

EARLY HEROES OF IRELAND.



NE who turns over the leaves of a Japanese book of hermits is apt to exclaim: "How like these old men are to hard-featured Scotchmen, or to Irish peasants from Ulster or Connaught!" It

is only on studying the past of Ireland and Britain that one sees resemblances much more impressive than such coincidences — perceives they are more than coincidences, and rather in the nature of a radical correspondence between the race mixtures at the two points about the round of the earth east and west between which lies the greatest stretch of land. As a stone dropped in a quiet pool sends waves equally in every direction, so for purposes of illustration

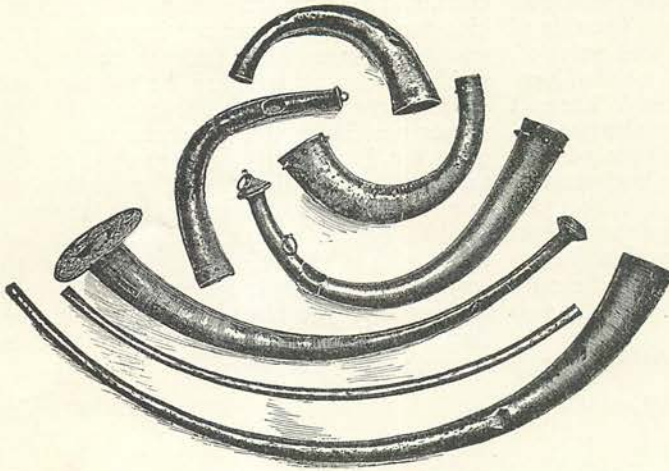
the wealth of materials now at hand. Of the many glories of little Ireland this is one, to have retained in her mythology and legends much that illustrates the history of humanity before what is strictly called history found its way into books.

The narrative ballads of Oisín, whose name is explained by the Gaels of Ireland as "little fawn," in connection with an enchantment of his mother into the form of a doe previous to his birth, contain the longing and resentment of pagans under the yoke of Christianity. He is a revenant from the Land of Youth who finds St. Patrick in virtual control of Ireland. Gone are all the delights intellectual, all the pleasures carnal, of the Fenian days, when the

summers were passed by that national militia in picnics among the abundant forests, hunting wild oxen, boars, deer, and wolf, harassing the foes of the arch-king who refused tribute of cattle, sleeping in the open, keeping pirates out of the rivers and estuaries; whose winters were passed in warm quarters at the homesteads of farmers, who did not dare refuse them anything their insolence asked. Oisín finds asceticism the ideal of the day. The monkish rule forbids bloodshed, sensuality, and carousal, limits polygamy, and in a thousand ways enforces uncomfortable Christian

precepts founded on a general doctrine of self-denial.

We may well ask how it comes that such defiant utterances as are given below were able to survive centuries of Christian rule during which the professed teachers of that faith were very often the keepers of tradition. To explain it we must not forget that the people had reason to resent the endowment of village bishopric, village cure, monastery, and clerical establishment. The largess of chief and provincial king to clerics was at the expense of the peasants; always it was the latter who had to pay, and their consent was no more asked than it was under paganism when the Fenians rode over them roughshod. Listen to the dialogue between St. Patrick and Oisín,



LARGE AND SMALL HORNS OF BRONZE FOR CHASE AND WAR,
MUCH REDUCED IN SIZE.

we can imagine that from some central point of folk-disturbance successive waves of emigrants, conquerors, colonists rippled out to what was called of old the uttermost parts of the earth.

With the bold imagery of the peoples of Asia Minor, with the pride of the great commonwealths of Semitic-Turanians on the Euphrates, the Bible places that point on the plain of Shinar and gives for the reason of the dispersion a confusion of tongues about the tower of Babel. Under this imagery, under the distortions inevitable from historical perspective and the need of presenting complicated facts in a definite concrete shape, it is the privilege of modern research to find the grand outlines true, and to correct the minor inaccuracies due to ages which lacked



A KEEPER OF THE LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

translated by John O'Daly for the Ossianic Society:

PATRICK. Misery attend thee, old man,
Who speakest the words of madness ;
God is better for one hour
Than all the Fians of Eire.

OISIN. O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
Who makes me that impertinent answer,
Thy crozier would be in atoms
Were Oscur present !

Were my son Oscur and God
Hand to hand on Cnoc-na-bh-Fiann.
If I saw my son down —
I would say that God was a strong man !

These are the words of a poet who saw the artistic value of Oisín's contrast with St. Patrick and made sharp that contrast by a touch of blasphemy ; but the spirit is true to the old national feeling of the irksomeness of a religion forced upon the people by their rulers and soon developing into another sort of tyranny from



LISTENING TO THE LEGENDS.

that which their ancestors suffered. Looking back they saw the glories of the pagan past, and did not realize its iniquities; yearned for its freedom, and forgot its death-fires and anarchy. The parish priest of Ireland can best tell if the peasants do not show glimpses of this medieval attitude towards the Church, in spite of three centuries of Protestant oppression which have riveted the bands of love between the people and their pastors. I venture to say that from the point of view at the Vatican the *habitants* of Lower Canada are better Catholics than the Irish, though the latter have done and suffered far more for the sake of their religion; and I explain it from the fact that whereas the *habitants*, by removing from Brittany and Normandy, have broken with most of the traditions of paganism, the Catholic Irish have kept those traditions alive, because all the efforts (even Cromwell's) to dislodge them from the land have been without avail. They possess Ireland still, and retain traces of paganism in the face of steady opposition from their own priests.

Who keeps this healthy, this dignified, note of a nation's past sounding down the centuries despite the frown of the Roman priest, the superciliousness of the Protestant minister, the jeers of the Orange faction? An old witch like this one in the picture, against whose invincible habit of collecting fagots from the "demesne" the landed proprietor builds those charming gray walls crowned with ferns and daisies which convert some Irish roads for mile after mile into open cuts between masonry soft with age. Seated by the turf fire she croons out scraps of old ballads, while the little girl whose earnest face is here depicted listens as if her life depended on it. When the village bard begins to collect his stock of ballads it is from such sources he takes the impulse and materials. Most of the lyrics and dramatic ballads written down between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries have owed their continued existence at one time or another to these humble imitators of the brave old bards and genealogists who lived in times when their office was honored and well recompensed.

The ballad from which the above verse is taken is comparatively late and serves as introduction to the Battle of Cnoc-an-Air, or Hill of Slaughter, in which Oscar succeeds in killing Talc mac Treoin, a demon hero who has forced the king of Greece to give him his daughter.

The latter flies to Fion to demand protection—as well she might if Talc looked like this: "Not without cause did I hate him," she says. "Black as the coal was his skin; two ears, a tail and the head of a cat are upon the man of repulsive countenance." His name appears to mean Stout, son of Strong, and as such purely fictitious; but the description tallies with a Celtic view of the aboriginal Irish, with the Finnish view of Lapps, with the fauns and satyrs of Greek statuary, and with Scandinavian descriptions of the *iotuns*, or giants, from whom Jutland gets its name—in general with the darker-skinned inhabitants of Europe exaggerated in the descriptions of Aryans. Compare in the Shah-Nameh the contrast between the champions of Iran and the Deevs they vanquished.

Mixed with these traditions of an actual warfare in the remote past are more poetic ideas such as Professor John Rhys of Oxford brings out with too much exclusion of the historical groundwork in his Hibbert lectures, namely, "Ideas of Night in Contest with the Day, Winter with Summer, the Powers of Darkness and Cold with the Sun." The champion who arrives in Ireland to avenge the death of Stout, son of Strong, is called Meargach, or Melancholy. When Fion mac Cumhal reviews his army before joining battle with this most redoubtable foe it is curious to observe that the van, the first of his seven battalions, is composed of "heroes smooth and fresh." The allusion is to their complexions, and points to the fair-haired, tall Kelts, who were the latest comers into Ireland and the ruling military caste—those blue-eyed, yellow-haired Kelts who sacked Rome, ravaged Greece, and founded the Galatian commonwealth in Asia Minor. The battalion of "middle-sized men" and that of "small men" we may understand as recruited from the true hunter and fisher tribes, who gave the name Fenian to the army itself and Fion to the folk-hero. While it does not seem well to go so far as the author of "Ancient and Modern Britons" (London, 1884) in supposing that there were black tribes in Britain and Ireland, there is evidence of dark and light colored tribes, the former of which perhaps contained more Aryan, the latter more Turanian, blood. But the mixing of these peoples has been so intimate, and lies back so far in the past, that we must be content with the barest hints.

Fion is often called Finn, descendant of Stammering, instead of son of Bondage, which may refer to the contempt one race bears another whose speech they understand with difficulty, and be the nickname Kelts gave to the Ugrian tribes of Ireland. We may even detect the ancient race hatreds among the leaders of the Fenians in the feud that subsists between Fion and a chief lieutenant of his, one-eyed

Goll, descendant of Morna. When Fion asks Goll whether he will face Melancholy alone, that champion sneers :

O Fionn, saith Goll, cunningly and wisely,
'T is true thou lovest not me ;
Thou wouldst wish to put me in danger
And Oscur from trouble to be safe.

Conan the Bald, another officer, was always ready to show the same spirit of revenge for ancestral wrongs. Goll the One-eyed, though a captain under Fion, had previously slain in battle not only Fion's father, but Luichet the Finn. His sept dwelt in Finn-



TURANIAN OF FINLAND IN THE ANCIENT DRESS.

magh near Athlone, whence we may suppose they had expelled the former Finno-Ugrian inhabitants. These are only a few instances of traces that confirm the idea that the Fenians were largely made up of aboriginal Irish, between whom and the purer Kelts the antique feuds only slumbered. We must think of Finns as living in Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain. Bania, the queen of an Irish king of the second century, is called the daughter of Scal the Stammerer, king of Finland. She is even said to have been grandmother to Fion. Here we may understand an allusion to Badb, old war-goddess of the primitive Europeans, taken into the pantheon of the Kelts. We lack pictures or sculptures of these early heroes. The woodcut of a warrior of the old Finnic type is taken from an edition of the Kalewala as the nearest approach to the appearance of a Fenian soldier of Ireland of the Turanian type.

Among the most curious traditions concerning Fion not the least is that by which St. Patrick is sharply marked out among saints, namely, the destruction of *piasts*, or dragons, in Erin. As Wainamoïnen of Finland enters into the mouth of the Song-monster Wipunen, so Fion and his "Fianna" are swallowed by the Arrach, in the ballad called "The Finnian Hunt of Sliabh Truim," in John O'Daly's edition of Fenian poems:

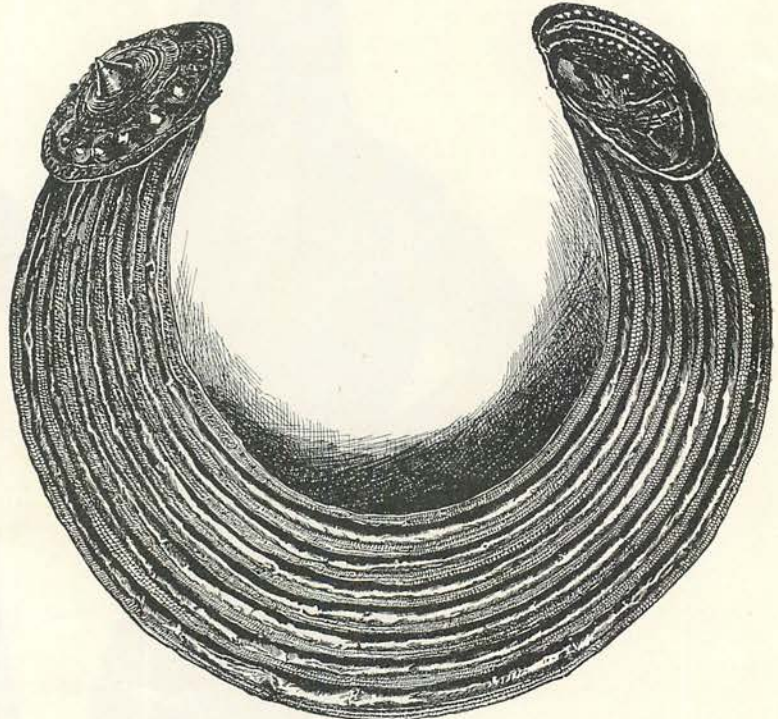
It swallowed Fionn in the midst of them
When the Fianna of Eirinn raised a shout;
We were for some time without aid,
And the serpent dealing destruction amongst us.

An opening in each side of his body
Was made by Fionn, whose mind was not ill
Until he let out without delay
Every one of the Fianna he had swallowed.

In the Kalewala the same episode is wrought with more artistic skill by the rustic bard, possibly with some assistance from Lönnrot when

he prepared that epic as now published; but the general scene, though more circumstantially described, belongs to a more primitive race than the Irish.

Wainamoïnen of Wainola
In his iron shoes and armor
Careless walking, headlong stumbles
In the spacious mouth and fauces
Of the magic bard Wipunen.



BEATEN GOLD ORNAMENT. SUPPOSED TO BE A GORGET OR BREAST ORNAMENT OF CHIEFS. GREATLY REDUCED.

Wise Wipunen, full of song-charms,
Opens wide his mouth and swallows
Wainamoïnen and his magic
Shoes and staff and iron armor.

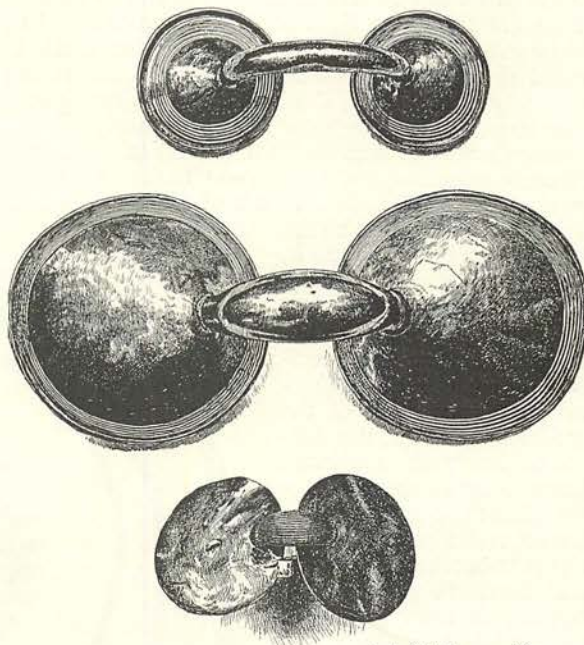
Other water-dragons slain by Fion are those which haunted Lough Cuillinn, Lough Neagh near Belfast, the Hill of Howth close to Dublin, loughs Erne, Rea, Mask, and Remar, and the river Shannon. But it hardly is necessary to note many more of the parallels between Fion and Wainamoïnen from Irish ballads and Kalewala, when their very names are the same. In the Kalewala the magical bard, demi-god, and national hero is also called Vaino, plainly a form of Fion, the root being the same as *wana* in Esthonian and *ven* in Hungarian. The meaning is, "the old one." Fion, son of Bondage, is the same humanized god of the Finno-Ugrians as Vaino, but overlaid by Aryan ideas in Ireland to the point of losing most of his godlike traits.

The hero Cuchulinn belongs to a more shadowy past than Oscar, Oisín, Fíon mac Cumhal, and Diarmait, who elopes with Fíon's bride, the sun-goddess. Yet he does many things like Fíon, and seems to be another version of the same ancient sun-god. With Cuchulinn we enter an earlier cycle, where Conchobar mac Nessa takes the place of Fíon, Cuchulinn has Diarmait's place, Fergus mac Roig stands in the same relation to Cuchulinn that the Bard of the Boyne stood to Fíon, as tutor or teacher. These heroes are assigned to the period of Christ's appearance in Judea, while those who revolve about Fíon belong to the second century A. D. As Oisín went to the Land of Youth and married the daughter of its king, returning several centuries later to find, like Rip Van Winkle, and the hero of a similar story in Japan, all his friends mere legends, so Cuchulinn is forced to visit a magical kingdom and marry the daughter of the Irish Neptune, Mananan mac Lir, though he returns betimes to console his jealous wife. The shadowy personage appears in the Kalewala as Mana, the god of death, and came down to Shakspeare as a true historical king, namely, King Lear.

Though placed several centuries earlier than the Fenians, the heroes of Ulster at the court of Conchobar mac Nessa belong to the most complete drama of any in Irish legendary. Here occurs an epic of wonderful roundness, in which Ailill and Medb, or Mab, king and queen of Connaught, are arrayed with their heroes against Conchobar of Ulster, whose Achilles is Cuchulinn. It would take more space than this paper affords to tell even in outline the story of the war begun for the possession of a famous bull, and the feats of the chief hero in his contest at the ford with Ferdiadh, his former classmate at the military school of a war-goddess. Mention may be made of two feats, however. When his ordinary weapons fail to overcome Ferdiadh, and his own second begins to revile and taunt him from the bank of the river for his supineness, Cuchulinn gets his fury-fit aboard and turns into the primitive god of the savage; that is to say, he surpasses mere human deeds. He flies through the air and alights bodily on the rim of Ferdiadh's shield.

This Turanian trait crops up in far-off Japan with Yoshitsuné, a hero to whom the Japanese, like the Irish, assign a definite age, and whom they consider a historical personage. A favorite subject for Japanese painters, for the deft mold-

ers of decorations for sword-guards and trappings, is Yoshitsuné soaring in the air above Benkei, a burly ruffian whom he finally overcomes and attaches to himself as henchman. The Japanese hero has the same misfortunes in early life, his mother being forced to con-



Otto H. Baer 19

GOLD ORNAMENTS, SUPPOSED TO BE DOUBLE BUTTONS FOR CLOAKS.
FOUND OF MANY SIZES, SOME VERY LARGE.

ceal him, and he too learns swordsmanship from the dark powers, a king of the demons, who is represented in Irish by Scatach, the "shadowy," a female teacher of the military art in Caledonia. In Ireland the Turanian hero fights at a ford, since bridges at that early date were hardly more than stepping-stones or baskets full of stone sunk at convenient distances. In Japan, however, the fight is on a bridge. In both cases there must be some underlying reason for the locality connected with the fact that gods were worshiped at fords, as we know from the votive swords, spears, and coins which are found in such spots.

The other feat is the employment of a weapon whose appearance has not been accounted for by Irish archæologists, whose relationship to known weapons is obscure, whose method of use as given by the epic seems preposterous. Yet the mention of this dart is so specific that no mistake is possible. Thus O'Curry translates:

This was the character of that dart: it was upon a stream it should be set, and it was from between his toes he should cast it. It made but the wound

of one dart in entering the body; but it presented thirty inverted points against coming back, so that it could not be drawn from a person's body without opening it.

It is this archaic weapon which compasses the death of Ferdiadh in the fearful struggle at the ford when Cuchulinn and his old schoolmate are forced to fight each other to the bitter end. Cuchulinn was the only hero who could wield this water-dart. To extract it from the body of his friend, Cuchulinn had to cut him open. Plainly we have here a barbarous weapon managed with the foot, an Indian or Eskimo salmon-spear, the several barbs of which are detached in the flesh of the prey. Yet a spear propelled by the foot was, and perhaps still is, part of the gear of a Lapp, and has found its way into print among the meager remains of Lapp songs collected by Professor O. Donner. A descendant of the sun, whose father, the sun-prince, has been slaughtered just as Fion's father was, approaches the old slayer of his parent, and a combat ensues like that between Cuchulinn and Ferdiadh in the main, but full of the utmost barbarism, while the Irish battle has along with its wild traits a host of chivalric ideas. The old enemy of the sun-child attempts to kill him with many weapons, among which is a poisonous spear driven by the foot from a bow:

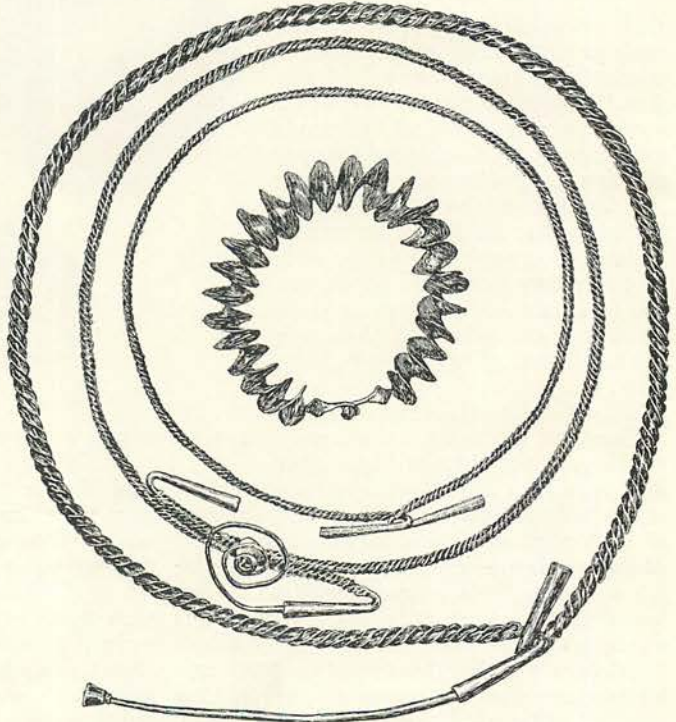
With his footbow from the
window
Casts the old one
At the youth a poisoned javelin.

Doubtless this represents a weapon of the chase and of war, once known in Ireland, the tradition of which adheres to Cuchulinn, a Finno-Ugrian demi-god accepted and explained by the Gaels in their own tongue.

The sun-heroes of Ireland may be sought in a more primitive form in the Kalewala, while the Lapps show the same legends in the most primitive shape. Yet the sun is by no means always masculine in sex. Diarmait the Beautiful is forced by Fion's bride to elope with her, and Fion sends his unwilling heroes in pursuit. She is the humanized Sun, feminine in old Ireland as still among the Germans, who say *Die Sonne* but *Der Mond*, as also in

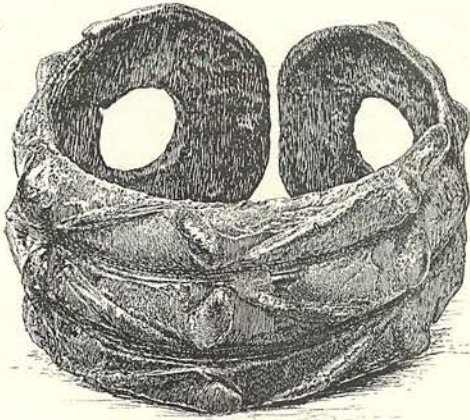
Japan, whose legendary preserves the curious story of the sun-goddess sulking in the cave and lured out by dances which we see so often depicted in the art of Nippon. The story is very different in the cycle that includes Cuchulinn; there it is the Spring who elopes with the hero. Thereby hangs this tale:

In a campaign undertaken against an island, said to be the Isle of Man, a "gray fighter" takes part with the heroes of Conchobar, and is so extraordinary in valor and efficiency that he is allowed what he stipulated as his own part of the spoils, namely, the finest gem. Instead of a jewel, however, he selects from the spoil Blathmat, the "blossom," a lovely princess



TORQUES AND CHAINS, FOR NECK AND WAIST, MADE BY TWISTING GOLD BARS. GREATLY REDUCED.

whom Cuchulinn intended for his own. Being pursued by that champion he turns and defeats him, binds him hand and foot, cuts off his long hair and rubs his head in filth, then disappears to the westward. Afterwards Cuchulinn visits one Curoi mac Dairé in Kerry, and discovers that the "gray fighter" who overthrew him has Blathmat to wife. Like Grainné, bride of Fion in the later cycle, she hates the man Fate has assigned to her, and concocts a plot. Cuchulinn returns to the wild mountain stream that rushes down past the fort of Curoi on a peak of the Kerry hills, and waits for the signal. At last he sees the water of the brook turn



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white; Blathmat has caused vats of milk to be emptied in the stream. The champion and his men rush up to the fort, burst open the gates, and murder Curoi as he lies with his head on his wife's lap; then he carries off Blathmat and various wonder-working objects that belonged before to Midir, the fairy-king.

The name of this blossom princess, the stream white from the freshet, the traits of Cuchulinn which ally him to male representatives of summer and the sun, are indications of the seasonal element in the story. The blossoms of Spring are rescued from the frosty arms of Winter. But Finnic legends show in Kuura, the hoarfrost, the same person as Curoi, and prove the "gray fighter" to be, like Fion, one of the original Turanian gods taken up into Gaelic legendary. Cuchulinn, on the other hand, though undoubtedly at bottom Turanian, has been so amplified by the Kelts that he is more national, perhaps, than any other hero. If he can be identified with the Gaulish god of war Cocidius, found on votive stones, his cult must be extremely ancient among the Kelts. Professor John Rhys has very acutely pointed out a Welsh parallel to the story of the frail Blathmat, the false one having a name also meaning the Blossom.

The hero Cuchulinn seems to unite in his story the strains of many traditions both human and divine. Perhaps no other hero famous in Irish song and prose legend takes up in himself so complicated a skein of threads from the Keltic and Turanian past. It may be remembered from an earlier paper that his name was elaborately explained by the Gaels to mean *cu* the dog, *culainn* of Culann, a certain smith whose watch-dog he slew with his childish hands. The Welsh parallel of Cuchulinn serves among others to expose the fallacy of this translation, for in Welsh legend he is associated with King Arthur under the

name of Kulhooch. Just as the champions of Ulster search all Ireland for a wife befitting Cuchulinn, so the knights of King Arthur of Wales search Britain for a wife for Kulhooch. She is Olwen, the "wheel" of the seasons, and her father is a giant named Hawthorn who represents Winter. The combat between him and Kulhooch has remarkable points of resemblance to that of the Lapp hero just mentioned. Great is the rejoicing when Kulhooch, the sun-hero, storms the fortress of Winter, and seizes his bride, the Spring. It is the same idea we have just seen in the story of Cuchulinn storming the castle of the "gray fighter" at the signal of the whitened stream, slaying him and tearing Blossom from his embrace. Of Olwen it is said that clover-blossoms sprung up wherever she walked. Eimer, Cuchulinn's first wife, is seized in much the same way.

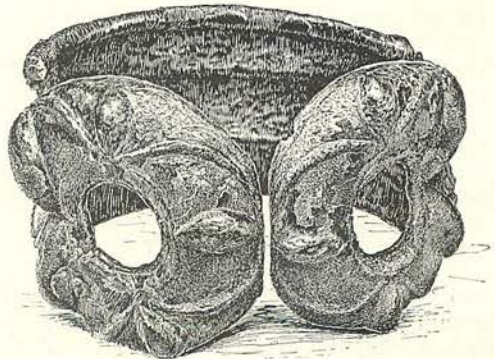
But how are we to account for that first syllable *cu* in the Irish hero's appellation which rationalizing Gaels translated "dog"? Kulhooch explains Culinn, but not the whole name.

Here we come upon a most curious matter, which shows another strand in the parti-colored thread of Cuchulinn. For that special mystic bird of spring, the ventriquoist cuckoo, was mixed up with the legends about Cuchulinn long before the explanation "dog of Culann" was dreamed of. In Wales the cuckoo, *coocoog* (in Irish *cuach*), held the same position in popular lore as it does to this day in Roumania and Finland, on the one hand as the harbinger of spring, on the other as an oracle—moreover, a bird of sly immoral habits, difficult to see, and hard to locate in the woods owing to the peculiarity of its song. English children sing:

In April
He tunes his bill,
And in May
He sings all day.

Then in June
He alters tune,
In July
Away to fly.

The British superstition is that cuckoos turn



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into merlin hawks at midsummer. Its brown back seems to have given a name to an article of dress common in Ireland when we first get authentic accounts of the national garb from historians, namely, the *cuchul*, Latin *cucullus*, the hooded cloak which the old Romans found among the Gauls and borrowed from them. In Cichol Gri the footless, whose name from the very earliest Gaelic records has been suggested in a former paper for the earlier aspect of Cuchulinn, we get a point where the cuckoo legend and the meaning of hood coalesce.

The rude piece of carving found in the Vosges district in ancient Belgium which has been called a Hercules appears to give this god, from whom Cuchulinn got his name. Keating quotes from an old poem :

The seventh people that possessed
The beauteous Eri of high plains
Came with curt Kical, the short-legged,
To the fair fields o'er Inber Domnan.¹

He represents the piratical tribes who lingered longest on remote islands west and north of Britain, and, from constant use of the small skin-boat, were fabled to be like seals, without true feet. The Aryan on his horse who is smiting down this monster must have been the sculptor, for the same reason given by the lion in the fable. In this connection we must recall the Shetland ballad already quoted, in which the seals that turn into men and women are called Finns. They are the same as the Fomoraigh (now pronounced Fowri), and are still thought of as monsters as well as pirates. But the old idea of Cichol must have become blended with ideas of "cuckoo" and "hood" at a very remote period, probably during the amalgamation between a mixed immigration from Britain and the pure Turanian aboriginals.

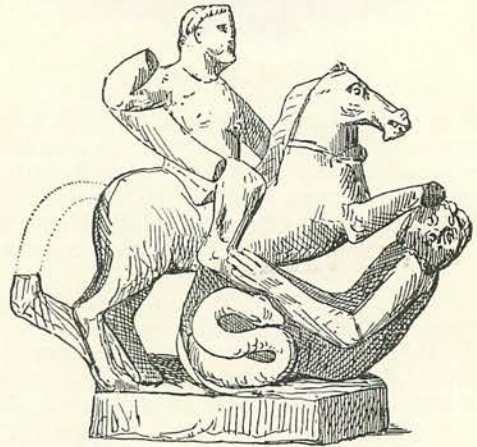
The Welsh word *cooccoll*, "hood," has come into our tongue as "cowl," while in modern Welsh *coocoog*, "cuckoo," has been contracted to *cog*, and has entered English with the meaning "to cheat" as used by Shakspeare. The pedigree of Cuchulinn in his connection with the bird of magic may be run back to figures like two in the Kalewala of the Finns, who show in a tragic way those traits of immorality which popular observation associates with the cuckoo, the bird that has no nest: one is a gay, reckless libertine, who loses and gains with equal light-heartedness; the other is guilty of worse crimes than Cuchulinn, without having any of his success or his virtues.

One Finnish equivalent of Cuchulinn, a figure in the Kalewala that springs from the same stem in the Turanian past, is the luckless Kullervo, to dishonor his own sister. But first note that the cuckoo is a sacred bird among the

Finns, associated with misfortune, and particularly with unhappy lovers.

When I hear the cuckoo calling
Then my heart is filled with sorrow ;
Tears unlock my heavy eyelids,
Flow adown my furrowed visage,
Tears as large as silver sea-pears ;
Older grow my wearied elbows,
Weaker fall my aged fingers,
Wearily in all my members
Does my body shake in palsy—
When I hear the cuckoo singing,
Hear the sacred cuckoo calling.²

Cuchulinn is, like Kullervo, a son of Bondage, all his family being destroyed while he is



SO-CALLED HERCULES OF THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS.—A KELTIC GOD OVERCOMING A GOD OF THE TURANIANS.—(FROM "LIBRAIRIE DE L'ART," BY PERMISSION.)

a baby, and he is saved with difficulty from the foe. Hardly more than a boy, he develops the strength of a giant. The story of the cheat practiced by the wife of the wondersmith Ilmarinen on Kullervo, namely, the stone baked in the cake, is not told of Cuchulinn, but crops up in a late legend of Fion mac Cumhal. Many of the early legends of Fion are found in the story of Kullervo, where he takes the place of Cuchulinn. But neither can be carried far as a parallel to the Finnic child of ill-luck, whose adventures belong to a very much more primitive state of society than those of the Irish heroes. It must suffice here to say that the name of Kullervo and that of Kulhooch of Wales are the same in probable derivation. Kulhooch has a Welsh explanation in *culhan*, to grow lean, *coola*, faltering, languid. *Chullinn* may be traced to Finnic *kulun*, to lessen, decline. Several Tatar languages have *kul* in the meaning of evil demon. Kindred terms are Finnic *kuolen*, to die, Hungarian *hulla*, corpse, Etruscan and Finnic *kalma*, death. So far as his name is concerned, Cuchulinn harks back

¹ John O'Mahony's translation.

² Kalewala, Rune IV. Crawford's translation.

to the gods of night and death. This seems to have been his primitive aspect; but under successive alterations by Turanians and Kelts, particularly those made by the purer Gaels, he became a god of the sun and summer, with the sacred cuckoo merely as a herald and the blossom as his partner for a season.

The other parallel of Cuchulinn in Finnic legend is Lemminkäinen, often called Kauko, a name in which we see a common term for the cuckoo — Irish *cuach*, Lettish *kauk*, Norse *gaukr*, German *gauch*, English gowk. In him appears the less tragical side of the sun-god symbolized by the cuckoo. He seduces all the women, carries off a bride, plays havoc in Pohjola with the magic of his songs and harp-tones, goes like Cuchulinn to remote islands in the West, and is habitually at war with the peoples who represent night and winter. Longfellow has introduced some of his sportive, unstable nature into Paupuk-keewis, the gambler, in "Hiawatha."

Those who are so wedded to Greek and Latin mythology that they have little patience with that of barbarians, whether Teutonic or Keltic or Turanian, may be glad of a parallel drawn from the old stores. They will find a plain one in Picus (the woodpecker), the father of Faunus. And if, surprised at the appearance of deified birds among the barbarian as well as classic peoples, they study deeper into the matter, other surprises are in store. Thus Fion is not only the equivalent of Vaino, but is also the equivalent of Faunus among the Latins, and explains that Faunus also once meant, in a language that held Italy before Latin, "the old one." Now the identity of Faunus and the great god Pan, or Phan, is an old story; so that we are able, starting from Ireland, to teach the Greeks what their forefathers of the time of Pericles did not know, namely, that Pan, the old nature deity of the Arcadians, can be explained by languages similar to those spoken by the inhabitants of Greece before the Aryan tribes overran it. As we know, the attempt of the Greeks to explain the name by their own dialects was more in the nature of a pun than serious; but when there is chance to show the analogies between the name and characteristics of this old Greek god and those of Turanian nations, his place and meaning will become clear.

The "Book of Rights" presents a very singular mass of laws mixed with superstitious observances in alternate passages of prose and verse, meant as aids to the memory of those bards and seannachies whose duty it was to prompt the provincial kings by quoting custom and precedent. The strangest, wildest things are taboo to this or that provincial king of Ireland. It also has mention of many articles of luxury

and common use which we may confidently assign to those periods when the heroes of Fion and those who fought for or against Conchobar are supposed to have lived. Cloaks, saddles, bridles, querns for grinding grain, coats of mail, belts, red, black, green and blue shields, tunics, helmets of brass, rings of gold and other metals (a primitive form of wealth before coins were known), mugs carved of wood and the same imitated in precious metals, drinking-horns richly ornamented, spears, chariots, enormous pins of bronze inlaid with silver, boats, ships large enough to have sleeping-berths, armlets, bracelets, gold spirals to wind about the hair, broad crescents of gold to decorate the head or lie upon the breast, baldrics highly decorated, a great variety of missile weapons defined by extraordinary names — these are some of the furniture of a rich farmer's home and of a chieftain's fortress. They played with a ball and sticks a game like the "hockey" our boys play on the ice. The chiefs were fond of a game of checkers or chess — one that demanded much pondering, at any rate, and required a board covered with squares, movable pieces, and a system of attack and defense of positions, ending in the capture of a last man by moves long foreseen.

In some respects the ballads yield nowise to the songs of Asia Minor and Greece molded into the incomparable poems of Iliad and Odyssey. They seem to be at the stage just preceding that reached by the Greek epics, needing only some Homer to cast them into undying flawless form. There is the same fighting of individual heroes with spear and sword, on foot or from chariots; the same boasting and superhuman feats of prowess; the same well-nigh invincible champions who succumb at last, Cuchulinn falling by a little warrior lad named Erc, as Achilles fell by the smooth-faced Paris.

The feats which these early heroes performed to show their expertness in the use of their weapons are many and singular, but they cannot be given here. There is an analogy between the relations heroes bore to the invisible beings, the fairies and ogres in hills, lakes, and distant islands of the sea, and that borne by champions at Troy to the minor gods of Olympus; but of course the Irish is far more crude and primitive than the Greek thought. Human heroes attack and wound supernatural beings; sometimes they aid them, as Venus was wounded before Troy and the gods were defended by Hercules. In the delectable story of Bricriu Poison-tongue, a big island is visited by Cuchulinn, who kills Eochó Glas, a ruler who keeps the *sidhaighe*, or fairy-folk, in subjection. As soon as he is dead the vengeful race of beings whom he oppressed appear.



KELT OF THE ROMAN PERIOD—FROM THE COLUMN OF ANTONINUS, AT ROME.

“Spring into the valley from east and west the sidhe-folk to bathe in his blood, since he had insulted them. Thereafter all were made sound [satisfied] from that insult.” The word *sidh* or *sighe*, long pronounced “shee” in Irish, was borrowed from the non-Keltic tongue of Ireland, as it well may have been, considering the probability in favor of the oldest race giving the term for the lowest and most ubiquitous form of spirits. It is now known in the compound “banshee,” woman-fairy, the apparition said to foretell the death of members of certain famous families in Ireland. *Ban* is the Gaelic word for woman, but of old there was another word, *na, ni, or nue*, taken up from the tongue of the aboriginals, but now obsolete. *Shee-nu* would therefore mean in the old language “fairy-woman,” just as banshee does. In Finland it has entered mythology in the name of Suoyatar, the mother of the serpent. Lemmin-käinen, stayed on his hero-raid against Pohjola by the monster-serpent, sings :

Leave thy station for the borders,
I will hunt thine ancient mother,
Sing thine origin of evil,
How arose thy head of horror,
Suoyatar, thine ancient mother,
Thing of evil, thy Creator !

The Finns have therefore carried the idea

of fairies further than the Irish, making a place for one in the pantheon, while the Tatars show the primitive origin of fairies as the ghosts of dead men rather than as personifications of objects in nature, an idea which in their case appears to come later. Among the Irish the fairies have some connection with the wind, however, particularly with whirling winds, which the peasant ascribes to the impish sports of this sly race, a blast of wind being called *sheeyo* and *shee*. In Roumania it is the devil dancing with a witch. Perhaps we may connect the Etruscan word *suthi* with this chain, since Dr. Isaac Taylor translates it “tomb” and *suthina* “offering.”

But this word must be left for completer identification at another time. Analogies of Irish legends with those of China, Siberia, Finland, and Etruria are given in order to place them in their general relations to the common stock of mythology throughout the world, in the hope that readers, however prejudiced they may be against the Irish from religious or political reasons, will feel their value and enjoy with a better understanding such popular books as the delightful compilation of Mr. Patrick Kennedy, “*Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*,” a book that contains much information given in a brisk and picturesque way. It combines much of the lore dug from the old

literature by Eugene O'Curry, President W. K. Sullivan, Whitley Stokes, the late W. H. Hennessy, and others who are not of Irish birth, with similar legends gathered fresh from the lips of village story-tellers and farmers' wives. From such books as these—and there is a wealth

of them nowadays—the reader may step to the works of the Irishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans who look chiefly to the “*Revue Celtique*,” edited by Professor H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, for the latest news of interest in Keltic myth and legend.

Charles de Kay.



THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

WELL, Alston, my occidental Croesus, there 's nothing like the meeting of old friends. It wakes up the sympathies, it checks the heart's corrosion. But you—rust has n't touched that organ.

How prosperity has agreed with you! Me!—tartrate of acrimony has been my medicine for many a day, and what good has it done me?"

Alston said nothing, but stood looking at the speaker. The two men leaned against the marble breastwork thrown up in the office of the great hotel that the clerks might not be overrun by invading hordes. Servants came and went, arriving and departing travelers jostled one another in their eagerness. Those who sought guests, and guests themselves, attacked the fortified men with ceaseless and varied demands, some perhaps asking to see a potentate, others possibly desiring a postage stamp.

It was a characteristic night in the thronged corridors and crowded rooms. Thousands—fortunes, perhaps—were made or lost in the quick utterance of short words. Hopes, ambitions, found then and there happy issue or paralyzing defeat. A man, master of world-craft, might laugh with light or bitter sarcasm, as was his temperament or his mood, as he looked upon those who met and talked together, or who sat or stood separately around. He would know, for it was in the air, that the future even of a political party depended largely upon the action of a score or more of its managers gathered in the house that night. A half-dozen

men, whose sleight of management was with as many counties, laughed at the turns of speech of another, who thought he manipulated a State, while they awaited the expected appearance of a man of national reputation who intended to “capture” all of them. A rumor flitted about like a bat in a twilight room, that it was expected by the knowing that before midnight a plan would reach its golden acme—a plan by which all the producers of one of the country's great products would finally unite in a long desired, long unattainable “trust,” the obdurate and recalcitrant manufacturer without whose concurrence all was impracticable having finally yielded to the irrefragable logic of necessity. In the afternoon there had been one of the usual flurries in the “street.” Zenith and Nadir preferred had gone off three points, and brokers slid about with whisper, glance, and shrug, wondering whether a thrill of sympathetic depression would tingle along the stock of competing lines. Lawyers, editors, noted and powerful, were there; millionaires, arch-millionaires, whose wealth made them world-famous, were in the throng. Not only the city's habitual dwellers were to be seen, but many parts of the country had sent worthy representatives to this chaotic congress. Silent and self-contained owners of plantations in Louisiana chatted with alert, restless men whose wealth lay in the dark and odorous forests of Maine. A mining expert from Colorado, panegyricizing the stock of a silver company risen, so to speak, from the lode that day, walked up and down between two rigorously dressed, smooth-shaven capitalists from Massachusetts. Ranchmen from the prairies, almost awkwardly inert just then, and evidently the men they