

Magical objects found in The Lord of the Rings list



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This is the list of the magical objects mentioned in The Lord of the Rings. It does not pretend to be exhaustive: though I wrote it with all my attention, some objects might have passed unnoticed.

For self evident reasons, I did not mention the rings of power, the palantiri, or similar stuff. This document is just an add-on for Tiers Age and I hope no D.M. will provide his players with such objects.

To avoid any interpretation, most of this document is just a copy of Tolkien writings. However, when they appeared to me strongly suggested by the author, I ventured to write my interpretations To distinguish such interpretations from the actual facts, I wrote them in *italic green*.

Elvish magic: 3
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Elvish magic:

here are not mentioned actual objects, but rather substances with powers that can only be described as... elvish.

Important concept: Elves do not conceive what is magic. For them, everything

is natural. For this is what your folk would call magic, I believe; though I do not understand clearly what they mean; and they seem also to use the same word of the deceits of the Enemy. (II ch.7) Are these magic cloaks? asked Pippin, looking at them with wonder.

I do not know what you mean by that, answered the leader of the Elves. They are fair garments, and the web is good, for it was made in this land. They are elvish robes certainly, if that is what you mean. (II ch.8)

Drink: fragrant, cool as a clear fountain, golden as a summer afternoon (I ch.3).

Bread: nearly as good the day after the one when it has been made (I ch.4).

Waybread, or lembas: The food was mostly in the form of very thin cakes, made of a meal that was baked a light brown on the outside, and inside was the colour of cream. [...Gimli] ate all the rest of the cake with relish.

No more, no more! cried the Elves laughing. You have eaten enough already for a long days march. [...]

It is more strengthening than any food made by Men [...]

Why it is better than the hney-cakes of the Beornings, and that is great praise, for the Beornings are the best bakers that I know of [...]

The cakes will keep sweet for many many days, if they are unbroken, and left in their leaf-wrappings [...] One will keep a traveller on his feet for a day of long labour, even if he be one of the tall Men of Minas Tirith. (II ch.8)

Liquor: clear as spring water, it has no taste, and it feels neither cool nor warm in the mouth, but strength and vigour flows into the limbs of those who drink it. Eaten after that draught the stale bread and dried fruit seemed to satisfy their hunger better than many a good breakfast in the Shire had done *This seems to be another power of this drink* (I ch.12).

The cordial of Imladris, or miruvor: As soon as Frodo has swallowed a little of the warm and fragrant liquor he felt a new strength of heart, and the heavy drowsiness left his limbs (II ch.3)

Sting and Glamdring: these blades shine (Glamdring) or glint (Sting) (II ch.5) when Orcs are around. They are very sharp [Bilbo] thrust it with little effort deep into a wooden beam. (II ch.3) *Sting* can cut without effort materials that are unharmed by other blades *A* (even N^o menor blades that were barely able to cut but one single cord of all the countless cords of Shelob's web).

Cloaks: It was hard to say of what colour they were: grey with the hue of twilight under the trees they seemed to be; and yet if they moved, or set in another light, they were green as shadowed leaves, or brown as fallow fields by night, dusk-silver as water under the stars. [...] they should serve you well: they are light to wear, and warm enough, or cool enough at need. And you will find them a great aid in keeping out of the sight of unfriendly eyes, whether you walk among the stones or the trees. (II ch.8) In pairs they galloped by, and though every now and then one rose in his stirrups and gazed ahead and to either side, they appeared not to see the three strangers sitting silently and watching them.[...] And strange too is your raiment. Have you sprung out of the grass? How did you escape our sight? (III ch.2)

Rope: ropes of L^orien are light, smooth, but solid: not a strand can mark them.

But their main magical property seems to be that they untie at will, when called, that is when one gives a gentle pull.

The phial of Galadriel: the star-glass. A light when all other lights go out (II ch.8 and IV ch.9). For a moment it glimmered, faint as a rising star struggling in heavy earthward mists, and then as its power waxed, and hopes grew in Frodo's mind, it began to burn, and kindled to a silver flame, a minute heart of dazzling light, as though E%orendil had himself come down from the high sunset paths with the last Silmaril upon his brow. The darkness receded from it until it seemed to shine in the center of the globe of airy crystal, and the hand that held it sparkled with white fire.[...] *Aiya E%orendil Elenion Ancalima!* [Frodo] cried, and knew not what he had spoken; for it seemed that another voice spoke through his, clear, untroubled by the foul air of the pit. (IV ch.9) And then [Sam's] tongue was loosed and his voice cried in a language which he did not know:

*Elbereth Gilthoniel
O menel palan-diriel,
Le nallon s! dinguruthos!
A tiro nin, Fanuilos!*

[...] As if his indomitable had set its potency in motion, the glass blazed suddenly like a white torch in his hand. It flamed like a star that leaping from the firmament sears the dark air with intolerable light (IV ch.10) *The phial seems also to give to its holder sudden inspirations in Elvish. Also, the light intensity seems to depend on the holder's mood.*

Then greatly daring, because he could think of nothing else to do, answering a sudden thought that came to him, he drew slowly out the phial of Galadriel and held it up. Its white light quickened swiftly, and the shadow under the dark arch fled. The monstrous Watchers sat there cold and still, revealed in all their hideous shape. For a moment, Sam caught a glitter in the black stones of their eyes, the very malice of which made him quail; but slowly, he felt their will waver and crumble into fear.

He sprang past them; but even as he did so, thrusting the phial back into his bosom, he was aware, as plainly as if a bar of steel had snapped to behind him, that their vigilance was renewed.[...] Sam drew out the elven-glass of Galadriel again. As if to do honour to his hardihood, and to grace with splendour his faithful brown hobbit-hand that had done such deeds, the phial blazed forth suddenly, so that all the shadowy court was lit with a dazzling radiance like lightning; but it remained steady and did not pass.

Gilthoniel, A Elbereth! Sam cried. For, why he did not know, his thought sprang back suddenly to the Elves in the Shire, and the song that drove away the Black Rider in the trees.

Aiya elenion ancilima! cried Frodo once again behind him.

The will of the Watchers was broken with a suddenness like the snapping of a chord (VI, ch.1).

Numenorean magic:

N'menor blades: they are marvelously forged (leaf-shaped, and keen, of marvelous workmanship, damasked with serpent-forms in red and gold) as are their

sheaths (black, wrought of some strange metal, light and strong, and set with many fiery stones). Whether by some virtue in these sheaths or because of the spell that lay on the mound, the blades seemed untouched by time, unruined, sharp, glittering in the sun. *One can also think that it is because of the magic of the sword itself* (I ch.8).

And'ril: multiple references deal with the power of this blade and the help it could bring on the battlefield throughout the story. However, it is never revealed if the blade has a real magic power, or if this power lies in Isildur's arm, or if it is just the power of a symbol. Yet it is said that many runes are written on the blade.

Athelas: this plant does not grow in the bare hills, but in thickets. Crushed, its leaves give out a sweet and pungent fragrance. It has great healing virtues (I ch.12). However, when the leaves are dry, some of their virtue is gone (II ch.6).

Mordor and Orcs magic:

Morgul blades: they gleam as a chill light, even in the dark. The point of the blade is notched, so it remains in the wound. Once it is in the wound, the splinter works inwards, towards the heart. If it is reached, the victim becomes a wraith under the dominion of the Dark Lord. Still, the process starts as soon as the injury, and progresses as the splinter makes its way (II ch.1). But even as he held it up in the growing light, they gazed in astonishment, for the blade seemed to melt, and vanished like a smoke in the air, leaving only the hilt in Striders' hand. *Although it is not clearly written, one can assume that the evil blade can not stand the sun light, and it is because of its rays that it disappeared.* Evil marks are written on the hilt, that mortal eyes can not see (I ch.11 and 12).

Orcs liquor: comparable with Elves' miruvor: Uglúk thrust a flask between his teeth and poured some burning liquid down his throat: he felt a hot fierce glow flow through him. The pain in his legs and ankles vanished. (III ch.3)

Orcs pomade: although applying it is painful, its action is fast and efficient. However, it leaves scars that will never go away. Then [Uglúk] smeared the wound with some dark stuff out of a small wooden box. Merry cried out and struggled wildly. [...] He was healing Merry in orc-fashion; and his treatment worked swiftly. [...] The gash in his forehead gave him no more trouble, but he bore a brown scar to the end of his days. (III ch. 3)

Entish magic:

Light: [The two great vessels] seemed to be filled with water; but [Treebeard] held his hands over them, and immediately they began to glow, one with a golden and the other with a rich green light; and the blending of the two lights lit the bay, as if the sun of summer was shining through a roof of young leaves. Looking back, the hobbits saw that the trees in the court had also begun to glow, faintly at first, but steadily quickening, until every leaf was edged with light: some green, some gold, some red as copper; while the tree-trunks looked like pillars moulded out of some luminous stone. (III ch.4)

Draughts : draughts seem to be the only food for the Ents. One of them makes them grow and keep them green. Another one is nourishing and fortifying. These

virtues are also applicable to Hobbits (*may we extend to other races?*). I can give you a drink that will keep you green and growing for a long, long while. (III ch.4) The drink was like water, indeed very like the taste of the draughts they had drunk from the Entwash near the borders of the forest, and yet there was some scent or savour in it that they could not describe: it was faint but it reminded them of the smell of a distant wood borne from afar by a cool breeze at night. The effect of the draught began at the toes, and rose steadily through every limb, bringing refreshment and vigour as it coursed upwards, right to the tips of the hair. Indeed the hobbits felt that the hair on their heads was actually standing up, waving and curling and growing. (III ch.4) The taste was not the same as it had been the night before: it was earthier and richer, more sustaining and food-like, so to speak. [...] the hobbits drank, sitting on the edge of the bed, and nibbling some pieces of elf-cake (more because they felt that eating was a necessary part of breakfast than because they felt hungry) (III ch.4) Why, your hair is twice as thick and curly as when we parted; and I would swear you have both grown somewhat, if that is possible for hobbits of your age.[...]

You have drunk of the water of the Ents, have you? said Legolas. Ah, then it is likely that Gimli's eyes do not deceive him. Strange songs have been sung of the draughts of Fangorn. (III ch.9)

Dwarvish magic:

Mithril: For here alone in the world was found Moria-silver, or true-silver as some have called it: *mithril* is the Elvish name. The Dwarves have a name which they do not tell. Its worth was ten times that of gold, and now it is beyond price [...]. It could be beaten like copper, and polished like glass; and the Dwarves could make of it a metal, light and yet harder than tempered steel. Its beauty was like to that of common silver, but the beauty of *mithril* did not tarnish or grow dim. The Elves dearly loved it, and among many uses they made of it *ithildin*, starmoon, which you saw upon the doors (II ch.4)

Mithril mail: it is master piece of the dwarves smiths. Of beautiful appearance, this shirt of mail is very light and supple, but extremely strong. It was close-woven of many rings, as supple almost as linen, cold as ice, and harder than steel. It shone like moonlit silver, and was studded with white gems. With it was a belt of pearl and crystal. [...] You hardly feel any weight when you put it on (II ch.3) What? cried Gimli, startled out of his silence. A corslet of Moria-silver? That was a kingly gift!

Yes, said Gandalf. I never told him, but its worth was greater than the value of the whole Shire and everything in it.

Horn: Then Eowyn gave to Merry an ancient horn, small but cunningly wrought all of fair silver with a baldric of green; and wrights had engraven upon it swift horsemen riding in a line that wound about it from the tip to the mouth; and there were set runes of great virtue.

This is an heirloom of our house said Eowyn. It was made by the Dwarves [...]. He that blows it at need shall set fear in the heart of his enemies and joy in the heart of his friends, and they shall hear him and come to him. (VI, ch.6)

[Sam] had not gone far when he heard a sudden clear horn-call go up ringing into the sky. Far over hill and field it echoed; and so compelling was that call that Sam himself almost turned and dashed back. [...] Then lifting up his silver horn [Merry] wined it, and its clear call rang over the Hill; and out of the holes and sheds and shabby houses of Hobbiton the hobbits answered, and came pouring out, and with cheers and loud cries they followed the company up the road to Bag End. (VI, ch.8).