literary departments of other academies, as well as to the members of literary institutions and societies analogous to academies; to professors of æsthetics, of literature and of history in the universities. This order must be published at least every five years.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Perhaps I ought to begin by apologizing for my conspicuous lack of qualification to fill this chair, but I prefer, with your permission, to dismiss that as a subject far too large for me to dispose of this morning. So I would beg to call your attention back for a moment to the excellent address given to this Section last year. It was full of practical suggestions which are well worth recalling: one was as to the project of a bureau of ethnology for Greater Britain, and another turned on the desirability of founding an imperial institution to represent our vast colonial empire. I mention these in the hope that we shall not leave the government and others concerned any peace till we have realized those modest dreams of enlightenment. People's minds are just now so full of other things that the interests of knowledge and science are in no little danger of being overlooked. So it is all the more desirable that the British Association, as our great parliament of science, should take the necessary steps to prevent that happening, and to keep steadily before the public the duties which a great and composite nation like ours owes to the world and to humanity, whether civilized or savage.

The difficulties of the position of the president of this Section arise in a great measure from the vastness of the field of research which the Science of Man covers. He is, therefore, constrained to limit his attention as a rule to some small corner of it; and, with the audacity of ignorance, I have selected that which might be labeled the early ethnology of the British Isles, but I propose to approach it only along the precarious paths of folklore and philology, because I know no other. Here, however, comes a personal difficulty; at any rate, I suppose I ought to pretend that I feel it a difficulty, namely, that I have committed myself to publicity on that subject already. But as a matter of fact, I can hardly bring myself to confess to any such feeling; and this leads me to mention, in passing, the change of attitude which I have lived to notice in the case of students in my own position. Most of us here present have known men who, when they had once printed their views on their favorite subjects of study, stuck to those views through thick and thin, or at most limited themselves to changing the place of a comma here and there, or replacing an occasional *and* by a *but*. The work had then been made perfect, and not a few great questions affecting no inconsiderable portions of the universe had been forever set at rest. That was briefly the process of getting ready for posterity, but one of its disadvantages was that those who adopted it had to waste a good deal of time in the daily practice of the art of fencing and winning verbal victories; for, metaphorically speaking,

> 'With many a whack and many a bang
> Rough crab-tree and old iron rang.'

Now all that, however amusing it may have been, has been changed, and what now happens is somewhat as follows: AB makes an experiment or propounds what he calls a working hypothesis; but no sooner has AB done so than CD, who is engaged in the same sort of research, proceeds to improve on AB. This, instead of impelling AB to rush after CD with all kinds of epithets and insinuating that his character is deficient in all the ordinary

virtues of a man and a brother, only makes him go to work again and see whether he cannot improve on CD's results; and most likely he succeeds, for one discovery leads to another. So we have the spectacle not infrequently of a man illustrating the truth of the poet's belief,

> 'That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.'

It is a severe discipline in which all display of feeling is considered bad form. Of course every now and then a spirit of the ruder kind discards the rules of the game and attracts attention by having public fits of bad temper; but generally speaking, the rivalry goes on quietly enough to the verge of monotony, with the net result that the stock of knowledge is increased. I may be told, however, that while this kind of exercise may be agreeable to the ass who writes, it is not conducive to the safety of the publisher's chickens. To that it might suffice to answer that the publisher is usually one who is well able to take good care of his chickens; but, seriously, what it would probably mean is, that in the matter of the more progressive branches of study, smaller editions of the books dealing with them would be required, but a more frequent issue of improved editions of them, or else new books altogether, a state of things to which the publisher would probably find ways of adapting himself without any loss of profits. And after all, the interests of knowledge must be reckoned uppermost. It is needless to say that I have in view only a class of books which literary men proper do not admit to be literature at all; and the book trade has one of its main stays, no doubt, in books of pure literature, which are like the angels that neither marry nor give in marriage—they go on forever in their serene singleness of purpose to charm and chasten the reader's mind.

My predecessor last year alluded to an Oxford don said to have given it as his conviction that anthropology rests on a foundation of romance. I have no notion who that Oxford don may have been, but I am well aware that Oxford dons have sometimes a knack of using very striking language. In this case, however, I should be inclined to share to a certain extent that Oxford don's regard for romance, holding as I do that the facts of history are not the only facts deserving of careful study by the anthropologist. There are also the facts of fiction, and to some of those I would now call your attention. Recently, in putting together a volume on Welsh folklore, I had to try to classify and analyze in my mind the stories which have been current in Wales about the fairies. Now the mass of folklore about the fairies is of various origins. Thus with them have been more or less inseparably confounded certain divinities or demons, especially various kinds of beings associated with the rivers and lakes of the country. They are creations introduced from the worship of the imagination; then there is the dead ancestor, who also seems to have contributed his share to the sum total of our notions about the Little People. In far the greater number of cases, however, we seem to have something historical, or, at any rate, something which may be contemplated as historical. The key to the fairy idea is that there once was a real race of people to whom all kinds of attributes, possible and impossible, have been given in the course of uncounted centuries of story-telling by races endowed with a lively imagination.

When the mortal midwife has been fetched to attend on a fairy mother in a fairy palace, she is handed an ointment which she is to apply to the fairy baby's eyes, at the same time that she is gravely warned not to touch her own eyes with it. Of course any one could foresee that when she is engaged in applying the ointment to the young fairy's eyes one of her own eyes

is certain to itch and have the benefit of the forbidden salve. When this happens the midwife has two very different views of her surroundings: with the untouched eye she sees that she is in the finest and grandest place that she has ever beheld in her life, and there she can see the lady on whom she is attending reposing on a bed, while with the anointed eye she perceives how she is lying on a bundle of rushes and withered ferns in a large cave, with big stones all around her and a little fire in one corner, and she also discovers that the woman is a girl who has once been her servant. Like the midwife, we have also to exercise a sort of double vision if we are to understand the fairies and see through the stories about them. An instance will explain what I mean: Fairy women are pretty generally represented as fascinating to the last degree and gorgeously dressed; that is how they appear through the glamor in which they move and have their being. On the other hand, not only are some tribes of some fairies described as ugly, but fairy children when left as changelings are invariably pictured as repulsive urchins of a sallow complexion and mostly deformed about the feet and legs; there we have the real fairy with the glamor taken off and a certain amount of depreciatory exaggeration put on.

Now when one approaches the fairy question in this kind of way, one is forced, it strikes me, to conclude that the fairies, as a real people, consisted of a short, stumpy, swarthy race, which made its habitations underground or otherwise cunningly concealed. They were hunters, probably, and fishermen; at any rate, they were not tillers of the ground or eaters of bread. Most likely they had some of the domestic animals and lived mainly on milk and the produce of the chase, together with what they got by stealing. They seem to have practiced the art of spinning, though they do not appear to have thought much of clothing. They had no tools or implements made of metal. They appear to have had a language of their own, which would imply a time when they understood no other, and explain why, when they came to a town to do their marketing, they laid down the exact money without uttering a syllable to anybody by way of bargaining for their purchases. They counted by fives and only dealt in the simplest of numbers. They were inordinately fond of music and dancing. They had a marvelously quick sense of hearing, and they were consummate thieves; but their thievery was not systematically resented, as their visits were held to bring luck and prosperity. More powerful races generally feared them as formidable magicians who knew the future and could cause or cure disease as they pleased. The fairies took pains to conceal their names no less than their abodes, and when the name happened to be discovered by strangers the bearer of it usually lost heart and considered himself beaten. Their family relations were of the lowest order; they not only reckoned no fathers, but it may be that, like certain Australian savages recently described by Spencer and Gillen, they had no notion of paternity at all. The stage of civilization in which fatherhood is of little or no account has left evidence of itself in Celtic literature, as I shall show presently; but the other and lower stage, anterior to the idea of fatherhood at all comes into sight only in certain bits of folklore, both Welsh and Irish, to the effect that the fairies were all women and girls. Where could such an idea have originated? Only, it seems to me, among a race once on a level with the native Australians to whom I have alluded, and of whom Frazer of 'the Golden Bough' wrote as follows in last year's *Fortnightly Review*: "Thus, in the opinion of these savages, every conception is what we are wont to call an immaculate

conception, being brought about by the entrance into the mother of a spirit, apart from any contact with the other sex. Students of folklore have long been familiar with the notions of this sort occurring in the stories of the birth of miraculous personages, but this is the first case on record of a tribe who believe in immaculate conception as the sole cause of the birth of every human being who comes into the world. A people so ignorant of the most elementary of natural processes may well rank at the very bottom of the savage scale." Those are Dr. Frazer's words, and for a people in that stage of ignorance to have imagined a race all women seems logical and natural enough—but for no other. The direct conclusion, however, to be drawn from this argument is that some race—possibly more than one—which has contributed to the folklore about our fairies, has passed through the stage of ignorance just indicated; but as an indirect conclusion one would probably be right in supposing this race to have been no other than the very primitive one which has been exaggerated into fairies. At the same time it must be admitted that they could not have been singular always in this respect among the nations of antiquity, as is amply proved by the prevalence of legends about virgin mothers, to whom Frazer alludes, not to mention certain wild stories recorded by the naturalist Pliny concerning certain kinds of animals.

Some help to make out the real history of the Little People may be derived from the names given them, of which the most common in Welsh is that of *y Tylwyth Teg* or the Fair Family. But the word *cor*, 'a dwarf,' feminine *corres*, is also applied to them; and in Breton we have the same word with such derivatives as *korrik*, 'a fairy, a wee little wizard or sorcerer,' with a feminine *korrigan* or *korrigez*, analogously meaning a she-fairy or a diminutive witch. From *cor* we have in Welsh the name of a people, called the Coranians, figuring in a story in the fourteenth-century manuscript of the Red Book of Hergest. There one learns that the Coranians were such consummate magicians that they could hear every word that reached the wind, as it is put; so they could not be harmed. The name Coranians of those fairies has suggested to Welsh writers a similar explanation of the name of a real people of ancient Britain. I refer to the *Coritani*, whom Ptolemy located, roughly speaking, between the river Trent and Norfolk, assigning to them the two towns of *Lindum* (Lincoln) and *Ratæ*, supposed to have been approximately where Leicester now stands. It looks as if all invaders from the Continent had avoided the coast from Norfolk up to the neighborhood of the Humber, for the good reason, probably, that it afforded very few inviting landing-places. So here presumably the ancient inhabitants may have survived in sufficient numbers to have been called by their neighbors of a different race 'the dwarfs,' or *Coritani*, as late as Ptolemy's time in the second century. This harmonizes with the fact that the Coritani are not mentioned as doing anything, all political initiative having long before probably passed out of their hands into those of a more powerful race. How far inland the Coritanian territory extended it is impossible to say, but it may have embraced the northern half of Northamptonshire, where we have a place-name *Pytchley*, from an earlier *Pihtes léa*, meaning 'The Pict's Meadow,' or else the meadow of a man called Pict. At all events, their country took in the few districts containing Croyland, where towards the end of the seventh century St. Guthlac set up his cell on the side of an ancient tumulus and was disturbed by demons that talked Welsh. Certain portions of the Coritanian country offered, as one may infer, special advantages

as a home for retreating nationalities: witness as late as the eleventh century the resistance offered by Hereward in the Isle of Ely to the Norman Conqueror and his mail-clad warriors.

In reasoning backwards from the stories about the Little People to a race in some respects on a level with Australian savages, we come probably in contact with one of the very earliest populations of these islands. It is needless to say that we have no data to ascertain how long that occupation may have been uncontested, if at all, or what progress was made in the course of it: perhaps archeology will be able some day to help us to form a guess on that subject. But the question more immediately pressing for answer is, with what race outside Wales may one compare or identify the ancient stock caricatured in Welsh fairy tales? Now, in the Lowlands of Scotland, together with the Orkneys and Shetlands, the place of our fairies is to some extent taken by the Picts, or, as they are there colloquially called, 'the Pechts.' My information about the Pechts comes mostly from recent writings on the subject by Mr. David MacRitchie, of Edinburgh, from whom one learns, among other things, that certain underground—or partially underground—habitations in Scotland are ascribed to the Pechts. Now one kind of these Pechts' dwellings appears from the outside like hillocks covered with grass, so as presumably not to attract attention, an object which was further helped by making the entrance very low and as inconspicuous as possible. But one of the most remarkable things about them is the fact that the cells or apartments into which they are divided are frequently so small that their inmates must have been of very short stature, like our Welsh fairies. Thus, though there appears to be no reason for regarding the northern Picts themselves as an undersized race, there must have been a people of that description in their country. Perhaps archeologists may succeed in classifying the ancient habitations in the North accordingly — that is, to tell us what class of them were built by the Picts and what by the Little People whom they may be supposed to have found in possession of that part of our island.

In Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland the fairies derive their more usual appellations from a word *síd* or *síth* (genitive *síde*), which may perhaps be akin to the Latin *sēdes* and have meant a seat, settlement, or station; but whatever its exact meaning may have originally been, it came to be applied to the hillocks or mounds within which the Little People made their abodes. Thus, *Aes Síde* as a name for the fairies may be rendered by mound people or hill folk; *fer síde*, 'a fairy man,' by a mound man; and *ben síde* by a mound woman or banshee. They were also called simply *síde*, which would seem to be an adjective closely allied with the simpler word *síd*.

But to leave this question of their names, let me direct your attention for a moment to one of the most famous kings of the fairies of ancient Erin: he was called Mider of Brí Leith, said to be a hill to the west of Ardagh, in the present county of Longford. There he had his mound, to which he once carried the queen of Eochaid Airem, monarch of Ireland. It was some time before Eochaid could discover what had become of her, and he ordered Dálan, his druid, to find it out. So the druid, when he had been unsuccessful for a whole year, prepared four twigs of yew and wrote on them in Ogam. Then it was revealed to him through his keys of seership and through the Ogam writing that the queen was in the *síd* of Brí Leith, having been taken thither by Mider. By this we are probably to understand that the druid sent forth the Ogam twigs as letters of enquiry to other druids in different parts of the country; but in any

case he was at last successful, and his king hurried at the head of an army to Brí Leith, where they began in earnest to demolish Mider's mound. At this Mider was so frightened that he sent the queen forth to her husband, who then departed, leaving the fairies to digest their wrath; for it is characteristic of them that they did not fight, but bided their time for revenge, which in this case did not come till long after Eochaid's day. Now, with regard to the fairy king, one is not told, so far as I can call to mind, that he was a dwarf, but the dwarfs were not far off; for we read of an Irish satirist who is represented as notorious for his stinginess; and, to emphasize the description of his inhospitable habits, he is said to have taken from Mider three of his dwarfs and stationed them around his own house, in order that their truculent looks and rude words might repel any of the men of Erin who might come seeking hospitality or bringing any inconvenient request. The word used for dwarf in this story is *corr*, which is usually the Irish for a crane or heron, but here, and in some other instances, which I cannot now discuss, it seems to have been identical with the Brythonic *cor*, 'a dwarf.' It is remarkable, moreover, that the rôle assigned to the three Irish *corrs* is much the same as that of the dwarf of Edeyrn son of Nudd, in the Welsh story of *Geraint and Enid* and Chrétien de Troies' *Erec*, which characterizes him as *fel et de put'eire*, 'treacherous and of an evil kind.'

By way of summarizing these notes on the Mound Folk I may say that I should regard them as isolated and wretched remnants of a widely spread race possessing no political significance whatsoever. But, with the inconsistency characteristic of everything connected with the fairies, one has, on the other hand, to admit that this strange people seems to have exercised on the Celts—probably on other races as well—a sort of permanent spell of mysteriousness and awe stretching to the verge of adoration. In fact, Irish literature states that the pagan tribes of Erin before the advent of St. Patrick used to worship the *síde* or the fairies. Lastly, the Celt's faculty of exaggeration, combined with his incapacity to comprehend the weird and uncanny population of the mounds and caves of his country, has enabled him, in one way or another, to bequeath to the great literatures of Western Europe a motley train of dwarfs and little people, a whole world of wizardry, and a vast wealth of utopianism. If you subtracted from English literature, for example, all that has been contributed to its vast stores from this native source, you would find that you left a wide and unwelcome void.

But the question must present itself sooner or later, with what race outside these islands we are to compare or identify our mound-dwellers. I am not prepared to answer, and I am disposed to ask our archeologists what they think. In the meantime, however, I may say that there are several considerations which impel me to think of the Lapps of the North of Europe. But even supposing an identity of origin were to be made out as between our ancient mound-inhabiting race and the Lapps, it would remain still doubtful whether we could expect any linguistic help from Lapland. The Lapps now speak a language belonging to the Ugro-Finnic family, but the Lapps are not of the same race as the Finns; so it is possible that the Lapps have adopted a Finnish language and that they did so too late for their present language to help us with regard to any of our linguistic difficulties. One of these lies in our topography: take, for instance, only the names of our rivers and brooks—there is probably no county in the kingdom that would be too small to supply a dozen or two which would baffle the cleverest Aryan ety-

mologist you could invite to explain them; and why? Because they belong in all probability to a non-Celtic, non-Aryan language of some race that had early possession of our islands. Nevertheless, it is very desirable that we should have full lists of such names, so as to see which of them recur and where. It is a subject deserving the attention of this Section of the British Association.

We have now loitered long enough in the gloom of the Pict's house. Let us leave the glamor of the fairies and see whether any other race has had a footing in these islands before the coming of the Celts. In August, 1891, Professor Sayce and I spent some fine days together in Kerry and other parts of the southwest of Ireland. He was then full of his visits to North Africa, and he used to assure me that, if a number of Berbers from the mountains had been transferred to a village in Kerry and clad as Irishmen, he would not have been able to tell them by their looks from native Irishmen such as we saw in the course of our excursions. This seemed to me at the time all the more remarkable as his reference was to fairly tall blue-eyed persons whose hair was rather brown than black. Evidence to the same effect might now be cited in detail from Professor Haddon and his friends' researches among the population of the Arran Islands in Galway Bay. Such is one side of the question which I have in my mind; the other side consists in the fact that the Celtic languages of to-day have been subjected to some disturbing influence which has made their syntax unlike that of the other Aryan languages. I have long been of opinion that the racial interpretation of that fact must be that the Celts of our islands have assimilated another race, using a language of its own, in which the syntactical peculiarities of Neo-Celtic had their origin; in fact, that some such race clothed its idioms in the vocabulary which it acquired from the Celts. The problem then was to correlate those two facts. I am happy to say this has now been undertaken from the language point of view by Professor J. Morris Jones, of the University College of North Wales. The results have been made public in a book on 'The Welsh People' recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The paper is entitled 'Pre-Celtic Syntax in Insular Celtic,' and the languages which have therein been compared with Celtic are old Egyptian and certain dialects of Berber. It is all so recent that we have as yet had no criticism, but the reasoning is so sound and the arguments are of so cumulative a nature, that I see no reason to anticipate that the professor's conclusions are in any danger of being overthrown.

At the close of his linguistic argument, Professor Morris Jones quotes a French authority to the effect that when a Berber king dies or is deposed, which seems to happen often enough, it is not his son that is called to succeed him, but the son of his sister, as appears to have been usual among certain ancient peoples of this country; but of this more anon. In the next place, my attention has been called by Professor Sayce to the fact that ancient Egyptian monuments represent the Libyans of North Africa with their bodies tattooed, and that even now some of the Touaregs and Kabyles do the same. These indications help one to group the ancient peoples of the British Isles to whose influence we are to ascribe the non-Aryan features of Neo-Celtic. In the first place, one cannot avoid fixing on the Picts, who were so called because of their habit of tattooing themselves. For as to that fact there seems to be no room for doubt, and Mr. Nicholson justly lays stress on the testimony of the Greek historian Herodian, who lived in the time of Severus, and wrote about the latter's expedition against the natives of North Britain a long

time before the term *Picti* appears in literature. For Herodian, after saying that they went naked, writes about them to the following effect: "They puncture their bodies with colored designs and the figures of animals of all kinds, and it is for this reason that they do not wear clothes, lest one should not behold the designs on their bodies." This is borne out by the names by which the Picts have been known to the Celts. That of *Pict* is itself in point, and I shall have something to say of it presently; but one of the other names was in Irish, *Cruithni*, and in Welsh we have its etymological equivalent in *Prydyn* or *Prydain*. These vocables are derived respectively from Irish *cruth* and Welsh *pryd*, both meaning shape, form or figure, and it is an old surmise that the Picts were called by those names in allusion to the animal forms pricked on their bodies as described by Herodian and others. The earlier attested of these two names may be said to be Prydyn or Prydain, which the Welsh used to give in the Middle Ages to the Picts and the Pictland of the North, while the term *Ynys Prydain* was retained for Great Britain as a whole, the literal meaning being the Island of the Picts; that is the only name which we have in Welsh to this day for this island in which we live—*Ynys Prydain*, 'The Picts' Island.' Now one detects this word Prydain in effect in the Greek *Πρεταvικαί Νῆσοι* given collectively to all the British Isles by ancient authors, such as Strabo and Diodorus. It may be rendered the Pictish Islands, but a confusion seems to have set in pretty early with the name of the Brittanni or Brittones of South Britain; that is to say, *Pretanic*, 'Pictish,' became *Brittannic* or British; and this is, historically speaking, the only known justification we have for including Ireland in the comprehensive term 'The British Isles,' to which Irishmen are sometimes found jocularly to object.

In the next place may be mentioned the Tuatha Dé Danann of Irish legend, who cannot always be distinguished from the Picts, as pointed out by Mr. MacRitchie. The tradition about them is that, when they were overcome in war by Míl and his Milesians, they gave up their life above-ground and retired into the hills like the fairies, a story of little more value than that of the extermination of the Picts of Scotland. In both countries doubtless the more ancient race survived to amalgamate with its conquerors. There was probably some amount of amalgamation between the Tuatha Dé Danann, or the Picts, and the Little Moundsmen; but it is necessary not to confound them. The Tuatha shared with the Little People a great reputation for magic; but they differed from them in not being dwarfs or of a swarthy complexion; they are usually represented as fair. In the case of Mider the fairy king, who comes in some respects near the description of the heroes of the Tuatha Dé Danann, it is to be noticed that he was a wizard, not a warrior.

Guided by the kinship of the name of the Tuatha Dé *Danann* on the Irish side of the sea and that of the Sons of *Dôn* on this side, I may mention that the Mabinogion place the Sons of Dôn on the seaboard of North Wales, in what is now Carnarvonshire; more precisely their country was the region extending from the mountains to the sea, especially opposite Anglesey. In that district we have at least three great prehistoric sites, all on the coast. First comes the great stronghold on the top of Penmaen Mawr; then we have the huge mound of Dinas Dinlle, eaten into at present by the sea southwest of the western mouth of the Menai Straits; and lastly there is the extensive fortification of Tre'r Ceiri, overlooking Dinlle from the heights of the Eifl. By its position Tre'r Ceiri belonged to the Sons of Dôn, and by its name it seems to me to belong to the Picts, which comes, I believe, to the same thing. Now the name

Tre'r Ceiri means the town of the Keiri, and the Welsh word *ceiri* is used in the district in the sense of persons who are boastful and ostentatious, especially in the matter of personal appearance and fine clothing. It is sometimes also confounded with *cewri*, 'giants,' but in the name of Tre'r Ceiri it doubtless wafts down to us an echo of the personal conceit of the ancient Picts with their skins tattooed with decorative pictures; and Welsh literature supplies a parallel to the name *Ynys Prydain* in one which is found written *Ynys y Ceuri*, both of which may be rendered equally the Island of the Picts, but more literally perhaps some such rendering as 'the Island of the Fine Men' would more nearly hit the mark. Lastly, with the Sons of Dôn must probably be classed the other peoples of the Mabinogion, such as the families of Llyr, and of Pwyll and Rhiannon.

All these peoples of Britain and Ireland were warlike, and such, so far as one can see, that the Celts, who arrived later, might with them form one mixed people with a mixed language, such as Professor Morris Jones has been helping to account for.

Let us now see for a moment how what we read of the state of society implied in the stories of the Mabinogion will fit into the hypothesis which I have roughly sketched. In the first place, I ought to explain that the four stories of the Mabinogion were probably put together originally in the Goidelic of Wales before they assumed a Brythonic dress. Further, in the form in which we know them, they have passed through the hands of a scribe or editor living in Norman times, who does not always appear to have understood the text on which he was operating. To make out, therefore, what the original Mabinogion meant, one has every now and then to read, so to say, between the lines. Let us take, for example, the Mabinogi called after Branwen, daughter of Llyr. She was sister to Brân, king of Prydain, and to Manawyddan, his brother: she was given to wife to an Irish king named Matholwch, by whom she had a son called Gwern. In Ireland, however, she was after a time disgraced, and served in somewhat the same way as the heroine of the Gudrun Lay; but in the course of the time which she spent in a menial position, doing the baking for the Court and having a box on the ear administered to her daily by the cook, she succeeded in rearing a starling, which one day carried a letter from her to her brother Brân at Harlech. When the latter realized his sister's position of disgrace, he headed an expedition to Ireland, whereupon Matholwch tried to appease him by making a concession, which was that he should deliver his kingdom to the boy Gwern. Now the question is, wherein did the concession consist? The redactor of the Mabinogi could, seemingly, not have answered, and he has not made it the easier for any one else to answer. In the first place, instead of calling Gwern son of Matholwch, he should have called him Gwern son of Branwen, after his mother, for the key to the sense is that, in a society which reckoned birth alone, Gwern was not recognized as any relation to Matholwch at all, whereas, being Brân's sister's son, he was Brân's rightful heir. No such idea, however, was present to the mind of a twelfth-century scribe, nor could it be expected.

Let us now turn to Irish literature, to wit, to one of the many stories associated with the hero Cúchulainn. He belonged to Ulster, and whatever other race may have been in that part of Ireland, there were Picts there: as a mater of fact, Pictish communities survived there in historical times. Now Cúchulainn was not wholly of the same race as the Ultonians around him, for he and his father are sharply marked off from all the other Ultonians as being free from the periodical illness connected with what

has been called the couvade, to which the other adult braves of Ulster succumbed for a time every year. Then I may mention that Cúchulainn's baby name was *Setanta Beg*, or the Little Setantian, which points to the country whence Cúchulainn's father had probably come, namely the district where Ptolemy mentions a harbor of the Setantii, somewhere near the mouth of the Ribble, in what is now Lancashire. At the time alluded to in the story I have in view, Cúchulainn was young and single, but he was even then a great warrior, and the ladies of Ulster readily fell in love with him; so one day the nobles of that country met to consider what was to be done, and they agreed that Cúchulainn would cause them less anxiety if they could find him a woman who should be his fitting and special consort. At the same time also that they feared he might die young, they were desirous that he should leave an heir, 'for,' as it is put in the story, 'they knew that it was from himself his rebirth would be.' The Ulster men had a belief, you see, in the return of the heroes of previous generations to be born again; but we have here two social systems face to face. According to the one to which Cúchulainn as a Celt belonged, it was requisite that he should be the father of recognized offspring, for it was only in the person of one of them or of their descendants that he was to be expected back. The story reads as if the distinction was exceptional, and as if the prevailing state of things was wives more or less in common, with descent reckoned according to birth alone. Such is my impression of the picture of the society forming the background to the state of things implied by the conversation attributed to the noblemen of Ulster. Here again one experiences difficulties arising from the fact that the stories have been built up in the form in which we know them by men who worked from the Christian point of view, and it is only by scrutinizing, as it were, the chinks and cracks that you can faintly realize what the original structure was like.

Among other aids to that end one must reckon the instances of men being designated with the help of the mother's name, not the father's; witness that of the King of Ulster in Cúchulainn's time, namely, Conchobar mac Nessa, that is to say, Conor, son of a mother named Nessa; similarly in Wales with Gwydion son of Dôn. Further we have the help of a considerable number of ancient inscriptions, roughly guessed to date from the fifth or the sixth century of our era, and commemorating persons traced back to a family group of the kind, perhaps, which Cæsar mentions in the fourteenth chapter of his fifth book. Within these groups the wives were, according to him, in common (*inter se communes*). Take, for instance, an inscription from the barony of Corcaguiny in Kerry, which commemorates a man described as 'Mac Erce, son of *Muco Dovvinias*,' where *Muco Dovvinias* means the clan or family group of *Dovvinis* or *Dubin* (genitive *Duibne*), the ancestress after whom Corcaguiny is called *Corco-Duibne* in Medieval Irish. We have the same formula in the rest of Ireland, including Ulster, where as yet very few Ogams have been found at all. It occurs in South Wales and in Devonshire, and also on the Ogam stone found at Silchester in Hampshire. The same kind of family group is evidenced also by an inscription at St. Ninian's, in Galloway; and, to go further back—perhaps a good deal further back—we come to the bronze discovered not long ago at Colchester, and dating from the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus, who reigned from 222 to 235. This is a votive tablet to a god Mars Medocius, by a Caledonian Pict, who gives his name as Lossio Veda, and describes himself further as *Nepos Vepogeni Caledo*. He alludes to no father, and *Nepos Vepogen*

is probably to be rendered Vepogen's sister's son. At any rate, the Irish word corresponding etymologically to the Latin *nepos* has that sense in Irish; but so far as I know it has never been found meaning a nephew in the sense of brother's son. That may serve as an instance how the ideas of another race penetrated the fabric of Goidelic society; for here we must suppose a time to have come when there was no longer any occasion for a word meaning a brother's son, which, of course, there never was in the non-Celtic society which ranked men and women according to their birth alone.

Now this Caledonian Pict was not exceptional among his kinsmen, for they succeeded in observing a good deal of silence concerning their fathers down, one may say, to the 12th century. It is historical that the king of the northern Picts was not wont to be the son of the previous king. In short, when the Celtic elements there proved strong enough to ensure that the son of a previous king should succeed, a split usually took place, the purer Picts being led by the rule of succession by birth to set up a king of their own. The fact is not so well known that the same succession prevailed also some time or other at Tara in Ireland; it is proved by a singular piece of indirect evidence, the existence of a tragic story to explain why 'no son should ever take the lordship of Tara after his father, unless some one came between them.' The last clause is due, I should say, to somebody who could not understand such a prohibition based on the ancient rule that a man's heir was his sister's son. This would be, according to Irish legend, in the lifetime of Conor mac Nessa.

It is curious to notice how the stories about the Pictish *ménage* seem to have puzzled ancient authors. I will only cite one instance, to wit, from Golding's 16th century translation of what then passed as the production of Solinus, and what may pass now, even according to Mommsen, as quite old enough for my present purpose. It runs thus: "From the Promontorie of *Calydon* to the Iland *Thule* is two dayes sayling. Next come the Iles called *Hebudes*, five in number, the inhabiters whereof know not what corne meaneth, but liue onely by fishe and milke. They are all vnder the gouernment of one King. For as manie of them as bee, they are seuered but with a narrowe groope one from another. The King hath nothing of hys own, but taketh of euery mans. He is bounde to equitie by certaine lawes: and least he may start from right through couetousnesse, he learneth Justice by pouertie, as who may have nothing proper or peculiar to himselfe, but is found at the charges of the Realme. Hee is not suffered to haue anie woman to himselfe, but whomsoeuer he hath minde vnto, he borroweth her for a tyme, and so others by turnes. Wherby it commeth to passe that he hath neither desire nor hope of issue."

The man who wrote in that way presumably failed to see that the king was not subject to any special hardship as compared with the other men in his kingdom, where none of them had any offspring that he could individually call his own. This, be it noticed, refers to the Hebrides, not, as sometimes happens, to the more distant island of Thule, where there was also a king, as any reader of 'Faust' will tell us.

We now come to the Celts, and begin with Pliny's version of Cæsar's words about the division of Gaul into three parts, as follows: *Gallia omnis Comata uno nomine appellata in tria populorum genera dividitur, amnibus maxime distincta. A Scalde ad Sequanam Belgica, ab eo ad Garunnam Celtica eademque Lugdunensis, inde ad Pyrenæi montis excursum Aquitanica, Aremorica antea dicta.* We may for the present dismiss the third or Aquitanic Gaul from our minds; but

Belgic and Celtican Gaul may be taken as representing the two sets of Celts of our own islands. The Belgic Gauls began last to come to this country, and their advent seems to fall between the visits of Pytheas and Julius Cæsar—that is, roughly speaking, between the middle of the fourth century and that of the first century B.C. In this country they came to be known collectively as Brittanni or Brittones, the linguistic ancestors of the peoples who have spoken Brythonic or the *Lingua Brittannica*, such as the Welsh, the Cornish, and the Strathclyde Britons. As to the other Celts, it is much harder to say when or whence exactly they came—I mean the linguistic ancestors of the Gaels of Ireland, Man, and Scotland—that is to say, the peoples whose language has been Goidelic. Some scholars are of opinion that there were no Goidelic-speaking peoples in Britain till some such came here from Ireland on sundry occasions, beginning with the second century, in the time of the Roman occupation, but how the Goidels would be supposed by them to have reached Ireland I do not exactly know. My own notion is that the bulk of them reached that country by way of Britain, and that they arrived in Britain, like the Belgic Gauls later, from the nearest parts of the Continent; for this would be previous to the appearance of the Belgic Gauls on the western seaboard of Europe; that is to say, at a time when Celtica extended not merely to the Seine, but to the Scheldt or to the Rhine, if not even further. Then as to the time of the coming of the ancestors of the Goidels, it has been supposed coincident with a period of great movements among the Celts of the Continent, in particular the movements which resulted, among other things, in some of them reaching the shores of the Mediterranean and penetrating to the heart of the Iberic peninsula. Perhaps one would not be far wrong in fixing on the seventh and the sixth centuries B.C. as covering the time of the coming of the earlier Celts to our shores.

In Britain I should suppose these earlier hordes of Celts to have conquered most of the southern half of the island; and the Brythonic Celts, when they arrived, may have overrun much the same area, pushing the Goidelic Celts more and more towards the west. Under that pressure it is natural to suppose that some of the latter made their way to Ireland, but it is quite possible that their emigration thither had begun before. Some time or other previous to the Roman occupation the Brythonic people of the Ordovices seem to have penetrated to the sea between the rivers Dovey and Mawddach, displacing probably some Goidels, who may have gone to the opposite coasts of Ireland; but more traces in Irish story appear of invasions on the part of the Dumnonii, who possessed the coast between Galloway and Argyle. These were so situated as to be able to assail Ireland both in front and from behind, and this is countenanced to some extent by Irish topography, not to mention the long legends extant as to great wars in the west of Ireland between the Tuatha Dé Danann and invaders including the Fir Domnann. I suspect also that it was the country of these northern Dumnonians which was originally meant by Lochlinn, a name interpreted later to mean Norway.

Such are some of the faint traces of the Goidelic invasions of Ireland from Britain, but it is possible—perhaps probable—that Ireland received settlers on its southern coast from the northwest of Gaul at a comparatively late period, at the time, let us say, when Cæsar was engaged in crushing the Veneti and the Aremoric League. This has been suggested to me by the name of the Usdiæ, which probably survives in the first syllable of *Ossory*, denoting a tract of country now, roughly speaking, covered by the county of Kilkenny, but which may

have been considerably larger before the Déisi took possession of the baronies of the two Decies and other districts now constituting the county of Waterford, not to mention possible encroachments on the part of Munster on a boundary which seems to have been sometimes contested. Now the Continental name which invites comparison with that of the Usdiæ is that of the Ostiæi, who in the time of Pytheas appear to have occupied the northwestern end of what afterwards came to be called Brittany; they were also called Ostiones, and more commonly Osismi. I see no reason to suppose that the ships of the Aremoric League could not make the voyage from Brittany to the principal landing-places on the south of Ireland from the Harbor of Cork to that of Waterford, and I gather from Ptolemy's Geography that Ireland was relatively better known on the Continent than Britain, although the latter has been in a manner connected with the Roman world. This I should explain somewhat as follows: Cæsar, who knew very little about the west of Britain and probably less about Ireland, says that in his time the great druidic center of Gaul was in the country of the Carnutes, somewhere, let us say, near the site of the present town of Chartres, that druidism had been introduced from Britain to Gaul, and that those who wished to understand it had to go to Britain to study. The authors of antiquity tell us otherwise nothing about druids in Britain, except that Tacitus speaks of such in the Annals, in his well-known passage as to Suetonius Paulinus landing with his troops in Anglesey and the scene of slaughter which ensued. Indeed, one may go further and say that there is no proof that any Belgic or Brythonic people ever had druids: they belonged to the Celtican Gauls and the Goidelicizing Celts of Britain and Ireland, who had probably accepted the institution from the Pictish race. At any rate, it is significant that the Life of St. Columba introduces the reader to a genuine druid at the court of the Pictish king, near Inverness, where, as well as on Loch Ness, the saint had to contend with him. In any case, it is highly probable that druidism was no less a living institution in Ireland than in the Goidelic and Pictish parts of Britain. Presumably it was more so, and it may be conjectured that Gaulish students of druidism visited Ireland no less than Britain; also, *vice versa*, that Irish druids paid visits to the Celtican part of Gaul where druidism flourished on the Continent, and, in a word, that there was regular intercourse between Gaul and the south of Ireland. If the druids of Ireland, who, among other rôles, played that of schoolmasters and teachers in the country, traveled to Celtica, they must have spread on the Continent some information about their native country, while generations of them cannot have returned to Ireland, with their druidic pupils, without bringing with them some of the arts of civilized life as understood in Gaul; among these one must rank very decidedly the art of writing, which the druids practiced. Now you know the usual account given of the ordinary Latin for Ireland, namely *Hibernia*—to wit, that it was suggested by such native names as that of one of the greatest tribes of that country, namely the *Ἰούερνοι* or *Iverni*, and that it had its *v* ousted when Latin began about the fourth century to write *b* for *v*, and that an *h* was then prefixed to make the word *Hibernia* properly connote the wintry climate which our sister island had always been supposed to enjoy. But now comes the question, where did Pomponius Mela, who flourished about the middle of the first century, get his *Iuverna*, which Juvenal also used? Doubtless from a druid like Dálan, or some other educated native of Ireland, for what the editors print as *Iuverna*, *Iuuerna*, or *Juverna* would appear in

ancient manuscripts as *IVVERNA* or *iuuerna*, in which the first two syllables are spelt correctly with *v v* according to a system of spelling well known in Ogmic writing centuries later. But a particular system of spelling seems to me to imply writing, and thus one is encouraged to think that the Ogam alphabet may have been invented no later than the first century in the intercourse I have conjectured to have been going on between the northwest of Gaul and the south of Ireland, where the majority of Ogam inscriptions are now found. But what has archeology to say on the question of such intercourse?

After this digression I come back to the two main streams of Celtic immigration from the same parts of the Continent in two different periods of time. The later of these introduced the *Lingua Brittannica*, which was practically a dialect of old Gaulish; but the affinities of the other Celtic language of these islands, the Goidelic, are not so easy to determine. I have long thought that I can identify traces of it on the Continent, and that its principal home was in the region which Pliny called Celtica, between the Garonne and the Seine. I ventured, accordingly, to call it *Celtican*, as the simpler word *Celtic* had already been wedded to a wider signification. Since then the existence of that language has been placed beyond doubt by the discovery of fragments of a calendar engraved on bronze tablets. This find was made about the end of 1897 at a place called Coligny, in the department of the Ain, and the pieces are now in the museum at Lyons. It is difficult to say for certain whether Coligny is within the territory once occupied by the Sequani, or else by the Ambarri, a people subject to the Ædui, who were rivals of the Sequani and Arverni. The name of the Sequani would seem to have belonged to the Celtican language, and Mr. Nicholson, in his interpretation of the calendar, has ventured in this instance to call it Sequanian. But two inscriptions in what appears to be the same language have come to light also at a place called Rom, in the Deux Sèvres and on the Roman road from Poitiers to Saintes. This Celtican language is to be carefully distinguished from Gaulish, but it is not exactly what I expected it to be: it is better. For several of the phonetic changes characteristic of Goidelic had not taken place in Celtican. Among other things it preserves intact the Aryan consonant *p*, which has since mostly disappeared in Goidelic, as it had even then in Gaulish. This greater conservatism of Celtican enables one to refer to it the national appellation of the people of the region in question, namely that of the *Pictones*, from which it is impossible to sever the name of the Picts of Britain and Ireland, who are found also called *Pictones* and *Pictanei*. Here I may mention that Mr. Nicholson calls attention to instances of tattooing on some of the faces on ancient coins belonging to Poitou and other parts of western France. In the light of the names here in question one sees that *pictos* was a Celtican word of the same etymology, and approximately, doubtless, of the same meaning, as the Latin word *pictus*, that the Celticans had applied it at an early date to the Picts on account of their habit of tattooing themselves, and that the Picts had accepted it (with its derivative *Pictones*) so generally that by the time when the Norsemen arrived in the north of Scotland it was the name which the natives gave them as that by which they called themselves. That is practically proved by the Norsemen calling Caithness and Sutherland *Petta-land*, or the Land of the Picts, and the sea washing its northern shore *Pettalands fiorth*, which survives modified into Pentland Firth.

Another Celtican word of great interest here has by a mere chance come down in a High German manuscript written before

the year 814; it is *Chortonicum*, and occurs among a number of geographical names, several of which refer to Gaul, so that Chortonicum may very well have meant the country of the Pictones. At all events, the great German philologist, Pott, at once saw that it was to be explained by reference to the word Cruithne, 'a Pict,' with which it decidedly goes as distinguished from its Brythonic equivalent *Prydyn* (or the older *Priten*) with an initial *p*. The Celtican form originally meant was some such vocable as Qurtonico-n, with the *qu* which was usual in Celtican and early Goidelic, where it formed, in fact, one of the most conspicuous distinctions between those languages and Brythonic or Gaulish, in which *qu* had been changed into *p*.

My remarks have again run into tiresome details, but it is only by attending to such small points that one can hope to force language to yield us any information in the matter of ethnology. It may perhaps help in some measure if I sum up what I have been trying to say, thus:

The first race we have found in possession of the British Isles consisted of a small, swarthy population of mound-dwellers, of an unwarlike disposition, much given to magic and wizardry, and perhaps of Lappish affinities; its attributes have been exaggerated or otherwise distorted in the evolution of the Little People of our fairy tales.

The next race consisted of a taller, blonder people, with blue eyes, who tattooed themselves and fought battles. These tattooed or Pictish people made the Mound Folk their slaves, and in the long-run their language may be supposed to have been modified by habits of speech introduced by those slaves of theirs from their own idiom. The affinities of these Picts may be called Libyan and possibly Iberian.

Next came the Celts in two great waves of immigration, the first of which may have arrived as early as the seventh century before our era, and consisted of the real ancestors of some of our Goidels of the Milesian stock, and the linguistic ancestors of all the peoples who have spoken Goidelic. That language may be defined as Celtican, so modified by the idioms of the population which the earlier Celts found in possession, that its syntax is no longer Aryan.

Then, about the third century B.C., came from Belgica the linguistic ancestors of the peoples who have spoken Brythonic; but in the majority of cases connected with modern Brythonic they are to be regarded as Goidels who adopted Brythonic speech, and in so doing brought into that language their Goidelic idioms, with the result that the syntax of insular Brythonic is no less non-Aryan than that of Goidelic, as may be readily seen by comparing the thoroughly Aryan structure of the few sentences of old Gaulish extant.

Those are the races which have been inferred in the course of these remarks, in which I have proceeded on the principle that each successive band of conquerors has its race, language, and institutions eventually more or less modified by contact with the race, language, and institutions of those whom it has conquered. That looks simple enough when stated so, but the result which we get proves complicate. In any case, I have endeavored in this address to substitute for the rabble of divinities and demons, of fairies and phantoms that disport themselves at large in Celtic legend, a possible series of peoples, to each of which should be ascribed its own proper attributes. But that will only be possible if we can enlist the kindly aid of the muse of archeology.

John Rhys.

CAMPHOR SECRETED BY AN ANIMAL (POLYZONIUM).

In the vicinity of Syracuse, New York, nine or ten years ago a distinct odor of camphor was noticed in connection with a