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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME NINE

EARLY GROPING FOR SUCCESS IN DIVERSIFIED NATURE. LEGENDS  
AND TALES AS A RECREATION FORM OF DISCOVERING AND  
IMPROVING TACT, PERCEPTION, SHREWDNESS, SAGACITY,  
DIPLOMACY, AND OTHER QUALITIES OF MIND ESSEN-  
TIAL TO SUCCESS IN TAKING QUICK AND EFFEC-  
TIVE ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITIES



*"Like him in Aesop, he whipped his horses withal, and  
put his shoulder to the wheel."*

BURTON: Anatomy of Melancholy

*"And this is that Homer's golden chain which reaches  
down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed  
and depends upon his Creator."*

IBID

*"Fairy elves,  
Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress."*

MILTON: Paradise Lost

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of spreading the worship of his own gods among the Hebrews. And the princess, when she left Tyre, took with her to her new home four hundred and fifty priests of Baal and four hundred priests of Ashtoreth. Ahab was induced to raise a temple to Baal in Samaria and another to Ashtoreth in Jezreel, where emblems were set up in a grove in honor of the goddess. The contagion of the new religion also spread to the kingdom of Judah, whose king Ahaziah married Athaliah the daughter of Jezebel.

In the earliest times Baal appears to have been worshiped in Tyre without an image, but in later times this worship degenerated into a wanton idolatry, under the guidance of a numerous priesthood.

Dollinger says of the cult of Baal: —

“As the people of western Asia distinguished, properly speaking, only two deities of nature, a male and a female, so Baal was an elemental and a sidereal character at once. As the former, he was god of the creative power, bringing all things to life everywhere, and in particular, god of fire; but he was sun-god besides, and as such, to human lineaments he added the crown of rays about the head peculiar to this god. In the one quality as well as the other he was represented at the same time as sovereign of the heavens (Baal-Samen) and of the earth by him impregnated. . . . The Canaanitish Moloch was not essentially different from Baal, but the same god in his terrible and destroying aspect, the god of consuming fire, the burning sun who smites the land with unfruitfulness and pestilence, dries up the springs, and begets poisonous winds. When Jeremiah says, ‘They built the high places of Baal, which are in the valley of the son of Hinnom to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch,’ and in another place, ‘They have built also the high places of Baal to burn their sons with fire for burnt offerings unto Baal,’ there is no mistaking the essential identity of the two. Besides the incense consumed in his honor, bulls also were sacrificed to Baal, and probably horses, too; the Persians at least sacrificed the latter to their sun-god. But the principal sacrifice was children. This horrible custom was grounded in part on the notion that children were the dearest possession of their parents, and in part that as pure and innocent beings they were the offerings of atonement most certain to pacify the anger of the deity; and further, that the god of whose essence the generative power of nature was, had a just title to that which was begotten of man and to the surrender of their children’s lives. . . . The Rabbinical description of the image of Moloch, that it was a human figure with a bull’s head and outstretched arms, is confirmed by the account which Diodorus gives of the Carthaginian Kronos or Moloch. The image of metal was made hot by a fire kindled within it; and the children, laid in its arms, rolled from thence into the fiery lap below.”

This primitive custom, so evidently a traditional inheritance of a people emerging from barbarism, we shall find later in Greek mythology giving rise to the legend of Theseus and the Minotaur.

“In Astarte of the western Asiatics,” says Dollinger again, “we recognize that great nature-goddess, standing by Baal’s side, regent of the stars, queen of heaven, and goddess of the moon. . . . Under the name of Astarte she was guardian goddess of Sidon, and not essentially distinct from Baaltis of Byblus, and Urania of Ascalon. . . . As highest goddess, or queen of heaven, Astarte was accounted by the Greeks as Hera; yet they also recognized in her something of Athene, Aphrodite, Selene, Rhea, Artemis, Nemesis, and the Fates. In fact, she came nearest to the Phrygian Cybele.”

It is said that the temple of Baal and Ashtarothe at Apheka was so rich that Crassus spent several days in weighing all the treasure he found there, and that this represented offerings from all Semitic people,—from Arabia and Babylon, from Assyria and Phœnicia, and the countries of Asia Minor; while the attendant priests were so numerous that several hundred would be engaged in a single sacrifice.

Among the lesser gods of the Phœnicians may be named the following: El, Dagon, Hadad, Adonis, Sadyk, Eshmun, Atergatis, and Onca.

El was, of course, originally the one High God who came afterward to occupy the place of a minor divinity, comparable to the Kronos of the Greeks or Saturn of the Romans. He had especial honor at Carthage, and human sacrifices were made to him. Melkarth, or Melkareth, may have been originally an epithet of Baal, but eventually the name meant the protector of the city, and this god was considered the tutelary deity of Tyre and of her colony Carthage. The Greeks called him Melikarthos and identified him with their Hercules. Dagon was probably adopted by the Phœnicians from Ashdod in Philistia; he is sometimes described as a fish-god, having the form of a fish, and sometimes as a god of corn. He held a much higher place in his native Philistia than in the land of his adoption. Hadad was a Syrian God whom the Phœnicians also adopted; and in their latter mythology he is considered to represent the sun. A much more prominent deity was Adonis, who with the Phœnicians, as afterward with the Greeks, represented the lord of heaven, or Baal, the sun-god in his changing aspect, perishing in the autumn and reviving in the spring. The river Adonis was sacred to him, and when its stream was swollen and reddened with autumn rains it was thought to be running with his blood; and maids would come to its banks to lament for the beautiful, youthful god. Sadak or Sadyk, was the god of justice, and Eshmun, the god of healing, so far as we can determine. Atergatis, or Derketo, was also introduced from Ascalon, and was probably another phase of Ashtoreth; while Onca was compared by the Greeks to their Athene, goddess of wisdom.



On the whole, we may think of the Phœnician religion as a sensational and ruthless indulgence of the emotional nature, tending to flurry and excite the character, rather than to restrain and direct and ennoble it. As we trace its elements in the mythology of Greece and Rome, we shall find it growing more mentalized and deliberate, and therefore less unrestrained and violent, and baneful to mankind. We shall find the erring inhabitants of heaven becoming less susceptible to mere sacrifice of material things, and more placable by good acts and intentions; we shall find morality rather than superstition beginning to appear as the sanction of worship and the test of conduct.

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## GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY

*By BLISS CARMAN*

MYTHOLOGY is, as it were, the skeleton or framework of religion. And while we know that the numerous beautiful and complicated myths of Greece and Rome were the embodiment of a profound and sincere religious faith, we shall not here concern ourselves with the meaning and sentiment of each legend so much as with its mere narration, its mere formal tradition. The inner feelings with which those ancient and noble people infused the stories of their divinities we shall not have any time to trace. Yet in every myth we must remember there abides the ruin of some imposing worship. The awe, the reverence, the piety, the simple zeal, which inspired the men and women of Attica and Latium, these have passed with the perishable beauty of things, and all that remains to our curious attention is the body of traditional tales we call mythology.

For any brief survey of the subject it is easier and better to consider the mythology of Rome and Greece together, for the reason that the religion of the one was largely derived from the religion of the other, and while the Romans had many rites and gods indigenous to their own soil, they nevertheless worshiped (under new names) the greater gods of Greece. It is more convenient, too, to speak of the better known deities

by their Latin names, which have been transferred almost without change to our English tongue.

It is not to be supposed that this pantheistic religion of the Greeks and Romans can be reduced to any system as definite as a catechism. Some gods were greater than others; some were powerful and feared; others were less imposing and more dearly loved. There were greater gods and lesser gods; half gods and god-like heroes; and frail beings that presided over places, trees, streams, and fountains. The earth was peopled with a tribe of divinities, who ruled and mingled with men.

The greater gods, however, the Olympians, were twelve in number: Jupiter, Juno, Ceres, Neptune, and Vesta (children of Saturn and Rhea), and Minerva, Mars, Vulcan, Mercury, Venus, Diana, and Apollo, (children of Jupiter). Pluto, though own brother to Jupiter and ruler of the lower regions, was not counted among the starry Olympians; nor was Bacchus, though he was Jupiter's son and a powerful god in later Greek religion.

Now the birth of the first gods was in this manner. In the beginning were only Chaos and Night. From them descended Uranus and Gæa, who supplanted their progenitors, and begot in their turn twelve Titans, so huge as to terrify their parents. In fear their father Uranus consigned them to Tartarus and chained them fast. Gæa remonstrated at this, and finally induced her youngest, Saturn, to revolt against their father. With a scythe his mother had given him, Saturn (Cronus or Time) defeated his father, took his sister Rhea to wife, parceled out the universe among his other sisters and brothers, and reigned on Olympus. And of this pair sprang the elder gods, Jupiter and his kin. Of each of these in turn we may say something, the mere accepted common tradition.

## JUPITER

JUPITER, Jovc, or Zeus, the father of many gods, was king of heaven and supreme arbiter of the destinies of men. He represents the sky, is the deity of political order and peace, and is answerable to no other will, save that of the inexorable Fates. Enthroned upon Olympus, he deals out Justice to gods and men. He gathers his thunderbolts in his hand; when he nods the earth is shaken. Like the other gods, Jupiter is immortal and yet knows human sorrow and joy, pain, pleasure, and regrets; and is swayed by like passions with men. He presided at the councils of the gods and at their feasts, where celestial ambrosia was spread for their repast, and nectar poured for their drink. Being a king, Jupiter was always invoked on the eve of war or other important



occasions of state; and when victorious armies returned, it was to him that thanks and vows were offered. Fame and Victory were his attendants, with Fortune never far away.

The cupbearer to Jupiter and the other gods was originally Hebe. But this young goddess failing in her office, it was necessary for Jove to choose another. For this purpose he assumed the guise of an eagle, swept down upon the earth and carried off Ganymede, son of the king of Troy, who afterward acted in Hebe's place.

It was common for the gods to take human or animal form, in order to disguise themselves and pass unobserved among mortals. Upon one occasion Jupiter and his messenger Mercury disguised themselves as travelers and came, weary and late, to the hut of Philemon and Baucis, a worthy poor old couple. Here they were hospitably received by the humble pair, who offered their best to the strangers, and were even about to kill their last goose for the evening meal. So pleased was Jupiter at this generous kindness, that he made himself known to the old people and bade them ask what they would, it should be granted. To this Philemon and Baucis replied that they wished only to serve the gods while they lived and at last to die together. Thereupon Jupiter changed their cabin into a splendid temple, where the two dwelt for years, tending the shrine and offering sacrifices pleasing to the gods. When at last the faithful couple died, they were changed into two monumental oaks before the doors of the temple they had served so well.

Though strictly monogamous by custom, the ancient deities were usually polygamous in their habits. The character of the father of heaven was particularly frail in this respect. And while Jupiter was ever susceptible, his noble wife Juno was always hotly jealous. The result was not unhuman. Quarrels were many and stories plentiful. Perhaps the most famous is that of Europa, daughter of Agenor.

This fair maid one day in her father's meadow saw a white bull coming quietly toward her. Pleased with the tame and friendly animal, she decked it with flowers and patted its neck. The bull then knelt for her to mount, and as soon as she was on his back, galloped down to the shore and swam out to sea. Europa clung to her captor until they landed on a strange coast, and as they emerged, Jupiter, for it was he, put off the disguise, wooed the girl, and called the land Europe in her honor. Of their three sons, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon, the two eldest were made judges in the Infernal Regions.

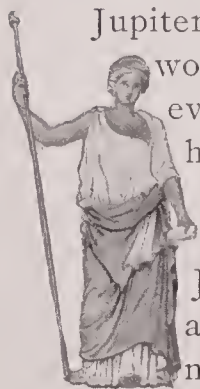
Among the brothers of Europa who took up the search for the missing maid, the most famous was Cadmus, who wandered till he came to Delphi, where he consulted the oracle. "Follow the cow," said the oracle. Cadmus gave up his search for his sister, and followed a stray



cow he had overtaken on the way. Curiosity attracted to him many adventurers whom he chanced to pass, until he had a considerable following. All of his followers however were slain by a dragon, which Cadmus himself slew at last. A voice then bade him sow the dragon's teeth. This he did, and from the seed sprang up a crop of full-grown, full-armed warriors, who at once turned against Cadmus in threatening anger. Cadmus with a quick wit cast a stone among them. Glancing from the helmet of one, the stone struck another who fancied his fellow had thrown it. Soon there was riot among the warriors, their swords were turned on one another, and all were killed but five, who threw aside their weapons and attached themselves to Cadmus's service. With this little band he founded the city of Thebes. And Jupiter in admiration for him gave him Harmonia, daughter of Mars and Venus, as his wife. It was Cadmus who is said to have invented the alphabet and introduced it among the Greeks.

The widespread worship of Jupiter was marked by many temples, the most famous being those at Dodona, the Capitol of Rome, and the shrine of Jupiter Ammon in Libya. The most beautiful of all perhaps was his temple at Olympia in the Peloponnesus, where every fifth year the people of all Greece assembled for games in honor of the ruler of the gods. It was in this temple that the statue of Jupiter by Phidias stood, a wonderful creation of ivory and gold, accounted one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

## JUNO



JUNO, the sister and wife of Jupiter, was queen of heaven. And as Jupiter was the deity of men, so Juno was the protecting divinity of women, and guarded them through all of the undertakings and events of their lives. She presided over their birth, their childhood, maiden years, marriage, motherhood, and old age. To her all women looked for support and protection. It is even less correct to identify her with the Greek Hera, than to identify Jupiter with Zeus. Yet the Latin as well as all modern literature adopted the myths of Hera and attributed them to Juno. We may therefore do the same, for the purposes of a first rough study of the goddess.

Juno was of great beauty, of the queenly and imposing type which we still recognize in our adjective Junoesque, less cold than Diana, more scrupulous than Venus. And ancient mythology is full of references to her high temper, and to her jealous love for her wayward lord. One of the most beautiful tales in reference to Juno and her cult relates to the two brothers Cleobis and Biton.

At one of the festivals of Juno in Argos, an aged woman, Cydippe by name, who had formerly been a devoted priestess of the goddess, was anxious to go to the temple, and asked her sons, Biton and Cleobis, to harness her white heifers to her car. The animals, however, could not be found, and the youths, rather than disappoint their mother, harnessed themselves to the car and drew her to the temple. On this Cydippe prayed to Juno to bestow upon her boys whatever was the best gift a mortal might desire. After the services, this devout mother went forth from the temple and found her sons lying dead where they had thrown themselves down to rest. The goddess had taken them beyond the reach of human sorrows.

Of the myths relating to Juno's jealousy, perhaps the most important is the legend of Io. One day Juno perceived it suddenly grow dark, and at once suspected that Jupiter was shrouding one of his escapades under a cloud. She brushed away the cloud and beheld her consort on the banks of a smooth stream, and near him a beautiful young heifer. Juno mistrusted the animal, and fancied that its form actually concealed some lovely nymph. She knew her husband's subterfuges. It was in fact Io, daughter of Inachus, the god of the river, whom Jupiter had hurriedly changed into this new shape at his wife's approach. Juno praised the beauty of the young animal and asked whose it was. When Jupiter replied that it was a fresh creation she begged it as a gift. Jupiter, of course, could not refuse. But Juno was not satisfied, and handed over the heifer to the hundred-eyed Argus to watch. In this unhappy state of things Jupiter sends his messenger Mercury, who is a cunning musician, to lull Argus from his watchfulness and slay him. So Io is released, but Juno is still not appeased and sends a gadfly to sting the unfortunate creature. And Io races through the world, crosses the Bosphorus, or cow-ford, which takes its name from her, and finally reaches the banks of the Nile, where she is allowed to regain her human form, on Jupiter's promise of reformation.

Another maiden who roused the jealousy of Juno was Callisto, and her the queen of heaven in anger changed into a bear. This unhappy one roamed the woods, with her son Arcas, until Jupiter in pity transferred the pair to the sky where they became the Great and Little Bear.

#### MINERVA

MINERVA, goddess of wisdom, is fabled not to have been born in the manner of mortals, but to have sprung from the brain of Jupiter, full grown and in splendid war gear. She was the goddess also of the industrial arts and handicrafts, and of defensive warfare. From Athene, as she was called in the Greek tongue, the city of Athens took its name.

Soon after the birth of Minerva, Cecrops, a Phœnician, settled in Attica and founded a beautiful city, while all the gods looked on in admiration at the undertaking. Each of them wished to name the new town, the most eager contestants being Minerva and Neptune. To settle their dispute, Jupiter decided that the city should be intrusted to the patronage and protection of that deity who should produce the most useful object for man's needs. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, or three-toothed spear, and a horse sprang forth. Then Minerva produced an olive-tree, and when she had explained the many uses to which it can be put, and how the olive is always a sign of peace and prosperity, the prize was awarded to her, and she became the guardian of Athens, honored there more than anywhere else on the earth. It was here that her most celebrated temple, the Parthenon, was reared, to stand through so many ages and speak of beauty and old religion to ourselves. The Panathenæa, festivals held every four years, were in her honor; and at the celebrations the Palladium, a statue of Minerva (or Pallas, as she was sometimes called) was borne in procession.

Minerva is usually remembered for her fearless deeds, but it must not be forgotten that she presided over many peaceful vocations as well. Her skill and love of weaving once brought a forward girl into trouble.

Arachne, a fair maid of more than common charm, was a clever needlewoman. Unfortunately her vanity and pride in her skill got the better of her, and she once had the fond temerity to boast that she should not fear to compete even with Minerva herself. This vain conceit she uttered so loudly that Minerva heard it and determined to give her a lesson. Disguising herself as an old crone, she visited the house of Arachne, conversed with her, soon heard the foolish boast, and tried to persuade the overweening girl to repent of her silly words. But no argument could enlighten the self-sufficient Arachne. She only repeated her vaporings. Then Minerva in anger revealed herself and bade Arachne attempt the competition. The looms were set up, and the two began to weave. Minerva chose for the subject of her tapestry the contest between herself and Neptune; Arachne, the carrying off of Europa. When the pieces were finished, the mortal maiden saw of course that she was hopelessly defeated, and hanged herself for very shame. Then the goddess of wisdom changed her into a spider, condemned forever to hang in mid air, forever to spin and weave, an eternal warning to boastful human creatures.

#### A P O L L O

BY FAR the most splendid and august of all the Olympians was Apollo, god of medicine, music, poetry, and fine arts. He is the deity of light, the sun-god, own brother of Diana, the moon-goddess, and son of



Jupiter and Latona, or Leto. Juno, with her accustomed lack of sympathy for her husband's divagations, drove the offending Latona forth to wander over the earth. In her weary journeyings, Latona one day came to a spring by the wayside, where she would have quenched her thirst. Some rustics who were near rudely bade her move on; and boorishly stirred up the spring and muddied it with their feet. The distressed Latona, in her tearful need, prayed that they might never leave the spot, and thereupon her lover Jupiter turned the men into frogs, to be forever the denizens of muddy pools.

Still driven on by the relentless will of Juno, Latona came at last to the seashore, imploring Neptune to her aid. The god of the sea sent a dolphin to carry her to Delos, a floating island in the Ægean. And when the rocking of her new abode disturbed Latona, he fixed it fast for her with chains. There at last she found rest and bore her twin children, Diana and Apollo.



Early in life Apollo fell in love with the mortal maid, Coronis, and succeeded so well in instructing her in the delights of love, that she, in her simple heart, concluded if one lover were so desirable, two would be doubly dear. Trysts with a second suitor followed, and for a time were so cleverly concealed that Apollo was deluded. Nothing, however, could escape the sight of his favorite bird, the snow-white raven, which discovered the pair and informed its master. Apollo, in a desperate fit of jealous indignation, pierced the heart of Coronis with an arrow. Then, overcome with remorse, he rushed to her side, and by all his art and skill in medicine strove to recall her to life. In vain. He cursed his luckless raven; and that croaking bird turned black under the imprecation. And there was left to Apollo only the young son of Coronis, Æsculapius, to whom his father carefully taught all his healing art. So well did the youth grow in knowledge that he rivaled Apollo himself and could even restore the dead to life. This, though, was too much for Pluto, the ruler of the departed, and for Jupiter, lord of heaven and earth. The latter cut short the career of the great physician with a sudden thunderbolt, and would so have exterminated the race of doctors, perhaps, had not Æsculapius left a daughter, Hygeia, to care for the health of mankind.

After the loss of his son, Apollo seeks to be revenged upon the Cyclops who forged the thunderbolts for Jupiter. The lord of heaven interferes, however, and banishes him to earth, where he takes service with King Admetus of Thessaly, caring for his sheep. His skill in music so pleased the king that he was made head shepherd. Apollo was so touched with the kindness he received that he asked to have immortality bestowed upon Admetus. This request was granted on condition that



when the time of the king's death should arrive, another should be found to die in his stead. Alcestis, the king's young wife, was the only one found willing to sacrifice her life for her husband.

One day as Apollo played at quoits with a mortal youth, Hyacinthus, Zephyrus, the god of the south wind, came by and saw them. He too loved the beautiful youth, and in wanton jealousy turned Apollo's quoit aside so that it struck Hyacinthus and killed him. In memory of his companion, Apollo changed the drops of his blood into the flowers that bear his name.

Of the legends relating to Apollo, that which concerns Daphne is one of the most familiar. Daphne was a beautiful nymph, daughter of the river god Peneus, with whom Apollo fell in love at first sight. She in timidity fled as he approached, and all his efforts to calm her availed nothing. He pleaded and promised as she ran and he pursued, but still she sped before him down to her father's stream. As she approached the river calling to her father for aid, Peneus heard her; and when she touched the edge of the water she seemed suddenly to be arrested in her flight, and immediately was changed into a laurel tree. In remembrance of this love of his, Apollo adopted the laurel as his own tree and made its leaves the token of honor for all poets and musicians thenceforth.

Once upon a summer's day a young shepherd lay upon the grass watching his sheep, when he heard a strange, soft music coming through the trees. It was Minerva playing on the flute which she had invented. But as she sat by the streamside and played, she happened to glance into the water and see herself. In disgust at the face she must make, she threw away the instrument, which floated down stream and was picked up by the young shepherd, Marsyas. In that unhappy hour Marsyas learned to play, and soon was so well skilled that an insufferable conceit took hold of him and he must challenge Apollo to a contest. The result was foregone. Marsyas was hopelessly defeated, and Apollo flayed him alive for his boasting.

Apollo, as patron of the fine arts, is closely associated with the nine Muses: Clio, the muse of history; Euterpe, the muse of lyric poetry; Thalia, the muse of comedy; Melpomene, the muse of tragedy; Terpsichore, the muse of dancing; Erato, the muse of love poetry; Polymnia, the muse of the sublime hymn; Urania, the muse of astronomy; and Calliope, the muse of epic poetry. One of his choir, Calliope, was loved by Apollo, and bore him a son, Orpheus, who was endowed with the great poetic and musical genius of his parents. His power to charm beasts, and even trees and stones by his playing, is proverbial. And when his sweetheart, Eurydice, died from a serpent's bite, Orpheus descended into Hades, and by his music so pleased Pluto that the king of the nether

world consented to release the girl,—on condition that Orpheus should not look at her until they reached the upper air. The lover agreed, but his love was too strong for him; just as they reached the exit from Hades he turned round, only to see Eurydice snatched back from him once more.

The chief temples dedicated to Apollo were those at Delos and Delphi. At the latter place the Pythian games were held in his honor every three years.

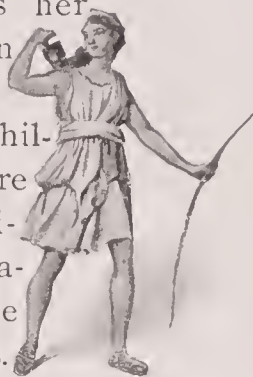
## DIANA

DIANA, the Artemis of the Greeks, twin sister of Apollo, was the goddess of the chase, and bore much the same character as her brother. Like him, she is unwedded, and is the bringer of sudden death to women, as he is to men.

Latona, the mother of Diana and Apollo, was proud of her children, and let it be known that in her judgment there was nowhere a mother so fortunate as she,—one whose children were so beautiful and intelligent. To the mind of Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus and queen of Thebes, this was folly; for she herself was the mother of fourteen, seven strong sons and seven beautiful girls. At an assembly of the people of Thebes in honor of the children of Latona, Niobe ridiculed the boast of that goddess, and induced her citizens to defame the altars of Diana and Apollo. Then the people turned from their worship and esteem; but the two children of Latona were avenged, for at their mother's bidding they went forth and slew all the children of Niobe. That unhappy queen, when she beheld her own undoing, wept so ceaselessly that the gods turned her to stone,—the rock from which the living water continually flows.

The famous legend of Actæon is the story of a young hunter who, while following a stag with his hounds, came upon Diana and her nymphs at their bath in a forest pool. The chaste goddess in her indignation changed him into a stag, to be torn in pieces by his own dogs. This character of Diana, the unamiable and severe, is the one most commonly accepted. She was, however, also represented as falling in love occasionally, even as her brother did. Endymion, a fair young shepherd, was spied by Diana one night as he slept in the moonlight. And thereafter she visited him nightly as he slept, finally becoming so enamored of him that she carried him away to Mount Latmus to have him to herself.

Another mortal beloved by her was Orion, a young hunter, who was wont to roam the forest with his hound Sirius at his heels. On one of his excursions he came upon the Pleiades, companions of Diana, and falling in love with them at once began an impetuous wooing. The Pleiades



fled from him, calling Diana to aid; and the goddess for their safety placed them instantly among the stars. Not long after this, Orion met Diana herself, as he hunted, and the goddess found him a companion to her taste. Her fancy, however, was distasteful to Apollo, who called his sister to him one day and bade her test her skill by shooting at a black mark rising and falling far out at sea. Diana drew her bow and hit the mark, only to find she had slain her lover as he was swimming. When she discovered her mistake, in sorrow she set Orion and Sirius among the constellations.

## VENUS

VENUS, or Aphrodite, is sometimes fabled to have been a daughter of Jupiter and Dione, sometimes said to have been born of the foam of the sea.

She was the goddess of beauty, of love, of gladness of heart, and was cared for by the ocean nymphs in the caves of the sea until she came of age, when they took her to Olympus where a place had been prepared for her. So fair was she that all of the gods were eager to marry her. But she scorned them all in turn, until Jupiter wedded her to Vulcan, the crooked old master of the forge. By him she had several children, among them Cupid who became the god of love. Her life with Vulcan, however, was far from happy; and the wandering fancy of Venus was first caught by the war-god, Mars, whom she would meet nightly, and who used to place his attendant Alectryon on guard. One night, unfortunately, Alectryon failed to remain awake; and the lovers were surprised by Aurora, as they slept. Aurora at once informed Vulcan, and that ingenious artificer stole upon the two and caught them in his chain net, to make them a sport for all the Olympians. When he set them free at last, Mars changed Alectryon into a cock and condemned him to give daily warning of the approach of dawn.

It happened one day that as Venus was playing with her boy, Cupid, she wounded her bosom with one of his fatal arrows. Thereafter she fell desperately in love with Adonis, a very beautiful and coy youth, whom all the blandishments of the queen of love could not win from his mannish pursuits. Unmindful of the charms of the lovely goddess, Adonis still followed his hunting, only to be slain by a cruel boar. The grief of Venus was so inconsolable that it was permitted Adonis to leave the lower world for six months of the year and revisit the beautiful earth. This myth, of course, is the embodiment of our feeling for the return of spring each year, the return of joy and beauty to the earth,—only to be consigned again to oblivion in another six months' time. The worship of Adonis was introduced into Greece



from Phœnicia. In fact, the worship of Aphrodite herself is probably to be identified with that of the Asiatic Ishtar, or Astarte.

One lovely old story belonging to the cycle of Venus myths tells how the beautiful nymph Echo met young Narcissus in the forest and loved him at first sight; but how Narcissus did not return her affection. Seeing this, Echo besought Venus, the guardian and helper of all desirous and helpless lovers, to punish the thankless and hard-hearted youth; and then wandered disconsolate until she pined away and only her melodious voice remained. The gods were not pleased with this lack of self-respect in Echo, and condemned her to haunt the wild places of the hills, repeating the last chance word that came to her upon the wind. Venus, however, had heard her prayer and reserved a punishment in store for the disdainful Narcissus. He chanced one day to see his own image in a pool as he drank, and fancying it was the guardian nymph of the well, he fell in love with the image and vainly endeavored to reach it and lure it from the water; until at last in his despair he died for very love, and the gods changed his body where he lay into the beautiful flower that bears his name and loves the marge of silent pools.

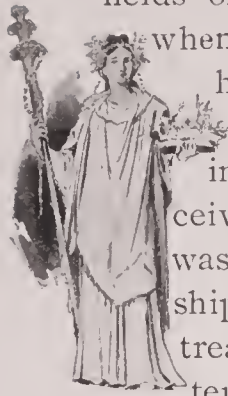
Another popular myth relates how the envy of Venus was aroused by the great beauty of Psyche, the youngest daughter of a king. So jealous did Venus become that she finally persuaded Cupid to cause Psyche to fall in love with the most despicable of mortals. When Cupid attempted this, however, he was so taken by her charm that he himself loved her at once, and carried her off to a secret place where he visited her every night, but left her as soon as morning dawned. One day it chanced that Psyche met her sisters, and they, when they heard her story, made her believe that in the darkness she might be embracing some foul monster. Psyche then took the first opportunity to look upon Cupid while he slept, and as she gazed on his beauty a drop of oil from her lamp fell on the shoulder of the god and wakened him. He censured her for her mistrust and left her. Alone she wandered about until at length she came to the palace of Venus, who held her and enslaved her, laying many heavy tasks on her. These she accomplished with the help of Cupid, who still really loved her; and she finally succeeded in winning the regard of Venus, and in being accepted in heaven with her happy lover.

### CERES

CERES, the Demeter of the Greeks, was the goddess of the earth, the patroness of agriculture, and protectress of the fruits of the ground. She had one daughter, Proserpine, whose father, Jupiter, had promised



the girl to Pluto as his bride, without the mother's consent. This well-known story runs, that Proserpine was one day gathering flowers in the fields of Enna (or according to older traditions, in the Nysian plain)



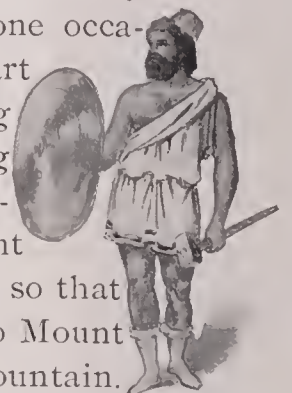
when Pluto appeared in his dark chariot and carried her down to his gloomy abode. Learning of the disappearance of her child, Ceres quitted heaven and lived on the earth among men, making herself known by blessings where she had been kindly received, and punishing those who had treated her inhospitably. It was thus she first came to Eleusis where she was afterward worshiped with so much devotion. As Ceres was unrelenting in her treatment of the earth and would not allow its fruits to grow, Jupiter was compelled to make Pluto restore Proserpine to her mother.

Mercury was sent to the lower world on this mission, and brought Proserpine back with him. Before she left, however, Pluto had given her half a pomegranate to eat, and she was therefore compelled to spend half the year with him, and only half of it with her sorrowing mother, in the light of the sun. This is, of course, a myth like that of Adonis, growing out of the change of seasons, the return of Proserpine typifying the return of spring to the earth; or more definitely Persephone is the seed which must remain underground part of the year before it can reappear in beauty.

In Attica, Ceres (or more correctly, Demeter) was worshiped with great ceremony, as the foundress of agriculture and hence of all civilization. And at Athens, the Eleusinia were celebrated yearly in her honor.

## VULCAN

VULCAN, or Hephæstus, was the son of Jupiter and Juno, god of fire, and hence of all the crafts of the forge and metal-working. He was born lame and was never loved by his parents, though he always treated his mother with affection and deference, and upon one occasion, when she was quarreling with Jupiter, took her part against his father. For this interference Jupiter flung him clear over the walls of heaven, and he fell during a whole summer's day, alighting on the island of Lemnos, where he was kindly received. This unpleasant incident bred a dislike of Olympus in Vulcan's mind, so that he seldom visited the place, preferring to stick close to Mount Ætna where he set up his forge in the heart of the mountain.



Indeed, it was not until Bacchus had visited Vulcan and mellowed his disposition with a flask of choice wine that the fire-god could be induced to revisit Olympus at all, where he had encountered so much ingratitude and unkindness.

Many wonders were wrought by Vulcan, marvels of ingenuity and skill. He made the famous armor of Achilles, all the palaces of Olympus, the fire-breathing bulls of the king of Colchis, and the chariot of Phœbus. In honor of the god, the Greeks were accustomed to place small statues of him upon their hearths.

### MERCURY

MERCURY, the Hermes of the Greeks, was the son of Jupiter and Maia, the most beautiful of the Pleiades. He was born in a cave on Mount Cyllene in Arcadia. He was a precocious child; the first thing he did was to jump from his mother's lap to the ground and pick up a tortoise shell he found there. In the sides of the shell he bored holes, rove strings across the cavity, and so invented the lyre. Toward evening he grew very hungry, and wandered off into a meadow where he found some of Apollo's cattle pasturing. He chose fifty of the best of these, and tied leaves and twigs to their feet so that they should leave no trace as they walked; then drove them off to a quiet spot and killed two of them for his supper. Apollo soon missed his cattle and began to search for them, but only found a few leaves and branches. Then he remembered that the birth of a new god had been announced in Olympus, and that it had been declared he should be a prince of thieves. This gave Apollo a clue, and he at once set out for the cave where Mercury had been born, only to find the culprit peacefully asleep in his cradle. When the youngster was roused and accused of the cattle-lifting, he professed innocence. He was haled to Olympus, however; was accused, tried, convicted, and ordered to restore the stolen cattle. This he did. The remaining oxen were driven in, and Mercury gave Apollo, in exchange for the missing two, the lyre he had invented. Apollo was so pleased with the gift that he not only allowed Mercury to keep the cattle, but gave him in addition a magic wand which had power to transmute the elements. According to one tale, Mercury tested his new wand, called Caduceus, by touching with it two quarreling serpents. They at once twined themselves about the wand, and Mercury bade them stay there forever as a sign of his power.

Appointed messenger of the gods, Mercury was given winged shoes and a winged cap. He was put in charge of the dead, to conduct them from the upper to the lower world; and was also made the herald of heaven. In his capacity as messenger and herald, he was of course the god of eloquence and rhetoric. He was also the god of prudence, cunning, commerce, trade, and all gain-getting. Being the god of cleverness and shrewdness, he was often regarded as an inventor, and was said to have invented astronomy, numbers, music, gymnastics, measures, and



weights, etc. As he was herald and messenger of the gods, all roads and travelers were under his special care. He was the god of boundaries, and statues of him were set up along roads and by doors and gates. These boundary marks were held sacred in his name, and their removal was often punishable by death.

### MARS

MARS, the Ares of the Greeks, son of Jupiter and Juno, was the god of war. His worship was much more widely spread among the Romans than among the people of Hellas. He was said to be the father of Romulus who founded Rome, and enjoyed there an almost equal popularity with Jupiter, and was often called Father Mars. The Salii, his priests, danced in his honor in full armor; and the field of military exercises was called the Campus Martius. He was worshiped under the appellation Quirinus, as guardian of the Quirites, and at times under the appellation Silvanus, as a rustic god.

Among the Greeks, Ares was much less popular; his worship was probably introduced from Thrace, and was not very general. Even among the gods themselves he was hated for his ruthless character and noisy, overbearing ways. He was not beloved; no prayers were addressed to him; and his name was uttered with dread.

Though not a general favorite, Mars won the love of Venus, who bore him three fair children, Cupid, Harmonia, and Anteros. He also wooed Ilia, the vestal virgin, who broke her vows for his sake and bore him two sons, Romulus and Remus, while still in the service of her patroness, Vesta. The prescribed punishment for this dread impiety required that the culprit should be buried alive and her children given to the wild beasts. Even Ilia's parents assented to this enormous retribution, and their daughter was buried, as the law ordained. Her two boys, however, were found by a kindly she-wolf and suckled for a time, and afterward reared by a farmer. Grown to manhood, this pair determined to found a city. They quarreled, however, over the foundations, and Romulus killed his brother Remus, and went on with the work alone. The city which he founded was Rome. He was soon joined by a number of adventurers, as great ruffians as himself, and his city did not lack for citizens. Over this horde of freebooters Mars delighted to rule.

### NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE, or Poseidon, was own brother to Jupiter, and when that conqueror was assigning the universe to his kinsfolk, the sea fell to Neptune as his share. It had formerly been in the sway of Oceanus, the Titan.



Neptune, god of the sea, was of an envious and greedy disposition. At one time he conspired against Jupiter, but his plot was discovered and he was banished to earth, where Apollo was also in exile at the time. The pair were set to build the walls of Troy. And we have seen how he contended with Minerva for the fair city of Athens.

Neptune not only was ruler of the sea, but of rivers and streams as well. Over these latter, which each had its own minor divinity, he exercised a sort of overlordship. Neptune's wife, the queen of the sea, was Amphitrite, one of the fifty daughters of Nereus. This nymph was at first terrified at Neptune's approach and fled from his advances. The father of the ocean sent a dolphin to plead his cause, and had the good fortune finally to be accepted. Among the children of Neptune and Amphitrite was Triton, whose body was half fish, and who was the progenitor of a host of young Tritons like himself. Neptune often intervened in the affairs of mortals, just as the other gods did. He once lent his chariot to an ardent lover named Idas who was desperately in love with Marpessa, a maid whose father would not consent to the union of the young pair. With the aid of Neptune's chariot, however, Idas was more than a match for the obdurate parent and easily kidnapped the girl, but just as he had succeeded in escaping pursuit, he was confronted by Apollo who declared a liking for the maiden. Jupiter here interfered and declared that Marpessa should decide the matter for herself. Left to a free choice, she chose her mortal lover, saying that when she grew old Apollo would still be young and would no longer love her.



Among the numerous watery gods subject to Neptune, Proteus was one of the most famous. He had the power of assuming at will any shape he pleased.

One of the greatest of their divinities, Neptune was widely worshiped by both Greeks and Latins, his temples being numerous in both countries. He was especially the patron god of sailors and horse-trainers.

## VESTA

VESTA, or Hestia, goddess of the hearth, was sister of Jupiter and Juno, and one of the oldest and most important of the gods. Although she is not so prominent as some other divinities, and does not figure conspicuously in mythical tales, her worship was widespread, particularly among the Romans, and her influence was most powerful. As Vesta presided over the family fire, and the family represented the most solemn and fundamental bond between men, she came to be more deeply and constantly venerated than almost any other Roman divinity. Her sanctity was insured by the instinctive and universal feeling of dependence, and her daily service was performed in every household. Indeed, the

very act of eating in common, about a common hearth, partook of the nature of a religious office; while the great difficulty of securing fire in primitive times gave added need and sanctity to its preservation. Not only was the fire maintained on every domestic hearth; there was a public hearth, or altar of Vesta, where it was also preserved for the use of all. About this central sacred fire the worship and ceremonial of Vesta arose. The goddess seems to have been regarded with rather more seriousness than the other divinities. She early declared her intention of leading a life of perpetual virginity; and this purpose she is said to have carried out. Her worship, too, was one of the last to die before the advance of Christianity.

Early in the history of Rome a beautiful temple of Vesta was built, and the order of the Vestal Virgins instituted. These attendants of the goddess were of the best families in the state. When admitted to the order they had to be between six and ten years of age, of unblemished mind and physique. They took their vows for thirty years, the first ten of which were spent in study and learning their duties, the second ten in trimming and watching the sacred fire, and the third ten in instructing the young vestals. They watched the fire day and night in turn and kept it burning; and at one time they even carried it from Rome for safety, when the city was threatened with invasion. Their vows of chastity were so rigorously enforced that any vestal found guilty of violating them was buried alive. Only eighteen of these scrupulous votaries are said to have failed in a thousand years to keep the vows imposed by their faith. One vestal, Tuccia, was permitted by the gods to carry water in a sieve from the Tiber to the temple, as proof of her innocence, when accused of a breach of her vows. At the completion of her term of service, a vestal returned to domestic life.

It is an evidence of the high regard in which Vesta was held by the Romans, that her virgin attendants were accorded many great privileges. They were allowed a lictor to precede them as they walked abroad; they were given seats of honor at public functions and festivities; they were granted burial within the city limits; and if they accidentally met a criminal on his way to execution, they had the power of pardon. The Vestalia, or festivals of Vesta, were among the most popular and elaborate held in Rome.

## BACCHUS

ALTHOUGH Bacchus came to hold so important a place in Greek and Roman mythology, as we read it, he was not one of the greater gods of Greece, and is not accounted by Homer among the Olympians. The name Bacchus, really meaning the noisy or riotous one, was only a surname of Dionysus, and was used by Greeks as well as Romans.

Bacchus, the youthful, beautiful, and somewhat effeminate god of wine, was the son of Jupiter and Semele, a lovely mortal. Juno's suspicions were excited, and she disguised herself as Semele's old nurse, winning easy access to the girl's confidence. Very soon she wormed out of Jupiter's young sweetheart the fact of his frequent visits. She retained her disguise, however, and touching on Semele's vanity, persuaded her to ask Jupiter to appear to her not as a mortal, as he usually did, but in his original Olympian splendor. The ruse was most successful. Semele begged her heavenly lover to show himself as he was among the gods. When he reluctantly did so, the sight was too much for a mortal's eyes, of course, and poor Semele was consumed by the lightning which played about him. Indeed, the whole palace was destroyed, the only creature saved being young Bacchus, Semele's infant son.

The child was first intrusted by Jupiter to Mercury, who conveyed him beyond the reach of Juno and placed him in the care of some nymphs. While he was still a youth, he was made god of wine; and Silenus, the old Satyr, was appointed his tutor and attendant. From this incorrigible old inebriate the ecstatic young god of the vine probably learned more harm than good. In company they wandered through Greece and Asia, even going as far as India, their journey a continual progress of song, drinking, and merriment, Bacchus leading in his car drawn by wild panthers, and Silenus following supported on an ass. Men, women, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, mænads, bacchantes, and bassarids thronged after them in a gay, intoxicated crowd.

In these wanderings of Bacchus over the face of the earth, he naturally met with many adventures. On one occasion he strayed from his followers, fell asleep by the seashore, and was carried off by a band of pirates. When he awoke, Bacchus was astonished to find himself on shipboard, and demanded to be set on land. This only roused the merriment of his captors. But suddenly the ship came to a full stop, and the surprised sailors, looking over the side, found a huge vine growing out of the sea and infolding the vessel. Gradually it enveloped her, folding oars, masts, and sails in its embrace, and transforming her into a floating bower. Then, to the sound of wild music, the outlandish companies of Bacchus began to arrive on strange steeds, and to swarm over the ship. The terrified sailors cast themselves overboard and were transformed into dolphins.

On another occasion old Silenus, hopelessly overcome with the effect of wine, lost himself in the woods and wandered about until he came to the court of King Midas (him of the ass's ears). Midas at once recognized him, perceived his unhappy condition, and offered to lead him back to his pupil. Bacchus was so glad to find his old tutor again that



he promised Midas the fulfilment of any wish he might make. The foolish king prayed that everything he touched might be turned to gold. The god took him at his word and granted the request literally, so that Midas, finding himself likely to starve to death with such a fatal power, implored the god to revoke his favor. Bacchus bade him wash in the Pactolus River and regain his normal human nature; since when that stream has run with golden sands.

From all his expeditions, spreading his influence over the world, Bacchus always returned to Naxos, his favorite resort. And on one of these home-comings he discovered the disconsolate Ariadne weeping inconsolably for her faithless lover, Theseus, who had deserted her. Bacchus came to the rescue of so fair a creature and made her his bride with much rejoicing. His gift at the wedding was a crown of seven stars. Soon after her marriage, however, Ariadne pined and died; and Bacchus placed her diadem in the sky, where it is to-day, the constellation of Corona.

#### PLUTO

PLUTO, the god of the dead, was brother of Jupiter and Neptune. When the parceling of the universe took place, he received the underworld as his third. His older name given him by the Greeks was Hades, the Unseen. But since he was of so dread a character that no one wished to pronounce his name, he was commonly called Pluto, the bestower of riches,—all wealth being derived from the earth. The House of Hades was a cheerless and terrible abode, where no light was; and the method of invoking the god by knocking on the earth attests the reality and vividness of this conception.

The most famous entrance to the abode of Pluto was at Lake Avernus in Italy. To guard the entrance Pluto had set the terrible watch-dog, Cerberus. Near the foot of the throne flowed the five rivers of the nether world, Cocytus, Acheron, Phlegethon, Styx, and Lethe.

Of these famous waters the greatest was the Styx, which flowed seven times around the lower kingdom, and of which the other streams were tributary. By the Styx the gods swore their most terrible and binding oaths. The river Lethe was crossed only on entrance to the Elysian Fields, the place of the blessed, who drank of its waters as they passed and thereupon forgot their former life. That portion of the realm of Pluto reserved for the wicked was called Tartarus. Through Tartarus flowed the salt Cocytus made of the tears of condemned criminals, while around it flowed Phlegethon, the river of flame. Acheron was a dark river which all souls must pass after death before they could reach Pluto's presence. It was so swift that none could swim it. All

must be ferried over by Charon, the old ferryman who plied his crazy craft for the convenience of those whom Mercury escorted to his shores. From each soul an obol (a small coin) was exacted as toll, and for this reason every mortal who died was provided with the requisite fee. If by any chance this duty to the dead had been omitted, the unfortunate soul was obliged to wait a hundred years before it could be ferried across.

Near the throne of Pluto and his wife Proserpine sat the judges Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æachus, who weighed the deeds of the departed in the scales of Justice, and consigned the soul to Tartarus or the Elysian Fields on the resulting evidence. Near Pluto also sat the Parcæ, or three Fates, the youngest of whom, Clotho, spun the thread of human life; while the second, Lachesis, twisted it; and the third, Atropos, the inflexible, stood by with shears to cut its apportioned length.

Among the inhabitants of Tartarus were the famous Danaïdes, who were sentenced to carry water from the river and empty it into a bottomless jar. These were the fifty daughters of Danaüs who had pledged his children in marriage to the fifty sons of his brother Ægyptus. Danaüs, however, recalled a prophecy which foretold that he was to be killed by his son-in-law, so that when the wedding day came he made each of his daughters promise to kill her husband. All fulfilled their promise save one, and her husband righteously slew Danaüs. The impious women were punished by their endless and futile employment.

Another dweller in Tartarus was Tantalus, a cruel king who had maltreated his subjects and insulted the gods themselves. For his impiety he was condemned to stand up to his chin in pure water, which flowed away the moment he attempted to drink; while just above his head hung delicious fruit, which swung beyond his reach the moment he attempted to grasp it.

Still another offender was Sisyphus, king of Corinth, who had defrauded the gods and murdered travelers, and was therefore condemned forever to roll a huge stone up a steep hill, only to see it slip from his hand the moment he reached the top and roll to the bottom once more. There, too, was Ixion, bound to a revolving wheel of flame,—an impious ingrate who had slain his father-in-law to escape paying for his wife, and who, when Jupiter had taken him to heaven to attempt his purification, had tried to win the affection of Juno.

No temples were dedicated to Pluto, and almost no statues of him are known. The festivals in his honor were held but once in a hundred years, whence their name, Secular Games.

## PAN

THOUGH not one of the twelve greater divinities, or Olympians, Pan was still a great and powerful god. He was the god of flocks and herdsmen, is usually called the son of Mercury, and was very widely worshiped in Greece as the personification of nature. His mother was aghast when she first looked upon him, for his legs, feet, and ears were those of a goat. Pan was a great lover of music and dancing, and dwelt in the woods, whence he often appeared suddenly to travelers. It was from these sudden appearances that the expression *panic*, fear, had its origin. Pan was also a lover of the nymphs, and delighted to dance with them in the fields and by the woodside. On one occasion he was hurrying in pursuit of a beautiful nymph Syrinx when, just as he gained upon her, she prayed to the earth for protection and was changed into a clump of reeds. Pan uttered a deep sigh which is still audible by the streamside, cut seven of the reeds, and bound them into the musical instrument which bears to-day the name of the nymph.

Pan was once engaged in a musical contest with Apollo. Midas, who was acting as judge, awarded the prize (quite unjustly) to Pan who was a great favorite of his. It may be counted a tribute to the great power of the rural god that the wrath of Apollo was only turned against Midas, on whose head he caused huge ass's ears to grow. Midas sent for his barber, swore him to secrecy, and had a wig made to cover the deformity. The secret hurt the barber, however, and at last to relieve himself he dug a hole in the earth and whispered into it, "King Midas has ass's ears." Unfortunately reeds grew from the hole and gave away the fatal truth.

The Romans had a god of herds, too, whom they called Faunus, and with whom in later times Pan was identified. And just as a number of Pans were sometimes spoken of, so it became even more common to speak of Fauns in the plural.

## JANUS

AS PAN was wholly a Greek god, Janus was exclusively a Roman divinity unknown in Greece. He was the god of beginnings, and therefore also of portals, gates, and entrances. He gave his name to the first month or entrance of the year. And at all religious ceremonies he was the first god to be invoked, preceding even Jupiter himself. He is represented always with two faces, since being the god of beginnings, he presided over the past and the future. The famous Temple of Janus at Rome (or rather the covered passage bearing his name) is said to have been dedicated by one of the early kings. The doors of this temple were



always open in time of war, that the god of undertakings might aid the Romans, and were closed in time of peace. It is a commentary on the character of the Romans that the Temple of Janus was closed only three times in seven hundred years.

### LESSER DIVINITIES

ONE of the most important of the minor gods was Æolus, the father and ruler of the winds. He is said to have married Aurora, and to have had six sons, Boreas, Corus, Aquilo, Notus or Auster, Eurus, and Zephyrus. These troublesome children, all of whom except the last were of a turbulent, unruly disposition, Æolus ruled with a firm hand in the cave of the Æolian Islands. The Athenians were particularly devoted to the god of the winds and dedicated to him a six-sided temple, which still exists.

Among the lesser gods we may also mention Priapus, the spirit of fruitfulness and fecundity, god of the shade and of gardens; and the Latin deities Pomona and Vertumnus, who presided over orchards and gardens. But there were innumerable other divinities as well: Oreads, or nymphs of the mountains; Oceanides and Nereides, attendants of Neptune; Dryads and Hamadryads, nymphs of the trees; Naiads, or nymphs of fresh-water fountains and streams, and many more.

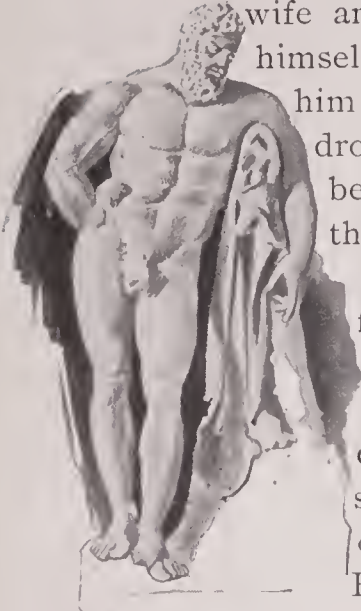
And besides the gods there were also numerous demigods or heroes around whom myths gathered, and whose lives became as famous almost as those of the gods themselves.

### HERCULES

PERHAPS the greatest of the demigods was Hercules, son of Jupiter and the Princess Alcmena. Here again the persecution of Juno comes into play, that jealous goddess becoming the implacable enemy of Hercules throughout his life. While he was still an infant, Juno sent two monstrous and deadly snakes to destroy him. To the astonishment of his helpless nurse, however, Hercules took one serpent in each hand and strangled it, thus giving evidence of the phenomenal strength which he possessed.

Hercules was educated by Chiron, a wise old centaur, who instructed him in the use of all weapons and in all athletic sports. When Hercules had left Chiron and set out in search of adventure, he met two beautiful women, each of whom offered to guide him, but he must choose between them. One, Vice, promised riches, ease, and love; while Virtue, the other, promised only incessant strife against evil, with many hard-

ships and much poverty. Being a well-trained youth, Hercules decided to follow the second. He performed many kindly acts wherever he went, and married Megara, daughter of the king of Thebes, by whom he had three children. His happiness was short-lived, however, for Juno was on his track. She sent a madness upon him, so that he slew his wife and children. In unspeakable remorse for this act, he betook himself to the wilderness, where Mercury sought him out and told him he must serve Eurystheus, king of Argos, as a slave. This drove him into a frenzy again; but Eurystheus declared he should be free if he would accomplish certain hard tasks for him. To this Hercules consented.



These were the twelve famous labors of Hercules. The first was the finding of the ferocious Nemean lion, which ravaged the surrounding country. This terrible beast Hercules slew with his naked hands, and hung its skin over his shoulder. He next freed the marshes of Lerna from the Hydra, or seven-headed serpent, which frequented them, and every one of whose heads grew on again the instant it was cut off. Hercules armed himself with a brand, seared the wound as soon as he made one, and so finished the monster. He then dipped his arrows in its poisonous blood, and went in pursuit of the golden-horned and brazen-footed stag which was so fleet that it always evaded capture. Hercules chased it into a northern country and overtook it in the deep snow. He next went to hunt the Erymanthian boar in Arcadia, and succeeded in the enterprise. He was attacked at this time by a number of centaurs, and in using his arrows against them he had the misfortune to kill his old tutor Chiron, who came up to try to interfere on his behalf. In regard for Chiron, the gods placed him among the constellations where he is known as Sagittarius.

Hercules was next sent to clean the stables of Augeas, king of Elis, who had innumerable herds of cattle, and had kept them for years in horrible neglect. Hercules dammed the river Alpheus, which ran near by, and deflected it through the stables, so that they were thoroughly cleaned. After this he was set to exterminate the pestiferous birds which hovered about Lake Stymphalus, and accomplished that difficult task with his poisoned arrows. He then must journey to Crete and subdue a wild bull which was terrorizing the island. This animal had been a gift of Neptune to Minos, king of Crete, and was intended to be used as a sacrifice. Minos substituted an inferior animal, and Neptune drove the bull mad. Hercules, of course, bound him fast.

He next proceeded to Thrace, where the king, Diomedes, had a number of fine horses which fed on human flesh. To keep them supplied, Diomedes arrested all strangers and converted them into fodder

for his beasts. Hercules fed the king to his own steeds, and then led them back to his master Eurystheus.

Now Eurystheus had a daughter Admete, who was as vain as she was beautiful, and who had once heard a traveler describe the wonderful girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons; and nothing would do but she must have this ornament for herself. Hercules was sent to fetch it, and would have won the consent of Hippolyte, had not Juno persuaded these warlike women that he was really trying to kidnap the queen herself. They flew to arms at once, and Hercules was compelled to bear off the belt by night. After this he was sent to bring home the divine cattle of the giant Geryon; and when that task was accomplished, he was sent in search of the golden apple of the Hesperides. On his way to the far west where Atlas dwelt, who was to tell him where the apple could be found, Hercules came upon the race of Pygmies, little folk who lived under the protection of Antæus, a giant as big as himself. Antæus would have overcome Hercules in a fight, had not the latter lifted him in the air; but when off the ground he began to lose strength rapidly. Hercules then proceeded, and found Atlas holding up the heavens on his shoulders. That worthy procured the apples for him, and Hercules returned in triumph. It was probably on this journey that Hercules tore away the land at the Strait of Gibraltar, and let the midland sea out into the ocean beyond, giving the name Hercules's Pillars to the place. The last great labor which Hercules was set to perform was the bringing of Cerberus, the hideous watch-dog of Hades, to the upper day.

After accomplishing his twelve great labors, Hercules encountered many other adventures. He was married for a time to Omphale, who set him to spinning wool, and to other feminine occupations,—so great was his infatuation for her. And his last wife was Deianira, who was the unwitting cause of his death. Hercules had taken her upon a journey, and they had reached a river-ford which was kept by the centaur Nessus. Hercules gave Deianira to the centaur to carry over, and when Nessus tried to run away with her, Hercules shot him through the heart with a poisoned arrow. Before Nessus died he gave Deianira a garment on which some of his blood had been spilt, telling her it was charmed, and would regain her husband's love for her, if she ever should lose it. It was not long before Deianira had occasion to try the efficacy of the shirt of Nessus. But when she induced Hercules to don the garment, its blood stains poisoned him so that soon he was dying in agony. He then ordered a great funeral pyre to be built, lay down upon it, and had the fire lighted. As the smoke arose, a cloud descended from heaven and carried him up among the immortals, where he was reconciled with Juno, married to Hebe, and worshiped as a god.



## JASON

SCARCELY less popular than the tale of Hercules and his Twelve Labors, is the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. Once upon a time at Iolcus in Thessaly lived good King Æson with his queen Alcimedea. Now it happened that Æson had a good-for-nothing brother, Pelias, who drove him from his throne and took his kingdom. Æson and his wife were obliged to flee for their lives, in disguise, taking with them their infant son Jason. Him they intrusted to the centaur Chiron to rear and instruct, but to no one else did they reveal the identity of the child.



Chiron fulfilled his charge diligently; trained Jason well; and when he was a man grown, gave him a pair of golden sandals and bade him go avenge his father's wrong, but for the rest to be kind to every one he met. Jason's first adventure was at a river-ford, where he found an old woman who was unable to cross the stream at flood. Jason kindly bore her over on his back, losing one of his sandals as he struggled in the current. On the farther bank he set down his burden, only to see the old woman transformed before his eyes into a beautiful figure whom he at once recognized as Juno. The grateful goddess gladly promised to befriend him, and then vanished. Jason hurried on to his uncle's court, where he found Pelias offering sacrifice. The young adventurer pushed to the front, and after the ceremony the king beheld him standing there with his foot bare, and was at once terrified; for an oracle had told him to beware of the stranger who should come with only one sandal. Jason, summoned to speak, declared himself and demanded the restitution of his father's property. Pelias dissembled, made his nephew welcome, and bade him to a feast. When Jason was well satisfied with meat and wine, the story of Phryxus and Helle was narrated; how these youths had mounted a wonderful golden-fleeced ram, which Neptune gave them, and had been carried far away to Colchis, to escape an unhappy persecution; how Phryxus had slain the ram and had hung his golden fleece in a tree and set a dragon to guard it; and, finally, how no young men were now found brave enough for such great deeds. Jason, of course, was full of bravery; he would go and bring away the fleece, he vowed. Next morning there was nothing for it but to set out on his expedition. He consulted the famous talking-oak, sacred to Juno; was told to fashion one of its branches into the figurehead of his ship, gather a company, and set sail. The ship "Argo" was built, and Jason called to his assistance Hercules, Orpheus, Castor, Pollux, Theseus, and many others, and departed. Arrived at Colchis after many perils, the Argonauts found King Æetes unwilling to part with his treasure. He agreed to do so, however, if Jason would harness his fire-breathing

bulls, plow a field and sow it with dragon's teeth, as Cadmus had done, slay the giants which should spring up, and finally kill the dragon that guarded the fleece. All this Jason finally accomplished with a little aid from the king's daughter Medea, a beautiful young sorceress. And with the golden fleece in his possession, he immediately spread sail, accompanied by the fair Medea, before her father knew what had happened. The lovers reached Jason's home, and restored Æson to his kingdom. But after some happy years, Jason fell in love with another maiden. Medea's vengeance was summary. She sent the girl a magic garment which caused her death, and herself returned to Colchis, leaving Jason to mourn his folly, and predicted that "Argo" would be his destruction at last. So it happened. For one day as Jason lay asleep in the shadow of his ship, a beam from her deck fell and killed him.

### THESEUS

THESEUS, the legendary hero of Athens, was son of a young princess named Æthra, of Trœzen. His father Ægeus, king of Athens, before he left Trœzen, hid his sword and sandals under a heavy stone, telling Æthra that as soon as the child was strong enough to lift the stone, he must take the sandals and sword and set out for Athens. The boy grew apace, appropriated the accoutrements of his father, and at length reached Athens, after making no small name for himself by the way.

On his arrival he found that Ægeus had married Medea the enchantress. And Medea, at once knowing who he was, prepared a cup of poisoned wine for Ægeus to give to the stranger. Ægeus, however, recognized his sword; the plot was discovered, and Medea fled. Soon after this Theseus learned of an infamous tribute which was levied on the Athenians by the Cretans. Every year the people of Athens were compelled to send seven youths and seven maidens to Minos, king of Crete, to feed the Minotaur, a hideous monster which the king harbored. This creature — half-man, half-bull — was kept in a labyrinth constructed for the purpose by the cunning workman Dædalus, — the same who had contrived wings for his son Icarus, and sent him on his fatal flight. Theseus volunteered to join the expedition. When they reached Crete, Theseus was assisted by Ariadne, the king's daughter, who gave him a sword and a long thread by means of which he could find his way out of the mazes of the labyrinth after he had slain the Minotaur. As soon as the monster was successfully dispatched, Theseus quickly sailed away, carrying Ariadne with him. As a lover, however, he was more ardent than faithful, so that when the party landed at Naxos, and Ariadne wandered off and fell asleep, Theseus sailed off without her, leaving the unhappy girl to be consoled later by Bacchus.

So self-centered was the hero that he forgot a promise made to his father, to the effect that if his undertaking proved successful he would return with white sails in place of the black ones usually borne by the unhappy expedition. Ægeus, in grief at beholding the black sails, cast himself into the sea. Theseus now married Hippolyte, and had by her one son Hippolytus. Late in life, after the death of this wife, Theseus was minded to marry still another, and sent for Phædra, the young sister of Ariadne. But when Phædra arrived, she found Theseus less to her mind than the handsome young Hippolytus. She accordingly made love to the youth, and when he appeared overscrupulous, accused him before his father, who prayed to Neptune to punish him. Neptune overwhelmed him with a wave and flung his body ashore at the feet of Phædra, who thereupon hanged herself in remorse.

Theseus at one time formed a great friendship with Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ, and was present at the marriage of that hero when the centaurs attempted to carry off the bride, and the famous battle of the Centaurs against the Lapithæ took place.

In his old age Theseus became so tyrannical and morose that his people compassed his death. They repented of their treachery, however, deified their popular hero, and raised a temple in his honor.

## PERSEUS

AN ORACLE had foretold that Acrisius, king of Argos, would die by the hand of his grandson. He therefore shut up his only daughter in a tower of stone and brass, where her charms would not be seen by any one. Jupiter discovered the beauty of the maiden, however, and descended in a golden shower to win her affections. When Acrisius was told of the advent of his grandson, he set mother and child adrift on the sea. They fell into the hands of a certain king, who, when the youth was grown, wished to be rid of him and so sent him to fetch the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons who had the power of turning to stone all who looked upon her. For this undertaking, Pluto lent Perseus his helmet which made the wearer invisible; Mercury lent his winged sandals; while Minerva provided him with her ægis, or shield. Holding the shield so that he could see the Gorgon reflected in its bright surface, Perseus drew near and smote off her head. He afterward presented this dreadful trophy to Minerva who attached it to her shield. Of the blood which dropped from Medusa's head as Perseus carried it through the air, some fell on the land and turned into venomous snakes, and some fell in the sea and was turned by Neptune into the winged horse Pegasus.

On Perseus's homeward journey he passed Atlas, weary of holding up the sky, and that worthy begged to look on the Gorgon's face, that he



might be turned to stone and so be rid of his endless task. Perseus complied, and Atlas was changed into the mountains that bear his name. Still pursuing his way homeward, Perseus discovered a lovely maiden chained to a rock by the sea. This was Andromeda, who had been left there as an expiation to a sea-monster, for the vanity of her mother Cassiopeia, when that dame had boasted herself more lovely than the sea nymphs. Perseus slew the reptile, freed the princess, married her, returned to Argos, and reinstated his grandfather on his throne which a usurper had seized.

For all this good-will, Perseus could not escape his destiny, however, and one day accidentally killed Acrisius as they played quoits together. After his death, Perseus was placed among the stars, along with Andromeda and Cassiopeia.

### BELLEROPHON

BELLEROPHON, prince of Corinth, by accident killed his brother while hunting, and in fear fled to Argos to his kinsman Proteus for protection. While there he was falsely accused by the queen, and so sent unsuspectingly to Iobates, king of Lycia, with a sealed letter requesting that king to put the bearer to death. This missive Bellerophon forgot to deliver until he had been some days at the court of Iobates, who was then reluctant to slay his guest. He therefore decided to send Bellerophon against the Chimæra, a monster with a lion's head and a dragon's tail, which had killed all who went to attack it. For love of the king's daughter, Bellerophon undertook the task, though with misgivings. Minerva appeared to him, however, cheered him with kind words, and gave him a golden bridle which she told him to use to guide Pegasus. Now Bellerophon knew that this wonderful winged steed of the air came to earth at times to drink at the fountain of Pirene; so he concealed himself nearby and waited; and when Pegasus appeared he vaulted on the horse, and slipped the bridle on his head as they mounted into the air. With the vantage of such a mount Bellerophon easily slew the Chimæra, and performed also other wonderful feats of daring which convinced Iobates he must indeed be a favorite of the immortals. He therefore restored him to a place in his own court and gave him his daughter in marriage.

Bellerophon might now have enjoyed a life of peace and happiness, had he been content. But, being puffed up with vanity, his heart was set on reaching heaven on his wonderful horse. The attempt was a sorry failure, for Jupiter send a gadfly which stung Pegasus, so that he shied and threw Bellerophon to the earth. Ever afterward the hero had to grope his way through the world, for he was blinded by the fall.

## ATALANTA

IT HAPPENED that Æneus, king of Calydon, had a son Meleager, of whom it was foretold, while he was yet an infant, that he should live only so long as the brand then burning on the hearth. This evil prophecy filled his parents with horror, until his mother, Althæa, had the wit to snatch the burning stick from the fire and thrust it into a jar of water.

The boy thus saved from an untimely fate grew to manhood, strong and fair, and joined the expedition of Jason in the Argo. In his absence, his father neglected on one occasion to offer sacrifice to Diana, and that goddess in revenge sent a wild boar to lay waste the Calydonian realm. To rid the country of this beast, Meleager, on his return, instituted a great hunt which all of his heroic comrades attended,—Jason, Peleus, Theseus, Pirithous, and many more.

There also came one Atalanta, daughter of Iasius, king of Arcadia. This princess had been exposed on the mountains, while an infant; had been nursed by a she bear; and afterward had been found by some hunters who reared her, teaching her love of the chase. It was natural that this maiden should fall in love with a hunter like Meleager, and that when they together killed the Calydonian boar, Meleager should present her with the skin. This so angered his uncles, who coveted the hide, that they quarreled with Meleager, and he, under their stinging taunts, slew them both. Thereupon Althæa, in a sudden madness of grief at the death of her brothers, took the fatal brand and threw it on the fire. As it was consumed Meleager died. His mother then was overcome with remorse and put an end to her own life.

Atalanta meantime had returned to her father, bearing her trophy with her. There she found many suitors for her hand. She disliked marriage, however, being in love with freedom and her own powers. It was therefore arranged that Atalanta would only marry that suitor who could overcome her in a foot-race, the further stipulation being made that any unsuccessful contestant should be put to death. So great was the beauty of Atalanta that many suitors suffered death in the hopeless race, until at last came Milanion (or according to some legends, Hippomenes) and offered to try his skill against hers. This youth had gained the favor of Venus who had given him three golden apples. When the race came off and Atalanta was about to pass him, he dropped one of these apples from his robe, and the daring maid halted a moment to pick it up. Again she would have passed him, and again he detained her with a second apple, only to be overtaken once more. A third time he let fall the golden fruit; a third time Atalanta paused a moment. It was too long, however; Milanion had passed the goal. The brave princess was his.

Modern literature is so full of references to ancient Greek and Roman Mythology, that a complete knowledge of it, in all the renderings of its many stories, is almost out of the question. In English literature of the Victorian age alone, there are almost libraries of works founded on early themes. Almost all the great work of William Morris, "The Earthly Paradise," is a re-telling of classic tales. His "Life and Death of Jason," makes a stout volume in itself. Much of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, too, is given to the same subjects. For fuller account of the myths themselves, the Encyclopedia Britannica may be consulted, under the head of Mr. Andrew Lang's article on Mythology, and under the names of the various gods and heroes, Venus, Zeus, Diana, Ares, etc.

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## NORSE MYTHOLOGY

*By BLISS CARMAN*

IT is strange that we should have borrowed our mythology from one alien race and our religion from another. Yet such is the case. Our Christianity, the religion of all European peoples to-day, Latin as well as Teuton, was given us by the Hebrews. Our mythology was given us by the Greeks. And yet as a people, as a branch of the great Teutonic family, we inherited from dim prehistoric times a religion and a mythology of our own. How comes it that we have lost all trace of these so completely? The answer must be that when Christianity was introduced among us by the Southern missionary priests from Rome, their intensity led them utterly to destroy all trace of the gods whom they supplanted. They were not content to supply the new truth and allow it to supplant the old; they preached the utter iniquity of the ancestral religion which they found in the Northern wilderness. It was not enough that their new converts should believe in Christ, they must thoroughly forget the gods of their fathers and their childhood. The first missionaries spared no sentiment, for they had no inbred understanding of the religion they found.

So it happened that when Christianity came to the races of the North, it came as a flood overwhelming all before it. Belief and superstition, religion and myth, were obliterated. The Christianity of the Church alone remained.



And our familiarity with Greek mythology is the gift to us of the Middle Ages and the revival of learning. As the primitive church had carried Christianity into the Northern forests, so the later church, the only repository of learning, carried its renewed interest in the old philosophy and culture of Greece and Rome. So it came about that Greek and Roman mythology are much less strange, much less foreign to us, than the mythology of our own race. And a casual reference to Venus, Cupid, Juno, Diana, or Hercules, would be perfectly understood wherever English is spoken; while a like reference to Odin, or Thor, or Balder, or Freyja, would be almost sure to pass uncomprehended.

It is easy to understand, too, why this mythology, which was originally common to all Teutonic nations, should be known as Norse Mythology. It had been the intellectual inheritance of the race of most of France, of Germany, of England, of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland. Then as Christianity spread from the South, the old Teuton religion vanished before it, disappearing first in the most southward borders of its province, and lingering longest in its most northerly retreats. The Christianization of France took place early in the sixth century; the conversion of England followed a couple of centuries later; that of Germany later still. In Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland, Christianity did not wholly succeed in supplanting paganism until the eleventh or twelfth century.

While, therefore, Christianity was spreading over England and France and Germany and tingeing their growing civilization with the new revelation, culture and arts, and letters were slowly being born in Norway and Denmark, and far off Iceland, under the influence of the ancient heathenism. It is only in these latter countries, therefore, that we have any literature embodying the old mythology of the race. And it is in Iceland, that rugged colony of the Norsemen, their utmost retreat in the inhospitable sea, that we find this literature most completely developed and preserved.

Max Müller says:—

“There is, after Anglo-Saxon, no language, no mythology, so full of interest for the elucidation of the earliest history of the race which has inhabited these British Isles as the Icelandic. . . . It is in Icelandic alone that we find complete remains of genuine Teutonic heathendom.”

And again, in referring to the introduction of Christianity into Iceland, the same author says:—

“These early emigrants were pagans, and it was not till the end of the tenth century that Christianity reached the Ultima Thule of Europe. The missionaries, however, who converted the freemen of Iceland, were freemen themselves. They did not come with the pomp of the Church of Rome. They preached Christ rather than the Pope; they taught religion

rather than theology. Nor were they afraid of the old heathen gods, or angry with every custom that was not of Christian growth. Sometimes this tolerance may have been carried too far, for we read of kings, like Helge, who mixed in their faith, who trusted in Christ but at the same time invoked Thor's aid whenever they went to sea or got into any difficulty. But on the whole the kindly feeling of the Icelandic priesthood toward the national traditions and customs and prejudices of their converts must have been beneficial. Sons and daughters were not taught to call the gods whom their fathers and mothers had worshiped, devils; and they were allowed to use the name Allfather, whom they had invoked in the prayers of their childhood, when praying to Him who is our Father in Heaven."

In his work on "Heroes and Hero-Worship," Carlyle gives an interesting account of some of the most important works of Icelandic literature, from which our knowledge of Norse Mythology is derived. "On the seaboard of this wild land," says Carlyle, "is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can subsist, and men, by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men, these,—men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost had Iceland not been burst up from the sea—not been discovered by the Northmen. The old Norse poets were many of them natives of Iceland.

"Sæmund, one of the early Christian priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for paganism, collected certain of their old pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then—poems or chants, of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious, character; this is what Norse critics call the *Elder* or Poetic *Edda*. *Edda*, a word of uncertain etymology, is thought to signify *Ancestress*. Snorro Sturleson, an Icelandic gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Sæmund's grandson, took in hand next, near a century afterward, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of prose synopsis of the whole mythology, elucidated by new fragments of traditionary verse; a work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous, clear work, and pleasant reading still. This is the *Younger* or Prose *Edda*. By these and the numerous other *Sagas*, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet, and see that old system of belief, as it were, face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous religion; let us look at it as old thought, and try if we cannot sympathize with it somewhat."

In treating of Norse Mythology, one cannot help comparing it first of all with the Greek, which is so familiar to us. And perhaps the first

difference which strikes one is this: that while the Greek divinities were persons of like desires and weaknesses as men, sometimes doing good and sometimes ill, the Norse powers were primarily divisible into two great classes, the malevolent and the benevolent, the Jötuns and the Asas. The Asas are the gods proper, the Jötuns are the demonic and dangerous forces of nature. There was evil, it is true, in the Norse Heaven as in the Greek Olympus,—that was inevitable,—but in the former system it is represented by a single being, or devilish-minded god, if one may so say, called Loke; whereas the Greeks had no conception of an evil spirit. Their gods were much more human than the Northern deities, containing in themselves the seeds of good and evil. They are, therefore, much more interesting to us. The stories of Zeus, of Orion, of Aphrodite, of Adonis, come home to us with an appealing and natural charm which the tales of the Asas seldom possess. The Norse Mythology is rugged and bleak, with the terrible and forbidding gloom of the North. It is the first crude thought of a harsh and difficult land, lacking the ease and winsomeness of the South. Then, too, we must remember that the Greek race had attained a far more advanced stage of civilization, when it was overtaken by Christianity, than had been reached by the Northmen when a like fate came to them. Norse Mythology is the reflection of a people of poetic capacity, but of hardy life, and necessarily of few graces and little leisure. It shows the Northmen to have been a people of sincere, pious mind, innocent of the curious imagination of the Greeks,—much less flexible, and much less diverted from simplicity than they. The Greek gods and goddesses not only violated all the moral law unscrupulously; they were abandoned to all the vices that ingenuity can invent,—beautiful but sinful creatures they were, arousing our curiosity by their very vagaries. The gods of the North, on the other hand, while achieving enormous deeds, and astounding us by superhuman exertions, are apt to be commonplace in their virtues.

“The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology,” to quote Carlyle again, “I find to be impersonation of the visible workings of nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of as science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as religion. The dark hostile powers of nature they figured to themselves as Jötuns (giants), huge, shaggy beings of a demoniac character. Frost, Fire, Sea, Tempest, these are Jötuns. The friendly powers again, as Summer, Heat, the Sun, are gods. The empire of this universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart in perennial internecine feud. The gods dwell above in *Asgard*, the garden of *Asas* or Divinities; *Jötunheim* a distant, dark, chaotic land, is the home of the Jötuns.”



The Norsemen, then, were much nearer to the Christian conception of the universe than were the Greeks, although so much more primitive than they. It is related of Thorkel Maane, for instance, who was a judge of Iceland in the heathen times, that he vowed he would worship no other god but the creator of the sun. He had himself become convinced of the existence of a single power greater than the Odin and Thor of his people. He looked to a Supreme Creator whom alone he could honor as his God. And when he came to die he asked to be carried into the open air, so that in the last hour he could look on the wonderful work of the Maker of the world. Harald Fairfax, too, first King of Norway, while he performed the traditional ceremonies of his religion, and encouraged his people to the dutiful observance of all such rites, was himself what we should call a freethinker, believing, it is said, in one Supreme Being. Some writers are inclined to lay much stress on this occasional feature of Norse belief. It is doubtful, however, whether we should give it more credit than we do the Greek altar "To the Unknown God."

#### THE EDDAS

THE chief sources of our knowledge of Norse Mythology are, as has been indicated, the two Eddas. The Elder Edda is in verse, and was apparently gathered from oral tradition; it consists of some thirty-nine poems, of no special connection one with another, but all mythological in whole or in part. It is thought that this Edda was not put in writing before about 1240, though it is supposed to have been collected and unified, much as the Homeric tales were, by Sæmund the Wise, who lived between the middle of the eleventh and the middle of the twelfth centuries. The Edda is not easy reading, even in translations; it has all the excessive use of an exuberant imagination that one perceives always in immature and primitive work. The extreme austerity of style which distinguished the literature of Greece and Rome is unknown to the poets who composed these alliterative lines.

The Younger Edda or Prose Edda is the work of Snorro Sturleson, who died toward the middle of the thirteenth century, and forms the most concise authority on ancient Norse faith.

In addition to these two chief springs of information, there is a whole literature of Icelandic Sagas from which we may glean knowledge of Norse Mythology. And in all of them is discernible the character of the Norsemen, their genius for action rather than for beauty or intellectuality, their love of liberty, their self-reliance, their bravery, their wandering, adventurous unrest.

## THE CREATION

THE beginning of things, according to the early Teutonic mind, was in this wise: Long ago, before this earth was made, there existed two regions far apart, one toward the north called Niflheim, or the region of mists, and one toward the south called Muspelheim, or the region of fire. Between them was only Ginungagap, the yawning pit. In the midst of Niflheim was the spring Hvergelmer from which flowed twelve ice-cold streams. As these rivers flowed out from Niflheim, they gradually congealed, making the ice and snow and rime that exists toward the north side of Ginungagap. And from Muspelheim came sparks and drafts of hot air. Then, as these warm currents met the cold vapors from the frozen rivers of Niflheim, great drops were condensed and were formed into a shape like a man. This was Ymer, the father of the frost-giants. He was nourished by milk from a monstrous cow, Audhumbla, which, like himself, had been formed by the congealing and re-melting mists. From the armpits and from the feet of Ymer sprang the brood of other frost-giants. Audhumbla licks the rock for the salt that is in it, and as she licks the rock away, gradually a man appears. This is Busc, a mighty hero, who begat Bor, who in turn had three sons, Odin, Vale, and Ve, rulers of the universe.

And these three sons of Bor slew the giant Ymer, and dragged him to the middle of Ginungagap. There they made the earth of his flesh, using his bones for the mountains, his blood for the sea, and his hair for the forests. From his skull they made the sky, and set a dwarf at each of the four corners of it, east, south, west, and north. The flakes of fire which flew from Muspelheim they fixed in the sky to be lights for the earth. The earth, or abode of men, is sometimes called Midgard, that is the middle garth or place, as distinguished from Asgard, the abode of the gods, which was supposed to be above it, and also from Utgard, the outmost place, the abode of the giants far off beyond the encircling sea. One day, as the sons of Bor were walking along by the the sea, they found two trees. From the ash-tree they made a man, and from the elm (or elder) a woman; and from this pair the whole race of mankind is descended.

The Allfather gave to Night and Day, who were offspring of the gods, each a horse and chariot, and set them to drive after each other around the earth. The sun and the moon are the daughter and the son (the moon is the male in Norse Mythology) of another of the giants, and as they speed after each other in heaven they seem to be in fear of pursuit. And well may they hasten in dread! For there are two wolves in hot chase, that shall one day overtake and devour them. These wolves, so

ravenous and tireless, are children of a giantess who dwells in an iron wood east of Midgard, an abominable hag.

And now that you have heard whence the moon and the sun sprang, would you know whence came the winds? In the northernmost corner of the heavens there is a giant, clad in eagle's feathers; when he spreads out his wings for flight the winds arise under them.

And would you know where is the path that leads from earth to heaven? It is the rainbow, the bridge called Bifrost, made by the gods, and contrived with greater cunning and art than any other thing. Yet it too shall perish one day. It will be broken when the sons of Muspel come forth at the last, and after crossing many rivers, ride over it. This shall be at doomsday, when the world and the gods shall pass away.

### THE GODS OF ASGARD

THERE are nearly a dozen gods who dwell in Asgard, of whom Odin is the father and chief: these are Thor, Balder, Tyr, Brage, Heimdal, Hoder, Vidar, Vale, Uller, and Forsete (son of Balder). Njord, a sea-god (or Van), and Frey, his son, are also included among the gods of Asgard. And the goddesses number more than a score. The assembly hall of the gods is all of gold, and is known as Gladsheim, or home of gladness, where they sit together in counsel in the midst of Asgard. Odin's own hall was the famous Valhalla, or hall of the slain, where the Allfather invites all heroes killed in battle, and where he is served and attended by Valkyries who have summoned his guests thither to his presence. It is roofed with shields supported upon spears. The other Asas, or heavenly divinities, have also their own abodes or houses bearing different names.

### OTHER DIVINITIES

IN ADDITION to the giants and gods, corresponding to the Titans and gods of the Greeks, the Norsemen, like the Greeks, had also many other classes of deities and inferior spirits. In distinction to the Asas were originally the Vans or sea-gods, Njord and his children, Frey and Freyja, who were afterward received among the Asas. Also there were the dwarfs who were bred out of the ground, elves, witches, nisses, hulder, necks, trolls, mermaids, etc., many of whom survive to our own age.

Just as the greater powers are divided into gods and giants, Asas and Jötuns, so the lesser powers are divided, in the usual conception of them; the dwarfs, although small and by no means powerful, as compared with the greater divinities, are still more nearly allied to the giants than to the gods. They are too small not to be ruled by the gods, yet their



power when exercised is usually like that of the giants, unfriendly to man, or at least very uncertain.

The character of the Jötuns is fairly well preserved in our fairy-tales of giants. They are superhuman in size, often monstrous in shape, strong, cunning, and violent, but more shrewd than wise. They fight always with the rudest weapons, and overcome by main force. Though sometimes good-natured when not molested, they are always of an unreliable and dangerous temper. The gods, to gain control over them, either kill them or marry them, as most of the myths relate.

The elves, or hulder, are themselves of two classes, the white elves who love the light, the leaves, the grass; and the black elves who dwell underground. The elves, of course, have kings and courts and ceremonies of their own, as we know them in our fairy-books. There is also a class of folk, very like the elves, yet seeming to differ somewhat from them, called the hill-people, who live in caves and hillsides. They are fond

of music and skilled in playing and singing. Their music is of a sad and minor strain, and Norse fiddlers often play it. One tune in particular has a magic none can resist; and if once a musician begins to play that air, he cannot stop unless he plays it backward, or unless some one comes behind him and cuts his fiddle strings. You may hear the sweet singing of the elfish people of the hills on any fair night, but you must take care not to utter the least word of imprecation against them, for then their singing would be turned to lamentation. It is thought that their melancholy disposition arises from the hopelessness of their lot.

The trolls are much like the dwarfs, living in mounds and under hills, where they hide their fabulous wealth of gold in great chests. They are not unfriendly to man, but keep up a kindly intercourse with a neighborly exchange of borrowing and lending. They are sad thieves, however, and are always ready to make off with provisions or women and children. The nisses are like the brownies, familiars of the farmhouse, very neat and tidy little folk, abhorring laziness and slovenliness in the servants of the homestead, and rewarding the industrious by performing their duties for them. The neck is a river-sprite, frequenting streamsides. He is often a handsome young man, or sometimes a fair-haired boy, an ardent and kindly lover of maids, and very severe with all mortal maidens who are ungenerous to their lovers. He is a fine musician, too, but to learn his music you must promise him redemption. For all these small folk, according to Norse belief, were once at war with the superior powers, and have been condemned by them to their various present abodes until doomsday. It is remarkable that while Christianity has dispossessed the greater powers of old mythology, the priests have



never been able to eradicate the faith of the people in these small creatures of the fancy. There are fairies still, veritable as ever, in all old Norse and Celtic countries.

### YGDASIL, AND THE NORNS

ONE of the best known of the Northern myths is that of Ygdrasil, the great ash-tree which symbolizes the world. The name Ygdrasil is said to mean Odin-bearer, Ygg being one of the names of the Allfather, who hung in the tree nine nights before he discovered the runes. The roots of Ygdrasil, go down into the realm of Hela, goddess of the world of the dead. It is watered by the Norns, or Fates, with water from the Urdar-fountain, or Mimer's fountain. Mimer is a giant and not a god; and the well that he guards contains the water of wisdom. For though the gods have conquered the Jötuns, the Jötuns are still older than they, and to the Jötuns they must come for wisdom and instructions. Therefore, Odin himself went to Mimer for a drink of his fountain, but he had to leave one eye in exchange for his draft of knowledge. So that Odin is often represented as an old one-eyed man. The three Norns, corresponding to the three Fates of the Greeks and Romans, were Urd, Verdande, and Skuld,—the Past, the Present, and the Future,—who weave the web of man's appointed action with inevitable destiny. Even the gods themselves are subject to the Norns, the cold, implacable sisters, the children of inviolable necessity; for like mortals the gods are born, and live, and must one day die.



### ODIN

WE MAY NOW pass on to notice the characteristics of some of the more important gods of Asgard. It must be noted first of all that Odin, the Allfather, is far more powerful and universal in his influence than Zeus or Jupiter. For while Zeus is king of Olympus, he is really the president of a house of peers, and the other gods often oppose him successfully. But in Norse Mythology all power and final decision rest with Odin. He is the supreme ruler. The other gods are only his children to whom he intrusts the execution of certain details in the conduct of the universe.



Thus Thor is the active god of battle, yet war originates with the All-father, and he appoints the victory to one or another. So, too, Brage, the god of poetry, is only the best of scalds after all, for Odin it was who invented poetry.

Odin is represented as an old man, tall, with a blue cloak. Two ravens, Hugin and Munin (Thought and Memory), sit on his shoulders and bring him whispered word of all that goes on in the world, for they fly over it each day to gather news. Two wolves lie at his feet. On his wonderful horse, Sleipner, which has eight legs and has runes carved in his teeth, Odin makes journey over all the earth, for he must know all things and inspire and ordain everything.

### THE DEATH OF BALDER



BALDER, the son of Odin, was the most fair and delightful of all the gods. All Nature loved Balder, for he was the very personation of gentleness and charm. This one, so well loved by gods and men, was a god of light like the Greek Apollo, cut without the heat and impetuosity of the Greek divinity. He was to the Northmen what summer is always in the North, the synonym for radiant joy, for unqualified benignity. And though Apollo may sometimes slay, Balder never harms a living thing. In his beauty he may also be likened to the Greek Adonis, whose festival typified the reviving year. He was a god of such great wisdom and eloquence that when he had once spoken none ever dissented from his judgment. And so blameless was he that it was said no unclean thing could enter his glorious house.

The story of Balder's death shows how universally he was beloved. Balder, often called the Good, was once beset by evil dreams, from which it appeared that his life was in great danger. When he told his dreams, at the council of the gods, they were dejected with sorrow and determined to conjure all things to do no harm to their brother. Balder's mother, Frigg, went through the world asking fire and water and all the other elements, all the creeping and living things, all the trees and growing plants, all stones and minerals, all birds and insects, to swear that they would never injure Balder. And they all eagerly gave their oath, for they loved him more than all other gods. Still Odin was not satisfied for the safety of his son, so he saddled Sleipner and set out for the kingdom of Hela, to inquire of that dread divinity concerning the fate of Balder. Reaching Niflheim, where the dwelling of Hela was, he encountered her terrible watchdog as he drew near; then by the entrance he found the grave of the Vala, or ancient prophetess. And Odin stood by her grave and sang magic songs over it, until the Vala arose



from her long sleep, and asked him who he might be and why he disturbed her rest. Odin said his name was Vegtam, and asked why there were signs of preparation about, as if for a feast. And the Vala replied that it was for Balder. When Odin asked who should harm Balder, the prophetess replied that Hoder should kill the beloved son of Odin; but that Rind should give birth to a son to Odin who would avenge his brother's death. Then Odin asked another upestion which betrayed him, and the Vala told him to go back to Asgard, for she would not be disturbed again until, at the last, the destruction of the gods had come.

Meanwhile, when it was known that nothing in the world would hurt Balder, it became a pastime among the gods to use him for a target for spears and all sorts of missiles. This was no fun, however, to the envious Loke, who cast about for some means to injure Balder. He accordingly assumed the guise of an old woman, and visited Frigg. In the course of conversation the goddess told the old woman what sport the gods were having with Balder, since she herself had exacted a promise from all things not to hurt him. When the old woman expressed astonishment at this, Frigg reaffirmed her statement,—all things, she said, except one little plant that is called the mistletoe, which seemed too small to be dangerous. Now, as soon as the evil-hearted Loke heard this, he went away, laid aside his disguise, plucked a piece of mistletoe, and went into the hall of the gods. There he found Hoder, who was a blind god, standing apart from the sport. Loke went up to him, gave him the spray of mistletoe, directed his aim, and told him to throw at Balder. This Hoder did in jest; but the mistletoe struck Balder and pierced him so that he fell down there and died before them all. Then uncontrollable horror and speechless grief took possession of all the gods. But as soon as they were a little composed, Frigg asked which of them would go again to Hela and try to persuade her to release Balder. Now Hermod, one of the bravest and swiftest of the gods, who was also their messenger, volunteered to undertake the mission. Sleipner was lent to him, and he set out on the perilous journey.

Then the gods took the body of Balder, and that of his wife Nana, who had died of grief, and carried them down to the sea, and placed them on Balder's great ship which was drawn up on the shore. But when they came to launch the ship, to make of it a funeral pile, as was always done with heroes, they could not move her on the beach, and were forced to summon a giantess to their aid, who set her shoulder to the prow and with one push floated the vessel. Then the ship was lighted, and Balder with Nana received the funeral of fire and the sea.

Hermod, in the meantime, was on his far mission. Nine days and nine nights he rode until he came to the abode of Hela, where the gate was closed and barred. Then Hermod tightened his girth, put spurs to

Sleipner, cleared the gate at one leap, and came to the hall of Hela. Here he found Balder most courteously entertained, and spent the night with him. Next morning he begged Hela to release Balder and allow him to return to earth and Asgard, since he was so beloved and mourned. To this prayer Hela replied that if all things living and inanimate wept for Balder, then she would release him; but that if any living or lifeless thing were found which refused to weep for him, then he should remain with her. With that Hermod went back to Asgard whence he had come and related all that had passed.

Then the gods sent out messengers through all the world, beseeching all things to mourn for Balder, that he might be delivered from Hela's realm and return to those who loved him. And all things on the earth, stones and wood and trees, as well as all creatures, wept for Balder, just as we see them when they come from the frost into the warm sun. But when the messengers were returning home, thinking their mission had succeeded, they found a giantess in the way, who replied to their request that she would only give dry tears for Balder. So Balder must remain in the kingdom of Hela. But Hoder was slain by Vale, the child of Odin and Rind, when only a day old. And Loke was finally punished by the gods, but not until long afterward.

## THOR

THE best-known and perhaps most important god after Odin, was his son, Thor. Thor is not only a war-god, though so strong and violent in his temper; he is a god of spring and is always warring against the frost giants. His chariot is drawn by a pair of goats; his great hammer is Mjolner (the lightning), which he uses so destructively against the giants of the mountains. He has a belt which doubles his strength when he puts it on, and an iron glove with which he handles Mjolner.



It is told that Thor and Loke once went on a journey together. At night when it grew dark and they must find a place to sleep, they came upon a very large house, all open at one end. They entered and went to sleep, but were disturbed at midnight by a great earthquake, accompanied by rumbling and roaring. As day dawned, Thor went out and found a giant asleep and snoring loudly; then he knew the cause of the earthquake.

He wakened the giant and asked him his name. "My name is Skrymer," said the giant, "but I do not need to ask you your name, for I know you are Thor. But what have you done with my mitten?"

Thor perceived that what he and his party had taken for a house was really the giant's mitten; then the giant picked it up and drew it on, and prepared to make himself one of their traveling companions. When this was agreed to and they had eaten together, the giant proposed that they should put all their provisions into one bag. This too was done, and the giant tied the bag up with a string. That evening when they came to halt, the giant said he was sleepy and lay down, but told the others to go on with their supper. Thor took the bag of provisions, but when he tried to undo the string, he could not move a single knot, so fast were they tied. This so enraged Thor that he took his hammer, went over to the giant, and struck him a blow on the head. Skrymer awoke and asked if a leaf had fallen on his head, and if they had eaten their supper. Thor answered that they were just going to sleep, and went off to lie down under another tree. Again at midnight he was disturbed by the giant's snoring, and rose up and took his hammer and went to the giant and smote him with all his force on the head, so that Mjolner entered the giant's skull clear to the handle.

"What is the matter now," said Skrymer, "did an acorn fall on my head? How is it with you, Thor?"

But Thor was discouraged. He had just waked up, he said; and it was past midnight; and they ought to go to sleep. The next morning Skrymer told them that they were not far from Utgard, the abode of the giants, but that if they went there they had better not boast too much. Saying this he marched off.

Then Thor and Loke reached a great castle where they were kindly entertained by a giant who was the ruler of it; and they were invited to many tests of strength and skill. Thor said that as for himself he would prefer a drinking contest to any other. So his host gave him a drinking horn, saying that whoever was a good drinker would empty it at one draft, though many made two drafts of it. Thor took three mighty drafts at the horn, but hardly made any impression on it. Then the giant asked him to lift the cat from the floor, as that was a favorite pastime with his children. Thor tried, but only could raise one of the creature's feet. He was next asked to wrestle with the giant's nurse, and came near to being thrown on his back. Then he bade farewell and was departing in disgust, when his host followed him out of the door.

"I will tell you the truth," he said, "now that we are outside. I have been deceiving you. For in the forest I know how strong you are. The horn which you tried to drain was the open sea, and the ebb is the amount of your draft. The cat which you almost lifted was really the Midgard Serpent which surrounds the earth, and we were terrified when we saw one of its feet leave the floor. And as for the old woman with



whom you wrestled, that was Old Age. And I want to tell you that it will be better for both of us if you do not come back here. For I shall again defend myself with other illusions, against which it is hopeless to strive."

And when Thor would have attacked his host then and there, behold, he was nowhere to be seen, and his castle had vanished. This giant was really Utgard-Loke (or the Loke of the giants), the profounder evil against which even gods cannot contend.

### VIDAR

VIDAR the silent was almost as strong as Thor himself. He was the son of Odin and the giantess Grid. Vidar and his half-brother Vale are the only gods that survive the final catastrophe of the world, the Twilight of the Gods. He is a mysterious god, like the Greek Pan, powerful but little known; and stands for primitive nature, the deep, unexplored forest. Vidar has iron-soled shoes made from all the scraps of leather which shoemakers throw away, and at the end of all things when Odin shall be destroyed by the Fenris Wolf, Vidar will avenge his father by setting a foot on the beast's lower jaw and tearing it apart. As Vale, the avenger of Balder, is eternal light or wisdom, and must survive, though Balder, the summer heat, must die; so Vidar is eternal nature which must somehow still endure, since it is impossible to think that either thought or matter could be utterly annihilated.

### TYR AND HEIMDAL

TYR, the god who gave his name to Tuesday, was also a son of Odin and a giantess; he was a god of valor, and gave courage to heroes to whom Thor gave strength. He himself gave a splendid proof of his intrepidity, when the gods wished at one time to bind the great Wolf Fenris. The gods had tried often in vain to secure this savage beast, and at last persuaded it to be bound with a magic chain to test its strength. The Wolf stipulated that one of their number should put his hand in its mouth as a pledge against treachery. Tyr volunteered; and when the Wolf found himself bound fast, he bit off Tyr's hand, so that the god was ever after lacking one hand.

Heimdall, the warder of the gods, lived at one end of the rainbow, and needed less sleep than a bird. So keen was his sense of hearing that he could hear the leaves grow, and the wool growing on the sheep's back. He is called the White god.

## THE VANS

NJORD, with his son Frey, and his daughter Freyja, were the chief Vans or sea deities, and were afterward united with the Asas or gods of heaven. Njord was born and bred in Vanaheim. He is the god of the peaceful sea along the shore, while the outer terrible ocean is ruled by stormy Æger and his wife Ran. Njord's son Frey is one of the most celebrated of the gods, as he presides over rain and sunshine and is to be invoked for good harvests; he is also the giver of peace. And almost more important is his sister Freyja, the goddess of love. She ranks next to Odin's wife, Frigg; and she chooses half of those slain in battle, while the other half go to Odin.

## RAGNAROK

Two distinguishing features of the Norse Myths, as compared with the familiar Greek tales, are Loke, the spirit of evil, and Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods. Loke, in the younger Edda, is called the brother of Odin and the uncle of the gods, showing the antiquity of evil. He was responsible for all the mischief done in Asgard and for a great part of that on earth. He had the power of Proteus, of changing his form at will, so that it was very difficult to catch him or to fix on him the blame for his misdeeds.

Ragnarok, the time of regeneration, shall come when all things as they now are shall be done away; both gods and men shall perish; and a new order in which there is no fault shall be instituted. Three terrible winters, with snow from the four quarters of the heavens, shall come in succession with no summer between them; the Fenris Wolf shall devour the sun, and another wolf the moon. And the only gods to survive the old order will be the avenging deities: Vidar, who avenges the death of Odin, and Vale, who avenges the death of Balder. For it is impossible that so faulty an order of things as we now have should endure. We may explain this world and its government, but we cannot justify it. It must give place to a better.

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## AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY

## HOPI MYTHS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION

*By F. WALTER FEWKES*

EVERY race of men, however rude, has a more or less lucid account of its origin and early history. Many tribes include in this account the origin of natural objects about them, as a subordinate matter, and a few have risen to a stage of culture in which they recognize the unity of nature, and may be said to have a myth of creation.

Among the lower races these accounts are in the form of legends embodying the philosophy of culture stages they have passed through. These legends have been transmitted from one generation to another, and greatly embellished and changed as knowledge progressed, until they have been finally recorded in permanent form by means of writing. These stories survive many primitive races which did not advance to that stage of culture in which their mythology and history could be recorded in any but the crudest kind of picture-writing; and whatever records of origin exist among their descendants are in the form of verbal legends. The mythology of such races is unwritten, and consists of a wide range of stories varying in relative value, some of which are ancient, others of comparatively modern growth, but all of which are permeated by beliefs characteristic of the stages of culture which these races have passed through. As a rule, there is considerable uniformity in these legends among all races, for they reflect the philosophy and science of the past, which is more or less uniform among all men in the same stage of culture. Thus widely separated peoples exhibit much resemblance in their legends, which especially differ as environment dictates. A study of the legends of any one tribe is suggestive, for they are psychological expressions of mankind in a similar culture; but a knowledge of environment is often necessary to interpret them.

I have chosen for a study of this kind a few legends gathered from a small tribe of Pueblo Indians, called the Hopi, who live on an isolated reservation in northeastern Arizona. These people are particularly favorable for this purpose, as their mythology has been but little changed by contact with higher culture, and illustrates better than any other known to me the possibility of a scientific treatment of aboriginal folklore.



## COSMOGONY OF PRIMITIVE MAN

THE environment of the Hopi Indian, as that of all primitive people, is very localized. He is totally ignorant of the size of the earth and foreign environments, for a distant mountain chain bounds for him the habitable world, and he knows little of what is beyond. His own clan and tribe are the most important to him, and his legends mainly concern them and their limited environment. Of cosmogony, as we understand the term, he knows little, for a cosmos, or world of beauty and order, is beyond his comprehension. The earth is a flat surface upon which he lives, the sky a solid body arching over it. Of the sizes of sun, moon, and stars, and their distances from the earth, he knows as little as he does of their nature. The laws of wind, rain, and lightning are incomprehensible; the section of the earth with which he is familiar is too limited for him to adequately grasp the meaning of such phenomena.

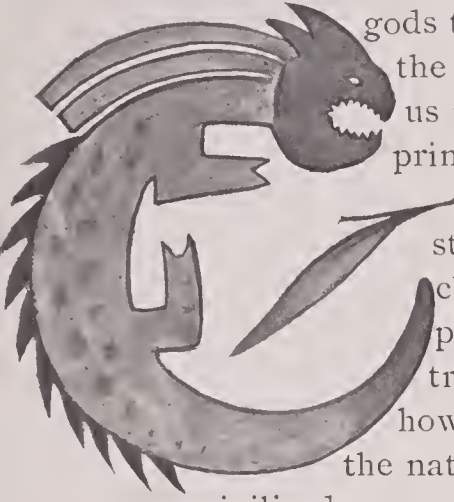
But notwithstanding the limitations of his environment and knowledge, his mind has evolved explanations or theories of natural phenomena; and although these explanations are childish and ludicrous to our modes of thinking, they are seriously believed by the primitive man as all-sufficient and true. As a rule, these explanations are built on analogies, and are poetic, dealing with the ideal rather than the real. They are largely the result of deduction, for induction and verification by facts play a minor rôle in the mental processes of the undeveloped primitive mind.

The myth and legend are means of expression by which this early and erroneous philosophy or science is passed down to modern times. Save in a few rare instances, both myth and legend are in a state of continual flux; each generation adds incidents to them or modifies them to suit its own interpretations; each priest unconsciously imparts to them his own ideas, but these, like those from which the myth originally sprang, are rarely the result of the interpretation of natural phenomena.

Hopi legends will be treated in the following pages in a way somewhat different from that sometimes adopted by folk-lorists. It has not seemed desirable to me to repeat them verbatim, or as given by the Indians; for having heard some of them several times, I have noticed many innovations and variations. These details are generally inventions of individual story-tellers and have only a remote connection with the main object of the legend. As all legends here considered deal with mysterious or supernatural beings and magic powers of the same, it may be well to preface those taken from Hopi folk-lore with a brief examination of the nature of man's early supernatural being.

## PRIMITIVE RELIGION AND MAGIC

PRIMITIVE religion and magic are identical psychologically, and in lower stages of culture the priest and magician are practically one. Magical processes are always used by the shaman to influence his supernatural beings, and he may be said to force them to do his bidding by this power. If the magic power of the priest is insufficient to compel the gods to obey him, no question of the efficacy of magic arises in the mind, but the power of the magician is questioned. Let us probe deeper into the meaning of magic as a synonym of primitive religion.



It was an almost universal conception in the early stages of the religious sentiment that everything has a characteristic magic power. In a way we may ascribe to primitive man the belief that all things have life, controlled by will, and akin to that in man. The statement is, however, somewhat misleading, because the conceptions of the nature of this life or vital force differ among primitive and civilized men. To appreciate this difference, and in fact all primary experiences of the religious sentiment in lower races, we must try to understand the way in which early man looked at nature about him.

Primitive philosophy, in its efforts to define the magic power of objects, has evolved crude explanations which science shows are not only erroneous but also absurd. Motion, breath, fire, and water, have all been invoked to explain the nature of life or the mysterious power of nature. Physics has stripped all of these of their supernatural mystery, and has shown that they have no magic power and no will of their own, but act in accordance with natural law.

Worship among primitive men is the prescribed method of procedure by which the magic powers of objects, songs, and prayers, are combined with those of the worshipers to overcome the magic powers of so-called gods, and to bring about desired results. The psychology of worship is akin to that of gambling, as is strongly brought out in divination. What we call luck, or blind chance, is not chance to the primitive man, but the legitimate outcome of a contest between a stronger and a weaker magic power. Primitive worship is a method of the shaman exerting his magic to overcome that of the gods. In modern gaming we have survivals of the same thought which dominated the primitive gambler. The ownership of a mascot brings luck in a game of chance, or a cabalistic word spoken by one party has magic power over his opponent. Primitive altars with their fetishes and other paraphernalia, medicine, songs, spells, and invocations, are mascots which the shaman uses in his magic control of the gods.

## EARLY EXPLANATION OF THE SUPERNATURAL

IN ATTEMPTS to explain the relation of things about him, primitive man believed that every object had its mysterious power, or had life. Some objects had greater, others lesser powers than himself; and man's early efforts were to enlist the power of one or more of these in his behalf. Ownership of an object meant possession of its power; and that particular power which would be especially efficacious to an individual was generally revealed to man in dreams, or in some ecstatic condition of the mind. The object, the power of which was thus made known, became a totem or fetish; and the combined power of the fetish and the owner brought luck, or averted evil, acting in various ways as a spell or charm. Primitive man regarded this magic power, wherever found, as analogous to life in himself and animals.

At first this magic power was interpreted as motion, and voluntary movements were not distinguished from involuntary. Motions which we now know have nothing to do with volition of the objects, as that of the sun, were regarded as due to will.

It is the incomprehensible that is the supernatural. The lowest races imparted a magic power to that which they did not understand. The mysterious, the incomprehensible, the supernatural, greatly predominated in their contemplation of nature; but in the evolution of the religious sentiment the boundaries of the mysterious have narrowed more and more as new laws have been discovered. We must admit that there was much in nature which primitive man did not regard as supernatural, and consequently he may not have given a magic power to every object.

## MAGIC POWER INTERPRETED AS BREATH OR SPIRIT

THIS belief that the supernatural in nature was motion did not present itself as the abstract idea of force, but took a concrete form and was compared to breath. Many primitive people independently interpreted the magic power as the breath-body or spirit, having a form like that of the object itself. In subsequent evolution of ideas concerning the nature of this breath-body, very different conceptions from that originally given to it have come to be attached to the world spirit, which no longer means what it did when first used.

It was natural for man to regard breath as the vital power in himself, and by analogy he supposed it to represent the vital power of all things about him. He gave it a bodily form and independent existence. It was supposed to exist both before and after death. The belief in spirits is universal; and animism, the doctrine of souls, is a stage in the development of the supernatural among most races of man.



## THE MAGIC POWER INTERPRETED AS FIRE

THE interpretation of the magic power of objects, as fire or light, is as widespread as animism. The very mystery of fire made it a powerful supernal agent to minds ignorant of its real nature; and to most primitive races fire and life are synonymous. Light and fire are so closely associated in the primitive mind that practically one does not exist without the other. As fire represents life, or the magic power of nature, so light, its equivalent, became a symbol of the power which controls all things. Like fire, light was one of the earliest elements to be worshipped. The god of light is also the god of fire and life; and as the sun is a visible symbol of these three attributes indistinguishable to the savage mind, the sky-god or sun-god is the greatest god in all primitive religions.

The magic power of water made a deep impression on the mind of man in the infancy of culture, and early came to be a symbol of life or vital power. Perhaps no other element in nature so profoundly affected the mind of primitive man as the seat of power; its magic potency early became a god. We have then the magic power of natural objects interpreted as motion or life, breath, fire, and water, and personated by these elements.

## ORIGIN OF THE IDEA OF A SKY-GOD

ALL the preceding interpretations of the nature of the magic power of natural objects are combined and incorporated in that of the most mysterious thing in nature. The sky to the primitive man is as much an object as the earth: to him it is a firmament, not empty space. The magic or supernatural power of the sky excels all others in nature, whether we measure it by breath (wind), fire (light), or water. The sun is the visible personation of these mysterious powers, and thus is the god of life; but in early mythology there is no hint that he was creator, he is simply father; and another great mysterious power, the earth, is mother of all.

The worship of Sky and Earth, especially the former, is the most archaic expression of the religious sentiment; and as we follow back in history the theogony of the most ancient nations which had a civilization, we find all their gods dissolving into these two, Sky and Earth. Mr. David J. Hill, in a fine passage in his "Genetic Philosophy," well says:—

"The object-world presents to the senses of man its broadest expanse, its profoundest depth, its most perfect unity, its widest variety of change, and at the same time its most absolute immutability, in the all-encompassing luminous, earth-arching heaven, whose dome of cloudless blue and storm-swept

horizon, alternately flooded with noonday brightness and mantled in the deep darkness of night, now shining with the blaze of countless stars and now dimmed with the fantastic forms of the gathering tempest, are the omnipresent spectacle from which man never escapes,—the most impressive natural exhibition of superior being and superhuman power. As self-consciousness emerged from the impersonal sentience of the animal world, and the individuality of self was set over against the general background of not-self, what aspect of the object-world could better satisfy the conditions of an absolute antithesis?"

Before contact with the Whites, the Hopi, like other North American Indians, probably had no idea of a creator as we understand the term: that is, no conception of a universal abstraction numbering among omniscient attributes the creation of nature. They were ignorant of the cosmos, and hence had no cosmogony. In none of their legends do they go back to a time anterior to the existence of sky and earth, and their so-called creation legends are concerned solely with the birth of man. Sky and Earth were the first gods; but they were regarded as parents, not as creators. The idea of an artificer of the universe is foreign to primitive philosophy, and is possible only to races which have recognized the unity of natural phenomena.

The Hopi elevated these two mysteries of nature into beings of transcendent power, calling one the Sky-god, father of all races, the other the Earth-god, their genetrix. The former was the highest embodiment of life, interpreted as breath, fire, light, and water. It controlled all these forces, but was anthropomorphic in form, and was often personated by a bird or serpent. The sun was the representation of this god as seen by man.

The home of the Sky-god is the Underworld, where dwells likewise his spouse, the Earth-goddess. The Hopi have many different names for these two gods and their personations, and these names as used in legends obscure their identity. The Sky-god may be called the Heart of the Sky, the Old Man, the Fire-god, or the God of Germs; the Earth appears as the Old Woman, the Spider-woman, or the Goddess of Germs.

Having elevated the magic power of earth or the germ power of nature into a great spirit and endowed it with sex—naturally the female, theories of the origin of man took a purely natural form. Races were regarded as born from the womb of Earth, and this womb was believed to be a subterranean chamber called the Underworld. In this analogical comparison of the origin of races to the birth of the infant, the magic power of the sky or the Sky-god was regarded as the father or the Germ-god. Thus the Sun-god in the Underworld became ruler of that region, which was the home likewise of his spouse, the genetrix of clans of men and tutelary clan-gods.

We have seen how, in the mind of primitive man, life or its magic power is symbolized by fire; and as fire and life are synonymous, the gods of fire are likewise gods of life. Hence, in ceremonies where fire is made by ancient methods, we find rights of germination often assuming a phallic nature. The word for sun and fire among many Indian tribes has a common root, indicating that they are associated in the Indian mind. The Sun-god is therefore not only the god of light, but also of life and fire. Analogy teaches that when the sun sinks into his home in the West, light, fire, and life are replaced by darkness or its symbol—death. Primitive man did not fail to observe the analogy of this event to the departure of the human spirit from its mortal body.

#### RELATION OF RITUAL AND MYTH

PRIMITIVE man is not satisfied with abstract belief; he must have personifications of the supernatural powers. All his gods are personalities and are capable of being represented either by an actor or a symbol, or by something else which he can see. One way of representing the gods is by dramatization, in which the deeds or attributes of gods are represented by men wearing the paraphernalia which distinguish the gods. The Indian ceremony is largely made up of such dramatizations or forms of expression of the nature and powers of gods by acting. The ritual kept up year after year preserves from remote times into later culture the primitive conceptions of the nature of the gods and their relations to man.

The influence of the ritual on the myth is very great. It calls into existence many legends which otherwise would never have originated. Hopi legends illustrate primitive thought. The following stories have been chosen to illustrate what has been written in previous pages regarding primitive mythology and news of the supernatural. Among these will be found a legend of the birth of races—a so-called creation myth; an account of a local deluge which drove some of the Hopi from their former habitations; a story of the visit of a cultus-hero to the Underworld, and how a monster was killed by another hero. To these is added an account of the origin of a tutelary-god in one of the Pueblos which was destroyed two centuries ago.

#### RACE ORIGIN MYTHS

NO TRUE creation myth has yet been found by the author among the Hopi Indians, but there are several stories recounting the origin of man on the earth's surface. To the question who made all things, several replies have been obtained; but these are so vague that it is evidently a



fruitless inquiry. The great bird, symbol of the sky-god, and the spider, symbol of the earth, were creators; but it is not difficult to interpret these as personations of sky and earth. As to the origin of sky and earth, Hopi legends are silent. There are, however, many stories of the origin or birth of races of man and of various other beings which people the surface of the earth, and their general tenor is much the same. Before he came to this land, man lived in the Underworld, the womb of Earth. This habitation was dark; and by some it is said that there are four Underworlds, one above the other, communicating by passageways, ultimately opening through the earth-surface by an orifice which some of the Hopi clans say is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

This Underworld is ruled over by the Sun, or God of Germs, and is the home of the Earth-goddess. To it return the spirits of the dead, and from it issue the souls of the newly born. In the ancient days, when the ancestors of all races lived here, their bodily forms were very different from those of their descendants. They were flabby like jelly, unable to walk upright, with organs misplaced with such peculiarity as we should expect man to ascribe to them if reasoning by analogy he compared them to the human fetus. A cultus-hero led the races out of these Underworlds, the wombs of Earth; and as they crawled to the surface, their dwelling-places were assigned by supernatural personages. Primitive poetic descriptions of the episodes have embellished them with many details which vary with different story-tellers; and different races are said to have emerged from different openings; but all ascribe man's birth to the Mother Earth.

#### DELUGE MYTH

CERTAIN Hopi clans have a legend which may be called a deluge myth or account of the submergence of a land in which they formerly lived. Long ago, so the story goes, the ancestors of these clans lived at a place in southern Arizona called Palatkwabi. An old wizard also dwelt in that country, and he often exerted his sorceries to harm mankind. His evil deeds were so many that finally the Great Snake, a personation of the sun, was angry and flooded all the earth. This Great Snake rose, says the legend, from the middle of the plaza of the Pueblo where the earth opened in a great chasm. The Great Snake mounted to the zenith, like a sky-god that he is, and floods of water gushed forth from the earth, covering everything save a ridge of sand to which the Rain-cloud clan withdrew for safety.

The chief of this clan then interrogated the god, asking what he desired; and the Great Snake, answering from the clouds, declared that the waters would not abate until the son and daughter of the chief were

given to him as a sacrifice. Then these two children were clothed in their ceremonial garments, with their finest ornaments hung on their necks, and brought as a living offering to the god. Then the sky-god said that the people must leave that land and journey to the far north, and that he would always be a friend and helper. He then sank into his house, the earth, drawing the water behind him; and when the water disappeared, nothing remained to mark the place of exit but a great black rock rising in the midst of the plain. Some say that the children were turned into stone, but others declare that they sank with the god into the Underworld and became guardians of the clan, and that they continually urge the god to protect it from all harm.

In Zuni legends we have a similar flood tradition in which, when the earth was submerged, the people retreated to the top of the great Mesa, called Thunder Mountain. The flood filled the valley almost to the top of this table-land, and two children were thrown into the water as an offering to the god. Two pinnacles of rock near the Mesa are still pointed out as marking the place of sacrifice.

#### THE MORTAL WHO VISITED THE UNDERWORLD

THE visit of a mortal to the Underworld, home of the Sun, God of Germs and Ruler of the Dead, and the Earth-goddess, where live also the spirits of the unborn, is told in the legends of many people. Mr. Stephen gives the Hopi version as follows:—

“Far down in the lowest depths of the Grand Cañon, at the place where we used to gather salt, is the orifice where we emerged from the Underworld.” After an account of the exit of certain clans which settled near the junction of the San Juan and Colorado rivers, the narrative continues: The village chief of the Puma people had two sons and two daughters, and his eldest son was known by the name Ti-yo (the youth). He seemed to be always melancholy and thoughtful, and was wont to haunt the edge of the cliff. All day he would sit there, gazing down into that deep gorge, and wondering where the ever flowing water went, and when it finally found rest. He often discussed this question with his father, saying, “It must flow down some great pit into the Underworld, for after all these years the gorge below never fills up and none of the water ever flows back again.” His father would say, “Maybe it goes so far away that many old men’s lives would be too short to mark its return.” Ti-yo said, “I am constrained to go and solve this mystery, and I can rest no more till I make the venture.” His family besought him with tears to forego his project; but nothing could shake his determination, and he won them to give their sorrowful consent.

The father said: "It is impossible for you to follow the river on foot, hence you must look for a hollow cottonwood-tree, and I will help you make a boat in which you may float upon the water." Then follows an account of how the boat was made, of the food which his mother and sisters prepared, and of the prayer-offerings which his father gave him. The progress of his voyage is also described. When the boat finally stopped, Ti-yo drew the plug and, looking out, saw on one side a muddy bank, and on the other nothing but water; so he pushed out the end of the boat, and taking his *paho* mantle in his hand, passed to the dry land. He had gone but a little way when he heard the sound "hist, hist," coming from the ground; and when this had been repeated four times, he descried a small round hole near his feet, and this was the home of the Spider-woman. "*Umpitah*," said the voice (you have arrived, the ordinary Hopi greeting), "my heart is glad; I have long been expecting you; come down into my home." "How can I," said Ti-yo, "when it will scarce admit the tip of my toe?" She said, "Try," and when he laid his foot upon the hole, it widened out larger than his body, and he passed down into a roomy kiva. In this home of the Spider-woman he remained four days, and she gave him food and promised to be his mentor, stating that she could change her form at will.

On the fifth morning Spider-woman gave some of the medicine to Ti-yo, telling him to be of brave heart, and when he came to the angry ones who guarded the entrance of rooms, he should put a little of the medicine on the tip of his tongue and spurt it upon them, and they would be pacified. She then told him that she would now become invisible, and immediately perched herself on the top of his right ear. She said she would be inaudible to all others, but would constantly whisper her promptings, and would remain with him throughout his journeys. She told him to take the cluster of eagle-down in his hand and step upon the *si-pā-pu*, which he did, and at once they descended to the Underworld.

There the eagle-down fluttered out toward the northwest, and thither he traveled till he came to a kiva near which was the great snake called Ga-to-ya, on which, as prompted, he spurted the charm, and the snake turned his head and allowed him to pass to the hatchway where two angry bears stood, one on each side of the ladder. On these he also spurted, and they bowed their heads; and he descended into the Snake chamber where many men clothed in snake skins, were squatted on the floor around a sand altar and where the walls, the roof, and the floor were all decorated with snake skins. None of these people spoke a word, nor was any sound heard in that gloomy kiva; and when Ti-yo displayed a *paho* (prayer-stick), the chief merely bowed his head in recognition and



motioned him to the open *si-pā-pu*. Stepping upon this, he descended at once into the Snake-Antelope chamber, where everything was white and cheerful and where many men were squatted around a beautiful sand altar; their garments and feather plumes were bright and gaily colored, and all gave him a glad welcome.

The first of his blue *pa-hos* he delivered to the chief of this kiva, who looked at it closely and then laid it on the altar. He told Ti-yo he had been expecting him, and thanked him for coming; then he said, "I cause the rain-clouds to come and go and the ripening winds to blow, and I direct the coming and going of all the mountain animals. Before you return you will desire many things; ask freely of me and you shall receive."

Spider-woman now asked him to resume the journey. Ti-yo passed upward to the hatchway, the eagle-down floated to the West, and looking in that direction he saw a great water, and far away out in its midst the long tips of a ladder projecting from the roof of a kiva. Spider-woman said: "That is the house of the chief, and it is on dry land which floats on the surface of the great water; let us go." And when they came to the edge of the great water, Ti-yo spurted upon a part of the eagle-down and cast it upon the water, which parted on either hand, so that he traveled to the distant house with dry feet. When he approached the ladder, two angry pumas started up, turned their heads toward him and said, "We have never permitted any stranger to live who came here, but now we know your breath is pure and your heart is brave"; and they lay down on each side of the ladder, and he stepped between them and descended it.

The ladder was covered with small, glittering, white shells; the inside of the kiva was resplendent with turquoise and coral, and in the middle of the floor a very old woman was squatted all alone. Her eyes were dim, her hair was gray, her skin was deeply wrinkled, and her mantle looked old and dingy; but Spider-woman told Ti-yo, "This is the kind mother; her heart is tender and generous; and every night when she lays aside her mantle she becomes an enchanting maiden, and she is arrayed with splendor at dawn."

Then Ti-yo gave her the second prayer-stick which she looked at very carefully, and said, "This was made by one who knows; I thank you. Sit down and eat, and ask for any of my possessions you desire."

She prepared a food of corn pollen in a large turquoise bowl, saying, "This will be ready for you and the father when he comes, that you may both eat, and start again without delay."

While this was being said, Spider-woman whispered him to get ready his prayer-stick for the Sun. Then, with a noise like that of a mighty lightning-bolt, the Sun came rushing down through the air and alighted on the kiva roof with a great crash.

He entered and hung up his beautiful shining shield that cried "ching-a-ling" as it dangled against the wall. He wore a white buckskin garment, and the arms and legs of it were decorated with fringes of jingling white shells; it was thick and heavy, because it is very cold in the sky region, and it had many pockets in which the Sun put all the prayer-sticks he found set out for him during his day's travel. He took out great numbers of these and laid them before the old woman, who scrutinized and sorted them, putting aside a part of them with her right hand: "These are from the people of good hearts," she said, "and I will send them what they ask. But these," she added, as she cast away a great many with her left hand, "are from liars and deceitful people; they hurt my eyes to look at them."

Then the Sun took from his right wrist the scalps of all who had been slain in battle through the day on the right side of his path, and from his left wrist those of the slain who had fallen on the left side of his path. And the old woman wept and mourned: "I grieve when you come here; it pains me as I touch you; my heart is sad, and I tremble as I look at you; for I long for all my people to live at peace. Will they never cease from quarreling?" And she hung up the scalps along the walls of her house.

Ti-yo then placed his third prayer-stick in the Sun's hand, who scanned it narrowly, as the others had done, and said: "It is well, my friend, my relative, my son; let us smoke." He filled a huge turquoise pipe with native tobacco, and after they had smoked, they ate the food prepared for them; and the Sun told Ti-yo to come with him on his journey through the Underworld and across to his place of rising. He told Ti-yo to grasp his girdle, and they went down through the *si-pā-pu* like a flash of lightning, to the lowest Underworld, the house of Mu-i-yin-wuh. In this place a host of eager men passed back and forth, up and down, all working with anxious haste; and the Sun led Ti-yo to the middle of this industrious throng, where Ti-yo gave his remaining prayer-stick to Mu-i-yin-wuh. After inspecting the prayer-stick, Mu-i-yin-wuh said that he would always listen to the prayers of Ti-yo's people; then he explained that at his command the germs of all living things were made, the seeds of all vegetation that grows upon the surface of the Upperworld, and of all animals and men who walk upon it; and the multitude that Ti-yo saw were ceaselessly occupied at this task. The youth noticed that the largest and handsomest of these men were those who were most earnest and industrious, and that the stunted, scraggy creatures were the careless, lazy ones.

After further assurance that the Maker of Germs would always hear his petitions, Ti-yo again grasped the Sun's girdle, and was carried by him upward and eastward to where the Sun rises.

When they stopped they were in the Sun-house, which is a beautiful kiva like that in the West, but red in color; and they ate food from a pink stone bowl. There is no woman in this house; the Sun and his brother Tai-o-wa alternately occupy it. Four days Ta-wa carries the shield across the heavens, returning each night through the Underworld, reaching the East just a short time before he resumes his journey through the sky; then he rests in his Sun-house while Tai-o-wa performs his allotted four days' labor carrying the shield.

Ta-wa impressed on Ti-yo the importance of remembering all the things he had seen, and all that he would yet be shown; and he taught him to make the Sun prayer-stick. Then his eyes would be opened, and thenceforth he would know all people, could look in their hearts and know their thoughts; and as a token he then heard his family mourning for him and calling upon him to return.

And the Sun said, "I counsel you that of all the gifts you shall receive, the blessing you shall most prize is the rain-cloud you will get from the chief of the Snake-Antelope kiva."

Ta-wa then taught him to make the great Sun prayer-stick which was as long as from his heart to his finger-tips. Then he gave him the skin of gray-fox, which Ti-yo hung upon the prayer-stick and placed upon the hatchway; and after a little time he gave him the skin of yellow-fox, which Ti-yo hung over the gray. When the Sun was ready to leave his house, he took Ti-yo on his shoulder and carried him across the sky, showing him all the world; and at sunset they came again to the house in the West.

A study of this legend reveals many psychological conceptions characteristic of primitive man. We have in it a glimpse of the Underworld, with its sacerdotal population engaged in religious ceremonies, and a hint of the relation of these rites to those now practised on earth. Ti-yo meets in this Underworld the Earth-goddess in her several guises, and the Sun is his guide through this realm of the dead. The use of magic power by Ti-yo, directed by Spider-woman, occurs again and again in the story; charms and spells are his constant aids. He finally emerges from the Underworld with the two snake-maidens.

The analogy of social life in the Underworld with that of the Pueblos is close, and the dead are organized into clans with priest fraternities, altars, fetishes, and various magic emblems.

One is also struck with several points of resemblance between this legend and classical accounts of the visits of mortals to Hades; nor does the parallelism cease with the Greek and Roman stories, but exists also in comparisons with legends of less cultured peoples. It is highly probable that all these different races looked upon this Underworld in much the same way as the Hopi. This place was not regarded as a habitation of the damned; and the sky as a heaven or home of the blessed is a modern innovation.



## HOW THE TWINS VISITED THE SUN

ANOTHER legend, of the twin cultus-heroes, has this form: The Twins lived with Spider-woman, their mother, on the west side of Mount Taylor, and desired to see the home of their father. Spider-woman gave them as a magic charm a kind of meal, and directed them, when they met the guardians of the house of the Sun, to chew a little and spurt it upon them.

The Twins journeyed far to the Sunrise, where the Sun's home is entered through a canyon in the sky. There, Bear, Mountain Lion, Snake, and Canyon-closing, keep watch. The sky is solid in this place, and the walls of the entrance, constantly opening and closing, would crush any unauthorized person who attempted to pass through.

As the Twins approached the ever-fierce watchers, the trail lay along a narrow way; they found it led them to a place on one side of which was the face of a vertical cliff, and on the other a precipice which sank sheer to the Below (Underworld). An old man sat there, with his back against the wall and his knees drawn up close to his chin. When they attempted to pass, the old man suddenly thrust out his legs, trying to knock the passers over the cliff. But they leaped back and saved themselves; and in reply to a protest, the old man said his legs were cramped and he simply extended them for relief. Whereupon the hero remembered the charm which he had for the magic power of the southwest direction, and spurning it upon the old man, he forced the malignant fellow to remain quite still with legs drawn up until the Twins had passed.

Then they went on to the watchers, guardians of the entrances to the Sun's house, whom they subdued in the same manner. They also spurted the charm on the sides of the cliff, so that it ceased its oscillation and remained open until they had passed.

These dangers over, they entered the Sun's home and were greeted by the Sun's wife, who laid them on a bed of mats. Soon Sun came home from his trip through the Underworld, saying, "I smell strange children here: Where are those whom you have? So she brought the Twins to him, and he put them in a flint oven and made a hot fire. After a while, when he opened the door of the oven, the Twins capered out laughing and dancing about his knees, and he knew then that they were his sons.

Again in this legend we see how magic is used to overcome the power of the four guardians of the entrance to the house of the Sun, the Underworld. Here likewise the sky is solid, oscillating back and forth when the adventurers would pass. The magic power of this solid sky was overcome by the charm which Spider-woman, the Earth-goddess, gave to her children.

## THE CULTUS-HERO KILLS MONSTERS

ALL races have a legend of a cultus-hero who performs marvelous deeds for the good of the race. He is represented as ridding the earth of monsters or alien gods, or overcoming by magic the evil influences of sorcerers. He leads clans or races in their migrations, or teaches men letters or arts by which their social condition is improved, and performs miracles of many kinds. In most legends the hero is miraculously conceived and of divine origin.

The legends of the wonders performed by these cultus-heroes are very numerous in Hopi Mythology. The heroes are generally spoken of as the Twins, with a mortal mother who gave them birth while a virgin. Their father is the sky-god or sun-god, and in many stories is spoken of as a ray of light to a drop of water. The following myth gives a fair idea of the general character of this type of legends.

## HOW THE YOUTH PUNISHED MAN-EAGLE

THE ravages of Man-eagle extended over the whole earth, afflicting all people. He carried off their women and maids and took them to his home in the sky, where he was accustomed to keep such as he wished during four nights, and then to devour them.



The Youth, while on his way to the San Francisco Mountains, met the Pinyon Maids, dressed in mantles of pinyon bark and grass. Then he found Spider-woman and Mole. After they had greeted him and bade him be seated, they inquired where he was going. He replied that Man-eagle had carried off his bride and that he sought to bring her back. "I will aid you," said Spider-woman, and told the Pinyon Maids to gather pinyon gum, wash it, and make a garment in exact imitation of the flint arrowhead armor which Man-eagle is said to wear.

The Pinyon Maids bathed themselves, gathered and washed the gum, and made the desired garment for Spider-woman, who gave it with charmed flour to the Youth. Then she changed herself into a spider, so small as to be invisible, and perched on the Youth's right ear, that she might whisper her advice. Mole led the way to the top of the mountain, but the Pinyon Maids remained behind. When they reached the summit, Eagle swooped down; they got on his back, and he soared aloft with them until he was tired. Hawk came close by; they were transferred to his back, and he carried them still higher into the sky. When he was weary, Gray Hawk took them and mounted the heaven until he

could go no farther, and Red Hawk received the burden. Thus for an immense distance upward they flew, until the adventurers reached a passageway through which the Youth, Spider-woman, and Mole passed. Then they saw the white home in which Man-eagle lived.

Spider-woman advised the Youth, before mounting the ladder which led into Man-eagle's home, to pluck a handful of sumac berries and give them to Lizard, who received them with thanks, chewed them, and gave him back the cud. The ladder of the house had for each rung a sharp stone, like a knife, which would lacerate the hands and feet of any one who attempted to climb it. The Youth rubbed these sharp edges with the chewed berries, and instantly they became dull, so that he was able to climb the ladder without cutting himself.

Upon entering the home of Man-eagle, one of the first objects which met his eye was the fabulous flint arrowhead garment hanging on a peg in a recess; this he at once exchanged for his own—the imitation of it which the Pinyon Maids had manufactured. Glancing into another recess, the Youth saw Man-eagle and his own lost wife. He called out to her that he had come to rescue her from the monster; and she replied that she was glad, but that he could not do so as no one ever left the place alive. Youth replied, "Have no fear; you will soon be mine again."

So powerful was Spider-woman's magic charm that it prevented Man-eagle from hearing the conversation; but he soon awoke and put on the imitation flint garment, without detecting the fraud. He then for the first time became aware of the Youth's presence, and demanded what he wished. "I have come to take my wife home," responded the hero. Man-eagle said, "We must gamble to decide that, and you must abide the consequences, for if you lose, I shall slay you"; to which the Youth agreed. Man-eagle brought out a huge pipe longer than a man's head, and having filled it with tobacco, gave it to the hero, saying, "You must smoke this entirely out, and if you become dizzy or nauseated, you loose." So the Youth lit the pipe and smoked, but exhaled nothing. He kept the pipe aglow, swallowed all the smoke, and felt no ill effect; for he passed it through his body into an underground passageway that Mole had dug. Man-eagle was amazed, and asked what had become of the smoke. The Youth, going to the door, showed him great clouds of dense smoke issuing from the four cardinal points, and the monster saw that he had lost.

But Man-eagle tried a second truce with the hero. He brought out two deer antlers, saying, "We will each choose one, and he loses who fails to break the one he has chosen." The antler which he laid down on the northwest side was a real antler, while that on the southeast was an imitation made of brittle wood. Spider-woman prompted the Youth to demand the first choice, but Man-eagle refused him that right. After



the Youth had insisted four times, Man-eagle yielded, and the hero chose the brittle antler and tore its prongs asunder; but Man-eagle could not break the real antler, and thus lost a second time.

Man-eagle had two fine, large pine-trees growing near his home. He said to the hero, "You choose one, and I will take the other, and whoever plucks one up by the roots shall win." Now Mole had burrowed under one of the trees, gnawed through all its roots, cutting them off, ran through his tunnel, and was sitting at its mouth, peering through the grass, anxious to see Youth win. The hero, with the help of his grandmother, chose the tree that Mole had prepared, plucked it up and threw it over the cliff; but Man-eagle struggled with the other tree and could not move it, so he was unhappy in his third defeat.

Then Man-eagle spread a great supply of food on the floor, and said to Youth that he must eat all at one sitting. Ti-yo (the Youth) sat and ate all the meat, bread, and porridge, emptying one food basin after another, and showed no sign of being satisfied before all was consumed; for Mole had again assisted him, and dug a large hole below to receive it. So the Youth was a winner the fourth time.

Man-eagle then made a great wood-pile and directed Ti-yo to sit upon it, saying that he would ignite it, and if the Youth were unharmed, he would submit himself to the same test. The Youth took his allotted place; Man-eagle set fire to the pile of wood at the four cardinal points, and it speedily was ablaze. The arrowheads of which the flint armor was made were coated with ice, which melted so that the water trickled down and prevented Youth from being burned. So all the wood-pile was consumed, leaving Ti-yo unharmed.

The monster was filled with wonder, and grieved very much when he saw Youth making another great pile of wood. But, still thinking that he wore his fireproof suit, he mounted the wood-pile which Youth lit at the four cardinal points. The fuel blazed up quickly, and as soon as the flames caught the imitation garment of gum, it ignited with a flash, and the monster was consumed. Then, at the prompting of Spider-woman, Ti-yo approached the ashes, put a charm in his mouth and spurted it over them. Suddenly a handsome man arose. Spider-woman said to him, "Will you refrain from killing people? Will you forsake your evil habits?" Man-eagle assented with a fervent promise; and the Youth, rejoicing, ran to his wife and embraced her. Then he set free all the captive women, wives of the Hopi and other peoples, of whom there were many. Then Eagle and Hawk carried them back to the earth.

It will be noticed how prominent throughout this legend is the magic power of the hero, assisted by that of Spider-woman, his mentor. Man-eagle is always out-witted, and various animals aid the hero in his contest.

The two opponents are represented as gambling together; and the story hangs on the superiority of the magic power of one over that of the other, the stronger magic overcoming the weaker. Here we have more than a hint as to the nature of primitive religious thought. As in this contest the two supernatural beings gamble for supremacy, each exerting his magic power to overcome the other, so man in primitive worship exerts his magic power to make the gods do his bidding. If the shaman's power be strong enough, aided by his fetiches, spells, and invocations, he can overcome the evil magic of the supernatural beings he fears, or force blessings from beneficent gods. Ceremony thus becomes a method of controlling the magic powers of supernatural beings, by the use of magic arts.

### THE POSSESSION OF FIRE

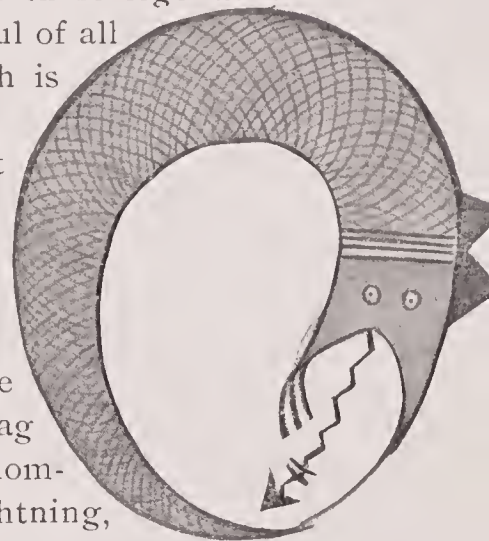
NUMEROUS legends are told by the Hopi explaining how man acquired the magic power of fire. As has been shown, this symbol of life is an attribute of the great sky-god, and the main point of these legends is how it came into the power of man. The most powerful of all the attributes of the sky-god is the lightning, which is fire in its most active form.

When the lightning is personated by an animal, it takes the form of the Great Serpent, an agent of the Sun, as god of fire and life. This identification, like so many others in primitive philosophy, is derived from analogy. The lightning comes from the sky, and would naturally be regarded as a manifestation of the magic power of the sky-god; it moves in a zigzag course, as does likewise the serpent; and it kills whomsoever it strikes. Fire follows in the wake of the lightning, and storms accompany it. This Great Snake holds an important place in the Hopi Olympus, and its cultus was brought to these Indians from Old Mexico.

This snake personification of the magic power of Sky or Sun-god is not necessarily malevolent. He has great powers, and is terrible when he exerts them against mankind; but he is equally powerful in bringing blessings. He is not a personification of evil, as in Semitic mythology; but a personification of the great magic of the sky, the god of rain, growth, life, and fire.

### THE ORIGIN OF A TUTELARY GOD

ONE of the most important of the Hopi pueblo, or settlements, in the seventeenth century was called Awatobi. It was one of the most populous, and in early days it had a Catholic mission, the walls of which are



still visible. At the close of that century this pueblo was destroyed, many of its inhabitants were killed, and a number of them were distributed in the other pueblos. There survive many stories of this village among the descendants of its people, and some of them are typical. Many of these legends recount the deeds of Alosaka, a tutelary god of growth and fire, still worshiped under this name at Walpi, where many descendants of the Awatobi people still live.

Alosaka is supposed to live in the San Francisco Mountains, which are called by the Hopi "the place of high snows." This, however, is only a figurative way of saying that Alosaka is a sun-god, for these mountains silhouetted against the horizon mark the point where the sun sets in the winter solstice, the supposed sun home or entrance into the Underworld.

One of the old legends of Alosaka is as follows:—

A maid of Awatobi had an unknown lover, whom the parents were unable to identify. They met outside the pueblo; but, although the girl's mother discovered the trysting place, she found no trace of the lover save footprints in the sand. The sun-god had walked on the rainbow from his home in the San Francisco Mountains to visit the Awatobi maid, and had returned in the same way.

In time a child was born to this pair. It was not taken to its mother's home; she hid it in a deep cleft in the mesa side, abandoning it to wild animals. But Wolf heard the child's cries and ran to its aid, nursing it with her own udders until the babe became a youth.

Wolf later gave her foster-child to an Awatobi woman, who adopted the boy as her own. He grew to be a powerful hunter, having obtained magic hunt-powers from Wolf; and was also able to bring abundant rain and crops. This power over the elements and vegetation he inherited from his sun-father, and he became the tutelary god of Awatobi.

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PART V  
—  
LEGENDS



## THE RAMAYANA

By *EPIPHANIUS WILSON*

THE "Ramayana" is the greatest and most important of Indian epics. As an epic poem is taken up with a single personage and a single action, so the "Ramayana" is the tale of Rama, his banishment and his return. It is remarkable to find in this voluminous work a reflection of almost every feature which distinguishes later epics of Aryan affinity. Almost all the great topics of poetic interest, religious and secular, seem to be treated in it. It is the Indian Odyssey, for it paints the vicissitudes of a princely life in exile; it is also the Iliad, for its subject is a war of invasion, carried on for the purpose of restoring a wife to her husband. It is the Indian Paradise Lost; good and evil, God and Satan, Vishnu and Ravana, are at issue in it, and Evil is for a while triumphant in destroying human life. It is the Paradise Regained, for Ravana is finally crushed through the instrumentality of an incarnate Deity.

All the passions and emotions proper to the epic find a vivid representation in the "Ramayana." The epic differs from the drama in that it influences through pity only, and not through pity and fear. The end of the epic is hope, or triumph, while the end of the play may sometimes be death and despair. It is only later editions of the "Ramayana" that add one bitter element to the glorious return of Rama; *i. e.*, the discordant episode of Sita's expulsion from her place in his kingdom and affections; and this, perhaps, may be looked upon as an artistic expedient, by which full play is given to the emotion of pathos, so proper to epics, while at the same time the true motive of the work, the destruction of Ravana, is emphasized.

The "Ramayana" is of very uncertain date. Sir Monier Williams thinks that it reached its last form about 300 B.C., and that it was begun some two hundred years earlier. Some additions, according to the opinion of this eminent orientalist, were made in the early Christian era. Certain scholars assign the whole poem to our era, and deem it a work which evidences the influence of Greek literature upon Indian writers. But this seems to me an idle supposition, for the Greek makes form the first requisite in works of art, and, as we shall see, there is no trace of Hellenism in the shapeless and chaotic composition of the "Ramayana." In respect to form, Indian and Greek ideals are irreconcilable, and when we read the epic of Rama, condensed into English by Romesh Dutt, C. I.



E., as published in the "Temple Classics," we may admire the *tour de force* by which twenty-four thousand couplets have been reduced to ten thousand; we may admit that the work has been cut down to Greek proportions, but we must regret the destructive character of such an undertaking. Mr. Romesh Dutt seems scarcely to understand the genius of his ancestors, and while his work has some claims as an English poem, it is not an Indian epic any more than a railway station designed by a modern pupil of Vitruvius is Greek architecture. The Alhambra cannot be comprised in a single chamber, nor the banyan-tree limited to a single trunk, no, nor to half a dozen trunks. So the "Ramayana," to be known as it is, must be read as it was written, with all its episodes, its repetitions, its prolixity, its digressions, its long drawn narrative and description. The Indian Muse wraps herself in trailing robes of many colored embroidery, and moves slowly, or sits calmly, in the midst of marble halls filled with flowers and perfumes. The Ionian Muse is swift and agile as Atalanta; she girds her loins, and her raiment falls about her in close harmonious folds, while she moves in the dance, or marches in the procession to Apollo's Temple.

The charm of the "Ramayana" will, however, grow upon the reader, for reiteration may often quicken flagging attention, and gorgeous exaggeration, in which detail is piled upon detail in endless profusion, may waken fancy and fill the imagination with the color, life, and movement, which belong to the landscape or the pageant of the East.

The author of the poem is supposed to be Valmiki, Saint and Bard. As Homer is said to have inserted a portrait of himself in the Demodocus of the "Odyssey," so Valmiki appears in the closing cantos of the "Ramayana," as the recluse who shelters banished Sita in his hermitage. Here two sons, Lava and Kusa, are born to her, and Valmiki becomes their guardian and instructor. This is all we know of the Indian epic writer, whose personality is at least as faint and shadowy as that of Homer.

The wearisome length of the "Ramayana," if it be wearisome, may in part be attributed to ignorance or wilful violation of the two fundamental principles of epic art as the Greeks knew it. It was Hesiod who taught the value of mere suggestive outline in literature, and who impressed upon his countrymen the literary advantages of allusion — "The half is more than the whole," he said. The other rule was that an epic poem should never start from the beginning of the action. The poet should dash at once, as Horace says, *in medias res*, into the middle of the action. The beginning should be related by one of the characters in the poem. Thus the "Iliad" starts at Troy, but by allusion and otherwise tells the whole story of Paris, Helen, and Menelaus. The "Æneid," which is an account of the flight of Æneas from Troy to Italy,

opens in the middle of the voyage, and finds the hero at Carthage, where he relates to Dido all the previous incidents in his adventures.

The Indian poet, in the epic of Rama, begins before the birth of Rama, narrates his birth, all the incidents relating to it, and accompanies him step by step through all the vicissitudes of his after life up to the end of it, when he enters heaven. Thus the action of a Greek epic lasts for many days. The Indian bard proceeding chronologically through the whole career of his hero produces a poem whose action is lifelong, to be counted by years or decades. Allusion is very little employed in the poem, for at a hint or a memory, the writer, or the transcriber, mounts his Pegasus and dashes off from the direct course of the narrative and recounts in detail a great deal that Homer would have dismissed with a phrase or an epithet.

The tediousness of the poem was admitted by the Hindoos themselves: to listen to its recital was considered an act of penance, and when Damodura, second of the name among the kings of Kashmir, was cursed by certain Brahmans, whose anger he had incurred, it was stipulated that the effect of the malediction should cease on the day on which the monarch should hear the "Ramayana" recited from end to end. The poem consists of seven books, each of which is divided into cantos. The books are of very unequal length, and the cantos sometimes so digressive in character and subject as to break the continuity of the tale. The action closes with the sixth book, but the last book, which is called *Uttera Kanda*, is, as the Sanskrit title implies, a sort of appendix, containing stories and legends and traditions relating to the sons of Dasaratha and their successors.

The "Ramayana," like the early epics of Greece, was not at first committed to writing, but was recited from memory by certain professional minstrels or rhapsodists. The first of these rhapsodists were Kusa and Lava, the sons of Rama. These youths were brought up in the forest by Valmiki, who is credited with the original authorship of the poem. Valmiki is an important figure in the dim past of early Indian literature; he was styled Trikalajna, "knower of the three times," for like Calchas he knew the past, the present, and the future; he was the son of Varana, Ruler of Waters, and was a Brahman who yet despised the restriction of caste.

Valmiki speaks as follows, concerning his instruction of the sons of Rama and Sita:—

"The twins he saw, that princely pair,  
Sweet-voiced, who dwelt beside him there;  
None for the task could be more fit,  
For skilled were they in Holy Writ;  
And so the great Ramayan, fraught  
With love divine, to these he taught;

The lay whose verses sweet and clear  
 Take with delight the listening ear,  
*That tell of Sita's noble life,  
 And Ravan's fall in battle strife.*"

These subjects are to be the theme of the rhapsodists in every quarter,—

"Recite ye this heroic song  
 In tranquil shades, where sages throng;  
 Recite it where the good resort,  
 In lowly home and royal court."

The great epic transports the reader back to the golden age of Indian civilization; to the time when, in the valley of the Ganges, flourished a thousand years before Christ the two great kingdoms of the Rosalas and the Videhas. These two realms were probably co-terminous with the provinces which on modern maps are given the names of Oude and Behar. Those vast and fruitful plains, fertilized by a hundred streams, were fit seat for a poet, whose father was the "Ruler of Waters."

The king of Rosalas at the time the poem opens was Dasaratha, and his capital was Ayodhya—the modern Oude. King Dasaratha was a saint and a hero; his city, founded by Manu, a mythical eponymous hero, first king of the Rosalas, was as vast as it was ancient.

"There, famous in her old renown,  
 Ayodhya stands, the royal town,  
 In bygone ages built and planned  
 By sainted Manu's princely hand.  
 Imperial seat! her walls extend  
 Twelve measured leagues from end to end."

The Rosalas were people who still retained their primeval innocence:—

"There dwelt a just and happy race  
 With troops of children blest;  
 Each man contented sought no more,  
 Nor longed with envy for the store  
 By richer friends possessed."

Poverty was unknown; there were neither beggars, liars, perjurers, nor adulterers to be found in Ayodhya. All were devoted to religion.

"In many a Scripture each was versed,  
 And each the flame of worship nursed,  
 And gave with lavish hand;  
 Each paid to heaven the offerings due."

There were two things, however, which disturbed the felicity of Rosalas. In the first place the king was childless. In addition to this,



Ravana, a mighty giant, the impersonation of evil and malignity, afflicted the earth by his violence and cruelty. At length a solemn horse sacrifice is appointed by Dasaratha, to propitiate the gods and win from them the wished-for son. To this sacrifice all the gods throng, Brahma, Sthanu, Narayan, and Indra with his retinue of Maruts, or storm gods. Here a single expedient is resolved upon by which royal children may be given to the land, and Ravana be doomed to destruction.

This expedient is suggested by Vishnu, who announces his intention of descending to earth as Dasaratha's son.

“Then Vishnu, God of Gods, the Lord  
Supreme, by all the worlds adored,  
To Brahma, and his suppliants spake:  
‘Dismiss your fear: for your dear sake  
In battle will I smite him dead,  
The cruel fiend, the Immortal's dread.  
And Lords and Ministers and all  
His kith and kin with him shall fall.  
Then, in the world of mortal men  
Ten thousand years and hundreds ten  
I, as a human King will reign,  
And guard the earth as my domain.’”

In fulfillment of this resolve the incarnation of Vishnu takes place, and as Rama he is born to Kausalya, Dasaratha's consort.

“Kausalya bore an infant blest  
With heavenly marks of grace impressed;  
Rama, the universe's Lord,  
A prince by all the worlds adored.”

Rama, god and man, has three brothers, who play an important part in his adventures; these were born of other wives of the king. While Rama means Delight of the World, his brother's names are also significant: Bharata is Supporter; Lakshman, the Auspicious; Satrugna, the Slayer of Foes.

An early opportunity is given Rama to show his supernatural power. Dasaratha had just decided that a wife must be found for his firstborn, when the hermit Visvamitra comes from his hermitage, with a bold petition:—

“Give me thy son, thine eldest born,  
Whom locks like raven's wings adorn.  
For he can lay those demons low  
Who mar my rites, and work my woe.”

Dasaratha demurs; but at last consents, and the hermit and the prince depart for the forest and reach the Perfect Hermitage. A beautiful

description is given of the placid life of the devotees, and the day closes with a scene which, for its religious tranquillity and idyllic charm, might have been described by the pen of Basil or Jerome.

“The evening prayers were duly said,  
With voices calm and low;  
Then on the ground each laid his head,  
And slept till morning’s glow.”

The demon who harassed these hermits was a formidable witch, Tadaka, stronger than a thousand elephants, and Protean in her power of transformation; but she yielded to Rama, and the grove is finally cleared of all supernatural pests. She is a typical example of many monsters whom Rama encounters and vanquishes before his final triumph over Ravana.

The hermit gratefully addresses the victorious prince:—

“My joy, O Prince, is now complete:  
Thou hast obeyed my will:  
Perfect before, this calm retreat  
Is now more perfect still.”

With these grateful words ringing in his ears, Rama leaves the Perfect Hermitage for the city of Mithila, the capital of King Janaka, ruler of the Videhas:—

“Farewell, each holy rite complete,  
I leave the Hermit’s Perfect Seat.  
To Ganga’s northern shore I go  
Beneath Himalaya’s peaks of snow.”

At the court of King Janaka he hears the story of Sita, Janaka’s beautiful daughter, and the condition on which her father promises to give her in marriage:—

“Once, as it chanced, I plowed the ground  
When sudden, ’neath the share was found  
An infant springing from the earth,  
Named Sita\* from her secret birth.  
In strength and grace the maiden grew,  
My cherished daughter fair to view.  
I vowed her of no mortal birth,  
Meet prize for noblest hero’s worth.  
In strength and grace the maiden grew,  
And many a monarch came to woo.”  
To all the princely suitors I  
Gave, mighty Saint, the same reply:  
‘I give not thus my daughter, she  
Prize of heroic worth shall be.’

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\* A furrow.

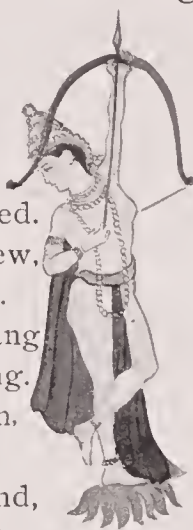
To all who came with hearts aglow  
I offered Sita's mighty bow;  
Not one of all the royal band  
Could raise or take the bow in hand."

The bow is brought in, and Rama is invited to string it:—

"Five thousand youths in number, all  
Of manly strength, and stature tall,  
The ponderous eight-wheeled chest that held  
The heavenly bow, with toil propelled."

The bow is strung, and broken by the superhuman strength of Rama,  
Raghu's son, or descendant.

"Then Raghu's son, as if in sport,  
Before the thousands of the court,  
The weapon by the middle raised  
That all the crowd in wonder gazed.  
With steady arm the string he drew,  
And burst the mighty bow in two.  
As snapped the bow, an awful clang  
Loud as the shriek of tempest rang.  
The earth, affrighted, shook amain,  
As when a hill is rent in twain.  
Then, senseless at the fearful sound,  
The people fell upon the ground."



When Dasaratha hears that his wish as to the union of his son and Sita is to be realized, he performs a great religious rite to the memory of his ancestors, and makes a present of cows to the Brahmans.

"Each had her horns adorned with gold;  
And duly was the number told,  
Four hundred thousand, perfect tale,  
Each brought a calf, each filled a pail."

The wedding takes place after this amid circumstances of great splendor, and King Janaka solemnly gives his daughter to Prince Rama with the following words:—

"Here Sita stands, my daughter fair,  
The duties of thy life to share.  
Take from her father, take thy bride,  
Join hand to hand, and bliss betide!  
A faithful wife most blest is she,  
And as thy shade will follow thee."

Rama's cup of happiness is filled to the brim by his appointment as regent to share his father's throne.



But it is from his appointment as regent that his troubles begin. Kaikeyi, the mother of Bharata, is a woman who has great influence with her husband, Dasaratha, and while at first she rejoiced at Rama's elevation she is in the end stirred by her nurse, Manthara, the hunchback, to oppose it.

“Manthara, her eyeballs red  
With fury, skilled with treacherous art  
To grieve yet move her lady's heart  
From Rama, in her wicked hate  
Kaikeyi's love to alienate,  
Upon her evil purpose bent  
Began again most eloquent:  
'Peril awaits thee swift and sure,  
And utter woe defying cure;  
King Dasaratha will create  
Prince Rama heir associate.'”

She goes on to tell the queen that this will result in the neglect of Bharata's claim to any share in the royal power.

“First Rama will thy throne acquire,  
Then Rama's son succeed his sire;  
While Bharata will neglected pine,  
Excluded from the royal line.  
O, Queen, thy darling is undone,  
When Rama's hand has once begun  
Ayodha's realm to sway;  
Come, win the kingdom for thy child  
And drive the alien to the wild  
In banishment to-day.”

Kaikeyi is thus moved to make an appeal to the king on behalf of her son Bharata; she reminds Dasaratha of her services to him, and the promises he made to her:—

“Remember, King, that long-past day  
Of gods' and demons' battle fray,  
And how thy foe in doubtful strife  
Had nigh bereft thee of thy life.  
Remember, it was only I  
Preserved thee, when about to die.”

She goes on to claim a fulfilment of the promise then made to her:—

“Those offered boons, pledged with thee then,  
I now demand, O King of men;  
If thou refuse thy promise sworn,  
I die, despised, before the morn.

These rites, in Rama's name begun,  
 Transfer them, and enthrone my son.  
 Then forth to Dandak's forest drive  
 Thy Rama for nine years and five,  
 And let him dwell a hermit there,  
 With deerskin coat and matted hair."

The king expostulates, implores, and ends by vituperating her; but she is obdurate:—

"O Monarch, if thy soul repent  
 Thy promise and thy free consent,  
 How wilt thou in the world maintain  
 Thy fame for truth unsmirched with stain?"

The King at length is induced to order Rama's banishment, and the enthronement of Bharata.

Queen Kausalya laments over the sentence and says:—

"How shall I pass, in dark distress,  
 My long, lone days of wretchedness  
 Without my Rama's face, as bright  
 As the full moon to cheer my sight?"

Lakshman, another of the royal princes, is enraged at the submissiveness of Rama:—

"Thy rash resolve, thy eager haste,  
 Thy mighty fear, are all misplaced.  
 No room is here for duty's claim,  
 No cause to dread the people's blame.  
 Wilt thou, when power and might are thine,  
 Submit to this abhorred design?  
 Thy father's impious hest fulfill,  
 That vassal of Kaikeyi's will?"

But Rama expresses full submission to his father's decree:—

"'The order of my sire,' he cried,  
 'My will shall ne'er oppose:  
 I follow still, whate'er betide,  
 The path which duty shows.'"

Then Sita states her resolve to follow her husband into the wilderness. Nothing could be more touching than her language:—

"My Lord, the mother, sire, and son  
 Receive their lots by merit won;  
 The brother and the daughter find  
 The portion to their deeds assigned.  
 The wife alone, whate'er await,  
 Must share on earth her husband's fate.

So now the King's command, that sends  
Thee to the wild, to me extend.  
If, Raghu's son, thy steps are led  
Where Dandak's pathless wilds are spread,  
My feet before thine own shall pass,  
Through tangled thorn and matted grass.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll seek with thee the woodland dell  
And pathless wild where no man dwell,  
Where tribes of sylvan creatures roam,  
And many a tiger makes his home.  
My life shall pass as pleasant there  
As in my father's palae fair.  
The world shall wake no care in me,  
My only care be truth to thee.  
Thy heart shall ne'er by me be grieved,  
Do not my prayer deny;  
Take me, dear Lord; of thee bereaved  
Thy Sita swears to die."

He remonstrates with her, repeating again and again the burden,—  
"The wood, my love, is full of woes." Danger, want, and laborious ascet-  
icism, he says, are the lot of the forest dwellers. The hermit has to be  
strict in religious ceremonies.

"Obedient to the law he knows;  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
To grace the altar must be brought  
The gift of flowers his hands have sought,  
The debt each pious hermit owes,  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
The devotce must be content  
To live, severely abstinent,  
On what the chance of fortune shows,  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
Hunger afflicts him evermore;  
The nights are black, the wild winds roar,  
And there are dangers worse than those;  
The wood, my love, is full of woes."

Snakes and wild beasts add to the horrors of the forest.

The royal pair set out for the wilderness attended by the inhabitants  
of Ayodhya, in tears and lamentations. But Rama eludes the multi-  
tudes who had resolved to share the hardships of his exile. He and  
Sita, with the faithful Lakshman, reach the forest alone.

In the meantime King Dasaratha expires from grief and shame, con-  
fessing on his deathbed that he is justly punished by the loss of his son



for having slain, by misadventure, many years before, the only son of a blind hermit.

The scenery of Dandaka, is much dwelt upon in the second and third book. The panorama of the Indian forest is unfolded by the poet in glowing language; never is there such landscape painting to be found in any other poet of Aryan affinities before the Christian era; Homer and Virgil never analyzed the external phases of inanimate nature. The placid life of the hermit, the beauty of holy retirement in the bamboo cell by the blue rushing stream, are tenderly depicted.

“When Rama, valiant hero, stood  
 In the vast shade of Dandak wood,  
 His eyes on every side he bent  
 And saw a hermit settlement,  
 Where coats of bark were hung around,  
 And holy grass bestrewed the ground.  
 Bright with Brahmanic luster glowed  
 That circle where the saints abode;  
 Like the hot sun in heaven it shone,  
 Too dazzling to be looked upon.  
 Wild creatures found a refuge where  
 The court, well-swept, was bright and fair.  
 And countless birds and roe-deer made  
 Their dwelling in the friendly shade.”

At last they reach the mountain Chitrakuta, a green hill, which ever since has been the Mecca, the holy place, to large numbers of Hindoos who believe in the incarnation of Vishnu. Pilgrims by thousands visit this spot annually, for the whole neighborhood is Rama's country. Here it was that

“By the river's side they found  
 A pleasant spot of level ground,  
 Where all was smooth and fair, around  
 Their lodging for the night.”

Next morning Rama points out the beauty of the spot to Sita:

“Look round thee, dear; each flowery tree  
 Touched with the fire of morning see:  
 The Kinsuk\* now the frosts are fled,—  
 How glorious with his wreaths of red!  
 The Bel-trees† see, so loved of men,  
 Hanging their boughs in every glen,  
 O'erburthened with their fruit and flowers;

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

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\* The Dhak-tree, whose blossoms are bright crimson.

† The Bengal quince.

See, Lakshman, in the leafy trees,  
 Where'er they make their home,  
 Down hangs the work of laboring bees,  
 The ponderous honey-comb.  
 In the fair wood before us spread  
 The startled wild-cock cries,  
 And where the flowers are soft to tread  
 The peacock's voice replies.  
 Where elephants are roaming free,  
 And sweet-birds' songs are loud,  
 The glorious Chitrakuta see;  
 His peaks are in the cloud.  
 On fair smooth ground he stands displayed,  
 Begirt by many a tree:  
 O brother, in that holy shade,  
 How happy shall we be!"

Much of the great theme of the poem, expressed in what we may call the phrase of argument, is connected with the wood of Dandaka. The phrase of argument in the "Ramayana," like that of the Iliad and Odyssey in Homer's "Achilles's Wrath" and "The Man of Many Wiles and Wanderings"; that of the Æneid in Virgil's "Arms and the Man," and that of Paradise Lost in Milton's "Man's First Disobedience," is thus set forth by Valmiki, as giving the main fable of the poem.

"Sita's noble life  
 And Ravana's fall in the battle strife."

Sita's noble life is shown in her devotion to her husband, in her sufferings, in which she exhibited courage and patience, and finally, in her endurance of the ordeal of fire, which attested her fidelity to her husband after being carried off by Ravana. The scene of her noble life is the forest of Dandaka. It is in this forest that Ravana first meets with and molests the wanderers. This foe of Rama, Sita and the hermits, is described by the suppliants of Brahma as follows:—

"Ravana, who rules the giant race,  
 Torments us in his senseless pride,  
 And *penance-loving saints* beside.  
 For thou, well pleased in days of old,  
 Gavest the boon that makes him bold,  
 That god nor demon ne'er should kill  
 His charmed life, for so thy will.  
 We, honoring that high behest,  
 Bear all his rage, though sore distress.  
 That lord of giants fierce and fell  
 Scourges the earth and heaven and hell.

Mad with thy boon, his impious rage  
 Smites saint and bard and god and sage.  
 The sun himself withholds his glow,  
 The wind in fear forbears to blow,  
 The fire restrains his wonted heat,  
 Where stand the dread Ravana's feet,  
 And, necklaced with the wandering wave,  
 The sea before him fears to rave;  
 Kuvera's self in sad defeat  
 Is driven from his blissful seat;  
 We see, we feel the giant's might,  
 And woe comes o'er us and affright.  
 To thee, O Lord, thy suppliants pray,  
 To find some cure this plague to stay."

We seem to find an echo of Christian theology in the statement that it required the *avatar*, or descent on earth of an incarnate deity, to crush this monstrous author of evil. Monster, indeed, Ravana is, as the poet describes him. He had won his immunity from death at the hands of god or demon, by standing upon his head in the midst of fire for ten thousand years. He was, moreover, granted for this penance nine additional heads and eighteen arms and hands. He thus became the most formidable of giants.

The encounter of Ravana and Rama comes as a consequence of the rape of Sita. Disguising himself as a hermit, and having sent a golden deer to lure Rama and Lakshman in pursuit of it, Ravana carries off Sita in their absence.

"Vain her threat and soft entreaty,  
 Ravan held her in his wrath,  
 By his left hand tremor-shaken,  
 Ravan held her streaming hair,  
 By his right the ruthless Raksha.\*  
 Lifted up the fainting fair!  
 Unseen dwellers of the woodland  
 Watched the dismal deed of shame;  
 Marked the mighty-armed Raksha  
 Lift the poor and helpless dame;  
 Seat her on his car celestial,  
 Yoked with asses winged with speed,  
 Golden in its shape and radiance,  
 Fleet as Indra's heavenly steed.  
 Angry threat and sweet entreaty  
 Ravan to her ear addressed,  
 As the struggling, fainting woman  
 Still he held upon his breast.



\* Ravan was the most powerful of the Rakshas, or demon giants.

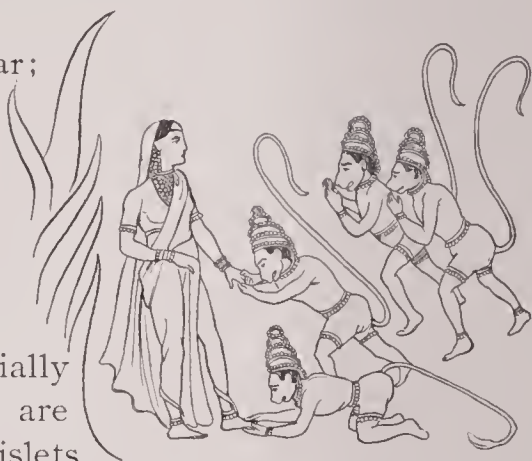


Vain his threat, and vain entreaty,  
 'Rama! Rama!' still she cried,  
 To the dark and distant forest,  
 Where her noble lord had hied."



Sita is carried off to the seat of Ravana's kingdom, Lanka, the modern Ceylon, and to this island Rama pursues him. The poet represents the invader as leading an army of Vanars against Lanka. The Vanars are monkeys; but by monkeys, according to Sir Monier Williams, are meant the semi-civilized aborigines of the Nilgiri Hills, where Rama raised his forces. The hero is supplied by Indra "the Thunderer," the destroyer of evil, with celestial arms and chariots.

"'Speed, Matali,' thus spake Indra,  
 'Speed thee well thy heavenly car;  
 Where on foot the righteous Rama  
 Meets his mounted foe in war.  
 Speed, for Ravana's days are ended,  
 And his moments brief and few:  
 Rama strives for right and virtue,  
 God assists the brave and true.'"



Lanka is entered by a bridge, specially sacred to Rama, the remains of which are still fondly pointed out in the rocky islets of the gulf of Manar. In Lanka, Rama and Ravana at last met. The struggle was severe; Ravana seemed invincible.

"In air, on earth, on plain, on hill,  
 With awful might he struggled still;  
 And thro' the hours of night and day,  
 The conflict knew no pause or stay."

But Rama had received a charmed arrow among Indra's celestial weapons, the gift of the chief of the gods, Brahma, to Indra; and with this arrow Rama decided the conflict. It was, —

"An arrow like a snake that hissed,  
 Whose fiery flight had never missed."

This bolt he discharged at Ravana: —

"And swift the limb-dividing dart  
 Pierced the huge chest and cleft the heart;  
 And dead he fell upon the plain,  
 Like Vitra\* by the thunderer slain.

\* The demon of evil slain by Indra, "the thunderer."

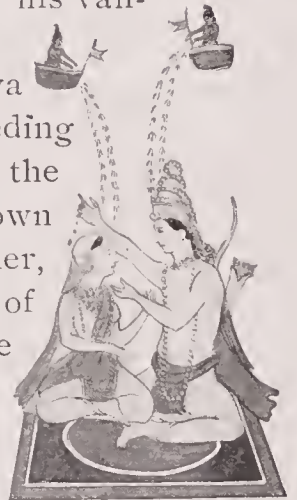
The Rakshas's host, when Ravan fell,  
 Sent forth a wild, terrific yell,  
 Then turned and fled, all hope resigned,  
 Thro' Lanka's gates, nor looked behind.  
 His voice each joyous Vanar raised,  
 And 'Rama, conquering Rama,' praised.  
 Soft from celestial minstrels came  
 The sound of music and acclaim;  
 Soft, fresh, and cool, a rising breeze  
 Brought odors from the heavenly trees.  
 And ravishing the sight and smell,  
 A wondrous rain of blossoms fell;  
 And voices breathed round Raghu's son  
 Thou 'Champion of God, well done.'"

The episode closes with the pompous funeral of Ravana, for,

"Rama, tender, tearful, true,  
 Bade the funeral rites and honors  
 To a fallen foeman due."

This generosity of the Indian hero contrasts creditably with the ferocity of Achilles, who deliberately dishonored the dead body of his vanquished foeman, Hector.

The death of Ravana and the return of Rama to Ayodhya close the story and form the real end of the epic, but succeeding writers have added a sequel, in which Rama, influenced by the public suspicion of Sita's chastity, banishes her. When, grown remorseful, he seeks to bring her back, the earth, her mother, opens to receive her, and on a golden throne she sinks out of sight — a Hindoo nymph of the soil, as Motte Fouqué's heroine was nymph of the bubbling fountain. It is possible that Motte Fouqué's conception of "Undine" was suggested by this fine passage in the "Ramayana."



To understand the full impressiveness and importance of the "Ramayana," we must remember that it presents a picture of Indian culture, religion, and domestic life, among the two peoples of the Ganges valley who, one thousand years before Christ, existed at the highest type of Aryan civilization in Asia. The Rosalas and Videhas were not only a rich, powerful, and peaceful nation, but they were also enthusiastically devoted, to both religion and learning. The Vedic hymns, which were compiled by their scholars, became the text-books of their many universities, and their commentaries on the Vedas were handed down, under the name of Brahmanas, from generation to generation. In the Upanishads are to be found their speculations on the soul of man and the soul

of the world, among the most precious legacies of Eastern erudition and philosophy. The "Ramayana" was indeed written in its original form long after this golden age had passed away, but it bears on its surface the lineaments of actual life, albeit of actual life idealized. It gives us an exalted notion of the Hindoo theory of human character, existence, and duty. Dasaratha is an ideal king, holy and powerful; his people are ideally happy, prosperous, and devout; his sons are models of generosity and mutual confidence. There is nothing that can detract from the character of Sita as a wife, and we can understand the fact that up to the present day the daughter of Janaka appeals to the hearts of Hindoo women, and her memory lives in every household as the flawless exemplar of womanly faithfulness and womanly love.

It is, indeed, in depicting the softer and more subjective and emotional side of life that the "Ramayana" excels. It thus shows how far the ancient Aryans were superior to the Greeks in refined sensibility and natural piety, as well as in religious reverence. The dissensions which disgraced patriarchal and royal families, even in the Hebrew Scriptures, compare unfavorably with the piety, generosity, and unanimity of the royal court in which dwelt that noble band of brothers, Rama, Bharata, and Lakshman. The Greek warriors of the heroic age are deficient in the liberality and self-control which distinguished these Indian princes. The "Iliad" opens with a scene of dissension which is brutal in its wolfish ferocity; and the wrath of Achilles is a mean and selfish motive, which was the cause of death to many of his heroic countrymen. Compare Bharata's reluctance to take the place of Rama as regent, with the self-seeking of Agamemnon or Achilles; and Rama's honorable treatment of the dead Ravana with the savage resentment which led the son of Peleus to trail in the dust behind his chariot the lifeless body of his antagonist.

But if the ethical standard of the "Ramayana" is high; if conjugal duty, fraternal piety, fidelity to a promise given, self-sacrifice and generosity toward an enemy, are set forth in the most powerful lines and the most winning colors, profounder and more important still is the religious system which furnishes the pillars and foundations of the story. The invisible world, whose unseen forces worked in the phenomena of Nature and in the directing of human destiny, was ever present to the mind of the Aryan bard, and it was a very different world from the idle, frivolous Olympus of his Hellenic counterpart.

Earthly heroes were generally translated to the "Greek Pantheon" by the avenue of more or less sanguinary contests, and their halo was generally that of warlike heroism. To the Hindoo the connection between earth and heaven was the ladder of self-sacrifice. Asceticism, contented privation and vigorous self-conquest were the school of that perfection which merited a future reward among the immortals.



The invisible forces which lay behind human life were beings of amazing power and superhuman attributes, some good, some evil. If the common phenomena of Nature, the dawn, the daylight, the moving waters, and the wind storm were personified under different forms, which, in the progress of theological thought, took a higher, purer, and more personal existence in the universe of contemplation, the calamities of life, the spiritual disasters of the individual, the temptation and the perdition of the soul, were wrought by demons who peopled the forest, or ruled the solitude, as in Christian times hosts of evil spirits harassed and tormented the hermit settlements of Nitria, or the Thebaid. Preëminent among the beneficent beings of the "Hindoo Pantheon" was Vishnu, who came on earth incarnate under the form of Rama to destroy the demon-giant Ravana, the most powerful of all the evil ones, who brought outrage and suffering on gods and men.

Thus the "Ramayana," besides being one of the two national epics of India, is also the sacred oracle, the Holy Scriptures of the people, and is to be studied by all who wish to understand the progress of Asiatic civilization in the past, but especially by the statesman who rules, by the missionary who must teach, and the publicist who would justly interpret the Hindoo of to-day.

## THE MAHABHARATA

*By EPIPHANIUS WILSON*

THE second of the two great Indian or Sanskrit epics is named the "Mahabharata," which means "the great things relating to the Bharata family," *i. e.*, the great Bharata war. It is a poem of battle like the "Iliad," and like the Greek epic has a historic substratum to its poetic narrative. As the invasion of Troy by the Greek host illustrates one early phase of the eternal Eastern Question in Europe, so the tales of battle between Khuravus and the Pandavus are doubtless handed down by tradition from the day when the Arjun settlers in Hindustan carried on a long and stubborn conflict with the original inhabitants of the land. This is none the less true although the quarrel in the "Mahabharata" springs from rivalry between different branches of the same royal house. The blind rajah Dhrita-Vashtra and the rajah Pandu are represented as brothers of the Bharata family, and the war which follows derived a more intense bitterness from the tie of blood which connected the combatants. It is quite possible that this circumstance was added by the imagination of the original bard, in order to enhance the darkness and lurid ferocity of the war, whose battles, like that of

Cunaxa were all the more ferocious because the combatants were animated by the most reckless and relentless of passions, namely fratricidal hatred.

The poem vividly illustrates the social and religious life of the Arjuns at an early period. It gives a complete and detailed account of their religious ideas, and observances, and their methods of warfare, their philosophic speculations, their ethical ideas, their estimate of women, to whom a higher and more independent position was given than was permitted in the centuries succeeding the Mohammedan conquest. From materials furnished by this voluminous work, we may reconstruct Hindoo life as it existed more than a century before the phalanxes of Macedonia appeared on the soil of the Punjab. We may trace, as far as is possible to the Hellenized European mind, the mazes of their mystical anthropomorphic creed; may become eyewitness in fancy of their strange fantastic religious rites. The legends and stories of the poem cover the whole area of Hindoo philosophy or theosophy, and a bewildering panorama is spread out on the pages of the work, a panorama which, with each development of Hindoo religious thought, changes form and color like the cloud of the sky under a soft wind at sunset.

For the "Mahabharata" is a poem of many growths. In its earliest form it is supposed to have preceded the "Ramayana." This would throw it back to the fifth or sixth century B.C. It is supposed by scholars that some elements in the poem are comparatively modern and belong to the Christian era; Professor Weber goes so far as to say, "the final redaction of the work in its present shape must have been accomplished some centuries after the commencement of our era."

The author or compiler of the work, *i. e.*, the earliest portion of it, is said to have been a certain Vyasa, called also Krishna Dvaipayana. The name Vyasa means "the arranger," and is given to the redaction of the "Vedas Puranas" and other works, and may have no historic significance. In this connection it is a suggestive fact that the word Homer means compiler.

The fable of the "Mahabharata" is as follows: Two brothers, Dhritavashtra and Pandu, were reared as befitted princes of a royal house at Hastinapura, a city more than fifty miles north of Delhi. The Dhritavashtra because of his blindness is judged incapable of reigning, and Pandu takes the throne. To the latter are born five sons, who are the heroic figures of the epic, each excelling in a particular branch of manly and warlike exploit. Dhritavashtra has one hundred sons; they are called the Khuravus, or descendants of Khuru, as the sons of Dhritavashtra's brother are Pandavus. The Khuravus are the moral opposites of the Pandavus, being in every way depraved and dishonorable. The eldest of the sons is Duryodhana. Pandu dies, and the

two families of sons are brought up together, at the court of Dhrita-Vashtra, who has succeeded his brother, and appointed his nephew Yudhisthira heir apparent. A feud is excited by mutual rivalry between Yudhisthira and his consins the Pandavus, who take Drumpadi, daughter of King Panchali, for the common wife. In order to bring peace in the two families, King Dhrita-Vashtra divides his kingdom, giving the Pandavus the southern district, where they built Indrafasblia, the modern Delhi, and formed a flourishing state, under the wise and pious rule of Yudhisthiru. But after a while Dhrita-Vashtra holds a vast festal gathering at his capital and to it Khuvaras comes, and Duryodhana in a game of dice with the king wins by fraud all Dhrita-Vashtra's possessions, including wealth, kingdom, brothers, and wife. He compromises, however, so as to allow the Pandavus under certain conditions to gain possession of their kingdom at the end of thirteen years. But when the period expires, although the conditions were duly observed, the Khuravus refuse to give the Pandavus their rights. This is the cause of the Great War. The battles of this war are narrated in several books, and at last Yudhisthiru is successful and is crowned at Hastinapura, while Bishma and Duryodhana, the leader of the Khuvarus are slain. Thus the fate of Hector and Turnus is produced in the Indian epic, and the national hero, and Achilles the Greek ideal, prevail over their several antagonists.

This is a bold outline of the story, but its progress is interrupted by numerous digressions which cover in discursive variety almost every topic of Hindoo mythology, legend, and philosophy. Some of the episodes are beautiful and pathetic, others are narrated with remarkable power and originality. The poem may be said to contain a complete national history, cosmogony, and philosophy, of the Hindoos, and its study is the best key to the understanding of the Indian character. The importance of this study was duly valued by the early dwellers in the Ganges Valley. It was even exaggerated; to read the "Mahabharata" was considered a means of propitiating the Supreme Power. "The reading of the Bharata is sacred," says Vyasa in his exordium; "all the sins of him who reads but a portion of it shall be obliterated without exception. He who in faith shall persevere in listening to the recital of this sacred book, shall obtain a long life, great renown, and the way to heaven."

Any one who turns over the seventeen volumes of this vast epic can easily see that the possession of a long life is almost necessary for the bare study of the poem, and certainly the intelligent elucidation of its meaning ought to be made the passport to "great renown" as well as to any other reasonable recompense. It is a vast *olla podrida*, compounded of all heterogeneous elements. "If the religious works of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, the philosophy of Hobbes and Locke," says a modern writer, "the commentaries of Blackstone, and the ballads of Percy, to-



gether with the tractarian writings of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, were all thrown into blank verse, and incorporated with the 'Paradise Lost,' the reader would scarcely be much to blame if he failed to appreciate that delectable compound." Yet such a "delectable compound" is the 'Mahabharata,' which consists of ninety thousand couplets, without counting the supplement, and is therefore about seven times the size of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" put together.

The great war is a stubborn struggle of right against wrong, of the outraged and persecuted Pandavus against the unholy and iniquitous Khuravus. This is made a great point in the poem, and the way in which the ethical bearing of the quarrel is emphasized places the "Mahabharata" far above the Homeric poems, where the most lofty heroic figures seem in their intensest moods to be mere creatures of instinct. Vishnu was ready with counsels of peace to avert the horrors of war:—

"Ponder well ye gracious monarchs  
 With a just and righteous mind,  
 Help Yudhisthir with your counsel,  
 With your grace and blessings kind,  
 Should the noble son of Pandu  
 Seek his right by open war,  
 Seek the aid of righteous monarchs  
 And of chieftains near and far?  
 Should he smite his ancient foeman  
 Skilled in each deceitful art,  
 Unforgiving in their vengeance,  
 Unrelenting in their heart?  
 Should he send a noble envoy,  
 Trained in virtue, true and wise,  
 With his greetings to Duryodhana  
 In a meek and friendly guise?  
 Ask him to restore the kingdom  
 On the sacred Jumna's shore;  
 Either king may rule his empire  
 As in happy days of yore!"

But when the proposition is made to Duryodhana he laughs it to scorn:—

"Take my message to my kinsmen,  
 For Duryodhana's words are plain;  
 Portion of the Kuru empire  
 Sons of Pandu seek in vain!  
 Town nor village, mart nor hamlet,  
 (Help us righteous God in heaven!)  
 Spot that needle's point can cover  
 Shall not unto them be given."

All negotiations having failed, war is declared, and the two hostile armies assemble:—

“ Ushas\* with his crimson finger  
 Oped the portals of the day;  
 Nations armed for mortal combat  
 In the field of battle lay.  
 Beat of drum and blare of trumpet  
 And the rebeck's lofty sound  
 By the answering hills repeated  
 Shook the hills and tented ground.”

In the battle that followed the Kurus were at first successful.

“ Elephants by Mahuts driven  
 Furiously each other tore,  
 Trumpeting, with trunks uplifted,  
 On the serried soldiers bore,  
 Ceaseless plied the gallant troopers,  
 With a stern, unyielding might,  
 Pikes and axes, clubs, and maces,  
 Swords and spears and lances bright.  
 Horsemen flew as forked lightning,  
 Heroes fought in shining mail,  
 Archers poured their feathered arrows  
 Like the bright and glistening hail,  
 Bhishma, leader of the Kurus,  
 As declined the dreadful day,  
 Through the shattered Pandu legions  
 Forced his all-resistless way.”

The tide of battle is, however, turned by Arjuna, at once the Ajax and the Achilles of the epic.

“ ‘ Arjun! Arjun!’ cried the Kurus,  
 And in panic broke and fled,  
 Steed and tusker turned from battle,  
 Soldiers fell among the dead.  
 Onward still through scattered foemen  
 Conquering Arjun held his way,  
 Till the evening's gathering darkness  
 Closed the action of the day.”

Several single combats are vividly described as taking place between heroes, who, like Hector and Achilles, are champions of the several armies to which they belong. The whole war is decided by the fight between

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\*The Dawn.

Bhima, the second son of Pandu, who was famous as a wielder of the mace. and Duryodhana, the eldest and worst of the Kharavus:—

“ Like two bulls that fight in fury,  
 Blind with wounds and oozing blood;  
 Like two wild and warring tuskers  
 Shaking all the echoing wood;  
 Like the thunder-wielding Indra,  
 Mighty Yama dark and dread,  
 Dauntless Bhima and Duryodhana  
 Fiercely strove and fought and bled.”

In the end Duryodhana is vanquished and slain, and the poem closes, with the lamentations of Dhriti-Vashtra and his wife Gandhari for their hundred sons who lie slaughtered on the field of battle.

The victorious Yudhisthira is conducted in a triumphal procession to the city of Hastinapora, where he is enthroned amid much rejoicing on the throne of Bharata. He ordains the sacrifice called Asvamedha, in which a horse is immolated, as an atonement for the guilt of the king and his people in the destruction of their kindred the Kharavus. According to religious usage, the horse is set at liberty to wander where he will for a whole year before the sacrifice. A band of armed men follow him to prevent his being captured by enemies, for wherever he wanders unmolested is thus claimed as territory of the monarch to whom he belongs. The travels of the horse are made the occasion of glorifying Arjuna, who has been elected to command the bodyguard of the equine victim. The farther the horse rambles, the more occasions crop up on which Arjuna is enabled to display his skill and intrepidity in warfare.

Among the many episodes of the “Mahabharata,” there are more than one in which female character is depicted in the most charming and affecting terms. There is nothing in poetry, classic, ancient or modern, more exalted than the figure of Damayanti; and the truly poetic story of Nala and Damayanti has been well translated into English verse by Henry Hart Milman, and Edwin Arnold. It is far too long to quote, but it forms of itself a poem more gorgeous and more natural in its tender sentiment than the “Orpheus and Eurydice” of Virgil. There is positively nothing in Homer to be compared to it. Another episode is that of Savitri and Satyavana, which may be condensed into prose as follows.

Long ages ago Asva-Pati, the great king of Kathaya, lived in his gorgeous palace halls, and passed for a monarch of noble heart, just in judgment and kind to his people, who loved him right well and gave willing obedience to his laws.

But a mighty sorrow weighed down the heart of the king, for he was childless; neither fasting nor penance brought him an answer to his prayers for a son. But one day, as the fire was burning on his altar, he



saw the Goddess of the Sun rise from the crimson flame and stand before him as a radiant, queenly woman.

"Thy prayers, thy penance, and thine alms to the poor are all remembered before me," she said. "Tell me, great king, what is thy wish, and it shall be granted."

"Give me, dear Goddess," answered the king, "give me an heir to my throne, and children to gladden my hearthstone."

Then the Goddess smiled as he told her his desire. "There is indeed no son for thee, O King," she said, "but thou shalt have a daughter, the fairest under heaven." And as she spoke her bright form vanished in the smoke of the sacrifice.

In process of time the city rang with a burst of music, and courtiers and ambassadors thronged the palace gates with gifts and gratulations, for to the king had been born a daughter, the loveliest ever laid in mortal cradle. They named her Savitri, and at her birth there was feasting for rich and poor alike, and the city was decorated with vines and flowers on porch and pillar, and all people thanked the gods because the cloud of sorrow had rolled away from the palace of their well-loved king.

Savitri grew like a flower on the stalk, tall, straight, and divinely beautiful; rosy health mantled her dark olive cheek, her teeth were like pearls, her eyes shot rays of love and tenderness, her words were gentle and gracious, yet so royal was her maiden bearing that no rajah dared to ask her hand in marriage.

Many powerful princes came to woo, but the king left his daughter to make her own choice, and gave his word that the man she chose should be gladly welcomed by him, but she chose none of them to be her lord. Though she visited many courts and was honored everywhere, she was best pleased to wander in the groves and forest glades, for she loved the blossoms and the birds that abounded there.

One day as she walked forth with her attendants she reached a hermit's hut, and under the green shadows of a tall tree sat an old blind hermit with his wife. As she talked with them and lingered to pick a few wild flowers, she was startled by the sudden appearance of a youth, bearing sacred wood for the evening sacrifice. It was Satyavan, the hermit's son, and as he caught sight of the princess he was struck to the heart by her maiden grace and dignity, and the brightness of her beauty. She, too, gazed for a moment in admiration on his manly form and honest, open face. But when she left the grove she lingered in his memory, like the heavenly vision of a higher life, and the forest became dark and lonely to him.

Soon afterward the king was taking counsel with the sage Narada, and they spoke of the princess. "Thou wilt doubtless give her in marriage to some powerful rajah," said the sage.

At this moment the princess stepped into the council hall, her dark eyes glowing with health and happiness as she bowed to her father and sat down at his feet.

"My child," asked the king, "of whom wilt thou choose to be the queen?" But she was silent, and her face was warm with blushes.

"I have visited many courts, and seen the sons of many kings, but one have I chosen who is neither powerful nor rich. For I came by chance upon the grove where the banished king of Chalva dwells as a hermit, while usurpers keep his throne. The prince, his son, has left the cities to wait upon his parents in the wilderness; he brings them fruit and venison for food, he lights their sacrificial fire, he gathers the soft kusa grass for their couch, ministering as best he may to their daily need. Father, I have chosen Prince Satyavan for my lord, and him alone I love."

The king and Narada exchanged glances and their countenances fell.

"Thou canst not wed the banished Satyavan," said Narada sadly. "He is a brave and pious youth, but a dreadful doom hangs over him, and it is decreed by the gods that he must die within a year."

The princess turned pale at these words; but her mind did not change.

"Whether he live long, or die to-day," she answered, "he is my heart's choice, and my father has pledged his royal word that he will ratify my decision."

Nothing would make her swerve from her purpose. It was in vain that the king and councilors reasoned with her.

"A loyal heart chooses but once its love," was her oft-repeated answer; and the king rejoined,

"As thou wilt, my child."

The wedding took place in the wild forest where dwelt the hermit king. The legal rites were performed under the open sky, and when King Asva-Pati and his queen left their daughter in her new home, Savitri took off the precious gems and rings she wore and exchanged the silken robes of the princess for the hermit garb of bark and deerskin. Happy were the days she spent in the forest hermitage, but a cloud seemed to gather in the sky as the end of the year drew near, the year which was the first of her love and the last of her husband's life.

When the fatal day decreed for Satyavan's death had dawned, she asked that she might accompany her husband into the forest when he went forth to cut the sacrificial wood.

"Nay, for the way is too rough for thee," he said, with a fond smile. But she was urgent.

"I cannot let thee go, unless I am at thy side," she pleaded. And so she went forth when he took his ax, and followed the path by many a

flowering tree and gaudy climber. The morning was bright, and above the wooded plain the snowy Himalayas raised their peaks into the blue sky.

Then as he plied his ax among the trees, which he had chosen for the fires of sacrifice, Satyavan suddenly fell and fainted at the feet of Savitri; and though she knew his last hour had come, she chafed his temples and his hands, in vain attempts to revive him. And looking up, lo! before her stood the tall dark figure that all men dread. It was Yama, the God of Death, with blood-steeped cloak, and eyes that burned in their sockets like coals of fire. He carried the black noose in his hand.

“I come to bear the soul of Satyavan,” he said sternly.

“Why art thou come thyself?” she asked.

“My messengers are not worthy to carry away the soul of so noble a prince,” was the answer, and fitting the dreadful noose, he stooped and drew out the soul of the dying man, leaving the body cold, lifeless, and changed from all its beauty. Then silently he strode away.

But Savitri followed hard upon his footsteps; and Yama turned and said to her:—

“Follow me not—return and perform funeral rites for thy husband.”

But she answered, “Surely I must needs follow wheresoever my lord is borne away.”

Then Yama felt compassion and cried: “Return, child, to life and health. Good is thy wifely love, and for this I will grant any boon thou askest, except the life of Satyavan.”

Then she asked for sight and a restored kingdom for the father of her husband, and Yama answered: “He shall have both, for the sake of thy fidelity; but now return, lest thou die upon the road.”

“I am not weary,” said the princess, and still followed the God of Death.

“Darkness is coming on. Go back, go back!” repeated Yama. “Soon wilt thou lose thy way and be unable to return. I will give thee one boon more—anything except the life of him I bear away.”

The princess thought of her father, and how she, his only child, was on the way of Death, and she requested that King Asva-Pati might have sons to be her brothers and bear the royal name.”

“Thy wishes are granted,” answered the dread king, “and now that I have yielded to thee so far, obey thou my will and turn thee homeward.”

“I cannot go, I cannot leave my lord. My heart is in thy hand, and I cannot leave thee!” she replied with tears.

And then darkness fell, little by little, upon the thick forest, and the sharp thorns and rough stones of the pathway cut her feet. Hunger made her faint, the wild wolves pressed around her, and the dark wings of night birds waved and sounded above her head.



At last they reached a dark cavern, and at its damp and noisome entrance Yama turned and cried in anger: "Dost thou still track my footsteps? If thou were not good and true thou shouldst follow me to dust and worms. But in pity for thy grief I will grant thee any boon excepting the life of Satyavan."

"Give me children, sons of Satyavan," she answered boldly; and Death smiled at her request. "I have promised thee," he said, "and I will perform what I have pledged."

He entered the dark archway of the cavern, where bats and owls cried and flapped their wings, increasing the horror of the place. But the footsteps of Savitri still pattered behind him, and with blazing eyes he turned to her in anger.

"I will no longer bear with thy wilfulness," he shouted. "Begone, return, and leave this place of death."

"Fain would I obey thee, mighty Yama, but my feet refuse to turn homeward without him who is my life, and whom thou art bearing away from me. I would have no strength to go away without him; only when I am near him do these faint, tottering steps support me."

"Thou art so innocent, so excellent in faithfulness above thy sex," said Yama, "that thou teachest me a new lesson of a woman's heart. Ask what thou wilt — all shall be thine."

Then fell she down at the feet of Death, and kissed his hands and cried with great joy: —

"I ask neither wealth nor a throne, nor heaven itself. Give me back him who is my heart, my life, my Satyavan!"

The face of Yama grew calm and bright, and he smiled as he replied, "Thou art the rarest jewel of womankind, and thou hast conquered death by love. Take thy Satyavan — but be quick, return, for time hasteneth, and thou hast been too long in my company."

And through the dark cave and the gloomy forest Savitri returned in blissful gratitude to her home, for in her arms she carried her beloved.

## THE BUDDHA LEGEND

*By ELSA BARKER*

THERE are various legends concerning Siddhartha or Gautama, the Buddha ; but in telling the story of his life, the writer has followed the main incidents related by Sir Edwin Arnold, as there is probably no better authority on this subject than the author of "The Light of Asia."

**A**BOUT six hundred years before the time of Christ there was born in India a prince, Siddhartha or Gautama, afterward known as Buddha, who became one of the greatest religious teachers the world has ever known.

He was the son of the Raja Suddhodana and Maya his queen, and a wonderful story is told of how one night the queen dreamed that a star from heaven, "splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl," shot through the void and nestled in her breast, while a lovely light flooded the world, and the hills shook, and the waves of the sea were lulled.

Buddha was born under a satin-tree, in a pleasant garden called Lumbani, on the riverside, and the poets of India tell stories of strange things that happened before his pangless birth: how the stars of heaven trembled and were each filled with a supernatural light; how the blind were made to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to dance; how lamps were lighted of themselves, and the winds were loaded with perfumes. It is said that a great sage, who came with the crowd to see the infant prince, recognized upon him the thirty-two sacred signs by which men were to know that a great teacher, or Buddha, had been born. Among these marks were the rosy light about the head, and on the soles of the feet the figures of the sun, the moon, and the mystic "swastika," or "wheel of the Law."

There are many stories told about the early life of Buddha, most of which are mere tradition; but they are worth remembering for their beauty and their poetry. It is said that when his eighth year was passed, the king, his father, asked his ministers who was the wisest man in India and the one best fitted to teach the little prince all that a prince should know; and one and all answered on the instant, "Viswamitra,"—he whose ancestor, or namesake, wrote the hymns in the third Rig Veda or sacred book, a thousand years before. So Viswamitra came to teach the prince

And, as the story goes, when the little Buddha was given a fragment from the Vedas, the Indian Bible, to transcribe, he wrote the verse in many languages, ancient and modern, including the sacred language of the sages, and the picture-writing and sign-speech of the cave-men and

the sea-peoples. Then Viswamitra, the wise teacher, who knew all the while that the little prince was the Buddha whose birth had been predicted, thought to give him a lesson in numbers, so he told him to repeat the numeration till he reached the Lakh, or 100,000. But when the child had done that simple lesson he did not pause, but went on to tell the numeration by which the gods reckon the stars of night, the drops of water in the ocean, the utmost grains of sand in all the universe; and after that the reckoning of all the drops that would fall on all the worlds in ten thousand years, and thence to the Maha-Kalpas, by which the gods compute their past and future. Then Viswamitra fell upon his face before the boy and told him that he, Siddhartha, was the Guru, or teacher, and not Viswamitra. But we are told that Buddha showed great reverence to his instructors and was always deferential and modest, though he was princely of mien and fearless in all things.

His life was happy and free from care; but even in early youth his heart was often heavy with pity for the great pain of the world, and he would sit apart in meditation, brooding on the sorrows of mankind.

Suddhodana, the father of Buddha, was troubled by the strange sayings of the wise men with regard to the little prince, for he had worldly ambitions for his son, and wished him to be a great ruler, trampling the necks of all his enemies; and the dream-interpreters had said that he might have the earth to rule, if he would rule. So, when the prince was eighteen, Suddhodana built three stately palaces for him and filled them with every lovely thing that could delight the heart and senses of youth, and Buddha was happy in the new and beautiful environment; but still would come at times the shadow of the great pain of the world, as if humanity were calling to him.

Then Suddhodana, thinking that love would cure him of his meditations, called together the lovely maidens of the kingdom, and among them was the sweet Yasodhara. And young Buddha loved her; for he said when questioned afterward how one set apart like himself as a sacred teacher could love a woman as other men, that they were not strangers, but that ages before, in other incarnations or lives upon the earth, he and Yasodhara had known and loved each other; and that while the wheel of life and death turned round, it must always be like that between them. So he asked that the maiden be given to him in marriage.

But the father of Yasodhara, knowing that the young prince was a dreamer, declared that no man could have his daughter who could not prove himself superior in warlike arts over all other suitors for her hand; that he must prove that he could bend a bow, sway sword, and ride a horse better than any other man. When this word was brought to Buddha, he laughed low and said, "I think I shall not lose my love for such as



these." And in the contest that followed, the dreamer proved himself superior to all the young warriors in their own field. He drew the bow until it snapped, and laughed and said: "That is for play, not love. Hath none a bow more fit for lords to use? Fetch me the weapon of a man!" Then they brought to him the great bow of black steel that had been kept in the temple since they knew not when, so strong that no man living could draw the string; and Buddha raised it, drew the string, and loosed the arrow with such force that it shot far out of sight. Then in the contest with the sword he was victorious by cleaving two talas-trees together, while the other suitors clove but one. And then they brought the horse, untamed and black as night, fresh from the wilds, unshod, unsaddled, with fiery eyes and tossing mane. Three times the other suitors sought to mount him, but he flung them off. Then they all cried, "Let not the young prince touch this maddened beast." But Buddha said, "Take off his chains." Then he passed his right hand down the horse's angry face, and whispered a word low in his ear. As if he knew who sought to master him, the great horse stood subdued, and Buddha mounted before all eyes and rode him slowly round. Then all acknowledged he was first among the suitors.

So, it is said, the gods do battle for their loves.

And when the prince was married to Yasodhara, the king built them a pleasure-house, wonderful as an Eastern dream, and everything that could bring sad or wistful thoughts was banished from the place; for the king thought that if the prince could pass his youth far from all brooding thoughts, the shadow of his mystic fate might fade and he might grow into an earthly ruler.

And the prince lived happily. But sometimes, as he lay musing with his head on the tender breast of Yasodhara, he would start up and cry, "Oh, my poor world! My suffering world!" And the look of pity on his face was so intense that she was frightened. Then he would smile to stay her fears, and bid the musicians play. So he lived till he was twenty-nine years old.

One evening, after listening to a story of adventure told by one of the singing-girls, the prince determined to go forth next day to see a little of the world that lay outside the triple-gates of the palace. The king, when he heard of this decision of the prince, gave orders that on that day there should be seen no evil sight, no blind or sick or old or leprous people; but that all should be joyous and the city decked with flowers. So Buddha went forth with Channa, his charioteer, and all the people came to meet him bearing garlands. But when he had passed a little way outside the city, there came before his chariot a beggar asking alms, an old, half-blind, bony, tottering creature, whose only garments were rags. The people would have driven him away, but Buddha said,

"No, let him stay." Then he asked Channa if there were any other men like that in the world, and on learning that this old beggar was but one of millions, and that to every living thing the horror of old age came with the years, his heart was sorrowful and he bade Channa to take him back to the palace.

That night the king had seven dreams of fears—strange dreams that none of the dream-readers of the court could interpret. The king was angry, and said: "Some evil comes to my house, and none of you has wit enough to help me." Then there came to the gate an aged man, clad in the robe of a hermit, who asked leave to interpret the seven dreams of the king. When he had heard them he bowed low and said: "I hail this favored house, whence shall arise a splendor greater than the suns. The seven dreams of fear are seven joys. O, King, rejoice! The fate of the prince is greater than earthly kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be purer than cloth of gold. In seven days the dream will be fulfilled." Then he turned and went away; and when the king sent after him with gifts, the messengers returned and said that the stranger had gone into the temple, and that when they entered after him they found nothing in the temple but an old gray owl that fluttered about the shrine.

The next day the prince went forth again with Channa, not in the chariot as a prince, but on foot and in the simple garb of a merchant; and he went about the city, seeing everything as it was, for no one knew the prince in his merchant's robe. When his heart was sore with sights and sounds of misery, there came to him a man stricken with the plague, and when Buddha, despite the prayers of Channa, lifted the loathsome creature in his arms, he lay there writhing in agony.

When the prince raised his pitiful eyes to question Channa, he saw a line of wailing mourners following their dead. And Channa said, "This is the end of all that live." Then the prince wept. "Oh, suffering world!" he cried. "All beings, known and unknown, are my brother-flesh. I see the vastness of the agony of earth. The veil is rent that blinded me. I am as all these others, and henceforth I will not let one cry whom I can save. Somewhere there must be aid." Then he told Channa to lead the way back to the palace, where he remained seven days.

The king, fearing the dream might be fulfilled, had caused a double guard to be set at each of the three massive gates of the palace, and had given orders that no one be allowed to pass, not even the young prince, until after the seven days were past.

On the night of the seventh day, Yasodhara had three strange dreams, and woke the prince to tell them, weeping; for even to her had come the feeling that some awesome thing was soon to happen. But he comforted

her, saying: "If my soul yearns for souls unknown, and if I grieve for other's griefs and seek a way to peace on earth for them, remember, O thou mother of my babe! that what I seek for all I seek most for thee. Now rest, and I will rise and watch." Then he turned and looked at the sky, and saw that the moon was in the sign Cancer and that all the other stars were ranged in order in the sky, as had been long foretold. And Buddha said: "I will go now, the hour is come." Three times he passed reverently around the bed of the sleeping Yasodhara, as if it had been an altar, and kissed her feet and went away. But three times he came back to look at her. Then he drew a cloth about his head and passed out into the night.

He called Channa, his faithful charioteer, and told him to bring out Kantaka, his horse, for now the hour was come. But Channa wept and said: "Alas, the wise men who cast the stars spoke truly when they said our prince should be a lord of lords! Oh, will you give the glory of the world to hold a beggar's bowl?"

And Buddha answered: "It was for that I came into the world, and not for thrones. The kingdom I shall win is more than earthly glory."

Then Channa sadly went and brought the horse, clad in his splendid trappings. When Buddha met them at the gate he paused to pat the horse's silky neck, and said: "You bear me, Kantaka, on the farthest journey ever rider rode, for I go forth to find the Truth."

The story goes that when they reached the great brass gate that required a hundred men to open, it silently rolled back for them, as if moved by unseen fingers, and so on with the middle and the outer gate; while the double guard the king had set slept peacefully at their posts.

It is also told that as he rode on, Mara, the great tempter, appeared in the sky, urging him to stop, and promising him a universal kingdom over the four great continents if he would abandon his enterprise. When he was refused the tempter whispered to himself, "Sooner or later some lustful, angry, or malicious thought will fill his mind, and then I will be his master." And it is said that from that hour, as a shadow follows the body in the sun, the tempter followed him, striving to throw obstacles in his path toward the Buddhahood.

They rode a long distance that night, and in the morning Buddha stopped, leaped to the ground, kissed Kantaka between the eyes, and told the wondering Channa to take the horse back to the palace with his princely robes, his jeweled sword-belt, and his sword. Then he cut off his long locks and sent them to the king, his father, with the message: "Sidhartha prays you will forget him until he returns ten times a prince; till he has won the world by service which is love." The next seven days he spent alone in a grove of mango-trees; then he sought two wise



men of that region and learned from them all that the Hindoo philosophy had then to teach. But he was still unsatisfied.

In the side of the mountain by the jungle of Uruvela he found a cave, and there for six years he lived, through the scorching summers and the rains and the cold nights, wearing the yellow robe of the ascetic, eating his scanty meals from the begging-bowl filled by the charitable. And in that way, by long, intense, and silent meditation, he gained control over his fair body and insight into the mysteries of the universe. Sometimes he sat so still that the squirrels leaped upon his shoulder or his knee, the timid quail led her brood between his motionless feet, and the doves came out and pecked the rice from the begging-bowl beside his hand. Thus he would muse from the hot noon till the sun went down and the still stars came out, unraveling in thought the tangled threads upon the loom of life. And midnight found him musing still. Then he would rest a little while, but in the early dawn would rise to watch with loving eyes the sleeping world. When the sun rose he greeted it, then bathed and went down into the town to beg his food. So godlike was his face that mothers would bid their little children kiss his feet, and the eyes of the Indian maidens, seeing him, would darken with love and they would go away to dream of him a whole life long. The poor people called him the "holy one," and so great was their love for him and their trust that when in sorrow they watched for him passing that they might lay their troubles at his feet.

One day a young mother came to him with tearful face and showed him the dead body of her babe, praying that he would tell what medicine would bring back the warmth to its cold body. He looked at the little face, then drew the cloth back over it, saying tenderly: "Little sister, there is one thing that might heal both thee and him if thou couldst find it—black mustard-seed, but it must be taken from a house where neither father, mother, child, or slave has died." Then hopefully she went into the village to find the mustard-seed, still clasping the cold body of the babe. And at every house where they gave the seed she asked if any there had died. One family had lost a slave; in another the father was just dead; a third had lost a little child, and so on through the village, for no house could she find where none had died. Then she laid the babe under the wild vines by the stream and waited for the passing of the "holy one," as she called him. When she saw him coming she ran to meet him, kissed his feet, and told her story, asking how she should find the seed where death had never been. Then Buddha said: "My sister, in seeking the seed thou hast found the bitter balm I am obliged to give thee the knowledge that all the world weeps."

So for six years he dwelt in the cave above the jungle, and many disciples came to learn of him. But he was still unsatisfied, because he

had not found the balm to heal the pain of all the world. Thinking the fault was his, he made his fasting harder and his meditations more intense, seeking to wrest from the great silence the secret that should help the aching world. Such was his neglect of self that one day, weary and fainting, he fell by the wayside, and the rays of the Indian noonday sun lay burning on his unsheltered head. In a little while he would have died had not a passing shepherd boy, struck by the broken majesty of his appearance, woven a shelter of vines and boughs above his head. Then there passed a woman who was going to the temple to make an offering of sweet curds to the gods, in gratefulness for the little son that had been sent in answer to her prayers. Seeing the yellow robe and the sublime countenance of Buddha, she thought him one of the gods whom she sought, so she gave the curds to him, and he ate them and was strengthened. Then she told him the joys of her pure and simple life, and after blessing the babe and receiving the good wishes of the mother, he rose strong, and bent his steps toward the sacred Bo-tree, beneath whose boughs it was decreed that he should find what he had sought so long and painfully — the knowledge of the Truth.

It is said that when he passed into the grateful shelter of the sacred tree, the boughs bent down to shade him, while from the stream near by came on the winds the scent of lotus-flowers wafted toward him by the water-gods, and the wild animals came to gaze at him with wide, wondering eyes. But when the night came on — for so the story goes, — Mara, the great tempter who had assailed him on the plain outside the city on the night he started on his pilgrimage seven years before, came with all the troops of evil powers at his command. From every quarter of the universe they came, even from the bottomless pit, — the fiends who live to battle with the Truth and the Light. They came with thunder and lightning, — dread shapes of fear in the air, — and they used all the wiles of demons to shake his resolution to go on. They whispered to him of love, sweetest of all sweet things he was renouncing, and when he would not listen to their tempting words they mocked at his hopes to help humanity; they showed him the futility of all such effort, its bourn of nothingness.

Then came the ten chief sins, the mighty tempters, one by one, and whispered to him. First came the Sin of Self, saying: "Use for thyself the power that thou hast now. Humanity cares not for thee; it only cares to wallow in its sty of sense; rise and be one of the gods, changeless and immortal."

Then Doubt, the mocking demon, came and laughed at him, showing the vanity of all sacrifice, the undercurrent of self in all renunciation.

Blind Faith, that takes the answers to all questions on Authority and thinks to win the perfect life by following dead forms, came with stern

brow to ask if he would dare to seek to substitute the knowledge he might gain for the letter of the sacred books.

Then came the sweet but mighty tempter Kama, king of Desire, strongest of all the ten, to whom the very gods themselves are subject. He came with laughter and song, and it seemed as if the very leaves upon the trees around quivered at his approach. He sang of love, and from the air came trooping a host of lovely dimpled forms, each fairer than the last, and as they passed they murmured, "I am thine." And when they saw he would not listen, King Kama — for the tempters may take what form they will — put on the shadow of the loved Yasodhara, and came toward him with outstretched yearning arms, and eyes heavy with love and tears. But Buddha, who knew it was only a shadow, gently bade it to go back into the void.

Then Hate, with her girdle of serpents, came to tell him of all the wrongs that he had suffered from all creatures since his birth.

Then came the hungry tempter Lust of Days, pleading for leave to live and live and sate itself with saying, "I am I."

Then Lust of Fame, the mother of great toils, that yearns to hear her name in all men's mouths, came to encourage him to pursue, but for the sake of glory, not for love.

And then Self-Righteousness, with eyes uplifted, told him how good he was to give himself upon the altar of the world. Then Pride with lofty head, assured him he was the greatest of all mortals ever born; while ignorant Delusion came creeping by, breathing her hot breath upon his face.

Seeing that the ten chief sins had not the power to shake him there came the giant Fear, dread monster at whose blighting touch all but the strongest tremble, and before whose fearful eye the lords of heaven and earth shrink back.

Still as the stars Buddha sat amid the tumult, and not a leaf upon the sacred tree was stirred; for all the tempting shapes were forced to halt outside the shadow of the tree. When they were fled, his soul was bathed in the light that shines not for mortals, and in its glow he saw the long line of the past lives he had lived, as one who on a mountain top looks down upon the zigzag pathway he has trod on the journey upward from the valley.

There came to him the boundless insight that plumbs the mysterious deeps of the universe, that shows the countless suns of countless unnamed systems "moving to splendid measures" through the void. And every sentient atom of the whole bared to his gaze its separate, secret life.

And Time and the Terms of Time drew the veil from their awesome faces so that he saw the dizzy cycles that no man has measured, the sands in the vast hourglass, each grain a year of the gods.



And he saw the workings of the great Law, the wheels within vaster wheels; and heard the measured tick of the stupendous machinery of destiny—the immutable power that is creator and destroyer in one. All secrets were bared to him: the Secret of Life whose mother is Desire; and the Secret of Pain that is the shadow of Life, never to be outrun while Life moves on in the pathway of Desire—Pain, the great teacher, that holds in her hands the veil of Delusion, lifting it to those who so command. The Secret of Karmá—the law of sequence, of cause and effect—was also bared to him, and he saw the reasons for all the puzzling inequalities of human life: why one man is born to be a king and another to be a beggar, why one heart is filled with light and love, and another abandoned to darkness, ignorance, and evil. He saw the past of every creature, from its small beginning away back in the dawn of time, through the pain and struggle and joy of countless lives on earth; and he saw its future—even to its end in the still rapture of Nirvana, its conscious union with the Infinite.

Then, having grasped all wisdom, and having purged from his heart all the desires of self whose shadow obscures the light of the soul, the Buddha had attained the right to enter the blessed rest of Nirvana.

And in the still dawn came the "Great Renunciation"\* of the Buddha, who for Humanity's sake abandoned his right to eternal, dreamless sleep upon the bosom of the sea of being; for he felt now, as never before, the great need of the suffering world for his love and compassion. It is said that on that morning a great stillness filled the world; that evil hearts were softened; that the hunter spared his prey and the murderer his victim; that over every house of sorrow the veil of peace was drawn.

For many weeks thereafter he went about the country preaching, and sixty disciples followed him. These men, when he had taught them, he sent in all directions to preach the Truth that had been revealed to him under the Bo-tree. And in a little while nine hundred men had put on the yellow robe and were preaching Buddha's doctrine.

The old Rajah Suddhodana, Buddha's father, learning one day that his son was preaching in a bamboo-garden outside the city, sent nine messengers to him with tender words and invitations to come home; and Yasodhara, whose heart was filled with joy at the news of his nearness, also sent nine messengers to say that the mother of Rahula, Buddha's little son, pined for the sight of his face. These messengers, so the story goes, entered the bamboo-garden at the hour Buddha taught his Law,

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\*Some writers on the subject say that Buddha's "Great Renunciation" was his leaving the world and Yasodhara when he became a hermit, but the meaning here given to the Renunciation is that of the highest Buddhist teaching.

and so enraptured were they by his godlike face and the compassionate, enlightened words that fell from his lips, that they forgot to give their messages and, leaving all, mixed with the crowd that followed Buddha, while the king and the princess waited in vain for their return.

Then the king sent him who had been the prince's playmate in his boyhood, and he delivered the messages of Suddhodana and Yasodhara to Buddha. And Buddha said: "Go tell my father and the princess that I take the way forthwith."

But Yasodhara, wishing to be before the others, rode in her litter to the city gate to meet him. There she saw — not the splendidly appareled prince whom she had mourned for seven years, but one close shorn, girt with a rope about the waist, wrapped in a yellow robe, and carrying in his hands a begging bowl. But so lordly was his bearing and so sweet were his eyes that they who gave him alms gazed awestruck at him or bent in worship.

When he passed the litter of Yasodhara, she drew aside the curtains and stood before him with her face unveiled, then fell at his feet, where she lay sobbing. The Brahmin ascetic takes a vow to touch no woman's hand in love; but when Buddha saw the princess weeping at his feet he comforted her, saying to the two who were with him: "Let no man who has escaped the bonds of earthly passion vex a bound soul with boasts of liberty."

When Suddhodana heard how the prince was walking on the highway clad in the robe of a mendicant and begging his food from door to door, he was very angry, and mounting his war-horse he went thundering down to the city gate. There he met a great crowd following one in a yellow robe, girt with a rope about his waist. But when the king saw the gentle eyes of Buddha, his wrath melted and he asked him gently how one who was a prince could go about the world in beggar's garments asking his bread of the low-born.

"It is the custom of my race," answered Buddha.

"Thy race! Art thou not descended from a line of kings?" exclaimed Suddhodana.

"My noble father," Buddha said, "you and your family may claim the privilege of descent from kings; my descent is from the prophets of old, and they have always done as I am doing. But when a man has found a treasure, his first duty is to offer the most precious of the jewels to his father. Let me share with you the treasure I have found."

Then the king took the begging-bowl and carried it, while he and the princess and Buddha, hand in hand, paced the streets that lay between the city gate and the palace. And as they went, Buddha told them of the treasure he had found, the Four Great Truths and the Eight Precepts that lead to the perfect life and to Nirvana. The king listened spell-

bound to the mighty words, and that night both he and Yasodhara embraced the religion of Buddha.

For forty-five years longer Buddha lived and taught, and the followers of his faith now number about four hundred million souls, or one-third of the population of the world.

The philosophy he taught is not easily understood by the materialistic Western mind, and it has been sadly misinterpreted by many writers who have taken as abstractions and negations the lofty ideals of the pure Buddhist faith. The following skeleton of the philosophy, condensed from Edwin Arnold's poem, will serve to show its spirit:

OM, AMITAYA! measure not with words  
 Th' immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought  
 Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,  
 Who answers, errs. Say naught!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,  
 And Brahm, sole meditating in that night:  
 Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there;  
 Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,  
 Or any searcher known by mortal mind;  
 Veil after veil will lift—but there must be  
 Veil upon veil behind.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;  
 The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them  
 A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress  
 Which none can stay or stem.

\* \* \* \* \*

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,  
 Worse—better—last for first and first for last,  
 The angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap  
 Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out  
 Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.  
 Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,  
 Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince  
 For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
 Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags  
 For things done and undone.

\* \* \* \* \*

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,  
 Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,



Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!  
Ho! ye who suffer! know.

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,  
None other holds you that ye live and die,  
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss  
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.  
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,  
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,  
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,  
Only its laws endure.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life  
The outcome of his former living is;  
The bygone wrongs bring sorrows forth, and woes,  
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!  
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn  
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!  
So is a man's fate born.

\* \* \* \* \*  
If he shall day by day dwell merciful,  
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend  
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,  
Till love of life have end:

\* \* \* \* \*  
Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins  
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes  
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths  
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life  
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.  
OM MANI PADME OM! the Dewdrop slips  
Into the shining sea!

\* \* \* \* \*  
This is the doctrine of the KARMÁ. Learn!  
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,  
Only when life dies like a white flame spent  
Death dies along with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course  
 Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes;  
 Ye who will take the high Nirvana-way,  
 List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!  
 Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:  
 Only its pains abide; its pleasures are  
 As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,  
 Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime,  
 Ache of the chill gray years and choking death,  
 These fill your piteous time.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause*. What grief  
 Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?  
 Senses and things perceived mingle and light  
 Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishná, lust and thirst of things.  
 Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;  
 A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make  
 A world around which seems

Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound  
 Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;  
 Dumb to the summons of the true life kept  
 For him who false puts by.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace,  
 To conquer love of self and lust of life,  
 To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,  
 To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;  
 For glory to be Lord of self, for pleasure  
 To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth  
 To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done  
 In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:  
 These riches shall not fade away in life,  
 Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;  
 How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?  
 The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;  
 Thus hath a man content.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide,  
 Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,  
 The *Noble Eightfold Path*; it goeth straight  
 To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks  
 Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;  
 By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes  
 Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,  
 Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;  
 The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge  
 With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;  
 By lower or by upper heights it goes.  
 The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All  
 Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk  
 In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense;  
 In heed of Karmá, which doth make man's fate;  
 In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will  
 To all that lives, letting unkindness die,  
 And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made  
 Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips  
 As they were palace doors, the King within;  
 Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
 Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behaviour*. Let each act  
 Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:  
 Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads,  
 Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet  
 May tread them which have done with earthly things;  
*Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,*  
*Right Rapture*. Spread no wings

For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!  
 Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known  
 The homely levels: only strong ones leave  
 The nest each makes his own.

\* \* \* \* \*



So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find  
 Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,  
 And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,  
 Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched;  
 He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;  
 By few or many steps such shall attain  
 NIRVANA'S blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free  
 From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,  
 Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,  
 Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*: purged and pure  
 Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen  
 To love all living things in perfect peace.  
 His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass  
 Living and visible to utmost goal  
 By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Buddhas—  
 And they of stainless soul.

Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,  
 Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,  
 The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,  
 Two more, Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod  
 Three stages out of Four: yet there abide  
 The Love of Life on Earth, Desire for Heaven,  
 Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn  
 Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,  
 So, these sins being slain, the man is come  
 NIRVANA'S verge unto.

Him the gods envy from their lower seats;  
 Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;  
 All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;  
 Karmá will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;  
 Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":  
 If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,  
 Say unto such, they lie!

\* \* \* \* \*

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;  
 Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights  
 Delightful past compare. Thereby to live  
 Hear the *Five Rules* aright:

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
 The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none  
 By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;  
 Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;  
 Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit  
 Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

## THE ZOROASTER LEGEND

*By C. H. A. BÆRREGAARD*

IT is commonly accepted as a historic fact that the primitive Aryan family of nations at some very remote period of history became divided into two branches. This event took place in central Asia, and from thence the one branch, the later Hindoos, migrated into Punjab and Hindostan, while the other, the Iranian, remained in the regions of the old home, or spread westward into Bactria and Persia. The date of this event is about the date of the beginning of history, or perhaps it is even prehistoric.



Zoroaster, or Zarathushtra, as is his Avesta name, arose in the Iranian branch of this Aryan family. He became a reformer of its old religion, but he was not its originator. He refers it to older times and antecedent revelations. "One thing is certain," said Samuel Johnson, "that in Iran there grew up what India never saw—a consciousness of the world-purpose, ethical and spiritual; a reference of the ideal to the future rather than to the past; a promise of progress." Zoroaster is that "consciousness of world-purpose, ethical and spiritual."

Zoroaster manifested this consciousness as an ethical reformer. His reform consisted in reducing to order the worship of the elemental powers of nature and subjecting them to man's conscious will. Zoroastrianism means supremacy of personal will, of conscience, and thereby the

elevation of man to dominion over nature; not to a dominion which depreciates nature, but to a dominion in allegiance with her. The whole Avesta consists of reverential prayers, hymns, and exhortations, to give nature her dues. By so doing, man attains freedom and power to use her. "Freedom in obedience," is the ideal of the Avesta and of Zoroastrianism. That sacred book abounds in attacks on "evil-doers" and deva-worshippers, by which in all probability are meant the Vedic, Aryans, or Hindoos. These latter remained nomads after the schism, and were worshipers of Varuna, the Night, namely, nature-worshippers.

The Zoroastrian confession of faith runs as follows: "The good, righteous, right Religion which the Lord has sent to the creatures is that which Zarathushtra has brought. The religion is the religion of Zarathushtra; the religion of Ahura-Mazda, given to Zarathushtra." This confession shows how intimately the prophet's name is connected with the creed and its practice. The office he filled was a great one, indeed. He is, in fact, a revolution, a miracle, and a savior, when studied from the primitive Iranian point of view. No wonder, therefore, that fancy and fable have embellished his memory and covered it so completely, that we scarcely know what is fact and what is fable. We cannot tell whether he lived six thousand years before Plato or in the middle of the seventh century, B. C. We cannot tell whether he is simply a symbolical name for Magian learning, Persian wisdom, or a real historic personage. He is not mentioned in ancient Persian inscriptions, nor by Herodotus, Xenophon, or Ctesias, yet the first of these historians informs us fully about the Magi. This we know, that the name Zoroaster stands for a powerful historical and ethical influence in Iran. Tradition says so. But let me tell the tale.

Zarathushtra's name is Wonderful, and has been explained in numerous ways. Its etymology renders various interpretations. It may mean "one whose camels are old," or more poetically "the star of gold," "the star of life," "the seed of Venus (Ishtar)." The sense of the name is that of "a spiritual elder," a name for an office like, for instance, that of The Buddha, The Messiah, etc. Most of the legends that cluster around the name tend to give it that significance.

Like that of all mythical heroes, his coming was predicted. In the Gathas we hear that three thousand years before "The Year of Religion," "the primeval bull" of wisdom spoke of his vision of the promised Zarathushtra. At another time, Jemshid warns the demons of their defeat at the coming of a glorious man-child.

His birth was miraculously prepared. His mother was overshadowed by the Glory of Ahura-Mazda, and archangels conveyed to the earth the three elements: the glory, the spirit, and the body, of the child. The mother's milk was mixed with the sacred Hōm. His birth took place



amid earthquakes, a star appeared and a comet blazed across the heavens; the whole of nature rejoiced and a thrill of expectancy passed through the world. Even Ahriman, the chief of the evil spirits, and his crew, trembled and hid themselves in deepest darkness, no more daring to "go about on the earth in the shape of men." The child did not cry at his birth, but shouted for joy; and Pliny tells us that his brain throbbed so violently in its fullness of power and wisdom that a hand could not be held still upon the head. Thus was born "the mightiest, strongest, most active, swiftest, and most victorious, among the heavenly beings."

His babyhood was characterized by a series of miraculous escapes from evils, and Providence led him safely away from murderers, fires, and wild beasts, that threatened him. Black art and magic could not harm him, and before he was fifteen he refuted the doctors and vanquished them in dispute.

At his fifteenth year, the magic year in the Avesta, Zoroaster chose a girdle as "his portion," — that is, he devoted himself to religion; and from that year to his thirtieth fell his religious preparation. At twenty he left father and mother, abandoned the world, seeking to "lay hold on righteousness." Some of his first acts were services to the poor, not men only, but also beasts. It is related by Zad-sparam that he ran to get bread for a starving bitch with five puppies. To this period of his life belong numerous legends and fables about supernatural occurrences around him; the Platonic story that he kept silence for seven years; that he returned to life on a funeral pile after being dead for twelve days; and also the report of Pliny that for twenty years he lived on cheese alone, and in desert places.

The thirtieth year of Zoroaster's life is known as "the Year of Religion." It was the year in which the archangel Vohu-Manah, or Good Thought, appeared to him in a vision and led him into the presence of Ahura-Mazda. The Zartusht Nāmāh tells us, "When Zarathushtra attained his thirtieth year he was relieved from danger and his works bore fruit. His heart was directed to Iran. He left his place, and some who were his relations accompanied him on his journey." This travel was marked out by miracles, such as, for instance, a sea having its waters lowered miraculously to allow them to pass freely. They halted in the plain of a river Aēvatāk, supposed to be one of the four branches of the Daitya, and there the first vision appeared. It was on May fifth that Zoroaster stood upon the bank of the third channel of the river, when he suddenly saw coming from the South the archangel Vohu-Manah, or Good Thought, bringing in his hand a glossy staff, "the spiritual twig of the religion." As Zoroaster crossed over to the fourth affluent, the image assumed colossal proportions, "nine times as large as a man," and began

to address Zoroaster, who was bidden to lay aside his "garment," namely, the body. After that, the great spirit led his soul into the presence of Ahura-Mazda and the archangels. So great was the glory of the assembly that he could not see "his own shadow upon the ground." Zoroaster offered homage, saying, "Homage to Ahura-Mazda and homage to the Amshaspands," and then he "sat down in the seat of the inquirers." Zoroaster asked: "Which thing is good, which is better, and which is the best of all habits?" Ahura-Mazda replied: "The title of the archangels is good, the sight of them is better, and carrying out their commands is the best of all habits." Other questions and answers related to "the duality of the original evolutions." The Zad-Sparam selections relate the following miracles as taking place at that time. "The archangels exhibited three kinds of achievements for the religion." Zoroaster walked on fire reciting the words "Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds," and was not burned. Hot metal was poured upon his chest and cooled thereby, not hurting him. After that he was cut with a knife so that the vital parts became visible "with flowing forth of blood," but "when the hand was rubbed over it, it became healed." Zoroaster was thus introduced to Heaven and instructed by Omniscient Wisdom and archangels in the main doctrines of the Faith.



Ahura-Mazda's doctrine is moral. It can make heroes, but never a monk. It knows not asceticism nor self-torture. It is the transfiguration of labor. Here is a bugle-call from the Vendidâd: "The cock lifts up his voice with every splendid dawn, and cries: 'Arise, ye men! Praise the Best! Destroy the deva that would put back the world into sleep! Long sleeping becomes you not. Turn not away from the three best things,—right thoughts, right words, right works; turn from the opposite of these!' 'Arise, 'tis day,' says one to his bedfellow; 'who rises first, comes first to Paradise. . . .'" How refreshing! How bracing! Its secret is the effort of will, the power of will. Will in Zoroastrianism is the "at-one-ing" element. It overcomes the hypnotic influence of Ahriman and unites the worshiper to Ahura-Mazda. Ahura-Mazda's doctrine forbids violation of the natural law, it teaches the dignity of labor and the holiness of truth. Its followers must therefore be of "pure mind and body" and must cultivate "purity of thought, purity of word, purity of deed." They must evoke water and fertilize the earth. The believer makes the following vow: "With purity and good-will, O Ahura, I will protect the poor who serve Thee!" He who does not pay a just debt is "a thief of a loan, a robber of what is lent to him." The Vendidâd condemns murder and infanticide, and commands that the father of an illegitimate child shall maintain it. Avesta morality calls

“the mistress of the house” to the sacrifice,—one of prayer and hymns, not of blood. No blood offerings are known. The gods do not want blood but souls. Avesta law is especially severe against the devas, their worshipers and all deva magic. Deva meant originally God, but the Vedic Aryans in those days (as well as in our days) misused the word in calling the creatures, such as wise men, for instance, devas. The Iranian Aryans for that reason rejected the word and condemned the worship of the objects signified by it.

Such were some of the main points of the Law of Truth which Zoroaster learned and to which he swore allegiance, offering the following vow to Ahura: “I believe in thee. I will destroy the wicked and comfort the good. Grant thou me goodness. I will proclaim the Best. May perfect Wisdom direct me: He whom my prayers seek, the Life of the good mind, word, and deed.”

Zoroaster also learned the metaphysics of the good and evil principles in eternal conflict, and received the supernal formula or prayer “which was before the worlds,” and whose recitation gives eternal life. “If any reciter leaves out any portion of it, he shall be cast into hell.” The whole Yaçna (nineteen) is given up to a description of its wonderful qualities, though the prayer itself is not given. The prayer, however, is as follows: “Righteousness is the best good, a blessing it is. A blessing be to that which is righteousness toward Ashavahishta (perfect righteousness)!” There is only one other Zoroastrian prayer which has equal importance. It runs as follows: “As a heavenly Lord is to be chosen, so is an earthly master (spiritual guide), for the sake of righteousness, (to be) the giver of good thoughts, of the actions of life, toward Mazda; and the dominion is for the Lord (Ahura) whom he (Mazda) has given as a protector for the poor.” The first prayer is called Ashem-Vohu; the second is Ahuna-vairya.

To Zoroaster was also revealed the twenty mystic names of Ahura-Mazda and the supernatural spell for averting evil; also seventy-two other sacred names.\* He was pronounced to be the first of all priests, warriors, and husbandmen: “Hail, fire-priest, born for us, to offer sacrifice for us and spread abroad the holy rite and law!” He was made lord of earthly creatures, as Ahura-Mazda was of heavenly. All future saviors were to descend from him. Sosyosh, the latest and greatest, was miraculously born of a virgin, by his inspiration. Legend and fable have reveled in adoring him, and they ascribe to him all sorts of marvels; they make him author of millions of verses, covering, accord-

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\* The reader who is anxious to know them may learn them from the *Omazd-Yasht*, translated by E. W. West in *Pahlavi Texts. Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller.



ing to Arabic estimates, a thousand ox-skins. All these things happened or were revealed at the time of this vision, or at the other revelations. It is related that "on the same day also, the Omniscient Wisdom appeared three times."

The Dinkard recounts a large number of marvels about Zoroaster which here must be passed over; only one can be given, space forbidding more. It is related:—

"One marvel is this which is declared that, even before the coming of Zarathushtra to a conference (with the sacred beings), there is manifested in him a mind which is more capacious than the whole world and more exalted than every worldly possession, with an understanding whose strength is perfectly selected, an intellect of all-acquiring power, and a sagacity of all-deciding ability; also with the much heedfulness of the Kingly glory, and the full desire for righteousness, the efficacious diligence and authority, and even the superiority in mightiness and grandeur of the priestly office. Also the handsomeness of body and completeness of strength which are in the character of these four classes of his, which are priesthood, warriorship, husbandry, and artisanship; besides a perfect friendship for the sacred beings and the good, and an awful enmity for the demons and the vile."

When Zoroaster returned to earth he began immediately to preach as was the command of Ahura-Mazda. He exhorted the unbelieving kings and priests, the Ashemaogas (those who stir up strife among men and deceive them by excessive use of the Soma drink of intoxication), the Kavis (men who neither can nor will see anything good in the creation of Ahura-Mazda), and the Karjans (those who will not hear the precepts of Ahura-Mazda). The three had "united themselves in order through wicked deeds to destroy the world for men," and their souls, therefore, had "become hard." He preached to them the necessity of condemning the devas, of glorifying the archangels, and of practising the next-of-kin marriage.\* It was in vain, however. For two years he wandered about dervish-like and preached to kings and princes, and was often on that account in danger of his life. During that period, however, he developed, and was vouchsafed many visions of the empyrean and granted many conferences with Ahura-Mazda.

The Dabistan relates that once he was in heaven and entreated God: "Close the doors of death against me; let that be my miracle." But God answered: "If I close the doors of death against thee, thou wilt not be satisfied; nay, thou wouldst entreat death of me." The archangels taught him the moral laws relating to their special spheres of activity, etc. The place where these revelations took place is localized by

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\* Marriage with near relatives was in high esteem as keeping the clan blood pure. Sisters and brothers married.

Professor Jackson south of the Caspian Sea, "the place of Zoroaster's apocalyptic visions of heavens," namely, the Holy Land of Zoroastrianism.

When Zoroaster was forty years of age, the triumph of the Faith was at hand in the conversion of King Vishtaspa, or Gushtārp. He passed through temptations more trying than those of ordinary mortals and suffered despondencies more discouraging than imagination can picture; but he came out of them all the greater hero and the stronger man. When Vishtaspa accepted the Faith, others followed. The king and his court became authority for it, and its advance was comparatively rapid. This praise of Vishtaspa is sung in the Farvadin Yasht:—

"It was this righteous and bold warrior,  
The hero of redoubtable weapon,  
The very incarnation of the Law  
And devoted to the Lord—  
It was he, who, with advancing weapon,  
Sought out a broad path of Righteousness,  
And, with advancing weapon,  
Found the broad path of Righteousness.  
He, it was, who became the arm  
And the support of the Religion  
Of Zarathushtra, of Ahura;  
He, who dragged from her chains the Religion  
That was bound in fetters and unable to stir;  
And made her take a place  
In the midst (of the nations),  
Exalted with power, advancing and hallowed."

This praise intimates clearly that force became the method of propagation, and that from now on we deal more with Zoroastrianism than with Zoroaster. The Pahlavi writings deal more with Holy Wars than with the religion itself. We hear of Zoroaster from time to time; but not till his death, at the age of seventy-seven, does he come again prominently before us. His passing out is surrounded with fable and legend. He perished by lightning from heaven, and after his death he was called "the living star."

If Zoroaster was an historic personage, then he was a contemporary of Thales and Solon, a forerunner of Confucius and Buddha, and the teacher of those Magi that sought the Christ. As these sages were the religious heroes of their nations and age, so was Zoroaster of his. It can even be said that he was greater than these, because he transformed a religion of nature into a religion of freedom.

Be Zoroaster historic or not, he gave name to the faith held by Cyrus "the anointed of the Lord," and his name was connected with the scat-

tered fragments of the creed of Darius. It was Zoroastrianism which Alexander and his Greeks tried, without success to destroy.

If Zoroaster was no historic person, but the general name for Magian learning among the Medcs and Persians, then he is their personal symbol for Fire, the Parsee emblem of immortality, and that is the reason why "that mighty flame" burns to this day,—

"Like its own God's eternal will,  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable."

## THE HOMER LEGENDS

*By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS*

### THE STORY OF THE ILIAD

**I**N THIS way came about the great and terrible war of the Greeks against Troy, whereby the sacred city, loved of Zeus, was brought to destruction.

It chanced that Queen Leda, wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta, was greatly beloved by the Father of the gods; and to him she bare a daughter, Helen by name, who was the most beautiful woman in the world. All the princes of Greece wooed her, and bound themselves by oath that, whomsoever she might choose for her husband, all the rest should respect her choice and protect her husband in his possession of so priceless a treasure. So she chose; and her choice fell upon Menelaus, king of Sparta, brother to Agamemnon, king of Argos, who was overlord of all the kings of Greece.

Then came to Sparta, from Troy, one of the sons of King Priam, Paris, the harper and archer, very famous for his beauty and his wiles. To him Aphrodite had promised the fairest woman on earth for his bride; and so he had come to Sparta, and King Menelaus did entertain him as became a king's son. But Paris betrayed his hospitality, won the love of Helen, and carried her off by stealth upon his ship, and much treasure with her.

Then the princes of Greece remembered their oath. At the call of King Agamemnon they gathered to take vengeance upon Troy and to win back the peerless Helen,—a mighty force, indeed, they gathered together, namely, one hundred thousand men, and ships eleven hundred and fourscore and six. The great leaders of the host were these: Agamemnon of Argos and Menelaus of Sparta, the





sons of Atreus; Ulysses of Ithaca, wise son of Laertes; Diomed, the son of Tydeus; Eumelus of Thessaly, son of Admetus and Alcestis, dear to the gods; Idomeneus of Crete; Thoas of Ætolia; the honey-tongued Nestor, son of Neleus, who had outlived three generations of men, yet was still mighty in battle as in counsel; Trepolemus of Rhodes, son of Hercules; the great Ajax, son of Telamon, and Ajax, son of Oileus, the swift footed; and, bravest and mightiest of all, the great Achilles, prince of Pthia, whom the silver-footed goddess Thetis had borne to his father, Peleus. Him at his birth his mother had dipped into the river Styx, making him invulnerable to mortal weapons save upon the heel whereby she had held him; and with Achilles went his dear comrade, Patroclus, his brother-in-arms.

Such, and so illustrious, the force that gathered at Aulis in Eubœa, and sailed across the sea and laid siege to sacred Troy, where she stood upon her plain beneath the mount of Ida, beside her rivers, Simois and Scamander. And for nine years did they besiege the city in vain, for the councils of the gods were divided, the one part favoring the Trojans, the other part hating the men of Troy and favoring the Greeks. The Greeks prevailed always on the open plain, for they were many more in number, and many more were their chiefs of prowess; but still the Trojans prevailed at the walls and held their gates secure. And at the end of nine years came the great quarrel between Agamemnon, the king, and Achilles, which wrought so many woes for the Greeks, and came near to overruling the Fates who had decreed the doom of Troy.

Now the quarrel was in this wise: The Greeks had sacked a city sacred to Apollo and carried off great spoil; and the fair Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo, they had given to King Agamemnon, who cherished her. When the maid's father came to the Greeks, wearing the garlands of the god and offering vast ransom for his daughter, then was King Agamemnon wroth, and drove him from the camp, thereby dishonoring the god. And Chryses went down by the shore of the many-sounding sea and prayed to the god of the silver bow; and Apollo, giving ear to him, sent a pestilence upon the Greeks, that they died like sheep. Then in a council of the princes the seer Calchas, to the great anger of Agamemnon, declared the cause of the pestilence; whereupon Achilles arose and advised that Chryseis be returned to her father. And Agamemnon answered revilingly, saying that he would indeed give back the maiden, that his people might not die, but that he would recompense himself forthwith by taking to his own tent the fair maid Briseis, who had been allotted to Achilles and whom the prince loved right tenderly. Then was Achilles furious, and he was minded to draw his mighty sword and slay the king where he stood; but Athene, the goddess, invisible to all the rest, came behind and seized him by the

hair, and restrained him with her wise counsel; and Achilles obeyed her and thrust back his sword into his sheath. But he reviled King Agamemnon very scornfully, and swore that he would go no more into the battle; not though the terrible Hector, bulwark of Troy, should slaughter the Greeks and burn the ships with fire.

Thereafter, when Agamemnon sent the heralds to fetch Briseis, Achilles withheld his mighty hand and let the maid go, yielding reluctantly to the command of Athene and to the law which the Greeks had made ordaining obedience to Agamemnon. But when the maid was gone whom he loved, then in bitterness he cast himself down by the sea's margin and called upon his mother, Thetis. And she heard him in her palace under the sea, and arose like a vapor, and came and stroked his hair, and asked, "What ails thee, my son?"

When Achilles had told of his wrong, he prayed his mother that she would go to Olympus and clasp the knees of Zeus, and entreat him to favor the men of Troy in battle, that they might terribly prevail; and that Agamemnon, seeing his people perish before the sword of illustrious Hector, might know what manner of man he had dared to wrong. And Zeus was consenting unto the prayer of Thetis, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the men of Troy who were ever dutiful with sacrifice upon his altars; but Athene and Hera, who hated the Trojans, were very wroth, and would have hindered the Father of his purpose had they not been fearful of his anger.

Then did Zeus put a false dream into the mind of Agamemnon, urging him forth to battle, and deluding him so that he thought to capture Troy forthwith, Achilles being absent, and so gain for himself the greater glory. And the Greeks were aroused to the fight; and like the countless cranes that wheel and settle on the Asian fen by Cayster's turbid streams, or like the bees that swarm forth in spring, so thronged the Greeks to battle in the great plain beside the Scamander; and with shouts the Trojans, fewer in number but of high courage, ran to meet them.

Then between the hosts rushed forth Paris, carrying his bow and two spears; and he challenged to single combat the bravest of the Greeks. Glad was King Menelaus, and sprang to meet him. But Paris, when he saw the man whom he had wronged, was afraid, and stepped back among his people. Hector chided him for his cowardice; till Paris said: "Call a truce now between the hosts, and let Menelaus and me fight out this quarrel man to man, that the people perish not. And let it so be that if I fall, Menelaus shall take the fair Helen and her possessions, and depart with all the Greeks, leaving this land in peace; and if I prevail, then shall Menelaus and the Greeks depart without her."

Then was Hector glad, and right gladly did Menelaus and all the Greeks agree; and with sacrifices to the gods the covenant was sealed.

While this was doing came the divine Helen forth from her palace to where Priam and the old men, counselors, once mighty in war, sat upon the walls of Troy. And they all marveled at her beauty,

and said one to another, "What wonder that men should suffer much for such a woman!" And from the walls

Helen pointed out to them the chiefs of the Grecian host.

Now when Paris and Menelaus fought, Menelaus prevailed, and would have slain his betrayer but that

Paris was dear to Aphrodite. And the goddess, hid-

ing him in a cloud, snatched him away from death and carried him out of the battle to his own chamber. Then, Menelaus being victor, Aga-

memnon demanded of the princes of Troy that the compact be carried out forthwith; and the princes of Troy were not unwilling. But while

they parleyed, one Pandarus, thinking to win favor in the eyes of Paris, drew his mighty bow of goat-horn and smote King Menelaus from afar

with a black-barbed arrow. The king, indeed, was but wounded, taking no great hurt; but the truce was slain by the traitor arrow of Pandarus;

and with the fiercer hate did the hosts clash together.

Then did Athene fire the spirit of Prince Diomed, so that he went through the Trojan host like a flame, and no one could withstand him.

He slew Pandarus, him who had broken the truce; and he wounded Æneas, so that his mother, Aphrodite, was fain to snatch him out of the

battle; and even the immortal gods, Aphrodite herself and fierce Ares, felt the bitterness of his spear. But when Great Hector, the bulwark of

Troy, came thundering against him in his chariot, then did Diomed draw back into the press of common men. Then he encountered Glaucus,

prince of the Lycians, the most powerful allies of Troy; and he and Glaucus, discovering that they, too, were hereditary guest-friends, by rea-

son of ancient benefits between their houses, fought not, indeed, but exchanged arms and parted, vowing thereafter to avoid each other in the

battle. And the armor of Glaucus was wrought of gold, worth an hundred oxen; but the armor of Diomed was common bronze.

Now Hector, seeing that the gods were favoring the Greeks upon the plain, went into the city to do sacrifice, and finding Paris resting at home

with the fair Helen, he rebuked him; but to Helen he spake kindly. And his father and mother besought him to rest, but he would not.

Then he went to bid farewell to his wife, Andromache, and to his little son, Astyanax, ere returning to the battle. Thereupon Apollo put it into

his mind to challenge the bravest of the Greeks to single combat. And when the Greeks heard his challenge they all were silent, dreading the

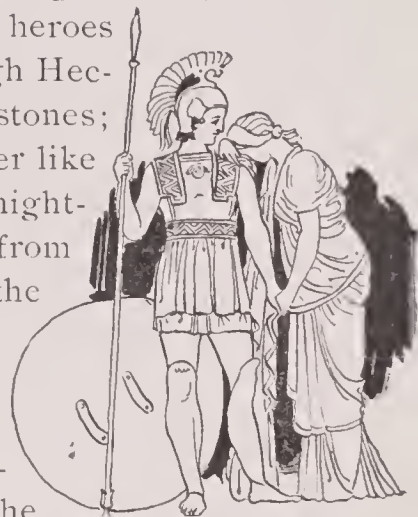
great prince. But at length nine of the mightiest of their leaders stood up,—Agamemnon, and Ulysses, and Ajax Telamon, and Ajax the son of

Oileus, and Idomeneus, and Meriones, and Diomed; and Eurypylos, and





Thoas the son of Andræmon. And the lots being shaken in a helmet, the lot of Ajax Telamon leapt out, and Ajax was glad, vaunting himself; and he strode to meet Prince Hector. Then did the two heroes fight terribly with their spears, but neither prevailed, though Hector took a slight wound in the neck; and they hurled huge stones; and at length, drawing their swords, rushed upon each other like two wild boars raging furiously. But now, it being near night-fall, came the heralds of both hosts, bidding them cease from the equal strife; and the heroes obeyed, praising each the other's prowess; and they exchanged gifts, and parted. Then was a truce declared between the armies, that each might burn its dead.



Now when, on the following day, the two hosts again hurled together, the Greeks the more numerous but no whit the more valiant,—then did Hera and Athene greatly desire to aid their favorites against the men of Troy whom they hated so jealously. But Zeus did angrily constrain them, and they were afraid; so without them the Trojans prevailed, and wherever Hector drave through the press, there the mightiest of the Greeks gave way before him; and he drave even Diomed, shouting after him: “Run, girl! Run, coward! shalt thou climb our walls and carry away our daughters in thy ships?” And many illustrious heroes did he slay: and he wounded Teucer, so that hardly could his brother, the great Ajax, succor him and drag him out of the battle. Then were the Greeks driven like sheep before Hector, so that they were fain to hide within the wall and ditch which they had drawn about the ships; and had not the night come to shelter them, it had well happened that Hector had on that day burned the ships of the Greeks with fire. And that night the Trojans camped upon the plain, very near to the Grecian ships.

Now when it was dark the Trojans rested in triumph, but the Greeks, in sorrow of heart, expecting doom. And it repented King Agamemnon that he had wronged Achilles, whom now the people needed in their strait; and not only did he proclaim his repentance in the council, but he sent Ulysses and Ajax, and the old Prince Phœnix, with two heralds, to offer great restitution to Achilles and to entreat him to return to the battle. The fair Briseis did Agamemnon offer, and seven other damsels of Lesbos; seven sacred tripods; ten talents of gold;—with seven rich cities and his own daughter to wife after Troy should be taken. Achilles was playing upon a silver harp and singing the deeds of the heroes, while his comrade Patroclus sat beside him. Very courteously did he receive his guests; and he feasted them, and listened to their persuasions. But to the offers of Agamemnon he turned a deaf ear, spurning his gifts, and declaring his intention of leaving the Greeks and Trojans to fight out their

quarrel for themselves, while he returned to the fields of his fertile Pthia. So Ajax and Ulysses in sorrow went back with his answer to the king.

Now when day dawned, King Agamemnon set the line of the Greeks in order and rushed into the battle before all the other chiefs. And many princes fell under his spear; and he swept the Trojans before him as a fire sweepeth a wood, even up to the city gates; and because the gods were with him in that hour no man might stand against him.

But Zeus withheld Hector from the battle. Then at last the king was wounded in the arm, so that he withdrew from the battle; whereupon came Hector forth again, and chased the Greeks as a wolf chases the sheep. Then did Paris wound Diomed with an arrow; and Socus, dying, wounded Ulysses with his spear; and Paris again smote Eurypylus; and the great Ajax was daunted so that he withdrew sullenly from meeting Hector; and Paris again, for he was a wondrous Bowman, pierced Machaon through the shoulder. Then did Fear stalk through the ranks of the Greeks, so that they were driven within their walls, and heard the mighty Hector's chariot-wheels thundering at their gates.

Now the fight at the wall was furious and slaughterous beyond telling, and on both sides fell many heroes. Mightily raged Hector to ruin the wall and burn the ships, and fearfully strove the Greeks to ward off this final ruin. Then great was the glory of Sarpedon and Glaucus, the high-hearted princes of the Lycians, friends to Hector, who withstood now the mightiest of the Grecian heroes. In this manner raged the battle at the wall, neither side prevailing; till Hector, lifting and hurling a huge rock, broke down the gate. Then, a spear in either hand, and his eyes as flames, he sprang into the breach; and the men of Troy, pressing after him, dashed upon the ships.

And now had the men of Troy prevailed, and the Greeks perished by the ships; but that Zeus turned away his face and saw not how Poseidon, who hated the Trojans, came quickly to the help of the Greeks. And the god put new courage into the breasts of the heroes, that they fought stubbornly; and on the right Hector raged in vain against Ajax the great, and Ajax the less, and Teucer the archer; while on the left, King Idomeneus of Crete, and Meriones and King Menelaus made head against Deiphobus and Paris and Æneas; till at length, Zeus sleeping and Poseidon helping the Greeks, the Trojans began to be driven back, and Hector was sore wounded by a stone which smote him on the neck. Then Zeus awoke and was wroth; and he roughly rebuked Poseidon, and sent Apollo to heal Hector of his hurt. Thereupon, with new strength did Hector rush into the battle; and the Greeks were afraid, for they thought he had been slain; and once more did the clamor and the blood and the fury of the fight close in about the ships.

Then did Patroclus, grieved at the slaughter of the Greeks and the peril into which they were come, strive to persuade Achilles that he should lay aside his wrath, and arm himself, and come again into the battle. "Or, if thou wilt not," said Patroclus, "then let me go, leading thy myrmidons. And let me wear thy armor, that the Trojans may be afraid and the Greeks have breathing space."

And to this, indeed, Achilles was consenting; though not yet would he lay aside his anger and go himself into the battle. But he gave to Patroclus his shining armor, and his chariot, and his immortal steeds, with Automedon, his charioteer. And even while Patroclus was arming himself, did Hector prevail over the great Ajax, so that Ajax was sore afraid and went back from him, uncovering the ships; and Hector applied the torch, and the flames shot up to heaven. Then, indeed, was Achilles troubled, and he bade Patroclus make haste. But he bade him content himself with driving the Trojans back from the ships, and not to approach the walls of Troy lest Apollo should slay him in wrath, loving the Trojans.

Now when Patroclus, in the armor and the chariot of Achilles, came thundering into the battle, then indeed were the Trojans greatly afraid, deeming that it was even Achilles himself. And they fled, carrying Hector in the midst of the press. And many chiefs of fame did Patroclus slay, so that it seemed that the spirit and the strength of Achilles's self were within him. And the great Sarpedon, chief of the Lycians and bravest of the allies of Troy, did Patroclus slay. Then did he forget the command of Achilles, and pursued the men of Troy up to the very walls, hoping that day to take the city by his own might. But thereat was Apollo wroth, so that he stirred up the spirit of Hector to go against Patroclus. Many and illustrious were the heroes whom Patroclus had slain that day; and now, aiming at Hector, he slew Prince Cebriones, Hector's brother and charioteer, and mocked him as he fell. But his vaunting was not for long; for Hector rushed upon him, and pierced him with his spear that he fell. Then did Hector strip him of the splendid armor of Achilles, and bear it away. But the body of Patroclus he could not bear away, for Ajax Telamon, and Menelaus, and a crowd of the Greeks, rushed to defend it against this dishonor.

And now about the body of Patroclus fiercely raged the battle, for neither would the Greeks yield it up nor would the Trojans suffer them to have it. And Hector put on the armor of Achilles, and went through the ranks of the men of Greece like a flame through stubble; and Æneas by his side did great deeds. Then the chiefs of the Greeks, seeing that they might no longer by themselves withstand Hector and Æneas, sent word to Achilles that Patroclus was slain, and urged him to come and save the body. And Achilles cried out in his grief for



Patroclus, and poured ashes upon his head, and would have slain himself but that his comrades held his hands. But he went not forth into the battle, because that Hector had his armor, and he dreaded not death but dishonor. Then his mother, Thetis, sitting in her cave of the sea, heard his cry and came to him. And when she learned of his sorrow and his strait, she promised that she would persuade Hephæstus, that he might forge him new and invulnerable armor against the morrow.

And now would the Trojans surely have prevailed and carried off the body of Patroclus, had not Zeus himself put a thought into the mind of Achilles. And about Achilles's shoulders did Athene throw her mighty ægis, and a halo of fire about his head; and he went forth to the trench and shouted in a terrible voice. Thrice did he shout across the battle; and the Trojans were smitten with fear, and they fled so that no man might stay them; and the Greeks with joy drew the body of Patroclus out of the press. Then did the Greeks stay close within the trench, glad of a respite; while the Trojans gathered themselves in council on the plain. And some of the Trojan chiefs were for returning into the city, behind the shelter of the walls thereof, now that Achilles was aroused again; but Hector would not. "If Achilles be indeed come forth from his tent, be it so," said he. "I will not shun to meet him, for now to one man and now to another does Ares give the victory."

Now did the Greeks mourn greatly over the body of Patroclus; and Achilles and King Agamemnon were reconciled in the council of the princes; and Achilles, for courtesy, accepted the gifts of the king, though he desired them not. And meanwhile was Hephæstus busy at the forges of the gods, making for Achilles the new armor which Thetis had begged of him. On the shield he wrought many wonders,—the earth, the sky, and the sea; the sun and moon, and all the stars; and two cities; and strange pictures from the life of man; and round about the shield the great river of ocean. And folds it had of bronze, and gold, and tin, so fashioned that weapon of mortal man might not pierce it. And a corselet he fashioned also, brighter than fire; and a helmet crested with gold; and greaves of tin, cunningly wrought. And this armor Thetis carried to Achilles; and into the nostrils of the slain Patroclus did she pour nectar, that it might not know decay until Achilles should be ready to pay it the due funeral rites. For Achilles proposed to be avenged on Hector ere he should pay the last rites to Patroclus.

Now on the following day, arrayed in the divine armor, Achilles went once more into the battle. Then did Prince Æneas confront him fearlessly, and smote him fair upon the shield, and pierced through two folds of the god-forged defense. And Achilles rushed upon him with his sword, while Æneas snatched up a great stone to cast at him. Then

had Æneas surely perished, but that Poseidon snatched him up and carried him away, for he was very dear to the gods. And Achilles sought for Hector, slaying as he went; and Hector sought for him, till Apollo bade him avoid the strife. And Hector obeyed, till he saw Achilles slay his young brother, the stripling Polydorus. Then in a fury he rushed at Achilles. But when he cast his mighty spear, Athene turned it aside with her breath. Then Achilles sprang upon him, but Apollo snatched him away; and they twain were separated, Achilles loudly vaunting. And Achilles slew the Trojans by the score; but twelve he took alive, that he might sacrifice them on the tomb of Patroclus.

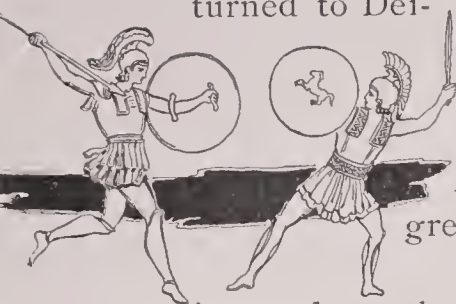
It chanced now that the river-god Scamander, whose course was choked with the bodies of the Trojans whom Achilles had slain, was wroth. He swelled his currents and fell upon Achilles, and was like to have overwhelmed him. But Hera saw it, and sent Hephæstus to dry up the streams of Scamander with fire, so that the river shrank into his bed; and the fishes were killed, and the trees along the bank were scorched and withered. Then were the gods divided among themselves, and their anger brake out against one another, while Zeus sat upon his throne and laughed. Then did Hera smite Artemis, who loved the Trojans, so that she fled weeping; and Athene smote Ares; and Hera again smote Aphrodite; and Poseidon challenged Apollo, but Apollo refused the combat. And ill was it for Troy in that hour, for the gods that were against her were mightier than those that were for her; and very bitter was their hate, especially that of Hera and Athene, whom Paris had slighted of old, giving the apple of beauty to Aphrodite.

And now did Achilles so mightily prevail that all the Trojans were driven within the gates, and the gates were shut. But Hector alone remained outside; for he would not fly, but was minded to try his fate against Achilles. But when Achilles came against him, then did the gods put panic into his heart, so that he fled; and thrice about the walls of Troy did Achilles pursue him fleeing; and now did Apollo leave him, seeing that Zeus had decreed his destruction. And Athene came to Achilles and said: "Now shall Hector die, and thou have the glory. Stay, and recover thy breath, for I shall go and hearten him with false hope, that he may stand against thee and be slain."

Then Athene in her guile took the shape of Deïphobus, best-loved and bravest of Hector's brothers. And the false Deïphobus said to Hector: "Come, let us twain make stand against this Achilles." And Hector said: "Deïphobus, now I love thee yet more, for that thou alone, while all others remained within, hast ventured forth to stand by my side."

And now Achilles came, and hurled his mighty Peleian spear; but it went over Hector's head, and Athene, Hector not perceiving, handed it

back to him. Then did Hector throw, and his spear struck true, but might not pierce the god-wrought shield of Achilles. And Hector turned to Deïphobus for another spear. But false Deïphobus had gone. Then did Hector know himself cheated and his great heart sank within him, and he rushed upon Achilles with his sword, but might not come nigh him, for Achilles pierced him with his spear, and he fell. When great Hector fell, then was the bulwark of Troy fallen.



And now Achilles, having stripped Hector of his armor, honored not the body, but dragged it behind his chariot to the ships, defiling it. Then did he make ready for the burning of Patroclus; and he held great games in honor of Patroclus, at which the greatest heroes of the Greeks contended for the prizes which Achilles set up; and on the funeral pile he slew the twelve Trojan captives, to do honor to Patroclus. But when the burning was done, then did Hermes take King Priam to Achilles secretly, by night, that he might ransom the body of Hector; and Achilles suffered the old man's grief to soften his



heart, and he took the gifts which Priam had brought, and gave him the body of his son to take back into Troy. Also, he consented to a truce of twelve days. So the men of Troy burned Hector with great honors. And they built over his ashes a vast mound, that all men might see the tomb of the mightiest of the Trojans, Hector, the Tamer of Horses.

But after these things the end of Troy was near. Achilles, boasting that he would of his own might break into Troy, was slain at the Scæan gate by an arrow of the archer, Prince Paris, which smote him in the heel. Then, at last, the Greeks devised a cunning device, being taught by Athene. They burned their ships, and made as if they had given up the strife, sailing away over the dark sea. But they went not far; and they left upon the shore a great horse of wood, wherein were hidden the bravest of their heroes. And the men of Troy, deluded by a false oracle from the gods who willed their destruction, came with ropes and drew the horse into the city. That night, as they feasted and rejoiced, deeming that the war was over, the chiefs came out of the horse and opened the gates. Then the Greeks, returning by stealth, entered and took the city. And so was wrought the destruction of sacred Troy, that the decree of Fate might be fulfilled.



## THE STORY OF THE ODYSSEY

AS ONE that for a weary space has lain,  
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of Love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again;  
So, gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free,  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear like ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

— ANDREW LANG.

THE ten years' war in Troy was over; and the city of Priam was in ashes. Helen, the beautiful bane of Greece, was retaken, and given back to her husband, Menelaus. The honor of the house of Atreus was avenged in blood and fire. The heroes who had not perished in those wild years of battle under the walls, were setting their faces and their hearts toward home.

Of them all, the most desirous of his home was Ulysses, the son of Laertes. Wisest in council of all the Greeks was he, eloquent, mighty in battle, and highly favored of Athene. Not for ten years had he seen his rocky island kingdom of Ithaca, nor his wife, the fair and prudent Penelope, nor his son Telemachus, whom he had left a child in arms when he sailed away to support the quarrel of King Agamemnon.

His oared ships laden with spoils, Ulysses and his men sailed away from the Trojan shores, trusting that a few days of voyaging would bring them back to the rocky uplands of Ithaca. But of all that joyous company it was decreed that Ulysses alone, and he after ten years' wandering, should come to the haven of his desire.

From Troy the wind carried him to the city of Ismarus, an ally of Troy, which he took by storm, putting its people to the sword, and adding rich plunder to his store. But his comrades delayed to revel; and in the night, while they drank and feasted, came the men of the mountains and overwhelmed them; and with the loss of half his men, Ulysses fled to his ships. Hardly had they made the open when a huge wind out of the north blew down upon them. When they would have rounded the southmost point of Greece and borne upward again toward their western isle, they could not prevail at all against this wind. For ten days it bore them south into the unknown; and on the tenth day, died into a golden

calm off the coasts of the Lotus-eaters. "All round the coasts the languid air did swoon"; and when the worn sea-farers landed, the gentle inhabitants came to them with branches of their enchanted fruit, whereof whosoever eats goes ever after in a dream, forgetful of all past pain and joy alike, nor cares for home or children any more. Ere many of his company had eaten, Ulysses led them back to the ships, they who had tasted of the sweet oblivion being bound and carried off in spite of tears. From this soft peril they rowed away, the wind having forgotten them; and after days of toil they came to the land of the Cyclops. In the harbor of an uninhabited island near the shore, Ulysses left eleven of his ships with their crews, to hunt the goats wherewith the place abounded, while he betook himself with the twelfth ship to learn what manner of folk might be found upon the mainland, where smoke arose at evening with the far-off noise of gathering flocks.

Now Ulysses was the most curious of men, ever seeking new wisdom in the face of whatever peril; but also he was the most prudent, else his curiosity had long ago brought him the final wisdom of death. He left the ship and crew in a secret haven, and taking twelve of the bravest of his comrades, journeyed inland. Carrying not only food, but a skin of wine of magic power and sweetness, they came presently to a great cave with laurels about its mouth. Within were pens for sheep and goats, baskets of cherries, and long rows of dishes filled with milk; and the strangers waited for the return of the absent shepherd. At sunset he returned, driving his flocks before him; and when they saw him the wanderers fled into the darkest corners of the cave. He was a giant, with but one eye, set in the middle of his forehead; and Ulysses knew him for the Cyclop Polyphemus, one of the sons of Poseidon, god of the sea. The giant closed the mouth of the cave with a rock of the bigness of a house, and milked his flocks; then he kindled a fire of pine-logs, whose leaping blaze revealed the strangers where they crouched.

"Who are you?" roared the Cyclops. "Are you traders? Or pirates?" Ulysses, in replying, subtly withheld the matter of the ships, declaring that they were just escaped from shipwreck on his coast, and begging hospitality in the name of Zeus, protector of strangers. For answer, the giant snatched up two of the men, tore them to pieces, and devoured them, with buckets of milk, for his evening meal. Then he threw himself down among his flocks and slept, careless of the trembling strangers. The hero in his rage would have pierced him as he lay, trusting that his sword would be long enough to reach the monster's heart; but he bethought him that there would then be none who could move away the stone from the cave-mouth. So he waited, devising vengeance and escape together.

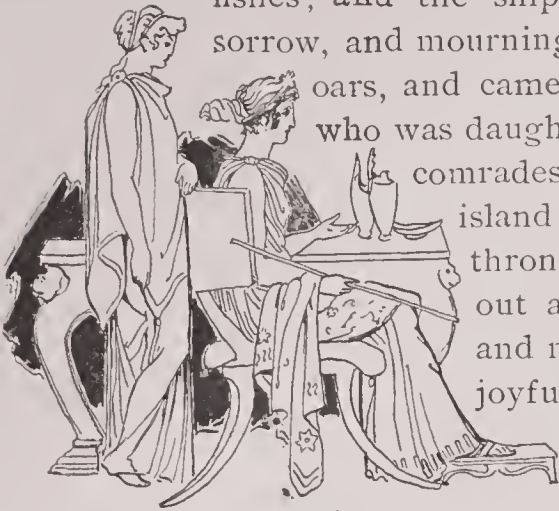
In the morning the Cyclops devoured two men, then drove off his flocks to the pastures, closing the cave securely. At evening when again he made his hideous meal, Ulysses approached him courteously with his skin of wine, whereof the odor was not to be resisted. The Cyclops drank heavily, till he fell into a deep sleep. Then Ulysses took a stake of green olive-wood, and heated the point thereof in the fire; and all the company bearing down upon it, they thrust it into the giant's single eye, where it hissed like red-hot steel in water. Roaring with the anguish, the giant sprang up, and groped with his hands for his enemies; but they hid themselves so that he found them not. Then he rolled away the stone from the cave-mouth, and sat therein with hands outstretched, trusting to catch them as they sought to escape. But the crafty Ulysses outwitted him. The rams of the flock were long-fleeced and of great stature. Under the bodies of the biggest of them the Greeks clung, hidden by the wool, and so were carried forth in safety, and escaped to their ships. Now when they had gained some oars' lengths from the shore, Ulysses cried out to the Cyclops, taunting him; whereupon the giant tore off the rocky peak of a hill near by and hurled it after the ships. It raised a mighty wave which bore the ships onward; and the Greeks rowed furiously till they were beyond the reach of these perils. And the baffled giant roared after them his curse, which was destined to bring down upon them many woes:—"Hear thou me, Poseidon, if thou be indeed my father, I thy very son. Let this Ulysses never come to his home. Or if the fates have decreed his return, let him return alone, his comrades lost, to find disaster in his house." And right well did Poseidon hear this prayer.

On the next day the Greeks came to the island of Æolus, Master of the Winds, a floating island, walled about with bronze. There they were royally entertained, for the fame of Ulysses was well known to all the Gods; and Æolus, to favor his voyaging, gave him an ox hide in which were all the winds imprisoned, save only the gentle west wind which was needed to carry him toward Ithaca. For nine days then they voyaged softly over the wine-dark sea, till the beacon lights of Ithaca appeared. For nine days had Ulysses steered, and now he fell asleep. While he slept, his comrades, thinking to discover what treasures of gold and jewels he had brought in the great ox hide, opened it; and all the contrary winds rushed out, and roared about them, and swept them away again to unknown seas.

After this they touched at the land of the Læstrygones, giants who fed on the flesh of men. And the Læstrygones hurled great stones upon the ships, so that they were broken; and the men they speared like







fishes; and the ship of Ulysses only escaped this doom. So in great sorrow, and mourning for their comrades, they smote the sea with their oars, and came at last to the Isle of Circe, that sorceress goddess who was daughter to the Sun. Then Ulysses sent one-half of his comrades, under the cautious Eurylochus, to search out the island; and they came to the palace of Circe, which was thronged about with lions and wolves. And Circe came out and spoke to them sweetly, and bade them within, and mixed for them a sweet drink whereof they drank joyfully at her fair hands. Then she smote them with her wand,—and lo, they became as swine, yet with the hearts and minds of men looking forth from their eyes.

But the cautious Eurylochus had stayed without the palace, fearing treason; and now he fled to Ulysses with the dreadful tidings. Then, in spite of the entreaties of his comrades, Ulysses slung his great sword about his shoulders and set out for the palace of the enchantress. As he went, burning with anger, the god Hermes met him in the way, and gave him to eat of the herb "Moly," a magic antidote against the bane of Circe's wine. And he came and stood in the palace porch, and called aloud; and the goddess came out and very courteously led him within. Having seated him in a great chair, she offered him her wine in a golden cup; and when he had quaffed it, her face changed, and she smote him with her wand. But when she saw that she had no power over him, then she loved him greatly, and knew him for the wise Ulysses. For his sake she restored his comrades whom she had made swine; and she sent for his other companions who were with the ship; and they all dwelt happily at the palace for one year.



At last the hearts of Ulysses and his comrades turned again with longing toward Ithaca; and the goddess reluctantly consented to their going. But first she sent Ulysses to the dwellings of the dead, there to consult the shade of the blind seer, Teiresias, as to how he should assuage Poseidon's wrath. Taught by Circe, he voyaged across the stream of ocean to a dark, waste shore of poplars, whence he journeyed to the meeting-place of two of the great rivers of Hades,—Phlegethon, river of fire, and Cocytus, river of wailing. There he sacrificed to the dead a black ram and a black ewe, letting their blood flow together into a trench. When the shades crowded about, craving to drink the fresh and vital fluid, he stayed them with his sword until Teiresias came and answered all his questionings, directing him as to his journey, and teaching him

how he might hope to propitiate the angry Poseidon. "Ye may yet come safe to your homes," said he, "if, when thou comest to the Isle of the Three Capes, and find there the herds of the sun, thou restrain thy comrades from evil doing. If the kine be not harmed, then mayest thou yet regain thine Ithaca, though after grievous toil." And much more said the seer, who, though blind, saw all the future as in a glass. Then, after talking with the shades of many heroes, both of those who had perished long ago and of those who had fallen on the plains of windy Troy, Ulysses journeyed back to the Isle of Circe, who feasted him, and sped him on his way with store of provision and plenitude of wise counsel.

Then once more the much-wandering heroes set sail, and voyaged over the dark sea rejoicing. And first they came to the Sirens' Isle, and, the wind dying, they were fain to put out the oars. Being forewarned by Circe, Ulysses straightway took wax and stuffed the ears of his comrades that they might not hear that song which no man could resist; and he bade them bind him to the mast, and heed his commands no more until they should be beyond hearing of the too-sweet voices. But his own ears he left unstopped. And when the Sirens sang to him, he strove in his bonds and made imperious signs to the rowers. And they, unheeding, but rowed the harder and put more bonds upon him; and so they came safely past that peril.

Not long thereafter they came to a narrow strait that was filled with smoke and roaring, where on the one side stood the rock of Scylla, and on the other the whirlpool of Charybdis. And the wise Ulysses bade steer the nigher to Scylla than to Charybdis. And while the men watched fearfully the yawning whirlpool, open to the floors of ocean, the six dreadful heads of Scylla, on their long snake necks, darted forth out of the rock, and snatched away six of the bravest of the comrades of Ulysses; and piteously did they call on him for aid, but in vain. Then the rest rowed furiously, while their hearts were as water in their breasts.

After this they came to the Isle of Three Capes, and heard the lowing of the sacred kine. Then Ulysses told them of the perils of the place, of the doom which should befall them if the flocks of the sun should take hurt at their hands; and counseled that, though weary, they should pass by the island. But they were instant to land, and would not be governed. And when they were come to shore, the winds changed and held them there close prisoners, till their food was consumed, and hunger gnawed upon them. Then one day, while Ulysses slept, they killed the sacred kine and feasted on the flesh,—and the flesh bowed upon the spits of the roasting, and the skies darkened ominously; and Ulysses smote his breast and made sacrifice. Presently a favoring

wind arose, and they all set sail; but when they had voyaged a space the anger of the gods was loosed against them, and a storm seized upon them, and a bolt from Zeus shattered the ship, and all the ship's company perished miserably save the wise Ulysses only. He, clinging to a portion of the ship's timbers, drifted on the sea for nine days, and came alive to the Isle of Ogygia, the domain of the goddess Calypso. And the goddess knew the wise Ulysses, and loved him; and she constrained him, so that he dwelt with her eight years.

But Ulysses, though he was loved by a goddess, who offered him immortal youth if he would abide with her, desired continually to see once more the high, bright pastures of his native land, and Penelope, his wife, and his son Telemachus. Then Athene, to whom of all the high gods was Ulysses most dear, persuaded Zeus that the hero had suffered too much from Poseidon's wrath. Thereupon Hermes was sent to tell Calypso that she must let Ulysses go. And Calypso, though grieved, taught him to build a strong raft, and gave him food and raiment, and sent a favorable wind into his sails to bear him home to Ithaca. And for seventeen days he sailed, and slept not, steering by the stars, till he saw, like a small blue cloud upon the horizon, the sacred land of the Phæacians, dear to the gods. But not yet was Poseidon's wrath appeased; and he gathered a storm and so smote the raft with his trident, that it broke; and the hero was cast into the sea. Yet was his mighty spirit not broken. For two days he swam, till he came to the land, where a river of sweet water flowed into the sea. And he made the shore, and crept into a thicket of wild olives, and slept as one dead till he was eased of his toil.

Now it chanced that the Princess Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, came down to the river with her handmaidens to wash linen. And after the washing the maidens played ball, and their laughter and high voices awoke Ulysses. Then he came forth and knelt to Nausicaa, and besought her protection; and she knew by his speech that he was no common man. She gave him clothing, and bade him follow to the city and crave her father's hospitality. At the palace he was well received, though a stranger, for his voice and his presence won him favor with all men. When he had been entertained as became a king's guest, he told his name and related all his wanderings, during the ten years since windy Troy had fallen. And King Alcinous did him great honor, and, daring the wrath of Poseidon, sent him on one of the ships of the Phæacians, which were the swiftest and most marvelous ships in the world, homeward over the wine-dark sea to the high-pastured Ithaca. And when they approached the land Ulysses fell into a deep sleep. And the Phæacians carried him ashore, sleeping, in a secret harbor of Ithaca; and beside a sacred olive-tree,



by a cave of the nymphs, they laid him down and all his treasures with him. So Ulysses, all unwitting, lay asleep on his native soil.

Now, in the meantime, during those twenty years of the hero's absence, many things had been happening at Ithaca. The child Telemachus had grown to man's estate. Penelope, his mother, had been hard put to it to ward off the suitors who aspired to her hand and her possessions; for word had gone abroad that her mighty husband had perished by sea on his homeward voyage from Troy. This rumor the faithful Penelope had refused to believe. But the world believed it. And the people held it not well that the sovereignty of Ithaca should be held by a woman and a child. The wooers were very pertinacious; so that at length Penelope promised that she would make choice among them,—for they were all princes,—when she should have completed the web which she was weaving. Taught this guile by Athene in a dream, each night she would unravel all that she had woven during the day, and the suitors found themselves no nearer to their desire. At length the wooers grew very insolent and overbearing. They established themselves, one hundred and eight in number, in the palace of Ulysses, feasting and reveling in his undefended halls, consuming his flocks and his vineyards, and corrupting his servants. Still Penelope held haughtily aloof, while young Telemachus ate his own heart in his rage because he was not yet strong enough to defend his house and property from these robber princes. Of the rest of Ulysses's household there remained faithful to him only Eumæus the swineherd, and Philætius the neatherd, and the old nurse Eurycleia, who had nursed him as a babe upon her knees.

Now when Ulysses awoke beneath the sacred olive, in the little harbor where the Phæacians had left him, he knew not the place nor whither he had come. But Athene, his protectress, came and advised him what he should do. And she bade him go first to Eumæus, the swineherd, but not reveal himself, and to abide there till she should come to him. To Telemachus he was to reveal himself, but to none other until the time was ripe to take vengeance upon the wooers, the despoilers of his house; and then to Eumæus the swineherd, he should reveal himself, and to Philætius the neatherd, for these were faithful, and would aid him without fear. And she made Ulysses to have the likeness of an old beggar, that none might know him; and Eumæus knew him not, but entertained him kindly, and told him stories of Ulysses.

Now Telemachus had been away on a journey to Sparta, to make inquiry of King Menelaus concerning his father; and on the journey many good omens were vouchsafed to him. On his return, Athene, in the likeness of his friend and consulter, Mentor, sent him to the house of Eumæus when the swineherd was absent in the fields. Then Ulysses revealed himself to his son. And Telemachus at first doubted, thinking

him, rather, some god, such majesty did Athene shed upon him; but at length he was convinced. Then the twain wept upon each other's neck. And when they had talked over many things till the setting of the sun, then they planned together for the slaying of the wooers. At last Ulysses said:—

“Go home in the morning, and go among the suitors freely; and for me, I will come as an old beggar; and if they evil entreat me, be thou prudent and suffer it, for verily their doom is near. And when I give the sign, do thou take all the arms from the hall and hide them in thy room, saying to the suitors that arms are an incitement to strife when men are in their cups. But keep two swords, two spears, and two shields,—for thee and for me. And see thou tell no one, not Eumæus, nay, nor Penelope herself.”

Now when Ulysses went, as a beggar, to the palace, no man knew him. But the dog Argus, whom Ulysses had reared with his own hands, knew him. Old and lame and full of lice, the dog, though of noble breed, lay neglected on a dunghill; but at the sight of his master he arose, and whined, and wagged his tail. For twenty years he had waited; and now, having seen once more the master whom he loved, he lay down and died. Then the hero brushed away a tear, and entered the hall where the wooers sat feasting on his substance.

Now the wooers were insolent to the unknown suppliant, heaping abuse upon him, and thereby heaping up wrath against themselves. And, indeed, hardly could Telemachus restrain them from violence. Even the blows of one of them did the hero endure, curbing his rage against the vengeance to come. But when Penelope heard of the stranger's arrival, and that he was a much-traveled man, she sent for him, after her custom, to question him if haply he might have news of her husband. He went to her secretly in the evening, lest the wooers should prevent; and Penelope knew him not, but entertained him kindly. And he told her that her husband was yet alive, and would come to avenge himself terribly upon the wooers. Then Penelope bade the old nurse Eurycleia wash the stranger's feet; and because of an ancient scar upon his leg, and because of something in his voice, Eurycleia recognized her master. But when she would have cried out his name in her joy, Ulysses laid his hand upon her mouth, and she understood, and was silent.

Now it chanced that Penelope, unable any longer to put them off, had promised that on the morrow she would make choice among the suitors. She had said that she would bring them the great black bow of Ulysses himself; and whosoever of them all could bend it the most easily, and string it, and drive an arrow through the helve-holes of the twelve axes which Telemachus would set up for the trial, to that one would she give herself. Then in the morning all the suitors gathered

for the trial; and Telemachus set up the twelve axes in a row; but in the meantime he had carried away out of the hall all the weapons, save only those which he had kept near at hand, for the use of his father and himself at the great moment. Thereupon Penelope brought the great black bow, and a quiver full of arrows; and never before had she appeared to the suitors so tall and so beautiful.

While they gaped at her, and handled the bow, and softened the string with fat because it had been long unused, Ulysses went out and revealed himself to Eumæus, the swineherd and to Philætius, the neatherd. Right glad were they of his coming, and he bade them shut the women into their own apartments, and bar the great doors of the hall, and come and stand where they might be ready to help him.

Then first Leiodes, the priest, made trial of the black bow; but his tender hands could move it not even a little. And the rest were wroth, and strove mightily with it; but strove every one of them in vain, till none were left to strive save only Antinous and Eurymachus, the strongest and most arrogant of them all. Eurymachus tried, and the veins stood out upon his forehead; but he bent it not; and he groaned aloud, lamenting that they all should be so inferior to the great Ulysses. But as for Antinous, he refused the trial, saying that the gods were against them that day, but that he would try—ay, and bend the bow—on the morrow. Then Ulysses spoke, and said:—

“Let me try this bow, for I would know if my strength be yet as it was of old.”

And the suitors were wroth and would have prevented him; but Penelope said it should be even as he wished. And Telemachus said:—

“No man shall say me nay, if I will that this stranger try the bow. But do thou, Mother, go to thy chamber with thy maidens, and let men take thought for these things.”

This he said, knowing that the hour was come, and desiring to spare her a dreadful sight. Then Ulysses took up the great black bow and strung it with ease; and he tried the string and it sang, sweetly and terribly shrill. He fitted an arrow, and, sitting as he was, the arrow darted through the twelve rings and went deep into the wall beyond. Then Telemachus came to his side with spear and shield; and Ulysses spake to the wooers, saying:—

“This task is done. Let me try at yet another mark.”

And forthwith the great bow sang, and the arrow went through the white throat of Antinous as he lifted up his cup to drink.

And now the wooers sprang up, astonished, and Ulysses declared himself, showing them their doom. Then Eurymachus, though they all



were an hundred against Ulysses and Telemachus alone, sought to purchase peace. But Ulysses said: "My hands shall not cease from slaying till I have taken vengeance on you all." So Eurymachus and the others rushed upon him; but his arrows went through them as they came, and the spear of Telemachus smote them down, and terrible was the shouting. But while Ulysses and Telemachus donned their armor, at the same time, by the treachery of a servant, were spears and shields brought to the wooers where they gathered at the farther end of the hall. Then came in Eumæus and Philætius and armed themselves, and stood beside Ulysses; and the wooers rushed upon them in two bands; and dreadful was the encounter. But Athene, sitting upon a roof-beam in the likeness of a swallow, troubled the wooers and turned their weapons aside. And they were slain, every man.

Then Ulysses gave order that the bodies be removed, and the hall purified with water and with sulphur. And he sent for his wife, Penelope. And when he had convinced her that it was indeed he, and not some god come to avenge her on the wooers, then, indeed, did she fall upon his neck with tears of gladness. And so did Ulysses come back to his home after twenty years.

## THE KORAN

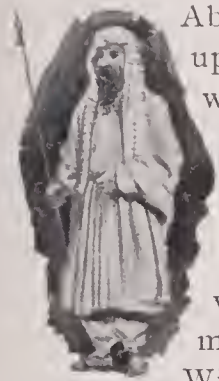
### INTRODUCTION

**M**OHAMMED, founder of Islam, has been called the last of the prophets. Born in a time and among a people whose highest ideal was the observance of the mere forms of piety—the dry husks of religion—this rude, uneducated Arab, by the sheer force of his passionate faith, his will, and his personality, slowly gathered about him a train of followers whose devotion made them willing to fight and die for the prophet and his message. Unable to read, without the knowledge that is found in books, unlearned save in the school of human life and nature, this man yet left a book whose chances of immortality may be regarded as only less than those of the Bible and the Vedas. And he also left a power behind him, a living faith that sustains a very large part of the people of the world to-day, nearly thirteen hundred years after his death.

As George Sale says in the introduction to his able translation of the Koran: "They must have a mean opinion of the Christian religion . . . who can apprehend any danger from the book of Mohammed." We can therefore study it and its author without fear or prejudice; and both are well worth the time necessary to establish an acquaintance with them.



Mohammed was born in the year 570, at Mecca, in the noble family of the Koreish, that had been for generations the keepers of the Kaaba temple. This temple is built around the famous Kaaba stone, said to have been thrown down from heaven beside the well Zem-Zem, where Hagar and her little son Ishmael are believed to have found water during their sojourn in the wilderness after being cast out by Abraham. The stone is thought by scientists to be a gigantic aërolite, and its descent was very probably seen by those who first made the assertion of its heavenly origin.



The father of Mohammed, Abdullah, died before his son was born, and the mother of the child also died, when he was six years old. He was thus left to the care of his grandfather, a man more than a hundred years old, who on his death intrusted him to his son Abu Thaleb, half brother of Abdullah. We have not much information that can be relied upon in regard to the details of Mohammed's early life; but we are told that he journeyed to Syria in his boyhood, and that he made many other journeys with his uncle, who was a trader. At the age of eighteen he is said to have fought beside his uncle in war.

In his early twenties he became the steward of the rich widow, Kadijah, fifteen years his senior, whom he afterward married and who became the first convert to his new faith. Sir William Muir, in his able "Life of Mahomet," gives an interesting account of the wooing of the young Arab by the widow Kadijah, but space will not permit its retelling here.

Much doubt has been cast upon the sincerity of Mohammed, but this attitude toward him is no longer held by the best thinkers. Thomas Carlyle, in speaking of his sincerity, says: "A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway."

Much of the young Mohammed's time was spent in solitude under the calm, mysterious sky of Arabia. He was given to profound meditation, to long silences. Feeling slowly toward the great Truth that he felt to be somewhere behind the visible universe, he lived year after year, a quiet, dreamy, abstemious life. It was not till he was forty years of age that he believed he had at last been granted a vision of the invisible. According to the Arab custom, Mohammed was wont to retire to the mountains for solitude and silence during the month now called Ramadhan. It was at Mount Hera, near Mecca, that the great event of his life took place. One day he told Kadijah that he had at last been granted a message from the angel Gabriel; that he had learned the great secret, which he was thenceforth bound to preach to all the world. This woman, with true wifely sympathy, and possibly also with a vague feeling of the tremendous

power and real greatness of this man whose life touched hers, professed herself a believer in the truth of the "message." It was about this time that he began to dictate the Koran.

But other converts came slowly; his claims to be a prophet of God were met with indifference or ridicule. He persisted, however, in preaching what he believed to be the truth, though it is said that he made only thirteen converts during the next three years, and most of these were members of his own family. He made plenty of enemies, however. Also, but more slowly, he made other converts. His marvelous account of the "night journey to heaven," during which he claimed to have worshiped the

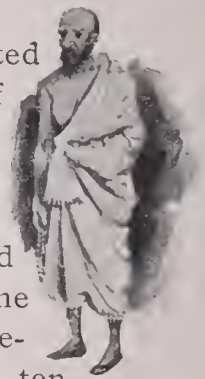
Almighty in the temple of Jerusalem, and to have been granted an intimate knowledge of the secrets of the archangelic hosts, while it attracted closer to him the more credulous and fanatical of his followers, it alienated many others who doubted the truth of the so-called vision. That Mohammed had a sincere faith in the truth of the revelation is pretty generally believed. It is known that from childhood he had been subject to hysterical or epileptic fits, like so many modern spiritists who claim to have supernatural revelations. That there was something uncanny in these seizures of the prophet seems probable, as there is impartial testimony to the effect that during them the camels and other animals who witnessed the state of their master became highly excited and acted in a strange manner.

At length, with Abu Thaleb dead, and the good Kadijah dead, his enemies gained power against him. He was compelled to live in hiding, to escape in disguise, to fight for his life.

He was fifty-two years old when he found himself confronted by an organization of forty chief men, one out of each tribe of Arabs, sworn to take his life. Existence at Mecca was not possible for him any longer. He fled to Yathreb, now called Medina, City of the Prophet. This flight, called the Hegira, marked the era from which the whole Mohammedan world reckons its time, the year 622 of the Christian era being the year 1 of the Mohammedan. It was at this time that he determined to propagate his religion by the sword. He lived ten years longer, fighting, preaching, and dictating the Koran, which he claimed was whispered to him, chapter by chapter, by the angel Gabriel.

Chaotic, without art, flowery, and sometimes absurd, this strange book is yet alive with the spirit of true poetry. It is a subject for wonder that more has not been written about the wild, poetic gift of this Arab prophet. There are few works of imagination written since the Koran's day, that vibrate as strongly with the breath of real poetic creation.

ELSA BARKER.



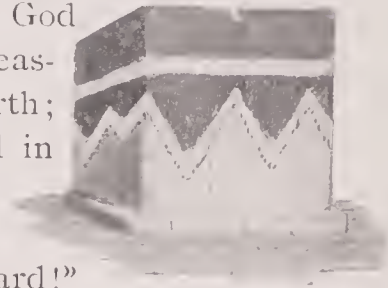


## THE KORAN

*Arranged by LESLIE F. CLEMENS*

THE PREPARATION IN HEAVEN FOR THE CREATION  
OF ALL THINGS

God, intending to make known to His whole choir of angels, high and low, His scheme concerning the creation, called the archangel Gabriel, and giving to him pen and paper, commanded him to draw up an instrument of fealty and homage, in which, as God had dictated to his secretary Gabriel, were specified the pleasures and delights He ordained to His creatures of the earth; the term of years He would allot to them; and how, and in what exercises, their time in this life was to be employed. This being done, Gabriel said: "Lord, what more must I write? Thy pen resisteth and refuseth to be guided forward!" God then took the deed, and before He folded it, signed it with His sacred hand and affixed thereto His royal signet, as an indication of His incontestable and irrevocable promise and covenant.



Then Gabriel was commanded to convey what he had written throughout the hosts of angels, with orders that they all should fall down and worship it. The command was so replenished with glory that the angelic potentates universally revered and paid homage thereunto. Gabriel returning, said: "O Lord, I have obeyed Thy commands; what else am I to do?" God replied: "Close up the writing in a crystal, for this is the inviolable covenant of the fealty the mortals I will hereafter create shall pay unto me, and by the which they shall acknowledge me." No sooner had the blessed angel closed the crystal than a terrible and astonishing voice issued out thereof, and it cast so unusual and glorious a light that with the surprise of so great and unexpected a mystery, the angel for a time remained immovable.

When the omnipotent God was pleased to ordain that the first man should be invested with humanity and become an inhabitant of the earth, He previously commanded the chiefs of His angelic subjects to prepare a throne, a fabric, a habitation,—in short, a world for the reception and accommodation of the beings He was about to create. In obedience to the divine command and in the manner that had been specified to them, the holy angels formed a mass—a chaos, obscure and dark—void of all manner of light; which when they beheld, being ignorant of the secret cause, they were seized with wonder and amazement, and turning toward their Lord said unto Him: "O King of mysteries, what fabric

worthy of admiration is this which Thou hast ordered us to create? Have we, or any of us, been guilty of disobedience to Thy Divine Ordinances? Is this frightful place designed as a prison for us? O Monarch! We comprehend not the meaning of this so hideous and dismal an obscurity!" To whom God replied: "I tax none of you with disobedience; but I intend to form a perverse generation of creatures, of a singular composition, who will transgress my laws, and whose ways will be displeasing and abominable in my sight." Then said the angels: "Accompany not us, Lord, with such disloyal servants. Why wilt Thou create them? What use or occasion hast Thou for them? Are there not millions of legions of us, Thy incessant worshipers? Besides, Lord, what power, what possibility can these Thy intended creatures have of serving and adoring Thee, being involved in such astonishing darkness?" The Lord replied: "This mass which I commanded you to compose, shall have light sufficient to guide and direct the inhabitants thereof in all their necessities. And it is My will that henceforward you enjoy an everlasting and eternal rest, nothing to interrupt your repose, but your time be entirely occupied in contemplating My glory. As for those I shall next give being to, they shall undergo afflictions and joys, troubles and contents, bitters and sweets; they shall be liable to heat and cold, hunger, thirst, and weariness, with innumerable other calamities, during their whole life. Nevertheless, in all their actions, if commendable and worthy of reward, they shall enjoy liberty, nor shall anything disturb or control them in purposes. They shall be endowed with such knowledge of My ineffable power that they may be sensible that it is conducive and requisite to their future eternal happiness not to neglect or transgress these My precepts, which if they should inadvertently or rebelliously presume to do, as an atonement for their crime they may be trebly zealous in good and laudable works equivalent to the omissions, in hopes and with the prospects of regaining My grace and pardon and finding mercy and favor in My sight. Those among them who, with a firm and ardent faith, shall practise and obey these My ordinances, none among the nations of the earth shall be equal to them in dignity. Yourselves shall be their guardians and protectors, that no harm or injury befall or happen to them. You shall be the overseers of all their words, thoughts, and actions, keeping a just account of their deserts, which at the appointed time shall be exactly weighed, compared, and computed in My unerring balance, of all of which you are to be impartial witnesses at the tremendous tribunal of My justice, on the last day, when you shall pass a most strict examination before My divinity."

The angels, hearing these amazing mysteries, without further reply, returned to their usual occupation of chanting divine hymns.

God then began His creation.

## THE CREATION OF THE EARTH

HE FORMED the world in the likeness of a ball, perfectly round in all its parts. He created the seven heavens. Nature herself had next her existence, which was to be as a common mother to all things. At the same time the sun, moon, signs, and planets were created, God ordering his angels that they might be so placed that the regular motions of the heavens might be governed and directed thereby. He then created the day and the night. The east and the west were allotted to be the limits or the walls thereof by which the one is separated from the other. To the moon was ordained her conjunctions, her increases and her decreases, by which time is yearly measured. The firmament was brilliantly adorned with brilliant stars, by whose directions the navigators are guided and conducted to the remotest and most occult corners of this capacious globe. The newly-created earth, beautifully embellished with all imaginable delights, was solely dedicated to man. He might take or leave, command or forbid, whatever his lordly and arbitrary will or his despotic uncontrolled fancy should dictate.

## THE CREATION OF MAN

ALL being now completed and put in order, God said to his angels: "Which of you will descend to the earth and bring me up a handful thereof?" Immediately such infinite numbers of celestial spirits departed, that the universal surface was covered with them; where, consulting among themselves, they all unanimously confirmed their loathing and abhorrence to touch it, saying: "How dare we be so presumptuous as to expose before the throne of a Lord so glorious as ours is, a thing so filthy, and of a form and composition so vile and despicable." They all returned, determined not to meddle with it. After these went others, then more, but not one of them, either first or last, dared to defile the purity of his hands with it; when Azarael, an angel of extraordinary stature, flew down, and from the four corners of the earth brought up a handful of what God had commanded: From the south and the north, from the west and from the east, took he it; of all which four different qualities human bodies are composed.

Then God caused the earth which Azarael had brought to be washed and purified in the fountains of heaven, so that it became so resplendently clear that it cast a more shining and beautiful light than the sun in its utmost glory. Gabriel was commanded to convey this lovely though inanimate lump of clay throughout the heavens, the earth, the centers, and the seas, to the intent and with a positive injunction that



whatsoever had life might behold it and pay honor and reverence thereunto. The spirit conceived so mighty a love to the body that it longed with impatience to enter into it, which it had no sooner done than it miraculously became influenced and was distilled into every part and member thereof, whereby the body became animated.

#### ADAM

THE composition of Adam was of diverse and different materials, answerable to the different qualities and appetites which were to be incorporated in him. His face and head were formed from that illustrious and ever famous place where Abraham, the servant of God, built the Holy Chapel; the trunk of his body from that where since stood the great and most sanctified temple of Jerusalem; his two legs from that where the noble city of Grand Cano is situated; his feet and hands from Memphis — his right hand from the eastward part, his left from the westward; every part and member of him necessary, convenient, or subservient to human life, was contained and included in the handful of earth which was conveyed by Azrael. God furnished him with a tongue harmoniously sweet and elegant, and called him Adam, which means "Father." He was created by the supreme Monarch, who suffered none but Himself to touch him; He formed him after the image He thought best,—tall, proper, comely, and exceedingly beautiful,—surpassing the rising sun. His shape was the best and the most regular, and rays of light diffused so resplendently from his countenance that none of the angels were comparable to him.

#### FAIRYLAND

THE Mohammedans, like all other religionists, have their fairyland, which they call Jinistan. The inhabitants of their fairyland they hold to be neither angels, men, nor devils, but genii, demons, and a species of giant, not of human origin but composed of a more refined matter. Among them are some which are distinguished by the name Ner or Nere, and are regarded as more dangerous than all the others. These are males, and they are always at war with the Peri or females, who are not so wicked or mischievous, but are mild and harmless and do no evil unless provoked by very ill usage. These fairies, they hold, were created, and governed the world long before Adam, and the giants waged war with men in the first ages. Aben Giafar, in his chronicle, says that the Dives ruled the Universe seven thousand years, after which they, for their wickedness, had the monarchy taken from them by God, and

were succeeded by the Peri, who held the government two thousand years longer under the command of Gian ben Gian, their sole and sovereign monarch. But these likewise offended God, and He sent Eblis, or Satan, to have absolute command on earth, who then, being an angel composed of fire, and consequently of a nobler nature than they, had his abode in heaven. When he had received these orders from his Lord, he descended into this world and made war upon the Dives and Peri, who formed a confederation for their mutual defense. In these wars some of the Dives, siding with Eblis, were allowed to remain in this world, while the others, by far the greater part, being vanquished, were expelled and confined in Fairyland. Here they continued until the days of Adam, and after that down to the time of Solomon, who had them all under his subjection. But to return to Eblis. Being grown more formidable by the assistance of these newcomers, he attacked and defeated the monarch Gian ben Gian, and became absolute master of all the lower world, which had at that time no other inhabitants than those two kinds of creatures.

Eblis, though he was of the order of the angels, when he saw himself victorious, showed that he had no more wisdom than the other creatures, so far forgetting himself as to say: "Who is like unto me? I go up to heaven whenever I please, and the earth is entirely subject to my will!" God, offended at this his pride and insolence, resolved to humble him, and created man.

#### THE SACRED LIGHT

MOHAMMED'S direct ancestors back to Adam were known by the celestial light they wore on their foreheads. Seth was the first earthborn being to wear it. When God saw fit for the elected to come forth, he was no sooner conceived than the light passed away from Adam unto Eve and was fixed on her forehead. But when the glorified infant was born, it departed from her, and the beautiful forehead of the newborn child darted forth rays like those of the sun ascending to the highest heaven. From Seth it passed to Ishmael, the firstborn son of the patriarch Abraham. Ishmael was the father of twelve sons, of whom Cebid, a pious and accomplished chieftain, was elected to be the inheritor of the mighty kingdom and the standard-bearer of the mysterious light. By Cebid it was recommended to Kebil, from whom it was transmitted to Zelib, who was succeeded by Muhebid, who begat Emin, from whom it passed to Laguan, who left it to Azaret, after whom followed Munir, and after him Hamir, who transferred it to Zileb, whose successor was Gulad, after whom came Odmen, who was followed by Galib Mador, and next to him was Mador, whose son and successor was Amador, who was

the father of the sanctified Khedhir. It descended and was developed in its fullness in the prophet Mohammed. The miraeulous light was always transmitted from the foreheads of those who carried that blazon to their wives from the moment they had conceived of him who was elected and deemed worthy to inherit the fame. The beautiful countenances of the mothers were, all the period till birth, brighter than the moon in her glory, and then the light departed and was fixed upon the illustrious newborn elected.

### THE RESURRECTION

THE time of the Resurrection, the Mohammedans believe is known only to God, the angel Gabriel himself confessing his ignorance on this point when asked about it by Mohammed. They believe the approach of that day may be known from certain signs which are to precede it. These signs are of two kinds—the lesser and the greater. The lesser signs are:—

- (1) The decay of faith among men.
- (2) The advancement of the meanest persons to eminent dignity.
- (3) That a maid-servant shall give birth to her mistress or master, which means that toward the end of time mankind will be much given to sensuality, or that the Mohammedans shall take many captives.
- (4) Tumults and seditions.
- (5) A war with the Turks.
- (6) Great distress in the world.
- (7) That the provinces of Irak and Syria shall refuse to pay tribute.
- (8) That the buildings of Medina shall reach to Ahab or Yahah.

The greater signs are:—

- (1) The sun's rising in the west.
- (2) The appearance of the Beast, which shall rise out of the earth. This Beast, they say, will be sixty cubits high; though others, not satisfied with so small a size, will have it reach to the clouds and to heaven, when its head only is visible. It will appear for three days, but will show only a third part of its body. It will have the head of a bull, the eyes of a hog, the ears of an elephant, the horns of a stag, the neck of an ostrich, the breast of a lion, the color of a tiger, the back of a cat, the tail of a ram, the legs of a camel, and the voice of an ass. Some say it will appear three times in several places, and that it will bring with it the rod of Moses and the seal of Solomon.
- (3) War with the Greeks and the taking of Constantinople by 70,000 of the descendants of Israel. They will not take the city by force, but the walls will fall down while they cry: "There is no God but God; God is most great."



(4) The coming of Antichrist—the false or lying Christ. He is to be one-eyed, and will be marked on the head with the letters K. F. R., signifying Kafir, or infidel. He is to ride on an ass, and will be followed by 70,000 Jews of Ispahan; he will continue on earth forty days, of which one will be equal in length to one year, another to a month, another to a week, and the rest will be common days. He will lay waste all places; but will not enter Mecca, which will be guarded by angels. He will at length be slain by Jesus, who is to encounter him at the gates of Lud.

(5) The descent of Jesus on earth. He will appear near the white tower to the east of Damascus, when the people are returning from the taking of Constantinople. Under him there will be great success and plenty in the world. All hatred will be laid aside. Lions and camels, bears and sheep, shall live in peace, and a child shall play with serpents unhurt.

(6) War with the Jews, when there will be a great slaughter.

(7) The eruption of Gog and Magog. These barbarians will pass the lake of Tiberias, which the vanguard of their vast army will drink dry. They will then come to Jerusalem, and will greatly distress Jesus and His companions, till at his request God will destroy them. The earth will be filled with their carcasses which, after a period, God will send birds to carry away, at the prayers of Jesus and His followers. Their weapons of war, the Moslems will burn for seven years, and at last God will send a rain to cleanse the earth and make it fertile.

(8) A smoke which shall fill the whole earth.

(9) An eclipse of the moon. They have it that three eclipses will be seen before the last hour, one in the east, another in the west, and the third in Arabia.

(10) The return of the Arabs to the worship of their ancient gods. At this time God will send a cold wind, blowing from Syria Damascena, which shall sweep away the souls of all the faithful and the Koran itself, so that mankind will remain in the grossest ignorance for a hundred years.

(11) The discovery of a vast quantity of gold and silver by the retreating of the Euphrates, which will ruin many.

(12) The destruction of the temple of Mecca by the Ethiopians.

(13) The speaking of beasts and inanimate things.

(14) The breaking out of fire in the province of Hijaz.

(15) The appearance of a man of the descendants of Oalitan, who shall with his staff drive men before him.

(16) The coming of the Madhi.

These are the greater signs which precede the Resurrection, but the hour of its occurrence is uncertain. For the immediate sign of its coming will be the first blast of the trumpet, which they believe will be blown three times. The first blast they call the "Blast of Consternation," and at its warning all creatures in heaven and earth will be filled with terror, except those exempted by God. The earth will be shaken,

and not only the buildings but the mountains will be leveled. The heavens will melt; the sun will be darkened; the stars will fall; and on the death of the angels, whom the Mohammedans believe are suspending heaven and earth, heaven and earth will come together; the sea will be turned into flame, the sun, moon, and stars being thrown into it; and the Koran, to express the terror of that day, says that women who give suck shall abandon their babes. The second blast they call the "Blast of Examination," and at its warning all creatures, both in heaven and in earth, shall die, except those exempted by God from the common fate. This will happen in the twinkling of an eye, nothing surviving but God alone, with paradise and hell, the inhabitants of those two places, and the throne of glory. The last to die will be the angel of death. Forty years after this will be heard the "Blast of Resurrection." The trumpet shall be sounded by Israfil, who, with Gabriel and Michael, will be previously restored to life, and, standing on the rock of the temple of Jerusalem, he shall call together all the dry and rotten bones—even the very hairs—to judgment. Then Israfil, having by divine order set the trumpet to his mouth, will call together all the souls from all parts of the Universe. He will throw them into his trumpet, whence, on giving the last sound, they will fly forth like bees and fill the space between heaven and earth, and then repair to their respective bodies, which the opening earth will suffer to rise, and the first to so rise will be Mohammed. For this upheaval the earth will be prepared by a forty years' rain, supplied from the water under the throne of God, which is called living water, and through its virtue the dead bodies will spring forth as corn sprouts, and will become perfect.

The manner in which man shall be resurrected will be very different. Those who are to partake of eternal glory will rise in happiness and security; those who are doomed to perdition will come forth in dismal apprehension. They will be raised perfect in all their parts, and in the same state as they were born—barefooted and naked. Another tradition says mankind will be assembled in three classes. The first will go on foot; the second will ride; and the third will creep groveling on the ground. The first class will be those whose good works were few; the second class will be those who are in God's favor, and they will find, on emerging from their sepulchers, white-winged camels with saddles of gold, prepared for them; the third class will be the infidels, and this class is again divided into ten different classes. The first will appear in the form of apes—these are the professors of Zendicism; the second in that of swine—these have been greedy of lucre and have enriched themselves by public oppression; the third will appear with their heads reversed and their feet distorted—these are the usurers; the fourth will

be blind — these have been unjust judges; the fifth will be deaf, dumb, and blind, understanding nothing — these will be those who gloried in their own works; the sixth will gnaw their tongues, which will hang down upon their breasts, corrupted blood flowing from their mouths like spittle, so repugnant will be their appearance that everybody will detest them — these will be the learned men and doctors whose actions contradicted their sayings; the seventh will have their hands and feet cut off — these are they who have injured their neighbors; the eighth will be fixed to the trunks of palm-trees or stakes of wood — these will be the false accusers and informers; the ninth will stink worse than a corrupted corpse — these are they who have indulged their appetites and sensual passions; the tenth will be clothed in garments daubed with pitch — these are the proud, the vainglorious, the arrogant.

They will all assemble on the earth, but where, it is not agreed; some suppose it will be another earth made of silver, whence the expression, "On the day wherein the earth shall be changed into another earth." As to the length of the day of judgment, the Koran in one place tells us that it will last 1,000 years, and in another 50,000 years; but some again believe that it will last no longer than while one may milk an ewe, or the space between the two milkings of a she-camel. Explaining those words so frequently used in the Koran, "God will be swift in taking an account," many believe that He will judge all creatures in the space of half a day, and others in less time than the twinkling of an eye.

At the judgment, Mohammed will act as intercessor, after the office shall have been declined by Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Jesus, who will beg only for the deliverance of their own souls. God on this occasion will come from heaven in the clouds surrounded by angels, and will produce the Book wherein the actions of every person have been recorded. Rewards and punishments will be meted out according to the deeds of the earthly life, and all people must defend themselves as best they can.

#### THE BRIDGE OF HELL

THE Mohammedans hold that those who are to be admitted into paradise will take the right-hand way, while those who are destined to hell-fire will take the left; but both must first pass over the bridge which is laid over the midst of hell — a bridge finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword. They likewise declare that this bridge is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns, which will, however, be no impediment to the good, who will pass over with wonderful ease and swiftness — like lightning or the wind, Mohammed



leading the way. The wicked, through the slipperiness and extreme narrowness of the path, the entangling thorns, and the extinction of light which directed the faithful, will soon miss their footing and fall headlong into hell which is gaping beneath them.

## PARADISE

PARADISE they believe is situated above the seven heavens, next under the throne of God; and to express the amenity of the place, they tell us that the earth of it is of the finest wheat flour, or of the purest musk, or as some will have it, of saffron. Its stones are pearls and jacinths, and the walls of its buildings are enriched with gold and silver. The trunks of all the trees are of gold, among which the most remarkable is the tree called Tuba, or the tree of happiness. This wonderful tree stands in the palace of Mohammed, and a branch of it will reach the home of every true believer. It will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruits of surprising bigness, and of tastes unknown to mortals. If a man desires to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be presented to him; or if he chooses flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. The boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken raiment, and beasts to ride on ready saddled and adorned with rich trappings. All this will burst forth from its fruit. The tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years.

The rivers of Paradise are its principal attraction. Some flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey,—all taking their rise at the root of the tree Tuba. Lest these should be insufficient, Paradise is watered with a vast number of springs, whose pebbles are rubies and emeralds, their earth of camphire, their beds of musk, and their sides of saffron. But all these glories will be eclipsed by the resplendent and ravishing girls of Paradise, called from their large, black eyes, “Hur al oyun,” the enjoyment of whose company will be the principal felicity of the faithful. These are not created of clay as mortal women are, but of pure musk, being free from all natural impurities; they are of the strictest modesty, and secluded from public view in pavilions of hollow pearls so large that one of them is sixty miles long and as many broad.

## REWARDS OF THE FAITHFUL

FOR the first entertainment of the blessed on their admission into Paradise, they say that the whole earth will be as one loaf of bread which God will reach to them with his hand, holding it like a cake; and that for meat they will have the ox Balam and the fish Nun, the lobes of whose livers will suffice 70,000 men. From this feast every one will be dismissed to the mansion designed for him. He will there enjoy felicity according to his merits, which in the meanest sense will be beyond comprehension or expectation, as the lowest in Paradise will have eighty thousand servants, seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise besides the wives he had on earth, and a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds, of a very large extent; and according to another tradition, he will be waited on by three hundred attendants while he eats. His food will be served in gold dishes, whereof three hundred shall be set before him at once, containing each a different kind of food, the last morsel of which will be as welcome as the first. He will be supplied with as many kinds of liquors in vessels of the same metal, and to complete the entertainment there will be no want of wine, which, though forbidden in the earthly life, will be allowed to be drunk freely in Paradise.

## SUFFERINGS IN HELL

THE Koran is very exact in describing the various torments of Hell which the wicked will suffer, both from intense heat and excessive cold. The degrees of these pains will also vary, in proportion to the crimes of the sufferer and the apartment he is condemned to. He who is punished most lightly of all will be shod with shoes of fire, the heat of which will cause his skull to boil like a caldron. The condition of these unhappy wretches cannot be properly called either life or death; and their misery will be greatly increased by their despair of ever being delivered from that place, since, according to a frequent expression in the Koran, "they must remain therein forever." It must be remarked, however, that the infidels alone are liable to an eternity of damnation, for the Moslems, or those who have embraced the true religion and have yet been guilty of heinous sins, will be delivered after they shall have expiated their crimes by their sufferings. As to the time and manner of the deliverance of those believers whose evil actions shall outweigh their good, they shall be released after they shall have been scorched and their skins burned black. They shall afterward be admitted into Paradise; and when the inhabitants of that happy place shall in contempt call them "infernals," God will, on their prayers, take from them that appellation.

## THE KORAN'S ADVICE TO THE FAITHFUL

OBSERVE the stated times of prayer and pay your legal alms, and bow yourselves down with those who bow down.

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WOE unto every slanderer and backbiter who heapeth up riches, and prepareth the same for the time to come.

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SERVE God, and associate no creature with him; and show kindness unto parents, and relations, and orphans, and the poor, and your neighbor who is of kin to you, and also your neighbor who is a stranger, and your familiar companion, and the traveler, and the captives whom your right hands shall possess.

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GOD loveth not the speaking ill of any one.

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THESE (the just) fulfill their vow and dread the day, the evil whereof will dispense itself far abroad; and give food unto the poor, and the orphan, and the bondman for his sake, saying, "We feed you for God's sake."

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WHEN ye are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same, for God taketh an account of all things.

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DEAL not unjustly with others and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly. If there be any debtor under difficulty of paying a debt, let his creditor wait until it be easy for him to do it; but if ye remit it with alms, it will be better for ye, if ye knew it.

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COVET not that which God hath bestowed on some of you preferably to others.

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A FAIR speech and to forgive is better than alms followed by mischief.

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THE hypocrites shall be in the lowest bottom of hell fire, and thou shalt not find any to help them thence.

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O MY people, give full measure and just weight, and diminish not unto men aught of their matters, neither commit injustice in the earth, acting corruptly. The residue which shall remain unto you as the gift of God, after ye shall have done justice to others, will be better for you than wealth gotten by fraud, if ye be true believers.



MAKE not God the object of your oaths, that ye will deal justly and be devout, and make peace among men; for God is He who heareth and knoweth. God will not punish you for an inconsiderate word in your oaths; but he will punish you for that which your hearts have assented to.

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BE PATIENT and strive to excel in patience, and be consistent minded, and fear God, that you may be happy.

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DISTORT not thy face out of contempt to men, neither walk in the earth with insolence; for God loveth no arrogant, vainglorious person.

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IT is not righteousness that ye turn your faces in prayer toward the east and the west, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day, and his angels, and the Scriptures, and the prophets; who giveth money for God's sake unto his kindred, and unto orphans, and the needy, and the stranger, and those who ask, and for redemption of captives; who is constant at prayer and giveth alms; and of those who perform their covenant when they have covenanted, and who behave themselves patiently in adversity and hardships, and in time of violence; these are they who are true and these are they who fear God.

## THE KALEVALA

By *EPIPHANIUS WILSON*

THE Finnish poem, "Kalevala," cannot be styled an epic, in the fullest and strictest sense. Its art does not consist in its form, for two or three of the runes, or cantos, are taken up with irrelevant episodes, and the work does not close with a catastrophe or a *dénouement*, like the deaths of Hector and Turnus, one of which ends the siege of Troy, and the other the war in Latium, or like the return of Ulysses. Both the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata" are more properly epical in their satisfactory endings. In the sense that an epic poem must be the genuine reflection of a certain definite period and phase in national civilization, and must embody the religious and ethical beliefs and ideals of a single people, the Kalevala may have some title to be ranked with the great national poems of Greece and India. Yet it is very like a string of loosely connected ballads, dealing with half-divine figures of the northern heroic age, and may, indeed, justly be styled the Nibelungenlied of the eastern Baltic coasts. We find in it the genuine utterance of national feeling, superstition, and aspiration, though it lacks any strong framework,

based on such a limited poetic thesis as the death of Ravana or the wrath of Achilles. It is unique and original as a spontaneous burst of northern poetry, and its completeness and truthfulness of detail are such that it is not difficult to reconstruct from it a full account of the life and ideas of the Finnish nation three thousand years ago.

It is epical in another respect, in that it deals with war, and tells of the struggles between the Finns and their northern enemies the Laps. The dwellers in Suomenmaa, the land of fens which we know by its Swedish name of Finland, were constantly invading the territory which they called Sariola and spoke of contemptuously as the Dark Land, or the North Land, "never pleasant." It was from Lapland that they brought their beautiful brides, and tried to carry off the talismanic jewel which the smith Ilmarinen forged from magic metals, and which was known as the Sampo. After casting the metals into his furnace, and rejecting one after another the crossbow, boat, gold-horned heifer, and plow, which in turn emerged from the ore, Ilmarinen,



“Bending low to view his metals,  
Sees the magic Sampo rising;  
Sees the lid in many colors.  
Quick the artist of Wainola\*  
Forges with his tongs and anvil,  
Knocking with a heavy hammer,  
Forges skilfully the Sampo;  
Well the Sampo grinds when finished,  
To and fro the lid is rocking,  
Grinds one measure at the daybreak,  
Grinds a measure fit for eating,  
Grinds a second for the market,  
Grinds a third one, for the storehouse.”

This Sampo is a possession which brings good fortune to those who own it; and the northern maiden accepts it from the smith, but refuses to be his bride. Then,

“Ilmarinen, the magician,  
The eternal metal forger,  
Cap awry and head dejected,  
Disappointed, heavy-hearted,  
Empty-handed, well considers  
How to reach his distant country,  
Gain the meadows of Wainola,  
From the never pleasant Northland,  
From the darksome Sariola.”

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\* A village in Finland.

He laments because as he says:—

“Louhi has the wondrous Sampo,  
I have not the Bride of Beauty.”

Another epical characteristic of the Kalevala is its claim to be in its present form the work of one and not of many poets. The poem begins:

“Mastered by desire impulsive,  
By a mighty inward urging,  
I am ready now for singing,  
Ready to begin the chanting  
Of our nation’s ancient folk-song,  
Handed down from bygone ages.  
In my mouth the words are melting,  
From my lips the tones are gliding;  
Songs of ancient wit and wisdom,  
Hasten from me not unwilling.”

The bard goes on to say that the legends are old:—

“These are words in childhood taught me,  
Songs preserved from distant ages,  
Legends they that once were taken  
From the belt of Wainamoinen,  
From the forge of Ilmarinen,  
From the sword of Kaukomieli,  
From the bow of Youkahainen,  
From the pastures of the Northland,  
From the meads of Kalevala.”

I am, however, inclined to think that the person who speaks thus in the Proem was merely the last compiler of the folk-songs, and it is not easy to say how ancient or recent this part of the “Kalevala” is. There is no necessity for considering this introduction a pious fraud, however. We know that the songs were collected by the efforts of Dr. Elias Lönnrot, a native of Finland, who in 1828 penetrated from Helsingfors to the central city of Kajana, for the purpose of gathering them. Sitting in the smoky cabins of old men and women, some of them the last depositories of these memorial ballads, joining the fishermen in their cruises, rowing over lakes and rivers with the peasantry, and wandering on the hills with shepherds, he heard recited these tales of bygone incidents and adventure. On a second journey this patriotic savant passed still further north, traversing the wild fens, moors, forests, and snowy steppes of Archangel, on horseback, or in sledges drawn by reindeer, in the hope of completing his cycle of epic incidents. His labors were entirely successful, and he was enabled to arrange his gleanings in the form of an epic, the “Kalevala,” which was published by the Finnish Literary Society



in 1835-6. The "Kalevala" in its present form is, however, the result of a second redaction rendered necessary by the addition made by other scholars to the available materials; this second edition appeared in 1849, under the direction of Dr. Lönnrot. It was translated into English by John Martin Crawford, who has employed the meter of the original. It is from Crawford's admirable version that quotations are made in the present article.

If we are to consider Dr. Lönnrot as the man who takes in the literary publication of the "Kalevala" the course that was taken by the last redactors of the Homeric and Hindoo epics, this imparts a new interest to the Finnish poem. We are told that in some parts of the world the aborigines are still in the stone age, and that, in others the transition from stone to metal in the fabrication of arms and utensils has but recently begun. There is a stone age in literature, when poetry is still, as it were, in solution, and its utterances sporadic or discoverable only in insulated groups. There is at this period no one great national poem. This was somewhat the condition in which Pisistratus found the Homeric poems in the seventh century before Christ, and in which the Hindoo epics appeared to have remained until early in the Christian era. This is precisely the condition in which Dr. Lönnrot found the scattered fragments, runes, tales, and legends, of his own national poetry. It is thus a remarkable confirmation of literary history in the past that many men now living have seen the stone age of national European literature transformed, by the Herculean efforts of a Finnish redactor, into an era of higher development. Here they see repeated in their own time, at Helsingfors, the work of Pisistratus at Athens, as well as that of the last Vyasa, or compiler of the "Ramayana" at Delhi or Benares.

The "Kalevala" is divided into fifty runes, or mystic songs, and the three principle heroes celebrated in it are Wainamoinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkainen, brother of the former, and known also as Kaukomieli. These mighty men of valor make an expedition to Sariola (Lapland) as suitors of the Maid of Beauty, daughter of the hostess of the Northland, Pohyola. Ilmarinen, the eternal blacksmith, is successful in winning her, and takes her away to his own country. The heroes return with a view to gaining possession of the Sampo; they are enabled to seize the treasure and sail away with it, but in a violent storm the talismanic jewel is swept into the sea.

The first rune contains an account of the creation of the world, one of the wildest of extant cosmogonies. In primeval times the daughter of Ether grew weary of her solitary place in the expanse of heaven, and descended to the ocean, making the waves her conch and her pillow. Tossed upon billows which the storm wind lashes into foam, she becomes with child; this child is Wainamoinen. But before he is born, the earth

in which he is to play so great a part is to be produced. The Water-Mother floats hither and thither for seven hundred years, and then asks Ukko, ruler of the Universe, to deliver her from her pangs. At this moment a beauteous duck comes seeking a place for nesting, but can find no grassy hillock, no fitting and protected spot. At last she alights on the knee of the Water-Mother, daughter of Ether, and there nests and lays seven eggs, which fall into the water, sink to the bottom and are broken. All the fragments come together forming but two pieces, from the lower piece solid Earth springs into being, and from the other the overarching sky.

Then follows the birth of Wainamoinen, who, yet,—

“Rested five years in the ocean,  
Six long years, and seven long years,  
Till the autumn of the eighth year,  
When at last he leaves the waters,  
Steps upon a promontory,  
On a coast bereft of verdure;  
On his knees he leaves the ocean,  
On the land he plants his right foot,  
On the solid ground his left foot,  
Quickly turns his hands around him,  
Stands erect to see the sunshine,  
Stands to see the golden moonlight,  
That he may behold the Great Bear,  
That he may the stars consider.”

On the island which now becomes his home, Wainamoinen, “the wonderful enchanter,” finds no verdure, and after the lapse of many summers and winters goes for help to Pellerwoinen, the sower of forests, who straightway plants the country with trees, by scattering seeds of various kinds:—

“Seeds in every swamp and lowland,  
Forest seeds upon the loose earth,  
On the firm soil sows the acorns,  
Fir-trees sows he on the mountains,  
Pine-trees also on the hilltops,  
Many shrubs in every valley,  
Birches sows he in the marshes.”

He thus plants trees of all kinds, and all spring up except the oak, which alone does not leave its acorn-dwelling until the ocean giant Tursus burns up the hay which the five water-brides are harvesting,

“On a point extending seaward,  
Near the forests of the islands,”

and sets the acorns in the ashes of the windrows. From this sowing an oak of a hundred branches springs up to the clouds, shutting out the light of sun and moon. A pigmy rises from the ocean, and waxing into a mighty giant whose head pierces the clouds, strikes the oak with his axe. The oak falls,—

“Shaking earth and heaven in falling;  
Whoso'er a branch has taken,  
Has obtained eternal welfare;  
Who secures himself a tree-top,  
He has gained the master magic;  
Who the foliage has gathered,  
Has delight that never ceases.”

The falling of the oak makes room for groves of varied beauty, peopled by thrushes and cuckoos. Flowers and berries cover meadow and mountain. But there is yet no barley. Wainamoinen finds some barleycorns washed ashore from the ocean, and plants them, and they thrive. Then follows a life of full contentment to the aged musician:—

“On the meadows of Wainola,  
On the plains of Kalevala.”

This condition of felicity is interrupted by a visit from the singer Youkahainen, “Lapland's young and reckless minstrel.” He had come

“. . . to vie in battle  
With the famous Wainamoinen.”

But he is vanquished, and successively offers—although in vain—as ransom for his life, two magic cross-bows, two magic shallops, two magic race-horses—stallions fleet as lightning—gold, silver, and corn-fields. At last he makes another offer:—

“I will give my sister Aino,  
Fairest daughter of my mother,  
Bride of thine to be forever.”

This offer is accepted and Youkahainen escapes. When, however, the news of her own espousal is told to Aino, she is filled with sorrow, although her mother favors her marriage with “decrepit Wainamoinen.”

Early next morning she hastens to the forest, where Wainamoinen, “trimly dressed in costly raiment,” meets and accosts her. She repels him, and returns home, where she stands weeping in the courtyard. Her soliloquy is very pathetic. At last she reaches the seashore and sees in the ocean four water-maidens,—

“Sitting on the wave-washed ledges,  
Swimming now upon the billows,  
Now upon the rocks reposing.”





She hastens to join the mermaids, first stripping herself of her silk robes and ornaments. Seeing in the distance a rock of rainbow colors, she swims toward and mounts upon it. Suddenly it crumbles away, and, sinking to ocean's bed, buries Aino beneath its ruins. This episode of Aino is full of the beauty of northern sea-scenes and sea-sounds, and is intensely pathetic in its wild and melancholy imagery. Its closing lines are striking:—

“Grow three hillocks clothed in verdure;  
 From each hillock, speckled birches,  
 Three in number, struggle skyward;  
 On the summit of each birch tree  
 Sits a golden cuckoo calling.  
 And the three sing all in concord:  
 ‘Love! O Love!’ the first one calleth;  
 Sings the second, ‘Suitor! Suitor!’  
 And the blind one calls and echoes,  
 ‘Consolation! Consolation!’  
 He that ‘Love! O Love!’ is calling,  
 Calls three moons, and calls unceasing  
 For the love-rejecting maiden,  
 Sleeping in the deep sea-castles.  
 He that ‘Suitor! Suitor!’ singeth,  
 Sings six moons, and sings unceasing  
 For the suitor that forever  
 Sings and sues without a hearing.  
 He that sadly sings and echoes,  
 ‘Consolation! Consolation!’  
 Sings unceasing all his lifelong,  
 For the broken-hearted mother,  
 That must mourn and weep forever.”

After the flight and death of Aino:—

Wainamoinen, brave and truthful,  
 Straightway fell to bitter weeping;  
 Wept at morning, wept at evening,  
 Sleepless wept the dreary night long,  
 That his Aino had departed,  
 That the maiden thus had vanished,  
 Thus had sunk upon the bottom  
 Of the blue sea, deep and boundless.”

But a strange thing happens to him one day when in his boat of copper. He casts his line into the ocean to fish with a hook of gold. He draws up a singular fish, and exclaims:—

“This the fairest of all sea-fish,  
 Smoother surely than a salmon,

Brighter spotted than a trout is.  
Grayer than the pike of Suomi."

He draws out his knife ensheathed with silver—

"Thus to cut the fish in pieces."

But as the creature feels the touch of the knife,—

"Quick it leaps upon the waters,  
Dives beneath the sea's smooth surface;  
In the waves at goodly distance,  
Quickly from the sea it rises  
On the sixth and seventh billows,  
Out of reach of Wainamoinen."



Then the fish tells the minstrel that it is his lost Aino,  
who will not come to be caught, cooked, and eaten; but,—

"Hither have I come, O minstrel,  
In thine arms to rest and linger,  
And thyself to love and cherish,  
At thy side a life-companion,  
And thy wife to be forever."

Wainamoinen is filled with bitter grief at this second loss of his  
well-loved Aino. "Never," he says,—

"Never shall I learn the secret  
How to live and how to prosper,  
How upon the seas to wander;  
Only were my ancient mother  
Living on the face of Northland,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Surely she would well advise me."

Although she was dead,—

"In the deep awoke his mother,  
From her tomb she spake as follows:  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Hie thee straightly to the Northland,  
Visit thou the Suomi daughters,  
Thou shalt find them wise and lovely,  
Far more beautiful than Aino,  
Far more worthy of a husband."

This advice leads to the most romantic episodes in the poem, for it  
is in Lapland that the principal events of the "Kalevala" take place.  
On coming

"To the land of cruel winters,  
To the land of little sunshine,  
To the land of worthy women,"

he first encounters Youkahainen, "Lapland's minstrel," in many respects a sort of sub-arctic Ulysses, by whom he is plunged into the sea, but is saved by a huge eagle upon whose feathered shoulders he rests himself; an incident which resembles that of Sindbad and the Rock.

It was then that Pohyola, Northland's young and slender maiden, with complexion fair and lovely, after her day's tasks, standing, —

"Near the singer of the Great Sea,  
Hears a wailing o'er the waters,  
Hears a weeping from the seashore,  
Hears a hero voice lamenting."



She rows her boat swiftly to the deliverance of the afflicted one; —

"Comfort gives she to the minstrel,  
Wailing in her grove of willows,  
In his piteous condition,  
'Mid the alder-trees and aspens,  
On the borders of the salt sea."

She takes him to her house as Nausicaa took Ulysses to the house of her father, Alcinous, and her mother offers to guide him home to his native land, giving him her daughter as bride, if he will make for her the Sampo. The minstrel and magician admits his inability to forge this talisman, but adds: —

"Take me to my distant country,  
I will send thee Ilmarinen.  
He will forge for thee the Sampo,  
Hammer thee the lid in colors,  
He may win the lovely maiden;  
Worthy smith is Ilmarinen,  
In this art is first and master,  
He, the ore that forged the heavens,  
Forged the air a hollow cover;  
Nor where see we hammer traces,  
Nor where find a single tongs' mark."



Louhi, the mother of Pohyola, assents. Ilmarinen is to have her daughter, if he will forge for her the Sampo. In the meantime Louhi will take back the minstrel to his native land. The Sampo, as we have seen previously related, was duly forged; but Louhi imposes still severer tests upon the suitor of her who is described as the Bride of Beauty, the Fairy Maiden of the Rainbow.

It is noticeable that in the Greek and Roman epics the character of the hero is always to be perfected by the illumination received from a visit to the underworld, the world of the dead, of those whose lot is cast, not in the light and stirring bustle of earthly adventure, but in the



dreary or dazzling scenes of Tartarus or Elysium. Virgil has given the most complete and finished picture of this unseen realm, whose melancholy twilight is pervaded by a spirit of wistful prophecy, and echoes to the sound of prophetic voices. The glories of the future Roman empire and republic were thus revealed to Æneas, and the counsels which were the ruling principles of Roman domination were whispered into his ear amid the gorgeous and inspiring visions of great men and goodness as exemplified in Roman character. The advantages to the development of character afforded by a visit to the world of spirits give the motive to the "Divine Comedy" of Dante; and when the Christian creed sums up the life of Him who was made perfect through suffering, the pithy Anglo-Saxon words say, "He descended into hell," and elsewhere we are told, "He visited the spirit in prison."

The underworld of Finnish mythology is Tuonela, which is ruled over by Mana. To this realm Ilmarinen is sent by Louhi, to muzzle the bear of Tuoni and conquer the wolf of Mana, as a further condition of his marriage with the Rainbow Maiden.

"Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,  
Forged of steel a magic bridle,  
On a rock beneath the water,  
In the foam of triple currents;  
Made the straps of steel and copper,  
Straightway went the bear to muzzle,  
In the forests of the Death-land."

He first invokes the aid of Terhenetar, daughter of the fog and snowflake, and she answers his prayer by concealing his approach to the Death-forest, amid a cloud of fog and skurrying snow.

"Thus the bear he safely bridles,  
Fetters him in chains of magic,  
In the forests of Tuoni,  
In the blue groves of Manala."

A further test is imposed upon him, and he descends to the death-forest and succeeds in catching the water-monster, the pike of Mana, whose back is as wide as seven sea-boats. This capture is accomplished with the assistance of the eagle forged by himself from the fire of ancient magic. His talons were of iron, and his beak of steel and copper.

A great part of the poem is taken up with a description of the wedding of Ilmarinen and his northern bride. At these festivities an ox is slaughtered, whose size may be judged from this descriptive touch:—

"One whole day a swallow journeyed  
From one horn-tip to the other;  
Did not stop between for resting."

The episode of the marriage gives occasion for a description of the Brewing of Beer, and an account of the discovery of fermentation. The beer in its restless overflow and intoxicating effects alarms the first brewer.

“Asnotas the beer-preparer,  
 Kapo, brewer of the barley,  
 Spake these words in saddened accents:  
 Woe is me, my life hard-fated,  
 Badly have I brewed the liquor,  
 Have not brewed the beer in wisdom,  
 ’Twill not live within its vessels,  
 Overflows and fills Pohyola.”

But this opinion evidently was not general, for we read that

“The heroes came in numbers,  
 To the foaming beer of Northland,  
 Rushed to drink the sparkling liquor.”

Asnotas is, moreover, the bride-adviser, being herself Kalevala’s fair and lovely virgin, a wisdom-maiden, whose address to the bride shows that the ancient Finns took an exalted as well as serious view of wedlock. The account of the marriage closes with the bride’s farewell, a burst of natural and pathetic poetry:—

“Fare thee well, my dear old homestead,  
 Fare ye well, my native bowers;  
 It would give me joy unceasing  
 Could I linger here forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

All ye aspens on the mountains,  
 All ye lindens of the valleys,  
 All ye shade-trees by the cottage,  
 All ye junipers and willows,  
 All ye shrubs with berries laden,  
 Waving grain and fields of barley,  
 Arms of elms, and oaks and alders,  
 Fare ye well, dear scenes of childhood,  
 Happiness of days departed.  
 Floating on the vernal breezes  
 To the distant shore of Northland.”

Want of space forbids me to continue a detailed account of the action. The “Kalevala” must be read to be appreciated as a poem, and it must be studied deeply if its treasures are to be fully grasped. It contains a most interesting collection of northern myths, a complete mythology, a cosmogony, and a description of actual social life. The land of a

thousand lakes, as Finland was called, was the home of a people who were keenly alive to the beauty as well as to the terror of nature. They realized the difficulties and dangers of life, and if the sun and moon, and the long night, and the thunder of the sky, became to them personified, and Ukko, the supreme God, was the leader of the clouds in their march before the wind, armed with arrows of copper and sword of lightning,—no less really were there Hisi, Juntas, and Lempo, the Finnish devils of human life. There were dwarfs and giants and magicians, impersonations of all those obstacles and disappointments that thwart success and bring about disaster and despair. Tapio was indeed the forest friend, the kind divinity of the woodland, as Mielikki was the mother-honey, who guided the hunter to the natural hive of the hollow-tree; but there was also Untar who brought the fog and blinded the wanderer on his way; there were the water people, malignant spirits of sea, rivers, cataracts, lakes, and fountains, from whose power no human skill availed to save human life. Especially eminent among the terrors of the sea was Iku-Turso, son of old age, who lived in a castle at the bottom of the ocean, from which he occasionally emerged to wreck the seafaring ship, carrying down to his hold the travelers and devouring them at his leisure.

The "Kalevala" is interesting and valuable as contributing materials for a history of civilization. There is an account in it of the origin of agriculture in Finland, the discovery of bronze and iron, the beginning of shipbuilding and brewing. These discoveries and inventions are related with the most fantastic adjuncts of mythological incident. In fact, everything in the poem that concerns the vital interests of life and death, and the most important points in the fable, is involved in such a mist and vapor as the Finnish mariner may have seen on the headlands of Dragsford, and the hunter watched as it crawled down the mountain side at Tenola. A refracting light, which sometimes distorts, sometimes tinges, common things with prismatic iridescence, plays over the picture of human love and enterprise. The forms of men and spirits, of birds and beasts, are changeful in proportion and shape as the clouds, now dwindling into dwarfish dimensions, now soaring to the skies and vanishing in impalpable unreality. There is something Oriental in the reckless and unrestrained spirit of exaggeration to which the Finnish poet on every possible occasion abandons himself, and this seeking for sublimity in attributes of mere material bulk and vastness is certainly one of the features of the Finnish epic, which links it with the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana," and furnishes one of the arguments on which the learned base the speculative view that the ancient Aryans arrived at the upper waters of the Ganges after a migration which had started from the cradle of their race in Finland.



## THE NIBELUNGENLIED

By *LESLIE F. CLEMENS*

THE "Nibelungenlied" is the Iliad of Germany. It is not so highly finished in form nor so exquisitely wrought as is the Grecian song of heroism, which is but natural, for when the Iliad of Greece was written, that country had already passed through a long period of culture and was the home of art and science, while the "Nibelungenlied" was raised from unbroken soil and written at a period when Germany was on the verge of becoming Christianized. Taking into consideration that it is the production of a semi-civilized people, that it is the mental overflow of a nation uncouth, untrained, uncultured, it is a wonderful work, and will forever rank high among the great epics of the world.

The mass of the German people was heathen at the time of its writing, but Christianity was at work molding and forming the general mind. The heathenish gods, with all their splendor, had been reduced to a considerable extent, and throughout the poem we meet with only mountain and river-gods—the others had lost their prestige.

What the "Nibelungenlied" lacks in symmetrical form and poetical finish it makes up in bold, heroic dash, in force, and in grand—almost sublime—outline. Its unknown author, though not a Shakespeare, possessed a deep poetic soul, wherein things discontinuous and inanimate shaped themselves together into life, and the Universe with wondrous purport stood significantly imaged. Unlike so many old and pretentious works, the "Nibelungenlied" has a basis and an organic structure, a beginning, a middle, and an end; and there is one great principle and idea set forth in it, around which all of its multifarious parts combine in living unity.

Apart from its antiquarian value,—for it must be remembered that it was written some time between the ninth and the eleventh centuries, supposedly by Knight Von Kurenburg,—this "Nibelungenlied" has an excellence that cannot but surprise any reader; and with little preparation any student of poetry, even in these days, will find it entertaining and instructive. It has an internal coherence and completeness; it is a whole, and the spirit of music informs it. These are among the highest characteristics of a true poem.

No less striking than the verse and language, is the quality of the invention manifested in this poem. In narrative it has almost the highest merit, so daintily, so firmly is it put together, with such felicitous selection of the beautiful and the essential, and the no less felicitous rejection of whatever is unbeautiful or extraneous. The reader is not bored with

a chaotic brood of fire-drakes, giants, and malicious turbaned Turks,—no, all this is excluded, or only hovers in faint shadows afar off. It is not without its share of wonders; for it is poetry not prose, and in it the supernatural encompasses the natural, and, though at rare intervals and in a calm manner, reveals itself there. It is truly wonderful with what skill the simple, untaught poet dealt with the marvelous, admitting it without reluctance, yet precisely in the degree and shape that would best avail him. Its story is fateful, mysterious, guided on by unseen influences; yet the actual marvels are few and are done in the far distance; its dwarfs, cloaks of darkness, and treasure-caves are heard of rather than beheld—the tidings of them seems to issue from unknown space. Thus the “Nibelungenlied,” though based on the bottomless foundations of spirit, and not unvisited by heavenly messengers, is located on a real, rounded, habitable earth, where firm footing may be found, and the wondrous and the common live together. It would be impossible to find a poet of ancient or modern times who, through this trying problem, has steered his way with greater delicacy and success.

#### KRIEMHILDA'S DREAM

IN THE city of Worms, the capital of Burgundy, there grew up a maiden whose beauty was unsurpassable; in no land was there to be found a fairer damsel, and through her died many warriors. She was Kriemhilda, the only sister of Günther, Gernot, and Gishelher, the reigning monarchs of Burgundy; and knights in plenty wooed her, for her virtues were the adornment of all womanhood. She was called the Princess, and at Worms, by the Rhine, she and her family dwelt in might with many a proud lord for vassal.

Their mother was a rich queen, Dame Uta, and the name of the father was Dankrat, who, when his life was ended, left to his family all his lands. A strong man was he, and one that in his youth won great renown.

One night Kriemhilda dreamed that she had carefully trained a falcon, sharp-eyed and of glossy hue, and when fondling it one day in her bower two eagles swooped down and killed it. The dream weighed on the maiden's spirits, and when day broke she sought her mother and told her about it. The listener interpreted the falcon to be the dreamer's predestined husband, whom two enemies would slay. Kriemhilda burst into tears and vowed she would never marry, since she was doomed to suffer woe through man.

But alas for such a vow! Already there were forces working to destroy it.



## SIGFRIED'S CAREER BEGINS

WHILE in Germany, Sigfried encountered the dragon who had in its possession the magic ring of the Nibelungen, and in a terrible combat slew the monster. Sigfried then bathed his body in the dragon's blood, through which he became invulnerable, save in one spot between his shoulders upon which a leaf had fallen. He then gathered up the dragon's treasures and went to the castle of Helfering near by, and here the treasures were carefully stowed away, with the exception of the magic ring which Sigfried placed on one of his fingers. While relating his adventures with the dragon to Helfering, in a forest near the castle, lo! there appeared a splendid horse equipped with saddle, harness, and a hood of delicate texture hanging from the mane. Sigfried placed the hood on his head, and at once became invisible. Helfering called out to him, but Sigfried could not be seen till he took the hood from his head. Thus they discovered the magic power of the hood which they called "Tarnkappe."



After Sigfried mounted the steed, it dashed through the forest and brought him to a paradise land, where, in a bower of roses on a marble block that was shaped like a coffin, there slept a knight in an armor of massive silver. The form began to move, but was riveted to the marble. Then a sweet voice whispered, "Has the night passed away? Has my redeemer come?" Sigfried, not being able to sever the armor from the marble, opened the breast-plate, then the visor, and then the body of the armor, when lo! instead of a knight, a lovely young maiden, with raven locks that fell down to her knees, deep dark eyes, matchless in beauty, and a heavenly form, stood before him.

In modest simplicity she asked, "Who art thou, who has thus awakened Brunhilda out of her terrible trance?" She was the daughter of the daring Helgis, king of Iceland, and had been doomed to a trance until some brave knight should release her. Fifty years had she passed in oblivion—still in her wondrous beauty, still youthful and of bewitching simplicity.

Sigfried at once proposed to make her his bride, but she returned to the land of her birth; and Sigfried, with her love and blessing, returned to Burgundy.

## HOW SIGFRIED CAME TO WORMS

KRIEMHILDA'S beauty was rumored far and wide, and the fame of her virtues brought many strangers into Günther's land. Yet though many



wooded her, Kriemhilda was firm-minded to wed none. The man who was to win her was yet a stranger. To distant Netherland had her fame gone, and Sigfried, the only son of the wealthy king of that land, determined to win her as his bride. Regardless of the warnings of his parents, both of whom, on hearing of this new determination, became possessed of forebodings on his account, the warrior prince left Netherland with only eleven champions. They rode northward seven days before they reached the gates of Worms, and here they asked a Burgundian knight, whom they met, the way to Günther's palace, then rode on through the city. Their foreign air and their magnificent attire did not fail to awaken the curiosity and admiration of the splendor-loving inhabitants, and the news of the strangers' arrival spread until it reached the palace. Here in the great hall the king and many of his retainers were assembled when the little band of foreign knights was seen approaching.

A question then arose as to the nationality of the strangers, and when no one was able to answer it, Günther sent for his Russian Hagan, who had seen all lands and all peoples, to settle the dispute. When he laid his eyes on the strangers, Hagan recognized them as from Netherland, and declared that the stately warrior at their front could be none other than the renowned Sigfried, the mightiest of warriors and the conqueror of the Nibelungen. The court had never heard of this mighty champion before; and asked Hagan to tell them more about him. So he related that once when Sigfried was riding alone in the country of the North, he came to a dark ravine in which a company of giants was assembled round an enormous heap of gold. When they saw the stranger, they asked him to come and divide between their two kings, Shelling and Nibelungen, the treasure they had just brought out of the cavern near at hand. Sigfried good-naturedly dismounted and undertook the task, but so vast was the heap of golden treasure that he failed to finish dividing it. This provoked the kings who suddenly sprung up to slay him; but undaunted the knight stood his ground, and so great was his power in swordsmanship that he slew one after another of his antagonists. Then he overcame the keeper of the golden hoard, Alberic the Dwarf, from whom he took the magic cloak of the Nibelungen. Sigfried was then acknowledged king of the Nibelungen Land, which made him the richest and most powerful of all the knights.

Hagan told another adventure of Sigfried with a fire-spitting dragon which all the country feared; how he slew the monster and bathed himself in its blood, which caused his skin to turn to horn, so that no weapon could ever after harm him.

Hagan's tales were scarcely ended when the strangers were announced. When presented to King Günther, who was prepared to give

his guests a friendly welcome, Sigfried threw back his princely head and said that he had come to conquer Burgundy's kings by his good sword, adding that if he should fail, the hoard and kingdom of the Nibelungen Land should become theirs. Clear and rapid was the champion's speech; and the monarch on the throne and the warriors about it, as they listened, flushed with the various passions of anger, admiration, and suspense. Keen-minded Hagan was the first to detect the real meaning of Sigfried's desire for conquest, and whispered something in the ear of the monarch, whose countenance became milder as he listened; and when Sigfried ceased speaking, Günther made pleasant answer to the impetuous youth's address. He said the desired combat between them could be put off till the morrow; in the meanwhile his noble guests were welcome to Burgundy and to the best the king's palace afforded.

Following the arrival of the Netherland warriors, numerous tournaments and other games took place, in which Sigfried was always victorious. But his heart was not in them. His eye had a searching look, alert for the appearance of the fair Kriemhilda. She was not permitted to appear at the court nor to be present at the games in which the strangers took part, but she nevertheless saw them from her window in the castle tower, and, alas for her vow! unconsciously her heart began to feel keen interest in all the movements of the stranger champion, and to delight in all his conquests.

A year was thus spent by the court in pleasure—by Sigfried in passionate suspense. One day messengers arrived from the kings of the Danes and Saxons with a declaration of war against the Burgundians. Sigfried, overjoyed at the news and longing for excitement, petitioned Günther to let him march against their enemies. He declared that with the help of ten thousand warriors he would overcome the foe. The monarch gratefully accepted the offer, and so great was the confidence of the Burgundians in the stranger that the desired number of warriors enlisted their services. In a few days all preparations were made and the army marched out of Worms toward the enemies' country. They met the foe, and dreadful were the combats that followed. Mighty wonders were wrought by the Burgundians, and in a bloody hand-to-hand encounter the kings of Denmark and Saxony were captured. News of the victory was immediately sent to Burgundy, and Worms was already astir with joyful excitement when Kriemhilda summoned the herald to her presence in the palace. General news did not satisfy her; she longed to hear particular intelligence of the brave Netherland prince. Who had fought most bravely? Had any of their friends been slain? To these short-breathed questions the herald promptly replied that the Netherland prince had fought most bravely; then he related Sigfried's bravest deeds and the

particulars of his present welfare; to all of which the maiden listened with absorbed attention.

A few days later the victors arrived at Worms bringing with them their captives. In their honor a grand festival was announced to take place, to which the ladies of the court were bidden. On this auspicious festive day Sigfried for the first time beheld the object of his passion. Among her maidens Kriemhilda looked like the moon among the stars, and her dazzling beauty overcame the warrior who gazed at her spell-bound. While he was still absorbed in his passion, a message was brought to him from Günther, bidding him come to the royal circle to receive the salutations of the queen-mother and Kriemhilda, which favor his recent good services had earned. With palpitating heart Sigfried approached and received, according to the manners of the time, the kiss of salutation from the king's sister, which inflamed still more ardently the hero's breast and bound him still more passionately to the peerless maiden's service.

#### HOW GÜNTHER WON BRUNHILDA

MEANWHILE a rumor reached Worms of the wondrous beauty and strength of Brunhilda, the virgin queen of Iceland, and of how every suitor for her hand was obliged to abide three combats with her, or else straightway perish. Günther, who was unmarried and fond of adventure, determined to try his fortune with the martial queen, and asked Sigfried to accompany him to Iceland. The hero consented to go, and promised to win the maid for his friend if he would give him Kriemhilda. Günther agreed to this proposition; and before long, with a chosen band of warriors and two princes, they set out on their journey.

A voyage of twelve days brought them to the coast of Iceland. Leaving their boat on the shore, they proceeded directly to Brunhilda's castle, which rose prominently before them a short distance from the rocky beach. As they approached, they saw the queen sitting with her maids of honor in an open lofty hall, and Günther at the sight of Brunhilda became enamored of her beauty and expressed his feeling to Sigfried. As if conscious of the strangers' glances, the queen shielded herself from view, and telling her maidens it ill befitted them to stand as a show to the rude eyes of men, she dismissed them. The fair ones immediately repaired to their chambers where they decked themselves in their richest robes, then hastened to the windows to watch the movements of the strange warriors. The Burgundians were welcomed by





the liegemen of the queen, to whom they announced the object of their visit. They were then presented to Brunhilda, who accosted Sigfried by name and welcomed him to Iceland. In response the hero bowed deferentially, telling her he was only a vassal of Günther, whom she should first have deigned to greet: it was the Burgundian monarch, not himself, who was come to win her hand.

On hearing the words of Sigfried, the queen without further ceremony ordered the lists to be opened and her harness fetched. When she was fully equipped in armor, four attendants approached, carrying a shield of hammered gold of such immense size and weight that they staggered under it. At the sight the Burgundians were lost in astonishment, and "began to believe the queen was the devil's wife." But Brunhilda, unconcerned, lifted the massive shield with one hand, and then gave the signal for the beginning of the first trial of skill, which was the hurling of the javelin. Günther trembled as he moved to his place opposite the martial maid. He did not think of Sigfried, or of the assistance he had promised, but the hero stood by his side in his magic cloak, which rendered him invisible and strong as twelve men. At this critical moment, after announcing his presence to Günther and bidding him make the proper gestures, he snatched the buckler and received the queen's mighty blow; then raising Günther's javelin, he hurled it with such force that Brunhilda staggered backward. Then followed the two other feats—the throwing of the stone which twelve men could hardly lift, and the springing after it so as to reach the spot the same instant it touched the ground. In both the martial maid was vanquished. At first she scarcely grasped the fact, and stood silently gazing at her antagonist—now her lord. Suddenly raising her hand with a gesture of mingled despair and command, she bade her men and kinsmen "to follow her example, and bow low to her better." Brunhilda was won, and reluctantly left Iceland for the country beyond the Rhine.



#### A CONSUMMATION

THEY were welcomed back to Burgundy with great pomp and magnificence. At the banquet given in the palace on the evening of the arrival of the bridal party, Sigfried found occasion to remind Günther of his promise concerning Kriemhilda. The king asserted his willingness to fulfill it at once, and summoned the princess to his presence. When she appeared, he told her of his promise to the Netherland prince and asked her to fulfill it. Kriemhilda in response said that whatever her brother commanded her to do she would willingly perform,—a

reply at once characteristic of a social custom of the time, and of a woman's delicate art; for in consenting to marry Sigfried she carefully concealed her own feelings, and affected sisterly obedience as the sole motive of her conduct. But Sigfried was satisfied; and with soft emotion the enamored warrior threw his arms around her and kissed her before the court.

#### A WOMAN'S WAR

BRUNHILDA was not present at the wedding, and when later in the evening she saw Sigfried seated at the side of Kriemhilda, she asked Günther in a haughty tone why a lowly vassal was placed so near the sister of the king. Brunhilda, like Kriemhilda, loved Sigfried, and when the monarch evaded a direct reply, the queen threatened and insisted, till he confessed that Kriemhilda had just been wedded to Sigfried, adding that in his own country the knight was a mighty king. He dared not undeceive her on the point of Sigfried being no vassal of his, lest she suspect him of being guilty of other deceptions. But Brunhilda suspected that something was being withheld from her, and she decided to punish her husband when they should retire to rest that night. When an opportunity came, she bound him hand and foot with her magic girdle, and hung him on a nail in the wall, and in this uncomfortable position the king remained until morning. At daybreak Brunhilda released him, but whatever freedom was given to his limbs did not ease his heart or lighten his spirits. The king's dejection became the gossip of the court, but only Sigfried divined the cause of the trouble. He spoke to Günther about it, and told him that Brunhilda's magic strength was derived from her girdle and the ring she wore on her right hand. If she could be disarmed of these, she would be incapable of resisting him, and he proposed a plan to get possession of the charmed objects. Günther agreed, and that night, in his magic cloak, Sigfried entered Brunhilda's chamber, where, after a long and desperate struggle, he overcame her and snatched from her the magic mediums. Brunhilda thought she was again contending with Günther, and again "bowed low to her better." Shortly after, Sigfried, in a fit of tenderness, gave the trophies to his wife: and after the wedding festivities they both set out for Netherland where they were received with great rejoicing.

Meanwhile Brunhilda's passion knew no limit, and she determined at any cost to lower Sigfried's pride. With this idea animating her, she sought Günther and tried to awaken in him a sense of hatred toward Sigfried for his wanton disregard of his duties as their vassal. But the king only laughed at her fretting, and smiled secretly at the idea of the king of Netherland and Nibelungen Land being his vassal.

His indifference and paltry excuses for Sigfried's conduct irritated the queen to an intense degree, and strengthened her determination to carry her point. Concealing her rage under a mask of wounded affection, the artful Brunhilda drew near to her lord, and locking her arms around his neck, she bent her beautiful head, caressed him, and with fond looks entreated him humbly to grant her the favor she asked—the pleasure of once more greeting his lovely sister. She reminded him that their marriages were celebrated on the same day. Günther softened into compliance with his wife's views, and Netherland being not far distant from Burgundy, nothing, he thought, should prevent intercourse between the two courts. Brunhilda at once dispatched messengers with an invitation for the king of Netherland and his consort to the next midsummer's festival at Worms.

Sigfried accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time came to Worms, accompanied by King Sigmund, his aged father, and a long train of magnificently dressed retainers. For some days after their arrival, the games and festivities occupied the time and minds of all. Brunhilda alone was moody, and was constantly brooding over the lofty bearing of her guests. One day it happened that Brunhilda and Kriemhilda were watching the champions tilting in the courtyard of the castle, and Kriemhilda, growing excited over the mighty feats accomplished by Sigfried, who was among the players, declared that he, who was ever victorious and mightiest, should rule Burgundy. In response Brunhilda sarcastically remarked that, were none other living, the adorable Sigfried might doubtless rule; but as long as Günther lived, he was but a vassal of the Burgundian king. That the king of Netherland was her brother's liegeman Kriemhilda stoutly denied, and the dispute growing warmer and warmer, Kriemhilda declared she would assert her independence that very day by entering the minster before the Burgundian queen. She carried out the threat. When the hour of vespers came, Kriemhilda commanded her maidens to put on their most gorgeous robes and to ride to the cathedral where Brunhilda awaited their arrival. Dismounting, Kriemhilda, without deigning to greet her hostess, was passing into the minster when the Burgundian queen commanded her: "Halt! no vassal precedeth the lady of the land." Overcome with rage, Kriemhilda turned and uttered an insult, the most opprobrious that can be applied to a wife, which cut deep into the queen's soul; then Kriemhilda rushed into the minster, leaving Brunhilda overcome with shame and anger. When she came out again, the queen demanded proof of the foul charge. Kriemhilda, prepared to give it, drew from her finger the ring and from her robe the girdle which Sigfried had given her, and which, if found in the possession of any but the lawful husband, was considered irrefutable proof of guilt. Brunhilda was thunderstruck;



then, remembering the incident following closely her wedding night, she declared that Sigfried had robbed her of her girdle. She then sent for Günther to compel Sigfried to confess his crime, but Sigfried refused. He denied Kriemhilda's charge, and before the assembled warriors took an oath with uplifted hand to render his denial more emphatic; while the Burgundians, who had learned to love and admire the noble champion, dismissed the matter as a woman's quarrel.

### TREACHERY TRIUMPHANT

HAGAN, the fierce knight of Trony, was not inclined to be satisfied by the fair words of Sigfried, whom he had cause to hate. Sigfried's superior prowess and his wonderful influence over King Günther made Hagan his relentless enemy; and when Sigfried's companions moved away, Hagan approached the weeping queen and swore to avenge her wrongs.

Hagan, having conceived a plan of revenge, confided it to Günther. At first the king refused to have anything to do with the scheme; but Hagan artfully suggested that in case Sigfried should perish, he would possess the hero's kingdom. This induced the king to yield his assent, and the scheme was put into working order. Messengers were hired to come from a distant part of the country with a pretended declaration of war from their old enemies, the kings of Denmark and of Saxony. When Sigfried heard the news, he offered his aid to Günther who accepted it with many expressions of gratitude. Preparations of war were made on a grand scale; and on the day before the army set out for the field, Hagan presented himself before Kriemhilda under the pretext of bidding her adieu. She was overcome with grief, and the cunning knight, by praising Sigfried's well-known courage, intensified this grief into fear for his safety, and by his professions of good-will touched Kriemhilda's susceptible heart. In an outburst of grief and terror she entreated Hagan to do all in his power for Sigfried's protection, and in response to Hagan's inquiry as to how he could best serve her by protecting her husband, Kriemhilda referred to Sigfried's adventure with the dragon, and said:—

“When from the dragon's death wounds came pouring the hot blood  
And therein he was bathing himself, the warrior good,—  
There fell between his shoulders a large-sized linden leaf,  
On that spot one may wound him; 'tis this doth cause me grief.”

Sigfried's secret was told, and to make her well-meaning plan complete, she, at Hagan's suggestion, promised to embroider a little cross on

Sigfried's surcoat above the vulnerable spot, so that he might know exactly where to protect him from the flying javelins. Hagan, elated at the success of his ruse, hastened to Günther, whom he persuaded to allow matters to go on as previously planned. The next day was the one appointed for the departure of the warriors, but with the morning the pretended messengers again appeared. This time they brought friendly messages, which the king accepted by declaring that further hostilities on his part should cease. The assembled warriors, whose enthusiasm had been aroused, received this intelligence with unconcealed disapprobation; but to satisfy them, Günther proposed a grand hunt in the royal forests to which he particularly invited the Netherland prince. All that day was spent in exciting sport, and at its close the hungry sportsmen sat down to a repast prepared by the king's domestics. Never before were hunters better served, but to the abundant cheer wine was lacking. Sigfried was the first to speak of this want, and in reply Hagan stated that it was his fault; that he had thought the repast would be spread in a distant part of the forest, and had sent the wine thither. He added that a little way off there was a spring of cold water, and proposed they should run a race for it. Sigfried good-naturedly accepted the challenge, and with Günther and Hagan started on a race to the stream. He was the first to arrive on the spot, but waited for the king to come up and drink before satisfying his own thirst. When Günther was done drinking, the hero laid aside his weapons and knelt down beside the spring. A rapid sign passed between Hagan and the king, and the latter hastily moved the hero's sword and shield beyond his reach, while Hagan seized his spear and hurled it with all his power at the faint cross embroidered on Sigfried's surcoat. The weapon pierced the corselet and remained sticking between the shoulders of the warrior. With a cry he stood up and grasped for the sword that had been removed. But his shield was within reach, and in an instant the weapon went whirling through the air after the flying assassin. Hagan was felled by the blow, which resounded through the forest and brought the other warriors to the spot. But the dying hero had spent his last strength in the tremendous blow; now writhing in pain, he fell among the flowers. Once starting up, he motioned Günther to approach, and entreated him as a brother and knight to protect Kriemhilda, the wife he was leaving behind. Death froze the hero's lips while his tender entreaty still lingered on them.



Silently the warriors gathered about the dead Sigfried, and Hagan boldly proclaimed himself the avenger of Queen Brunhilda; but they suspected the part that Günther had played in the traitorous deed and so constrained their feelings of horror and sympathy.

## KRIEMHILDA'S SORROW

AT NIGHTFALL the whole party, with Sigfried's body, returned to Worms. All the ladies of the court had retired for the night, and the fierce Hagan, who was bent on making his revenge as fearful as possible, commanded his men to throw the body of the dead hero before the door of Kriemhilda's chamber. At daybreak on the following morning when Kriemhilda, preceded by a chamberlain, stepped across the threshold of her chamber on her way to early mass, she was horrified. The chamberlain stumbled, the light he held went out, and the good Kriemhilda by its last flicker discerned the outlines of the object at her feet. Quick as a lightning flash, that last interview with Hagan darted through her mind — the thoughts of the secret she had revealed, of the man she had unconsciously betrayed, combined to overwhelm her. Uttering a cry of remorse and despair that penetrated the walls of the castle and made the blood of every occupant run cold, she dropped unconscious on the body of her murdered husband.

Dark were the days of woe and mourning that followed. The stricken Kriemhilda remained at the bier of her dear lord till they forcibly led her away in order to bury him from her sight. When the last ceremonies and mourning were over, the hero's kinsmen and followers departed for Netherland. But Kriemhilda could not be persuaded to accompany them; she refused to leave her lord's grave even for his child, and remained to weep his loss and to avenge his death.

## KRIEMHILDA REMARRIES AND PLANS REVENGE

THIRTEEN years was passed by Kriemhilda in secluded widowhood, and during this period Sigfried's murderer had forced from his widow the precious Nibelungen hoard and greatly intensified her hatred of him. About this time ambassadors from the king of Hunland arrived at Worms. They were sent by Etzel, who had recently lost his wife, to sue for the hand of the still beautiful Kriemhilda. She at first refused their suit with contempt; but at last the devoted margrave of Austria, by promising that her past wrongs should be amended, drew from her a reluctant consent to his master's proposals. After a short delay spent in preparing suitable vesture, Kriemhilda set out with the Hunnish knights for Etzel's land, and on their arrival her marriage with the barbarian king was celebrated. Several years were spent by the royal couple in harmony, and Kriemhilda, by suiting her habits to her





Hunnish kinsmen, by generosity and affability, became the idol of her husband's people.

Finding herself thus a beloved queen, wife, and mother, Kriemhilda, whose heart was in Sigfried's grave and her whole mind bent on revenge, at last attempted the accomplishment of her plans. One day when her husband was caressing her in a fond mood, she tenderly upbraided him for never showing her Burgundian kinsmen how honored in Hunland was Etzel's wife. The king protested and declared he would send for them at once to visit his court, that they might see how innumerable were the redoubtable champions who did service at their throne.

In spite of Hagan's protestations,—for he saw mischief in Kriemhilda's invitation,—Günther returned word by the Hunnish messengers that he and his kinsmen would accept the invitation to come to Etzel's land. Brunhilda declined to go, but Hagan persuaded the king to take with him a large number of warriors as a body-guard. Hagan, though convinced that all were going to destruction, joined the party as guide, for he alone knew the way to Etzel's castle in Hunland. For many days they traveled eastward, and at last arrived at their destination and were received by the Hunnish king with great cordiality. But Kriemhilda deigned to greet none but Gishelher. Hagan marked the slight, and took warning from it. An occasion offering itself, he showed his anger and contempt for the queen by remaining seated in her presence, and persuading his companion Folker, the minstrel, to follow his example. The Huns, who witnessed the insult to their mistress, were overcome with indignation; but their loyalty paled before the fear the two strange warriors inspired. The next morning the festivities held in honor of the visitors began with a grand tournament. So skilled in arms were Günther's men, that all the Hunnish warriors who ventured in the lists against them were vanquished. Hagan at length grew tired of the easy sport, and scoffed at King Etzel's men. Insult was heaped on insult, and the Burgundians seemed to invite destruction.

Kriemhilda's opportunity was approaching, and by every means in her power she tried to irritate her Hunnish liegemen; and by recounting the wrongs she had received at the stranger's hands, she endeavored to win to her service the chief of her husband's kinsmen. The lofty-minded Dietrich of Bern and Margrave Rudiger refused to take any part in her plot, and threatened to reveal her traitorous designs; but Bloodel, King Etzel's brother, promised he would attack the strangers at the first opportunity, on the pledge by Kriemhilda to bestow on him a beautiful bride and a much-coveted castle.

Evening found King Etzel and his court, with the most noble of his guests, in the grand banquet hall of the castle. Those whose rank did not entitle them to a seat at the royal board, were entertained in

a distant hall. The king in his good humor, desiring to prove his friendly feeling for his guests, had his young son Ortlieb brought to him. He presented the boy to Günther, asking the Burgundian monarch to take the child and rear him at his court. As the little prince was being presented from table to table, a great tumult was heard from without that arrested the attention of all present.

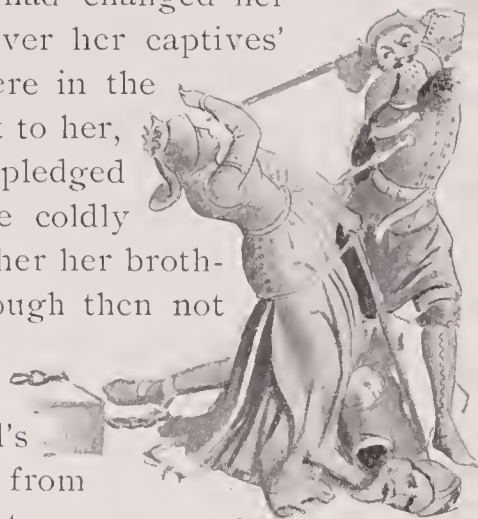
While at the royal board all had been feasting, Bloodel and his men had fallen on the Burgundians under Dankwart, Hagan's brother. From the terrible conflict that ensued, Dankwart had escaped, after slaying the chief of his perfidious foes, and he now rushed into the banquet hall to warn his companions of their danger. At the first sound of his voice, Hagan started to his feet. Commanding his brother to bar the door, the fierce knight strode to the queen's table near by, and snatched from Kriemhilda's arms the little Ortlieb, whose head he struck off with his sword and threw into his mother's lap. This act was the signal for a terrible conflict between the Huns and Burgundians, which after raging until the floor was covered with heaps of slain, was checked by the command of Hagan, at the supplication of Dietrich of Bern, who was permitted to lead from the ghastly scene the king and his consort. Then the battle recommenced with insatiable fury. Of all the Huns that sat at the royal board not one remained alive, and Gishelher,—no longer a child, for the taste of blood had transformed him into a ferocious animal,—aroused them to fling the bodies of their treacherous foes from their presence. They cast the dead bodies of the Huns down the stone steps to the ground, while a wail burst from the warriors without, who, urged by their passion, tried to take the hall by storm; but Folker and Hagan guarded the platform and cut down every man who ventured against them.

After watching from a distance the vain efforts of her liegemen, Kriemhilda ordered the hall to be set on fire. Soon the flames cracked around the Burgundians, and licked with scorching tongues their armor till it was heated to softness. Dreadful were the red-tongued furies, dreadful the internal burning which at last drove the warriors to cut fresh gashes in the bodies of the slain, and to drink the warm blood which gushed from the wounds.

#### KRIEMHILDA'S REVENGE

THE warriors fought until almost all were slain—every Burgundian save Günther and Hagan. They were led captive to Kriemhilda, who promised that these mightiest of warriors should receive no harm. But the queen had yearned for revenge too long and too fiercely to keep

this sacred promise. She ordered them both to be imprisoned in different cells, whither she went soon after. The outrage inflicted on the one passion of this affectionate woman's nature had changed her from a gentle wife into a fiend. How she gloated over her captives' misery! When she demanded of Hagan to reveal where in the Rhine the Nibelungen hoard, which was Sigfried's gift to her, was sunken, and he refused on the ground that he had pledged his royal masters not to do so while they lived, she coldly turned to a servant and commanded him to fetch hither her brother's head. When the bloody trophy was brought, though then not one of his masters lived, the knight still refused to reveal the secret. Then, like a tigress, she sprang upon him, and wrenching from his grasp Sigfried's sword, with one blow she severed the mocker's head from the shoulders. Etzel stood by, shuddering at the sight, so overcome with horror that he made no attempt to stay the hand of the vassal of Dietrich of Bern who, to revenge his master, who had promised Hagan his prompt release, rushed forward and slew the traitorous queen.



## BEOWULF

*By EPIPHANIUS WILSON*

THE epic of Beowulf is the oldest Anglo-Saxon poem extant, and belongs to the eighth century. It must have been written originally before the Danes made their incursions into England; the chief characters are Danes from Denmark and Goths from Gottland, but the scenery and circumstances of the fable belong to England and are naturally associated with Northumbria. Beowulf, the hero, is a Goth; but is connected with the royal family of Denmark through his mother. The chief incident of the poem is so trite as to be trivial, for Beowulf is merely a more northern Sigfried and slays several monsters, including a dragon. The literary merits of the poem are great. It is Homeric in vivid and picturesque phraseology, in simplicity and depth of feeling.

The history of the manuscript of the poem is curious. It attracted attention for the first time in 1705, up to which date it had lain buried amid a pile of other manuscripts in the Cottonian Library of the British Museum. It received no attention until a hundred years afterward, when Sharon Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," makes reference to it and attempts to translate passages from it. At that time Anglo-Saxon was very much less familiar to English scholarship than



Greek or Hebrew. A Danish scholar was the first to bring the poem within reach of the learned world of Europe. In 1815 Thorkalin published the work to which he had devoted twenty years of desultory study. His addition was accompanied by a Latin translation. The great advance made within the last few decades in philological knowledge has called the attention of all scholars to the signal importance of this Anglo-Saxon epic, which, apart from its literary beauties, supplies a mine of material for linguistic investigation.

The author of the poem is not definitely named in history, but it has been suggested by Professor Earle of Oxford that Hygeberht, bishop of Litchfield, who was a statesman as well as a churchman, and resided at the court of Offa II., king of Mercia, wrote it as an allegory with an ethical meaning. Offa is mentioned approvingly, but without flattery, in the course of the poem, whose motif lies in the axiom that the stability of human society depends upon mutual help. There is, indeed, a profound undercurrent of thought running through the whole work, and the writer seems to aim at establishing the thesis that, while force is the final arbiter of man's destiny in the primitive stages of human development, there is something higher than mere force, for above and supreme over Might stands the fixed and divine authority of Right.

The poem begins with a short account of the line of Danish kings down to Hrothgar. Very beautiful is the account of the funeral of one of the latest predecessors of this monarch:—

“Then at the fated hour, Scyld, full of exploits, departed, to go into the keeping of the Lord; and they, his fast friends, carried him to the water's edge, as he himself had asked when he, protector of the Scyldings, governed by his commands; when, dear ruler of his country, he had long held sway. There, at the landing-place, the ring-prowed vessel stood; the prince's ship, bright and eager to start. They laid then the beloved chieftain, bestower of rings, on the ship's breast—the glorious hero by the mast. There were brought many treasures, ornaments from foreign lands. Never have I known a keel more fairly equipped with war-weapons and battle-trappings, swords, and coats of mail. Upon his breast lay many treasures, which were to travel far with him into the power of the flood. Certainly they furnished him with no less of gifts, of tribal-treasures, than those did who, in his early days, started him over the seas alone, child as he was. Moreover, they set besides a golden banner high above his head, and let the flood bear him,—gave him to the sea. Their soul was sad, their spirit sorrowful. Who received that load, men, chiefs of councils, heroes under heaven, cannot for certain tell!”

The story of Hrothgar begins with his successes; in war, he was not only victorious, but popular, and built a vast banquet-hall for the entertainment of his nobles. In the words of the poem:—

“Then was success in war granted to Hrothgar, glory in battle, so that his faithful tribesmen served him willingly, till the young warriors increased, a mighty troop of men.

“It came into his mind that he would order men to build a hall-building,—a festive-chamber greater than the sons of men had ever heard of,—and within to give all things to young and old, whatever God had given him, except domination and the lives of men.

“Then on all sides I heard the work was being put on many a tribe throughout this middle-earth,—to adorn the people’s hall. In time—quickly, by mortals’ reckoning—it befell that the greatest of palace-halls was quite ready for him. He who by his word had empire far and wide, devised for it the name of Heorot. He did not break his promise, but he gave out ornaments and treasure at the banquet.

“The hall towered lofty and gabled; it awaited the hostile surges of malignant fire. Nor was it long time after that the murderous vindictiveness twixt son-in-law and father-in-law was to arise,—the sequel to a deadly quarrel.

“The daily revelry in hall enraged the soul of a monster named Grendel. That was the fiend who, after God had created the world and given men the joys of light and life, began his evil plots.

“Then for a time the mighty spirit who dwelt in darkness bore it angrily, in that he heard each day loud revelry in the hall; there was the sound of the harp, the bright song of the minstrel.

“He who would recount the origin of men from distant ages spoke,—he said that the Almighty made the earth, the beauteous plain which water belts around, and triumphing in power, appointed the effulgence of the sun and moon as light for the land-dwellers, and decked the earth-regions with leaves and branches, and fashioned life for all the kinds that live and move.

“So then brave men lived prosperously in joys, until a certain fiend in hell began to compass deeds of malice.”

Grendel is thus described:—

“The grim stranger was called Grendel, the well-known border-hunter, who held the moors, the fen, and fastness; the hapless being occupied awhile the lair of monsters, after the Creator had banished them. On Cain’s kindred did the everlasting Lord avenge the murder, for that he (Cain) had slain Abel. He took no pleasure in that quarrel, but he, the Creator, drove him far from mankind for that misdeed. Thence all evil broods were born, monsters and elves and sea-devils,—giants also, who long time fought with God, for which he gave them their reward.”

One night he goes forth and finds the Danes asleep after their banquet. His raid is thus described:—

“So, after night had come, he (Grendel) went to the lofty house, to find out in what sort the Ring-Danes had quartered in it after their beer-ca-

rouse. Then found he there, within, a band of noble warriors, sleeping after the banquet; they knew not sorrow—misery of men.

“Soon was the grim and greedy demon of destruction ready, wild and furious, and seized thirty Thanes in their resting-place. Thence started he off again, exulting in plunder, to go home, and to seek out his abode with that fill of slaughter.

“Then in the morning light, at break of day, was Grendel’s warcraft manifest to men; then was a wail, a mighty cry at morn, upraised after the meal. The famous prince, the long-distinguished chieftain, sat down-cast, the strong man suffered, he endured sorrow for his lieges when they surveyed the traces of the foe, the cursed spirit; that anguish was too strong, too loathly, and long-lasting.”

These ravages went on for twelve years, when Beowulf, a Thane of Hygelat, King of the Goths, hearing of Hrothgar’s calamities, took ship from Sweden, with fourteen warriors as companions. It is characteristic of the days of the Vikings that when they reached the Danish coast they should be mistaken for pirates. Eventually they were permitted to reach the royal hall, and Hrothgar entertained them with lavish hospitality. At nightfall the king left the hall and Beowulf, with his companions, took charge of it. The sequel is thus related by the poet:—

“Then the brave-in-battle laid him down; the pillow received the impress of the noble’s face, and around him many a keen sea-warrior sat upon the chamber-couch. Not one of them supposed that thence he would ever revisit his sweet home, his folk and the castle in which he was brought up; nay, they had learned that in time past murderous death had taken off far too many of them, the Danish people, in the wine-hall. But to them, the people of the Weder-Geats, the Lord gave fortune of success in war, help and support, so that they should all overcome their enemies through the power of one man, through his personal strength. It is known for certain that the mighty God has always ruled over the race of man.

“The shadowy visitant came stalking in the dusky night. The warriors that had to guard that pinnacled hall slept,—all except one. It was well known to men that the worker of ill might not hurl them to the shades below when the Creator did not will it. Still, he, defiantly watching for the foe, awaited in swelling rage the issue of the combat.

“Then came Grendel, advancing from the moor under the misty slopes; God’s anger rested on him. The deadly foe thought to entrap one of the human race in the High Hall; he strode beneath the clouds in such wise that he might best discern the wine-building, the gold-chamber of men, plated over with decorations. Nor was it the first time that he had visited Hrothgar’s home. Never in the days of his life, before or since, did he discover a braver warrior and braver hall-guards.

“So this creature, deprived of joys, came journeying to the hall. The door, fastened by forged bands, opened straightway when he touched it



with his hands. Thus, bent on destruction, for he was swollen with rage, he burst open the entrance of the building.

“Quickly after that the fiend stepped onto the checkered floor,—advanced in angry mood; out of his eyes there started a weird light, most like a flame. He saw many men in the hall, a troop of kinsmen, a band of warriors, sleeping all together. Then his spirit exulted; he, the cruel monster, resolved that he would sever the soul of every one of them from his body before day came; for the hope of feasting full had come to him. That was no longer his fortune, that he should devour more of the human race after that night. The mighty relative of Hygelac kept watching how the murderous foe would set to work with his sudden snatchings. The monster was not minded to put it off, but quickly grasped a sleeping warrior, as a first start, rent him undisturbed, bit his bony frame, drank blood in streams, swallowed bite after bite, and soon he had eaten up all of the dead man, (even) his feet and hands.

“Forward and nearer he advanced, and then seized with his hands the doughty warrior,—the fiend reached out toward him with his claw. He (Beowulf) at once took in his evil plans, and came down on his (Grendel's) arm. Instantly the master of crimes realized that never in this middle-world, these regions of earth, had he met with a mightier hand-grip in any other man. He became affrighted in soul and spirit, but he could get away no faster for all that. His mind was bent on getting off,—he wished to flee into the darkness and go back to the herd of devils. His case was unlike anything he had met with in his lifetime there before. Then Hygelac's brave kinsman was mindful of his evening speech; he stood erect and grasped him tight,—his fingers cracked. The monster was moving out; the chief stepped forward, too. The infamous creature thought to slip further off, wheresoever he could, and to flee away thence to his fen-refuge; he knew the power of his fingers was in the foeman's grip. That was a dire journey which the baleful fiend had made to Heorot!

“The splendid hall resounded; there was panic among all the Danes, the castle-dwellers, and among the heroes and the nobles every one. Both the mighty wardens were furious; the building rang again. Then was it a great wonder that the wine-hall was proof against the savage fighters,—that the fair earthly dwelling did not fall to the ground; yet it was (made) firm enough for it, inside and out, by means of iron clamps, forged with curious art. There, where the foemen fought, many a mead-bench adorned with gilding started from a sill, as I have heard. Before that, veterans of the Scyldings never weened that any man could shatter it, splendid and horn-bedecked, by might, or loosen it by craft, although the embrace of fire might swallow it in smoke.

“A sound arose, startling enough; a horrible fear clung to the North Danes, to every one who heard the shrieking from the wall,—(heard) the adversary of God chant his grisly lay, his song of non-success,—the prisoner of hell wailing over his wound. He held him fast who was strongest of men in might in this life's day!

“The defender of nobles would not by any means let the murderous visitor escape alive,—he did not count his (Grendel’s) life of use to any of the peoples. There many a noble of Beowulf’s company brandished an old ancestral weapon—they wished to protect the life of their lord, of their famous chief, if so be they might. They did not know, brave-minded men of war, when they took part in the contest, and thought to hew him on every side, and hunt out his life, that no war-bill on earth, no best of sabers, could get at the ceaseless foe, for that he used enchantment against conquering weapons, every sort of blades.

“In the time of this life his breaking up was to be pitiable—the alien spirit was to journey far into the power of friends. Then he who of yore had in wantonness of soul done many outrages to mankind, he, the rebel against God, discovered this—that his bodily frame was no help to him, but that the bold kinsman of Hygelac had him by the hands. While he lived, each was abhorrent to the other. The horrible wretch suffered deadly hurt; on his shoulder gaped a wound past remedy, the sinews sprang asunder—the fleshy covering burst. Glory in fight was granted to Beowulf; Grendel, sick to death, must needs flee thence under the fen-fastnesses—seek out his joyless dwelling; he knew too well that the end of his life had come, the number of his days. After that bloody contest, the desire of all the Danes had come to pass!”

Grendel escaped to the fens only to die there. The Danes joyfully renewed their festivities in Heorot. But the next night Grendel’s mother came to avenge her son, and carried off, in the absence of Beowulf, Æschere, the friend and counselor of Hrothgar. Beowulf went to the lake-dwelling of Grendel’s mother and put her to death. Eventually Beowulf succeeded to the throne and reigned prosperously for fifty years, till a dragon, who had been ravaging the country, destroyed his palace by fire. Beowulf accordingly took twelve men and proceeded to the cavern where the dragon was brooding over hidden treasure. He advanced alone to the mouth of the den, and through the cowardice of his companions was wounded to the death. The poem closes with an account of his funeral, which is thus described:—

“The people of the Goths then made ready for him on the ground a firm-built funeral pyre hung round with helmets, battle-shields, bright corselets, as he had begged them to. Then the sad men-at-arms laid in its midst the famous prince, their much-loved lord. The warriors then began to kindle on the mount the greatest of bale-fires; the swarthy wood-smoke towered above the blazing mass; the roaring flame mixed with the noise of weeping—the raging of the winds was stilled—till it had crumbled up the bony frame, hot to its core. Depressed in soul, with moody care, they mourned their lord’s decease. Moreover, the aged woman, with hair bound up, sang a doleful dirge, and said repeatedly that she greatly feared evil days for herself, much carnage, the dread of warriors, humiliation, and captivity.

“Heaven swallowed up the smoke.

“Then people of the Storm Goths raised a mound upon the cliff, the which was high and broad and visible from far by voyagers on sea, and in ten days they built the veteran’s beacon.

“The remnant of the burning they begirt with a wall in such sort as skilled men could plan most worthy of him. On the barrow they placed collars and fibulæ—all such adornments as brave-minded men had previously taken from the hoard. They left the wealth of nobles for the earth to keep,—(left) the gold in the ground, where it still exists, as unprofitable to men as it had been before.

“Then the brave in battle, sons of nobles, twelve in all, rode round the barrow; they would lament their loss, mourn for their king, utter a dirge, and speak about their hero. They revered his manliness, extolled his noble deed with all their might; so it is meet that man should praise his friend and lord in words, and cherish him in heart when he must needs be fleeting from the body and go forth.

“Thus did the people of the Goths, his hearth-companions, mourn the downfall of their lord, and said that he had been a mighty king, the mildest and the gentlest of men, and keenest after praise.”

## THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND

*By BLISS CARMAN*

THE story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table is more truly a myth than an epic. It lacked, in our early history, the genius of a Homer or a Virgil, to give it unity and definiteness. So that while the great Greek epic is a single consistent tale, told by a master, the English romance is made up of a series of conflicting stories, from various sources, with confusion of names and contradictory details. For ourselves the chief authorities of these traditions are “The Mabinogion” and the “Morte d’Arthur.”

The former of these sources, “The Mabinogion” (or Romances) is a collection of Welsh legends, contained in an ancient manuscript called the “Red Book of Hengest.” And although these tales are much the oldest legends of King Arthur that we possess, strangely enough they were not translated into English until 1838, when Lady Guest’s valuable work was published. The second source of our knowledge, though much later in origin, was much earlier in coming into publicity. Sir Thomas Malory’s famous “Morte d’Arthur” was compiled about the year 1460 and printed by William Caxton, the first English printer, fifteen years later. “This noble and joyous book,” as Caxton calls it, although wholly a compilation and translation from various sources, is a veritable prose epic, by virtue of its style and spirit, and lacking only in unity of plot.



In these national legends, names of persons and places are variable, and one tale often overlaps another. The story of Peredur in "The Mabinogion," for instance, appears in Malory as the story of Perceval. And this fragmentary character of the storics, while perhaps, it has lessened their fame as a great racial epic, has made them only the more popular with poets of succeeding centuries. In our day alone, we have them retold in the "Idylls of the King"; we have Arnold's beautiful "Tristram and Iseult," and Richard Hovey's unfinished dramas "Launcelot and Guenevere."

The "Morte d'Arthur" of Malory, as printed by Caxton, contains a preface in which that worthy printer summarizes the work under his hand and concludes, "The sum is twenty-one books, which contain the sum of five hundred and seven chapters, as more plainly shall follow hereafter." But, as in these numerous episodes there is no single thread of continuous narrative other than the fact of the existence of Arthur's Court, for the purpose of a brief survey we may most profitably trace the two or three more prominent legends.

## KING ARTHUR

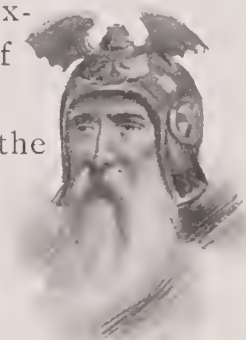
FIRST, of King Arthur himself. In the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, a duke of Cornwall made war against him. And him Uther Pendragon overthrew, and took his wife Igraine to be his queen; and of these two was Arthur born, and given to Merlin to rear. And Arthur was given by Merlin to Sir Hector, whose foster-son he became, and foster-brother of Sir Kay. And it happened that when King Uther died all the knights of the realm were gathered together in London in a great church to pray and take counsel for the government of the kingdom. Then in the churchyard near the high altar appeared a great stone four square, and on the stone an anvil, and thrust through the anvil a sword, bearing the words, "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England." Then they all marveled and essayed to pull out the sword, but of no avail. None could move it. But at the New Year's Day following there was a great jousting, and Sir Hector and Sir Kay and young Arthur rode to the joust. And it chanced that Sir Kay had forgotten his sword, and asked young Arthur to return for it, and he did so willingly. But when he came to the house of Sir Hector all were out to see the joust; and Arthur was angry and declared that his brother Sir Kay should not go swordless, but he would go to the church and draw out the sword that was in the stone and take it to his brother. And so he did. And Arthur was



known then to be the king of England, and he was crowned at Carleon, in Wales.

After his coronation, Arthur found himself opposed by a number of discontented nobles and a large army. These he defeated, always acting with Merlin's advice. And then he took the field against the Saxons who were in the land, and defeated them in the battle of Mount Badon.

Of Guenevere, Arthur's queen, it is told that she was the daughter of Leodegrance, King of Cameliard, and with her Arthur received the Round Table and a hundred knights from her father. And to these he added fifty knights of his own, to bring the number up to a hundred and fifty which the Table was made to accommodate. By a miraculous power, the name of every lawful possessor of a seat at the Round Table appeared in letters of gold in his proper place (or "siege," as the seat was called), while to any one occupying a place wrongfully, disaster was sure to come.



#### MERLIN

"IN THE beginning of Arthur," says Malory, "he was chosen king by adventure and by grace; for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known. But yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause, but well Arthur overcame them all; for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin."

In the "Morte d'Arthur" we meet Merlin almost on the first page, where he contrives the fraudulent meeting of Uther Pendragon with Igraine, wife of the Duke of Tintagil, only three hours after the death of her husband. By the craft of Merlin, Igraine is led to believe that Uther is the duke; and when Arthur is born of this union he is given to Merlin to be reared, according to stipulation.

Merlin was a wise counselor and also a wonder-worker, with power to appear and disappear at will by means of his arts. And later, when Arthur would have had himself crowned at Carleon, and had moved into Wales for the purpose, and made a great feast for the occasion, and when many of the visiting knights withheld their allegiance and protested against Arthur's assumption of the throne, Merlin came among them. "Then all the kings were passing glad of Merlin, and asked him: 'For what cause is that boy Arthur made your King?' 'Sirs', said Merlin, 'I shall tell you the cause, for he is King Uther Pendragon's son.'"

Again, in battle Merlin once appeared on a great black horse and bade King Arthur stay his hand from killing. It was after this battle

that Merlin, according to Malory's account, went to "see his Master Bleise, that dwelt in Northumberland," and told him of all that had happened in the fight, with the names of all the knights that were there. Then followed two sentences that convey a piece of curious information, not usually remembered in connection with Merlin. "And so Bleise wrote the battle word by word, as Merlin told him, how it began and by whom, and in likewise how it was ended, and who had the worse. All the battles that were done in Arthur's days Merlin did his Master Bleise do write; also he did do write all the battles that every worthy knight did of Arthur's court."

Another significant passage in Malory, which throws Arthur's character into an unusual light, tells how Merlin advised Arthur in the choice of a wife. He had advised the king to marry, and had asked him if he had any preference. When Arthur confessed that he loved Guenevere, daughter of Leodegrance of Cameliard, Merlin "warned the king covertly that Guenevere was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again." The beauty of Guenevere, however, was too strong for the king.

But Merlin himself finally fell a victim to love in his old age. As Malory expresses it, he "fell in a dotage on the damosel that King Pellinore brought to court, and she was one of the damosels of the lake, that light Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her. And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she had learned of him all manner of thing that she desired; and he was assotted upon her, that he might not be from her." And although he knew her deceit and her desires upon him, he had not the strength to withstand her, apparently; for she persuaded him at last to teach her such enchantments, that she was able to cast a spell upon him in the forest and to place him under a stone there; whence he was never able to be released.

#### THE STORY OF TRISTRAM

THE story of Tristram of Lyonesse, though not closely connected with King Arthur's personal history, is yet so popular and occupies so large a part of early works that it calls for a considerable place in any sketch of the Arthurian legends. Tristram's mother was Isabella, sister of King Mark of Cornwall. Her husband, Meliadus, was enchanted by a fairy who had fallen in love with him, and who enticed him away while he was hunting. His queen went in quest of him, and upon her journey gave birth to a son in the lonely forest. Dying in this sad plight she named the boy Tristram. Meliadus, after seven years, married again,



but the new queen was jealous of Tristram and laid plots for his life. Whereupon a squire fled with the boy to the court of the King of France, who received him kindly. Here Tristram grew up, learning skill in all the knightly arts of arms and of music and chess. He became particularly skilled in the arts of the chase, and of all knights was most distinguished for his knowledge of woodcraft and hunting.

Belinda, the daughter of the King of France, fell in love with Tristram, and because her love was not returned she denounced him to her father, who thereupon banished him from the kingdom. His own father, Meliadus, was now dead, and his stepmother held the throne, so that Tristram did not dare to return to his own house. He went, therefore, to his uncle Mark, King of Cornwall, who gave him a kindly welcome. Here, at the court of King Mark, at Tintagel, he was distinguished for his valor and skill. And when Mordaunt, a celebrated champion, brother of the Queen of Ireland, arrived to demand tribute of Mark, Tristram encountered the outlander and defeated him, leaving a fragment of his sword in Mordaunt's head.

Tristram, however, had been so sorely wounded that he begged to go to Loegria in search of aid, and thither he set out. Driven from his course, he was carried to the shore of Ireland. Landing on a beautiful summer evening, he began to play on his harp, glad to have escaped the peril of the sea. As it chanced, he was overheard by the King of Ireland and his beautiful daughter Iseult, who were looking from the castle window. The king at once sent for the strange harper, who, when he found himself in Ireland, concealed his name. He was taken in care by the queen, who restored him to health; and he became the instructor of Iseult in minstrelsy and poetry. It happened, however, that a damsel of the court came upon Tristram's arms, and perceived a nick in his sword which she thought resembled the fragment taken from the skull of Mordaunt. This was pleasant news for the queen. Tristram was cited before the court, and acknowledged that he had been the death of the queen's brother. On this he was bidden to leave the kingdom, never to return.

Going back to Cornwall, Tristram related his adventures to King Mark. His description of Iseult was so vivid and fascinating that the king's interest was aroused. He craved a boon of Tristram, and when it was granted, asked him to go to Ireland and fetch Iseult to Cornwall to be his queen. This was a sorry undertaking, but Tristram must keep his word. After many adventures he succeeded in obtaining the fair Iseult for his uncle. On the eve of their departure for Cornwall, Brengwain, Iseult's maid of honor, knowing the love of her mistress for Tristram, obtained a love philter (at the instance of the queen mother) which she would give to Iseult and King Mark on the eve of their marriage.

Fate, however, had other uses in store for the potion. For on the voyage, one hot day, as Tristram and Iseult sat in the ship, they were very thirsty, and Tristram descried the bottle containing the love-draught. This he promptly shared with Iseult, and the mischief was irreparably done. On their arrival at Mark's court, that king was so delighted with his bride that he made Tristram the chamberlain of his palace.

Soon after this there arrived at the court an unknown minstrel, who refused to play for the king until he should have been granted a boon. When the king consented, the minstrel asked for Iseult as the promised gift. Now, by the laws of knighthood, the king could not refuse, and in the absence of Tristram, the stranger carried off the lady. Tristram, on his return, seized his harp and hurried after the pair. They had already embarked, but Tristram played so wonderfully that Iseult persuaded her captor to return to the shore, that they might discover who the unknown musician could be. On a favorable opportunity, Tristram seized Iseult's horse by the bridle, and dashed away with her into the forest, leaving the foreigner to go his way alone. After living some days in concealment, Tristram restored Iseult to her grateful husband.

Iseult and Tristram, however, were destined to be separated. The king in a fit of jealousy banished Tristram. And that hero wandered about the country performing many wonderful feats of daring and chivalry. At last, following his own great fame, he came to Camelot to King Arthur's court, and became a Knight of the Round Table. At his installation, Arthur took him by the hand and led him to his seat. This was the seat formerly occupied by Mordaunt of Ireland, and it had now been vacant for ten years. And over it the name of Mordaunt had remained ever since he had been slain by Tristram. But as Arthur and Sir Tristram approached the seat, exquisite music was heard, the hall was filled with delicious perfumes, Mordaunt's name disappeared, and Tristram's appeared in bright shining letters.

It was soon after this that Sir Gawain, the bravest of all the knights, after Sir Launcelot, returned to England from Brittany, with the story of an adventure which befell him in the forest of Breciliand. Merlin, he said, had there spoken to him and sent a message to Arthur, charging him to undertake the quest of the Holy Grail. While Arthur debated, Tristram was off on the quest. He first went to Brittany to consult Merlin. On his arrival, however, he found king Hoel at war with a rebellious underling; proffered his aid to the king; was accepted; and succeeded in gaining a complete victory for his new friend. King Hoel, full of gratitude for this service, and learning Tristram's lineage, offered him his daughter in marriage. The princess was beautiful, gentle, and accomplished, and bore the same name as the queen of Cornwall,

Iseult. These two are distinguished by romancers, as Iseult of Ireland or Iseult the Fair, and Iseult of the White Hands.

Tristram, weary of strife, and knowing the hopelessness of his love for Iseult the Fair, married her younger rival. Happy and tranquil, he passed many months at the court of King Hoel. Then the war broke out afresh; Tristram must come to the rescue of his father-in-law. Brave and venturesome as ever, he led the attack on a city. Mounting a scaling ladder, he was severely wounded and thrown to the ground. Carefully and gently he was nursed by the loving hands of the patient Iseult, and seemed in a fair way to recover. A reverse set in, however, and Tristram seemed in peril of his life. Then it was that his old squire reminded him of the skill of that other Iseult, and how she had once nursed him back to health. Tristram called to him his wife, Iseult of the White Hands, told her of the former cure, and asked that Iseult be sent for to Cornwall. This was done. Tristram gave the messenger a ring to take to his former sweetheart, that she should know his need. In the absence of her husband, King Mark, Iseult quitted Cornwall for the coast of Brittany, and arrived at Tristram's castle only in time for him to die in her arms. Then she too died, fallen prostrate on the body of her lover. It was Tristram's wish that his body should be sent to Cornwall for burial, and that his sword, with a letter, should be sent to King Mark. And thus it was ordered. Both Iseult and Tristram were put on ship and brought back to the land of Cornwall; and at the order of the king the lovers were given burial in his own chapel.

It was the story of Tristram in Brittany, in his last sore sickness, that Matthew Arnold chose for the subject of his one poem of the Arthurian cycle, perhaps the most tender and the loveliest of all modern renderings of the old romance.

#### LAUNCELOT OF THE LAKE

OF ALL the Knights of the Round Table the most famous was Launcelot of the Lake. His story is this: King Ban of Benwick, a friend of Arthur, was warred upon by his enemy Claudas, and so worsted that at last he was reduced to the possession of only one castle. Being besieged here, he resolved to ask aid of Arthur, and so fled by night with his wife and his infant son, Launcelot. As he was departing he saw the flames rising from his castle, which had been betrayed into the hands of his enemy, and straightway died of a broken heart. His queen, in her distraction, abandoned her son for a moment, and the child was carried away by a nymph. This was Vivian, the enchantress of Merlin. The Lady of the Lake, she was called, for she dwelt in a palace which seemed to



be in the midst of a lake. This mirage was her magical device for evading pursuit; and to her stronghold she carried Launcelot. Now when Launcelot of the Lake had reached the age of eighteen, the fairy carried him to the court of King Arthur, that he might be admitted to the great company of Knights. So fair was the young man, so graceful, and also so skilled and full of courage, that he instantly obtained favor on all sides. But especially was the Queen Guenevere attracted to him, and he to her. So that from the first arose that love between these two which was to be so memorable in all after times, and to become the thread of the world-wide story of unhappy fate. From this time the figure of Launcelot is never absent from the history of King Arthur, and his bravery and deeds of courage are on almost every page of old chroniclers and recent bards. He was never overcome, and in generosity, as in valor, he surpassed all other knights. For Arthur and Guenevere, he conquered Northumberland and brought many knights into subjection, upholding the weak and punishing the ruthless and cruel.

Of all the adventures of Launcelot, the best known is that which relates to Elaine, the Lady of Shalott. King Arthur had ordered a tournament to be held at Winchester, and had set out to witness the preparations for the festival. Sir Launcelot, for a feigned sickness, remained behind, intending to appear later at the tournament in disguise, and to win fresh honors as an unknown adventurer. Then he mounted his horse and set out in the guise of an old man. He passed for an aged knight going to view the sport, even Arthur and Gawain, whom he passed upon the road, being deceived in him. According to some accounts, however, he betrayed himself to the king at this time; for his horse stumbled, and Launcelot recovered him with such strength and peculiar skill that his identity was revealed.

Be that as it may, he came the same evening to the castle of Shalott, and was there royally entertained by the lord and his beautiful daughter. Now it so happened at that time that the two sons of the lord of Shalott (who was called King Pellès), had long been preparing for the tournament, but one of them had been taken sick and could not go to the festival. His brother very gladly accepted Launcelot's offer to attend him as his companion, in the armor of the sick man. Meanwhile their sister Elaine had been looking at Launcelot, and was deeply enamored of him, so much so that she must retire to her own chamber in tears. When Launcelot perceived this he sent to her a message, that his heart was already another's, but that he would gladly be her knight at the coming tournament. Of this she was glad, and gave him her scarf to wear as a favor.

Thus Launcelot and the young knight set off for the place of the tourney. The next day Launcelot, with Elaine's scarf in his crest, over-

threw in the lists some of the strongest knights, Gawain, Bors, and Lionel, so that all were astonished, and questioned who he could be, for none but Launcelot, they thought, could do such deeds. Yet Launcelot was never known to wear any badge save that of his sovereign lady. At last, however, Launcelot met his brother Hector in combat, and they were both severely wounded and neither had the victory; and Launcelot departed, still undiscovered, back to Shalott, where he was cared for by Elaine.

Soon after this Launcelot returned to the court of Arthur; but the fair Elaine pined away of love for him, and died at the end of summer. And one morning, as Arthur looked from a window above the river, he saw a barge slowly rowed down the stream, and on it the body of a beautiful girl, dead, and holding in her hands a letter. In this letter, intended for the king, was set forth all her hopeless love for Launcelot; and when the king had read it, he ordered her to be buried with all honors befitting her rank.

At another time Launcelot did valiantly for the sake of Guenevere, to clear her name of calumny and disgrace. There was a young squire at the court who hated Sir Gawain and determined to kill him. With this intent he poisoned an apple and placed it on the top of the dish, thinking that the queen would pass it to Gawain, one of the most eminent of the knights. It chanced, however, that there had come to court a Scottish knight who sat next the queen; and to him she gave the apple. When he had eaten it he immediately fell senseless, and in spite of all they could do, he died there in the hall. Soon after this came his brother, Sir Mador, searching for him. And though a magnificent funeral and monument had been given the dead man, Sir Mador was not to be satisfied. He accused Guenevere of treachery, and insisted that she be given up to punishment, unless on a given day a champion be found for her who would risk his life to prove her innocence. Now at this time Launcelot was away, for the queen had accused him of faithlessness and of love for Elaine, and in anger he had betaken himself to the forest. When the news of Sir Mador's challenge reached him, he cast about for a means of accepting it. Finally, on the appointed day, as all were assembled at the court, a knight fully armed and bearing no badge rode into the hall, and being questioned, declared himself ready to champion the accused queen. So the lists were prepared, and from noon until evening the stranger and Sir Mador fought with terrible strength and courage, until at last Sir Mador began to fail, and the stranger rushed in and overcame him, so that he sued for mercy. Then the stranger undid his helmet, and they beheld that it was none other than Launcelot who had delivered the queen. And Guenevere herself swooned for joy at her deliverance and his return.

For this deed King Arthur bestowed upon his friend the Castle of Joyeuse Garde.

Of Launcelot we shall hear again, for until the close of the history of Arthur, he is never far from the doings of the court and of the knights.

### THE STORY OF PERCEVAL

THE father of Perceval was King Pellinore, who had seven sons. And when King Pellinore and six of his sons had been slain in battle, it came to the heart of his queen that she might save her youngest, Perceval, from so terrible a pursuit as war. Therefore she took him away into retirement and brought him up in ignorance of all skill in arms and chivalry. At last, however, there came riding by five knights in full armor. Said Perceval to his mother: "What are those yonder?" "They are angels, my son," said she. "By my faith," said the lad, "I will go and become an angel with them." Then he went and met the knights, and learned of them of all their gear and the trappings of their horses and how they used their arms. And when they departed and Perceval would go with them, his mother gave him good counsel and let him go. And Perceval took a stray horse and twisted twigs into a bridle for him, and folded a pack for a saddle, and rode after the knights. After adventures of many kinds he came to Arthur's court at last, in his ridiculous guise. When it was asked of him what he wanted, he answered that he was come to receive knighthood from King Arthur, as his mother had instructed him. Thereat there was jeering and merriment in the court. But Perceval heeded not, only he rode forth and for a long while did such deeds of chivalry that the fame of him came back to the king, and Arthur desired to have him in his court. So that at last Perceval was found by the king himself, after he had defeated many of the other knights in combat, and was led back joyously to the court at Carleon.

### THE HOLY GRAIL

THE Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was a cup from which our Savior drank at the last supper. Tradition said that he had given it to Joseph of Arimathea, who carried it away to Europe, and by whose descendants it was guarded for generations. The only obligation laid upon the possessors of this relic was that they should lead a life of purity. And the Holy Grail for long years was visible to pilgrims. At last, however, one of its keepers failed of the blameless life required of him, and thereafter the blessed cup vanished from the sight of men, and became an object of quest.



As we have told, it was Merlin who had sent a message to King Arthur that he should undertake the recovery of the Holy Grail. And it was known that the knight who should achieve success upon this quest must be unblemished and innocent. It happened that after Merlin's message had come, King Arthur and his knights were assembled about the Round Table at the vigil of Pentecost, when suddenly there was a great noise and a flash of light, and while all were still with astonishment, the Holy Grail, covered with a white cloth, passed through the room and vanished from their sight. Then Sir Gawain arose and vowed that for a year and a day he would seek the Grail, and the others did likewise. But King Arthur was sad, for he foresaw that his company of the Round Table would be broken up.



Yet all the knights were steadfast in their vows and departed from the court upon the blessed quest. And many adventures were encountered by Perceval and Launcelot and Bors and Gawain. But the most famous knight in the search for the Holy Grail was Galahad, for he alone succeeded and was blessed with a vision of the marvelous vessel. And Galahad was but new at Arthur's court.

Soon after the knights had taken their resolution, there came into the hall an old man with a young knight. And the old man said to King Arthur: "Sir, I bring you here a young knight that is of king's lineage, being the son of Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles." Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son and had great joy of him. And Arthur said: "God make him a good man, for beauty faileth him not, as any that liveth." Then the holy man led the young knight to the Siege Perilous (that place at the Round Table where none dare sit for fear of the inevitable mischance) and lifted up the cloth that covered the seat, and found there these letters: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." Then all the knights marveled and said: "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved." In the jousting that followed, Galahad overcame all the knights save Sir Launcelot and Sir Perceval. Then Galahad and Perceval and Bors set out together, and in a far country, after wonderful adventures, came upon trace of the Grail, and Galahad beheld the sacred cup. But as he did so his soul departed from his body, and his fellows buried him. And Sir Bors brought back news of his death to Camelot, and of the death of Perceval, and he brought this message also to Sir Launcelot, "Galahad, your own son, saluteth you by me, and prayeth you to remember this uncertain world."

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

AFTER the end of the quest of the Holy Grail, such knights as were still alive returned to the court of King Arthur, and there was great rejoicing among them. But afterward there arose dissension and treachery, and when Arthur was away at war in a foreign country, Sir Modred usurped the power and drew many after him. News of this being brought to King Arthur, he returned and met Modred and his host at Dover and overthrew him in a great battle, so that the rebels were forced to retreat to Canterbury. Yet they were not wholly conquered, and it was agreed they should meet again to do battle at Salisbury. Meanwhile there appeared to Arthur, as he slept, a vision which warned him not to fight with Modred until Launcelot should return, for he would surely be killed. Therefore the king made a treaty with Modred that they should abide a month and a day longer before the battle.

But when Arthur and fourteen of his knights went out to meet Modred and fourteen of his knights, and they were come together for parley, an adder out of the bush stung a knight in the foot, and the knight drew sword to kill it. Thereat of a sudden both the hosts, mistaking the gleam of the sword for the beginning of treachery, were caught in a sudden anger and rushed into conflict.

All day the battle raged, and at length King Arthur looked about him, sore weary, and beheld only two of his knights left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedevere. And Sir Modred he saw leaning on his sword among the slain. "Now give me spear," said Arthur, "for betide me life, betide me death, he shall not escape my hands." And the king took his spear and rushed upon Modred, crying: "Traitor, now is thy death-day come," and gave him his death wound there. But Modred, ere he died, smote the king and wounded him also to death. So Lucan and Bedevere raised up their king and bore him dying from the field to a place beside a lake. And the king bade Sir Bedevere take his sword, Excalibar, and go and fling it into the lake. And as he did so, there came up out of the lake a hand which took the sword and drew it under the water. Then Sir Bedevere came to the king again and told what he had seen, and Arthur said to him: "Help me hence, for I fear I have tarried too long." So Bedevere took the king on his back and bore him to the water side, where they found a barge waiting. In the barge were a company of fair women, and three queens, who wept when they beheld King Arthur. And they laid King Arthur in the barge and rowed away, leaving Bedevere alone by the shore. Then, as the barge moved off, Sir Bedevere cried: "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from

me?" And the king replied to him, "Comfort thyself, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will go into the Vale of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

And when Queen Guenevere heard that King Arthur and his knights were slain, she took five of her ladies and stole away to Almesbury, and became a nun, wearing only the sober habit of black and white, and doing penance. And none could make her merry again.

Launcelot, over sea, when news came to him that Modred had had himself crowned king, and had made war on King Arthur, prepared a host and sailed to England to aid his sovereign. But when he arrived he found both Arthur and Modred killed, and Gawain killed, and sorrow possessed him. And he turned and rode westerly, and after some days came to the nunnery at Almesbury where Guenevere was. And it was in his mind to take her away with him back to his realm across seas. But the queen would not, for she could not put off her sadness. Yet she loved him well, and said to him, "Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; therefore I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage. For as well as I have loved thee, my heart will not serve me to see thee."

Then Launcelot departed, and at last in his grief did penance six years, and took the habit of priesthood, and with all his knights read books, and rang bells, and did all manner of bodily service, for they "took no regard of no worldly riches," as the old chronicle says. And there came to Launcelot by night a vision, which bade him for the remission of his sins haste to Almesbury, where he would find Queen Guenevere dead. So Launcelot took his seven fellows and went on foot to Almesbury, and when they had come there they found that Queen Guenevere had died half an hour before. And Sir Launcelot saw her visage, "but he wept not greatly, but sighed." And he performed all the offices of the burial himself for her, and brought her on a horse-bier from Almesbury to Glastonbury, and there laid her in the grave beside her lord, King Arthur.

Thereafter Sir Launcelot began to sicken and pine. And so thin and shrunken he grew that one might hardly know him for the man he was. And always he was given to prayers day and night, sometimes slumbering in a broken sleep. Then when he was aware of his own end approaching, he prayed his bishop to give him his rights as a Christian man, and gave orders that they should bear him when dead to his own castle of Joyeuse Garde.

Soon after, one night his friends came to the bedside of Sir Launcelot, and found him stark dead, "and he lay as he had smiled." Then



they took up his body and brought him to Joyeuse Garde, and buried him there.

And as they were at the service, before they had laid him to rest, there came his brother, Sir Ector de Maris, who had been long seeking him. And when Sir Bors told him how his brother Sir Launeelot was dead, and Sir Ector beheld him crying there: "Ah, Launeelot," he said, "thou were the head of all Christian knights; and thou were the truest friend to thy lady that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword, and thou were the meekest man and gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

Thus they buried Launeelot with great devotion. And Sir Bedevere was a hermit to his life's end. But Bors and Ector and Blamor and Bleoberis went into the Holy Land, and fought there against misereants and Turks. "And there they died upon a Good Friday, for God's sake."

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME GREAT HEROES AND LEADERS

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### ROMULUS

(About 750 B.C.)

**R**OMULUS, according to the story of tradition, was the founder of Rome. The story is very pretty, though it must not be taken literally. The infant twins, Romulus and Remus, were thrown into the river Tiber; but, by a miracle, they floated ashore, and were suckled by a she-wolf. They were found by a shepherd who took them and cared for them. As children, they were beautiful, dignified, and kind. As they grew, they both showed great courage and bravery. When they became men, they decided to build a city. After a dispute as to the location, Romulus, who seemed born to rule rather than to obey, was left to finish the work alone. He called his city Rome. He divided the younger part of the inhabitants into battalions. Each corps was called a legion. He chose a council of one hundred of the most eminent citizens, whom he called patricians. He named his council the Senate.

In order to get wives for his citizens, he planned a capture of the Sabine women. On a great day, when many were assembled at Rome,

he gave a signal to the Romans, who seized the daughters but allowed the Sabine men to escape. Each unmarried Roman carried a Sabine maiden to his own house. On the next day they were all married, by a ceremony which was ever afterward observed at Rome. Later, Romulus routed the army of the Sabines, who had advanced to fight for the return of their women. After his victory, he was received with great joy and admiration by his people. There were other conflicts. In the last the daughters of the Sabines rushed in to preserve peace. With loud cries and lamentations, like persons distracted, they came running, some with infants, in their arms, and called both their husbands and their fathers by the most endearing names. They greatly moved both the Romans and the Sabines by their cries and their entreaties. They said they were now united by the strictest bonds to those whom they once hated, and that they desired to remain with their husbands and children. After much negotiation, peace was concluded. The women were allowed to stay where they were; but the Romans agreed to give them the way wherever they met them, and to treat them with great respect. The Sabines became a part of Rome, and helped in its government.

After the wars, Romulus gave much offense to the citizens. The success of his exploits spoiled him. He became less friendly and sociable. He became proud, and put on a dress of purple. He sat in a great chair of state when he received visitors. He had many clerks, and before him went men with staves to keep off the people, and to bind them with leather if Romulus should command it. By thinking too much of himself, he obtained the ill will of the people.

One day Romulus suddenly disappeared. He and the people were on the plain beyond the citadel when a sudden storm arose. The people fled in terror on account of the darkness. When the storm ended, Romulus was gone, and could not be found by those who went to seek him. The people were amazed. One of the senators called for silence, and told the Romans that he had seen Romulus being carried up into heaven to live with the gods. The people believed the story, and upon the hill they built a temple where for many years they worshiped the founder of their city. In later times, however, they doubted the story, and many thought that the senators, who were tired of the king's strong will and cruelty, had killed him during the storm.

## CYRUS

(Died 529 B.C.)

THE life of Cyrus, like that of many other early heroes, has been surrounded with an atmosphere of myth. According to Herodotus, he was the son of Cambyses, a Persian prince, and Mandane, a daughter of the Median King, Astyages. He received the simple, hardy education of a Persian, and at the age of twelve visited the court of Media, where he soon showed great courage in helping his grandfather to suppress a revolt.

The Persians had long been a horde of wandering herdsmen along the slopes east of the Caspian Sea, and apart from the vast empires of Babylon and Nineveh. They were energetic, free, and noble. "They wore leathern clothing; they ate not the food which they liked, but rather that which they could obtain from their rugged country; they drank water instead of wine, and had no figs for dessert." They had faith in themselves and in a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. While empires were decaying they were gaining strength. Finally, they found a great leader who extended their power and made them a powerful nation.

When Media and Babylon were at war in 549, B.C., Cyrus led a revolt against the Median king. Being an Aryan of the royal blood he had no trouble in getting the Medes to submit. He made them his followers rather than his subjects. He soon received homage from the vassal kings who had served the Medes, including his own relatives in Persia. Then he turned against nations whom the Medes had left unconquered. By his great ability and soldierly genius, he soon built up an empire more extended than any over which man had ruled before. With a solid army he swept down upon the plains, and one by one the empires fell before him, until he controlled all from the Mediterranean to the Indus, and from Tartary to the Arabian Gulf. For twenty years he passed from west to east and from east to west, in his career of conquest. At first, he was simply a king, but after his conquests he became "the powerful king," and finally "the supreme king, the great king, the king of Babylon, the king of Sumir and Akkad, the king of the four races." He took title upon title as he extended his power.

In 546 he defeated the wealthy and great Cræsus of Lydia, who had just formed an alliance with Babylon and Egypt. Then he came into direct relation with the Greeks of Asia Minor, who soon did him homage. After pushing his frontiers to India and the borders of the great plateau of Pamir, the "roof of the world," he turned back and in 538 took Babylon, which gave him undisputed authority in Chaldea, Mesopotamia, and Syria. Egypt, alone, of the powers that had joined forces against



him, he left untouched. Though he continued to extend his borders on the east, the last nine years of his life were rather peaceful. He was finally slain in 529, in a battle with a tribe of southern Siberia.

Kings in the olden time were more likely to write their histories in blood than in ink. The sword was more familiar to their hand than the pen. Cyrus, however, left some writings on clay cylinders and stone which threw some light upon his character as a Persian monarch. Though he was a hero of war and conquest, he won the hearts of his people by his kind and generous disposition. He liked his subjects, and listened to their petitions or complaints, whom the fortunes of war had thrown into his power. The Persians spoke of his rule as that of a "father." He did not seek to destroy the gods and the customs of those whom he conquered. He adopted a system of toleration, allowing the people the free exercise of their own religion. Though he could form the motley tribes of Asia into a conquering army, he did not form them into an organized empire. His empire was only loosely bound together. He, himself, was the force that held the provinces together during his life, and when his master hand lay cold in death, there were tendencies toward disunion in every province. He left his work uncompleted, to be taken up by other hands.

## CONFUCIUS

(551 B.C.-479 B.C.)

CHINA, like other nations, though she has sought to remain apart from the rest of the world, has had her great thinkers and heroes. Confucius, the wise, who lived five centuries before Christ, has molded the thoughts of the Chinese for ages. His book is to his countrymen what the Bible is to us. His early years were spent in hard study. Later he became a mandarin and a high officer of a province; but he liked study better than office and withdrew from public life to devote his time to learning. His great desire was to revive a respect for law, morals, and religion. He wrote many maxims which have made him famous. He made no parade of wisdom and virtue, but his fame as a sage soon spread far and wide.

Being made governor of Loo, Confucius took an active interest in the welfare of the people, and lessened the taxes and burdens of the poorer classes. He soon put to death one of the chief magistrates, whose acts had favored vice and caused misery. For a while the people turned toward better morals and manners. But truth and virtue were again forgotten, and cheating, thieving, and vice were common. Confucius still lived the virtues which he taught, and set an example to the weak

people who tempted him. They finally drove him out into the world to hunt a new home.

Though he suffered from hunger, and by being put in prison, he bore his troubles and misfortunes with true courage.

“The wise man,” said he, “is everywhere at home — the whole earth is his.” Though the crowd no longer sought him for his wisdom, he still spent his time in serious study, and wrote truths to guide the morals of those yet unborn. His teaching was simple and easily understood by all. His golden rule was, “Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.” His sayings were terse and compact but full of meaning. The following are examples:—

A prince can never cease to correct himself in order to bring himself to perfection.

Resolution is the greatest element of action.

He who is continually tending toward perfection, who chooses the good and attaches himself strongly to it for fear of losing it, is the sage.

He who knows how to blush for his weakness in the practice of his duties, is very near acquiring the strength of mind necessary for their accomplishment.

He who shall truly follow the rule of perseverance, however ignorant he may be, will necessarily become enlightened; however feeble he may be, he will become strong.

The superior man is he who entertains equal feelings of benevolence toward all men of whatever rank, rich or poor, and who has no egotism or partiality.

You are to listen much . . . and be attentive to what you say. Watch attentively over your actions and then you will rarely have cause to repent.

Riches and honor are the objects of human desire; if they cannot be obtained by honest and right means they must be renounced.

To feed upon a little rice, to drink water, and to have nothing but one's bent arm to lean upon, has its own satisfaction. It is better than to acquire riches by unfair means.

He who has an unalterable faith in truth, and is passionately fond of study, preserves to his death the principles of virtue, which are the consequences of this faith and love.

What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others. I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known; I seek to be worthy to be known.”

Confucius made no attempt to explain the origin of things, nor to talk of myths, miracles, and ideals. He simply taught a practical system of social economy. He did not originate a religious creed. He simply built a system of morals based on the material wants and tendencies of

the people. He taught many virtues, and was not unworthy of the fame which he achieved.

Confucius died in 479 B.C. The place where his disciples buried him was soon visited by the crowds who venerated him as a prophet. He died a sage, but he has long been worshiped as a divine. It is much easier to mourn over a dead teacher than to practise his living precepts. The Chinese ruler gave him the title of "The most holy teacher of all times."

## THEMISTOCLES

(514-460 B.C.)

**T**HEMISTOCLES was well known for his great services to Athens. His mother was a foreigner, and his father was a man of obscure family. He liked work better than amusement. As a boy he cared little for songs and sports which delighted other Athenian children, but he felt able to convert a weak, small city into a strong, great one. He liked people, and took pleasure in inviting to his house strangers as well as citizens. He carefully studied the art of public speaking and sought to gain the confidence of his fellow-citizens. The belief grew up that he knew every citizen by name. He was a man who would have risen to eminence in any country. He had special qualifications for the work of his life. His resolute enthusiasm was combined with a coolness of deliberation and an intensity of conviction. He was especially fitted for command in a great crisis. He knew that the ascendancy of the "blue-bloods" was a thing of the past. He saw that changes were necessary if Athens were to hold her place as a strong free state. He had a wonderful insight and foresight which enabled him to form correct judgments promptly.

He saw the storm coming afar off and his policy was to prepare for it. He felt that Xerxes never would abandon the designs of Persia against Greece. In 493 he persuaded the Athenians to fortify the Piræus and make it their naval arsenal and harbor. The Piræus was about four miles from Athens, but it had advantages over the old harbor. In a few years it became a town and played a prominent part in Greek politics. It became the center of the sea-going and mercantile interests, and its population strongly favored democratic ideas and an aggressive foreign policy.

After the victories of Miltiades in the Persian war, Themistocles turned from oratory to military affairs. At Marathon he fought at the side of Aristides who later became his rival. He sought his support from the common people, while Aristides strove for the approval of the higher classes. He had great influence in the assembly. He directed



the attention of the Athenians toward the sea and commerce, and away from the land and agriculture. He felt that the war with Persia was not ended by the battle of Marathon. Desiring to be prepared for future defense he saw that a navy would be the best means to place Greece in a position of safety. His love of glory and his ambition for high station, led him into quarrels with persons of the first rank and influence in the state, especially with Aristides who always opposed him. Finally, after reaching a great height of power and popularity, he managed to have Aristides banished by ostracism. His naval policy, which had been opposed by the conservative party, was accepted by the assembly. His plans gave Athens the supremacy in Greek waters, and made her mistress of the seas.

The victory of Themistocles over the forces of Xerxes, at Salamis, was the salvation of Greece. He showed wisdom in his choice of the place and time for the great naval battle. He waited for the wind to produce a strong surf which would cause the heavy, high vessels of the enemy to veer so as to expose their sides to the Greeks. He had already secretly managed to get the Persians to take a position which completely shut in the Greek fleet, and prevented the possibility of escape. While his generals were wrangling in fierce and useless debate, he was laying plans to fight for victory, and to fight the battle in the strait between Attica and Salamis. To Eurybiades, the Spartan general who desired to avoid a fight, Themistocles had said, "The laggarads never win a crown."

Though in the earlier days of his life his services to the state were such as no statesman was ever able to surpass, he became unpopular in his later life. He showed bad taste in reminding the people of the services he had done them. He was also dishonest and corrupt in his political schemes. He was better suited to lead in a crisis. Party lines were no longer so closely drawn. The party of Aristides had become less conservative and no longer opposed democratic reforms. In 471 Themistocles was banished by ostracism.

He went to live at Argos. Later, he was suspected of being drawn into the plots of Pausanias against the liberties of Greece. Though he had refused to take part in such intrigues, he resolved to fly rather than face his political opponents in a trial at Athens; but such a cry was raised throughout Greece that he could find no safe refuge. After several hairbreadth escapes he was compelled to take refuge in Asia, on Persian soil. Having no further chance for an honorable career at home, he turned to his old enemies for protection. He was received with the greatest favor; but though he discussed plans for the subjugation of Greece, it is probable that he never had the heart to injure Athens, whose rapid expansion and glory were largely due to the naval policy which he had founded. He died about 460, B.C.















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