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Jacob Grimm
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VOLUME 3

JACOB GRIMM
TRANSLATED BY
JAMES STEVEN STALLYBRASS



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TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY

BY

JACOB GRIMM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FOURTH EDITION.

WITH

NOTES AND APPENDIX

BY

JAMES STEVEN STALLYBRASS.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION (1844).

Now that I am able to put my germinated sprout of German Mythology into its second leafing, I do it with a firmer confidence in the unimpeded progress of its growth. When the first shyness was once overcome, seeking and finding came more quickly together; and facts, that rebuked any effeminate doubt of the reality of scientific discoveries on a field till then considered barren, started up on every side, till now there is a glut of them. Well, I have got my joists and rafters, drawn some lines, laid some courses, and yet guarded against pretending to finality; for who would do that, so long as in one place the materials are wanting, and in another the hands are still full with fetching? I wish to explain all I can, but I am far from being able to explain all I wish.

Criticism, often brilliantly successful on foreign fields, had sinned against our native antiquities, and misused most of the means it had. The immortal work of a Roman writer had shed a light of dawn on the history of Germany, which other nations may well envy us: not content with suspecting the book's genuineness (as though the united Middle Ages had been capable of such a product), its statements, sprung from honest love of truth, were cried down, and the gods it attributes to our ancestors were traced to the intrusion of Roman ideas. Instead of diligently comparing the contents of so precious a testimony with the remnants of our heathenism scattered elsewhere, people made a point of minimizing the value of these few fragments also, and declaring them forged, borrowed, absurd. Such few gods as remained unassailed, it was the fashion to make short work of, by treating them as Gallic or Slavic, just as vagrants are shunted off to the next parish—let our neighbours dispose of the rubbish as they can. The Norse Edda, whose plan, style and substance

breathe the remotest antiquity, whose songs lay hold of the heart in a far different way from the extravagantly admired poems of Ossian, they traced to christian and Anglo-Saxon influence, blindly or wilfully overlooking its connexion with the relics of eld in Germany proper, and thinking to set it all down to nurses and spinning-wives (p. 1230), whose very name seemed, to those unacquainted with the essence of folk-lore, to sound the lowest note of contempt. They have had their revenge now, those norms and spindle-bearers.

One may fairly say, that to deny the reality of this mythology is as much as to impugn the high antiquity and the continuity of our language: to every nation a belief in gods was as necessary as language. No one will argue from the absence or poverty of memorials, that our forefathers at any given time did not practise their tongue, did not hand it down; yet the lack or scantiness of information is thoughtlessly alleged as a reason for despoiling our heathenism, antecedent to the conversion, of all its contents, so to speak. History teaches us to recognise in language, the farther we are able to follow it up, a higher perfection of form, which declines as culture advances; as the forms of the thirteenth century are superior to our present ones, and those of the ninth and the fifth stand higher still, it may be presumed that German populations of the first three centuries of our era, whose very names have never reached us, must have spoken a more perfect language than the Gothic itself. Now if such inferences as to what is non-extant are valid in language, if its present condition carries us far back to an older and oldest; a like proceeding must be justifiable in mythology too, and from its dry water-courses we may guess the copious spring, from its stagnant swamps the ancient river. Nations hold fast by prescription: we shall never comprehend their tradition, their superstition, unless we spread under it a bed on still heathen soil.

And these views are confirmed by what we know to be true of poetry and legend. If the heathens already possessed a finely articulated language, and if we concede to them an abundant stock of religious myths, then song and story could not fail to

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lay hold of these, and to interweave themselves with the rites and customs. That such was the case we are assured by Tacitus; and the testimony of Jornandes and Eginhart leaves not the smallest room for doubt respecting later ages. Those primitive songs on Tuisco, on Mannus and the three races that branched out of him, are echoed long after in the genealogies of Ingo, Iscio, Hermino; so the Hygelâc of the Beowulf-song, whom a tenth century legend that has just emerged from oblivion names Huglacus Magnus (Haupt 5, 10), is found yet again—as a proof that even poetry may agree with history—in the ‘Chochilaichus’ of Gregory of Tours. If in the 12th and 13th centuries our country’s hero-legend gleamed up for the last time, poets must have kept on singing it for a long time before, as is plain from the saved fragment of Hildebrand and the Latin versions of Rudlieb and Waltharius; while not a tone survives of those Low German lays and legends, out of which nevertheless proceeded the Vilkinasaga that mirrors them back. The rise of our Court-poetry has without the slightest ground or necessity been ascribed to the Crusades; if we are to assume any importations from the East, these can more conveniently be traced to the earlier and quieter intercourse of Goths and Northmen with the Greek empire, unless indeed we can make up our minds to place nearly all the coincidences that startle us to the account of a fundamental unity of the European nations, a mighty influence which is seen working through long ages, alike in language, legend and religion.

I am met by the arrogant notion, that the life of whole centuries was pervaded by a soulless cheerless barbarism; this would at once contradict the loving kindness of God, who has made His sun give light to all times, and while endowing men with gifts of body and soul, has instilled into them the consciousness of a higher guidance: on all ages of the world, even those of worst repute, there surely fell a foison of health and wealth, which preserved in nations of a nobler strain their sense of right and law. One has only to recognise the mild and manly spirit of our higher antiquity in the purity and power of the national

laws, or the talent inherited by the thirteenth century in its eloquent, inspired poems, in order justly to appreciate legend and myth, which in them had merely struck root once more.

But our inquiry ought to have the benefit of this justice both in great things and in small. Natural science bears witness, that the smallest may be an index to the greatest; and the reason is discoverable, why in our antiquities, while the main features were effaced, petty and apparently accidental ones have been preserved. I am loth to let even slight analogies escape me, such as that between Bregowine, Freáwine, and Gotes friunt (p. 93).

True to my original purpose, I have this time also taken the Norse mythology merely as woof, not as warp. It lies near to us, like the Norse tongue, which, having stood longer undisturbed in its integrity, gives us a deeper insight into the nature of our own, yet not so that either loses itself wholly in the other, or that we can deny to the German language excellences of its own, and to the Gothic a strength superior to both of them together. So the Norse view of the gods may in many ways clear up and complete the German, yet not serve as the sole standard for it, since here, as in the language, there appear sundry divergences of the German type from the Norse, giving the advantage now to the one and now to the other. Had I taken the rich exuberance of the North as the basis of my inquiry, it would have perilously overshadowed and choked the distinctively German, which ought rather to be developed out of itself, and, while often agreeing with the other, yet in some things stands opposed. The case appears therefore to stand thus, that, as we push on, we shall approach the Norse boundary, and at length reach the point where the wall of separation can be pierced, and the two mythologies run together into one greater whole. If at present some new points of connexion have been established, more important diversities have revealed themselves too. To the Norse antiquarians in particular, I hope my procedure will be acceptable: as we gladly give to them in return for what we have received, they ought no less to receive than to give. Our memorials are

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scantier, but older; theirs are younger and purer; two things it was important here to hold fast: first, that the Norse mythology is genuine, and so must the German be; then, that the German is old, and so must the Norse be.

We have never had an Edda come down to us, nor did any one of our early writers attempt to collect the remains of the heathen faith. Such of the christians as had sucked German milk were soon weaned under Roman training from memories of home, and endeavoured not to preserve, but to efface the last impressions of detested paganism. Jornandes and Paulus Diaconus, who must have had plenty of heathen stories still within their reach, made but slight use of the mythical ones. Other ecclesiastics now and then, for a particular purpose, dole out scraps of information which are of great value to us: Jonas (pp. 56. 109), Bede (p. 289), Alcuin (p. 229), Widukind (p. 253), Adam of Bremen (p. 230). As I have said on p. 9, some monk at St. Gall, Fulda, Merseburg or Corvei might have conceived the happy idea of putting pen to the antiquities of his country, gathering up things of which the footprints were still fresh, and achieving for the foreground of our history, just where it begins to disengage itself from legend, a lasting work, such as Saxo Grammaticus accomplished. Even if German tradition was more blurred and colourless from the seventh century to the eleventh, than was Danish in the twelfth, if estrangement from native legend had advanced more slowly in the far North; yet Waltharius and Rudlieb, or the rhyme of the boar in Notker, may shew us that in the very cloisters there was much still unforgotten of the ancient songs. It is likely that scribes continued for some time to add to the collection set on foot by Charles the Great, the destruction of which has proved an incalculable loss, and from which we might have obtained an abundance of materials and pictures of the remotest eld. The Middle High-German poets found themselves already much farther away from all this; anything they might still unconsciously borrow from it must have been preserved accidentally in traditional forms of poetry or the living idiom of the people. The very book in which heathen names and cha-

racters might the most innocently have found a place, Albrecht of Halberstadt's translation of the *Metamorphoses*, is lost to us in its original form; when Rudolf in his *Barlaam* from a christian point of view refutes the Grecian gods after the fashion of Chrothilde (see p. 107), he sticks too closely to his text to let any native characteristics come into his head: the age was too entirely absorbed in its immediate present to feel the slightest inclination to look back into its own or other people's distant past. It is not till the 14th or 15th century that sundry writers begin to shew a propensity to this. Gobelinus *Persona* bestows a mite (p. 254); if Böhmer would but soon give us an edition of the *Magdeburg Schöppenchronick* and the *Chronicon Picturatum*, both sadly wanted! Conf. Böhmer's *Reg.* ed. 1849, p. xxi, pag. 62 ad ann. 1213; Zeuss p. 38. The statements of Botho, uncritical as they are, claim attention, for in his day there may have been accounts still afloat, which have vanished since. A curious one is contained in Joh. Craemer's *Chronica sancti Petri in monte crucis* ad ann. 1468: 'Matthaeus Huntler in cella Sancti Martini ad Werram vidit librum Johannis Vanderi, ord. S. Benedicti monachi in Reynertsborn, de omnibus gentilium deastris in provincia nostra, quem magna cura conscripsit, et quemlibet deastrum in habitu suo eleganter depinxit cum multis antiquitatibus, in quibus bene versatus esse dicitur.' Botho drew his descriptions from figures of idols that were before his eyes; and at Reinhartsbrunn in Thuringia there might be similar things extant, or the very same that found their way to Brunswick, if only Paullini, whose *Syntagma* p. 315 furnishes that passage from the chronicle, were not himself suspicious. The like uncertainty hangs over Joh. Berger (p. 96), over a Conradus Fontanus quoted by Letzner (p. 190), and the Frisian Cappidus whose work Hamconius professes to have used (see my chap. XXI, *Lotus*). Any one that cared to read straight through Berthold of Regensburg's works, dating from the end of the 13th century, would very likely, where the preacher gets to speak of sorcery and devilry, come upon cursory notices of the superstitions of his time, as even the later sermons of Johannes

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Herolt (my ch. XXXI, Berchta, Holda), Johannes Nider (d. cir. 1440), and Geiler von Kaisersberg offer some details. And even historians in the 16th and 17th centuries, who rummaged many a dusty archive, such as Aventin, Celtes, Freher, Spangenberg, Letzner (d. after 1612), Nicolaus Gryse (d. 1614), must have had all sorts of available facts within their reach, though to pick the grain out of the chaff would no doubt come easier to us than to them.

Much then is irrecoverably lost to our mythology; I turn to the sources that remain to it, which are partly Written Memorials, partly the never resting stream of living Manners and Story. The former may reach far back, but they present themselves piecemeal and disconnected, while the popular tradition of to-day hangs by threads which ultimately link it without a break to ancient times. Of the priceless records of the Romans, who let the first ray of history fall on their defeated but unsubdued enemy, I have spoken in the fourth and sixth chapters. If among gods and heroes only Tuisco, Mannus and Alx are named in German, and the rest given in '*Romana interpretatio*;' on the other hand, the female names Nerthus, Veleða, Tanfana, Huldana (for Hludana), Aliruna, have kept their original form; and so have names of peoples and places that lead back to gods, Ingaevones, Iscaevones, Herminones, Asciburgium. Christian authors also, writing in Latin, prefer the Roman names, yet, when occasion calls, Wodan, Thunar, Freā, Sahsnot cannot be avoided. The refined language of the Goths, and the framework of their hero-legend, lead us to imagine a very full development of their faith, then just giving way to christianity, though to us it has sunk into such utter darkness: such expressions as *fráuja*, *halja*, *sibja*, *unhulþo*, *skóhsl*, *anz*, *faírguni*, *sáuil* (as well as *sunna*), *vaíhts*, *alhs*, *gudja*, *hunsl*, *dulþs*, *jiuleis*, *midjun-gards*, *aúhns*, *aþn*, *blótan*, *inveitan*, must have heathen notions lying at their base, and these would offer themselves far more abundantly if portions of the Gothic Old Testament had reached us. After the lapse of a few centuries we find the other dialects all more or less corrupted when compared with the Gothic, and as a long

interval had then passed since the conversion of most of the races, heathenism must have retreated farther from the language also and the poetry. Nevertheless the fragment of Muspilli, the Abrenuntiatio, the Merseburg Lay and a few others, still allow our glances to rove back beyond our expectation; isolated words occur in glosses, and proper names of men, places, herbs, point to other vestiges; not only do gods and heroes step out of the mist, as Wuotan, Donar, Zio, Phol, Paltar, Frôho, Sintarfizilo, Orentil, and goddesses or wise women, as Frouwa, Folla, Sindgund, Wurt; but a host of other words, itis, wiht, urlac, fuld, haruc, hliodar, paro, sigil, zunkal, etc. are found uneradicated. Of course, among the Saxons, who remained heathen longer, especially among the Anglo-Saxons, whose language preserved its warmth better by poetry, such relics are trebly numerous, for beside Wôden, Thunor, Freá, Bealdor, Helle, Eástre, Hrêðe, and the rich store of names in the genealogies, there add themselves Forneot, Wôma, Geofon, Gersuma, Wusc-freá, Bregowine, Earendel, ides, wyrd, wælcyrge, þyrs, eoten, geola, hleodor, bearo, neorxenawong, hæleðhelm, Brosingamene, and many more. What the Middle High German poetry inevitably loses by comparison with the older, is compensated by its greater quantity: together with hero-names like Nibelunc, Schiltunc, Schilbunc, Alberîch, Wielant, Horant, which fall at once within the province of mythology, it has treasured up for us the words tarnkappe, albleich, heilwâc, turse, windesbrût, goltwine and the like, while in oft-recurring phrases about des sunnen haz, des arn winde, des tiuvels muoter, we catch the clear echo of ancient fables. Most vividly, in never-tiring play of colours, the minne-songs paint the triumphal entry of May and Summer: the pining heart missed in the stately march its former god. The personifications of Sælde and Auentiure spring from a deep-hidden root; how significant are the mere names of Wunsch and vâlant, which are not found in all the poets even, let alone in O.H.German! Yet we cannot imagine otherwise than that these words, although their reference to Wuotan and Phol was through long ages latent, were drawn directly

and without a break from heathenism. They are a proof of the possibility of traditions lingering only in certain spots, and thus finding their way after all to here and there a poet; totally silenced in places and periods, they suddenly strike up somewhere else, though any district, any dialect, can boast but few or comparatively few of these; it is not many arch-mythical terms, like *frau*, *hölle*, *wicht*, that our language has constant need of, and has never to this day cast off.

If these numerous written memorials have only left us sundry bones and joints, as it were, of our old mythology, its living breath still falls upon us from a vast number of Stories and Customs, handed down through lengthened periods from father to son. With what fidelity they propagate themselves, how exactly they seize and transmit to posterity the essential features of the fable, has never been noticed till now that people have become aware of their great value, and begun to set them down in collections simple and copious. Oral legend is to written records as the folk-song is to poetic art, or the rulings recited by *schöffen* (scabini) to written codes.

But the folk-tale wants to be gleaned or plucked with a delicate hand. Grasp it rudely, it will curl up its leaves, and deny its dearest fragrance. There lies in it such a store of rich development and blossom, that, even when presented incomplete, it contents us in its native adornment, and would be deranged and damaged by any foreign addition. Whoever should venture on that, ought, if he would shew no gap in his harness, to be initiated into all the innocence of popular poetry; as he who would coin a word, into all the mysteries of language. Out of *elben* (elves) to make *elfen*, was doing violence to our language; with still less of forbearance have violent hands been laid on the colouring and contents even of myths. They thought to improve upon the folk-tale, and have always fallen short of it: not even where it shews gaps, is any restoration to be dreamt of, which sits upon it as new whitewash on old ruins, contriving with a couple of dabs to wipe out all the charm. Astonishing are the various shapes its identity assumes,

additional adornments spring up on ground where we least expect it; but it is not in every soil that it thrives luxuriantly, here and there it shews scanty or shy; it is sure to be vigorous where rhymes and spells abound in it. The heaviest crops seem to be realized by those collections which, starting from a district rich in legend, glean cautiously from the surrounding neighbourhoods, without straying far from its limits; thus Otmar's Harz-sagen found a favourable field, which is probably worth going over a second time within the like modest bounds. Among collections that have lately come to light, I name Börner's Tales of the Orla-gau, which, grown up on rich legendary soil, yield much that is valuable, though the accompanying discourses fail to realize the true nature of Folk-legend. Bernhard Baader's Tales of Upper Germany afford a rich treasure, in simple suitable language; but in Mone's Anzeiger they are presented in so scattered and inconvenient a form, that they ought to be re-digested in a new edition: the two different versions of the story of Dold (quoted on p. 983), are a good illustration of what I meant just now by 'meagre' and 'luxuriant.' Bechstein's Thuringian Legends seem to me only in the last two volumes to attain the true point of view, and to offer something worth having. The Legends of Samogitia and the Mark, collected by Reusch and Kuhn, satisfy all requirements; they furnish most copious material, and put to shame the notion that any district of Germany is poor in popular traditions, which only elude those who know not the right way to approach them. Soon perhaps we shall get collections laid out on the same thoughtful plan from Holstein, Westphalia, Bavaria and Tyrol.

For Denmark too we have a model collection by Thiele, whose last edition has only just reached me, and still remains unused. Many of the finest Swedish legends have been given us in various places, but a still greater number must be lying ungathered: Afzelius's Sago-häfder, welcome as they are, go too much on the plan of extracting the juice from whatever came to hand. Norway can hardly be less stocked with legend than Sweden, it has moreover its popular lays to shew, into which songs of

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the Edda have been transmuted, witness the lay of Thor's hammer (p. 181) and the Sôlar-lay. In our own day, J. W. Wolf is labouring on the popular traditions of Belgium, and Rob. Chambers on those of Scotland, with zeal and visible success.

The Fairy-tale (märchen) is with good reason distinguished from the Legend, though by turns they play into one another. Looser, less fettered than legend, the Fairy-tale lacks that local habitation, which hampers legend, but makes it the more home-like. The Fairy-tale flies, the legend walks, knocks at your door; the one can draw freely out of the fulness of poetry, the other has almost the authority of history. As the Fairy-tale stands related to legend, so does legend to history, and (we may add) so does history to real life. In real existence all the outlines are sharp, clear and certain, which on history's canvas are gradually shaded off and toned down. The ancient mythus, however, combines to some extent the qualities of fairy-tale and legend; untrammelled in its flight, it can yet settle down in a local home.

It was thought once, that after the Italian and French collections of Fairy-tales it was too late to attempt any in Germany, but this is contradicted by fact; and Molbech's collection, and many specimens inserted in his book by Afzelius, testify also how rich Denmark and Sweden are in fairy-tales not yet extinct. But all collections have wellnigh been overtopped lately by the Norwegian (still unfinished) of Moe and Asbjørnsen, with its fresh and full store; and treasures not a few must be lurking in England, Scotland, and the Netherlands, from all of which Mythology may look to receive manifold gain.

To indicate briefly the gain she has already derived from the Folk-tale (legend): it is plain that to this alone we owe our knowledge of the goddesses Holda, Berhta and Fricka, as also the myth of the Wild Hunt which leads us straight to Wôdan. The tale of the old beggar-wife is a reminiscence of Grîmnir. Of the wise-women, of swan-wives, of kings shut up in hills we should have learnt little from written documents, did not Legend spread her light over them; even the myths of the Sin-flood and

the World's Destruction she has not lost sight of to this day. But what is most fondly cherished in her, and woven into the gayest tissues, is the delightful narratives of giants, dwarfs, elves, little wights, nixies, night-hags and home-sprites, these last being related to the rest as the tame beasts of the fable are to the wild and unsubjugated: in poetry the wild is always superior to the tamed. The legend of the sun-blind dwarfs (pp. 466n., 1247) and that of the blood-vat (pp. 468n., 902) remind us of the Edda.

In the Fairy-tale also, dwarfs and giants play their part: Swan-witchen (Swan-white) and Dorn-röschen (Thorn-rose= Sleeping Beauty), pp. 425, 1204 are a swan-wife and a valkyr; the three spinning-wives, p. 415, are norns; the footstool hurled down from the heavenly seat (p. 136), Death as a godfather (p. 853), the player's throw and Jack the gamester (pp. 818n., 887) reach back to heathen times. Fairy-tales, not legends, have in common with the god-myth a multitude of metamorphoses; and they often let animals come upon the stage, and so they trespass on the old Animal-epos.

In addition to the fairy-tale and folk-tale, which to this day supply healthy nourishment to youth and the common people, and which they will not give up, whatever other pabulum you may place before them, we must take account of Rites and Customs, which, having sprung out of antiquity and continued ever since, may yield any amount of revelations concerning it. I have endeavoured to shew how ignition by friction, Easter fires, healing fountains, rain-processions, sacred animals, the conflict between summer and winter, the carrying-out of Death, and the whole heap of superstitions, especially about path-crossing and the healing of diseases, are distinctly traceable to heathen origins. Of many things, however, the explanation stands reserved for a minute inquiry devoting itself to the entire life of the people through the different seasons of the year and times of life; and no less will the whole compass of our law-antiquities shed a searching light on the old religion

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and manners. In festivals and games comes out the bright joyous side of the olden time; I have been anxious to point out the manifold, though never developed, germs of dramatic representation, which may be compared to the first attempts of Greek or Roman art. The Yule-play is still acted here and there in the North; its mode of performance in Gothland (p. 43) bears reference to Freyr. The little wights' play is mentioned on p. 441 n.; on the bear's play (p. 785) I intend to enlarge more fully elsewhere. Sword-dance and giant's dance (p. 304), Berchta's running (p. 279), Whitsun play (p. 785), Easter play (p. 780), the induction of summer or May, the violet-hunt and the swallow's welcome are founded on purely heathen views; even the custom of the kilt-gang, like that of watchmen's songs (p. 749), can be traced up to the most antique festivities.

Such are our sources, and so far do they still carry us: let us examine what results the study of them hitherto has yielded.

Divinities form the core of all mythology: ours were buried almost out of sight, and had to be dug out. Their footmarks were to be traced, partly in Names that had stubbornly refused to be rooted out, yet offered little more than their bare sound; partly, under some altered guise, in the more fluid but fuller form of the Folk-tale. This last applies more to the goddesses, the former to the gods. Gods and heroes are found in the very names of runes, the first of which in Old Norse is Freyr, others are Thor, Zio, Eor, Asc, Man, but nowhere goddesses.

The gods that have kept the firmest hold are the three marked in the days of the week as Mercury, Jupiter, Mars; and of these, Wuotan stands out the most distinct. Jonas, Fredegar, Paulus Diaconus and the Abrenuntiatio name him, he towers at the head of ancient lines of kings, many places bear the indelible impress of his name. Woodenspanne signified a part of the human hand, as the North named another part 'úlf-liðr,' wolf-lith, after the god Týr. Unexpectedly our 13th century has preserved for us

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one of his names [Wish], which lies in abeyance even in the Norse system, yet is the one that stands in the closest contact with the women that do the god's bidding, with the wand that unlocks his hoard, with the mantle that carries him through the air, nay, is the only one that puts all these in the true light. The Norse name Omi is not quite so clearly explained by the A.S. Wôma, though the word marks unmistakably the stormful god whom we know more certainly through our legend of the 'furious host': the wide cloak and low hat are retained in the name Hackelbernd, which I venture to trace back to a Gothic Hakul-bairands (p. 146-7). As Longbeard, the god deep-sunk in his mountain-sleep is reproduced in the royal heroes Charles and Frederick: *who* better than Wuotan, on whose shoulder they sit and bring him thoughts and tidings, was entitled to inquire after the flying ravens? Ravens and wolves scented his march to victory, and they above all other animals have entered into the proper names of the people. In the Norse sagas the questioner is a blind graybeard, who just as plainly is old Oðin again. Father of victory, he is likewise god of blessing and bliss, *i.e.* Wish over again, whose place is afterwards occupied by Sálida (well-being). Since he appears alike as god of poetry, of measurement, of the span, of the boundary and of the dice-throw, all gifts, treasures, arts may be regarded as having proceeded from him.

Though a son of Wuotan and yielding to him in power or influence, Donar (Thunar, Thor) appears at times identical with him, and to some extent as an older god worshipped before Wuotan. For, like Jupiter, he is a father, he is grandfather of many nations, and, as grandfather, is a god of the hills, a god of the rocks, a hammer, sits in the forest, throned on the mountain top, and hurls his old stone weapon, the lightning's bolt. To him the oak was sacred, and his hammer's throw measured out land, as did afterwards Wuotan's wand. He rather flies furiously at the giants than fights battles at the head of heroes, or meditates the art of war. I think it a significant feature, that he drives or walks, instead of riding like Wuotan: he never

presents himself in the wild hunt, nor in women's company. But his name is still heard in curses (Wuotan's only in protestations, p. 132); and as Redbeard, Donar might sit in the mountain too. The heroes all go to Wuotan's heaven, the common folk turn in at Donar's; beside the elegant stately Wuotan, we see about Donar something plebeian, boorish and uncouth. He seems the more primitive deity, displaced in the course of ages (yet not everywhere) by a kindred but more comprehensive one.

If Wuotan and Donar are to be regarded as exalted deities of heaven, much more may Zio, Tius, be accepted as such, whose name expresses literally the notion of sky, while Wuotan signifies the air, and Donar the thunderstorm. And as Wuotan turns the tide of battle, Zio presents himself as the special god of war; as Donar flings the hammer and Wuotan the spear, he is god of the sword, as exhibited in the names *Sahsnôt* and *Heru*. But here much remains dark to us, because our legend has lost sight of Zio altogether. Like Wuotan, he also seems to rush down from the sky in the form of tempest.

Two others, though never appearing in the week, must yet be reckoned among the great gods. *Froho*, a god of hunting, of generation, fertility and summer, had long planted his name in the heart of our language, where he still maintains his ground in the derivatives *frôn* and *frönen*; his sacred golden-bristled boar survived in helmet-crests, in pastry, and at the festive meal. Year by year in kingly state *Froho* journeyed through the lands (p. 213. 760). He is the gracious loving deity, in contrast with the two last-mentioned, and with Wuotan in one aspect; for, as *Wish*, Wuotan also seems kindly and creative like *Froho*.

As to *Phol*, scarcely known to us till now, I have hazarded so many conjectures that I will not add to their number here. If, as appears most likely, he is synonymous with *Paltar* (*Balder*), he must pass for a god of light, but also of fire, and again of tempest; under another view he haunted wells and springs. He approximates the higher elemental powers, and could the more easily be perverted into a diabolic being. Equally lost to Germany is the name of the Norse *Loki*, who represents fire in another

aspect, and was still better qualified to stand for the devil. The stories of his artfulness, his cunning tricks, have reproduced themselves repeatedly in all branches of our race.

I now turn to the Goddesses. A mother of gods, Nerthus, is named to us by Tacitus; her name is the exact counterpart to that of a Norse god, who confirms her existence, as Freyr would confirm that of Freyja, had she come down to us only as the High German Frouwa, and from the Gothic *fráuja* (m.) we have the same right to infer a fem. *fráujô*. Say that her name of Nerthus has long ago died out, if it ever extended to all branches of our race; a whole group of beings almost identical with her lives on in fadeless legend: Holde, Berhte, Fricke, Harke, Gaue, Stempe, Trempe. At the first glance none of these names seem to go very high up; yet, Berhte at all events is introduced in poems of the 14-15th century, and the matter begins to wear another look the moment we can set her beside the Carolingian Berhta, beside the Eddic *Biört* (p. 1149), beside the deeply rooted tradition of the 'white lady.' Of dame Holda the legend was never written down till the 17th century; if Holda was in the Venus-mountain, which goes as far back as the 14th, she at once gains in importance; then further, in the 12th century we can point to Pharaïldis (p. 284); and if, to crown all, Huldana in the stone inscription is correct (p. 266), we can have but little doubt of a Gothic worship of *Hulþô* (p. 990). Now, as Berhta and Holda are adjective names, I was fain to claim for Nerthus also an adj. basis *naírthus*, with the sense of mild, gracious, fair. Frigg too (p. 301-2) I interpret by the adj. free, fair, gracious. If Gaue, Gauden, is a corruption of the masc. *Wôden*, it might still have an accessory notion of good. Frouwa is obviously the fem. to Froho, and still asserts her full power in our present frau. Almost all names of the female deities have still a transparent meaning; as compared with those of the male, there is something innocent and inviolable in them, and for that reason they seem to have been treated tenderly or tolerated. The delicacy and inoffensive matter of the myth have shielded it longer in popular legend.

The goddess Hella has exchanged her personal meaning for a local one, that of hell. Ostara, Eástre, is preserved at least in the name of the high festival ; and Hreda, if my conjecture be sound, in the word for a bride's gerada (outfit), as Zio was in the name of the sword. Folla and Sindgund have only come to light through the latest discoveries.

This muster of divinities is strong enough to support the whole remaining framework of mythology ; where such pillars stand, any amount of superstructure and decoration may be taken for granted. Considered in and for themselves, almost all the individual deities appear emanations and branches of a single One ; the gods as heaven, the goddesses as earth, the one as fathers, the other as mothers, the former creating, governing, guiding, lords of victory and bliss, of air, fire and water, the goddesses nourishing, spinning, tilling, beautiful, bedizened, loving.

As all the sounds of language are reducible to a few, from whose simplicity the rest can be derived—the vowels by broadening, narrowing, and combination into diphthongs, the mute consonants by subdivision of their three groups each into three stages, while particular dialects shift them from one stage to another in regular gradation¹ ;—so in Mythology I reduce the long array of divine personages to their unity, and let their multiplicity spring out of this unity ; and we can hardly go wrong in assuming for deities and heroes a similar coincidence, combination and gradation, according to their characters and particular

¹ Thus, to take an example from the Dentals :

	T	TH	D	T	TH
Greek.	ta	thugaters	duo		
L. Germ.		the	daughters	two	
H. Germ.			die	töchter	zwei

It will be seen that the High Germ. is always a stage in advance of Low Germ., and this a stage in advance of Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, &c. The Germ. z is sounded *ts* ; and *s*, like *h*, is a breathing.—TRANS.

functions. How Wuotan, Donar, and Zio partly run into one another has been shewn; Logi (lowe, blaze) becomes Loki (lock, bolt), *g* becomes *k*, the sense of fire is exchanged for that of bolts and bars (of hell), as Hamar and Heru came to signify the implements they used. We have seen Wuotan reappear in long-bearded Charles, in red-bearded Frederick. On comparing the Norse hero-legend with the German, we see remarkable instances of this shifting and displacement of names and persons. Gudrun in the Edda occupies the place of our Krimhilt, while Grîmhildr is her mother's name; in the Vilkinasaga Mîmir is the smith and Reginn the dragon, in the Völsungasaga Reginn is the smith and Fáfnir the dragon. If these changes took place at haphazard, there would be nothing in them; but they seem to proceed by regular gradation, without leaps.

Among all branches of the Teutonic race there shew themselves innumerable varieties of dialect, each possessing an equal right; so likewise in the people's religion we must presuppose a good many differences: the difficulty is to reconcile in every case the local bearings of the matter with the temporal. If the more numerous testimonies to Wuotan in Lower Germany would lead us to infer that he was held in higher esteem by Saxons than by Alemanns or Bavarians, we must remember that this (apparent) preference is mainly due to the longer continuance of heathenism in the north; that in the first few centuries after conversion the south too would have borne abundant witness to the god. Upper Germany has now scarcely a single name of a place compounded with Wuotan (p. 158), Wuotan's day has there given place to 'midweek,' and just there the legend of his 'wütende heer' is found more alive than elsewhere! It would be a great thing to ascertain whereabouts—whether among Goths—the designation Fáirguneis prevailed above that of Thunrs. Any conclusion drawn from the proximity of the Lithuanian Perkunas, the Slavic Perun, may seem bold, though it is precisely to these two nations that the Gothic and High German incline more than the Low German, even in language: witness Hruodo and Kirt (p. 248). It seems an easier matter to trace the distinction between Zio

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and Eru, and follow it up to Swabia and Bavaria; yet, if my conjecture be right, the Cherusicans must of all races have had the best claim to Eru. Even the name of the plant Ziointa (p. 1193) is worth taking into account. Sahsnôt, Seaxneát, was assuredly an eponymous deity of the Saxons. How do Paltar and Phol stand to one another, as regards the nations that were devoted to them? Phol appears to point, now eastward, now westward. An important mark of distinction is the change of gender in the same name of a god among different tribes. In Gothic the masc. fráuja (lord) was still current as a common noun, in O.H. German the fem. frouwâ, in O. Saxon only the masc. frôho, frô, A.S. freá, so that Goths and Saxons seem to have preferred the god, High Germans the goddess; in the North both Freyr and Freyja are honoured alike. But the North knows only the god Njörðr, and the Germans living on the opposite side of the Baltic only the goddess Nerthus. The relation of Zio to Zisa, perhaps Isis (p. 298), demands further explanation. No doubt the numerous aliases of that female deity, who is not yet forgotten in modern legend, are due to differences of race: Holda shews herself in Hesse, Thuringia, and North Franconia, Berhta in Vogtland, East Franconia and sundry tracts of Swabia, where likewise a male Berhtold encounters us. There is no trace of either goddess in Lower Germany, but a dame Freke now turns up in the Mark, and dame Gaue haunts Mecklenburg between Elbe and Weser. Yet in ancient times Holda, as Huldana, must have reached far westward to the Rhine, and, if the Verhilden-straet (p. 285) was named after her, into the Netherlands, reminding us of the kinship between Chatti and Batavi; while the Carolingian Berhta Pedauca and the Biört of the Edda would betoken a similar extension of Berhta's worship. We must pay regard to the almost universal rush of nations toward the West: even Isis and her Suevian ship we managed to trace as far as the Ardennes.—But, beside the deities, other portions of mythology must also have their say. Himins and himil, himel and heven are discussed on p. 698, the lapse of Himil into Gimil on p. 823; in Hesse is the borderland between Wights

and Elves, the one belonging to Franconian, the other to Saxon soil : the Low Saxon *hüne* is out of use in High Germany, even in O.H. German the *hūni* seem to be only Huns, not giants, and the M.H. German *hiune* had a very limited circulation, being never heard now in Hesse, Swabia or Bavaria, unless we are to look for it in the name of the disease (p. 1163).

Such investigations and similar ones capable of indefinite expansion, some of them not even dreamt of at present, may gradually become important to the internal aspect of our own Mythology : a still more urgent task is, to establish its relation to the Religions of Other Nations ; nay, this is really the hinge on which mythological study in general turns. But seldom have their mutual influences or differences been so successfully explored, as to educe therefrom a safe standard for the treatment of any one mythology.

Every nation seems instigated by nature to isolate itself, to keep itself untouched by foreign ingredients. Its language, its epos feel happy in the home circle alone ; only so long as it rolls between its own banks does the stream retain its colour pure. An undisturbed development of all its own energies and inmost impulses proceeds from this source, and our oldest language, poetry and legend seem to take no other course. But the river has not only to take up the brooks that convey fresh waters to it from hill and mountain, but to disembody itself at last in the wide ocean : nations border upon nations, and peaceful intercourse or war and conquest blend their destinies in one. From their combinations will come unexpected results, whose gain deserves to be weighed against the loss entailed by the suppression of the domestic element. If the language, literature and faith of our forefathers could at no time resist at all points the pressure of the Foreign, they have one and all undergone the most disruptive revolution by the people's passing over to Christianity.

We had long plagued ourselves to derive all languages from the far-off Hebrew ; it was only by closely studying the history

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of the European idioms near at hand, that a safe road was at length thrown open, which, leaving on one side for the moment the Semitic province, leads farther on into the heart of Asia. Between the Indian and Zendic languages and the majority of those which spread themselves over Europe there exists an immediate tie, yet of such a kind as makes them all appear as sisters, who at the outset had the same leading features, but afterwards, striking into paths of their own, have everywhere found occasion and reason to diverge from each other. Amongst all languages on earth points of contact are to be found, any discovered rule compels us to admit exceptions, and these exceptions are apt to be misleading; but the rule teaches us to fix upon fundamental distinctions, for which we can only expect a very slow resolution into a higher unity. While there is every appearance of Europe not having contained any aborigines, but received its population gradually from Asia, yet the figures in our chronologies do not reach back to the actual descent of all human speech from one original source; and the strata of our mountains bear witness to a higher prehistoric age, whose immeasurable breadth no inquirer can penetrate. Then, over and above the original kinship necessarily underlying the facts taught by comparative philology, we must also assume in the history of European tongues some external, accidental and manifest interchanges of influence between them, which, powerful and resultful as they may have been, are to be carefully distinguished from that more hidden agency; we have only to call to mind the former influence of Latin and the later of French on almost all the other languages, or the origin of English from a mixture of Teutonic and Romance elements. The difference between the two kinds of likeness shews itself especially in the fact that, while the originally cognate elements of a language remain flexible and intelligible, the borrowed ones, because they are borrowed, shew an indistinctness of form and a crippling of movement. Hence all cognate words are rooted in the essential life of a language, about which the borrowed ones mostly tell us nothing: how lifeless, for example, has our adj. *rund* become!

whereas the French *rond*, from which it comes, can still carry us back to *roond*, *reond*, the Span. *redondo*, It. *rotondo*, and so to *rotundus*, and therefore *rota*. Again, cognate forms are seldom confined to one stem or branch, but run impartially through several: *e.g.* our numerals; our *ist*, Goth. *ist*, Lat. *est*, Gr. *ἐστί*, Skr. *asti*; the Goth. *sa*, *sô*, *þata*, AS. *se*, *seo*, *þæt*, ON. *sa*, *sû*, *þat*, Gr. *ὁ*, *ἡ*, *τό*, Skr. *sa*, *sâ*, *tad*; all of them consonances which did not arise, like that ‘*rund*,’ at some definite assignable period, but were there from time immemorial.

These examples are well known, and are here chosen merely to make good for Mythology also a distinction between material that was common from the first and that which was borrowed and came in later. Our scholarship, disloyal to its country, inured to outlandish pomp and polish, loaded with foreign speech and science, miserably stocked with that of home, was prepared to subordinate the myths of our olden time to those of Greece and Rome, as something higher and stronger, and to overlook the independence of German poetry and legend, just as if in grammar also we were free to derive the German *ist* from *est* and *ἐστί*, instead of putting the claims of these three forms perfectly on a par. Giving the go-by to that really wonderful and delightful consonance, whose origin would have had to be pushed far back, they struggled, however much against the grain, to hunt up any possible occasions of recent borrowing, so as to strip their country of all productive power and pith. Not content even with handing over our mythology to foreign countries, they were eager, with as little reason, to shift its contents into the sphere of history, and to disparage essentially unhistoric elements by expounding them as facts.

Why hold our tongues about the mischief and the caprices of this criticism? Mone, an honest and able explorer, whose strenuous industry I respect, will often come half-way to meet the truth, then suddenly spring aside and begin worrying her. By hook or by crook the Reinhart of our apologue must be resolved into a historical one, the Siegfried of our heroic lay into Arminius, Civilis and Siegbert by turns, Tanhäuser into Ulysses.