

17. Feb. 1907.

Signor Bonsignore at le Ciaixo above
Camporosso cut an olive twig, not forked,
held it in the usual fashion

the loop upright
and took as out
on his land -



after a few metres the twig quivered &
then turned down - & he said there
was water at the depth of "200
palme" - there may be there if there
is a stratum of the blue clay under
the conglomerate, but I suspect there is
at that place a much greater depth
of rock. He says the olive twig is
the best: it is a sacred thing
"l'olivo e' benedetto, e brucia tanto
verde come secco", but that a bunch
of lentisc will do, that that does
not seem to have any sacred
character about it. He says he has

often found water by divination.

but that one must be born into the power to divine. "Bicogni essere nato".

He then took us farther away, asking us to be quiet, or not to let anyone know we were there. I could not quite make out of this was because he did not wish his family to know, or to laugh at him, or because he himself felt that there was something uneasy about the business, or not quite right. So we spoke in a low voice and went on to a heap of stones.

He then took his stones, and putting his left foot on the left one asked the question "domini on he itel" "domini a d'osoo" - then he took his foot off, and put the right one on the next stone saying in a very clear "To, domini la verita" - and told the king over it. As the king did not move, it signified no.

He then asked if I had any, and the king said yes, but I had taken all my money out of my pocket and given it to the king. I told him I had none, but he said my idiosyncratic chain was the same thing. He also asked if I had a gold watch, and the king said yes, but I had not. He asked him to try again for himself, and I slipped 10⁰ into his coat pocket, but the king still said no - The stones must be changed very fresh divination.

The man seems to be in earnest and sincere in the divination. He says that if one has to reason to believe that someone out of a number of people who have been in the house, has stolen something that the king will reveal the thief. This mode of divination was taught him by a relative. It is a 'studia'. I asked if he could explain the reason. He said, as far as I could understand, that we are Christians.

ed that the metals have power which
we to serve us, and that the strong
stones have much power -
The whole thing, even my child's, of
I feel persuaded that he was serious
about it.

We inquired what precaution they took
against lightning or hail. They said
they at one time rang the bells of St. Martin
de la Neve when a storm threatened -
The metal in itself apparently has
power, not so much because it is
blessed, but the fact that the bells
call people to service seems to have
something to do with it.

Then they light 2 candles and ring 3
bells & 3 Ave's on their knees, to St.
Basil.

They also hang out 2 iron rods, and
lay them across one another in front
of the door - These "trufles" or "aria"

But if the storm comes at the same time? I said
then it is one of your sins, Mr. Basile said.
I could not find out if it was the
devil or god who sends the terrible storms
of hail &c. He said the tradition had
been handed down: everybody had always
done this, and so they did it.

I showed the old man my horn against
the Evil Eye - He said he did not believe
much in charms or in medals, but
salt in the pocket was a protection
against evils - he said we generally
had some salt with us for our lunch -
but he said that was no good, it must
be sale naturelle.

but ²⁰ 3 years ago I decided the following
letter from Leon Bonaparte, published then
at the time, both in the Portuguese *Revista* de
Estrangeiros & in the (British) *Esperantisto*
for March 1904 -

A woman, a friend of his father, who lived
at Caspocross, went at night either on
All Souls Eve or All Souls Day into the
village piazza, and saw a procession
coming out of the chapel. These dead
people held ^{crosses} candles in their hands, and
one of them gave her the cross which
he or she was holding. The woman put it in
her apron and went home, but on
opening the apron found there the leg
bone of a person. The next day she went
to Caspocross and told the priest the
story. He ordered her to go again to the
piazza and wait for the procession to
appear again, but she was to carry
a tom-cat in her apron, and the man

to give back the bone to the person who had
given it to her. This she did; the procession
came, & she returned the bone, whereupon the
recross said "You may thank the Lord for
that which you have in your apron: otherwise
you would now be with us" - She went home,
and opening her apron found the tom-cat
dead and rigid -

(My cook related much the same story which he
had heard as a child, and which happened
in another village. The recross from the
dead person a candle, took it home and put it
in the drawer in his bedroom. At night she
heard clogs and groans, opened the drawer
& found the finger of a dead person.
She was advised by the priest to take it
back, which she did, and then noticed
that the hand of the recross had one
finger.)

2. My friend L. Bonaparte when young was a
shepherd and once went with a friend, also
(shepherd).

to hiberia, above the Roja valley. They used to go
out together in the morning with their flocks,
but in different directions and not meet again
till night. One evening the flock of his friend
returned, but not their shepherd; the night
passed but he did not return. Then his friend
& others went to search for him, but only found
his stick and a knife with which he used
often to cut tapers on the stick. After
several days they took counsel of the
priest, who told them the man would
certainly come back, but that when he did
they were not to ask him what he had
been doing during his absence.

After 8 days the shepherd returned and of his
own accord related, that he had taken
out some salt for the sheep, but as they
had not eaten all of it, he had put the
remainder in his pocket. All at once
he found himself in a magnificent
hall, decorated and lighted, with a
number of lovely damsels and plenty

of good things to eat & drink; and thus he
remained with them till he was satisfied
& desired to leave. At first the ladies said he
could not go, but finally, when he insisted (as
probably he did the salt in his pocket) they
said "You may have the food for that which
you have in your pocket, or else you would
be obliged to remain with us."
Salt, my friend says, is a holy thing.

When he was young, goblins, or spirits of some
kind played tricks everywhere. A Coos p^opo
he says, has some amulets made then and
they are now shut up under a rock.
The people who lived of the hills and who
could not raise bread the earth, as they do
now, used often to take their meals with
boulders for the loaves, when they came
home from the valleys of an evening; and
so people kept banks of these stones by
their houses, useful for making walls etc.

and the stripes used to annoy them it might
by the way, there lay some against the doors,
swaking them up & when they went out,
there was none there - But he used
sometimes to be found stung by the
stripes -

When he was near the frontiers of the Grassland
with a brother. I think, they heard stripes
nearby & when they went to find it it
ceased - Then after coming back they
heard it again.

He once saw it night just black haze in
the valley, which followed him - he the
next day on coming back from S. River
there were no signs of horses having been
there, or of the grass having been eaten
or trampled down - there was stripes -

A strange thing once happened to a man who as
he was coming home one evening stopped to
milk - but his milk kept getting in his
way, and prevented him from reaching the water.

At last in a rage he pulled out his knife, thrust into
the breast through and went on alone - then he got near
the village the ladies were singing - he was told here
would alone by his godmother - so off he went and
found a number of people merry making, and when
they saw away the godmother told him to stop, so he
wanted to speak to them, and then they were alone
he said they did you do this, and looking at
him she showed him his knife plunged into
her leg.

La Bondy pie a woman of my acquaintance
seems to be invalid when her mother or mistress
has a ^{headache} to find out if the malady comes
from the sun or from the blood.

She fills a kitchen bucket or measure with
boiling water, puts a plate on the top and
carries it upside down - If the water remains
in - she by the bye saying meanwhile some prayers
or incantations - then the ^{headache} comes from the
head and will pass away - but if it boils out, the
headache comes from the blood, and the doctor ought to be
summoned -

The following has since been taken from
woman's own account.

"Quando uno mi dice che ha mal di testa
e mi prega di levare, io, per vedere
se fosse il sole, faccio così
Vado a casa, prendo la mia pentola
nuova e sana (che non adopero per altri
usì) e verso dentro un bicchierino
di acqua fresca di fontana. Poso la
pentola sul fuoco ad aspettarvi
finché bolle. Quando bolle ben bene,
prendo 3 grani di sale grosso, buoni
e sani, fra le tre dita, e tenendo
sopra la pentola dico così

"Padre, Spirito e Spirito Santo
così sia". lascio cascere un grano e
dico un Pater noster, un Ave Maria
ed una Gloria Patri. Dopo un Pater
noster ad un tanto (il mio più
amato) l'ulgo passa sempre S. Eugenio,

Sant'Antonio o Sant'Ampepio. Poso di
mandare alla persona (chiamando forte
per nome) salute ed un cuore fermo.
Poi mentre il grano scioglie, dico
"S. Trinità, se avete mandato il
male mandateci la salute". allora
lascio cascare il 2.^o grano, e così
decido da capo, finché sono tutti
tre nell'acqua. Quando ho finito
lutro prendo la pentola dal fuoco
e verso sopra un piatto di tavola.
Naturalmente l'acqua spande diffusamente
ma copre il piatto presto colla pentola
ed ecco cosa succede. Se il sole che fa
male alla persona, l'acqua ritorna
dentro la pentola, ed il piatto
rimane asciutto. L'acqua bolle o
forte o debolmente nella pentola
secondo il colpo del sole. Se non è
il sole l'acqua non ritorna dentro
la pentola, ma rimane sul piatto.

Quando l'acqua ultrina nella pentola
e bolle il male passa subito sia
dalla persona e sente subito un
gran ulivato dal male.

Poi la mattina mi viene sempre
a unguisimi o magari mi manda
a unguisimi per una della famiglia.

A Dexam

Dec 16 1911. Co. a Dexam at last night in the
an old + various one, I went to Dexam -
I went to the Capital Palace of the
in a little time to catch the train -
I had only a 50 fr. note or 20 fr. piece in my
pocket (I forgot which) + gave it to the stationmaster.
He presented me with a lot of tickets,
also marked Cya or some name more or
less like Capital. I forgot what, ~~what~~ but
I remembered he said he had no
tickets for the C.P. and no change
I consequently gave no tickets for the
station beyond ^{and the value in}
tickets of the change. I wanted to
write Mr. Dexam at the time, but as it was
4-30 + a cold night I did not feel inclined
to do it. I had nothing to tell him.

morning, and so much confusion
reminds the whole affair perfectly.

Oh.

The approximate formula for
determining at what height an
object can be seen from a certain
distance is

$$H (\text{height in feet}) = \frac{2}{3} D^2$$

$D = \text{distance}$
in miles.

anything that is Corsica is 100 miles off

can be seen if $H = \frac{2}{3} \cdot 100^2 = \frac{20000}{3}$

$$= 6666..$$

The Corsican mountains are feet high.
between 9 & 10 thousand feet.

With refraction of an average
amount the height visible is about
1/7 less.

more precisely

height = square of (distance divided by 1.317)

or $.576 \times \text{distance squared}$

• a fully cloud $\frac{4}{7} \times \text{distance}^2$

If there is a height each end the
rule complicated then distance

is $1.317 \times \text{sum of square roots of}$
the 2 heights

E.g. two mountains 2500 & 10000 ft.

height are visible from one another at a

distance of $1.317 \times (50 + 100)$

$= 1.317 \times 150.$

$= 198 \text{ miles.}$

End
17