

# VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES,  
NUMBER 19, MARCH 9,  
1850

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# Various Notes and Queries, Number 19, March 9, 1850

## OUR PROGRESS

Although very unwilling to encroach upon the enlarged space which we have this week afforded to our numerous and increasing contributors, we may be permitted to refer to the fact of our having felt it due to them to find such additional space by giving an extra half-sheet, as a proof at once of the growing interest in our Journal, and of its extended utility.

We trust too that the step which we have thus taken will be received as a pledge of our intention to meet all the requirements which may arise from our Journal becoming more generally known, and consequently, as we are justified by our past experience in saying, being made greater use of, as a medium of intercommunication between all classes of students and men of letters.

Our last and present Number furnish proofs of its utility in a way which when it was originally projected could scarcely have been contemplated. We allude to its being made the channel through which intending editors may announce the works on which they are engaged, and invite the co-operation of their literary brethren. Nor is the readiness with which such co-operation is likely to be afforded, the only good result to be obtained by such an announcement. For such an intimation is calculated not only to prevent the unpleasantness likely to arise from a collision of interests—but also to prevent a literary man either setting to himself an unprofitable task or wasting his time and research upon ground which is already occupied.

One word more. When we commenced our labours we were warned by more than one friendly voice, that, although we should probably find no lack of Queries, we should oftentimes be "straited for a Reply." This, however, as our readers will admit, has not been the case; for though, as Shakspeare says, with that truth and wisdom for which he is proverbial—

"The ample proposition that Hope makes,  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in its promis'd largeness,"

the observation in our Introduction, that "those who are best informed are generally most ready to communicate knowledge, and to confess ignorance, to feel the value of such a work as we are attempting, and to understand that if it is to be well done they must help to do it," has, thanks to the kind assistance of our friends, grown, from a mere statement of opinion, to the dignity of a prediction. We undertook our task in faith and hope, determined to do our best to realize the intentions we had proposed to ourselves, and encouraged by the feeling that if we did so labour, our exertions would not be in vain, for—

"What poor duty cannot do,  
Noble respect takes it in might not merit."

And the success with which our efforts have been crowned shows we were justified in so doing. And so, gentle reader, to the banquet of dainty delights which is here spread before you!

## NOTES

### CAPTIVITY OF THE QUEEN OF BRUCE IN ENGLAND

I perceive, in one of the recent interesting communications made to the "NOTES AND QUERIES," by the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, that he has given, from a wardrobe roll in the Surrenden collection, a couple of extracts, which show that Bruce's Queen was in 1314 in the custody of the Abbess of Barking. To that gentleman our thanks are due for the selection of documents which had escaped the careful researches of Lysons, and which at once throw light on the personal history of a royal captive, and illustrate the annals of a venerable Abbey. I am glad to be able to answer the concluding query as to the exact date when the unfortunate lady, (Bruce's second wife,) left that Abbey, and to furnish a few additional particulars relative to her eight years' imprisonment in England. History relates that in less than three months after the crown had been placed upon the head of Bruce by the heroic Countess of Buchan, sister of the Earl of Fife (29th March, 1306), he was attacked and defeated at Methven, near Perth, by the English, under Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. After this signal discomfiture, the king fled into the mountains, accompanied by a few faithful followers: his Queen, daughter, and several other ladies, for awhile shared his misfortunes and dangers; but they at length took refuge at the Castle of Kildrummie, from whence they retreated, in the hope of greater security, to the sanctuary of St. Duthae, at Tain, in Ross-shire. The Earl of Ross, it is said, violated the sanctuary, and delivered the party up to the English, who (as sings Chaucer's contemporary, Barbour, in his not very *barbarous* Scottish dialect) straightway proceeded to

—"put the laydis in presoune,  
Sum in till castell, sum in dongeoun."

Among the captives were three ecclesiastics, who had taken a prominent part at the king's coronation—the Bishops of Glasgow and St. Andrews and the Abbot of Scone, arrayed in most uncanonical costume.<sup>1</sup> Peter Langtoft pathetically bewails their misfortune:—

"The Bisshop of Saynt Andrew, and the Abbot of Scone,  
The Bisshop of Glascow, thise were taken sone;  
Fettred on hackneis, to Inlond ere thei sent,  
On sere stedis it seis, to prison mad present."

An instrument in Norman French, printed in Rymer's great collection (*Foedera*, vol. i. part ii. p. 994, new ed.), directs the manner in which the prisoners were to be treated. As this document is curious, I will give that portion which refers particularly to Bruce's wife, the "Countess of Carrick:"—

"A.D. 1306. (34 Edw. 1.) Fait a remembrer, qi, quant la Femme le Conte de Carrik sera venue au Roi, ele soit envee a *Brustewik* [on Humber], & qe ele eit tieu mesnee, & sa sustenance ordenee en la manere desouz escrite: cest asavoir,

"Qe ele eit deux femmes du pays oversqe li; cest asaver, une damoisele & une femme por sa chambre, qi soient bien d'age & nyent gayes, & qi eles soient de bon & meur port; les queles soient entendantz, a li por li servir:

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<sup>1</sup> *Loricati*, (in their coats of mail.)—*Matthew of Westminster*.

"Et deux vadletz, qi soient ausint bien d'age, & avisez, de queux l'un soit un des vadletz le Conte de Ulvestier [the Earl of Ulster, her father], cest asaver Johan de Benteley, ou autre qil mettra en lieu de li, & l'autre acun du pays, qi soit por trencher devant li:

"Et ausant eit ele un garzon a pee, por demorer en sa chambre, tiel qi soit sobre, & ne mie riotous, por son lit faire, & por autres choses qe covendront por sa chambre:

"Et, estre ce, ordenez est qeele eit un Vadlet de mestier, qe soit de bon port, & avisez, por port ses cleifs, por panetrie, & botellerie, & un cu:

"Et ele deit ausint aver trois leveriers, por aver son deduyt en la garrene illueques, & en les pares, quant ele voudra:

"Et qe ele eit de la veneison, & du peisson es pescheries, selene ce qe master li sera:

"Et qe ele gisse en la plus bele maison du manoir a sa volunte: Et, qe ele voit guyer es pares, r'aillois entor le manoir, a se volunte."

These orders are apparently not more severe than was necessary for the safe custody of the Queen; and, considering the date of their issue, they seem to be lenient, considerate, and indulgent. Not so, however, with the unfortunate Countess of Buchan, who was condemned to be encaged in a turret of Berwick Castle ("en une *kage* de fort latiz, de fuist & barrez, & bien efforcez de ferrement;" *i.e.* of strong lattice-work of wood, barred, and well strengthened with iron<sup>2</sup>), where she remained immured seven years. Bruce's daughter, Marjory, and his sister Mary, were likewise to be encaged, the former in the Tower of London, the latter in Roxburghe Castle. The young Earl of Mar, "L'enfant qi est heir de Mar," Bruce's nephew, was to be sent to Bristol Castle, to be carefully guarded, "qil ne puisse eshcaper en nule manere," but not to be *fettered*—"mais q'il soit hors de fers, *tant come il est de si tendre age*."

In 1308 (1 Edw. 2.), the Bailiff of Brustwick is commanded to deliver up his prisoner, to be removed elsewhere, but to what place it does not appear. A writ of the 6th Feb. 1312, directs her to be conveyed to Windsor Castle, "cum familia sua." In October of the same year, she was removed to "Shaston" (Shaftesbury), and subsequently to the Abbey of Barking, where she remained till March, 1314, when she was sent to Rochester Castle, as appears by the following writ (Rymer, vol. ii. part i. p. 244.):—

"(7 Edw. 2.) *De ducendo Elizabetham uxorem Roberti de Brus, usque ad Castrum Rossense.*

"Mandatum est Vicecomitibus London quod Elizabetham. Uxorem Roberti de Brus, quæ cum Abbatissâ de Berkyngg' stetit per aliquot tempus, de mandato Regis, ab eadem Abbatissâ sine dilatione recipiant, eam usque Ross' duci sub salvâ custodia faciant, Henrico de Cobeham, Constabulario Castri Regis ibidem per Indenturam, indè faciendam inter ipsos, liberandam; et hoc nullatenus omittant.

"Teste Rege, apud Westm. xii. die Martii,

"Per ipsum Regem.

"Et mandatum est præfatæ Abbatissæ, quod præfatam Elizabetham, quam nuper, de mandato Regis, admisit in domo suâ de Berkyng' quousque Rex aliud inde

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<sup>2</sup> See the order at length in Rymer, *ut sup.*

ordinâset, moraturam, sine dilatione deliberet præfatis Vicecomitibus, ducendam  
prout eis per Regem plenius est injunctum, et hoc nullatenus omittat.

"Teste Rege ut supra,  
"Per ipsum Regem.

"Et mandatum est dicto Henrico, Constabulario Castri Regis prædicti, quod  
ipsam Elizabetham de prædictis Vicecomitibus, per Indenturam hujus modi,  
recipiat, et ei cameram, infra dictum Castrum competentem pro mora suâ assignari:

"Et viginti solidos, de exitibus Ballivæ suæ, ei per singulas septimanas,  
quamdiu ibidem moram fecerit, pro expensis suis, liberari faciat:

"Eamque, infra Castrum prædictum, et infra Prioratum Sancti Andree  
ibidem, opportunis temporibus spatiari sub salva custodia (ita quod securus sit de  
corpore suo), permittat:

"Et Rex ei de prædictis viginti solidis, præfatæ Elizabethæ singulis septimanis  
liberandis, debitam allocationem, in compoto suo ad Scaccarium Regis, fieri faciet.

"Teste ut supra,  
"Per ipsum Regem."

But the day of deliverance was close at hand: the battle of Bannockburn, so fatal to the English, was fought on the 24th June; and on the 2nd of October the Constable of Rochester Castle is commanded to conduct the wife, sister, and daughter of Robert Bruce to Carlisle (*usque Karliolum*), where an exchange of prisoners was made. Old Hector Boece, who, if Erasmus can be trusted, "knew not to lie," informs us, that "King Robertis wife, quhilk was hald in viii. yeris afore in Ingland, was interchangeit with ane duk of Ingland"<sup>3</sup> [Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford]. And the aforesaid Barbour celebrates their restoration in the following lines:—

"Quhill at the last they trefyt sua,  
That he<sup>4</sup> till Ingland hame suld ga,  
For owtyn paying of ransoune, fre;  
And that for him suld changyt be  
Byschop Robert<sup>5</sup> that blynd was mad;  
And the Queyne, that thai takyn had  
In presoune, as befor said I;  
And hyr douchtre dame Marjory.  
The Erle was changyt for thir thre."

W.B. RYE.

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<sup>3</sup> Bellenden's translation.

<sup>4</sup> The Earl of Hereford.

<sup>5</sup> Wishcart, Bishop of Gloucester, before alluded to.

## A NOTE ON ROBERT HERICK, AUTHOR OF "HESPERIDES."

In the summer of 1844, I visited Dean Prior in company with my brother, in order to ascertain if we could add any new fact to the scanty accounts of the *Life of Herrick* recorded by his biographers. The events of his life have been related by Dr. Drake, (*Literary Hours*, vol. iii., 1st edit. 1798.—3rd edit. 1804), by Mr. Campbell, by Dr. Nott (*Select Poems from the Hesperides*, &c. Bristol, 1810,) by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. iv. 1810, by Mr. Wilmott in his elegantly written *Lives of Sacred Poets*, vol. i., 1834, and in the memoirs prefixed to the recent editions of *Herrick's Poems* published by Clarke (1844), and Pickering (1846). On examining any of these biographies, it will be found that the year and place of Herrick's death have not been ascertained. This was the point which I therefore particularly wished to inquire into.

Dean Prior is a village about six or seven miles from Totnes: the church, with the exception of the tower, had been recently rebuilt. The monuments and inscribed stones were carefully removed when the old fabric was taken down, and restored as nearly as could be to corresponding situations in the new building. I sought in vain, amongst these, for the name of Herrick. On making inquiry of the old sexton who accompanied us, he said at first in a very decided tone, "Oh, he died in Lunnun," but afterwards corrected himself, and said that Herrick died at Dean Prior, and that an old tombstone in the churchyard, at the right hand side of the walk leading to the south side of the church, which was removed several years ago, was supposed to have covered the remains of the former vicar of Dean Prior.

Being baffled in our search after "tombstone information," we called at the vicarage, which stands close by the church, and the vicar most courteously accorded us permission to search the registers of the marriages, births, and burials, which were in his custody. The portion of the dilapidated volume devoted to the burials is headed thus:—

"Dean Prior

"The names of all those y't have been buried in y'e same parish from y'e year of our Lord God 1561, and so forwards."

After some careful search we were gratified by discovering the following entry:—

"Robert Herrick Vicker was buried y'e 15th day October, 1674."

I fancy I met with a selection from *Herrick's Poems* edited by *Mr. Singer*, several years ago, comprised in a small neat volume. Can any of your readers inform me whether there is such a book? I possess *Mr. Singer's* valuable editions of *Cavendish*, *More*, and *Hall's Satires*, and would wish to place this volume on the same shelf.

J. MILNER BARRY.

Totnes, Feb. 21. 1850.

## WHAT IS THE MEANING OF "LÆRIG?"

This *query*, evidently addressed to our Anglo-Saxon scholars by the distinguished philologist to whom we are all so much indebted, not having been hitherto replied to, perhaps the journal of "NOTES AND QUERIES" is the most fitting vehicle for this suggestive note:—

TO DR. JACOB GRIMM.

Allow me, though an entire stranger to you, to thank you for the pleasure I have derived, in common with all ethnological students, from your very valuable labours, and especially from the *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*. At the same time I venture, with much diffidence, to offer a reply to your question which occur in that work at p. 663.:—"Was heisst *lærig*?"

Lye says, "Hæc vox occurrit apud Cædm. At interpretatio ejus minime liquet." In the Supplement to his Dictionary it is explained "docilis, tyro!" Mr. Thorpe, in his *Analecta A.-S.* (1st edit. Gloss), says, "The meaning of this word is uncertain: it occurs again in *Cædmon*;" and in his translation of *Cædmon* he thus renders the passage:—"Ofer linde lærig=over the linden shields." Here then *lærig*, evidently an adjective, is rendered by the substantive *shields*; and *linde*, evidently a substantive, is rendered by the adjective *linden*. In two other passages, Mr. Thorpe more correctly translates *lindum*=bucklers.

*Lind*, which Lye explained by the Latin *labarium, vexillum*, that excellent scholar, the late lamented Mr. Price, was the first, I believe, to show frequently signified *a shield*; which was, probably for lightness, made of the wood of the *lime tree*, and covered with skin, or leather of various colours. Thus we have "sealwe linde" and "hwhite linde" in *Cædm.*, "geolwe linde" in *Beowulf*.

All this is superfluous to you, sir, I know—"Retournons à nos moutons," as Maistre Pierre Pathelin says.

The sense required in the passage in *Brythnoth* seems to me to be:—

"bærst bordes lærig=the empty (hollow concave) shields  
"and seo byrne sang=and the armour (*lorica*) resounded."

And in *Cædmon*:—

"ofer linde lærig=over the empty (hollow concave) shield."

In *Judith, Th. Anal.* 137, 53. we have a similar epithet:—

"hwealfum lindum=vaulted (arched concave) shields."

We should remember that Somner has *ge-lær*, void, empty, *vacuus*; and Lye, with a reference to the Herbarium, *lær-ness*, *vacuitas*. In the *Teuthonista* we have *lær*, *vacuus*, *concavus*. In *Heiland*, 3, 4. "*larea* stodun thar stenuatu sehsi=*empty* stood there stone-vats six." I need not call to your mind the O.H.G. *lári*.

I think, therefore, we cannot doubt that what is intended to be expressed by the A.-S. *lærig* is *empty, hollow, concave*. But if we wanted further confirmation, *leer, leery, leary* are still in use in Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and perhaps elsewhere, for *empty, hollow*, as the provincial Glossaries will show. Skinner has the word *leer*, *vacuus*, and says, "foeliciter alludit Gr. [Greek: lagaros], *laxus, vacuus*." In *Layamon* we have (244, 16.), "the put wæs *i-lær*." I have found but one instance in Middle English, and that is in the curious old *Phrase-Book* compiled by William Horman, Head Master of Eton School in the reign of Henry VIII:—

"At a soden shyfte *leere* barellis, tyed together, with boardis above, make passage over a streme.' Tumultuario opere, *inanes* cuppæ colligatæ et tabulatis instratæ fluminis transitu perhibent."—*Hormanni Vulgaria*, Lond. 1519, f. 272 b.

Instances of the word are not frequent, possibly because we had another word for empty (*toom*) in common with the Danes; but perhaps there was no necessity for dwelling upon it in the sense of *empty*; it was only its application as an epithet to a *concave* or *hollow shield* that your question could have had in view.

Once more thanking you most heartily for the pleasure and profit I have derived from the *Deutsche Grammatik*, and all your other important labours, I am, sir, your grateful and obliged servant,

S. W. SINGER.

Mickleham, Nov. 23. 1849.

## FOLK LORE

### ST. VALENTINE IN NORWICH—COOK-EELS, &c. &c

The day appropriated to St. Valentine is kept with some peculiarity in the city of Norwich. Although "Valentines," as generally understood, that is to say billets sent by means of the post, are as numerously employed here as in other places, yet the *custom* consists not in the transmission of a missive overflowing with hearts and darts, or poetical posies, but in something far more substantial, elegant and costly—to wit, a goodly present of value unrestricted in use or expense. Though this custom is openly adopted among relatives and others whose friendship is reciprocated, yet the secret mode of placing a friend in possession of an offering is followed largely,—and this it is curious to remark, not on the *day* of the saint, when it might be supposed that the appropriateness of the gift would be duly ratified, the virtue of the season being in full vigour, but on the *eve* of St. Valentine, when it is fair to presume his charms are not properly matured. The mode adopted among all classes is that of placing the presents on the door-sill of the house of the favoured person, and intimating what is done by a run-a-way knock or ring as the giver pleases.

So universal is this custom in this ancient city, that it may be stated with truth some thousands of pounds are annually expended in the purchase of Valentine presents. At the time of writing (February 2.) the shops almost generally exhibit displays of articles calculated for the approaching period, unexampled in brilliancy, taste and costliness, and including nearly every item suitable to the drawing room, the parlour, or the boudoir. The local papers contain numerous advertising announcements of "Valentines;" the walls are occupied with printed placards of a similar character, and the city crier, by means of a loud bell and an equally sonorous voice, proclaims the particular advantages in the Valentine department of rival emporiums. All these preparations increase as the avator of St. Valentine approaches. At length the saint and his eve arrives—passes—and the custom, apparently expanding with age, is placed in abeyance until the next year. I am inclined to believe that this mode of keeping St. Valentine is confined to this city and the county of Norfolk.

As regards priority of occurrence this year, I should have first mentioned, that on Shrove Tuesday a custom commences of eating a small bun called cocque'els—cook-eels—coquilles—(the name being spelt indifferently) which is continued through the season of Lent. Forby, in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, calls this production "a sort of cross bun," but no cross is placed upon it, though its composition is not dissimilar. My inquiries, and, I may add, my reading, have not led me to the origin of either of the customs now detailed (with the exception of a few unsatisfactory words given by Forby on cook-eels), and I should be glad to find these brief notices leading by your means to more extended information on both subjects, not only as regards this part of the country, but others also.

JOHN WODDERSPOON.

Norwich.

*Old Charms.*—I think that, if you are anxious to accumulate as much as you can of the Folk Lore of England, no set of men are more likely to help you than the clergy, particularly the younger part, viz., curates, to whom the stories they hear among their flock have the gloss of novelty. I send you a specimen of old charms, &c. that have come under my notice in the south-eastern counties.

No. 1. is a dialogue between the Parson and the old Dame:—

"*P.* Well, Dame Grey, I hear you have a charm to cure the toothache. Come, just let me hear it; I should be so much pleased to know it.

"*Dame.* Oh, your reverence, it's not worth telling."

(Here a long talk—Parson coaxing the Dame to tell him—old lady very shy, partly suspecting he is quizzing her, partly that no charms are proper things, partly willing to know what he thinks about it.) At last it ends by her saying—

"Well, your reverence, you have been very kind to me, and I'll tell you: it's just a verse from Scripture as I says over those as have the toothache:—

"And Jesus said unto Peter, What aileth thee? and Peter answered, Lord, I have toothache. And the Lord healed him."

"P. Well, but Dame Grey, I think I know my Bible, and I don't find any such verse in it."

"*Dame.* Yes, your reverence, that is just the charm. *It's in the Bible, but you can't find it!*"

No. 2. To avert sickness from a family, hang up a sickle, or iron implement, at the bed head.

No. 3. Should a death happen in a house at night, and there be a hive or hives of bees in the garden, go out and wake them up at once, otherwise the whole hive or swarm will die.

I hope your Folk Lore is not confined to the fading memorials of a past age. The present superstitions are really much more interesting and valuable to be gathered together; and I am sure your pages would be very well employed in recording these for a future generation. I would suggest, in all humility, that it would be really useful, for the rulers of our Church and State, to know how far such a superstition as the following prevails among the peasantry:

That, if a dying person sees "glory," or a bright light, at or near the time of their dissolution, such a vision is a sure sign of their salvation, whatever may have been their former life, or their repentance.

*D. Sholbus.*

*Superstitions in North of England.*—I find some curious popular superstitions prevalent in the north of England some three centuries ago recorded in the *Proceedings before the Special Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes appointed by Queen Elizabeth*. Thus:

"Anthony Haggen presented for medicioning children with miniting a hammer as a smythe of kynde."

Again

"John Watson presented for burying a quick dogg and a quick cowe."

And

"Agnes, the wyf of John Wyse, als Winkam John Wyse, presented to be a medicioner for the waffc of an yll wynde, and for the fayryes."

Some of your readers may perhaps explain what these were. It is clear that they were superstitious practices of sufficient prevalence and influence on the popular mind to call for the interference of the queen's commissioners.

*A.B.*

*Decking Churches with Yew on Easter Day.*—In the village of Berkely near Frome, Somerset, and on the borders of Wiltshire, the church is decorated on Easter Sunday with yew, evidently as an emblem of the Resurrection. Flowers in churches on that day are common, but I believe the use of yew to be unusual.

*W. Durrant Cooper.*

*Strewing Straw or Chaff.*—The custom mentioned by your correspondent "B." (p. 245.) as prevailing in Gloucestershire, is not peculiar to that county. In Kent, it is commonly practised by the rustics. The publican, all the world over, decorates his sign-board with a foaming can and pipes, to

proclaim the entertainment to be found within. On the same principle, these rustics hang up *their* sign-board,—as one of them, with whom I was once remonstrating, most graphically explained to me. When they knew of a house where the master deems a little wholesome discipline necessary to ensure the obedience of love, considering it a pity that the world should be ignorant of his manly virtues, they strew "well threshed" chaff or straw before his door, as an emblematical sign-board, to proclaim that the sweet fare and "good entertainment" of a "well threshed" article may be found within. The custom, at all events, has one good tendency, it shames the tyrant into restraint, when he knows that his cowardly practices are patent to the world.

*Lambert B. Larking.*

## FOLK LORE OF WALES

No. 1. *Cron Annwn*.—When a storm sounds over the mountains, the Welsh peasant will tell you that his ear discerns the howl of the *Cron Annwn* mingling with that of the wind, yet as clearly distinct from it as is the atmosphere in a diving-bell from that of the surrounding waters. These dogs of Annwn, or "couriers of the air," are spirit hounds, who hunt the souls of the dead; or, as occasionally said, they foretell, by their expectant cries, the approaching death of some man of evil deeds. Few have ever pretended to see them; for few, we presume, would linger until they dawned on the sight; but they are described by Taliesin, and in the *Mabinogion*, as being of a clear shining white, with red ears; colouring which confirms the author of the *Mythology of the Ancient Druids* in the idea that these dogs were "a mystical transformation of the Druids with their white robes and red tiaras." Popular superstition, however, which must always attribute ugliness to an object of fear, deems that they are either jet black, with eyes and teeth of fire, or of a deep red, and dripping all over with gore. "The nearer," says the Rev. Edmund Jones, "they are to a man, the *less* their voice is, and the farther the louder, sometimes swelling like the voice of a great hound, or a blood-hound."

They are *sometimes* accompanied by a female fiend, called *Malt y nos*—Mathilda or Malen of the night, a somewhat ubiquitous character, with whom we meet under a complication of names and forms.

Jones of Brecon, who tells us that the cry of the Cron Annwn is as familiar to the inhabitants of Ystrad Fellte and Pont Neath-vaughan [in Glamorganshire] as the watchman's rattle in the purlieu of Covent Garden—for he lived in the days when watchmen and their rattles were yet among the things of this world—considers that to these dogs, and not to a Greek myth, may be referred the hounds, *Fury, Silver, Tyrant, &c.*, with which Prospero hunts his enemies "soundly," in the *Tempest*. And they must recall to the minds of our readers the *wisk, wisked, or Yesk* hounds of Devon, which are described in the *Athenæum* for March 27. 1847, as well as the *Maisne Hellequin* of Normandy and Bretagne.

There has been much discussion respecting the signification of the word *Annwn*, which has been increased by the very frequent mistake of writing it *Anwn*, which means, *unknown, strange*, and is applied to the people who dwell in the antipodes of the speaker; while *Annwn* is an adaptation of *annwfn*, a *bottomless or immeasurable pit, voidless space*, and also Hell. Thus we find, that when *Pwyl*, or *Reason*, drives these dogs off their track, the owner comes up, and, reproving him, declares that he is a crowned king, lord of Annwn and Pendaran, *i.e.* chief of thunder. (See *Myth. Ant. Druids*, p. 418.)

This Prince of Darkness is supposed to be the spouse of Andraste, now corrupted into Andras, and equivalent with *Malt y nos*, the Diana or Hecate of the ancient Britons.

These dogs sometimes appear singly, on which occasions they sit by the side of a stream, howling in so unearthly a manner, that the hapless man who finds one in his path usually loses his senses. This seems to have a connection with the "Manthe Doog" of the Isle of Man; but the tradition is not, we suspect, genuine.

### *Seleucus.*

No. 2. *Cyoeraeth* or *Gwrach-y-rhybin*.—Another instance of the grand, though gloomy superstitions of the Cymry, is that of the *Cyoeraeth*, or hag of the mist, an awful being who is supposed to reside in the mountain fog, through which her supernatural shriek is frequently heard. She is believed to be the very personification of ugliness, with torn and dishevelled hair, long black teeth, lank and withered arms and claws, and a most cadaverous appearance; to this some add, wings of a leathery and bat-like substance.

The name *Cy-oe-r-aeth*, the last two syllables of which signify *cold-grief*, is most descriptive of the sad wail which she utters, and which will, it is said, literally freeze the veins of those who hear

it; she is *rarely* seen, but is heard at a cross-road, or beside a stream—in the latter case she splashes the water with her hands—uttering her lamentation, as if in allusion to the relatives of those about to die. Thus, if a man hears her cry *fy nqwsaig, fy nqwsaig, &c.*, his wife will surely die, and he will be heard to mourn in the same strain ere long; and so on with other cases. The cadence of this cry can never be properly caught by any one who has not heard, if not a Cyoeaeth, at least a native of Wales, repeat the strain. When merely an inarticulate scream is heard, it is probable that the hearer himself is the one whose death is fore-mourned.

Sometimes she is supposed to come like the Irish *banshee*, in a dark mist, to the windows of those who have been long ill; when flapping her wings against the pane, she repeats their names with the same prolonged emphasis; and then it is thought that they must die.

It is this hag who forms the torrent beds which seam the mountain side; for she gathers great stones in her cloak to make her ballast, when she flies upon the storm; and when about to retire to her mountain cave, she lets them drop progressively as she moves onwards, when they fall with such an unearthly weight that they lay open the rocky sides of the mountain.

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