

Saga-Book of the Viking Club.

VOL. III. PART I.

ADDITIONAL GIFTS TO LIBRARY.

THE following additional gifts have been made to the Library :—

GIVEN BY

THE PUBLISHERS.

“ Social and Imperial Life of Britain. Vol. i.—War and Empire.”
By Kenelm D. Cotes, M.A. (London: Grant Richards, 1900.)

BY EXCHANGE WITH THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

Seventeenth Annual Report, 1895-96. Part ii. Bureau of American
Ethnology.

THE AUTHOR.

“ A Poor Man’s University in Denmark.” By J. S. Thornton.

MR. J. FRASER.

Photograph of a Cup made of whalebone, discovered in an inter-
ment in Shetland, and supposed to be of Viking date.

SPECIAL GIFTS TO FUNDS.

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Saga-Book of the Viking Club.

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The Hon. Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice, Wellington, New Zealand	2	2	0
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PUBLICATIONS BY MEMBERS.

AMONG publications by members in the past year are:—

- “The Gosforth Cross,” illustrated article in the *Northern Counties Magazine* for August, 1901. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A.
- “The King Alfred Centenary Celebration,” an article in the *Literary Supplement* of the *Vossische Zeitung*. By Dr. Karl Blind.
- “Swedish Fairy Tales, Translated.” By H. L. Brækstad.

VIKING BIBLIOGRAPHY IN 1901.

[The Hon. Editor will be glad if Vikings generally will help to make the *Bibliography* as complete as possible by intimating to him the appearance of articles in local newspapers, magazines, etc., suitable for notice, or forwarding cuttings of the same. Communications should be sent to Park House, 21, Aubert Park, Highbury.]

THE following list of Danish archæological publications in 1900, contributed by Mr. Hans Kjær, is not pretended to be complete. It comprises most of the new learned works on archæology, from prehistoric times up to the early Middle Ages, and also some popular works of interest and foreign works referring to Denmark. Literature in modern Icelandic is not included. Prices approximately reduced from Danish money.

GENERAL.

- “Vor Historie. I., til Aar 1397.” By Joh. Ottosen. pp. 416, with illus. Copenhagen. (A careful, but fairly concise, popular representation of Denmark’s elder History, based on the latest historical research.) Price 2s.
- “Danmarks Sydgrænse og Herredømmet over Holsten ved den historiske Tids Begyndelse, 800-1100.” By Joh. Steenstrup. Copenhagen. (Denmark’s south border and lordship over Holsten at the beginning of historical time.) Price 2s. 3d.

- “Der Orient und Europa. Einfluss der orientalischen Kultur auf Europa bis zur Mitte der letzten Jahrtausend v. Chr.” By Osc. Montelius. Part i., 247 illus. Stockholm. (Influence of Oriental civilisation on Europe up to the middle of the century before Christ.)—“On the Earliest Communications between Italy and Scandinavia.” *Journ. of the Anthropol. Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, vol. xxx. London.

ICELAND.

- “Arkæologiske Undersøgelser paa Island, 1898”; *Geografisk Tidsskrift*, 1900. By D. Bruun. Price 1s. 1½d. (Cf. “Studier over Nordboernes Kulturliv,” ii., 2, *Geogr. Tidsskr.*, 1899.) Copenhagen.
- “Snorri Sturlison, Edda,” pub. by F. Jónsson. pp. 254. Price 5s.
- “Landnámabók i.-iii., Hauksbók, Sturlibók, Melabók,” etc., pub. by the Kgl. Nord. Oldskriftselskab. pp. 468. Price 6s. 8d.

STONE AGE.

- “Affaldsdynger fra Stenalderen i Danmark, undersøgte for Nationalmuseet.” By A. P. Madsen, Sophus Müller, Carl Neergaard, C. G. Johs. Petersen, E. Rostrup, K. S. V. Steenstrup and Herluf Winge. Pub. at the cost of the Carlsberg Fund. pp. 196, large 4to, with many phototype and copper-plate diagrams and illustrations in text. Copenhagen. Price 27s.
- “Gravhøje og Gravfund fra Stenalderen i Danmark. Bd. ii. Fyen og Jylland.” By A. P. Madsen. (Gravehaughs and grave-finds of the Stone Age in Denmark. Large and beautiful plates with brief text.) Price 20s.

BRONZE AGE.

- “Die Chronologie der aeltesten Bronzezeit in Nord-Deutschland und Skandinavien.” By Osc. Montelius. pp. 239, in 4to, 541 illus. Brunswick, 1900. (Reprint from *Archiv für Anthropologie*. A very interesting and important work.) Price 20s.
- “Inventar der Bronzealterfunde aus Schleswig Holstein.” By W. Splieth. Kiel, 1900. pp. 89, 230 illus. from pen sketches. (A very useful and systematically elaborated work by the prematurely deceased assistant at the Kiel Museum.) Price 5s.

IRON AGE.

All the following papers are to be found in the *Aarbøger for Nordisk Oldkyndighed*, 1900 (1 vol., price 4s. 6d.):—

- “Romerske Bronzekar med Fabrikmærke.” (Copies not on sale.)
 “Romerske Bronzestatuetter.” By Chr. Blinkenberg. (Three lately found Lares, Gallic God (Dispater), Jupiter with thunderbolt).
- “Et Museumsfund vedkommende Guldhornet fra 1639.” By P. Kóbke. (Ivory copy found in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg of one of the two celebrated gold horns stolen in

- 1802 from the Danish Royal Kunstkammer, and melted down. The horn bears a long array of figure presentments, which have hitherto not been satisfactorily explained. The new-found copy helps towards the understanding of some obscure details.)
- “Denarfundet fra Robbedale.” By C. Jørgensen. (Find of 255 Denarii of Vespasian, Julia Domna, etc., in Bornholm.)
- “Romerske Guldmedailloner [Constantius II., Valentinian I.].” By C. Jørgensen.
- “Nogle Vaaben fra den ældre Jernalder.” By Hans Kjær. (Sword, shield-boss, etc., from the pre-Roman and Roman time, as also from the times of the Folkwanderings, 400 B.C. to 500 A.D.)
- “Fund af Smedeværktøj i Grave fra Folkvandringstid.” By Hans Kjær. (Find of smith’s tools in graves of the times of the Folkwanderings.)
- “Bronzebælter fra fórromersk Tid”; “En fremmed Halsring af Guld fra fórromersk Tid”; “Et Bornholmsk Lerkar af klassisk Form”; “Et Fund fra den fórromerske og den romerske Tid” (A Bronze pail and a “La Têne” sword); “Jydske Lerkar med klassiske Enkeltheder”; “Fremmede Lerkar fra romersk Tid”; “Dyrekogler fra Ligbaalet” (see p. 30); “Astragal, Naalegemme, Ornamentstempel fra den romerske Tid”; “En Stóbeform til Thorshamre” (stoop-form of Thor’s hammer); “Drikkehornsbeslag fra Oldtidens Slutning”; “Oldtidens Plov” (see page 31; ancient plough); “Vognaag til Trækdyr” (wagon-yoke for draught beast); “Bidselstænger af Hjortetak”; “Halvkresvolden ved Danevirke” (see page 32); all by Sophus Müller (Finds of various gold and other metal objects belonging to pre-Roman, Roman, and later times.)
- “Vævede Stoffer fra Jernalderen.” By Th. Thomsen. (Woven stuffs from the Iron Age.)

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

- “Notice sur les Fouilles faites pour le Musée National de Copenhague pendant les années 1893-96”; trans. by E. Beauvois. *Mém. des Antiquaires du Nord*, 1899, pp. 229-96 (Publ. 1900). By Sophus Müller. (See page 30). 1s. 1½d.
- “Om Nordboernes Skibe i Vikinge og Saga-Tiden”: Appendix to a translation of Olaf Trygvason’s Saga. By V. Gudmundsson. (Norse ships in Viking and Saga times.) 3d.
- “Myntforhold og Udmyntninger i Danmark indtil 1176.” With résumé in French: “Histoire monétaire de Danemark jusqu’en 1176.” 13 plates, pp. 264, 4to. (See page 27.) 14s.
- “Nordisk Sprog og Nordisk Nationalitet i Irland,” by Alexander Bugge, in the *Aarbøger for Nordisk Oldkyndighed*, 1900. (Norse speech and nationality in Ireland.)

Contributed by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M.A. :—

- “Fornsöguthættir,” iv. Readings in the Sagas, including the stories of Thórólf Haltfoot and Arnkel the Godi, Thórgunna at Fródá, Unn the Deeply-wealthy, Höskuld, Olaf Peacock, Kjartan and Gudrún; with notes; edited by Pálmi Pálsson and Thórhallur Bjarnarson. 240 pages, unbound, 1 kr. (1s. 1½d.). Reykjavík: the Ísaföldarprentsmidja: 1901.

“ Mythologie figurée de l'Edda,” including a review of “ Early Sculptured Crosses in the Diocese of Carlisle,” by M. Louis Duval, in the *Journal des Savants*, September, 1901, pp. 575-590.

Contributed by Mr. T. Sheppard, F.G.S. :—

“ The Ancient Model of Boat and Warrior Crew from Roos Carrs near Withernsea.” By T. Sheppard, F.G.S. (Illustrated.) Hull Museum Publication, No. 4. (Images of Norse gods found in Yorkshire.)

Contributed by Mr. A. Moffat :—

“ The Vikings in Wales,” editorial article in the *Cambrian* for January, 1901.

“ The Norse Element in Celtic Myth ” and “ Slebech Commandery,” articles by Mr. J. Rogers Rees in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*.

Generally contributed :—

“ The Norsemen in the History of Exploration,” a chapter in “ The Dawn of Modern Geography,” by Mr. C. R. Beazley. (John Murray).

“ Something about Shetland,” by F. E. Norris, an article in *The Captain* for March, 1902. (Newnes.)

* * * The Council of the Viking Club do not hold themselves responsible for statements or opinions appearing in the SAGA-BOOK, authors of memoirs or communications being alone answerable for the same.

REPORTS OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE
MEETINGS OF THE CLUB.

NINTH SESSION, 1901.

AL-THING, MARCH 8TH, 1901.

The Rev. A. SANDISON (Jarla-man) in the Chair.

Mr. I. Gollancz, M.A., read a paper on "Hamlet, the Viking."

A brief discussion followed, in which Messrs. A. F. Major, E. M. Warburg, Pastor A. V. Storm, the Chairman and the lecturer took part.

AL-THING, MARCH 22ND, 1901.

Mr. G. M. ATKINSON (Jarla-man) in the Chair.

Mr. A. G. Moffat, M.A., District Secretary for Glamorgan-shire, read a paper on "Palnatoki and Wales." Both the paper and discussion are held over to a future issue.

GREAT AL-THING, APRIL 26TH, 1901.

Mr. G. M. ATKINSON (Jarla-man) in the Chair.

The Great Al-thing was held at the King's Weigh House, on Friday, April 26th, 1901, at 8 p.m. The Law-Thing Saga, or Annual Report of the Council, and the Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year 1900, were laid before the meeting and unanimously adopted, and Umboths-Vikings, or Officers of the Club, for the ensuing year were elected.

The Rev. A. Sandison, Jarla-man, then read a paper on "Recent Contributions to Shetland Folklore."

The lecturer in his paper showed how the name of Loki had lived on in the form "lucky," in the popular names "Loki's oo," lucky wool, "Loki's lines," lucky lines, and he quoted as parallels the saying in Jutland that Loki was sowing his oats and the name "Loki's flame" given in Iceland to snow. He believed the schoolmaster, especially the Scotch schoolmaster, imported from the neighbouring country, was the great enemy and destroyer of folklore in the islands. The ancient inhabitants of the islands, prior to the coming of the Norsemen, were called Finns and Pachts, and to them were attributed the stone dykes constantly seen in the islands, and the crag seats as they were called, which were flat platforms among the cliffs, approached by apparently artificial paths, and generally marked with one or more cup-hollows and the buildings known as brochs. The crag-seats were supposed to have been used for fishing. A great battle was supposed to have been fought between the Picts and the Norse invaders at a spot called the Blue Mull, and there was an earthwork known as the Virkie in the immediate neighbourhood. The weems, or underground dwellings, were also attributed to this race. The fairies of Shetland were known as the "trows," and legends of their stealing milk, needing the help of human midwives, changing children, etc., were common here as elsewhere. The belief in changelings had had a distinctly good effect in securing good treatment for weak or sickly children, for the belief was that as you treated the changeling so would your child be treated by the trows. It was possible that the belief in trows had a historical origin in the survival of the conquered race in concealment in unfrequented parts of the islands. Shetland music had a marked individuality, and there were certain tunes which were said to have been learned from the trows. Traces of a belief in Thor might be found in the name Turness, originally Torness, and in the stories of the Njogle, an uncanny beast in the shape of a horse,

which was said to appear to belated wanderers, and which might be a survival of the belief in the horse ridden by the God. The folklore of the sea was, of course, very extensive, and perhaps the most striking belief was that there was a certain motion of the waters, known as the "mother-die," by which fishermen could find their way to land with nothing else to guide them. There was undoubtedly much water-lore that had been lost, killed by the use of the mariner's compass. In the same way the inventions of science had destroyed other natural knowledge, such as the power of telling the time of day from the face of the country by the sun, which had once probably been general. So also there was undoubtedly some value in the old folk-medicine, but a knowledge of how to apply it had been killed by the doctors. Implements in use till quite recently were stone sinkers for fishing lines, pudding stones, stone spindle whorls, and knocking stones. Stone axes, however, though common in the islands, were popularly known as thunderbolts, and were never attributed to man.

In the discussion which followed, the Rev. John Spence thanked the lecturer for one of the finest lectures on Shetland he had heard. He said that he had himself fished from the crags, and also at the "haaff" or deep-sea fishing. He had seen the cup markings on the crag seats mentioned by Mr. Sandison, and had seen them used to keep bait in. He had himself been chased by the Njogle, or big horse. Passing a kliptur said to be haunted by trows, fairies, and the like, late one dark night, he heard the footsteps of a horse pursuing him. He fled before it to his own door, but found at last it was only a Shetland pony that wanted his company.

Col. Bertie Hobart asked for further information about the lost sea-knowledge mentioned by the chairman. Was there any evidence that it was possessed by the ancient Vikings, who seemed to have had some means of finding their way at sea? Also how far from land did its use extend?

Mr. W. F. Kirby mentioned stories of the walls of churches while building being destroyed at night, the destruction being attributed to the devil, or to evil spirits. The story of the appearance of a goblin-horse resembled Irish stories of the spirit called the Phooka.

Mr. A. F. Major considered the most valuable portion of the paper, as regarded the Society, was the evidence from the folk-names given by Mr. Sandison of the ancient worship of the old Gods of the North in Shetland. There was no distinct evidence of the existence among the Vikings of a water-lore such as that referred to in the paper. Undoubtedly the ancient seafarers had some means of finding their way at sea that we did not realise, but the Sagas only showed us that they kept a careful record of sea and landmarks, in order to identify the islands and harbours they wished to visit, and instances occurred of their finding their way by means of the sea-marks that had been described to them to countries and ports which they had never visited before.

Mr. J. S. Ross protested against the attack on Shetland schoolmasters. After all, there was something to be said for them, even if the process of education did result in the gradual disappearance of folklore. Folklore was not the be-all and end-all of life, and could not be allowed to stand in the way of the spread of knowledge. He felt strongly on the subject, for his grandfather and father had been Shetland schoolmasters, and while he cordially appreciated the lecture, he felt bound to try and justify the down-trodden class to which they belonged.

The Chairman agreed with the lecturer that schoolmasters were responsible for the destruction of many valuable beliefs and traditions. No schoolmaster would have preserved the Loki traditions recorded by Mr. Sandison. As bearing on the use of such cup markings as were found in the crag seats, he mentioned that when the cup-holes in Ireland are found filled with water, as frequently happens, the water from them is regarded as a cure for many diseases.

The Rev. A. Sandison thanked the meeting for their appreciation of his paper, and thanked Mr. Ross for his remarks. He could assure him that his name, and the memory of his grandfather and father, were held in reverence by all true Shetlanders. It was not to such men that his words applied. It was the half-educated man serving as a schoolmaster who had been the bane of folklore. Shetlanders would have been far happier if they had been left to their ancient traditions, and if their old land had not been treated as a mere scrap of Scotland, to be reduced to the approved Scotch pattern of religion and culture. In answer to Colonel Hobart's question as to the distance from land at which the "mother-die" could be observed, he had questioned old seamen about it, and it would seem that a knowledge of the nearness of land, from noticing the particular motion of the waters to which they applied this term, extended to some forty miles from the shore.

At the close of the proceedings, Mr. A. F. Major moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon on the completion of his term of office as President, which was supported by the Rev. A. Sandison and Mr. G. M. Atkinson and unanimously adopted.

THE GREAT AL-THING DINNER.

The Great Al-thing Dinner was held on Monday, April 29th, 1901, at 7.30 p.m., at the Florence Hotel, Rupert Street, W., when the following were present:—Mr. G. M. Atkinson (Jarl) in the Chair; Mr. W. F. Kirby (Jarla-man) in the Vice-chair; Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. Prior, Pastor Storm (Jarla-man) and Mrs. Storm, Mr. E. M. Warburg (Jarla-man) and Mrs. Warburg, Miss Warburg, Rev. A. Sandison (Jarla-man) and Mrs. Sandison, Colonel Hobart, Mr. F. T. Norris, Mrs. M. Munro, Mr. T. Stevens, Mr. A. W. Johnston (Law-man), Miss A. Leslie, Mr. W. L. DuBoulay, Miss Rose Joyner, Mr. Handley-Davies, Miss Higford and

friend, Mr. A. K. Goddard, Mrs. Ridley, Mr. Albany F. Major, Mr. J. S. Ross, Mr. Meurig James, Mr. Jerrold and Mrs. Jerrold, and Mr. R. L. Bremner. An excellent musical entertainment followed, contributed by Messrs. Handley-Davies and Meurig James and Miss Rose Joyner.

AL-THING, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1901.

Mr. G. M. ATKINSON (Jarl) in the Chair.

Mr. J. S. Thornton read a paper on "Wanderings in Denmark," illustrated by lantern-slides, which dealt largely with the modern Danish machinery of education.

Mr. Fox Bourne thanked the lecturer for his paper, which had interested him much, as he had visited Denmark and also knew Pastor Storm. The latter had told him how the Danes, after their disastrous war with Prussia and Austria, said to themselves, "Now that we have lost half our country, we must make the remaining half as good as the whole." This saying had actually been realised in the last forty years. In an astonishing way the Danish yeomen, without losing in any way their individual independence, yet adapted themselves to socialistic conditions. The advantages which the State found itself able to give in the way of free travelling, etc., amazed him. The Danes, in fact, seemed to have solved the problem of how to use a State organisation without allowing it to override individualism.

The President tendered the thanks of the company to Mr. Thornton for his excellent lecture, and the admirable slides with which it was illustrated. He adverted to his own recollections of Roeskilde and other places in Denmark, and said he would much like to see the Danish system of education and co-operative enterprise carried out in England, and still more in Ireland.

The lecturer, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, wished to point out that the Danish Government, as a condition of granting aid, secured a rigid audit of accounts

and an inspection of schools. No hard and fast lines were laid down for the schools, but by the result of their work they were judged. Such a system as had grown up in Denmark could not be set going by any Government, or be produced under a rule of red tape. The main point on which he wished to lay stress was the close connection between the co-operative dairies and the High Schools. Although they were independent of each other, the former were undoubtedly the outcome of the training of the intelligence of the people in these remarkable schools.

JOINT MEETING WITH THE FOLKLORE
SOCIETY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1901.

Mr. G. M. ATKINSON (President of the Viking Club) in the Chair,
by request of Mr. E. W. BRABROOK, C.B., F.S.A.,
President of the Folklore Society.

Mr. Clarence A. Seyler read a paper on "The Myth of Beowulf," which, he contended, was an agricultural myth, based on spring and harvest customs, *Sceaf* meaning "sheaf," *Beowa* "barley-corn," and *Grendel* "grinder" or "miller." He cited several ancient and modern rustic prototypes and folktale parallels of the Perseus type in corroboration of his view.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. A. F. Major, Mr. G. M. Atkinson and others took part.

AL-THING, DECEMBER 13TH, 1901.

Colonel HOBART (Jarla-man) in the Chair.

Mr. G. M. Atkinson, Jarl, gave his inaugural address on "Art in the Viking Time," which, together with the discussion, is reserved for reproduction in a future issue.

REPORTS OF HERATH-UMBOTHSMEN.

(DISTRICT SECRETARIES.)

THE District Secretary for the Lake Counties (Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M.A.) writes :—

EXCAVATIONS AT GOSFORTH.

IN the spring of 1901 I had occasion to spend some time at Gosforth, Cumberland, assisting in the excavation of a site locally supposed to be that of a church earlier than the present Norman church, famous for its cross with Edda sculptures. It was fancied by some that this cross and other Viking Age fragments had been moved from the one place to the other—a very unlikely supposition, considering the contempt with which Norman builders treated pre-Norman remains; but we proved that the mound at Chapel Brow contained a later holy-well chapel, and though we did not discover a Viking Age church, the parish clerk, Mr. John Watson, showed me a place near by called the

DANISH CAMP,

which is worth mention. It is in a long, narrow field, the Camp-field, on Bleng-fell, about 420 feet above the sea, and a little more than half a mile due north of Gosforth Church. There is the foundation of a building $28\frac{1}{2}$ by 16 feet, external measurement, with walls three feet thick, and a doorway on the south-west side (one of the longer sides), and a spur of wall, two feet in length, standing out at the south corner, as if part of a lean-to shed. From this ruin runs, in a north-westerly direction, a *lá* or hollow way, past some obscure remains of building, to the old dyke between Bigg-croft, the field to the west of these remains, and Bleng-fell common, where this path turns to the west and loses itself.

RUINS OF THE VIKING TIME.

The remains are evidently those of an ancient homestead, not a military camp, and the site and traditional name (to which, however, not much importance ought to be attached) suggest that the place was a very early dwelling, possibly that of a settler in Scandinavian times. There are many of these sites in Cumberland and Westmorland, rather high on the hills, not prehistoric, but so old as to have been classed by antiquaries with prehistoric earthworks. Some of them should be compared with Icelandic "Ruins of the Saga-Time," as shown by Herra Thorsteinn Erlingsson, and it is to be hoped that some may be properly explored; but there is no great likelihood that they will yield such interesting finds as do Roman camps and Bronze Age graves. These old homesteads have usually been stripped of everything before they were finally abandoned.

THE "GRASSONS" RUINS.

Two miles due east of Bootle Church (South Cumberland), on a spur of hill called Great Grassons (Grassholms), about 600 feet above sea, are three ancient enclosures, of turf wall and ditch, adjoining one another. In the corner of the uppermost garth is the foundation of a house, 78 by 26 feet 4 inches, external measurement, with walls four feet thick, a door to the south-west, and indications of partitions to form chambers; at the south end is an outhouse, 39 feet 6 inches by 24 feet, with one corner splayed off, and the walls less substantial than those of the larger building: from its door a hollow path leads down towards Crookley or Crookra-beck. On a side of the middle garth is a similar foundation, with a larger outhouse. These are not modern farmhouses, and I have been unable to collect any information about them. A charter of the late twelfth or early thirteenth century mentions Croch-beege and the forest, in which common of pasture, with shields for cattle, was given by one of the Boyvilles of Millom to his daughter; but the identification of Croch-beege with

Crookra-beck is doubtful. All this upland was forest, and much of it actually wooded in early mediæval times, from Scoggabar (*Skóga-barð*, woods'-edge) and Godderside (*sætr*) and Gutterby on the south, to Stords or Storthes (*Stoið*, the woods) and Birkerthwaite on the north, near Devoke-water. All around the place-names are largely Scandinavian.

RUINS AT RAVENSTONEDALE.

Near the last-named, close to Raven Crag, are foundations of early buildings somewhat similar, barely mentioned by the late Rev. J. Clifton Ward in *Transactions Cumb. and West. Ant. and Arch. Society*, vol. iii., p. 251, and shown to me some years ago by the late Rev. W. S. Calverley, F.S.A., who thought them remains of a Viking Age house. In August, 1901, the Society just mentioned visited an "ancient settlement" near Ravenstonedale in Westmorland, called Severals, in which is an extensive garth and smaller oblong foundations of houses. The site is not like that of "British settlements," with curved walls and hut-circles, and it suggests a large farmstead, not more ancient than early mediæval times. Near it is another, known as Oldbiggin, in distinction from Newbiggin, the neighbouring hamlet, which itself is now an antiquity, with monastic remains. The name of Ravenstonedale has been fancifully connected with *Rabenstein*, a German word with which it can have little to do, though there is a gallows-hill in the sixteenth century deer-park; but the present form of the word is probably an error, like the forms Ulverstone and Conistone for Ulverston and Coniston. Raven's-ton-dale is clearly the dale of the *tún* of Hrafn, and is parallel to Rampside in Furness, *Hvamnsætr* or something of the sort; Renwick, the twelfth century Raveneswic, and Crosby Ravensworth, the twelfth century Ravenswath.

THE ARMBOTH-FELL RUINS.

An interesting group of rectangular foundations, like that at Gosforth, exists on Armboth-fell, between Thirl-

mere and Shoulthwaite Castle; but these have not the túngarth. Many of them are divided into chambers.

The above are all as yet unexplored and undescribed. Others of somewhat similar character have been noticed at Seathwaite in the Duddon valley (*Archæologia*, vol. liii.), and at the head of Troutbeck, Windermere, and in Little Langdale, near the supposed Thingmount (*Trans. Cumb. and West. A. and A. Soc.*, N.S., vol. i.), by Mr. H. S. Cowper, F.S.A., who concludes that they are either post-Roman British, or of the Viking Age.

RUINS NORTH OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

On the northern and western slopes of the Lake District mountains there are—or were formerly—many garths, commonly supposed to be Roman camps, which are not Roman, and not pre-Roman, though so ancient as to be quite without history. Most of these are mentioned, but not conclusively explained, in the local Antiquarian Society's *Transactions*; such as the square "camp" at Overwater, near Bassenthwaite, which at our last visit the late Chancellor Ferguson, F.S.A., described as the enclosure of some early mediæval owner, in which his thralls and cattle were kept, while he lived in a wooden house hard by. This kind of enclosure afterwards became the base-court of the eleventh century moat, in which the lord's house was built on an artificial or artificially improved mound; but the moundless garths are very like the túngarths familiar to a traveller in Iceland, enclosing the farm buildings and home-field. Sometimes the garths are quite small; at other places they are extensive or incomplete. The Bishop's Dyke at Dalston, near Carlisle, seems to have been originally the limit of the home-fields of the ancient steading at Dalston Hall; and other mysterious dykes, of which there are many, appear to have been intended rather as enclosures or boundaries than as military works.

RUINS AT WESTWARD.

One very curious plan (in *Archæologia Æliana*, vol. i., p. 132) was given by G. A. Dickson in 1816 of a ruin now disappeared under cultivation at the Heights, Westward, Cumberland. Two parallel dykes, about 225 paces in length and 60 paces apart, with a door in the middle of one, contained two buildings connected by a paved way. One of the buildings was rectangular; what remained of the other was semicircular, with a great stone standing in the middle of the chord of the arc. Dickson thought this a temple with an altar; and indeed, comparing it with plans of the Icelandic *hof*, it almost seems possible that something might be said for his view, if we suppose the semicircle to be the apse of such a temple as that at Thyrill or at Ljárskógar, from which the wooden hall has disappeared.

THE STOCKDALEWATH RUINS.

Near Stockdalewath, in Cumberland, used to be a "camp" called Castlesteads, with a smaller enclosure in the middle of it, containing the ruins of three houses, in which ashes were found. Other rectangular, non-Roman remains dot the map of Inglewood, the "Wood of the Angles," where the Anglian settlers made their home, and perhaps these may be their remains. But the transitions from Anglian to Scandinavian, and from Scandinavian to early Norman, are debateable ground.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

The point which these notes are intended to make is this: that we have a series of hitherto unexplained remains analogous to those of the Saga-time in Iceland, and perhaps to be understood by their help. We have rectangular foundations within túngarths, and sometimes the túngarths and the foundations separately, of a type later than Roman or British, and earlier than Norman moats or mediæval manor-houses. They are in sites long disused, but eligible at a time when the lower land in

their neighbourhood was undrained or overgrown. They are not military, but pastoral—old farmsteads and sæters; and all we can gather of the Viking settlement points to this form of habitation, rather than defensible camps and castles, as the usual dwelling-place. Digging, though it ought to be undertaken, may not yield great results; but the collection of examples, carefully studied, in other districts, and the comparison of an extended series, might throw much light upon the Viking Age in these islands.

The District Secretary for Glamorganshire (Mr. A. G. Moffat) writes:—

SCANDINAVIAN SETTLEMENTS IN WALES.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.—There is but little to report from this district. Various discussions upon local Scandinavian settlements have been held in Swansea, but without making converts, although more interest has been aroused in the subject. It might be well to refer to the new book, “The Welsh People,” by Professor John Rhys and Mr. Brynymor Jones, which shows a want of grasp of the fact that Scandinavian influence made itself strongly felt in many ways in South Wales, from Milford up the Channel as far as Cardiff. This may be due to the meagre English information and the non-consultation of Scandinavian Sagas and histories by the authors.

CELTO-SCANDINAVIAN HEADSTONE.

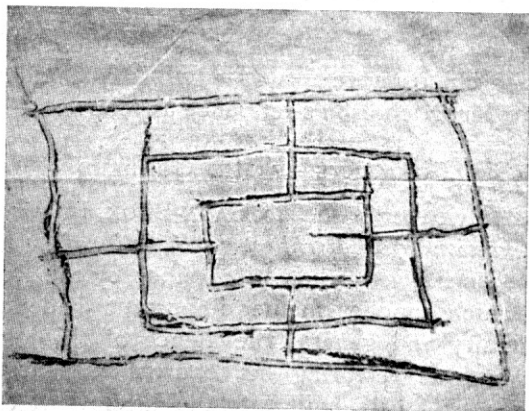
Mr. J. Riley, of Bridgend, has called my attention to a monumental stone that he noticed in the wall of a farmhouse at Nash, near Bridgend. It is in a much worn state, but from what I could see of a fine cast that Mr. Riley presented to the Cardiff Museum, I should say that we have in it an example of a Celto-Scandinavian headstone, and that it might be well to make further research in the neighbourhood where it was found—a most

interesting neighbourhood, and one practically but little visited.

The District Secretary for the Wirral, Cheshire (Mr. A. C. Nicholson, F.G.S.), writes as follows:—

FIND OF ANOTHER NINE MEN'S MORRIS STONE.

I REGRET I have very little to report this time, owing to inability to spare the leisure to do anything personally for a considerable period. Early this year a stone was found



near Oswestry with a device cut upon it which has given rise to some local discussion. The place of find was the Old Oswestry gravel pit, very near Old Oswestry itself, which is said to be a British camp. It was found on the line of Watt's Dyke, and from what the workman says, it is probable that it formed part of the structure of the dyke. I may explain that in working the gravel the man brings the stuff all down, and then sorts it up, and in sorting he found this stone. The incisions on the stone are clean cut and sharp, and weathered inside just as the surface of the stone is. It is apparently quite genuine. Some per-

sons have thought it is a plan of a castrum, others a game stone. A Polish Jew to whom I showed it said it is the same device as a game they call in Poland *Siegen Wulf Myll* (She-goat Wolf Mill=fight). In Fig. 5 in Mr. Goddard's article (vol. ii., part iii.) on "Nine Men's Morris," the board from the Viking ship has practically the same device as is on the stone. The stone is not flat, but has a fairly even surface. Its size is about 11 inches by 8 inches by, say, 1 inch thick. I enclose a rough rubbing of the device, which will give you an idea of it, but I may say it looks better on the stone than in the rubbing. If you think it of any interest, would you draw Mr. Goddard's attention to it?

Agreeably with Mr. Nicholson's suggestions, his notes and the rubbings were forwarded to Mr. Goddard, who replies to Mr. Nicholson's reference as follows:—

COMMENTS OF MR. GODDARD.

"Since my paper in the last SAGA-BOOK, I have found in the *Transactions of the Architectural Societies of Leicestershire and Northants* a very interesting paper by the Rev. R. S. Baker, which supplies further important evidence as to the antiquity and general prevalence of this old game. Whilst he was restoring his church at Hargrave, in Northants, he found, built into the masonry of the north aisle, date circa 1200, a flat stone, on which the game-plan was scratched, without the diagonals. A mason's labourer first told him of the find, and said he had known the game from his boyhood. His name for it was *Peg Meryll*. Mr. Baker next day came upon two mason's lads playing the game on the stone during their dinner hour. In consequence of the discovery a correspondence took place in *Land and Water* and *Public Opinion* (1869). The following details are gleaned from Mr. Baker's article:—Mr. Staunton, in his notes on Shakspeare, states that a MS. of the twelfth century exists in the Paris Bibliothèque, in which are given numerous diagrams of positions in chess and

merelles. The game is known in France, and prevalent in Germany and Austria, in which latter countries it is called *Mühle* or *The Mill*. It is also known in the United States, and is even played by the Bogas, or native bargees, in South America. Mr. Baker believed this to be on the Amazon, where it is known as *trique*, and held to be of Indian origin. Mr. Baker suggests that the game may have come from the Romans, and calls attention to the resemblance of the lines of the board to the outlines of the Roman camp. It is curious to find that, side by side with the diagram of the larger game, there is also traced on the stone from Hargrave Church the plan of the smaller Nine-holes form to which Ovid appears to refer in the passages quoted in my paper. From the correspondence which followed, several variants of the name are quoted, not given above: such as *Meg Merrylegs* and *Nine Peg o' Merryal* (Lincolnshire); *Nine-pin Miracle* and *Merry Peg* (Oxon); and *Peg Meryll* or *Merry Hole* (Northants).

“Mr. St. John Hope informs me that during recent excavations at Silchester, an undoubted example of the game on a Roman tile has been found, which takes us a great step backward again, and may show that the examples at Athens belong to an earlier time than has been suggested. It would be interesting to hear whether the game occurs amongst those scratched on the pavement of the Basilica Julia at Rome. Mr. Nicholson's note on the stone found at Oswestry is further proof of the great antiquity of the old game. Surely some trace of it must also be looked for from the East?”

The District Secretary for Baltasound, Shetland (Mrs. Saxby, *Farla-Kona*), writes:—

FIND OF A VIKING CUP AND FIRE-BURIAL MOUND.

THERE seems no doubt that the curious relic found among the rocks at Clibberswick, Unst, is a Viking cup. It was

found by Mr. John Fraser, an Orkneyman in the Custom House service, and a very careful observer. The cup is formed of bone, and is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, outside measurements. Beside the cup were the bones of man, sheep, dog, horse. All these were within what had evidently been a "kist." Close by, on a later occasion, we unearthed a number of bones and bits of urns which had been subjected to excessive heat. From the position of these relics, and from the fact that no burned remains were in the kist, I concluded that the place had



been the scene of a conflict (human bones were found carelessly flung among adjacent boulders), also of the burial of some great man, and of the burning of his thralls, horse, etc., as was the olden custom. I cannot think that the heap of burned fragments was a "midden," but rather a pyre. The kist is among rocks in a geo, and the burned heap is on the edge of the rocky descent. I have written a minute description of the locality, etc., which I hope to place at the disposal of the Viking Club. I think it will be seen that the theory I adopted is borne out by the facts. This is not the first time that Mr. John Fraser has contributed valuable matter to our island lore, and we

may expect still more light to be shed by such an enthusiastic "Viking" on the antiquities of Orkney and Shetland.

The District Secretary for East Anglia (Rev. W. C. Green) writes :—

SOME SHOTS AT WORD-MEANINGS.

THE *Eastern Counties Magazine* has now been running for more than a year, and has supplied many interesting notes on folklore. But few of these bear particularly on matters that are Vikingian or Icelandic. Perhaps some of the queries about words may find answers partly from Scandinavian sources. The Suffolks wish to know whence comes their own word "horkey" = "harvest-feast." No derivation has been suggested that has strong probability. Perhaps the first part of the word, "hor" = the "har" in harvest. Icelandic for harvest has *haust* (without *r*), and for a feast at that season *haust-bod*. There is a word *harki*, "trash, nonsense"; but East Anglians would not like their "horkey" so defined: nor, indeed, does the Icelandic word ever seem to be used for the trifling and jovialities of a feast.

Another phrase that has much exercised some East Anglians is "Silly Suffolk." Who used it first? Is it meant as blame? Some insist that it meant "holy," because Suffolk abounded in holy places. Did it so, or does it so, more than other counties? A friend of mine, a Canon, though near Bury St. Edmunds, denies the fact. Besides, to myself there appears no evidence that "silly" ever did mean exactly "holy." "Happy, blessed, innocent, simple," yes: but not holy = consecrated. That our old authors used it for "simple, innocent," without meaning blame for foolishness, is abundantly plain. Sir H. Wotton uses it of St. John and of the Bethlehem shepherds; Milton of the sheep of the latter. The etymological connection of "silly" with *selig* (German), with *sæll*,

sællign (Icelandic), is obvious and certain. Agricultural folk are (Virgil tells us) “*fortunati sua si bona norint.*” Horace pronounces, “*Beatus ille qui . . . paterna rura bobus exercet suis.*” I should have thought this might content those of Suffolk (by birth I am not such). And if the first person who said “Silly Suffolk” meant to be uncomplimentary, never mind! Suffolk has good company in the epithet.

A derivation from “sea-lying” was also suggested: it is not probable.

“PARADISE LOST” IN ICELANDIC.

I was lately looking at an Icelandic book that was given me in 1865 by my friend H. Bradshaw, late University Librarian at Cambridge. It is Jón Thorláksson’s translation of Milton’s “Paradise Lost” (1828). Several copies were given to Bradshaw by Heath, one of our Senior Fellows of Kings, who was living when we came up to Cambridge (1850-51). Heath was a good Northern scholar. In the Preface to the book mention is made of “the noble mind and liberality of another learned Englishman, who does not wish his name to appear, but contributed much to this edition of the poem.” The person meant is certainly our fellow-Kingsman Heath. Thorláksson’s translation is a very good one.



The Corresponding Secretary for Denmark (Mr. Hans Kjær, M.A.) writes as follows:—

Copenhagen, Dec., 1901.

As it is the first occasion since the Viking Club did me the honour to elect me corresponding member for Denmark that I address myself to the Club through its *Saga-Book*, I wish to add a few

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

to my report. As a Dane, it has been for me a delight to

observe that there exists a circle of Englishmen, men of science and friends of knowledge, who are interested in getting regular notices of Danish archæological subjects. In the relation between England and Denmark it must naturally, as a rule, be the big nation which gives, the small one which receives. Many ties, economic and intellectual, nowadays bind the two nations in sympathies and sentiments. The Danes have, on their side, the greatest interest in learning to know English affairs. Under these circumstances, it has been a pleasure to me to accept the position of corresponding member of the Viking Club. I intend giving a short survey of the results of the tendencies of national antiquarian and archæological research and future aims, and I hope my efforts may thus contribute a little towards maintaining, and it may be increasing, the interest felt towards my country.

The Danish correspondence would, however, under these circumstances be of somewhat different form from that which comes from Corresponding Secretaries in England itself. If in the annual notes which it is to be hoped will appear there be but little information about new discoveries and researches which relate to the ancient connection of culture between England and Denmark, there will be given a survey over common facts regarding ancient times in Denmark, and I shall do my best to make the subjects treated of clear to that circle who may naturally not have special knowledge of the Danish side of such subjects. The prehistoric times in Denmark, the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Ages, will be carefully described—the long periods which commence about 3,000 years B.C. and end in the celebrated Viking Age. These prehistoric periods are also to be found in England, and English archæological science has long since been engaged in studying the same conditions and the same periods on national lines. I may then trust that the description of these archæological periods will meet a sympathetic reception from English readers, even if a direct connection between England and Denmark cannot always be traced, and especially there

where towards the end of the ancient period, the ground gets firmer. Undoubtedly the connection between the two countries goes back to times which are much older than the Viking Age, but which cannot as yet be indicated. A primitive civilisation would under the same sphere shape itself in kindred nations in practically the same form. But as civilisation grows, there also arises the need to learn from one another, to exchange each other's goods, and, as a matter of course, to come to direct intercourse with each other.

To avoid making the notes too scattered, it will probably be best to describe in detail one phase of the science of ancient times in one year, and in another year another phase. As regards notes for the year 1900, in which the archæological literature is specially great, space will not permit describing discoveries. They would then be given together with the survey of discoveries in 1901. Also there will in a following report (1902 or 1903) be given an account of the efforts for preserving ancient monuments in Denmark in the nineteenth century, besides a few notes. As a preliminary, it would perhaps be appropriate to shortly describe the important factors in the science of ancient times in Denmark—the National Museum and the Royal Northern Society of Ancient Literature. I shall only describe the latter on the present occasion.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANCIENT LITERATURE whose President is King Christian IX., was founded in 1825 by C. C. Rafn, and reorganised in 1865. It has always been in close connection with the National Museum. Its aim is to spread a knowledge and interest in the Northern science of antiquities, and thereby to create and extend a love for the Fatherland. The Society, whose membership is drawn largely from the higher, scientifically educated classes all over the country, and which owns a large capital, acts partly by the publication and explanation of ancient Icelandic literature, partly by issuing of

three antiquarian magazines—*Yearbook of Northern Ancient Lore* (8vo, one vol. annually since 1865, till then called *Yearbook of Northern Ancient Lore and Antiquarian Magazine*); *Mémoires des Antiquaires du Nord* (8vo, one number a year, about 100 pages); besides *Memories of the Past in the North* (4to, with large plates, and no rule as to number of pages and time of issue). The secretary of ancient Icelandic literature is at present Mr. K. Kaalund, Phil. Doc.; the editor of the antiquarian magazines is Mr. Sophus Müller, Phil. Doc.

DANISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL LITERATURE IN 1900.

The archæological literature in Denmark in the year 1900 was, as already mentioned, very extensive. Besides the usual magazines there were published in particular two great works, one of archæological, the other of numismatical contents. Both these works rest on researches that have been continued over several years. Greater in size and most valuable in its importance is certain to be the large work on the Danish “kitchen middens,” the refuse heaps of the Stone Age in Denmark, investigated by the National Museum, 196 pages, large 4to, with many plates engraved on copper or phototyped, and pictures in the text (*cf.* Bibliography, Stone Age). The results of the antiquarian research disclosed in the latter volume are so important to the science of archæology that I must defer a full description of it till a future occasion.

EARLY DANISH COINAGE.

The work of Mr. P. Hauberg, Superintendent at the National Museum, entitled, “Money Matters and Coining in Denmark up to the year 1146,” is published by the Royal Danish Society of Sciences, and is accompanied by 13 lithographed plates and a detailed résumé in French. The book is a first attempt at a complete account of the earlier Danish numismatics. A part of this book refers to

the relations between Denmark and England, and therefore has a more special interest to English readers.

The earliest hitherto discovered Scandinavian coins date back to the end of the ninth century, and are, as might be expected, strongly influenced by foreign and chiefly Dutch models. These earliest coins were made in the capital of the country situated east of the Sound, also the seat of the Archbishop—Lund, the coining being afterwards resumed for some time in Hedeby in Slesvig in the years between 940 and 960. The next coins were made during the reign of Sven Tveskjæg; they are large and heavy, and stamped by an English mint-master, Godwin. Order was restored in these as in so many other affairs by that king esteemed by both Englishmen and Danes, Knud the Great. Of the reign of this king are known about 60 different kinds of coin, mostly minted in Lund and in Roskilde in Sealand. The English influence lasted for some time after the death of Knud. Not until Sven Estridsen (a nephew of Knud, who reigned from 1047 to 1076) did, however, a Byzantine, and immediately after his death a German influence commence. The finds of coins in Scandinavia tend to show that some kind of relations existed between England and the Scandinavian countries as far back as the eighth or ninth century. Two coins of Eanred of Northumberland (807-841), two of Cwenwulf of Mercia (796-822), one of Ceolwulf of Mercia (822-824), and one of the Archbishop Wulfred of Canterbury (805-832), have been met with. They were all found in Norway, and came from those parts of England which were more particularly harried by the Vikings. A single coin of Alfred the Great (871-901) has been found in Denmark. English coins of the tenth century are almost exclusively found in Denmark. Altogether 18 pieces are known: three of Athelstan (924-940), five of Edmund (940-946), five of Edred (946-955), and five other coins. It was mainly Denmark which in this period entered into warlike, and also after some time friendly, relations with the Anglo-Saxon countries.

Several Danish and Swedish, but only a very few Norwegian, finds bear testimony to the intercourse in the next following years, during the reigns of Eadgar and Edward the Martyr (959-978). During these years, however, the English coins are comparatively scarce. But from the following period, represented by names such as Ethelred, Sven Tveskjæg and Knud the Great, a much greater number of finds are on record, aggregating in number 259 in the whole of Scandinavia, and comprising 30,063 coins. Of these coins, 13,673, in 189 finds, belong to the reign of King Ethelred alone. The greatest number of coins found at one time amounted to between 600 and 800, the majority of which occurred on the Swedish island of Gothland. These figures form a good illustration of the political history of the time.

Even Knud the Great's Danish coins are most frequently made after English models, and are wrought by English mint-masters, and a number of these men's names still survive. Even the English stamps, which the mint-master brought with him from his native land, seem sometimes to have been used.

In all, 1,195 coins of the reign of Edward the Confessor have been recorded, yielded by 62 Scandinavian finds; but, after this period, communication seems to have diminished, and of the three following kings, Harald Godvinsson, William I. and William II., only 63 coins are known. They were nearly all from the island of Gothland, which thus appears to have been a commercial centre. None are from Denmark proper. Gothland, on the whole, is the finding-place for nearly one-half of all the Anglo-Saxon coins found in Scandinavia; out of the above-named 30,063 coins, 14,174 came from this island and 11,210 from Denmark. The largest single find in Scandinavia of Anglo-Saxon coins known occurred in Scania (Skaane), and numbered 3,053 coins. Irish coins are not seldom met with, mostly belonging to the time of Sihtric III. (989-1029). Some are found with Dublin indicated as the minting-place, and bearing either the name of Ethel-

red or that of Knud the Great. The whole number of Irish coins is 228, 37 of these having been found in Denmark.

RECENT ANTIQUARIAN RESULTS.

Dr. Sophus Müller, Director of the Museum, in his essay "Notice sur les Fouilles de 1893-6 du Musée National de Copenhague" (*Mémoire de la Société des Antiquaires du Nord*), gives a general account of the investigations which were carried out on behalf of the National Museum by its own archæologically trained officials during the years mentioned. He has established as an inviolable principle that the archæological specialist must be present in person at excavations from the start to the finish, and that all antiquities must be lifted from their places of finding by his own hand. In order to carry this through, geometrical surveys and the photographing of the antiquities in their original position have been employed to a great extent, and the accounts of excavations made in later years, which were rendered to the Museum for subsequent publication, are rather extensive, accompanied as they are by inclosures of coloured surveying-diagrams, and by plates with original photographs. Besides being a systematic account of the investigations in a body, this essay contains excerpts of such reports as will later on be published in the said work. Written in a generally known language as the essay is, I shall mention it no further, only so far as to recommend it to my readers' kind consideration. It was originally published in the *Yearbook of Northern Archæology*.

Dr. Sophus Müller has furthermore contributed to the *Annals* a rather long series of studies on Danish archæology. I shall mention only a few of the most important of the essays. One of these studies contains information about "Animal Bones found in Funeral Piles," *i.e.*, information about the bones of those animals which were burnt with the dead man on the pile. As the study of antiquities advances, more and more is learned

regarding details which in earlier stages appeared without the least value. These investigations deal with the insignificant and charred bits of bone which remained when the fire was extinguished, and which later on were deposited in the urns. Most of the bones belonged to the dead man himself, but from more thorough investigations, carried out in the National Museum, of the bones from about 150 urns belonging to the Roman period of the Iron Age and to the times of the folk-wanderings (*i.e.*, the period from the birth of Christ and up to about 500 A.D.), it appeared that 26 of the urns contained animal bones which the zoologist could define. In 23 cases the bones of sheep were mingled with the human bones; in two cases with bones of chicken. The sheep is supposed to have been commonly used as food, and therefore naturally got its place among the victuals with which the dead man was always provided. In a single case a bear's claw was found, most likely having belonged to some bear-skin which had served the dead as dress or as bed.

In skeleton-graves of the same periods have likewise been discovered animal bones. This circumstance, as well as the common furnishings of these graves (articles of earthenware, glass, metal), bear testimony that here, as in Central Europe, the dead was provided in the grave with all sorts of victuals.

PREHISTORIC PLOUGH.

Another of these essays deals with the question of the "Plough of Antiquity." There is in the National Museum a queer old plough, found some years ago at a depth of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ metres (4-5 feet) in a swamp in Jutland, and apart from any other objects which could determine the period to which it belonged. This plough is very primitively made. It consists of only a handle and two large wooden pieces, the plough-beam and the steering-gear, with the plough-head (sole). The plough-beam is bent low downwards behind, and is rather stout. It has here a square excision, through which goes the steering apparatus, and

that part of this which extends below the plough-beam is stouter, and forms the plough-head. A bent stick shoved in lengthwise of the steering-bar kept it in place. The bar slants upwards, and is in the front end furnished with a hook, to which was fastened the yoke resting on the back of the neck of the draught-cattle. Splintbars were not known and did not appear in Denmark until the later Middle Age. The whole length of the plough is 3.40 metres.

This plough is without doubt very old. It is of far more primitive construction than the ploughs we know from pictures in manuscripts from the Middle Age. It shows furthermore such differences from even the most primitively-built plough in the Latin countries that it is impossible that its construction can have been influenced by them. In a Swedish "Helleristning" (*i.e.*, rock carving) is found a representation of a man ploughing with a plough like the one in question, and two oxen. Even if one is unable to furnish any proof of the exact age of this plough, this much is sure that it shows no connection whatever with ploughs belonging to any historical period, and the circumstances of the discovery go to show that it must be attributed to remote antiquity.

EARLY DANISH EARTHWORKS.

Another of Dr. Müller's essays, "The Semicircular Wall at Danevirke," deals with the situation of the ancient town of Hedeby, where the New Corwey monk Ansgar preached, and where the first Christian church in Denmark was built. The present town of Slesvig is situated for the most part north of the fiord of Slien, and to the north of the famous Danevirke border wall. The ancient town of Hedeby, on the contrary, was without doubt situated south of the fiord, and also south of the Danevirke. There still exists here a rather high wall, in the shape of a semicircle, the open side of which faces the fiord. Investigations made by the Kiel Museum authorities have shown that here, undoubtedly, was situated an ancient city, and Dr. Müller

maintains in his essay that this city was the old-time Hedeby.

The whole question is of great importance as regards the understanding of several points in Danish history in Saga and pre-Saga times, for it is closely connected with the question of the exact age of numerous walls or ramparts existing in this neighbourhood—Kurvirke, Æstervolden (the eastern wall), and others, together with the largest and northernmost wall, Danevirke. Dr. Sophus Müller, therefore, in company with two officials belonging to the National Museum, last autumn thoroughly examined the conditions on the spot, and the results of these investigations, which were completed after the publication of the above-named essay, may be expected some time in the year 1902. When their results are published I shall return to this matter.

STUDENTS' VISIT TO ICELAND.

Before concluding, I venture to mention a single incident, which, however, has only small bearing on the general subject of this article. The island of Iceland is situated far away from the rest of Denmark, and the voyage thither is troublesome, and moreover expensive. Tourists from Denmark visiting the island, so rich in traditions, have therefore so far been rather scarce. Still, the Danish Tourists' Association has been able to arrange a series of excursions, in which several Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans took part.

In the year 1900, however, was planned and carried through a general students' excursion from Denmark to Iceland. It was acknowledged on all sides that an excursion like this would be most interesting and instructive to the partakers, and the appeal for participation having been issued, 83 academists altogether, mostly juniors, applied, chartered a steamer, and set out upon the comparatively long voyage, which lasted about a month. In addition to Iceland, Leith was visited (whence an excu-

sion was made to Arthur's Seat), Edinburgh and the Faroe Islands.

In Iceland the students were received with the greatest enthusiasm. Excursions were made to places famous in the Sagas, as, for instance, the Thingvalla plain, with its holmgang eyot and remnants of the assize-booths, and to the strangely beautiful landscapes of Almannagja, the Geyser plateau with its hot springs, and Gullfoss. The excursion was universally conceded to have been most successful. A short account, illustrated from photographs taken during the trip, is published in the Journal of the Danish Tourists' Association for 1901.

THE VIKINGS :
TRACES OF THEIR FOLKLORE IN MARSHLAND.

By REV. R. M. HEANLEY, *Rector of Weyhill, Hants,*
Hon. Editorial Secretary Universities' Mission to Central Africa, etc.

THERE was an old slander, largely credited in the southern counties when I was a lad, to the effect that all Lincolnshire people were web-footed, and that there was but one hill in the whole shire, on which stood Lincoln minster; but I hope no one will suppose that I am attributing any such ignorance to them if I commence this paper by explaining that it is only a small portion of Lincolnshire with which I am now dealing.

We must dismiss from our view the whole of the Fen district in the south and south-east of the shire, and the island of Axeholme in the north-west, for of the latter I know nothing personally; and the Fenmen were a race apart, little, if at all, affected by Norse immigration. A race apart they are to this day, with their own distinctive dialect and customs; and a glance at the place-names on the Ordnance map shows beyond all reasonable doubt that the Fens opposed an impenetrable barrier to the advance of the foreigner, and, if here and there a small wave crept in, the general tide of Norse conquest and immigration swept no further than the frontier of the Fen.

Neither shall I deal with the Wolds, that delightful district forming the backbone of the shire, in which a landscape meets the eye far surpassing in its varied beauties the scenes with which I have of late years

become familiar amid the Hampshire downs. For, although it is true that it was almost entirely colonised by Norsemen in the ninth and tenth centuries, I have not that intimate knowledge of it which would alone justify me in dealing with it here.

I shall confine myself altogether to Marshland, that grand expanse of rich land, of varying width, between the Wolds and the sea, which, in spite of its name, is about the driest and healthiest district in all England, being part of what is known to geologists as "the outlying dry district," and having a rainfall of barely 22 inches a year. It forms a portion of the "trithing of Lindsey," and the part most intimately known to myself consists of the "hundred of Calcethwaite" and the "wapentake of Candleshoe," bounded on the north by the town of Alford and on the south by that of Wainfleet, the ancient Roman Vainona.

Here we are on that particular area which, if we may judge from the place-names, must at one time have been the most exclusively Norse portion of Lincolnshire, if not of all England. No doubt they came at different times and from different parts of Norseland. The whole coast from Grimsby down to Wainfleet Harbour abounds with tempting landing-places, and a practised ear can still detect three grades of dialect or language—Grimsby to Tetney Haven, Tetney to Alford, and Alford to Wainfleet. But, for the area of which I am specially speaking, the favourite landing-place was probably at Skegness (locally Skaegsnest), which, as it has in modern days re-developed into a prosperous watering-place, so in olden time Leland tells us it was "A faire town with a most commodious haven." Be this as it may, it would seem certain that when the Peace of Wedmore was signed in the year 878 A.D. the Norseman found himself in this particular district altogether supreme.

But in so saying we must not proceed to assume, as some have done, that the sponge was passed altogether over the past, and an entirely new start made. If I

recollect rightly, Canon Atkinson, in his excellent account of the Cleveland district of Yorkshire, where, perhaps, Norse traditions have survived more than anywhere else, considers that it had been uninhabited previous to the coming of the Norsemen, and that they were practically the first occupiers of the soil.

Far other was it in Marshland. When the Norsemen came there they came to a land long inhabited and carefully cultivated by successive races of men from the remotest past; and we may apply to it what Sir G. W. Dasent has said of other Scandinavian settlements:—“The conquerors, a mere handful amongst the great mass of the population, after leavening it with the best particles of their nature, and infusing new life into the community, take to themselves the features and language of the subject race, until, after a separate existence, determined in its duration by the peculiar circumstances of each case, a new language and nationality are formed, in which the characteristics of the captives are predominant.”¹

This is an axiom of the utmost importance when considering the folklore of our district. We must expect that many a belief and legend of the previous inhabitants would survive the coming of the Norsemen, and gradually be adopted by them. One such legend there is, for instance, which, unless I am greatly mistaken, dates back for its origin to the conquest by the early Britons of the dwarf race of prehistoric man. I mean that of “The Farmer and the Boggart.”²

“T’ boggart, a squat hairy man, strong as a six-year-old horse, and with arms almost as long as tackle poles, comes to a farmer who has just taken a bit of land, and declares that he is the proper owner, and farmer must quit. The farmer proposes an appeal to the law, but boggart will have naught to do wi’ law, which has

¹ Introduction to “*Burnt Njal*,” p. clxxxiv

² This boggart legend has been printed in full (though seemingly without any idea of its real value) by Miss Peacock in “*Tales in Lindsey Folkspeech*.” Bell & Sons, Covent Garden, 1886.

never yet done him justice, and suggests that they should share the produce equally. 'Very well,' says the farmer, 'wilt thou tek what grows above ground, or what grows beneath ground? Only, moind, thou mun stick to what thou sattles; oi doant want no back-reckunnings after.' He arranges to take what grows above ground, and the farmer promptly sets potatoes. Of course, when boggart comes at harvest time to claim his share he gets nothing but the haulms and twitch, and is in a sore taking. At last, however, he agrees to take all that grows beneath ground for next season, whereupon the farmer sows wheat, and when boggart comes round at t' backend, the man gets corn and straw, and naught is left for boggart but the stubble. Boggart then insists that next year wheat should be sown again, and they should mow together, each taking what he mows. The farmer consults the local wiseman, and studs boggart's 'falls' with thin iron rods, which wear down boggart's strength in cutting and take all the edge off his scythe. So boggart stops to whet, and boggart stops to rest, but the farmer mows steadily on till at last boggart throws down his scythe in despair and says, 'Ye may tek' t' mucky owd land an' all 'at's on it; I wean't hev no more to do wi' it.' And off he goas an' nivver comes back no more, leastways not after no land, but awms about t' delves, an' skears loane foaks o' noights; an' if thou leaves thy dinner or thy tools about, ofttimes he meks off wi' 'em."

Here, surely, beneath anachronisms such as that of the potatoes, lies the hidden record of a pitiful tragedy of a race dispossessed, outwitted, reduced to vagabondage and petty thieving. And, curiously enough, I can take the tale a step further, and, if I mistake not, link it on to the well-known Irish legend of how the Milesians dispossessed the Danaans of the half of the soil which is above ground, and confined them to that half which is beneath ground, giving Angus, their king, the best earth-house in Ireland, the white-topped burgh of the Boyne.¹

¹ Skene, "Celtic Scotland."

For, just outside my garden hedge at Wainfleet, there still stands a round barrow, and, when I told an old man one day how much I should like to open it, he remonstrated vigorously, for, said he, "The king of the boggarts is shutten up inside that thear, an' if thou lets un out it 'ud tek aal the passuns i' the Maash a munth o' Sundays to lay 'un agin."

The notices of folklore, therefore, which come under the observation of collectors, are widely varied in their origin. I shall for the most part confine myself to those which appear to belong to the myths and historical traditions of the Norse immigrants, although some even of these will bear marks of engrafted Christianity, and others might perhaps be shown by those more learned than myself to be, like the boggart legend, relics of a still earlier period.

Let us commence with

DAYS AND SEASONS.

Generally speaking, it may be said that the folklore and customs of Marshland connected with days and seasons are such as are common to all the northern counties.

The most vigorous survival of custom, owing no doubt to its after-associations with Christmas, is at Yuletide—that time at which Odin, the stormgod, "yelled," and the "gale" was great. Preparations begin betimes, and everyone in the house down to the infant in arms must stir the pudding and the mincemeat, and, though the mistletoe itself grows not in Marshland, a bunch of evergreens that is called "The mistletoe," and has the same functions and privileges attached to it, is hung up in every farm-kitchen. When Christmas Eve has come the Yule cake is duly cut and the Yule log lit, and I know of some even middle-class houses where the new log must always rest upon and be lighted by the old one, a small portion of which has been carefully stored away to preserve a continuity of

light and heat. And, whilst the widows of the place have received their Yuletide gifts on St. Thomas's Day, going a Thomassing from farm to farm, go where you may between Christmas Day and Twelfth Night, into farmhouse or cottage, you will be pressed to taste a bit o' cake and cheese; and whilst it is a dire offence to refuse, your self-martyrdom is encouraged by the remembrance that for every bit you taste one more happy month is added to your life!

The "guisers," or sword dancers, still come round. We had one family in Wainfleet Flats who were especially skilled in the intricacies of the dance, although they flatly refused to let me take down the verses they used, as "some harm would happen them if they committed them to writing." But whilst the words and subject of the song have plainly varied with the times, the dance is as clearly a relic of the Norsemen and their war dances. For instance, the last time they visited me at Wainfleet, just ten years ago, one of the company was dressed in skin with a wisp of straw in his mouth so cut as to represent a pig's bristles, thus recalling the hog sacrificed of old to Odin; but for many years the "Plough bullocks" that are due on Plough Monday have ceased to carry with them the horse's skull that used to represent the white steed Gleipnir of the ancient god. Indeed, I do not think I have seen that since 1857, when the general rejoicings at the close of the Crimean war gave a temporary fillip to the winter's sports.

It is, I suppose, generally allowed that the Plough bullocks represent the Wild Huntsman and his rout. Be that as it may, at this season of the year great numbers of wild geese daily cross Marshland, flying inland at early dawn to feed, and returning at night. No one who has heard their weird cry in the dusk can feel surprised that the older labourers still speak with bated breath of the "Gabblerout" of the Wild Huntsman, and the wandering souls of children who have died without baptism, whom he chases, and whom you may see for yourselves

as "willywisp" flitting across the low grounds most nights of the year.

And whilst upon the subject of birds I may perhaps be allowed to add that the long-winged black swift, which may frequently be seen in the summer, flying and shrieking around the church tower, represents to the popular mind the souls of the lost vainly bewailing the opportunities of grace which during their lifetime they had neglected. But the common swallow is a bird of blessing. No house that is protected by its nest will ever be struck by lightning, but if you should shoot one which has built its nest in your cowshed, your cows will forthwith give their milk tinged with blood. Again, more than once it has happened to me, when out trawling in the Boston deeps, that the cry of the 'Seven Whistlers' (which are the curlew) has made the fishermen take up the trawl and go straight home, sure that, if they neglected the friendly warning of their drowned brethren, some dire calamity would come upon them before the morrow morn.

But to return to our days and seasons. There is still many a house in Marshland where much is thought of the first foot which crosses the threshold on the New Year's morning, and I have often thought it an unconscious tribute, from the conquered race to their fair-haired Norse conquerors, that that firstfoot must be a light-haired, fair-complexioned man. Firstfoot must bring something in with him, and on no account may anything be taken out of the house till something has been brought in.

"Take out, then take in; bad luck will begin.

Take in, then take out, good luck comes about."

Valentine's Day is dead and gone. The modern Christmas cards have all but supplied the place of the missives, some of them very coarse and vulgar, which were common enough twenty years ago, and I do not think that at any time Valentine's Day had in Marshland the importance it had further north.

Customs connected with Good Friday can scarcely be

said to be strictly illustrative of Norse folklore, but it is worth while noting that, whereas throughout most northern counties it is still deemed most impious to disturb the earth in any way then, and seeds sown on that day will never thrive; yet, in Marshland, Good Friday is the day of all days in the year on which to plant potatoes and sow peas, inasmuch as on that day the soil was redeemed from the power of the Evil One. But, on the other hand, I have a distinct recollection of a Good Friday afternoon when one of our horses had cast a shoe in driving to Skegness Church, and the blacksmith there flatly refused to put another on, for "owd Skraat 'ud hev' him sartain sewer, if 'e put hand to hammer or nails the whole blessed daa" —a distinct influence from the terrible purpose to which they had been put on the first Good Friday.

But however this may be, we certainly get back to unmitigated paganism in the "Wading of the Sun" on Easter Day, still occasionally practised by a few Marshmen. This is a divination of the weather of the coming season. As the sun rises on Easter Day, a bucket of water is so placed as to catch the earliest reflection of his rays. If the sun "waps and wades," *i.e.*, trembles and glimmers in the water, the season will be wet; but if the light is steady a fine summer is sure. Probably this old custom is the real origin of the later Christian notion that the sun danced at his rising on Easter morn; and of the getting up early to see him do it, which I have heard of enthusiastic persons doing in quite late years.

Talking of the sun reminds me that if anyone will run "*withershins*" (contrary to the course of the sun) around a church after dark, three times, and then look in at the porch, he will see the Devil looking out. Certain lads did this some years ago at Burgh in the Marsh, half-way between Wainfleet and Alford, with tragic results. The sexton happened to be inside, and guessing what was going on, put his handkerchief on the end of a Turk's-head broom and pushed it in their faces as the lads came to the porch, and one was so terrified that he fell down in a fit,

and became a confirmed epileptic. But many will doubtless be well aware that the going against the sun was largely practised in Iceland in old days as an incantation of evil, and that several striking instances may be found in Henderson's "Folklore" (p. 46). I may add that as windmills are a distinctive feature of Marshland scenery, so, it is said, the millstones should always be set to run with the sun, since the miller will never thrive where their course is against it.

There is still a widespread belief that by sitting in the church porch on St. Mark's Eve (April 24th) at midnight one may see pass by and enter the church the spirits or *simulacra* of all who will die in the parish during the coming twelvemonth. Just before I left Wainfleet at the close of 1889 my Men's Guild were discussing the question of "Second Sight," and a very intelligent young mechanic got up and said there was one night in the year when anyone who had brass enough could do it, and proceeded to state that the parish clerk and sexton of his own parish, Theddlethorpe, had always "set out" St. Mark's Eve, "aiming to knaw how much he'd addle in happin' foak up t' year, an' he were nivver far out in his reckonin' ; an' I knaw as it's gospel trewth, for bimebye he'd hardlins set hissself down afore he sets eyes on his awn sen goin' in wi' a whap, an' he taakes hissself off whoam in a rare moil an' tells his missus he were as good as dead, an' he *were* dead come a fortnight, an' I were at the berryin'. I allus hed a bit o' a hankling after tryin' it on mysen, but feyther tellt me not to hev naught to do wi' sichloike carryings on, for if I nobbut got agate o' the job, I'd be tied to goa thruff wi' it ivery year till I seead mysen an' all, an' that's a soight as 'ud mak any chap dither an' shaake."

The first of May with all its old Maypole associations has no place left in Marshland now. But when Old Mayday comes then comes Carnival. It is the yearly hiring of farm servants. All those engaged at a yearly wage, and the maidservants in all but the best houses, take a week's

holiday and rush from town to town in a constant whirl of amusement, which too often degenerates into debauchery. Out of many customs I may mention one connected with the hiring. No engagement holds till the hirer has handed over the fastenpenny, or earnest of the coming year's wage, and on this the recipient spits gravely ere he pockets it. Nowadays they spit for mere luck's sake, not knowing what they do. But it was, I believe, originally a charm against witches, who were supposed to "eyespell" the first money paid away, but lost all power to do so after it had been placed in the mouth. This reminds me of a case of witchcraft I came across one May time. My father farmed very largely in Marshland, and going into the stables one morning in 1867, when the lads had left, I found on the bin of one of them a small doll gaily dressed to represent a girl, but stuck through, about the heart, with tintacks. On his return I questioned him not only about this but also the pair of lovely black eyes he had gained in the interval. It appeared that he had had his doubts of the constancy of his lass, who was in service a good way off, and had taken this course, under the advice of a "wiseman," to compel her to meet him at Alford Fair. Sure enough no sooner had he got there than up she came, but with another "gurt chap" along of her, and only to reproach him bitterly, for "she knawed he'd been after some devilment along of her." She "hedn't been able to sleep for a week thinking of him and were draawed to him agin hersen, an' she threaped up all mander things agin me, an' the gurt chap set on an' all and jacketed me outrageous. I reckon I must 'ed leff summat out. I draawed her proper enuff, but I cudn't uphold it right thruff, an' now I doubt she's gotten a scunner¹ agin mea, I wean't hardlins over-set."

The 29th of May is Royal Oak Day all England over, and I only refer to it here because there is another custom

¹ Scunner = violent dislike.

also attached to that day in Marshland. It marks the close of the birds'-nesting season, the boys considering it most unlucky to take eggs later, and mostly abstaining from so doing. Surely this points to Oak Day customs being far older than King Charles, to whom they have in a figure become transferred from some definite rites of Pagan nature-worship. Thus, at Upton Grey, my late Hampshire parish, there is a very special observance of this day. The church bells are rung at 6 a.m., after which the ringers place a large branch of oak over the church porch and then proceed to put smaller branches in the gateway of every house in the village street. It is supposed to ensure good luck for the remainder of the year, and the omission of it to be no slight matter. Would that the grand old yew-tree in that churchyard could speak; who knows what strange rite of olden days it would reveal!

Let us now go on to autumn. Harvest thanksgiving services have, I think, entirely supplanted the mell-supper in Marshland. When I was a boy every farmer held one, but now I do not know of a single survival. And old Dan Gunby, fowler and poacher, prince of scamps, but prince also of fiddlers, has been dead these twenty years, and with him have died the best traditions of the "mell." But no further back than last September I saw a veritable "kern baby"—a largish doll, cunningly twisted out of barley straw, and perched up on a sheaf exactly facing the gate of the grand wheat-field in which it stood. I missed seeing the owner, a small freeholder, but mentioning the matter to an old dame (of whom a Marshman would say, "them as knaws aal she knaws hezn't no need to go to no schule") she made a reply which proves that, whatever else the Marshman has learnt of late to doubt, he still firmly believes in the Devil and his angels: "Yis, she be thear to fey away t' thoon'er an' lightnin' an' sich-loike. Prayers is good enuff ez fur as they goas, but t' Awmoighty mun be strange an' throng wi' soa much corn to look efter, an' in these here bad toimes we moan't

fergit owd Providence. Happen, it's best to keep in wi' both parties."

This reminds one of the story of the south country parson condoling with a Norfolk farmer who had just lost his wife, and speaking freely of the duty of submission to the decrees of *Providence*. To his horror the old man replied, "Drat that thear owd Providence, He hev been agin me all along, He hev. Whoi, last year He most spilt my taters, and the year afore He kinder did for my turmuts, and now He's been and gotten howd of my missus. But," he added with an heroic burst of faith and devout assurance, "I reckon there's ONE ABOVE as 'ull put a stopper on 'im ef He goas too fur." "Providence," of course, is a euphemistic term for Satan. Ahriman had had his way too long, but Ormuzd would surely triumph in the end.

And this leads up to the final custom I will mention as regards days and seasons. No Marshman will touch a bramble-berry after Michaelmas Day, and, if you ask the reason why, you are gravely referred to the 12th chapter of the Revelation of St. John: "There was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, he was cast out into the earth"; and it is added that he fell headlong into a bramble-bush, and was so torn he has never forgotten it, but each year spoils¹ all the bramble-berries on the 29th of September, and if you will only look you may often see for yourself where he has scorched them by his touch. Scorched, indeed, they often are, and though you and I may doubt the agent, we cannot question the fact.

Even you, dwellers in streets which by day testify only of material power, and where the darkness of the winter night is illumined by the gas-lamp, or it may be by the electric light that dispels all secrecy, all mystery, so that

¹ The actual way in which he is supposed to spoil them is too filthy to be mentioned.

your imaginative faculties are being steadily crowded out, even you, half-unconsciously, personify and still speak of "Jack Frost." Can you, then, wonder at the continued belief in the uncanny, under the conditions of rural life in Marshland? When a man has to walk two or three miles from his work "in the hush of the moonlight," weary, wet, and hungry; through lonely by-paths; alongside great cuts or drains whence the startled hernshaw rises with an absolutely silent flap of his wide wings; over rough broken fallow, with now a hare, now a snipe, now a pyewipe with melancholy voice crossing his vision; through plantations where hoots the owl; and all the while the shadows chase each other across the marsh—why it would be strange indeed if such an one did not meet with "scarts" and "scares" as the years roll by. And if his imagination be never so dull, the old traditions, handed down from father to son for ages past, come in to help him. And he thinks it would be impious indeed to doubt the existence and the powers of the spirit world, and foolish in the extreme to neglect the potent charms of the "wise women" and the "cunning men" that deal in them. As, therefore, I pass to the subject of

WITCHCRAFT AND CHARMS

I own myself fairly puzzled where to begin, and still more where to end. In fact, there is no limit but that of the hour glass, and my readers' kind patience.

Old Mary Atkin, to whom I shall have to refer again, was one of these "wise women." She was the wife of a most respectable farm bailiff, who did not hold with her goings on, although he dared not check them. Several waggoners boarded in their house, and one morning, their breakfast bread and milk being sadly burnt, a lad threw his portion in her face. Quietly wiping it off she merely said, "Thou art very bug now, my lad; but jest thou wait till thee and thy team gets to top of Cowbank: thou'll be main sorry then, I'll go bail! See if thou ardn't!" All went well enough till they reached the place

indicated, when suddenly the horses stopped short, shivered and sweated and shook, and not a step would they move one way or the other till, having called a man from a cottage near at hand, he went back and on bended knees besought Mary to lift the spell. When he returned the horses promptly moved on without further hitch.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to discuss the power by which the wise woman effected her purpose. I am here only dealing with the fact, and asserting it to be a fact. For this was told me by the man himself years after, as he lay a'dying, and he added his regret that he had not remembered the counter-spell: "Ef I hed nobbut takken t' collar off t' fust hoss, and looked thruff it backards, I hedn't need trapsed all yon way whoam agin in a muck sweat; but I were that 'mazed I clean disremembered mysen. Howsomdever, I allus kep' a bit o' wicken in moi jacket whilst I stayed waggoner thear, and she nivver hit me nor my hosses no more."

Curiously enough, too, it fell to my lot in 1885 to attend old Mary on her death-bed; in fact, she sent for me from another parish "to lay the devil," whom she believed to have come for her. If nothing else had come, the hour of an evil conscience had undoubtedly arrived. She, at all évents, firmly believed in her old powers, and, had it not been for the greater presence which she asserted was in the room, would, I fear, as little have regretted the use she had made of them. Her last words to me were: "Thou hast fixed him, Master Robert, for a bit, as firm as ivver I fixed anny; bud he'll hev' me sartain sewer when thou art gone." And she died that night shrieking out that he had got her!

The doctor said she was mad, not so her neighbours. They had no doubts at all. And the parson? Well, he has his opinion, but he is not going to state it here.

A few months before this last occurrence I was in a part of my parish named Wainfleet Bank, and, passing the house of a respectable wheelwright, was called in, and,

after a short conversation on the subjects of the day, taken solemnly down to his pigstye, and requested to give my opinion on the state of his best sow. The pig certainly looked in a bad way, and I suggested whiskey gruel. "Nay," said he, "thou knaws better nor that; I du varily believe she hev ben overrluked, and thou and me knaws the party that hes dun it [one should never mention a witch by name, of course]. Ef I nobbut could draa blud of she it 'ud be aal reight, but then shea hev the law on me, and they magistrates up to Spilsby be that iggnerant they 'ud mak' mea paay; so I tho't as maybe you 'ud saay a few wuds o'er the sow an' set her free." When I declined, he begged hard for a bit of the wicken-tree that stood at my garden gate, and, although I did not give it, I firmly believe he came and helped himself, for next time I passed that way the wicken cross was on the stye and the pig was well and happy.

When, however, the wicken charm is used for the protection of human beings, there is one matter to be attended to, most important from a demoniological point of view, although a botanist might doubt the fact as applied to a wicken-tree. "You must understand that there is 'heder' wicken and there is 'sheder' wicken—one has berries and t'other has none; if the person overlooked was *he* you got a piece of 'sheder' wicken, if it was *she* you got 'heder,' and so made a 'T' with it on the hob. Then they could do nowt at you." Perhaps it may be as well to explain to non-Marshmen that "heder" and "sheder," terms usually applied to lambs (hogs), are used simply to express "male" and "female."

Talking of the wicken cross, which is properly the mountain ash or rowan tree, but in Marshland the common ash will do as well, and I have often supposed that the abundance of ashes in Lincolnshire (it is called the weed of Lincolnshire) is a relic of the Norsemen's faith—Yggdrasil, the cloud tree of the Norseman, out of which he believed the first man was made, was an ash-tree—talking of the wicken cross reminds me that

when the cattle plague was so prevalent in 1866 there was, I believe, not a single cowshed in Marshland but had its wicken cross over the door; and other charms more powerful than this were in some cases resorted to. I never heard of the use of the needfire in the Marsh, though it was, I believe, used on the Wolds not many miles off. But I knew of at least one case in which a calf was killed and solemnly buried feet pointing upwards at the threshold of the cowshed. When our garthman told me of this, I pointed out to him that the charm had failed, for the disease had not spared that shed. But he promptly replied, "Yis, but owd Edwards were a soight too clivver; he were that mean he slew nobbutt a wankling cauf as were bound to deuy anny road; if he had nobbutt tekken his best cauf it wud hev worked reight enuff; 'tain't in reason that owd Skraat 'ud be hanselled wi' wankling draffle." There can be little doubt that this was a direct sacrifice to Odin himself and to Loki, Spirit of Evil. There is a note by Mr. Baring Gould in Henderson's "Folklore" (p. 134) which speaks of the practice in the Sussex Weald of hanging up dead calves to the branch of a tree to secure luck for the cattle.

I must only give one more instance of witchcraft, and that because it illustrates clearly how frequently under this cruel superstition untold suffering fell on perfectly innocent people.

It was some years before the cattle plague that the garthman whom I have just mentioned came to me one morning "in a great doment," as we say in Marshland: "Master Robert, hast thee a crookled sixpence?" Sixpences of any kind were not a plentiful article with a schoolboy, as you may suppose, and though I did happen to have the sort he wanted stowed away somewhere, probably because it was not easily negotiable, I was not inclined to part without due reason shown. So he took me to the pump, which stood just outside the cowshed, in which about half-a-dozen milch cows were stalled, and showed me a straw or two, apparently twisted around the

handle by the action of the wind. "Thear," said he, "I've fund 'er oot; yon's a witch straw, an' along of t' pump hannel shea's milking aal oor coows; bud I'll put a stopper on 'er ef thou'll nobbutt len' mea yon crooked sixpence. I see' 'er run thruff t' yard las' noight as a black bitch, an' shea canna' stan' agin silver." So I produced the coin, he had his shot at the black bitch, and now comes the pathos of the tale. That very night a dear old woman, wife of our own gardener, in getting up on a stool to reach some crockery from a high shelf, fell and broke her leg. But the garthman and many another held to their last breath that they had "fund t' witch."

As a natural consequence of the belief in witches and wizards being so widely spread, there is a mass of charms still to be found amongst the people. One of the most curious remnants of old belief that I have come across was related to me by the late Vicar of Mumby, near Alford, who was told by quite a young person in his parish that when she was confirmed and went to her first communion she was informed that, if she kept half of the consecrated bread in her pocket, she would become a witch and have marvellous powers. I am glad to say she never dreamt of doing so. But it is much to our present purpose to note that the same belief is to be found in the lore of Finns and Swedes; and so let us go on to charms as endless as they are old. A year or so before I left Wainfleet, one of the trees that stood on the summit of the round barrow outside my garden was blown down in a gale, and from amongst the upturned rubbish I poked out a small round stone with a hole in it, self-bored—"a holy stone," as you doubtless know. Whose treasure it had been in the remote past I cannot pretend to say, but the use to which it had been put is less doubtful, for the moment I showed it to an elderly neighbour he exclaimed, "Thou beest in luck for sartain; hing 'im up over thy bed an' thou'll nivver hev no rewmatis." I am afraid I have a little now; but perhaps that is because I have kept that stone in a drawer, instead of either hanging it up or

wearing it. But it is not a little curious that it is almost undistinguishable from another self-bored stone I have in the same drawer that had been worn as a like charm for the same purpose by a chief in Central Africa, and was cut off by a friend of mine on admitting him to the catechumenate. So like is human nature all the world over!

Chief amongst the ailments of Marshland in olden days was ague, and some of the many remedies prescribed were so horribly filthy that I am inclined to think most people must have preferred the ague, or the race could hardly have survived. It will, perhaps, be enough to say that the chief ingredient in one such decoction consisted of nine worms taken at midnight from a churchyard sod and chopped up small!

But of charms pure and simple two must suffice as samples. You will note that the first has been wholly Christianised, and some will doubtless remember that De Quincey, in his "Essay on Modern Superstition," declares it, in one form or another, to be co-extensive with Christendom.

If you have the "shakes" you must cut off a lock of hair and wrap it around a bough of the "Shivver-tree," which, by the bye, in Marshland is not the aspen, but the black poplar, and as you do so you must say—

"When Christ our Lord was on the cross,
Then thou didst sadly shivver and toss;
My aches and pains thou now must take:
Instead of me, I bid thee shake."

And it will surely come to pass that you will never have "the shakes" again, if only you go straight home and are careful not to speak a word, good or bad, to anyone by the way. Some add, however, that a twelve hours fast is also needed.

The second charm, however, in spite of its Christian varnish, is in its essence astoundingly Pagan and Norse, and I believe that I may claim for myself whatever merit there may be in having rescued it from the midden of the past, for even Mr. Baring Gould, to whom I communi-

cated it some little time ago, said he had never heard of anything of the same kind. It was communicated to me by that "wise woman," Mary Atkin, already referred to.

In the autumn of 1858 or 1859, I forget which, the ague was particularly prevalent in the Marshes and my mother's stock of quinine—a thing really wise Marshfolk were never without in those days—was heavily drawn upon by the cottagers. But on taking a second bottle to Mary's grandson the old dame scornfully refused it, saying she "knewed on a soight better cure than yon mucky bitter stuff." And with that she took me into his room and to the foot of the old fourposter on which he lay. There, in the centre of the footboard, were nailed three horseshoes, points upwards, with a hammer fixed cross-wise upon them. "Thear lad," she said, "when the Old 'Un comes to shaake 'im yon ull fix 'im as fast as t' chu'ch steeple, he weant nivver pars yon." And when I showed signs of incredulity she added, "Nay, but it's a chawm. Oi teks the mell i' my left hand, and Oi taps they shoes an' Oi saays—

" 'Feyther, Son and Holy Ghoast,
Naale the divil to this poast.
Throice I smoites with Holy Crok,
With this mell Oi throice dew knock,
One for God,
An' one for Wod,
An' one for Lok.' "

The point to which I would chiefly draw your attention, as my dear mother drew mine when I repeated it to her, is the extraordinary mingling of rank Norse Paganism with Christianity. If the Holy Trinity be invoked at the beginning, at the end we find Woden, and even Loki, the spirit of evil himself, joined with God in a Trinity as a defence against the Spirit of Evil himself; whilst Thor's hammer and the "holy crook" are treated as one and the same thing. Could confusion be much worse confounded than this? And why the "left hand"? Was not Thor himself lefthanded?

That this cure was at one time common to the whole shire is probable from an Axeholme cure for delirium tremens, communicated to me by Miss Mabel Peacock. Two women were lately discussing the failings of their employer, when one remarked, "Bud he might drink as hard as he duz now, an' aail nowt, if he naail'd three hoss shoes to his bedhead; then he'd niver be trubled wi' talkin'-ower an' seein' things."

Of course as far as the iron is concerned the belief in its powers is common enough. Only last Sunday afternoon on coming in from church I found a tiny poker placed T fashion across the bars of the drawing-room fireplace, "to make the fire burn," a relic of the days when some witch or 'Wag at the wa' "might have desired to put it out." And amongst iron implements, keys—probably because of the cross generally to be found in their wards—are the most potent form. To this day most Marsh folk will propose to arrest bleeding at the nose by slipping the cellar-key down your back (probably rather because it is the largest in the house than of any connection with "spirits" of a liquid nature); and it is not so long ago that the key played an important part in the divinations of all sorts, from the case of an undetected thief up to the discovery of your future partner for life.

The key would be placed within the Bible and securely fastened by a garter, and the whole either hung from a beam or placed upon a table. The questioner and the others present in the room either stood or sat around, touching the protruding end of the key with the first finger. The names of the likely people being then called out in order, the key would turn on the right one being mentioned. Here, of course, we come across something of the same psychic force as is exercised in table-turning and the like. There is nothing new under the sun.

Again, "to touch cold iron" is a solemn mode of sealing a bargain amongst schoolboys. When they are exchanging eggs or marbles you may see them lift up the

foot and touch a nail in their boots, and, that done, no after-reckonings may be raised.

But, perhaps, the most extraordinary notion in connection with iron is the firm belief that when it has inflicted any wound there is some kind of sympathy between the injury and its cause. Only a very short time before I left the Marsh a man was badly cut by the knives of a reaper, and in spite of all that medical skill could do he died the next day. But the true reason of his death was thus accounted for by a Marshman. "You see, he were nobbutt one of them iggnerent Irishmen [we have numbers of Irish immigrants there in harvest time], and they knaws nowt; if they hed but tekken the knife off and seen to that, mebbe he wudn't hev' died." And when I myself had got a nasty cut in the face from a bolt which flew out of a bit of old shipwood I was chopping up, my own gardener, a particularly intelligent man, asked anxiously where the bolt was, and suggested that the wound would heal the quicker if all dirt and rust were carefully taken off its edges!

I must pass over a host of other charms, such as those for the cure of warts and whooping cough, and come to a definitely Norse one.

The elder-tree, or "boretree" ("bottree"), is as conspicuous in Marshland folklore as it is in Scandinavian. We have all read in our younger days Hans Andersen's stories of the "Eldermother" who dwells in that tree, and avenges injuries done to it, so that it is not advisable to cut the tree without permission, or to have movables made of its wood. I can assure you that the "Hyldermoer" is very much alive in Marshland. Hearing one day that a baby in a cottage close to my own house was ill, I went across to see what was the matter. Baby appeared right enough, and I said so; but its mother promptly explained, "It were all along of my maister's thick 'ed; it were in this how: T' rocker cummed off t' cradle, an' he hedn't no more gumption than to mak' a new 'un out on illerwood without axing the Old Lady's

leave, an' in coorse she didn't like that, an' she came and pinched t' wean that outrageous he were a'most black i' t' face; but I bashed 'un off, an' putten an' esh 'un on, an' t' wean is as gallus as owt agin."

This was something quite new to me, and the clue seemed worth following up. So going home I went straight down to my backyard, where old Johnny Holmes was cutting up firewood—"chopping kindling," as he would have said. Watching the opportunity, I put a knot of elder-wood in the way and said, "You are not feared of chopping that, are you?" "Nay," he replied at once, "I bain't feared of choppin' him, he bain't wick [alive]; but if he were wick I dussn't, not without axin' the Old Gal's leave, not if it were ever so."

I promptly sat down, lit up pipes, and told him about the baby, hoping to get the proper words. And so I did, with some more besides—some good advice. I am always ready to listen to good advice, if I don't always follow it:

"Thou knaws I be straange an' laame on this here left huck, an' Oi'll tell thee how I happened moi disablement. Mebbe it ull saave thysen, for thou art allus mashing trees about wi' thy whanger. It were sivvin an' fourty year ago come nex' backend that I were fying out a dike i' Wainflete flats, an' a crewel cold job it were an' aal, for t' wind cut like owd Orrey's¹ razors all ragged i' th' edge, and t' watter kep' cumin' in atop of my splatterdashes, and master he comes up an' nivver passes the toime o' daay nor nowt ceevil like, but gruffs out, 'Be sewer thou plashes yon iller well down,' as ef I didn't knaw 'ow to do it mysen wi'out no telling. And I were that mad, I picks up my plash hook and lets fly at t' mucky owd iller, and clean disremembered to ax the Owd Gal's leave fust off. But Oi paayed for it hard enuff, for as Oi were goin' whom at t' gloamin', aal of a sudent she hits me kerwallop bang i' the huck. I were that bad I were i' bed nigh upon

¹ The local barber.

a month, an' Oi've gone dotty on that lef' huck ivver sin'. Don't thou touch no iller tree wi'out axing the Owd Gal's leave proper. Doctor, he called it feaver, but I knows different; they doctors be blamed fules someways."

"And the words, John?"

"Oh, them's slape enuff. You just says, '*Owd Gal, give me of thy wood, An' Oi will give some of moine, When I grows inter a tree.*'" And he added, with a grin, "It's saafe enuff to saay, I reckun, for thou seas thou'll hev to be i' thy coffin a goodish piece afore thou growest inter a tree."

The charm itself, you will remember, is almost identical with that recorded in Henderson's "Folklore" as being in use at the present day in Lower Saxony (p. 183); whilst the Danish peasants say, "Hyldemoer, Hyldemoer, permit me to cut thy branches," apparently without pledging themselves to any return of the compliment.

Passing now to my last subject

LIFE AND DEATH

I find myself confronted with a mass of customs and superstitions, with which to deal properly would take a volume. I will, therefore, pass on at once to the last of these, merely premising that as regards marriage festivities there is nothing left in Marshland at all approaching to those in vogue in the north country, the race for the ribbon and the firing of guns are quite extinct, if ever they were in vogue in Marshland; and only the rice and old shoes remain. But with respect to Death, as might be looked for, old customs are still tenacious of existence. Living as I have done for many years near the sea, I am inclined to think that there is a foundation of real fact for the almost universal belief in Marshland that deaths mostly occur during the falling of the tide. My experience certainly agrees with Mr. Pegotty's explanation to David Copperfield by Low Barkes' bedside: "People cannot die along the coast, except when the tide's pretty nigh out." I have asked several medical men, who have practised in

Marshland, and they agree as to the fact, though differing as to the cause, which probably is due, as Henderson notes, to the change of temperature which undoubtedly does take place on the change of tide, and may act on the flickering spark of life, extinguishing it as the ebbing tide recedes.

But we come once again into the region of pure folklore when we meet with another notion quite as common as this last. Should one show signs of "not getting on wi' his dyin'," you may be sure there are pigeon feathers in the mattrass, and it is not at all improbable that the invalid will be taken quite out of bed and laid upon the bare floor; whilst, on the other hand, if he seems likely to pass away before the arrival of some distant son or daughter a small bag of feathers may be placed under his pillow to "hold un back" till the last farewell can be said. Again, it is quite the proper thing to hold the looking-glass to the mouth of one who seems to have drawn his last breath, to assure yourself that he really has done so; but the moment you are satisfied that he is indeed dead, the glass must be turned face to the wall or covered over, else you may see the dead man looking at you from it. For, although the window has been opened wide to let the spirit out, the looking-glass may hold un back. The old grandfather clock must be stopped and veiled, to show that he has done with time; and the passing bell must be rung with all speed, and perhaps the most natural explanation of this last is the one I received at Upton Grey, where, instead of the big bell alone being tolled, all the bells are tolled one after another. "You see, sir," said the sexton, "some devils can't abear the sound of some bells, and others can't abear the sound of other bells, and so we tolls them all to scare them all." On the other hand, the bell that is often rapidly rung immediately the funeral service is ended, is to notify to S. Peter that the soul is coming, and he will open the gate. Said an old woman to me, when the sexton had delayed to ring till he had first filled in the grave: "It

were a cruel thing to keep that poor soul waiting in the cold a day like this."

When the corpse is placed in the coffin you must never forget to tie the feet, else the dead may return, or some other spirit may take possession of the body for his own purposes. Old Will Richardson, of Croft, my own native parish, died in the early seventies, and was buried; but they forgot to tie his feet. About a fortnight after, a cousin of mine going around her district, called at the house, and was most effusively welcomed by his granddaughter. "Cum' thee in, Miss, right away; mother's in a rare doment: she clean fergot to tie grandfeyther's feet, and he's cummed agin, and set hisself in his owd corner, and we daredn't shift him wersens, not if it were ever so."

And there, sure enough, in the inglenook on the bricks beneath the old man's chair, squatted an enormous toad, and my cousin felt even herself that there was something ludicrously suggestive of the old man's appearance in the way the creature hunched its shoulders and blinked at her. "He wer' allus mighty tekken up wi' you, Miss," said the woman, "and mebbe you 'ud insense him thet he's hed his turn and it's ourn now, and he moan't come awming an' messing aboot no more, and mebbe you 'ud tie his legs and hap him up at t' fut of t' owd apple-tree." My cousin naturally declined to tie the toad's legs, but she did take it up in the shovel, carry it out, and put it in a hole at the apple-tree foot; and it appears "Will" was satisfied, for he came back no more, and, what is more pleasant still, he has never even visited me, although I bought his old chair, and it is at this moment in my drawing-room.

Well, if that last story be somewhat grotesque, my next shall be as pathetic. Widow Mary Woodville kept the little village shop at Croft, just across the road from Richardson's, and one of her boys got his hand into a chaff-cutter and two fingers were cut off.

So she had a pretty little coffin made, and put them in,

and went off to see the vicar to beg that they might be buried in the churchyard.

And who could well have resisted the reason that she gave?

“ ’Tain’t but what t’ Awmoighty cud put un together again, whearsoivver the bits be laid ; bud I’d loike ’em to be so as He moan’t hev to clat about an’ seek ’em. ’E’ll be strange and throng, A reckun, yon daa, an’ a’ putting foalks teggither ; it doan’t become the likes of me to mak’ ’Im breffet all over t’ plaace an’ tew Hisself, if so bees we kin put ’em handyloike i’ His awn aacre.”

Surely there was a tender thoughtfulness and reverent consideration about this which would more than atone for the ignorance!

But to return from this digression. I never heard the term “ arvel ” or “ averil ” applied to the biscuits produced at the funeral feast, but the ideas both of the “ heir ale ” and the biscuits still linger on. So great an offence is it for a mourner to refuse to partake of the biscuits, which are long, narrow, finger-shaped ones, that I am almost inclined to think that there must be attached to them something of the notion which comes out so strongly in some parts of Wales, where the professional “ *sin-eater* ” is still to be found, who, by consuming a cake specially prepared for that purpose, takes the sins of the deceased upon himself.

And as to the “ heir ale,” or feast at which the heir takes his place at the head of the house, one has only to bear in mind the share that the bees have in the matter to feel convinced that, if the biscuits are “ Celtic,” at least part of the feast is “ Norse.” Not only must the bees be told of the death and their hives put in mourning, but the new head of the house must take down to the hives a dish from the funeral feast and say to the bees, “ I have brought you a bit and a sup of all that’s on the table, and I hope you will be pleased.” Mead, as we all know, was the standing drink of the heroes in Valhalla, and unless the new heir secured the services of the bees, their old

master might perchance still demand them. Whilst upon the subject of the bees I may add that particular attention should be paid to the first swarm after a death. If it is easily taken you may be sure they are satisfied with their new master, but if by chance they settle on a dead branch of a tree he will not be likely to live long to benefit by their service. If they fly away and are lost, their old master has called them, and you had best consult the wise man to prevent a repetition of the loss.

And with another reference to the banquet in the halls of the chosen or Valhalla, I must conclude this already too protracted paper.

We had had considerable trouble with the Wainfleet lads about stone-throwing in the churchyard, and one day my churchwardens called my attention to a newly-made grave, on which lay a mug and a jug, evidently quite freshly broken, and said, "The boys have been at it again, and, what's more, have also stolen the flowers that Widow Davy had put upon her husband's grave."

I at once saw that no chance stone had caused the fractures. So, putting my officials off with some excuse, I went to see the widow, and said to her, "Well, Mrs. Davy, how came you to forget to give your old man his mug and his jug?"

"Ah, Sir," she replied, "I knew you would understand all about it. I was that moidered wi' crying that I clean forgot to put 'em along of him in t' coffin. I puts t' groat in his mouth to pay his footing, but blame me if I doesn't leave out t' owd mug and jug. An' whativver he'd do wi'out 'em I can't think. So I goes and does t' next best: I *deads* 'em both over his grave, an', says I to mysen, 'My old man, he set a vast o' store, he did, by yon mug and jug, he'd knaw 'em out o' a thousand, and when their ghoastesses gets over on yon side, he'll holler out, "Yon's mine, han' 'em over to me"; and I'd jest like to see them as would stop him a' having of 'em an' all, for 'e were rare an' handy wi' 'is fistesses, so be 'e were crossed above a bit, 'e were.'"

Curiously enough this man was the very last of the race of what were called the "Wainfleet Boatmen," men who earned their living by barge-work before the days of railways, and who for generations had always followed the same occupation, and scorned the land itself and all connected with it.

Cannot we almost see the descendant of the old Vikings striding up the halls of Valhalla, putting down his goat, and demanding to be admitted to the free fellowship of his mighty forbears, then boldly claiming his own, and joining gaily in the glorious banquet?

Need I add more to justify the title of my paper?



THE FEATURES OF THE
ADVANCE OF THE STUDY OF DANISH
ARCHÆOLOGY IN THE LAST
DECADES.¹

CONTRIBUTED BY DR. W. DREYER.

NOT sixty years ago, most of what pertained to pre-historic man was unknown. By "archæology" was then meant the study of Roman, Egyptian, and Phœnician civilisation. Beyond this, the sober man of science hesitated to venture. The vast space of time covered by the history of man's development—that space which lay before civilisation, before written records, before any inscribed records whatsoever—was the playground for the fantasy of the peoples, that fantasy that created Sagas and myths. Here gods and demi-gods, giants and monsters, dwarfs and ogres, were allowed full play. Here was space and time for all that could not bear the harsh light of the present and the historical past. Here was placed that Golden Age to which man clings so steadfastly. Though he dare not hope that that time will yet come when, here on earth, the lion shall lie down with the lamb, yet he insists upon the darkness of pre-historic times being illumined by rays of light from Paradise. And the poet seized the tempting material with a poet's cunning and a poet's license. He changed and added, till childish myths and dark fables glittered with wisdom and beauty. He deepened what was already deep,

¹ Translated by Miss Elsie Warburg.

and adorned with a rich, profound and mystic symbolism all that appealed to the imagination, all that was already veiled in parables, simple, though not always easy to understand; a symbolism which gave to men's minds what they ever desire—questions to answer and riddles to solve.

But the real riddle of the past was not solved, its difficult question was not answered; no one even tried really seriously to do so. Learned men even could not view the childhood of the race dispassionately. They were too deeply entangled in the web wrought by priests and wise men which stretched over centuries of folklore and of ever-changing religions. True, the man of science knew that much of what was said and believed of the Past was an idealistic invention; true, that every now and then a gleam of light shone forth, but altogether what met him when he turned to the veiled darkness of the past was not encouraging. Nowhere was there a distinction between light and darkness; nowhere was there a separation of land and sea; nowhere could he trace a division of time or advance in development. All was chaos!

But, slowly and steadily, in all quietude, a serious work had begun in this direction. One fine day the first light shed its flickering flame on the fogs and mists of the dark ages. The flame was first kindled in the North. From Denmark and Sweden its beams shone forth to far lands, where answered light after light uprose, all having their origin in the little flame which shone out from Thomsen's poverty-stricken museum in Copenhagen, and from Sven Nielson's study in Lund.

What these men did was, to all appearance, not much—only the trisection of Northern prehistoric times into the simple divisions of the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Age. But this was just what was wanted, just as certainly as that the first thing that must be done to a large and chaotic collection of facts, whether historic or prehistoric, is to try to introduce some sort of order into

them, founded on the chronological sequence of events.

It is certain that there were many before Thomsen and Nielson who had seen that man's development had passed from a Stone to a Metal age; that there had been a time when the craft of metal-work was unknown, and that this time lay before the age in which metals were made into ornaments, weapons, and tools. But no one had endeavoured to get a universal acknowledgment of this truth, for no one had made a serious attempt to prove it by introducing order into the Sagas and by investigating the large collection of mythological fables. And no one had realised how important such a division of time must become; even Thomsen and Nielson can hardly have realised it in its entirety. What it means is simply this: the growth of mankind has been continuous. It has passed from dark to light; from brutality to gentler ways; from lower to higher stages in everything—in spiritual development, in morality, in religion. And the means to further this growth has been this, and this only: the energetic and untiring endeavours of mankind itself to obtain the mastery over Nature, to learn her laws and to practise the use of them; to become master of all substances, to manipulate and use them in ever-increasing ways for the furtherance of his innumerable aims. The object of the study of prehistoric ages must, therefore, be this: to grasp the tendency of all these efforts, so that we shall one day see the path on which the children of men have wandered clearly illumined before us in all its length and in all its windings.

The first step towards this goal was the trisection of the Northern prehistoric ages. For Thomsen and Nielson did not only divide them into Stone and Metal ages, but they divided the Metal age at once into the Bronze and Iron age. Their hypotheses aroused great opposition, as all new ideas must; opposition not only from those who oppose every effort of science to shed light on darkness, but also from men of science. The point around which opposition gathered after a time was the division of the

Metal age; all were very soon convinced that a Stone age had preceded this, not only in the North, but over the whole of our planet. But this only served to make the discussion as to whether a Bronze age had preceded the Iron age more bitter, especially as many tried to assert the same universality of this as of the change from the Stone age to the Metal age.

It was from Germany that the attacks on the Bronze age came. With wonderful persistency German scientists maintained that the use of iron *must* have been known before that of bronze; that the elementary metal *must* be older than the alloy, and that, therefor, the Bronze age was, and must be, a chimera. This discussion had a great influence on the development of Northern archæology. For decades it forced its promoters to devote most of their work to the support of the triple division; it forced them again and again to rake up the question for renewed discussion, and always to seek new facts, by the help of which they might successfully refute the continued attacks of the opposition. By this means a thoroughness was introduced into the work which has been extremely important. In Northern archæology half-finished work, imaginings and jumpings to conclusions are unknown. If such things peep forth, they are promptly and entirely suppressed. Tradition which, especially in Denmark, has descended from Thomsen through Worsaae to Sophus Müller has, hitherto, been strong enough to guard the banner.

In the seventies the strife at length died out. The outcome was absolute defeat to the opponents of the Bronze age. The argument which was clung to longest in Germany by one section was, that those decorations on the Northern bronze articles which were not produced by moulding must have been made by iron, perhaps even by steel tools, for nothing else would make the least impression on the hard bronze. Therefor iron, and even steel, must have been known in the so-called Bronze age, which, therefor, was also in reality an Iron age.

To this the Danes could make no other reply for many years than that these decorations were not, and could not have been, produced by steel tools, as everything clearly pointed to the fact that these latter were unknown in the Bronze age. A goldsmith from Copenhagen—one Boas—solved the question. He was much interested in prehistoric metalwork, and often visited the Museum, where he was one day asked by Sophus Müller (now Director of the Museum) what was his opinion about the decorations on the bronze articles. At first he said he could not imagine that they had been made by anything but steel-edged tools; but on reaching his home he decided to make experiments to test this question. The result was that the next day he showed a piece of bronze of the same composition as that of the Bronze age (90 per cent. copper and 10 per cent. tin), which he himself had decorated in the same style as the objects in the Museum with an instrument made of bronze—a small, hardened graving-tool. This ended the matter, and I mention it only because it is characteristic of the way in which Danish archæology is studied. The help which science has received from laymen in this direction is priceless.

Now, it is universally acknowledged that the development, at least in Europe and doubtless in the greater part of Asia, was in the following order: Stone, Copper, Bronze, Iron. For it has been proved that, in those places where it is most likely that the smelting of metals originated, a Copper age preceded the Bronze age, though this was probably of short duration, and there are very few traces of it in the North, where the craft of working in metal, and even of the extraction of metals, was originally imported from other lands. The semi-civilised races of Central America even seem at the time of the arrival of Europeans on their shores to have been in a state of transition from the Stone to the Copper and Bronze ages. Nowhere have we found as yet any traces that iron was known and used before copper. There are,

of course, many races, including the whole of the Negro races of Africa, who have gone straight from stone to iron, and for this reason: that this metal was imported while they were still in the Stone age.

Though the Danish archæologists devoted so much time to the discussion of this question, they were yet able to consider other questions. Side by side with this there was another strife about the division of the Stone age, and this has been no less important to Danish archæology. The European Stone age is, as is well known, divided into the *Palæolithic age*, the age of the caves and river-gravel, an age in which nothing was known of *polishing* stones, and the *Neolithic age*, "*l'âge de pierre polie*," as the French have unhappily called it. In the Palæolithic age Denmark can hardly have been inhabited. This was the time of the glaciers, in which it assumed its present shape. It is just possible that it may have been visited in interglacial periods, but of that we have no proof. The whole Stone age of the North is Neolithic, but in the early stages of it the polishing of flints was unknown. It is just this point that has been discussed for so many years. It was found at the very beginning of the search in the kitchen-middens of the sea-coast settlements in the early fifties, that in many of these there were neither polished flint articles nor any of the beautiful and delicately-made prehistoric objects which were so well known from being found in the surface soil and in the large dolmens. From this, and from several other things, Worsaae concluded that the oldest kitchen-middens dated from an earlier period, in which the polishing of flints was unknown; whilst Steenstrup insisted that they represented only one special side of the life and culture of the Stone age, and that in reality they were contemporary with, and were made by, the same people who had erected the large dolmens, with their beautifully polished and finely carved stone-work. Both views had supporters, and the strife continued—or, rather, flared up from time to time—till quite lately. It has ended, presumably,

with the death of Steenstrup, and ended in the triumph of Worsaae's opinion. Many and detailed have been the investigations it has given rise to, but it has always been possible for those in favour of the division to refute their opponents' arguments. There was one particular implement found in the kitchen-middens around which, after a time, all the strife centred. This was the so-called triangular axe. Steenstrup's followers would not acknowledge them to be edge tools, much less axes, and then was asked, and rightly: "But where are the edge tools of that time? There must have been some, and so long as you cannot show us them, so long must we withhold recognition of your division." Well, after a time axes were discovered with marks of use upon them, and these always on that side which Worsaae rightly called their "edge," and one single specimen of them was found with the remains of a wooden handle attached to the side opposite to the edge, and finally it was practically demonstrated that they could very well be used to cut wood. This ended the discussion.

In 1886 I was fortunate enough to discover a very large kitchen-midden, hitherto unknown, situated by the little village of Ertebølle, in Himmerland, by the Limfjord. I explored it by myself at first, and afterwards directed the attention of the archæologists to it. A commission of archæologists, geologists, botanists, zoologists, etc., was formed and sent to the place, where they worked for several years, and have examined a part of this, the largest kitchen-midden found in Denmark. When the results of that part of the examination which is now concluded are published, it is to be hoped that the last doubts on the subject will have been disposed of, and that it will be proved that Denmark was inhabited before the art of polishing flint was known. Our archæologists will then have this aim in view: to locate this time either in the Palæolithic or the Neolithic Stone age. It will most likely be shown to belong to a purely Northern development, and it will probably also be proved that

neither in England, France, nor elsewhere was the art of polishing stone known in the beginning of the Neolithic age, and therefore the name, "*l'âge de pierre polie*," is most unsuitable.

Undoubtedly there is a time, extending over several centuries and lying between the old Northern Stone age and that age in which cairns and dolmens were erected, in which there was an immigration of peoples, who brought with them polished implements of a Western European type; or a flood of culture must have proceeded from Western Europe which brought these to the country. For we find, especially in Denmark, very many pointed and sharp-edged axes of flint, many spear-heads, etc., which are exactly the same as the English and French, but which are never or, at least, very seldom, found in our tombs.

We have here a period of time, the graves of which are unknown (as are those from the time of the kitchen-middens), but which will be of vast importance to the correct understanding of our prehistoric period, as it forms partly one of the connecting links between Western Europe and the North, partly the foundation for the great and peculiar development which was attained by the Stone age in Denmark.

Sophus Müller has succeeded in producing a reliable chronology of the Stone age—a space of time covering centuries, or even so much as 1,000 years, must be capable of division. We should be able to distinguish between the ancient and the more modern, even in those times. The foundations for such division must be partly the shapes of the graves, partly the different types of ancient implements; both have received the attention of Müller. With regard to the graves, they start with the small square-chamber type, made of four stones with one flat stone on the top. They gradually develop into the large "passage-tombs," consisting of roomy, in most cases oblong, chambers with entrance by a roofed and paved passage, which varies in length. Later these changed to

coffins, which gradually decrease in size, so that at the end of the Stone age we find them just large enough to contain the body in a recumbent position.

It was not wholly unknown that there was a group of graves in Jutland which differed greatly in character from the usual type of grave of the Stone age—the Dolmen. They have been called “framed graves,” because, as generally found, they consist of an oblong chamber framed by a single line of smaller stones. Very often the larger portion of this stone frame is missing, often the whole has disappeared, so that the grave can only be traced by disturbing the soil. These burial places are generally situated in the earth, not on the surface, and are sometimes covered by a tumulus. In the eighties I, in working at the archæological discoveries in the Rinds and Gislum Herreder, called attention to the presence of such graves, whose chief distinguishing feature is that both the chamber and the coffin are missing, and that they are underground; but no research, either by myself or others, was comprehensive enough to discover their real value.

Then the Rigsdag voted an annual subsidy (a considerable one for Denmark) for a thorough archæological investigation of the country, and later on for the examination of the thousands of mounds scattered over the country, mounds either already destroyed or partly so, and much light was cast on the subject by these examinations. Scores upon scores of these “framed graves” have been explored in South West Jutland, whence they extend, though in more scattered numbers, North and East. Hundreds of them are marked by the round tumuli (generally quite small) which cover them, and there must certainly be thousands which are brought to light only by accident, because they are far below the surface, unmarked by a mound. It is likely that this kind of sepulture also took place outside Jutland, at all events in Funen, where a certain kind of flint axe is also found buried some feet deep. Anyhow, the graves in Jut-

land form a large group by themselves, characterised not only by their arrangement, but by their contents. They consist almost exclusively of a certain late type of flint axes, of flint spear and arrow heads, also of a later date, and finally also of battle-axes made of granite, sandstone, etc., generally extremely delicately-made and bored through for the handle. Some of the finest things of this sort in existence come from these "frame graves." We have from them relics of the latter part of the Stone age, which lasted so long in a certain section of the country that we can trace a definite development in it. But the origin of these articles must be sought for outside the country, towards the South and West. It is supposed that a tribe of people from those parts came to the country and wandered up the West coast of Sönder Jutland, and of South Nórrejylland, or else that a road much used for commerce was formed there. Which of the two is right, later discoveries must show.

In later years our previous ideas of the earlier Stone age of the North have been much extended by research. Formerly it was thought that their culture was at a very low level, and that the people were hunters or fishermen without any knowledge of farming. It was known that it was not so in other countries, but it was long before any proof was found that even here in the North the people of the Stone age had domestic animals and tilled the ground. Without doubt, the people of the early Stone age lived solely on the proceeds of hunting and fishing, supplemented by the berries, fruits, and roots of the forest. But in the later Stone age circumstances, even here in the North, had changed. Though we have not found a single bone belonging to a tame animal in those kitchen-middens in which are found no articles of polished flint, we find them in the middens of a somewhat later period. It has been shown that as early as that period marked by polished flint—articles of a Western European type—goats, and most likely oxen, were kept; it is practically certain that in the time of the cairns both

sheep and pigs were introduced, and most likely horses as well, so that even the people of the later Stone age knew and kept practically all the domestic animals and mammals now known in the North. Dogs had been brought in by the first immigrants. In the cairns, and those kitchen-middens contemporary with them, are found the bones of the domestic animals I have mentioned, and often also those of wild animals, sometimes shaped into implements.

But agriculture was also pursued in some degree, at all events towards the end of the Stone age. We come to this conclusion partly because we have found—sometimes even in the graves—the large stones, hollowed out by friction, used here, as everywhere else in the world, for grinding corn; partly because some of the corn has, curiously enough, been found preserved. Thus, a Jutland schoolmaster called attention to the fact that he had found some grains of wheat (now turned to coal), besides the impression of others, baked in the clay of which the vessels of the Bronze age were made. This gave the impetus to many investigations, by which it was shown that even in the clay vessels of the earlier Stone age these grains were found, though only of wheat; while in the vessels of the Bronze age grains of barley and millet seed were found as well, but no rye. Finally, in 1899 a most interesting discovery was made in a swamp, consisting of a sickle with a blade of flint and a handle of wood. Without doubt it was intended and used for the corn harvest. Therefore wheat must have been grown at the end of the later Stone age. As yet we do not know how far back the art dates, perhaps it was even known in the beginning of the later period, but certainly not in the earlier Stone age. Many things lead us to suppose that millet also was grown in the Stone age, though as yet we have no proof.

We must therefore set right our ideas about the Northern people of the later Stone age. They were not wild men who obtained from Nature a precarious exist-

ence by means of fishing and hunting. They were a comparatively civilised people who tilled the ground and bred many domestic animals, although they fished and hunted as well. They were undeniably expert in many arts (the making of clay vessels, stone carving, wood carving, etc.); they produced wonderfully many weapons and tools, and in great variety; the division of labour was fairly even; they had fixed residences, commercial intercourse, a religion whose standard was not low; their sense of beauty was great, as is shown by their ornamentation and the beautiful shapes of their weapons, which are sometimes almost refined in form. In short, they had attained to a definite stage of civilisation.

Thus we see that, in the last decades much has been done by Danish archæologists to determine the circumstances of our Northern Stone age. And the same has in no less degree been done for the Bronze age. All investigators were obliged to occupy themselves for some time solely with this period, and that has, of course, borne fruit.

One question that has been raised is still unanswered. It is this: Was the Bronze age in the North due to an immigrant tribe or to the advance of civilisation without any exterior influence? The scarcity of articles from a transition stage point to the first solution, but the regular continuation to the early Bronze age of the method of burial peculiar to the later Stone age (stone coffins, with one recumbent corpse, not cremated) points to the second, or, at least, to the fact that the immigrants were very similar to the original inhabitants in manners and customs. But it is quite clear that throughout the whole of the Bronze age there was commercial intercourse with Southern countries, at first with the lands around the Danube and Hungary; later with Italy. By this means much bronze and gold was brought to the North, most likely in the form of weapons, ornaments and tools, which were, of course, melted down after a time to be re-made according to the taste of the period. Comparatively few

of the foreign-made articles have survived; among them are some originating from England and France, with which countries there must therefor have been communication. The means of exchange in Denmark in all probability was, first and foremost, amber, which, though found in such imposing quantities among our relics of the Stone age, seems to have quite disappeared in the Bronze age—it was, of course, exported.

The Bronze age in the North extended over a long period; it is strange how long it took for iron to make its way. As a result, it reached a higher state of development in Denmark than anywhere else on the face of the earth. This is what gives to it its high state of civilisation and its scientific importance. For eight or ten centuries bronze and gold were the only metals known in the North. Such a long period must be divided into lesser periods, and it must be decided what belongs to an earlier or a later period, what is beginning and what is end. Here also a great work has been performed. In 1859 Worsaae divided it into an earlier and a later Bronze age, after he, as early as 1843, had come to the conclusion that those bronze articles which were decorated in spirals were the oldest.

It may be thought that such a common, simple and elementary decoration as the spiral was rather a slender ground for such an important decision. Yet it is not found in our Stone age; it appears very much in the Bronze age, and can be traced through the East of Central Europe to the countries around the Danube; to Mycenæ and Egypt; and it is a proof of Worsaae's penetration that he so quickly became aware of its importance. After a time there was seen to be a sharp division between two groups of bronze articles, an earlier and a later, and the division between the sections to which they belong is almost contemporary with a great alteration in the burial customs: the transition from the burial of unburnt corpses to cremation.

Throughout the Bronze age there is a clearly traceable

development in the shapes of the graves. On the whole, those are the oldest which contain unburnt corpses, in stone coffins or under heaps of stones covered by mounds, which are often of great size.

Contemporary with these are the famous graves with oak coffins, which have given us such priceless facts about the manners and customs of the earlier Bronze age; about the costumes of men and women; about the way in which weapons and ornaments were worn, etc. We know, by this means, that the men did not wear beards; and by a minute microscopical inspection of the well-preserved locks of hair, it has been demonstrated that the race was fair.

Occasionally we find, in graves of the same shape and size, burnt bones, which point to a new way of treating corpses, namely, by cremation; and this invention almost makes the division between the early and later Bronze age. But a few burnt bones do not require a large grave, and so, gradually these diminish in size, as do also the grave-goods. Very soon the custom arose of burying the carefully collected bones in a clay urn specially designed for the purpose, which also contains the small articles of bronze or bone which are buried with the corpse. These urns are placed, surrounded by stones, either in the old mound or in a new and smaller one on the top of it; they are also found singly in fields, or in larger quantities in a graveyard.

Outside the graves have been found many new articles, both field and household implements belonging to the Bronze and the Stone ages, which we presume must be hidden treasure or commercial stock; some of them must also be votive offerings and some dowries, which were hid during the lifetime of the person in hopes that they might be of use to him or her in the hereafter. By such means is the value of the grave-goods, so poor in the later Bronze age, enhanced. The votive offering often consists of war-gear, such as seven axes, thirteen spearheads, etc., which we must presume, were buried in fulfilment of a promise

to the gods, as a thankoffering for preservation in danger or illness, etc.

Sophus Müller has proposed to divide each of the two divisions of the Bronze age into two, based on the differences in the decorative work; but it follows that the differences are less well-defined, and the transitions more gradual, the shorter the periods into which the time is divided.

Among the detailed investigations pertaining to the Bronze age must be mentioned those to which the well-known "lurer" or war trumpets have given rise. In the peat marshes of Denmark and South Sweden many large and beautiful trumpets have been found, a yard and more in length, and made of bronze. They are of very thin metal and made in several pieces, which are afterwards fastened together; they are richly ornamented and often have chains and small pieces of brass attached. They are always found in pairs, which are seen to belong together owing to the bend in one of the pair being always in the opposite direction to that in the other; in one case no fewer than three pair were found together. Much was spoken and written about these instruments, but to little effect until the composer, Hammerich, examined them to find their musical powers and value. The six which were in the best state of preservation were restored, only very slight repairs being needed, and it was found that they were in excellent working order and highly perfect.

Many carefully calculated peculiarities of shape and work contributed to give them a mildness and softness of tone, which was, nevertheless, powerful. Each pair is carefully tuned together, the notes being C, D, E \flat , E and G. The instrument was held upwards when played on; in this position it is well-balanced, and the sound is carried to the audience. The notes are the so-called "natural notes," which are produced only by the lips. The register contains 12 notes in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ octaves; if the harmonic notes in the bass are included, it is increased to 22,

but we, of course, do not know whether all were known in prehistoric times. The tone of the instrument is very much the same as that of a bassoon; as they are found in pairs tuned together, there is reason for supposing that they were used together. This is, quite briefly, the chief result of Hammerich's investigations; it is surprising that, at so early a period, we in the North were possessed of such highly developed musical instruments. But it agrees very well with our present knowledge of the Bronze age and its people. We knew that the people of the later Stone age had a comparatively high state of culture; we can, therefore, hardly call it surprising that we have found that the Bronze age was still farther advanced. It is an obvious result of the investigations of modern times that we have realised that the Northern Bronze age was a period of extraordinary development, a period hitherto undervalued. The people bred cattle and were agriculturists. We have already mentioned the domestic animals and kinds of corn known to them. They had fixed dwelling-places, and cleared large expanses of forest. It is shown by the fact that the large groups of tumuli found all over the country are so often collected around about the sites of modern villages, that many of these were actually founded in the Bronze age. Long rows of these tumuli are also found stretching for miles across the heaths of Jutland, where they are in the best state of preservation. They often either begin or end at ancient fords, and there is no doubt that they ran by the side of old paths or roads. These, of course, followed the habitations, so that we can trace the course of the builder by means of these tumuli.

It is easy to shew that the people of the Bronze age were commercial and seafaring men. The steady influx of metal must be due to commerce. It was paid for by amber, and perhaps also by hides and corn and such things. Shipbuilding was fairly well developed; canoes hewn out of oak logs were no longer sufficient. On many bronze implements, especially razors, and on a certain

kind of large neckrings, we find engraved seascapes, shewing us large vessels with a keel, and a prow rising high from the bow which makes the vessel look as if it had a double prow. We find these ships again in the "helleristninger" ("cliff carved") figures (Fig. 1), carved or scratched on large isolated stones in Denmark, and far oftener on the faces of cliffs in Bornholm, Sweden and South Norway. But up till then we had found no boat preserved from that far away time. Great was therefor the



FIG. 1.—HELLERISTNINGER OR ROCK CARVINGS.

Scale, about 1-12th natural size.

rejoicing when a few years ago a great number of small models of the boats or ships of the Bronze age were found. Buried in a clay vessel were found over 100 small boats a few inches in length, made of thin gold sheets, beaten out with the help of bronze tools. (Fig. 2.) It was clearly shewn that they had, in the Bronze age, good seagoing vessels, built of laths fastened together with wooden pegs. The hoard must be considered as belonging to the aforementioned class of votive

offerings. The gold boats must have been given or sacrificed to the gods as a thankoffering for success in battle, or a danger surmounted, or some such thing ; either all at once or at different times. Perhaps here was the shrine of a god of the sea.

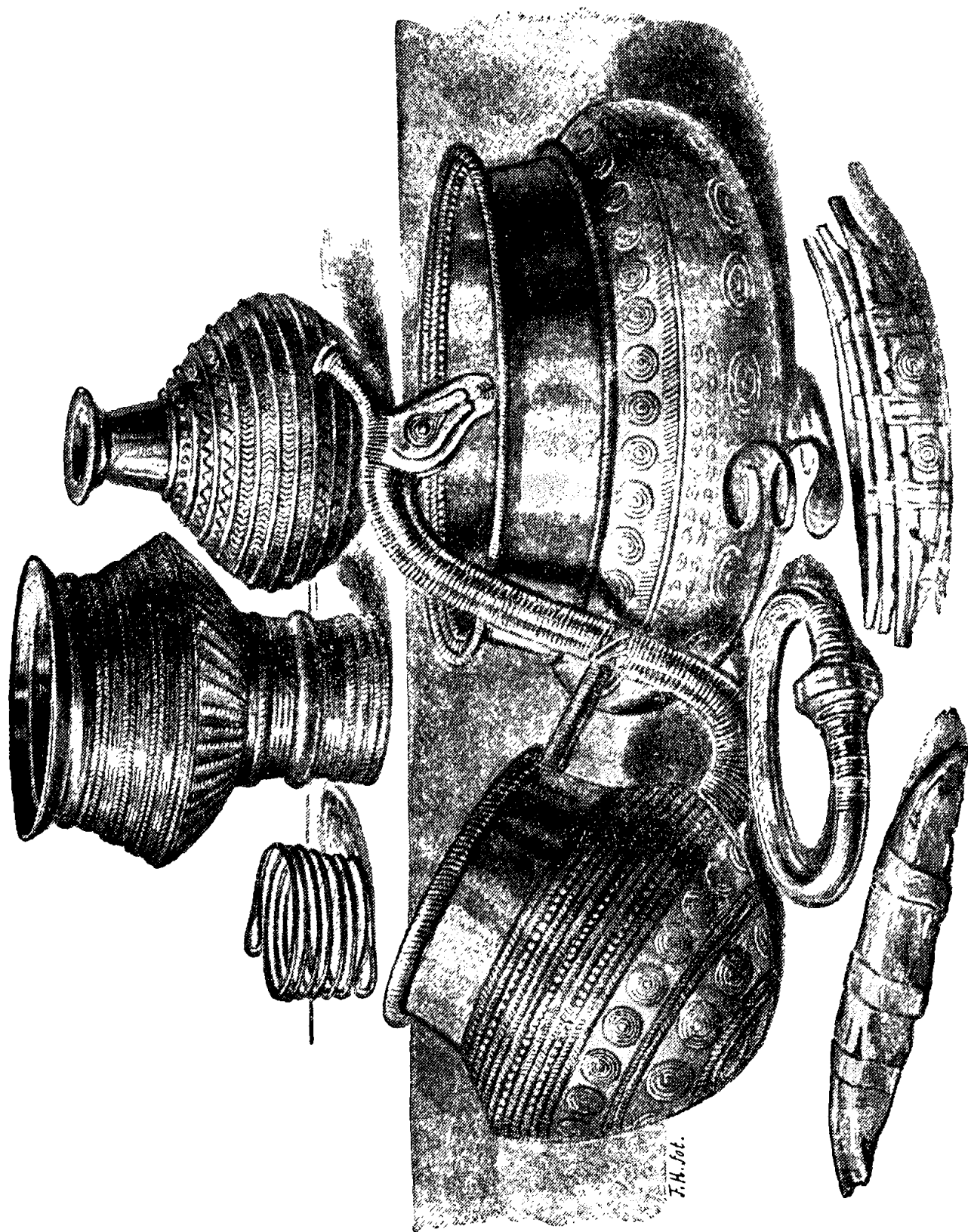


FIG. 2.—GOLD VESSELS OF THE BRONZE AGE, INCLUDING THE THY GOLD VOTIVE BOAT.
Scale: gold beaker, 1-5th to 1-6th natural size; vessel with handle, 1-5th; and gold boat, 1-3rd.

Industry had also reached an advanced stage. The craft of working in bronze is highly developed ; even now we cannot mould so finely or thinly as they did. The “lurer” and many of the bronze vessels must awaken the admiration of all who know anything about metalwork.

Soldering was unknown; if an article of bronze was injured, they tried to repair it with melted bronze, or by putting on a thin plate. The rich ornamentation is executed with a finished skill. We see, by various means into which we cannot now enter, that their industries were highly developed. For example, the stuffs found in the oaken coffins are beautifully woven, and together with them are found finely knotted hair nets and some caps with an outer layer of upstanding threads; it has been found impossible, hitherto, to discover how they were made.

Our knowledge of the time is, of course, fragmentary, and will always remain so; we know little of the undoubtedly highly developed craft of woodcarving; still less of the arrangements of their dwellings, etc., but we have discovered enough, especially during the last decades, to make us respect the people of the Bronze age. Their weapons, ornaments and tools, the form and ornamentation of which are highly artistic, say much for their sense of beauty. The votive offerings, the grave-goods, shew that they had a religion; a belief in gods and in a life after death; it is most probable that they had an undeveloped mythology and many Sagas. The "lurer" testify to their being musical, and among a people who had cultivated and understood music so well the poetic muse cannot have been wanting. Writing was unknown, but the "helleristninger" must be considered as a sort of pictorial writing, by which the memory of great men and great deeds is preserved to posterity.

The result, then, of Northern research into the Bronze age is this: We now have a thorough outlook over the time, over its culture, chronological sequence of events, etc.; and, above all, we can with justice maintain that hardly anywhere else on this earth has the culture of the Bronze age reached so high, so rich and so peculiar a level as here in the North.

We have trespassed for so long on the time and patience of the audience, that we must be brief in our account of

the Iron age, though there is much in it that is new and interesting.

Many years ago Worsaae shewed that the Iron age could also be divided into, at least, "the earlier" and "the later." But subsequent investigations have shewn that, at all events in Denmark, there are more and well-marked divisions :—

1. The Pre-Roman, or so-called "Celtic" period.
2. The Roman Iron Age.
3. The Age of the Folk-Wanderings (or migration of tribes).
4. The Post-Roman Age.
5. The Age of the Vikings.

It is presumed that the Bronze age superseded the Stone about 1,200 years before the commencement of our present reckoning. Iron superseded bronze about 800 years after, so that we now place the commencement of the Iron age at about 400 B.C. We have found, very occasionally, a small ring, a pin, or a knife of iron from the latter part of the Bronze age; but these are merely forerunners. The appearance of iron in any bulk coincides with the introduction of an entirely new style and shape of antiquities. The question as to whether this was owing to the immigration of a people to whom the use of iron was known, or to the advance of culture, is still unsolved.

The whole character of the oldest iron articles, and those of bronze and gold, and the clay vessels contemporary with them, are of the so-called "Celtic" pattern, though with certain modifications about them that shew that the imported patterns were altered (at any rate in some degree) to suit Northern tastes.

The Celts, whose last descendants have been driven to the western extremities of Europe—to Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Brittany—lived in the last centuries before Christ in Central Europe, whence their influence reached the North, and was strong enough to end the Bronze age. The Iron age does not betoken a revolution in the culture

of the North. The change consists in the gradual superseding of bronze by iron in weapons, implements and ornaments conducing to the change of taste. They continued to use bronze, but "zinc bronze" (brass) superseded "tin bronze." The burial customs remained unchanged, at all events at first, and cremation continued to be the rule, our burial and "burning steads" (bones and coal from the fire buried in a hole) continue through the earlier and the later ages; but it became more usual for the graves to be collected in one large space, either under a very low mound or with none at all.

The earliest division of our Iron age became known to us only by the investigations of Amtmand Vedel in Bornholm, whose investigations are among the most admirable and thorough of our archæology. Thousands of "burning steads" were excavated, and small even mounds built of stones (*róser*) belonging partly to the later Bronze, partly to the Iron age. From among these Vedel speedily separated some, the few and poor antiquities of which were of a hitherto unknown kind, differing from all others. Similar ones have since been found in other places, particularly in Jutland, while the islands seem only to have been slightly affected by the advance of culture; the Bronze age seems to have continued there a century or two longer than in other parts of Denmark.

The modifications in style which are also found in North and Central Germany at a corresponding period are soon lost; a homely style is adopted, founded, however, on the imported one.

The "Celtic" Iron age in Denmark is still far from being so well known to us that we can see and comprehend it at a glance; we shall, therefor, not dwell long on it, but merely mention the chief discovery: the wonderful carts from Dejbjerg Mose in West Jutland. A few "helleristning" carvings, and a single small cart of bronze, on which a large bronze vessel was placed (for use in a temple or at the festal board of a chief), shewed that carts were not unknown in the Bronze

age. But no one thought that immediately after its close the people in the North were in possession of a conveyance so technically perfect, comparatively speaking, as the "Dejbjerg" carts, one of which, in a restored condition, is exhibited in the National Museum in Copenhagen, and is considered among its chief features. They had four wheels, with nave and rim of ash. The latter was in one piece, which was bent round while in a state of heat, and covered with a heated tire. The sides, the shafts, etc., are of ash, richly ornamented with bronze, the ornamentation being of a foreign pattern, consisting also, in part, of human faces made of bronze. In the midst of the cart is a square stool, in which the chief, or, may be, the idol, for whose use it was intended, had his seat. They were arranged for two horses, which were harnessed by means of a yoke. Without doubt, the workmanship (which is splendid) is Northern, though the style is the so-called "Celtic."

Gradually, as the power and might of Rome increased, Celtic culture and the Celtic race had to bow before her, and soon we can trace the influence of Rome in the North, whither, however, as is well known, her political power never extended. The Celtic age was superseded, about the time of the birth of Christ, by a Roman, or rather an age whose style was strongly influenced by Roman culture, and in which Roman manufactures were largely imported. At the time when the migrating tribes crossed the Roman border, classical imports and influence continued, but the age was peculiarised here in the North by the influence of Germanic style, and therefore the time of the "folk-wanderings," in the third, fourth and fifth centuries, forms a special period by itself.

Within the last few years we have made two discoveries concerning this period: one in Jutland relating to the older Roman period, and one in Seeland relating to the time of the folk-wanderings, both peculiarised by their graves. In Jutland we have a group of graves from the Roman time, the so-called "pot-graves," to which, among others, I

called attention in the eighties. We find in mounds, or buried in level ground, large coffins made of slabs of stone, sometimes covered with one or several big stones, but generally open. At a first glance they resemble



FIG. 3.—CLAY VESSELS FROM JUTLAND GRAVES.

the dolmens of the later Stone age, but there are peculiarities in their building which make it easy for us to distinguish them from these, even without reference to the grave-goods. The bodies are generally unburnt; they evidently belong to a period when cremation was giving

way to burial; but they are generally decayed, because most of the graves are uncovered and filled with earth. Generally there is only one body in each coffin, and there are very few antiquities—a pin or ring of iron, or a knife of the same metal is all. But, as compensation, the departing one was given a whole set, as a rule, of beautifully finished clay vessels, small and big, many of which are still unbroken—evidently a selection of household vessels, filled with meat and drink for the deceased's use on his way to the other world (Fig. 3). I have found as many as from 12 to 14 unbroken vessels in one grave. There are also often heaps of broken ones, placed either in the coffin or buried quite close to it. There are great quantities of them; very often a score or more pieces, and yet the pieces never make up one single whole vessel. There seems to be no other explanation of this than that all the vessels used at the funeral feast must have been destroyed, and some of the pieces collected and buried with the departed, as a sort of memento of the great feast. In my collection I have a great many pots from these "pot-graves," mostly of delicate shapes borrowed from Roman metal pots, and beautifully ornamented. Similar pots are found in great quantities in the large burial places of the same date in Funen, where, however, cremation was still the rule.

The other group of graves is the so-called "skeleton graves" from the islands, especially Seeland. When digging in level ground skeletons are often turned up, buried from three to four feet down, generally several close together, but the groups are always very small. Very often there are no antiquities with them, but sometimes these small burial places have yielded an astonishing number of these, partly of Roman, partly of Germanic origin. Rich finds have been made, especially at Nordrup, near Ringsted, and Vallóby. There are gold and silver objects, especially rings and wonderful buckles; bronze vessels; beads of glass and mosaic, but, above all, some especially beautiful and unique glass vessels, which

make the "skeleton graves" famous and are peculiar to them. The name shews, of course, that the bodies were unburnt. The glass vessels are, in some cases, ornamented with artistically executed raised figures in coloured glass, representing men and animals in the arena. Gladiators, bulls, lions and tigers are seen in bold relief; the movements depicted are true to nature, and, strange to say, the vessels, though the workmanship is undoubtedly Italian, are rarely found in other places.

From the time of the folk-wanderings date also all the discoveries in the marshes—the Nydam and Thorsbjerg finds and others. They all point to great battles, either civil or against invading tribes, whose manners and customs must, however, have been similar to theirs. It was supposed that the victors collected the spoils of war and sunk them in holy lakes or in the entrances to the fjords as an offering to the gods.

But since Sophus Müller's latest investigations a different conclusion has been arrived at. The things cannot have been sunk in water, as is shewn by the condition of the surrounding turf and of the articles of wood. They must have been left lying on the field of battle, an open spot in the forest (a forest since become a marsh) or have been collected in a heap on the ground in the vicinity. After a time the marsh has covered them; maybe the local streams and surroundings have changed in course of time, so that the growth of the peat has been more rapid. It is not certain that this explanation holds for all cases, but it does for some. But the character of the discoveries is not changed. It is still possible that they are articles given to the gods as a thankoffering for victory.

The most wonderful antiquities which have ever been found in the North are the famous Jutish gold horns which, unhappily, were stolen and melted down at the beginning of the century. Heavily have all we who take an interest in the early history of our country felt this loss; so much the more that the pictorial representations that so richly adorned them were unique, and there

existed not even a rubbing of them. There was, therefore, great joy when, a few years ago, it was announced that an article in the style of the gold horns had been found, just as rare and peculiar as these, though of a baser metal of less value. (Fig. 4.)

It was the big silver vessel, already world-renowned, from Gundestrup marsh in Jutland (Fig. 5), a unique, and, to

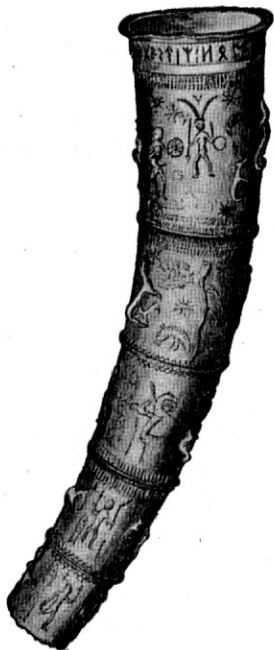


FIG. 4.—SILVER HORN FOUND IN GUNDESTRUP MARSH,
WITH RUNES:
"EK HLEWAGASTER HOLTINAR HORNA TAWIÐO" (I, HLEWAGASTER OF HOLT,
MADE [?] THE HORN).
Scale, about 1-6th natural size.

science, invaluable discovery. It was found in pieces in a peat-marsh, the silver plates, of which the upper part consisted, were laid in the bottom of the vessel. It is richly decorated, partly with large, bold figures of men, gods, animals, etc., some of which make up pictures of proces-



FIG. 5.—SILVER BOWL FOUND IN GUNDESTRUP MARSH (see page 88).
Scale, about 1-4th natural size; diameter, 26½ cm.

sions, sacrifices and hunting scenes. The lower part thus represents an ancient ox hunt, while the outer plates of the sides each consist of a large head of a god or goddess, and the inside ones of pictures, some of which are difficult for us to understand. Unquestionably the vessel dates from the time of the folk-wanderings; the figures are partly of classical origin, but barbarised; doubtless the influence was Gaelic. The evidence points to the fact that Gaul was the place from which were drawn the chief features in the style, etc., if it be presumed that it was made here in the North. Nothing further can be said about it at present, though of course conjectures, more or less fantastic, have not been wanting; among these, that of Professor Steenstrup, who endeavours to trace its origin to the Buddhist regions of Central Asia, is the most fantastic and improbable.

At the time of the folk-wanderings an ornamentation, founded on imported pictorial representations, and consisting of figures of animals, began in the North. This continued and was developed in the subsequent period, "the post-Roman," which is marked by the gradual rise of a style peculiarly Northern, which continues to hold sway till well into the Middle Ages. Sophus Müller and Professor Wimmer especially have within the last few years produced important works concerning the post-Roman and Viking periods. The former has written the history of animal ornamentation, and shewn how it arose and developed in the North, how in time new incentives were brought to it from England and Ireland, from Carlovingian France, and even from Byzantium; how these importations influenced it, how it adopted them and changed them according to requirements, and how from time to time it stiffened and sterilised, only to reawaken into new life and power.

Wimmer, on the contrary, devoted himself to the task of deciphering Runic stones and Runic epitaphs, a field in which his work has been of great importance. However, very little of importance has been discovered about the

last period of prehistoric times, or the Viking period, or the time just preceding it, at least in Denmark. We are poor in relics from that time in comparison with Norway and Sweden; Bornholm alone has yielded anything of importance in this direction. Recently, however, parts of Denmark, and especially Jutland, are yielding evidence; here one thing, there another. One special discovery has been made, namely, a few graves which were hitherto wanting to this period. Christianity was introduced earlier into Denmark than into the rest of Scandinavia; up to a certain point this would explain the scarcity of relics and antiquities from the close of these times, but it was, and is, a riddle, what has become of the riches which the Viking expeditions brought to Denmark, and where the graves from that period are. Would that time and patience may solve this, as so many other riddles.

Here I will cease. Dare I hope that the readers have received the impression that we in Denmark, as throughout the North, have worked hard and ceaselessly to shed light on to our early history. The Parliament has liberally voted money for surveys, investigations and excavations throughout the country, and for the preservation of relics discovered; also for purchases to enrich the collections in the National Museum at Copenhagen and private museums; as well as for the acquisition of many large and important private collections.

The inhabitants all over the country have, on the whole, taken up an attitude favourable to archæological research. The permission to excavate mounds, graves, kitchen-middens, etc., has generally been willingly accorded. A great proportion of the excavated mounds, numbering altogether more than 2,000, has been *given* to the State, sometimes even by poor cottagers. The larger collections have been endowed with many valuable finds made by private people, and many extraordinary objects have been saved from destruction by the sensible and careful proceedings of laymen. It is becoming more and more the general practice when, in digging, articles of

value are lighted upon, to stop work until scientific aid is forthcoming in order to the proper oversight of the operations.

Throughout the country are now scattered many public collections, and a very large number of private collectors have assisted in saving much that would otherwise have been lost. Public and private collectors have in general worked well together, and it is seldom that the National Museum does not obtain whatever it wants.

Last, but not least, our archæologists have, as I have striven to shew, worked hard and persistently, following in the footsteps of their great forerunners, Thomsen and Worsaae. To them, before all, we owe the fact that the prehistoric times of Denmark are disclosed to us and more clearly illuminated than, I suppose, is the case in any other country. It is to them we who love our country and its memories owe a priceless debt of gratitude.

On the conclusion of the reading of the paper, Mr. G. M. Atkinson observed that the Society was to be congratulated on having secured such an interesting paper, which deserved to be disseminated throughout the country. Archæologists were much indebted to Steenstrup and the others whose work was chronicled by Dr. Dreyer. He had himself visited the splendid museum at Copenhagen, and seen the bronze horns referred to by Dr. Dreyer, but that they had been tuned and played upon was new to him. The division into the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages was now very generally accepted.

Mr. Alfred Nutt thought the date assigned in the paper for the Iron Age was not in accordance with the latest chronology. The date of its commencement in Northern Europe was, he thought, now generally assigned to about the year 400 B.C.

Mr. A. F. Major, in moving a vote of thanks to Dr. Dreyer for the very interesting paper he had sent, said it gave a clear and comprehensive picture of the valuable

work done by Danish archæologists. In the vote of thanks he wished to include also the lady who had assisted the Club by translating the paper for their benefit.

Pastor A. V. Storm showed a picture of the *lur*, or bronze horn, and said he had been present when they were blown in Copenhagen. He himself came from a parish where the squire was interested in archæology, and wished to show by practical proof that a stone axe was a workable implement. He accordingly employed workmen to build a house, using only stone axes to hew the timber. When the Danish public were actually roused to the importance of archæology, the whole population went quite crazy in the search for relics, hunting for stone axes and other stone implements in every corner of the land, and the result was the establishment of a very fine museum.

Dr. Karl Blind said that the paper was highly interesting, and was very ably translated. The whole world was indebted to Danish archæologists for investigating their own antiquities, which are connected with those of the Germanic race in general. Although Dr. Dreyer was right in the main, yet even earlier than 60 years ago there were workers in the field. We were too apt in modern days to forget the forerunners. Thus—not to mention classic examples—the German poet, Herder, in his “Ideas for a Philosophy of the History of Mankind,” had already a remarkably good notion of Evolution, and spoke of the protoplasm of the sea, and you can find a strong foreshadowing of Evolution in Kant, in Goethe, in Lamarck, in Geoffry St. Hilaire, in the German work of Kaupp, which contains a full system of Evolution. Having afterwards become a religious mystic, Kaupp recanted in later years. But it was Darwin’s great glory to establish the Evolution view firmly by full scientific research. So Herder also made a study of pre-historic man. Dr. Dreyer was not right in assigning to German archæologists wrong ideas as to the Bronze and Iron Age; for it is possible that the Iron Age may have

preceded the Bronze in some parts of the world. Ages slide into each other, and much excavation must be done before we can assign to each its right chronology. Pre-historic men were sometimes far more skilful in sketching animals than their immediate successors; and if we judged by their art alone, we should assign them the later date. When Dr. Dreyer spoke of Keltic and Roman work in Denmark, he did not understand him to mean that the Kelts and Romans had been there, but only that ornaments of such patterns were found. The carriage with a yoke was, he thought, more probably for oxen than for horses; the Teutonic idols, when drawn about in carriages, were drawn by sacred oxen or cows. The *lura*, or bronze horn, was supposed to have been used at gatherings of Germanic tribes. Its name is, no doubt, connected with a German word meaning "to sound," which also appears in the name Lorelei, the Sounding Slate Rock, on the Rhine, where the famous water sorceress resides. We often found that a German word could only be illustrated from Scandinavian sources, and *vice versâ*. In fact, we were all of one stock, and, as Saxo Grammaticus says, the Danes and Angles were brothers to the Germans.

THE BALDER MYTH AND SOME ENGLISH POETS.

BY MRS. CLARE JERROLD.

THE Balder myth is deservedly one of the most popular of the Northern myths. It is given in its fullest form in the Prose Edda written by Snorre Sturlasson, who lived from 1178 to 1241. It is told also by an unknown author, in a poem called "Balder's Dreams," the earliest version of which appears in a vellum known as "Codex Arna Magnusson, 748," judged to have been written about 1280. The first part of this poem is lacking, and a poet of the seventeenth century has supplied a "foreword" to it, which shows a great difference both in manner and metre. Saxo Grammaticus also, in his "Danish Chronicles," gives a version of the Balder story, which is, however, so distinct from that of the Edda that I shall not touch upon it. There are in existence other Eddic fragments. In "Völuspá" Balder's death and resurrection are foretold, in "Grimnismal" his dwelling is described, and an old poem by Wolf Uggason tells of his funeral pyre. Concerning this last, we learn from the "Laxdæla Saga" that Olaf Peacock, the son of Hoskold, "made a hall in Herdholt, bigger and finer than men had ever seen. There was drawn on it famous stories, on the wainscot and on the roof; it was also so well built that it was thought fairer when the hangings were down. At the coming of winter there was a multitude bidden to Herdholt, for the hall was finished by that time. Wolf Uggason was bidden, and he made a

poem on Olaf Hoskoldson, and upon the stories which were written in the hall, and he delivered it at the banquet. This poem is called 'Hus-Drapir'—'The Praise of the House'—and is a fine poem. Olaf requited the song well." "Hus-Drapir" was composed in the tenth century, about 975 or 980, and as it was made to suit various pictures upon the roof and walls of Olaf's house, which pictures were from "famous stories," we must conclude that the Balder myth was older than that date. Indeed, it is impossible to trace its exact date and origin, it having probably arisen in some sun-myth.

The extract from the "House Song" runs as follows (I am using the translation given in the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale")—

First rides Frey, the king of men, on his boar with golden tusks, to the balefire of Odin's son. The goodly Heimdal rides his horse to this pile that the Gods had cast up for the dead son of the wise friend of the ravens. The wide-famed God of Soothsaying (Odin) rides to the huge wooden bale-pyre of his son. (The song of Praise is gliding through my lips) I can see the Walkyries and the Ravens following the wise God of Victory, the Lord of the Holy Draught. Thus, within, the roof is adorned with memories. . . . The mighty giantess launched the ship, while the champions of Odin felled her charger."

Snorre Sturlasson mentions this song, saying that "Wolf Uggason made a long oration about the story of Balder," and wrote from it his famous paraphrase, which the late Sir George Webbe Dasent has translated as follows—

The second son of Odin is Balldr, and of him it is good to say, he is the best, and him all praise; he is so fair of face and so bright that it glistens from him, and there is a grass so white that it is likened to Balldr's brow, that is of all grass the whitest, and thereafter mayst thou mark his fairness, both in hair and body. He is wisest of the Asa, and fairest spoken and mildest; and that nature is in him that none may withstand his doom; he abideth in the place hight Breiðablik, that is in Heaven; in that stead may naught be that is unclean, as is here said—

"Breiðablik hight, where Balldr hath for himself reared a hall.
In that land where I wis there lieth least loathliness."

But the beginning of this tale is that Balldr the Good dreamt dreams great and perilous for his life: but he told the Asa the dreams. Then took they their rede together, and that was done, that they should pray peace

for Balldr against all kinds of harm ; and Friggr took an oath, that they would spare Balldr, of fire and water, iron and all kinds of ore, stones, earth, trees, sicknesses, beasts, birds, venoms and worms. But when this was known and done, then was it the pastime of Balldr and the Asa, that he should stand up in their meetings, and that all the others should some shoot at him, some hew at him, some smite him with stones ; but whatever was done to him he took no scathe, and this all thought a great gain. But when Loki, Lanfeg's son, saw that, it liked him ill that Balldr was not scathed. He went to Fensalir to Friggr, and turned him into a woman's likeness : then asks Friggr, if the woman knew what the Asa did at their meetings. She said, that all shot at Balldr and that he was not scathed. Then said Friggr, " No weapon nor tree may hurt Balldr, an oath have I taken of all of them." Then asks the woman, " Have all things sworn an oath to spare Balldr ? " Then answers Friggr, " There grows one tree eastward of Valhall that is called mistletoe ; that methought too young to crave an oath of." Then next went the woman away ; but Loki took the mistletoe, cut it off, and went to the meeting. But Hödr stood without in the ring of men, for that he was blind ; then said Loki to him, " Why shootest thou not at Balldr ? " He answers, " Because I am blind, and see not where Balldr is ; and another thing, too, I am weaponless." Then said Loki, " Do thou after the likeness of other men, shew Balldr worship as other men. I will shew thee whereabout he stands ; shoot thou at him with this wand." Hödr took the mistletoe, and shot at Balldr under the guidance of Loki. The shaft flew right through him, and he fell dead to earth ; and that is the greatest mishap that hath befallen Gods and men. When Balldr was fallen, then failed the Gods words and speech and hands too to take hold of him ; and each looked at the other, and they were all of one mind toward him who had done the deed, but none might avenge it, that was so holy a place. But when the Asa strove to speak, then it was that a wailing came up first, so that none might tell the others of his grief with words ; and Odin, as was meet, bare this scathe worst of them all, for he could best deem what a mickle loss and lessening there was to the Asa in the falling away of Balldr. But when the Gods came to themselves, then quoth Friggr, and asked : " Who might be there with the Asa, who would win for his own all her love and goodwill (and this, said she, he shall have), if he will ride on the way to Hel and try if he can find Balldr, and bid Hel a ransom if she will let Balldr fare home to Asgard." But he that is named Hermod the Brisk, Odin's lad, he was ready to undertake the journey : then was taken Sleipnir, Odin's horse, and led forth ; and Hermod got up on that horse and galloped away. Now the Asa took Balldr's body and bore it to the seashore. " Hringhorn " hight Balldr's ship, she was the biggest of all ships ; her would the Gods launch forth and make thereon Balldr's balefire, but the ship went not forward. Then was sent into Jotunheim, after the witch that is hight Hyrrockin ; but when she came, she rode on a wolf, and had adderworms for reigns ; then leapt she from her steed, but Odin called for four Baresarks to mind the horse, and they could not hold him before they felled him. Then went Hyrrockin to the stern of the ship, and shoved it forwards with the

first touch, so that fire sprang out of the rollers, and all the land shook ; then was Thor wroth, and grasped his hammer, and would forthwith break her head, till all the Gods asked peace for her. Then was borne out on the ship Balldr's body, and when his wife Nanna, Nef's daughter, saw that, her heart was broken for grief, and she died ; she was borne to the pile and thrown into the fire. Then stood Thor up and hallowed the pile with Miöllnir, and before his feet ran a certain dwarf, that is named Litr [stain] ; but Thor spurned at him with his foot, and dashed him into the fire, and he was burnt. But many kinds of folk sought this burning ; first is to say of Odin, that with him fared Friggr and the Valkyriur and his ravens ; but Freya drove in a car with the boar that hight Gullinbursti or Slidrugtamir, and Heimdall rode the horse hight Galloppr, but Freya [drove] her cats ; thither came also much folk of the Rimegiants and Hillogres. Odin laid on the pile the gold ring that hight Draupnir, to it followed that nature, that every ninth night there dropped from it eight gold rings of even weight ; Balldr's horse was led to the pile with all his gear.

But of Hermod it is to be said, that he rode nine nights through dark dales and deep, so that he saw naught before he came to the river Giöll, and rode on the bridge over Giöll ; it is thatcht with shining gold. Moðguðr is the maid named who keeps the bridge. She asked him his name or kin, and said that the day before there rode over the bridge five bands of dead men, "but my bridge rings not save under thee alone, and thou hast not the hue of dead men ; why ridest thou here on Hel's way ?" He answers, "I shall ride to Hel to look for Balldr ; but hast thou seen aught of Balldr on Hel's way ?" And she said that Balldr had ridden thither over Giöll's bridge, "but beneath and northward lies Hel's way." Then rode Hermod thereon till he came to Hel's grate ; then got he off his horse and girthed him up fast, got up and cheered him with his spurs, but the horse leapt so hard over the grate that he came never near it. Then rode Hermod home to the hall, and got down from the horse, went within the hall, and saw there his brother Balldr set in the first seat ; and Hermod tarried there the night over. But at morn then begged Hermod of Hel, that Balldr should ride home with him, and said how great wailing was with the Asa. But Hel said, that it should now be tried whether Balldr was so beloved as is said. "And (quoth she) if all things in the world, quick and dead, weep for him, then shall he fare back to the Asa ; but be kept with Hel if any speak against him or will not weep." Then stood Hermod up, but Balldr led him out of the hall, and took the ring Draupnir, and sent it as a keepsake to Odin, but Nanna sent Friggr a shift and yet more gifts, (and) to Fulla her thimble. Then rode Hermod back on his way, and came to Asgard, and told all the tidings that he had seen and heard. Next to that the Asa sent over the whole world messengers to pray that Balldr might be wept out of Hel ; all did that, men and things quick, and earths and stones and trees and all ores, just as thou must have seen that all these things weep when they come out of frost into heat. When the messengers were a-faring home, and had well done their errand, they find a certain cave wherein a hag sat, she is named Pavek ; they pray her

to weep Balldr out of Hel. She answers, "Pavek will weep with dry tears Balldr's balefire; nor quick nor dead gain I by man's sorrow. Let Hel hold what she has."

The poem known as "Vegtamskviða," or "Balder's Dreams," describes the horror of the Gods at Balder's death, and Odin's attempt to learn his son's fate. The original is written in the metre called epic by Professor York Powell. The foreword to this is so obviously a modern addition that it may be ignored. Thorpe's translation, known as "Sämund's Edda," runs—

Together were the Æsir all in council,
and the Asynjor all in conference,
and they consulted, the mighty gods,
why Balder had oppressive dreams.

Uprose Odin, lord of men,
and on Sleipnir he the saddle laid;
rode thence down to Nifelhel.
A dog he met from Hel coming.

It was blood-stained on its breast,
On its slaughter-craving throat and nether jaw.
It bayed and widely gaped
at the sire of magic song;—
long it howled.

Forth rode Odin, the ground rattled—
till to Hel's lofty house he came.
Then rode Igg to the eastern gate,
where he knew there was a Vala's grave.

To the prophetess he began a magic song to chant,
towards the north looked, potent runes applied,
a spell pronounced, an answer demanded,
until, compelled, she rose, and with deathlike voice she said:

"What man is this to me unknown,
who has increased for me an irksome course?
I have with snow been decked, by rain beaten,
and with dew moistened: long have I been dead."

"Vegtam is my name, I am Valtam's son,
Tell thou me of Hel; from earth I call on thee.
For whom are those benches strewed o'er with rings,
those costly couches o'erlaid with gold?"

“Here stands mead for Baldr brewed,
over the bright potion a shield is laid;
but the Æsir race are in despair.
By compulsion I have spoken; I will now be silent.”

“*Be not silent, Vala! I will question thee
until I know all. I will yet know
who will Baldr's slayer be,
and Odin's son of life bereave.*”

“Höðr will hither his glorious brother send,
he of Baldr will the slayer be,
and Odin's son of life bereave.
By compulsion have I, etc.”

“Be not, etc.
who on Höðr vengeance will inflict,
or Baldr's slayer raise on the pile.”

“Rind a son shall bear in the western halls:
he shall slay Odin's son when one night old.
He a hand will not wash, nor his head comb,
ere he to the pile has borne Baldr's adversary.
By, etc.”

“Be not, etc.
who the maidens are that weep at will,
and heavenward cast their neck-veils?
Tell me but that: till then thou sleepest not.”

“Not Vegtam art thou, as I before believed;
rather art thou Odin, lord of men!”

“Thou art no Vala, nor wise woman,
rather art thou the mother of three Thurses.”

“Home ride thou, Odin, and exult!
thus shall never more man again visit me,
until Loki free from his bonds escapes,
and Ragnarök, all-destroying, comes.”

There are also, besides this poem, some fragments which I may as well give here. In the “Hyndla-liod” we read—

There were eleven Æsir reckoned,
when Baldr on the pile was laid;
him Vali showed himself worthy to avenge
his own brother: he the slayer slew.

From “*Völuspá*” we get—

I saw of Baldr, the blood-stained God,
Odin's son, the hidden fate.
There stood grown up, high on the plain,
Slender and passing fair, the mistletoe.

From that shrub was made, as to me it seemed,
A deadly, noxious dart. Höðr shot it forth,
But Frigg bewailed, in Fensalir,
Valhall's calamity. Understand ye yet or what?

Unsown shall the fields bring forth,
All evil be amended; Baldr shall come,
Höðr and Baldr, the heavenly Gods,
Hropl's glorious dwellings shall inhabit.
Understand ye yet or what?

From the “*Song of Grimnir*” we have—

Breiðablik is the seventh, where Baldr has
built for himself a hall, in that land
in which I know exists the fewest crimes.

These are the only fragments of the Balder myth in the Poetic Edda.

In the poem of “*Balder's Dreams*,” Snorre's paraphrase, and the fragments, we get the germ of the great religious faith of the old Norsemen, the belief in Destiny, a faith which is constantly recurring, and which was very tersely expressed by Sigurd Fafnirsbane when the terrible tragedy of his life was foretold him: “Let us part in peace; no man can withstand his destiny.” Odin goes to the Volva to enquire, to learn particulars of his son's death, but he makes no attempt to avert the event. He submits, though, “as was meet, he bare this scathe worst of all, for he could best deem what a mickle loss and lessening there was to the Asas in the falling away of Balder.” But it was Frigg, the Goddess of the fruitful earth, and who therefore would feel the loss of Balder, if we regard him as the sun, more than any other, who for once struggled, and struggled unavailingly, against destiny.

Before commenting upon the English versions of this

myth, I will give some idea of the metre in which “Balder’s Dreams,” or “Balder’s Doom,” was written. The metre of the oldest known Northern poems was a kind of blank verse. One long line was divided in the middle by a pause, each half of the line being made up of a fixed number of measures, the first root syllable of each measure being stressed or accented. It was usual to have two words in the first half-line and one in the second half-line beginning either with the same consonant or with a vowel, the vowels being generally different. Between the accented syllables came a slur, composed of more unimportant words, which were recited in a monotone. From this, by some modifications, was evolved what Prof. York Powell calls “the epic metre.” In this a measure *might* be only one word with its rest, the slur being the unaccented part of the word; the quantity of syllables before the final or line pause was disregarded, often one letter stress was left out in the first half-line, thus giving only two alliterative words to the line. The following is an example—

Senn voro Æsir allir á thingi,
Ok Asynjor allar á mali:
Ok um þat réðo ríkir tivar
Hvi væri Baldri ballir draumar.

This I have attempted to translate, keeping both the rhythm and the alliteration—

Then went the Æsir all to a meeting,
And the Asynjor all to a talking:
And the mighty Gods took council together
Why had Balder dreams of bale.

The “Corpus Poeticum Boreale,” edited, classified and translated by Gudbrand Vigfússon and F. York Powell, is a book of such importance that it is impossible not to refer to it in this paper, especially as I owe much to the great labour and painstaking research of which its pages show evidence. It gives text and translation of the poetry of the old Northern tongue, together with a valuable intro-

duction and appendices. But though it is a translation of poetry, there is something to be desired in it as a poetic translation. For instance, the musical

Senn voro Æsir allir á thingi,
Ok Asynjor allar á mali :
Ok um þat réðo ríkir tívar
Hvi væri Baldri ballir draumar,

is rendered—“At once the Auses all went into council, and all the Goddesses to a parley. The mighty Gods took council together, that they might find out why dreams of evil haunted Balder.” It is, as may be seen, businesslike and clear, without any retention of old words once common to England and Scandinavia, the meaning of which must be known to all readers, such as “bale.” The translation goes on—“Then Wodan arose, the ancient sire, and laid the saddle upon Sleipnir’s back. Away he rode down towards Mist Hell’s abode, and there met him a whelp (Hell hound) coming out from a cave ; there was blood on its breast as it ran by the way, baying at the Father of Spells.”

This is all written in approved nineteenth century language, showing that admixture of tongues now known as English. For instance, *parley*, a distinctly French word, is surprising ; the original is *mali*, derived from *mæla*, to speak, to talk. That the Goddesses came to a talking would have been more in keeping with the simple character of the Icelandic tongue. Further on we have “ancient sire,” both words coming to us from the Latin through the French. These are words which, I think, will be found nowhere in the Icelandic vellums, and are both better rendered by words having a common origin with the text. *Aldinn gautr*, the old father. Professor York Powell himself writes in the “Dictionary of the Icelandic Tongue” of *gautr* as seeming to mean *father*, but in some cases *man*. Later on he uses the word *sibyl* where the original is *volva*. This seems to be a careless intermixing of Northern and Greek terms which is likely to lead to confusion. In the Dictionary, by a very ingenious

process of dropping a letter here and adding another there, the Professor seeks to find a common origin for "volva" and "sibyl." He asks, "May it not have been adopted from some Scythian tribe?" but this attempt at a derivation is altogether too obscure to be an explanation, or to warrant the use of the word in place of "wise-woman" or "seer." There is no attempt in this translation of Northern poems to retain their alliterative feature, though here and there it appears: *e.g.*, "In the Halls of the West, Wrind shall bear a son, Wali"; but even that would have been more euphonious if literally rendered, "Wrind shall bear Wali in the Western Halls."

For these reasons, important as the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale" is for students, it yet gives only the faintest representation of the form of the poems, disregarding their peculiar style, and using modern English and French words indiscriminately.

About the middle of last century a poem was published by Thomas Gray, called "The Descent of Odin," of which Thomas Carlyle says—

Gray's fragments on Norse Lore, at any rate, will give one no notion of it, any more than Pope will of Homer. It is no square-built, gloomy palace of black ashlar marble, shrouded in awe and horror, as Gray gives it us: no; rough as the North Rocks, as the Iceland desert it is; with a heartiness, homeliness, even a tint of good humour and robust mirth in the middle of these fearful things. The strong old Norse heart did not go upon theatrical sublimities; they had not time to tremble. I like much their robust simplicity, their veracity, directness of conception.

A few lines from Gray's Ode will be sufficient as an example of the sort of atmosphere with which he surrounded the old Gods—

Uprose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spy'd,
His shaggy throat he opened wide:
While from his jaws with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore distill'd;

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow and fangs that grin,
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of Hel arise.

Now there is a gruesome, bloodthirsty 'air about this which has no place in the original. Gray's Hel is a mixture of the Grecian Hades and Northern Nifelheim, the torture-place of the damned. One feels that dark misery surrounds it in a way that is incompatible with the burial-place of a "prophetic maid," as he describes the volva : a term which has the advantage of that of sibyl in that the Greek prophetic is softened by the Northern meyer or maid. I will compare one stanza with the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale" and the original text—

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure beverage of the bee,
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold,
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
 Balder's head to death is given ;
 Pain can reach the sons of heaven !
 Unwilling I my lips uncloze ;
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

The editors of the "Corpus Poeticum" translate—

For Balder the mead stands ready brewed, the walls decked with shields,
 while the sons of Auses are in merry mood. All unwilling have I spoken ;
 I will speak no more.

The literal translation runs—

Here stands for Balder mead well brewed,
 Sweet drink ; shield overspread ;
 And the Asmegir wait impatient.
 Unwilling spoke I ; now will I be silent.

There are two difficulties in this passage. Gray speaks of a shield of gold "hanging over" the goblet of mead. Prof. York Powell goes further, though he drops the

superfluous word gold ; he says the walls were “ decked ” with shields. It is this slipshod following of an incorrect rendering which has done so much during the present century to obscure what would otherwise have thrown light upon the customs of those who lived when the song was composed. The three Icelandic words *liqr shioldr yfir*, literally rendered, are “ shield lies over.” The mead was brewed in a large vessel, and a shield placed over it as cover, a common custom. Plainly read there is no obscurity in the passage. The second difficulty, which is discussed later on, lies in the word *Asmegir* and its renderings.

Matthew Arnold wrote a long poem called “ Balder Dead,” basing it upon Snorre Sturlason’s paraphrase of the “ House Song.” It occupies 37 pages of an octavo volume, and is divided into three sections—firstly, Sending ; secondly, Journey to the Dead ; thirdly, Funeral. It is written in blank verse by a mind steeped entirely in Greek classics ; so steeped that it can recognise no other style or form. Thomas Gray, writing almost during the renaissance of Northern literature, may be excused for dropping into rhyme and a Grecian atmosphere ; but it is somewhat surprising that a scholar like Matthew Arnold, who wrote when Norse literature had become a field of eager research, should so strip an old legend of every natural characteristic as to render it practically unrecognisable. His verse is of that noble, flowing elegance which must lend dignity to any suitable subject, the names and main incidents of the Balder myth are correctly given, but the rugged outlines are filled in with such a mass of foreign detail that the student who knows and loves the Northern story must give up in despair the task of reading “ Balder Dead.” It is as though we took Thor, the ruddy giant, whose muscles were stronger than iron, whose eyes flashed fierce flames from beneath shaggy brows, who in wrath gripped his hammer until his knuckles shone white beneath the skin, whose footsteps caused the earth to tremble, and whose voice sent the Northern monsters shaking to their caves :

it is, I say, as though we took Thor, and dressed him in silk and fine linen, caused flowing robes to encircle his limbs, and a crown of laurel to nestle in his flowing mane, and then led him before the public as an example of an old Norse God. Or it is like an endeavour to fill a cold, rocky, Icelandic valley with Mediterranean sunshine, with a southern sky, with vines and noble groves, with marble palaces and a languorous air. The thing is not conceivable. The real Norse Hel is quite different to the Greek Hades, and the deeds, words, and lives of the Northern heroes are surrounded by an atmosphere which has no resemblance to that which envelopes Jove on high Olympus.

If Prof. York Powell and Gudbrand Vigfússon translate into modern English, Matthew Arnold clothes his subjects with modern thought. Listen to this passage—

And all the Gods and all the heroes came
 And stood round Balder on the bloody floor,
 Weeping and wailing; and Valhalla rang
 Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries,
 And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
 And in the horns and gold-rimmed skulls the wine.
 And now would night have fall'n, and found them yet
 Wailing; but otherwise was Odin's will.
 And thus the father of the ages spake—

“Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
 Not to lament in was Valhalla made.
 If any here might weep for Balder's death,
 I most might weep, his father; such a son
 I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
 But he has met that doom which long ago
 The Norns, when his mother bare him, spun,
 And fate set seal, that so his end must be.
 Balder has met his death, and ye survive—
 Weep him an hour, but what can grief avail?
 For ye yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
 All ye who hear me, and inhabit heaven,
 And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all.
 But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
 With women's tears and weak complaining cries—
 Why should we meet another's portion so?
 Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
 With cold, dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
 To live, as erst, your daily life in heaven.

By me shall vengeance on the murderer, Lok,
The foe, the accuser, whom though Gods, we hate,
Be strictly cared for, in the appointed day.
Meanwhile, to-morrow, when the morning dawns,
Bring wood to the seashore, to Balder's ship,
And on the deck pile high a funeral pile,
And on the top lay Balder's corpse, and put
Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
To burn; for that is what the dead desire."

So spake the King of Gods, and straightway rose,
And mounted his horse Sleipnir, whom he rode;
And from the hall of heaven he rode away
To Lidskiaif, and sate upon his throne,
The mount, from whence his eye surveys the world.
And far from heaven he turn'd his shining orbs
To look on Midgard, and the earth, and men.
And on the conjuring Lapps he bent his gaze,
Whom antler'd reindeer pull over the snow;
And on the Finns, the gentlest of mankind,
Fair men, who live in holes under the ground;
Nor did he look once more to Ida's plain,
Nor tow'rd Valhalla, and the sorrowing Gods;
For well he knew the Gods would heed his word,
And cease to mourn, and think of Balder's pyre.

Compare this with the original—

And he fell dead to earth; and that is the greatest mishap that hath befallen Gods and men. When Balder was fallen, then failed the Gods words and speech and hands too to take hold of him; and each looked at the other, and they were all of one mind toward him who had done the deed, but none might avenge it, that was so holy a place. But when the Asa strove to speak, then was it that a wailing came up first, so that none might tell the others of his grief with words; and Odin, as was meet, bare this scathe worst of them all, for he could best deem what a mickle loss and lessening there was to the Asa in the falling away of Balder. But when the Gods came to themselves, then quoth Frigg, and asked: "Who there might be with the Asa who would win for his own all her love and goodwill (and this, said she, he shall have), if he will ride on the way to Hel and try if he can find Balder, and bid Hel a ransom if she will let Balder fare home to Asgard.

In spite of its noble metre, Matthew Arnold's account of this tragic moment is thin and weak and unpoetic compared with that of the Prose Edda, and it reeks with modern thought. For instance, he mixes the idea of the tears which the Greek heroes shed so copiously, and

thought no cowardice, with a present-day sneer at "woman's tears and weak, complaining cries," both ideas being quite foreign to the Norse thought. There is in the Edda only about three instances of tears: once when Nature wept for Balder; once when Freyia is described going through the world and seeking Odr, who has left her, and in her search she weeps tears of gold; and the third is that of the maids, casting their neck-veils up to Heaven and weeping, possibly referring to clouds. In the original it is not the King of the Gods who calls his followers to order, but Frigg, who, desperate, tries to escape destiny. From this scene of woe, Odin goes to his high seat and calmly gazes upon the world, doing what might by some be regarded as his duty. This fine self-control, this civilised moral effort to keep up appearances, is possible among stoics, or even among us, poor necessity-driven creatures of the nineteenth century; but the whole picture is foreign to the wild forces of Nature which the myth is meant to portray, or to the mythical giants who long ago impersonated these forces. If the Northern sun goes down into night, the summer grass will not keep up the appearance of bright greenness, the animals who spring into life at the call of heat will scarcely be gay in the cold darkness, the rivers will not refuse to freeze at the touch of frost. The English poet perhaps meant to imply that although Balder was dead law continued, and the world went on as usual. Odin took care of the Lapps and Finns as before, and the Gods of the elements, of human life and of love, continued their labours. But this is reading into an old myth the thoroughly modern idea of resistless law and order, of a just God, bearing no malice, and Who remains steadfast because He is so high above all life that no tragedy, however terrific, can touch Him. This conception has nothing to do with the primitive beliefs with which I am dealing; in point of fact, the death of Balder was one of the most disastrous in that chain of woes which was to lead to the destruction of Odin's world. Though Manhome did not at once feel the

effect of the bright God's disappearance, it yet eventually went through a terrible winter, the length of three, following upon which the volva tells us in her prophecy—

Brother shall fight against brother, kinsfolk shall break the bonds of kindred. It shall go hard with the world ; an age of axes, an age of swords, shields shall be cloven, an age of storm, an age of wolves, ere the world falls in ruin.

It is impossible not to admire the poetic style, the musical words, the even, rhythmic flow of Matthew Arnold's poem, but also impossible not to wish that such loving labour had been bestowed upon one of the Greek rather than upon one of the Northern myths. The constant recurrence of such a line as—

She spoke, and on her face let fall her veil ;
They spake, and each went home to his own house ;
And straight the mother of the Gods replied—

is irritating. The heroes, too, are made to say and do things inconceivable in their circumstances. Balder, the gladsome and bright, the mention of whose name was like a breath of spring, who was the impersonation of sunlight and purity, wears, in Matthew Arnold's poem, a false air of conventional dignity, as he sits crowned by Hela's side, honoured among the dead. His sentiments, too, are strange—

But not to me so grievous, as, I know,
To other Gods it were, is my enforced
Absence from fields where I could nothing aid ;
For I am long since weary of your storm
Of carnage, and find, Heremod, in your life
Something too much of war and broils, which make
Life one perpetual fight, a bath of blood.
Mine eyes are dizzy with the arrowy hail,
Mine ears are stunned with blows and sick for calm ;
Inactive, therefore, let me lie, in gloom,
Unarmed, inglorious.

This picture is foreign to what mythical history can be gathered from the Eddas, the only war in which the

Gods were embroiled being that with the Wanæs, or Gods of the West—a war which was eventually settled by mutual agreement. Otherwise we are told simply of the fighting against evil forces of Nature, frost giants, etc., and of wars on Manhome. Again, the people who inhabit Hel and Nifelhel in the Norse Lower World are not by any means those of whom Balder says, “the wan tribes of the dead”

Love me, and gladly bring for my award
Their ineffectual feuds and feeble hates—
Shadows of hates, but they distress them still.

Turning from Matthew Arnold I would mention one poet who, though not keeping strictly to the old rhythm, has yet given us a short poem so much in the spirit of Northern verse that it is a pleasure to read it. Longfellow's poem written upon the death of Tegner, the Swedish poet, begins—

I heard a voice that cried,
“Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!”
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Nifelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.
And the voice for ever cried,
“Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!”
And died away
Through the dreary night
In accents of despair.

In place of one long line, divided into two, Longfellow has a stanza of six short lines, each line equal to a half-line of the Northern epic. But he produces the same rhythmic effect as is produced by the original poem. His

Challenge of Thor, too, shows that he also enters into the spirit of the old music—

I am the God Thor! I am the War God!
I am the Thunderer! Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress, reign I for ever!
Here amid icebergs rule I the nation.
This is my hammer, Miölnir the Mighty,
Giants and sorcerers cannot withstand it!

Force rules the world still, has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness, strength is triumphant;
Over the whole earth still is it Thor's day!

Passing now to the third part of my paper, I propose to give you but a slight sketch of the Norse Hel as reconstructed by modern students. The late Prof. Rydberg, of Sweden, has perhaps given more thought and study to this subject than any other writer, and in many of his points he is upheld by those pioneers of modern research, the brothers Grim. Without entering fully into detail, I would shortly consider where Balder went, and who was the person called Hel.

A series of traditions in regard to a Lower World were put in writing from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, *e.g.*, “Eric Vidforla’s Saga,” the “Saga of Hervor,” history of Olaf Tryggvasson as given in “Flateyabok,” also Saxo’s “History of Denmark,” in which are to be found three accounts of mortals penetrating to the lower world. The heroes of three of these journeys, like Hermod, pass through a country of darkness, and come to a river, over which there is a bridge. In one, “Gorm’s Saga,” the bridge is like that in the Balder myth, covered with gold. In all of these, on the other side of the river lies the abode of the dead. In each is described not only a place of horror, but an abode of bliss; the latter is in one case a walled city, into which death cannot enter; in another it is a glittering plain, with a giant king, Gudmund, who, with his fair sons and daughters, live always. Another, again, is composed of glistening fields, where a few, a very few, persons, walk in splendid robes; and in another a

beautiful country, where neither night nor winter comes, and flowers never die. This place of bliss is called Odainsakr, or Jorðlifanda manna—the Acre-of-the-not-Dead and the Field-of-the-Living.

Under the dominion of the king Gudmund are curious mead cisterns, plated seven times with gold, into which hung balls and braids of silver. By them lie an arm-ring of wonderful size, a gold-plated tooth of some strange animal, and an immense horn decorated with pictures and flashing with precious stones. When the mortals who visited this place tried to steal these treasures, the arm-ring became a venomous serpent, the horn became a dragon, and the tooth became a sword, which killed the thief.

Now the only persons in the Lower World in the Eddas who is kind and just, like Gudmund, is the giant Mimi, who guards the well of sacred mead, the water of which turned everything white like silver, and into which the rootlets of the world-tree drop, being silvered over with the mead. Near by the roots of the world-tree Heimdal's horn lay, "hid beneath the hedge-o'ershadowing holy tree" ("Völuspá," 27). Among Mimi's treasures is the peerless sword and a wonderful arm-ring. There is, therefore, a remarkable correspondence with Mimi of the older stories and Gudmund of Saxo's history. When the world is destroyed and a new one arises from the deep, two mortals are seen walking across the plain, they having been preserved in "Treasure-Mimi's Grove." This is told both in the Prose and Poetic Edda. "Vafþrúðnismál," in the Poetic Edda, tells us that they were there cared for during the long winter, the Prose Edda that they were there during the conflagration of the world; thus they were there a considerable time. They fed upon morning dew; the world-tree was watered by the three fountains—Kettle-roarer in the north, Mimi's well of wisdom, and Urd's fountain in the south. From its leaves dropped dew into the dales, and as the waters of the wells had sacred qualities, the dew of the world-tree probably

possessed them also. We are told in the “Mengladd and Swipdag Saga” of a castle in which the Asmegir dwelt, of which the builders were eight elves or dwarfs, and the gate of which is guarded by the most cunning of the dwarfs, Delling. One of the dwarfs was known to be in particular communication with Mimi, and Delling, the Lord of the Dawn, dwelt in the Lower World. That being so, the castle of the Asmegir which he guarded must be in the Lower World. That is confirmed by the verse in “Balder’s Draumar”—

Here stands for Balder mead well brewed,
Sweet drink ; shield overspread ;
And the Asmegir wait impatient.

Only three times in the whole mythology are the Asmegir mentioned : once as inhabiting a wonderful castle in the Lower World, guarded by a cunning elf, and once as impatiently waiting the coming of Balder in a place where mead stood ready brewed for him. The third mention of them is in “Olaf Tryggvasson’s Saga,” where Hakon, in the elaborate similes of Icelandic poetry, is called “the red target” = the sun, or possibly the sun-god Balder, and his men Asmegir. Thus again Balder and the Asmegir are drawn together. Professor Rydberg has a very subtle chapter upon the identity of the Asmegir in his book on Teutonic mythology.

As to the word *As* I can only refer to *Asa*, while to *megir* is given the meaning of son, in the way that all men were the sons of Odin. Thus, literally, the Asmegir were the sons of the Asas.

Upon these considerations we find that Balder went to Hel in the Lower World, where the sons of the Gods impatiently awaited him, preparing an offering of mead, and that he was kept as a kind of free prisoner by Hel, who gave him the high seat in her hall. Now it seems to me that the idea that Balder went at his death to the abode of the damned had rise, not in Norse literature, but in the hasty conclusions and loose thinking of the writers

upon that literature. The Sagas tell us that Hel was the home of all those who did not die by battle, whether they were good or evil. From the pictures of the Lower World given by different writers, it is natural to believe that the good lived in those fields of bliss, among the flowers that never died. On the Northern mountains of the Lower World stood the gates of Nifelhel, "where died the men from Hel" ("Vafþrúðnismál"), and beyond those gates was the region of the damned, the kingdom over which Hel reigned. There she was said to rule, and there is only one description given of her castle, a description which in no respect corresponds with that of the castle in which the Asmegir waited impatiently. Snorre Sturlasson tells us what this Lower World queen and her castle were like. She was tall, and looked like a queen upon one side of her, but when she turned the other she was hideous and revolting, the flesh was dead and blue, the eye sunken, the lips drawn back, showing gruesome teeth. Odin, seeing a certain power in her, sent her to Nifelheim, saying that she was fit to have a kingdom of her own. Her palace was terribly high, with large gates, and Anguish was the name of her hall. The dish was named *Famine*, *Starving* was the knife with which the food was cut, the waiters were named *Slowness* and *Delay*, at the entrance was a beetling cliff, *Care* was the bed, and the walls were hung with *Burning Misery*. The beetling cliff alone should have prevented the supposition that Hermod leapt the gate of her hall. The mead set ready and the sons of Asa's waiting does not fit in with famine, starving, anguish and misery. We must look elsewhere for the Hel to which Balder was sent, and there can be little doubt that it was in that grove called Treasure-Mimi's Holt, where two human beings without sin were preserved in order that they might inhabit the new and purer world.

In considering who Hel is, we must remember that the word at first designated a place solely. Before wickedness arose in the world, Hel was the realm of bliss to which the dead descended. Later, when evil crept in among

the Gods, Nifelhel was added, it being the abode of the evil dead, who had to die a second death on passing from Hel to Nifelhel. Hel was also the name given to the Goddess of the Lower World. Long before hearing of Loki's daughter we are told that three sisters dwelt in a hall beneath the southern root of the world-tree, and that they watered that root from their sacred burn. Urth was one called, the Goddess of death and fate. To her fountain rode the Gods every day to judge the dead with her, and she apportioned their after-fate. Grim says of Hel, that she was not originally death or any evil being, that the "higher we are allowed to penetrate into our antiquities, the less hellish and more God-like may Helja appear."

When Nifelhel arose, the queen of that place also received the name of Hel, and when Christianity superseded the old wild religion, every vestige of good was withdrawn from the idea of the Lower World, and it became, under new influences, a place entirely given to evil. Thus those who in considering this mythology have considered it with a conscious or unconscious Christian bias, rather than with the minds of scientists, have always read into these myths what was never in them. Snorre himself did it, and those who have followed him have but gone farther in the same road. For instance, he says of Balder: "He abideth in that place hight Breiðablik, that is heaven; in that stead may naught be that is unclean, as is here said—'Breiðablik hight where Balder hath for himself reared a hall. In that land where ywis there lieth least loathliness.'" Yet in the verse which Snorre owns to be his authority, there is no justification for the mention of heaven, nor the impossibility of uncleanness entering it.

Without entering further into detail, I will conclude by summing up according to the results of modern research:—Balder never entered the abode of Hel, Loki's evil daughter; he had no honour among those twice dead who lived in Nifelhel; Hermod did not interview Hel, the daughter of Loki, and when he crossed the gold-roofed

bridge, he went, not to Nifelhel, but to the castle of the Asmegir, where he found Balder sitting in the high seat. The Hel whom he interviewed the following morning was Urth, the Goddess of fate and death, she who meted judgment to those who died, and who had probably good reason for desiring to keep Balder in the society of those who should one day be rulers of the new earth.

The discussion on the above paper is contained in Vol. ii., Part i., pp. 11-15.

VIKING NOTES.

WITH this Part are issued Indexes, Contents and Title Pages to Vols. I. and II.

A NORSE Runic inscription around the pillar of a church porch in Cumberland has just been discovered by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M.A.

IN "Tribal Custom in Anglo-Saxon Law" (Longmans), the author, Frederic Seebohm, LL.D., F.S.A., cites and compares, among others, the Norse and Scanian laws, the "leges inter Brettos et Scotos," and Irish and Cymric tribal customs.

THE following recently appeared in a London newspaper:—"The grave of a Viking's wife has been discovered in a Norwegian fiord. There were found the remains of a burnt ship, with the bones of a female skeleton and a horse, as well as weapons, armour and ornaments. The date is about the tenth century."

AN appreciative notice appeared in the *Globus* (Band lxxvii., No. 6, Feb. 10th, 1900) of the "Ruins of the Saga Time." The writer of the notice, Herr Lehmann-Filhés, considers that the tracing of the remains of the Vinland colonies is of such general interest as to commend the collaboration of antiquaries universally.

VIKINGS wishful of obtaining cheap and trustworthy reprints of the Icelandic Sagas may be interested to know that Mr. Sigurd Kristjansson, Reykjavík, is publishing a comprehensive series, edited by Mr. Val. Asmundarson, the prices ranging from 1/6 downwards, and are thus within the reach of the most moderate purse.

MR. C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY in "The Dawn of Modern Geography: A.D. 900-1260" (John Murray), has a lengthy chapter, headed "The Norsemen in the History of Exploration," in which the Norse discovery of Vinland is fully set out. Other great but little known sea and landfarers dealt with are Saewulf of Worcester, Daniel of Kiev, Sigurd, king of Norway, Adelard the Englishman, etc.

THE death of Canon Isaac Taylor, which occurred during the past year, is an event which cannot be passed unnoticed by Vikings, from the direct and indirect contributions which he furnished towards Viking lore. His "Words and Places" was one of the first efforts to treat stead-names in a thoroughly enlightened manner, and the best contemporary writers have largely availed themselves of the material and methods which he devised.

THE Icelandic-English Dictionary on which Dr. Jón Stefánsson has been at work for some time is approaching completion, and promises to be a work of the greatest value. It will contain the earliest date at which the

more important New Icelandic words occur, and will thus be a guide to the development of the modern Icelandic speech out of the Old Norse. The correct names of plants, birds and fishes, with their scientific Latin equivalents, will be an important feature in it.

THE Skandinavisk Antiquariat, Bredgade 35, Copenhagen, have forwarded me the initial number of the *Bureisingur*, the first magazine printed in the tongue of the Faro islands. As is well known, these islands were settled at the same time as was Iceland, and the speech of its settlers still retains a close likeness with that of the latter island. From a philological point of view it is consequently very interesting. The topics treated in the number before us are wholly modern and popular.

THE *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries* is one of those now happily numerous publications devoted to the antiquities, parochial records, family history, traditions, folklore, quaint customs, etc., of their respective shires. They afford excellent data whence to draw evidence of the extent of the influence of the Norse element in English history and lifeleading in the respective shires and districts dealt with. This particular publication has a useful collection of local stead-names worthy of study, though some exception might be taken to some of the definitions. It is published by Messrs. Phillimore and Co., Chancery Lane, E.C., its price being 5/- yearly.

“THE Story of Grettir the Strong,” the third of the works in Kelmscott Press Golden type issued under the auspices of the Morris trustees, has appeared. The work has for the first time a frontispiece, consisting of a map of the west parts of Iceland, whereon are marked the chief “steads” named in the story. It is worthy of note that Mr. Stopford Brooke, in lecturing on William Morris, has drawn attention to the ignorance prevailing among otherwise well-read folk, whose knowledge of Greek and Roman and Jewish history is considerable, of the deeds of our Northern ancestors in times when hatred went unmasked, when vengeance was swift, life passionate.

THE King Alfred Commemoration festivities at Winchester were remarkable for the fact that the surplus of the public subscriptions was, at the suggestion of the Mayor, devoted towards raising the remains of a Viking ship lying imbedded in the River Hamble, and bringing them to Winchester. The identification of the sunken ship, discovered some years since, as a Viking ship, rests, it appears, on a statement of the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, but the evidences for his assertion are not recorded. In this connection it is worthy of note that the little Somersetshire town of Wedmore appropriately celebrated on December 30th, by a public luncheon and other festivities, the millenary of the signing of the Frith of Wedmore between King Alfred and the Danish king Guthrum. A memorial brass tablet, erected in the parish church, was also unveiled.

THE infantile ignorance of history, kinlore, etc., which is continually being displayed by persons who should know better is oftentimes amazing.

For instance, Mr. Murray recently published a work by Lady Magnus on "The First Makers of *England*," the makers being, in her ladyship's opinion, three in number: one being Alfred the Great, and the other two—Julius Cæsar and King Arthur! This is paralleled by the exploit of the artist who painted the picture now in the Grand Committee Room of the House of Commons with the title of "The Conflict between the Danes and *Britons*," the site of which historians generally, as well as Vikings, would like to have identified; and by that of the artist responsible for the recently set up fresco in the Royal Exchange, "Trading between Phœnicians and Ancient Britons," in which the swart-haired and tawny-featured Britons are bedight with the flaxen locks and the lineaments of the fairest of Saxons.

THE scheme for the reverent restoration of the parish church of Athelney, which is commended to the members of the Club by the Rev. C. W. Whistler (the District Secretary for Somersetshire), is one well worthy of their consideration, albeit the church is a standing witness to the failure of one of the most strenuous efforts of the Danes for the conquest of England. The little church of Lyng is the only surviving relic of the monastic foundation reared by King Alfred in memorial of the success of his arms. The church is an interesting structure, containing many early features, and its restoration is a fitting work in connection with the Alfred Millenary. Only those repairs will be carried out rendered necessary by the ravages of time, with, if possible, the filling in of the west window with stained glass illustrating the principal events in the life of the great Saxon king. Contributions should be forwarded to Stuckey's Bank, Bridgwater.

THE visual presentment of anything representing Norse gods, as they were familiar to the Norsemen, is so unexpected nowadays, that particular attention is drawn to the pamphlet, written by Mr. Thomas Sheppard, F.G.S., Curator of the Hull Museum, descriptive of the ancient model of a boat and crew which are in the Hull Museum, and were found at Roos Carrs, near Withernsea, so long ago as 1836. The workmanship of what, by a figure of speech, is described as a boat, and of the figures, is rough and primitive, and the explanation of their significance by English antiquaries for the most part hitherto has been marked by more than the usual irrelevancy. Mr. Sheppard has, however, adopted what seems the justifiable supposition that the figures are wooden effigies of Norse gods, such as were carried, as the Sagas so frequently record, on shipboard. Following up this clue, he has been able to demonstrate their likeness to images, supposed to be those of Norse deities, found in Scandinavia and Lower Germany, and also with the image found at Ballachulish in the west of Scotland in 1880. The figures in each case are alike, down to minute details. Mr. Sheppard's pamphlet, which is sold at 1d., and is entitled, "The Ancient Model of Boat and Warrior Crew from Roos Carrs near Withernsea," should be procured in order to see with what success the author works out his thesis.

AN interesting paragraph appeared in the issue of the *Yorkshire Post* for March 19th, relating to the find of human bones—presumed to be those of

Vikings—near the River Trent at Gainsborough. “Workmen digging the foundations of new shops at Chapel Staithe brought to light nine whole skeletons of men of great stature and splendid build. One of the skeletons, according to the opinion of a local medical man, was that of a man nearly 8 feet in height. Chapel Staithe is but a short distance from the Old Hall, with which the names of Sweyn, Canute, and even of King Alfred are associated, and it is possible that the locality of Chapel Staithe may have been used by the Northmen as a burial ground. It is admitted that the Trent was frequently the destination of Viking expeditions, and that their longships ascended the river as high as Torksey, so that it is not at all improbable that the remains discovered are those of some of these hardy warriors.” Accounts of previous finds of human remains here are given in Anderson’s “Lincoln Pocket Guide,” p. 73, and the compound name Chapel Staithe (N., *stöð*) points to a burying-ground of an ecclesiastical establishment of the Norse Christian period (see Streatfeild’s “Lincolnshire and the Danes,” p. 198). An unusual contribution of journalistic ignorance, in alluding to this discovery, is furnished by the *Ironmonger*, which opines that the remains are probably those of Danes or Norsemen killed in some conflict with “the Brigantes, to whom the Romans had allotted this part of Britain.” This is a confusion of the events of the fifth and the eighth centuries. Furthermore, the Brigantes being aborigines, the allotment referred to is also absurd.

THE total disappearance of the Norse settlers in Vinland, and their more gradual disappearance in Greenland, leaving behind, in the latter case, very extensive structural remains of their former occupation, combined with the information conveyed in the Sagas of the constant state of warfare betwixt the settlers and the Skraelings (Eskimos or Redskins), have suggested that their settlements eventually fell before the attacks of the latter, and their survivors probably made prisoners and absorbed into the native tribes. In such a case, it has been argued, traces of their presence might survive in the languages of one or other of these native races. The various Red Indian tongues have been thoroughly ransacked by antiquaries with a view to finding support for such an assumption, but without, I believe, any conclusive results. A similar research has not hitherto been possible with regard to the Eskimo tongues, owing to the lack of a trustworthy and comprehensive record of them as a whole. This lack, apparently, has now been supplied by the issue of the most complete work ever yet published on the Eskimo or Innuït language. It is entitled, “Grammatical Fundamentals of the Innuït Language, as spoken by the Eskimo of the Western Coast of Alaska,” by the Rev. Francis Barnum, S.J., of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. It is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., 9, St. Martin’s Street, W.C., at £1 nett. It is essentially a work for the scholar and the learned, the language being far from simple in structure, and the Norse evidence, if it is to be won, will have to be gained at the expense of much critical acumen. It is interesting to observe that the Innuïts are a most homogeneous people, although spread over a wider area than any other race in the world. The author believes them to be true aboriginals,

and discards all migration theories whatever. It should be added that the work contains an interesting collection of Inuit folklore tales.

DIVERGENCE of opinion as to the identification of what the ancients termed Ultima Thule, or the Land of the Midnight Sun, is no new thing, and even among Vikings unanimity has not been reached. As a contribution towards identifying it with the Shetlands, a little-known quotation from Claudian, the poet of the Roman Empire, may be cited. He, speaking of the omnipresence of the Roman power, says, "It is even [become] a pastime to visit Thule, and expose [? explore] the mysteries at which we once shuddered." The mysteries here alluded to are not, be it observed, the geysers and volcanoes of Iceland—of which, I believe, no mention has ever been found in classic or ancient writers in this connection, which itself forms an argument against the identification with Iceland—but the "bounds of the ocean" and of the earth, which were fabled to exist about these fearsome Northern latitudes, where "sea and air," as one ancient work says, are confounded. For a Roman tourist to visit as a pastime—a kind of Cook's tour—the uttermost of the adjacent islands of the Orkneys and Shetlands, would be no serious task when the Romans were seated in Britain; but the long sea voyage to the cheerless coasts of Iceland would have been a vastly different thing. Moreover, there is an allusion in Homer which must, I think, refer to the dangerous strait of the Pentland Firth, and thus support the Shetland ascription. This is that which describes Thule as "a country near the midnight Kimmerians, where the deep, world-surrounding ocean joins the sea through a narrow ford or firth." This is an apt description of the circumstances of the firth. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the midnight sun can be seen as far south as Kirkwall, or even the northern coast of Scotland itself. Another point is that the identification of "Scythia" with "Shetland" is perfectly normal, and Bede's reference to "the people that dwell in the island of Thule, which is beyond Britain, or in the outermost regions of the Scythians," is perfectly appropriate applied either to Unst, which is actually the most northern of the Shetlands, or even to Foula, which it has been plausibly suggested is the island really mentioned. The easy misreading of a ϕ for θ in Homer's text may have served to start the variant title. Finally, that the names of two of the Shetland Islands—Pomona and Thule or Foul-a—were known to the ancients, is consistent with the statement that it had become a "pastime" for the Roman tourist to visit them, and lends confirmation to the view that one of the Shetlands is the island really meant by Ultima Thule.

UNDER the heading of "An Unrecognised Factor in Welsh History," a correspondent of the *Western Mail*, with the initials "A. W. R.," writes:—"Now that Professor Hughes is taking in hand a history of Wales, attention should be directed to a fact which has hitherto been ignored by nearly every historian of the Principality—the colonisation of South Wales from St. David's to Cardiff, and perhaps even further up the British Channel, by Vikings from Norway and Sweden in the first place, and then by settlers

from Denmark. Fenton, it is true, touches on this matter lightly in his 'History of Pembrokeshire'; but in his day there were not at command those sources of information that at present are available. There were then no English translations of Icelandic and Scandinavian Sagas, wherein constant allusions to Wales are forthcoming. Since Fenton's work was written the 'Northern Library' and others have come into existence, and have illumined a subject hitherto obscure. Independent of these are the works of Munch, Steenstrup and Vogt, to be consulted by those acquainted with the Norsk-Dansk tongue. Vogt, in his 'Dublin som Norsk By,' as an editorial in the *Cambrian* (January, 1901) pointed out, writes that 'the whole of the shores of South Wales, from Milford to Swansea and Cardiff, were occupied by Scandinavians, who, commanding the sea, there secured their necessary supply of slaves. These shores were to them of the same importance as was the Gulf of Guinea, years later, to the West Indian planters.' It is evident that for many years before the Norman came to South Wales there were strong Viking colonies along the coasts of the British Channel. In fact, as the *Cambrian* stated, it could only have been through the presence of such 'kindred aliens' that the apparently easy conquest of South Wales by a handful of knights became possible. Mr. J. Rogers Rees, writing on 'The Norse Element in Celtic Myth' and 'Slebech Commandery' in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, has on several occasions discussed this important factor in Welsh history. Independent of his arguments remains the enduring testimony of the many Scandinavian place-names in Pembrokeshire and Glamorganshire. Unfortunately, no Domesday Book of South Wales exists, but some of the ecclesiastical records and charters serve to prove the original meaning of forgotten place-names, and these names are more redolent of the North Sea and the Baltic than might be expected in districts ruled over by Princes of Cambria." The points here elaborated are perfectly sound, and I shall be glad if "A. W. R." will kindly place himself in communication with me.

THE balderdash written about the "Keltic genius," "Keltic qualities," etc., in literature and race, is very amusingly and sarcastically dealt with by Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Morning Post* of March 15th. Matthew Arnold wrote that English poetry gets "nearly all its natural magic from a Celtic source," and that wherever our poetry attains distinction it is due to the "Keltic fire" overcoming the "German paste." All this Mr. Andrew Lang rightly rates as moonshine. "The whole talk," says he, "about race, and about the peculiar qualities of this or that race, has been enormously overdone. There are 'Celtic qualities' in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Red Indian, Finnish, Gypsy, and aboriginal Australian poetry; in fact, in all good poetry. . . . [If] we cannot be sure that Shakespeare, or Milton, or Keats, had not a drop of Celtic blood, . . . Finns and Australian blacks have none, or Arapahoes, or Zuñis, and yet their poems have 'Celtic qualities'—somewhat of melancholy and yearning sympathy with Nature, and regret for the golden past. 'They went to the wars, but they always fell.' . . . "On the other hand, if you wish to see 'Celtic qualities' in a fluid condition, unstiffened by 'German paste,' without consistency or construction,

you certainly find them in Irish and Gaelic traditional legends, or in such legends committed long ago to writing by Irish scribes. They have qualities, magical qualities, shared by the Roumanian popular tales, though whether the Roumanians are a trifle Celtic by race I cannot pretend to say. They are as poetical as cataracts breaking through the mist on a black hillside, but they are as incoherent. The authors of these legends believed in magic, and in the legends everything is magical, and all is melancholy and regret. Nothing ends well and happily." He then launches into an interesting comparison. "Now, if one compares these Irish and Gaelic traditions with the Scandinavian Sagas, in these, too, the stories do not 'end well' (for they go on till everybody is buried), but then the Sagas are coherent and constructive; there is no wailing regret, as in the Celtic legends; the magic is not poetical, but is practical witchcraft. The poetry is stern; the minor key is not sounded, whereas in Celtic poetry or legend it is never silent. The Sagas are the work of a strong, winning people, who put their work through and were done with it; a people who never dreamed that they 'dwelt in marble halls,' and that somebody else came and kicked them out, and left the hall to the night wind to walk in, and the hare to 'kindle on the hearth-stane.' The Scandinavians were not at all in the line of despairing sentiment and wistful retrospection. Again, they were quite free from the childish exaggerations of Celtic legend. In the Irish, Diarmid overthrows whole regiments single-handed, binds with magic bonds whole companies of men. Using his lance for a leaping-pole, he springs over the heads of armies. Now, in the Scandinavian Sagas a man may be as strong as Grettir, but he does nothing which a very strong man, say Mr. Sandow, could not do if he put his hand and his heart to it. Diarmid, in the Irish, does not leap, he flies; but in the Njal's Saga, when Skarphedin makes a great leap, it is a possible leap. The distance is given, and it is just about Professor Wilson's leap over the Cherwell, or Mr. Charles Fry's record, 23 feet and some inches. Now, are these differences between the Scandinavian and the Celt due to race, to difference of blood, or to differences of circumstance and climate and country and environment? They are, at all events, the differences between a fighting and winning and a fighting but losing people. The Celts had as good harbours and access to the sea as the Norsemen, but they never conquered the sea as the Vikings did. They dreamed of Avalon, but they did not discover America, like Leif the Lucky and Eric the Red. They poetized, decorated MSS., cut their neighbours' throats in a homely way among themselves, and converted Scotland (no easy task), but you do not find them among the Varangians at Micklegarth. Runes, not Oghams, are carved on the Grecian lion. On the other side, the puerile and tedious exaggeration of the Celt recurs in Brahmanic legends in India, though nobody says that the Brahmans are Celtic." He winds up with the sound conclusion that if "Keltic" blood has been transmitted—a physical impossibility beyond the tenth generation, by the way, if unreinforced by further additions—or not, being or not being "Keltic" has little to do with the matter of genius.

REVIEWS.

GALLOWAY GOSSIP EIGHTY YEARS AGO: Being a Series of Articles illustrative of the Manners, Customs and Peculiarities of the Aboriginal Picts of Galloway. By R. DE BRUCE TROTTER, L.F.P.S.G., L.R.C.P.E. With an Introduction by S. R. CROCKETT. *Dumfries: The Courier and Herald Press.*

THIS book, which is the second of a series, the third being promised, dealing with sections of Galloway, is a remarkably interesting and entertaining volume. In the first place, and for the main part, it is a collection of gossipy folk-tales, anecdotal, historical, racy, pathetic, but always interesting, the reminiscences of a doctor's widow, told in the sturdy and venerable folkspeech of Galloway and of a large district of Lowland or Saxon Scotland, the perusal of which, when once begun, will not be easily relinquished, and which will be returned to again and again when entertainment and relaxation are sought for. In the second place—and here its special value to Vikings comes in—it is a mine of wealth to the ethnologist, philologist, and student of folklore. These several aspects are too extensive to treat in the limited space of a review, but, so far as a portion of them is concerned, will be more fully dealt with on a future occasion. A few citations may be given as samples of the interesting items treated of in the volume.

“Like the ‘Shire’ volume,” says the author, “the object of this ‘Stewartry’ one is to hand down to posterity the characteristics, peculiarities and modes of thought and language of the aboriginal Pict [*sic*] of Galloway as they existed 80 years or so ago, before the province was overrun by the hordes of ‘incomers,’ who, of late years, have almost crowded out the natives, especially in the towns and larger villages, and as they exist yet in the pastoral districts.” And then, speaking further of the language, he says, the book is “actually written in Scotch, that ‘vulgar corruption of English,’ just as it was spoken by the people of Galloway, and just as it is spoken by ‘the people’ yet, all over Scotland (Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire and the Gaelic and Glasgow-Irish districts excepted).” Further, he explains that “the writer has a speaking knowledge of every dialect of Scotch, including two of Glasgow-Irish and two of Ulster-Scotch, as well as of five dialects of vernacular English, including the Northumbrian, and he finds that there is a sort of Scottish ‘*lingoa geval*’ which prevails from the Solway Firth to the Solway, with no appreciable differences except slight variations of tone and accent, and the book has been written in that ‘general Scotch’ from which all the dialects of the language appear to have been derived—the dialects of Aberdeen, Forfar, and the Border Counties having apparently been modified by large settlements of foreigners there. The reader may therefore rest assured that he has before him in this book a genuine specimen of strictly grammatical Scotch, as observed in every dialect of the language, except the Northumbrian and Glasgow-Irish, which have distinct grammars of their own.” He then

adduces the chief points of difference between Scotch and English grammar, and also shows the former's differences from the "bastard Scotch" which frequently appears in print.

Such disquisitions, it is obvious, are of the first importance to language research; but when one comes to diagnose this language of the so-styled "aboriginal Picts" of Galloway, it is found, *mirabile dictu!* to be a kind—we will not offend the author by saying a dialect—of English or Anglo-Saxon, with, be it added, a certain intermixture of Norse. In conning over the numerous folkspeech tales, we have underscored some 200 words which are not in use in Southern or modern literary English, and of these we observe no small percentage is Norse. It is only needful to cite such examples as these:—speer (to ask) (Dan., *spørge*); waur (worse) (D., *verre*); yt (that) (D., *at*); greet (weep) (D., *græde*); holm (D., *holm*); scaur (D., *skjær*); skail (depart) (D., *skille*); bairn (D., *barn*); ged (pike) (D., *gjedde*); gar (make) (D., *gióre*), etc. If, therefore, Norse words have so extended a representation in what the author calls the "general language," not of Galloway alone, but of all Scotland, a wider influence from their conquests than Scottish authors usually allow must be inferred. Furthermore, when it is seen that the English or Anglo-Saxon tongue fills a still larger part, it is hard to see how the author establishes his claim for his "language of the aboriginal Pict." Obviously, the "Pictish" or "Celtic" tongue is conspicuous by its absence.

Similar interesting conclusions are involved when one follows the author in his disquisitions into ethnic or kinlore questions. He cites as components of the Scottish nation ten great divisions. But there is practically no ethnic distinction between six out of the ten. Differences resulting from isolation there may be, but no ethnic difference. Presuming that the blue eye and the red or light-coloured hair are the marks of Teutonic and Scandinavian origin, and the black hair and eye, of Celtic or "aboriginal Pictish" origin, his enumerations are thus grouped:—Teuto-Scandinavians: (1) Fingauls, (2) Annandale Norsemen, (3) Farmers, (4) Ayrshiremen, (5) Picts and (6) Caledonians. Pure Kelts: (7) Gossacks or Kreenies, (8) "Fairies." Mixed Kelts: (9) Low County Hillmen and (10) Mongrels and Irish. Space forbids us quoting extracts on this interesting section, which must be deferred to the special treatment we have previously alluded to. We cannot, however, resist citing his description of the Fingauls:—"There's the Fingauls, they'r a lot o' clever-lookin' fallas too; maistly verra lang an' weel-made, wi' lang faces, strecht [straight] noses an' blue een, an' wunnerfu' feet for size. They'r maistly fair-hair't, or licht-broon, an' the lasses is verra bonnie whun they'r young, but efter they'r twunty they get verra coorse-lookin'. They'r commonest in Saterness, Co'en, Borgue, Whithern, an' Kirkmaiden, an' there's odd yins o' them a' ower, but they'r gettin' geyly mix't up noo. They'r the descendants o' the Norsemen, though A think the Fingaul Colonies maun 'a come frae the Isle o' Man, for a gey when o' the names o' hills an' things in their districks is in Manx Gaelic."

The work contains contributions towards other interesting studies, antiquarian and other, but from what we have said, Dr. Trotter's book will

be seen to be one worth both reading and studying. He is a refreshingly clear and outspoken writer, and not only the most exalted as well as the humbler among his own countrymen, but mongrel and other Anglo-Saxons, pass under his lash. The book is valuable more for its suggestiveness than for its conclusions, and on account of the former quality it affords a useful contribution towards a systematic treatment of the history, kin-lore and tongue of Lowland Scotland.

STUDIES IN HISTORY AND JURISPRUDENCE. By JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L.
Vol. i., Essay v.: PRIMITIVE ICELAND. *Oxford: Clarendon Press.*
Price 25s.

THE author of the brilliant series of studies in legal and constitutional history now before us, rightly claims for Iceland the double distinction of having produced a brilliant literature in poetry and prose and "a Constitution unlike any other whereof records remain, and a body of law so elaborate and complex that it is hard to believe that it existed among men whose chief occupation was to kill one another." Both, as he might further have pointed out, were highly developed at a time when the literature, laws and constitutions of modern Europe were barely beginning to stir with slow life amid the ruins of the Roman Empire. Of the growth and development of the legal and constitutional system he gives a full and careful sketch, showing how its main features are due to the manner in which Iceland was colonised, to its physical peculiarities, and to its isolated position. Independent bands of settlers, planting themselves on the fertile fringe of a land of ice-covered mountains and barren wastes, had little need of a political constitution. But each *Goði* among the settlers, with his temple, became a centre whence sprang the various local Things. As the land became more settled, and intercourse more general, the necessity for some central body, to regulate the relations of men belonging to different Things, gave birth to the Althing. The position and leading features of the Althing, and its lack of any executive power, are brought clearly out, the absence of any such power being due to the nature of the country and its inhabitants, and to its position and physical condition, which offered no temptation to any invader, and rendered any organisation for defence unnecessary. The features which distinguish the polity of Iceland from that which the original settlers left behind them in their original home were due to the above causes, and the central organisation was created by the leading men of the time to meet a recognised want. The author points out the elaborate technicalities of the legal system, and notices a few of the leading cases of legal proceedings described in the Sagas, among others the curious instance of laying ghosts by legal process detailed in the "*Eyrbyggja Saga*." This, however, occurred immediately after the adoption of Christianity, and it may be plausibly conjectured that it was rather the shape which the spiritual rite of exorcism took, when carried out by the judicial mind of an Icelander, than a native growth. The author refers to piracy as an honourable occupation among the Icelanders; but, though

this was so in a measure, yet the Icelanders were far too much dependent on foreign trade for all the comforts of life, to indulge their taste for a Viking's life, except as individuals and at a distance from their native shores. No Icelandic ships sailed out on an errand which might have provoked dangerous reprisals. This brief essay, in which Mr. Bryce has mapped out clearly the whole Icelandic legal system, may be strongly commended to all readers of the Sagas, who will find it a valuable aid to the clear understanding of the suits and legal proceedings therein recorded

A. F. M.

KIARTAN THE ICELANDER: A TRAGEDY. By NEWMAN HOWARD. *London*: J. M. Dent & Co. Price 4s. 6d.

IT is perhaps a sign of the growing interest in the Sagas of the North that the author of this play has taken for his subject the famous story from the "Laxdæla Saga" around which the late William Morris wove his poem "The Lovers of Gudrun" in "The Earthly Paradise." The playwright has evidently studied the histories and Sagas, and has worked much material from other sources into the story of the love and death of Kiartan. The play, possibly, gains thereby in richness and movement, though the tragic tale loses much of the force and intensity it has in the simpler treatment of the original Saga, when it is interwoven with the adoption of Christianity in Iceland and Snorri the Priest is made the villain of the piece. However, in a play, historical accuracy must not be too rigidly insisted on, though the author appears sometimes to go out of his way to be inexact, as when, for instance, he turns the chieftains Gizur and Hjalti into Christian monks, though any other names would have suited his monks equally well. But, on the whole, life in Iceland in the Saga-time is adequately represented. Apart from its setting, there are many excellent points in the play, and the leading characters, Gudrun, Bolli, Kiartan and Snorri, are well drawn, and offer much scope to an actor. The writing is vigorous and picturesque, and were there a manager bold enough to undertake it, we see no reason why the play should not be successful on the stage.

A. F. M.

POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY, ROMANCE AND FOLKLORE. NO. 12, THE EDDA.—I. THE DIVINE MYTHOLOGY OF THE NORTH. By WINIFRED FARADAY, M.A. *London*: David Nutt. Price 6d.

THIS little handbook, though designedly written for the unlearned, is well worth perusal. It gives an account of the Eddas and other sources from which we draw our knowledge of the Asa Faith, and glances at various theories as to their age and origin sufficiently to give an indication of the points around which controversy has raged. The several poems and myths are briefly sketched, and besides various quotations from the lays, "Thrymskviða" is translated as a specimen. The author, in our opinion, rather underrates Snorri's Edda, but her work will serve ad-

mirably for those who are content with a clear outline of the Northern Mythology, while it will point out the way to those who wish to study the subject more deeply.

A. F. M.

SOCIAL AND IMPERIAL LIFE OF BRITAIN. VOL. I.—WAR AND EMPIRE.
By KENELM D. COTES, M.A. *London: Grant Richards. Price 7s. 6d.*

SOME two or three years ago, a little lad, who said he was reading history, was questioned on his knowledge. But when he was asked what he knew of King Alfred, he excused himself from answering on the ground that that was prehistoric. His answer shows the school of historians from which he was being taught the history of his fatherland, a school, happily falling into discredit, that ignores the root from which our Empire springs. No such ignorant error marks the volume before us, the first of a vast work in which the author strives to set forth, not the mere sequence of events which commonly serve as history, but the inner causes that have determined that sequence, and graded the channels in which the life of a people should flow. In his pages the period between the departure of the Romans and the arrival of the Normans on our shores, as the last of a long series of invaders, gradually looms out as the most important period of all, the smithy time, during which, out of various strains of those kindred Northern races who had for their birthright the seeds of freedom, the English race was being forged into a weapon fit to sway an Empire. He traces the causes that created the Vikings; the influence upon history of their weapons, their military organisation and political constitution in war and peace; the result of successive waves of Vikings, Angles, Danes, Norwegians, Normans, beating on the English coasts; shows how the Viking spirit has shaped our history, and has, as the latest instance, rendered it impossible for the descendants of the Vikings, settled as Outlanders among an alien people, to remain without a voice in the Government that ruled them. He, however, by no means confines himself to English history, but from the teaching of history over the whole earth evolves the principles that underlie the growth of freedom, though the lessons taught by the history of the Gothic races loom most imposingly through his pages. The result of this first volume is to show that war, in spite of all its evils, is a necessary process in the advancement of civilisation and growth of freedom, and that the warrior alone can be a freeman in the first instance, and can only retain his freedom by right of his readiness to defend it. It is impossible in the space at our disposal to give an adequate idea of the book, or of the vast and varied scope of it. The following quotation from the author's Preface will, however, afford some idea of it, and of his conception of the requirements of a genuine history. "In history, if history were only politics and biography with a slight admixture of religion and war, compilation would be an agreeable task, with the guidance and assistance of recognised authorities, whose names in the footnotes would furnish a guarantee alike of good faith—that is, of adherence to approved and stereotyped models—and of accuracy—that is, of

agreement with those models. But if a student is dissatisfied with outlines, and with the usual limitations; if he is aware that there is a science of economics and a history of commerce; if he is not ignorant of the existence of strategy and tactics, of military geography and the geography of the sea-roads; if he knows anything of the story of the Church, of literature, or of art, or of law, he leaves the beaten track, and undertakes pioneer work, which is certain to be long and arduous, and almost equally certain to be regarded as unnecessary and almost impertinent." This extract will show that the author claims to be the pioneer of a new method of historical research, and in this one volume alone he has gone far to justify his claim. According to the outline in his Preface, he proposes to follow up this volume with others on "The Diversity of National Life," "The Geography of Sea-Power and Empire," and "The Social and Imperial Geography of Britain," all of which he considers are required to make up a rough sketch of the Social and Imperial Life of Britain. The volume now before us alone runs to nearly 700 pages, so the complete work promises to be monumental, not in size only, and we trust the author may be spared to fulfil what he has so ably begun. The Vikings are likely to play an important figure in more than one section of the work, which deserves a hearty welcome from all who, like the members of this Club, wish to see the works and deeds of our Northern forefathers valued at their true worth.

A. F. M.

