TANGKHUL FOLK TALES AND NOTES ON SOME FESTIVALS OF THE HILL TRIBES SOUTH OF ASSAM.

J. SHAKESPEAR.

THE few tales I propose to read to you to-night were written down for me in their native language and also in English by the boys of the Ukhrul Mission School. Before I give you the tales I had better tell you something about the Tangkhuls and where they live. Their habitat is the range of hills separating the valleys of Manipur and the Chindwin. Manipur is a small independent state—a perfect comic opera state; but if I once start on the humours and joys of life in that very beautiful corner of the world I shall never get on the Tangkhuls. As to who the Tangkhuls are it is more difficult to say. Sir G. Grierson classes their language, or I should say languages, for there are many dialects which differ greatly, as one of the Naga-Kuki sub-group of the Naga group; but to the ordinary man who visits Manipur the Tangkhuls would be remembered by their method of haircutting: yet all Tangkhuls do not conform in this matter. Then there is the wearing of the ring, but that is not universal among Tangkhuls, and it is worn by some who are not recognised as Tangkhuls. Yet among the people themselves there is never any doubt as to who are Tangkhuls.

Although each of the many tribes in this happy hunting-ground of the student of ethnology and folk-lore declares itself separate and distinct from every other, and though each has its individual peculiarities and mentality, which a governor must study and take into account if he wish to

be successful, yet, as my friend Colonel T. C. Hodson remarked over twenty years ago,[1] there is fundamental unity. Mr. Hutton has also done much to bring this out, showing how the population of these hills is a mixture of many races, which mixture has resulted in a great variety of customs, but also in a strange streak of similarity running through them all.[2] One of the objects of my paper to-night is to produce evidence of this unity.

I will begin with a simple love tale, because we all love a lover; also because it is a good instance of the sentimental poetic vein which is to be found in all these folk.[3] If there are any happy lovers here I hope that their tale may end more happily than that of Khashima and his love Thingraila, but the "they lived happily ever after" ending is seldom to be found in the tales of the people of these hills.[4]

The Story of Khashima and Thingraila.

Once upon a time there was a youth Khashima in Lambui, he was the son of a rich man and he was very handsome, and as he grew to manhood he wanted to marry, but as yet he knew not what love was. At that time there lived in Kazai a most beautiful girl called Thingraila, the daughter of a very rich man, and she also knew not what it was to love. So she waited. One day as Khashima sat in his garden a large bee came flying by, and he caught the bee and tied a hair from his head round the bee's waist, and to this he tied a bead and he sent the bee away as a messenger; but before he let him go he said to the bee, "Fly away to her and fly back to me, bringing me word of her." So he sent him. And the bee flew straight to Thingraila's bosom, and she caught it and saw the hair and the beautiful bead tied to its waist. And she wondered

[1] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx. p. 420.

[2] *The Lhota Nagas*, Introduction.

[3] *The Angami Nagas*, pp. 173, 174, 254.

[4] *The Angami Nagas*, p. 358.

greatly and thought much thereon; and then it came into her mind that it must be Khashima's message. So she took the most beautiful bead she had and tied it to the bee and sent him back; and he flew to Khashima, who, when he saw it, longed to go to her; so he called two men from his kindred and made them carry two baskets full of hoes and started for her village, and as they went they gave the hoes to those who showed them the way; and at last they reached her village, and there was Thingraila sitting in the yard, in front of the house, and she said, "Where have you come from?" And Khashima said, "We have come from Lambui because people said there was a beautiful girl in Kazai, therefore I came to see you." And they loved each other. When her parents came from the fields they saw him, and they thought, "If he marries our daughter we shall be glad, because he is so fine a man." Then her father asked him, "Why do you come here?" And he answered, "I came to see your daughter. I want to marry your daughter." Then her father said, "If you agree to remain in our village you shall marry her; but if you will not stay then you cannot marry her." And because he loved her very much he agreed to live in her village, and he sent his companions back to Lambui. After a year a son was born to them, and he asked his father-in-law, "I and your daughter want to go to my village. I will pay you twenty buffaloes for your daughter." But his father-in-law would not agree. So they plotted to run away to Lambui; but her people heard of it, and one night one of her brothers came to their bedside as they slept and killed Khashima. And when Thingraila woke and knew Khashima was dead she killed herself and her son.

The request of the father that Khashima shall stay in his village would point to marriage being by service in that village, and Khashima, much in love, agrees to the proposal, but later wishes to substitute marriage by purchase, which is the custom in Lambui.

The Story of the Bat.

Once upon a time before daylight a bat cried "Chap, Chap." The cock heard this and crowed; the people heard the cock crow and began to sharpen their daos beside the river. The squirrel, hearing the people sharpening their daos, climbed to the top of the tree and began to eat fruit. One of the fruit fell on the crab and broke his shell. The crab, in agony, scratched up the ants' nest; the ants rushed out and ran up the nostrils of the wild boar; the wild boar in his rage shook his head and cut down a plantain tree with his tushes. The moth which lived in the wild plantain tree flew out and went up the trunk of the elephant; the elephant got angry and killed a man on the road. Then they gathered together to decide about it. "The elephant killed him," they said. "The moth flew up my nose," said the elephant, "and made me angry: and I rushed about and met that man and killed him." "The wild pig cut down my tree; therefore I flew up the elephant's trunk," said the moth. "Some ants ran up my nose," said the boar, "therefore I cut down the plantain tree." "The crab scratched up our nest," said the ants, "so we ran up the boar's nose." "The squirrel knocked a fruit down and broke my shell, therefore in pain I scratched up the ants' nest," said the crab. "Why did you eat fruit before daylight?" they asked of the squirrel. "People began sharpening their daos, so I thought it was morning," said the squirrel. "The cock crowed," said the people, "so we thought it was morning." "The bat cried 'Chap, Chap,' so I thought it was morning," said the cock. Then they asked the bat; and he said, "Yes, I thought it was morning, so cried 'Chap, Chap.'" So to punish him they cut off his foot. Then they consulted who should eat the bat's foot. "We all live by the power of the sun," said they; "therefore we should give the foot to him as the greatest." But the sun said, "Though I keep you alive by

my power, yet I cannot overcome the cloud: give it to him." But the cloud said, "Though I overcome the sun I fly before the wind: give it to him." The wind said, "Though I can drive away the cloud I cannot move the rock: give it to him." But the rock said, "Though I can withstand the wind, yet I am nothing before the bird who covers me with his droppings." So they gave it to the bird as the conqueror of all. That is why the bat has only one foot, as you may see when it hangs asleep from a branch.

Perhaps you may wonder why I have read you this not very interesting tale of the type of the Old Woman driving her Pig to Market. Taken by itself it is hardly worthy of your attention; but it is only one version of a tale which has been recorded in four other localities. First, it was recorded by that very great man, Lt.-Colonel Lewin, in whose footsteps I was privileged to follow. He took it down about 1865 at Demagri from a Lushai.[1] It was recorded for the second time by the late Mr. E. Stack of the Assam Commission some time previous to his death in 1886 from a Mikir named Sardoka. The Mikirs live on both sides of the Brahmaputra east of Tezpur, and are also found on the northern slopes of the Khasia hills, from which area this story came I cannot say.[2] It was next recorded by Babu Bisharup Singh in 1889 for the Linguistic Survey from an Aimol in Manipur, just south of Ukhrul whence our tale comes.[3] From the area between the Tangkhuls and the Mikirs we get from the Semas a tale which bears a strong family likeness to ours, called the

[1] Lushai is classed by Sir G. Grierson in the Central Chin sub-group of the Kuki-Chin group of the Tibeto-Burman Family.

[2] The Mikir language is placed by Sir G. Grierson in the Naga-Bodo sub-group of the Naga group, the Tangkhuls being in the Naga-Kuki sub-group of the same group.

[3] Aimol is classed by Sir G. Grierson in the Old Kuki sub-group of the Kuki-Chin languages.

"Dispersion of Crabs."[1] We have, therefore, a complete chain of places in which the tale crops up from Demagri to the banks of the Brahmaputra, about 270 miles in an air-line, among tribes which to the superficial observer are very unlike each other.

The second portion of the tale, regarding the disposal of the bat's foot, does not appear in any of the other versions; but the idea of trying to find who is the greatest appears in an Angami tale, styled "The Rat Princess and the Greedy Man," which Mr. Hutton gives in a recent book on that tribe.[2] A man catches a rat and puts it into a box. The rat turns into a beautiful girl, whom the man decides to sell to the greatest man in the world with a view to getting the highest possible price. He goes in succession to the King, the Water, the Wind and the Mountain, each of whom refers him to the next as the more powerful. Finally, the Mountain says, "Yea, I am greater and stronger than some, but even a rat can pierce my side whenever he likes. Thus for his works' sake the rat is greater than I." So the man returns home, and finds the girl has again become a rat.

In a Sema story two puppies are left motherless, and ask God, "Between heaven and earth who is the greatest?" with a view to prevailing on the mighty one to avenge them. God sends them to the tiger, and they sleep in his house. In the night a breeze came blowing and the tiger became afraid, and said, "The elephant is greater than I; say nothing." In the elephant's house and then in the Spirit's house the same thing occurs. The Spirit sends them to the man. In the night a breeze came blowing. The pups put the man's heart to the proof. The man unafraid in spite of the darkness, said to the pups, "Do not be afraid." So the pups joyfully stayed with the man, and with him they hunted the Sambhur who had killed their

[1] Sema is classed as in the Western sub-group of Naga languages.

[2] *The Angami Nagas*, p. 272.

mother. Therefore the Semas always give a share of every animal killed to the dogs. This story was told to the Sub-divisional Officer at Mokochong during a case about the "dog's share, and the dog's pleader ended his address to the Court: 'And now, too, we represent to our father Sahib that the dog's share be not forgotten. So now, too, give order not to forget the dog's share.'" Let us trust there was a decree for the plaintiff.

The next tale has, as far as I know, no very close parallel among the tales of other tribes, yet, as you will see, it has a common incident.

The Story of the Monkey and the Otter.

Once upon a time the monkey and the otter were friends. One day they each went in search of food, and met to eat it together. The monkey picked some figs, but the otter brought some fish. "Oh, my friend," said the monkey, "where did you get this?" "I will show you by and by," said the otter. So when they had finished eating they went to the river to hunt for fish. Before they reached the water the otter said, "You must not speak a word nor laugh near the water or you will die." So they came to the river and the otter caught some small fishes. The monkey remained silent; but when the otter caught some big fishes the monkey laughed, and he sank down in the water and was drowned. Then the otter carried him out and laid him on the bank to dry in the sun. Then the tiger came along and asked about the monkey. The otter said, "He is dead. You can eat him; but let him get dry first." So the tiger sat down to wait till the monkey should be dry. But when he got dry the monkey came to life again and ran away, and the otter dived into the pool. The tiger set to work to drink the pool dry, and it was nearly dry when the bird came and interfered. So the tiger hunted the bird and found its nest, in which there were three young birds. Two escaped; but the tiger caught one, which said

to him, " If you want to eat me you had better take me by my tail and shake me six times, then I shall eat tender." But when he shook him the young bird escaped and flew away.

The last incident recalls the Lushai story of the " Bear's Water Hole," which was included in a paper I read before this Society.[1] In that story the quail persuaded the monkey to lend him a reed instrument which the monkey had made, and then flew away with it. But the monkey seized him by the tail, which came out in his hand. The monkey demanded a ransom of eight mithans. " Oh," said the quail, " if I have to pay eight mithans I'll just go tailless," and away he flew. The fooling of the tiger is also a very common incident in the folktales of these tribes. In fact, the tiger is represented as a very simple person.[2] In a tale told me by a Thado [3] Benglama gets a tiger to help him out of a quagmire by promising to let the tiger eat him when he has got out. He then obtained a moment's grace and began tying himself to a tree, explaining that an awful storm was coming. The tiger, fearing the storm, asked Benglama to tie him to the tree ; which was done. Then Benglama departed, leaving a mallet by the tiger with which passers-by might beat him. The wild cat came by, and the tiger pleaded relationship and was released. He tried to catch the wild cat, who, however, played various tricks on him, which ended in his trying to steal Benglama's fowls and getting soused with boiling water; then, being persuaded to roll down a waterfall to cool himself, he died.

Benglama is the Thado name for a character who appears in the folktales of all the tribes in these hills, and also in

[1] *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx. pp. 412, 413.

[2] *The Sema Nagas*, pp. 319, 343 ; *The Lhota Nagas*, pp. 177, 178 ; *The Khasis*, p. 165 ; *The Kacharis*, p. 144, in which, however, the tiger scores in the end.

[3] *The Lushei-Kuki Clans*, p. 208.

the Mikir tales;[1] from a note to the Mikir version, by the late Sir Charles Lyall, it appears that the hero is known on the Kumaon-Tibet border. The names of this hero are various, but he remains practically the same. A person of great strength, as Chhura in Lushai legends, he smooths the earth with mighty blows of his gigantic stone mallet, the head of which I, who speak to you, have seen. Somewhat stupid, having forgotten the name of a high-smelling dish of which he had just partaken, he hunts in the mud for it, and when asked what he has lost, says, "If I knew would I be looking?" "How you do stink of crab stew," says the enquirer. "Ah! that was it," says Chhura. As the Simpleton in a Kachari tale, having acquired the art of snapping his fingers at great cost, and then forgotten it, he also hunts for it in the mud and replies to a chance passer-by in the same way, who snaps his fingers at him to show his contempt, thus giving the simpleton the cue he wanted. Our hero fools the tiger in more than one version of the tale. He also fools his fellow-villagers and the people of other villages, for he is a great traveller; in revenge he is hung in a basket over a deep pool, from which he escapes by enticing some one else to take his place by expatiating on the delights of swinging there. Then, taking the property of his victims, he persuades the people who put him in the basket that he has obtained this wealth from the bottom of the pool; and so rids himself of them, for they rush off and are drowned in their search for riches. This episode is found in Lushai, Sema and Mikir folktales. So far I have not found an equivalent to this delightful character in the Tangkhul tales, but I am sure he is there—he is too delightful a personage to be missing.

I now come to the second part of my subject for to-night, namely, the consideration of certain festivals. Among the

[1] *The Lushei-Kuki Clans*, pp. 92, 99, 188, 207; *The Lhota Nagas*, pp. 176-180; *The Kacharis*, pp. 106, 107; *The Sema Nagas*, pp. 319-322, 252; *The Angami Nagas*, pp. 273-277; *The Mikirs*, pp. 48-55.

Lushais, who were my first-love among these tribes, there exists a series of progressive feasts by the giving of which a man obtains social consideration in this world and greater comfort in the next. The term applied to one who has completed the series is Thangchhuah, and the outward and visible sign of his having attained this proud position is that he is allowed to wear a special cloth and to have a window in the side of his house. When I moved to Manipur, and got into touch with the medley of tribes round that beautiful valley and with these further north, I found that practically in every one there was a system of feasts very similar to the Thangchhuah series of the Lushais ; and the three scholarly and comprehensive books just produced by my friends Messrs. Hutton and Mills on the Angami, Sema and Lhota tribes show that, though the furthest off from the Lushais, the Thangchhuah system and idea exists among them, and, indeed, in some respects the resemblance between their festivals and those of the Lushais is closer than between those of the Lushais and some intervening tribes. Furthermore, Mr. Hutton has drawn attention to the resemblance between the posts which are erected to commemorate these feasts and the carved stones found on the site of the ancient Kachari capital at Dimapur.[1] It has, therefore, occurred to me that it may be worth while to collect together a few facts about these feasts.

Full descriptions of them as practised among the Lushais, Angamis, Semas and Lhotas are, or very shortly will be, available in the monographs of those tribes.[2] I have therefore chosen the Maring series of feasts as an illustration for to-night.

The Marings are a small tribe of some 300 households, living in about twenty small villages in the hills on the

[1] *The Lhota Nagas*, Introduction, xxv.

[2] *The Angami Nagas*, pp. 230-233 ; *The Sema Nagas*, pp. 227, 228 ; *The Lhota Nagas*, pp. 136-144 ; *The Lushei-Kuki Clans*, pp. 87-91, 141, 145, 170, 186, 207, 222.

eastern border of the Manipur Valley. They are classed linguistically by Sir George Grierson in the Naga-Kuki sub-group, in which he also places the Maram, Mao and Tangkhul languages.

The following description is condensed from an account I received while staying in Phunam, 1913 :

The aspirant for fame has first to notify his intention to perform the feast to the village elders, giving them a drink in his house. Before they drink they pour out a libation at the foot of the main post of the house (Shut-lai, a pure Lushai term) to the household spirit, spoken of sometimes as " The Ancestor." A prayer for the well-being of the intending celebrant is offered by the Pibapa, religious head of the village. Zu, that is rice beer, is then prepared in great quantities. (Without Zu nothing can be done in any of these tribes. You cannot be born, married or buried without the consumption of Zu ; if you get ill the godlet which is the cause of your illness requires Zu, most of which his representative, the medicine man, drinks ; but some he sprinkles around to keep off evil influences.)

The Zu ready, an auspicious day is chosen ; then a *mithan* is killed and the entire village feasts. Eating, drinking by all, dancing and singing by the young going on for two nights, the intervening day being spent in collecting firewood for the subsequent distillation of rice spirit, a more ardent form of Zu, which will keep long. Evil spirits are kept away by eight bamboos with cross pieces of Heimang wood being planted round the house. (Heimang throughout the valley and the adjacent hills is noted as a sure guard against evil spirits.) This terminates the preliminary feast, and the celebrant now sets to work to prepare the real festival. Two clever and handy lasses are installed as members of the household, and devote their whole time to brewing Zu.

In February, *i.e.* at the beginning of the agricultural year, the Parkiyao feast begins ; a *mithan* is killed, and there are

six days and nights of singing, feasting and dancing, and a large log seat is fashioned. This part of the feast is known as Om-na-sa. In May, *i.e.* just before the sowing, proceedings recommence, two *mithans* are killed—one for the celebrant and one for his wife—and there are six days' feasting, and one extra to finish off scraps. Two *forked* posts, called *Halba*, are placed in front of the house to commemorate this feast. Then the two girls, after about six months' work, go home with a pot of Zu and ten chunks of *mithan* flesh as their reward.

It may be several years before the celebrator of Parkiyao has accumulated sufficient wealth to proceed to the next step in social fame, which is Tilthao. The proceedings are very like those of Parkiyao, only they occupy more time and are more costly. From first to last they take about eighteen months. An item of special interest is that three monoliths are brought from the bed of the nearest stream and erected on the road close to the village gate, thus connecting the erection of monoliths, the particular work of the Angami, Maram and Lhota series of feasts, and the erection of forked posts which prevails among the Lushais, Thado, Semas and Tangkhuls. Another point of interest is that one of the Halbu is planted in the name of the celebrant and the other in the name of his wife by the two chief secular heads of the community.

The last feast of the series is called Pahling Tauba (placing of planks). I could not hear of any one living who had performed it. It is even more lengthy and more expensive than the preceding ones. The chief point of interest is that the grandchildren of the celebrant are carried up on the Halbu, the boy on the man's post and the girl on the woman's. Planks painted with white streaks are placed in the front of the house to mark the completion of the feast.

The performer of Parkiyao is allowed to wear a cloth with blue lines: after doing Tilthao he may add cross black

lines; but no one knew what a performer of Pahling Tauba might wear.

You will see that to earn the highest honours in Maring society is not a very simple matter, and that in the aspirant's passage to fame he affords a good deal of pleasure to the whole of the rest of the community—especially to the lads and lasses; so that no one will grudge him his striped cloths nor the more comfortable quarters in the Land of the Dead which are said to await him.

Although I have said that similar feasts will be found in every tribe from the south Lushai hills to plains of Assam, it must not be thought that there is a monotonous similarity in the method of carrying them out or in the insignia granted to those who perform them. In one tribe (Rangte) the greatest feast includes the guests forming a ring round the giver's house, while he goes from one to another, greasing their heads with pigs' fat. In some (Kolhen and Aimol), the making of a ceremonial drum from a log of wood forms an important item. But in all there is the idea of entertaining the community, and where there is more than one feast they grow in size and expense.

The idea of the soul of the performer gaining advantages after death is very marked among the Lushais, where it is firmly believed the Pupawla, "this man who died first," sits at a point where the seven roads to the land of the dead meet, and shoots with his big pellet bow at the poor souls as they hurry by; and those he hits cannot cross the Pial river, but are doomed to stay on this side where existence is troublesome. But at Thangchhuah he may not shoot. This idea is less well marked in other tribes, though present among many of them; and I gather from Mr. Hutton's and Mr. Mill's accounts it is absent in the tribes they deal with. Mr. Mills in conversation said to me that the Lhotas did not speculate much about the hereafter, but he thought they had a vague feeling that those who achieved greatness in this world would also be great in the next.

In regard to the advantages in this life gained by the giver of these feasts there is more uniformity. With each successive feast the social position of the giver is improved. In some tribes the higher posts in the village polity are reserved for those who have completed the series of feasts, while posts of danger in dealing with the powers of darkness are reserved for old men who have given no feasts—worthless people from whom the community has received and can expect to receive no advantage. Among the Angamis and cognate tribes the performers of these ceremonies seem almost to form a class apart, and the idea crosses my mind whether we may not here have relics of a secret society. Perhaps this idea may gain support from the acts of self-denial, involving abstention from the most popular articles of diet and from the pleasures of the conjugal couch, which are demanded of the aspirant for fame ; and in some cases they are continued after its achievement.

In the insignia or distinguishing marks by which the givers of these feasts are known from the common herd there is considerable variety, but the right to wear some special pattern of cloth is almost universal. I have mentioned that a Lushai gains the right to have a window, and it is curious to note that a Garo also has to give a feast before he can do so.[1] The Garos are a Bodo tribe living to the west of the Khasia hills, at least 150 miles in an airline from the area I am dealing with. The Lushais also put up forked posts for each mithan killed, and these forked posts are a very common form of insignia, with which I will deal later. Some special form of roof ornamentation is a very common mark of having gained social pre-eminence. In some cases the main feature of the feast is the rebuilding of the giver's house.

Among many related tribes, of which the Angami is the chief, the erection of monoliths is the most important part of the ceremonies. I am not prepared to discuss the

[1] *The Garos*, p. 37.

question of this practice or its connection with terrace cultivation, but will just point out that many tribes put up monoliths as memorials of the dead, and that in Maram, a village noted for its monoliths, and among the Khoireng, the practice of erecting them in one's life time is giving, or rather has given, way to that of placing them over the grave of one's father. I may also mention that in the Lushai Hills, where children put up stones to their parents, I came across two cases in which persons, mistrusting the filial affection of their heirs, or having no heir, put up stones during their own life time, dispensing and sharing in all the good things that accompany the funeral feast. This possible connection between the feasts we are discussing and funeral rites is further suggested by the shape of Garo memorial posts, which I will show you in a moment.

To return to the Maring ceremony. The first point I want to make is, though the feasts are for the glorification of the individual they are really clan feasts. Notice has to be given to the religious and secular heads of the community. This is the case in most tribes, and in some the intention to give the feast has to be kept secret from all others. Among the Lhotas there is a special prayer, called the "dranda," for the welfare of the community, which is recited at all clan ceremonies; and it is recited during the fourth feast of the series we are discussing. In many tribes the clansmen and the husbands of the women of the givers have special duties assigned them. In others the young people of both sexes, using the special dormitories in the quarter in which the giver of the feast lives, have special duties also. Among the Lushais one of the feasts is in honour of the spirits of the departed of the giver's clan, the effigies of whom are carried about by their descendants with much shouting and laughter.

In the Maring feast there is not much to connect it with the crops, except the lavish expenditure of rice beer; but among other tribes we find a feast called Buh-Ai included

in the series. This is definitely recognized as a thank-offering for a good harvest and certain to result in further bountiful years. Among the Mangvung (a Thado sub-tribe) there is a feast called Lawm-Zu-Nei, *i.e.* Glad Zu Festival. In this a mithan is stabbed through the heart with a stake, after being beaten and then jumped over by the young men. Each house contributes Zu and there is the usual jollification, and to mark the event forked posts are put up in front of the Chief's house. The mithan is generally killed in that way, the skin being first cut with a knife. Mr. Hutton suggests that this is a survival from the time of stone implements, with which it would be difficult to stab deep enough to kill the beast. The beating is certainly a survival, as Mr. Mills records that "Die-Hards" among his Lhotas lament that Government has stopped the beating to death very slowly of the mithan in these feasts. "It was such fun," they say regretfully. The selection of the mithan as the sacrificial beast for these feasts seems to me to mark them out as fertility feasts, for the mithan is everywhere a sign of prosperity and plenty, and the jumping is also associated with fertility rites by Sir James Frazer.

Then the association of the husband and wife—a mithan killed and a post planted for each—and the carrying up of the grandchildren, surely point to fertility rites. Among the Fanai [1] the wife of the giver is carried about on a platform, from whence she throws symbolic gifts for which the young men scramble. The wife also has special duties and granted a special cloth among the Lhotas. The Lhotas in general erect monoliths but occasionally, and in the case of one kindred always, Y-shaped posts are put up; and in Kohima, the main Angami village, in one of these feasts called Lieu, a Y-shaped post and another with a rounded top are taken through the village, the former being dragged by chaste boys and the latter carried by a man. Mr. Hutton

[1] *The Lushei-Kuki Clans*, p. 137.

speaks of this in one place as the spirit of fertility perambulating the village, and in another says that the posts represent the man and wife of the giver of the feast.[1] These Y-shaped posts recur in connection with these feasts all through the hills, in conjunction sometimes with round topped ones as you will see in these slides. The slides showed post erected by Lushais, Chhinchhuan, Mangvung, Vuite, Tangkhul, Kawtlang, Semas, and the monoliths at Dimapur.

You see, then, that we find a chain of folk tales and of festivals extending from Demagri on the south to the Brahmaputra on the north, through a number of tribes which, as you have seen, are very superficially different. There has been no systematic recording of folk tales, nor have the festivals till recently been fully dealt with ; and I feel sure that further systematic enquiry will show that the links of the chain itself extends much further. It may well be found that one end rests in Tibet and the other in the isles of the Pacific.

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[1] *The Lhota Nagas*, xxvi., p. 144 note 1 ; *The Angami Nagas*, p. 232.