CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TIDE.

(Vol. ix. p. 189.)

A SIMILAR belief prevails among the Haidahs of Queen Charlotte Islands. The dying Haidah "sees a canoe manned by some of his bygone friends, who come with the tide to bid him welcome to their domain. . . . His friends call him and bid him come. They say: 'Come with us; come into the land of light; come into the land of great things; wonderful things; come into the land of plenty, where hunger is unknown; come with us and rest for evermore. . . . Come with us now,' the spirits say, 'for the tide is about to ebb and we must depart.'" Rev. Charles Harrison, in *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, vol. xxi. p. 17.

Is it not possible that the superstition in this country connecting the ebb-tide with death may have originally included a belief in a boat which conveyed the soul to the land of the Hereafter? Procopius' story of the ferrymen of souls from Brittany to "Brittia" suggests this.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

LINCOLN MINSTER AND THE DEVIL.

The following extract, treating of the legends which associate the devil with Lincoln Minster, is taken from the *Lindsey and Lincolnshire Star*, May 21st, 1898. Is it possible that the stories are genuine folk-tales uninfluenced either directly or remotely by book knowledge? The connection between the Prince of Evil and Lincoln has long been proverbial, but the popular saying contains no allusion to Bishop Remigius.

"An interesting article from the pen of Rambler in the *Sheffield Telegraph* of Tuesday says: A little book issued by Messrs. Keyworth and Sons, Swanpool Court, Lincoln, contains the ballad which is entitled 'The Ballad of the Wind, the Devil, and Lincoln Minster.' It is there given as a Lincolnshire legend. . . . The story of the ballad is that Remi, the Norman, began to build Lincoln Cathedral about 1074, and the church was ready for consecration in 1092. May 9th was fixed for the dedication of the cathedral, but three days before the appointed time Remi, the Norman, whose proper name was Remigies, died. It seems that the devil was wrathful at the building of this fane, and had a battle-royal with the bishop. He was getting fairly well on in the fight when we read—

The bishop he pray'd, the Virgin sent aid,
The wind came on,
Full lusty and strong,
And hustled the devil from pillar to post.

"The ballad goes on to tell that his Satanic majesty was so roughly treated that he was glad to slip inside the church for shelter—

Where he has been ever since, nor dare he come out,
For well doth he know,
The wind, his foe,
Still awaits his return at the corner sou'-west.

"The ballad further tells us that the devil within the minster made the bishop give up the ghost, and they laid him in a marble tomb, but that the devil—

Though turned to stone, still looks over
Lincoln town.

According to the rhyme—

The bishop, we know, died long ago,
The wind still waits, nor will he go
Till he has a chance of beating his foe;
But the devil hopp'd up without a limp,
And at once took shape as the Lincoln Imp;
And there he sits a'top of the column,
And grins at the people who gaze so solemn;
Moreover, he mocks at the wind below,
And says, 'You may wait till doomsday, O!

"Mr. Frost, the writer of the book referred to, in an introduction to the second edition, tells us that while the first edition was in the press he fell in with two other versions of the legend. One sets forth that the wind one day brought two new imps to view the new Minster at Lincoln. The first being over curious, slipped inside the minster to see what was going on, and was so astonished at the marvels he both saw and heard that his heart became as stone within him, and he remained rooted to the ground. The other imp, grieving for his brother and seeking for him in vain, alighted unwittingly upon the shoulders of a certain witch, and was instantly turned to stone, but the wind still haunts the minster precincts waiting his companion's return, now hopelessly disconsolate, and now raging with fury.

"According to the other version, when the Minster was nearing its completion, the devil, who had narrowly and jealously watched the good bishop's proceedings, at once took up his position as over-lord, saying with a grim smile as he looked over Lincoln, 'Ah, my good friend, all this mine!'

"In the introduction to the first edition of this little book, the writer gives a version of the old Lincolnshire legend which, up to the time, had not previously appeared in print. It was told him some five or six years ago by a North Lincolnshire man, sixty years of age, who as a boy had heard his father relate it. According to that version the devil was very angry with Bishop Remigies for coming to Lincoln, because up to that time Satan had it all his own way in the town and district. Having failed to dissuade the bishop from building the cathedral, the devil waylaid him at the south-west corner of the building and tried to kill him, but the good prelate in his extremity called for aid upon the blessed Virgin Mary, to whom the church was to be dedicated, whereupon she sent a mighty rushing wind, which, catching the devil, so hustled and buffeted him that he slipped inside the church for safety, where he has been ever since, nor dare to come out, knowing that the wind awaited his return in order to make an end of him, and is waiting there still."

So far the reviewer of Mr. Frost's book; but a different explanation of the devil's intimate connection with the Minster is printed in White's *Directory of Lincolnshire*, p. 491 (1882). Here we read as follows: "The south porch, or bishop's door, supposed to have been erected about 1256, has a rich but mutilated

display of beautiful tracery and statues. The adjoining buttress is surmounted by a witch on the back of a devil, popularly noted to represent the tradition of the devil looking over Lincoln. 'The monks supposed that the devil, who could not but take notice of such a stately structure for divine worship in his ranges, did look upon it with a sour and malicious countenance, from whence they deduced a proverb to express the ill aspect of envious and malicious men at such good things as they don't like—

'He looks as the devil over Lincoln.

"The exposed situation of the cathedral and the rather dissolute life of some of the clergy some centuries ago gave rise to the following legend:

"The wind and the devil being on a friendly tour together arrived at Lincoln Minster, when the latter addressed his friend thus: 'Just wait outside here whilst I go in and have a chat with the dean and chapter.' 'All right,' says the wind, and he has been waiting there ever since. Most certainly the wind, on the calmest and sultriest day, may always there be felt if not seen, but what can be the inference from the devil's long stay with his friends inside, eh?"

Here the devil's intimate alliance with the wind suggests that he has taken the place of Odin, who was a heathen "Prince of the Powers of the Air," greatly honoured by the sea-rovers from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, who settled in Eastern England. It, therefore, seems natural enough to find that a similar story is told in Copenhagen. In H. Marryat's *Residence in Jutland, the Danish Isles, and Copenhagen*, vol. i, p. 152, we are told: "There is wind enough in Copenhagen, Heaven knows! but at the corner of the Place by the Frue Kirke more than anywhere, and I will tell you why. The devil and the wind went out one day together, and when they came to the corner of this place, said the devil to the wind, 'Wait a little for me, for I have an errand in the bishop's palace.' He went in, but found himself so much at home he forgot to come out again; so the wind is there still waiting for him."

In Nottinghamshire a story of a different type connects the fiend with Lincoln Minster. A correspondent of mine who is greatly interested in folklore says: "There was a large stone, similar to those at Lindholme, in my native parish (Hickling,

Notts). A hole about one and a half inches in diameter and some four or five inches deep had apparently been drilled into it at some time. . . . There was another even larger stone in the next parish—Kinoulton. It lay close by the ruins of the old parish-church on the edge of the wolds, and the tradition was that the devil on Lincoln Minster (forty miles away) had flung it at the church. The new church stood in the village at the foot of the hill."

The stone lying "close by the ruins of the old parish church" gives rise to the thought that the place may possibly have been sacred to religious rites before the introduction of Christianity; for such blocks were anciently made use of in the heathen cults, as it is needless to remark. Does the association of the devil with Lincoln also point to Pagan worship? Is there any reason to think that the height now crowned by the stately towers of the cathedral was ever occupied by a heathen god-house, and that the adversary here, as in so many other instances, is in reality the dispossessed deity of some old creed? The site is certainly appropriate enough for the fane of some ruler of sky and wind.

FOSS-DYKE.

MAY-DAY IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

A friend has just described to me the "May garland" made in his part of Lincolnshire. Possibly it is quite a well-known thing among folklorists, but in case it may be unusual I think I had better send it to you.

He says the children line a clothes basket with moss and prim-roses and decorate it the best way they can, putting a gay canopy over it, and in it they lay the best doll they own or can borrow, and the great point is to hang a string of bird's eggs round the doll's neck. I believe the eggs are afterwards hung up in the house.

The doll seems part of May-day customs in Oxfordshire and Herts, but are not the bird's eggs something new? Can they be connected with the Easter-egg belief? or be the firstfruits of the egg season?

DOROTHEA TOWNSHEND.