

And she saw her husband carrying water for the Jews. 'Come hither. Have you always been poor?'

'No, I once was not poor, I was rich. I had an estate, and I was a great merchant.'

'Then how did you lose your estate?'

'I lost it over a wager. My wife played the wanton with another, and I gave up the estate, and sent her adrift on the Danube.'

Straightway she sent for the other, and they brought him. 'How did you come by this man's estate?'

'Over a wager.'

'What was your wager?'

'That I would lie with her.'

'Then you did so?'

'I did.'

'And, pray, what were her birth-marks?'

'Under her right breast she had a mole.'

'Would you know that mole again?'

‘I would.’

Then she drew out her breast. ‘Did you lie with me?’

‘I did not.’

‘Then why those falsehoods? Here, take him, and cut him all to pieces.’

And she looked earnestly on her husband. ‘You, why did you not ask me at the time?’

‘I was a fool, and I was angry.’

Here, take him outside, and give him five-and-twenty, to teach him wisdom.’

She threw the robes off her, and put them on him. ‘Do you be emperor, and I empress.’

Were I a painter, I would paint a picture--the Forest of Arden, a Gypsy encampment, with tents, dogs, donkeys, and children, a Gypsy story-teller, and Shakespeare. But one knows, of course, that Shakespeare derived the material of his *Cymbeline* from the novel of Boccaccio (*Dec*. ii. 9), immediately in all likelihood, and not through the second story in *Westward for Smelts*. Granted he did, the question arises next, whence did Boccaccio get his material? Did he invent it, and, if so, is this Gypsy story derived from Boccaccio, and not it only, but Campbell’s West Highland tale of ‘The Chest’ (No. 18), Lanninie’s ‘Servant of Poverty’ (*West Irish Folk-tales*, pp. 115-129), and at least two other folk-tales cited by Köhler--one in Wolf’s German *Hausmärchen*, p. 355, and one from Roumania in *Ausland*, 1856, p. 1053? Campbell’s story at any rate cannot have come from Boccaccio, containing, as it does, the essence, not merely of *Cymbeline*, but also of *The Merchant of Venice*. For its hero borrows £50 on condition that if he does not repay it within a year and a day he is to lose a strip of skin cut from his head to his foot;[94] ’Yes,’ says the heroine, but in cutting it, not one drop of blood must be shed.’ To go fully into this question would occupy pages and pages; I must content myself with referring to *The Remarks of M. Karl Simrock on the Plots of Shakespeare’s Plays*, with notes by J. O. Halliwell (Shakespeare Soc. 1850), pp. 64-75 and 45-63, and to Reinhold Köhler on Campbell’s tale in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 1864, pp. 313-316. But it is just worth pointing out that Gypsies may have had a considerable influence on the European drama. The Scottish Gypsies who, as recorded in the

Introduction, used yearly to gather in the stanks of Roslin during the last half of the sixteenth century, acted there ‘severall plays.’ We have not the dimmest notion what those plays may have been; still, this would be quite an early item in any history of the stage in Scotland. Sir William Ouseley in his *Travels in Persia* (1823), iii. 400-405, gives a long description of a Persian puppet-play, curiously like our own Punch and Judy: the managers of these shows, and the musicians who attended them, were said to be of the Karachi or Gypsy tribe.’ I myself at Göttingen, in 1873, several times calve across a family of German Gypsies, very full-blooded ones, who were marionette-showers; like a dull dog, I never went to see their shows. *Gorger*(Rómani *gaújo*, Gentile or man) is current theatrical slang for a manager; and Mayhew’s *London Labour and the London Poor* (1851) shows that the slang of our English show-folk contains a good many Rómani words. The very Pandean pipes are suggestive of importation from South-east Europe. Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister* offers something to the purpose, so also do the Bunjara players in Mrs. F. A. Steel’s *On the Face of the Waters* (1896); and my own *In Gypsy Tents*, pp. 295-6, gives a glance at an English travelling theatre whose performers spoke fluent Rómani.

No. 34. Made Over To The Devil

There was a rich man, and he went into the forest, and fell into a bog with his carriage. And his wife brought forth a son, and he knew it not. And the Devil came forth, and said, ‘What will you give me if I pull you out?’

I will give you what you want.’

‘Give me what you have at home.’

‘I have horses, oxen.’

‘Give me that which you have not seen.’

‘I will.’

‘Make a covenant with me.’

He made a covenant with him, and the Devil pulled him out of the mud, and the man went home. By the time he got home he had forgotten the covenant.

The boy was twenty years old. ‘Make me a cake, mother, for I’m off to the place my father pledged me to.’ And he went far over the mountains, and

came to the Devil's house. There was an old woman in the house, and a daughter of the Devil's, and she asked him, 'Whither art going, lad?'

'I have come to the lord here, to serve.'

And the girl saw him, and he pleased her. 'I may tell you that he is my father. My father will turn himself into a horse, and will tell you to mount him and traverse the world. And do you make yourself an iron club and an iron curry-comb, and hit him with the club, for he will not stoop, and get on his back, and as you go keep hitting him on the head.'

He traversed the world, and came home, put him in the stable, and went to the maiden.

'My father didn't fling you?'

'No, for I kept hitting him on the head.'

The Devil called him, and took a jar of poppy-seed, and poured it out on the grass, and told him to gather it all up, and fill the jar, for, 'If you don't, I will cut off your head.'

He went to the maiden, and wept.

'What are you weeping for?'

'Your father has told me to fill the jar with poppy-seed; and if I don't, he will cut off my head.'

She said, 'Fear not.' She went outside and gave a whistle, and the mice came as many as all the blades of grass and the leaves.

And they asked, 'What do you want, mistress?'

'Gather the poppy-seed and fill the jar.'

And the mice came and picked up the grains of poppy-seed one by one, and filled the jar.

The Devil saw it. 'You're a clever chap. Here is one more task for you: drain the marsh, and plough it, and sow it, and to-morrow bring me roasted maize. And if you do not, I shall cut your head off.'

He went to the maiden and wept. 'Your father has told me to drain the marsh, and give him roasted maize to-morrow.'

'Fear not.'

She went outside, and took the fiery whip. And she struck the marsh once, and it was dried up; a second time she struck, and it was ploughed; the third time she struck, it was sowed; the fourth time she struck, and the maize was roasted; and in the morning he gave him roasted maize.

She said to him, ‘We are three maidens. He will make us all alike, will call you to guess which is the eldest, which is the middle one, and which the youngest; and you will not be able to guess, for we shall be all just alike. I shall be at the top, and notice my feet, for I shall keep tapping one foot on the other; the middle one will be in the middle, and the eldest fronting you, and so you will know.’

The Devil said to him, ‘One more task I will give you. Fell the whole forest, and stack it by to-morrow.’

He went to the maiden, and the maiden asked him, ‘Have you a father and mother?’

‘I have.’

‘Ah! let us fly, for my father will kill you. Take the whetstone, and take a comb; I have a towel.’

They set out and fled. The Devil arose, saw that the forest is not felled. ‘ Go and call him to me.’

Ho, ho! there is neither the lad nor the maiden.

‘Hah! go after them.’

They went, and the two saw them coming after them. And she said to him, ‘I will make myself a field of wheat, and do you make yourself to be looking at the wheat, and they will ask you, “Didn’t a maiden and a lad pass by?” “Bah! they passed when I was sowing the wheat.”‘

‘Go back, for we shall not catch them.’

They went back. ‘We did not catch them.’

‘On the road did not you find anything?’

‘We found a field of wheat and a peasant.’

‘Go back, for the field of wheat was she, and he was the peasant.’

They saw them again. She said to the lad, ‘I will turn a somersault and make myself an old church, and do you turn a somersault and make

yourself an old monk, and they will ask you, “Didn’t a maiden and a lad pass by?” “They passed just as I began the church.”‘

‘Ah! go back, for we shall never catch them. When he was beginning the church! It is old now.’

‘Did you not find anything on the road?’

‘We found a church and a monk.’

‘The church was she, and he was the monk. I will go myself.’

They saw him. ‘Now my father is coming; we shall not escape. Fling the comb.’

He flung the comb, and it became a forest from earth to sky. Whilst he was gnawing away the forest, they got a long way ahead. He was catching them up; she cried, Fling the whetstone.’

He flung the whetstone, and it became a rock of stone from earth even to heaven. Whilst he, the Devil, was making a hole in the rock, they got a long way ahead. Again he is catching them up. ‘Father is catching us up.’ She flung the towel, and it became a great water and a mill. They halted on the bank.

And he cried, ‘Harlot, how did you cross the water?’

‘Fasten the millstone to your neck, and jump into the water.’

He fastened the millstone to his neck, and jumped into the water, and was choked.

She said, ‘Fear not, for my father is choked.’

He went to his father with the maiden. His father rejoiced; but the maiden said to the lad, ‘I will go to expiate my father’s sins, for I choked him. I go for three years.’

She took her ring, and broke it in half, and gave one half to him. ‘Keep that, and do not lose it.’ She departed for three years.

He forgot her, and made preparations to marry. He was holding his wedding. She came, and he knew her not.

‘Drink a glass of brandy.’

She drank out of his glass, and flung the half of the ring into the glass, and gave it to him. When he drank, he got it into his mouth, and he took it in his

hand and looked at it, and he took his half and fitted the two together. ‘Hah! this is my wife; this one saved me from death.’

And he quashed that marriage, and took his first wife and lived with her.

There are several obvious lacunæ in this story, one that the poppy-seed must have been mixed with some other seed, else the task would have been far too easy. The Polish-Gypsy story of ‘The Witch’ (No. 50), corresponds pretty closely; and for the roasted maize task compare the Roumanian-Gypsy story of The Snake who became the King’s Son-in-law’ (No. 7). For a multitude of non-Gypsy variants see Ralston’s The Water-King and Vasilissa the Wise’ (pp. 120-133), especially the Indian story at the end. *Cf.* also Cosquin, ii. 9, and i. 103, 106, 139, 141. The ring episode recurs in the Bohemian-Gypsy story, The Three Dragons’ (No. 44, p. 154). The fiery whip in the Gypsy story is, to the best of my knowledge, unique.

No. 35. The Lying Story

Before I was born, my mother had a fancy for roast starlings. And there was no one to go, so I went alone to the. forest. And I found roast starlings in the hollow of a tree. I put in my hand, and could not draw it out. I took and got right in, and the hole closed up. I set out and went to my godfather to borrow the axe.

My godfather said, ‘The servant with the axe is not at home, but,’ said my godfather, ‘I will give you the hatchet, and the hatchet is expecting little hatchets.’

‘Never fear, godfather.’

And he gave me the hatchet, and I went and cut my way out of the tree, and I flung down the hatchet. Whilst it was falling a bird built its nest in the handle, and laid eggs, and hatched them, and brought forth young ones; and when the hatchet had fallen down, it gave birth to twelve little hatchets. And I put them in my wallet, and carried them to my godfather. My godfather rejoiced. He gave me one of the hatchets, and I stuck it in my belt at my back, and went home. I was thirsty and went to the well. The well was deep. I cut off my brainpan, and drank water out of it. I laid my brainpan by the well, and went home. And I felt something biting me on the head; and when I put up my hand to my head there came forth worms. I returned to my brainpan, and a wild-duck had laid eggs in my brainpan, and hatched them, and brought forth ducklings. And I took the hatchet, and flung it, and killed

the wild-duck, but the ducklings flew away. Behind the well was a fire, and the hatchet fell into the fire. I hunted for the hatchet, and found the handle, but the blade of the hatchet was burnt. And I took the handle, and stuck it in my belt at my back, and went home, and found our mare, and got up on her. And the handle cut the mare in half, and I went riding on two of her legs, and the two hind ones were eating grass. And I went back, and cut a willow withy, and trimmed it, and sewed the mare together. Out of her grew a willow-tree up to heaven. And I, remembered that God is owing me a treeful of eggs and a pailful of sour milk. And I climbed up the willow, and went to God, and went to God's thrashing-floor. There twelve men were thrashing oats.

'Where are you going to, man?'

'I am going to God.'

'Don't go; God isn't at home.'

And the smiths felled the willow, and I took an oat-straw and made a rope, and let myself down. And the rope was too short, and I kept cutting off above, and tying on below; then I jumped down, and came to the other world. I went home, and got a spade, and dug myself out [of the other, or nether world], and went home, and gave the starlings to my mother, and she ate, and was safely delivered of me, and I am living in the world.

One is reminded of Münchausen and of several lying tales in Grimm, *e.g.* Nos. 112, 138, 158, and 159. *Cf.* especially his notes at ii. 413. The very first Gypsy folk-tale I ever took down, twenty years ago now, from one of the Boswells, was the following lying tale:--

No. 36. Happy Boz'll

Wonst upon a time there was a Romano, and his name was Happy Boz'll, and he had a German-silver grinding-barrow, and he used to put his wife and his child on the top, and he used to go that quick along the road he 'd beat all the coaches. Then he thought this grinding-barrow was too heavy and clumsy to take about, and he cut it up and made tent-rods of it. And then his donkey got away, and he didn't know where it was gone to; and one day he was going by the tent, and he said to himself, 'Bless my soul, wherever's that donkey got to?' And there was a tree close by, and the donkey shouted out and said, 'I'm here, my Happy, getting you a bit o' stick to make a fire.' Well, the donkey come down with a lot of sticks, and he had

been up the tree a week, getting firewood. Well then, Happy had a dog, and he went out one day, the dog one side the hedge, and him the other. And then he saw two hares. The dog ran after the two; and as he was going across the field, he cut himself right through with a scythe; and then one half ran after one hare, and the other after the other. Then the two halves of the dog catched the two hares; and then the dog smacked together again; and he said, 'Well, I've got 'em, my Happy'; and then the dog died. And Happy had a hole in the knee of his breeches, and he cut a piece of the dog's skin, after it was dead, and sewed it in the knee of his breeches. And that day twelve months his breeches-knee burst open, and barked at him. And so that's the end of Happy Boz'll.

Also Münchausen-like; but I believe it was largely this story, which I printed on p. 160 of my *In Gypsy Tents*, that led the great Lazarus Petulengro to remark once to Mr. Sampson, 'Isn't it wonderful, sir, that a real gentleman could have wrote such a thing--nothing but low language and povertiness, and not a word of grammar or high-learned talk in it from beginning to end.'

We have a third Gypsy lying story, a Welsh-Gypsy one. Matthew Wood's father had, like a good many Gypsies, a contempt for folk-tales, and, when called on for his turn, he always gave this, the very shortest one;--'There were a naked man and a blind man and a lame man. The blind man saw a hare, and the lame man ran and caught it, and the naked man put it in his pocket.' *Cf.* Grimm's No. 159, 'The Ditmarsch Tale of Wonders' (ii. 230, 452). Indian lying stories occur in Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, Nos. 4, 8, 17.

IV. Transylvanian-Gypsy Stories

No. 37. The Creation Of The Violin

IN a hut on a mountain, in a fair forest, lived a girl with her four brothers, her father, and her mother. The sister loved a handsome rich huntsman, who often ranged the forest, but who would never speak to the pretty girl. Mara wept day and night, because the handsome man never came near her. She often spoke to him, but he never answered, and went on his way. She sang the song:

‘Dear man from a far country,
Slip your hand into mine;
Clasp me, an you will, in your arms;
Lovingly will I kiss you.’

She sang it often and often, but he paid no heed. Knowing now no other succour, she called the devil. ‘O devil, help me.’ The devil came, holding a mirror in his hand, and asked what she wanted. Mara told him her story and bemoaned to him her sorrow. ‘If that’s all,’ said the devil, ‘I can help you. I’ll give you this. Show it to your beloved, and you’ll entice him to you.’ Once again came the huntsman to the forest, and Mara had the mirror in her hand and went to meet him. When the huntsman saw himself in the mirror, he cried, ‘Oh! that’s the devil, that is the devil’s doing; I see myself.’ And he ran away, and came no more to the forest.

Mara wept now again day and night, for the handsome man never came near her.; Knowing now no other succour for her grief, she called again the devil. ‘O devil, help me.’ The devil came and asked what she wanted. Mara told how the huntsman had run away, when he saw himself in the mirror. The devil laughed and said, ‘Let him run, I shall catch him; like you, he belongs to me. For you both have looked in the mirror, and whoso looks in the mirror is mine. And now I will help you, but you must give me your four brothers, or help you I cannot.’ The devil went away and came back at night, when the four brothers slept, and made four strings of them, fiddle-strings--one thicker, then one thinner, the third thinner still, and the thinnest the fourth. Then said the devil, ‘Give me also your father.’ Mara said, ‘Good, I give you my father, only you must help me.’ Of the father the devil

made a box: that was the fiddle. Then he said, ‘Give me also your mother.’ Mara answered, ‘Good, I give you also my mother, only you must help me.’ The devil smiled, and made of the mother a stick, and horsehair of her hair: this was the fiddle-stick. Then the devil played, and Mara rejoiced. But the devil played on and on, and Mara wept. Now laughed the devil and said, ‘When your beloved comes, play, and you will entice him to you.’ Mara played, and the huntsman heard her playing and came to her. In nine days came the devil and said, ‘Worship me, I am your lord.’ They would not, and the devil carried them off. The fiddle remained in the forest lying on the ground, and a poor Gypsy came by and saw it. He played, and as he played in thorp and town they laughed and wept just as he chose.

In the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for April 1890, pp. 65-66, Vladislav Kornel, Ritter von Zielinski, published a very close Hungarian-Gypsy variant, told to him both at Guta and at Almas. One cannot but be reminded of the ballad of ‘Binnorie,’ whose story is current in Scotland, Sweden, the Faroë Islands, Iceland, Denmark, Sicily, Poland, Esthonia, and Lithuania, and which Reinhold Köhler has ably discussed in ‘Die Ballade von der sprechenden Harfe’ (*Aufsätze über Märchen and Volkslieder*, pp. 79-98).
Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales*, pp. 54, 104, furnish two remarkable analogues. In the first a drowned girl grows up as a bamboo, out of which a *jugi* makes a magic fiddle; in the second a princess, devoured by a monkey, springs up after his death as a gourd, of whose shell a *jugi* makes a wonderful banjo. In both tales there is mention of Doms; and it is at least an odd coincidence that, while the Gypsy word for devil is *beng*, in Santali a spirit is called *bonga*. Selling one’s self, or rather one’s blood, to the devil is a superstition still current amongst English Gypsies. I myself knew an elderly East Anglian Gypsy woman, who was supposed to have so sold her blood, and to have got in return a young, good-looking husband, her own nephew, whom she ‘kept like a gentleman.’ *Cf.* also pp. 297-9 of my *In Gypsy Tents*.

No. 38. The Three Golden Hairs Of The Sun-King

A rich, mighty king once went hunting, and wandered himself in a great forest. Towards evening he came to a hut, in which lived a poor charcoal-burner. The king asked the poor man his way to the city.

The charcoal-burner answered, ‘Sir, the way to the city you could not find by yourself, and to-day I cannot go with you for my wife lies sick, and this

very night will bring a child into the world. Lie down here then in the side room, and to-morrow I will guide you to the city.'

The king took the offer, and lay down in the side room; but he could not close an eye for the moaning of the charcoal-burner's wife. Towards midnight she bore a beautiful boy, and now it was quiet in the hut. Yet still the king could not sleep. He got up from his couch, drew near the door, and looked through a chink into the room where the sick woman lay. He could see her sleeping in her bed; her man, fast asleep too, lay behind the stove; and in its cradle was the new-born child, with three ladies in white standing round it.

The king heard one say, 'I wish this boy a misfortune.' The second said, 'And I grant him a means to turn this misfortune to good.'

The third said, 'I will bring to pass his marriage with the daughter of the king who is now in the next room. At this very moment his wife is bringing into the world a girl of marvellous beauty.'

Thereupon the three ladies departed; and the king thought and thought how to destroy this boy. Early next morning the charcoal-burner came into the side room and said, weeping, to the king, 'My poor wife is dead. What can I do with the little child?'

The king answered, quite rejoiced, 'I am the king, and will care for the child. Only show me the way to the city, and I will send one of my servants to fetch the child.'

And so it was. The charcoal-burner guided his king to the city and was richly rewarded; and the king sent a servant back with secret instructions to fling the boy into the river and let him drown. When now the servant was returning from the forest with the child, he flung it, basket and all, into the river, and told the king, 'Most gracious king, I have done as thou hast commanded me.' The king rewarded him, and went now to his wife, who the night before had borne a girl of marvellous beauty.

The basket with the boy went floating about a long time on the water, and at last was seen by a fisherman who drew it out, and took the child home to his wife. They both rejoiced greatly at the sight of this pretty boy; and as they had no children they kept him and brought him up.

Twenty years went by; and the boy, whom his parents called Nameless, grew up a wonderfully pretty lad. Once the king passed the fisherman's hut, and saw the fair youngster. He entered the hut and asked the fisherman, 'Is this pretty youngster your son?'

'No,' said the fisherman, 'twenty years ago I fished him out of the water.'

Then the king was exceeding terrified, and said presently, I will write a letter to the queen, and this lad shall take it to her.'

So he wrote this letter: 'Dear wife, have this lad put forthwith to death, else he will undo us all.'

Nameless set out with the letter for the queen, but on his way to the city lost himself in a forest, and there met a lady in white who said to him, 'You have lost yourself. Come to my hut, and rest a bit; then I'll soon bring you to the queen.'

She led Nameless to her hut, and there he fell fast asleep. The old lady took the letter from his pocket, burnt it, and put another in its stead. When the lad awoke, to his great amazement he found himself in front of the king's house. So he went in to the queen and gave her the letter, in which stood written: 'Dear wife, at once call the pope, and let him plight this lad to our daughter. I wish him to marry her, else a great ill will befall us.'

The queen did as her husband, the king, desired. She bade call the pope, and Nameless and the king's fair daughter became man and wife. When the king came home and learnt of this wedding, he had the letter brought, and saw it was his own handwriting. Then he asked his son-in-law where he had been and whom he had spoken with; and when Nameless told him about the lady in white, the king knew that the fairy[95] had aided him. Nameless was not at all the son-in-law he wanted, and he sought to make away with him, so said, 'Go into the world and fetch me three golden hairs from the head of the Sun-King, then shall you be king along with me.'

Sorrowfully Nameless set out, for he loved his young wife, and she too loved him dearly. As he wandered on he came to a great black lake, and saw a white boat floating on the water. He cried to the old man in it, 'Boat ahoy! come and ferry me over.'

The old man answered, 'I will take you across if you'll promise to bring me word how to escape out of this boat, for only then can I die.'

Nameless promised, and the old man ferried him over the black water. Soon after Nameless came to a great city, where an old man asked him, ‘Whither away?’

‘To the Sun-King,’ said Nameless.

‘Couldn’t be better. Come, I’ll bring you to our king, who’ll have something to say to you.’

The king, when Nameless stood before him, said, ‘Twenty years ago there was in our city a spring whose water made every one that drank of it grow young. The spring has vanished, and only the Sun-King knows where it is gone to. You are journeying to him, so ask him where it is gone to, and bring us word.’

Nameless promised him to bring word on his return, and departed. Some days after he came to another city, and there another old man met him and asked, ‘Whither away?’

‘To the Sun-King,’ said Nameless.

‘That’s capital. Come, I’ll bring you to our king, who’ll have something to say to you.’

When they came to the king, the king said, ‘Twenty years ago a tree in this city bore golden apples; whoso ate of those apples grew strong and healthy, and died not. But now for twenty years this tree has put forth no more fruit, and only the Sun-King knows the reason why. So when you come to him, ask him about it, and bring us word.’

Nameless promised him to bring word on his return, and departed. Some days after he reached a great mountain, and there saw an old lady in white sitting in front of a beautiful house. She asked him, ‘Whither away?’

‘I seek the Sun-King,’ said Nameless.

‘Come in then,’ said the old lady. ‘I am the mother of the Sun-King, who daily flies out of this house as a little child, at mid-day becomes a man, and returns of an evening a greybeard.’

She brought Nameless into the house, and made him tell her his story. He told her of the man on the black lake, of the spring, and of the tree that used to bear golden apples.

Then said the old lady, ‘I will ask my son all about that. But come, let me hide you; for if my son finds you here he’ll burn you up.’

She hid Nameless in a great vessel of water, and bade him keep quiet. At evening the Sun-King came home, a feeble old man with golden head, and got victuals and drink from his mother. When he had eaten and drunk, he laid his golden head in his mother’s lap and fell fast asleep. Then the old lady twitched out a golden hair, and he cried, ‘Mother, why won’t you let me sleep?’

The old lady answered, ‘I saw in a dream a city with a tree which used to bear golden apples, and whoso ate of them grew well and healthy, and died not. For twenty years now the tree has put forth no more fruit, and the people know not what they ought to do.’

The Sun-King said, ‘They should kill the serpent that gnaws at the root of the tree.’

Again he slept, and after a while his mother twitched out a second hair. Then cried the Sun-King, ‘Mother, what’s the meaning of this? why can’t you let me sleep?’

The old lady answered, ‘My dear son, I dreamed of a city with a spring, and whoso drank of it grew young again. Twenty years has this spring ceased to flow, and the people know not what they should do.’

The Sun-King said, ‘A great toad is blocking the source of the spring. They should kill the toad, then the spring will flow as before.’

Again he slept, and after a while the old lady in white twitched out a third hair. Then cried the Sun-King, Mother, do let me sleep.’

The old lady answered, ‘I saw in a dream a great black lake with an old man rowing about it in a boat, and he doesn’t know how to escape from the boat, for only then can he die.’

The Sun-King said, ‘Next time he takes any one over, let him hand him the oars and jump ashore himself; then the other must stop in the boat, and the old man can die.’

Again he slept.

Early next morning the Sun-King arose as a lovely child, and flew out of the window. The old lady gave Nameless the three hairs and said, ‘Now go

to your wife, and give the king the three hairs. I have done for you all that at your birth I promised my sisters. And now farewell.'

She kissed Nameless, and led him outside, and he started off homewards. When he came to the city where the spring had ceased to flow, he told the people to kill the great toad that blocked up the source. They looked, found the toad, and killed it; then the spring flowed again, and the king rewarded him richly. When Nameless came to the city where for twenty years the tree had ceased to bear golden apples, he told the people to kill the serpent that was gnawing the roots of the tree. The people dug down, found the serpent, and killed it. Then the tree again bore golden fruit, and the king rewarded him richly. When Nameless reached the black lake, the old man would not take him across. But Nameless said if he would he would tell him the secret then, so the old man took him across the black water. When he was out of the boat he told the old man to hand his oars to the next passenger and then jump ashore himself; so he would be free and at last could die, but the other would have to go rowing about on the lake.

Nameless soon got back home, and gave the king the three golden hairs; his wife rejoiced greatly, but her father was beside himself for rage. But when Nameless told of the spring and the golden apples, the king cried quite delighted, 'I too must drink of this spring; I too must eat of these golden apples.' He set out instantly, but when he reached the black lake, the old man handed him the oars and jumped ashore. And the king could not leave the boat, and had to stop there on the water. As he never came home, Nameless became king of the country, and lived henceforth with his beautiful bride in peace and prosperity.

Identical with Wratislaw's Bohemian story of 'The Three Golden Hairs of Grandfather Allknow' (*Sixty Slavonic Folk-tales*, pp. 16-25), and with Grimm's No. 29, 'The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs' (i. 119-125, 377-378), only the German tale opens defectively. Wlislocki's opening, however, meets us again in Bernhard Schmidt's 'Der Spruch der Moeren' (*Griechische Märchen*, No. 2, p. 67), where, as elsewhere, the part of the fairies is taken by the three Moirai or fates. The whole question of fairy mythology requires to be carefully restudied in the light of our copious stock of Greek and Indian folk-tales, of which Leyden and Grimm could know nothing. In his *Deutsche Mythologie* (i. 382) Grimm expresses himself as in doubt whether *fata* came to mean 'fairies' owing to Celtic or

to Teutonic influences; probably *fata* was a conscious translation of the Greek *moirai*, and is an indication that the fairy mythology of Western Europe was largely, if not wholly, derived from Greek-speaking Levantine sources.

No. 39. The Dog And The Maiden

There was once a poor Gypsy with a very beautiful daughter, whom he guarded like the apple of his eye, for he wanted to marry her to a chieftain. So he always kept her in the tent when the lads and lasses sat of an evening by the fire and told stories, or beguiled the time with play and dance. Only a dog was the constant companion of this poor maiden. No one knew whom the dog belonged to, or where he came from. He had joined the band once, and thenceforth continued the trusty companion of the poor beautiful maiden.

It befell once that her father must go to a far city, to sell there his besoms, baskets, spoons, and troughs. He left his daughter with the other women in the tents on the heath, and set out with the men for the city. This troubled the poor girl greatly, for no one would speak to her, as all the women envied her for her beauty and avoided her; in a word, they hated the sight of her. Only the dog remained true to her; and once, as she sat sorrowfully in front of the tent, he said, ‘Come, let us go out on the heath; there I will tell you who I really am.’ The girl was terrified, for she had never heard of a dog being able to speak like a man; but when the dog repeated his request, she got up and went with him out on the heath. There the dog said, ‘Kiss me, and I shall become a man.’ The girl kissed him, and lo! before her stood a man of wondrous beauty. He sat down beside her in the grass, and told how a fairy had turned him into a dog for trying to steal her golden apples, and how he could resume his human shape for but one night in the year, and only then if a girl had kissed him first. Much more had the two to tell, and they toyed in the long grass all the livelong night. When day dawned, the girl slipped back with the dog to her tent; and the two henceforth were the very best of friends.

The poor Gypsy came back from the city to the heath, merry because he had made a good bit of money. When again he must go to the city to sell his besoms and spoons, the girl remained behind with the dog in the camp, and one night she brought forth a little white puppy. In her terror and anguish she ran to the great river, and jumped into the water. When the people

sought to draw her out of the water, they could not find her corpse; and the old Gypsy, her father, would have thrown himself in too, when a handsome strange gentleman came up, and said, ‘I’ll soon get you the body.’ He took a bit of bread, kissed it, and threw it into the water. The dead girl straightway emerged from the water. The people drew the corpse to land, and bore it back to the tents, in three days’ time to bury it. But the strange gentleman said, ‘I will bring my sweetheart to life.’ And he took the little white puppy, the dead girl’s son, and laid it on the bosom of the corpse. The puppy began to suck, and when it had sucked its full, the dead girl awoke, and, on seeing the handsome man, started up and flew into his arms, for he was her lover who had lived with her as a white dog.

All greatly rejoiced when they heard this marvellous story, and nobody thought of the little white puppy, the son of the beautiful Gypsy girl. All of a sudden they heard a baby cry; and when they looked round, they saw a little child lying in the grass. Then was the joy great indeed. The little puppy had vanished and taken human shape. So they celebrated marriage and baptism together, and lived in wealth and prosperity till their happy end.

This finding a drowned body by casting one’s bread on the waters has been practised in England by non-Gypsies not so many years ago.
Gypsies *may* have brought the method with them from the Continent.

No. 40. Death The Sweetheart

There was once a pretty young girl with no husband, no father, no mother, no brothers, no kinsfolk: they were all dead and gone. She lived alone in a hut at the end of the village; and no one came near her, and she never went near any one. One evening a goodly wanderer came to her, opened the door, and cried, ‘I am a wanderer, and have been far in the world. Here will I rest; I can no further go.’ The maiden said, ‘Stay here, I will give thee a mattress to sleep on, and, if thou wilt, victuals and drink too.’ The goodly wanderer soon lay down and said, ‘Now once again I sleep; it is long since I slept last:’ ‘How long?’ asked the girl; and he answered, ‘Dear maid, I sleep but one week in a thousand years.’ The girl laughed and said, ‘Thou jestest, surely? thou art a roguish fellow.’ But the wanderer was sound asleep.

Early next morning he arose and said, ‘Thou art a pretty young girl. If thou wilt, I will tarry here a whole week longer.’ She gladly agreed, for already

she loved the goodly wanderer. So once they were sleeping, and she roused him and said, ‘Dear man, I dreamt such an evil dream. I dreamt thou hadst grown cold and white, and we drove in a beautiful carriage, drawn by six white birds. Thou didst blow on a mighty horn; then dead folk came up and went with us--thou wert their king.’ Then answered the goodly wanderer, ‘ That was an evil dream.’ Straightway he arose and said, ‘Beloved, I must go, for not a soul has died this long while in all the world. I must off, let me go.’ But the girl wept and said, ‘Go not away; bide with me.’ ‘I must go,’ he answered, ‘God keep thee.’ But, as he reached her his hand, she said sobbing, ‘Tell me, dear man, who thou art then.’ ‘Who knows that dies,’ said the wanderer, ‘thou askest vainly; I tell thee not who I am.’ Then the girl wept and said, ‘I will suffer everything, only do tell me who thou art.’ ‘Good,’ said the man,’ ‘then thou comest with me. I am Death.’ The girl shuddered and died.

The one beautiful story of the whole collection. And yet--I doubt.

V. Slovak, Moravian, And Bohemian Gypsy Stories

No. 41. The Three Girls

SOMEWHERE there was a king who had three daughters, princesses. Those three sisters used to go to meet the devils, and the father knew not where they went to. But there was one called Jankos; Halenka aided him.

The king asks Jankos, ‘Don’t you know where my daughters go? Not one single night are they at home, and they are always wearing out new shoes.’

Then Jankos lay down in front of the door, and kept watch to see where they went to. But Halenka told him everything; she aided him. ‘They will, when they come, fling fire on you, and prick you with needles.’ Halenka told him he must not stir, but be like a corpse.

They came, those devils, for the girls, and straightway the girls set out with them to hell. On; on, they walked, but he stuck close to them. As the girls went to hell he followed close behind, but so that they knew it not. He went through the diamond forest; when he came there he cut himself a diamond twig from the forest. He follows; straightway they, those girls, cried, ‘Jankos is coming behind us.’ For when he broke it, he made a great noise. The girls heard it. ‘Jankos is coming behind us.’

But the devils said, ‘What does it matter if he is?’

Next they went through the forest of glass, and once more he cut off a twig; now he had two tokens. Then they went through the golden forest, and once more he cut off a twig; so now he had three. Then Halenka tells him, ‘I shall change you into a fly, and when you come into hell, creep under the bed, hide yourself there, and see what will happen.’

Then the devils danced with the girls, who tore their shoes all to pieces, for they danced upon blades of knives, and so they must tear them. Then they flung the shoes under the bed, where Jankos took them, so that he might show them at home. When the devils had danced with the girls, each of them threw his girl upon the bed and lay with her; thus did they with two of them, but the third would not yield herself. Then Jankos, having got all he

wanted, returned home and lay down again in front of the door, ‘that the girls may know I am lying here.’

The girls returned after midnight, and went to bed in their room as if nothing had happened. But Jankos knew well what had happened, and straightway he went to their father, the king, and showed him the tokens. ‘I know where your daughters go--to hell. The three girls must own they were there, in the fire. Isn’t it true? weren’t you there? And if you believe me not, I will show you the tokens. See, here is one token from the diamond forest; then here is one from the forest of glass; a third from the golden forest; and the fourth is the shoes which you tore dancing with the devils. And two of you lay with the devils, but that third one not, she would not yield herself.’

Straightway the king seized his rifle, and straightway he shot them dead. Then he seized a knife, and slit up their bellies, and straightway the devils were scattered out from their bellies. Then he buried them in the church, and laid each coffin in front of the altar, and every night a soldier stood guard over them. But every night those two used to rend the soldier in pieces; more than a hundred were rent thus. At last it fell to a new soldier, a recruit, to stand guard; when he went upon guard he was weeping. But a little old man came to him--it was my God; and Jankos was there with the soldier. And the old man tells him, ‘When the twelfth hour strikes and they come out of their coffins, straightway jump in and lie down in-the coffin, and don’t leave the coffin, for if you do they will rend you. So don’t you go out, even if they beg you and fling fire on you, for they will beg you hard to come out.’

Thus then till morning he lay in the coffin. In the morning those two were alive again, and both kneeling in front of the altar. They were lovelier than ever. Then the soldier took one to wife, and Jankos took the other. Then when they came home with them their father was very glad. Then Jankos and the soldier got married, and if they are not dead they are still alive.

A confused, imperfect story, but plainly identical with Grimm’s No. 133, ‘The Shoes that were danced to Pieces’ (ii. 179, 430), and with ‘The Slippers of the Twelve Princesses’ (*Roumanian Fairy Tales*, by E. B. M., p. 1). The Gypsy finale is reminiscent of many vampire stories. ‘The story-teller,’ says Dr. von Sowa, ‘explained Halenka as an *alias* of Jankos; that this is not so, but that Halenka must stand for some higher being, a fairy, is shown by the story.’

No. 42. The Dragon

There was a great city. In that city was great mourning; every day it was hung with black cloth and with red. There was in a cave a great dragon; it had four-and-twenty heads. Every day must he eat a woman--ah! God! what can be done in such a case? It is clean impossible every day to find food for that dragon. There was but one girl left. Her father was a very wealthy man; he was a king; over all kings he was lord. And there came a certain wanderer, came into the city, and asked what's new there.

They said to him, 'Here is very great mourning.'

'Why so? any one dead?'

'Every day we must feed the dragon with twenty-four heads. If we failed to feed him, he would crush all our city underneath his feet.'

'I'll help you out of that. It is just twelve o'clock; I will go there alone with my dog.'

He had such a big dog: whatever a man just thought of, that dog immediately knew. It would have striven with the very devil. When the wanderer came to the cave, he kept crying, 'Dragon, come out here with your blind mother. Bread and men you have eaten, but will eat no more. I'll see if you are any good.'

The dragon called him into his cave, and the wanderer said to him, 'Now give me whatever I ask for to eat and to drink, and swear to me always to give that city peace, and never to eat men, no, not one. For if ever I hear of your doing so I shall come back and cut your throat.'

'My good man, fear not; I swear to you. For I see you're a proper man. If you weren't, I should long since have eaten up you and your dog. Then tell me what you want of me.'

'I only want you to bring me the finest wine to drink, and meat such as no man has ever eaten. If you don't, you will see I shall destroy everything that is yours, shall shut you up here, and you will never come out of this cave.'

'Good, I will fetch a basket of meat, and forthwith cook it for you.'

He went and brought him such meat as no man ever had eaten. When he had eaten and drunk his fill, then the dragon must swear to him never to eat anybody, but sooner to die of hunger.

‘Good, so let us leave it.’

He went back, that man, who thus had delivered the city, so that it had peace. Then all the gentlemen asked him what he wanted for doing so well. The dragon from that hour never ate any one. And if they are not dead they are still alive.

This story belongs to the ‘Valiant Little Tailor’ group (No. 21). The maiden-tribute is a familiar feature; the Tobit-like dog seems superfluous, but *cf.* Hahn’s No. 22, i. 170, ii. 217. English-Gypsy women wear black and red in mourning.

No. 43. The Princess And The Forester’s Son

Somewhere or other there lived a forester. He ill-used his wife and his children, and often got drunk. Then the mother said, ‘My children, the father is always beating us, so we’ll get our things together and leave him. We will wander out into the world, whither our eyes lead us.’

They took their things, and followed the road through a great forest. They journeyed two days and two nights without reaching any place, so the eldest son said to his mother, ‘Mother, dear, night has come on us, let us sleep here.’

‘My children,’ said the mother, ‘pluck moss, make a resting-place, and we will lie down here to sleep.’

The elder son said to his brother, ‘Go for wood.’

They made a fire, and seated themselves by it.

Then said the elder son to his brother, ‘Now, you must keep watch, for there are wild beasts about, so that we be not devoured. Do you sleep first; then you’ll get up, I lie down to sleep, then you will watch again.’

So the younger brother lay down near his mother to sleep; the elder kept watch with his gun. Then he thought within himself, and said, ‘Great God! wherever are we in these great forests? Surely we soon must perish.’ He climbed up a high tree, and looked all round, till a light flashed in his eyes. When he saw the light, he took his hat from his head, and let it drop.[96] Then he climbed down, and looked to see if his mother was all right. From the spot where his hat lay he walked straight forward for a good distance, a whole half hour. Then he observed a fire. Who were there but

four-and-twenty robbers, cooking and drinking? He went through the wood, keeping out of their sight, and loaded his gun; and, just as one of them was taking a drink of wine, he shot the jug right from his lips, so that only the handle was left in his hand. And his gun was so constructed that it made no report.

Then the robber said to his comrade, ‘Comrade, why won’t you let me alone, but knock the jug out of my mouth?’ You fool, I never touched you.’

He took a pull out of another jug, and the lad loaded again. He sat on a tree, and again shot the jug--shot it away from his mouth, so that the handle remained in his hand.

Then the first robber said, ‘Will you leave me alone, else I’ll pay you out with this knife?’

But his comrade stepped up to him, looking just like a fool; at last he said, ‘My good fellow, I am not touching you. See, it is twice that has happened; maybe it is some one in the forest. Take your gun, and let’s go and look if there is not some one there.’

They went and they hunted, searched every tree, and found him, the forester’s son, sitting on a tree at the very top. They said to him, ‘You earth-devil, come down. If you won’t, we’ll shoot at you till you fall down from the tree.’

But he would not come. Again they ordered him. What was the poor fellow to do? He had to come. When he was down, they each seized him by an arm, and he thought to himself, ‘Things look bad with me. I shall never see my mother and brother again. They’ll either kill me, or tie me up to a tree.’

They brought him to the fire and asked him, ‘What are you?--are you a craftsman?’

‘I am one of your trade.’

‘If you are of our trade, eat, drink, and smoke as much as your heart desires.’

When he had eaten and drunk, they said, ‘Since you are such a clever chap, and such a good shot, there is a castle with a princess in it, whom we went after, but could not come at her anyhow, this princess. Maybe, as you are so smart, there’s a big dog yonder that made us run, but as you are such a good

shot, and your gun makes no report, you'll kill this dog, and then we'll make you our captain.'

Then they broke up camp, took something to eat and to drink, and came to the castle. When they reached the castle the dog made a great noise. They lifted him up, the forester's son; he aimed his gun, and, as the dog sprang at him, he fired and hit him. The dog made ten more paces, and fell to the earth. As he fell, the lad said to the robbers, 'Comrades, the dog is dead.'

'Brave fellow,' said they, 'now you shall be our captain, for killing the dog; but one thing more you must do. We will make a hole for you in the wall. When we have done that, then--you are so slender--you will creep through the hole.'[97]

They made the hole, and he crept through it. Then the robbers said to him, 'Here you, you have to go up a flight of steps, and at the fourth flight you will come to a door. There is one door, two doors, three doors.'

So through each door he passed; then he passed through the third, there were a quantity of swords. He saw they were very fine swords, and took one of them. Then he went to the fourth, opened it slowly; it did not stop him, for the keys were there. Through the keyhole he saw a bed. Then he opened it, and went in. There he saw a princess lying, quite naked, but[98] covered with a cloth of gold. At her feet stood a table, on which lay a pair of golden scissors. There were golden clasps, and there were two rings, and her name was engraved inside one of them. And when he sees her sleeping thus, he thought, 'O great God, what if I were to lie down beside her! Do, my God, as thou wilt.' So he took the scissors, and cut off half the cloth of gold, and lay down beside her; and she could not awake. Then he arose, and took to himself the half of the coverlet and one of the rings and one of her slippers, and went out, taking the sword with him, and shutting the door. As he passed through the fourth door he said to himself, 'I must open it carefully, so as not to waken her mother and father.' He got out safely, then he went through the courtyard to the robbers. When he reached the hole he said to them, 'My dear men, I know where she is. Come, we'll soon have the princess, but you must creep through the hole one after the other.' Then he drew his sword, and, as one came through after the other, he seized him by the head, cut off his head, and cast him aside. When he had done so to the twenty-fourth, he cast away the sword, and returned by the

way that he had come to his mother, where they had slept. (He had thought never again to see his mother and his brother.) When he came to his mother, he said, ‘Mother, how do you find yourself? you must be sleepy.’

His mother asked him, ‘My dear son, how have you managed to do with so little sleep?’

His younger brother said, ‘Why didn’t you wake me up?’ You were so sleepy, I let you sleep.’

Then they made a fire, ate and drank, and wandered on again through the forest. They arrived in a town, and sought employment. The mother said to her eldest son, ‘My son, we will stay at least a year here.’ She fortunately got a place at a big house as cook, and the two lads went as servants to an innkeeper. When they had been a year there, the mother said to her two sons, ‘Just see how well off we were at home, and here we have to work, and I an old body. You are young folk, and can stick to it, but I am old, and can’t stand it any longer. The father ill-used us; still, let us return home, if the Lord God gives us health and strength to do so.’

So they made ready; the landlord paid them their wages; and they set out. They went by the very way that he had gone by to the castle where he killed the twenty-four robbers.

But how had they got on there since the year when he did that to her? The princess had borne a child, but she knew not who was the father. She had a tavern built not far from the castle, and said to her mother, ‘ Mother dear, see what has befallen me, and how I now am. But I know not whom the child is by. You have let me have the tavern built. Whoever comes there I will entertain gratis, and ask him what he has learned in the world--whether he has any story to tell me, or whether he has had any strange experiences. Perhaps the man will turn up by whom I had the child.’

As luck would have it, the two brothers came through the village where the tavern was. There was a large sign-board, on which was written, ‘Every man may eat and drink to his heart’s desire, and smoke, only he must relate his experiences that he has gone through in the world.’ The elder lad said to his brother, ‘Brother dear, where are we? I don’t myself know.’ But right well he knew whom the tavern belonged to. They halted. Then he looked at the notice, and said to his mother, ‘See, mother dear, see what that is. See there is written that the victuals and drink are gratis.’

‘Let us go in, my son; we are very hungry, anyhow. Sure, we’ll find something to tell her, if only she’ll give us to eat and to drink.’

They went into the tavern. Straightway the hostess greeted them, and said, ‘Good-day, where do you come from?’

‘We come from a town out yonder. We have been working there; now we want to return home, where my husband is.’

She said, ‘Good. What might you drink, what will you eat? I will give you just what you want.’

‘Ah, my God! ‘ said she, ‘kind lady, if you would be so good as to give us something. We know you are a kind lady.’

So she said to her women-servants, ‘Bring wine here, bring beer here, bring food here, and for the two men bring something to smoke.’

When they brought it, they ate and drank.

‘Now,’ said the princess--the seeming hostess, but they knew not that she was a princess; only the elder brother knew it--’oh! if only you would tell me something. Come, you, old wife, what have you seen in your time?’

‘Why, my good lady, I have gone through plenty. When I was at home, my man drank much, ran through my money. When he got drunk, he’d come home, scold and knock me about, smash everything that came to hand, and as for his children, he couldn’t bear the sight of them. He scolded and knocked them about till they didn’t know where they were. At last I said to my children, “My children, since I can’t get on with my man, and he uses us so badly, let us take our few things, and go off into the world.”‘

The hostess listened, brought the old wife a mug of beer, and gave it her. When she had drunk, the hostess said, Speak on.’

‘Well, we set off and journeyed through the great forests, where we must go on and on, two whole days, without ever lighting on town or village. Never a peasant was to be seen, and night,’ she said, ‘came upon us, when we could go no further, and I was so weak that I could not take another step. There, poor soul, I had to bide, lying in the great forest under a great tree. It rained, and we crouched close under so as not to get wet. Forthwith I gathered wood, made a big fire, plucked moss, and made a resting-place for us. It was dark, and my sons said, “We must mind and not be eaten by wild beasts.” And my elder son said to his brother, “ I will think what must be

done. You, too, have a couple of guns; if anything attacks us, you will shoot." But he said to his elder brother, "Do you, my brother, sleep first, and when you have had your sleep out, then you will watch again."[99] As they all slept under that great tree, he thought to himself, "I will sling my gun round my neck and climb a tree." He climbed a tree, reached its top, for he wondered whether he might not see something--a village or a town or a light. As it was, he did see a light. He took the hat from his head, and threw it in the direction of the light.'

Then she said, 'Ah! hostess, believe him not. Mark you, that is not true,' said his mother.

But she went and brought them beer, and said, 'Tell on.' And he said, 'I climbed down the tree to look where my hat was.'

'Ah! believe him not, hostess, believe him not; mark you, that is not true.'

'Nay, let him go on with his story. What was there?'

'Twenty-four robbers. There was a bright light that dazzled my eyes. Not far from them was a tree.' [At this point the story-teller forgot that the elder son is the narrator, so resumed the third person, repeating his former words almost verbatim till he came to the passage where the robbers send the lad into the castle.]

Then said the old mother to the hostess, 'Believe him not, believe him not, for that is not true which he tells you.'

'Let him proceed. What have you then done?' the hostess asked him.

'I--have done nothing.'

'You *must* have done something.'

'Well then, I have lain with you. I took away the ring; I took half the cloth of gold; a slipper I took from you--that I carried off. And I took me a sword, and went out, shut the door behind me. Then I went to where the robbers were, called to them to step through the hole one after another. As they came through the hole, I cut off each one's head, and flung him aside.'

Then the hostess saw it was true. 'Then you will be my man.' And he drew the things out, and showed them to her. And they straightway embraced, and kissed one another. And she went into the little room, fetched the boy. 'See, that is your child; I am your wife.' Forthwith she bids them harness

two horses to the carriage; they drove to the castle. When they reached it, she said to her father, ‘Father dear, see, I have soon found my husband.’

Forthwith they made a feast, invited everybody. Forthwith the banns were proclaimed, and they were married. The floor there was made of paper, and I came away here.

Identical with Grimm’s No. 111, ‘The Skilful Huntsman’ (ii. 102), but in some points more closely resembling the variants on p. 412. There are also some striking analogies to our Welsh-Gypsy story of An Old King and his Three Sons in England,’ No. 55.

No. 44. The Three Dragons

A gentleman had three daughters. They went one day to a pond to bathe. There came a dragon, and carried them off. He hurried with them to a rocky cave. There they remained twelve years, without their father seeing them again or knowing where they were. There was a sly-boots called Bruntslikos. He went to the girls’ father, and told him he would do his best to find his daughters. The father promised him one of them to wife, if he could find them. He took the road, and stayed seven years away; then he demanded a horse of the girls’ father. He mounted it, and rode a whole year through the forest. At last he came to a tavern; two fellows there asked him where he was going to. He told them that he was going in search of three maidens.. They offered to go with him. ‘Good,’ he thought, ‘three will make merrier company.’

As they went through the forest, the horse stamped his foot against the entrance to the dragon’s cave, and pawed against it. Then Bruntslikos knew that those he was seeking were there. It was a great cavity in the rock. He left the two comrades on the brink above, and made them lower him by a rope to fetch up one of the maidens. He said he must fetch her at any cost. When he came down, she sat alone in the house; the dragon has gone to hunt hares.

When he came to her, she asked, ‘How comest thou here, my beloved? Here must thou lose thy life.’

‘I have no fear,’ he answered.

‘Never a bird comes flying here,’ she said, but thou hast come.’[100]

‘I will see, though,’ she thought, ‘what sort of a hero he is,’ and bade him brandish a sword; but he could not so much as raise it from the ground. But there was wine there. She made him drink thereof; straightway he felt himself stronger. And she bade him now lift the sword; he fell to so cutting and thrusting with it in the air that he now no more dreaded the dragon.

‘Now I am strong,’ he said, ‘I will soon help thee out of here.’

‘God grant thou may,’ she said, ‘then will I be thy bride.’

She gave him a golden ring, which she cut in half; the one half she gave to him, kept the other herself.

Then came the dragon home. When he still was fourteen miles off, he flung a hammer there, weighing nearly fifteen hundredweight. When he came, he said to his wife, ‘I smell human flesh.’

She said, ‘Dear husband, but how could that be? How could it get here? Hither comes never a bird. How could human flesh get here?’

‘But I feel,’ he said, ‘that a man’s here. Don’t talk nonsense.’ And he came nearer, and called, ‘Brother-in-law!’

But Bruntslikos was hidden beneath a trough. After the dragon had called him thrice, he sprang out, faced him, and cried, ‘What wilt thou of me? I fear thee not.’

The dragon answered, ‘What need to tell me thou fearest me not? I will soon put thy strength to the test.’

Leaden dumplings were served up for the dragon’s dinner, and he invited Bruntslikos to partake. ‘I don’t care for such dumplings,’ said Bruntslikos, ‘but give me wine to drink, and I’m your man.’

When they had drunk their fill, the dragon challenged Bruntslikos to wrestle with him; straightway he faced the dragon. The dragon drove him into the earth to the waist, then drew him out again. In the second bout Bruntslikos drove the dragon into the earth to the neck, then grasped the sword and began to cut off his heads (he had twelve). Bruntslikos struck them all off; only the middle one he could not sever. Then said the maiden, ‘One smashing blow on it, and he will die at once.’ So he killed him, and straightway the dragon was turned to pitch. But he took all the tongues out of his heads, and put them in his pocket. Then he collected all the money that was there, put his bride in a basket and himself as well. And the two comrades

had been waiting for him above, and, when he called, they drew him up with his bride. But when he was up with her, the two fellows began to quarrel over the maiden; she was so fair, they wanted her for wife.

But he said, ‘There still remain two more maidens; of them you can take your choice.’

‘I,’ she said, ‘will never desert Bruntslikos; he shall be my husband. We have plighted ourselves to all eternity, for he has saved my life.’

Then they went to seek the other dragon[101] in the cavern. He had fifteen heads, and was three times as strong as the first. The maiden whom this dragon had carried off showed Bruntslikos a sword, twice as heavy as the first. He could just move it, but not lift it clear off the earth. But she gave him wine to drink, and then he was straightway stronger. She too had greeted Bruntslikos, when he came, with the words, ‘How comest thou here, my beloved? Here must thou lose thy life, for my husband will kill thee.’

But he said, ‘To fetch thee am I come. Thy sister dear have I already fetched, and thee too I must help out of here.’

‘God grant thou may,’ she said, ‘then would I be thy bride.’

‘I have one already,’ he said, ‘thy sister; but all the more readily will I help thee out.’

Then came the dragon. He was still fifty miles away when he flung a hammer there weighing fifty hundred-weight. When he was come, he said, ‘I smell human flesh here.’

‘But, dear husband, how couldst thou smell human flesh? Never even a bird comes hither, and yet thou wilt be scenting a mortal.’

‘Don’t talk nonsense,’ said he; and cried, ‘Brother-in-law! Why comest thou not out? What is it thou wilt of me? I fear thee not.’

Thrice he thus called him, but he would not answer. But at last he said to him, ‘I fear thee not. I must slay thee.’

‘Come, if thou art so strong that thou wilt kill me,’ answered the dragon, ‘ then let us wrestle.’

They wrestled, and the dragon drove him into the earth to the waist. They settled that the dragon should draw him out again. He seized the dragon,

and drove him into the earth to the neck. Then he grasped the sword, and cut off his fifteen heads; only the middle one held so firm that he could not sever it.

But the princess told him, ‘Just one blow right on the head, and he will die at once.’

When he had killed him, he plucked out all his tongues, and then had himself drawn up and the maiden. So now there were two sisters up, and now they went for the third. The third dragon had twenty-four heads. When Bruntslikos had served him like the other two, he helped the third maiden also out. But when the three maidens were out, his two comrades threw him into a well, for they wished not to give him the credit of that achievement, but rather themselves to vaunt at home that they had slain the dragons.

But Bruntslikos had covenanted with his bride that if he did not come within eight years, she should take a husband. So the eighth year came: she had chosen another man, and was celebrating the marriage. Then came Bruntslikos dressed like a beggar, so she knew him not, and felt no shame for her conduct. But he asked her for wine.

When she gave him such, he threw as he drank that half of the ring into the glass, then offered it her.

When she drank, her lips came against it. When she noticed it, she threw her half of the ring into the glass, and it straightway united with the other. Forthwith she fell to kissing him, for she recognised he was her lover. The marriage she straightway broke off, and plighted herself to him. When now he flung the dragons’ tongues on the table, the gentlemen cried, ‘Hurrah! That’s it! that’s the real thing!’ at the sight of the tongues.

So, if they are not dead, they are living together.

This is a sort of compound of the Roumanian-Gypsy story of The Three Princesses and the Unclean Spirit’ (No. 10), and of the Bukowina-Gypsy story, ‘Mare’s Son’ (No. 20).

The ring episode occurs in ‘Made over to the Devil’ (No. 34). For the hiding under the trough and the thrice-repeated challenge, *cf*. Wratislaw’s Croatian story of The Daughter of the King of the Vilas ‘ (p. 278), and for the leaden dumplings his Hungarian-Slovenish story of The Three Lemons’ (p. 65). *Cf*. also notes to ‘An Old King and his Three Sons’ (No. 55).

VI. Polish-Gypsy Stories

No. 45. Tale Of A Foolish Brother And Of A Wonderful Bush

THERE was once a poor peasant who had three sons, two of them wise and one foolish. One day the king gave a feast, to which everybody was invited, rich and poor. These two wise brothers set out for the feast like the rest, leaving the poor fool at home, crouching over the stove. He thereupon besought his mother to allow him to go after his brothers. But the mother answered, ‘Fool that thou art! thy brothers go thither to tell tales, whilst thou, thou knowest nothing. What then couldst thou tell?’ Still the fool continues to beg his mother to let him go, but still she refuses. ‘Very well! if thou wilt not let me go there, with the help of God I shall know what to do.’

Well, one day the king contrived a certain tower. He then placed his daughter on’ the second story, and issued a proclamation that whoever should kiss his daughter there should have her in marriage. Well, various princes and nobles hastened to the place; not one of them could reach her. The king then decreed that the peasants were to come. This order reached the house where dwelt the peasant who had three sons, two wise and one foolish. The two wise brothers arose and set out. The fool feigned to go in search of water, but he went to a bush and struck it three times with a stick. Whereupon a fairy appeared, who demanded, ‘What wouldst thou?’ ‘I wish to have a horse of silver, garments of silver, and a sum of money.’

After he had received all these things, he set out on his way. Whom should he happen to overtake on the road but his two wise brothers.

‘Whither are you going?’ he asked of them.

‘We are going to a king’s palace--his who has contrived this tower, upon the second story of which he has placed his daughter; and he has proclaimed that whoever kisses her shall become her husband.’

The fool got off his horse, cut himself a cudgel, and began to beat his two brothers; finally he gave them each three ducats. The two brothers did not recognise him, and so he went on by himself, unknown. When he had come to the king’s palace all the great lords looked with admiration at this prince, mounted on a silver steed, and clad in garments of silver. He leapt up with a

great spring towards the princess, and almost got near enough to kiss her. He fell back again, and then, with the help of the good God, he took his departure. These noblemen then asked of one another, ‘What is the meaning of this? He had scarcely arrived when he all but succeeded in kissing the princess.’

The fool then returned home, and went to the bush, and struck it thrice. The fairy again appeared, and asked of him, ‘What is thy will?’ He commanded her to hide his horse and his clothes. He took his buckets filled with water and went back into the house.

‘Where hast thou been?’ asked his mother of him.

‘Mother, I have been outside, and I stripped myself, and (pardon me for saying so) I have been hunting lice in my shirt.’

‘That is well,’ said his mother, and she gave him some food. On the return of the two wise brothers their mother desired them to tell her what they had seen.

‘Mother, we saw there a prince mounted on a silver steed, and himself clad in silver. He had overtaken us by the way, and asked us whither we were going. We told him the truth, that we were going to the palace of the king who had contrived this tower, on the second story of which he had placed his daughter, decreeing that whosoever should get near enough to give her a kiss should marry her. The prince dismounted, cut himself a cudgel, and gave us a sound beating, and then gave us each three ducats.’

The mother was very well pleased to get this money; for she was poor, and she could now buy herself something to eat.

Next day these two brothers again set out. The mother cried to her foolish son, ‘Go and fetch me some water.’ He went out to get the water, laid down his pails beside the well, and went to the bush; he struck it thrice, and the fairy appeared to him. ‘What is thy will?’

‘I wish to have a horse of gold and golden garments.’

The fairy brought him a horse of gold, golden garments, and a sum of money. Off he set, and once more he over-took his brothers on the road. This time he did not dismount, but, cudgel in hand, he charged upon his brothers, beat them severely, and gave them ten ducats apiece. He then betook himself to the king. The nobles gazed admiringly on him, seated on

his horse of gold, himself attired in a golden garb. With a single bound he reached the second story, and gave the princess a kiss. Well, they wished to detain him, but he sprang away, and fled like the wind, with the help of the good God. He came back to his bush, out of which the fairy issued, and asked him, ‘What wilt thou?’

‘Hide my horse and my clothes.’

He dressed himself in his wretched clothes, and went into the house again.

‘Where hast thou been?’ asked his mother.

‘I have been sitting in the sun, and (excuse me for saying it) I have been hunting lice in my shirt.’

She answered nothing, but gave him some food. He went and squatted down behind the stove in idiot fashion. The two wise brothers arrived. Their mother saw how severely they had been beaten, and she asked them, ‘Who has mauled you so terribly?’

‘It was that prince, mother.’

‘And why have you not laid a complaint against him before the king?’

‘But he gave us ten ducats apiece.’

‘I will not send you any more to the king,’ said the mother to them.

‘Mother, they have posted sentinels all over the town to arrest him, the prince; for he has already kissed the king’s daughter, after doing which he took to flight. Then the sentinels were posted. We are certain to catch this prince.’

The fool then said to them, ‘How will you be able to seize him, since evidently he knows a trick or two?’

‘Thou art a fool,’ said the two wise brothers to him; ‘we are bound to capture him.’

‘Capture away, with the help of the good God,’ replied the fool.

Three days later the two wise brothers set out, leaving the fool cowering behind the stove.

‘Go and fetch some wood,’ called his mother to him.

He roused himself and went, with the good God. He came to the bush, and struck it three times. The fairy issued out of it and asked, ‘What dost thou

demand?'

'I demand a horse of diamonds, garments of diamonds, and some money.'

He arrayed himself and set out. He overtook his two brothers, but this time he did not beat them; only he gave them each twenty ducats. He reached the king's city, and the nobles tried to seize him. He sprang up on to the second story, and for the second time he kissed the princess, who gave him her gold ring. Well, they wished to take him, but he said to them, 'If you had all the wit in the world you could not catch me.' But they were determined to seize him. He fled away like the wind. He came to the bush; he struck it thrice; the fairy issued from it and came to him, and took his horse and his clothes. He gathered some wood, and returned to the house; his mother is pleased with him and says, 'There, now! that is how thou shouldst always behave'; and she gave him something to eat. He went and crouched behind the stove. His two brothers arrived; the mother questioned them.

'Mother,' they answered, 'this prince could not be taken.'

'And has he not given you a beating?'

'No, mother; on the contrary, he gave us each twenty ducats more.'

'To-morrow,' said the mother, 'you shall not go there again.' And the two brothers answered, 'No, we will go there no more.'

Aha! so much the better.

This king gave yet another feast, and he decreed that 'All the princes, as many as there shall be of them, shall come to my palace so that my daughter may identify her husband among them.' This feast lasted four days, but the husband of the princess was not there. What did this king do? He ordained a third feast for beggars and poor country-folk, and he decreed that 'Every one come, be he blind or halt, let him not be ashamed, but come.' This feast lasted for a week, but the husband of the princess was not there. What then did the king do? He sent his servants with the order to go from house to house, and to bring to him the man upon whom should be found the princess's ring. 'Be he blind or halt, let him be brought to me,' said the king.

Well, the servants went from house to house for a week, and all who were found in each house they called together, in order to make the search. At last they came to this same house in which dwelt the fool. As soon as the

fool saw them he went and lay down upon the stove. In came the king's servants, gathered the people of the house together, and asked the fool, 'What art thou doing there?'

'What does that matter to you?' replied the fool.

And his mother said to them, 'Sirs, he is a fool.'

'No matter,' said they, 'fool or blind, we gather together all whom we see, for so the king has commanded us.'

They make the fool come down from the stove; they look; the gold ring is on his finger.

'So, then, it is thou that art so clever.'

'It is I.'

He made ready and set out with them. He had nothing upon him, this fool, but a miserable shirt and a cloak all tattered and torn. He came to the king, to whom the servants said, 'Sire, we bring him to you.'

'Is this really he?'

'The very man.'

They show the ring.

'Well, this is he.'

The king commanded that sumptuous garments be made for him as quickly as possible. In these clothes he presented a very comely appearance. The king is well pleased; the wedding comes off; and they live happily, with the help of the good God.

Some time after, another king declared war against this one: 'Since thou hast not given thy daughter in marriage to my son, I will make war against thee.' But this king, the fool's father-in-law, had two sons. The fool also made preparations, and went to the war. His two brothers-in-law went in advance; the fool set out after them. He took a short cut, and, having placed himself on their line of march he sat down on the edge of a pond, and amused himself hunting frogs. These two wise brothers-in-law came up.

Just look at him, see what he is doing; he is not thinking of the war, but only amusing himself hunting frogs.'

These two brothers went on, and this fool mounted his horse, and went to his bush; he struck it thrice, and the fairy appeared before him.

What demandest thou?'

'I demand a magnificent horse and a sabre with which I may be able to exterminate the entire army, and some of the most beautiful clothes.'

He speedily dressed himself; he girded on this sabre; he mounted his horse, and set forth with the help of God. Having overtaken these two brothers-in-law by the way, he asked them, 'Whither are you bound?'

'We are going to the war.'

'So am I; let us all three go together.'

He reached the field of battle; he cut all his enemies to pieces; not a single one of them escaped.

He returned home, this fool, with his horse and all the rest; he hid his horse and his sabre and all the rest, so that nobody would know anything of them. These two brothers arrived after the fool had returned. The king asked them, Were you at the war, my children?'

'Yes, father, we were there, but thy son-in-law was not there.'

'And what was he about?'

'He! he was amusing himself hunting frogs; but a prince came and cut the whole army to pieces; not a soul of them has escaped.'

Then the king reproached his daughter thus: 'What, then, hast thou done to marry a husband who amuses himself catching frogs?'

'Is the fault mine, father? Even as God has given him to me, so will I keep him.'

The next day those two sons of the king did not go to the war, but the king himself went there with his son-in-law. But the fool mounted his horse the quickest and set out first; the king came after, not knowing where his son-in-law. had gone. The king arrived at the war, and found that his son-in-law had already cut to pieces the whole of the enemy's army. And therefore the other king said to this one that henceforth he would no more war against him. They shook hands with each other, these two kings. The fool was wounded in his great toe. His father-in-law noticed it, he tore his own handkerchief and dressed the wounded foot; and this handkerchief was

marked with the king's name. The fool got home quickest, before his father-in-law; he pulled off his boots and lay down to sleep, for his foot pained him. The king came home, and his sons asked him, 'Father, was our brother-in-law at the war?'

'No, I saw nothing of him, he was not there; but a prince was there who has exterminated the whole army. Then this king and I shook hands in token that never more should there be war between us.'

Then his daughter said, 'My husband has my father's handkerchief round his foot.'

The king bounded forth; he looked at the handkerchief: it is his! it bears his name.

'So, then, it is thou who art so clever?'

'Yes, father, it is I.'

The king is very joyful; so are his sons and the queen, and the wife of this fool--all are filled with joy. Well, they made the wedding over again, and they lived together with the help of the good, golden God.

Cf. Ralston's 'Princess Helena the Fair' (Afanasief, from Kursk Government), pp. 256-9; and Dasent's 'Princess on the Glass Hill' (Pop. *Tales from the Norse*), pp., 89-103. The latter half, however, closely resembles the latter half of Dasent's 'The Widow's Son' (*ib*. pp. 400-404), as also that of Gonzenbach's Sicilian story, 'Von Paperarello,' No. 67 (ii. 67), whose opening suggests our No. 9, 'The Mother's Chastisement.' Matthew Wood's Welsh-Gipsy story, 'The Dragon' (No. 61), offers analogies. There Jack gets (1) black horse and black clothes, (2) white horse and white clothes, (3) red horse and red clothes. The Polish-Gypsy story is strikingly identical with 'The Monkey Prince' in Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, No. 10, p. 41.

No. 46. Tale Of A Girl Who Was Sold To The Devil, And Of Her Brother

Once upon a time there lived a countryman and his old wife; he had three daughters, but he was very poor. One day he and his young daughter went into the forest to gather mushrooms. And there he met with a great lord. The old peasant bared his head, and, frightened at the sight of the nobleman,

said apologetically, ‘I am not chopping your honour’s wood with my hatchet, I am only gathering what is lying on the ground.’

‘I would willingly give thee all this forest,’ replies the nobleman; and he then asks the peasant if that is his wife who is with him.

‘No, my lord, she is my daughter.’

‘Wilt thou sell her to me?’

‘Pray, my lord, do not mock and laugh at my daughter, since none but a great lady is a fitting match for your lordship.’

‘That matters little to thee; all thou hast to do is to sell her to me.’

As the peasant did not name the price he asked for her, the nobleman give him two handfuls of ducats. The peasant, quite enraptured, grasped the money, but instead of going home to his wife, he went to a Jew’s. He asked the Jew to give him something to eat and drink, but the Jew refused, being certain that he had no money to pay him with; however, as soon as the peasant had shown him the large sum that he had, the delighted Jew seated him at the table and gave him food and drink. He made the old peasant drunk, and stole away all his money. The peasant went home to his wife. She asked him where had he left his daughter?

‘Wife, I have placed her in service with a great lord.’

The wife asked him if he had brought anything to her. He replied that he was himself hungry, but that this nobleman had said to him that he had taken one daughter, and that he would take the two others as well. His wife bade him take them away. He went away with these two daughters, and one of them he sold to another lord. This one gave him a hatful of money. Then the peasant said to his remaining daughter, ‘Wait for me here in the forest; I will bring thee something to eat and drink; do not stray from here.’ He went to the same Jew that had robbed him of his money. This Jew again stole from him the money he had received from the other lord. The peasant returned to his daughter, and brought her some bread, which she ate with delight. There came a third nobleman, who purchased this third girl.

‘Do not go to the Jew,’ said this lord to the peasant, ‘but go straight home to thy wife, and hand over thy money to her, so that she may take charge of it; else this Jew will rob thee once more.’

The peasant went home to his wife, who was very glad.

This great lord spoke thus to him: ‘There is in a forest a beautiful castle covered with silver. Go to the town, buy some fine horses and harness, engage some peasants to work, and rest thou thyself; make the peasants do the work.’

He got into a carriage; he took his peasants; and they set out with the help of God. They came, by a magnificent road, smooth as glass, into a great forest. They met a beggar, who asked this great lord (this peasant, once poor, now grown rich) where his daughters were.

Soon after these peasants discover that they are clean bewildered; they find themselves surrounded by deep ravines and insurmountable obstacles, so that they cannot get out, for they have lost their way.

There came an old beggar who asked them, ‘Why do you tarry here? why are you not getting on?’

‘Alas!’ they answered, ‘we cannot get out of this; we had a beautiful road, but we have lost it.’

‘Whip up your horses a bit,’ said the old man, ‘perhaps they will go on.’

A lad touched up the horses, and all of a sudden the peasants see a magnificent road before them. They wish to thank this beggar, but he has vanished. The peasants fall to weeping, for, say they to themselves, ‘This was no beggar; more likely was it the good God himself.’ They reach the castle; the peasant is in ecstasies with it. The peasants work for him, and he and his wife take their ease.

Ten years rolled by. Once he had three daughters, whom he had already forgotten. ‘The good God,’ said he, ‘gave me three daughters, but I have never yet had a son.’

One day the good God so ordered it that this peasant woman was brought to bed. She was delivered (pray excuse me) of a boy. This boy grew exceedingly; he was already three years old; he was very intelligent. When he was twelve years old his father put him to school. He was an apt scholar: he knew German, and could read anything.

One day this boy, having returned home, asked his father, ‘How do you do, father?’ His mother gave him some food, and sent him to bed. Next day he got up, and went to school. Two little boys who passed along said the one to the other, ‘There goes the little boy whose father sold his daughters to the

devils.' The boy reached the school filled with anger; he wrote his task quickly, for he could not calm his angry feelings. He went home to his father as quickly as possible; he took two pistols, and called on his father to come to him. As soon as his father came into the room, the boy locked the door on them both.

'Now, father, tell me the truth; had I ever any sisters? If you do not confess the truth to me, I will fire one of these pistols at you and the other at myself.'

The father answered, 'You had three sisters, my child, but I have sold them to I know not whom.'

He sent his father to the town, and bade him, 'Buy for me, father, an apple weighing one pound.'

The father came back home, and gave the apple to his son. The latter was delighted with it, and he made preparations for going out into the world. He embraced his father and mother. 'The good God be with you,' he said to them, 'for it may be I shall never see you more; perchance I may perish.'

He came to a field, where he saw two boys fighting terribly. The father of these two boys had, when dying, left to the one a cloak and to the other a saddle. The little boy went up to these boys and asked them, 'What are you fighting about?'

'Excuse us, my lord,' replied the younger, 'our parents are dead; they have left to one of us a cloak and to the other a saddle; my elder brother wants to take both cloak and saddle, and not to give me anything.'

This little nobleman said to them, 'Come now, I will put you right. Here is an apple which I will throw far out into this field; and whichever of you gets it first shall have both of these things.'

He flung away the apple, and while the boys were running to get it, this little nobleman purloined both cloak and saddle. He resumed his journey, and went away, with the help of God. He came to a field, he stopped, he examined the cloak he had just stolen, and to the saddle he cried, 'Bear me away to where my youngest sister lives.' The saddle took hold of him, lifted him into the air, and carried him to the dwelling of his youngest sister. He cried to his youngest sister, ' Let me in, sister.'

Her answer was, ‘ Twenty years have I been here, and have never seen anybody all that time; and you--you will break my slumber.’

‘Sister, if you do not believe I am your brother, here is a handkerchief which will prove that I am.’

His sister read thereon the names of her father, her mother, and her brother. Then she let him enter, and fainted away. ‘Where am I to hide you now, brother? for if my husband comes he will devour you.’

‘Have no fear on my account,’ he replied, ‘I have a cloak which renders me invisible whenever I wear it.’

Her husband came home; she served some food to him; and then, employing a little artifice, ‘ Husband,’ she said, ‘I dreamt that I had a brother.’

‘Very good.’

‘If he were to come here, you would not harm him, would you, husband?’

‘What harm should I do to him? I would give him something to eat and to drink.’

At this she called out, ‘Brother, let my husband see you.’

The young lad’s brother-in-law saw him, and was greatly pleased with his appearance; he gave him food and something to drink. He went out and called his brothers. They, well satisfied with the state of things, entered, along with the boy’s two other sisters. The latter were brimming over with delight. A lovely lady also came, who enchanted him.

‘Is this young lady married?’ he asked his sister.

‘No,’ she replied, ‘she has no husband; you can marry her if you like.’

They fell in love with each other; they were married.

Ten years they lived there. At last this youth said to his sister, ‘I must return home to my father; perchance he is dead by now.’

He got up next morning; his brother-in-law gave him large sums of gold and silver.

They drew near to the house, he and his wife. Not far from this house was a small wood through which they had to pass, and in it they noticed a beautiful wand.

‘Let us take this wand,’ said his wife to him, ‘it is very pretty; we will plant it at home.’

He obeyed her, and took the wand. He reached the house; the father was very happy that his son was now married.

Five years passed away. The good God gave them a son. He went to the town to invite the godfathers. After the christening they came back from church; they ate, they drank, and at last everybody went away; he remained alone with his wife. One day he went to the town. When he came home, he saw that his wife was no longer there, and that the sapling also had disappeared. (It was no sapling, but a demon.) He began to lament.

‘Why do you lament?’ asked his father.

‘Do not anger me, father,’ he said, ‘for I am going out into the world.’

He got ready for the road; he set out. He came into a great forest. As it was beginning to rain, he took shelter under an oak; and in that very oak his wife was concealed. He slept for a little while; then he heard a child weeping.

‘Who is this that is crying?’ he asked of his wife.

‘It is your child.’

And he recognised her and cried, ‘Wife, hearken to what I am going to say to you. Ask this dragon of yours where it is that he hides the key of his house.’

‘Very well,’ she assented.

The dragon came home; she flung her arms round his neck and said to him, ‘Husband, tell me truly, where is the key of our house?’

What good would it do you if I told you?’ he replied. ‘Well, then, listen. In a certain forest there is a great cask; inside this cask there is a cow; in this cow there is a calf; in this calf a goose; in this goose a duck; in this duck an egg; and it is inside this egg that the key is to be found.’

‘Very good; that is one secret I know.’

She then asked him wherein lay his strength.

The dragon owned this to his wife: ‘When I am dressed as a lord, I cannot be killed; neither could any one kill me when I am dressed as a king; but it

is only at the moment I am putting on my boots that I can be killed.'

'Very good; now I know both these secrets.'

He smelt at his feather, and all his three brothers-in-law appeared beside him. They lay in wait till the moment when the dragon was drawing on his boots, and then they slew him. They betook themselves to that forest, they smashed the cask, they killed the cow that was inside it, they killed the goose that was inside the calf, then the duck that was inside the goose; they broke open the egg, and out of it they drew the key. He took this key, he came back to where his wife was, he opened the oak, and he let his wife out.

'Now, my brothers-in-law, the good God be with you. As for me, I am setting out to follow my way of happiness; now I shall no more encounter any evil thing.'

He returned with his wife to his father's house. His father was very glad to see him come back with his wife; he gave them something to eat and drink, and he said to his son, 'Hearken to me now, my child. We are old now, I and my wife; thou must stay beside me.'

And he answered him, 'It is well, my father; if thou sendest me not away, I will dwell with thee.'

This story of the prig of a little nobleman--a blend of George Washington and little Lord Fauntleroy--is somewhat incoherent, and presents a good many obvious lacunæ. Thus Kopernicki remarks, 'the narrator had omitted to mention the feather in the fourth paragraph from the end. In many Polish and Russniak tales one meets with a bird's feather or a horse-hair possessing the magical power of making anybody immediately appear. One has only to burn this feather a little, and then to smell it. In this Gypsy tale, therefore, the hero's brothers-in-law had evidently given him such a feather at the time of his departure. But the narrator had forgotten to mention this though he remembered the feather when he reached that point at which the hero had need of it to summon his brothers-in-law to kill the dragon.' Such a feather, however, is by no means exclusively Slavonic; it occurs in our Roumanian-Gypsy story (No. 10), and in a Turkish-Gypsy one (Paspati, p. 523): 'He gave the old man a feather, and he said to the old man, "Take it and carry it to your daughter, and if she puts it in the fire I will comer."' *Cf.* too, Hahn, i. 93; Carnoy and Nicolaides' *Traditions de l'Asie*

Mineure (1889), p. 140; Legrand's *Contes Grecs* 0881), pp. 69, 71, 72, 73 (hero burns bee's wing with a cigar), 89; and the Arabian Nights ('Conclusion of the Story of the Ladies of Baghdad'):--'She gave me a lock of her hair, and said, "When thou desirest my presence, burn a few of these hairs, and I will be with thee quickly."' Precisely the same idea occurs frequently in F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories* from the Panjab and Kashmir: *e.g.* 'Only take this hair out of my beard; and if you should get into trouble, just burn it in the fire. I'll come to your aid' (p. 13; *cf*. also pp. 32, 34, 413-14, and Knowles's *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, pp. 3, 12).

I can offer no exact variant of this story, but many analogies suggest themselves, *e.g.* in No. 5, 'The Three Princesses and the Unclean Spirit,' in No. 44, 'The Three Dragons,' and in 'The Weaver's Son and the Giant of the White Hill' (Curtin's *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*, p. 64), where also one gets the wool, fin, and feather. For the invisible cloak, *cf*. Clouston, i. 72, etc. In Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, No. 22, p. 156, the hero finds four fakirs quarrelling for the possession of a travelling bed, a Fortunatus bag, a water-supplying stone bowl, and a stick and rope that bind and lay on. He shoots four arrows, and whilst the fakirs are searching for the fourth one, decamps with these objects (so, too, Knowles's *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, p. 87). An invisible cap occurs in F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories*, p. 37.

No. 47. The Brigands And The Miller's Daughter

There was once a miller who had a beautiful daughter. Noble lords paid their court to her, but she cared not for them. She was wooed by high officials, but neither to them did she listen. At length three brigands, disguised as noblemen, came to the miller's house. They ordered something to eat and drink. The miller, being invited to the repast, drank willingly, but his daughter would not take anything, for she despised them. These three brigands returned to their leader, and said to him, 'What shall we do with this girl? She cares for nobody; she refuses to eat and drink.'

Then twelve of them set out for the miller's. It was Sunday. The miller was from home; he had gone to a baptism. The daughter was all alone in the house. The brigands arrived. They made a hole in the storeroom by which to enter. Having heard them doing this, she took a sword and placed herself beside the hole made by the brigands. She was, however, very much frightened. One of the brigands came and thrust his head half through the hole. She took the sword; she cut off the brigand's head, and drew him into

the storeroom. Another brigand essayed to enter; she cut off his head and drew him inside. The ten other brigands asked their two comrades what they were about.

‘They are helping me to carry away the money here, which I am not able to lift alone.’[102]

Then a third brigand came forward; the girl cut off his head and pulled him in. A fourth came, and his head too was cut off, and his body drawn in. The fifth brigand endeavoured to enter; she killed him in the same way, and, having cut off his head, dragged him inside.

‘What are all of you about there?’ asked the seven brigands who remained outside.

To whom the girl answered, ‘They are helping me to carry off the bacon, which I am not able to carry myself, there is such a lot of it. If you do not believe me, see, here is a bit--taste it.’

They ate of this bacon; they were delighted with it.

The sixth brigand thrust himself forward; she killed him also; she cut off his head and drew him inside. The seventh followed; he was killed in the same way; she cut off his head and drew him in. The eighth went there; she killed him like the others, and drew him in and cut off his head. The ninth advanced; him she killed in like fashion, pulled him in and cut off his head. The tenth tried to enter; she killed him also, drew him in and cut off his head. The two remaining brigands were astounded, and said to each other, ‘Hallo! there are ten of them there, and they are not sufficient for this money.’ The eleventh came forward; he also was killed; she drew him inside and cut off his head. The twelfth one at last hesitates. ‘What is going on there?’ He pushed his head in a little way, and the girl cut off a piece of his skin.

‘Ah! you are as cunning as that, are you? So, then you have killed my brothers.’

This brigand betook himself home.[103]

Leaving this brigand in the meantime, let us pass to the dead ones.

The miller’s daughter went to bed. Her father got up next day. She said to him, ‘Father, twelve brigands have been here. They meant to carry me away

last night, but I armed myself with your sword, and killed the whole twelve [*sic*] of them.'

The miller did not believe her.

'If you don't believe me, father, I will show you them.'

'Very well, show them to me.'

She led him to the storeroom, where the miller saw the lot of decapitated brigands. He went to the town, and told the peasants and great lords what had happened. 'My daughter has just slain twelve brigands. If you do not believe me, come with me.'

They went with the miller. He conducted them to the storeroom. These noblemen, seeing so many decapitated brigands, spoke thus to the miller, 'Tell us truly, now, who was it killed them?'

'My daughter,' answered he.

'Was it you who killed these brigands?' they asked his daughter.

'It was I.'

'And why did you do so?'

'Because they wanted to carry me off'

'What did you kill them with?'

'With my father's sword.'

'That was well done.'

They gave her three bushels of ducats. These brigands were buried.

Ten years have already passed away. One time twelve brigands, disguised as lords, came to this miller's house, he being unaware who they were.

'Will you give me your daughter in marriage?' one of them asked him.

'Why not?' he made answer, 'all the more willingly because she has pined for a great lord.'

This was the very brigand from whose head she had cut a piece of skin. But the miller's daughter did not recognise him, and she consented to marry him. This girl begged her father to give her three bushels of oats. She got into the carriage with these noblemen, and went off with them. Hardly had they got a league from the house when she took one handful after another of

the oats and cast them on the road: this was to mark her route, and in order to recognise afterwards the way by which she had gone. She went on sowing these oats till they came to the forest where the brigands lived. She scattered the whole quantity.

Having got home, they made her come down out of the carriage. They went into the room with her. She sat down, and saw no one there but a solitary old peasant woman.

‘Do you recognise me?’ this brigand asked her.

‘No,’ she replied, ‘I do not recognise you at all.’

He showed her the part of his head where a piece of the skin had been cut off by her. It was only then that she recognised him. She was greatly alarmed at the sight of this brigand in the guise of a nobleman.

‘Keep quite calm,’ he said to her, ‘we are going to cut some stripes from your back.’[104]

‘Very well,’ she replied, ‘if I have deserved it, chop me up into little bits.’

He leads her into a room, which she sees is full of money. They pass into another, and this is full of linen clothes. They enter the third, and there she sees a block and a great number of peasants hanging from pegs all round the walls. All that she saw there caused her heart to grow faint as though she were passing to the other world. The brigand led her back, and intrusted her to the old woman, to whom he said, ‘Guard her, that she flee nowhere, while we go a-hunting. We shall not return till nightfall; then we shall cut some stripes from her back.’

‘Very well,’ said the old dame.

This old woman began to lament for her. ‘Why have you come here?’ she said to her. ‘They will cut off stripes from your back, and I shall be forced to look on. But listen to me. Go to draw water; take off your clothes and place them on the well; leave the pail there and take to flight.’

Well, she went out and fled. She came to a great forest. The dogs of the house, having smelt that she was away, began seeking for her. The old woman set herself to scold the dogs, crying out to them, ‘Where were you, then, when this girl went to fetch water?’

The dogs ran out of doors; they see that she is there beside the well; they return to the house reassured.

Let us now leave the dogs, and return to the girl.

The girl travelled for about seven leagues along the road which she had marked by scattering the oats. Towards night-time the brigands returned home; they asked the old woman where the girl is, where is she gone to?

That brigand calls her, ‘Why do you not return?’

She gives him no response.

He armed himself with his sword, this brigand; he approached what he thought was the girl standing erect, and struck a blow on the iron standard of the well. He at once returned to the house, and told his comrades what had happened. They all rushed forth in pursuit.

Well, then, she perceived these brigands following on her track. Fortunately a peasant was passing with a wagon-load of straw.[105] She implored the peasant, ‘For the love of God, hide me in one of those large bundles of straw, and I will give you a peck of money.’

‘I would willingly hide you,’ he answered, ‘only I am afraid that these brigands would do me harm.’

‘Fear nothing, only hide me.’

He concealed her in a large sheaf; he placed it on the wagon; and he sat down upon it.

The brigands came up and called out to the peasant, ‘What are you carrying there?’

‘A load of straw, gentlemen.’

They searched through the straw, but they did not examine the large bundle on which the peasant was sitting. The brigands turned back.

The peasant came to the house of the miller, whose daughter this was, and said to him, ‘Look, I bring your daughter back to you.’

On seeing that his daughter was naked the miller fainted away.

The girl dressed herself, and said to her father, ‘Do not be alarmed, father. Look you, those were no noblemen but brigands. I know,’ she added, ‘where they live.’

The miller went to get soldiers and gensdarmes. These took his daughter with them.

‘Do you know where they live?’

‘Yes, I know.’

‘Will you show us where it is?’

‘I will show you where.’

She went with them into that large forest. They saw a beautiful stone palace. Three of them went in; they saw that there were a hundred brigands.

‘What shall we do now with these brigands?’

‘We will kill them,’ replied the soldiers.

They shot the whole lot of them; not one remained alive except the old peasant woman. Her too they would have killed, but the girl begged them, ‘Do not kill her, for it was she who saved my life.’

They enter one room, they see it is full of money. They pass into the other room, and it is full of linen clothes. They go into the third, and there they find a great number of peasants suspended from pegs along the walls. All that they found there they carried away--gold, silver, and sums of money. Then they set fire to the palace and burned it down. They returned home; and the miller’s daughter took the old peasant woman with her and kept her till her death, because she had saved her life.

One night she was reminded in a dream that she had not yet recompensed the peasant who had hidden her in the straw. So next day she sent a boy to fetch this peasant. The boy went to the peasant’s house, and said to him, ‘Come to the miller’s daughter, who is asking for you.’

The peasant dressed himself, and went to the miller’s house. He entered. He stopped on the threshold and saluted the good God.[106]

‘You remember hiding me in the straw, my good man?’ ‘Yes, I remember.’

‘Well, I have never given you anything,’ she said to him.

She went to the storeroom, and brought four quarts of silver money to him. This poor peasant, quite delighted, accepted the money and took it in his hand. The miller’s daughter gave him something to eat and drink; and then he took his leave and went home with the good God.

We have two other Gypsy versions of this story--one from Hungary (Dr. Friedrich Müller), and the other from North Wales (Matthew Wood, 'Laula'). The Hungarian opens:--'Somewhere was, somewhere was not,[107] in the Seventy-seventh Land in a village a Hungarian;' and may thereafter be summarised:--Of his three daughters two get married. The third at last has a sweetheart, who always comes to see her after midnight. Once she follows him to a cave in the forest, from which twelve robbers come out. She enters, comes on corpses, and hides behind cask. A lady is brought in; her hand is chopped off; the girl possesses herself of it and escapes home. The wedding is fixed. She tells soldiers, but not her father. At the wedding she relates a dream: 'And, ye gentlemen, think not that I was really there, for I saw it merely in a dream.' Soldiers come in just as she draws the hand from her bosom and flings it on the table. After which the story drifts off into a version of the Roumanian-Gypsy tale of 'The Vampire' (No. 5), a version summarised on p. 19.

The following epitome of 'Laula' is by Mr. Sampson:--Three young ladies live at a castle. A' gentleman comes to visit them daily. They know not who he is or where he lives. He asks the youngest to accompany him home. She goes with him, eats, drinks, and returns. She asks his coachman his master's name, 'Laula.' She thinks it a pretty name; her elder sister a bad one. Next evening she goes again. They eat, drink, and play cards. He leaves the room, and returns with a phial of blood. 'Is your blood as red as this?' She pretends that he is jesting; but he cuts off her finger, opens the window, and throws it to the big dog, afterwards killing her. The tale goes on, 'Who got the finger? The elder sister got it'; and it then explains how she had followed the pair by the track of the horse's feet, pacified the dog, and caught the finger (with ring on) thrown .to him. She desires her father to issue invitations to a dinner. Every one comes and has to tell a tale or sing a song. On Laula's plate is placed nothing but this finger. When the elder sister tells her tale, he grows uneasy, and says he must go outside. He twice interrupts thus, but is restrained by the other gentlemen. She gives him away, and at the old father's suggestion he is placed in a barrel filled with grease and burnt to death. [On which it is just worth noting that Lawlor was a Gypsy name in 1540.--MacRitchie's *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* (1894), pp. 37-39.]

Of non-Gypsy variants may be cited Grimm's No. 40, 'The Robber Bridegroom'; and Cosquin's 'La Fille du Meunier' (another miller's daughter), i. 178. In England we have 'The Story of Mr. Fox' (Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, p. 47, and Jacobs's *English Fairy Tales*, pp. 148, 247), and 'The Girl who got up the Tree' (Addy's *Household Tales*, 1895, p. 10). Shakespeare refers to the story in *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i. 146. 'Bopoluchi' in F. A. Steel's *Indian Wide-awake Stories*, pp. 73-8, should also be compared.

No. 48. Tale Of A Wise Young Jew And A Golden Hen

There was once a rich nobleman who had lived with his wife for ten years without having any children. One time he dreamt that he would have a very warlike son. Another time he dreamt again that a Jewess was going to be confined on the same day as his lady. (This was true!) Next morning this lord arose and said to his wife, 'Wife, I dreamt that we are going to have a child.'

'That may really come to pass,' she answered.

He further told her of the Jewess; he said she would be brought to bed at the very same hour as her ladyship.

The good God ordained that she should be delivered of a child; the good God gave them a son. The boy's father was very joyful, as were also the mother and that Jewess, who was brought to bed at the very same hour as this lady.

The nobleman said to his wife, 'My lady, we must go to this Jewess, in order that our child may be brought up with hers.'

'Very well, husband.'

They brought thither the Jewess, and she made her home there, near this nobleman's dwelling.

He begins to grow up, this son of the nobleman. He is very wise; yet the son of the Jewess is still wiser. He is now ten years old, and is eager to go to school; he learns there to perfection. His father and mother are filled with delight.

Once the Jewish boy said to the lord's son, 'Look here, now, why not request your father to have some beautiful baths made for you in the fields?'

The nobleman's son approached his father, kissed his hand, as also his mother's. 'Father,' said he, 'I beg that you will build me some fine baths in the fields.'

Who should it happen to be that set themselves to this work? Two old retainers. They had seen in a town some time before a very beautiful princess. Well, what have they gone and done, these two servitors? They have caused the portrait of this princess to be painted on the walls of the baths. These two servants came back and announced to their lord, 'We have done everything we were ordered to do.'

'Very good. How much now do you ask for it?'

'We shall be satisfied with whatever your grace deigns to give us.'

The nobleman gave them four thousand florins. They accorded to their lord their best thanks. Then the Jew boy called to the nobleman's son, 'Come, the baths are now built, let us see what there is to be seen.'

Thither they went, but this young Jew was always wiser than the nobleman's son. They entered the first hall, where they saw painted upon the walls various kinds of birds, wolves; all which delighted the son of the lord. Then all by himself he enters the other apartment, and what does he behold there? The portrait of this lovely princess painted on one of the walls. He gazes at the likeness of the princess, and is so greatly enchanted with it that he swoons away. The young Jew sees him (swoon); he revives him with vinegar; and he asks the nobleman's son, 'What is the matter with you?'

'O brother, if I do not have this princess to wife I shall kill myself.'

'Hush, for the love of God,' replied the young Jew; 'do not cry so loud. For you shall perhaps have her indeed, only not so soon as you wish.'

He returned home very sick, this nobleman's son.

'What ails him?' asks his father; but the young Jew was ashamed to own what had happened. Orders were given to fetch doctors with all speed; various remedies are administered; but he has nothing the matter with him, for he is quite well, only withering away for the sake of this princess.

'What's to be done with him?' this lord asks himself. He sends the mother to question her son, that he may reveal to her what it is that has happened.

The mother comes to him. ‘What is the matter, my child? Don’t be ashamed to tell me everything.’

‘Ah, mother,’ he answered, ‘even though I were to tell you all, you would not be able to give me any advice.’

‘On the contrary, my son, I will give you very good advice.’

Then he said to her, ‘Mother, I have seen the likeness of a beautiful princess in these fine baths; if I do not have her to wife I shall kill myself.’

The mother hears this with delight. ‘That is well, my son. In the meantime, where am I to find her?’

But the Jew lad said to the nobleman, ‘My lord, I will go with him to seek the princess. I make myself answerable for his person, and if any harm befalls him, punish me.’

‘Very well, then; get ready, and set out with the help of God.’

They set out, and on the further side of a large town the young Jew saw a beautiful wand on the road and a little key beside it.

‘I shall dismount and pick up that wand,’ said he.

But the nobleman’s son said to him, ‘What good will that wand do you? You can buy yourself a fine sword in any town.’

But the young Jew replied, ‘I don’t want a sword; I wish to take that wand.’

Well, he got down from his horse; he picked up this wand and the little key. He got into the saddle again, and they went on their way with the help of God. They came to a great forest, where night surprised them. They saw a light shining in this forest.

‘See,’ said the lord’s son, ‘there’s a light shining over yonder.’

They came up to this light; they went into the room; there was no one within. There they see a beautiful bed, but unoccupied. They see that there is food for them. There is a golden goblet on the side next to the nobleman’s son; and beside the young Jew there is a goblet of silver. The nobleman’s son would have seated himself beside the silver goblet, but the young Jew said to him, ‘Listen to me, brother. You are the son of a wealthy sire, and I am a poor man’s son; your place therefore is beside the goblet of gold, and I will seat myself beside the silver goblet.’

Thereafter he disrobed him deftly, and made him lie down on the bed.

‘Come you to bed, brother,’ said the nobleman’s son. ‘I don’t feel sleepy,’ replied the young Jew.

‘Well, I’m going to sleep at any rate.’

He placed himself beside the table, this young Jew, and pretended to fall asleep. Two ladies approached the young Jew, but they were not really ladies--they were fairies.[108] These ladies spoke thus to one another, ‘Oh! this young Jew and this nobleman’s son are going to a capital, where they wish to carry away the king’s daughter. But,’ said they, ‘the young Jew did well to pick up that wand with the little key, for there will be an iron door, which with that key he will be able to open.’

These ladies went away with the help of God. The young Jew undressed himself and went to bed. They arose next morning; they came to that iron door; the young Jew dismounted and opened it. They see that this is the capital wherein dwells the princess. They went into this town; they see a gentleman passing. The young Jew asks him, ‘Where is there a first-rate inn in this place?’ The gentleman indicated such a one to them, and guided them to it. He paid him for his trouble. They ate until they were satisfied. The nobleman’s son remained in the inn, and the young Jew sallied out into the town. He saw a gentleman passing.

‘Stay, sir, I have something to ask of you.’

The gentleman stopped, and the young Jew asked him, ‘Where is the principal goldsmith’s in this town?’

He directed him there; the young Jew went to this goldsmith.

‘Will you make me an old hen and her chickens of gold? The old hen must have eyes of diamonds and the young chickens also.’

‘Very well.’

‘But I stipulate further that she be alive.’

The goldsmith, who was a great wizard, replied, ‘Very good, sir; I will do so if you will pay me.’

‘I will pay you as much as ten thousand.’

Three days later he returned to get what he had ordered. He chose a Sunday, at the time when the princess was going to church. It was then he proposed to exhibit this golden hen and her chickens in such a way that the princess should see them. Well, he went to the goldsmith's; he got the golden hen with her young chickens. On the following Sunday, he went near the church, this young Jew; he placed a table there, and on it he exposed his golden hen with the young chicks. Nobody who passed that way thought any more about going to church, but all stopped to gaze with wonder at this golden hen with her young chickens. A throng of people gathered from all parts of the town to see this hen and her chickens. The priest himself does not go into the church, but stops before the hen and her chickens; he looks at them so greedily that his eyes are almost starting out of his head. At last the king's daughter comes to church. She looks to see what is going on there. A crowd of people, gentle and simple, gathered together. She had four lackeys with her.

'Go,' she said to one of them, ' see what is going on there.' He went and did not return.

She sent a second one; no more did he come back, so much was he enchanted. She despatched a third; neither did that one return--he was charmed. She sent the fourth, and he returned not either, being enchanted like the others.

'What can have happened there?' she asked herself. 'Has somebody been killed?'

She sent her maid, who forced her way with difficulty among the people; but she also came not back, so much did this golden hen delight her. Another was sent, who with great difficulty forced a passage through the crowd, but she too returned not, so charmed was she. She despatched her third maid-servant, who also penetrated the throng, but, being charmed, did not return. Finally she said to the fourth one, 'I am sending you to see what is happening there; but if you do not come back to tell me, I will have you put to death.'

This one too went. She forced her way after much difficulty through the crowd, but she came not back out of it, so greatly had that golden hen charmed her.

The princess then said to herself, ‘What can be going on there? Here, I’ve sent eight persons, and not one of them has come back to tell me what’s the matter.’

Then she went herself to see what had happened. Peasants and gentlemen gave way before her. She draws near and sees--a golden hen with her young chickens.

The Jew lad perceives her and asks her, ‘Does this give pleasure to your royal highness?’

‘Greatly though it pleases me, sir,’ she answered, ‘you will not give it to me.’

He took this hen and presented it to the princess; then, with the help of the good God, he went away. But the princess called after him, and invited him to dine at her father’s. The young Jew returned to the inn, where the nobleman’s son was asleep. He knew nothing of what the young Jew had done. The king sent a very fine carriage to fetch the young Jew; he got into it and drove off. The princess was amusing herself with the hen and its young golden chickens. The king proposed to him that he should live with his daughter.

‘Very well,’ said the young Jew to him. ‘I will live with her.’

Well, they eat, they drink, and at length towards night the young Jew sent some one to fetch the nobleman’s son. When he arrived, all three went out to walk in the garden. Then the young Jew said to the princess, ‘Will you go away from here with us?’

‘Yes, I will go away,’ she replied.

They set out with her and hurried away, with the help of the good God. The father of the princess knew not where she had gone to; neither did he know whence the young Jew and the nobleman’s son had come. The nobleman’s son arrived at his father’s house. The father and mother are well satisfied that he has been so successful in bringing home the princess.

‘And now, my son,’ said his father to him, ‘you must marry her.’

So he married her, and they live together with the help of God. The young Jew has also married a wife, and they live together with the help of God.

Obviously an incomplete story; for of the beautiful wand the young Jew makes no use at all, of the key very little. It offers analogies to 'Baldpate' (No. 2), to 'The Dead Man's Gratitude' (No. 1), and to Miklosich's Bukowina-Gypsy story of 'The Rivals.' The last may be summarised thus:--

An emperor's daughter on her brow had the sun, on her breast the moon, on her back the stars. An old lady had a sow with twelve little golden pigs; and her servant tended them. He goes into the forest and grazes them along the road, and on three successive days the princess gets a little pig by revealing to him her birth-marks. The emperor makes proclamation for them to come and guess her birth-marks. A prince, who is in love with her and knows her marks, guesses them; so too does the swine-herd. So the emperor shuts up the three of them in a room. 'And the boy bought himself bread and sweet apples and sweet cakes, and put them in his bosom. And the prince lay with the girl in his arms, and the boy at her back. The princess was hungry. The boy was eating cakes. She asked him, "What are you eating, boy?" "I am eating my lips." "Give me some." And he gave to her. "God! how sweet." And the prince said, "Mine are sweeter." And he took his knife, and cut off his lips, and gave them to her. She flung them on the ground. Again the boy was eating apples. "What are you eating now, boy?" "I am eating my nose." "Give me some." He gave her. "God! how delicious." And the prince, "Mine is sweeter." He took his knife and cut off his nose, and gave it to her. She flung it on the ground. The boy eats bread. "What are you eating now, boy?" "I am eating my ears." "Give me some." He gave to her. "God! how delicious." And the prince, "Mine are sweeter." He took his knife, cut off his ears, and gave them to her. She flung them on the ground. By daybreak the prince was dead; the girl was all over blood from him, and she shoved his corpse on the ground, and took the boy in her arms. And the emperor came and found the two locked in an embrace. Straightway the emperor clad him, and joined them in marriage.'

Denton's 'The Shepherd and the King's Daughter,' in *Serbian Folk-lore*, p. 172, is closely akin to Miklosich's story over the first six pages, but is probably Bowdlerised. *Cf*. too, 'The Emperor's Daughter and the Swineherd,' in Krauss's *Sagen and Märchen der Südslaven*, ii. 302; and Hahn, ii. 180. Mr. David MacRitchie suggested in the *Gypsy Lore Journal* (ii. 381) that by the golden hen and her chickens in the Polish-Gypsy story is to be understood a planetarium of the Pleiades, the popular

Roumanian name for the Pleiades being ‘the golden hen with her golden chickens.’ The suggestion is most ingenious; but in Laura Gonzenbach’s Sicilian story, ‘Vom Re Porco’ (No. 42, i. 291-293) the true bride purchases permission from the false bride to pass three nights with the bridegroom with the contents of three nuts--(1) a golden hen with many golden chickens; (2) a little golden schoolmistress, with little golden pupils, who sew and embroider; and (3) a lovely golden eagle. *Cf*. also Hahn, i. 188.

No. 49. The Golden Bird And The Good Hare

Once upon a time there was a king who had three sons, two wise and one foolish. This king had an apple-tree which bore golden apples; but every night some one robbed him of these apples. The king inflicted severe punishment on his servants.

One time his eldest son said to him, ‘Father, I am going to watch the golden apple-tree, and if I do not catch the thief you shall kill me.’

‘Very well; go, then.’

He went to stand guard, but in the night-time a golden bird came and stole a golden apple from the tree.

Next day the king arose, and asked of his son, ‘Have you caught the thief?’ The king counted the apples on the tree: one of them was missing. ‘Well,’ said he to his son, ‘you shall be put to death.’

The notables of the kingdom, and everybody, prayed that he would pardon him. The king pardoned him.

Then the other brother said to the king, ‘Father, I also will go and keep watch; it may be that I shall seize the thief.’

‘Very well; then go.’

He made his preparations, and went on guard. The golden bird came once more and stole an apple from the tree.

Next day the king arose and asked of his son, ‘Have you caught the thief?’

‘No, father, I have not caught him, for he has escaped me.’

‘Did you see him, then?’

‘Yes, I saw him.’

‘Well, then, how was he able to escape you? You shall be killed.’

Then the queen and all the nobles entreated him. He pardoned this other son.

The king returned to his house.

Then the third brother, the fool, came to beg him that he would allow him to go and guard the golden apple-tree. ‘Father,’ said he, ‘it must be that I shall catch this thief.’

‘Go, then, fool that thou art,’ replied the king; ‘your wise brothers have kept watch, and could not take him; and you, what will you do, fool?’

‘Never mind, father, wise though my brothers may be, they knew not how to secure the thief. I, who am a fool, shall know better than they how to capture him.’

‘Very well; then, go. But you shall be put to death if you do not take him.’

‘Very well, father, I agree to it that you kill me; but if I do secure the thief, it is I who am to kill you.’

‘Very well, I shall not seek to excuse myself.’

He made his preparations. He went to keep watch. He climbed up into the tree to watch there. He stuck a needle into a twig, and leant his chin upon it.

‘Whenever I feel sleepy,’ said he to himself, ‘the needle will prick me, and I shall be aroused.’

Just at daybreak he saw a golden bird come, intending to steal one of the golden apples. He perceived this, and, firing at the bird, knocked out three feathers of gold. These he picked up and kept in his hand.

He got up in the morning and went to his father, who asked him, ‘Have you seized the thief? What have you taken from him?’

‘I have blown off a piece of his shirt with a musket-shot.’

Then said the king to him, ‘Now you may kill me.’

‘Father, I grant you your life.’

He showed him the three golden feathers, whereupon his father became blind, so dazzled was he by the terrible gleam.

‘What shall we do now, unfortunates that we are?’

The eldest brother said to his father, ‘I am going in quest of this bird.’

‘Well, go, my son; have a care of me.’

He took plenty of money with him and a beautiful horse. He set out in quest of this bird. He went away far out into the world. Once he saw a fine inn. He went in. He ordered something to eat and drink. He hears, this son of the king, that they are wrangling in the next room. He looks through the keyhole and sees twelve young ladies playing at cards. He gently opens the door a little, and these damsels call to him, ‘Come away, sir, and play with us.’

He goes in, and he loses all his money at play. He sells his horse, and loses that money too. He sells his clothes, and still loses. Lastly, he asks these damsels to lend him a hundred florins. They lend them to him, and he loses the hundred florins.

‘What shall I do now, pauper that I am?’

These damsels have him arrested and put into prison. For six months he sees no one, this eldest brother.

Then his younger brother made his preparations, and requested his father to let him go in quest of the golden bird.

His father said to him, ‘Each of you goes away, and none returns. Very well, go.’

He took even more money than his brother and a finer horse. He set out, and came to the same inn. He makes them serve him with something to eat and drink. He hears people wrangling in the next room. He opens the door a little, and sees twelve damsels playing at cards.

‘Come away, sir, and play with us.’

He sits down to play, and loses all his money. He sells his horse for a large sum, which he loses in the same way. He sells his clothes, and loses likewise. Lastly, he borrows a hundred florins from the twelve damsels, and loses them also.

‘What shall I do now, pauper that I am?’

These damsels have him arrested and put into prison.

Then the king says, ‘See, it is full six months since my two sons set out, and neither of them has returned.’

Then the fool, the youngest brother, wishes to go in quest of this bird. He requests his father to let him go and seek the golden bird.

‘Well, go, my boy. Fool though you are, perhaps you will bring this bird to me sooner than your two wise brothers, who set out and return not.’

So he made his preparations. He set out without money, without anything save two bottles of wine, but he set out with the help of God. After a very long journey he came to a small wood. In this wood he saw a lame hare, which fled away from him. He would have killed this hare, but it besought him, ‘Have the fear of God; do not kill me. For I know where you are going, and I will tell it to you.’

‘That is well,’ replied this foolish prince; and he dismounted from his horse. He drew a fine loaf out of his pocket, and gave it to the hare to eat. For himself, he drank some of his wine, and said to this hare, ‘If I gave you wine too, you would certainly not drink any of it?’

‘Why should I not drink any of it, my lord?’ replied the hare; ‘you have only to give me some.’

Well, he gave him some. The hare drank of it, and thanked him courteously. Then the foolish prince asked him, ‘What was that you said to me just now?’

‘I will tell you that you are going in quest of the golden bird, three of whose feathers you knocked out with a musket-shot. You showed them to your father, who has consequently become blind.’

‘Yes, that is so.’

‘But listen: there will be various birds; there will be a cage of diamonds, a cage of gold, a cage of silver, and a cage of wood. In the first there will be a diamond bird, in the second a golden bird, in the third a silver bird, and in the fourth a miserable, common bird. Beware of taking one of the birds with a beautiful cage, or it will bring misfortune on you. Now, get on my back, and leave your horse to graze in this forest.’

He mounted the hare, and on arriving at the place where these birds were he dismounted. Then said the hare to him again, ‘For God’s sake, beware of touching a bird with a beautiful cage, but take the one in a common cage.’

Well, then, he goes in to steal, and he sees that there are three miserable cages. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘should I take one of these, when I can take a bird

with a beautiful cage?' He then espied a cage of diamonds with a diamond bird in it. He approached it. He would have taken it, when suddenly these wretched birds uttered a terrible scream. The warders came running up, and secured the prince. Next day the king questioned him, 'Why have you come here?'

'I came, sire, to take the bird that robbed me of the golden apples.'

Listen, then. You shall have that bird provided you do this for me. There is a certain king who has a silver horse. Steal that horse from him and bring it to me, and I will give you the bird.'

'Very well.'

The fool came to his hare, and began to lament. The hare said to him, 'Didn't I tell you not to touch the bird in the fine cage, but to take the bird in the common cage? Well, be silent; come with me without mounting me. And listen: there will be beautiful horses of gold and silver. Don't touch them, but take that miserable horse beside the door.'

Well, he went. He sees such beautiful horses, one all gold, the other silver. He looks at them, and says to himself, 'Why should I take that wretched horse, when I can take the golden one?' He tries to mount the golden horse, when they all neigh terribly loud, and he was arrested.

On the morrow the king arose and questioned him, 'What do you want here?'

'I came, sire, to steal your silver horse, because that other king said to me that if I bring him your silver steed, he will give me his golden bird.'

'Well, I will give it to you myself if you will accomplish this feat: Our third king has a daughter with locks of gold. If you will carry her off, and bring her to me, then I will give you my silver steed.'

'Very well.'

He came back to his hare. Why, then, won't you do what I tell you?' said the hare to him, and would have beaten him. 'Come, then, with me, but do not get on my back. You will go to where this princess dwells; you will eat with her; you will drink with her; finally, you will sleep with her. Then I shall come during the night and carry you both away.'

Well, he came to where the princess lived. He ate, he drank, and he slept with her. The hare got up during the night, and carried them both away. They set out, and by the time it was day they had gone a great distance.

‘Where am I?’ asked the princess.

The hare told her, ‘You will be the wife of this prince.’ She was quite content to have such a young and hand-some husband.

Then said the foolish prince, ‘Well, we have already got the princess with the golden locks, but how are we going to manage to steal the silver steed and the golden bird?’

‘Oh!’ replied the hare, ‘that is my affair, and I shall answer for it.’

They remained, then, in that place, and the hare set out alone. He went to where that king lived, and he stole from him that same wretched horse that was beside the door. He mounted it and came back to the fool. The latter sees such a beautiful silver horse. He is enchanted that the hare had succeeded in stealing it. He mounts the princess on this horse, and they continued their journey with the help of God. They reach the home of the third king, who had the golden bird. The hare stole from him the miserable bird in the wretched cage. (Neither the birds nor the horses uttered a single cry.) The hare returned to the fool. He is perfectly delighted on seeing a golden bird in a golden cage. They go on their way. They set out with the help of God, and they come to that forest where they had left their horse. The prince mounted it.

Before his departure the hare said to him, ‘I forbid you to ransom your two brothers from death.’ The prince swore that he would not. He and the princess returned thanks to the good hare who had brought them away. They set out and arrived at his father’s house. He presents the golden bird to his father, who thereupon recovered his sight. His father is charmed at his son bringing him his wife with the golden locks and a silver steed. He marries her, and lives with her five years.

Once it occurred to this fool that he ought to go in search of his two brothers,

‘Do not go, my son,’ said his father, ‘let God punish them.’

‘Permit me to do so, father; I will go and seek them.’

His father objected, but he besought him incessantly, till at last he allowed him to go. He came to a very large town. What does he see there? His two brothers. They were just being led to death. He came to the place, this fool, and he would have ransomed them from death, but the nobles would not have it. He offered an enormous sum, but they would not accept it.

'If you will not, I can but go home.'

He came home, and he said to his father, 'Alas! father, my brothers are now dead.'

'Since they did not obey me,' replied his father, 'it is right that God should punish them.'

This youngest prince dwells with his wife, and they live with the help of the good, golden God.

This opens like a Bulgarian story, 'The Golden Apples and the Nine Peahens,' No. 38 of Wratislaw's *Sixty Slavonic Folk-tales*, p. 186, also somewhat like the Roumanian-Gypsy tale of 'The Red King and the Witch' (No. 14). Laura Gonzenbach's Sicilian story, No. 51, 'Vom singenden Dudelsack,' may also be compared. But it is essentially identical with our Scottish-Tinker story of 'The Fox' (No. 75), and with Wratislaw's Serbian story of 'The Lame Fox,' No. 40, pp. 205-217, with Grimm's No. 57, 'The Golden Bird' (i. 227, 415), and with Campbell of Islay's No. 46, 'Mac Iain Direach,' on which see Reinhold Köhler in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 1864, pp. 685-6. Kopernicki's Gypsy story is plainly very defective. The lame hare should first meet the two elder brothers, and his stealing the steed and the bird is as lame as himself. The concluding phrase, 'golden God,' occurs often in Hungarian and in Slovak-Gypsy stories; so I am inclined to question Kopernicki's footnote that '"with the help of God" (or "of the good God"), a phrase frequently occurring in the Polish-Gypsy stories is borrowed from the popular speech of Poland.' *Dja Devlésa*, 'go with God,' is of constant occurrence in Turkish-Rómani (Paspati, p. 205), and in most, if not all, of the other European Gypsy dialects.

No. 50. The Witch

There was once a nobleman who had a very handsome son. The nobleman wished that his son should marry, but there was nobody whom he would wed. Young ladies of every kind were assembled, but not one of them would he have. For ten years he lived with his father. Once in a dream he

bethought himself that he should go and travel. He went away far out into the world; and for ten years he was absent from his home. He reflected, and 'What shall I do?' he asked himself; 'I will return to my father.' He returned home in rags, and all lean with wretchedness, so that his father was ashamed of him. He remained with him three months.

Once he dreamt that in the middle of a field there was a lovely sheet of water, and that in this little lake three beautiful damsels were bathing. Next morning he arose and said to his father, 'Rest you here with the help of the good God, my father; for I am going afar into the world.'

His father gave him much money, and said to him, 'If you do not wish to stay with me, go forth with the help of God.'

He set out on his way; he came to this little lake; and there he saw three beautiful damsels bathing. He would have captured one of them, but these damsels had wings on their smocks, by means of which they soared into the air and escaped him. He went away, this nobleman's son, and said he to himself, 'What shall I do now, poor wretch that I am?' and he began to weep bitterly.

Then he sees an old man approaching him, and this old man asks him, 'Why do you weep, my lad?'

'Oh! well do I know why I weep: there are three lovely damsels who bathe in that lake, but I cannot capture them.'

'What do you want, then?' asks this old man. 'Would you catch the whole three of them?'

'No,' he replied, 'I wish to catch only one of them, the youngest one.'

'Very well, then, listen: I am going to dig a pit for you; whenever you see them coming for a swim, hide yourself in this hole, and wait there in silence. As soon as they have laid down their clothes, jump up and seize hold of the smock belonging to the youngest one. She will beg you to give it up to her, but do not give it up.'

Well, these three damsels came; they took off their smocks, and laid each of them aside. The nobleman's son watched them from his pit; he jumped out; he seized hold of the smock belonging to the youngest one. She beseeches him to give it back to her, but he will not consent to do so. The two other sisters fly away with the good God, and he returns to his home with the

young damsel. His father sees that he brings a beautiful damsel with him. Well, he marries her. They live together for five years. They had a very pretty young son. But as for the winged smock he had a special room made, into which he locked it, and the key of the room he gave to his mother to take care of. Madman that he was! he would have done better had he burned that smock.

One day he went out into the fields. Then his wife spoke thus to his mother, 'Mother, five years now have I been here, and I know not what there is in my husband's room, because he always keeps it hidden from me.'

Then the mother said to her, 'Well, come with me; I am going to show it to you.'

'That is right, mother. I wish it much, because he ought not to hide anything from me, for I would not rob him of anything, to hand it over to the lads.'

She went into that room with his mother; she sees that her smock with the two wings is there.

'Mother,' she said, 'may I again don this smock, to see whether I am as beautiful still as I was once.'

'Very well, my daughter, put it on again; I do not forbid you.'

She put on the smock, and she said to his mother, 'Remain here with the help of the good God, my mother; salute my husband for me; and take good care of my child. For never more will you see me.'

Then she sped away with the good God, and returned home to the witch, her mother.

Her husband came back to the house and asked his mother, 'Where has my wife gone?'

My son, she went into that room there; she once more put on a certain smock; she sent you a farewell greeting; and she asked me to take care of her child, for never more would she see us.'

'Well, I am going away in quest of her.'

He took a lot of money with him, he set out, and journeyed forth with the help of the good God. He came to a miller's house. The miller had a mill, where they ground corn for this witch. Well, the nobleman's son asked this

miller to hide him in a sack, to cover him with meal, and to fasten him securely into the sack.

‘I will pay you for this service,’ said he to the miller.

Well, as soon as he had hidden him in the sack and fastened it, four devils came. Each of them took a sack; but the first of these, the one in which the nobleman’s son was concealed, was very heavy. This devil took the sack; he threw it upon his back; he set out on his road, and went away with the good God (*sic*!). They went to the abode of the witch and laid down their sacks.

The next day there was to be a wedding there. Who should happen to come to this first sack but his wife? ‘What are you doing here?’

‘Well, I am come to take you away.’

‘Meanwhile, my mother is going to kill you.’

Her mother, having heard with whom she was speaking, entered and recognised him. ‘So, then, it is you who are so clever, and who stole away my daughter. Hearken, then, you shall have her to wife if you perform for me the feats which I shall lay upon you.’

She gave him food and drink; he went to bed.

Next day he got up, and the witch arose also and said to him, ‘Hearken, I have here a great forest, three hundred leagues in extent. You must uproot for me every tree, cut them in pieces, arrange these pieces in piles, the logs on one side and the brushwood on the other. If you do not do that for me, I will cut off your head.’

She gave him a wooden axe and a wooden spade. He set out; he went to the forest. He came to this forest; he saw it was very large.

‘What can I do here, wretched man that I am, with the wooden axe and the wooden spade that she has given me?’

He struck a blow with the axe on a tree; and the axe broke.

‘What am I going to do now, wretched man that I am?’

He cowered down upon the ground, and fell a-weeping. He sees his wife come; she brings him something to eat and drink.

‘Why are you weeping?’ asks his wife.

‘How can I refrain from weeping when your mother has given me an axe and a spade of wood, and I have broken them both already.’

‘Hush, then, weep not; all will go well. Only eat and be filled.’

He ate and was filled.

‘Come, now, I am going to louse your head.’[109]

He went to her; he laid his head in her lap; and he fell asleep. His wife put her fingers into her mouth and whistled. A great number of devils came to her.

‘What is it that the great lady demands of us?’

‘That this entire forest be cut down, and that the logs be set in piles on one side, and the brushwood on the other; each kind has to be ranged in separate piles.’

The devils set themselves to this task, and cut down the whole forest, so that not a stick of it remained standing, and all the wood was arranged in piles.

His wife then awoke him: ‘Get up now.’

He arose, he saw the whole forest was cut down, and each kind of wood was arranged in lots. He is rejoiced; he returns to the house before night.

‘Finished already?’ the mother, this witch, asks him. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I am finished.’

She went out to see. The whole forest indeed was felled, and each kind of wood was arranged in piles. At that she was much mortified. Well, she gave him some food; he satisfied himself, and lay down to sleep.

She arose next morning, this witch, and said to him, ‘I will give you my daughter to wife if you cause my forest to become again what it was before, with every leaf in its place again. And if you fail to do that for me, why, then, I will cut off your head.’

Well, he set out; he went on his way. He came to the forest.

‘What shall I do now, unhappy wretch that I am?’

He tried to fasten a branch on to its proper trunk, and the branch fell off again. He bowed himself to the ground and wept. His wife came to him, bringing him food.

‘Why do you weep so, like a calf?’

‘How can I help weeping, when your mother has made me fell this forest, and now commands me so to restore this same forest so that each leaf shall be once more in its proper place on the tree?’

‘Don’t weep any more, then; eat.’

He ate; he was satisfied.

‘Come, let me louse your head.’

He lay down on her lap and went to sleep.

Then she whistled, and the devils appeared in great numbers.

‘What do you demand of us, my lady?’

‘I demand that my forest be restored to its former condition, so that each leaf may be on its own tree.’

Well, the devils set to work and restored everything, so that every leaf was in its proper place. Then she awoke him. He got up and saw the whole forest entire, as it had been before.

Quite overjoyed, he returned to the house before night. ‘Finished already?’ asked the mother.

‘Yes. I have finished.’

She went forth to see if it was true. There was the forest as it had been before.

Then the mother said, ‘What are we to do with him now?’

She gave him food and drink.

She arose next morning, this witch. ‘Hearken, you shall have my daughter to wife if you perform for me yet one more feat.’

‘Very well, mother.’

‘There is a very large pond here; you must drain it dry.’

‘Willingly.’

But beware of letting a single fish in it perish.’

She gave him a sieve with big holes. ‘This is what you must empty the pond with.’

He went to the pond, this nobleman's son; he lifted up a sieveful of water, which immediately streamed away. He flung the sieve to the devils.

'If at least she had given me a bucket, I might perhaps have managed to empty this pond more quickly.'

Then he bowed himself down and began to weep. 'Wretch that I am, what shall I do now?'

He sees his wife come to him.

'Why are you weeping again?'

'Because your mother has given me a sieve with big holes, so that the water runs away at once.'

'Never mind, then, be quiet; do not weep any more. With God's help all will go well,'

She gave him to eat and to drink; then he lay down on his wife's lap and slept. His wife whistled, and a great number of devils appeared before her.

'What does her ladyship demand of us?'

'I desire that all the water in this pond be drained away, without a single fish in it dying.'

The devils set themselves to the task; the pond was soon empty; and not one fish in it died. When he arose, he saw that there was no longer any water in the pond, and that the fish in it remained alive. Filled with joy, he went away to the house.

'Finished already?' the witch asked him.

'Yes, mother, I have done it already.'

Well, she went away out to see. She sees that not a single drop of water remained in her pond, but that the fish, still living, were like to die for want of water. The witch, having then returned home, said to herself, 'What are we going to do with him now? He has already performed three feats for me; I must make him perform yet a fourth.'

She gave him food and drink. He went to bed.

Next morning, when he arose, the witch said to him, Hearken, you shall have my daughter to wife if you accomplish this feat: my pond must be fuller than ever of water, and with more fish in it.'

Then he betook himself to the pond, this nobleman's son, and began to weep bitterly. 'Unhappy that I am, what am I going to do now?' He sees his wife come bringing food.

'Why are you weeping at such a rate? I've told you already not to weep any more.'

He ate; he lay down with his head in his wife's lap, and fell asleep. She whistled, and the devils appeared in great numbers.

'What does her ladyship demand of us?'

'I desire that my pond again be filled with water, and that it have more water and more fish than before.'

Well, she awoke him; he found the pond full of water. He was quite delighted and returned to the house.

'Finished already?' the witch asked him.

'Yes, mother, I have finished.'

She goes out and sees that the pond is full of water and fish. She comes into the house again, and says she to herself, 'What are we going to do now with him? However, he must be killed to-morrow.'

She gave him food and drink; thereafter he went to bed.

His wife came to him and said, 'We must escape this very night. But should our mother pursue us, I will then change myself into a lovely flower, and you shall change yourself into a beautiful meadow.'

'Very well.'

'And if you see it is our father that pursues us, then I will change myself into a church, and you shall change yourself into an old man.'

'Well.'

'And if you perceive it is our sister who is coming after us, then I shall have to change myself into a duck, and you must change yourself into a drake. But I shall no longer have the heart to retain myself; she will beseech me, "My darling sister, return to us." Thus will she speak to me. Then must you, in your form of drake, allow her no rest, but beat her senseless with blows of your wings.'

All right.'

Well, they set out and took to flight.

After they had escaped, and had traversed a distance of a great many leagues, what do they see?--the eldest sister coming after them. As soon as she perceived her, she said to her husband, ‘Change yourself into a beautiful meadow, and I will change myself into a pretty flower.’

The eldest sister came up, and, finding nobody, said to herself, ‘In the midst of such miserable fields, see, here is a beautiful large meadow and a very pretty flower.’ Then she went home to her mother, the witch.

‘What have you seen?’ asked her mother.

‘In the midst of a field I saw a beautiful meadow with a lovely flower.’

Her mother stormed at her: ‘Why did you not pluck that flower? You would have brought them both home again.’

Well, the witch set out herself. Meanwhile they had got to a great distance. At length she sees the witch pursuing them, and she says to her husband, ‘I will change myself into a duck swimming in the middle of a pond, and you must change yourself into a swan.’[110]

Well, she changed herself into a duck on a beautiful pond, and he changed himself into a swan. Her mother, the witch, making up to them, said to them, ‘Oh! I am just going to capture you, to take you both back with me.’

She proceeded to drink up the water of the pond. Then the swan flung himself upon the witch, and battered in her head.

‘That’s what my wife advised me to do,’ he remarked.

Then they renewed their journey, and went away with the help of God. They had gone yet some leagues further on; then the father set out in pursuit of them. His daughter sees her father coming, and says she to her husband, ‘Now change yourself into an old man, and I will change myself into a church.’

The father arrives, but finds nobody. He sees a church in the middle of a forest, and he says to himself, this sorcerer, ‘I am now a hundred years old, but never yet have I seen a church in the depths of a forest with an old man inside it.’ So he went back to his house with the good God. When he got there, his two daughters said to him, ‘Our mother has been killed. We knew

not that she had exposed all the tricks to him, and they have ended by killing our mother.'

They journeyed still further away into the world. She sees, the wife of the nobleman's son, that her youngest sister is pursuing them. She says to him, 'I will change myself into a duck, and do you change yourself into a drake, and you must do the same thing to her as you did to my mother.'

Well, he stopped there and changed himself into a drake, and she changed herself into a beautiful duck. Her sister came up, and proceeded to entreat her, 'My dear sister, come back with me, for if you do not I will kill myself.'

Then the drake flung himself upon this sister, and battered her with blows of his wings, and gave her no respite; again he flung himself on her and battered in her head. Well, then they set out, and resumed their journey with the good God.

'Now,' said they to themselves, 'nobody will pursue us any more.'

They arrived, this nobleman's son and his wife, at the house of that same miller who had hidden him in a sack. 'So you see, sir, that I have gained my end.'

It is very fortunate that you have, by the grace of God. We were certain you were dead, and, see, you are still alive.'

He paid this miller a large sum of money for bringing him to the house where his wife was living. He comes home; his mother sees that it is her son, who had been absent from home for more than twenty years. His child is now grown up. She is filled then with joy, so is his son at his father's return; and they all live together with the good, golden God.

'The Witch' is identical with the middle portion (pp. 125-130) of Ralston's 'The Water King and Vasilissa the Wise,' collected by Afanasief in the Voronej government, South-eastern Russia. Ralston cites many variants, among them an Indian one. *Cf*. also 'Prince Unexpected,' a Polish story, No. 17 in Wratislaw's *Sixty Slavonic Folk-tales*, pp. 108-I21. A striking parallel for the recovery of the smock is furnished by 'La Loulie et la Belle de la Terre' in Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, pp. 94-5. *Cf*. also Wratislaw's Croatian story, 'The She-Wolf,' No. 55, p. 290; Georgeakis and Pineau's story from Lesbos, No. 2, 'Le Mont des Cailloux,' p. 11; and especially Cosquin's

‘Chatte Blanche,’ No. 32, with the valuable notes thereon (ii. 9-28). The Welsh-Gypsy story of ‘The Green Man of Noman’s Land,’ No. 62, is almost a variant (there, likewise, the hero is tearful); so, too, is the Bukowina-Gypsy story, ‘Made over to the Devil’ (No. 34). *Cf.* the notes on these; and Clouston, i. 182-191, for bird-maidens. The pursuit and the transformation into a church and a priest are discussed pretty fully in the Introduction.

VII. English-Gypsy Stories

No. 51. Bobby Rag

YEAHS an' yeahs an' double yeahs ago, deah wuz a nice young Gypsy gal playin' round an ole oak tree. An' up comed a squire as she wur a-playin', an' he failed in love wid her, an' asked her of she'd go to his hall an' marry him. An' she says, 'No, sir, you wouldn't have a pooah Gypsy gal like me.' But he meaned so, an' stoled her away an' married her.

Now when he bring'd her home, his mother warn't 'greeable to let hisself down so low as to marry a Gypsy gal. So she says, 'You'll hev to go an' 'stry her in de Hundert Mile Wood, an' strip her star'-mother-naked, an' bring back her clothes and her heart and pluck wid you.'

And he took'd his hoss, and she jumped up behint him, and rid behint him into de wood. You'll be shuah it wor a wood, an ole-fashioned wood we know it should be, wid bears an' eagles an' sneks an' wolfs into it. And when he took'd her in de wood he says, 'Now, I'll ha' to kill you here, an' strip you star'-mother-naked and tek back your clothes an' your heart an' pluck wid me, and show dem to my mammy.'

But she begged hard for herself, an' she says, 'Deah's an eagle into dat wood, an' he's gat de same heart an' pluck as a Christ'n; take dat home an' show it to your mammy, an' I'll gin you my clothes as well.'

So he stript her clothes affer her, an' he kilt de eagle, an' took'd his heart an' pluck home, an' showed it to his mammy, an' said as he 'd kilt her.

And she heared him rode aff, an' she wents an, an' she wents an, an' she wents an, an' she crep an' crep an her poor hens and knees, tell she fun' a way troo de long wood. You 'ah shuah she'd have hard work to fin' a way troo it; an' long an' by last she got to de hedge anear de road, so as she 'd hear any one go by.

Now, in de marnin' deah wuz a young genleman comed by an hoss-back, an' he couldn't get his hoss by for love nor money; an' she hed herself in under de hedge, for she wur afrightened 'twor de same man come back to kill her agin, an' besides you 'ah shuah she wor ashamed of bein' naked.

An’ he calls out, ‘Ef you ‘ah a ghost, go way; but of you ‘ah a livin’ Christ’n, speak to me.’

An’ she med answer direc’ly, ‘I’m as good a Christ’n as you are, but not in parable.’[111]

An’ when he sin her, he pull’t his deah beautiful topcoat affer him, an’ put it an her. An’ he says, ‘Jump behint me.’ An’ she jumped behint him, an’ he rid wi’ her to his own gret hall. An’ deah wuz no speakin’ tell dey gat home. He knowed she wuz deah to be kilt, an’ he galloped as hard as he could an his blood-hoss, tell he got to his own hall. An’ when he bring’d her in, dey wur all struck stunt to see a woman naked, wid her beautiful black hair hangin down her back in long rinklets. Deh asked her what she wuz deah fur, an’ she tell’d dem, an’ she tell’d dem. An’ you ‘ah shuah dey soon put clothes an her; an’ when she wuz dressed up, deah warn’t a lady in de land more han’some nor her. An’ his folks wor in delight av her.

‘Now,’ dey says, ‘we’ll have a supper for goers an’ comers an’ all gentry to come at.’

You’ah shuah it should be a ‘spensible supper an’ no savation of no money. And deah wuz to be tales tell’d an’ songs sing’d. An’ every wan dat didn’t sing’t a song had to tell’t a tale. An’ every door wuz bolted for fear any wan would mek a skip out. An’ it kem to pass to dis’ Gypsy gal to sing a song; an’ de gentleman dat fun’ her says, ‘Now, my pretty Gypsy gal, tell a tale.’

An’ de gentleman dat wuz her husband knowed her, an’ didn’t want her to tell a tale. And he says, ‘Sing a song, my pretty Gypsy gal.’

An’ she says, ‘I won’t sing a song, but I’ll tell a tale. An’ she says--

‘Bobby rag! Bobby rag!
Roun’ de oak tree------’

‘Pooh! pooh!’ says her husband, ‘dat tale won’t do.’ (Now de ole mother an’ de son, dey knowed what wuz comin’ out.)

‘Go on, my pretty Gypsy gal,’ says de oder young genleman. ‘A werry nice tale indeed.’

So she goes on--

‘Bobby rag! Bobby rag!
Roun’ de oak tree.

A Gypsy I wuz born'd,
A lady I wuz bred;
Dey made me a coffin
Afore I wuz dead.'

'An' dat's de rogue deah.'

An' she tell't all de tale into de party, how he wur agoin' to kill her an' tek her heart an' pluck home. An' all de gentry took't an' gibbeted him alive, both him an' his mother. An' dis young squire married her, an' med her a lady for life. Ah! of we could know her name, an' what breed she wur, what a beautiful ting dat would be. But de tale doan' say.

I can offer no exact parallel for this story, though it presents such commonplaces of folklore as the marriage of a poor girl by a rich man, his mother's jealousy, her order to take the bride into a forest and kill her, and bring back her heart or something as a token,[112] the substitution of some other creature's heart, and the ultimate retribution. The husband, however, is nearly always guiltless. The close of our story is reminiscent of 'Laula' or 'Mr. Fox' (pp. 174-5).

No. 52. De Little Fox

In ole formel times, when deh used to be kings an' queens, deah wuz a king an' queen hed on'y one darter. And dey stored dis darter like de eyes in deir head, an' dey hardly would let de wind blow an her. Dey lived in a 'menjus big park, an' one way of de park wuz a lodge-house, an' de oder en' deah wuz a great moat of water. Now dis queen died an' lef' dis darter. An' she wur a werry han'some gal--you 'ah sure she mus' be, bein' a queen's darter.

In dis heah lodge-house deah wuz an ole woman lived. And in dem days deah wur witchcraft. An' de ole king used to sont fur her to go up to de palast to work, an' she consated herself an' him a bit. So one day dis heah ole genleman wuz a-talking to dis ole woman, ' an' de darter gat a bit jealous, an' dis ole woman fun' out dat de darter wuz angry, an' she didn't come anigh de house fur a long time.

Now de ole witch wuz larnin' de young lady to sew. So she sont fur her to come down to de lodge-house afore she hed her breakfast. An' de fust day she wents, she picked up a kernel of wheat as she wuz coming along, an' eat it.

An’ de witch said to her, ‘Have you hed your breakfast?’

An’ she says, ‘No.’

‘Have you hed nothin’? ‘ she says.

‘No,’ she says, ‘on’y a kernel of wheat.’

She wents two marnin’s like dat, an’ picked up a kernel of wheat every marnin’, so dat de witch would have no powah over her--God’s grain, you know, sir. But de third marnin’ she on’y picked up a bit av arange peel, an’ den dis ole wise woman witchered her, an’ after dat she never sont fur her to come no more. Now dis young lady got to be big. An’ de witch wuz glad. So she goned to de king an’ she says, ‘Your darter is dat way. Now, you know, she’ll hev to be ‘stry’d.’

‘What! my beautiful han’some darter to be in de fambaley way! Oh! no, no, no, et couldn’t be.’

But it can be so, an’ et es so,’ said de ole witch.

Well, it wuz so, an’ de ole king fun’ it out and was well-nigh crazy. An’ when he fun’ it out, for shuah dem days when any young woman had a misforchant, she used to be burnt. An’ he ordered a man to go an’ get an iron chair an’ a cartload of faggots; an’ she hed to be put in dis iron chair, an’ dese faggots set of a light rount her, an’ she burnt to death. As dey had her in dis chair, and a-goin’ to set it of alight, deah wur an old gentleman come up--dat was my ole Dubel[113] to be shuah--an’ he says, ‘My noble leech,[114] don’t burn her, nor don’t hurt her, nor don’t ‘stry her, for dere’s an ole wessel into de bottom of dat park. Put her in dere, an’ let her go where God d’rect her to.’

So dey did do so, an’ nevah think’d no more about her.

Durin’ time dis young lady wuz confined of a little fox. And d’rectly as he was bornt he says, ‘My mammy, you mus’ be werry weak an’ low bein’ confined of me, an’ nothin’ to eat or drink; but I must go somewheres, an’ get you somethin’.’

‘O my deah little fox, don’t leave me. What ever shall I do without you? I shall die broken-hearted.’

‘I’m a-goin’ to my gran’father, as I suspose,’ says de little fox.

‘My deah, you mustn’t go, you’ll be worried by de dogs.’

‘Oh! no dogs won’t hurt me, my mammy.’

Away he goned, trittin’ an’ trottin’ tell he got to his gran’fader’s hall. When he got up to de gret boarden gates, dey wuz closed, an’ deah wuz two. or tree dogs tied down, an’ when he goned in de dogs never looked at him. One of de women comed outer de hall, an’ who should it be but dis ole witch!

He says, ‘Call youah dogs in, missis, an’ don’t let ‘em bite me. I wants to see de noble leech belonging to dis hall.’

‘What do you want to see him fur?’

‘I wants to see him for somethin’ to eat an’ drink fur my mammy, she’s werry poorly.’

‘And who are youah mammy?’

‘Let him come out, he’ll know.’

So de noble leech coined out, an’ he says, ‘What do you want, my little fox?’

He put his hen’ up to his head (such manners he had I): ‘I wants somethin’ to eat an’ drink fur my mammy, she’s werry poorly.’

So de noble leech tole de cook to fill a basket wid wine an’ wittles. So de cook done so, and bring’d it to him.

De noble leech says, ‘My little fox, you can never carry it. I will sen’ some one to carry it.’

But he says, ‘No, thank you, my noble leech’; an’ he chucked it on his little back, an’ wents tritting an’ trotting to his mammy.

When he got to his mammy, she says, ‘O my deah little fox, I’ve bin crazy about you. I thought de dogs had eaten you.’

‘No, my mammy, dey turn’t deir heads de oder way.’

An’ she took’d him an’ kissed him an’ rejoiced over him.

‘Now, my mammy, have somethin’ to eat an’ drink,’ says de little fox, ‘I got dem from my gran’father as I suspose it is.’

So he went tree times. An’ de secon’ time he wents, de ole witch began smellin’ a rat, an’ she says to the servants, ‘Don’t let dat little fox come heah no more; he’ll get worried.’

But he says, ‘I wants to see de noble leech,’ says de little fox.

‘You’ah werry plaguesome to de noble leech, my little fox.’

‘Oh! no, I’m not,’ he says.

De las’ time he comes, his moder dressed him in a beautiful robe of fine needlework. Now de noble leech comes up again to de little fox, an’ he says, ‘Who is youah mammy, my little fox?’

‘You wouldn’t know p’raps ef I wuz to tell you.’

An’ he says, ‘Who med you dat robe, my little fox?’

‘My mammy, to be shuah! who else should make it?’

An’ de ole king wept an cried bitterly when he seed dis robe he had, on, fur he think’d his deah child wur dead.

‘Could I have a word wi’ you, my noble leech?’ says de little fox. ‘Could you call a party dis afternoon up at your hall?’

He says, ‘What fur, my little fox?’

Well, ef you call a party, I’ll tell you whose robe dat is, but you mus’ let my mammy come as well.’

‘No, no, my little fox; I couldn’t have youah mammy to come.’

Well, de ole king agreed, an’ de little fox tell’d him, ‘Now deah mus’ be tales to be tell’d, an’ songs to be sing’d, an’ dem as don’t sing a song hez to tell a tale. An’ after we have dinner let’s go an’ walk about in de garden. But you mus’ ‘quaint as many ladies an’ genlemen as you can to dis party, an’ be shuah to bring de ole lady what live at de lodge.’

Well, dis dinner was called, an’ dey all had ‘nuff to eat; an’ after dat wur ovah, de noble leech stood up in de middlt an’ called for a song or tale. Deah wus all songs sing’t and tales tell’t, tell it camed to dis young lady’s tu’n. An’ she says, ‘I can’t sing a song or tell a tale, but my little fox can.’

‘*Pooydorda!*’ says de ole witch ‘tu’n out de little fox, he stinks.’

But dey all called an de little fox, an’ he stoods up an’ says, ‘Once ont a time,’ he says, ‘deah wuz an ole-fashn’t king an’ queen lived togeder; an’ dey only had one darter, an’ dey stored dis darter like de eyes into deir head, an’ dey ‘ardly would let de wint blow an her.’

‘*Pooydorda!*’ says de old witch, ‘tu’n out de little fox, it stinks.’

But deah wuz all de ladies an' genlemen clappin' an' sayin', 'Speak an, my little fox!' 'Well tole, my little fox!' 'Werry good tale, indeed!'

So de little fox speak'd an, and tell't dem all about de ole witch, an' how she wanted to 'stry de king's darter, an' he says, 'Dis heah ole lady she fried my mammy a egg an' a sliced of bacon; an' of she wur to eat it all, she 'd be in de fambaley way wid some bad animal; but she on'y eat half on it, an' den she wor so wid me. An' dat's de ole witch deah,' he says, showin' de party wid his little paw.

An' den, after dis wuz done, an' dey all walked togeder in de garden, de little fox says, 'Now, my mammy, I've done all de good I can for you, an' now I'm a-goin' to leave you.' An' he strip't aff his little skin, an' he Hewed away in de beautifulest white angel you ever seed in your life.

An' de ole witch was burnt in de same chair dat wuz meant fur de young lady.

In the Bukowina-Gypsy story of 'The Winged Hero,' No. 26, the emperor's daughter, for being 'that way,' is to be burnt with her lover; and just as the mother of the little fox is sent adrift in an 'ole wessel,' so in the Celtic legend is St. Thenew or Enoch, having miraculously conceived St. Kentigern, exposed in a coracle on the Firth of Forth. In her *Variants of Cinderella* (Folklore Soc., 1893, pp. 307, 507), Miss Cox gives an interesting parallel for this husk-myth, whose close recalls 'Bobby Rag' (No. 51). From Matthew Wood Mr. Sampson has heard a variant of ' De Little Fox,' but very different in details.

No. 53. De Little Bull-Calf

Centers of yeahs ago, when all de most part of de country wur a wilderness place, deah wuz a little boy lived in a pooah bit of a poverty[115] house. An' dis boy's father guv him a deah little bull-calf. De boy used to tink de wurl' of dis bull-calf, an' his father gived him everyting he wanted fur it.

Afterward dat his father died, an' his mother got married agin; an' dis wuz a werry wicious stepfather, an' he couldn't abide dis little boy. An' at last he said, if de boy bring'd de bull-calf home agin, he wur a-goin' to kill it. Dis father should be a willint to dis deah little boy, shouldn't he, my Sampson?

He used to gon out tentin' his bull-calf every day wid barley bread. An' arter dat deah wus an ole man comed to him, an' we have a deal of thought

who Dat wuz, eh? An' he d'rected de little boy, 'You an' youah bull-calf had better go away an' seek youah forchants.'

So he wents an, an' wents an, as fur as I can tell you to-morrow night,[116] an' he wents up to a farmhouse an' begged a crust of bread, an' when he comed back he broked it in two, and guv half an it to his little bull-calf.

An' he wents an to another house, an' begs a bit of cheese crud, an' when he comed back, he wants to gin half an it to his bull-calf.

'No,' de little bull-calf says, 'I'm a-goin' acrost dis field into de wild wood wilderness country, where dere'll be tigers, lepers, wolfs, monkeys, an' a fiery dragin. An' I shall kill dem every one excep' de fiery dragin, an' he'll kill me.' (De Lord could make any animal speak dose days. You know trees could speak wonst. Our blessed Lord He hid in de eldon bush, an' it tell't an Him, an' He says, 'You shall always stink,' and so it always do. But de ivy let Him hide into it, and He says, It should be green both winter an' summer.)[117]

An' dis little boy did cry, you 'ah shuah; and he says, 'O my little bull-calf, I hope he won't kill you.'

'Yes, he will,' de little bull-calf says. 'An' you climb up dat tree, an' den no one can come anigh you but de monkeys, an' ef dey come de cheese crud will sef you. An' when I'm killt de dragin will go away fur a bit. An' you come down dis tree, an' skin me, an' get my biggest gut out, an' blow it up, an' my gut will kill everyting as you hit wid it, an' when dat fiery dragin come, you hit it wid my gut, an' den cut its tongue out.' (We know deah were fiery dragins dose days, like George an' his dragin in de Bible. But deah! it aren't de same wurl' now. De wurl' is tu'n'd ovah sence, like you tu'n'd it ovah wid a spade.)

In course he done as dis bull-calf tell't him, an' he climb't up de tree, an' de monkeys climb't up de tree to him. An' he belt de cheese crud in his hend, an' he says, 'I'll squeeze youah heart like dis flint stone.'

An' de monkey cocked his eye, much to say, 'Ef you can squeeze a flint stone an' mek de juice come outer it, you can squeeze me.' An' he never spoked, for a monkey's cunning,[118] but down he went.

An’ de little bull-calf wuz fighting all dese wild tings on de groun’; an’ de little boy wuz clappin’ his hands up de tree an’ sayin’, ‘Go an, my little bull-calf! Well fit, my little bull-calf!’ An’ he mastered everyting barrin’ de fiery dragin. An’ de fiery dragin killt de little bull-calf.

An’ he wents an, an’ saw a young lady, a king’s darter, staked down by de hair of her head. (Dey wuz werry savage dat time of day kings to deir darters if dey misbehavioured demselfs, an’ she wuz put deah fur de fiery dragin to ‘stry her.)

An’ he sat down wid her several hours, an’ she says, ‘Now, my deah little boy, my time is come when I’m a-goin’ to be worried, an’ you’ll better go.’

An’ he says, ‘No,’ he says, ‘I can master it, an’ I won’t go.’

She begged an’ prayed an him as ever she could to get him away, but he wouldn’t go. An’ he could heah it comin’ far enough, roarin’ an’ doin’. An’ dis dragin come spitting fire, wid a tongue like a gret speart: an’ you could heah it roarin’ fur milts; an’ dis place wheah de king’s darter wur staked down wuz his beat wheah he used to come. And when it comed, de little boy hit dis gut about his face tell he wuz dead, but de fiery dragin bited his front finger affer him. Den de little boy cut de fiery dragin’s tongue out, an’ he says to de young lady, ‘I’ve done all dat I can, I mus’ leave you.’ An’ you ‘ah shuah she wuz sorry when he hed to leave her, an’ she tied a dimant ring into his hair, an’ said good-bye to him.

Now den, bime bye, de ole king comed up to de werry place where his darter wuz staked by de hair of her head, ‘mentin’ an’ doin’, an’ espectin’ to see not a bit of his darter, but de prents of de place where she wuz. An’ he wuz disprised, an’ he says to his darter, ‘How come you seft?’

‘Why, deah wuz a little boy comed heah an’ sef me, daddy.’

Den he untied her, an’ took’d her home to de palast, for you’ah shuah he wor glad, when his temper comed to him agin. Well, he put it into all de papers to want to know who seft dis gal, an’ ef de right man comed he wur to marry her, an’ have his kingdom an’ all his destate. Well, deah wuz gentlemen comed fun all an’ all parts of England, wid deir front fingers cut aff, an’ all an’ all kinds of tongues--foreign tongues, an’ beastès’ tongues, an’ wile animals’ tongues. Dey cut all sorts of tongues out, an’ dey went about shootin’ tings a-purpose, but dey never could find a dragin to shoot. Deah wuz genlemen comin’ every other day wid tongues an’ dimant rings;

but when dey showed deir tongues, it warn't de right one, an' dey got turn't aff.

An' dis little ragged boy comed up a time or two werry desolated like; an' she had an eye on him, an' she looked at dis boy, tell her father got werry angry an' turn't dis boy out.

Daddy,' she says, 'I've got a knowledge to dat boy.'

You may say deah wuz all kinds of kings' sons comin' up showin' deir parcels; an' arter a time or two dis boy comed up agin dressed a bit better.

An' de ole king says, 'I see you've got an eye on dis boy. An' ef it is to be him, it has to be him.'

All de oder genlemen wuz fit to kill him, an' dey says, 'Pooh! pooh! tu'n dat boy out; it can't be him.'

But de ole king says, 'Now, my boy, let's see what you got.'

Well, he showed the dimant ring, with her name into it, an' de fiery dragin's tongue. *Dordi!* how dese genlemen were mesmerised when he showed his 'thority, and de king tole him, 'You shall have my destate, an' marry my darter.'

An' he got married to dis heah gal, an' got all de ole king's destate. An' den de stepfather came an' wanted to own him, but de young king didn't know such a man.

A bull-calf helps twins in a Russian story summarised by Ralston, p.134; the squeezing of the cheese crud can be matched from the Slovak-Gypsy story of 'The Gypsy and the Dragon' (No. 22, p. 84;*cf.* also Hahn, i. 152 and ii. 211). For the slaying of a dragon with the aid of helpful animals, and so rescuing a princess, and for the recognition of the rescuer by means of the dragon's tongues, *cf*. Grimm's No. 60, 'The Two Brothers' (i. 244-264 and 418-422). That story must be known to the Gypsies of Hungary, for we get a rude version of it in the latter half of Dr. Friedrich Müller's No. 5, whose first half we have summarised on p. 34. The hero here comes to a city deprived of its water by twelve dragons, who are also going to devour the king's daughter. He undertakes to rescue her, but falls asleep with his head on her knees. The twelve white dragons roar beneath the earth, and then emerge one by one from the fountain, but are torn in pieces by the hero's twelve wild animals, whose lives he has spared when hunting.

Thereupon the water becomes plentiful, and the hero marries the princess. Her former lover, however, poisons him. The twelve animals find his grave, and dig him up. They go in quest of the healing herb; and the hare, ‘whose eyes are always open,’ sees a snake with that herb in its mouth, robs it thereof, and is running away, but at the snake’s request gives back a bit. They then resuscitate their master, who sends a challenge to the lover by the lion. The marriage is just about to come off, but the princess reads, weeps, and breaks off the match. In comes the hero, and having packed off the lover, remarries her. ‘If they are not dead, they are still alive.’ *Cf*. our No. 30, ‘The Rich and the Poor Brother,’ pp. 112-117, for stopping the water[119] ; No. 29, ‘ Pretty-face,’p. 111, for the snake-leaf; and No. 42, ‘The Dragon,’ p. 143. None of these stories, however, offers more than analogues to ‘De Little Bull-calf,’ whose humour as to the dragon’s tongue is peculiarly its own. The tongue as the test of who killed the demon occurs in ‘Kara and Guja’ (A. Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales*, 1891, pp. 20-21).

VIII. Welsh-Gypsy Stories

No. 54. Jack And His Golden Snuff-Box

ONCE upon a time there was an old man and an old woman, and they had one son, and they lived in a great forest. And their son never saw any other people in his life, but he knew that there was some more in the world besides his own father and mother, because he had lots of books, and he used to read every day about them. And when he read about some pretty young women, he used to go mad to see some of them. Till one day, when his father was out cutting wood, he told his mother that he wished to go away to look for his living in some other country, and to see some other people besides them two. And he said, ‘I see nothing at all here but great trees around me; and if I stay here, maybe I shall go mad before I see anything.’

The young man’s father was out all this time, when the conversation was going on between him and his poor old mother.

The old woman begins by saying to her son before leaving, ‘Well, well, my poor boy, if you want to go, it’s better for you to go, and God be with you.’ (The old woman thought for the best when she said that.) ‘But stop a bit before you go. Which would you like best for me to make you--a little cake and to bless you, or a big cake and to curse you?’

‘Dear! dear!’ said he, ‘make me a big cake. Maybe I shall be hungry on the road.’

The old woman made the big cake, and she went on top of the house, and she cursed him as far as she could see him.

He presently meets with his father, and the old man says to him, ‘Where are you going, my poor boy?’ When the son told the father the same tale as he told his mother, ‘Well,’ says his father, ‘I’m sorry to see you going away, but if you’ve made your mind to go, it’s better for you to go.’

The poor lad had not gone far, till his father called him back; when the old man drawed out of his pocket a golden snuff-box, and said to him, ‘Here, take this little box, and put it in your pocket, and be sure not to open it till you are near your death.’

And away went poor Jack upon his road, and walked till he was tired and hungry, for he had eaten all his cake upon the road; and by this time night was upon him, as he could hardly see his way before him. He could see some light a long way before him, and he made up to it, and found the back door and knocked at it, till one of the maidservants came and asked him what he wanted. He said that night was on him, and he wanted to get some place to sleep. The maidservant called him in to the fire, and gave him plenty to eat, good meat and bread and beer; and as he was eating his refreshments by the fire, there came the young lady to look at him. And she loved him well, and he loved her. And the young lady ran to tell her father, and said there was a pretty young man in the back kitchen. And immediately the gentleman came to him, and questioned him, and asked what work he could do. He said, the silly fellow, that he could do anything. (Jack meant that he could do any foolish bit of work, what would be wanted about the house.)

'Well,' says the gentleman to him, 'at eight o'clock in the morning I must have a great lake and some of the largest man-of-war vessels sailing before my mansion, and one of the largest vessels must fire a royal salute, and the last round break the leg of the bed where my young daughter is sleeping on. And if you don't do that, you will have to forfeit your life.'

'All right,' said Jack. And away he went to his bed, and said his prayers quietly, and slept till it was near eight o'clock, and he had hardly any time to think what he was to do, till all of a sudden he remembered about the little golden box that his father gave him. And he said to himself, Well, well, I never was so near my death as I am now'; and then he felt in his pocket, and drew the little box out.

And when he opened it, there hopped out three little red men and asked Jack, 'What is your will with us?'

'Well,' said Jack, 'I want a great lake and some of the largest man-of-war vessels in the world before this mansion, and one of the largest vessels to fire a royal salute, and the last round to break one of the legs of the bed where this young lady is sleeping on.'

'All right,' said the little men; 'go to sleep.'

Jack had hardly time to bring the words out of his mouth, to tell the little men what to do, but what it struck eight o'clock, when bang, bang went one

of the largest man-of-war vessels; and it made Jack jump out of bed to look through the window. And I can assure you it was a wonderful sight for him to see, after being so long with his father and mother living in a wood.

By this time Jack dressed himself, and said his prayers, and came down laughing, because he was proud, he was, because the thing was done so well. The gentleman comes to him, and says to him, ‘Well, my young man, I must say that you are very clever indeed. Come and have some breakfast.’ And the gentleman tells him, ‘Now there are two more things you have to do, and then you shall have my daughter in marriage.’ Jack gets his breakfast, and has a good squint at the young lady, and also she at him.

(However, I must get on again with my dear little story.)

The other thing that the gentleman told him to do was to fell all the great trees for miles around by eight o’clock in the morning; and, to make my long story short, it was done, and it pleased the gentleman well. The gentleman said to him, ‘The other thing you have to do’ (and it was the last thing), ‘you must get me a great castle standing on twelve golden pillars; and there must come regiments of soldiers, and go through their drill. At eight o’clock the commanding officer must say, “Shoulder up.”‘[120] ’All right,’ said Jack; when the third and last morning came and the three great feats were finished, when he had the young daughter in marriage.

But, oh dear! there is worse to come yet.

The gentleman now makes a large hunting party, and invites all the gentlemen around. the country to it, and to see the castle as well. And by this time Jack has a beautiful horse and a scarlet dress to go with them. On that morning his valet, when putting Jack’s clothes by, after changing them to go a-hunting, put his hand in one of Jack’s waist-coat pockets and pulled out the little golden snuff-box, as poor Jack left behind in a mistake. And that man opened the little box, and there hopped the three little red men out, and asked him what he wanted with them. ‘Well,’ said the valet to them, ‘I want this castle to be moved from this place far and far across the sea.’ ‘All right,’ said the little red men to him, ‘do you wish to go with it?’ ‘Yes,’ said he. ‘Well, get up,’ said they to him; and away they went, far and far over the great sea.

Now the grand hunting party comes back, and the castle upon the twelve golden pillars disappeared, to the great disappointment of those gentleman

as did not see it before. That poor silly Jack is threatened by taking his beautiful young wife from him, for taking them in the way he did. But the gentleman is going to make a ‘greement with him, and he is to have a twelvemonths and a day to look for it; and off he goes with a good horse and money in his pocket.

Now poor Jack goes in search of his missing castle, over hills, dales, valleys, and mountains, through woolly woods and sheepwalks, further than I can tell you to-night or ever intend to tell you.[121] Until at last he comes up to the place where lives the King of all the little mice in the world. There was one of the little mice on sentry at the front gate going up to the palace, and did try to stop Jack from going in. He asked the little mouse, ‘Where does the King live? I should like to see him.’ This one sent another with him to show him the place; and when the King saw him, he called him in. And the King questioned him, and asked him where he was going that way. Well, Jack told him all the truth, that he had lost the great castle, and was going to look for it, and he had a whole twelvemonths and a day to find it out. And Jack asked him whether he knew anything about it; and the King said, ‘No, but I am the King of all, the little mice in the world, and I will call them all up in the morning, and maybe they have seen something of it.’

Then Jack got a good meal and bed, and in the morning he and the King went on to the fields; and the King called all the mice together, and asked them whether they had seen the great beautiful castle standing on golden pillars. And all the little mice said, No, there was none of them had seen it. The old King said to him that he had two other brothers: ‘One is the King of all the frogs; and my other brother, who is the oldest, he is the King of all the birds in the world. And if you go there, maybe they know something about it’ (the missing castle). The King said to him, ‘Leave your horse here with me till you come back, and take one of my best horses under you, and give this cake to my brother; he will know then who you got it from. Mind and tell him I am well, and should like dearly to see him.’

And then the King and Jack shook hands together. And when Jack was going through the gates, the little mouse asked him should he go with him; and Jack said to him, ‘No, I shall get myself into trouble with the King.’

And the little thing told him, ‘It will be better for you to have me go with you; maybe I shall do some good to you sometime without you knowing it.’

‘Jump up, then.’

And the little mouse ran up the horse’s leg, and made it dance; and Jack put the mouse in his pocket. Now Jack, after wishing good-morning to the King, and pocketing the little mouse which was on sentry, trudged on his way. And such a long way he had to go, and this was his first day. At last he found the place; and there was one of the frogs on sentry, and gun upon his shoulder, and did try to hinder Jack not to go in. And when Jack said to him that he wanted to see the King, he allowed him to pass; and Jack made up to the door. The King came out, and asked him his business; and Jack told him all from beginning to ending.

‘Well, well, come in.’

He gets good entertainment that night; and in the morning the King made a curious sound, and collected all the frogs in the world. And he asked them, did they know or see anything of a castle that stood upon twelve golden pillars. And they all made a curious sound, *Kro-kro, kro-kro*, and said ‘No.’

Jack had to take another horse, and a cake to his brother which is the King of all the fowls of the air. And as Jack was going through the gates, the little frog which was on sentry asked John should he go with him. Jack refused him for a bit; but at last he told him to jump up, and Jack put him in his other waistcoat pocket. And away he went again on his great long journey; it was three times as long this time as it was the first day; however, he found the place, and there was a fine bird on sentry. And Jack passed him, and he never said a word to him. And he talked with the King, and told him everything, all about the castle.

‘Well,’ said the King to him, ‘you shall know in the morning from my birds whether they know anything or not.’

Jack put up his horse in the stable, and then went to bed, after having something to eat. And when he got up in the morning, the King and he went on to some fields, and there the King made some funny noise, and there came all the fowls that were in all the world.[122] And the King asked them, Did they see the fine castle? and all the birds answered, ‘No.’

‘Well,’ said the king, ‘where is the great bird?’

They had to wait, then, for a long time for eagle to make his appearance, when at last he came all in a perspiration, after sending two little birds high

up in the sky to whistle on him to make all the haste he possibly could. The King asked the great bird, Did he see the great castle?

And the bird said, ‘Yes, I came from there where it now is.’

‘Well,’ says the King, ‘this young gentleman has lost it, and you must go with him back to it. But stop till you get a bit of something to eat first.’

They killed a thief, and sent the best part of it to feed the eagle on his journey over the seas, and had to carry Jack on his back. Now, when they came in sight of the castle, they did not know what to do to get the little golden box. Well, the little mouse said to them, ‘Leave me down, and I will get the little box for you.’ So the mouse stole himself in the castle, and had a hold of the box; and when he was coming down the stairs, fell it down, and very near being caught. He came running out with it, laughing his best.

‘Have you got it?’ Jack said to him.

He said, ‘Yes’; and off they went back again, and left the castle behind. As they were all of them (Jack, mouse, frog, and eagle) passing over the great sea, they fell to quarrelling about which it was that got the little box, till down it slipped into the water. (It was by them looking at it, and handing it from one hand to the other, that they dropped the little box in the bottom of the sea:)

‘Well, well,’ said the frog, ‘I knew as I would have to do something, so you had better let me go down in the water.’

And they let him go, and he was down for three days and three nights; and up he comes, and shows his nose and little mouth out of the water. And all of them asked him, ‘Did he get it? ‘ and he told them, ‘No.’

‘Well, what are you doing there, then?’

‘Nothing at all,’ he said; ‘only I want my full breath’; and the poor little frog went down the second time, and he was down for a day and a night, and up he brings it.

And away they did go, after being there four days and nights and, after a long tug over seas and mountains, arrive at the old King’s palace, who is the master of all the birds in the world. And the King is very proud to see them, and has a hearty welcome and a long conversation. Jack opens the little box, and told the little men to go back and to bring the castle here to them. ‘And all of you make as much haste back again as you possibly can.’

The three little men went off; and when they came near the castle, they were afraid to go to it, till the gentleman and lady and all the servants were gone out to some dance. And there was no one left behind there, only the cook and another maid with her. And it happened to be that a poor Gypsy woman, knowing that the family was going from home, made her way to the castle to try to tell the cook's fortune for a bit of victuals, was there at the time. And the little red men asked her, 'Which would she rather--go or stop behind?'

And she said, 'I will go with you.'

And they told her to run upstairs quick. She was no sooner up and in one of the drawing-rooms than there comes just in sight the gentleman and lady and all the servants. But it was too late. Off they went at full speed, and the Gypsy woman laughing at them through the window, making motion for them to stop, but all to no purpose. They were nine days on their journey, in which they did try to keep the Sunday holy, by one of the little men turned to be priest, the other the clerk, and third presided at the organ, and the three women were the singers (cook, housemaid, and Gypsy woman), as they had a grand chapel in the castle already. Very remarkable, there was a discord made in the music, and one of the little men ran up one of the organ-pipes to see where the bad sound came from, when he found out that it only happened to be that the three women were laughing at the little red man stretching his little legs full length on the bass pipes, also his two arms the same time, with his little red nightcap, what he never forgot to wear, and what they never witnessed before, could not help calling forth some good merriment while on the face of the deep. And, poor things! through them not going on with what they begun with, they very near came to danger, as the castle was once very near sinking in the middle of the sea.

At length, after merry journey, they come again to Jack and the King. The King was quite struck with the sight of the castle; and going up the golden stairs, wishing to see the inside, when the first one that attracted his attention was the poor Gypsy woman. And he said to her, 'How are you, sister?'

She said to him, 'I am very well. How are you?'

'Quite well,' said he to her; 'come into my place, to have a talk with you, and see who you are, and who your people are.'

The old Gypsy woman told him that some of her people were some of them from the Lovells, Stanleys, Lees, and I don't know all their names. The King and Jack was very much pleased with the Gypsy woman's conversation, but poor Jack's time was drawing to a close of a twelvemonths and a day. And he, wishing to go home to his young wife, gave orders to the three little men to get ready by the next morning at eight o'clock to be off to the next brother, and to stop there for one night; also to proceed from there to the last or the youngest brother, the master of all the mice in the world, in such place where the castle shall be left under his care until it's sent for. Jack takes a farewell of the King, and thanks him very much for his hospitality, and tells him not to be surprised when he shall meet again in some other country.

Away went Jack and his castle again, and stopped one night in that place; and away they went again to the third place, and there left the castle under his care. As Jack had to leave the castle behind, he had to take to his own horse, which he left there when he first started. The king liked the Gypsy woman well, and told her that he would like if she would stay there with him; and the Gypsy woman did stay with him until she was sent for by Jack.

Now poor Jack leaves his castle behind and faces towards home; and after having so much merriment with the three brothers every night, Jack became sleepy on horseback, and would have lost the road if it was not for the little men a-guiding him. At last he arrives, weary and tired, and they did not seem to receive him with any kindness whatever, because he did not find the stolen castle. And to make it worse, he was disappointed in not seeing his young and beautiful wife to come and meet him, through being hindered by her parents. But that did not stop long. Jack put full power on. Jack despatched the little men off to bring the castle from there, and they soon got there; and the first one they seen outside gather sticks to put on the fire was the poor Gypsy woman. And they did whistle[123] to her, when she turned around smartly and said to them, '*Dordi! dordi!* [124] how are you, comrades? where do you come from, and where are you going?'

'Well, to tell the truth, we are sent to take this castle from here. Do you wish to stop here or to come with us?'

'I would like better to go with you than to stay here.'

‘Well, come on, my poor sister.’

Jack shook hands with the King, and returned many thanks for his kingly kindness. When, all of a sudden, the King, seeing the Gypsy woman, which he fell in so much fancy with, and whom he so much liked, was going to detain the castle until such time he could get her out. But Jack, perceiving his intentions, and wanting the Gypsy woman himself for a nurse, instructed the little men to spur up and put speed on. And off they went, and were not long before they reached their journey’s end, when out comes the young wife to meet him with a fine lump of a young SON.

Now, to make my long story short, Jack, after completing what he did, and to make a finish for the poor broken-hearted Gypsy woman, he has the loan of one of his father-in-law’s largest man-of-wars, which is laying by anchor, and sends the three little men in search of her kinsfolk, so as they may be found, and to bring them to her. After long searching they are found and brought back, to the great joy of the woman and delight of his wife’s people-in-law, for after a bit they became very fond of each other. When they came on land, Jack’s people allowed them to camp on their ground near a beautiful river; and the gentlemen and ladies used to go and see for them every day. Jack and his wife had many children, and had some of the Gypsy girls for nurses; and the little children were almost half Gypsies, for the girls continually learning them our language. And the gentleman and the lady were delighted with them. And the last time I was there, I played my harp for them, and got to go again.

This story, like the next, was first printed in my *In Gypsy Tents* (1880), pp. 201-214 and 299-317. Thence both have been reprinted, with additions and deletions of his own, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs in his*English Fairy Tales* (1890), pp. 81-92, 236, and More *English Fairy Tales* (1894), pp. 132-145, 232-233. They are not English fairy-tales at all; neither were they ‘taken down from the mouths of the peasantry.’ Both were written out for me by the Welsh-Gypsy harper, John Roberts, for whom see the Introduction. I still have his neatly-written MSS., from one of which the second story of ‘An Old King and his Three Sons in England’ was printed verbatim et literatim at Messrs. T. and A. Constable’s for the *Gypsy Lore Journal* (vol. iii. October 1891, pp. 110-120). I insist upon this the more as it is all but unique to find the teller of a folk-tale who can himself transcribe it. The story belongs to the Aladdin group; and according to Mr. Jacobs, ‘the

closest parallel to it, including the mice, is afforded by Carnoy and Nicolaides' *Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure* (1889), in a tale from Lesbos, 'L'Anneau de Bronze,' No. 3, pp. 57-74. A much closer parallel, however, is afforded by Wratislaw's *Sixty Slavonic Folk-tales* (1889), in the Croatian story of 'The Wonder-working Lock,' No. 54, pp. 284-289, with which compare a poorish Bohemian variant, 'La Montre Enchantée,' in Louis Leger's *Contes Slaves* (1882, No. 15, pp. 129-137); Hahn's 'Von den drei dankbaren Thieren' (No. 9, i. 109, and ii. 202); and two stories, Nos. 9 and 10, both called 'Le Serpent Reconnaisant,' in Dozon's *Contes Albanais* (I881, pp. 63-76, and 219-222), in the former of which the talisman is a snakestone, in the latter a tobacco-box (of course, a mere coincidence). All these four stories offer analogies to our Roumanian-Gypsy 'Snake who became the King's Son-in-law' (No. 7, p. 21). Grimm's No. 97, The Water of Life' (ii. 50, 399), should also be compared; and 'Sir Bumble,' in F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories*, pp. 5-16. The little cake and blessing, or big cake and curse, recurring in 'The Ten Rabbits,' No. 64, comes also in 'The Red Etin' (Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 90), in Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, Nos. 13, 16, and 17, and in Patrick Kennedy's *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, pp. 5, 54. In the Bukowina-Gypsy story, 'Made over to the Devil' (No. 34), the mother makes a cake for her departing son, but there is no word of curse or blessing. For many more variants (Arabic, Mongolian, Tamil, Greek, etc.) of 'Aladdin,' see Clouston's *Variants of Burton's Supplemental Arabian Nights*, pp. 564-575. 'The elements,' he observes, 'of the tale are identical in all versions, Eastern and Western: a talisman by means of which its possessor can command unlimited wealth, etc.; its loss and the consequent disappearance of the magnificent palace erected by supernatural agents who are subservient to the owner of the talisman; and, finally, its recovery, together with the restoration of the palace to its original situation.' The words apply strikingly to 'Jack and his Golden Snuff-box,' of whose existence Mr. Clouston was ignorant when he wrote them. Lastly--this is a find since I began this note--a marvellously close parallel to 'The Wonder-working Lock' and 'La Montre Enchantée' is offered by 'The Wonderful Ring,' in F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories* from the Panjab and Kashmir, pp. 196-208. Here the hero with his last four rupees buys a cat, dog, parrot, and snake; receives from snake's grateful father a talismanic ring; builds by means of it a golden palace in the sea, and marries a princess; has the ring

stolen by a witch, who sleeps with it in her mouth; but recovers it, thanks to the grateful animals, who tickle the witch's nose with a rat's tail. Another Oriental version is 'The Charmed Ring,' in Knowles's *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, pp. 20-28. Of this story and its Croatian, Albanian, and other variants we get a fragment in Dr. Barbu Constantinescu's Roumanian-Gypsy story of 'The Stolen Ox.' Here a peasant and his twelve sons are starving. He goes begging, but no one will give him anything, so he steals an ox from a farmer. The farmer next morning goes to look after his cattle, misses the ox, and, going in search of it, comes on the boys in the road. 'What are you doing there, boys?'' Just playing.' 'But last night you were roaring for hunger.' 'Yes; but my daddy went to a farm and stole an ox, and my daddy killed it. He killed the ox, he did, and we ate half the ox, and half remained, and my daddy buried it in the earth, wrapped up in the hide.' The farmer goes and demands payment of the peasant, who gives him one of his sons to serve him for seven years. The lad serves the farmer faithfully, and at the end of his term sets off home. On his way he 'lights on a dragon, and in the snake's mouth was a stag. Nine years had that snake had the stag in his mouth, and been trying to swallow it, but could not because of the horns. Now that snake was a prince. And seeing the lad, whom God had sent his way, "Lad," said the snake, "relieve me of this stag's horns, for I've been going about nine years with it in my mouth." So the lad broke off the horns, and the snake swallowed the stag. "My lad, tie me round your neck, and carry me to my father, for he doesn't know where I am." So he carried him to his father, and his father rewarded him. And I came away, and told the tale.'

No. 55. An Old King And His Three Sons In England

Once upon a time there was an old King, who had three sons. And the old King fell very sick one time, and there was nothing at all could make him well but some golden apples from a far country. So the three brothers went on horseback to look for some of those apples to recover their father. The three brothers set off together; and when they come to some cross-roads, they halted and refreshed themselves a bit. And there they agreed to meet on a certain time, and not one was to go home before the other. So Valentine took the right, and Oliver[125] went on straight, and poor Jack took the left. And, so as to make my long story short, I shall follow poor Jack, and leave the other two take their chance, for I don't think they was much good in

them. Well, now, poor Jack rides off over hills, dales, valleys, and mountains, through woolly woods and sheepwalks, where the Old Chap never sounded his hollow bugle horn, further than I can tell you to-night, or ever I intend to tell you.[126]

At last he came to some old house near a great forest, and there was some old man sitting out by the door, and his look was enough to frighten the Devil. And the old man said to him, 'Good-morning, my king's son.'

'Good-morning to you, old gentleman,' was the answer by the young prince, and frightened out of his wits, but he did not like to give in.

The old gentleman told him to dismount and to go in and have some refreshments, and to put his horse in the stable, such as it was. After going in, and Jack feeling much better after having something to eat, and after his long ride, began to ask the old gentleman how did he know that he was a king's son?

'Oh dear!' said the old man, 'I knew that you was a king's son, and I knew what is your business better than what you do yourself. So you will have to stay here to-night; and when you are in bed, you mustn't be frightened when you hear something come to you. There will come all manner of snakes and frogs, and some will try to get into your eyes and into your mouth. And mind,' the old man said, 'if you stir the least bit, then you will turn into one of those things yourself.'

Poor Jack did not know what to make of this, but however, he ventured to go to bed; and just as he thought to have a bit o' sleep, here they came around him, but he never stirred one bit all night.

'Well, my young son, how are you this morning?'

'Oh! I am very well, thank you, but I did not have much rest.'

'Well, never mind that. You have got on very well so far, but you have a great deal to go through before you can have the golden apples to go to your father. So now you better come to have some breakfast before you start on your way to my other brother's house. Now you will have to leave your own horse here with me, until you come back here again to me, and to tell me everything about how you got on.'

After that out comes a fresh horse for the young prince.

And the old man give him a ball of yarn; and he flung it between the horse's two ears. And off he goes as fast as the wind, which the wind behind could not catch the wind before, until he came to his second oldest brother's house. When he rode up to the door, he had the same salute as he had from the first old man; but this one was much uglier than the first one. He had long grey hair, and his teeth was curling out of his mouth, and his finger and toe nails were not cut for many thousands of years. So I shall leave you to guess what sort of a looking being he was, but still his Rómani speech was soft and nice, much different to his younger brother. He puts his horse in a much better stable, and calls him in, and gives him plenty to eat and drink, and lots of tobacco and brandy. And they have a bit of chat before they goes to bed. When the old man asks him many questions: 'Well, my young son, I suppose that you are one of the King's children, and come to look for the golden apples to recover him, because he is sick?'

Jack.--'Yes; I am the youngest of the three brothers, and I should like well to get them to go back with.'

Old Man.--'Well, don't mind, my young son. I will send before you to-night to my oldest brother, when you go to bed, and I will say all to him what you want, and then he will not have much trouble to send you on to the place where you must go to get them. But you must mind to-night not to stir when you hear those things biting and stinging you, or else you will work great mischief to yourself.'

The young man went to bed, and beared all, as he did the first night, and got up the next morning well and hearty, and thought a good deal of the old man's Rómani way the night before. After a good breakfast, and passing some few remarks, What a curious place that was, when the old man should say, 'Yes' to him, 'you will see a more curious place soon; and I hope I shall see you back here all right.' When out comes another fresh horse, and a ball of yarn to throw between his ears. The old man tells him to jump up, and said to him that he has made it all right with his oldest brother to give him a quick reception, and not to delay any whatever, as you have a good deal .to go through in a very short and quick time.'

He flung the ball, and off he goes as quick as lightning, and comes to the oldest brother's house. (I forgot to tell you that the last old man told him not to be frightened at this one's looks.) Well, to make my long story short, the old man received him very kindly, and told him that he long wished to see

him, and that he would go through his work like a man, and return back here safe and sound.

‘Now to-night I shall give you rest; there shall nothing come to disturb you, so as you may not feel sleepy to-morrow. And you must mind to get up middling early, for you’ve got to go and come all in the same day. For there will be no place for you to rest within thousands of miles of that place; and if there was, you would stand in great danger never to come from there in your own form. Now, my young Prince, mind what I tell you. To-morrow, when you go in sight of a very large castle, which will be surrounded with black water, the first thing you will do you will tie your horse to a tree, and you will see three beautiful swans in sight. When you will say, ‘Swan, swan, carry me over for the name of the Griffin of the Greenwood’; and the swans will swim you over to the castle. There will be three great entrances, before you go in. The first will be guarded by four great giants, and drawn swords in their hands; the second entrance lions and other things; and the other with fiery serpents and other things too frightful to mention. You will have to be there exactly at one o’clock; and mind and leave there precisely at two, and not a moment later. When the swans carry you over to the castle, you will pass all these things, when they will be all fast asleep, but you must not notice any of them. When you go in, you will turn up to the right, you will see some grand rooms, then you will go downstairs and through the cooking kitchen, and through a door on your left you go into a garden, where you will find the apples you want for your father to get him well. After you fill your wallet, you make all the speed you possibly can, and call out for the swans to carry you over the same as before. After you get on your horse, should you hear any shouting or making any noise after you, be sure not to look back, as they will follow you for thousands of miles; but when the time will be up and you near my place, it will be all over. Well, now, my young man, I have told you all you have to do to-morrow; and mind, whatever you do, don’t look about you when you see all those dreadful things. Keep a good heart, and make haste from there, and come back to me with all the speed you can. I should like to know how my two brothers were when you left them, and what they said about me.’

‘Well, to tell the truth, before I left London, my father was sick, and said I was to come here to look for the golden apples, for they were the only things would do him good. And when I came to your youngest brother, I

could not understand him well: his speech was like the English Gypsies and not like yours.[127] You speak the same as the Welsh Gypsies, and so I understand your second brother well. He told me many things what to do before I came here. And I thought once that your youngest brother put me in the wrong bed, when he put all those snakes to bite me all night long, until he [*i.e.* the middle brother] told me, "So it was to be," and said, "So it is the same here," but said you had none in your beds, but said when I came to you I should find you a fine dear Rómani old man.'

The Old Man.--'So 'tis, my daddy. My youngest brother ran away when he was young with the English Gypsies, and their speech is not the same as our speech. Well, let's take a drop more brandy and a little tobacco, and then let's go to bed. You need not fear. There are no snakes here.'

The young man went to bed, and had a good night's rest, and got up the next morning as fresh as newly caught trout. Breakfast being over, when out come the other horse, and, when saddling and fettling, the old man began to laugh, and told the young gentleman that if he saw a pretty young lady, not to stay with her too long, because she may waken, and then he would have to stay with her, or to be turned into one of those unearthly monsters, like those which he will have to pass by going into the castle.

'Ha! ha! ha! you make me laugh that I can scarcely buckle the saddle-straps. I think I shall make it all right, my uncle, if I sees a young lady there, you may depend.'

'Well, my daddy, I shall see how you will get on.'

So he mounts his Arab steed, and off he goes like a shot out of a gun. At last he comes in sight of the castle. He ties his horse safe to a tree, and pulls out his watch. It was then a quarter to one, when he called out, 'Swan, swan, carry me over, for the name of the old Griffin of the Green-wood.' No sooner said than done. A swan under each side, and one in front, took him over in a crack. He got on his legs, and walked quietly by all those giants, lions, fiery serpents, and all manner of other frightful things too numerous to mention, while they were all fast asleep, and that only for the space of one hour, when into the castle he goes neck or nothing. Turning to the right, upstairs he runs, and enters into a very grand bedroom, and seen a beautiful Princess lying full stretch on a beautiful gold bedstead, fast asleep. It will take me too long to describe the other beautiful things which was in the

room at the time, so you will pardon me for going on, for there was no time to lose. He gazed on her beautiful form with admiration, and looked at her foot, and said, ‘Where there is a pretty foot, there must be a pretty leg.’ And he takes her garter off, and buckles it on his own leg, and he buckles his on hers; he also takes her gold watch and pocket-handkerchief, and exchanges his for hers; after that ventures to give her a kiss, when she very near opened her eyes. Seeing the time short, off he runs downstairs, and passing through the cooking kitchen, through where he had to pass to go into the garden for the apples, he could see the cook all-fours on her back on the middle of the floor, with the knife in one hand and the fork in the other. He found the apples out, and filled his wallet well; and by passing through the kitchen the cook did very near waken, and she did wink on him with one eye; he was obliged to make all the speed he possibly could, as the time was nearly up. He called out for the swans, and off they managed to take him over, but they found he was a little heavier than when he was going over before. No sooner than he had mounted his horse, he could hear a tremendous noise, and the enchantment was broke, and they tried to follow him, but all to no purpose. He was not long before he came to the oldest brother’s house; and glad enough he was to see it, for the sight and the noise of all those things that were after him near frightened him to death.

‘Welcome, my daddy, I am proud to see you. Dismount and put the horse in the stable, and come in and have some refreshments; I know you are hungry after all you have gone through in that castle. And tell all what you did, and all what you saw there. There was other kings’ sons went by here to go to that castle, but they never came back alive, and you are the only one that ever broke the spell (for me to go from here). And now you must come with me, and a sword in your hand, and must cut my head off and must throw it in that well.’

The young Prince dismounts, and puts the horse in the stable, and then goes in to have some refreshments, for I can assure you he wanted some. And after telling him everything that passed, which the old gentleman was very pleased to hear, they both went for a walk together, the young Prince looking around and seeing the place all round him looking dreadful, also the old man. He could scarcely walk from his toe-nails curling up like ram’s horns that had not been cut for many hundred years, and big long hair. And although his teeth was curling out of his mouth, he could speak the Rómani

language better than any other. They come to a well, and he gives the Prince a sword, and tells him to cut the old man's head off; and to throw it in that well. The young man, through him being so kind to him, has to do it against his wish, but has to do it.

No sooner he does it, and flings his head in the well, than up springs one of the finest young gentlemen you would wish to see; and instead of the old house and the frightful-looking place, it was changed into a beautiful hall and grounds. And they went back, and enjoyed themselves well, and had a good laugh about the castle, when he told him all about what had passed, especially when he told him about the cook winking on him and could not open the other eye. The young Prince leaves this young gentleman in all his glory, and he tells the young Prince before leaving that he will see him again before long. They have a jolly shake-hands, and off he goes to the next oldest brother; and, to make my long story short, he has to serve the other two brothers the same as the first, and he has to take to his own horse to go home.

Now the youngest brother there was a good deal of the English Gypsy in him, and begun to ask him how things went on, and making inquiries and asking, 'Did you see my two brothers?'

'Yes.'

'How did they look?'

'Oh! they looked very well. I liked them much. They told me many things what to do.'

'Well, did you go to the castle?'

'Yes, my uncle.'

'And will you tell me what you see in there? Did you see the young lady?'

'Yes, I saw her, and plenty other frightful things.'

'Did you hear any snake biting you in my oldest brother's bed?'

'No, there were none there; I slept well.'

'You won't have to sleep in the same bed to-night. You will have to cut off my head in the morning.'

The young Prince had a good night's rest, and changed all the appearance of the place by cutting his head off before he started in the morning, having a

good breakfast, and supplying himself with a little brandy and a good lot of tobacco for the road before starting, for he had a very long way to go, and his horse had not the same speed as theirs had. A jolly shake-hands, and tells him it's very probable that he shall see him again very soon when he will not be aware of it. This one's mansion was very pretty, and the country around it beautiful, after having his head cut off. And off he goes, over hills, dales, valleys, and mountains, and very near losing his apples again. (I forgot to tell you that he give some to each of those brothers before leaving.)

At last he arrives at the cross-roads where he has to meet his brothers on the very day appointed. Coming up to the place, he sees no tracks of horses, and, being very tired, he lays himself down to sleep, by tying the horse to his leg,[128] and putting the apples under his head. When presently up comes the other brothers the same time to the minute, and found him fast asleep. And they would not waken him, but said one to another, 'Let's see what sort of apples he has got under his head.' So they took and tasted them, and found they were different from theirs. They took and changed his apples for theirs, and hooked it off to London as fast as they could, and left the poor fellow sleeping.

After a while he awoke, and, seeing the tracks of other horses, he mounted and off with him, not thinking anything about the apples being changed. He had still a long way to go by himself; and by the time he got near London he could hear all the bells in the town ringing, but did not know what was the matter until he rode up to the palace, when he came to know that his father was recovered by his brothers' apples. When he got there, his two brothers went off to some sports for a while. And the king was very glad to see his youngest son, and was very anxious to taste his apples. And when he found that they were not good, and thought that they were more for poisoning him, he sent immediately for the head butcher to behead his youngest son; and was taken away there and then in a carriage. But instead of the butcher taking his head off, he took him to some forest not far from the town, because he had pity on him, and there left him to take his chance. When presently up comes a big hairy bear, limping upon three legs; and the Prince, poor fellow, climbed up a tree, frightened of him, and the bear telling him to come down, that it's no use of him to stop there. With hard persuasion poor Jack comes down; and the bear speaks to him in Rómani,

and bids him to ‘Come here to me; I will not do you any harm. It’s better for you to come with me and have some refreshments. I know that you are hungry all this time.’

The poor young Prince says, ‘No, I am not very hungry; but I was very frightened when I saw you coming to me first, when I had no place to run away from you.’

The bear said, ‘I was also afraid of you when I saw that gentleman setting you down from that carriage. I thought you would have some guns with you, and that you would not mind killing me if you would see me. But when I saw the gentleman going away with the carriage, and leaving you behind by yourself; I made bold to come to you, to see who you was; and now I know who you are very well. Isn’t you the King’s youngest son? I seen you and your brothers and lots of other gentlemen in this wood many times. Now, before we go from here, I must tell you that I am a Gypsy in disguise; and I shall take you where we are stopping at.’

The young Prince up and tells him everything from first to last, how he started in search of the apples, and about the three old men, and about the castle, and how he was served at last by his father after he came home; and instead of the butcher to take his head off; he was kind enough to leave him to have his life, and to take his chance in the forest, live or die; ‘and here I am now, under your protection.’

The bear tells him, ‘Come on, my brother. There shall be no harm come to you as long as you are with me.’

So he takes him up to the tents; and when they sees ‘em coming, the girls begin to laugh, and says, ‘Here is our Jubal coming with a young gentleman.’

When he advanced nearer the tents, they all begun to know that he was the young Prince that had passed by that way many times before; and when Jubal went to change himself; he called most of them together in one tent, and tells them everything all about him, and tells them to be kind to him. And so they were, for there was nothing that he desired but what he had, the same as if he was, in the palace with his father and mother. He was allowed to romp and play with the girls, but no further, through his princely manners and the chastity of the girls hindered all bad thoughts. Him having lessons on the Welsh harp when a boy by some Welsh harper belonging to the

Woods or Roberts family, who were Welsh Gypsies of North Wales, made a little difference to his way of speaking to that of the London magpies, when they used to say, '*Dorda!* this young gentleman talks as if he was two hundred years old; we can't understand him.' They used to have a deal of fun with him at night-time, when telling his funny tales by the fire. Jubal, after he pulled off his hairy coat, was one of the smartest young men amongst them, and he stuck to be the young Prince's closest companion. The young Prince was always very sociable and merry, only when he would think of his gold watch, the one as he had from the young Princess in that castle. The butcher allowed him to keep that for company, and did not like to take it from him, as it might come useful to him some time or another. And the poor fellow did not know where he lost it, being so much excited with everything.

He passed off many happy days with the Stanleys and Grays in Epping Forest. But one day him and poor Jubal was strolling through the trees, when they came to the very same spot where they first met, and, accidentally looking up, he could see his watch hanging up in the tree which he had to climb when he first seen poor Jubal coming to him in the form of a bear; and cries out, 'Jubal, Jubal, I can see my watch up in that tree.'

'Well! I am sure, how lucky!' exclaimed poor Jubal, 'shall I go and get it down?'

'No, I'd rather go myself,' said the young Prince.

Now when all this was going on, the young Princess whom he changed those things with in that castle, seeing that one of the King of England's sons had been there by the changing of the watch,[129] and other things, got herself ready with a large army, and sailed off for England. She left her army a little out of the town, and she went with her guards straight up to the palace to see the King, and also demanded to see his sons, and brought a fine young boy with her about nine or ten months old. They had a long conversation together about different things. At last she demands one of the sons to come before her; and the oldest comes, when she asks him, 'Have you ever been at the Castle of Melváles?' and he answers 'Yes.' She throws down a pocket-handkerchief bids him to walk over that without stumbling. He goes to walk over it, and no sooner he put his foot on it he fell down and broke his leg. He was taken off immediately and made a prisoner of by her

own guards. The other was called upon, and was asked the same questions, and had to go through the same performance, and he also was made a prisoner of.

Now she says, ‘Have you not another son?’

When the King began to shiver and shake and knock his two knees together that he could scarcely stand upon his legs, and did not know what to say to her; he was so much frightened. At last a thought came to him to send for

his head butcher, and inquired of him particularly, Did he behead his son, or is he alive?

‘He is saved, O King.’

‘Then bring him here immediately, or else I shall be done for.’

Two of the fastest horses they had were put in the carriage, to go and look for the poor Welsh-harping Prince. And when they got to the very same spot where they left him, that was the time when the Prince was up the tree, getting his watch down, and poor Jubal standing a distance off. They cried out to him, Did he see another young man in this wood? Jubal, seeing such a nice carriage, thought something, and did not like to say No, and said Yes, and pointed up the tree. And they told him to come down immediately, as there is a young lady in search of him with a young child.

‘Ha! ha! ha! Jubal, did you ever hear such a thing in all your life, my brother?’

‘Do you call him your brother?’

‘Well, he has been better to me than my brothers.’

‘Well, for his kindness he shall come to accompany you to the palace, and see how things will turn out.’

After they go to the palace, he has a good wash, and appears before the Princess, when she asks him, or puts the question to him, ‘Had he ever been at the Castle of Melváles?’ when he with a smile upon his face, and gives a graceful bow.

And says my lady, ‘Walk over that handkerchief without stumbling.’

He walks over it many times, and dances upon it, and nothing happened to him. She said, with a proud and smiling air, ‘That is the young man’; and out comes the exchanged things by both of them. Presently she orders a

very large box to be brought in and to be opened, and out come some of the most costly uniforms that was ever wore on an emperor's back; and when he dressed himself up, the King could scarcely look upon him from the dazzling of the gold and diamonds on his coat and other things. He orders his two brothers to be in confinement for a period of time; and before the Princess demands him to go with her to her own country, she pays a visit to the Gypsies' camp, and she makes them some very handsome presents for being so kind to the young Prince. And she gives Jubal an invitation to go with them, which he accepts, also one of the girls for a nurse; wishes them a hearty farewell for a time, promising to see them again in some little time to come, by saying, 'Cheer up, comrades, I'm a Rómani myself; I should like to see you in my country.'

They go back to the King and bids farewell, and tells him not to be so hasty another time to order people to beheaded[130] before having a proper cause for it. Off they go with all their army with them; but while the soldiers were striking their tents, he bethought himself of his Welsh harp, and had it sent for immediately to take with him in a beautiful wooden case. After they went over, they called to see each of those three brothers whom the Prince had to stay with when he was on his way to the Castle of Melváles; and I can assure you, when they all got together, they had a very merry time of it. The last time I seen him, I play upon the Prince's harp; and he told me he should like to see me again in North Wales. Ha! ha! ha! I am glad that I have come to the finish. I ought to have a drop of Scotch ale for telling all those lies.

As I said in my notes to No. 54, Mr. Joseph Jacobs has also reprinted this story, with alterations (*e.g.* of 'head butcher' to 'headsman'), additions, and omissions of his own. Especially has he deleted every mention of Gypsies, whilst leaving in references to 'tents,' 'camp,' etc., which thus appear rather *à propos des bottes*. Such tampering with folk-tales reminds one somehow of your 'restoring' architect, called in about an old church. 'Yes,' he pronounces, 'that window is Late Perpendicular, so will have to come out, and we'll put in an Early English one according to the original design.' Not that he knows the original design, but he pleases his dupes: some there be, however, that curse. But Grimm, Mr. Jacobs pleads, rewrote his fairy-tales. Maybe HE did, but every folklorist is not a Grimm.

After this, Mr. Jacobs remarks that 'the tale is scarcely a good example for Mr. Hindes Groome's contention (in *Transactions Folk-Lore Congress*) for the diffusion of all folk-tales by means of gypsies as *colporteurs*. This is merely a matter of evidence, and of evidence there is singularly little, though it is indeed curious that one of Campbell's best equipped informants should turn out to be a gypsy. Even this fact, however, is not too well substantiated.' As I have shown in my Introduction, I have never made such a contention; there, too, I have told all I know about Campbell's informant--Mr. Jacobs, perhaps, may know more. But his oracular judgment, that this story is a poor example for my (real) contention, that is what staggers me, unbacked though it be by one tittle of counter-evidence. The following is all I can adduce in self-vindication.

My friend Mr. Sampson has got from Matthew Wood another Welsh-Gypsy version, called '*I Valín Kalo Pāni*' (The Bottle of Black Water). 'This,' he writes, 'is a variant of your "King and his Three Sons," with which it agrees in most particulars, except of course Roberts' own picturesque little touches, and that a bottle of black water takes the place of the three golden apples.' Then, what I did not, could not know when I published *In Gypsy Tents* (1880), there is a closely parallel non-Gypsy variant in Professor Theodor Vernaleken's *In The Land of Marvels* (Eng. trans. 1884), No. 52, pp. 304-9 and 360. It is called 'The Accursed Garden,' and comes from St. Pölden in Lower Austria. Here is a summary:--

A king has three sons, the youngest the handsomest. He falls sick, and learns he can only get better by eating a fruit from the Accursed Garden. The brothers set out one after the other; the two eldest lose all their money gaming in an inn, and are put in jail (*cf*. No. 49, p. 184). The youngest son comes to a hermit's in a great forest, inquires the way to the Accursed Garden, and gets a red ball, which, flung before him, will show the way. He next comes to a black dog, and sleeps three nights with him, then to a red dog, lastly to a white maiden. Before reaching the mountain on whose top is the garden he ties his horse to a fig-tree. He has to enter the garden at eleven, and leave before noon. In a castle in the midst of the garden he finds a sleeping lady, writes down his name and address, departs and is pursued by devouring beasts. Returning to the white maiden, he is desired by her to divide a grape into four parts, and to cast a part into each corner of her dwelling. Immediately it became a splendid palace. The red and black dogs

are likewise changed into princes, and the hermit into a king. The prince comes up as his brothers are going to be hanged, buys them off, is robbed by them in the night of his fruit, receiving in its stead a poisoned one, and then is thrown into a valley. The late hermit discovers and revives him, but the king his father, finding his fruit is poisoned, orders him to be shot. But the servant spares him; and the young lady, arriving with a great army, proclaims that if the prince who fetched the fruit be not produced she will besiege the city. Then the servant tells how he spared the prince, who is sought for and brought to the king. He accurately describes the garden, and marries the princess.

This version is markedly inferior to our Welsh-Gypsy one; still, I know in all folklore of few closer parallels. And the two versions are separated by over four centuries and by more than a thousand miles. The ball of yarn on p. 221 recurs in two other Welsh-Gypsy stories, 'The Black Dog of the Wild Forest' ('You follow this ball of worsted. Now it will take you right straight to a river') and 'The Green Man of Noman's Land' ('She . . . gives him a ball of thread to place between the horse's ears'). In Dasent's Norse tale of 'The Golden Palace that hung in the Air' (*Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 291) an old hag gives the hero 'a grey ball of wool, which he had only to roll on before him and he would come to whatever place he wished.' In Addy's *Household Tales*, p. 50, there is a curious but poorly told story from Wensley in Derbyshire, 'The Little Red Hairy Man,' a variant of our Mare's Son' (No. 20) and 'Twopence-halfpenny' (No. 58). Here the little man throws 'a small copper ball on the ground, and it rolled away, and Jack followed it until it came to a castle made of copper, and flew against the door.' So with a silver ball and a silver castle, and a golden ball and a golden castle. On which it is just worth remarking that underground castles of copper, silver, and gold occur in No. 58, p. 245, in a story told to Campbell of Islay by a London Gypsy (*Tales of the West Highlands*, iv. 143), and in Ralston's *The Norka*, pp. 75-76. In Wratislaw's Hungarian-Slovenish story of 'The Three Lemons,' p. 63,[131] we find castles of lead, silver, and gold, and at each the hero gets dumplings of the same metals, which he afterwards throws before him, when they fix themselves on the glass hill, and permit him to ascend (*cf.* too, our Three Dragons,' pp. 152-4; Irish folk-tale in*Folk-Lore Journal*, i. 318; and *Folk lore* for December 1890, p. 495). In Hahn's 'Filek-Zelebi' (No. 73, ii. 69) the heroine has to follow three golden apples; and in 'The Wicked Queens' (J. H.

Knowles's *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, p. 401) a *jogi* gives a boy a pebble, telling him to 'throw it on before and to follow its leadings.'

The well-known Sleeping Beauty recurs in two other Gypsy stories--the Moravian one of 'The Princess and the Forester's Son' (p. 147), which offers marked analogies to John Roberts's tale, and that from the Bukowina, The Winged Hero' (pp. 100-104), which is very Oriental in character. Whether she was ever familiar to English or Scottish folklore I do not know; but Scott in chapter xxvi. of*The Antiquary* alludes to her.

For the three helpful brothers, *cf*. F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories*, p. 35-36; and for the prohibition not to look about [behind], Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 140.

No. 56. The Five Trades

Once there were a sailor and other four men. One was a smith, and the other was a soldier and a tailor, and the last was an innkeeper. The sailor asked the smith to come upon the sea. The smith said, 'No, I must go and do some work.' 'What is your work?' 'To heat iron,' says the smith, and make it into shoes for horses.' The sailor asked the other three to come on board his ship. The soldier said he must go to make facings and marchings; and the tailor said, 'I must go and make clothes to keep you warm.' And the innkeeper said, 'I am going to make beer to make you drunk, that you may all of you go to the devil.' That's all of that.

This little temperance apologue by a non-teetotaler is one of the very few Gypsy stories with a moral.

No. 57. Ashypelt

Once there was an old man and an old 'ooman livin' in the Forest o' Dean. They 'ad twelve sons, and there was one son called Ashypelt. He was the youngest son, and they didn't never think but very little o' Ashypelt, as 'ee was allus used to be i' the esshole under the fire, an' the brothers used to spit on 'im and laugh at 'im an' make fun of 'im an' that. He never spoke, didn't Ashypelt, nor hear nuthin'. These eleven brothers--they was nearly allus felling timber and that--used to go, they used to go off tel Saturdays for a week. They used to do that very reglar, and were bringing a lot of money in for the old man and the old 'ooman.

So the old ‘ooman sez one day, ‘Well, John, I sez, I think you an’ me ‘as got enough money now to live on which will keep we all the days of our life. An’ we’ll tell ‘em to-night’--it was on a Saturday, an’ they was comin’ home again, they was comin’ home with all the week’s wages--’we’ll say to ‘em as the pressgang ‘as been after ‘em, as they’ve got to ‘ear as we’ve got eleven very fine sons, and they wants to make soldiers of ‘em. So I’ll begin a-cryin’ when they comes ‘ere to-night, and I’ll say to ‘em, “O my very dear sons, the pressgang’s been after yous ‘ere to-day. They want yous to go for soldiers, an’ the best you can do, my dear children”--the old ‘ooman was cryin’ very much, makin’ herself so--”is to go to sleep in the barn.” An’ we’ll put ‘em to sleep in the barn, an’ give ‘em their week’s victuals with ‘em’ (what they used to take reglar), sez the old ‘ooman to the old man. ‘We can soon put Ashypelt out o’ the road.’ (He was listenin’ all the time, the poor Ashypelt, listenin’ wot the old ‘ooman was sayin’.) ‘Soon as we’ve put the eleven sons in the barn we’ll set fire to ‘em about twelve o’clock and burn ‘em: that’s the best way to take it out of ‘em. We’ll burn ‘em,’ she sez.

Poor Ashypelt gets up out o’ the esshole--this was about the hour of eleven: they was sittin’ up till twelve to set the barn afire. He goes up to the barn, an’ ‘ee throws ‘is brothers up one after another neck and crop--an’ they was goin’ to kill ‘im--an’ their week’s victuals.

‘Oo are you?’ they sez.

‘I am your brother Ashypelt,’ he sez, ‘I am your brother Ashypelt.’

So one looks at ‘im, an’ another looks at ‘im, to find a certain mark as they know to him. They went to kill poor Ashypelt for throwing them up.

He sez, ‘My father and mother is goin’ to set you afire, all the lot o’ you, that’s the reason they put you in the barn. An’ come with me up on that back edge, an’ you’ll see the barn goin’ afire directly,’ sez Ashypelt.

They sat on this high edge tel twelve o’clock come, an’ they was lookin’ out, an’ they seen the old ‘ooman an’ the old man go with a lantern, an’ puttin’ a light to the barn an’ all the straw what was in it. So they thanked Ashypelt very much for savin’ their lives, but they didn’t injure their father or mother; but they all started to go on the road together. They comes to twelve cross-roads; an’ poor Ashypelt, never bein’ out o’ the esshole before, ‘ee took very sleepy, through bein’ a very ‘ot day.

So one brother sez to the other, ‘We’ll all take a road to ourselves. Each one will take a road, an’ in twelve months an’ a day we’ll all meet ‘ere agen.’

So poor Ashypelt the sun overcame ‘im, an’ ‘im never bein’ out o’ the esshole, ‘ee fell asleep; an’ each brother left a mark on the road which way they went, for ‘im to go ‘is road to ‘imself. When poor Ashypelt wakened up, ‘ee began lookin’ round ‘im an’ rubbin’ ‘is eyes. They left ‘im a very old nasty lane to go up, an old nasty lane with the mud up to your knees. Poor Ashypelt bein’ very weak, he got fast several times goin’ up this old lane, an’ tumbled down in the mud; an’ the ‘edges was growed very high with ‘em so meetin’ together; and the briers was scratching poor Ashypelt’s eyes very near out, as ‘ee was goin’ up this old lane. ‘Ee travels on, over high dales an’ lofty mountains, where the cock never crowed and the divel never sounded ‘is bugle horn. It’ll last tel to-morrow night, but I don’t mean to half tell you so long.[132] But poor Ashypelt got benighted up this old lane. ‘Ee used to fall asleep, bein’ summer-time, an’ very early in the mornin’ come daylight ‘ee wakens up, an’ ‘ee kept on the same old lane all the way he was goin’. ‘Ee travels on tel ‘ee come to a castle an’ a new ‘ouse, where there was a man, an’ ‘ee axed this man could ‘ee give ‘im a job.

‘Ee sez, ‘Yes, Ashypelt, I can give you a job,’ ‘ee sez. ‘Ee sez, ‘Wot can you do?’

Ashypelt sez, ‘I can do everythink as you try to put me to.’ ‘Well, Ashypelt,’ ‘ee sez, ‘I’ll give you fifty pounds to sleep into the castle all night, an’ a good suit o’ clo’es.’

‘Oh! yes,’ ‘ee sez; ‘I’ll sleep there,’ ‘ee sed.

So ‘ee sez to Ashypelt, ‘ee sez, ‘You shall have a good bag o’ nuts to crack an’ plenty o’ ‘bacca to smoke, an’ a good fire to sit by,’ ‘ee sez.

But ‘ee allowed him no can o’ beer to drink, plenty o’ water, so as he wouldn’t get trussicated. An’ ‘appen about eleven o’clock at night ‘ee sez, ‘Now Ashypelt, it is about the time you’ve got to come in along o’ me.’

So ‘ee takes Ashypelt with ‘im about eleven o’clock to this castle. ‘Ee opens the door, an’ ‘ee sez, ‘There you are, go an’ take your seat, an’ sit down.’ ‘Ee sez, ‘Here is your bag o’ nuts, an’ plenty o’ ‘bacca to smoke.’

So just now Ashypelt was sittin’ down, an’ just about the hour o’ twelve ‘ee could ‘ear a lot o’ noise about the room. ‘Ee looks around behind ‘im at the

door, an' 'ee sees a man naked.

So 'ee sez, 'Come up to the fire an' warm you. You looks very cold.'

It was a sperrit, you see. 'Ee wouldn't come up to the fire, so Ashypelt went an' fetched im. Ashypelt sez, 'Will you 'ave a smoke?' 'ee sez, an' 'ee takes an' 'ee fills 'im a new pipe. 'Ee sez, 'Will you crack some nuts?'

So 'ee smoked all poor Ashypelt's 'bacca, an' cracked all 'is nuts, an' poor Ashypelt 'ad none. But 'ee sez, 'You are a very greedy fellow indeed, I must say,' 'ee sed, 'after a man bringing you up to warm you at the fire, an' taking every-think off 'im.'

Just about the hour o' two o'clock away goes this man from 'im. So therefore Ashypelt sits contented down afore the fire to hisself.

So next mornin' the master sez to 'im at the hour o' six o'clock, 'Are you alive, Ashypelt?'

'Oh! yes,' 'ee sez to 'im, 'I am alive, sir. An' there came a very rude man 'ere last night, an' took all my 'bacca, an' cracked all my nuts off me,' 'ee sez, 'for the kindness I done for 'im. 'Ee was naked, an' I axed 'im to 'ave a warm.'

'Well,' 'ee sez to Ashypelt, 'come along an' 'ave some breakfast, Ashypelt.' An' 'ee takes 'im to the new 'ouse from the castle, to 'ave some breakfast. 'Would you wish to stop another night, Ashypelt?' 'ee sez, 'an' I'll give you another fifty pounds.'

'Oh! yes,' sez Ashypelt, 'im never seein' anythin', an' never knowin' wot sperrits or ghostses was, 'im bein' allus in the esshole.

So all day Ashypelt went up an' down the garden, an' learnin' 'ow to dig in the garden an' one thing or another, tel eleven o'clock came again the next night.

'Well, come, Ashypelt, my lad,' 'ee sed, 'it's time for you to go back to your room agen now.'

So the next night 'ee gave 'im very near 'alf a pound o' 'bacca to smoke an' a bigger bag o' nuts. So about the hour o' twelve o'clock 'ee turns round to the door again, an' there was five or six of these ghostses came in to 'im this time an' sperrits. So there was one stood up in the corner in 'is skeleton. There was five more runnin' up and down the room pitity-pat, pitity-pat.

‘Come up to the fire,’ Ashypelt sez, ‘an’ warm yous. Yous looks very cold all runnin’ about naked,’ ‘ee sed. ‘Ee sez, ‘There’s some ‘bacca there an’ some pipes. ‘Ave a smoke apiece.’

So this poor fellow stood up in the corner.

‘You come ‘ere,’ sed Ashypelt; ‘you looks very cold, you’re nuthin’ but bones.’

But ‘ee gave Ashypelt no answer. So Ashypelt comes up to ‘im, to pull ‘im out up to the fire, an’ ‘ee ‘appened to give ‘im a bit of a touch round the neck--somewhere under the jaw, I think it was--as ‘ee wouldn’t come for ‘im. This fellow tumbled all into pieces, in small bits o’ pieces about ‘alf an inch, tumbled all into pieces when Ashypelt ‘it ‘im.

‘Now, Ashypelt,’ sez one of ‘em, ‘if you don’t put that fellow up agen as you fun’ ‘im, we’ll revour you alive.’

Poor Ashypelt got fixing one little bone on top of another, an’ one little bone on top of another, but ‘ee got tumblin’ them down as quick as ‘ee was fixing them very near. Well, ‘ee fixed an’ fixed at last tel it come very near one o’clock that ‘ee was bein’ with ‘im, but ‘ee got ‘em together agen. So away they all goes just about two o’clock an’ leaves ‘im; an’ when ‘ee come to look for the ‘bacca, every morsel ‘ad gone, ‘ee never ‘ad one pipeful.

‘Well,’ ‘ee sez, ‘they’re a greedy lot o’ fellows, them is,’ ‘ee sez. ‘They served me worse agen to-night,’ ‘ee sez. So ‘ee comes an’ sits ‘imself down completely by ‘is own fire agen.

Next morning at the hour o’ six o’clock the master comes for ‘im agen. ‘Are you alive, Ashypelt?’ ‘ee sez.

‘Oh! yes,’ ‘ee sez, ‘I’m alive.’

He sez, ‘Did you ‘ear anythin’ last night?’

‘Yes,’ sez Ashypelt, ‘there come a lot o’ greedy fellows ‘ere, an ‘smoked all my ‘bacca an’ cracked all my nuts off me.’

So ‘ee sez, ‘Come on down, Ashypelt, an’ ‘ave your breakfast.’ ‘Ee takes ‘im to the new ‘ouse to ‘ave ‘is breakfast. But after ‘ee ‘d ‘ad ‘is breakfast, ‘ Now, Ashypelt,’ ‘ee sez, ‘I will give you another fifty to stop another night.’

Well, poor Ashypelt, never ‘avin’ no money, ‘ee sed, Yes, ‘ee would do it. Well, ‘ee took ‘im, as usual, up an’ down the garden agen next day with ‘im,

taking ‘im up an’ down the garden tel eleven o’clock come the next night.

‘So now, Ashypelt, my boy, it’s time for me to take you up to your room,’ ‘ee sez. ‘I’ll give you a little extra ‘bacca to-night. I’ll give you a pound, an’ a bigger bag o’ nuts--altogether it might be a gohanna [guano] bag o’ nuts--an’ a pound o’ ‘bacca.’

So ‘ee fastened ‘em into the room before Ashypelt comes, an’ ‘ee leaves ‘im sittin’ ‘down comfortable to ‘isself ‘avin’ a bit o’ a smoke o’ ‘is ‘bacca. But ‘ee ‘eard one o’ the terriblest noises ‘ee ever ‘eard in ‘is life shoutin’ blue wilful murders, but ‘ee couldn’t see nuthin’. This was at the hour o’ twelve. Bangin’ one of ‘is doors wide open, in comes a man to ‘im with ‘is throat cut from ‘ere to there. Ashypelt axed ‘im to come an’ ‘ave a pipe o’ bacca, an’ to ‘ave a warm. Well, poor Ashypelt never seein’ nuthin’, ‘ee wasn’t frightened a bit.

So the man sez to ‘im, ‘Now, Ashypelt, my boy, I see you are not frightened. Come with me, an’ I’ll show you where I lies. My brother ‘as killed me--it’s my brother what gives you this money to stop ‘ere. You come with me, Ashypelt, down these steps.’

He took ‘im down steps, down steps, down steps. Ashypelt axed ‘im ‘ow much further ‘ee ‘ad to go, an’ it ‘ad been very dark goin’ down these steps. Ashypelt couldn’t see ‘is way, but when ‘ee got to the bottom there was a very fine light.

‘Now, Ashypelt,’ ‘ee sez, ‘come with me,’ ‘ee sez. ‘ I’m that man as you struck in the room an’ knocked all to pieces. Now, Ashypelt, I’ll make you a gentleman for life if you’ll do one thing for me. Come along o’ me,’ ‘ee sez to Ashypelt. Then ‘ee sez, ‘Lift up that flag,’ ‘ee sez.

‘No, sir,’ sez Ashypelt, ‘I can’t lift it up,’ ‘ee sez to ‘im; ‘but lift it you.’

‘Put your ‘and down to it, an’ try to lift it up,’ ‘ee sed.

Ashypelt done what ‘ee told ‘im, puttin’ ‘is ‘and down to lift the flag, an’ he draws the flag up. What was under that but a big pot o’ gold spade-ace guineas an’ that.’

So ‘ee sez, ‘Come along o’ me, Ashypelt,’ ‘ee sez, ‘on further,’ ‘ee sez. ‘Ee sez, ‘Rise that flag up, Ashypelt.’

Ashypelt doin’ so, ‘ee told ‘im to rise one flag up, ‘ee sez, ‘Rise the other one, Ashypelt, next to it.’

Ashypelt rises the other one, an' there this 'ere skeleton was lyin' in the coffin. That's where 'ee was buried; 'is brother buried 'im there into the coffin. This was the older brother tel what the one was that was alive, that was dead. But they got fallin' out which would 'ave the castle. The next brother killed the old one, an' buried 'im there.

'Now,' sez this man with his throat cut from 'ere to there, 'Ashypelt, I want you to do me a favourite, an',' 'ee sez, 'you'll never be troubled no more.' You can sleep in that room all your lifetime,' 'ee sez, 'nuthin' will ever trouble you no more. Now, in the mornin',' 'ee sez, 'when my brother comes for you, 'ee'll ax you what sort o' night's rest you 'ad. So you say, "All right, only they smoked all my 'bacca an' cracked all my nuts agen." An' the first town you get to, Ashypelt, an' you leaves here, you make a report as 'ee's killed 'is own brother; an' when they calls for witnesses, Ashypelt, I'll repear into the hall with my throat cut from 'ere to there. You can come back, Ashypelt, an' take the castle, 'cause there's nobody takes the castle barrin' me an' my brother.'

So Ashypelt goes to the next town as 'ee could meet with, an' 'ee goes an' makes a 'larm to a magistrate; an' the magistrate sent some pleecemen with 'im, back to fetch this gentleman, an' Ashypelt goes with 'em.

'Hello!' sez 'ee to Ashypelt,' what brings you back 'ere?' 'ee sed.

So the pleeceman got close to this man. 'For you,' 'ee sez, an' catches 'out of 'im, 'They are come back for you, for killin' yourn brother,' takin' im' off back to the town agen, an' Ashypelt along with 'im, takin' 'im an' tryin' 'im. When they were tryin' 'im, at the hour o' twelve the magistrate cries out for witnesses, an' the man repears with 'is throat cut from 'ere to there, just as they cried out for witnesses. 'Is brother got life--twenty years; an' 'ee died shortly after 'ee got life. 'Ee broke 'is 'eart.

Well, Ashypelt goes back to the castle an' lives there, an' got a servant or two with 'im into the castle. One day 'ee bethought 'isself about 'is brothers where 'ee 'ad to meet them. 'Ee gets a pair of 'orses and a carriage, an' 'ee buys eleven suits o' clo'es, thinkin' upon 'is poor brothers. So 'ee drives ahead until 'ee comes to these twelve roads, where 'ee 'ad to meet 'em twelve months an' a day. So 'ee was drivin' up to these 'ere twelve roads, an' there they was all lyin' down.

‘Hello! my men,’ ‘ee sez, ‘what are you men all lyin’ down for?’ (Ashypelt bein’ dressed up, lookin’ gentleman, they didn’t know ‘im.)

‘We’re waitin’ for a brother of ours by the name o’ Ashypelt,’ they sed.

‘Would you know ‘im if you would see ‘im?’ ‘ee sed.

‘Oh! yes, we would know ‘im very well. Twelve months an’ a day we ‘ad to meet on these roads.’

So ‘ee sez to ‘em, ‘I’m your brother Ashypelt,’ ‘ee sed to the one.

So they looks at ‘im.

‘If you’re our brother Ashypelt, show your arm; you ‘ave a mark on it what we know to.’

So they looks at this mark.

‘Oh! it is my brother Ashypelt,’ they sez, blessin’ ‘im an’ kissin’ ‘im an’ slobberin’, an’ so on.

So ‘ee gives ‘em a suit o’ clo’es apiece, these eleven brothers, to put on.

‘Now,’ ‘ee sez, ‘I think we’ll go back an’ see the old ‘ooman an’ the old man, how they are gettin’ on, from ‘ere,’ sez Ashypelt to ‘is brothers. ‘An’ when we get nigh ‘ome, you eleven brothers stop behind, an’ I’ll drive up to the little farm, an’ ax the old lady what came of her eleven sons what she ‘ad.’

So poor Ashypelt drives up to the ‘ouse.

‘Hello! my old lady,’ ‘ee sez, ‘what’s come of all the eleven sons as you ‘ad?’

‘Oh!’ sez ‘er, ‘they all went off for soldiers.’

So ‘ee calls ‘is eleven brothers up, an’ ‘ee sez, ‘Didn’t you try to burn my eleven brothers in that barn,’ ‘ee sez, ‘when you set the barn alight, an’ told ‘em as the pressgang o’ soldiers was after ‘em?’

So she sez, ‘No--true--no,’ she sed.

I tell you, sir, they give me a shilling for telling you that lie.

The name *Ashypelt* (Scottish *Ashypet*, Irish *Ashiepelt*, etc.; *cf. Engl. Dialect Dict*., pp. 80, 8i) must be of Teutonic origin--akin to the familiar High German *Aschenbrödel* (‘Cinderella’) and the Norse*Askefot* (‘Boots’). The

form coming nearest to it is also the oldest known to me: the mystic, Johann Tauler (*c*. 1300-61), says, in the *Medulla Animæ*, 'I thy stable-boy and poor Aschenbaltz.' See Grimm's *Household Tales*, i. 366-7. In another story told by Cornelius Price, The Black Dog of the Wild Forest,' the hero is hidden by an old witch in the ash-hole under the fire. In the Polish-Gypsy tale of 'A Foolish Brother and a Wonderful Bush' (No. 45), that brother crouches over his stove; in Dasent's *Tales from the Norse*, Boots sits all his life in the ashes (pp. 90, 232, 382); in Ralston's story 'Ivan Popyalof' (p. 66), from the Chernigof government, the third brother, a simpleton, 'for twelve whole years lay among the ashes from the stove, but then he arose and shook himself, so that six poods of ashes fell off from him'; and in Leger's Bohemian story (*Contes Slaves*, p. 130) of 'La Montre Enchantée,' which is a variant of our No. 54, the third brother, a fool, does nothing but begrime himself with the cinders from the stove. The idea, then, extends beyond the Teutonic area; but how the name *Ashypelt* has found its way to South Wales is past my telling.

Compare Grimm's No. 4 (i. 11), 'The Story of the Youth who went forth to learn what Fear was,' with the variants on pp. 342-347; also a fragment from Calver, Derbyshire, 'The Boy who Feared Nothing,' in Addy's *Household Tales*. From a London tinker Campbell of Islay got a story of a cutler and a tinker who 'travel together, and sleep in an empty haunted house for a reward. They are beset by ghosts and spirits of murdered ladies and gentlemen, and the inferior, the tinker, shows most courage, and is the hero. "He went into the cellar to draw beer, and there he found a little chap a-sittin'' on a barrel with a red cap on 'is 'ed; and sez he, sez he, 'Buzz.' 'Wot's Buzz?' sez the tinker. 'Never you mind wot's buzz,' sez he. 'That's mine; don't you go for to touch it,'" etc., etc., etc.' (*Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. i. p. xlvii.). And in vol. ii. p. 276, Campbell gives a Gaelic story, The Tale of the Soldier' (our No. 74), which was told by a tinker.

No. 58. Twopence-Halfpenny

There were three brothers. The three were going on the road to seek for work. Night came upon them. They knew not where to go to get lodgings: it was night. They were travelling through a wood on an old road. They saw a small light, and they came to a cottage. They were hungry and tired. The door was open. They saw a table with food upon it.

Said the eldest brother, ‘Go you in.’

‘I am not going in; go in yourself.’

‘Not I, indeed.’

‘You are two fools,’ said Jack. And in he went, and sat down at the table, and ate his bellyful. The other two watched him. They were afraid to enter the house. At last the other two went in, and sat down and ate.

Now a little old woman comes. Said the old woman, ‘I have seen no man here for many years. Whence came ye hither?’

‘We are seeking for work.’

‘I will find work for you to-morrow.’

They went to bed. Up they rose in the morning. And there was a great pot on the fire, and porridge and milk. That was the food they ate. Now the old woman tells the eldest brother to go into the barn to get the tools, and to go into the wood to fell the trees. He took off his coat. There he is doing the work. There came an old dwarf, and asked him who told him to fell the wood. He could not see this little man, so small was he. He looked under his feet; he saw him in the stubble. The old dwarf hit him and beat him, until he bled, and there he left him. Now the maid comes with his dinner. The girl went home and told the two other brothers to come and carry him home and put him to bed.

In the morning the second brother goes to the wood. The eldest brother told him it was a little man who beat him, and the second brother laughed at him. He went off now down to the woods. Here is something that asks him who told him to fell the trees. He looked around him; he could see nothing. At last he saw him in the stubble. ‘Be off,’ said he. The little stranger knocked him to pieces. The little maid came down to him with his dinner, and went home and told the two brothers to come and carry him home. The two brothers went down and brought him home.

Jack laughed at them: ‘I am going down to-morrow myself.’

In the morning he went down to the wood. Here he is felling the trees. He heard something. He looked beneath his feet. He saw the little man in the stubble. Jack kicked him.

‘You had better keep quiet,’ said the little man.

The dwarf hit him. Down went Jack, and the dwarf half-killed him. There was Jack lying there now. The maid came with his dinner. Home went the maid, and told the two brothers to come and carry him home.

'No,' said Jack, 'leave me here and go.'

The two brothers went home. Jack was watching him, and the little man crept under a great stone. Up got Jack now, and home he went, and told his two brothers to go into the stable and get out four horses. They took a strong rope, and the three went with the horses and fastened the rope round the stone. They took the horses, and pulled it up, and found a well there.

'Go you down,' said one.

'Not I,' said the other; 'I am not going down.'

'I will go down,' says Jack. 'Fasten this rope and let me down, and when you hear me say "Pull up," pull me up; and when I say "Let go," let me go.'

Now the two brothers fastened him and let him down. Down he went a very little way. The little man beat him. 'Pull me up.' He goes down again. He forgets the word: 'Let me down.' He came into a beautiful country, and there he saw the old dwarf. The old dwarf spoke to him: 'Since you have come into this country, Jack, I will tell you something now.' The old man tells Jack what he is to do. 'You will find three castles. In the first one lives a giant with two heads, and,' said the old dwarf, 'you must fight him. Take the old rusty sword. I will be there with you.'

'I am afraid of him.'

'Go on, and have no fear. I will be there with you.'

Here is Jack at the castle now. He knocked at the door.

The servant-maid came, and he asked for her master.

'He is at home. Do you wish to see him?'

'Yes,' said Jack, 'I want to fight with him.'

The maid went and told him to come out.

'Are you wanting something to eat?'

'No,' said Jack, 'come out, and I will fight with you.'

'Come here and choose your sword.' (Jack chose the old rusty sword.)
'Why do you take that old rusty sword? Take a bright one.'

‘Not I. This one will do for me.’

The twain went out before the door. Off went one head. ‘Spare my life, Jack. I will give you all my money.’

‘No.’

He struck off the other head; he killed him. (Now this was the Copper Castle: so they called it.)

Now Jack goes on to the next, the Silver Castle. A giant with three heads lived there. Jack chose the rusty sword, and struck two heads off.

‘Don’t kill me, Jack; let me live. I will give you the keys of my castle.’

‘Not I,’ said Jack; and off went the other head.

Now Jack goes on to the next, the Golden Castle. And there was a giant with four heads.

‘Have you come here to fight with me?’

‘Yes,’ says Jack.

The giant told him to choose a sword, and he chose the old rusty sword; and out they went. Jack struck off three heads.

‘Don’t kill me, Jack. I will give you my keys.’

‘Yes, I will,’ said Jack; and off went the other head.

Now all the castles, and the money and the three fair ladies in the three castles, were his. Off Jack goes now and the lady with him. He goes back to the Silver Castle, and takes that lady. He goes to the Copper Castle, and takes that lady. And the four went on and came to the place where Jack descended. The old dwarf was there waiting for him. Jack sent the three ladies up to his brothers. Now the old dwarf wanted meat. Jack went back to the castle, and cooked some meat for him. The old dwarf carried Jack up a bit; the old dwarf stopped; he wanted meat. Jack gave him meat. He went up a bit further; he stopped; he wanted meat. Jack gave him meat. He went up a bit higher. He wanted meat. Jack had none. Now he was a very little way from the surface. He knew not what to do. He drew his knife from his pocket, and cut a little meat off his leg, and gave it to the old dwarf. Up went Jack.

Two of the ladies and his two brothers had gone off. And the eldest brother had taken the fairest lady; and the second brother had taken the other lady; and they had left the ugly lady for Jack. Jack asked her where they had gone. The lady told him; and he hastened after them. He caught them by the church: they were going to be married. The fairest lady looked back, and saw Jack.

'That one's mine,' said Jack.

Jack took and married her. He left the other lady for his eldest brother to marry. There was only the second brother now, and he took the ugly lady. There are the three brothers and the three ladies.

Now they want to go down to the three castles. Jack told the old dwarf to carry them down.

'I will carry you down; you must give me food as I come down.'

'Yes,' said Jack, 'I will give you plenty of food.'

'I will take you down.'

He carried them all down. And the old dwarf went along with Jack. Jack put one brother and one lady in the Copper Castle, and the other brother in the Silver Castle; and Jack went to the Golden Castle. And Jack kept the old dwarf all his days. The old dwarf died, and at last Jack grew old himself.

There! you've done me.

A most interesting variant of our No. 20, the Bukowina-Gypsy story of 'Mare's Son,' and so of Grimm's 'Strong Hans' and Cosquin's 'Jean de l'Ours.' In one respect it is more perfect than 'Mare's Son,' that during the upward flight the hero cuts a piece out of his leg, which piece by rights the dwarf should have kept and restored (*cf.* p. 99). It is, however, contrary to every canon of the story-teller's art for the dwarf to prove helpful to the hero; and the brother's treachery, in cutting the rope, is omitted. For the castles of copper, silver, and gold see pp. 233-4. One is left rather sorry for the ugly lady.

No. 59. The Old Smith

The next eight Welsh-Gypsy stories were told, like the last, in Rómani, by Matthew Wood to Mr. Sampson; and the English summaries of them given here are by Mr. Sampson.

An old smith lived on a hill with his wife and mother-in-law. He could only make ploughshares. A boy comes, and wants his horse shod. The smith could not do it. The boy cuts the horse's legs off, stops the blood, and puts the legs on the fire, beats them on the anvil, and replaces them on the horse. He gives the smith a guinea, and goes away. The smith tries this with his mother-in-law's horse, but bungles it: the horse bleeds to death, and its legs are burnt to ashes. The boy comes again with two old women. 'I want you to make them young again.' The smith couldn't. The boy puts them on the fire, beats them on the anvil, and rejuvenates them. The smith tries it with his wife and mother-in-law, but burns them to ashes. He leaves his forge, and sets off in the snow and wind. The barefooted boy follows him. The smith wants to send him off. The boy tells him of a sick king in the next town, whom they will cure, the boy acting as the smith's servant. The butler admits them, and gives them plenty to eat and drink. The smith forgets all about the sick king, but the boy reminds him. They go up. The boy asks for a knife, pot, water, and spoon. He cuts the king's head off, and spits on his hand to stop the blood. He puts the head in the pot, boils it, lifts it out with the golden spoon, and replaces it on the king, who is cured. The king gives them a sack of gold.

They take the road again.

'All I want,' says Barefoot, 'is a pair of shoes.'

'I've little enough for myself,' says the smith.

The boy leaves him, and the smith goes on alone. Hearing of another sick king, he goes to cure him, but takes too much to drink, and boils his head all to ribbons, and lets him bleed to death. A knock comes to the door. The smith, frightened, refuses admittance.

'Won't you open to little Barefoot?'

The boy enters, and with much difficulty gets the head on again. The king is cured, and gives them two sacks of gold. The boy asks for shoes and gets them. The boy tells the smith of a gentleman who has a wizard,[133] whom none can beat: 'Let's go there. Three sacks of gold to any one who beats him.' They enter. There was a bellows. The wizard blows, and blows up half the sea; the boy blows up a fish that drinks up all the wizard's water. The wizard blows up corn as it were rain; the boy blows up birds that eat the corn. The wizard blows up hundreds of rabbits; the boy blows up

greyhounds that catch the rabbits. So they win the three sacks of gold. The smith hardly knows what to do with all his money. He builds a village and three taverns, and spends his time loafing round. An old woman comes and begs a night's lodging. He gives it her. She gives him three wishes. He wishes that whoever takes his hammer in his hand can't put it down again, that whoever sits on his chair can't get up again, and that whoever gets in his pocket can't get out again. One day, when money had run low, a man comes to the smith and asks will he sell himself. The smith sells himself for a bag of gold, the time to be up in five years. After five years the man returns. The smith gives him his hammer to hold, and goes off to his tavern. From inn to inn the man follows him, and, finding him in the third inn, gives him five more years' freedom. The same thing happens with the chair; and the smith gets five more years from the old man (now called *Beng*, devil). The third time the devil finds the smith in one of his taverns. The smith explains that he has called for drinks, and asks the devil to change himself into a sovereign in his (the smith's) pocket to pay for them. The devil does so. The smith returns home, and goes to bed. At night he hears a great uproar in his trousers pocket, gets up, puts them on the anvil, and hammers. The devil promises never to meddle with him in future if he will release him. The smith lets him go. Afterwards the smith dies, and goes to the devil's door and knocks. An imp of Satan comes out. Tell your father the smith is here.'

The little devil went and told his father.

'He will kill us all,' said the devil, 'if we let him in. Here, take this wisp of straw, and light him upstairs to God.'

The little devil did so. The smith went to heaven. There he sat and played the harp. And there we shall all see him one day unless we go to the devil instead.

Cf. Ralston's 'The Smith and the Demon,' p. 57, and 'The Pope with the Greedy Eyes,' p. 351; Dasent's 'The Master-Smith' (*Tales from the Norse*, p. 106); Clouston, ii. 409; a curious Negro version from Virginia, 'De New Han',' plainly derived from a European source, which I published in the *Athenæum* for 10th August 1887, p. 215, and give here as an appendix; Reinhold Köhler's essay, 'Sanct Petrus, der Himmelspförtner' (*Aufsätze über Märchen and Volkslieder*, pp. 48-78); 'L'Anneau de Bronze' in Carnoy and Nicolaides' *Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure*, p. 62; and

Grimm's 'Brother Lustig,' No. 81 (i. 312, 440). With the last compare this sketch of a story, which M. Paul Bataillard got from Catalonian Gypsies encamped near Paris in 1869, and which very closely resembles one of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, summarised by Crane (*Italian Popular Tales*, p. 360).

St. Peter travels with Christ as his servant, and they are often hard put to it for a livelihood. Christ sends St. Peter to find a sheep, and, bidding him cook it, goes to heal a sick person, who rewards him richly. Peter eats the sheep's liver and kidneys, and Christ, when he comes back, asks where the liver and kidneys are, 'for Jesus, who is God, knows everything.' Peter replying that the sheep had none, at the end of their meal Christ divides into three heaps the large sum received from the farmer whom he has healed. 'For whom are these three heaps?' asks Peter. 'The two first for each of us,' Christ answers, 'and the third for him who ate the liver and kidneys.' 'That was me,' says Peter. 'Very well,' Christ answers, 'take my share as well. I return to my own.' And then it is that Christ takes the cross, etc. 'You see,' the narrator ended, 'that it was God Jesus who at the beginning of the world founded all the estates of men--first doctors, for he healed for money--and who taught the Gypsies to beg and to go barefoot, whilst St. Peter instructed them how to deceive their like.'

In another Catalonian-Gypsy story, Christ sends St. Peter to a farm to get an omelette or some roasted eggs, and Peter returns with the omelette hidden in his hat, intending to keep it for himself. Two other pseudo-Christian legends of Christ travelling with St. Peter were told to M. Bataillard by an Alsatian Gypsy, but he had forgotten them (Letter of 22nd April 1872). Ralston has a legend (p. 346) of a Gypsy who learns of God, through St. George, that 'his business is to cheat and to swear falsely,' so opens business by stealing the saint's golden stirrup.

Lastly Dr. von Sowa gives this confused but curious Slovak-Gypsy tale:--

No. 60. The Old Soldier

There was a very old soldier; he was twelve years in military service. Then the colonel asked him, 'My good man, what do you want for having served me so many years here? Whatever you want I will give you, for you have served me well so many years. I will give you a beautiful white horse, and I will give you three big tobacco-pipes, so that you'll smoke like a

gentleman. I will give you three rolls for your journey. The whole company never served as well as you have served me. I left everything to you; you have performed every sentry.'

'If I went home on furlough, I should weep bitterly. How can I leave you, my good comrades? Now I go home, shall never see you more; I have none but my God and good comrades. I was a good soldier, the sergeant over the entire company. The major has given me a beautiful white horse to go home on. O God, I am going; but I have not much money, only a little.'

When he had come into great forests, there came a beggar and begs of the soldier. He said to him, did the soldier, 'O God! what can I give you? I am, you see, a poor soldier, and I have far to go, yet my heart is not heavy. But, wait a bit, O beggar, I will give you a roll.' Then he bade him farewell.

Afterwards the same beggar came again to the soldier, and begs of him, 'O my soldier, give me something, make me a present.'

'How can I make you a present, seeing I have given already to four beggars? But wait, here I'll give you these couple of kreutzers, to get a drink of brandy with.'

Well, he went further. Again a third beggar met him; again .he begs of him. 'My God!' he said to him, 'I am a poor soldier; I have no one but God and myself. I shall have no money; I shall have nothing for myself; I'm giving you everything. My God! what am I to do? I'm an old soldier, a poor man; and, being so poor, where shall I now get anything? I gave you everything--bread, money, and my white horse. Now I must tramp on alone on my old legs. No one ever will know that I was a soldier. But my Golden God be with you, farewell.'

Then the beggar said to the soldier, 'Old soldier, I permit you to ask whatever you will. For I am God.'

The soldier answered, 'I want nothing but a stick that when I say "Beat" will beat every one and fear nobody.'

God gave it him. 'Tell me now what do you want besides.'

'Give me further a sack that if I say to a man "Get in" he must forthwith get into it.'

'Good, but you still may ask for a third gift. Only think well, so that God in your old days may succour you.'

‘I want nothing but a sack that will let fall money when shaken.’

God gave him that too, and went off. The old soldier goes further, comes to a city, comes into an inn. There were many country-folk and other people of all sorts. He sits down to table, and orders victuals and drink. Straight-way the gentleman brought him something to eat. When he had eaten and drunk, he asks him to pay. He takes the sack, shakes it; golden pieces come tumbling out. He paid them all to the gentleman, and went away. The gentleman was right glad that he had given him all that money.

He goes further, came into a vast forest. There were four-and-twenty robbers; they kept an inn there, and sold what one required. He went in, and orders victuals to eat and brandy to drink; forthwith they brought him brandy strong as iron. He drank; he got drunk. ‘Now pay.’ He takes the sack, and shook out golden pieces, and hands them over. He paid the robbers, ‘but he did not know that they were robbers. When he had paid up, they marvel to see him shake a sack like that and the money come falling out. They took him, take the sack, and go into another room. There four of them held him down, whilst two shake the sack; the money came tumbling out to their hearts’ desire. They told their chief, seize the soldier, and kill him, and cut him in pieces; then they hung up his body like an ox on a peg. Let us leave them and come to the soldier. When he got to paradise, my Golden God let him be, but not long. ‘Do you, Peter, go to that old soldier, and ask him what he wants here.’ Good, Peter came. ‘What are you wanting?’ ‘I just want the peace of God.’ ‘Hah! I’ll ask God if he will let you stay here.’ Peter went to my God and asks him, ‘God, that old soldier is wanting your peace.’ ‘Go to the devils; tell them all to lay hold of him, tear him in pieces, and put as much wood as possible beneath the pot, so as to roast him thoroughly.’ Well, they cooked him to shreds; but after all had to chuck him out, for he knocked them about so that he broke their bones. A second time my God sent Death for him, and him too the old soldier thrashed. But now he is dead and rotten, and we are alive.

This very confused story Professor von Sowa got from a Gypsy lad, A. Facsuna. Another Gypsy, with whom he conversed about Gypsy folk-tales, said that it should be much longer, and told him in Slovak that, Death refusing to repeat his visit, God at last finished the old soldier’s existence by sending him so much vermin that he died.

No. 61. The Dragon

A lord, his wife, and his daughter live at a great castle. A poor lad is engaged to mind the sheep. The daughter gives him bread and beer in a basket for lunch. The old lord explains that previous servants have always come back with one cow short. In the field a little man comes to Jack. Jack gives him as much as he can eat; and the little man gives Jack a plum. The little man explains that a giant in a neighbouring castle steals a cow daily. He gives Jack a pennyworth of pins, and bids him put them in the giant's drink. Jack goes to the giant, and asks for work. The giant goes to get drinks, and Jack mixes up the pins in the giant's glass. The giant drinks, falls ill, and dies. Jack tells the little man how he has fared, and returns with the full tale of cows. The master is surprised. Presently his daughter comes in. She tells Jack that to-morrow she is to be killed by a dragon, and would like him to be there to see. Jack refuses, but gives the girl a plum, which she eats.

Next morning she gives him his food, and off he goes. He shares it as before with the little man, who bids him take a key, unlock a large door, and take out a black horse and black clothes, with a sword he will find there. Then, having watered his horse, he is to go and fight the dragon. He goes, and knocks the dragon about with his sword. The dragon shoots fire from his mouth, but the horse throws up the water he has drunk, and quenches it. Jack puts back the horse, changes his clothes, and goes home with the cows. He gives another plum to the girl, who has to meet the dragon again next day, and asks Jack to be there. He refuses.

Next morning she gives Jack his food, and Jack at the little man's suggestion asks for more. He gets it, goes, and shares it with the little man. It is the same as before, only this time he gets a white horse and white clothes. The little man tells Jack that to-morrow is the last day of the fight, and bids him rise early, and ask the young lady to send more food. Jack gives her another plum. This time she prepares the food over-night, as she has to meet the dragon at daybreak. She wants Jack to come and see, but he refuses--'must see after the cows.' He gets a red horse and red clothes this time, and the horse drinks the water dry.

The fire from the dragon burns the lady's hair, but the horse's flood of water quenches it; and between them they kill the dragon. The lady cuts off a lock of Jack's hair with a golden scissors. He returns to the castle, and there the girl tells him about the fight and gets another plum.

Then there is the usual dinner. Every guest has to lay his head in the lady's lap to let her see whether the lock matches, Jack having meanwhile gone off as usual with his cows, and shared his food with the little man. They fail to match the hair, so they bring up the servants--Jack last of all, wearing the red clothes underneath his own rags. He marries the young lady, and they live first in the dead giant's castle, and then, the parents having died, in her father's.

No exact parallel, but the story reminds one *inter alia* of the sheep-grazing episode in 'Mare's Son' (No. 20), and of the Polish-Gypsy 'Tale of a Foolish Brother and of a Wonderful Bush' (No. 45).

No. 62. The Green Man Of Noman's Land

There was a young miller, who was a great gambler. Nobody could beat him. One day a man comes and challenges him. They play. Jack wins and demands a castle. There it is. They play again, and Jack loses. The man tells Jack his name is the Green Man of Noman's Land, and that unless Jack finds his castle in a year and a day he will be beheaded. The time goes by. Jack remembers his task, and sets out in cold and snow. He comes to a cottage, where an old woman gives him food and lodging. He asks her if she knows the Green Man. 'No,' she says; 'but if a quarter of the world knows I can tell you.' In the morning she mounts on the roof and blows a horn. A quarter of all the men in the world came. She asks them. They do not know the Green Man, and she dismisses them. Again she blows the horn, and the birds come. She asks them; they don't know; and she dismisses them. She sends Jack on to her elder sister, who knows more than she does. She lends Jack her horse, and gives him a ball of thread to place between the horse's ears. He comes to the second sister's house. 'It is long,' she says, 'since I saw my sister's horse.' He eats and sleeps, then asks about the Green Man. She knows not, but will tell him if half the world knows; so goes on the roof and blows a horn. Half the world come, but they do not know the Green Man. 'Go,' she says, and blows the horn again. Half the birds in the world come, but with a like result. She takes her sister's horse, and gives Jack hers, with a ball of thread, and sends him on to the eldest sister. It is the same thing there. The third sister also doesn't know, but in the morning goes on the roof and blows a horn. All the people in the world come, but do not know the Green Man. 'Go.' Again she blows, and all the birds come, but do not know. She goes down and looks in her book, and

finds that the eagle is missing. She blows again; the eagle comes; and she abuses him. He explains that he has just come from the Green Man of Noman's Land. She lends Jack her horse, and bids him go till he comes to a pool and sees three white birds, to hide, and to steal the feathers of the last one to enter the water. He does so. The bird cries and demands its feathers. Jack insists on her carrying him over to her father's castle. She denies at first that she is the Green Man's daughter, but at last carries him over, and when across becomes a young lady. Jack goes up to the castle and knocks. The Green Man comes out: 'So you've found the house, Jack.' 'Yes.' The Green Man sets him tasks, the loss of his head the penalty of failure. The first task is to clean the stable. As fast as he throws out a shovelful of dirt, three return. So Jack gives it up, and the girl, coming with his dinner, does it for him. The Green Man accuses him of receiving help; he denies it. The second task is to fell a forest before mid-day. Jack cuts down three trees and weeps. The girl brings his dinner, and does it for him, warning him not to tell her father. The same accusation is met with the same denial. The third task is to thatch a barn with a single feather only of each bird. Jack catches a robin, pulls a feather from it, lets it go then, and sits down despairing. The girl brings his food, and performs his task for him, warning him of the next task, the fourth one. This is to climb a glass mountain in the middle of a lake and to bring from the top of it the egg of a bird that lays one egg only. The girl meets him at the edge of the lake, and by her suggestion he wishes her shoe a boat. They reach the mountain. He wishes her fingers a ladder. She warns him to tread on every step and not miss one. He forgets, steps over the last rung, and gets the egg; but the girl's finger is broken. She warns him to deny having had any help. The fifth task is to guess which daughter is which, as in the shape of birds they fly thrice over the castle. Forewarned by the girl, Jack names them correctly. The Green Man thereupon gives in, and Jack weds his daughter.

For the ball of thread, see pp. 221, 233; and for looking in the book, p. 12. Blowing a blast and summoning all the birds, occurs in the Roumanian-Gypsy story of 'The Three Princesses and the Unclean Spirit,' p. 38 (*cf*. the Welsh-Gypsy 'Jack and his Golden Snuff-box,' p. 214, where likewise the eagle comes last). So too in Dasent's 'Three Princesses of Whiteland' (*cf*. *Folklore* for December 1890, p. 496, and note on p. 17 of Georgeakis and Pineau's *Folklore de Lesbos*). The 'Green Man of Noman's Land' offers close analogies to the Polish-Gypsy story of 'The Witch' (No. 50), and is

identical with Campbell's West Highland tale, 'The Battle of the Birds' (No. 2), in a variant of which the hero plays cards with a dog, loses, so has to serve him. Reinhold Köhler has treated Campbell's story very fully in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 1864, pp. 103-114, where he gives Irish, Norse, Swedish, German, and Indian variants. The Indian variant, from the Sanskrit verse *Kathá Sarit Sagara* of Somadeva (eleventh century A.D.) is of high interest. In it the hero, by the help of his beloved, performs tasks set by her father, a cannibal Râkshasa; one of those tasks is the picking out of the beloved from among her sisters, as in 'The Green Man of Noman's Land.' Then, as in 'The Witch,' we get the pursuit, with transformations and final victory. What Köhler does not point out is that the two birds in Campbell's story correspond very closely to the two birds that figure so often in Indian folk-tales, *e.g.* in 'The Bēl Princess' (Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy-tales*, p. 149).

No. 63. The Black Lady

A young girl goes to service at an old castle with the Black Lady, who warns her not to look through the window. The Black Lady goes out. The girl gets bored, looks through the window, and sees the Black Lady playing cards with the devil. She falls down frightened. The Black Lady comes in and asks her what she has seen. 'Nothing saw I; nought can I say. Leave me alone; I am weary of my life.' The Black Lady beats her, and asks her again, What saw you through the window?' 'Nothing saw I,' etc. The girl runs off and meets a keeper, who takes her home, and after some years marries her. She has a child, and is bedded. Enter the Black Lady. 'What saw you through the window?' 'Nothing saw I,' etc. The Black Lady takes the child, dashes its brains out, and exit. Enter the husband. The wife offers no explanation, and the husband wants to burn her, but his mother intercedes and saves her this time. But the same thing happens again, and the husband makes a fire. As she is being brought to the stake, the Black Lady comes. 'What saw you through the window?' 'Nothing saw I,' etc. 'Take her and burn her,' says the Black Lady. They fasten her up, and bring a light. The same question, the same answer. The Black Lady sees that she is secret, so gives her back her .two children, and leaves her in peace.

A story of the 'Forbidden Room' type (*cf.* Clouston, i. 198-205). An incomplete Italian variant is cited there; much closer parallels are Grimm's No. 3, 'Our Lady's Child' (i. 7 and 341), and Dasent's 'The Lassie and her

Godmother' (p. 198). For playing cards with the devil, see p. 120; and *cf.* also this passage from the Roumanian-Gypsy story of 'The Vampire' (No. 5, p. 18):--'"Tell me what did you see me doing?" "I saw nothing." And he killed her boy.'

No. 64. The Ten Rabbits

In a little house on the hill lived an old woman with her three sons, the youngest of them a fool. The eldest goes to seek his fortune, and tells his mother to bake him a cake. 'Which will you have--a big one and a curse with it, or a little one and a blessing in it?' He chooses a big cake. He comes to a stile and a beautiful road leading to a castle; he knocks at the castle door, and asks the old gentleman for work. He is sent into a field with the gentleman's rabbits. He eats his food, and refuses to give any to a little old man who asks for some. The rabbits run here and there. He tries to catch them, but fails to recover half of them. The gentleman counts them, and finds some missing, so cuts the eldest brother's head off, and sticks it on a gatepost. The second brother acts in the same way, and meets the same fate. The fool also will seek his fortune. He chooses a little cake with a blessing. His mother sends him with a sieve to get water for her. A robin bids him stop up the holes with leaves and clay. He does so, and brings water. He gets the cake and goes. He sees his two brothers' heads stuck on the gateposts, and stands laughing at them, saying, 'What are you doing there, you two fools?' and throwing stones at them. He enters, dines, and smiles at the old gentleman's daughter, who falls in love with him. He goes to the field, lets the rabbits go, and falls asleep. The rabbits run about here and there. An old man by the well begs food, and Jack shares his food with him. Jack hunts for hedgehogs. He can't get the rabbits back, but the old man gives him a silver whistle. Jack blows, and the rabbits return. The old gentleman counts them, and finds them correct. The girl brings Jack his dinner daily in the field. The old man tells Jack to marry her. He does so, still living as servant in the stable till the old people's death. Then he takes over the castle, and brings his mother to live with him.

A very imperfect story, still plainly identical with Dasent's 'Osborn's Pipe' (*Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 1), where it is hares that Boots has to tend, and an old wife gives him a magic pipe. According to an article in *Temple Bar* for May 1876, pp. 105-118, the same story is told of the Brussels 'Manneken,' the well-known bronze figure, not quite a metre high, by Duquesnoy

(1619). Here a boy has to feed twelve rabbits in the forest, gets a magic whistle from an old woman, befools a fat nobleman, the princess, and the king, and finally marries the princess. In the heads of the two brothers stuck on the gateposts, Mr. Baring-Gould may find a confirmation of his theory that the stone balls surmounting gateposts are a survival of the practice of impaling the heads of one's enemies. Anyhow, in the Roumanian-Gypsy story of 'The Three Princesses and the Unclean Spirit' (No. 10, p. 39), the old wife threatens the hero, 'I will cut off your head and stick it on yonder stake' (*cf.* also Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, i. p. 51, line 20). For the big cake with curse or the little cake with blessing, *cf.* p. 219. The hunting for hedgehogs is a very Gypsy touch.

No. 65. The Three Wishes

***I Shuvali Râni* is the Rómani title of this story.**

A fool lives with his mother. Once on a hillside he finds a young lady exposed to the heat of the sun, and twines a bower of bushes round her for protection. She awakes, and gives him three wishes. He wishes he were at home: no sooner said than done. On the way he catches a glimpse of a lovely lady at a window, and wishes idly that she were with child by him. She proves so, but knows not the cause. She bears a child, and her parents summon every one from far and near to visit her. When the fool enters, the babe says, 'Dad, dad!' Disgusted at the lover's low estate, the parents cast all three adrift in a boat. The lady asks him how she became with child, and he tells her. 'Then you must have a wish still left.' He wishes they were safe on shore in a fine castle of their own. They live happily there for some time, then return home, and visit the girl's parents splendidly dressed. The parents refuse to believe him the same man. He returns in his old clothes. Triumph and reconciliation. He provides for his old mother.

This story is largely identical with Hahn's No. 8, 'Der Halbe Mensch' (i. 102; 201), which lacks, however, the episode of making a bower for the fairy. That episode forms the opening of Wratislaw's Illyrian-Slovenish story of 'The Vila' (No. 60, p. 314), otherwise different. And the whole Welsh-Gypsy story is absolutely identical with Basile's story of Peruonto in the Pentamerone (i. 3). For the recognition of the father by the child see Clouston, ii. 159, note. In Hahn's story the child gives its father an apple; and in Friedrich Müller's Hungarian-Gypsy story, No. 3, 'The Wallachian Gypsy,' a lady is adjudged to him to whom she shall throw a red apple. *Cf.*

also Hahn, i. 94, ii. 56; Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, pp. 85, 228; and Reinhold Köhler in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 1864, pp. 304, 306.

No. 66. Fairy Bride

A king has three sons, and knows not to which of them to leave his kingdom. They shoot for it with bow and arrows. The youngest shoots so far that his arrow is lost. He seeks it for a long time, and at last finds it sticking in a glass door. He enters and finds himself in the home of the Queen of the Fairies, whom he marries. After a while he returns home with his bride. An old witch who lives in the park incites the king to ask the fairy bride to fetch him a handkerchief which will cover the whole park. She does it, and then is asked to bring her brother. She refuses, but finally summons him. He enters, and terrifies the king by his threatening aspect. 'What did you call me for?' The king is too frightened to answer coherently. The fairy's brother kills him and the old witch, and vanishes. They live at the castle.

Arrows occur in the Bukowina-Gypsy story of 'Mare's Son' (No. 20, p. 79). The handkerchief that will cover all the park reminds one of the tent with room for the king and all his soldiers in an Arab version of our No. 17, 'It all comes to Light' (Cosquin, i. 196). Otherwise I can offer no parallel for this story.

No. 67. Cinderella

A glorious version, too long to take down, and now almost forgotten. After Cinderella's marriage the sisters live with her, and flirt with the prince. Her children are stolen, and Cinderella is turned into a sow. She protects the children, but at the instigation of the sisters (or stepmother) she is hunted by the prince's hounds and killed. The three children come to the hall, and beg for the sow's liver (its special efficacy forgotten). The children are followed and further restored to their father. Perhaps Cinderella herself comes again to life.

Just enough to make one want more. But some day of course the whole tale must be taken down. Meanwhile I will merely remark that in 1871-72 I frequently saw an old Gypsy house-dweller, Cinderella Petuléngro, or Smith, at Headington, near Oxford. From her I heard the story of 'Fair Rosamer,' so fair you could see the poison pass down her throat. She was

turned, it seems, after death into a Holy Briar, which, being enchanted, bleeds if a twig be plucked.

No. 68. Jack The Robber

The first half of this story, which, like the next, was told to Mr. Sampson in English by Cornelius Price, is here omitted, having been already summarised on pp. 48-9.

Now we'll leave the master to stand a bit, and go back to the mother. So in the morning Jack says to his mother, 'Mother,' he says, 'give me one of them old bladders as hang up in the house, and,' he says, 'I'll fill it full of blood, and I'll tie it round your throat; and when the master comes up to ax me if I got the sheet, me and you will be having a bit of arglement, and I'll up with my fist and hit you on the bladder, and the bladder will bust, and you'll make yourself to be dead.'

Now the master comes. 'Have you got the sheet, Jack?

And just as he's axing him, he up with his fist, and hits his mother.

And the master says, 'O Jack, what did you kill your poor mother for?'

'Oh! I don't care; I can soon bring her right again.'

'No,' says the master, 'never, Jack.'

And Jack began to smile, and he says, 'Can't I? you shall see, then.' And he goes behind the door, and fetches a stick with a bit of a knob to it. Jack begin to laugh. He touches his mother with this stick, and the old woman jumped up. (This is s'posed to be an *in*chanted stick.)

Says the master: 'O Jack,' he says, 'what shall I give you for that stick?'

'Well, sir,' he says, 'I couldn't let you have that stick. My inchantment would be broke.'

'Well, Jack, if you'll let me have that stick, I'll never give you another thing to do as long as you live here.'

So he gave him £50 for this stick, and said he'd never give him nothing else to do for him. So the master went home to the house, and he didn't know which way to fall out with the missus, to try this stick. One day at dinner-time he happened to fall out with her; the dinner she put for him didn't please him. So he up with his fist and he knocked her dead.

In comes the poor servant-girl and says, ‘O master, what ever did you kill the poor missus for?’

He says, ‘I’ll sarve you the same.’ And he sarved her the same.

In come the wagoner, and he asked, ‘What did he kill the missus and the sarvint for.’ And he says, ‘I’ll sarve you the same,’ he says. He wanted to try this stick what he had off Jack, He thought he could use it the same way as Jack. So he touched the missus with it fust, but she never rose. He touched the servant with it, and she never rose. He touched the wagoner, and he never rose. ‘Well,’ he says, ‘I’ll try the big end,’ he says, and he tries the knob. So he battered and battered with the knob till he battered the brains out of the three of them.

He does no more, and he goes up to Jack and says, ‘O Jack, you’ve ruined me for life.’ He says, ‘Jack, I shall have to drown you.’

So Jack says, ‘All right, master.’

‘Well, get in this bag,’ he says; and he takes him on his back. As he was going along the road, he . . . went one field off the road, being a very methlyist man. During the time he was down there, there come a drōvyer by with his cattle. Now Jack’s head was out of the sack.

‘Hello! Jack, where are you going?’

‘To heaven, I hope.’

‘Oh! Jack, let me go. I’m an older man till you, and I’ll give you all my money and this cattle.’

Jack told him to unloosen the bag to let him out, and for him to get into it. Away Jack goes with the cattle and the money. So the master comes up, taking no notice of it, and he picks the bag up, and puts it on his shoulder, and goes on till he comes to Monfort’s Bridge.[134] He says, ‘One, two, three’; and away he chucks him over.

Well, Jack goes now about the country, dealing in cattle. So in about three years’ time he comes round the same way again, round the master’s place.

So, ‘Hello! Jack,’ he says, ‘where ever did you get them from?’

‘Well, sir,’ he says, ‘when you throwed me, if I’d had a little boy at the turning to turn them straight down the road, I should have had as many more.’

So he says, ‘Jack, will you chuck me there, and you stop at the turning to turn them.’

So Jack says,’ You’ll have to walk till you get there, for I can’t carry you.’

And when he got to the bridge Jack put him in the bag, and Jack counted his ‘One, two, three,’ same as he counted for him, and away he goes. And Jack went back and took to the farm, and making very good use of it. For many a night he let me sleep in the field with my tent for telling that lie about him.

Matthew Wood gave the closing episode to Mr. Sampson, who summarises it thus:--

No. 69. The Fool With The Sheep

The youngest of three brothers is a fool, and the two others want to kill him. They induce him to get into a sack as the way to go to heaven. He does so, and they take him to the sea. They stop for a drink at a tavern. A stranger comes by with sheep. *He* wants to go, and takes Jack’s place, and is thrown into the sea. Jack returns with the sheep. The brothers find him at home with his flock, and ask where he got them. ‘At the bottom of the sea.’ They want to go too, so Jack throws them in, and returns home.

One of the Boswells remarked to me twenty odd years ago, ‘The folks hereabouts are a lot of *rátfalo* heathens; they all think they are going to heaven in a sack.’ Our story is a very widespread one, A Polish-Gypsy fragment of it was printed as a specimen by Kopernicki (*Gypsy Lore Journal*, iii. 132); and it occurs also in Grimm (‘The Little Peasant,’ No. 61, i. 264, 422), Campbell of Islay (‘The Three Widows,’ No. 39, ii. 218-238; *cf*. R. Köhler thereon in *Orient and Occident*, ii. 1864, pp. 486-506), and Straparola (Venice, 1550: ‘Scarpafigo,’ i. 3), besides which Clouston (ii. 229-288, 489-91) cites Irish, English, Norse, Danish, Icelandic, Burgundian, Gascon, Sicilian, Modern Greek, Kabyle, Indian, and other versions. He could not of course give two excellent versions from A. Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales* (1891)--’The Story of Bitaram,’ pp. 25-32, and ‘The Greatest Cheat of Seven,’ pp. 98-101. In the first, which has features of Grimm’s ‘Thumbling’ (No. 37) and ‘Frederick and Catherine’ (No. 59), Bitaram, who is only a span high, by measuring money in a *paila* and leaving some coins sticking in it, deludes the king and his sons into killing all their cattle and firing their houses so as likewise to grow rich by the sale of the hides and the ashes. They resolve to drown him, put him

in a bag, and carry him to the river, then go to a little distance to cook their food. Bitaram tells a herd-boy that they are going to marry him against his will; the herd-boy takes his place; and the story ends exactly as in the European versions, only with cows and buffaloes in place of sheep. In the second story the rivals are induced to purchase a ‘ magic’ fishing-rod and a ‘ marvellous’ dog, to burn their houses, and to kill their wives. The occurrence of this story, as of others already cited, among the aboriginal Santals of India is exceedingly curious. Is it perhaps to be explained by the frequent mention in the collection of Doms (= Roms = Gypsies)? Cornelius Price’s whole story of ‘Jack the Robber’ is a combination of ‘The Master Thief’ and ‘The Little Peasant,’ such as meets us also in Hahn’s Greek story of ‘Beauty and the Dragon’ (No. 3, i. 75-79; ii. 178-186).

No. 70. The Tinker And His Wife

Once there was a tinker and his wife, and they got into a bit of very good country for yernin’ a few shillings quick. And in this country there wasn’t very little lodgings. ‘Well, my wench,’ he said to his wife, ‘I think we’ll go and take that little empty house, and keep a little beer. Well, my wench, I’ll order for a barrel of beer.’ He has this barrel of beer in the house. ‘Now, my wench, you make the biggest penny out of it as ever you can, and I’ll go off for another week’s walk.’

In the course of one day a packman come by. He says, ‘It’s gettin’ very warm, missus, isn’t it?’

‘No, indeed,’ she says, ‘it’s very cold weather.’

‘I’ve got a very big load, and it makes me sweat, and I think it’s warm.’

‘I sell beer here,’ she says.

He says, ‘Well, God bless you, put me a drop for this penny.’

It was one of the old big pennies, and was the biggest penny she ever saw there. She brought him all the barrel for it. So she takes the penny and drops it in the basin on the mantel-shelf. He was there three days drinking till he emptied the barrel of beer. The husband comes home at the end of the week.

‘Well, my wench, how did you get on?’

‘Well, Jack, I did very well. I sold every drop of beer.’

‘Well done, my wench, we’ll have another one and see how that goes. Now, my wench, bring them few shillin’s down, and let’s see what you made upon it.’

She brings the basin down, and says, ‘You telled me to make the biggest penny on it as ever I could.’

He begin to count it, and turns the basin upside down, and empties it on the table. And what was there but the one big penny?

‘Well! well!! well!!!’ he says, ‘you’ll ruin me now for life.’

‘Ah!’ she says, ‘Jack, didn’t you tell me to make the biggest penny out of it as ever I could, and that was the biggest penny as ever I seen.’

‘Well,’ he says, ‘my wench, I see you don’t understand sellin’ beer. I think I’ll buy a little pig. We’ve got plenty of taters and cabbage in the garden. Well, now, my wench, when the butcher comes round to kill the pig, you walk round the garden and count every cabbage that’s in the garden, and you get a little stick, and stick it by every cabbage in the garden, and when the butcher slays the pig up, you revide a piece of pig up for every cabbage in the garden.’

She revided a piece of pig up for every cabbage in the garden, and stuck it on every stick round the cabbages. The husband comes home again.

‘Well, my wife, how did you go on with the pig?’

‘Well, Jack, I done as you told me,’ she says. ‘I got a stick and stuck it by every cabbage, and put a piece of mate on every stick.’

‘Well! well!! well!!!’ he says, ‘where is the mate gone to now? You’ll ruin me if I stop here much longer. Pull the fire out,’ he says, ‘and I’ll get away from here.’ And he picks up his basket and throws it on his shoulder. ‘Pull that door after you,’ he says.

What did she do but she pulls all the fire out and put it into her apron. The old door of the house was tumbling down, and she picks it up and put it on her back. So him being into a temper, he didn’t take much notice of her behind him. They travelled on, and it come very dark. They comes to an old hollow tree by the side of the road.

‘Well, my wench, I think we’ll stop here to-night.’

They goes up to the top of the old tree. After they got up in the tree, the robbers got underneath them.

‘Whatever you do, my wench, keep quiet. This is a robbers’ den.’

The robbers had plenty of meat and everything, and they prayed for a bit of fire.

She says, ‘Jack,’ she says, ‘I shall have to drop it.’

So she drops the fire out of her apron, and it goed down the hollow tree.

‘See, what a godsend that is,’ said one.

They cooked the meat as they had. ‘The Lord send me a drop of vinegar,’ says one.

‘Thank God for that,’ says that other one. ‘See what a godsend ‘tis to us.’

Now, the door’s fastened to her back yet, and she says, ‘Jack, I shall have to drop it.’

‘Drop what?’ he says.

‘I shall have to drop the door, Jack,’ she says, ‘the rope’s cutting my shoulders in two.’

So she drop the door down the hollow tree, and it went dummel-tummel-tummel down the tree, and these robbers thought ‘twas the devil himself coming. They jumps up, and away they goes down the road as hard as ever they could go. .The time as they run, Jack’s wife goes down the tree and picks up the bag of gold what they’d left. Being frightened as they’d had such godsends to ‘em, they left all behind.

They had one brother as was deaf and dumb. Him being a very valuable[135] fellow, he thought he’d come back to see what was the matter. He come peepin’ round the old tree. Who happened to see him but Jack’s wife. And he went ‘A a a a a a’ to her.

‘Come here,’ she says, ‘I can cure your speech.’

She made motions with her own mouth for him to put his tongue out. She drew the knife slightly from behind her as he put his tongue out, and cut half of his tongue off. Him being bleeding, he went ‘Awa wa wa wa wa,’ putting his hand to his mouth and making motions to his brothers. And

when he got back to his brothers, them seeing him bleeding, they thought sure the devil was there.

I never see Jack nor his wife nor the robbers sense after they left the tree.

Matthew Wood furnished another (imperfect) Welsh-Gypsy version:--

No. 71. Winter

An old man and woman, very poor, live in a cottage. The old man saves up money in a stocking for winter. A beggar comes to the door. The old woman asks his name. 'Winter.' 'Here is money, my old man, saved for you.' The old husband comes home. They leave the cottage, the old woman taking the door with her (reason not given), and camp out in a tree. Robbers come and camp underneath, and quarrel over the division of their spoil. They want change for £1. One says he will have change if he goes to the devil for it. Down falls the door. The robbers think it is the devil, and fly, leaving the money. The old man and woman seize it, and return to their cottage.

Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales* (1849), p. 31, has a story of 'The Miser and his Wife,' where the beggar calls himself 'Good Fortune.' A most unlikely name, whereas Winter, it is worth remarking, was the name of a Northumbrian Gypsy family (Simson's *History of the Gypsies*, 1865, p. 96), as also of German Gypsies. 'The Story of Mr. Vinegar' (Halliwell, p. 26), obtained from oral tradition in the West of England, tells how a husband and wife go off, taking the door, climb a tree, let the door fall on thieves, and get the booty. A very Rabelaisian passage in Price's story, which I have omitted, explains why Vinegar. That story is identical with Grimm's 'Frederick and Catherine' (No. 59, i. 238-244 and 417-18); for putting meat among the cabbages, *cf.* Grimm's Diemel variant. In Campbell's *Santal Folk-tales*, p. 30, Bitaram climbs into a true for safety when darkness comes on, 'as wild beasts infested the forest through which he was passing. During the night some thieves came under the tree in which he was, and began to divide the money they had stolen. Bitaram then relaxed his hold of his dry cowhide, which made such a noise as it fell from branch to branch that the thieves fled terror-stricken, and left all their booty behind them. In the morning Bitaram descended, and collecting all the rupees carried them home.' And in F. A. Steel's *Wide-awake Stories* from the Panjab, p. 242, there is another most curious parallel, where the robber captain puts out his tongue, and, snip! the barber's clever wife bites the tip

off clean. ‘What with the fright and the pain, he tumbled off the branch and fell bump on the ground, where he sat with his legs very wide apart, looking as if he had fallen from the skies. “What is the matter?” cried his comrades, awakened by the noise of his fall. “Bul-ul-a-bul-ul-ul!” said he, still pointing upwards. “The man is bewitched,” cried one; “there must be a ghost in the tree.”‘ From India to Wales I know not how many thousands of miles; neither know I how many centuries since the forebears of the tellers of these two tales parted company. *Cf.* also Hahn, i. 221.

No. 72. The Black Dog Of The Wild Forest

There was a king and queen in the north of Ireland, and they had one son. The son had to be revoured when he came of age by the Black Dog of the Wild Forest, and his father was very fond of his son. When he came close to the time when he had to be revoured, his father took him a shorter journey every day; and one day his father saddled the best horse as he had in his stable, and gave him as much money as he liked to take with him. He galloped away as hard as ever he could till he got benighted. He rode some hundreds and hundreds of miles, and he could see a small little light a little distance off him, maybe a hundred miles off him to the best of his knowledge in the dark, and he makes for this little light. And who was living there but an old witch.

‘Well, come in,[136] my king’s son,’ she said, ‘from the North of Ireland. I know you aren’t very well.’

And so when he comes in, she puts him in the ess-hole under the fire. He hadn’t been in there but twenty minutes, but in comes the Black Dog of the Wild Forest, spitting fire yards away out of his mouth, th’ owd lady and her little dog named Hear-all after him. But they beat him.

‘Now,’ she says, ‘my king’s son, please to get up. You can have your tea now. We have beat him.’

So he gets up, has his tea with her, and gives a lot of money to the old lady, which says they have got a sister living from her three hundred miles. ‘And if you can get there, ten to one she will give you her advice to get safe. I will give you my favours, the bread out of my mouth, that is Hear-all, the dog. I will give you that dog with you.’

He gallops on, gallops on, till he gets benighted. He looks behind him on the way he was going; his horse was getting very tired; and he could see the

Black Dog of the Wild Forest after him. And he gallops on till he comes to t'other sister's house.

'Well, come in,' she says, 'my king's son from the North of Ireland. I know you aren't very well.'

She puts him down into the ess-hole again, sir; and she had a little dog named Spring-all. If they fought hard the first night they fought fifteen times harder with Hear-all and Spring-all and th' owd lady herself.

'Well,' she said, 'my king's son, I will do the best as ever I can for you. I will give you Spring-all, and I will give you the rod. Don't forget what I tell you to do with this rod. You follow this ball of worsted. Now it will take you right straight to a river. You will see the Black Dog of the Wild Forest, and s'ever you get to this river, you hit this rod in the water, and a fine bridge will jump up. And when you get to t'other side, just hit the water, and the bridge will fall in again, and the Black Dog of the Wild Forest cannot get you.'

He got into another wild forest over the water, and he got romping and moping about the forest by himself till he got very wild. He got moping about, and he found he got to a castle. That was the king's castle as he got over there to. He got to this castle, and the gentleman put him on to a job at this castle.

So he says to him, 'Jack, are you ony good a-shooting?'

'Yes, sir,' he says, 'I can shoot a little bit. I can shoot a long way further.'

'Well, will you go out to-day, Jack, and we will have a shot or two in the forest?'

They killed several birds and wild varmints in the forest. So him being sweet upon a daughter at this big hall, her and Jack got very great together. Jack tuck her down to the river to show her what he could do with his rod, him being laughing and joking with her. The king wanted a bridge made over the river, and he said there was no one as could do it.

'My dear,' says Jack, 'I could do it,' he says.

'With what?' she says.

'With my rod.'

He touched the water with his rod, and up springs as nice a bridge as ever you have seen up out of the water. Him being laughing and joking with this young girl, he come away and forgot the bridge standing. He comes home. Next day following he goes off again shooting with the king again, and the Black Dog of the Wild Forest comes to the king's house.

He says to th' owd lady herself, 'Whatever you do to-morrow, Jack will be going out shooting again, and you get Jack to leave his two little dogs, as I am going to devour Jack. And whatever you do, you fasten 'em down in the cellar to-morrow, and I will follow Jack to the forest where he is going shooting. And if Jack kills me, he will bring me back on the top of his horse on the front of him; and you will say to him, "O Jack, what ever are you going to do with that?" "I am going to make a fire of it," he will say. And he will burn me, and when he burns me he will burn me to dust. And you get a small bit of stick--Jack will go away and leave me after--and you go and rake my dust about, and you will find a lucky-bone. And when Jack goes to his bed, you drop this lucky-bone in Jack's ear, he will never rise no more, and you can take and bury him.'

Now the old lady was against Jack a lot for being there. So the Black Dog of the Wild Forest told th' owd lady the way to kill Jack. 'So see as when Jack brings me back and burns me, you look in my dust, and you will find a lucky-bone, and you drop it when Jack goes to bed, drop it into his ear, and Jack will never rise from his bed no more, he will be dead. Take Jack and bury him.'

Jack goes to the forest a-shooting, and the Black Dog of the Wild Forest follows him, and Jack begin to cry. Now if the fire came from his mouth the first time, it came a hundred times more, and Jack begin to cry.

'Oh dear!' he cried, 'where is my little Hear-all and Spring-all?'

He had no sooner said the words, five minutes but scarcely, comes up the two little dogs, and they's a very terrible fight. But Jack masters him and kills him. He brings home the Black Dog of the Wild Forest on the front of his horse; he brings him back, Jack, on the front of his horse; and the king says, 'What ever are you going to do with that?'

'I'm going to burn him.'

After he burns him, he burns him to dust.

The Black Dog of the Wild Forest says to th' owd lady, When Jack burns me to dust, you get a little stick and rake my dust about, and you will find a lucky-bone. You drop that lucky-bone in Jack's ear when he goes to bed, and Jack will never waken no more, and then you can take and bury him, and after that Jack is buried there will be no more said about him.'

Well, th' owd woman did do so, sir. When Jack went to bed, she got this lucky-bone and did as the Black Dog of the Wild Forest told her. She did drop it in Jack's ear, and Jack was dead. They take Jack off to bury him. Jack been buried three days, and the parson wondered what these two little dogs was moping about the grave all the time. He couldn't get them away.

'I think we'll rise Jack again,' he says.

And s'ever they rise him, off opened the lid of the coffin, and little Hear-all jumped to the side of his head, and he licked the lucky-bone out of his ear. And up Jack jumped alive.

Jack says, 'Who ever put me here?'

'It was the king as had you buried here, Jack.'

Jack made his way home to his own father and mother. Going on the road Jack was riding bounded on the back of his horse's back. Hear-all says to him, 'Jack,' he says, 'come down, cut my head off.'

'Oh dear, no! Hear-all. I couldn't do that for the kindness you have done for me.'

'If you don't do it, Jack, I shall devour you.'

He comes down off his horse's back, and he kills little Hear-all. He cuts his head off, and well off timed [ofttimes] he goes crying about Hear-all, for what he done. Goes on a little further. Spring-all says to him, 'Jack, you have got to come down and serve me the same.'

Oh dear, no!' he says, 'Spring-all, I shall take it all to heart.'

'Well,' he says, 'if you don't come down, Jack,' he says, I will devour you.'

Jack comes down, and he cuts his head off, and he goes on the road, crying very much to hisself about his two little dogs. So going on this road as he was crying, he turned his head round at the back of his horse, looking behind him, and he sees two of the handsomest young ladies coming as ever he saw in his life.

‘What are you crying for?’ said these ladies to him.

‘I am crying,’ he said, ‘about two little dogs, two faithful dogs, what I had.’

‘What was the name of your little dogs?’

‘One was named Hear-all, and the t’other was named Spring-all.’

‘Would you know them two dogs if you would see them again?’

‘Oh dear, yes!’ says Jack. ‘Oh dear, yes!’ says Jack.

‘Well, I am Hear-all, and this is Spring-all.’

Away Jack goes home to his father and mother, and lives very happy there all the days of his life.

A capital and very curious story, but plainly imperfect: Jack, of course, should marry the princess. There is a very West Highland ring about it, yet I cannot match it from Campbell, nor indeed elsewhere. At the same time many of the incidents are familiar enough. For the balls of worsted and the three helpful sisters (or brothers, hermits, etc.), of. John Roberts’ story of ‘An Old King and his Three Sons’ (No. 55, pp. 220-234). The bridge-making episode suggests a combination of the Passage of the Red Sea and the bridge-making ball of yarn in ‘The Companion’ (Dasent’s *Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 73). The lucky-bone in the ear reminds one of the pin which, driven into the heroine’s head, causes transformation into a bird (Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 12, 14, 253; and Laura Gonzenbach’s *Sicil. Märchen*, i. p. 82), or of the comb, poisoned apple, etc., in Grimm’s ‘Snow-white’ (No. 53), and its Chian, Albanian, and other variants, which produce, as in Jack’s case, suspended animation. For the cutting off of the helpful animal’s head, under a threat, and the consequent transformation, *cf*. the Scottish-Tinker story of ‘The Fox’ (No. 75).

IX. Scottish-Tinker Stories

No. 73. The Brown Bear Of The Green Glen

THERE was a king in Erin once who had a leash of sons. John was the name of the youngest one, and it was said that he was not wise enough. And this good, worldly king lost the sight of his eyes and the strength of his feet. The two eldest brothers said that they would go seek three bottles of the water of the green isle that was about the heaps of the deep. And so it was that these two brothers went away. Now the fool said that he would not believe but that he himself would go also. And the first big town he reached in his father's kingdom, there he sees his two brothers there, the blackguards.

'Oh! my boys,' says the young one, 'is it thus you are?'

'With swiftness of foot,' said they, 'take thyself home, or we will have thy life.'

'Don't be afraid, lads. It is nothing to me to stay with you.

Now John went away on his journey till he came to a great desert of a wood. 'Hoo, hoo!' says John to himself, 'it is not canny for me to walk this wood alone.' The night was coming now, and growing pretty dark. John ties the cripple white horse to the root of a tree, and he went up in the top himself. He was but a very short time in the top, when he saw a bear coming with a fiery cinder in his mouth.

'Come down, son of the King of Erin,' says he.

'Indeed, I won't come. I am thinking I am safer where I am.'

'But if thou wilt not come down, I will go up,' said the bear.

'Art thou, too, taking me for a fool?' says John. 'A shaggy, shambling creature like thee, climbing a tree.'

'But if thou wilt not come down, I will go up,' says the bear, as he fell out of hand to climbing the tree.

'Lord! thou canst do that same!' said John; 'keep back from the root of the tree, then, and I will go down to talk to thee.'

And when the son of Erin's king drew down, they came to chatting. The bear asked him if he was hungry.

'Week by your leave,' said John, 'I am a little at this very same time.'

The bear took that wonderful watchful turn, and he catches a roebuck. 'Now, son of Erin's king,' says the bear, 'whether wouldst thou like thy share of the buck boiled or raw?'

'The sort of meat I used to get would be kind of plotted boiled,' says John. And thus it fell out; John got his share roasted.

'Now,' said the bear, 'lie down between my paws, and thou hast no cause to fear cold or hunger till morning.'

Early in the morning the bear asked, 'Art thou asleep, son of Erin's king?'

'I am not very heavily,' said he.

'It is time for thee to be on thy soles, then. Thy journey is long--two hundred miles. But art thou a good horseman, John?'

'There are worse than me at times,' said he.

'Thou hadst best get on top of me, then.'

He did this, and at the first leap John was to earth. 'Foil! foil!' says John. 'What! thou art not bad at the trade thyself. Thou hadst best come back till we try thee again.'

And with nails and teeth he fastened on the bear, till they reached the end of the two hundred miles and a giant's house.

'Now, John,' said the bear, 'thou shalt go to pass the night in this giant's house. Thou wilt find him pretty grumpy, but say thou that it was the Brown Bear of the Green Glen that set thee here for a night's share, and don't thou be afraid that thou wilt not get share and comfort.'

And he left the bear to go to the giant's house.

'Son of Erin's king,' says the giant, 'thy coming was in the prophecy; but if I did not get thy father, I have got his son. I don't know whether I will put thee in the earth with my feet or in the sky with my breath.'

'Thou wilt do neither of either,' said John, 'for it is the Brown Bear of the Green Glen that set me here.'

‘Come in, son of Erin’s king,’ said he, ‘and thou shalt be well taken to this night.’

And as he said, it was true. John got meat and drink without stint. But to make a long tale short, the bear took John day after day to the third giant. ‘Now,’ says the bear, ‘I have not much acquaintance with this giant, but thou wilt not be long in his house when thou must wrestle with him. And if he is too hard on thy back, say then, “If I had the Brown Bear of the Green Glen here, that was thy master.”‘

As soon as John went in, ‘Ai! ai!! or ee! ee!!’ says the giant. ‘If I did not get thy father, I have got his son.’

And to grips they go. They would make the boggy bog of the rocky rock. In the hardest place they would sink to the knee, in the softest up to the thighs; and they would bring wells of spring water from the face of every rock.[137] The giant gave John a sore wrench or two.

‘Foil! foil!!’ says he. ‘If I had here the Brown Bear of the Green Glen, thy leap would not be so hearty.’

And no sooner spoke he the word than the worthy bear was at his side.

‘Yes! yes!’ says the giant, ‘son of Erin’s king, now I know thy matter better than thou dost thyself.’

So it was that the giant ordered his shepherd to bring home the best wether he had in the hill, and to throw his carcass before the great door. ‘Now, John,’ says the giant, an eagle will come and she will settle on the carcass of this wether, and there is a wart on the ear of this eagle which thou must cut off with this sword, but a drop of blood thou must not draw.’

The eagle came, but she was not long eating when John drew close to her, and with one stroke he cut the wart of her without drawing one drop of blood. (*Och! is not that a fearful lie?*) ‘Now,’ said the eagle, ‘come on the root of my two wings, for I know thy matter better than thou dost thyself.’

He did this, and they were now on sea and now on land, and now on the wing, till they reached the Green Isle.

‘Now, John,’ says she, ‘be quick and fill thy three bottles. Remember that the black dogs are away just now.’ (*‘What dogs?’--Black dogs. Dost thou not know that they always had black dogs chasing the Gregorach?*)

When he filled the bottles with the water out of the well, he sees a little house beside him. John said to himself that he would go in, and that he would see what was in it. And the first chamber he opened, he saw a full bottle. (*'And what was in it?' What should be in it but whisky.*) He filled a glass out of it, and he drank it; and when he was going, he gave a glance, and the bottle was as full as it was before. 'I will have this bottle along with the bottles of water,' says he. Then he went into another chamber, and he saw a loaf. He took a slice out of it, but the loaf was as whole as it was before. 'Ye gods! I won't leave thee,' says John. He went on thus till he came to another chamber. He saw a great cheese; he took a slice of the cheese, but it was as whole as ever. 'I will have this along with the rest,' says he. Then he went to another chamber, and he saw laid there the very prettiest little jewel of a woman he ever saw. 'It were a great pity not to kiss thy lips, my love,' says John.

Soon after John jumped on top of the eagle, and she took him on the self-same steps till they reached the house of the big giant. And they went paying rent to the giant, and there was the sight of tenants and giants and meat and drink.

'Well, John,' says the giant, 'didst thou see such drink as this in thy father's house in Erin?'

'Pooh!' says John, 'hoo! my hero, thou other man, I have a drink this *is* unlike it.' He gave the giant a glass out of the bottle, but the bottle was as full as it was before.

'Well! ' said the giant, 'I will give thee myself two hundred notes,[138] a bridle, and a saddle for the bottle.'

'It is a bargain, then,' says John; 'but that the first sweetheart I ever had must get it if she comes the way.'

'She will get that,' says the giant.

But to make the long story short, he left each loaf and cheese with the two other giants, with the same covenant that the first sweetheart he ever had should get them if she came the way, Now John reached his father's big town in Erin, and he sees his two brothers as he left them, the blackguards. 'You had best come with me, lads,' says he, 'and you will get a dress of cloth and a saddle and bridle each.' And so they did; but when they were near to their father's house, the brothers thought that they had better kill

him, and so it was that they set on him. And when they thought he was dead, they threw him behind a dyke; and they took from him the three bottles of water, and they went home.

John was not too long here, when his father's smith came the way with a cart-load of rusty iron. John called out, 'Whoever the Christian is that is there, oh! that he should help him.' The smith caught him, and he threw John amongst the iron. And because the iron was so rusty, it went into each wound and sore that John had; and so it was that John became rough-skinned and bald.

Here we will leave John, and we will go back to the pretty little jewel that John left in the Green Isle. She became pale and heavy, and at the end of three quarters she had a fine lad son. 'Oh! in all the great world,' says she, 'how did I find this?'

'Foil! foil!' says the hen-wife, 'don't let that set thee thinking. Here's for thee a bird, and as soon as he sees the father of thy son, he will hop on the top of his head.'

The Green Isle was gathered from end to end, and the people were put in at the back door and out at the front door; but the bird did not stir, and the babe's father was not found. Now here she said she would go through the world altogether till she should find the father of the babe. Then she came to the house of the big giant and sees the bottle. 'Ai! ai!' said she, 'who gave thee this bottle?'

Said the giant, 'It was young John, son of Erin's king, that left it.'

'Well, then, the bottle is mine,' said she.

But to make a long story short, she came to the house of each giant, and she took with her each bottle and each loaf and each cheese, till at last she came to the house of the king of Erin. Then the five-fifths of Erin were gathered, and the bridge of nobles of the people; they were put in at the back door and out at the front door, but the bird did not stir. Then she asked if there was one other or any one else at all in Erin that had not been here.

'I have a bald rough-skinned gillie in the smithy,' said the smith, 'but------'

'Rough on or off, send him here,' says she.

No sooner did the bird see the head of the bald rough-skinned gillie than he took a flight and settles on the bald top of the rough-skinned lad. She caught

him and kissed him: ‘Thou art the father of my babe.’

‘But, John,’ says the great king of Erin, ‘it is thou that gottest the bottles of water for me.’

‘Indeed ‘twas I,’ says John.

‘Weel, then, what art thou willing to do to thy two brothers?’

‘The very thing they wished to do to me, do for them.’

And that same was done. John married the daughter of the king of the Green Isle, and they made a great rich wedding that lasted seven days and seven years. And thou couldst but hear Leeg, leeg, and Beeg, beeg, solid sound and peg-drawing. Gold a-crushing from the soles of their feet to the tips of their fingers, the length of seven years and seven days.

A variant clearly of John Roberts’ Welsh-Gypsy story of ‘An Old King and his Three Sons in England’ (No. 55, pp. 220-234), but I expect that Matthew Wood’s variant, ‘The Bottle of Black Water,’ would come closer still. Some day Mr. Sampson must give us that with its fellows. Which is the better story--that of John Roberts, the Welsh harper, or this of John Macdonald, the travelling tinker--is hard to determine; in some respects each is immeasurably superior. John Roberts’ is the more coherent and intelligible; but it lacks that splendid wrestling match, with which compare the much poorer one in the Bohemian-Gypsy story of ‘The Three Dragons’ (No. 44, p. 152). And then while it preserves the handkerchief ordeal, it has not the inexhaustible whisky-bottle, loaf, and cheese. The occurrence of a bear in each version, though with marked differences, can hardly be accidental. For a long while after I got John Roberts’ story, I believed that its close was largely of his own invention; but that belief now seems to be inadmissible. The Polish-Gypsy story of ‘The Golden Bird and the Good Hare’ (No. 49, pp. 182-8), and its Scottish-Tinker version, ‘The Fox’ (No. 75), should be carefully studied.

No. 74. The Tale Of The Soldier

There was an old soldier once, and he left the army. He went to the top of a hill that was at the upper end of the town-land, and he said, ‘Well, may it be that the Mischief may come and take me with him on his back the next time that I come again in sight of this town.’

Then he was walking till he came to the house of a gentleman that was there. John asked the gentleman if he would get leave to stay in his house that night.

‘Well, then,’ said the gentleman, ‘since thou art an old soldier, and hast the look of a man of courage, without dread or fear in thy face, there is a castle at the side of yonder wood, and thou mayest stay in it till day. Thou shalt have a pipe and baccy, a cogie full of whisky, and a Bible to read.[139]

When John got his supper, he took himself to the castle. He set on a great fire, and when a while of the night had come, there came two tawny women in, and a dead man’s kist between them. They threw it at the fireside, and they sprang out. John arose, and with the heel of his foot he drove out its end, and he dragged out an old hoary bodach. And he set him sitting in the great chair; he gave him a pipe and baccy, and a cogie of whisky; but the bodach let them fall on the floor.

‘Poor man,’ said John, ‘the cold is on thee.’

John laid himself stretched in the bed, and he left the bodach to toast himself at the fireside; but about the crowing of the cock he went away.

The gentleman came well early in the morning. ‘What rest didst thou find, John?’

‘Good rest,’ said John, ‘Thy father was not the man that would frighten me.’

‘Right, good John, thou shalt have two hundred *pund*, and lie to-night in the castle.’

‘I am the man that will do that,’ said John.

And that night it was the very like. There came three tawny women, and a dead man’s kist with them amongst them. They threw it up to the side of the fireplace, and they took their soles out of that. John arose, and with the heel of his boot he broke the head of the kist, and he dragged out of it the old hoary man. And, as he did the night before, he set him sitting in the big chair, and gave him pipe and baccy; and he let them fall.

‘Oh! poor man,’ said John, ‘cold is on thee.’

Then he gave him a cogie of drink, and he let that fall also.

‘Oh! poor man, thou art cold.’

The bodach went as he did the night before. ‘But,’ said John to himself, ‘if I stay here this night, and that thou shouldst come, thou shalt pay my pipe and baccy, and my cogie of drink.’

The gentleman came early enough in the morning, and he asked, ‘What rest didst thou find last night, John?’

‘Good rest,’ said John. ‘It was not the hoary bodach, thy father, that would put fear on me.’

‘Och!’ said the gentleman, ‘if thou stayest to-night thou shalt have three hundred *pund*.’

‘It’s a bargain,’ said John.

When it was a while of the night there came four tawny women, and a dead man’s kist with them amongst them. And they set that down at the side of John. John arose, and he drew his foot, and he drove the head out of the kist. And he dragged out the old hoary man, and he set him in the big chair. He reached him the pipe and the baccy, the cup and the drink; but the old man let them fall, and they were broken.

‘Och!’ said John, ‘before thou goest this night, thou shalt pay me all thou hast broken.’

But word came there not from the head of the bodach. Then John took the belt of his *abersgaic*,[140] and he tied the bodach to his side, and he took him with him to bed. When the heath-cock crowed, the bodach asked him to let him go.

‘Pay what thou hast broken first,’ said John.

‘I will tell thee, then,’ said the old man, ‘there is a cellar of drink under, below me, in which there is plenty of drink, tobacco, and pipes. There is another little chamber beside the cellar, in which there is a caldron full of gold. And under the threshold of the big door there is a crocky full of silver. Thou sawest the women that came with me to-night?’

‘I saw,’ said John.

‘Well, there thou hast four women from whom I took the cows, and they in extremity. They are going with me every night thus, punishing me. But go thou and tell my son how I am being wearied out. Let him go and pay the cows, and let him not be heavy on the poor. Thou thyself and he may divide

the gold and silver between you; and marry thyself my old girl. But mind, give plenty of gold of what is left to the poor, on whom I was too hard. And I will find rest in the world of worlds.'

The gentleman came, and John told him as I have told thee. But John would not marry the old girl of the hoary bodach. At the end of a day or two John would not stay longer. He filled his pockets full of the gold, and he asked the gentleman to give plenty of gold to the poor. He reached the house,[141] but he was wearying at home, and he had rather be back with the regiment. He took himself off on a day of days, and he reached the hill above the town, from which he went away. But who should come to him but the Mischief.

'Hoth! hoth! John, thou hast come back?'

'Hoth on thyself!' quoth John, 'I came. Who art thou? 'I am the Mischief, the man to whom thou gayest thyself when thou was here last.'

'Ai! ai!' said John, 'it's long since I heard tell of thee, but I never saw thee before. There is glamour on my eyes; I will not believe that it is thou at all. But make a snake of thyself, and I will believe thee.'

The Mischief did this.

'Make now a lion of roaring.'

The Mischief did this.

'Spit fire now seven miles behind thee and seven miles before thee.'

The Mischief did this.

'Well,' said John, 'since I am to be a servant with thee, come into my *abersgaic*, and I will carry thee. But thou must not come out till I ask thee, or else the bargain's broke.'

The Mischief promised, and he did this.

Now,' said John, 'I am going to see a brother of mine that is in the regiment. But keep thou quiet.'

So now John went into the town; and one yonder and one here would cry, 'There is John the *desairtair*.' There was gripping of John, and a court held on him; and so it was that he was to be hanged about mid-day on the morrow. And John asked no favour but to be floored with a bullet.

The *Coirneal* said, ‘Since he was an old soldier, and in the army so long, that he should have his asking.’

On the morrow, when John was to be shot, and the soldiers foursome round all about him, ‘What is that they are saying?’ said the Mischief. ‘Let me amongst them, and I won’t be long scattering them.’

‘Cuist! cuist! ‘ said John.

‘What’s that speaking to thee?’ said the *Coirneal*.

‘Oh! it’s but a white mouse,’ said John.

‘Black or white,’ said the *Coirneal*, ‘don’t thou let her out of the *abersgaic*, and thou shalt have a letter of loosing, and let’s see no more of thee.’

John went away, and in the mouth of night he went into a barn where there were twelve men threshing. ‘Oh! lads,’ said John, ‘here’s for you my old *abersgaic*; and take a while threshing it, it is so hard that it is taking the skin off my back.’

They took as much as two hours of the watch at the *abersgaic* with the twelve flails; and at last, every blow they gave it, it would leap to the top of the barn, and it was casting one of the threshers now and again on his back. When they saw that, they asked him to be out of that, himself and his *abersgaic*; they would not believe but that the Mischief was in it.

Then he went on his journey, and he went into a smithy where there were twelve smiths striking their great hammers. ‘Here’s for you, lads, an old *abersgaic*, and I will give you half-a-crown, and take a while at it with the twelve great hammers; it is so hard that it is taking the skin off my back.’

But that was fun for the smiths; it was good sport for them, the *abersgaic* of the soldier. But every *sgaile* it got, it was bounding to the top of the smithy. ‘Go out of this, thyself and it,’ said they; ‘we will not believe that the *Bramman*[142] is in it.’

So then John went on, and the Mischief on his back; and he reached a great furnace that was there.

‘Where art thou going now, John?’ said the Mischief. ‘Patience a little, and thou ‘It see that,’ said John.

‘Let me out,’ said the Mischief, ‘and I will never put trouble on thee in this world.’

‘Nor in the next?’ said John.

‘That’s it,’ said the Mischief.

‘Stop, then,’ said John, ‘till thou get a smoke.’

And so saying, John cast the *abersgaic* and the Mischief into the middle of the furnace: and himself and the furnace went as a green flame of fire to the skies.

The first half is a variant, and a good one, of the Welsh-Gypsy story of ‘Ashypelt’ (No. 57, p. 235); the second half is a variant, a better one, of the latter part of the Welsh-Gypsy ‘Old Smith’ (No. 59,p. 247), and of the confused and imperfect Slovak-Gypsy ‘Old Soldier’ (No. 60, p. 250). The prominence given to tobacco-smoking in both ‘Ashypelt’ and in the Scottish-Tinker story suggests that the forebears of Cornelius Price and those of John Macdonald must have parted company at some time later than the beginning of the seventeenth century, unless, indeed, this resemblance is accidental. About the beginning of the nineteenth century English Gypsies must have visited Scotland much more than they did in 1870-80, when a few of the Smiths or Reynolds, Maces, and Lees, all closely connected, were the only English Gypsies who ‘travelled’ north of the Tweed. Since 1880, again, there has been a great influx of English Gypsydom,--one reason that fortune-telling seems to be not illegal in Scotland. In his notes upon Campbell’s story in *Orient and Occident* (ii. 1864, pp. 679-680), Reinhold Köhler makes an odd slip, very unusual with him. He renders the Mischief’ by ‘das Unglück,’ and is puzzled why poor Unglück should be so scurvily handled.

No. 75. The Fox

Brian, the son of the king of Greece, fell in love with the hen-wife’s daughter, and he would marry no other but she. His father said to him on a day of days, before that should happen that he must get first for him the most marvellous bird that there was in the world. Then here. went Brian, and he put the world under his head, till he came much further than I can tell, or you can think, till he reached the house of the Carlin of Buskins.[143] He got well taken to by the carlin that night; and in the morning she said to him, It is time for thee to arise. The journey is far.’

When he rose to the door, what was it but sowing and winnowing snow. He looked hither and thither, and what should he see but a fox drawing on his shoes and stockings. ‘Sha! beast,’ said Brian, ‘thou hadst best leave my lot of shoes and stockings for myself.’

‘Och!’ said the fox, ‘it’s long since a shoe or a stocking was on me; and I’m thinking that I shall put them to use this day itself.’

‘Thou ugly beast, art thou thinking to steal my foot-webs, and I myself looking at thee?’

‘Well,’ said the fox, ‘if thou wilt take me to be thy servant, thou shalt get thy set of shoes and stockings.’

‘O poor beast!’ said he, ‘thou wouldst find death with me from hunger.’

‘Ho! hoth!’ said the fox, ‘there is little good in the servant that will not do for his own self and for his master at times.’

‘Yes, yes,’ said he, ‘I don’t mind; at all events thou mayst follow me.’

They had not gone far on their journey when the fox asked him if he was good at riding. He said he was, if it could be known what on.

‘Come on top of me a turn of a while,’ said the fox.

‘On top of thee! Poor beast, I would break thy back.’

‘Ho! huth! son of the king of Greece,’ said the fox, thou didst not know me so well as I know thee. Take no care but that I am able to carry thee.’

But never mind. When Brian went on top of the fox, they would drive spray from each puddle, spark from each pebble. And they took no halt nor rest till they reached the house of the Giant of Five Heads, Five Humps, and Five Throttles.

‘Here’s for thee,’ said the fox, ‘the house of the giant who has the marvellous bird. And what wilt thou say to him when thou goest in?’

‘What should I say but that I came to steal the marvellous bird?’

‘Hu! hu!’ said the fox, ‘thou wilt not return. ’But,’ said the fox, ‘take thou service with this giant to be a stable-lad. And there is no sort of bird under the seven russet rungs of the world that he has not got. And when he brings out the marvellous bird, say thou, “Fuith! fuith! the nasty bird, throw it out of my sight. I could find braver birds than that on the middens at home.”‘

Brian did thus.

‘S’tia!’ said the big one, ‘then I must go to thy country to gather a part of them.’

But Brian was pleasing the giant well. But on a night of the nights Brian steals the marvellous bird, and drags himself out with it. When he was a good bit from the giant’s house, ‘S’tia!’ said Brian to himself, ‘I don’t know if it is the right bird I have after every turn.’ Brian lifts the covering off the bird’s head, and he lets out one screech, and the screech roused the giant.

‘Oh! oh! son of the king of Greece,’ said the giant, ‘that I have coming to steal the marvellous bird. The prophet was saying that he would come to his *gird*.’

Then here the giant put on the shoes that could make nine miles at every step, and he wasn’t long catching poor Brian. They returned home to the giant’s house, and the giant laid the binding of the three smalls on him, and he threw Brian into the peat-corner, and he was there till the morning on the morrow’s day.

‘Now,’ said the giant, ‘son of the king of Greece, thou hast thy two rathers--Whether wouldst thou rather thy head to be on yonder stake, or go to steal the White Glaive of Light that is in the realm of Big Women?’

‘A man is kind to his life,’ said Brian. ‘I will go to steal the White Glaive of Light.’

But never mind. Brian had not gone far from the giant’s house when the fox met with him. ‘ O man without mind or sense, thou didst not take my counsel, and what will now arise against thee? Thou art going to the realm of Big Women to steal the White Glaive of Light. That is twenty times as hard for thee as the marvellous bird of that carl of a giant.’

‘But what help for it now but that I must betake myself to it?’ said poor Brian.

‘Well, then,’ said the fox, ‘come thou on top of me, and I am in hopes thou wilt be wiser the next time.’

They went then further than I can remember, till they reached the knoll of the country at the back of the wind and the face of the sun, that was in the realm of Big Women.

‘Now,’ said the fox, ‘thou shalt sit here, and thou shalt begin at blubbering and crying; and when the Big Women come out where thou art, they will lift thee in their oxters; and when they reach the house with thee, they will try to coax thee. But never thou cease of crying until thou get the White Glaive of Light; and they will leave it with thee in the cradle the length of the night, to keep thee quiet.’

Worthy Brian was not long blubbering and crying when the Big Women came, and they took Brian with them as the fox had said. And when Brian found the house quiet, he went away with the White Glaive of Light. And when he thought he was a good way from the house, he thought he would see if he had the right sword. He took it out of the sheath, and the sword gave out a ring. This awoke the Big Women, and they were on their soles. ‘Whom have we here,’ said they, ‘but the son of the king of Greece coming to steal the White Glaive of Light.’

They took after Brian, and they were not long bringing him back. They tied him roundly (like a ball), and they threw him into the peat-corner till the white morrow’s day was. When the morning came, they asked him to be under the sparks of the bellows,[144] or to go to steal the Sun Goddess, daughter of the king of the gathering of Fionn.

‘A man is kind to his life,’ said Brian. ‘I will go steal the Sun Goddess.’

Never mind. Brian went, but he was not long on the path when the fox met him. ‘O poor fool,’ said the fox, ‘thou art as silly as thou wert ever. What good for me to be giving thee counsel? Thou art now going to steal the Sun Goddess. Many a better thief than thou went on the same journey, but ever a man came never back. There are nine guards guarding her, and there is no dress under the seven russet rungs of the world that is like the dress that is on her but one other dress, and here is that dress for thee. And mind,’ said the fox, ‘that thou dost as I ask thee, or, if thou dost not, thou wilt not come to the next tale.’

Never mind. They went, and when they were near the guard, the fox put the dress on Brian, and he said to him to go forward straight through them, and when he reached the Sun Goddess to do as he bid him. ‘And, Brian, if thou gettest her out, I will not be far from you.’

But never mind. Brian took courage, and he went on, and each guard made way for him, till he went in where the Sun Goddess, daughter of the king of

the gathering of Fionn, was. She put all-hail and good-luck on him, and she it was who was pleased to see him, for her father was not letting man come near her. And there they were.

‘But how shall we get away at all, at all?’ said she in the morning.

Brian lifted the window, and he put out the Sun Goddess through it.

The fox met them. ‘Thou wilt do yet,’ said he. ‘Leap you on top of me.’

And when they were far, far away, and near the country of Big Women, ‘Now, Brian,’ said the fox, ‘is it not a great pity for thyself to give away this Sun Goddess for the White Glaive of Light?’

‘Is it not that which is wounding me at this very time?’ said Brian.

‘It is that I will make a Sun Goddess of myself, and thou shalt give me to the Big Women,’ said the fox.

‘I had rather part with the Sun Goddess herself than thee.’

‘But never thou mind, Brian, they won’t keep me long.’

Here Brian went in with the fox as a Sun Goddess, and he got the White Glaive of Light. Brian left the fox with the Big Women, and he went forward. In a day or two the fox overtook them, and they got on him. And when they were nearing the house of the big giant, ‘Is it not a great pity for thyself, O Brian, to part with the White Glaive of Light for that filth of a marvellous bird?’

‘There is no help for it,’ said Brian.

‘I will make myself a White Glaive of Light,’ said the fox; ‘it may be that thou wilt yet find a use for the White Glaive of Light.’

Brian was not so much against the fox this time, since he saw that he had got off from the Big Women.

‘Thou art come with it,’ said the big man. ‘It was in the prophecies that I should cut this great oak-tree at one blow, which my father cut two hundred years ago with the same sword.’

Brian got the marvellous bird, and he went away. He had gone but a short distance from the giant’s house when the fox made up to him with his pad to his mouth.

‘What’s this that befell thee?’ said Brian.

‘Oh! the son of the great one,’ said the fox, ‘when he seized me, with the first blow he cut the tree all but a small bit of bark. And look thyself, there is no tooth in the door of my mouth which that filth of a Bodach has not broken.’

Brian was exceedingly sorrowful that the fox had lost the teeth, but there was no help for it. They were going forward, walking at times, and at times riding, till they came to a spring that there was by the side of the road. ‘Now, Brian,’ said the fox, ‘unless thou dost strike off my head with one blow of the White Glaive of Light into this spring, I will strike off thine.’

‘S’tia,’ said Brian, ‘a man is kind to his own life.’

And he swept the head off him with one blow, and it fell into the well. And in the wink of an eye what should rise up out of the well but the son of the king that was father to the Sun Goddess.

They went on till they reached his father’s house. And his father made a great wedding with joy and gladness, and there was no word about marrying the hen wife’s daughter when I parted from them.

‘On the 25th of April 1859, [at Inverary], John [Macdonald] the tinker gave the beginning of this as part of his contribution to the evening’s entertainment. He not only told the story, but acted it, dandling a fancied baby when it came to the adventure of the Big Women, and rolling his eyes wildly. The story which he told varied from that which he dictated in several particulars. It began:--

‘“There was a king and a knight, as there was and will be, and as grows the fir-tree, some of it crooked and some of it straight. And it was the King of Eirinn, it was. And the queen died with her first son, and the king married another woman. Oh! bad straddling queen, thou art not like the sonsy, cheery queen that we had ere now.”

‘And here came a long bit which the tinker put into another story, and which he seems to have condensed into the first sentence of the version which I have got and translated. He has also transferred the scene from Ireland to Greece, perhaps because the latter country sounds better, and is further off, or perhaps because he had got the original form of the story from his old father in the meantime,

‘Some of the things mentioned in the tinker’s version have to do with Druidical worship--the magic well, the oak-tree, the bird. For the Celtic tribes, as it is said, were all guided in their wanderings by the flight of birds. The Sun Goddess, for the Druids are supposed to have worshipped the sun, and the sun is feminine in Gaelic. These are all mixed up with Fionn and the Sword of Light and the Big Women, personages and things which do not appear out of the Highlands.’

The whole of this last paragraph seems to me more than questionable, for ‘The Fox’ is beyond all question identical with the Polish-Gypsy story of ‘ The Golden Bird and the Good Hare’ (No. 49, pp. p. 182-8), in the excellent Servian version of which it is a fox, not a hare. Druidism is hardly to be looked for in either Poland or Servia. In some respects the Polish-Gypsy story is better than the Tinker one, but in others the Tinker version is greatly superior. Each, indeed, supplies the other’s deficiencies. The original beginning, given by Campbell, seems to point to a form of the story where, as in the Indian versions of The Bad Mother,’ cited on p. 35, note, the hero is sent on his quest by a step-mother. In his notes on the Gaelic story in *Orient and Occident* (ii. 1864, pp. 685-6), Reinhold Köhler cites an interesting Wallachian version.

No. 76. The Magic Shirt

I have furnished a name to this nameless story, a long one, which Campbell got from ‘ Old Macdonald, travelling tinker.’ Else I give it just as he gives it.

‘There was a king and a knight, as there was and will be, and as grows the fir-tree, some of it crooked and some of it straight; and he was a king of Eirinn,’ said the old tinker, and then came a wicked stepmother, who was incited to evil by a wicked hen-wife. The son of the first queen was at school with twelve comrades, and they used to play at shinny every day with silver shinnies and a golden ball. The hen-wife, for certain curious rewards, gave the step-dame a magic shirt, and she sent it to her stepson, ‘Sheen Billy,’ and persuaded him to put it on. He refused at first, but complied at last, and the shirt was a great snake about his neck. Then he was enchanted and under spells, and all manner of adventures happened; but at last he came to the house of a wise woman who had a beautiful daughter, who fell in love with the enchanted prince, and said she must and would have him.

‘It will cost thee much sorrow,’ said the mother.

‘I care not,’ said the girl, ‘I must have him.’

‘It will cost thee thy hair.’

‘I care not.’

‘It will cost thee thy right breast.’

‘I care not if it should cost me my life,’ said the girl.

And the old woman agreed to help her to her will. A caldron was prepared and filled with plants; and the king’s son was put into it and stripped to the magic shirt, and the girl was stripped to the waist. And the mother stood by with a great knife, which she gave to her daughter. Then the king’s son was put down in the caldron; and the great serpent, which appeared to be a shirt about his neck, changed into its own form, and sprang on the girl and fastened on her; and she cut away the hold, and the king’s son was freed from the spells. Then they were married, and a golden breast was made for the lady.

‘And then,’ adds Mr. Campbell, ‘they went through more adventures which I do not well remember, and which the old tinker’s son vainly strove to repeat in August 1860, for he is far behind his father in the telling of old Highland tales. The serpent, then, would seem to be an emblem of evil and wisdom in Celtic popular mythology.’

Appendix

P. 249.--The following Negro folk-tale, first printed by me in the *Athenæum* for 10th August 1887, p. 245, was taken down by an American acquaintance, Mr. J. P. Suverkrop, C.E., in 1871, at Sand Mountain, Alabama, from the recitation of his negro servant, Dick Brown, about thirty years old, who was a native of Petersburg, Virginia, and there had got it from his granny. It seems to be clearly a variant of 'The Master Smith' (Clouston, ii. 409) and of Grimm's No. 147, 'The Old Man made Young Again' (ii. 215, 444). If so, it must be a comparatively recent transmission from one race (Aryan) to another (non-Aryan), yet it is as thoroughly localised as folk-tale well could be.

DE NEW HAN'.

Wunst dar wer a sawmill on de aige of a wood not a thousan mili from heah, wid a branch a-runnin by a-turnin de wheel. An ole colored man, he kep de mill an wer a very fine kine of man; but he son Sam, what help him, didn' take arter de ole man, but wer a triflin, no account sort o' young man; an' de ole man had to wuk right sharp to git along. One day 'long come a poor-lookin sort o' man, sayin he wanted to larn de saw-millin, an he wuk fur a yeah fur nuffin. De ole man wer glad to git his help, an de young 'un 'lowed he could shif some o' his wuk on to de New Han'. So de New Han' he went to totin boads and doin chores round de mill. De ole man he like de New Han' fus class, an allus gin he jes as good as he git hisself; but de son he make hisself big to de New Han' behind de ole man back, an order him roun to do dis an dat. De New Han' he never say nuffin, but jes go 'long 'bout he own bisness. De ole man he cotch Sam 'busin an a-bossin de New Han' aroun, and he club he good fur hit more'n a few times. One day an ole man come fur a load o' plank, and he war a-groanin wid de misery in de back, an a-wishin he were young an spry like as he used to.

Den up speak de New Han', an he say, 'Ef you all go in de woods 'ceptin dis man an me, whar you can't see nuffin goin on, an wait till I holler, I'll fix dis man right up good; but you all mus promis not to peek, for suffin bad happen of yo do.'

So dey promis. An de ole man an he son go in de woods wher dey can't see nuffin. An de New Han' he say to de man wid de misery in he back, 'Go lay down on de saw-frame.'

Den he up wid de saw, an cut he in two. Den he up wid de two pieces of de man, an frow em into de branch, an de pieces jine togidder, an de ole man wid de misery in he back come outer de branch a live an well man an quite young like an frisky. Den he fell a-thankin de New Han', but he jest tole he to shet up. An den he hollerd. Sam and he fader come a-runnin, an was mighty exprised when dey seen de young-lookin man in de place of de ole limpin man. But de New Han' wouldn't say nuffin 'bout it. So dey jest shet up, an things carried on same as usual till de ole man he got word his mudder very bad, an he must start right off fur to see her. Befo he go he dun tole Sam not fur to ac obstropolus wid de New Han', case ef he did, so sho' would he git a clubbin soon ez he got back. But Sam he forgit jes so soon de ole man gone, an behave wery overbearin an obstropolus.

Finally de New Han' say to Sam, 'Ef you don' quit behavin, I'se gwine to leave when my yeah up, an dat's to-morrer.'

Den Sam ac real owdashus, an tole him, 'Go along now, yo fool.'

Sho' enuff nex dey de New Han' dun gone, an no one seed him go, an no one pass he in de road or in de wood. Well, de wery nex day 'long come de man what was made young an likely by de New Han', an 'long wid him come he ole woman totin a baskit wid a elegant fat possum an sweet taters dat fairly made Sam mouf water. After passin de time o' day an so on, de man ax arter de New Han', sayin he want him fix up de ole woman same like he do him.

Sam say, 'O, he be back to-morrer. Jes leave de possum, an come agin. I'll gin it to him when he come.'

But de man too smart fur dat, an wouldn' leave hit.

So Sam 'fraid he gwine to lose de possum, so he say, 'De New Han' dun gone off fur to see he sic fader, an dun tole me fo' he go for to ax you an do same what he done to you.'

So den de man tole Sam, an Sam tell de man to go in de wood an shet he eyes. Den Sam he saw de ole woman in two, an frow de pieces in de branch; but dar dey stay. Den Sam git skeered, an go down to de branch, an

try to jine de pieces, but dey wont jine. An de ole ‘oman’s husban come a-runnin and a-hollerin outer de wood case he see suffin wrong; an de neighbers come, an dey take Sam an try he, an fin’ he guilty.

An de judge he put on he black hat an say, ‘Hang Sam by de neck ontil he mus be quite ded, an de Lor hab mussy on pore Sam.’

Den Sam’s ole fader come a-runnin, an he fall down, an beg for Sam; but do’ he roll in de dus, an cry, de judge won’ let Sam go. Den dey all go ‘way solemn like to de gallus. An de judge ax Sam, do he got anything to say for hisself. An Sam see de New Han’ stan a-laffin in de crowd. An he think how bad he dun treated de pore man.

So he say, ‘Brudren an sistren, min’ what I gwine tell you. Don’ ac highminded an biggity wid no one, case ef I hadn’ ac dat way to a man in dis here very crowd, I’d a been heavin saw-logs instid o’ gwine to be hung dis day.’

‘Den all he frinds fall a-cryin an a-rollin, but de New Han’ jump up longside Sam, an say quick like to he, ‘Do you shore enuff sorry for you acshuns?’

Den Sam say, ‘Deed an deed I’s sorry, an I ax pardon an hope yo’ll forgive me when I’s gone.’

Den de New Han’ speak out big an loud to de crowd, an say, ‘How come yo gwine to hang dis heah man when de ole ‘oman he kill is a-standin right dar?’

Sho’ enuff dar was she standin long o’ her ole man. So dey let Sam down, an dey had great jollification; but dey never see de New Han’ from dat day to dis nowhar.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Folk-tales are scarcely literature, but a question affecting the world’s literature arises out of these Gypsy folk-tales. Was the author of *The Pilgrim’s Progress* an English peasant or a Gypsy half-breed? The Rev. J. Brown, in John Bunyan . his *Life, Times, and Work* (1885), shows that the family of Bunyan--a name spelt in thirty-four different ways--was established in Bedfordshire as early at least as 1199, and that in 1327 a William Bownon was living at Elstow on the very spot where John Bunyan was born in 1628. There is a gap in the Bunyan annals between 1327 and

1542, when one finds a William Bonyon of Elstow, as in 1548 a Thomas Bonyon, aged forty-six or more. Next come a Thomas Bunyon, 'Pettie Chapman,' who died in 1641, and his son, also Thomas Bunyon (1603-76), who, says Mr. Brown, is 'usually spoken of as a tinker, but describes himself as a "braseyer."' This second Thomas took for his second wife in 1627 an Elstow woman, Margaret Bentley (1603-44), and John was the first child of that marriage. He, as every one knows, was an itinerant though house-dwelling tinker (Brown, pp. 64, 119, 158, etc.); and his eldest son, John, 'was brought up to the ancestral trade of a brazier, and carried on business in Bedford till his death in 1728' (*id*. pp. 201-2). That is all of the essential to he gleaned about Bunyan's pedigree; we know nothing as to his grandmother or great-grandmother.

With this evidence, then, before him, Canon Venables pronounced, in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vii., 1886, p. 276), that 'the antiquity of the family in Bunyan's native county effectually disposes of the strange hallucination, which even Sir Walter Scott was disposed to favour, that the Bunyans, "though reclaimed and settled," may have sprung from the Gipsy tribe.' By no means necessarily, as may be seen from a single example. During 1870-75 I often came across members of the Bunce family in Oxfordshire, Wilts, Herts, and Somerset. Stephen Bunce, of Wiltshire yeoman ancestry, had thirty years earlier married Phoebe Buckland, a thorough-bred Gypsy woman, had himself turned tent-dweller, and 'travelled' the southern counties till his death. They had a largish family; and many, perhaps most, of their sons and daughters have married Gypsies of more or less purity. One son was (and maybe is still) a small farmer and horse-dealer, living in a house of his own at Pewsey. Now, if a son or a grandson of his rose to eminence, he could not by Canon Venables' argument be a Gypsy, because, forsooth! the Bunces are an old Wiltshire family.

The chief upholder of Bunyan's Gypsy ancestry was Mr. James Simson, a Scoto-American of New York, the editor of Walter Simson's *History of the Gipsies* (1865); and author of *John Bunyan and the Gipsies* (1882) and a whole host of similar pamphlets. He pointed out that Bunyan writes in his *Grace Abounding*: 'For my descent, it was, as is well known to many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land.' And again:

‘After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came into my mind, and that was, whether we were of the Israelites or no. For, finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now, again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last, I asked my father, who told me, No, we were not.’ And yet again: ‘I often, when these temptations had been with force upon me, did compare myself to the case of such a child whom some Gipsy hath by force took up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country.’

Kidnapping has never been a Gypsy practice (*In Gypsy Tents*, pp. 244-46), nor, though it were, would a Gypsy, even a converted Gypsy, be likely to use it as an illustration. But Mr. Simson’s two first passages are really pertinent. The Anglo-Israelite craze was not devised till 1793; and it is hard to conceive why about 1645 an English peasant-boy should have speculated on a Jewish origin for himself and his kindred. But with a Gypsy it would not the least surprise me. I hardly ever see Frampton Boswell, an English Gypsy of fifty, but he returns to the question, ‘And there’s one thing, Mr. Groome, I’ve been wanting to ask you about, and that is where you think our people originated.’ Hindoos, Jews, and Egyptians are regularly passed in review, but Frampton cannot make up his mind, as neither can he about Rómani, except that ‘for certain ‘tisn’t one of the Seven Languages.’

Tinker in Bunyan’s day indubitably carried a suggestion at least of Gypsydom. I have not been able to see *The Tinker of Turvey*,[145] or *Canterbury Tales* (Lond. 1630, ed. by J. O. Halliwell), to which Mr. Brown refers, but from his few quotations on p. 34 it seems evident that that ‘strolling Tincker and brave mettle-man’ regarded himself as something widely different from an ordinary English artificer. Sir Thomas Overbury in his well-known *Characters* (1614) describes ‘The Tinker,’ the companion of whose travels ‘is some foul sun-burnt quean, that since the terrible statute recanted gypsism and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage,’ etc. In an article by A. H. A. Hamilton on ‘Quarter Sessions under Charles i. from original records of Devon’ (*Fraser’s Mag.*, Jan. 1877) is a quotation concerning ‘sundry suspect persons, Roagues both sturdy and begging vagrant, some whereof pretend to be petty chapmen [like Bunyan’s grandfather], others

peddlers, others glassmen, tynckers, others palmesters, fortune readers, Egiptians, and the like.' *Brazier* is a frequent designation of Gypsies at the present day--*e.g.* the baptismal register of Hill, Sutton Coldfield, has 'Jan. 27, 1866, Miriam Kate Agnes, daughter of Benjamin and Mira Boswell, cutler and brazier'; and that of Boothroyd, Dewsbury, has 'Mary Jane d[r] of Thomas and Mary Green, Dewsbury Moor, Brazier of the Gipsey tribe.' The occurrence in the Bunyan pedigree of such Gypsy 'Christian' names as Mantis and Perun, Delarīfa and Meralíni, would be a strong point, but is entirely lacking. On the other hand, 'gaujified' or gentilised Gypsies often drop such names; two brothers of my acquaintance, Oti and Lazzy, became thus plain William and George. A contemporary description of Bunyan (Brown, p. 399) as 'tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes . . . his hair reddish,' runs rather against the theory of Bunyan's Gypsy ancestry, but not conclusively, for I have known two Gypsy brothers, one very swarthy, the other red-haired.

The strongest corroboration of that theory was unknown to both Mr. Simson and Mr. Brown. In *Notes and Queries* for January 24, 1891, p. 67, 'R.' cited an entry from the parish register of St. Mary's, Launceston: '1586, March the ivth daie was christened Nicholas, sonne of James Bownia, an Egiptia rogue.' Here 'Egiptia' (? Egiptiā) must stand for 'Egiptian'; 'Bownia' similarly should be 'Bownian,' and, if so, we have veritable Gypsy Bunyans. It may seem a far cry from Launceston in Cornwall to Elstow in Bedfordshire, were nomads not in case; in time, the interval between this baptism and the birth of 'the inspired tinker' is but forty-two years.

But, anyhow, whether Bunyan was Gypsy [146] or Gentile, folk-tales (*plus* the Bible) seem to me quite as likely a source of inspiration for his *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War* as (say) the fourteenth century *Pélerinage de l'Homme* or the siege of the Anabaptists at Münster. I do not believe this has ever before been suggested; I will merely suggest it, and leave the working out of it to folklorists.

THE END

Notes

[←1]

According to the *Spectator* (24th December 1897) ten thousand Gypsies wintered in Surrey in 1896-97!

[←2]

I shall have frequent occasion to refer to the *Gypsy Lore Journal* (3 vols. 1888-92), which should in time be one of the *libri rarissimi*, as the issue was limited to 150 copies, many of which are sure to have perished. There are complete sets, however, at the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Edinburgh Advocates' Library, Leyden, Berlin, Munich, Cracow, Rome, Madrid, Harvard, and twelve other public libraries.

[←3]

Aliqui in the Latin may stand for either some of the Gypsies or some of the townsfolk, more probably the latter. Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (Pope Pius II.) speaks, a very few years after this, of the Northumbrian women staring at him ‘as in Italy the people stare at an Ethiopian or an Indian.’

[←4]

This passage was cited as far back as 1785 by Jacob Bryant in *Archæologia*, vii. 393; but another on p. 57 of the *Itinerarium* has hitherto escaped Gypsiologists. I give it in the original Latin:--'Item sciendum est, quod in sæpedictis civitatibus [Alexandria and Cairo] de omni secta alia ab illorum viri mulieres lactantes juvenes et cani pravæ venditioni exponuntur ad instar bestiarum; et signanter indiani schismatici et danubiani, qui omnes utriusque sexus in colore cum corvis et carbonibus multum participant; quia hii cum arabis et danubianis semper guerram continuant, atque cum capiuntur redemptione vel venditione evadunt. . . . Prædicti autem Danubiani, quamvis ab Indianis non sunt figura et colore distincti, tamen ab eis distinguuntur per cicatrices longas quas habent in facie et cognoscuntur; comburunt enim sibi cum ferro ignito facies illas vilissimas terribiliter in longum, credentes se sic flamine [? flammis] baptizari ut dicitur, et a peccatorum sordibus igne purgari. Qui postquam ad legem Machometi fuerunt conversi christianis deteriores sunt Saracenis, sicut et sunt Radiani renegati, et plures molestias inferunt. . . . Item sciendum, quod in præfatis civitatibus tanta est eorum multitudo, quod nequaquam numerari possunt.' There is much in this passage that remains obscure; but it seems clear from it that in 1322 there were in Egypt large numbers of captives, male and female, old and young, from the Danubian territories. They were black as crows and coal, and in complexion and features differed little from Indians, except that their faces bore long scars produced by burning (?a kind of tattooing, like that of the Gypsy women in 1427 at Paris on p. xii.). On conversion to Mohammedanism these Danubians were worse to the Christians than the Saracens. Were these Danubians, or some at least of them, Gypsies, prisoners of war, from the Danubian territories? and did some of them buy back their freedom and return to Europe? If so, perhaps one has here an explanation of the hitherto unexplained names 'Egyptian,' 'Gypsy,' 'Gitano,' etc., and of the story told by the western immigrants of 1417-34 of renegacy from the Christian faith.

[←5]

E. A. Sophocles in the Introduction to his *Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods* (Boston, U.S., 1870, p. 32) regards Mazaris as probably an imaginary character of an anonymous writer of the *fourteenth* century, according to whom ‘Peloponnesus was at that time inhabited by a mongrel population, the principal elements being Lacedæmonians, Italians, Peloponnesians, Slays, Illyrians, Egyptians (Αἰγύπτιοι), and Jews.’

[←6]

Of the Gypsies of Cyprus, as indeed those of Crete, Modern Greece, Lesbos, etc., we know practically *nil*. A writer in the *Saturday Review* for 12th January 1878, p. 52, quoted, without giving date or source, these words of a Cretan poet:--'Franks and Saracens, Corsairs and Germans, Turks and Atzingani, they have tried them all, and cannot say who were better, who worse.'

[←7]

According to Captain Newbold, the Gypsies of Syria and Palestine ‘vend charms, philtres, poisons, and drugs of vaunted efficacy’; in 1590 Katherene Roiss, Lady Fowlis, was ‘accusit for sending to the Egyptianis, to haif knawledge of thame how to poysoun the young Laird of Fowlis and the young Lady Balnagoune.’

[←8]

It is just worth noting that St. Columbanus (543-615) was accustomed to celebrate the Eucharist in vessels of bronze (*aeris*), alleging as a reason for so doing that Our Lord was affixed to the cross by brazen nails.--Smith's *Dict. Christ. Antiqs.*, s.v. CHALICE.

[←9]

Cf. supra, p. xi., line 13.

[←10]

Information supplied by M. Omont of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and by Prof, von Dobschütz of Jena, shows that the *komodromos* passage is to be found in neither of these two mss. It has still to be sought for, then.

[←11]

In his *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der deutschen Zigeuner* (Halle, 1894) pp. 5-6), Herr Richard Pischel maintains, as it seems to me, successfully, that the ‘Bemische p. xxxiilute’ (*Boehmische Leute*) at Würzburg between 1372 and 1400 were real Bohemians and not Gypsies.

[←12]

No Greek loan-word has more interest for us than *paramísi* or *paramísa*, a story (Mod. Gk. παραμύθι). It occurs in the dialects of the Roumanian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, German, and English Gypsies. I heard it myself first in 1872 near Oxford, from old Lolli Buckland, in the curious sense of stars:--'As you kístas kérri ke-râti, réia, túi'll dik the *paramíshis* vellin' avri adré the leeline' (As you ride home this evening, sir, you'll see the stars coming out in the darkness). How she came to apply the word thus, I cannot say, perhaps from the mere jingle of stars and stories, perhaps from the notion of the stars foretelling the future. Again, in 1879, from one of the Boswells, I heard the verb*páramis*, 'to talk scandal, tell tales.' And lastly, Mr. Sampson got *paramissa* in its proper sense of 'story' from the old tinker Philip Murray, who, though no Gypsy himself, had an unrivalled knowledge of Gypsydom and Rómani (*Gyp. Lore Jour.*, iii. 97).

[←13]

In *Chronicles of a Virgin Fortress* (1896), Mr. W. V. Herbert gives an extraordinary story of one of the Stanleys, who, forced to fly Hampshire for some offence, found his way to Bulgaria, and as ‘Istanli’ became a Gypsy chieftain and public executioner of Widdin about 1874. Tom Taylor’s returned ‘lag’ of p. xvii recurs also to memory, and John Lee, the Gypsy recruit of ‘John Company,’ from whom on the outward voyage in 1805 Lieut. Francis Irvine of the Bengal Native Infantry took down a Rómani vocabulary of 138 words (*Trans. Lit. Soc.* Bombay, 1819).

[←14]

In 1894 there was a small band of Bosnian Gypsies at St. Jean de Luz on their way to Spain. They were evidently well-off.

[←15]

The tented Gypsies in Calabria in May 1777, described in Henry Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies* (2nd ed. ii. 168-172), were almost certainly p. xli not Italian Gypsies, but Caldarari. Borrow speaks of the foreign excursions of the Hungarian Gypsies, which frequently endure for three or four years, and extend to France, even to Rome (*The Zincali*, 1841, i. 13); and Adriano Colocci tells in *Gli Zingari* (Turin, 1889), p. 181, how in the Apennines of Fossato he encountered Hungarian Gypsies who seemed quite at home there, as also how at Kadi Köi in Asia Minor he had discourse with a band of Neapolitan Gypsies.

[←16]

Against this statement I must set what was quite a typical remark of an English Gypsy, a Boswell:--'That's a thing, sir, I should be disdainful of, to be *júvalo*' (verminous).

[←17]

Query, Solomon Jones? Jones I know for a real Gypsy surname.

[←18]

I take some little pride in having myself been a means of preserving two of our best--I had almost said, our only two really good--English folk-tales. These are ‘Cap o’ Rushes’ and ‘Tom Tit Tot,’ which were told by an old Suffolk servant to Miss Lois Fison when a child, and which she communicated to Nos. 23 and 43 of a series of ‘Suffolk Notes and Queries,’ edited by me for the Ipswich journal in 1876-77. Thence my friend, Mr. Clodd, unearthed them a dozen years afterwards; and on the latter he has just issued a masterly monograph.

[←19]

The London tinker's story, however, seems more closely to resemble 'The Claricaune' in Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (ed. by Thos. Wright, N.D. pp. 98-112).

[←20]

Since writing this, I have learned, through the kindness of Mr. Rufus B. Richardson of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, that ‘nothing remains of Paspati’s collections except a few notes, which will be brought out in a new edition of his works.’

[←21]

Cf. the Indian story of ‘Prince Lionheart and his Three Friends’ (F. A. Steel’s *Wide-awake Stories*, p. 59):--’In front of the horse lies a heap of bones, and in front of the dog a heap of grass,’ etc.

[←22]

The notes of that story are unfortunately lost, but it is a version of Grimm's No. 36, 'The Wishing-table, the Gold-ass, and the Cudgel in the Sack,' Basile's first tale in the*Pentamerone* (1637), etc. No European folk-tale is more widely spread than this in India, where we find 'The Story of Foolish Sachuli' (Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy-tales*, p. 27), 'The Indigent Brahman' (Rev. Lal Behari Day's *Folk-tales of Bengal*, p. 53), and 'The Jackal, the Barber, and the Brahman' (Mary Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, p. 174). A fragment of the story comes into our Slovak-Gypsy one of The Old Soldier' (No. 60).

[←23]

See for this Celtic secret jargon the article ‘Shelta,’ by Mr. J. Sampson, in vol. ix. of Chambers’s *Encyclopædia* (1892), p. 389.

[←24]

So I had written when I learned, through the kindness of Lord Archibald Campbell, that John MacDonald the younger, known variously as ‘John Fyne,’ ‘Long John,’ and ‘Baboon,’ got a cottage on the Argyll estate, but was never either a keeper or an under-keeper in the Duke’s employ. He was, however, a keeper for a short while on the neighbouring estate of Ardkinlas. ‘Long John,’ writes Lord Archibald, ‘as far as I know, had no Rómani. His daughters still tramp the country.’ I may add here that Mr. Arthur Morgan, of the Crofters’ Commission, who knows the Highlands as few, is strongly of opinion that the tinkers are not Celts: ‘the Highlanders never regard them as such.’ This though they speak Gaelic, but much intermixed with odd words.

[←25]

Kounavine apart, we have but one hint of story-telling by Gypsies in Asia. In *Blackwood's* for March 1891, pp. 388-9, the late Mr. Theodore Bent had an article on an archæological tour in 'Cilicia Aspera,' a district lying on the southern slopes of the Taurus Mountains, in which was this passage: 'Periodically a travelling tinker comes among them [the mountain tribes], the great newsmonger of the mountain. He chooses a central spot to pitch his tent, and the most wonderful collection of decrepit copper utensils is soon brought from the neighbouring tents and piled around. He usually brings with him a young assistant to look after the mule and blow the bellows; and with nitre heated at his fire he mends the damaged articles, gossiping the while, and filling the minds of the simple Yourouks who stand around with wonderful tales, not always within the bounds of veracity. When his work is done, he removes to another central point, and after he has amassed as many fees as his mule can carry, for they usually pay in cheese and butter, he returns to his town, and realises a handsome profit.' I have not seen a small work on the Yourouks by M. Tsakyroglou (Athens, 1891), giving their popular songs, etc.

[←26]

Not unique; occurs also in Wratislaw's Bohemian story, No. 2, p. 21. But I let the lines stand for a warning against the vanity of dogmatising.

[←27]

According to the Archduke Josef's great *Czigány Nyelvatan* (1888), p. 342, chronological reasons force us to the conclusion that Solario was not a Gypsy. He came by the name of Zingaro as being the son of a travelling smith (farrier), and as having himself first engaged in that calling. . . . Since the Gypsies only made their appearance in Italy in 1422, it is clear that Solario could not be of Gypsy parentage.' If it could be proved that Italy in 1382 had its travelling smiths, called Zingari, it would be clear that then there were Italian Gypsies. A similar instance of arguing from a foregone conclusion occurs in the remark of a German lexicographer of 1749, that, 'the common people gave the name*Zihegan* to land-tramps before Gypsies ever were heard of.' The said Zihegan could not of course be Gypsies, because Gypsies were then non-existent.

[←28]

Some one will be sure to point out, if I do not, that most or all of these incidents occur also in non-Gypsy European folk-tales, and that therefore they are not peculiar to the Gypsies. Precisely: that is a possible confirmation of my theory.

[←29]

To which add the slang *pal*, a comrade, from the Rómani, *pral*, brother.

[←30]

I have discussed the subject-matter of the last two pages more fully in my paper, ‘The Influence of the Gypsies on the Superstitions of the English Folk’ (*Trans. Internat. Folklore Congress*, 1891, pp. 292-308).

[←31]

That, however, is a vulgar error; the Gypsies are one of the purest races in Europe.

[←32]

I have sometimes wondered, what if a folklorist, making a little tour in Wales, in a Welsh inn-garden had come on a venerable Welsh harper, playing ancient Welsh airs, and speaking Welsh more fluently than English? He would have drawn him, of course, for folk-tales, and to! a perfect mine of them--long, unpublished stories, all about magic snuff-boxes and magic balls of yarn, the kings of the mice and the frogs and the fowls of the air, griffins of the greenwood, p. lxxvi golden apples and golden castles, sleeping princesses, and all the rest of it. ‘Eureka!’ that folklorist would have shouted, and straightway meditated a new Welsh *Mabinogion*. Welsh--Celtic--not at all necessarily; his old Welsh bard might have been just John Roberts the Gypsy.

[←33]

It is a great pity Mr. Curtin has not specified when, where, and from whom he got his stories; all we are told is that they were collected by him ‘personally in the West of Ireland, in Kerry, Galway, and Donegal, during the year 1887.’ It is almost incomprehensible that he never alludes once to Campbell’s collection.

[←34]

These two birds, which recur also in Norse, Swedish, and German versions of the story (*Orient and Occ*. ii. 108-9), at once recall the parrot and the *mainá* in ‘The Bél-Princess’ (Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 149-150) whose discourse revives the prince’s recollections. See also p. 412 of Mrs. Steel’s *Wide-awake Stories*.

[←35]

For an excursus, of true German erudition, on Gypsies and hedgehogs, see R. Pischel's *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der deutschen Zigeuner* (Halle, 1894, pp. 26-30). He shows that hedgehogs are a Gypsy delicacy from Wales to Odessa, and that the Gypsies probably brought the taste from the foothills of the Himalayas, where hedgehogs are plentiful.

[←36]

‘Γυφτικά’ says Hahn in a footnote. ‘The sedentary Gypsies as a rule are smiths, therefore *Gypsy* and Lock*smith* are synonymous in the towns,’

[←37]

Only four years ago Mr. Joseph Jacobs wrote: ‘It is at any rate clear, that the only considerable addition to our folklore knowledge in these isles must come from the Gaelic area.’ And since then a folklorist has expressed himself in the *Athenæum* as ‘pretty certain that as to complete stories of any length there are none such to be found in Wales at the present day.’

[←38]

Lit. ‘the lad there became dry’; but that is how an English Gypsy would put it.

[←39]

Kláka. ‘Claca,’ says Grenville Murray, ‘signifies a species of assembly very popular in Wallachia. If any family has some particular work to do on any particular account, they invite the neighbourhood to come and work for them. When the work is completed there is high glee, singing and dancing, and story-telling.’--*Doine; or, Songs and Legends of Roumania* (Lond. 1854), p. 109 n.

[←40]

In Wlislocki, p. 104 *note*, the devil has a duck's foot. In F. A. Steel's *Indian Wide-awake Stories*, p. 54, the hero detects a ghost by her feet being set on hind part before.

[←41]

On p. 110 Dr. Barbu Constantinescu gives a long and terrific formula for bewitching with the evil eye.

[←42]

The notion of a dead girl turning into a flower is very common in Indian folk-tales. *Cf*. Maive Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 145, 149, 244, 247, 248, 252, etc.; and Mary Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, No. 6, 'Little Surya Bai,' pp. 79-93.

[←43]

Dá pes pe sherésti, lit. gave, or threw, herself on her head. In Gypsy stories this undignified proceeding almost invariably precedes every transformation. *Cf*. p. 17'The Red King and the Witch,' 'The Snake who became the King's Son-in-law,' 'Tropsyn,' etc.

[←44]

For golden boy *cf*. Dr. Barbu Constantinescu's own ' The Golden Children,' No. 18, also Hahn, ii. 293. The two apples seem to be birth-marks.

[←45]

For the bursting of monsters, *cf*. Dasent's *Tales from the Norse*, pp. 27, 240; and Ralston, p. 130.

[←46]

Our queen’s great-great-great-grandfather, George I., was a firm believer in the vampire superstition (Horace Walpole’s *Letters*, vol. i. p. cix.).

[←47]

Cf. Grimm, No. 56, ‘Sweetheart Roland,’ i. 226.

[←48]

i.e. Pretend to be ill. English Gypsies employ the same phrase alike in Rómani and in English.

[←49]
Lit. ‘put himself.’

[←50]

See note on No. 6, ‘God’s Godson.’

[←51]

Baldpate makes the same remark in No. 2, p. 8, but the conventional answer is wanting there.

[←52]

So I had written; but I have since read Maive Stokes' story of 'The Demon conquered by the King's Son' (*Indian Fairy Tales*, No. 24, pp. 173 and 288). Here it is the demon*step*-mother, who, pretending her eyes are bad, sends the hero to fetch tigress's milk, an eagle's feather, night-growing rice and water from the Glittering Well. He speaks, however, of her as his 'mother.' *e.g.* on p. 180. Compare 'The Son of Seven Mothers' in F. A. Steel's *Indian Wide-awake Stories*, pp. 98-110, and Knowles' *Folk-tales of Kashmir*, pp. 1 and 42.

[←53]

There is obviously an omission, at this point, of a wager or something of that sort.

[←54]

See note on No. 46.

[←55]

See footnote 2 on p. 16.

[←56]

Clearly Mr. Mayhew was no folklorist. The boy's claim to have invented the story is worth noting.

[←57]

The Roumanian-Gypsy word is *Baht*, which in one form or another (*bakht*, *bahi*, *bok*, *bachí*, etc.) occurs in every Gypsy dialect--Turkish, Russian, Scandinavian, German, English, Spanish, etc., and which Pott derives from the Sanskrit (ii. 398-9). But the curious point is that in Dozon's *Contes Albanais* (1881), p. 60, we get 'Va trouver ma Fortune,' and a footnote explains, 'Fortune, en turc bakht, espèce de génie protecteur.' Paspati, again, in his Turkish-Gypsy vocabulary (1870), p. 155, gives--'*Bakht*, n. f. fortune, sort, hasard. . . . Les Grecs et les Turcs se servent très souvent du même mot'; and Miklosich, too, cites the Modern Greek μπάκτι (*Ueber die Mundarten*, vii. 14). The occurrence of this Gypsy word as a loan-word in Modern Greek and Turkish is suggestive of a profound influence of the Gypsies on the folklore of the Balkan Peninsula. *Bakht*, fortune, is also good Persian.

[←58]

This is a little puzzling, but it must mean that all the speeches seemingly by the princess were really made by the watchmaker--that he maintained the dialogue.

[←59]
Lit. Greek.

[←60]

This is the first real remark on the part of the princess, who, woman-like, cannot stand a stupid male remark about the price of a dress.

[←61]

This change from the third to the second person is in the original.

[←62]

What ‘pearly hay’ is I know not, but it stands so in the original.

[←63]

The last four words fairly beat me, but such seems their literal meaning. In the Roumanian rendering, ‘le-a facut doue mere.’

[←64]

See footnote 2 on p. 16.

[←65]

The meaning of these three words is obscure. According to Miklosich, they are a magic formula with which the boy summons the empress from her grave behind the door. Or, perhaps, at this point the boy shows his pearly teeth.

[←66]

Slov. Vah, Ger. Waag, a river of Northern Hungary.

[←67]

By rights this question should be put to the grand-parents.

[←68]

Zenele, a Roumanian loan-word, is rendered ‘zenæ’ in the Latin translation; ‘böse weibliche genien,’ ‘evil feminine spirits,’ in the vocabulary.

[←69]

She says much worse in the original.

[←70]

This phrase occurs also in our No. 24, in a Wallachian story cited by Hahn (ii. 312), and, if I mistake not, in Ralston, but I have mislaid the exact reference. The Rómani*trúshul*, cross, is from the Sanskrit *trisula*, the trident of Siva.

[←71]
Bowdlerised.

[←72]

Cf. the very curious ‘ Story of Lelha’ in Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales*, p. 80:--Boots, the youngest brother, presses his three brothers ‘to attempt the removal of the stone, so they and others to the number of fifty tried their strength, but the stone remained immovable. Then Lelha said, “Stand by, and allow me to try.” So putting to his hand, he easily removed it, and revealed the entrance to the mansion of the *Indarpuri Kurt*.’

[←73]

Cf. Hahn, i. 140, lines 4-7.

[←75]

Ruthenian mountaineers of the Carpathians.

[←76]

With this episode of the horse compare that of the pony in ‘Brave Seventee Bai’ (Mary Frere’s *Old Deccan Days*, No. 3, p. 30).

[←77]

That is, of course, the prince’s poor little blow had seemed to her like a caress.

[←78]

Cf. footnote 1 on p. 80.

[←79]

This, it seems, is the comrade’s name.

[←80]

A very Gypsy touch this, for the fiddlers of course would be Gypsies, so the meanness of dispensing with their services would appeal to the Gypsy mind.

[←81]

Observe, he had become a seer already.

[←82]

Lit. they raised him on the hands.

[←83]

See footnotes (1, 2) on p. 16.

[←84]

No use is made of these. Was the ship to be made of them?

[←85]

Hahn has the selfsame story up to this point, only not so well told, ‘Von dem Schönen and vom Drakos’ (No. 3, i. 75-79, and ii. 178-86).

[←86]

As a kind of block evidently. I do not remember this elsewhere.

[←87]

It should be remembered that Austro-Hungarian Gypsies have all to serve in the army.

[←88]

The text runs, ‘So he, the king’s son,’ etc., but this makes nonsense.

[←89]

This inquiry as to the secret of the hero’s strength should by rights be made, not by the emperor, but by a former lover.

[←90]

Cf. supra, pp. 28, 33, 35.

[←91]

Cf. supra, pp. 28, 33.

[←92]

This suggests that the cat and the princess really were one. *Cf.* footnote on No. 46.

[←93]

Cf. footnote 2, p. 16.

[←94]

Cf. note on the Polish-Gypsy story of ‘The Brigands and the Miller’s Daughter,’ No 47.

[←95]

Urme.

[←96]

He threw the hat in the direction of the light, so that when he had descended, and could no longer discern the light, he might know by the hat in which direction to find it. So in Grimm, No. 111 (ii. 103).

[←97]

The idea may be far-fetched (literally), but this passage has a very Oriental flavour. *Cf.* ‘ A Simple Thief’ in Campbell’s *Santal Folk-tales*, p. 126.--The thieves ‘went to a rich man’s house, and dug a hole through the wall. They then said, “You creep in.”‘

[←98]

The text for the next ten lines is very corrupt, like the narrative. I have Bowdlerised much, and omitted a good deal more.

[←99]

This is wrong; and from this point onward there is some confusion--the son, not the mother, seeming to become the narrator.

[←100]

Cf. Hahn, i. 186 and ii. 52.

[←101]

Now first mentioned. The whole story is confused.

[←102]

This answer presupposes the presence of at least three robbers.

[←103]

This method of killing the robbers is exactly the same as that followed by the youth in the Moravian-Gypsy story of ‘The Princess and the Forester’s Son’ (No. 43, p. 147).*Cf.* too, No. 8, ‘The Bad Mother,’ pp. 25, 30, where the lad kills eleven of twelve dragons, and Hahn, vol. ii. p. 279.

[←104]

For cutting three red stripes out of back, *cf*. ‘Osborn’s Pipe’ (Dasent’s *Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 3), which = the Welsh-Gypsy tale of ‘The Ten Rabbits’ (No. 64); also Dasent’s*Tales from the Norse*, ‘The Seven Foals,’ p. 380. Cutting three strips out of the hack occurs also in a Russian story epitomised by Ralston, p. 145; and cutting a strip of skin from head to foot in Campbell’s West Highland tale, No. 18 (*cf. supra*, p. 124), which Reinhold Köhler connects with the pound of flesh in the Merchant of Venice (*Orient and Occident*, 1864, pp. 313-316).

[←105]

Our story here has a curious resemblance with pp. 122-3 of ‘Le Trimmator ou l’Ogre aux Trois Yeux,’ a vampire story from Cyprus, in Legrand’s *Contes Grecs* 1881). Query: Was ‘Mr. Fox ‘ originally a vampire story?

[←106]

It is the general custom among pious people in Poland, on entering a house, or when meeting one another, to give the greeting, ‘Jesus Christ be praised.’ To which the response is, ‘From age to age.’

[←107]

Albanian folk-tales open with a similar formula (Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, 1881, p. 1).

[←108]

The Gypsy word, *rashani*, originally means ‘priestess.’

[←109]

Cf. Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 61, and iv. 283; and Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, 27, note.

[←110]

It should by rights be a drake; still, the swan is suggestive of ‘ swan-maidens.’ Nor does she strictly adhere to her self-prescribed rules of metamorphosis.

[←111]
Apparel.

[←112]

So in the Bukowina-Gypsy story of ‘The Mother’s Chastisement,’ No. 9, p. 29. *Cf.* Maive Stokes’s *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 245.

[←113]
God.

[←114]
Liege.

[←115]

Poverty= poor, possibly confused with *paltry*, is very common among English Gypsies.

[←116]

Cf. footnote 1, p. 212.

[←117]

Cf. Noah Young's name for elder, *mi-duvel's kandlo ruk* ('God's stinking tree'); some other Gypsies, including Isaac Herren, call it *wuzén*. Oliver Lee's name for ivy is*ckirikléskro ruk* ('bird's tree'), because it was the tree brought back by the dove into the ark, and this is the reason that birds are fond of clustering round it. Holly is *mi-duveléskro ruk* ('God's tree'; *cf*. Cornish *Aunt Mary's Tree*); and Gypsies pitching their tent against a holly-bush are under divine protection.--J. S.

[←118]

‘As cunning as a bushel o’ monkeys’ is a favourite figure of a Gypsy friend of mine.

[←119]

Cf. also Hahn, Nos. 22, 70, 98, and i. 308.

[←120]

Cf. footnote 1 on p. 118. John Roberts also was an old soldier.

[←121]

Much the same phrase recurs in ‘An Old King and his three Sons in England’ (No. 55), and in ‘Ashypelt’ (No. 57). *Cf.* also Goldsmith’s *Vicar of Wakefield*, chapter xiii.:--’They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers.’

[←122]

Cf. notes on ‘The Green Man of Noman’s Land,’ No. 62.

[←123]

Gypsies have different kinds of whistles, one peculiar to each family, by which they can recognise one another at a distance or in the dark.

[←124]

Dordi = ‘look-ye,’ a common Gypsy exclamation.

[←125]

Valentine and Oliver are both Welsh-Gipsy Christian names.

[←126]
See footnote 1 on p. 212.

[←127]

This point is lost, of course, in my English rendering of the Rómani portions of this story. In the original ms. the youngest brother uses the broken dialect put by John Roberts in the mouths of all English Gypsies, while the two others speak in the very deepest Rómani.

[←128]

The Jacobite engraver, Sir Robert Strange, thus tethered his horse on the eve of Culloden (Life, i. 59).

[←129]

Presumably the royal arms of England would he engraved on his watch, and his princely initials embroidered on his pocket-handkerchief.

[←130]

In another Welsh-Gypsy story, ‘Jack the Robber,’ summarised on pp. 48-9, the master says, ‘If you can’t do that, Jack, I’ll be behead you.’

[←131]

That story is of very wide and seemingly recent dispersion. It occurs in Norway (‘The Three Lemons,’ Dasent’s *Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 158); Sicily (‘Die Schöne mit den sieben Schleiern,’ Laura Gonzenbach, No. 13, i. 73, which offers striking analogies to ‘An Old King’ and ‘The Accursed Garden’); Zacynthus (‘Die drei Citronen.’ Bernhard Schmidt, No. 5, p. 71), etc.; also in India (‘The Bel Princess,’ Maive Stokes, No. 21, p. 138).

[←132]
See note 1 on p. 212.

[←133]

I am reminded of Poly Mace, the champion's cousin. He was camping at Golden Acre near Granton, and told me one Sunday that he knew a sea captain who had a familiar: would I care to see it? Of course I would; had he seen it? what was it like, then? 'well, it's a very curious kind of a little, wee, teeny dragon, that is, Mr. Groome; changes colour, it does, according to where you puts it.' I found Poly meant a chameleon.

[←134]

Montford Bridge, over the Severn, near Shrewsbury.

[←135]
Valiant.

[←136]

A corruption probably of ‘Welcome.’

[←137]

A passage in ‘ The King of Erin and the Queen of the Lonesome Island’ (Curtin’s *Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland*, p. 98) offers a curious parallel:--’They fought an awful battle that day from sunrise to sunset. They made soft places hard, and hard places soft; they made high places low, and low places high; they brought water out of the centre of hard grey rocks, and made dry rushes soft in the most distant parts of Erin till sunset.’

[←138]

Of course, £1 notes in Scotland.

[←139]

In the Welsh-Gypsy story Ashypelt gets no whisky, also no Bible.

[←140]
Haversack.

[←141]

Went home.

[←142]

This word,’ says Campbell, ‘I have never met before.’

[←143]

A sock, a brogue of untanned leather or skin, commonly worn with the hairy side outward; Lat. *cothurnus*, Welsh *cwaran*, French *cothurne*.--J. F. C.

[←144]

‘BOLG SEIDIDH, bag of blowing. The bellows used for melting copper in the mint at Tangier in 1841 consisted of two sheepskins worked by two men. The neck of the hide was fastened to the end of an iron tube, and the legs sewed up. The end of each bag opened with two flat sticks; and the workmen, by a skilful action of the hand, filled the bag with air as they raised it, and then squeezed it out by pressing downwards. By working the two bags turn-about, a constant steady blast was kept on a crucible in the furnace, and the copper was soon melted. The Gaelic word clearly points to the use of some such apparatus. I believe something of the kind is used in India; but I saw the Tangier mint at work.’--J. F. C.

Were Mr. Campbell still living I would call his attention to ‘something of the kind’ much nearer home than India or Tangiers, viz. the Scottish-Gypsy method of smelting iron in a furnace of stone, turf, and clay, three feet in height and eighteen inches in diameter: ‘the materials in the furnace are powerfully heated by the blasts of a large hand-bellows, generally wrought by females, admitted at a small hole a little from the ground’ (Walter Simson’s *History of the Gipsies*, 1865, p. 234). In the *Gypsy Lore Journal* for January 1892, pp. 134.142, is an article by Henri van Elven on ‘The Gypsies of Belgium,’ with excellent illustrations of a Hungarian-Gypsy furnace and bellows, corresponding to Simson’s description. And there are also illustrations and minute descriptions of the Gypsy furnace and bellows in Kopernicki’s masterly monograph on ‘Les Zlotars ou Dzvonkars, Tsiganes fondeurs en bronze dans la Galicie Orientale et la Bukovine,’ communicated by Bataillard to the Société d’Anthropologie (Paris, 1878). From a footnote here on we learn that ‘the Calderari often use two of these bellows at once, making them work turn-about to right and to left, so as to produce a constant blast.’ One is tempted to conclude that the mint at Tangiers in 1841 was worked by Gypsies, that here we get an explanation of those mysterious visits of the Hungarian Calderari to Northern Africa, referred to in the Introduction. It sounds surprising, but Mr. Campbell, I doubt not, would have been quite as surprised to learn that the church bell of Edzell in Forfarshire was cast in the woods by Gypsies in 1726; that about 1740 the Border Gypsies practised engraving on pewter, lead, and copper, as well as rude drawing and painting; that about the beginning of this century the Gypsies had a small foundry near St. Andrews, which the country-folk called ‘Little Carron’; that Killin in 1748 had its tinker silversmith, whose secret of enamel inlaying died with him; or that the silver Celtic Lochbuy Brooch, a pound in weight, was made by a Mull tinker ‘ in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about the year 1500’ (*Strand Magazine*, January 1897, p. 115). I myself have sat and watched a Gypsy lad, a Boswell, fashion a pretty silver finger-ring out of a shilling I had given him, and have thought of the hoard of a travelling silver-smith which in 1858 was unearthed on Skaill Links in Orkney. It comprised brooches, neck-rings, arm-rings, silver ingots, and Cufic coins, struck at Bagdad between 887 and 945. ‘It seems most unlikely,’ says Mr. Lang, ‘that tales which originated in India could have reached the Hebrides within the historic period.’ Perhaps; but where coins could come, so surely also could folk-tales.--A desperate footnote this, but nothing to what has some day to be written on the subject of Gypsy metallurgy.

[←145]

Turvey, a parish near Elstow, was a Gypsy abode long after Bunyan's day; at it, in 1822-25, Legh Richmond buried two Gypsies--James Smith, and his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Robinson, both of the reputed age of 105. Robinson was a surname of descendants of Bunyan.

[←146]

There are those to whom the notion will seem monstrous that the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* should have been 'a gipsy!' I would remind such that at the present day there is Mr. George Smith, the Converted Gypsy, of the Potteries, who conducts missions in Edinburgh and other large cities. I have never heard him myself, but I am assured by a competent judge that he is a really eloquent preacher. Then there was William Mitchel (1672-1740), the Edinburgh 'Tinklarian Doctor,' author of a score of prophetical pamphlets. There was Thomas Wright, the tinker Berean of Barnsley, who baptized Ebenezer Elliott in 1781. And there was the founder of the American Shakers, 'Mother' Ann Lee (1736-86), a Manchester blacksmith's illiterate daughter, who married in 1762 the blacksmith Abraham Stanley. The conjunction of the surnames Lee and Stanley, of the smith's craft, and of the illiteracy, renders it almost certain in my mind that these were Gypsies.