THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE

A BOOK OF GIANTS

TALES OF VERY TALL MEN OF MYTH, LEGEND, HISTORY, AND SCIENCE

BY

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK OF BRAVERY," "THE ROMANCE OF PISCATOR," ETC.

"And there we saw giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants: and we were in our sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."—NUMBERS: xiii, 33.

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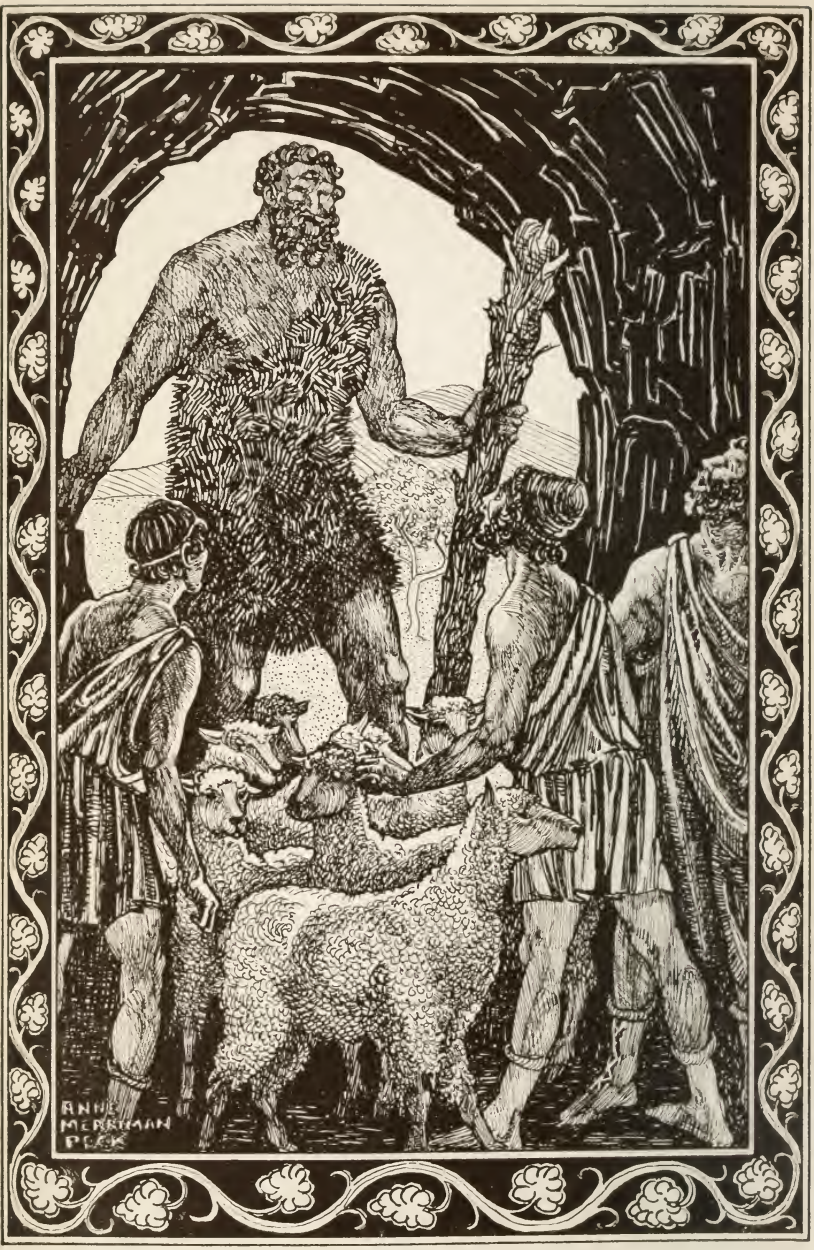
ANNE
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In a number of cases the text of the original romance or "history" has been followed as closely as possible, to retain the flavor of the old tales.

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INTRODUCTION

Man in his youth was so fond of giants that, not finding them large or plentiful enough, he created a bounteous supply. He gave them precedence of himself. In the frozen North they came even before the gods: in the East, after the celestials but before the creation of the world; in Greece they sprang into being just after the Olympians and fiercely disputed the sovereignty of Zeus.

Many ancient gods were vast in size: witness, for instance, the colossal statues of Egypt, China or the South Seas. But the palm for bigness must go to those giant beings whom we find amid Chaos in the East: like that Tiamat from whom the Babylonian god Bel formed heavens and earth; and Purushu of the Hindu Vedas, whose severed head was sufficient for making the sky, his feet for the earth, his eye for the sun, and his mind for the moon.

Somehow, these are too large; nowadays one can hardly digest a giant like that. Even those huge and terrible beings with bodies of stone who once descended upon the Iroquois Indians seem more like Djinn or Rakshasas: they do not fascinate as does that monstrous black warder of the bridge at Mantrible, who was fifteen feet tall with "tuskes like a bore" and head "like a liberde."

The scholars quarrel over the question whether or not the very word originally meant "earth-born"; but

be that as it may, the giants exhibited in these pages (collected after wider search than even Mr. Barnum ever prosecuted for such prodigies) are all creatures of earth, at least in part. Their feet are on the earth, even if like Og, King of Bashan, their heads tower high enough to drink straight from the clouds.

They all have a semblance of human beings, as they should. If this seems doubtful remember Ea-Bani. His story is certainly the first to be put on record, for it was baked in clay at least 2500 years ago, the twelve tablets being found among King Assur-bani-pal's library at Nineveh. Ea-bani was a huge giant, who lived with the wild animals, and who defied every attempt to capture him—until King Gilgamesh abandoned force and sent a very beautiful woman to stand quietly near one of the hairy creature's lurking places. At first sight of her the colossal wild man falls in love; accompanies here meekly back to civilization: and, giving up his beloved forest, takes a humble second part in the subsequent stirring adventures of the King. No doubt about the human nature of that!

Considering that he made them, it does seem as if man had been somewhat unfair to the giants. In the beginning, they won enduring glory: Typhon conquered Zeus in hand-to-hand fight and drove the other gods to wander over Egypt disguised as animals; even Atlas had at least the dignity of holding up the heavens upon his head and hands forever. The Frost-giants more than once outwitted Thor and the other dwellers in Valhalla; and but the other day, historically speaking, Gargantua could swallow five pilgrims as a salad.

But what a humiliating portion has been allotted to the successors of these awe-inspiring monsters. First they made gods tremble; then they were slain by demi-gods and heroes; next they became a measure of the prowess of every knight of chivalry; presently they were the sport of the childish Jack the Giant-killer;—and now for a hundred years we have relegated them to our circuses and museums. Worst of all, the wise men insist that "giantism" is merely a disease.

It really isn't quite fair. Besides the inconvenience of being a giant—just think of the difficulty of getting enough to eat and clothes to wear—what a disgrace to have one's head inevitably cut off by some little whipper-snapper up to one's waist or knees. And then to be such a by-word for stupidity. Amycus, who used to kill each newcomer with a single blow, was at once dispatched by Polydeuces, the skilful boxer: that sort of an awkward ineffectiveness was bad enough; but what of Polyphemus, who had not sense enough to explain to his Cyclop brethren the transparent trick of Ulysses in calling himself "Noman"? One can't help feeling sorry for such helpless hulks.

And perhaps the unkindest cut of all is the true tale related by Patin, the famous French surgeon. "In the Seventeenth Century, in order to gratify a whim of the Empress of Austria, all the giants and dwarfs in the Germanic empire were assembled at Vienna. As circumstances required that all should be housed in one building, it was feared that the imposing proportions of the giants should terrify the dwarfs; and means were taken to assure the latter that they were perfectly

safe. But the result was most unexpected. The dwarfs teased, insulted and even robbed the giants to such an extent that the latter compained in tears to the officials; and sentinels had to be stationed to protect them from their tiny comrades."

However, the fascination of these Very Tall Men still continues. And these tales relate to the adventures of some of the famous of all ages and all lands.

Those lovers of the colorful old days, who mourn the departure of the giants before the sceptical eye of science and the camera, may be comforted to learn that in the rugged country of Northern Scotland the folk are better informed than we. There where Sutherland rocks meet the sea, east from Cape Wrath, the wise ancients will tell you that the giants are not really all dead, but only sleeping in the great Hall of Albyn. In proof whereof, know that a man of these parts once ventured into a great cave by the sea-shore. It opened to a vast and lofty apartment, where there were many huge men lying fast asleep on the stone floor. In the center of the room was a table, on which lay an ancient horn. The man put the horn to his lips and blew one blast. The enormous figures stirred. He blew a second time. One of the giants rubbed his eyes and said in a voice that rumbled through the cave:

"If you blow once more, we shall wake."

The man fled in terror. Though by singular bad luck he could never again find the mouth of that cave, it is something to know that our tall friends are there, only waiting for three bold blasts to return to us.

Part I

GIANTS OF THE MORNING OF THE WORLD

A BOOK OF GIANTS

CHAPTER I

HOW ZEUS FOUGHT WITH TITANS AND GIANTS

WE think of Zeus as the mightiest god of Greece, accompanied by his servants Force, Might and Victory,—the Cloud-gatherer, the Rain-giver, the Thunderer, the Lightning-hurler, the Sender of Prodigies, the Guider of Stars, the Ruler of other gods and men, whom even Poseidon the Earth-shaker must obey. The very name reverberates with majesty, power, dominion.

But the beginnings of this vast deity were in darkness and danger.

True, the reign of his father Kronos was that Golden Age when, in the fresh morning of the world, "Heat and Cold were not yet at strife, the Seasons had not begun their mystic dance, and one mild and equable climate stretched from pole to pole; when the trees bore fruit and the vine her purple clusters all the year, and honey-dew dripped from the laurel and juniper which are now so bitter; when flowers of every hue filled the air with perpetual fragrance, the lion gambolled with the kid, and the unfanged serpent was as harmless as the dove"; when over-curious Pandora not yet having released her boxful of ills,

men had neither care nor sickness nor old age, but, after centuries of blissful calm, faded like flowers and became kindly spirit-guardians of their successors.

Yet amid this charming serenity Kronos could never forget the curse of his father Uranus whom he had overthrown, and the prophecy that he himself should in his turn be cast down by his own children.

"Wherefore being resolved to defeat that prophecy, he swallowed each child his wife Rhea brought forth, as soon as it was born. When Rhea had thus lost five babes,—Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Hades and Poseidon—and knew herself about to bear yet another, she made her prayer to Uranus her ancient sire, imploring counsel and aid.

"But only a faint, vast murmur thrilled through the sky:

"'My voice is but the voice of winds and tides, no more than winds and tides can I avail. Pray thou to thy puissant Mother: in me, dispossessed of godhead, is no succor more.'"

So the Titaness betook her to Earth, and the mighty Mother gave her counsel how to outwit grim Kronos. And Rhea fled through the swift, dark night to a secret thicket upon a hill of Arcadia. There was born a mighty babe, whom she called Zeus. At her prayer Mother Earth smote the mountain, and there gushed forth a bounding stream, in which she laved the infant. Then she gave him to the nymph Neda who bore him swiftly across the sea to Crete, hiding him in a cave upon a dense and wooded mountain named Ida.

She entrusted the child to Adrastea and Ida, nymphs

of the mountain, to be reared in secret. But Rhea took a huge stone and wrapped it in swathes, and brought it to Kronos, then sovereign of the gods, saying: "Behold, I have borne my lord another son."

"Naught said he, but snatched the stone and greedily swallowed it, nothing doubting that it was the new-born child. Thus his wife deceived him, for all his cunning."

Rhea might not so much as see her babe, lest Kronos should spy her from his throne on high; but the child throve, laid in a golden winnowing-fan for a good omen, tended by the gentle nymphs, and nourished on the wild honey they gathered for him and on the milk of a mountain goat. Around him danced the fierce Curetes, Earth-born warriors, who performed their war-dances, rattling and clashing their weapons whenever the infant cried, lest Kronos should overhear him.

"So the child Zeus increased daily in beauty and stature, nor was it long before he gave proof of his godhead in wondrous wise. Two years his goat foster-mother suckled him: snow-white she was, with jet black horns and hooves, the most beauteous of her kind, and her name was Amalthea. Then, on a day, while the young god played with her after his wont, he grasped one of her curved horns as she made pretence of butting, and broke it clean off.

"Tears stood in the creature's eyes, and she looked reproachfully on her fosterling. But the little god ran to her and threw his arms about her shaggy neck,

bidding her be comforted, for he would make amends; with that he laid his right hand on the goat's head, and immediately a new horn sprouted full-grown. And he took up the horn he had broken, and gave it to the nymphs, saying, 'Kindly nurses, in recompense of your care, Zeus gives you Amalthea's Horn which shall be to you a horn of plenty. As for her, when I come into my kingdom, I will be mindful of my foster-mother; she shall not die but be changed into one of the bright signs of Heaven.' Thus Zeus promised, and fulfilled his word in the aftertime, for faithful and true are the promises of the Immortals. But when the nymphs had taken the Horn of Amalthea, behold they found it brimful of all manner of luscious fruits, of the finest wheat flour, and sweet butter, and golden honeycomb. They shook all out, laughing in delight, and one cried: 'Here were a feast for the gods, had we but wine thereto!' No sooner said she this than the Horn bubbled over with ruby wine; for this was the magic in it, that it never grew empty, and yielded its possessors whatsoever food or drink they desired.

"Now when Earth saw that Zeus was come to the prime of his mighty youth, she sent to him one of the daughters of Oceanus named Metis, which is, being interpreted, 'Counsel.' And Metis came and stood before him in the Idaean Mount and said: 'I have an errand unto thee, O king that shalt be hereafter.'

"And Zeus said: 'Is it a foe's errand, or a friend's? Who sent thee hither, and who art thou?'

"And she said: 'Metis is my name, a daughter of

Oceanus the old, and my errand is from Earth, the All-Mother. She bids thee take this herb I bring and go straight to Kronos in his golden house on high; tell him not who or whence thou art, but cause him to swallow the herb unweeting, and it shall work mischief to him and good to thee. Delay not, for the hour is at hand when Kronos must pay full measure for the outrage he did his sire, as it is ordained.'

"'Tell me,' said Zeus, 'how knows Earth that such an hour is at hand, and by whom is the vengeance ordained?'

"Metis answered: 'There are Three Sisters, daughters of Primeval Night, Grey Virgins, older than Time, who sit forever in the shades of underground, spinning threads of divers colors from their golden distaffs; and the threads are the lives of gods and men. As the sisters twine them, sad-hued or bright, so is the lot of each living soul, mortal or immortal; there is none among the gods, nor shall be, that may escape the lot spun for him, nor avail to turn those spinners from their task. Hasting not, resting not, without knowledge, without pity, the Three Fates work on. But as they twirl the spindles, they sing the Song of the Morrow; and Earth, she only, understands that song; hence it is she knows what is coming upon Kronos.'

"Then Zeus arose and went up to the heavenly palace halls; there he found Kronos feasting, and quaffing honey-colored nectar, wine of the gods. Kronos asked him who he was, and Zeus answered: 'I am Prometheus, son of Iapetus thy brother, who

greets thee well by me.' Then Kronos bade him welcome, and they drank and caroused together. But when they had well drunk, Zeus put the herb of Earth into his father's cup, unmarked of him.

"And Kronos no sooner swallowed it than a marvel past thought befell; for he disgorged from his giant maw first the stone Rhea gave him (which stone was ever afterwards preserved as a pious memorial at Delphi) and then her two sons and daughters three, no longer babes but full-grown.

"Forthwith Zeus made himself known to his brethren, and the young gods seized their father and bound him in chains. But ancient Kronos cried for aid to his Titan kindred, with a voice like the tempest's roar; and they came swiftly in their might; and the young gods could not stand before them, but fled out of heaven to the cloudy top of Mount Olympus, that great peak robed in eternal snows."

There they abode as in a citadel, and thence it is that Zeus and the family of Zeus are called "the Olympians" to this day.

The Titans occupied Mt. Othrys to the south, and the broad plains of Thessaly in between show even yet the shattered rocks and rent surface from the struggle which ensued.

"For now there was war in heaven; ten years the Elder Gods fought against the Olympians and neither side could win the mastery. But one amongst the Titans would not fight against Zeus; for being endued with wisdom and foresight about all gods, he perceived that the day of Kronos must shortly have an

end and his sceptre pass to another. This was Prometheus, whom Asia, daughter of Oceanus, bore to Iapetus, son of Earth. Fain would he have dissuaded his father and brother from taking arms in a lost cause, and for the sake of one who, himself a usurper, must now reap as he had sown; but they would not heed, trusting in their own giant strength.

"At last Zeus sought counsel of Mother Earth and she spake this oracle unto him out of the cave that is in rocky Pytho—*'He that will conquer in this strife, let him set free the captives in Tartarus.'* For Earth had long borne Kronos a grudge, because he would not release the Hundred-handed and the Cyclopes from that abyss of darkness; therefore she willingly revealed to Zeus the secret of victory. But naught knew he of those giants or their fate, nor so much as the name of Tartarus, which none among the heaven-dwelling gods will utter for very loathing; so the saying of Earth was dark to him, and he was much disheartened. Then Prometheus, knowing what had befallen, came to Zeus on Olympus and said: 'Son of Kronos, though fight I may not against my kin, fight against thee I will not, for that were idle folly, seeing the Fates will have thee Lord of all. Let there be peace between me and thee, and I will interpret the oracle Earth has given thee.'

"And Zeus heard him gladly, and said: 'For this good turn, count me thy debtor and fast friend evermore.'

"Then straightway they two fared through the Underworld to the gates of unplumbed Tartarus,

where by the Titan's aid Zeus slew the snake Campé, their grisly warder, and delivered the captives."

And amazed was the leader of the younger gods at the sight of these monstrous first children of Earth. For each of the three Hundred-handed, Briareus, Cottus and Gyges, had moving ever from his shoulders a hundred arms, not brooking approach, while above this threatening display rose fifty heads. As for the Cyclopes, Brontes, Steropes and Arges, they resembled the Titans, save that each had a single round eye in the centre of his forehead. They had shown from birth such overbearing spirit and terrific strength, tossing whole hills with their forests about like balls, that even Uranus had feared them and thrust them into Tartarus ere they were grown.

Zeus rejoiced at these mighty allies. But fell fighters as they were, their greatest aid was not in their strength but their skill. For the Cyclopes made themselves a smithy in the glowing heart of Mt. Ætna, and there they wrought such gifts for their deliverers as only they could fashion. To Poseidon they gave his trident with prongs of adamant; and to Hades a cap of darkness whose wearer was invisible to gods and men; while for Zeus himself they forged the kingliest weapons of all: the thunderbolts and the blasting, zig-zagged lightning.

Then Zeus set before them all the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, and addressed them:

"Hear me, illustrious children of Earth and Heaven, that I may speak what my spirit within my breast prompts me to speak. For a very long time have

we been fighting for the mastery, the Titan gods and we who are sprung from Kronos. Now show your invincible might against the Titans, in gratitude for your deliverance to the light from bondage in murky gloom."

The blameless Cottus answered: "Excellent Lord, we are aware that thy wisdom is most high, and thy mind, and that thou hast been to the immortals an averter of destruction. Wherefore we will now protect thy dominion in fell conflict, fighting stoutly against the Titans."

And all the gods applauded, female as well as male, and they rushed to combat. The Titans on their side were no less eager, and as the battle joined, the boundless sea re-echoed terribly, and earth resounded, and broad heavens groaned as it shook, and vast Olympus swayed on its base, and even to murky Tartarus came the hollow sound of feet and battle-strokes. And as the two sides came together, their great war-cry reached to the starry heaven above.

Now Zeus loosed his fury, and the bolts with thunder and lightning shot so fast and fiercely from his mightly hand that earth crashed in conflagration, and the forests crackled with fire; ocean's streams began to boil, while the vapor encircled the Titans, and the incessant, dazzling flashes bereft their eyes of sight, gods as they were.

Fearful heat spread everywhere, and it seemed as if earth and heaven were clashing together and falling into ruins. At the same time the winds spread abroad smoke and battle-cry and crash of missiles, as the

Hundred-handed, insatiable in war, advanced, hurling three hundred vast rocks at a time against the enemy.

Before this combination of terrors even the Titans could not stand. They were dashed from their battlements and fell like shooting stars nine days and nights to earth, then on down for nine days and nights more to Tartarus. Here were they bound and cast into that dismal abyss, behind a triple brazen wall built by Poseidon, around which Night is poured in three rows. And the Hundred-handed were set to guard them.

Kronos and a few others escaped to the North, and there made head for a time, sheltered against Zeus's thunderbolts in caverns of the hills. But there came to the Olympians two mighty twin Shapes, Force and Might, followed by their sister, beauteous-ankled Victory (from whose shoulders waved great eagle's wings)—all children of Styx; and those two illustrious ones announced to Zeus that henceforth they were his servants, and that their sister, Victory, would ever follow them.

So with these ministers, Zeus went forth once more; and the remainder of the Titans fled westward beyond the utmost limits of earth. But huge Atlas, brother of Prometheus, was overtaken, and him Zeus stationed on the very verge of the earth, before the clear-voiced Hesperides, sentencing him to bear forever on his shoulders the weight of the vast sky.

Having thus achieved the victory, Zeus gave to Hades dominion over the Underworld, to Poseidon the Sea, and took himself the realm of the Æther and the Earth, rewarding all those who had assisted

him, and especially honoring Styx, mother of Force, Might and Victory, so that thenceforth the most sacred and inviolable oath for an immortal was to swear by Styx.

Mother Earth was far from pleased at this outcome. Her imprisoned first-born children had been released only to have her other beautiful Titan sons and daughters take their places in Tartarus. In revenge she brought forth a brood of Giants to war with the young gods. These were huge and invincible creatures with ghastly faces and long, thick, matted hair hanging from their heads and chins; instead of feet they had scaly dragon's tails. Their birth-place was in Phlegra or Pallene. The most redoubtable among them were Porphyrion and Alcyoneus. The latter was immortal so long as he fought on the same part of the earth on which he was born, and he soon distinguished himself by carrying off the cattle of the Sun and Moon.

With these and their brethren—Enceladus, Pallas, Clytius, Polybotes, Hippolytus and others — were joined Otus and Ephialtes, children of Poseidon, who, says Homer, grew nine inches every month, and who when they were only nine years old had captured war-god Mars himself and held him prisoner more than a year.

Now the oracle revealed to the gods that the giants could be destroyed only in combat with a mortal. Gæa (Earth) had learned this, and sought by means of magic herbs to make her offspring invulnerable also to mortals.

But Zeus anticipated her: he forbade the Dawn,

the Moon and the Sun to shine, cut off the medicinal herbs with which Earth had plastered her offspring, and sent Athena to summon Heracles to take part in the combat.

This savage group of Giants then attacked the Olympians, hurling great masses of rock, tree-trunks lashed together, and blazing brands against the sky. But the distance was too great for them to do much damage, so they tried to scale Heaven itself. When their trees fastened together proved too short, Otus and Ephialtes set about another attempt: upsetting Mt. Ossa they began to roll it toward Mt. Olympus, intending to pile the lofty peak of Pelion on that, and thus reach their enemies.

Then Zeus rose in his majesty. With a thunderbolt he hurled the mountain back to its former place, the Olympians all dashed down, riding on the winds, and a mighty battle followed which lasted a whole day.

Heracles drew his great death-dealing bow and slew Alcyoneus with an arrow. But as soon as he touched the earth he rose with renewed life and strength. Whereupon wise Athena counseled the hero to grasp the monster by the foot and drag him out of Pallene, his birthplace. He did so, and Alcyoneus died.

At this Porphyrion in hot rage hurled the island of Delos at Zeus and rushed upon Heracles and Hera. As the giant laid hold of the goddess's swathing veils, she cried out for help, and the thunderbolt of Zeus and Heracles' arrow smote Porphyrion simultaneously.

As for the rest, Apollo shot out the left eye of Ephialtes, and Heracles the right. Dionysus killed Eurytus with his sacred wand, while Clytius was thrust through by Hecate or Hephæstus with glowing ironstone. Enceladus fled across the sea, but Athena seized a great triangle of rock and cast it upon him—and when trees and soil formed on this, it was called the island of Sicily.

As Virgil's wandering hero, Æneas, sings:

> Here, while from Aetna's furnaces the flame
> Bursts forth, Enceladus, 'tis said, doth lie,
> Scorched by the lightning. As his wearied frame
> He shifts, Trinacria, trembling at the cry
> Moans through her shores, and smoke involves the sky.

Athena, terrible in her battle-wrath, next killed and flayed Pallas and put his skin over her own body while the combat lasted,—whence comes her name of Pallas Athene. Polybotes, chased by Poseidon over the sea, came to Cos; here the sea-god tore off a piece of the island and buried him under it, where now is Nisyron.

Hermes, concealed by the helmet of Hades, killed Hippolytus, while Artemis slew Gration. So the Fates ended Agrius and Thoon with brazen clubs. The rest Zeus crushed with thunderbolts, and Heracles finished with his deadly arrows.

Then in hot wrath Earth brought forth the most terrific monster yet seen. Typhon was he called, the greatest of Earth's children, half man and half animal: he was human to the loins and was so huge that he towered over the mountains while his head

knocked against the stars. His outstretched arms reached from sunrise to sunset, and a hundred dragon heads shot from his shoulders. Instead of legs he moved on vast, rustling snaky coils; his whole body was feathered; bristly hair floated in the wind from his head and chin, and fire streamed from his eyes.

Such a monster was Typhon.

Hurling clusters of rocks up at heaven, he ran with hisses and screams, while a red mass of flame bubbled from his mouth.

When the gods saw him charge on heaven, they fled to Egypt, where they wandered about in the shapes of animals, pursued by him.

Zeus hurled thunderbolts as long as he was afar off. When he came nearer, the god's iron sickle made him flee, and Zeus pursued him to the Caucasus that towers over Syria. There he came up with him, covered with wounds, and joined in a hand-to-hand grapple.

But Typhon held him off, wrapping his snaky limbs around him, snatched away the sickle, and cutting out the sinews of the god's hands and feet, put him on his shoulders and carried him across the sea to Cilicia.

Here in a cavern he threw him down, put away the sinews wrapped in a bear-skin, and set as a guard over the helpless god, Delphyne, a young she-dragon, half human, half animal.

But cunning Hermes stole away the sinews and secretly replaced them in Zeus's wrists and ankles. Then Zeus gathered himself together, and his former

powers came upon him, and he rose to his seat in heaven in a car drawn by winged horses.

Again he hurled his thunderbolts upon Typhon and pursued the monstrous giant to Mt. Nysa, where the Fates outwitted the fugitive: for, persuaded by them that he would thereby get greater powers, he ate of the ephemeral poison fruits.

Then the chase became more furious. They came to Thrace where Typhon fought with whole peaks of the Hamus Mountains; and when these were hurled back on him by the Thunderer, his blood gushed out over them so that these are called the "bloody mountains" to this day.

And at last, as Typhon was compelled to flee across the Sicilian sea, Zeus threw the towering mountain of Ætna on top of him and buried him there forever. Here he lies still, turning and groaning at times, while fires blaze up from the hurled lightnings.

After that there was nobody in heaven, earth or the underworld who dared dispute the supreme dominion of Zeus.

CHAPTER II

THE GIANT WHO SHINES IN THE SKY

IN the days when the Olympians still walked at times among men, Zeus and Poseidon and Hermes once found themselves benighted in a lonely region of the rough Bœotian country.

As darkness fell, they passed a little hut by the roadside. The farmer stood in the doorway, enjoying the cool of the evening after his day's toil; and seeing the wayfarers plodding along, he invited them in to pass the night.

"My house is poor enough," said he, "but such as it is, it is yours."

The three gods entered. The farmer, Hyrieus by name, set food and drink before them, waited upon them, gave up his own pallet to make them comfortable and entertained these nameless wanderers like distinguished guests, all with the utmost simplicity and good feeling.

The Olympians were touched by this rough herdsman's fine hospitality. They consulted together in whispers when they had finished their meal.

Then: "Is there anything you wish for, host?" enquired Hermes as spokesman.

Hyrieus started. "Well," said he, "of course there is, but that's past mending."

"What is it?" persisted Hermes.

"I had a wife," said the herdsman, "whom I loved so that when she died I vowed never to marry again. So all these years I have lived alone, and alone I shall live till the end. Yet a man cannot help wishing for a son to drive away the loneliness of the winter evenings and to be a prop to him in his old age. Probably you will laugh at me for a foolish person: for I mean to keep my vow, and yet I wish for a son."

"Those who know do not laugh at honesty," replied Hermes. "And I say to you that he who gives all freely never fails to receive. I noticed that you killed your only ox to provide meat for our meal: bring me his hide."

Hyrieus stared at him, doubtful. He feared he was being made the butt of some jest. But the stranger's open smile promised something quite different. Much wondering, he went out into the darkness and after a while returned with the hide of the ox which he had sacrificed to hospitality. He did not regret the act, but he could not help thinking of the morrow as he handled the still warm skin of this faithful companion and servant. What would he do without its aid? And what did this mysterious person mean by his odd request? He spoke as a man having authority, however, and there was nothing for it save to obey and see what might befall.

Hermes took the hide, and bade him fetch a spade. The three mysterious visitors went out into the night. Hyrieus, peering out after them, saw them bury the ox skin in front of his house, with strange and secret

ceremonies. Without knowing why, he trembled. He trembled still more when they returned, for the strangers seemed to have become suddenly majestic, awe-inspiring.

The bearded one, who had not spoken hitherto, looked solemnly upon the herdsman. Instinctively the Bœotian fell into an attitude of worship.

"You shall have your wish," announced this one, in tones that filled the low-raftered room like a mighty wind. "Next spring you shall have a son—and such a son as mortal never yet had."

The three retired for the night. When Hyrieus woke, as usual, with the dawn, they had disappeared. He went about his labors, sorely increased by the loss of his ox, pondering deeply on what had occurred. Many a time he looked at the little patch of freshly-turned earth, but something forbade him to investigate. And then the fall rains came and obliterated the spot; and the winter snows covered all; and everything was as it had been, save for the insistent recollection in the farmer's heart. Many times he laughed at his folly; yet in the still evenings as he sat before his fire, he knew that he expected—something.

Winter passed at length. Spring painted the hills with yellow and white and pink blossoms. And its soft unfolding promises seemed to reinforce that secret hope, which defied reason, and which persisted in the heart of Hyrieus. As he sat outdoors in the long twilight evenings, instead of crouching close to his scanty fire, every sound of the reawakening earth had a new meaning. Even the still white calm of snow-

capped Parnassus, far to the west, seemed to presage some great happening. For the first time since his youth he really heard the shrill voices of the frogs in the neighboring marsh: it was as if even these tiny creatures were repeating the promise made him by his mysterious visitors. And then he would smile sadly at his senile credulity and, remembering the reality of the morrow's hard work, would plod stiffly into his solitary hut and seek on his pallet bed that dream land where all things are possible.

One morning he rose with even more than his usual reluctance to exchange for the hard grubbing reality the vague but delightful fancies which had filled the night. Force of habit made him swallow a few mouthfuls of his coarse breakfast. Mechanically he stepped outside towards the day's work that awaited him.

The sun was just rising over the low ridge that thrust itself into the bend of the Asopus River. Instinctively his gaze went towards the spot where the strange trio had performed their mysterious rites, past which gurgled a little stream.

He stopped short, startled out of his dreamy reverie. His eyes rounded in astonishment.

That spot of earth had remained bare, though all around it the lush grass and many-colored flowers had woven an intricate tapestry. It was this strange fact which had continually reinforced his wonder and his superstitious belief.

But overnight a sudden transformation had taken place. The whole space was one mass of asphodels in full bloom. The sun's level rays fell upon their

white blossoms, amid which the meandering threads of crimson looked like blazing hieroglyphics.

Hyrieus looked in bewilderment, mixed with a kind of awe. Slowly he advanced towards this bed of blossoms which had appeared so suddenly. Then he cried out.

For there, cradled in the asphodels, lay a babe—such a child as his eyes had never yet beheld. Shapely and beautiful, and of such size as made one think of the Heroes of legend, he slept peacefully.

Overcoming his timidity at last, Hyrieus gently picked up the sleeping infant. When the big blue eyes opened and a sleepy smile came over the child's face, the honest farmer's heart overflowed with joy at this realization of his wildest dreams. Marveling again at the weight of his burden, he took this earth-born son into his cottage, laid him on his own bed, and sat watching his slumber in a sort of ecstacy. From that time he was father and mother both to the child, carrying it with him when he went about his necessary labor afield, and watching over it with an anxious care into which his whole existence seemed concentrated.

The boy was well worth these pains and pride. He never cried; and he seemed perfectly happy and contented when couched in a nest of soft grass and dry leaves under the open sky, where his foster-father, as he toiled, could keep an eye on him. Moreover, the youngster grew like some sturdy young bull. He had no teething troubles; presently he was eating the same food that served Hyrieus himself—with all the

choicest portions for his share; and he found his legs almost as quickly as a young partridge.

In fact, by the time when ordinary children are beginning to toddle uncertainly, this boy, whom Hyrieus had named Orion, was as tall as his foster-father. Nor did he cease his prodigious growth when he reached the ordinary limits of mankind: not even Otus and Ephialtes, who rebelled against the gods and strove to set Mt. Ossa upon Pelion that they might scale Olympus itself,—not even these gigantic youths could compare with Orion. And we have the word of Odysseus who beheld them among the shades in Hades that those portentous twins were at nine years of age fifty-four feet in height and some thirteen across the shoulders.

He was as handsome as one of the immortals, too, this Orion. Well proportioned and graceful in spite of his size, he roamed the woods and fields with the agility and tirelessness of one of the wild creatures whose ways seemed to have an endless fascination for him.

Hyrieus began to fare better than ever before, for the boy would return from these expeditions with rabbits and hares, with quail, wood pigeons, partridges and ducks, which he had snared or caught with his hands by some sudden pounce after a long stalk.

Presently his foster-father showed him how to make a bow and arrows; and one day the youngster proudly appeared before the hut with a roebuck upon his shoulders. It was not long before he had learned to outwit the great red stags of the hills, to chase suc-

cessfully the long-horned wild goats, and even to bring back chamois from the precipitous fastnesses of rocky, fir-clad Mt. Cithæron, or the crags of two-peaked Helicon. By the time he had reached his early teens he was already a mighty hunter, who had met and vanquished the lynx, the wolf and the brown bear, who could stand up to the charge of an infuriated wild boar, and whose chief desire was to take in fair fight the lion skin he wished for a cloak.

Fierce as he was, however, in attacking some snarling wild beast with his great club, he was always gentle and thoughtful to his foster-father; and Hyrieus many a time blessed the day when his hospitality had fallen upon such fruitful soil. To be sure, as the good farmer grew old, his unbounded pride in the feats of this stripling cast at times a reflected glory upon himself: there were moments when he looked upon Orion's great muscles and the trophies of his strength and fleetness almost as if these were to be credited to his very own flesh and blood. Yet in the bottom of his heart there was ever a slight feeling of awe at this prodigy who had come to comfort his old age; and this was deepened when he learned of one strange power which the youth possessed.

Exulting in his own swiftness of foot, Orion was one day chasing a roebuck, endeavoring to run down the bounding little creature on equal terms. The deer made for the river, and finding itself hard pressed, sprang in and swam the wide stream. Orion, close behind, excitedly plunged in after his quarry; and though the water was far above his head, he actually

gained upon the deer in crossing, caught it on the opposite shore, and bore the carcass home in triumph. It seemed perfectly natural to him to be able to walk through the water, without touching bottom, almost as easily as on dry land; but Hyrieus was filled with astonishment at his story and could scarcely credit it until he saw the youth a few days later perform the same miraculous feat in the neighboring lake, advancing with great strides through fifty feet of water, only his head showing above the surface. Unknown to either of them, this was the natal gift of Poseidon, god of the sea and waters. Orion troubled himself little enough about whence it came or its singularity; but from that hour rivers and lakes were no obstacle to him, and when he roamed further and reached the great sea itself, he found himself master of even this, and able to travel through the salt surge and the heaving waves of Poseidon's own domain. Thereafter, the farthest confines of Greece, nay even Thrace, Macedon and remote Illyria, could not satisfy this passion for wandering. He learned to know the aspect of inaccessible Olympus from the north and west as well as the familiar one from the south. The unknown, with its new animals and fresh landscapes, ever called him on to wider and wider swings from his Bœotian home.

When he reached young manhood, all who beheld him agreed that he was handsomest among the sons of men—if indeed he were of human origin. The maidens of Tanagra, Thebes and Platæa did not say so much, but their eyes spoke for them when the swift-

footed young hunter sped past. As for him, he seemed to see none of them save Side, whose tall beauty and dignity marked her out among all the graceful girls of that land; and he only knew that when he looked upon her he was filled with a vague unrest.

The time came for the festival of the Great Dædala, when, once in sixty years, all the folk celebrated the reconciliation of Zeus and Hera.

From every corner of Bœotia the people gathered. In solemn procession, headed by the priests, they fared forth into an ancient forest, where giant oaks stood shoulder to shoulder so that their mighty boles were in sunless gloom.

The priest set some boiled meat on the ground. Breathlessly the great assemblage watched in silence as the birds dropped through the air to their feast.

Presently a raven appeared. A long sigh of expectant excitement went up from the crowd. The glossy black bird lit near the meat, and walked awkwardly towards it, cocking an impudent eye towards the motionless creatures who watched him so intently. Assured of their harmlessness, he seized a piece of this heaven-sent dinner and flapped away with his prize. Every gaze was focussed upon him.

As he lit on the lower branch of a huge oak some distance off, a tremendous shout from hundreds of throats rang through the gloomy forest. Everyone rushed to the tree thus selected. Amid songs and clamor, men with axes cut down this giant growth. And when it crashed to earth, another shout alarmed the birds and beasts for miles about.

Swiftly the skilled axemen hewed out an image from a section of the trunk. With deft fingers the women dressed this image in snowy bridal garments.

When all was ready, it was lifted into a clumsy wain, with solid hewed-out wheels, drawn by a white bullock. Beside it was seated the most beautiful virgin as bridesmaid; and Orion's heart throbbed violently as he saw the stately Side take her place in this seat of honor.

The wain started back out of the wood, followed by a piping and dancing throng of worshippers. At the edge of the forest they were met by another procession, escorting the thirteen other images which commemorated all the Little Dædala festivals since the last great celebration.

Chanting and dancing, the whole multitude moved down to the Asopus River; after a ceremony of purification, they set out for Mt. Cithæron.

Here the fourteen wains were dragged to the very summit of the mountain. The images were placed on the altar of square blocks of wood, and brushwood was heaped over all. After sacrifices had been performed,—a he-goat to Zeus, and a cow to Hera—a torch was set to this sacred pile, and in a moment the whole was a vast pillar of fire, leaping a hundred feet into the air and visible for miles and miles in every direction.

It was a prodigious and awe-inspiring spectacle. But Orion saw only Side in her calm and lofty beauty. For the first time he realized that there were other

things necessary to his happiness besides chasing the red deer and the snarling wolf.

He sought her parents and demanded her. And when they found that Side, so sure of herself and so scornful of all suitors, had lost her heart to this tall, impetuous youth, they gave their consent.

The wedding was the occasion of another celebration almost as joyous as one of the lesser Dædala, for all the countryside was proud of the unmatched beauty of Side, and Orion's renown had spread far and wide.

Each guest seemed to vie with all the others in complimenting Side, who had never looked more lovely or more unapproachable than in her bridal array. So loud and extravagant was this chorus of praise that it aroused the jealousy of some of her comrades.

"After all," broke out a black-eyed maiden spitefully, "she is the daughter of crooked-legged Alpheus. One might think, to hear them go on, that it was Hera herself who was being married to this wild man."

Orion, beside his bride, heard the taunt, and turned upon the speaker.

"I have never seen Hera," said he. "But I have seen Side—and she is beyond compare with any mortal I know. Until I behold the Goddess face to face and find I am mistaken, I shall believe that even on Olympus there is none that can challenge my bride."

The guests gasped and drew back a space at this audacious sacrilege. Side, however, smiled, well pleased. For in her secret heart she thought her ar-

dent lover spoke but the truth, and that had she been in Hera's place there would have been no need of the reconciliation with Zeus, for which the Dædala was held.

The large-eyed Queen of Heaven heard the rash speech and saw the presumption of this earth-born maiden. Her majestic brows knit in anger—and it was as if a cloud passed across the face of the sun. Sternly she refused the wedding sacrifice to herself, the Perfecter and Fulfiller, and all the folk were aghast at this portent.

But Side still smiled, serene in her blind conceit.

"Am I not perfect enough for you to worship?" said she softly to Orion.

His ardent answer was interrupted by a crash of thunder from the clear sky. Swiftly a great darkness fell upon the smiling plain. The merrymakers were blanched with fear as this blackness engulfed everything. They spoke in strained whispers. Darker and darker it grew, till one could not see his terrified neighbor's face. Even the murmurings ceased. All waited for some dread happening, they knew not what.

The silence was pierced by a sudden scream.

"Side!" cried Orion. "Side! Where are you?" He rushed wildly about, upsetting all in his path.

There was the sound of a rushing wind, nothing more. Then the gloom lifted as mysteriously as it had come.

But the bride was nowhere to be found. The wedding party crept to their homes. No earthly eye ever again beheld the presumptuous Side. The wise ones

whispered that the enraged Hera had cast her into Hades for her sacrilege. Once more Orion roamed the forests, more fiercely than ever.

It chanced one day, as he crashed through the thick bushes beside a river in hot chase of a noble stag, that he came suddenly upon a group of seven nymphs who, garlanded with flowers, were dancing upon the carpet of green moss.

They ceased their song at sight of him and huddled together behind the tallest in affright. This one, however, looked at him in bold defiance. She was Maia, eldest of these seven daughters of Atlas, and such was her beauty that it had already touched the heart of the Father of the Gods himself. Straight and slender she stood, gazing under level brows at the intruder as if challenging him to approach one under the protection of Zeus.

There was something about her proud carriage and the perfect oval of her face that made Orion think of his lost Side. The stag was forgotten. Impulsively he stepped forward to speak to her.

As this giant youth, with his torn and shaggy skin garment, and all flushed with the excitement of his chase, came closer, even Maia's bravery forsook her. She gave a cry of alarm, and all the seven turned and fled through the forest. Orion pursued them, as instinctively as he would have dashed after a startled roe. But to his surprise and chagrin they proved almost as fleet-footed as himself. He would hear them ahead, or catch a glimpse of them between the tree trunks, and plunge toward the spot—only to be baffled

time and again. At length, after hours of pursuit, he was compelled to own himself beaten and give up for the time.

The next day found him casting about like any deerhound for this elusive quarry. Yet they were as wary as he, and while he sighted them across a valley and renewed his efforts to the utmost, he never succeeded in drawing even as close as the first time, since the frightened nymphs had a trick of twisting and turning when hard pressed that always succeeded in carrying them out of sight and hearing.

This went on day after day till it became his main occupation, and while hunting game the thought of the fair Maia ever kept him on the alert. More than once he almost outwitted her and her sisters, and his determination became only hotter as time passed.

At last his opportunity came—five years after that first memorable meeting. From a hilltop he spied the group in the lush meadow by the river, pelting each other with anemones. Cautiously he crept along back of the ridge till he reached a point where he felt sure he could cut them off from the protecting forest. Then he leaped to his feet and started down the steep hillside as he had never run before.

Watchful from many alarms, they saw him almost immediately. With shrieks of terror they fled up the gentle slope. As he had foreseen, it became a race to see which should first reach the nearest tongue of forest that thrust towards the river.

Breathless but triumphant, Orion found himself at the edge of the tangled thicket. The group of maidens

halted fifty feet away, all except Maia weeping and crouching to the ground. In the open they were absolutely at his mercy.

Slowly he advanced towards them, wondering more than ever at the grace and charm of the leader, who faced him this time with less defiance, yet without any of the despair shown by her sisters. She called aloud upon Zeus for aid.

Closer and closer Orion approached, with never a word. Then with the same swift motion in which he was wont to pounce upon a trembling hare, he caught at his prize—and remained in this position, staring stupidly at seven white pigeons that fluttered away just out of his grasp and soared upward till they disappeared into the blue of the sky.

Zeus had listened to the prayer of Maia, and in his sovereign power he caught up all the seven into the firmament and translated them into stars, the shining Pleiades.

For the second time in his life Orion realized with dull resentment that there were unseen powers beyond his own. Like some wounded wolf he sought a couch in a cave, beneath a great overhanging rock in the nearby ravine, and lay there nursing his grievance.

When he finally came forth, the fair land of Hellas had become distasteful to him. He set forth to find some country beyond the seas where he might still be mightiest of all, and where naught could remind him of these rebuffs.

Wide were his wanderings across the mighty sea. Even to Scylla and Charybdis he came, and there left

perpetual memorials of his might. For on the Sicilian coast, where fell Charybdis threatened every mariner, he built a sickle-shaped strip of protecting rock that formed the safe harbor of Zancle, where, thanks to this shelter, the great city of Messina was to rise. Also, across the strait from hideous, six-headed Scylla he hurled into the open sea a rocky mass that juts from the shore as the promontory of Pelorus—whereon he reared a temple to his protector Poseidon, in which the inhabitants religiously adored the sea-god for thousands of years thereafter. For a time he dwelt in the mountains of Hera, whence fiery Ætna could be seen to the north, rumbling and spouting forth flame as the colossal Enceladus still struggled beneath its weight.

But, he could not long be content in any one place; so when he had mastered all the difficulties of rugged Sicily, he set forth once more.

This time he fared eastward again till he came into the smiling waters of the Ægean, and reached the craggy isle of Chios, where fig tree, palm and vine grew under the soft Ionian sky.

King Œnopion ruled this land of ease and plenty, and his daughter Merope was famed through all Ionia for her beauty.

Hardly had Orion beheld this princess when he found his heart burn within him at the sight or thought of her. Boldly he demanded her in marriage.

But King Œnopion, proud of his lineage as son of Dionysus and Ariadne, thought it far from fitting that his daughter should wed this wandering woodsman,

superhuman as his strength might be. Not venturing to express his feeling openly to his formidable, self-invited guest, he still managed to delay giving a decisive answer.

After the fashion of lovers of all times, Orion made offering of his special capacities. The wild creatures of Chios had a hard time, for not only must skins and furs and venison be laid at the feet of the beautiful Merope, but he caught at the suggestion of the King that he should free the island from the lions and other dangerous beasts which then ravaged it and held all the inhabitants in terror.

To Œnopion's disappointment he proved fiercer than the bears and lions, even than the dreaded sharks of the sea. Instead of being devoured as the King had hoped, he brought back one trophy after another, always demanding, with outdoor directness, the thing he had set his heart on.

His scanty patience was exhausted long before the wily monarch's stock of pretexts. His nature and habit had ever been to seize what he wanted: in his usual headlong fashion he attempted openly to carry off Merope by force; and failing in his first effort, made no secret of his intention to try again.

The wily Œnopion concealed his resentment and bade the headstrong suitor to a banquet. In friendly fashion he plied him with heady wine from the luscious grapes of Ariusia.

Then, when even his giant strength was relaxed, the royal slaves set upon him, blinded him, and cast him out upon the seashore to perish.

As the salt spray dashing over his face brought him to full consciousness, he roared aloud in pain and wrath. The people in the city miles away trembled at that sound; and Œnopion regretted to the bottom of his cowardly heart that he had not slain this giant when he was in his power.

Orion bathed his face in the lapping waves and got slowly on his feet. His first instinct was to grope his way back to the palace and take swift revenge upon the King for his treachery. But a few faltering steps convinced him of the folly of attempting this in his helpless state.

He turned again toward the sea, in which he now felt almost as much at home as on land. Keeping the fresh breeze full in his face, and calling aloud upon Poseidon, he waded into the waves. With no clear idea of where he was going, he set forth.

Northward he fared, finding relief in his mighty strides through the cool waters, and in the wind that blew full upon his fevered eyes. Hour after hour he sped on tirelessly, his thoughts still in such a ferment of rage that he could make no calm or reasoned plan.

Without knowing it, he arrived off the western point of Lesbos. Suddenly there broke upon his fantastic plans for revenge a mighty pulsing beat, which came muffled, from far away, through water and air. Instinctively he proceeded towards the sound; and as he advanced it grew ever louder, till he fancied it seemed like the clangor of a vast anvil under the strokes of some super-smith.

In fact he was approaching the isle of Lemnos,

where dwelt and labored the cunningest of all smiths, the lame god Hephæstos. Here, in a cavern stretching down beneath the ocean floor, he had had his workshop ever since Zeus had hurled him from Olympus, and here he wrought such marvels as the arms of Achilles, the sceptre of Agamemnon, and the fatal necklace of Harmonia.

Guided by the ringing hammer strokes, Orion at length reached this subterranean forge and told his story. The immortal craftsman was moved to see such bodily perfection marred and helpless through loss of sight.

He called one of his workmen. "Take Cedalion with you," he said. "He will guide you to the spot where the Sun rises. I know Helios well: did I not make the golden boat which carries him back each night, along the border of the earth, to the East once more? Before his gleaming eyes every darkness must retreat; for the All-seer pierces through any blackness. It is from him alone that you may recover your eyesight."

Overjoyed at any definite hope, Orion placed Cedalion on his shoulders, hastened up from the cavern, and once more plunged into the rolling breakers.

Directed by him he carried, he journeyed eastward, eastward ever. Past many a strange land he sped, holding to the mark as a homing-pigeon holds towards his distant remembered cote.

Long and weary was the way; but nothing mattered save to press on towards the god of light. And at last he reached that lovely bay in the ultimate East

where Helios mounts the sky each morn behind his snow-white steeds.

Here he placed Cedalion on his feet again. The latter prostrated himself face to earth, lest he be smitten by the terrible brilliance of the Sun-god. But Orion stood erect, awaiting the coming of the Day.

The brooding night trembled and drew back. Through the morning mist appeared Eos, goddess of the dawn and herald of her brilliant brother. New-risen from her ocean-couch, with ruddy hair streaming above her saffron-colored mantle, she advanced in her golden chariot, while her rosy fingers sprinkled dew upon the earth from the vase she carried. The dawn breeze struck mysterious notes of music from her tresses like those of an Æolian harp.

Orion could not see this gracious vision as he stood there stark and expectant. Yet some influence of the colorful morning freshness which faced him softened his countenance into a smile of pleasure.

And as Eos looked upon the perfectness of his strong, beautiful youth, she loved him. Bending down, she pressed a kiss upon his forehead, whispering: "Be of good heart. Helios comes."

She passed on. The heavens blazed with purple and crimson and gold streamers, shooting up to the zenith from the coronal of the rising Sun-god.

Out of the rippling blue waters of the bay lifted his majestic visage. The intolerable gleam of his eyes fell full upon the sightless orbs of Orion.

Instantly the blinded giant saw once more. But seeing, he was constrained for the first time in his

life to bow his head before that fiery glance. When the god had whirled on upward, he picked up the trembling Cedalion, set him on his shoulders again, and turned back towards Lemnos, for his wrath still burned hotly against Œnopion. Yet amid his grim thoughts of vengeance, ever and again there sounded those faint music-breaths that had come to him when Eos passed by; and ever and again he would feel her soft lips against his brow.

Like some dripping sea monster, he stepped upon the beach of Chios. Overbearing all who would stay him, he drove on towards the palace. Œnopion, however, had been warned of his coming and had hastily hid himself in a labyrinthine cavern beneath the ground. Search as he might, Orion could not discover his enemy, and was reluctantly forced to forego the retribution he had planned.

He thought then to leave this ill-omened isle. But the next morning Eos, who had not forgotten him, carried him off to Delos. Since her Titan husband had been slain by the lightnings of Zeus, she claimed the right to marry this handsome hunter. But the council of the gods rejected her plea. She dared not resist this supreme decree, so sorrowfully she left him.

Now this tiny isle of Delos had been the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis. Formerly called Ortygia, it had floated hither and thither before the winds; but when Leto came to give birth to these twin children of Zeus, and found no refuge elsewhere in all the world, the mighty ruler of Olympus fixed it firmly in its place by four chains of adamant; and forever after

it was sacred to the three divinities, though more particularly to Apollo.

Little reverence or awe was there in Orion's mind, however, when he found himself alone upon this rocky islet. He realized that for a third time invisible powers had come between him and the woman he thought his; worst of all, there was no one against whom he could direct the hot resentment that flexed every mighty muscle of his body.

His consuming wrath made some action a necessity. He started up the craggy slope of Mt. Cynthos, bursting through the tangled thicket, leaping from one boulder to another, striding across deep clefts in the rock,—with a vague idea that from the commanding summit of the hill he might spy one of these hidden enemies who thus thwarted him.

As he squeezed through a narrow pass at the foot of a riven face of rock, his hunter's eye caught the black spot marking a cave entrance; and the grizzly hairs at the opening told him it was a wolf's den. He paused instinctively and peered into the gloom of the cavern. A chorus of high yapping barks proclaimed the presence of a family of cubs.

He hesitated a moment, wondering if he could force his broad shoulders through the opening. Then he sprang to his feet and faced about, as he heard behind him a snarl that threatened instant danger.

A few feet away, the head of a huge she-wolf protruded from the glossy green leaves of the dense laurel. The creature had just dropped a fawn it had been bringing home, and the bleeding carcass lay unheeded

at the edge of the thicket. Its green eyes blazed with deadly intention; the long hair on its neck bristled up straight around the blood-spotted jaws into a Medusa's head of terror.

Orion had barely time to throw up one guarding arm, when the fierce brute sprang at his throat. Even the wild boar at bay has no fury comparable with that of the hunting wolf-mother, protecting her young. But for the giant's instinctive defensive movement, it might have gone badly even with him. As it was, the dripping teeth caught hold of a fold of his skin garment, and he staggered against the rock wall at the impact of the animal landing on his shoulder.

This death-grapple quite suited the hunter's own savage mood. His eyes blazed as balefully as those of the wolf. With a motion as swift as that of a panther he gripped the animal's upper jaw with his right hand. Heaving it free from his shoulder, his left hand caught the lower jaw before those wicked fangs had time to close upon his fingers.

Then, putting forth his full might, he fairly tore the struggling beast's jaws asunder, and dashed it lifeless against a boulder.

He was a superb figure as he stood there in the full vigor of his aroused powers. It might have been one of the Titan brood defying any force of earth or heavens. Yet instead of being monstrous, he was beautiful—manhood in its perfection though enlarged far beyond common humanity.

"Well done!" said a clear voice behind him. "A fitting end for the fawn-killer."

Orion turned—and to his surprise, his limbs trembled as they had not done at sight of the attacking brute.

A tall maidenly figure stood beside a cypress tree whose twisted roots disappeared into a rock crevice. She held a bow, and her right hand still gripped the long arrow which she had clearly been holding sighted against the wolf, ready to discharge the instant the man seemed to be getting the worst of the struggle.

Her embroidered chiton was girt to the knees; her long hair, intricately woven about her head was bound by a fillet on which shone a silver crescent; upon her feet were Cretan sandals, whose crossing thongs were held by embossed silver clasps. Slender, youthful, alive with vitality, with sparkling great eyes and smiling lips, she seemed, as she replaced the arrow in her quiver, to breathe forth that very spirit of the forest which had ever drawn Orion into the most intimate depths of nature's wildnesses. Indeed, as he gazed stupidly at this radiant creature, she appeared like the very embodiment of all his deepest longings, unexpressed and even unrealized by himself.

"Ai!" she exclaimed. "Never have I seen such a one among the sons of men. I am Artemis. Henceforth we shall hunt together, you and I."

For the first time in his life Orion felt humble. It was not that she named herself daughter of Zeus: but to have the companionship of this Shining One in the life he loved was a boon which no strength of his could win; and his heart beat with lowly gratitude.

Then the self-sufficient man reasserted himself.

"Let us go," said he. "There is no creature of the woods that can escape or defy me."

The goddess smiled, as if pleased with his boastfulness. "This isle will hardly contain such hunters as we. Let us go to Crete. There are mountains that dwarf Ossa and Pelion. There we may range from the perpetual snow of Ida to the olive-filled vales of Iardanos."

Joyfully Orion strode beside her down the rugged side of Cynthos. He hoped they might encounter some monster, that he might at once protect his companion and show his power. And Artemis, perceiving his thought, smiled again in pleasure.

Southward, across the sea they journeyed to the land of Minos. And here they spent long golden days in roaming over the length and breadth of this isle of mountains and caves and upland pasture plateaus and fertile sea-level valleys. They waged relentless war against the killers that preyed upon the wild herds whom Artemis held under her protection: till to this day it is recorded that not a wolf can be found in Crete, plentiful as they still are in neighboring lands.

Orion was well content. Life had become an infinitely richer thing than he had ever imagined, even when he had thought it at the full. For once he was willing to wait patiently for that which he most desired.

For this Comrade was the true woman he had ever sought. Daughter of Zeus though she was, terrible as was her wrath, proud as she might be of her title of Parthenos, he felt sure she belonged to him, and

that each new day's varied experience bound them together the more indissolubly.

And it is written that the Goddess herself felt the bond. She recognized her mate according to the decrees of nature. And she made no secret of her intention to wed this earth-born one.

Then bright Apollo, twin brother of the huntress, waxed wroth and determined to avert this disgrace. And because even he hesitated to thwart her openly, he had recourse to guile.

It chanced towards dusk one summer's eve that Artemis stood by the seashore. Contrary to his wont, Orion had gone off alone on an expedition to a neighboring island.

He was now returning, progressing through the water with mighty strides, but so distant that his head seemed but a tiny speck upon the horizon.

Suddenly Apollo descended to his sister's side. Playfully he began to rally her upon her vaunted skill with the bow, at which he himself was unexcelled.

When her pride was aroused, he declared that she could not hit that black spot which seemed to move toward them—probably a porpoise.

Quickly the piqued Goddess seized an arrow from the quiver on her shoulder. Steadily she drew her bow till the arrow-head touched her finger. Firmly she loosed it. The string gave a mighty twang. The shaft sped seaward, true to the mark.

Artemis turned in triumph, but Apollo had vanished. A vague uneasiness filled her breast. The surf seemed

to beat against the sands in lamentation, growing louder and yet louder.

Then urged on by Poseidon, the waves passed from one to another, and presently laid at her feet—the dead body of her Comrade, whom she had thus unwittingly slain.

At that the Huntress knew what it was to weep, even as the daughters of men. Bitterly she reproached Apollo, wildly she reproached herself.

Hope sprang up again within her as she thought of Asclepius. Well she knew the skill of this child of Apollo, who had added to his inheritance all the wisdom of Chiron the centaur. His feats of healing had approached miracles, and it was whispered that he had even essayed with success the final miracle of restoring the dead to life. He could not refuse his aid to her.

Swiftly she bore away the body across the sea to Argolis, where the temple of Asclepius stood near Epidaurus.

Unwillingly the sage of healing hearkened to her plea, for he feared to exercise his art upon one who had presumed to alliance with divinity. Yet to his father's twin he could refuse nothing.

He set about his work. Skilfully he compounded elixirs; solemnly he performed the mystic rites of his craft.

But at the moment of consummation, his forebodings proved but too well founded. All-seeing Zeus perceived the confusion that must result on earth if such resurrection were permitted; so he hearkened to

the protests of Hades, and suddenly slew the too-wise physician with one of his thunderbolts.

So far the Thunderer did listen to the prayers of Artemis: he placed the beautiful giant on high as a constellation in the sky.

There you may see him still if you are of the hunting craft and sally forth after wildfowl before Eos flushes the eastern sky. The three stars in a straight line in his jeweled belt gleam as the most conspicuous ornament of the spangled sky; below an even larger white star, Rigel, marks the giant's left foot; while topaz Betelgeuse blazes on his shoulder at an equal distance above. At his heels follows his faithful dog, where Sirius now gleams white, but looked redly down some thousands of years ago. Before him, with fair Maia chief among them, still fly the Pleiades, though he heeds them not.

Thus, "gliding through the silent sphere . . . and girt with gold," the giant hunter seeks his lost Artemis still.

CHAPTER III

THE OUTWITTING OF POLYPHEMUS

TROY had fallen. After ten years' siege by a hundred thousand of Greece's mightiest warriors, the ramparts built by Poseidon had still proved impregnable to assault; the fell arrows of Heracles added to this host had failed to accomplish what Heracles himself had done single-handed. But finally, at the appointed time, stratagem had succeeded where force had proved of no avail: the monstrous wooden horse, within which crouched wily Odysseus and his chosen band, had wrought Ilium's downfall,—leaving the world even till this day a pregnant proverb: to beware the enemy bearing gifts.

Among the Greeks summoned by King Menelaus to recapture Helen the incomparable, there was none to equal Odysseus as a combined warrior, leader and counsellor. To him had been awarded the celestial arms of Achilles; it was he who secretly stole away the Palladium, the guardian image whose presence made Troy invulnerable; through his counsel and under his leadership, the fateful wooden horse had brought the final victory.

He had done his utmost to evade the call to Troy in the first place, for the oracle had foretold that if

he went, it would be twenty years before he should again see his beloved isle of Ithaca.

It had already taken half of this daunting term to complete the object of the expedition. But now the Trojan stronghold was a fiery memory. Helen was restored to her rightful husband. There remained merely the voyage of a few hundred miles back, through the island-studded Ægean and around the Peloponnesus, to bring him once more to his own kingdom, to that patient Penelope who awaited his return, and the baby son, (now a baby no longer but the "discreet" Telemachus), to whom his sire was but a name. Surely the soothsayer must have erred: it could not take years for his galleys to cover the distance over which his heart and thoughts sped so swiftly.

Yet it was with a solemn countenance that the hero made offerings to the Gods, and bade his followers loose the sails of his twelve stout ships before the southwest breeze. For none knew better than he how little might the utmost human skill and wisdom avail against the decrees of Olympus.

No such forebodings clouded the minds of his islanders. The thought of home, after these years of toil and peril, ran through their veins like an elixir. With shouts of joy, as dawn broke fresh and clear, each crew raced its long-keeled, high-prowed galley down the sloping beach. Dripping, they scrambled aboard, every man to his thwart. In unison the oars hit the water with powerful strokes, to the measure of an exultant chant. The yards were hoisted, sails unclewed, lowered and made fast. Under the following

wind and the rowers' vigor, the vermillion-cheeked galleys leaped like live things across the quiet waters that curled about their prows.

It was not so quiet as they passed out of the protected harbor, for the stiff breeze was beginning to make the leaping waves blossom into white; but with yards braced and oars bending, they stood away stoutly into the northwest. Between Lemnos and Imbros they passed, forced ever more to northward by the growing wind, till they could see the wooded heights of Samothrace to leeward; and while most of the unthinking rejoiced to feel the plunging vessels speed so fast through the waves, Odysseus was far from satisfied, realizing that they were now headed almost directly away from their proper course.

He was glad enough as darkness began to fall, to see ahead the mountainous shore of Thrace, and to beach his vessels beneath the stars on the sandy strip, near the mouth of a cove, which his careful eye had noted.

Morning showed them hard by the chief town of the Ciconians, who inhabited those shores. They were barbarians, these Thracians, and proper spoil for warlike Greeks. Launching his galleys and leaving guards aboard, Odysseus led his Ithacans against this city of Ismaurus, sure of an easy victory as had been theirs so often before.

In one swift assault they overwhelmed the place, sacked it, and divided the booty. Then the prudent leader ordered an instant retreat to the waiting vessels.

But his inflamed soldiers, who had drunk deep of

Thracian wine, could no longer be controlled. They began to slaughter the crook-horned oxen and the sheep, preparing by the shore for a triumphant carouse. All night the wild feast lasted.

Then, when discipline was relaxed, what had been foreseen by their leader came to pass. The Ciconians who had escaped had called upon their neighbors for aid. At dawn these began to gather, on horseback, in war chariots, on foot, thick as leaves and flowers in spring.

The Greeks now listened to their leader. It was too late to take to the swift ships, but they set themselves in battle array as the enemy burst upon them. Stoutly they fought, while the brass-tipped spears carried death to both sides. For nearly the whole day they managed to hold their ground against the pressing multitude; but towards sunset the numbers of the foe began to tell. The Grecian line was turned; man after man went down; and when they finally fled aboard the galleys in rout, seventy-two of their company were missing.

Glad to have escaped alive, the survivors did not leave till they had performed the last sacred rites, calling aloud three times to each of their slain comrades by name that their spirits might be guided back to Hellas. Then, with aching hearts, they sped from that ill-omened shore, while Odysseus prayed to Zeus for a favoring north wind.

The Cloud-gatherer heard, but answered in anger. The sky to northward grew black and lowering. So suddenly did the storm-clouds overspread the heavens

that it seemed as if night had tumbled headlong upon the quaking fleet. Suddenly the wind leaped upon them, hurling the galleys apart as by a giant hand. The sails were torn to tatters by the tempest; the fury of the gale and the overwhelming rain forced the crews below, while the ships pitched and wallowed as they drove before the wind. Seeing that their only chance for life was to get under the lee of some protecting shore, the crews came up once more, each rower staggered to his seat, and they set to work to force their laboring craft towards land.

Two days and nights they toiled, till even their tough hands were blistered and raw, and their exhausted muscles could scarcely grip the oars. They reached the shelter of a promontory at length and rested there, amazed to find themselves still afloat.

By the next morning the gale seemed to have blown itself out, so they hoisted their yards, set sail, and stood south before a following wind and sea.

Again the hopes of all ran high, as they coasted along the mountainous shores of Eubœa, and turned southwest towards the long point of the Peloponnesus.

Still the favoring breeze swept them on. They doubled the dreaded cape of Maleia, and held west, now doubting not at all that in two days at the most their straining eyes would behold the rock cliffs of Ithaca. Only the face of Odysseus was stern and set, as he pondered in his mind the doleful prediction which had clouded his thoughts so many years.

Indeed, he was hardly surprised when, as they swept around the next jutting point, they were suddenly

thrown aback by a squall from the north, accompanied by such a head sea that they were forced to put about and run before it, as far back as Cythera.

Even here they could make no harbor but drifted on helplessly before the furious gale. Nine days and nights they were tossed about, not knowing where they were or whither they were being carried.

On the tenth the fury of the wind abated, and they sighted an unknown shore. Odysseus stood in close to land, anchored, and sent a party ashore for fresh water. They prepared food on the beach, and ate and drank greedily after their exhausting vigil.

The leader then despatched two sailors inland, with a third as a herald, to see what manner of folk inhabited these shores.

They did not return, so he set out after them himself. He soon came upon them amid a company of the natives, and perceived that the trouble arose from the friendliness of these, not from any desire to harm the visitors. For this was the famed land of the Lotus-eaters, and after their custom they had given the sailors their own flowery food: straightway the wanderers had lost all remembrance of their errand, of ships, comrades, leader and home; they desired naught save to eat of the lotus forever in this place of pleasant dreams.

Finding that they hearkened neither to his commands nor entreaties, Odysseus dragged them weeping back to the ships by very force, bound them fast, and stowed them under the rowers' benches. In haste he bade his crews embark, lest they too eat of this

insidious food; and the moment they were safely aboard, the oars beat the water into foam, as they swept ahead to whatever might next await them.

On they cruised, across strange seas, with no knowledge of how to steer, but impelled ever forward on a chance course. It did not seem to matter particularly when they ran into a fog so thick that they could scarcely see far enough about to keep together.

Murky night settled down upon them. The blore of wind and sea seemed to increase and fill all space; yet there was no sign of rocks or breakers ahead, nor could straining eyes make out anything to steer by. They could but hold on their course, in dread of what any moment might bring, while the all-pervading roar grew ever more threatening.

Then, as if by magic, the tossing galleys suddenly rode peacefully on calm water. The thunderous roar was stilled, so that one might hear the ripple of the curling wavelets about the bows. And presently the staunch galleys slid gently up on a sloping beach.

Still they could see naught about them. But it was enough for those hardened wanderers that they were once more safe for the moment. Lowering all the sails, they stumbled ashore, lay down on the sand, and fell into the heavy sleep of passed fatigue and danger.

Rosy-fingered dawn opened their eyes upon a scene of beauty. They lay at the head of a landlocked basin, through whose narrow entrance, between tall cliffs, they had unwittingly steered safely in the blackness of the night. Close beside them a silvery stream rip-

pled its way to the bay, from a cleft in the rock set about with dark poplars. Lush meadows, suitable for plough land and vineyards, stretched from the shore back to the wooded hills that hemmed in their refuge. Everything that nature unaided could provide was there, awaiting only the labor of men to turn it all into fruitfulness and homes; and the hearts of these storm-tossed mariners relaxed in pleasure as they gazed upon the charming prospect.

On making a circuit of the island, they found its forest-covered rocks even more immediately interesting than the meadows about the harbor. For innumerable wild goats made it their home, and the sight of these bounding figures turned their thoughts to hunting and food.

Bows and hunting spears were quickly brought from the ships; and separating into three bands, they entered ardently upon the chase. Nor was it long before they returned to the beach heavily laden with toothsome game. Nine goats there were for each of the twelve galleys, and to the leader were allotted ten more. Then, until the setting of the sun, they sat and feasted on this welcome meat, with ruddy wine from the ample store which they had brought away in jars as part of the spoil from the citadel of the Ciconians.

There was no sign of human beings on their island. But from the ridge they had marked a much larger one just behind it, with a wide harbor, across the mouth of which their resting-place lay. These rugged shores rose cliff-like from the water, carrying the eye back to higher and higher mountains, till it rested in

wonder upon a gigantic peak that seemed to pierce the very sky. From the snows about its crest rose a threatening column of smoke—for this was that veritable Ætna with which all-powerful Zeus had at last overwhelmed the fleeing Typhon who had once driven the gods from Olympus.[1]

In the calm of the evening the Greeks could hear across the narrow channel the bleat of sheep and goats, and sounds like those from the dwellings of men, but tremendous and awe-inspiring. Wondering what manner of folk these might be, they laid them down upon the beach and slept.

At dawn Odysseus held a council.

"You, my friends," said he, "stay here, while I with my own crew explore this neighboring isle. I must first discover whether its people be churlish and savage, or if they observe the sacred rites of hospitality to strangers."

Quickly the cables were loosed, the rowers took their places at the pins, and the galley leaped forward out of the bay and around the point of the island. In a short time they were entering the harbor on the opposite shore.

Hardly had they passed the outer point when they stopped rowing in wonder. High up above them was a great cave in the face of the mountain. Dense masses of laurel grew all about its entrance. In front was an enclosure, walled in by huge boulders and by massive trunks of tall pine and oak trees. Clearly this was the abode of some creature who kept flocks

[1] See Chapter I.

and herds: but what sort of being must it be who could build such a colossal wall or need such quarters?

Odysseus bade his crew stay on the galley and guard it with their lives. Twelve men, upon whom he could rely, he picked to accompany him. In a goatskin bottle he carried his choicest offering—some of the dark sweet wine given him by the priest of Apollo at Ismaurus, in gratitude for his protection when they had despoiled the Ciconians; it had been reserved for the priest himself and two others only of his household, and so potent was it that, when a cupful was mixed with twenty times as much water, its aroma still filled the nostrils.

Cautiously the adventurer climbed up the ascent, followed by his twelve companions. No human being was in sight as they passed through the enclosure; but when they entered the cave, there were plentiful signs of recent habitation. On one side were pens filled with lambs and kids, the new-born in one, each older group to itself. Milking pails, huge bowls of milk set for cream, others of curd and of whey, and crates filled with cheeses stood all about, in vast size and profusion like everything else.

All they saw was so suggestive of an owner far outside the limits of ordinary men, that his followers at once besought him to make off with as many cheeses, lambs and kids as they could carry aboard, and to hasten quickly from that terrifying abode. But Odysseus refused. Confident in the powers of his tongue and sword, he resolved to await the return of this mighty cave-dweller, both to satisfy his own curiosity

and in the hope of receiving the customary gifts. Bitterly was he to regret his decision before many hours had passed.

Meanwhile, under his bidding, the Greeks kindled a fire, made burnt offering to the gods, and satisfied their hunger with some of the cheese. Then they sat about in the gloomy cave, awaiting its master's homecoming.

Everything combined to make them apprehensive, and the nerves of all save Odysseus soon became taut enough. Hardened as they had become to danger and the unknown, they started in spite of themselves at every sound from the forest and thicket outside. And each time they would cast sidelong glances at one another and at their unmoved leader, striving to appear as unconcerned as he.

The sun in the west had begun to throw a long slanting tongue of light through the rock portal when unmistakable evidence came to their ears. Amid the bleating of returning flocks, there sounded the regular beat of what could only be mighty footsteps—footsteps which made even the solid rock quiver, and for which only the sights about them could have prepared their minds. Nearer and nearer they came, and even those bronzed faces grew pale.

Suddenly the sunlight streaming into the cave was darkened by a vast shape. It did not enter, but tossed in the whole bole of a blasted pine, whose dry limbs crashed and splintered as it fell. The tumbling Greeks sprang back to a dark corner: even their awed imaginations had not conceived of such gigantic strength.

Presently a mass of ewes began to jostle in through the doorway; clearly the rams and he-goats were to be left outside, and these were the milkers of the herd.

Behind them came the monstrous creature, and to the crouching watchers it appeared as if some mountain peak from the range they had seen were walking in upon them. Yet this prodigy, which seemed to fill the whole cave, was built like a man in all respects save one: one great eye only he bore, in the centre of his forehead. Savage and uncouth he was, with matted hair, and yellow tusks at the corner of his mouth like some ancient wild boar. And wise Odysseus knew that this was one of the famed Cyclopes who acknowledged not even the sovereignty of Olympus.

That baleful eye apparently did not perceive the terrified group huddled into the shadow. The monster turned as he entered, and laid hold of a huge stone which stood beside the portal. Such was its size that a score of ox-teams could not have started it from its place; but the intruders saw him wrap his great arms about the mass: the muscles stood out like cables as, lifting the boulder clear from the floor, he placed it in front of the entrance for a door stone, completely blocking the exit.

Dark as it now was within, he at once set to work at milking, placing half the milk in vessels for curdling, and filling with the rest a bowl in which two ordinary men could have stood upright and which would have held ten amphoræ of wine of ten gallons

each. This done, he put the lambs and kids beneath their mothers.

Breaking off great limbs of the tree he had brought in as if they were twigs, he kindled a roaring fire. The leaping flames lit up the gloomy cavern. As the giant turned, the baleful glance of his single eye fell upon the cowering Ithacans.

"Ha!" he roared, in a voice that beat upon them like a gale of wind. "Who are you? Where have you come from across the seas? You look to me like some of those sea-rovers who bring no good to those they visit."

Though his companions, stout men all, seemed utterly overwhelmed by the savage's voice and aspect, Odysseus made answer boldly:

"We are Achæans, homeward bound from Troy, but driven by adverse winds across the sea. Through many wanderings Zeus has brought us hither. Subjects of Agamemnon are we, most famous of men, so great a city he took. Here by chance, we ask of you food and shelter, and the gift which is the stranger's due. Even you, O mighty one, must respect the gods. And Zeus is the protector of the stranger and suppliant."

Rough was the monster's reply:

"Stupid or ignorant you must be to threaten me with the gods. The Cyclopes care not for Zeus or his ægis: we are mightier than he, and in this world the strong is the master. Not for the wrath of Zeus would I spare you. But where is your ship? On this shore or the far one? Answer."

Odysseus was not to be beguiled so simply. "Poseidon, the Earth-shaker, wrecked my ship," he declared, "and cast her on the rocky point at the island's end. Only I, with these men, escaped."

Without a word, the Cyclops leaped forward. His hairy arms shot forth. In each huge hand he seized one of the startled seamen. Before the luckless ones had time so much as to call aloud, he had dashed out their brains upon the rocky floor. Then, like some lion of the mountains, he tore them limb from limb and devoured them, washing down his horrible meal with draughts of milk.

Paying no heed to the sighs and tears and calls upon Zeus of the survivors, he stretched his gorged bulk at full length among his flock and slept, filling the cave with the sound of his noisome breathing.

Shaken with wrath at the outrage and the contempt, Odysseus was about to creep upon the sleeping horror and thrust his sharp sword into his vitals. He had marked the very spot, resolving to make sure first by feeling for the heart beat with his hand. But he reflected that this meant certain destruction for all, since they could by no possibility move the enormous door-stone. As best they might then, he and his crushed followers waited for the dawn.

They were not long left in doubt as to the monster's intentions toward the rest of them. At daybreak he stretched himself, rose yawning, and kindled the fire. Again he milked his herd and cared for them. Again he seized two struggling victims and slaughtered and devoured them for his morning meal.

Moving aside the boulder, he drove out goats and sheep, and replaced the door-stone as one might put the lid on a quiver. They heard his vast footfalls dying away, and his hoarse calls to his flock, as he drove them over the hills to pasturage. Penned up inexorably, they must await his return and its fresh horrors.

Sick at heart as he was, Odysseus thought only of revenge. Earnestly he besought Athene for wisdom. Studying every object in the place, his eye returned again and again to the bole of a green olive tree which lay beside the pen. In size it was fit for the mast of a merchant ship of twenty oars, breasting the open sea; yet clearly the Cyclops was drying it out to use for a club-like staff.

Long did the hero ponder. And at last his jaw set and a grim smile played upon his face. His plan was made.

While his followers bemoaned their fate, he stepped across the cavern, drew his short sword and hacked off a six-foot section of this tree-trunk. Rolling it across to his men, he bade them shape it down. When it was smooth, he pointed the tip and charred it in the blazing fire till the point was hard. This weapon he hid carefully beneath the dry dung with which the cave was littered.

He explained to his wondering comrades that his idea was to thrust this great stake into the giant's eye while he slept; and he suggested that they choose by lot four of their number who should help him in this daring attack. They did so, and Odysseus noted with

satisfaction that chance had given him the very resolute helpers he would have selected. Heartening them as best he could, through the long trying hours of inaction, the leader awaited their jailer's return.

Towards evening they heard those same portentous sounds of the monster's coming. The door-stone was lifted aside. In poured the jostling flocks. To the delight of Odysseus not a sheep was left outside: that fitted in exactly with his crafty scheme. He contained himself while the giant performed his evening tasks; even when two more of the Greeks were slain and devoured, he made no sign.

When this ghastly meal was despatched, however, he stepped forward, holding in his hands a bowl filled with the dark Ciconian wine.

"Here, Cyclops," said he. "Drink after your meal and see what we had aboard our ship. I brought it as an offering, thinking it might move you to send me home. But you defy the laws. How shall a stranger ever come to you again from any people after such a wicked deed?"

The giant drained the bowl at one draught, and a look of pleasure spread over the horrible features.

"Give me more, friend," he said. "And tell me your name that I may please you with a stranger's gift. The Cyclops' fruitful fields bear grapes with delicious wine in their heavy clusters; but this is truly nectar and ambrosia."

Odysseus refilled the bowl with the sparkling wine, and again the giant gulped it down. A third time it was replenished, and quickly emptied. Noticing that

the potent drink was beginning to affect even that huge body, Ulysses answered his question:

"You ask my name: I will tell it, and do you fulfil your promise of a stranger's gift. My name is Noman. Noman am I called by mother, father and all my comrades."

With a drunken chuckle the Cyclops answered:

"Noman I will eat last, after all his comrades: that is the stranger's gift."

With that, he sank back, overcome by the wine. In a few moments he was sleeping, gorged and intoxicated, horrible to see and hear.

The moment had come. Odysseus seized the clumsy stake, and thrust the point into the embers of the fire, urging his men to be of stout heart and take their one chance.

When the point of the green olive trunk was aglow and ready to burst into flame, he snatched it from the fire. His four helpers took it like a battering-ram. Odysseus himself, standing on a projecting point of rock, grasped the butt firmly.

At the word of command, as if they were boring a ship-beam with a drill, the four plunged the smouldering point into the giant's eye with all their strength, while their leader twisted the weapon violently.

The effect was startling. Blood bubbled around the point. The great eye-ball hissed like water into which a smith has plunged hot iron to temper it. With a roar that almost deafened them, the giant came to life, and his mighty upheaval hurled the men hither and thither. He wrenched the stake from his eye and

hurled it from him in a frenzy. But the breathless and terrified sailors perceived with relief that the work had been well done: the monster was blind.

Beside himself with pain and anger he shouted at the top of his voice to his fellow Cyclopes who lived in the other caves along the windy heights. The hearts of the Greeks stood still with fear as they felt the earth quiver beneath running feet, and heard the cries of the gathering giants.

Presently a mighty voice from without demanded:

"What has happened to you, Polyphemus, that you rend the night with your screams and keep us all from sleep? Is someone carrying off your flocks? Are you being murdered by craft or force?"

"Friends," fairly blubbered the giant. "Noman is murdering me by craft. Force there is none."

"If no man harms you," came the reply, "the ill must come from Zeus and that you cannot fly. Pray to your father Poseidon."

Despite the calls and curses of the wounded one, the terrific company strode off, never suspecting the truth; and Odysseus laughed in his heart at the success of his simple stratagem.

Groaning in agony, Polyphemus groped about with his hands till he found the door-stone, moved it aside and seated himself with hands outstretched, to lay hold of his enemies in case they tried to escape with the sheep.

But Odysseus had foreseen this contingency, and now set quickly about the final move of his careful plan. He had observed that some of the rams were

of a specially fine breed, very large, and covered with a long, heavy blue fleece. Separating these from the rest, he quietly bound them together in groups of three with willow withes from the Cyclops' bed. The middle one of each of these three carried a man beneath him, guarded on each side by an unridden animal. The largest of the flock he selected to carry himself, hanging beneath his shaggy belly and gripping his back from each side with arms and hands completely buried in the enormous fleece. Having made their preparations in absolute silence, they anxiously awaited the coming of the day.

As the first ruddy streaks of dawn became visible through the cave mouth, the rams hastened out, eager for pasture, while the unmilked ewes bleated in distress about the enclosure.

Polyphemus, moaning and muttering threats, ran his hands over the back of every sheep before he would permit it to go out. Stupidly, he never thought of feeling beneath, where the trembling seamen hung in dread of being detected.

One after another passed safely out of that gloomy cavern into the fresh freedom of the morning. Last of all came the great leader ram with its human freight.

"What, my pet!" exclaimed the Cyclops as he felt the creature's back. "Why are you the hindmost of the flock? You were never a laggard, but always first to crop the tender grass, first to drink at the stream, first to turn homeward at night. Ah, you miss your master's eye, which that villain and his vile crew have put out. Noman it was—but I will have

him yet. If only you could speak and tell me where he is skulking, how quickly would I dash out his brains. That would help some in the misery that scoundrel has brought upon me."

He freed the ram and it trotted quickly out. The moment they were safely away from the enclosure, Odysseus dropped to earth and helped his comrades to free themselves. Then they hastily drove off the fat rams towards the shore, casting many an anxious glance behind them, for they feared that at any moment the Cyclops might discover the trick and come down upon them.

They reached the ship where their staunch comrades welcomed them as men returned from the dead. Checking their laments for the luckless ones who had perished, Odysseus ordered them to toss the rams aboard as quickly as they might. The rowers leaped to their places; the oars hit the water in unison; the galley sped away from that accursed shore.

When they had reached the limit of hailing distance, Odysseus stood up on the poop and shouted to the cave above:

"Cyclops, those were not a weakling's comrades upon whom you wrought your brutality. It was destined that your crime should find you out, wretch who dared to devour a guest within your house. For this has Zeus chastised you, Zeus and all the gods of Olympus."

The giant heard, and knew himself outwitted. Frantic with rage, he sprang forth from the cabin, tore up a boulder that looked like a whole hilltop, and hurled it towards the sound of the taunting voice.

The mass of rock fell in front of the galley; and it sent such a wave surging backward that the vessel was washed clean back to shore.

It would have fared badly then with the adventurers had the giant been able to see their plight, for they were easily within his grasp. But Odysseus seized a setting pole and shoved off again, making signs with his head to the rowers to pull their hardest.

They put twice as wide a space as before between them and the enemy. Then Odysseus rose again to speak to him. Beneath their breath his men implored him to desist:

"O foolhardy one, why rouse this savage who even now drove us back to shore with his missile? We thought all was over then. Had he heard but a whisper he would have crushed us beneath some jagged mass of granite."

Their leader was not to be moved.

"Cyclops," he cried proudly, "if ever man asks you of your blinded eye, say it was the deed of Odysseus, spoiler of cities, Laertes' son, whose home is Ithaca."

At that Polyphemus groaned dolefully.

"Surely the ancient oracles are come upon me! A soothsayer once dwelt here, Telemus the renowned. He told me I should lose my sight through one Odysseus; but I watched for some mighty one—and now this miserable pigmy has blinded me after overcoming me with wine. Nevertheless, come hither, Odysseus, that I may bestow on you the stranger's gift and beg the Land-shaker to speed you on your journey. His son am I; he can heal me if he will."

Odysseus laughed in scorn. "Would I might as surely strip you of life and send you to Hades as it is sure the Earth-shaker will never heal your eye."

Then for the first time in his life the monster prayed, stretching forth his hands to the sky:

"Hear me, thou girder of the land, dark-haired Poseidon. If I am truly thine, and thou art called my father, vouchsafe no coming home to this Odysseus, spoiler of cities, Laertes' son, whose home is Ithaca. Yet if it be his lot to see his friends once more, and reach his stately home and native land, late let him come, in evil plight, with loss of all his crew, on the vessel of a stranger, and may he at his home find trouble."

He finished. His anger burst forth fiercely once more. Heaving up another rock far larger than the first, he swung it back and forth, put forth his utmost strength and hurled the mountainous mass out to sea. It struck behind the galley, which shot up as if lifted by a tidal wave. Odysseus called his order; the oars struck the water; the tough shafts bent with the strain; but in a few moments the galley was riding safe beyond the whirlpool and speeding toward the outer island.

But through all the rejoicings with which they met their comrades in the other ships, through the feast, and through the propitiatory sacrifice, the heart of Odysseus was heavy within him.

It was with a solemn brow that he loosed sail at dawn next day and set forth to accomplish what remained of his amazing destiny.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN THOR WENT TO JOTUNHEIM

ODIN, he of the nine-and-forty names, dwelt in bright Asgard with his fellow Æsir and Asynjar. Father of gods and men though he was, born though he was of a giant mother, there was bitter strife between him and the vast Frost and Mountain Giants, the seed of Ymir's feet. They alone ventured openly to dispute his sovereignty.

Mightiest of the other twelve Æsir was the Allfather's eldest Earth-born son, Thor. Two goats of magical powers drew his chariot; iron gauntlets he had with which to grasp Miolnir, the hammer that none might withstand; when he girded about his loins the belt of strength, even his god-like might was doubled. He alone of all the gods must wade the mist-rivers and ascend into Asgard on foot, lest his flaming, thundering chariot destroy Bifrost, the trembling rainbow bridge over which all the rest of the celestial company rode daily to and from the judgment-seat below.

Many a Frost-giant had been dashed down into the gloom of Nifelhel by this Miolnir-hammer, which the dwarf artist Sindre had forged for the Asa god; but this monster race held the secrets of black sorcery, and in this way they were at times a match for the powers of Asgard.

So Thor discovered on a certain expedition.

One day he left his vast mansion Bilskirnir, with its five hundred and forty halls, and accompanied by Loki, set out towards Jotunheim. Northward they journeyed a whole day, in the goat-drawn car, till they came to Alfheim, where the sons of Ivalde guarded the southern shores of the great sea against the giants who dwelt beyond it, lest these attempt to attack Asgard from his side.

As was his custom, Thor stopped for the night at the house of Egil, the master archer, able to travel on his skiis over both snow and water: brother, too, he was to Volund, craftiest of smiths, who was later to forge the sword of victory, fatal even to the gods. There dwelt with Egil his foster-son Thialfi, who had been found as an infant on a tide-washed sandbar of the sea: he was swiftest of foot of all who lived in Midgard, the home of men; for in truth he was that same Frey who afterwards sat in Asgard. He and his sister Roska were very dear to Egil.

Right welcome was Thor to Egil. Yet when meal time came there was a scarcity of food for the company.

"Little shall that trouble us," cried Thor, with his rumbling laugh that shook the hall. "The meat I like best is that which carries me when I do not carry it."

Followed by Loki and the wondering Thialfi, he strode out into the darkness to where his strong-horned goats were stalled.

Smiling at the boy's amazement, he killed the beautiful creatures, skinned them, cut up the carcasses

with great care, and put the flesh into the kettles to stew. When the meal was ready, he invited all to join, and while Thialfi found it hard to forget the trim and graceful animals, so full of life and spirit, he had to admit that he had never before tasted such delicious fare.

"Eat your fill, everybody," said Thor. "None need go hungry when Tanngniast and Tanngrisnir are on the board. But one caution I must give: not a bone must be broken. When we are through, let the boy gather every bone, sort out the two sets, and put one pile in each of the skins by the hearth yonder."

When all were satisfied, Thor and Egil fell to talk, recounting their expeditions against the foes of the gods in Jotunheim, while Thiafi obediently gathered together the bones, and arranged them in the hides.

An evil smile flitted over the thin face of crafty Loki as he perceived that the two warriors had become completely absorbed in their tales of past exploits. Thor was now reminding Egil of that famous adventure when he himself, wounded in the forehead, had borne his companion with a frozen foot across the foggy Elivagar water and its magic terrors. He was lost to everything that went on around him, laughing aloud and smiting his great thigh as he lived over those moments of tense excitement.

As Thialfi knelt at the other end of the wide hearth, painstakingly striving to complete his task, he started at a low whisper from the shadow beyond.

"Did you like the meat?"

"Yes," answered the boy in surprise, looking up.

He could hardly see the features of his questioner, but the eyes gleamed, almost like the blaze from the burning logs in the fire-place.

"You have not tasted the best yet," said the smooth voice. "The real strength and sweetness is in the marrow."

Thialfi stared at him.

"Yes, that is like honey, and he who eats of it can go for days without any other nourishment. Nor can I imagine why he was so stingy as to withhold the best."

Still the youth did not know what to say.

"Better try it," continued Loki. "That long leg-bone there is just full of sweetness."

"Oh no," said Thialfi, involuntarily lowering his voice to the same pitch. "He forbade us to break any of them."

"What nonsense. Why should you be so careful of that rubbish? You saw yourself what he did to the living animals: how could he really mind after that if just one picked bone were a little chipped? You'll never have another chance to taste such fare as only those in Asgard know."

"I don't like to," whispered the boy. "He might be angry."

"Angry! He'll never know. Why should he poke about and find a piece at the bottom of the pile? And if he should notice it, it would simply be an accident that might have happened a dozen times already."

Thialfi hesitated.

"It makes no difference to me, of course," went on

the tempter. "But I don't see why you should be deprived of the best part when it can't possibly hurt anybody to take it. Besides, I've heard you were a wonderful runner, and I have an idea that the one who tastes of that marrow will find his powers marvellously increased."

The youth's eyes shone: he was proud of his ability to outstrip all with whom he had raced, and he could not resist this idea.

Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the pair still deep in their reminiscences. With a sudden impulse he thrust the leg bone beneath his skin coat, and went quietly out into the darkness. Gently he chipped off a piece of the bone and sucked out the marrow. It was delicious, as Loki had said, and his excited imagination made him fancy he could already feel a waxing of vigor in his muscles. Yet it was with a guilty feeling that he stole back and hid the fractured piece at the bottom of one of the piles. Well pleased was Loki, for he believed he had without danger to himself sown enmity between these two defenders of Asgard.

Presently all went to bed. Silence fell upon the great hall and the sleeping-rooms; but Thialfi trembled and started and tossed, a prey to terrifying dreams.

It was still dark within the hall when Thor rose, though outside the dawn light began to show in the east. He kindled the fire on the spreading hearth, and the leaping flames soon brightened the place. Thialfi awoke. From his couch he could see past the drawn skin curtain into the large apartment. A feeling of

panic crept over him as he saw the huge distorted shadow which the fire threw against the wall, now shrinking, now shooting up to monstrousness. For the shadow was busy with something that lay beside the hearth—and the youth remembered only too well that all was not right with the contents of those skins.

Thor placed the two goats' pelts before him. He took out his great hammer, Miolnir, and waved it solemnly over the piles, muttering potent words. Thialfi stretched forward breathlessly to see.

What was his amazement when the bundles of dead bones began to stir. The hides moved and stretched and rounded. Before his unbelieving eyes the two trim goats stood up alive, vigorous and handsome as ever.

But no! One was not as he had been. The poor creature was lame; it limped, dragging one hind leg, as it moved.

Thialfi crouched down again, trembling, as he saw the big man bend swiftly to examine the injured leg.

Then there was a roar of anger which shook the beams. Everybody was running in. Miolnir was out once more, not to restore life this time—far from it: Thor was vowing vengeance and threatening to destroy his friend Egil and the whole household for the injury done to this cherished possession; his red hair stood out like flames about his massive head; he gripped the terrible hammer so hard that the joints of his fingers showed white in the firelight.

At that Thialfi dragged himself forward. Half

dead with fear, he confessed what he had done, saying not a word of Loki's tempting.

Egil, as much disturbed as his guest, protested his desire to make amends.

"Payment is due," said he. "It is for you to state the price."

The sight of the frightened youth had somewhat calmed Thor's anger. This graceful, slender body was no fit object for Miolnir's weight. Slowly his vast muscles relaxed.

"It is the law," said he. "Let him pay who committed the fault: he and his sister shall be my bondservants from this day forth."

This punishment seemed mild enough to Thialfi; for he was secretly drawn to this open-faced mighty one whose blue eyes harbored no meanness, and who was clearly good-natured despite his sudden bursts of fierceness. Moreover, the prospect of roaming abroad with him was far from displeasing. As for the beautiful Roska—she had nothing to say about it. Anyhow, where Thialfi went was the place she would choose to be.

So peace was restored, and all sat down to the morning meal content, save crafty Loki.

Leaving the goats with Egil, Thor and his companions set forth on foot. The chill mists and unfathomed depths of the Elivagar sea had no terrors for him; but when they had passed over its expanse, they came to a strange and gloomy country surrounding the stronghold of the giants.

Endlessly the forest stretched away; and all day

they wandered through its pathless mazes without sight of any human being. There was no sign of even beast or bird, and while swift-footed Thialfi, who carried Thor's wallet, scoured the thickets on either side, all his wood-craft failed to discover anything in the way of food.

Darkness settled down upon them almost as soon as the sun disappeared. The question of a place to spend the night became urgent. Searching on all sides in the gathering dusk, they finally came upon a large structure with an entrance that took up the whole width of one end.

No one appeared or answered to their shouts; so they entered and lay down in the main hall, glad of any place to lay their heads after their exhausting day.

Towards midnight, when they were all slumbering soundly, they were rudely awakened by an earthquake which shook the whole building. Leaping to their feet, they staggered to and fro over the heaving floor, expecting each moment to feel the roof fall upon their heads. But the swaying stopped presently and Thor bade them seek some place of safety.

To the right they found a smaller chamber, without any door or curtain; and the three crept into the farthest corner of this and dropped down, trembling with fear. Thor, however, remained at the entrance. Holding Miolnir ready, he stayed on guard the rest of the night, listening to an extraordinary noise like a rushing wind which he could hear outside from time to time.

As soon as it was light, he stepped out of the building to investigate this roaring sound.

There, stretched out on the ground, was a monstrous creature, so huge that he looked like the fallen trunk of some primeval fir tree. He was fast asleep, and it was his snoring which had sounded like a howling winter gale.

Many a giant as Thor had seen and encountered, the bulk of this man-mountain made him pause in astonishment. Then he quietly girded about him the belt of strength, for if ever he needed to double his powers it was now.

Just then the giant opened his eyes, which looked like muddy lakes. He yawned, stretched himself and stood up—and his head was almost lost in the tops of the trees.

For the only time in his history Thor hesitated to join in open battle.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Skrymir," said the other. His voice was like the bellow of the thunder, and Loki, Thialfi and Roska ran to the entrance and looked out at the reverberating sound.

"As for you," continued the giant, "I know you well: you are Asa-Thor. But what have you done with my glove?"

With that he stretched down his big hand towards the awed group of three, which scattered before him; and they realized that the building in which they had lodged was the creature's glove, the smaller room to which they had fled being the thumb.

"Shall we travel together?" asked Skrymir, smiling in a way that made Thor's cheeks burn.

"As you will," replied the latter.

Thereupon the giant sat down, opened a prodigious wallet, and fell to his breakfast; but Thor and his comrades drew apart by themselves and shared their scanty stock of provisions.

When they had finished—

"Here," said Skrymer, "let me carry your food. It will not weigh me down."

So saying, he thrust Thor's wallet into his own and started off through the forest with such tremendous strides that they could hardly keep in sight of him.

All day long he led them at this pace amid the endless woods; and Roska for one was more than glad, despite her brother's aid, when dusk brought him to a halt beside an ancient oak.

"We have loitered along slowly enough," he said, "yet I suppose it is time to sleep. I am not hungry; you can take the wallet and get your own meal. If you need a roof over your heads, my glove is there."

He stretched himself out and presently was snoring so that one could have heard him a mile away.

Dark and silent, Thor finally took the leather bag, to get out their food. His feelings were not smoothed when he found he could not untie the knots. In growing anger he worked away at the stubborn thongs, but he could make no impression on the hard knots. Then, his patience exhausted, he tried to break the fastenings. Still they defied his efforts.

Enraged at being thus trifled with, he grasped Miolnir, stepped forward, and dashed it at the giant's head.

Skrymir stirred himself slightly.

"What was that—a leaf?" he asked sleepily. "Have you little ones supped yet? Have you gone to sleep?"

"We are just lying down," muttered Thor. Puzzled and upset, he strode off and lay down under another oak.

But he could not sleep. The stertorous snores of the giant seemed to mock him.

Finally he sprang up again and walked cautiously back. The moonlight shone full on the giant's bulky form. Heaving his hammer aloft, he launched it with such violence that the head buried itself in Skrymir's skull.

"What's happening?" called out the giant, rolling over. "An acorn dropped right on my head. How do you fare, Thor?"

"All right," called back the other, stealing away behind the tree trunks. "I woke when you called out. There is plenty of time to sleep yet."

Again all was quiet, except in Thor's breast, where rage and humiliation contended in a turmoil. He forced himself to lie still, calming his burning wrath with the assurance that when the moment came for a third blow, he would take ample revenge for this disgrace. The creature did not exist who could treat Asa-Thor in this manner.

A long time he waited both to recover his poise

and to be sure the other was really asleep again. At length, a little before daybreak, he rose softly, and again approached the slumbering giant.

His hands ran over the magic belt as if to draw from it the last bit of aid. Gripping Miolnir with both hands, he summoned up every power of his heaving muscles. The remembrance of his failures burned in his veins and seemed to double his strength and determination.

He whirled the irresistible Miolnir about his head, and brought it down with his utmost force upon the sleeper. To his grim satisfaction, he saw it smash into the giant's cheek up to the very handle.

To his consternation, Skrymir sat up and appeared to brush something from his face.

"There must be birds roosting in this tree," said he disgustedly. "How can one sleep when they are scratching moss and bark loose so that it falls over one's head?"

He looked about.

"What! Are you awake, too, Thor? I suppose it is time to get up anyhow; for you say you want to get to Utgard. The city is not far now. I must warn you, though, of one thing. I have heard you whispering together as if you thought my size was something remarkable; but if you go to Utgard, you will see many far taller than I. So I counsel you against making much of yourselves, for Utgard-Loki's men will have little patience with the boasting of such mannikins. Indeed, if you are wise, you will turn back at once. However, if you persist in your folly,

your road lies east. I go northward, to those cliffs in the distance yonder."

He threw his wallet over his shoulder and went off, unheeding Thor's resentful glare.

Following his directions, the party presently passed out of the forest, and travelled over a wide plain.

Towards noon they came upon the city of Utgard. So lofty were its walls and buildings that their heads bent back on their necks as they gazed up to the pinnacles of the towers.

When they came close, they saw nobody; but a vast gate of ponderous bars closed the way. It was locked and bolted. After trying for some time to call a keeper, and then to unfasten the gate, Thor and his comrades squeezed between the bars and entered the silent city.

They went through one deserted street after another, till they saw before them a magnificent palace, whose door stood wide. Walking boldly in, they found themselves in a hall that dwarfed anything they had ever beheld. Sitting on benches were ranged two lines of men, the first glance at whom convinced the travellers that Skrymir had spoken truly.

Advancing to the raised seat, they saluted the ruler, Utgard-Loki. But the king gazed at them with a smile. Thor was by no means accustomed to such scornful treatment, and his companions could perceive his heat growing as this contemptuous silence continued.

At length the king spoke:

"It is tedious to ask for tidings of a long journey;

yet if I mistake not, that little one there must be Asa-Thor."

"Possibly," he went on, addressing Thor directly, "you may be more than you appear. What can you do, you and these with you? No one stays in Utgard unless he can in some feat of skill or strength excel all others."

"I have a feat," spoke up Loki. "I can eat quicker than any here. I am ready to prove it against all."

"That will be worth seeing, if you can make your boast good," said the giant king. "It shall be put to the test."

He called to one named Logi, sitting on a further bench. A trough filled with fresh meat was brought in, and placed between the two. At the signal, both began to eat, one from each end.

Loki strove his utmost, and yet when he reached the middle of the trough he met his antagonist there. Moreover, it was seen that while he had devoured all the flesh on his side, Logi had consumed flesh, bone and the trough to boot. There could be no gainsaying that the visitor was vanquished.

"And what can you do?" asked Utgard-Loki, looking at Thialfi.

"I can run," said the youth.

"We shall soon see about that. Let us go outside to the course."

The whole company went forth to a level stretch of plain. A slim youth whom they called Hugi took his place beside Thialfi. The latter, who had never been beaten in swiftness, smiled confidently.

The word was given. The two runners were off like arrows from the bow. But Thialfi could hardly credit his eyes when, before he had covered half the distance to the turning-point, he met Hugi coming back already.

"You will have to ply your legs better than that," said Utgard-Loki, "if you expect to win in this company."

A second course was run. Thialfi strained every nerve and muscle to the utmost. His heart beat as if it would burst through his ribs. Yet Hugi reached the goal when he was still a bowshot off.

"You run bravely," remarked the king. "Still, it seems to me this match will not be yours. The third trial must decide."

Once more they toed the mark and sped away. Thialfi did his best, but he was wearied with his last effort; his swift adversary crossed the finish line ere he had quite gone halfway.

The whole assemblage declared there was no need of further trial. Utgard-Loki turned to Thor.

"We have heard much of your prowess, Asa. What is your choice to prove to us that rumor's tales are true?"

"I will drink a draught with any of you," growled Thor between his teeth.

"Excellent," returned the king. He led the way back into the hall, and bade his cup-bearer bring the drinking-horn. It was borne forth.

"A good drinker," remarked Utgard-Loki, "empties

this at a single draught. Some men make two of it. The puniest of all can take it off in three."

Thor looked at the horn critically. It did not appear of extra size, though the end stretched away behind the bearer. Moreover, he was very thirsty. So little doubt had he of emptying it at a draught, that he did not pause to take breath, but set it to his lips and pulled long and deeply.

He set it down with a clatter, thinking to ask for more. To his chagrin, he could hardly perceive any lowering of the liquor.

"Well!" exclaimed the king. "Surely that is not much for Asa-Thor to boast of. I would not have believed it if it had been told me. Perhaps, though, you were saving yourself for a second draught."

Without answering, Thor seized the horn once more and quaffed a mighty draught. Yet on looking in, it seemed as if he had made less impression than before. Still the vessel could now be carried without spilling.

The king shook his head. "A man must use his own sort of skill. Certainly, though, you have left most of the task for your last attempt. I fear your reputation here will hardly match what you have in Asgard if this is a sample of your prowess."

Too angry to speak now, Thor grasped the horn again. Tilting it back, he drank and drank till he thought he would burst with the effort. But when he could do nothing more, he found he had emptied only the top inch or two.

He handed the horn back to the cup-bearer.

"I see plainly," said Utgard-Loki, "that what we have heard of you was a traveller's tale. Still, do you wish to try something else? I confess it does not seem likely that you will bear away many prizes here."

"I know," Thor replied doggedly, "that such draughts would not be accounted small among the Æsir—but I will attempt another feat. What have you to propose?"

"We have a game here, a sort of childish exercise. Before witnessing this last performance, I would scarce have dared mention it to Asa-Thor. It is merely lifting my cat from the floor."

A large gray cat walked out, its tail held high.

Thor looked at it, uncertain.

"He is large—for a cat," said the king.

Stung to the quick, Thor stepped forward, put a hand under the beast's belly and lifted hard.

The cat arched his back, not resisting at all. Heave and strain as he might, Thor could only get one paw off the floor.

"I imagined as much," said Utgard-Loki. "Even my cat is too large for such a little one."

"Little I may be," cried Thor. "Yet let me see the man here who will wrestle with me at this moment."

Utgard-Loki looked at the massive figures ranged along the benches.

"I see no one small enough for that. If you must wrestle, however—call old Elli, the nurse. She has thrown many a better man than you have yet proved yourself."

In came a bent, withered, toothless old crone. At

the king's bidding, she grappled with the aroused Thor.

Violently he strove, till the muscles on his arms and legs stood out like ropes. Locking his mighty arms, he strained this way and that. The more he put forth his power, the firmer did the frail old woman seem to stand.

Then Thor began to feel an inexorable grip tightening upon himself. He struggled as if his very life hung on the issue. Yet his legs began to bend. Presently he was forced down upon one knee.

Old Elli released him and hobbled off. With heaving breast, dripping sweat, and vastly ashamed, Thor stood up before them.

"We need hardly further trial," said Utgard-Loki. "Besides, it grows late. Show them to the guest seats."

They were made welcome, and feasted that night with good cheer.

Next morning they prepared to depart. Utgard-Loki saw that they were bountifully provided with food and drink. He himself conducted them to the gate of the city.

"Well, Asa-Thor," said he, as they were about to separate, "are you satisfied with your visit to Utgard? Have you seen more powerful rulers elsewhere on your journeys?"

"Truly," replied honest Thor, "I have brought great shame upon the Æsir. Justly will ye say that I am one of little worth."

"Hardly that," said the giant king. "Now that you

are outside of my city—which with my consent you will never enter again—I must tell you the truth. Had I imagined your powers and how near they would have brought me to disaster, you would by no means have seen the inside of it this time.

"Know, then, that I have deceived you all along with illusions.

"The wallet you could not open in the forest was bound with invisible iron wire. The least of the three strokes of your hammer would have ended my days: I brought before me a rocky mountain which you could not see; in this you will find three deep ravines, made by those blows.

"The contests here were illusions likewise.

"Though Loki ate like hunger, Logi who outmatched him was ardent fire itself.

"Hugi was thought: how could even swift Thialfi keep pace with him?

"The horn you tried to empty reached to the sea; when you come to the shore you will see your draughts have caused the ocean itself to ebb. When we saw you lift one of the cat's paws from the floor, we were all terror-stricken: for the cat was in reality the great Midgard serpent which encompasses the whole earth. Nurse Elli was in fact old age—and never yet has man wrestled with her as have you.

"Therefore, let us never meet again. For in spite of all the marvels of your strength, you can never prevail against me because of my illusions."

Wild with anger, Thor laid hold of Miolnir. But Utgard-Loki had vanished. He would have destroyed

the city, but even that had disappeared, leaving only a smooth and verdant plain.

There was no help for it save to return to their own land; and in truth as the Asa reflected upon what had happened, he was not so ill pleased as before.

Especially did he recall his feat of lifting the Midgard serpent; and the remembrance of his incredible exploit fired him with a resolution to match himself once more against this monstrous world-encircling progeny of Loki.

It was not long thereafter when he determined to wait no more for this. So hastily did he set out that he took neither car, nor goats, nor followers.

In the semblance of a young man he travelled forth, and at dusk came to the dwelling of a giant named Hymir, who lived by the Elivagar water.

Here he passed the night. At the evening meal he alone ate two of the oxen Hymir had prepared.

"I shall have to go fishing tomorrow to feed you," grumbled the host.

In the morning Hymir made his boat ready to go fishing. Thor offered to accompany him.

"Much use a midget like you would be," returned the giant. "You can eat, of a certainty; but rowing is quite another matter. Worse than that, you would get cold and terrified if I go out to my fishing-grounds and stay as I am accustomed to."

Sorely tempted to try Miolnir on the giant's skull, Thor dissembled:

"I will row as far as you say. We shall see which wishes to turn back first. What bait do we use?"

"Get a bait for yourself," returned the surly fellow.

Thor walked off to where the herd of oxen grazed. The leader was a huge coal-black bull. Seizing the beast by its horns, the Asa wrung off its head, carried it back to the boat and threw it in.

"Better if you had sat still," grumbled Hymir.

They pushed the boat through the breakers and put out to sea, each rowing with a pair of oars. Thor was aft, and Hymir was amazed to see how the boat shot through the waves, even against the strong wind.

Before long the giant pulled in his oars.

"Here is where I catch flat fish," said he.

"No, no; further out," said Thor, pulling harder than ever.

"Stop!" cried Hymir after a while. "We are getting near the dwelling of the Midgard serpent."

"Further out is better fishing," declared Thor; and he rowed on in spite of his companion's protests.

He stopped at last. Muttering, Hymir threw out his line. Presently he drew up a whale. Then another took hold.

Meanwhile Thor had taken out a line and hook, the size of which caused the giant to stare. Fastening the gory bull's head on the hook, he dropped it far down into the depths, till it actually reached the bottom.

He did not have to wait long. Something far down there seized the bait. The line tautened. Thor jerked violently. When the monster felt the hook, it pulled so hard that Thor was forced to hold on to the rowing pins to avoid being dragged overboard.

Then the Asa's spirit waxed high. He hauled at

the line so that his feet went through the bottom of the boat and down to the ocean floor. Yet ever he pulled, so stoutly that presently the hideous head of the Midgard snake appeared above the surface.

Nothing daunted by the floods of venom which the beast spouted out at him, Thor darted fiery glances at his enemy, still striving to lift the head into the boat.

Hymir, however, terrified beyond measure and feeling the craft sink beneath him, took his knife out of the sheath and cut the line just as Thor launched his hammer.

The monster fell back and sank again to his immemorial abode.

We know not whether those speak truly who declare that Miolnir struck off its head at the bottom of the sea, or whether it still lies encircling the earth. But it is related among the exploits of Alexander the Great that being lowered in a glass cage to the depths of the ocean he beheld a prodigious monster going past, and sat for two days, watching its body ooze along all the time, before its "tail and hinder parts" appeared. Which sounds as if Thor had not made a thorough job of it.

Certain it is, however, that Hymir said no word till they were again at the shore. Then he muttered:

"Do your share: carry the whales in or make the boat fast."

Whereupon Thor picked up boat, oars, whales and all, and bore the whole thing up the wooded hillside to the Jotun's dwelling.

CHAPTER V

THE GIANT PYRAMID-BUILDER

IF you travel through that beautiful land of lakes and mountains north of the City of Mexico, you will hardly fail to visit the ancient sacred city of Cholula. Nor can you fail to marvel at the remains of that incredible Pyramid, four times as large as the famous Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.

Cortes and his followers wondered at the fifty-acre structure nearly four centuries back. Humboldt measured it, studied it and speculated about it a hundred years ago. The general belief was that it had always been devoted to the worship of Quetzal, that Fair God of old Mexico. But there were once wise ancients among the Acolhuan Indians who remembered the truth passed down by tradition from times immemorial.

This is the tale of the Pyramid-builder.

As everyone knows, for 4800 years after the creation of the world the land of Anahuac was inhabited by a race of vast giants. (Have not their mighty bones, dwarfing those of modern men, been dug up time and again through the centuries?)

These monsters were enemies both of gods and men. Fierce were the wars waged against them by the people of Tlascala, and many a giant was over-

come by their multitudes, or driven forth into the wilderness to perish of starvation.

Always, however, there were enough of the dreadful race left to keep the land in an uproar; and particularly one Xelhua and his six brothers defied all attempts against them, holding themselves above laws, and doing only that which pleased their own ruthless cruelty. Very crafty as well as very strong they were, and the land of Anahuac groaned beneath their devastating tread. Finding there was none alive who might resist them, they waxed arrogant past belief, and scorned the very gods above, confident that there was no power in earth or heaven which could resist their will.

But at last the heavenly rulers grew wearied of this senseless tumult below. They determined to put an end to it all, and poured forth an overwhelming deluge on the earth. The clouds burst wide and precipitated their inexhaustible reservoirs; the irresistible ocean itself was loosed from its bounds; the underground rivers shot up from beneath the earth upon men and giants alike, and those who were not drowned were transformed into fishes.

All except crafty Xelhua and his six brothers: as the flood from above met the rising sea, they fled northward, climbed the lofty slopes of Mt. Tlaloc and hid themselves in seven caverns within its sides, rolling huge boulders in front of the openings to shut out the waters should they rise so high. Here they lay secure while the deluge raged unchecked throughout the universe.

When the appointed time came, the destroying waters withdrew to their stations above the clouds, beneath the earth, and in the ocean. Xelhua and his brothers came forth from their caves of refuge, the only living creatures, and by their arts peopled the earth with a new race, who were to be their servants.

They were now more arrogant than before,—for had they not succeeded in evading the utmost wrath of the gods? So Xelhua, who was skilled in building, determined to erect a structure such as the world had not yet seen—to serve not only as a perpetual memorial of his triumph, but also as an easier means of escape from any future attempt made against him by the lords of the winds and waters.

On the plain of Cholula this edifice was staked out, four sided, in girth like some great hill, in height planned to pierce the very clouds aloft.

In far-away Tlamanalco, at the foot of the Sierra, a multitude of men were set to work at digging clay, shaping it in moulds, and burning it into bricks. Instead of having these heavy loads carried across the hills, Xelhua stationed a line of workmen all the way from the brickyard to Cholula: these passed the bricks from hand to hand continually, so that the builders never lacked a supply. Bitumen too was similarly brought from a great distance to plaster the bricks firmly in place.

Under the hands of these myriads of workers the foundation of the incredible Pyramid grew as if it were a living thing. Day by day it mounted upwards, and the heart of Xelhua waxed high with pride when

even he had to climb laboriously to reach the dizzy level where the swarming ant-like laborers still built themselves aloft bodily. Looking upwards, he regretted that he had not planned an even larger base: for surely that was the only thing which in any way limited this monument to his power and guarantee of future security. There was one consolation: when this reached the apex of its sloping sides, he could build another, infinitely larger and loftier. Meanwhile, a future deluge must be worse than the former one to reach him upon the summit of this almost completed structure.

But the gods do not sleep, though they be long silent.

With rising wrath they beheld the growth of this presumptuous edifice and the increasing audacity of its builder. Still they bided their time, and the pyramid of Xelhua crept upwards till the low-hanging clouds often lay far beneath its upper courses.

The day came when a man might easily count the space of time still needed to complete the structure. Xelhua urged on his host of workers.

Then suddenly the heavens opened. A huge mass of flaming rock fell with irresistible force upon the proud pyramid and those that built it. The upper portion crashed down in ruins, carrying to destruction thousands of the laborers and the master-builder Xelhua himself.

Wherefore men doubted no longer that there were eternal powers on high. The fragment of the building which remained was dedicated thenceforth to the Fair God, Quetzal. And down to the time of that

worthy Dominican, Pedro de los Rios, the priests showed to unbelievers a portion of the very thunderbolt, a stone shaped like a toad, which had confounded the mad presumption of Xelhua; while the dancing celebrants sang in their festival hymn the tale of these happenings, that reverence might no more perish among men.

Moreover, since that day the tribes have no longer spoken the same tongue, but each has a language of its own, unintelligible to the others.

CHAPTER VI

THE FATAL PRIDE OF VUKUB

THE Maya race, now living mostly in Guatemala and Yucatan, seem to be the descendants of a people whose civilization was old long before the appearance of those Aztecs whom Cortes found ruling in Mexico.

Their wise men, like those of Cholula, knew from their fathers that there was a time when the earth had not yet recovered from the effects of the flood, and when mighty giants walked abroad. Nay, more, they took the pains to set down the facts in the only native American book we have which dates back to the times before Columbus—the Popol Vuh, or Collection of Written Leaves.

The submerging waters had returned to their appointed places on, above, and below the earth; but the face of both sun and moon were still veiled, and shone not with their wonted splendor.

In this twilight period there lived a gigantic being named Vukub-Cakix, for his countenance shone with seven times the brilliance of flame.

His eye-balls gleamed like silver set with precious stones; the enamel of his teeth was so brilliant that to look at them was like gazing at some gleaming

emerald, or the light-filled face of the sky. There was nothing in all the world that gave forth light like the eyes and teeth of Vukub.

Great as was his radiant beauty, his pride was greater still. Orgulous was he and puffed-up. And he said:

"Of a truth, only those have been saved from the flood who were above their fellow men. And of all those left alive there is not one like unto me. I am their sun, their dawn, and their moon. It is my splendor by which men come and go. I can see to the limits of creation, and it is so."

Thus he spoke in his arrogance. Nor was his pride lessened when he looked upon his two giant sons: Zipacna, who ruled the cloud-piercing peaks, and Cabrakan, at whose word the mountains belched forth fire, and the earth trembled in sudden convulsions. Moreover, there was none who dared deny that only when he advanced from his throne did the world come to life.

But the gods on high were not deaf to this boasting. They heard and smiled when Vukub said: "I am the Sun"; they smiled when Zipacna said: "I heaped-up and rule the mountains"; and again they smiled when Cabrakan said: "I shake the sky and earth."

Nevertheless, when they perceived that all on earth bowed in assent before these vain boasters, they stirred up against them the hearts of the marvellous twin brothers Hun-Apu and Xbalanque. Miraculously born of an earthly princess, these brethren had become heroes of many surprising adventures; none might

compete with them at tlachtli, that universal form of hockey by which a man's prowess was measured; deadly were the long blow-pipes they carried over their shoulders; and withal they were very crafty.

"It is not good that this should be," said the brethren, when they heard the vaunts of Vukub. "Let us put an end to the jewels by reason of which he is so puffed-up."

Now, next to his light-giving features, the thing dearest to Vukub was a huge nanze tree, a tapal, loaded with its round, yellow, aromatic fruit; and each morning he was wont to breakfast on this delicious fare.

Coming one day as usual, he climbed up to the summit of the lofty tree that he might take his choice of the most luscious fruit. Very wrathful was he this morning, when he perceived that the spreading branches were almost completely stripped of the bountiful supply which had hung there the day before.

He glared about to see who had dared to do this thing, and his anger grew ten times greater when he perceived the twins, almost hidden in the thick foliage.

Before he could attack them, Hun-Apu raised the blow-pipe to his mouth and sped a dart which buried itself in the giant's cheek. With a frightful screech he fell from the tree-top to the ground.

Quickly the brothers descended, and ran to seize the groaning giant; but he grasped the arm of Hun-Apu with so fell a grip that he tore it completely away from the shoulder; whereupon they fled from him in haste.

Still holding his enemy's arm, and pressing his hand

against the wounded jaw, Vukub made his way home, groaning aloud.

"What has happened to my lord?" asked his wife.

"Those wicked ones have shot a dart into my cheek which tortures me beyond endurance. But I have torn off the arm of one of them; and I shall revenge myself by roasting it over the fire till the pain drives that demon to come for it."

So he suspended the arm before the fire, bidding his wife never cease turning it over the blazes, and lay down groaning more than ever: for the teeth of which he was so proud now caused him an anguish he could not bear. Moreover, the pain had extended even to his shining eye-balls.

Meanwhile the brothers, in order to combat this magic torture, had consulted a pair of mighty sorcerers. Man and wife were this ancient couple; their hair was white as the snows upon the mountain peaks, and the woman was bent double when she sat or stood or walked. Between them they fashioned a subtle plan.

Vukub lay before his golden throne, moaning and howling with the pain that affected him, so that his cries could be heard afar off without the palace.

There came one who told him that two doctors were at the door, enquiring who it might be that suffered so greatly. He ordered that they should be admitted.

In hobbled a very ancient white-haired man and woman. Even in his agony the heart of Vukub was pleased to notice that the woman bowed almost double as she came before him.

"Who are you, and what do you wish?" said the giant king.

"We are doctors, mighty Lord. Hearing one cry out we stopped to enquire the trouble: for we make our living by curing ailments."

"Who are those behind you—your sons?" demanded Vukub suspiciously, noticing two slim figures, dressed in skins, in the rear.

"Not so, lord. These are our grandchildren. Their father and mother are both dead, and they follow us everywhere as we go about to heal, since only thus can we get food for us all."

"What can you heal? Can you ease this pain which devours me?"

"Doubtless we can, for we are wise in all arts—though our special knowledge is that of removing aching teeth."

"Teeth!" exclaimed the king, groaning afresh, and scarcely able to speak. "That is what is killing me—they and my eyes."

"Let me see," said the old man. He bent forward and examined the wounded cheek. "Ah, you have a bad wound there. No wonder you suffer."

"It was those demons who shot me with a blowpipe," said Vukub thickly. "Cure me if you can, and you shall not complain of your reward."

"It will be necessary to remove those teeth," said the sorcerer. "Also I think the eye-ball is diseased already."

"What! Remove my teeth which give light to all the world! Impossible."

"Are they not loose in the jaw anyhow?"

"Yes, yes, they move in their sockets—and when they do so, deadly pains run throughout my body."

"You see they must come out. But have no fear: such is our skill that we will replace them with others more beautiful by far. More, we will remove them all, so that the new set will be alike. Even the eye-balls we will match as before."

"If you are sure—," began Vukub. Then, as the pain gripped him,—"Quick! Do as you say. I cannot eat; not once have I slept since those evil ones shot me; surely I shall die if I be not healed speedily. But use all your arts: for it is because of the beauty of my teeth and my eyes that I am king."

"Rest assured. Pure and strong and polished will be the new teeth that we shall put in their place."

"Hurry," said Vukub.

Then the two cunning sorcerers, aided by the disguised twins, removed the shining teeth, while the giant howled and wept. And in place of them they inserted only grains of white maize.

Immediately his splendor fell. He knew within himself that he was no longer the dawn and the moon. Nor was he able to resist when they proceeded to remove the gleaming eye-balls which still gave lustre to his countenance.

But when these also were gone, Vukub-Cakix ceased to be. For without his colossal pride he was not.

All this time his wife had been busily turning the severed arm over the fire, to increase the torments of its absent owner. Hun-Apu now snatched the arm,

and with the aid of powerful incantations by the sorcerers, replaced it firmly in its socket. Whereupon the brothers went away, well content in that they had humbled the pride of Vukub.

And it is set down in the Written Leaves how later on they overcame through craft both of those gigantic sons of the Proud One, so that the seed of the earth-giants perished utterly from among the Mayas.

CHAPTER VII

OG, KING OF BASHAN

THE Hebrew chroniclers tell us that the giants of their land were the children of the fallen angels who took to themselves wives from the beautiful daughters of men. When these huge beings had consumed the possessions of their neighbors, they began to devour even the human beings themselves; and from this horrible example men came to kill and eat birds, animals and fishes.

Of these terrific and wicked ones, merely to glance at whom made one's heart grow weak, the most celebrated was Og. His mother Enac was a daughter of Adam. Like all of his race he was by nature half mortal: for being part angel, part human, these monsters, after a very long life, found themselves with but half a body, the rest having withered away; and with the prospect of remaining forever in this uncomfortable state, they were wont either to plunge into the sea or to end this miserable half existence by means of a magic herb, the secret of which had been transmitted by their celestial ancestors. Og, however, was destined, in this as in other matters, for a different fate from that of his brethren.

When the wickedness and arrogance of the Cainites brought the Flood upon the earth, Noah, as commanded, gathered his family and the animals into the

ark he had built. All the rest of the miserable folk perished in the waters—with the single exception of the giant Og. The latter had persuaded Noah to save him by promising that he and his descendants would in return serve the family of Noah forever. But when they came to embark, it was discovered that the vessel was not large enough to accommodate this huge creature; so he was permitted to sit on top of the ark; and during those weary months when the waters covered the face of the earth, those within passed food to the giant through a hole in the roof.

There are, indeed, writers who declare that Og escaped because his stature was such that the deluge at its deepest reached only to his knees, he being accustomed to drink water direct from the clouds. In fact, Abba Saul avers: "I once hunted a stag which fled into the thigh-bone of a dead man. I pursued it and ran along three parasangs" (about eight miles!) "of the thigh-bone, yet had not yet reached its end"—and this bone proved to be a portion of Og's skeleton. In Moses' time, however, the giant's great iron-bedstead—"is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon?"—was a mere thirteen or fourteen feet long. Whatever his height, his breadth was half as great, instead of only one-third as in the normal man.

There was also one animal too large to enter the ark, the reëm or unicorn. It was therefore tied to the stern and "ran on behind." Undoubtedly this difficult mode of travelling proved fatal, since we have no authentic record of that beast since then.

Og had better fortune. Whether wading or bestrid-

ing the vessel, he won through; for we find him again some hundreds of years later as the slave of Abraham, to whom he had been presented by Nimrod. (He was, say the rabbins, that very steward called Eliezer in the Bible account.) Finally, after these centuries of servitude, his master freed him as a reward for bringing back Rebekah as a bride for his son Isaac.

"God also rewarded him in this world, that this wicked wight might not lay claim to a reward in the world to come. He therefore made a king of him." He had also received another doubtful reward for a difficult service. Hearing that Abraham's nephew Lot had been carried away into captivity, he sped with the news, and stood by when all others were fearful, thinking in his heart that his master would hasten to his kinsman's help, and would be killed by the marauding kings—which would leave the beautiful Sarah as his own prize. Consequently he was granted another five hundred years of life, but on the conclusion of that term he was to be completely mortal.

Long did this gigantic monarch of gigantic adventures reign in Bashan, east of the Jordan River. Sixty walled cities did he found, and great was his power and fame in all that land. Of his own race to the south was Sihon, King of the Amorites; and across the Dead Sea was another family of his blood, Anak and his sons and daughters. All the kings of Canaan paid tribute to Og of Bashan in return for the defence of their borders by his might. Even had he known of it, he would have been little troubled to hear that the Israelitish slaves of Pharaoh had escaped from

bondage in Egypt, and were slowly moving northward through the desert towards Canaan.

Great indeed would have been his amusement had he seen the slinking spies sent out by Moses, when they reached the "City of Four" (Kiriath-Arba, or Hebron), where dwelt Anak and his mighty brood. At the mere shout of one of the sons the spies fell down as dead men; and one day the Israelites heard the Anakim roar to each other as they looked toward the trembling strangers: "There are grasshoppers by the trees that have the semblance of men."

But in spite of the timorous report of most of these scouts—"we be not able to go up against these people; for they are stronger than we"—the day arrived when word came to Og that this band of wanderers had smitten the Amorites, and killed Sihon and his son, and captured the impregnable city of Heshbon, and taken possession of all that region.

This brought the invaders to the very edge of Og's dominions, and when they had rested, they pressed on against the stronghold of Edrei.

Toward night they reached the outskirts, and Moses prepared to attack the following day. At dawn he rose and went forward to reconnoitre; but as he looked ahead through the grayness he cried out:

"Behold, in the night they have built up a new wall about the city!"

Then the light grew gradually stronger, and he perceived that what he had taken for a new fortification was the giant king himself, who sat upon the wall with his feet touching the earth.

Sore dismayed was the Israelitish host at sight of this incredible being, who gazed upon them with scornful confidence. Even Moses himself hesitated and began to feel doubtful. Not only did ordinary weapons seem unavailing against such a prodigy, but he reflected that this giant was reputed to have lived for hundreds of years: "Surely he could never have attained so great an age had he not performed meritorious deeds." He reflected too that Og was the only one of the original giant brood who had escaped the sword of the angel Amraphel, and it seemed therefore as if he must be under some sort of divine protection.

While he thus communed with himself and sought for guidance in prayer, he seemed to hear from on high a direct answer to his questionings:

"What matters to thee Og's gigantic stature? He is as a green leaf in thy hand."

At this he took courage. Yet he could not understand in what manner he might come at the monster, since apparently no weapon he could handle would come anywhere near reaching to his knees.

So he waited, considering this matter. And presently the giant bestirred himself and set about bringing the issue to a close in characteristic fashion. For, noting closely the size of the encampment of the Israelites, he heaved up a huge rock, like a veritable mountain, vast enough to cover the entire camp. Bearing this upon his head, he strode forward, clearly intending to crush the entire force of his enemies at one blow.

Ill would it have fared with the band under Moses that day had they been dependent upon their own might alone. But as the giant advanced, and all waited in terror for the catastrophe, the colossal mass of rock was seen to settle down over his head. He stood still, blinded and bewildered, endeavoring to throw off this imprisoning bulk; but all his efforts were unavailing.

Then Moses, perceiving that the enemy was delivered into his hands, seized a mighty axe, and ran forward, and leaped into the air higher than an ordinary man's head, and dealt such a blow upon Og's leg that he crashed to earth with the rock on top of him.

Thus died Og, King of Bashan, last of the giants who were before the Flood.

And the warriors of Israel fell upon the army which had accompanied him, and conquered it utterly, and took possession of all that land.

CHAPTER VIII

A SON OF ANAK

THERE was war many years between the children of Israel and the Philistines.

And it came to pass while Saul was King that the Philistines gathered together a great army, and marched into the land of Judah against the Israelites, and encamped in a plain near Shochoh. So Saul also drew out his army and hurried forward, and occupied a hill overlooking this plain; whereupon the Philistines were forced to leave their position and to establish themselves on another hill across the valley of Elah from Saul's camp.

While the armies thus faced each other, there came one day out of the ranks of the Philistines a champion named Goliath. Very terrible he was to behold, for he was of the race of those sons of Anak for fear of whom the Israelites under Moses had murmured and had been therefore condemned to wander forty years in the wilderness. And while Joshua had finally led them across the Jordan after the death of Moses, and had smitten the Anakim and overcome them, there had remained three cities where their seed still dwelt,—Gaza, and Gath and Ashdod; and it was from Gath that this Goliath had come with the invading army.

He was half as tall again as an ordinary man, something over nine feet. His brazen breastplate alone weighed as much as a man; on his head was a helmet of brass; and he carried over his shoulder a mighty spear which looked like a weaver's beam and the head of which alone weighed twenty-five pounds. Brazen greaves were upon his legs, and he bore a shield of gleaming brass.

This daunting figure advanced boldly into the plain, between the two armies drawn up in battle array, and in a great voice cried out:

"Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine and ye servants of Saul? Choose you a man for you and let him come down to me.

"If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us.

"I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

Now this was quite customary in the olden times: many a great issue had been decided by the combat of two champions. Moreover, there were brave men enough in the army of the Israelites, for Saul had had war all his days, against the children of Moab and the Amalekites, against Ammon, Edom and Zoab; and when he had seen any strong or valiant fighter among his people, he had straightway taken him unto him. But at the sight of this huge, brazen warrior, his hardiest veterans turned pale and trembled—for was it not a saying passed on from father to son for

many generations: "Who shall stand before the sons of Anak?"

So, among all those thousands there was not found one so much as to answer to the giant's challenge. Which, when he perceived, he reviled them and returned to his own people.

The next day he came forth again, morning and evening, and the day after that, and each day following, always repeating his challenge in the face of all the force, and taunting them bitterly. Wherefore Saul was greatly troubled, for he knew well that this open fear of the giant would fight more overwhelmingly against his soldiers, when battle was joined, than the mighty Philistine himself and all his host. He offered, therefore, great riches to any man who would go forth against the challenger; whosoever should slay him should have the king's daughter to wife, and his father's house should be free in Israel. Yet even this could not prevail upon any to stand before the Philistine, so that for forty days he braved and insulted the whole army without response.

Now there were three brothers among those who followed Saul, Eliab, Abinadab and Shammah. They were sons of Jesse, who dwelt but ten or twelve miles from the battlefield in the hills near Bethlehem. This Jesse had a fourth son, David, who was but a stripling and tended his father's sheep.

He was a ruddy youth, of fair gaze, and beautiful to look upon. So cunning a musician was he that when an evil spirit of melancholy had descended upon the king, one of his servants had brought the boy to

harp to his master; and the youth's skill in charming away this evil spirit had given him favor in Saul's sight, so that he had kept him before him and made him his armor-bearer. But when the three older sons of Jesse had joined the army gathered against the Philistines, David had returned to his duties with his father's flocks.

It chanced at this time that Jesse called David to him:

"Take now," said he, "this bushel of parched corn and these ten loaves and carry them swiftly to the camp to thy brethren.

"And carry these ten cheeses to the captain of their thousand, and see how thy brethren fare and bring me word again."

So David arose very early in the morning and left the sheep with a keeper and went as his father had commanded to the camp by the valley of Elah.

It was an easy journey for one who spent his days abroad with the sheep, and the sun was but lately up when he reached the encampment.

All was noise and confusion as he arrived, for both hosts were setting themselves in battle array, army against army. So the youth left his burdens with the keeper of the supplies, and ran in among the ranks until he found his brethren and said unto them: "Peace be with you."

As he talked with them, the Philistine champion appeared on the opposite slope. According to his wont, he challenged the whole army and reviled them,

while the men of Israel drew back, sore afraid as before.

David heard his insults, and heard also the talk of those who stood by: what great things King Saul had promised to any who might overthrow him, and how long his boast and defiance had gone unquestioned.

"What shall be done," he inquired of his neighbors, "to the man that killeth this Philistine and taketh away the reproach from Israel? For who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

They answered and told him what the king had promised: "So shall it be done to the man that killeth him."

His eldest brother Eliab heard these questionings, and his anger was kindled against David. He turned upon him, saying:

"Why comest thou down hither? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and forwardness: thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

"What have I now done?" replied the youth. "Was there not a cause for my coming?"

He turned away and again asked the nearest soldier of the affair, receiving the same answer. And some one came to Saul, relating the words the stripling had spoken. Saul sent for him.

As soon as he stood in the king's presence, David broke out, pointing to the distant figure of the giant:

"Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

"Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him," answered Saul; "for thou art but a youth, and he is a man of war from his childhood up."

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep," urged the young man, "and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock.

"And I went out after the lion and smote him and delivered the lamb out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by the hair and smote him, and slew him.

"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God."

When Saul saw the eagerness and confidence of this handsome young shepherd, he was reminded of the deed of his son Jonathan when, accompanied only by his armor-bearer, he had climbed up into the enemy's garrison at Michmash, and slain twenty men within the space of half an acre, and started the rout of the whole army of the Philistines which had been about to overrun the land.

"Go," said he, "and the Lord be with thee."

So he armed David with his own armor and put a helmet on his head. And David girded on the king's sword and tried to walk; but he found himself so unaccustomed to the armor that he said to the king:

"I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them."

So he removed the armor, and set out in his shepherd's clothes, with his staff in his hand and his sling

hanging from his girdle. This latter was the weapon he knew, and it was by no means to be despised. The plain piece of leather with thongs attached to each end, by means of which a stone could be hurled, was perhaps the very earliest means of fighting at a distance; and it was the traditional arm of more than one nation of the Syrian region. Among the Benjaminites, when they fought with Israel, there were 700 chosen men, left-handed, every one of whom could sling stones at a hair's-breadth and not miss; and an expert slinger had the advantage, against a warrior armed with sword and spear, of being able to deliver an attack long before he himself was threatened.

The youth walked to the brook and carefully selected five rounded stones of the right size, which he put into the wallet slung over his shoulder. Then, in the full sight of both armies, he advanced against the giant warrior in his gleaming harness, who stood brandishing his great spear and shouting his scorn.

Seeing David approach, he came forward, preceded by his shield-bearer. But perceiving only this fresh-faced stripling in his skin garment, he was filled with contempt at such an antagonist.

"Am I a dog," he cried, "that thou comest to me with staves?"

Cursing the youth by his heathen gods, he shouted: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Calmly David answered:

"Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of

the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

"This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the assembly may know there is a god in Israel."

Enraged at this insolence, the Philistine champion hastened forward to smite down this boaster with one blow.

But David ran towards him. And as he ran he took one of the stones and placed it in his sling. Whirling it about, he hurled it so shrewdly that the stone struck Goliath full in the forehead, burying itself in the skull.

Down crashed that giant bulk to earth. The shield-bearer fled aghast back to his own lines. Running up to his prostrate adversary, the youth drew the giant's sword from his sheath, and, while the multitude looked on in awed silence, he hewed the Philistine's head from his body.

At that the Israelites set up a shout which echoed from hill to hill. The Philistine host turned and fled in utter panic, while Saul's men slaughtered them all the way to the gates of Gath, making great spoil of their belongings.

But David took the giant's sword and placed it in the sanctuary of Nob, where it was to serve him in dire need, at a later day.

And Saul set him over all his men of war.

Part II

IN THE DAYS OF ROMANCE

Though it be hard at times to see of what usefulness were those troublesome monsters of the world's younger days,—there is no such difficulty with the thronging giants of the age of chivalry. For some seven centuries (that is from the institution of this order by Charlemagne till it was shot to death by firearms and gunpowder), the giant's reason for existence was to furnish a large enough measure of the knight's prowess.

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall," says the modern "bruiser"; the old romancers would have added—"and the more resounding los to him who fells them."

Little did their vast size and muscles avail them against these hot thirsters after fame. The magic net of Caligorant, Ferragus's prophetic brazen head, Galafer's magic armor rendering the sinless wearer invulnerable, Mugillo's prodigious mace with its whirling balls—weapons, strength, craft and magic were alike impotent before a Roland, an Arthur, an Amadis, or a Guy of Warwick. Of a list of two hundred giants collected by a curious biographer, well-nigh half came to an untimely end through the sword of some knight-errant. Small wonder that after several hundred years of such eager reaping, these heroes should have left not one live specimen for us of later times to gape at.

Read but the following few tales of such adventures as comprised almost the regular "day's work" of knighthood; and, however much you may bewail the loss, you must speedily comprehend why these Tall Ones, once so plentiful, are today extinct.

CHAPTER IX

FERRAGUS, WHO OWNED THE BRAZEN HEAD

CHARLEMAGNE held his state in the city of Pampeluna. This city of the Moors he had invested for six months; and being unable to take it, he prayed to St. James,—whereat the walls fell down as did those of Jericho before the blast of the priests' trumpets.

Great was the Emperor's fame after his prodigious conquests in Saxony, France, Germany, Lorraine, Burgundy, Italy, and now in Spain; and his person befitted his renown.

"He was of a ruddy complexion," says Turpin's Chronicle, "with brown hair; of a well-made handsome form, but stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet which were very long. He was of a strong, robust make; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long; his beard a palm; his nose half a palm; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles; his eye-brows were half a palm over. When he was angry it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight span for his girdle besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread, but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls. a goose, or a

large portion of pork; a peacock, crane or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback, from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand.

"He was liberal, just in his decrees, and fluent of speech. Four days in the year, especially during his residence in Spain, he held a solemn assembly at court, adorning himself with his royal crown and sceptre: namely on Christmas-day, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the festival of St. James. A naked sword, after the imperial fashion, was then borne before him. A hundred and twenty devout knights watched nightly around his couch, in three courses of forty each. A drawn sword was laid at his right hand, and a lighted candle at his left."

Yet the chief glory of this regal court was the band of Paladins, (Palace knights), sworn to the Emperor and to each other—Roland of Brittany, Oliver of Genoa, Ogier the Dane, Richard of Normandy, Guy of Burgundy, Rinaldo of the White Thorn, Terry of Ardennes, old Neymes of Bavaria, and the rest. Save perhaps at that Round Table of King Arthur, never was there gathered together such a company of heroes as these Douzepeers. All the world of christendom and paynimry resounded with their fame.

Amid one of these high festivals there arrived messengers spurring hotly from Nager. White-faced,

they told of the coming of a Moorish giant hight Ferragus. He sent defiance to Charles and all his knights. Men said no weapon might harm him, while he himself was possessed of twenty men's strength.

Also he was surrounded by a reputation of magic art; for as Valentine and Orson later discovered, his home was on an island far to the south. Here glittered a strong castle of shining metal; and in a chamber therein stood on a pillar a marvellous brazen head, "composed a long time ago by the necromancy of a magician, which Head was of such an excellent composition, that it gave Answer to anything that was demanded." In addition he had for servitor one Pacolet, a dwarf, a very cunning wizard, who had made a wooden horse that would carry him through the air whithersoever he would. Natheless, be what he might, the Saracen challenger must be met, for the honor of knighthood. The Emperor therefore marched to Nager and pitched his camp there.

When the giant appeared from the city next morning, all were aghast at the sight. He was twelve cubits high, and the fingers which gripped his huge brand were three palms in length. From his loathly dark face his eyebrows stuck out like stiff pig's bristles. A hideous and fell creature he looked, and when the French knights beheld his monstrous thews they had little desire to seek "los" in that encounter.

Bold Ogier the Dane, however, demanded the honor of the fight. Carefully he armed himself, chose the heaviest lance he could find, and mounted his stoutest charger. Then he sped forth over the plain before

the watching army. When he approached the giant, he set spurs to his horse and thundered down upon him with a speed and force that seemed irresistible.

With utter indifference the monster received the spear point on his shield, and the tough wood flew to pieces. Ferragus was not even staggered by the onset. He stepped forward, thrust a great arm about Ogier, lifted him bodily from his horse, and, despite all the struggles of this renowned warrior, carried him off beneath his arm to the castle, no more disturbed than a falcon is by the fluttering of the prey in his talons.

Next there came against him Rinaldo of the White Thorn, but he fared no better, being seized and borne away in the same manner.

Scornfully the giant taunted the French king:

"Ah, it was you who won Spain! And this is the best you have? By the Prophet, ten such at a time were no match for Ferragus alone."

Chafing under this disgrace, Charlemagne despatched two knights together, Sir Constantine of Rome, and Earl Howel of Nantes—only to suffer the humiliation of seeing the huge Saracen tuck one under each arm and walk away with them as if they were children.

Abandoning all thought of equal combat, he bade ten knights sally out and destroy this prodigy, whose boasting grew ever more difficult to endure. To his amazement, the issue was the same: Ferragus was not so much as wounded, while these doughty knights were borne off in triumph to the castle dungeon.

Ruin instead of renown seemed to lie at the end of

this road, and the Emperor refused to risk any more of his knights in conflict with this unearthly being.

Roland's proud heart could not brook this. He came before Charles and demanded the combat. Dreading a similar fate for this best-loved of his douzepeers, the Emperor urged him to forego the adventure; yet when the Duke insisted that he must undertake it, for his own honor and that of France, Charles could no longer withhold his assent.

Armed cap-à-pie, the undefeated Paladin rode forth. So confident and haughty was his mien that Ferragus perceived this was no adversary to be despised. As the knight drew near, the giant's great hand shot out and gripped him inexorably by the sword arm. That vise-like grasp paralyzed the victim's muscles, as the crushing jaws of the lion are said to destroy effort and feeling. Then he put forth all his superhuman power, and lifted the knight from the saddle. Swinging him in front of himself, he urged his huge charger towards the castle, well assured of adding him too to the growing band of captives.

But as he was bearing him to the city (says the chronicler of nearly a thousand years ago), Roland recovered his strength, and trusting in the Almighty, seized the giant by the beard, and tumbled him from his horse, so that both came to the ground together. Roland then thinking to slay the infidel, drew his sword Durandal and struck at him, but the blow fell upon his steed and shore through it.

The giant, being thus on foot, drew his enormous sword; but Roland, who had remounted his own

charger, dealt him a sudden stroke on the sword arm. Though Durandal was tempered so that the knight could cut through a block of marble with it, yet could the blade make no impression upon this creature's skin. Still, the sheer force of the blow struck the brand from the giant's grasp.

Greatly enraged at this mischance, Ferragus aimed a blow at Roland with his fist, but, missing him, hit his horse on the forehead and laid it dead on the spot. Avoiding the monster's grasp Roland laid on him lustily with Durandal, but the unfailing weapon could find no spot where the giant's hide might be pierced.

For the rest of that day they battled with fists and stones. The giant then demanded a truce till next day, agreeing to meet Roland without horse or spear. Each warrior then retired to his post.

Next morning they accordingly met once more. Ferragus brought his sword, but Roland armed himself only with a sturdy club to ward off the blows of the giant, who wearied himself to no purpose.

They now began again to batter each other with stones that lay scattered about the field, till at last the giant begged a second truce. This being granted, he presently fell fast asleep upon the ground. Roland, taking a stone for a pillow, quietly laid himself down also. For such was the law of honor between the Christians and the Saracens at that time, that no one on any pretence dared to take advantage of his adversary before the truce was expired, as in that case his own party would have slain him.

When Ferragus awoke, he found Roland awake

also, marvelling at the prodigious snoring which came from his huge adversary. He discovered, too, that the knight had placed a block of stone beneath his head for a pillow, and this courtesy caused him to inquire the Frenchman's name.

Roland told him, and inquired in his turn of that matter which most bewildered him: how it was that no wounds had resulted from all his swordplay with his trusted Durandal.

"Because," said Ferragus proudly, "I am invulnerable except in one point."

"And where is that?"

"In the navel."

Ferragus spoke in the Spanish language, which Roland understanding tolerably well, a conversation now followed between them.

"Of what race are you?" asked the giant.

"Of the race of the Franks."

"What law do you follow?"

"The law of Christ, so far as his grace permits me."

"Who is this Christ in whom you profess to believe?"

"The Son of God, born of a Virgin, who took upon him our nature, was crucified for us, rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of the Father."

"We believe," said Ferragus, "that the Creator of heaven and earth is one God, and that, as he was not made himself, so cannot another God spring from him. There is, therefore, only one God and not three, as I understand you Christians profess."

"You say well; there is but one God; but your faith is imperfect; for as the Father is God, so likewise is the Son, and so is the Holy Ghost. Three persons, but one God."

"Nay, if each of these three persons be God, there must be three Gods."

"By no means," replied Roland. "He is both three and one. Abraham saw three but worshipped one. Let us recur to natural things. When the harp sounds, there is the art, the strings and the hand, yet but one harp. In the almond there is the shell, the coat and the kernel. In the sun, the body, the beams and the heat. In the wheel, the hub, the spokes, and the nave. In you likewise, there is the body, the members and the soul. In like manner may Trinity in Unity be ascribed to God."

They discoursed at length upon these mysteries, the giant listening with great interest to the knight's explanation of the resurrection from the dead. To Roland's surprise, however, Ferragus presently remarked:

"Well, to end our arguments, I will fight you on these terms: if the faith you profess be the true faith, you shall conquer; otherwise the victory shall be mine. And let the issue be eternal honor to the conqueror, but dishonor to the vanquished."

"Be it so!" said Roland.

Whereupon they immediately fell to blows. The very first which the giant aimed at him would have certainly been fatal, if Roland had not nimbly leaped aside, and caught it on his club, which was, however,

cut in twain. Ferragus, seeing his advantage, rushed in upon him, and both came to the ground together.

Then Roland, finding it impossible to escape, implored the divine assistance; and, feeling himself invigorated, he sprung upon his feet, seized the giant's sword and thrust it into his navel.

Finding himself mortally wounded, Ferragus called aloud with a mighty voice upon Mahomet; which the Saracens hearing, sallied from the city, and bore him off in their arms.

Roland returned safe to the camp, to the great joy of Charlemagne and his fellows. Then the French boldly attacked the city, and carried it by storm. The giant and his people were slain, his castle taken, and all the Christian warriors liberated.

CHAPTER X

THE GIANT OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

MANY are the tales of King Arthur's valiant Round Table of knights—whose deeds have been sung almost more than those of the King himself. But from the day when as a "damoiseau of some fifteen years," (men say in the sixth century after Christ), Arthur was crowned as successor to Uther Pendragon, he was an example of chivalry to his whole court.

"He was a very virtuous knight, right worthy of praise, whose fame was much in the mouths of men. To the haughty he was proud; but tender and pitiful to the simple. He was a stout knight and a bold: a passing crafty captain, as indeed was but just, for skill and courage were his servants at need: and large of his giving. He was one of Love's lovers; a lover also of glory; and his famous deeds are right fit to be kept in remembrance. He ordained the courtesies of courts, and observed high state in very splendid fashion. So long as he lived and reigned he stood head and shoulders above all princes of the earth, both for courtesy and prowess, as for valor and liberality."

Having settled his own realm in peace and restored the kingdom to its ancient borders, he conquered Ire-

land, Norway, Denmark and Flanders; and, after a nine-years' war, added France to his dominions.

To him, thus flushed with victory, came ambassadors from the Emperor of Rome, bidding him to appear at that city and make restitution for his wrongful attacks on the empire's provinces, or to expect to be haled thither in bonds for judgment by the senate.

The king's answer was to summon a vast army, commit the realm to the care of his nephew Mordred, (who afterward wrought such bale to that noble company) and set out over sea for Rome—"not to carry tribute, but to seek it."

A puissant and well-armed host it was that set forth; and the warrior-monarch who led them was arrayed in harness that surpassed all his followers. His thigh-pieces were of steel, wrought strong and fairly by some cunning smith. His hauberk was stout and richly chased, even such a vesture as became so puissant a king. Upon him was girt his sword, Excalibur. Mighty was the glaive, and long in the blade. It was forged in the Isle of Avalon, and he who brandished it naked in his hand deemed himself a happy man.

His helmet gleamed upon his head. The nasal was of gold; circlets of gold adorned the head-piece, with many a clear stone; and a dragon was fashioned for its crest. This helm had once been worn by Uther his sire. The king was mounted upon a destrier (charger), passing fair, strong, and speedy, loving well the battle. About his neck was set his shield, all clean of elephant's bone (ivory), on which was painted

in several colors the image of Our Lady of St. Mary. The lance he carried was named Ron: it was a strong shaft, tough and great, sharp at the head, and very welcome at need in the press of battle. It had been made in Caermarthen by a smith that hight Griffin, and King Uther had carried it before time.

Setting out from Southampton with his great host, the king sailed for France; and though the mariners, steering by the stars, "were very fearful of the dark," the ships came safely to haven very early in the morning at Barfleur in Normandy.

They had been but a little while in the land when tidings were brought to the king that a marvellously strong giant, newly come to that land, had carried off Helen the niece of his kinsman, Hoel.

This doleful lady the giant, named Dinabuc, had taken to a high place known as St. Michael's Mount, though in that day there was neither church nor monastery on the cliff, but all was shut close by the waves of the sea.

The adventure which followed was told many times in the old days, by Wace, Layamon and others. Let us listen to the unknown romancer of the 14th Century who left us *Morte Arthure:*

When they had reached the shore and raised their tents, a templar came and informed the king: "Here, too, is a tyrant that torments thy people, a great giant of Genoa engendered by fiends; he hath devoured more than five hundred people and also many infants and free-born children. This hath been his suste-

nance now for seven winters and yet is the glutton not sated so well it pleaseth him. In the country of Cotentin no people has he left outside the strong castle enclosed within walls—for he has completely destroyed all the children of the commons and carried them to his crag and devoured them there. The Duchess of Brittany he has taken to-day near Reynes as she rode with her fair knights, and led her to the mountain where he abideth. We followed afar off, more than five hundred barons and citizens and noble bachelors, but he reached the crag: she shrieked so loud: the horror of that creature I shall never forget. She was the flower of France or of five realms, and one of the fairest that was ever formed, the gentlest jewel accounted by lords from Genoa to Geron, by Jesus of Heaven! She was thy wife's cousin, as thou mayest know, and sprung from the noblest race that reign in this earth. As thou art a righteous king, take pity on the people and endeavor to avenge them that are thus affronted."

"Alas," said the king, "so long as I have lived had I known of this it had been well: it has not happened fairly but fallen foul that this fiend hath destroyed the fair lady. I had leifer than all France this fifteen winters that I had been before that fellow a furlong away when he laid hold of that lady and led her to the mountains; I had left behind my life ere she had suffered harm. But can you tell me the crag where lives that man? I will go to that place and speak with him, to deal with that tyrant for treason to his lord, and make a truce for a time till it may happen better."

"Sire, see ye yon foreland with yonder two fires? there lurks that fiend—ask when thou mayest, upon the crest of the crag by a cold well that encloses the cliff within its clear stream: there wilt thou find dead folk without number, more florins i' faith than in all the rest of France, and more treasure hath that traitor unlawfully got than there was in Troy, I trow, what time it was conquered."

Then the noble king sighed for pity of those people, went right to a tent and rested no longer, he welters and wrestleth with himself and wringeth his hands—there was no wight in the world that knew what he wanted. He called Sir Cayous that served with the cup and Sir Bedivere the bold that bore his great brand.

"Look to it that after evensong ye be armed full well and mounted on horses by yonder thicket—by yon blithe stream, for I will pass privately in pilgrimage that way at supper-time when the lords are served to seek a saint by yon salt streams on St. Michael's Mount where miracles are seen."

After evensong King Arthur himself went to his wardrobe and took out his clothes—he armed him in a jerkin with a rich golden fringe, and above that laid a jeryn of Acre right over, and above that a coat of gentle mail—a tunic of Jerodyn with edges frayed. He drew on a bacenett of burnished silver—the best that was in Basill with rich borders: the crest and the crown enclosed so fair with clasps of bright gold adorned with stones — the visor and the aventail equipped so fair without a flaw, with eyelets of silver;

his gauntlets gaily gilded and engraven at the borders with grains and balls of most glorious hue; he bore a broad shield and calls for his sword, he jumped on a brown steed and waits on the heath. He rises in his stirrups and stands aloft, he strains himself stoutly and looks forth, then he spurs the bay steed and rides to the thicket and there his knights await him gallantly arrayed.

They rode by that river that runneth so swift where the trees overstretch with fair boughs, the roe and the reindeer run recklessly there in thickets and rose-gardens to feast themselves. The thickets were in blossom with may-flowers, with falcons and pheasants of fair hues—all the birds lived there which fly with wings, for there sang the cuckoo full loud on the bushes, with all birds of merriment they gladden themselves: the voice of the nightingale's notes was sweet, they strove with the throstles three hundred at once, that this murmur of water and singing of birds might cure him of ill who never was whole.

Then move these folk quickly and alighted on foot and fastened their fair steeds afar off; then the king sternly told his knights to abide with their horses and come no further, "For I will seek this saint by myself and speak with this master man that guards this mountain, and then shall ye partake of the Sacrament one after the other honourably at St. Michael's full mighty with Christ!"

The king climbs the crag with cliffs full high, to the top of the crag he climbs aloft; lifts up his umbrer and looks about him keenly, receiving the cold wind on

his face to comfort him; two fires he finds flaming full high—for a quarter of a furlong he thus walks between them: along the way by the well he wanders on to get to know of the warlock and where he abides.

He moves to the port fire and even there he finds a very woeful widow wringing her hands and weeping with painful tears on a grave newly marked in the soil since midday it seemed. He saluted her sorrowfully with becoming words and straightway asked after the fiend. Then this woeful widow joylessly greets him, rose up on her knees and clasped her hands, saying: "Unhappy man, thou speakest too loudly; if yon warlock heareth he will devour us both. Cursed be the wight that directed thee hither, that made thee to travel here in these wild parts. I warn thee for thy honour thou seekest sorrow. Whither hastenest thou, man? thou seem'st unhappy, goest thou to slay him with thy bright sword? Wert thou wightier than Wade or Gawayn thou shouldest win no honour. I warn thee beforehand: thou crossedst thyself unsafely to seek these mountains; six such as thou were not sufficient to cope with him alone. For an thou seest him alone, thy heart will fail thee to cross thyself safely, so huge he seemeth.

"Thou art noble and fair and in the flower of thy manhood, but thou art doomed already, by my fay, and that I foretell thee. Were there fifty such as thee in the field or on the fair earth—the monster with his fist would fell you all. Lo! here the dear duchess—to-day was she taken—deep buried in the ground—he murdered this mild lady e'er midday was rung—with-

out any mercy I wot not why, he slew her churlishly, and here have I embalmed her and buried her afterwards. For the grief of this incurable woe I shall never be happy again. Of all the friends she had, none followed after her but I, her foster-mother of fifteen winters: to move from this foreland I shall never attempt, but shall be found in this field till I am left dead."

Then answere Sir Arthur to that old wife: "I am come from the conqueror courteous and noble, as one of the most noble of Arthur's knights, a messenger to this vile wretch for the benefit of the people, to speak with this master man that guards this mountain: to treat with this tyrant for the treasure of lands and to make truce foretime till it may turn out better."

"Fie, thy words are but wasted," quoth that wife then, "for he sets but little by both lands and people. Nor of rents of red gold he troubles, but he will break the law when he chooses himself, without the permission of any, as lord of his own.

"But he hath a mantle which he keeps for himself that was spun in Spain by special women and afterwards adorned in Greece full fairly: it is covered all over with hair and embroidered with the beards of valiant kings, woven and combed that knights may know each king by his colour, in his home there he abides. Here he seizes the revenues of fifteen kingdoms each Easter evening, however it so happens that they send it themselves for the safety of the people—at that season with certain knights, and he has asked Arthur all these seven winters. Therefore he herds

here to outrage his people until the King of Britain has fed his lips and sent his beard to that bold monster with his best knights; unless thou hast brought that beard go thou no further, for it is bootless that thou shouldst stay for aught else: for he has more treasure to take when he likes than ever had Arthur or any of his forefathers. If thou hast brought the beard, he will be more pleased than if thou gavest him Burgundy or Britain: but take care for love's sake that thou keep thy lips silent so that no word escape from them whatever betides; see that thy present be ready and trouble him but little, for he is at his supper and will be easily angered. And now take my advice and remove thy clothes and kneel in thy mantle and call him thy lord. He sups all this season on seven children of the commons, chopped up on a charger of pure white silver with pickles and finely ground spices and wines of Portugal mixed with honey. Three luckless damsels turn his spits."

"Ha! I have brought the beard," quoth he, "for thus it pleaseth me, forth then will I go and bear it myself. But, pray, if thou wilt tell me where this monster abideth, I shall commend thee an I live, so help me our Lord!"

"Go straight to the fire," quoth she, "that flames so high: there lurks that fiend as thou wilt discover: but thou must go somewhat to the south, sidling a little, for his power of smelling extends over six miles."

The source of the smoke he sought speedily, crossed himself safely with certain words, and going to the side he caught sight of the fiend as she said, unseemly

supping alone. He lay at full length reposing foully, the thigh of a man's limb he lifted up by the haunch, his back and the lower parts and his broad loins he baked at the dreadful fire, and he was breechless: there were roasting full rudely dreadful meats of men and cattle bound together, a large pot crammed with anointed children, some spitted like birds, and women turned them.

And then this comely king's heart was sorely grieved because of his people at the place where he stood. Then he girded on his shield and hesitates no longer, he brandishes his bright sword by its bright hilt, goes forth to the fiend with a rough determination, and loudly hails that giant with fierce words:

"Now may Almighty God that ruleth us all give thee sorrow and trouble, thou glutton, that liest there for the foulest monster that was ever formed—foully thou feedest thyself—the devil take thy soul! Here is unclean quarry, fellow, by my troth—refuse of all creatures—thou cursed wretch, because thou hast killed anointed children thou hast made martyrs and taken away the lives of those who are broached here on spits in this place and slaughtered by thy hand. I shall work thee thy punishment as thou greatly deservest, by the might of St. Michael who guardeth this mountain: and for this fair lady that thou hast left dead; gird thyself, thou son of a dog, the devil take thy soul, for thou shalt die to-day through the force of my arm."

Then was the glutton dismayed and glared unseemly; he grinned like a greyhound with grisly teeth; he

gaped and groaned aloud with grievous gestures for wrath with the good king who spake to him in anger. His hair and his forelock were matted together and hung before his face for about half a foot. His brow and forehead were all like the skin of a frog and seemed freckled, hooknosed like a hawk and a fierce bird, and hairy round his hollow eyes with overhanging brows: rough as a dog-fish—hardly could he be seen, so was he hid in that mass of hair: ears he had full huge and ugly to see, with horrible eyes and burning withal: flat-mouthed like a flounder with grinning lips, and the flesh in his front teeth as foul as a bear. His beard was rough and black and reached to his breast, fat like a porpoise with a huge carcass, and flesh still hung in shreds from his foul lips. Bull necked was that giant and broad of shoulders, with a streaked breast like a boar with long bristles. Rough arms like oak-branches with gnarled sides—limbs and loins right hateful to see, believe ye in truth; shovel-footed was that man and he seemed to straddle, with unshapely shanks shuffling together: thick thighs like a giant and thicker in the haunch—fat as a hog, full terrible he looked. Whoever might reckon faithfully the full length of this man, from the face to the foot, he was five fathoms long.

Then he started up sturdily on two stiff shanks and soon caught up a club of bright iron. He would have killed the king with his keen weapon, but through the wisdom of Christ, the carle failed. The crest and the coronal and the silver clasps cleanly with his club he crashed down to the earth.

The king raises his shield and covers himself completely, and with his fierce weapon reaches him a blow, right full in the face he struck him so that the burnished blade reached to his brains—he wiped his face with his foul hands and strikes fast at Arthur's face fiercely thereafter. The king changes his foot and withdraws a little; had he not escaped that blow he had fared evil; he follows up fiercely and strikes a blow high up on the haunch with his hard weapon, that half a foot of the weapon is hidden in the flesh: the monster's hot blood runs down the hilt; even to the entrails he strikes the giant.

Then he groaned and he roared and roughly strikes full eagerly at Arthur, and on the earth strikes a sword's length within the sward, he smites at once so that the king nearly swooned from the force of his blow. But yet the king nimbly and swiftly strives, he smites with the sword so that it gashed the giant's loins; and the blood gushes out so that it makes all the ground slimy on which he stands.

Then he cast down his club and seizes the king—on the top of the crag he caught him in his arms and enfolds him securely to crush his ribs: so tightly holds he him that his heart is near to bursting. Then the doleful damsels fall down on the earth, kneeling and crying and wringing their hands, "Christ deliver yonder knight and keep him from grief, and never let that fiend take his life."

Yet the warlock is so mighty that he crushes him under; fiercely they wrung and wrestled together, they weltered and wallowed on those rushes, they tumble

and turn about and tear their clothes—roughly from the top they tumble down together, Arthur sometimes on top and sometimes beneath—from the crest of the hill right down to the hard rock—they cease not until they reach the brink of the sea. But Arthur with his dagger smites the giant until it sinks right up to the hilt in him. The thief in his death-struggle grasped him so fiercely that three ribs in the king's side were thrust asunder.

Then Sir Cayous the Keen, moved in sorrow for the king, said, "Alas, we are undone, my lord is overthrown—fallen down with a fiend—it is all over! We must be forfeit and banished for ever." They lift up his hauberk and feel beneath—his stern and his haunches, too, right up to his shoulders, his flanks and his loins and his fair sides, both his back and his breast and his bright arms. They were glad when they found no flesh wounds, and for that they were joyed, these gentle knights.

"Now certes," says Sir Bedivere, "it seemeth by my Lord! He seeketh saints but seldom, wherefore he grips the tighter that thus seizes this saint's body out of these high cliffs, to carry forth such a man to clothe him in silver. By Michael, of such a fellow I have great wonder than ever our Sovereign Lord should suffer him in Heaven: if all saints be such who serve our Lord, I shall no saint be ever, by my father's soul!"

Then laughs the bold king at Bedivere's words—"This saint have I sought, so help me our Lord!

Wherefore draw out thy sword and pierce him to the heart; make certain of this fellow, he hath angered me sorely. I have not fought with such a wight these fifteen winters, but in the mountains in Wales I met such another. He was the strongest by far that I ever met, and had not my fortune been favourable, dead would I be now."

The other whom the king had in mind was Ryence (or Riton) a Welsh giant who in his day made war on divers kings. Of these some were slain in battle, and others remained captive in his hand. Alive or dead, Ryence used them despitefully; for it was his wont to shave the beards of these kings, and purfle therewith a cloak of furs that he wore, very rich. Vainglorious beyond measure was Ryence of his embroidered cloak. Now by reason of folly and lightness, Ryence sent messages to Arthur, bidding him shave his beard, and send it forthwith to the giant, in all good will. Since Arthur was a mightier lord and a more virtuous prince than his fellows, Ryence made covenant to prefer his beard before theirs, and hold it in honour as the most silken fringe of his mantle. Should Arthur refuse to grant Ryence the trophy, then nought was there to do, but that body to body they must fight out their quarrel, in single combat, alone. He who might slay his adversary, or force him to own himself vanquished, should have the beard for his guerdon, together with the mantle of furs, fringes and garniture and all. An

old ballad describes the scene at Camelot when this impudent message arrived:

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,
  King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene Dame Guenever the gay;
  And many bold barons sitting in hall;
  With ladies attired in purple and pall;
And herealts in hewkes, hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
  Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;
With Steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
  Sayd, Nowe sir King Arthur, God save thee and see!
  Sir Ryence of North-Gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
  With eleven kings beards bordered about,
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,
  For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:
  This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
  Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;
  Princes puffd; barons blustred; lords began lower;
  Knights stormed: squires startled, like steed in a stower;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the king's seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,
  And in that stound the stowre began still:
Then the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight;
  Of wine and wassel he had his wille:
  And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
  That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
  Out of North-Gales; where he and I
  With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,
Whether he, or King Arthur will prove the best barbor;
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalabor.

King Arthur met this upstart in battle on a high mountain, and there the king slew Ryence with the sword, spoiling him of that rich garment of furs, with its border of dead men's beards.

And now as he looked down at the loathly Dinabuc he realized that he had this time conquered a monster more loathly and misshapen, a giant more horrible, bigger and mightier than was Ryence, even in the prime of his youth and strength.

When he had thought upon these things the king said to his comrades:

"Anon strike off his head and put it on a stake, give it to thy squire, for he is well mounted: bear it to Sir Howel, that is in sore straits, and bid him take heart, for his enemy is destroyed: then bear it to Barfleur and fasten it on iron and set it on the barbican for men to see: my sword and my broad shield lie upon the moor on the crest of the crag where first we fought, and the club thereby all of bright iron, that hath killed many a Christian in the land of Cotentin: go to the foreland and fetch me that weapon, and let us go back to our fleet where it lays in the water. If thou wilt have any treasure take

whatever thou likest: I will have the mantle and the club, I covet naught else."

Now they go to the crag, these comely knights, and brought him the broad shield and his bright weapon, the club and the cloak too. Sir Cayous himself goes with the conqueror to show the kings whom the king had with him in secret, while bright day climbed up above through the clouds.

By that time a great noise was there at the court, and in front of the comely king they kneeled all together, "Welcome, our liege lord, too long hast thou fought, our governor under God, ablest and most noble, to whom grace is granted and given at his will. Now thy happy arrival hath comforted us all, thou hast in thy royalty revenged they people. Through help of thy hand thine enemy is destroyed that overcame thy people and reft them of their children: never was there kingdom so readily relieved of its troubles."

Then the conqueror speaks Christianlike to his people, "Thank ye God," quoth he, "for his grace and no man, for man's deed it never was but His own might, or a miracle of His Mother's, who is so mild to all." He called then the boatmen sharply at once to hasten with the shoremen to shift the goods.

"All that great treasure which the traitor won, see it be given to the commons, clergy, and others of the country; see it be dealt out to my dear people so that none may complain, under penalty of your lives." He ordered his cousin with knightly words to build a church on the rock where the body lay, and a

convent therein for service to Christ, in memory of that martyr who rests in the mountain.

And that beautiful pinnacled church, thrusting up from the island's rocky cliffs toward the sky, you may see at this very day.

CHAPTER XI

SIR LAUNCELOT AND TARQUIN

THERE is a mound in Penrith churchyard, in the Cumberland county of England, which is still called "The Giant's Grave." A pair of twelve-foot, round stone pillars stand for head and foot stone, fifteen feet apart—a prodigious suggestion as to the size of him who lies there.

Legend has it that there was buried here a fell giant named Tarquin, who ravaged the country far and wide, in defiance of King Arthur, until on a day he met with Sir Launcelot du Lake. Which takes us back at one leap some fifteen hundred years.

In all tournaments and jousts Sir Launcelot was never overcome, but it were by treason or enchantment. On a time, having long diverted him at the court he rode forth with his brother Sir Lionel to seek adventures.

So they mounted upon their horses armed at all points, and rode into a deep forest; and after they came into a great plain, and then the weather was hot about noon, and Sir Launcelot had great list to sleep.

Then Sir Lionel espied a great apple tree that stood

by an hedge, and said: "Brother, yonder is a fair shadow, there may we rest us and our horses."

"It is well said, fair brother," said Sir Launcelot; "for of all this seven year I was not so sleepy as now."

And as they there alighted and tied their horses under sundry trees, and so Sir Launcelot laid him down under the apple tree, and his helm he laid under his head. And Sir Lionel waked while he slept. So Sir Launcelot was asleep passing fast. And in the meanwhile there came three knights riding, fleeing as fast as ever they might ride. And there followed them three but one knight.

When Sir Lionel saw him, him thought he saw never so great a knight nor so well faring a man, neither so well apparelled unto all rights. (For he was truly a giant in size.) So within a while this strong knight had overtaken one of these knights, and then he smote him to the cold earth that he lay still. Then he rode unto the second knight and smote him as that man and horse fell down. And then straight to the third knight he rode, and he smote him behind his horse's tail a spear's length. And he alighted down, and reined his horse on the bridle, and bound all the three knights fast with the reins of their own bridles.

When Sir Lionel saw him do this, he thought to assay him, and made him ready, and stilly and privily he took his horse, and thought not for to awake Sir Launcelot. And when he was mounted on his horse he overtook this strong knight and bade him turn:

and the other smote Sir Lionel so hard that horse and man he bare to the earth, and so he alighted and bound him fast, and threw him overthwart his own horse, and so he served them all four, and rode with them away to his own castle. And when he came there he made unarm them, and beat them with thorns all naked, and after put them in a deep prison where there were many more knights that made great dolor.

When Sir Ector de Maris wist that Sir Launcelot was past out of the court to seek adventures he was wroth with himself, and made him ready to seek Sir Launcelot, and as he had ridden long in a great forest, he met with a man that was like a forester. "Fair fellow," said Sir Ector, "knowest thou in this country any adventures that be here nigh hand?"

"Sir," said the forester, "this country know I well, and hereby within this mile is a strong manor, and well diked, and by that manor, on the left hand, there is a fair ford for horses to drink of, and over that ford there groweth a fair tree, and thereon hangeth many fair shields that wielded sometime good knights: and at the bole of the tree hangeth a basin of copper and brass. Strike upon that basin with the butt of thy spear thrice, and soon after thou shall hear new tidings, and else hast thou the fairest grace that many a year had ever knight that passed through this forest."

"Gramercy," said Sir Ector, and departed and came to the tree, and saw many fair shields, and among them he saw his brother's shield, Sir Lionel, and many more that he knew that were his fellows of the

Round Table, the which grieved his heart, and he promised to revenge his brother. Then anon Sir Ector beat upon the basin as he were wood, and then he gave his horse drink at the ford: and there came a very tall knight behind him and bade him come out of the water and make him ready; and Sir Ector anon turned him shortly and in rest placed his spear, and smote the knight a great buffet that his horse turned twice about.

"This was well done," said the huge knight, "and knightly thou hast stricken me."

Therewith he rushed his horse on Sir Ector and caught him under his right arm, and bare him clean out of the saddle, and rode with him away into his own hall, and threw him down in the midst of the floor. The name of this strong knight was Sir Tarquin.

Then he said to Sir Ector: "For thou hast done this day more unto me than any knight did these twelve years, now I will grant thee thy life, so thou wilt be sworn to be my prisoner all thy life days."

"Nay," said Sir Ector, "that will I never promise thee, but that I will do mine advantage."

"That me repenteth," said Sir Tarquin.

And then he made to unarm him, and beat him with thorns all naked, and after put him down in that same deep dungeon, where he knew many of his fellows. But when Sir Ector saw Sir Lionel, then made he great sorrow.

"Alas, brother," said Sir Ector, "where is my brother Sir Launcelot?"

"Fair brother, I left him on sleep when that I from him went, under an apple tree; and what is become of him I cannot tell you."

"Alas," said the knights, "but Sir Launcelot help us we may never be delivered, for we know now no knight that is able to match our master Tarquin."

While these knights were thus prisoners Sir Launcelot du Lake lay under the apple tree sleeping.

Even about the noon, there came by him four queens of great estate; and, for the heat of the sun should not annoy them, there rode four knights about them and bare a cloth of green silk on four spears, betwixt them and the sun, and the queens rode on four white mules.

Thus as they rode they heard by them a great horse grimly neigh, and then they were ware of a sleeping knight that lay all armed under an apple tree; anon as these queens looked on his face they knew that it was Sir Launcelot. Then they began to strive for that knight; every one said she would have him to her love.

"We shall not strive," said Morgan le Fay that was King Arthur's sister; "I shall put an enchantment upon him that he shall not awake in six hours, and then I will lead him away unto my castle, and when he is surely within my hold I shall take the enchantment from him, and then let him choose which of us he will have for his love."

So this enchantment was cast upon Sir Launcelot, and then they laid him upon his shield, and bare him so on horseback betwixt two knights, and brought

him unto the castle Chariot, and there they laid him in a chamber cold, and at night they sent unto him a fair damsel with his supper ready dight. By that the enchantment was past, and when she came she saluted him, and asked him what cheer?

"I cannot say, fair damsel," said Sir Launcelot, "for I wot not how I came into this castle but it be by an enchantment."

"Sir," said she, "ye must make good cheer, and if ye be such a knight as it is said ye be. I shall tell you more tomorn by prime of the day."

"Gramercy, fair damsel," said Sir Launcelot, "of your good will I requite you."

And so she departed. And there he lay all that night without comfort of anybody.

And on the morn early came these four queens, passingly well beseen, all they bidding him good morn, and he them again.

"Sir knight," the four queens said, "thou must understand thou art here our prisoner; and we here know thee well, that thou art Sir Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son. And truly we understand your worthiness that thou art the noblest knight living; and therefore thee behoveth now to choose one of us four. I am the queen Morgan le Fay, queen of the land of Gore, and here is the queen of Northgalis, and the queen of Eastland, and the queen of the Out Isles; now choose ye one of us which thou wilt have to thy love, for thou mayst not but choose or else in this prison to die."

"This is an hard case," said Sir Launcelot, "that

either I must die or else choose one of you, yet had I liever to die in this prison with worship, than to have one of you to my love maugre my head. And therefore ye be answered, for I will have none of you, for ye be false enchantresses."

"Well," said the queens, "is this your answer, that you will refuse us?"

"Yea, upon my life," said Sir Launcelot, "refused ye be of me."

So they departed and left him there alone that made great sorrow!

Right so at noon came the damsel to him, and brought him his dinner, and asked him what cheer.

"Truly, fair damsel," said Sir Launcelot, "in all my life-days never so ill."

"Sir," said she, "that me repenteth; but an ye will be ruled by me, I shall keep you out of this distress, and ye shall have no shame nor villainy, so that ye hold me a promise."

"Fair damsel, that I will grant you, and sore I am afeared of these queen's witches, for they have destroyed many a good knight."

"Sir," said she, "that is sooth, and for the renoun and bounty they hear of you they would have your love, and, sir, they say that your name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, the flower of all the knights that been living, and they been passing wroth with you that ye have refused them; but, sir, an ye would promise me for to help my father on Tuesday next coming, that hath made a tournament between him and the king of Northgalis; for the Tuesday last past my father lost

the field through three knights of King Arthur's court, and if ye will be there upon Tuesday next coming and help my father, tomorrow or prime, by the grace of God, I shall deliver you clean."

"Fair maiden," said Sir Launcelot, "tell me what is your father's name, and then I shall give you an answer."

"Sir Knight," said the damsel, "my father is King Bagdemagus, that was foully rebuked at the last tournament."

"I know your father well," said Sir Launcelot, "for a noble king and a good knight, and by the faith of my body, ye shall have my body ready to do your father and you service that day."

"Sir," said the damsel, "gramercy; tomorrow await that ye be ready betimes, and I shall deliver you; and take you your armor and your horse, shield and spear; and hereby within these ten miles is an abbey of white monks, and there I pray you to abide, and thither shall I bring my father unto you."

"All this shall be done," said Launcelot, "as I am a true knight."

And so she departed, and came on the morrow early and found him ready. Then she brought him out of twelve locks, and brought him unto his armor. And when he was all armed and arrayed, she brought him unto his own horse, and lightly he saddled him, and took a great spear in his hand, and so rode forth, and said, "Fair damsel, I shall not fail you, by the grace of God."

So the knight rode forth and performed that adven-

ture, according as he had promised; and Sir Launcelot overthrew the three knights of King Arthur's court, one after the other; and with one great spear he bare down sixteen knights of the king of Northgalis' party, and with another spear he smote down twelve knights. Then the knights of Northgalis would joust no more, and the prize was given unto King Bagdemagus.

And so Sir Launcelot departed, and by adventures he came into the same forest where he was taken sleeping. And in the midst of an highway he met a damsel riding on a white palfrey, and there either saluted other.

"Fair damsel," said Launcelot, "know ye in this country any adventures?"

"Sir knight," said the damsel, "here are adventures near hand, an thou durst prove them."

"Why should I not prove adventures?" said Sir Launcelot; "for that cause came I hither."

"Well," said she, "thou seemest well to be a good knight, and if thou dare meet with a good knight, I shall bring thee where is the best knight and the mightiest that ever thou foundest, so thou wilt tell me what is thy name, and what knight thou art."

"Damsel, as for to tell thee my name, I take no great force: truly my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Sir, thou beseemest well, here he adventures by that fall for thee, for hereby dwelleth a knight that will not be overmatched for no man that I know, unless ye overmatch him, and his name is Sir Tarquin. And, as I understand, he hath in his prison of Arthur's court good knights three-score and four that he hath

won with his own hands. But when ye have done that day's work ye shall promise me as ye are a true knight for to go with me, and to help me and other damsels that are distressed daily with a false knight."

"All your intent, damsel, and desire I will fulfill, so ye will bring me unto this knight."

"Now, fair knight, come on your way."

And so she brought him unto the ford, and unto the tree where hung the basin. So Sir Launcelot let his horse drink, and then he beat on the basin with the butt of his spear so hard with all his might till the bottom fell out, and long he did so, but he saw nothing.

Then he rode along the gates of that manor nigh half an hour. And then he was ware of a great knight that drove on horse before him, and overthwart the horse there lay an armed knight bound. And ever as they came near and near, Sir Launcelot thought he should know him; then he was ware that it was Sir Gaheris, Gawain's brother, a knight of the Table Round.

"Now, fair damsel," said Sir Launcelot, "I see yonder cometh a knight fast bound that is a fellow of mine. And at the first beginning I promise you, by the leave of God, to rescue that knight; and unless his master sit better in the saddle I shall deliver all the prisoners that he hath out of danger, for I am sure that he hath two brethren of mine prisoners with him."

By that time that either had seen other they gripped their spears unto them.

"Now, fair knight," said Sir Launcelot, "put that

wounded knight off the horse, and let him rest awhile, and let us two prove our strengths. For as it is informed me, thou doest and hast done great despite and shame unto knights of the Round Table, and therefore now defend thee."

"And thou be of the Table Round," said Tarquin, "I defy thee and all thy fellowship."

"That is overmuch said," said Sir Launcelot.

Then they put their spears in the rests, and came together with their horses as fast as they might run, and either smote other in the midst of their shields, that both their horses' backs brast under them; and the knights were both astonied, and as soon as they might avoid their horses they took their shields afore them, and drew out their swords and came together eagerly, and either gave other many strong strokes, for there might neither shields nor harness hold their strokes. And so they had both grimly wounds, and bled passing grievously.

Thus they fared two hours or more, trasing and rasing each other where they might hit any bare place. Then at the last they were breathless both, and stood leaning on their swords.

"Now, fellow," said Sir Tarquin, "hold thy hand awhile, and tell me what I shall ask thee."

"Say on."

Then Tarquin said: "Thou art the stoutest man that ever I met withal, and the best breathed, and like one knight that I hate above all other knights; so be it that thou be not he I will lightly accord with thee, and for thy love I will deliver all the prisoners that I have,

that is three-score and four, so thou wilt tell me thy name. And thou and I will be fellows together, and never to fail the while that I live."

"It is well said," said Sir Launcelot; "but since it is so that I may have thy friendship, what knight is he that thou so hatest above all other?"

"Truly," said Sir Tarquin, "his name is Launcelot du Lake, for he slew my brother Sir Carados at the Dolorous Tower, which was one of the best knights then living; and therefore him I except of all knights, for an I may once meet with him, that one of us shall make an end of another, and to that I make a vow. And for Sir Launcelot's sake I have slain an hundred good knights, and as many I have utterly maimed, that never after they might help themselves, and many have died in my prison; and yet I have three-score and four, and all shall be delivered so thou wilt tell me thy name, and so it be that thou be not Sir Launcelot."

"Now see I well," said Sir Launcelot, "that such a man I might be I might have peace, and such a man I might be there should be between us two mortal war; and now, sir knight, at thy request, I will that thou wit and know that I am Sir Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son of Berwick, and knight of the Round Table. And now I defy thee do thy best."

"Ah!" said Sir Tarquin. "Launcelot, thou art unto me most welcome, as ever was any knight, for we shall never depart till the one of us be dead."

Then hurtled they together as two wild bulls, rashing and lashing with their shields and swords, that

sometime they fell both on their faces. Thus they fought still two hours and more, and never would rest, and Sir Tarquin gave Sir Launcelot many wounds that all the ground there as they fought was all besprinkled with blood.

Then at last Sir Tarquin waxed very faint, and gave somewhat back, and bare his shield full low for weariness.

That soon espied Sir Launcelot, and then leaped upon him fiercely as a lion, and got him by the banner of his helmet, and as he plucked him down on his knees, and anon he raised his helm, and then he smote his neck asunder.

Sir Launcelot freed all the prisoners from that loathsome prison; and despite his grievous wounds on the third day after he rode forth in quest of further adventures.

As he rode over a long bridge, there started upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose that he turned about, and asked him why he rode over that bridge without his license.

"Why should I not ride this way?" said Sir Launcelot. "I may not ride beside."

"Thou shalt not choose," said the churl, and lashed at him with a great club shod with iron. Then Sir Launcelot drew a sword, and put the stroke aback, and clave his head unto the breast.

At the end of the bridge was a fair village, and all the people, men and women, cried on Sir Launcelot, and said: "A worse deed didst thou never for thyself, for thou hast slain the chief porter of our castle."

Sir Launcelot let them say what they would, and straight he went into the castle; and when he came into the castle he alighted, and tied his horse to a ring on the wall; and there he saw a fair green court, and thither he dressed himself, for there him thought was a fair place to fight in.

So he looked about, and saw much people in doors and windows, that said, "Fair knight, thou art unhappy."

Anon withal came there upon him two great giants, well armed all save the heads, with two horrible clubs in their hands.

Sir Launcelot put his shield afore him, and put the stroke away of the one giant, and with his sword he clave his head asunder. When his fellow saw that he ran away as he were wood, for fear of the horrible strokes; and Sir Launcelot after him with all his might, and smote him on the shoulder, and clave him to the middle.

Then Sir Launcelot went into the hall, and there came before him threescore ladies and damsels, and all kneeled unto him, and thanked God and him of their deliverance.

"For, sir," said they, "the most part of us have been here this seven year their prisoners, and we have worked all manner of silk works for our meat, and we are all great gentlewomen born; for thou hast done the most worship that ever knight did in the world, that will we bear record, and we all pray you to tell us your name, that we may tell our friends who delivered us out of prison."

"Fair damsels," he said, "my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake."

"Ah, sir," said they all, "well mayst thou be he, for else save yourself, as we deemed, there might never knight have the better of these two giants, for many fair knights have assayed it, and here have ended; and many times have we wished after you, and these two giants dread never knight but you."

"Now may you say," said Sir Launcelot, "unto your friends how and who hath delivered you, and greet them all for me; and if that I come in any of your marches show me such cheer as ye have cause; and what treasure that there is in this castle I give it you for a reward for your grievances. And the lord that is the owner of this castle I would that he received it as is right."

"Fair sir," said they, "the name of this castle is Tintagil, and a duke owned it that some time wedded fair Igraine, and after wedded her Uther Pendragon."

"Well," said Sir Launcelot, "I understand to whom this castle belongeth."

And so he departed and betaught them unto God. And then he mounted upon his horse and rode into many strange and wild countries and through many waters and valleys.

CHAPTER XII

THE ADVENTURES OF YVAIN

YVAIN was one of King Arthur's knights, and strange were his adventures. After defeating a mysterious knight in the forest and chasing his dying adversary into his town, he found himself in sad enough case—through the fact that no sooner had he looked on the face of the lady of the slain man than he found himself smitten with a mortal wound of love.

Through the aid of the lady's damsel, he won the hand of this beautiful creature. Then, persuaded by Gawain and his old comrades, he left his wife and town for more deeds of knight-errantry, promising to return on a certain day.

But success showered her favors so thick upon him that he forgot his promise and over-stayed the allotted time; and his bride sent to him a scornful message, returning his ring, and bidding him send back her own. Whereupon the triumphant Yvain, utterly cast down, wandered forth he knew not where.

Senseless and deprived of speech, Yvain is unable to reply. And the damsel steps forth and takes the ring from his finger, commending to God the King

and all the others except him, whom she leaves in deep distress. And his sorrow grows on him: he feels oppressed by what he hears, and is tormented by what he sees. He would rather be banished alone in some wild land, where no man or woman would know of his whereabouts any more than if he were in some deep abyss. He hates nothing so much as he hates himself, nor does he know to whom to go for comfort in the death he has brought upon himself. But he would rather go insane than not take vengeance upon himself, deprived, as he is, of joy through his own fault.

He rises from his place among the knights, fearing he will lose his mind if he stays longer in their midst. On their part, they pay no heed to him, but let him take his departure alone. They know well enough that he cares nothing for their talk or their society. And he goes away until he is far from the tents and pavilions. Then such a storm broke loose in his brain that he loses his senses; he tears his flesh and, stripping off his clothes, he flees across the meadows and fields, leaving his men quite at a loss, and wondering what has become of him. They go in search of him through all the country around—in the lodgings of the knights, by the hedge-rows, and in the gardens—but they seek him where he is not to be found.

Still fleeing, he rapidly pursued his way until he met close by a park a lad who had in his hand a bow and five barbed arrows, which were very sharp and broad. He had sense enough to go and take the bow

and arrows which he held. However, he had no recollection of anything that he had done.

He lies in wait for the beasts in the woods, killing them, and then eating the venison raw. Thus he dwelt in the forest like a madman or a savage, until he came upon a little, low-lying house belonging to a hermit, who was at work clearing his ground. When he saw him coming with nothing on, he could easily perceive that he was not in his right mind; and such was the case, as the hermit very well knew. So, in fear, he shut himself up in his little house, and taking some bread and fresh water, he charitably set it outside the house on a narrow window-ledge.

And thither the other comes, hungry for the bread-which he takes and eats. I do not believe that he ever before had tasted such hard and bitter bread. The measure of barley kneaded with the straw, of which the bread, sourer than yeast, was made, had not cost more than five sous; and the bread was musty and as dry as bark. But hunger torments and whets his appetite, so that the bread tasted to him like sauce. For hunger is itself a well mixed and concocted sauce for any food.

My lord Yvain soon ate the hermit's bread, which tasted good to him, and drank the cool water from the jar. When he had eaten, he betook himself again to the woods in search of stags and does. And when he sees him going away, the good man beneath his roof prays God to defend him and guard him lest he ever pass that way again. But there is no creature, with howsoever little sense, that will not gladly return

to a place where he is kindly treated. So, not a day passed while he was in this mad fit that he did not bring to his door some wild game. Such was the life he led; and the good man took it upon himself to remove the skin and set a good quantity of the venison to cook; and the bread and the water in the jug was always standing on the window-ledge for the madman to make a meal. Thus he had something to eat and drink: venison without salt or pepper, and good cool water from the spring.

And the good man exerted himself to sell the hide and buy bread made of barley, or oats, or of some other grain; so, after that, Yvain had a plentiful supply of bread and venison, which sufficed him for a long time, until one day he was found asleep in the forest by two damsels and their mistress, in whose service they were.

When they saw the naked man, one of the three ran and dismounted and examined him closely, before she saw anything about him which would serve to identify him. If he had only been richly attired, as he had been many a time, and if she could have seen him then, she would have known him quickly enough. But she was slow to recognize him, and continued to look at him until at last she noticed a scar which he had on his face, and she recollected that my lord Yvain's face was scarred in this same way; she was sure of it, for she had often seen it. Because of the scar she saw that it was he beyond any doubt; but she marvelled greatly how it came about that she found him thus poor and stripped.

Often she crosses herself in amazement, but she does not touch him or wake him up; rather does she mount her horse again, and going back to the others, tells them tearfully of her adventure. I do not know if I ought to delay to tell you of the grief she showed; but thus she spoke weeping to her mistress: "My lady, I have found Yvain, who has proved himself to be the best knight in the world, and the most virtuous. I cannot imagine what sin has reduced the gentleman to such a plight. I think he must have had some misfortune, which causes him thus to demean himself, for one may lose his wits through grief. And any one can see that he is not in his right mind, for it would surely never be like him to conduct himself thus indecently unless he had lost his mind. Would that God had restored to him the best sense he ever had, and would that he might then consent to render assistance to your cause! For Count Alier, who is at war with you, has made upon you a fierce attack. I should see the strife between you two quickly settled in your favor if God favored your fortunes so that Yvain should return to his senses and undertake to aid you in this stress."

To this the lady made reply: "Take care now! For surely, if he does not escape, with God's help I think we can clear his head of all the madness and insanity. But we must be on our way at once! For I recall a certain ointment with which Morgan the Wise presented me, saying there was no delirium of the head which it would not cure."

Thereupon, they go off at once toward the town,

which was hard by, for it was not any more than half a league of the kind they have in that country; and, as compared with ours, two of their leagues make one and four make two. And he remains sleeping all alone, while the lady goes to fetch the ointment.

The lady opens a case of hers, and, taking out a box, gives to the damsel, and charges her not to be too prodigal in its use: she should rub only his temples with it, for there is no use of applying it elsewhere; she should anoint only his temples with it, and the remainder she should carefully keep, for there is nothing the matter with him except in his brain. She sends him also a robe of spotted fur, a coat, and a mantle of scarlet silk.

The damsel takes them, and leads in her right hand an excellent palfrey. And she added to these, of her own store, a shirt, some soft hose, and some new drawers of proper cut. With all these things she quickly set out, and found him still asleep where she had left him.

After putting her horse in an enclosure where she tied him fast, she came with the clothes and the ointment to the place where he was asleep. Then she made so bold as to approach the madman, so that she could touch and handle him; taking the ointment she rubbed him with it until none remained in the box, being so solicitous for his recovery that she proceeded to anoint him all over with it; and she used it so freely that she heeded not the warning of her mistress, nor indeed did she remember it. She put more on than was needed, but in her opinion it was well employed.

She rubbed his temples and forehead, and his whole body down to the ankles. She rubbed his temples and his whole body so much there in the hot sunshine that the madness and the depressing gloom passes completely out of his brain. But she was foolish to anoint his body, for of that there was no need. If she had had five measures of it she would doubtless have done the same thing.

She carries off the box, and takes hidden refuge by her horse. But she leaves the robe behind, wishing that, if God calls him back to life, he may see it all laid out, and may take it and put it on. She posts herself behind an oak-tree until he had slept enough, and was cured and quite restored, having regained his wits and memory.

Then he sees that he is as naked as ivory, and feels much ashamed; but he would have been yet more ashamed had he known what had happened. As it is, he knows nothing but that he is naked. He sees the new robe lying before him, and marvels greatly how and by what adventure it had come there. But he is ashamed and concerned because of his nakedness, and says that he is dead and utterly undone if any one has come upon him there and recognized him.

Meanwhile, he clothes himself and looks out into the forest to see if any one is approaching. He tries to stand up and support himself, but cannot summon the strength to walk away, for his sickness has so affected him that he can scarcely stand upon his feet.

Thereupon, the damsel resolves to wait no longer, but, mounting, she passed close by him, as if unaware

of his presence. Quite indifferent as to whence might come the help, which he needed so much to lead him away to some lodging-place, where he might recruit his strength, he calls out to her with all his might.

And the damsel, for her part, looks about her as if not knowing what the trouble is. Confused, she goes hither and thither, not wishing to go straight up to him.

Then he begins to call again: "Damsel, come this way, here!" And the damsel guided toward him her soft-stepping palfrey. By this ruse she made him think that she knew nothing of him and had never seen him before; in so doing she was wise and courteous.

When she had come before him, she said: "Sir knight, what so you desire that you call me so insistently?"

"Ah," said he, "prudent damsel, I have found myself in this wood by some mishap—I know not what. For God's sake and your belief in Him, I pray you to lend me, taking my word as a pledge, or else to give me outright, that palfrey you are leading in your hand."

"Gladly, sire; but you must accompany me whither I am going."

"Which way?" says he.

"To a town that stands near by, beyond the forest."

"Tell me, damsel, if you stand in need of me."

"Yes," she says, "I do; but I think you are not very well. For the next two weeks at least you ought to rest. Take this horse, which I hold in my right hand, and we shall go to our lodging-place."

And he, who had no other desire, takes it and mounts, and they proceed until they come to a bridge over a swift and turbulent stream. And the damsel throws into the water the empty box she is carrying thinking to excuse herself to her mistress for her ointment by saying that she was so unlucky as to let the box fall into the water; for, when her palfrey stumbled under her, the box slipped from her grasp, and she came near falling in too, which would have been still worse luck. It is her intention to invent this story when she comes into her mistress's presence.

Together they held their way until they came to the town, where the lady detained my lord Yvain and asked the damsel in private for her box and ointment; and the damsel repeated to her the lie as she had invented it, not daring to tell her the truth.

Then the lady was greatly enraged, and said: "This is certainly a very serious loss, and I am sure and certain that the box will never be found again. But since it has happened so, there is nothing more to be done about it. One often desires a blessing which turns out to be a curse; thus I, who looked for a blessing and joy from this knight, have lost the dearest and most precious of my possessions. However, I beg you to serve him in all respects."

"Ah, lady, how wisely now you speak! For it would be too bad to convert one misfortune into two."

Then they say no more about the box, but minister in every way they can to the comfort of my lord Yvain, bathing him and washing his hair, having him shaved and clipped, for one could have taken up a

fist full of hair upon his face. His every want is satisfied: if he asks for arms, they are furnished him; if he wants a horse, they provide him with one that is large and handsome, strong and spirited.

He stayed there until, upon a Tuesday, Count Alier came to the town with his men and knights, who started fires and took plunder. Those in the town at once rose up and equipped themselves with arms. Some armed and some unarmed, they issued forth to meet the plunderers, who did not deign to retreat before them, but awaited them in a narrow pass. My lord Yvain struck at the crowd; he had had so long a rest that his strength was quite restored, and he struck a knight upon his shield with such force that he sent down in a heap, I think, the knight together with his horse. The knight never rose again, for his backbone was broken and his heart burst within his breast. My lord Yvain drew back a little to recover, then protecting himself completely with his shield, he spurred forward to clear the pass. One could not have counted up to four before one would have seen him cast down speedily four knights. Whereupon, those who were with him waxed more brave, for many a man of poor and timid heart, at the sight of some brave man who attacks a dangerous task before his eyes, will be overwhelmed by confusion and shame, which will drive out the poor heart in his body and give him another like to a hero's for courage. So these men grew brave and each stood his ground in the fight and attack.

And the lady was up in the tower, whence she saw

the fighting and the rush to win and gain possession of the pass, and she saw lying upon the ground many who were wounded and many killed, both of her own party and of the enemy, but more of the enemy than of her own. For my courteous, bold, and excellent lord Yvain made them yield just as the falcon does the teal. And the men and women who had remained within the town declared as they watched the strife: "Ah, what a valiant knight! How he makes his enemies yield, and how fierce is his attack! He slays about him as a lion among the fallow deer, when he is impelled by need and hunger. Then, too, all our other knights are more brave and daring because of him, for, were it not for him alone, not a lance would have been splintered nor a sword drawn to strike. When such an excellent man is found he ought to be loved and dearly prized. See now how he proves himself, see how he maintains his place, see how he stains with blood his lance and bare sword, see how he presses the enemy and follows them up, how he comes boldly to attack then, then gives away and turns about; but he spends little time in giving away, and soon returns to the attack. See him in the fray again, how lightly he esteems his shield, which he allows to be cut in pieces mercilessly. Just see how keen he is to avenge the blows which are dealt at him. For, if some one should use all the forest of Argonne to make lances for him, I guess he would have none left by night. For he breaks all the lances that they place in his socket, and calls for more. And see how he wields the sword when he draws it! Roland never

wrought such havoc with Durandal against the Turks at Ronceval or in Spain! If he had in his company some good companions like himself, the traitor, whose attack we are suffering, would retreat to-day discomfited, or would stand his ground only to find defeat."

Then they say that the woman would be blessed who should be loved by one who is so powerful in arms, and who above all others may be recognized as a taper among candles, as a moon among the stars, and as the sun above the moon. He so won the hearts of all that the prowess which they see in him made them wish that he had taken their lady to wife, and that he were master of the land.

Thus man and woman alike praised him, and in doing so they but told the truth. For his attack on his adversaries was such that they vie with one another in flight. But he presses hard upon their heels, and all his companions follow him, for by his side they feel as safe as if they were enclosed in a high and thick stone wall. The pursuit continues until those who flee become exhausted, and the pursuers slash at them and disembowel their steeds. The living roll over upon the dead as they wound and kill each other. They work dreadful destruction upon each other; and meanwhile the Count flees with my lord Yvain after him, until he comes up with him at the foot of a steep ascent, near the entrance of a strong place which belonged to the Count.

There the Count was stopped, with no one near to lend him aid; and without any excessive parley my lord Yvain received his surrender. For as soon as

he held him in his hands, and they were left just man to man, there was no further possibility of escape, or of yielding, or of self-defence; so the Count pledged his word to go to surrender to the lady of Noroison as her prisoner, and to make such peace as she might dictate. And when he had accepted his word he made him disarm his head and remove the shield from about his neck, and the Count surrendered to him his sword. Thus he won the honor of leading off the Count as his prisoner, and of giving him over to his enemies, who make no secret of their joy.

But the news was carried to the town before they themselves arrived. While all come forth to meet him, the lady herself leads the way. My lord Yvain holds his prisoner by the hand, and presents him to her. The Count gladly acceded to her wishes and demands, and secured her by his word, oath, and pledges. Giving her pledges, he swears to her that he will always live on peaceful terms with her, and will make good to her all the loss which she can prove, and will build up again the houses which he had destroyed. When these things were agreed upon in accordance with the lady's wish, my lord Yvain asked leave to depart. But she would not have granted him this permission had he been willing to take her as his mistress, or to marry her. But he would not allow himself to be followed or escorted a single step, but rather departed hastily: in this case entreaty was of no avail.

So he started out to retrace his path, leaving the lady much chagrined, whose joy he had caused a while

before. When he will not tarry longer she is the more distressed and ill at ease in proportion to the happiness he had brought to her, for she would have wished to honor him, and would have made him, with his consent, lord of all her possessions, or else she would have paid him for his services whatever sum he might have named. But he would not heed any word of man or woman. Despite their grief he left the knights and the lady who vainly tried to detain him longer.

Pensively my lord Yvain proceeded through a deep wood until he heard among the trees a very loud and dismal cry, and he turned in the direction whence it seemed to come. And when he had arrived upon the spot he saw in a cleared space a lion, and a serpent which held him by the tail, burning his hind-quarters with flames of fire.

My lord Yvain did not gape at this strange spectacle, but took counsel with himself as to which of the two he should aid. Then he says that he will succour the lion, for a treacherous and venomous creature deserves to be harmed. Now the serpent is poisonous, and fire bursts forth from its mouth—so full of wickedness is the creature. So my lord Yvain decides that he will kill the serpent first.

Drawing his sword he steps forward, holding the shield before his face in order not to be harmed by the flame emerging from the creature's throat, which was larger than a pot. If the lion attacks him next, he too shall have all the fight he wishes; but whatever may happen afterwards he makes up his mind to help

him now. For pity urges him and makes request that he should bear succour and aid to the gentle and noble beast.

With his sword, which cuts so clean, he attacks the wicked serpent, first cleaving him through to the earth and cutting him in two, then continuing his blows until he reduces him to tiny bits. But he had to cut off a piece of the lion's tail to get at the serpent's head, which held the lion by the tail. He cut off only so much as was necessary and unavoidable.

When he had set the lion free, he supposed that he would have to fight with him, and the lion would come at him; but the lion was not minded so.

Just hear now what the lion did! He acted nobly and as one well-bred; for he began to make it evident that he yielded himself to him, by standing upon his two hind-feet and bowing his face to the earth, with his fore-feet joined and stretched out toward him. Then he fell on his knees again, and all his face was wet with the tears of humility. My lord Yvain knows for a truth that the lion is thanking him and doing him homage because of the serpent which he had killed, thereby delivering him from death. He was greatly pleased by this episode.

He cleaned his sword of the serpent's poison and filth; then he replaced it in its scabbard, and resumed his way. And the lion walks close by his side, unwilling henceforth to part from him; he will always in future accompany him, eager to serve and protect him. He goes ahead until he scents in the wind upon his way some wild beasts feeding; then hunger and his

nature prompt him to seek his prey and to secure his sustenance. It is his nature so to do. He started ahead a little on the trail, thus showing his master that he had come upon and detected the odor and scent of some wild game. Then he looks at him and halts, wishing to serve every wish, and unwilling to proceed against his will. Yvain understands by his attitude that he is showing that he awaits his pleasure. He perceives this and understands that if he holds back he will hold back too, and that if he follows him he will seize the game which he has scented.

Then he incites and cries to him, as he would do to hunting-dogs. At once the lion directed his nose to the scent which he had detected, and by which he was not deceived, for he had not gone a bow-shot when he saw in a valley a deer grazing all alone. This deer he will seize, if he has his way. And so he did, at the first spring, and then drank its blood still warm. When he had killed it he laid it upon his back and carried it back to his master, who thereupon conceived a greater affection for him, and chose him as a companion for all his life, because of the great devotion he found in him.

It was near night-fall now, and it seemed good to him to spend the night there, and strip from the deer as much as he cared to eat. Beginning to carve it he splits the skin along the rib, and taking a steak from the loin he strikes from a flint a spark, which he catches in some dry brush-wood; then he quickly puts his steak upon a roasting-spit to cook before the fire, and roasts it until it is quite cooked through. But there

was no pleasure in the meal, for there was no bread, or wine, or salt, or knife, or anything else.

While he was eating, the lion lay at his feet; not a movement did he make, but watched him steadily until he had eaten all that he could eat of the steak. What remained of the deer the lion devoured, even to the bones. And while all night his master laid his head upon his shield to gain such rest as that afforded, the lion showed such intelligence that he kept awake, and was careful to guard the horse as it fed upon the grass, which yielded some slight nourishment.

In the morning they go off together, and the same sort of existence, it seems, as they had led that night, they two continued to lead all the ensuing week, until chance brought them to the spring beneath the pine-tree. There my lord Yvain almost lost his wits a second time, as he approached the spring, with its stone and the chapel that stood close by.

So great was his distress that a thousand times he sighed "alas!" and grieving fell in a swoon; and the point of his sharp sword, falling from its scabbard, pierced the meshes of his hauberk right in the neck beside the cheek. There is not a mesh that does not spread, and the sword cuts the flesh of his neck beneath the shining mail, so that it causes the blood to start.

Then the lion thinks that he sees his master and companion dead. You never heard greater grief narrated or told about anything than he now began to show. He casts himself about, and scratches and cries, and has the wish to kill himself with the sword

with which he thinks his master has killed himself. Taking the sword from his with his teeth he lays it on a fallen tree, and steadies it on a trunk behind, so that it will not slip or give way, when he hurls his breast against it. His intention was nearly accomplished when his master recovered from his swoon and the lion restrained himself as he was blindly rushing upon death, like a wild boar heedless of where he wounds himself.

Thus my lord Yvain lies in a swoon beside the stone, but, on recovering, he violently reproached himself for the year during which he had overstayed his leave, and for which he had incurred his lady's hate, and he said: "Why does this wretch not kill himself who has thus deprived himself of joy? Alas! why do I not take my life? How can I stay here and look upon what belongs to my lady? Why does the soul still tarry in my body? What is the soul doing in so miserable a frame? If it had already escaped away it would not be in such torment. It is fitting to hate and blame and despise myself, even as in fact I do. Whoever loses his bliss and contentment through fault or error of his own ought to hate himself mortally. He ought to hate and kill himself. And now, when no one is looking on, why do I thus spare myself? Why do I not take my life? Have I not seen this lion a prey to such grief on my behalf that he was on the point just now of thrusting my sword through his breast? And ought I to fear death who have changed happiness into grief? Joy is now a stranger to me. Joy? What joy is that? I shall say no more

of that, for no one could speak of such a thing; and I have asked a foolish question. That was the greatest joy of all which was assured as my possession, but it endured for but a little while. Whoever loses such joy through his own misdeed is undeserving of happiness."

Then my lord Yvain departs, and the lion, as usual, after him. They journeyed until they came to a baron's fortified place, which was completely surrounded by a massive, strong, and high wall. The castle, being extraordinarily well protected, feared no assault of catapult or storming machine; but outside the walls the ground was so completely cleared that not a single hut or dwelling remained standing. You will learn the cause of this a little later, when the time comes.

My lord Yvain made his way directly toward the fortified place, and seven varlets came out who lowered the bridge and advanced to meet him. But they were terrified at the sight of the lion, which they saw with him, and asked him kindly to leave the lion at the gate lest he should wound or kill them.

And he replies: "Say no more of that! For I shall not enter without him. Either we shall both find shelter here or else I shall stay outside; he is as dear to me as I am myself. Yet you need have no fear of him! For I shall keep him so well in hand that you may be quite confident."

They made answer: "Very well!"

Then they entered the town, and passed on until they met knights and ladies and charming damsels

coming down the street, who salute him and wait to remove his armor as they say: "Welcome to our midst, fair sire! And may God grant that you tarry here until you may leave with great honor and satisfaction!"

High and low alike extend to him a glad welcome, and do all they can for him, as they joyfully escort him into the town. But after they had expressed their gladness they are overwhelmed by grief, which makes them quickly forget their joy, as they begin to lament and weep and beat themselves. Thus, for a long space of time, they cease not to rejoice or make lament: it is to honor their guest that they rejoice, but their heart is not in what they do, for they are greatly worried over an event which they expect to take place on the following day, and they feel very sure and certain that it will come to pass before midday.

My lord Yvain was so surprised that they so often changed their mood, and mingled grief with their happiness, that he addressed the lord of the place on the subject. "For God's sake," he said, "fair gentle sir, will you kindly inform me why you have thus honored me, and shown at once such joy and such heaviness?"

"Yes, if you desire to know, but it would be better for you to desire ignorance and silence. I will never tell you willingly anything to cause you grief. Allow us to continue to lament, and do you pay no attention to what we do!"

"It would be quite impossible for me to see you sad

and not take it upon my heart, so I desire to know the truth, whatever chagrin may result to me."

"Well, then," he said, "I will tell you all. I have suffered much from a giant, who has insisted that I should give him my daughter, who surpasses in beauty all the maidens in the world. This evil giant, whom may God confound, is named Harpin of the Mountain. Not a day passes without his taking all of my possessions upon which he can lay his hands. No one has a better right than I to complain, and to be sorrowful, and to make lament. I might well lose my senses from very grief, for I had six sons who were knights, fairer than any I knew in the world, and the giant has taken all six of them. Before my eyes he killed two of them, and to-morrow he will kill the other four, unless I find someone who will dare to fight him for the deliverance of my sons, or unless I consent to surrender my daughter to him. That is the disaster which awaits me to-morrow, unless the Lord God grant me His aid. So it is no wonder, fair sir, if we are all in tears. But for your sake we strive for the moment to assume as cheerful a countenance as we can. For he is a fool who attracts a gentleman to his presence and then does not honor him; and you seem to be a very perfect gentleman. Now I have told you the entire story of our great distress. Neither in town nor in fortress has the giant left us anything, except what we have here. If you had noticed, you must have seen this evening that he has not left us so much as an egg, except these walls which are new; for he has razed the entire town. When he had plun-

dered all he wished, he set fire to what remained. In this way he has done me many an evil turn."

My lord Yvain listened to all that his host told him, and when he had heard it all he was pleased to answer him: "Sire, I am sorry and distressed about this trouble of yours; but I marvel greatly that you have not asked assistance at good King Arthur's court. There is no man so mighty that he could not find at his court some who would be glad to try their strength with his."

Then the wealthy man reveals and explains to him that he would have had efficient help if he had known where to find my lord Gawain. "He would not have failed me upon this occasion, for my wife is his own sister; but a knight from a strange land, who went to court to seek the King's wife, has led her away. However, he could not have gotten possession of her by any means of his own invention, had it not been for Kay, who so befooled the King that he gave the Queen into his charge and placed her under his protection. He was a fool, and she imprudent to entrust herself to his escort. And I am the one who suffers and loses in all this! for it is certain that my excellent lord Gawain would have made haste to come here, had he known the facts, for the sake of his nephews and his niece. But he knows nothing of it, wherefore I am so distressed that my heart is almost breaking, for he is gone in pursuit of him, to whom may God bring shame and woe for having led the Queen away."

While listening to this recital my lord Yvain does not cease to sigh. Inspired by the pity which he feels,

he makes this reply: "Fair gentle sire, I would gladly undertake this perilous adventure, if the giant and your sons should arrive to-morrow in time to cause me no delay, for to-morrow at noon I shall be somewhere else, in accordance with a promise I have made."

"Once for all, fair sire," the good man said, "I thank you a hundred thousand times for your willingness." And all the people of the house likewise expressed their gratitude.

Just then the damsel came out of a room, with her graceful body and her face so fair and pleasing to look upon. She was very simple and sad and quiet as she came, for there was no end to the grief she felt: she walked with her head bowed to the ground. And her mother, too, came in from an adjoining room, for the gentleman had sent for them to meet his guest.

They entered with their mantles wrapped about them to conceal their tears, and he bid them throw back their mantles, and hold up their heads, saying: "You ought not to hesitate to obey my behests, for God and good fortune have given here a very well-born gentleman who assures me that he will fight against the giant. Delay no longer now to throw yourselves at his feet!"

"May God never let me see that!" my lord Yvain hastens to exclaim; "surely it would not be proper under any circumstances for the sister and the niece of my lord Gawain to prostrate themselves at my feet. May God defend me from ever giving place to such

pride as to let them fall at my feet! Indeed, I should never forget the shame which I should feel; but I should be very glad if they would take comfort until to-morrow, when they may see whether God will consent to aid them. I have no other request to make, except that the giant may come in such good time that I be not compelled to break my engagement elsewhere; for I would not fail for anything to be present to-morrow noon at the greatest business I could ever undertake."

Thus he is unwilling to reassure them completely, for he fears that the giant may not come early enough to allow him to reach in time the damsel who is imprisoned in the chapel. Nevertheless, he promises them enough to arouse good hope in them. They all alike join in thanking him, for they place great confidence in his prowess, and they think he must be a very good man, when they see the lion by his side as confident as a lamb would be. They take comfort and rejoice because of the hope they stake on him, and they indulge their grief no more.

When the time came they led him off to bed in a brightly lighted room; both the damsel and her mother escorted him, for they prized him dearly, and would have done so a hundred thousand times more had they been informed of his prowess and courtesy.

He and the lion together lay down there and took their rest. The others dared not sleep in the room; but they closed the door so tight that they could not come out until the next day at dawn.

When the room was thrown open, he got up and

heard Mass, and then, because of the promise he had made, he waited until the hour of prime. Then in the hearing of all he summoned the lord of the town and said: "My lord, I have no more time to wait, but must ask your permission to leave at once; I cannot tarry longer here. But believe truly that I would gladly and willingly stay here yet awhile for the sake of the nephews and the niece of my beloved lord Gawain, if I did not have a great business on hand, and if it were not so far away."

At this the damsel's blood quivered and boiled with fear, as well as the lady's and the lord's. They were so afraid he would go away that they were on the point of humbling themselves and casting themselves at his feet, when they recalled that he would not approve or permit their action.

Then the lord makes him an offer of all he will take of his lands or wealth, if only he will wait a little longer.

And he replied: "God forbid that ever I should take anything of yours!"

Then the damsel, who is in dismay, begins to weep aloud, and beseeches him to stay. Like one distracted and a prey to dread, she begs him by the glorious queen of heaven and of the angels, and by the Lord, not to go, but to wait a little while; and then too, for her uncle's sake, whom he says he knows, and loves, and esteems. Then his heart is touched with deep pity when he hears her adjuring him in the name of him whom he loves the most, and by the mistress of heaven, and by the Lord, who is the very honey and

sweet savour of pity. Filled with anguish he heaved a sigh, for were the kingdom of Tarsus at stake he would not see her burned to whom he had pledged his aid. If he could not reach her in time, he would be unable to endure his life, or would live on without his wits; on the other hand, the kindness of his friend, my lord Gawain, only increased his distress: his heart almost bursts in half at the thought that he cannot delay.

Nevertheless, he does not stir, but delays and waits so long that the giant came suddenly, bringing with him the knights; and hanging from his neck he carried a big square stake with a pointed end, and with this he frequently spurred them on. For their part they had no clothing on that was worth a straw, except some soiled and filthy shirts; and their feet and hands were bound with cords, as they came riding upon four limping jades, which were weak and thin, and miserable. As they came riding along beside a wood, a dwarf, who was puffed up like a toad, had tied the horses' tails together, and walked beside them, beating them remorselessly with a four-knotted scourge until they bled, thinking thereby to be doing something wonderful.

Thus they were brought along in shame by the giant and the dwarf. Stopping in the plain in front of the city gate, the giant shouts out to the noble lord that he will kill his sons unless he delivers to him his daughter.

The worthy man is well-nigh beside himself. His agony is like that of one who would rather be dead

than alive. Again and again he bemoans his fate, and weeps aloud and sighs.

Then my frank and gentle lord Yvain thus began to speak to him: "Sire, very vile and impudent is that giant who vaunts himself out there. But may God never grant that he should have your daughter in his power! He despises her and insults her openly. Give me now my arms and horse! Have the drawbridge lowered, and let me pass. One or the other must be cast down, either I or he, I know not which. If I could only humiliate the cruel wretch who is thus oppressing you, so that he would release your sons and should come and make amends for the insulting words he has spoken to you, then I would commend you to God and go about my business."

Then they go to get his horse, and hand over to him his arms, striving so expeditiously that they soon have him quite equipped. They delayed as little as they could in arming him. When his equipment was complete, there remained nothing but to lower the bridge and let him go. They lowered it for him, and he went out. But the lion would by no means stay behind.

All those who were left behind commended the knight to the Saviour, for they fear exceedingly lest their devilish enemy, who already had slain so many good men on the same field before their eyes, would do the same with him. So they pray God to defend him from death, and return him to them safe and sound, and that He may give him strength to slay the

giant. Each one softly prays to God in accordance with his wish.

And the giant fiercely came at him, and with threatening words thus spake to him: "By my eyes, the man who sent thee here surely had no love for thee! No better way could he have taken to avenge himself on thee. He has chosen well his vengeance for whatever wrong thou hast done to him."

But the other, fearing naught, replies: "Thou treatest of what matters not. Now do thy best and I'll do mine. Idle parley wearies me."

Thereupon my lord Yvain, who was anxious to depart, rides at him. He goes to strike him on the breast, which was protected by a bear's skin, and the giant runs at him with his stake raised in air.

My lord Yvain deals him such a blow upon the chest that he thrusts through the skin and wets the tip of his lance in his body's blood by way of sauce. And the giant belabors him with the stake, and makes him bend beneath the blows. My lord Yvain then draws the sword with which he knew how to deal fierce blows. He found the giant unprotected, for he trusted in his strength so much that he disdained to arm himself. And he who had drawn his blade gave him such a slash with the cutting edge and not with the flat side, that he cut from his cheek a slice fit to roast. Then the other in turn gave him such a blow with the stake that it made him sink in a heap upon his horse's neck.

Thereupon the lion bristles up, ready to lend his master aid, and leaps up in his anger and strength, and

strikes and tears like so much bark the heavy bearskin the giant wore, and he tore away beneath the skin a large piece of his thigh, together with the nerves and flesh. The giant escaped his clutches, roaring and bellowing like a bull, for the lion had badly wounded him. Then raising his stake in both hands, he thought to strike him, but missed his aim, when the lion leaped backward so he missed his blow, and fell exhausted beside my lord Yvain, but without either of them touching the other. Then my lord Yvain took aim and landed two blows on him. Before he could recover himself he had severed with the edge of his sword the giant's shoulder from his body.

With the next blow he ran the whole blade of his sword through his liver beneath his chest: the giant falls in death's embrace. And if a great oak tree should fall, I think it would make no greater noise than the giant made when he tumbled down. All those who were on the wall would fain have witnessed such a blow.

Then it became evident who was the most fleet of foot, for all ran to see the game, just like hounds which have followed the beast until they finally come up with him. So men and women in rivalry ran forward without delay to where the giant lay face downward. The daughter comes running, and her mother, too. And the four brothers rejoice after the woes they have endured.

As for my lord Yvain they are very sure that they could not detain him for any reason they might allege; but they beseech him to return and stay to enjoy him-

self as soon as he shall have completed the business which calls him away. And he replies that he cannot promise them anything, for as yet he cannot guess whether it will fare well or ill with him. But thus much did he say to his host: that he wished that his four sons and his daughter should take the dwarf and go to my lord Gawain when they hear of his return, and should tell and relate to him how he has conducted himself. For kind actions are of no use if you are not willing that they be known.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TURKE AND GAWAIN

A TERRIBLE brood of giants once lived on the Isle of Man—as anyone in western England could have told you a hundred years ago, or five hundred for that matter. To-day this island of Mona in the Irish Sea produces nothing stranger than Manx tail-less cats and a hard-headed race of people who cling most obstinately to their old Norse and Celtic customs, with "deemsters" to judge them and a Legislature and Lieutenant-governor of their own for their 20,000 inhabitants.

But away back in the days of great King Arthur it was common knowledge that a horde of giants had driven out the first fairy population of the island, and, after ruling many generations in the usual discourteous fashion of giants, had been themselves overpowered by the mighty enchanter Merlin, and lay spell-bound forever in vast subterranean chambers beneath their ancient palace.

And if you have any doubts about this, and find it difficult to verify the tale by consulting a Manxman (or better still an aged Manxwoman)—why you need only turn to "The History and Description of the Isle of Man," wherein Mr. Waldron only seventy years ago related all the facts as to "Curious and Authentick

Relations of Apparitions of Giants that have lived under the castle from time immemorial. Likewise many comical and entertaining stories of the pranks played by fairies, &c."

He himself saw beneath Douglas Fort the "very strong and secret apartment underground, having no passage to it but a hole, which is covered with a large stone, and is called to this day 'The great man's chamber.'" Also many wise ones told him how several venturesome spirits who ventured down to the subterranean chambers at Castleton, and not one of them ever returned to give an account of what he had undoubtedly seen—except one foolhardy individual, full of "Dutch courage," who risked the attempt in spite of the grisly fate of his predecessors. This lucky person related upon his return that, after traversing interminable black passages, he at last reached a light and a magnificent dwelling, in which lay a monster fourteen feet long and ten or eleven feet around—whereat, like a wise and prudent man, he retraced his steps without further investigation.

And there is more vivid testimony than this. Probably five or six centuries back an unknown minstrel made a ballad telling all about this giant brood and what befell the valiant Sir Gawain upon his adventure into that dread island.

A few portions of this ballad are lost (they were used to light the fires by the maids in Humphrey Pitt's house in Shropshire, where Bishop Percy, about 1760, found the old 17th century manuscript book containing it!) But the course of the tale is plain, and the

romance stands here essentially as it was written down about 1650, having been passed on orally for hundreds of years before that.

Listen, lords great and small, what adventures did befall in England, where hath been the knights that held the Round Table, doughty warriors and keen.

All England both east and west, lords and ladies of the best, they busked them and made them bowne, and as King Arthur sate in his seat,—lords served him at his meat,—there came a man into the hall. He was not tall, but he was broad, made like a turke (a dwarf) in his legs and thighs. Said he:

"Is there any will, as a brother, give me a buffet and take another—if any be so hardy?"

Then spoke that crabbed knight, Sir Kay:

"Man, thou seemest not so strong in wit if thou be not adread, for there are knights within this hall will fell thee to the ground with one buffet. Be thou never so stalwart of hand, I dare safely sweare I shall bring thee to the ground."

Then spake that worthy knight Sir Gawain:

"Cousin Kay, thou speakest unworthily, and rude is thy answer. If this man wants wit, small honor to thee if thou shouldst kill him."

The dwarf answered threateningly: "Come on, the better of you two, though ye be fierce as any wild boar."

With that Gawain rose and smote him, but not with his full strength, lest he slay him outright. But to his surprise the dwarf did not go down before his

blow but withstood it. Then the dwarf looked upon him menacingly and said:

"Be sure that when the time comes this buffet thou hast given me shall be well quitted. But before that thou must go with me on an adventure—and I shall make thee thrice as afraid as ever man was on this middle earth ere thou see this court again."

"I plight my troth," said Gawain. "I dare go with thee and never fly. Never will I flee from an adventure, be it jousting or any other tournament."

The dwarf took leave of the crowned King, and Sir Gawain made ready his armor and steed. They rode northwards two days and more. By then Sir Gawain was sore hungered and had great need of meat and drink. The dwarf knew he needed food and spoke rough words to him, holding his head high:

"Gawain, where is all thy plenty? The other day thou wast served with dainties and gave no part to me, but bruised me with a buffet: therefore thou shalt have mickle care and shalt see adventures. I only would I had here King Arthur and many of thy fellows in brotherhood that are wont to strive for mastery."

He led Sir Gawain to a high hill. Suddenly the earth opened and closed again, and Gawain began to dread; the murk came down and the light disappeared; and a storm of snow and rain, with thunder and lightning, broke upon them.

Sir Gawain sighed heavily. "Such weather," said he, "saw I never before, in no place that I have ever been."

The dwarf paid no attention and led him on for a long journey, till at last they came in sight of a noble castle standing close beside the sea. "We shall go in," said the guide, "but take heed that if thou seest anyone within, thou speak not to man nor woman. Yea, even if they address thee, on thy peril see thou makest them no answer but only unto me."

So they rode up to the castle and Sir Gawain lighted off his horse. The dwarf, being on foot already, led him through the gates. Here they found chamber, bower and hall, with rich railings and most seemly to look upon. In the hall a board was spread with all manner of meat and drink for any grooms that might win thither. Sir Gawain would have fallen to that fare, but the dwarf bade him leave it alone on his peril so that he waxed anxious.

Said Gawain: "Man, I marvel that thou mayst spare none of these victuals when there is such great plenty here. Yet do I marvel more, by my fay, that I see neither man nor man, woman nor child. I had liever now be free to eat my fill of this fair meat than to have all the gold in Christendom."

At that the dwarf went forth and immediately returned, bringing meat and drink of the finest.

"Eat, Gawain," said he, "and refresh thy spirit. In faith thou shalt labor and sweat ere thou get more food."

When the knight had drunk ale and wine, he said: "I will, without boast or threat, be ready at thy bidding. Yet I would pray thee rather to give me my

buffet and let me go my way for I would not longer be in this place."

The dwarf reminded him of his plighted word, presently, and led him without again. There lay a boat by the shore; and, obeying his guide, Sir Gawain turned loose his charger. Indeed there was naught else he could do.

"I plight my troth to thee," said the dwarf, "he shall be here when thou comest again."

They sailed across the water for the space of an hour, when there appeared before them an island whereon stood a fair castle whose like the knight had ne'er beheld.

Said the dwarf: "Gawain, we have come thus far without scathe; but now cometh the performance of thine oath. In yonder castle dwells the King of Man. He is a soldan of heathenesse, and he hath with him such a hideous rout of giants as one might not match did he seek far and near as wide as the world. Many adventures are before you; and doubt not that we shall be assailed before we win hence again. But an ye take good heed to me I shall help ye in need; and I trow there is none so strong in stoure that he shall gainsay us."

They landed and came into the great hall, where sat the King of Man, grim and terrible.

"Ah, Sir Gawain, stiff and stoure," said he, "how fareth thine uncle King Arthur? And that bishop, Sir Bodwine, that will not let my goods alone but spiteth them every day? He preaches much of a crown of thorns; but an ever I catch him he shall

think such a crown but play. Sit down at my board, sir knight."

"Nay, that may not be," said Sir Gawain. "I trow a venturous knight shall sit down in no king's hall ere he have assayed adventures."

"Fair may it fall ye then, Gawain," said the King. "Go, fetch me forth my tennis ball," quoth he to those who stood near, "for I will see this knight play."

So they brought in a huge ball, all of brass; and behind it came a hideous company of giants. They were seventeen in number, and the least of them was half as tall again as the knight.

Gawain looked on these monstrous creatures who laughed and showed their foul teeth in pleasure at the prospect of dashing out his brains in the course of this strange game. Then he looked at the ball of brass, and knew there was no man in all England able to so much as carry it, much less play at hand-ball with it as was proposed. And in his heart he began to feel great fear that he was here presently to be shamed and slain. Just then the dwarf spoke privily in his ear.

To the grim King the knight said: "This is too easy a play for a proven knight. This boy of mine will play for you."

Then one of the giants struck the great heavy ball; and the dwarf struck it back so mightily that it flew clean out of the hall door and out of sight.

"Of a truth, that is a strong boy you have," said the King. "Now let us try at casting the axletree."

So they brought forth a monstrous axletree such as only one of the giants could so much as lift. The

tallest of the giants made a cast from the other end of the hall, so that the tremendous mass crashed down before the feet of the knight and his companion. Gawain made a sign; whereat the dwarf picked up the huge axletree and hurled it so shrewdly that it thrust through one of the giants, and he fell down with grisly groaning.

"Take away the axletree," said the King. "Such a boy saw I never before; yet, as I may thrive, he shall be better assayed ere he go. This third adventure is the last before me at this time."

All turned toward a monstrous brazier which stood in the hall, within whose great iron bars there blazed coals and wood.

"Gawain," said a giant, "do you begin the play. A great giant lifted up this brazier and set it down fairly with one hand. When you have essayed it, one of us shall answer you."

Sir Gawain was never so disturbed since he was a man on middle earth. Then he bethought him and turned to the dwarf.

"Lift this brazier, boy," said he, "that is so worthily wrought."

At that the dwarf sprang forward, and seized the huge knobs of the iron brazier which rose far above his head. Then he lifted it clear and swung it thrice about his head, that the coals and red brands flew out over the hall floor, and they had much ado to put out the fire.

The King waxed wroth and he bade them lay hands on the knight; and before he could draw his sword

they had disarmed him and bound him fast. The King had him taken aside and spoke to him privily.

"Ah, Gawain," said the King, "evil was the day for thee that thou camest hither. Full many a knight, mickle of might and strong in battle, hath come before thee, and all of them I have slain through my mastery. Never went there away one to tell the tale. Nor shalt thou go, fell though thou beest, nor none that belongeth to King Arthur."

The dwarf had drawn on a cloak of invisible gray and followed them, himself unseen in this weed. He heard all this, and followed still when the King led Gawain into a fast dungeon where stood a great caldron of boiling lead. The molten lead bubbled and spattered; and before it stood a loathly giant with an iron pronged fork in his hand. The giant looked eagerly upon the captive knight.

The King said to his monster: "Here are none but we two: do what is best."

But at that instant the dwarf discovered himself in his weed of invisible gray; and at the sight the giant cried out in fear.

The dwarf leaped upon him, gripped him mightily about the waist, and cast him all as he was into the caldron of molten lead, holding him down with the prings till he was scalded to death.

Sir Gawain turned to the King: "But thou agreest to be baptized, thine hour is come."

The King in anger spat upon him; and the dwarf seized him and hurled him into the fire to perish. Then he said to Sir Gawain:

"Master, the peril is past. Yet let us not tarry to complete this adventure."

So they went through the castle and slew all that foul company except such as were willing to become Christian men. And they found there vast treasure of gold and silver. Then the dwarf brought a golden basin, fit for an emperor, and a well-tempered sword, and fell on his knees before Gawain, and said:

"If ever I did aught for thee, take this keen sword and strike off my head."

"Now God forfend!" exclaimed Gawain. "Not for all the red gold would I have thee slain."

"Have done, my master. I have no dread. In this basin let me bleed and thou shalt see a new play."

Sorrowfully, Gawain took the brand, and with one blow he smote off his head. And when the blood fell into the golden basin, the dwarf stood up in his own guise of a stalwart knight. Sir Gromer he was hight.

"Blessed be thou, Sir Gawain. Well hast thou quitted me for my aid."

Then they went throughout the castle and released many a captive knight and lady who had been held there in dolour. And after they had feasted they crossed the ocean water and returned to King Arthur's court, where there was great joy of the seventeen bright ladies thus restored.

Sir Gromer, the former dwarf, went down upon his knee before Arthur:

"Sir King, an it please you, crown Gawain King of Man."

But Gawain kneeled beside him and said: "Nay, lord, not I; give it to him, for he won it."

Then said Arthur: "Take thou the kingdom, Sir Gromer; for I see that Gawain will never consent."

And it was so.

CHAPTER XIV

AMADIS AMONG THE GIANTS

KING LISUARTE of Great Britain was at table; the cloths were removed, and Galaor, Florestan and Agrayes were about him. These were among his foremost knights, but they grieved for the absence of their brother and kinsman, the incomparable Amadis of Gaul; he, for love and worship of the peerless Oriana, the King's daughter, had long wandered about in disguise, performing such exploits as made the whole world ring with his renown. Sometime he was known as the Child of the Sea, later as the Knight of the Green Sword, and at this time he went by the name of Beltenebros, or the Fair Mystery. And among his deeds had been the slaying of King Abies of Ireland, whose limbs were as those of a giant, and who numbered among his allies many astonishing fierce giants.

Then there came a strange knight into the palace, all armed except his head and his hands, and with him two squires, and he carried in his hand a letter sealed with five seals, which on his knees he presented to the king, saying:

"Let this be read, and then I will say for what I am come."

Lisuarte perceived that it was a letter of credence and bade him speak his errand.

Then said the knight: "King, I defy thee on the part of Famongomadan, the Giant of the Boiling Lake; Cartadaque, his nephew, giant of the Defended Mountain; Madanfabul, his marriage-brother, the giant of the Vermillion Tower; and for Quadragante, brother of King Abies of Ireland, and Arcalaus the Enchanter:

"They tell thee that thy death, and the death of all who call themselves thine is in their hands, for they are coming against thee on King Cildadan's side. Howbeit, if thou wilt give thy daughter Oriana to Madasima, the fair daughter of Famongomadan, to be her damsel and servant, they will not injure thee, nor be thine enemies, but will give her in marriage when it is time, to Basogante, Madasima's brother, who doth well deserve to be lord of her and thy land.

"Therefore, King, look to thy choice! Such peace or such war."

Lisuarte smiled when he began to reply, as one who set at naught the defiance. "Knight," said he, "better is a dangerous war than a dishonorable peace: a bad account should I render to Him who hath placed me in this high rank, if for lack of heart I should so shamefully debase it. Tell them I would rather choose war with them all the days of my life, and death in that war at last, than consent to the peace they offer. Tell me where I may send a knight to carry them this answer."

"They may be found," replied the embassador, "in the Boiling Lake, which is in the Isle of Mongaza."

So it was done, and a knight of King Lisuarte's carried them his reply defying them to the utmost.

Now Amadis was at a nunnery, being but barely recovered of severe wounds. He sent Enil, his squire for the time, to the next town to get arms made for him, a green shield with as many golden lions as it could hold, and to buy him a horse, and a sword and breastplate, the best he could find. For he purposed to ride to Millaflores to see Oriana, the lady of all his thoughts.

In twenty days all was ready, as he had ordered it; and at the end of that time arrived Durin, who brought word from her who was called the one without a peer. Then he walked apart with Durin, and heard the message of Oriana, and also how his brethren were to be in the battle against Cildadan and the giants, and of the defiance that Famongomadan had sent, and how he demanded Oriana to be serving-damsel to his daughter, till he should give her in marriage to his son. When he heard this, his flesh shook with exceeding anger, and he resolved in himself, so soon as he had seen his lady, to undertake no adventure till he had found Famongomadan, and fought with him a combat to the utterance for what he had dared propose.

That night Amadis, still going by the name of Beltenebros even to his companion, took leave of the nuns, and early the next day, armed in his green armor, he set forth, and Enil with him carrying his shield and helmet and lance. The day was clear, and

he feeling himself in his strength and once more in arms, began to manage his horse so skilfully that Enil said to him:

"I know not, sir, what the strength of your heart may be, but I never saw a knight appear so well in arms."

"The worth," quoth Amadis, "lies in a good heart, not in a good appearance. Happy dole hath he whom God has gifted with both. You have judged the one, judge the other as you shall see it deserves when put to proof."

Seven days they travelled without adventure, and Amadis, as he drew nearer, wore his helmet that he might not be known. On the eighth, as they were passing the foot of a mountain, they met a knight upon a large bay horse, so huge in stature that he appeared to be a giant, and two squires carrying his arms.

He cried out with a loud voice to Amadis: "Stop, sir knight, till you have told me what I want to know."

Amadis looked at the stranger's shield, and seeing there golden flowers in a field azure, he knew it was Don Quadragante, brother to King Abies of Ireland and his own deadly foe. Yet, remembering Famongomadan, he would willingly now have avoided battle; as also, because he was on his way to Oriana, and feared lest the great prowess of this knight should cause him some delay. Howbeit he stopt, and bade Enil give him his arms, if they were wanted.

"God protect you!" quoth Enil. "He looks to me more like a devil than a knight."

"He is no devil," said Amadis, "but a right good knight, of whom I have heard heretofore."

By this time Quadragante was come up, and said to him: "Knight, you must tell me if you belong to the household of King Lisuarte."

"Why ask you?"

"Because I have defied him and all his household, and kill all of them whom I meet."

Amadis felt his anger rising, and replied: "You are one of those who hath challenged him?"

"I am; and I am he who will do to him and his all the evil in my power."

"And who are you?"

"My name is Don Quadragante; and I am brother to that King Abies who was foully slain by an unknown knight of Lisuarte's."

"Certes, Don Quadragante, notwithstanding your high lineage and your great prowess in arms, this is great folly in you to defy the best king in the world. They who undertake more than they can effect are rather rash than hardy. I am not this king's vassal, nor am I of his land, but for his goodness my heart is disposed to serve him, so that I may account myself among those whom you have defied; if you chuse battle with me, you may have it; if not, go your way."

"I believe, knight," said Quadragante, "you speak thus boldly because you know me so little; pray you, tell me your name."

"They call me Beltenebros: you will know me by it no better than before, for it is a name of no renown;

but, though I am of a far land, I have heard that you are seeking Amadis of Gaul, and, by what I hear of him, it is no loss to you that you cannot find him."

"What!" quoth Quadragante. "Do you prize him, whom I hate so much, above me? Know that your death-hour is arrived. Take thy arms and defend thyself if thou canst."

"I might do it with some doubt against others, but can have none in opposing thee, who art so full of pride and threats."

Then they ran their course; both felt the shock: the horse of Amadis reeled, and he himself was wounded at the nipple of the breast. Quadragante was unhorsed and hurt in the ribs. He rose and ran at Amadis, who did not see him, for he was adjusting his helmet, and mortally stabbed his horse. Amadis leaped off and went against him sword in hand in great anger.

"There was no courage in this," he cried. "Your own horse was strong enough to have finished the battle without this villainy."

The blows fell as thick and loud as though ten knights had been in combat, for both put forth all their strength and skill, and the fight lasted from the hour of tierce till vespers; but then Quadragante, overcome with fatigue and with a blow that Amadis gave him on the helmet, fell down senseless.

Amadis took off his helmet to see if he were dead; the air revived him; he placed the sword-point at his face, saying:

"Remember thy soul, for thou art a dead man."

"Ah, Beltenebros," cried he, "for God's sake let me live, for my soul's sake."

"Yield thyself vanquished then, and promise to fulfill what I command."

"I will fulfill your will to save my life," said Quadragante, "but there is no reason wherefore I should confess myself vanquished: he is not vanquished who in his defence hath shown no fear, doing his utmost till strength and breath fail him and he falls; but he who does not do what he could have done, for lack of heart."

"You say well," said Amadis, "and I like much what I have heard from you; give me your hand and your promise then." And he called the squire to witness it:

"You shall go forthwith to the court of King Lisuarte, and remain there till Amadis arrives, and then you shall pardon him for the death of your brother, King Abies; for they by their own will fought in lists together, and such revenge, even among those of meaner degree, ought not to be pursued. However, you shall make null the defiance against King Lisuarte, and not take arms against those in his service."

All this did Quadragante promise against his will and in the fear of death. He then ordered his squires to make a litter and remove him; and Amadis, mounting the bay horse of his antagonist, gave his arms to Enil and departed.

Four damsels, who were hawking with a merlin, had seen the battle, and they now came up and requested the unknown would go to their castle, where he should

be honorably welcomed, for the good will which he had manifested to King Lisuarte. He thankfully accepted their hospitality, being sore wearied with the struggle, and accompanied them. They found no other wound than that upon his breast, which bled much; howbeit in three days he departed.

On the second day at noon, from a hill top he beheld the city of London, and, to the right thereof, the castle of Miraflores, where his lady Oriana then abode. Here he stood awhile, gazing and devising how he might despatch Enil.

Presently he was taunted by a company of knights to joust with them, and at last he rode against them and overthrew all ten, one after another.

Then came he, being athirst, to the Fountain of the Three Channels, and tarried there awhile, discoursing with some damsels who were on their way to the court, and determining to fix upon this as a meeting place with Enil after he had been to his lady.

While they were talking, there came along the road a waggon drawn by twelve palfreys, and on it were two dwarfs who drove. There were many knights in chains in the waggon, and their shields were hanging at the side, and many damsels and girls among them weeping and lamenting loudly.

Before it went a giant, so great that he was fearful to behold; he rode a huge black horse, and he was armed with plates of steel, and his helmet shone bright, and in his hand he had a boar spear, whose point was a full arm's-length long. Behind the waggon was

another giant, who appeared more huge and terrible than the first.

The damsels with Amadis seeing them were greatly terrified, and hid themselves among the trees. Presently the giant who rode foremost turned to the dwarfs and cried:

"I will cut you into a thousand pieces if you suffer these girls to shed their own blood, for I mean to do sacrifice with it to my God, whom I adore."

When Amadis heard this he knew it was Famongomadan, for he had a custom to sacrifice damsels to an idol in the Boiling Lake, by whose advice and words he was guided in everything. At this time Amadis did not wish to encounter him, because he hoped shortly to be with Oriana, and also because his joust with the ten knights had wearied him; but he knew the knights in the waggon, and saw that Princess Leonoreta and her damsels were there, for Famongomadan, who always took his waggon with him to carry away all he could find, had seized them in their tents.

Immediately he mounted, and called to Enil for his arms. But Enil said:

"Let those devils pass by first."

"Give me!" quoth Amadis. "I shall try God's mercy before they pass, to see if I can redress this villainy."

"O, sir," cried the squire, "why have you so little compassion on your youth? If the best twenty knights of King Lisuarte's court were here, they would not venture to attack them."

"Care thou not for that," replied his master. "If I let them pass without doing my best I should be unworthy to appear among gallant men: you shall behold my fortune."

Enil gave him his arms, weeping, and Amadis then descended the sloping ground to meet them. He looked toward Miraflores as he went, and said:

"O Oriana, my lady, never did I attempt adventure confiding in my own courage, but in you: my gentle lady, assist me now, in this great need."

He felt his full strength now, and all fear was gone, and he cried out to the dwarfs to stop.

When the foremost giant, Famongomadan, heard him, he came towards him with such rage that smoke came through the vizor of his helmet, and he shook his boar spear so forcefully that its ends almost met.

"Unhappy wretch!" cried he. "Who gave thee boldness enough to dare appear before me?"

"That Lord," quoth Amadis, "whom thou hast offended, who will give me strength today to break thy pride."

"Come on! Come on!" cried the giant. "And see if his power can protect thee from mine."

Amadis fitted the lance under his arm, and ran against him full speed: he smote him below the waist with such exceeding force that the spear burst through the plates of steel, and ran through him, even so as to strike the saddle behind, that the girths broke and he fell with the saddle, the broken lance remaining in him. His boar spear had taken effect upon the horse

of Amadis and mortally wounded him. The knight leaped off and drew his sword.

Famongomadan rose up so enraged that fire came from him, and he plucked the lance from his wound, and threw it at Amadis so violently that if the shield had not protected his helmet, it would have driven him to the ground; but his own bowels came out with the weapon, and he fell, crying:

"Help, Basagante! I am slain."

At this the other giant came up as fast as his horse could carry him: he had a steel axe in his hand, and with this he thought to have cut his enemy in two; but Amadis avoided the blow, and at the same time struck the giant's horse; the stroke fell short, but the tip of his sword cut through the stirrup-leather, and cut the leg also half through.

The giant in his fury did not feel the wound, though he missed the stirrup: he turned and raised his axe again. Amadis had taken the shield from his neck, and was holding it by the throngs: the axe fell on it and sank in and drove it from his hands to the ground. He had made another stroke; the sword wounded Basagante's arm, and, glancing below upon the plates of fine steel, broke, so that only the handle remained in his hand.

Not for this was he a whit dismayed; he saw the giant could not pluck his axe from the shield, and he ran and caught it by the handle also. Both struggled for the weapon; it was on that side where the stirrup had been cut away, so that Basagante lost his balance:

the horse started and he fell; and Amadis got the battle-axe.

The giant drew his sword in vast fury, and would have run at the knight, but the nerves of his leg were cut through; he fell upon one knee, and Amadis smote him on the helmet, that the laces burst and it fell off. He, seeing his enemy so near, thought with his sword, which was very long, to smite off his head; the blow was aimed too high, it cut off the whole crown of the helmet, and cut away the hair with it. Amadis drew back; the helmet fell over his head upon his shoulders, and Leonoreta and the damsels, who were on their knees in the waggon praying to God to deliver them, tore their hair and began to shriek and call upon the Virgin, thinking he was surely slain. He himself put up his hand to feel it he were wounded to death, but feeling no harm made again at the giant, whose sword falling upon a stone in the last blow had broken.

Basagante's heart failed him now; he made one stroke more and cut the knight slightly in the leg with the broken sword; but Amadis let drive the battle-axe at his head: it cut away the ear and the cheek and the jaw, and Basagante fell, writhing in the agony of death.

At this time Famongomadan had taken off his helmet, and was holding his hands upon his wound to check the blood. When he saw his son slain he began to blaspheme God and His mother Holy Mary, saying that he did not so much grieve to die as that he could not now destroy their monasteries and churches,

because they had suffered him and his son to be conquered by one knight.

Amadis was then upon his knees returning thanks to God when he heard the blasphemer, and he exclaimed:

"Accursed of God and of His blessed mother! Now shalt thou suffer for thy cruelties. Pray to thine idol that, as thou hast shed so much blood before him, he may stop this blood of thine from flowing out with thy life."

The giant continued to curse God and his saints. Then Amadis plucked the boar spear from the horse's body, and thrust it into the mouth of Famongomadan, and nailed him backward to the earth.

He then put on Basagante's helmet that he might not be known, and mounting the other's horse rode up to the waggon and broke the chains of all who were prisoners therein. And he besought them to take the bodies of the giants to King Lisuarte, and say they were sent him by a strange knight called Beltenebros; and he begged the princess to permit him to take the black horse of Famongomadan, because it was a strong and handsome horse, and he would ride him in the battle against King Cildadan.

The bodies of the giants were so huge that they were obliged to bend their knees to lay them in the waggon.

Leonoreta and her damsels made garlands for their heads, and being right joyful for their deliverance, entered London singing in triumph. Much was King Lisuarte astonished at their adventure, and the more

for Quadragante had already presented himself on the part of Beltenebros, of whom nothing else was known.

"I would he were among us," said the King. "I would not lose him for anything that he could ask and I could grant."

As for the further exploits of Amadis; and how, by the side of his brethren and the king, he conquered all those island giants in pitched battle; and how he slew the unspeakable monstrous offspring of the giant of Devil's Island that was called the Endriago; and how he and the peerless Oriana, in whom all beauty was centered, proved in the Firm Island those final adventures of the Arch of True Lovers and of the Forbidden Chamber;—are not these and many things beside written in the Portuguese chronicler's tale of *Amadis of Gaul?* And was this not one of the only three romances spared by the good Curate when he purged Don Quixote's library with fire—for that forsooth it was the best of all the romances?

CHAPTER XV

GOGMAGOG

AFTER the Trojan War, Æneas, fleeing from the desolation of the city, came with Ascanius by ship unto Italy. There, for that Æneas was worshipfully received by King Latinus, Turnus, King of the Rutulians, did wax envious and made war against him. When they met in battle, Æneas had the upper hand, and after that Turnus was slain, obtained the kingdom of Italy and Lavinia the daughter of Latinus. Later, when his own last day had come, Ascanius, now king in his stead, founded Alba on Tiber, and begat a son whose name was Silvius. Silvius, unknown to his father, had fallen in love with and privily taken to wife a certain niece of Lavinia, who was about to become a mother. When this came to the knowledge of his father Ascanius, he commanded his wizards to discover whether the damsel should be brought to bed of a boy or a girl. When they had made sure of the matter by art magic, they told him that the child would be a boy that should slay his father and his mother, and after much travel in many lands, should, albeit an exile, be exalted unto the highest honors. Nor were the wizards out in their forecast, for when the day came that she should be delivered of a child, the mother bare a son, but herself died in his birth.

Howbeit, the child was given in charge unto a nurse, and was named Brute.

At last, after thrice five years had gone by, the lad, bearing his father company out a-hunting, slew him by striking him unwittingly with an arrow. For when the verderers drave the deer in front of them, Brute thinking to take aim at them, smote his own father under the breast. Upon the death of his father he was driven out of Italy, his kinsfolk being wroth with him for having wrought a deed so dreadful. He went therefore as an exile into Greece, and there he met with the descendants of Helenus, son of Priam, then held in bondage by the Greeks. Freeing these countrymen by a sudden attack on the Greek stronghold, and capturing Pandrasus himself, the valiant adventurer presently sailed away with the king's daughter for a wife, and a ransom of over three hundred ships laden with treasure and provisions.

They ran on together for two days and a night with a fair current of wind, and drew to land at a certain island called Leogecia, which had been uninhabited ever since it was laid waste by pirates in the days of old. Howbeit, Brute sent three hundred men inland to discover by whom it might be inhabited. Who, finding not a soul, slew such venison of divers kinds as they found in the glades and the forests.

They came, moreover, to a certain deserted city, wherein they found a temple of Diana. Now in this temple was an image of the goddess, that gave responses, if haply it were asked of any votary that there did worship.

At last they returned to their ships, laden with the venison they had found, and report to their comrades the lie of the land and the situation of the city, bearing the Duke on land that he make repair unto the temple, and after making offerings of propitiation, inquire of the deity of the place what land she would grant them as a fixed abiding place. By the common consent of all, therefore, Brute took with him Gerion the augur, and twelve of the elders, and sought out the temple, bringing with them everything necessary for making sacrifice. When they arrived, they surrounded their brows with garlands, and set up three altars according to immemorial wont, before the holy place, to the three Gods, Jove, to wit, and Mercury, as well as to Diana, and made unto each his own special libation. Brute himself, holding in his right hand a vessel full of sacrificial wine and the blood of a white hind before the altar of the goddess, with face upturned towards her image, broke silence in these words:—

> Goddess and forest Queen, the wild boar's terror,
> Thou who the maze of heaven or nether mansions
> Walkest at will, vouchsafe they rede to earthward!
> Tell me what lands thy will it is we dwell in?
> What sure abode? Lo, there to Thee for ever
> Temples I vow, and chant of holy maidens!

After he had nine times repeated this, he walked four times round the altar, poured forth the wine he held upon the hearth of offering, laid him down upon the fell of a hind that he had stretched in front of the altar, and after invoking slumber fell on sleep. For as at that time it was the third hour of the night,

wherein are mortals visited by the sweetest sleep. Then it seemed him the goddess stood there before him, and spake unto him on this wise:—

> Brute,—past the realms of Gaul, beneath the sunset
> Lieth an Island, girt about by ocean,
> Guarded by ocean—erst the haunt of giants,
> Desert of late, and meet for this thy people.
> Seek it! For there is thine abode for ever.
> There by thy sons again shall Troy be builded;
> There of thy blood shall Kings be born, hereafter
> Sovran in every land the wide world over.

On awakening from such a vision, the Duke remained in doubt whether it were a dream that he had seen, or whether it were the living goddess herself who had thus foretold the land whereunto he should go. At last he called his companions and related unto them from first to last all that had befallen him in his sleep. They thereupon were filled with exceeding great joy, and advise that they should at once turn back to their ships, and while the wind is still blowing fair, should get under way as quickly as possible full sail for the West in search of that land which the goddess had promised.

Nor did they tarry. They rejoin their comrades and launch out into the deep, and after ploughing the waves for a run of thirty days, made the coast of Africa, still not knowing in which direction to steer their ships. Then came they to the Altars of the Phileni, and the place of the Salt-pans, steering from thence betwixt Ruscicada and the mountains Azarae, where they encountered sore peril from an attack by

pirates. Natheless, they won the victory, and went on their way enriched by the spoil and plunder they had taken.

From thence, passing the mouth of the river Malva, they arrived in Mauritania, where lack of food and drink compelled them to disembark, and dividing themselves into companies, they harried the whole region from end to end. When they had revictualled their ships, they made sail for the Columns of Hercules, where they saw many of the monsters of the deep called Sirens, which surrounded the ships and well-nigh overwhelmed them. Howbeit, they made shift to escape, and came to the Tyrrhene sea, where they found nigh the shore four generations born of the exiles from Troy, who had borne Antenor company in his flight. Their Duke was called Corineus, a sober-minded man and excellent in counsel, mighty in body, valiance, and hardiness, insomuch as that if it were he had to deal with a giant in single combat he would straightway overthrow him as though he were wrestling with a lad. Accordingly, when they knew the ancient stock whereof he was born, they took him into their company, as well as the people whereof he was chieftain, that in after-days were called Cornishmen after the name of their Duke. He it was that in all encounters was more help to Brute than were any of the others.

Then came they to Aquitaine, and entering into the mouth of the Loire, cast anchor there. Here they abode seven days and explored the lie of the land. Goffarius Pictus then ruled in Aquitaine, and

was King of the country, who, hearing the rumour of a foreign folk that had come with a great fleet and had landed within the frontier of his dominions, sent envoys to make inquiry whether they demanded peace or war?

While the legates were on their way to the fleet, they met Corineus who had just landed with two hundred men to hunt for venison in the forest. Thereupon they accost him, and ask him by whose leave he hath thus trespassed into the King's forest to slay his deer? And when Corineus made them answer, that in such a matter no leave nor license whatever could be held as needful, one of their number, Imbert by name, rushed forward, and drawing his bow, aimed an arrow at him. Corineus avoided the arrow, and ran in upon Imbert as fast as he might, and with the bow that he carried all-to-brake his head in pieces. Thereupon the rest fled, just making shift to escape his hands, and reported the death of their fellow to Goffarius.

The Duke of the Poitevins, taking the matter sorely to heart, forthwith assembled a mighty host to take vengeance upon them for the death of his messenger. Brute, hearing tidings of his coming, set guards over his ships, bidding the women and children remain on board while he himself along with the whole flower of his army marcheth forth to meet the enemy.

When the engagement at last began, the fighting is fierce on both sides, and after they had spent a great part of the day in battling, Corineus thought it shame that the Aquitanians should hold their ground so

stoutly, and the Trojans not be able to press forward to the victory. So taking heart afresh, he called his own men apart to the right of the battle, and forming them in rank made a rapid charge upon the enemy; and when, with his men in close order, he had broken the front ranks, he never stinted striking down the enemy till he had cut his way right through the battalion, and forced them all to flee. Good luck had supplied the place of a sword he lost with a battle-axe, wherewith he cleft in twain any that came next him from the crown of the head right down to the girdlestead.

Brute marvels; his comrades and even the enemy marvel at the hardihood and valour of the man, who, brandishing his battle-axe among the flying host, added not a little terror by shouting, "Whiter fly ye, cowards? Whither fly ye, cravens? Turn back, I tell ye, turn, and do battle with Corineus! Shame upon ye! So many thousands as are ye, do ye flee before my single arm? Flee then! and take with ye at least this comfort in your flight, that it is I who am after ye, I who ere now have so oft been wont to drive the Tyrrhene giants in flight before me, and to hurl them to hell by threes and fours at a time!"

At these words of his a certain earl named Subardus with three hundred men turned back and charged down upon him. But Corineus, in raising his shield to ward the blow, forgot not the battle-axe he held in his hand. Lifting it overhead, he smote him a buffet upon the top of his helmet that cleft him right through into two halves. After this, he straightway rusheth

in amongst the rest, whirling his axe, and a passing furious slaughter he maketh. Hurrying hither and thither, he avoideth receiving a single stroke, but never resteth a moment from smiting down his enemies. Of one he loppeth off hand and arm, of another he cleaveth the shoulders from the body, of another he striketh off the head at a single blow, of another he severeth the legs from the thigh. All dash headlong upon him only; he dasheth headlong in upon them all.

Brute, who beholdeth all this, glowing with love of the man, hurrieth forward with a company to succour him. Then ariseth a mighty shouting betwixt the two peoples—the strokes are redoubled, and passing bloody is the slaughter on the one side and the other.

But it endureth not long. The Trojans win the day, and drive King Goffarius and his Poitevins in flight before them. Goffarius, escaping by the skin of his teeth, betook him into the parts of Gaul to have succour of his kinsfolk and acquaintance. At that time twelve kings there were in Gaul, each of equal rank, under whose dominion the whole country was ruled. They all received him kindly, and with one accord did pledge them to drive out from the frontiers of Aquitaine this foreign folk that had arrived there.

Brute, overjoyed at the said victory, enricheth his comrades with the spoils of the slain, and after again forming the ranks in companies, he leadeth his host inland with the intention of sacking the whole country and loading his ships with the countless treasure. Accordingly, he burneth the cities in all directions, fire after fire, and ransacketh their hidden hoards; even

the fields were laid waste, and citizen and countryman alike and subjected to a piteous slaughter, his aim being to exterminate the unhappy race to the last man. But after that he had thus visited with bloodshed well-nigh the whole of Aquitaine, he came into the place where now standeth the city of Tours, which, as Homer beareth witness, he afterwards himself builded. Finding, after diligent survey that the place was convenient as a refuge, he there decided to pitch his camp, so that if need were he could betake him thereinto. For sore misgiving had he by reason of the arrival of Goffarius, who had marched into the neighborhood along with the Kings and Princes of Gaul and a mighty host of armed warriors to do battle against him. When his camp was fully finished, he awaited Goffarius for two days therein, confident alike in his own prudence and in the hardihood of the young men whereof he was the chieftain.

Now, when Goffarius heard of the Trojans being there, he advanced by forced marches day and night until he came well within sight of Brute's camp. Gazing grimly thereon, yet somewhat smiling withal, he burst forth into these words:

"Alas! what grievous destiny is here? Have these ignoble exiles pitched their camp within dominions of mine? To arms, ye warriors, to arms! and charge through their serried ranks! Right soon may we take captive this herd of half-men like sheep and hold them in bondage throughout our realm."

Forthwith, all they that he had brought with him leapt to arms, and marched upon their enemies ranked

in twelve battalions. But not after any woman wise did Brute range his men and march to meet them. Prudently instructing his troops as to what they were to do, how to advance and in what order to hold their ground, he gives the word to charge.

At the first onset, the Trojans for a time had the upper hand, and fearful was the slaughter they made of the enemy, for nigh two thousand of them fell, and the rest were so daunted at the sight that they all but turned to flee. But where the numbers of men are the greater, there the more often doth victory abide. In this case, therefore, the Gauls, albeit that at first they were beaten back, yet being thrice so many as their enemies, made shift to form themselves again in rank and charged in again on every side against the Trojans, whom they compelled after much bloodshed to take refuge in the camp.

Having thus obtained the victory, they beleaguered them within the camp, never thinking but that before they departed thence the besieged would either offer their necks to the fetters, or suffer a cruel and lingering death from the pangs of hunger.

In the meanwhile, on the night following, Corineus entered into counsel with Brute, and agreed with him that he would issue forth of the camp that same night by certain byways, and would lie hidden in the neighboring forest until daybreak. And when Brute, issuing forth just before dawn, should be engaged in battle with the enemy, he himself with his company should attack them in the rear, and charging in upon them put them to the sword. Brute applauded this

device of Corineus, who, cautiously issuing forth as he had proposed with three thousand men, betook him to the depths of the forest.

Accordingly, when the morrow morning began to break, Brute ordained his men in companies, and opening the gates of the camp, marched forth to battle. The Gauls straightway set themselves to oppose him, and disposing their troops in battle array came to close quarters with him. Many thousands of men are at once cut down on both sides, and many are the wounds given and received, for not a man spareth his adversary.

It chanced that a certain Trojan was there present named Turonus, a nephew of Brute's, than whom there was none more valiant and hardy save only Corineus himself. He with his single sword slew no less than six hundred men. Unhappily he was slain before his time by a sudden onslaught of the Gauls; and the foresaid city of Tours acquired the name thereof by reason of his being there buried.

And while the troops on both sides were in the very thickest of the battle, Corineus came upon them of a sudden and charged the enemy at the double in the rear. Straightway the others, pressing forward from the front, renew the attack more hotly and strain them to the utmost to complete the slaughter. The Gauls were aghast with dismay even at the very shout of the Cornishmen as they charged in on the rear, and thinking that they were more in number than they were, fled, hot foot, from the field. The Trojans are on their heels hewing them down in pursuit, nor cease

they to follow them up until the victory is their own.

Brute, nevertheless, albeit he were right glad at heart to have achieved so signal a triumph, was sore grieved by anxiety on one account, for he saw that, whilst his own numbers were minished daily, those of the Gauls were daily multiplied. Wherefore, seeing it was doubtful whether he could any longer hold out against them, he chose rather to retire to his ships while the greater part of his army was still whole and the glory of the victory still fresh, and to set sail in quest of the island which the divine monition had prophesied should be his own. Nor was there any tarriance. With the assent of his men, he returned to his fleet, and after loading his ships with all the treasures and luxuries he had acquired, he re-embarked, and with a prosperous wind sought out the promised island, where he landed at last in safety at Totnes.

At that time the name of the island was Albion, and of none was it inhabited save only of a few giants. Natheless the pleasant aspect of the land, with the abundance of fish in the rivers and deer in the choice forests thereof did fill Brute and his companions with no small desire that they should dwell therein. Wherefore, after exploring certain districts of the land, they drove the giants they found to take refuge in the caverns of the mountains, and divided the country among them according as the Duke made grant thereof.

They began to till the fields, and to build them houses in such sort that after a brief space ye might

have thought it had been inhabited from time imemorial. Then, at last, Brute calleth the island Britain, and his companions Britons, after his own name, for he was minded that his memory should be perpetuated in the derivation of the name. Whence afterward the country speech, which was aforetime called Trojan or crooked Greek, was called British.

But Corineus called that share of the kingdom which had fallen unto him by lot Cornwall, after the manner of his own name, and the people Cornishmen, therein following the Duke's example. For albeit that he might have had the choice of a province before all the others that had come thither, yet was he minded rather to have that share of the land which is now called Cornwall, whether from being, as it is, the *cornu* or horn of Britain, or from a corruption of the said name Corineus.

For naught gave him greater pleasure than to wrestle with the giants, of whom was greater plenty there than in any of the provinces that had been shared amongst his comrades. Among others was a certain hateful one by name Gogmagog,[1] twelve cubits in height, who was of such lustihood that when he had once uprooted it, he would wield an oak tree as lightly as it were a wand of hazel.

Brute, having thus got footing in Britain, was preparing to improve the same, when Albion, who had

[1] The ancient books of Arabia and Persia are full of marvelous tales of Gog and Magog—Jajiouge and Majiouge, as they are called. These giants they locate in Tartary, and the Caucasian Wall from the Caspian to the Black Sea was supposed to have been built by them of all sorts of metals. In Genesis Magog is the tenth son of Japheth; Gog and Magog are spoken of by Ezekiel; and later Gog and Magog were names of nations.

named this island after his own name,—by which it is sometimes called at this day,—having intelligence thereof, raised his whole power, being men of gigantic stature, and vast strength, and bearing for their arms huge clubs of knotty oak, battle-axes, whirlbats of iron, and globes full of spikes, fastened to a long pole by a chain; and with these, he fell upon the invaders on a certain day when Brute was holding high festival to the gods.

A bloody battle was fought, wherein the Trojans were worsted and many of them slain, and their whole army was forced to retire.

Brute, hereupon considering the disadvantage between his men and the giants, devised a stratagem to overthrow them, by digging in the night a very long and deep trench, at the bottom impaling it with sharp stakes, and covering it with boughs and rotten hurdles, on which he caused to be laid dried leaves and earth, only leaving some passages, well known to his men by particular marks.

This being done, he dared the giants to a second battle, which Albion readily accepted; and the fight being begun, after some dispute, Brute seemed to retire; whereupon the giants pressed on him with great fury; and the Trojans retiring nimbly beyond their trench made a stand, and ply'd them with a shower of darts and arrows, which manner of fight they were unacquainted with, whereby many of them were slain. However, Albion encouraging his men to come to handy strokes with their enemies, they rushed forward, and the vanguard immediately perished in the trenches;

and the Trojans continuing to shoot their arrows very thick, the giants were put to flight, and pursued into Cornwall; where, in another bloody fight, Albion was slain by Brute, fighting hand to hand.

But his huge brother, Gogmagog, Brute had commanded to be taken alive as he was minded to see a wrestling bout betwixt him and Corineus, who was beyond measure keen to match himself against such monsters.

So Corineus, overjoyed at the prospect, girt himself for the encounter, and flinging away his arms, challenged him to a bout at wrestling.

At the start, on the one side stands Corineus, on the other the giant, each hugging the other tight in the shackles of their arms, both making the very air quake with their breathless gasping. It was not long before Gogmagog, grasping Corineus with all his force, brake him three of his ribs, two on the right side and one on the left.

Roused thereby to fury, Corineus gathered up all his strength, heaved him up on his shoulders and ran with his burden as fast as he could for the weight to the seashore nighest at hand. Mounting up to the top of a high cliff, and disengaging himself, he hurled the deadly monster he had carried on his shoulder into the sea, where, falling on the sharp rocks, he was mangled all to pieces and dyed the waves with his blood, so that ever thereafter that place from the flinging down of the giant hath been known as Lamgoemagot, to wit, "Gogmagog's Leap," and is called by that name unto this present day.

Corineus tells of his own exploit in the old tragedy of "Locrine":

> When first I followed thee and thine brave King,
> I hazarded my life and dearest blood,
> To purchase favor at your princely hands,
> And for the same in dangerous attempts,
> In sundry conflicts, and in divers broils,
> I shew'd the courage of my manly mind:
> For this I combatted with Gathelus,
> The brother to Goffarius of Gaul;
> For this I fought with furious Gogmagog,
> A savage captain of a savage crew;
> And for these deeds brave, Cornwall I received,
> A grateful gift given by a grateful King;
> And for this gift, this life and dearest blood
> Will Corineus spend for Brutus' sake.

He does not, however, relate the most wonderful part of the affair, which comes to us through Fulke Fitz-Warine, an outlawed baron of the 13th Century. Fulke tells how after Gogmagog was slain, a spirit of the devil entered into his body, and came into these parts, and long held possession of the country that never Briton dared to inhabit it. And how afterwards, King Bran, the son of Doneval, caused the ancient city of the giants to be rebuilt, repaired the walls, and strengthened the great fosses, and he became Burgh and Great March. And the devil came by night and took away everything that was therein, since which time nobody has ever inhabited there.

But Payn Peverel, a proud and courageous knight, heard this story, and determined to brave the demon. The latter appeared, in a fearful tempest, under the semblance of Gogmagog; he carried in his hand a

great club, and from his mouth cast fire and smoke, with which the whole town was illuminated. However, devoutly making the sign of the Cross, the knight attacked him so fiercely with his trusty sword that ere long the demon cried for mercy,—and disclosed the secret treasures of the town, promising Payn that he should be lord of all that soil.

Another account says that there were two brothers, Gog and Magog, who were taken prisoners by Brute and led in triumph to the place where London now stands; and when a palace was erected by the side of the river Thames, on the present site of Guildhall, these two giants were chained to the palace gates as porters. In memory of which their effigies, after their deaths, were set up as they now appear in Guildhall.

Certain it is that these two colossal figures, the older carrying a "morning star" (the spiked globe fastened to a long pole by a chain with which horsemen used to demolish their enemies in a *mêlée*) have kept "watch and ward" over London gates for centuries—and were believed by thousands of children to descend from their pedestals and go to dinner when St. Paul's clock struck twelve.

In 1415 victorious Henry V was welcomed into London by a male and female giant standing at the entrance to the Bridge, the man holding an axe and a bunch of keys; a few years later Henry VI was similarly greeted; in 1554, upon the public entry of Phillip and Mary, two great images of giants stood at the bridge, one named Gogmagog the Albion, one Corineus; and all through the 16th and 17th centuries

these mighty reminders of the old tale figured in public pageants.

These figures were made only of wicker-work and pasteboard, put together with great art and ingenuity; and these two terrible original giants had the honor yearly to grace my Lord Mayor's show, being carried in great triumph in the time of the pageants; and when that eminent service was over, remounted their old stations in Guildhall, till by reason of their very great age, old time, with the help of a number of city rats and mice, had eaten up all their entrails. The dissolution of the two old, weak, and feeble giants, gave birth to the two present substantial and majestic giants; who, by order, and at the City charge, were formed and fashioned. Captain Richard Saunders, an eminent carver in King Street, Cheapside, was their father; who, after he had completely finished, clothed, and armed these, his two sons, they were immediately advanced to their lofty stations in Guildhall, which they have peacefully enjoyed ever since the year 1708.

For over two hundred years now these fourteen-foot hollow wooden figures have stood in the Guildhall, one holding his spiked ball, the other a halberd. Many a parade have they figured in; many a child has been frightened by them; many a visitor has wondered at them; but few enough have ever read the tale of Corineus's encounter with the terrible original.

The city of Bayeux still has its festival parade with a huge effigy, commemorating the slaying of the terrible Brun the Dane by Robert of Argouges; in Douai,

huge Gayant with his wife and children parades the streets for three days during the July kermess; Metz, Lille, Dunkirk and many Spanish cities, too, have had as an annual feature some such civic commemoration of giants connected with the city's history; and huge Antigonus has a permanent place in the coat-of-arms of Antwerp.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GIANT BEHIND THE WATERFALL

THE giants lingered longer in the Far North than elsewhere. About two hundred years after the death of Charlemagne there was living in Iceland a saga hero named Grettir the Strong. He was the most powerful man ever known in the north country. More than once he had overcome dreaded Berserks in their battle fury; on a narrow path on a cliff face he conquered a huge bear with his naked hands, holding off the infuriated beast by the ears till he could topple it over the precipice; but his strength and high spirit brought him great reverses and caused him to be an outlaw for much of his troubled life.

During his wanderings through the wild unknown regions as a forest man, he spent one winter under the Geitland glacier where the hot springs made a fair grassy valley; and here he was intimate with a giant named Thorir, whose daughters were glad to see him because not many people came there.

Finding it dull, he resumed his travels, and came into Bardadal. Here at Sandhaugar dwelt then Steinvor, a widow with young children. The place had an evil name from a strange happening.

Two winters before Steinvor had gone as usual to celebrate Yule at the neighboring town of Eyjardalsa, while her husband, Thorsteinn the White, stayed at

home. Men lay down to sleep in the evening, and in the night they heard a great noise in the room near the bondi's (farmer's) bed. No one dared to get up to see what was the matter, because there were so few of them. The mistress of the house returned home the next morning, but her husband had disappeared and no one knew what had become of him. So the next season passed. The following winter the mistress wanted to go to mass, and told her servant to stay at home; he was very unwilling but said she should be obeyed. It happened just as before; this time the servant disappeared. People thought it very strange and found some drops of blood upon the outer door, so they supposed that some evil spirit, or troll, must have carried off both the men.

This story had spread all through the district. It came to the ears of Grettir, who being well accustomed to deal with ghosts and spectres turned his steps thither and arrived on Yule-eve at Sandhaugar. He was disguised as was now his custom, because his enemy Thorir had set a price on his head, and called himself Gest.

The lady of the house saw that he was enormously tall, and the servants were terribly afraid of him. He asked for hospitality; the mistress told him that food was ready for him but that he must see after himself. He said he would, and added:

"I will stay in the house while you go to mass if you would like it."

She said: "You must be a brave man to venture to stay in this house."

"I do not care for a dull life," he said.

Then she said: "I do not want to remain at home, but I cannot get across the river."

"I will come with you," said the pretended Gest. So she made ready to go to mass with her little daughter. It was thawing outside; the river was flooded and was covered with ice.

"It is impossible for man or horse to cross," said Steinvor.

"There must be fords," said Gest. "Do not be afraid."

"First carry the maiden over; she is lighter."

"I don't want to make two journeys of it," said he; "I will carry you in my arms."

She crossed herself and said: "That is impossible; what will you do with the girl?"

"I will find a way," said Gest.

Taking them both up, he set the girl on her mother's knee, while he bore them both on his left arm, keeping his right arm free.

So he carried them across. They were too frightened to cry out. The river came up to his breast, and a great piece of ice came against him, which he pushed off with the hand that was free. Then the stream became so deep that it broke over his shoulder, but he waded on vigorously till he reached the other bank and put them on shore.

The mistress reached Eyjardalsa for mass and everyone wondered how she had crossed the river. She said she did not know whether it was a man or a troll who had carried her over. The priest said it

was certainly a man, though unlike other men. "Let us keep silent over it; may be that he means to help you in your difficulties."

She stayed there that night.

Meanwhile Grettir had waded back. It was nearly dark by the time he got home to Sandhaugar and called for some food. When he had eaten something he told the servants to go to the other end of the hall. Then he got some boards and loose logs and laid them across the hall to make a great barricade so that none of the servants could get across. No one dared to oppose him or to object to anything. The entrance was in the side wall of the hall under the back gable, and near it was a cross bench upon which Grettir laid himself, keeping on his clothes, with a light burning in the room. So he lay till into the night.

Towards midnight he heard a loud noise outside, and very soon there walked a huge troll-wife into the room. She carried a trough in one hand and a rather large cutlass in the other. She looked around the room as she entered, and on seeing Grettir lying there she rushed at him; he started up and attacked her furiously.

They fought long together; she was the stronger but he evaded her skilfully. Everything near them and the panelling of the back wall were broken to pieces. She dragged him through the hall door out to the porch, where he resisted vigorously. The troll-wife wanted to drag him out of the house, but before that was done they had broken up all the fittings of the outer door and borne them away on their shoulders.

Then she strove to get to the river and among the rocks. Grettir was terribly fatigued, but there was no choice but either to brace himself or be dragged down to the rocks.

All night long they struggled together, and he thought he had never met with such a monster for strength. She gripped him so tightly to herself that he could do nothing with either hand but cling to her waist.

When at last they reached a rock by the river he swung the monster around and got his right hand loose. Then he quickly seized the short sword he was wearing, drew it, and struck at the troll's right shoulder, cutting off her right arm and releasing himself. She sprang among the rocks and disappeared in the waterfall. Grettir, very stiff and tired, lay long by the rock.

At daylight he went back to the hall and lay down on his bed, blue and swollen all over.

When Steinvor came home she found the place all in disorder. She went to the stranger and asked him what had happened, and why everything was broken to pieces. He told her the whole adventure, just as it had happened. She thought it a matter of great moment and asked him who he was. He told her the truth, said that he wished to see a priest, and asked her to send for one. She did so; Steinn the priest came to Sandhaugar and soon learnt that it was Grettir, the son of Asmund, who had come there under the name of Gest.

The priest asked him what he thought had become

of Steinvor's husband and servant who had disappeared; Grettir said they must have been taken among the rocks. The priest said he could not believe that unless he gave some evidence of it. Grettir declared that later it would become known, and the priest went home. Grettir lay many days in his bed, and the lady did all she could for him.

He himself always declared that the troll woman sprang among the rocks in the waterfall when she was wounded, but the men of Bardadal have a tale that day dawned upon her while they were wrestling, so that when he cut off her arm she lost her powers and is still standing there on the mountain in the likeness of a hideous woman. However that may be, the dwellers in the valley kept Grettir's secret so that he was safe from his enemies and the blood-feud while he lay helpless.

One day that winter, after Yule, Grettir went to Eyjardalsa and met Steinn, to whom he said:

"I see, priest, that you have little belief in what I say. Now I wish you to come with me to the river and see for yourself what probability there is in it."

The priest did so. When they reached the falls they saw a cave up under the rocks. The cliff was there so steep that no one could climb it, and it was nearly ten fathoms down to the water. They had a rope with them.

"It is quite impossible for any one to get down there," said the priest.

Grettir answered: "It is certainly possible; and men of high mettle are those who would feel themselves

happiest there. I want to see what there is back of the fall. Do you mind the rope."

The priest said he could do so if he chose. He drove a stake into the ground and laid stones against it.

Grettir now fastened a stone in a loop at the end of the rope, and lowered it from above into the water.

"How do you mean to go?" asked Steinn.

"I don't mean to be bound when I come into the fall," Grettir said. "So my mind tells me."

Then he prepared to go; he had few clothes on, and only a short sword; no other arms. He jumped from a rock and got down to the fall. The priest saw the soles of his feet, but after that did not know what had become of him.

Grettir dived beneath the fall. It was very difficult swimming because of the currents, and he had to dive to the bottom to get behind the pouring wall of water. There was a rock where he came up, and a great cave behind the fall in front of which the water streamed down.

He went into the cave, where there was a large fire burning, and a horrible great giant, most fearful to behold, sitting before it.

As Grettir entered the giant sprang up, seized a halberd and struck at him, for he could both strike and thrust with it. It had a wooden shaft and was of the kind called "heptis-ax." Grettir struck back with his sword and cut through the shaft.

Then the giant tried to reach up backwards to a sword which was hanging in the cave, and at that

moment Grettir struck at him and cut open his lower breast and stomach so that all his entrails fell out into the river and floated down the stream.

The priest, who was sitting by the rope, saw the water all thickened and bloody and lost his head, making sure that Grettir was killed. He left the rope and ran off home, where he arrived in the evening and told them for certain Grettir was dead, and said it was a great misfortune to have lost such a man.

Grettir struck few more blows at the giant before he was dead. He then entered the cave, kindled a light and explored. It is not told how much treasure he found there, but there is said to have been some. He stayed there till late into the night, and found the bones of two men which he carried away in a skin.

Then he came out of the cave, swam to the rope and shook it, thinking the priest was there; finding him gone he had to climb up the rope hand over hand, and so reached the top.

He returned to Eyjardalsa and carried the skin with the bones in it into the vestibule of the church, together with a rune-staff, upon which were most beautifully carved the following lines:

> Into the fall of the torrent I went;
> Dank its maw towards me gaped.
> The floods before the ogress' den
> Mighty against my shoulder played.

And then:

> Hideous the friend of Mella came,
> Hard were the blows I dealt upon her.
> The shaft of Heptisax was severed,
> My sword has pierced the monster's breast.

There too it was told how Grettir had brought the bones from the cave.

When the priest came to the church on the next morning, he found the staff and all that was with it and read the runes. Grettir had returned to Sandhaugar.

When Steinn met Grettir again he asked him exactly what had happened, and Grettir told him. He declared the priest had held the rope very faithlessly, and Steinn admitted that it was true.

Men felt no doubt that these monsters were responsible for the disappearance of Thorsteinn and his servant, nor was there any haunting or ghost-walking there afterwards; Grettir had evidently cleared the land of them.

The bones were buried by the priest in the churchyard. Grettir stayed that winter in Bardadal, though unknown to those who sought his blood.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ONE GOOD GIANT: ST. CHRISTOPHER

HEARKEN to the tale in the *Golden Legend* of the giant Syrian, fair of face and spirit, who brought to the faith countless thousands of unbelievers before he fell a martyr in the persecution of the Byzantine emperor in the third century after Christ's birth. Never before or since did such a flower as this patron saint of all ferrymen spring from "the seed of the giant" that produced Og, King of Bashan, and Goliath of Gath.

Christopher tofore his baptism was named Reprobus, but afterwards he was named Christopher, which is as much to say as bearing Christ, of that that he bare Christ in four manners. He bare him on his shoulders by conveying and leading, in his body by making it lean, in mind by devotion, and in his mouth by confession and prediction.

Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, and he was of a right great stature, and had a terrible and fearful cheer and countenance. And he was twelve cubits of length, and as it is read in some histories that, when he served and dwelled with the king of Canaan, it came in his mind that he would seek the greatest prince that was in the world; and him would he serve and obey.

And so far he went that he came to a right great king, of whom the renome generally was that he was the greatest of the world. When the king saw him, he received him into his service, and made him to dwell in his court.

Upon a time a minstrel sang tofore him a song in which he named oft the devil, and the king, which was a Christian man, when he heard him name the devil, made anon the sign of the cross in his visage.

When Christopher saw that, he had great marvel what sign it was, and wherefore the king made it, and he demanded of him. And because the king would not say, he said:

"If thou tell me not, I shall no longer dwell with thee."

Then the king told to him, saying: "Alway when I hear the devil named, I fear that he should have power over me, and I garnish me with this sign that he grieve not ne annoy me."

Then Christopher said to him: "Doubtest thou the devil that he hurt thee not? Then is the devil more mighty and greater than thou art. I am then deceived of my hope and purpose, for I had supposed I had found the most mighty and the most greatest Lord of the world, but I commend thee to God, for I will seek him for to be my Lord, and I his servant." And then departed from this king, and hasted him for to seek the devil.

As he went by a great desert, he saw a great company of knights, of which a knight, cruel and horrible, came to him and demanded whither he went.

Christopher answered to him and said: "I am he that thou seekest." And then Christopher was glad, and bound him to be his servant perpetual, and took him for his master and Lord.

As they went together by a common way, they found there a cross, erect and standing. Anon as the devil saw the cross he was afeared and fled, and left the right way, and brought Christopher about by a sharp desert. And after, when they were past the cross, he brought him to the highway that they had left. When Christopher saw that, he marvelled, and demanded whereof he doubted, and had left the high and fair way, and had gone so far about by so aspre a desert. And the devil would not tell him in no wise.

Then Christopher said to him: "If thou wilt not tell me, I shall anon depart from thee, and shall serve thee no more."

Wherefor the devil was constrained to tell him, and said: "There was a man called Christ which was hanged on the cross, and when I see his sign I am sore afraid, and flee from it wheresoever I see it."

To whom Christopher said: "Then he is greater, and more mightier than thou, when thou art afraid of his sign; and I see well that I have labored in vain, when I have not founden the greatest Lord of the world. And I will serve thee no longer. Go thy way then, for I will seek Christ."

And when he had long sought and demanded where he should find Christ, at last he came into a great desert, to an hermit that dwelt there, and this hermit preached to him Jesus Christ and informed him in the

faith diligently, and said to him: "This king whom thou desirest to serve, requireth the service that thou must oft fast."

Christopher said to him: "Require of me some other thing, and I shall do it, for that which thou requirest I may not do."

The hermit said: "Thou must then wake and make many prayers." And Christopher said to him: "I wot not what it is; I may do no such thing." And then the hermit said to him: "Knowest thou such a river, in which many be perished and lost?" To whom Christopher said: "I know it well."

Then said the hermit: "Because thou art noble and high of stature and strong in thy members, thou shalt be resident by that river, and thou shalt bear over all them that shall pass there, which shall be a thing right convenable to our Lord Jesu Christ whom thou desirest to serve, and I hope he shall show himself to thee."

Said Christopher: "Certes, this service may I well do, and I promise to him for to do it."

Then went Christopher to this river, and made there his habitacle for him, and bare a great pole in his hand instead of a staff, by which he sustained him in the water, and bare over all manner of people without ceasing. And there he abode, thus doing, many days.

And in a time, as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voice of a child which called him and said: "Christopher, come out and bear me over."

Then he awoke and went out, but he found no man.

And when he was again in his house, he heard the same voice and he ran out and found nobody.

The third time he was called and came thither, and found a child beside the rivage of the river, which prayed him goodly to bear him over the water.

Christopher lift up the child on his shoulders, and took his staff, and entered into the river for to pass. And the water of the river arose and swelled more and more: and the child was heavy as lead, and alway as he went farther, the water increased and grew more, and the child more and more waxed heavy, insomuch that Christopher had great anguish and was afeared to be drowned.

When he was escaped with great pain, and passed the water, and set the child aground, he said to the child: "Child, thou hast put me in great peril; thou weighest almost as I had all the world upon me. I might bear no greater burden."

And the child answered: "Christopher, marvel thee nothing, for thou hast not only borne all the world upon thee, but thou hast borne him that created and made all the world, upon thy shoulders. I am Jesu Christ the king, to whom thou servest in this work. And because that thou know that I say to be the truth, set thy staff in the earth by thy house, and thou shalt see to morn that it shall bear flowers and fruit." And anon he vanished from his eyes.

Then Christopher set his staff in the earth, and when he arose on the morn, he found his staff like a palmier bearing flowers, leaves and dates.

Christopher went into the city of Lysia, and under-

stood not their language. Then he prayed our Lord that he might understand them, and so he did. And as he was in this prayer, the judges supposed that he had been a fool, and left him there. And then when Christopher understood the language, he covered his visage and went to the place where they martyred Christian men, and comforted them in our Lord. And the judges smote him in the face, and Christopher said to them: "If I were not Christian, I would avenge mine injury."

Then Christopher pitched his rod in the earth, and prayed to our Lord that for to convert the people, it might bear flowers and fruit, and anon it did so. Here he converted eight thousand men.

The king sent two knights for to fetch him to the king, and they found him praying, and durst not tell him so. And anon after, the king sent as many more, and they anon set them down for to pray with him.

When Christopher arose, he said to them: "What seek ye?" And when they saw him in the visage, they said to him: "The king hath sent us, that we should lead thee bound unto him."

Christopher said to them: "If I would, ye should not lead me to him, bound ne unbound." And they said to him: "If thou wilt go thy way, go quit, where thou wilt. And we shall say to the king that we have not found thee."

"It shall not be so," said he, "but I shall go with you."

Then he converted them in the faith, and commanded them that they should bind his hands behind

his back, and lead him so bound to the king. When the king saw him he was afeared and fell down off the seat, and his servants lifted him up and relieved him again.

The king inquired his name and his country; and Christopher said to him: "Tofore I was baptized I was named Reprobus, and after, I am Christopher; tofore baptism, a Canaanite, now a Christian man." To whom the king said: "Thou hast a foolish name, that is to wit of Christ crucified, which could not help himself. How, therefore, thou cursed Canaanite, why wilt thou not do sacrifice to our gods?"

Christopher said: "Thou art rightfully called Dagnus, for thou art the death of the world, and fellow of the devil, and thy gods be made with the hands of men."

And the king said to him: "Thou wert nourished among wild beasts, and therefore thou mayest not say but wild language, and words unknown to men. And if thou wilt now do sacrifice to the gods I shall give to thee great gifts and great honors, and if not, I shall destroy thee and consume thee by great pains and torments." But, for all this, he would in no wise do sacrifice, wherefore he was sent into prison, and the king did behead the other knights that he had sent for him, whom he had converted.

After this he sent into the prison to Saint Christopher two fair women, of whom that one was named Nicæa and that other Aquilina, and promised to them many great gifts if they could draw Christopher to sin with them. And when Christopher saw that, he set

him down in prayer, and when he was constrained by them that embraced him to move, he arose and said: "What seek ye? For what cause be ye come hither?" And they, which were afraid of his cheer and clearness of his visage, said: "Holy saint of God, have pity on us so that we may believe in that God that thou preachest."

When the king heard that, he commanded that they should be let out and brought before him. To whom he said: "Ye be deceived, but I swear to you by my gods that, if ye do no sacrifice to my gods, ye shall anon perish by evil death."

They said to him: "If thou wilt that we shall do sacrifice command that the places may be made clean, and that all the people may assemble at the temple."

When this was done they entered into the temple, and took their girdles, and put them about the necks of their gods, and drew them to the earth, and brake them all in pieces, and said to them that were there: "Go and call physicians and leeches for to heal your gods." And then by the commandment of the king, Aquilina was hanged, and a right great and heavy stone was hanged at her feet, so that her members were much despitously broken. And when she was dead, and passed to our Lord, her sister Nicæa was cast into a great fire, but she issued out without harm all whole, and then he made to smite off her head, and so she suffered death.

After this Christopher was brought tofore the king, and the king commanded that he should be beaten with rods of iron, and that there should be set upon his head

a cross of iron red hot and burning; and then after he did make a stool of iron, and made Christopher to be bounden thereon, and after, to set fire under it, and cast therein pitch. But the settle melted like wax, and Christopher issued out without any harm.

When the king saw that, he commanded that he should be bound to a strong stake, and that he should be through-shotten with arrows with forty knights archers. But none of the knights might attain him, for the arrows hung in the air about, nigh him, without touching.

Then the king weened that he had been through-shotten with the arrows of the knights, and addressed him for to go to him. And one of the arrows returned suddenly from the air and smote him in the eye, and blinded him. To whom Christopher said: "Tyrant, I shall die to-morn. Make a little clay, with my blood tempered, and anoint therewith thine eye, and thou shalt receive health."

Then by the commandment of the king he was led forth to be beheaded, and then, there made he his orison, and his head was smitten off, and so suffered martyrdom.

The king then took a little of his blood and laid it on his eye, and said: "In the name of God and of St. Christopher!" and was anon healed. Then the king believed in God and gave commandment that if any person blamed God or St. Christopher, he should anon be slain with the sword.

Then let us pray to good St. Christopher that he pray for us.

Part III

NURSERY TALES OF MANY LANDS

The time came when men became so sophisticated that they lost faith in the giants, even the work of their own minds. Only the children still believed.

In many lands the old people still tell to the simple of heart of all ages such tales as these that follow.

For more than two hundred years practically every English-speaking child has read, or been read, the stories of "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," which are full of echoes of Thor's adventures among the Frost Giants, and other misty myths of earliest times. The famous "Fee, fi, fo, fum," speech of the giant seems to come down from a couplet spoken by a giantess of old in the Arabic story of "Sunebal and the Ogress."

While the present tales are not so well known, they doubtless have a similarly ancient pedigree. Thus the Serbian tale comes largely from the "Arabian Nights"; and it is our old friend Polyphemus from whom the Korean seaman escaped.

Even Gulliver's Travels in the land of Brobdignag has a close parallel in faraway Japan: a man of Nagasaki, Shikaiya Wasōbiōye by name, after marvelous adventures among the Three Thousand Worlds, comes to the Land of Giants.

He rides on the back of a stork through total darkness for five months, and at length reaches a country where the sun shines again, where weeds are as large as bamboos, trees so great that it is a journey to walk round them, and the men some sixty feet in height. A giant picks him up and feeds him on single grains of huge rice. When the traveler tries to question the Tall Man upon the ways of his people, the giant laughs and declares so tiny a person could not possibly have intelligence enough to understand such great matters.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GIANT HAND

Irish

A DAY Finn and his men were in the Hunting-hill they killed a great number of deer; and when they were wearied after the chase they sat down on a pleasant green knoll, at the back of the wind and at the face of the sun, where they could see every one, and no one at all could see them.

While they were sitting in that place Finn lifted his eyes toward the sea, and saw a ship making straight for the haven beneath the spot on which they were sitting. When the ship came on land, a Big Young Hero leaped out of her on the shore, seized her by the bows, and drew her up, her own seven lengths, on green grass, where the eldest son of neither land-owner nor of holder of large town-land dared mock or gibe at her. Then he ascended the hillside, leaping over the hollows and slanting the knolls, till he reached the spot on which Finn and his men were sitting.

He saluted Finn frankly, energetically, fluently; and Finn saluted him with the equivalent of the same words. Finn then asked him whence did he come, or what was he wanting? He answered Finn that he had come through night-watching and tempest of sea where he was; because he was losing his children, and

it had been told him that there was not a man in the world who could keep his children for him but him, Finn, King of the Feinne. And he said to Finn, "I lay on thee, as crosses and spells and seven fairy fetters of travelling and straying to be with me before thou shalt eat food, or drink a draught, or close an eye in sleep."

Having said this, he turned away from them and descended the hillside the way he ascended it. When he reached the ship he placed his shoulder against the bow, and put her out. He then leaped into her, and departed in the direction he came until they lost sight of him.

Finn was now under great heaviness of mind, because the vows had been laid on him, and he must fulfil them or travel onwards until he would die. He knew not whither he should go, or what he should do. But he left farewell with his men, and descended the hillside to the seaside. When he reached that he could not go farther on the way in which he saw the Big Young Hero depart. He therefore began to walk along the shore, but before he had gone very far forward, he saw a company of seven men coming to meet him.

When he reached the men he asked the first of them what was he good at? The man answered that he was a good Carpenter. Finn asked him how good was he at carpentry? The man said that, with three strokes of his ax, he could make a large, capacious, complete ship of the alder stock over yonder. "Thou art good enough," said Finn; "thou mayest pass by." He then

asked of the second man what was he good at? The man said that he was a good Tracker. "How good art thou?" said Finn. "I can track the wild duck over the crests of the nine waves within nine days," said the man. "Thou art good enough," said Finn; "thou mayest pass by."

Then he said to the third man, "What art thou good at?" The man replied that he was a good Gripper. "How good art thou?" "The hold I get I will not let go until my two arms come from my shoulders, or until my hold comes with me." "Thou art good enough; thou mayest pass by."

Then he said to the fourth man, "What art thou good at?" He answered that he was a good Climber. "How good art thou?" "I can climb on a filament of silk to the stars, although thou wert to tie it there." "Thou art good enough; thou mayest pass by."

He then said to the fifth man, "What art thou good at?" He answered that he was a good Listener. "How good art thou?" He said that he could hear what people were saying at the extremity of the Uttermost World. "Thou art good enough; thou mayest pass by."

He asked of the sixth man, "What art thou good at?" He replied that he was a good Thief. "How good art thou?" "I can steal the egg from the heron while her two eyes are looking at me." "Thou art good enough; thou mayest pass by."

Then he said to the seventh man, "What art thou good at?" He replied that he was a good Marksman. "How good art thou?" "I could hit an egg as far

away in the sky as bowstring could send or bow could carry." "Thou art good enough; thou mayest pass by."

All this gave Finn great encouragement. He turned round and said to the Carpenter, "Prove thy skill." The Carpenter went where the stock was, and struck it with his ax thrice; and as he had said, the ship was ready.

When Finn saw the ship ready he ordered his men to put her out. They did that and went on board of her.

Finn now ordered the Tracker to go to the bow and prove himself. At the same time he told him that yesterday a Big Young Hero left yonder haven in his ship, and that he wanted to follow the Hero to the place in which he now was. Finn himself went to steer the ship, and they departed. The Tracker was telling him to keep her that way or to keep her this way. They sailed a long time forward without seeing land, but they kept on their course until the evening was approaching. In the gloaming they noticed that land was ahead of them, and they made straight for it. When they reached the shore they leaped to land, and drew up the ship.

Then they noticed a large fine house in the glen above the beach. They took their way up to the house; and when they were nearing it they saw the Big Young Hero coming to meet them. He ran and placed his two arms about Finn's neck and said, "Darling of all men in the world, hast thou come?"

"If I had been thy darling of all the men in the

world, it is not as thou didst leave me that thou wouldst have left me," said Finn.

"Oh, it was not without a way of coming I left thee," said the Big Young Hero. "Did I not send a company of seven men to meet thee?"

When they reached the house, the Big Young Hero told Finn and his men to go in. They accepted the invitation and found abundance of meat and drink.

After they had quenched their hunger and thirst, the Big Young Hero came in where they were, and said to Finn, "Six years from this night my wife was in child-bed, and a child was born to me. As soon as the child came into the world, a large Hand came in at the chimney, and took the child with it in the hollow of the hand. Three years from this night the same thing happened. And tonight she is going to be in child-bed again. It was told me that thou wert the only man in the world who could keep my children for me, and now I have courage since I have found thee."

Finn and his men were tired and sleepy. Finn said to the men that they were to stretch themselves on the floor, and that he was going to keep watch. They did as they were told, and he remained sitting beside the fire. At last sleep began to come upon him; but he had a bar of iron in the fire, and as often as his eyes would begin to close with sleep, he would thrust the iron through the bone of his palm, and that was keeping him awake. About midnight the woman was delivered; and as soon as the child came into the world the Hand came in at the chimney. Finn called on the Gripper to get up.

The Gripper sprang quickly on his feet, and laid hold of the Hand. He gave a pull on the Hand, and took it in to the eye-brows at the chimney.

The Hand gave a pull on the Gripper, and took him out to the top of his two shoulders. The Gripper gave another pull on the Hand, and brought it in to the neck. The Hand gave a pull on the Gripper, and brought him out to the very middle. The Gripper gave a pull on the Hand, and took it in over the two armpits. The Hand gave a pull on the Gripper, and took him out to the smalls of his two feet. Then the Gripper gave a brave pull on the Hand and it came out of the shoulder. And when it fell on the floor the pulling of seven geldings was in it. But the big Giant outside put in the other hand, and took the child with him in the hollow of his hand.

They were all very sorry that they lost the child. But Finn said, "We will not yield to this yet. I and my men will go away after the Hand before a sun shall rise on a dwelling tomorrow."

At break of dawn Finn and his men turned out, and reached the beach, where they had left the ship.

They launched the ship and leaped on board of her. The Tracker went to the bow, and Finn went to steer her. They departed, and now and again the Tracker would cry to Finn to keep her in that direction, or to keep her in this direction. They sailed onward a long distance without seeing anything before them, except the great sea. At the going down of the sun, Finn noticed a black spot in the ocean ahead of them. He thought it too little for an island, and too large for a

bird, but he made straight for it. In the darkening of the night they reached it; and it was a rock, and a Castle thatched with eel-skins was on its top.

They landed on the rock. They looked about the Castle, but they saw neither window nor door at which they could get in. At last they noticed that it was on the roof the door was. They did not know how they could get up, because the thatch was so slippery. But the Climber cried, "Let me over, and I will not be long in climbing it." He sprang quickly towards the Castle, and in an instant was on its roof. He looked in at the door, and after taking particular notice of everything that he saw, he descended where the rest were waiting.

Finn asked of him, what did he see? He said that he saw a Big Giant lying on a bed, a silk covering over him and a satin covering under him, and his hand stretched out and an infant asleep in the hollow of his hand; that he saw two boys on the floor playing with shinties (shinny-sticks) of gold and a ball of silver; and that there was a very large deer-hound bitch lying beside the fire, and two pups sucking her.

Then said Finn, "I do not know how we shall get them out." The Thief answered and said, "If I get in I will not be long putting them out." The Climber said, "Come on my back and I will take thee up to the door." The Thief did as he was told, and got into the Castle.

Instantly he began to prove his skill. The first thing he put out was the child that was in the cup of the Hand. He then put out the two boys that were

playing on the floor. He then stole the silk covering that was over the Giant, and the satin covering that was under him, and put them out. Then he put out the shinties of gold and the ball of silver. He then stole the two pups that were sucking the bitch beside the fire. These were the most valuable things which he saw inside. He left the Giant asleep, and turned out.

They placed the things which the Thief stole in the ship, and departed. They were but a short time sailing when the Listener stood up and said, " 'Tis I who am hearing him, 'tis I who am listening to him."

"What art thou hearing?" asked Finn.

"He has just awakened," said the Listener, "and missed everything that was stolen from him. He is in great wrath, sending away the Bitch, and saying to her that if she will not go that he will go himself. But it is the Bitch that is going."

In a short time they looked behind them, and saw the Bitch coming swimming. She was cleaving the sea on each side of her in red sparks of fire. They were seized with fear, and said that they did not know what they should do. But Finn considered, and then told them to throw out one of the pups; perhaps when she would see the pup drowning she would return with it. They threw out the pup, and, as Finn said, it happened: the Bitch returned with the pup. This left them at the time pleased.

But shortly after that the Listener arose trembling, and said, " 'Tis I who am hearing him; 'tis I who am listening to him!"

"What art thou saying now?" said Finn.

"He is again sending away the Bitch, and since she will not go he is coming himself."

When they heard this their eye was always behind them. At last they saw him coming, and the great sea reached not beyond his haunches. They were seized with fear and great horror, for they knew not what they should do. But Finn thought of his knowledge-set of teeth, and having put his finger under it, found out that the Giant was immortal, except in a mole which was in the hollow of his palm. The Marksman then stood up and said, "If I get one look of it I will have him."

The Giant came walking forward through the sea to the side of the ship. Then he lifted up his hand to seize the top of the mast, in order to sink the ship. But when the Hand was on high the Marksman noticed the mole, and he let an arrow off in its direction. The arrow struck the Giant in the death-spot, and he fell dead on the sea.

They were now very happy, for there was nothing more before them to make them afraid. They put about, and sailed back to the castle. The Thief stole the pup again, and they took it with them along with the one they had. After that they returned to the place of the Big Young Hero. When they reached the haven they leaped on land, and drew the ship up on dry ground.

Then Finn went away with the family of the Big Young Hero and with everything which he and his

men took out of the Castle to the fine house of the Big Young Hero.

The Big Young Hero met him coming, and when he saw his children he went on his two knees to Finn, and said, "What now is thy reward?" Finn answered and said that he was asking nothing but his choice of the two pups which they took from the Castle. The Big Young Hero said that he would get that and a great deal more if he would ask it. But Finn wanted nothing except the pup. This pup was Bran, and his brother, that the Big Young Hero got, was the Grey Dog.

The Big Young Hero took Finn and his men into his house, and made for them a great, joyous, merry feast, which was kept up for a day and a year, and if the last day was not the best, it was not the worst.

That is how Finn kept his children for the Big Young Hero of the Ship, and how Bran was found.

Many and marvellous were the further deeds of Finn MacCumhal and of his incomparable dog Bran; and they are duly recorded in the "Book of the Dun Cow," and the "Book of Leinster," and "The Cualnge Cattle-raid," that all who will may know of them.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GIANT WHO HAD NO HEART IN HIS BODY

Norse

ONCE on a time there was a King who had seven sons, and he loved them so much that he could never bear to be without them all at once, but one must be always with him. Now when they were grown up, six were to set off to woo, but as for the youngest his father kept him at home, and the others were to bring back a princess for him to the palace. So the King gave the six the finest clothes you ever set eyes on, so fine that the light gleamed from them a long way off, and each had his horse, which cost many, many hundred dollars, and so they set off. Now, when they had been to many palaces, and seen many princesses, at last they came to a king who had six daughters; such lovely king's daughters they had never seen, and so they fell to wooing them, each one, and when they had got them for sweethearts they set off home again, but they quite forgot that they were to bring back with them a sweetheart for Boots, their brother who had stayed at home, for they were over head and ears in love with their own sweethearts.

But when they had gone a good bit on their way they passed close by a steep hillside, like a wall, where

the giant's house was, and there the giant came out, and set his eyes upon them, and turned them all into stone, princes and princesses and all. Now the King waited and waited for his six sons, but the more he waited the longer they stayed away; so he fell into great trouble and said he should never know what it was to be glad again.

"And if I had not you left," he said to Boots, "I would live no longer, so full of sorrow am I for the loss of your brothers."

"Well, but now I've been thinking to ask your leave to set out and find them again; that's what I've been thinking of," said Boots.

"Nay, nay!" said his father; "that leave you shall never get, for then you would stay away, too."

But Boots had set his heart upon it; go he would; and he begged and prayed so long that the King was forced to let him go. Now you must know that the King had no other horse to give Boots but an old broken-down jade, for his six other sons and their train had carried off all his horses; but Boots did not care a pin for that, he sprang up on his sorry old steed.

"Farewell, father," said he; "I'll come back, never fear, and like enough I shall bring my six brothers back with me"; and with that he rode off.

So, when he had ridden a while he came to a Raven, which lay in the road and flapped its wings, and was not able to get out of the way, it was so starved.

"Oh, dear friend," said the Raven, "give me a little food and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

"I haven't much food," said the Prince, "and I don't

see how you'll ever be able to help me much; but still I can spare you a little. I see you want it."

So he gave the Raven some of the food he had brought with him.

Now when he had gone a bit further he came to a brook, and in the brook lay a great Salmon, which had got upon a dry place, and dashed itself about, and could not get into the water again.

"Oh, dear friend," said the Salmon to the Prince, "shove me out into the water again, and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

"Well!" said the Prince, "the help you'll give me will not be great, I dare say, but it's a pity you should lie there and choke"; and with that he shot the fish out into the stream again.

After that he went a long, long way, and there met him a Wolf, which was so famished that it lay and crawled along the road on its belly.

"Dear friend, do let me have your horse," said the Wolf, "I'm so hungry the wind whistles through my ribs. I've had nothing to eat these two years."

"No," said Boots, "this will never do; first I came to a raven, and I was forced to give him my food; next I came to a salmon, and him I had to help into the water again; and now you will have my horse. It can't be done, that it can't, for then I should have nothing to ride on."

"Nay, dear friend, but you can help me," said Gray-legs the wolf. "You can ride upon my back, and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

So when the wolf had eaten the horse, Boots took

the bit and put it into the wolf's jaw, and laid the saddle on his back; and now the wolf was so strong, after what he had got inside, that he set off with the Prince like nothing. So fast he had never ridden before.

"When we have gone a bit further," said Graylegs, "I'll show you the Giant's house."

So after a while they came to it.

"See, here is the Giant's house," said the Wolf; "and see, here are your six brothers whom the Giant has turned into stone; and see, here are their six brides, and away yonder is the door, and in at that door you must go."

"Nay, but I daren't go in," said the Prince; "he'll take my life."

"No! No!" said the Wolf. "When you get in you'll find a Princess, and she'll tell you what to do to make an end of the Giant. Only mind and do as she bids you."

Well, Boots went in, but, truth to say, he was very much afraid. When he came in the Giant was away, but in one of the rooms sat the Princess, just as the Wolf had said, and so lovely a Princess Boots had never yet set eyes on.

"Oh! Heaven help you! whence have you come?" said the Princess, as she saw him. "It will surely be your death. No one can make an end of the Giant who lives here, for he has no heart in his body."

"Well! Well!" said Boots; "but now that I am here, I may as well try what I can do with him; and I will see if I can't free my brothers, who are standing

turned to stone out of doors; and you, too, I will try to save, that I will."

"Well, if you must, you must," said the Princess; "and so let us see if we can't hit on a plan. Just creep under the bed yonder, and mind and listen to what he and I talk about. But, pray, do lie still as a mouse."

So he crept under the bed, and he had scarce got well underneath it, before the Giant came.

"Ha!" roared the Giant, "what a smell of Christian blood there is in the house."

"Yes, I know there is," said the Princess, "for there came a magpie flying with a man's bone, and let it fall down the chimney. I made all the haste I could to get it out, but all one can do, the smell doesn't go off so soon."

So the Giant said no more about it, and when night came, they went to bed. After they had laid a while the Princess said:

"There is one thing I'd be so glad to ask you about, if I only dared."

"What thing is that?" asked the Giant.

"Only where it is you keep your heart, since you don't carry it about with you," said the Princess.

"Ah! that's a thing you have no business to ask about; but if you must know, it lies under the door-sill," said the Giant.

"Ho! ho!" said Boots to himself under the bed, "then we'll soon see if we can't find it."

Next morning the Giant got up cruelly early, and strode off to the wood; but he was hardly out of the house before Boots and the Princess set to work to

look under the door-sill for his heart; but the more they dug, and the more they hunted, the more they couldn't find it.

"He has balked us this time," said the Princess, "but we'll try him once more."

So she picked all the prettiest flowers she could find and strewed them over the door-sill, which they had laid in its right place again, and when the time came for the Giant to come home again, Boots crept under the bed. Just as he was well under, back came the Giant.

Snuff-snuff, went the Giant's nose. "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here," said he.

"I know there is," said the Princess, "for there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made as much haste as I could to get it out, but I dare say it's that you smell."

So the Giant held his peace and said no more about it. A little while after, he asked who it was that had strewed flowers about the door-sill.

"Oh, I, of course," said the Princess.

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this?" said the Giant.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "I'm so fond of you that I couldn't help strewing them, when I knew that your heart lay under there."

"You don't say so," said the Giant; "but after all it doesn't lie there at all."

So when they went to bed again in the evening, the

Princess asked the Giant again where his heart was, for she said she would so like to know.

"Well," said the Giant, "if you must know, it lies away yonder in the cupboard against the wall."

"So! so!" thought Boots and the Princess; "then we'll soon try to find it."

Next morning the Giant was away early, and strode off to the wood, and as soon as he was gone Boots and the Princess were in the cupboard hunting for his heart. But the more they sought for it, the less they found it.

"Well," said the Princess, "we'll just try him once more."

So she decked out the cupboard with flowers and garlands, and when the time came for the Giant to come home, Boots crept under the bed again.

Then back came the Giant.

Snuff-snuff! "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"I know there is," said the Princess; "for a little while since there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made all the haste I could to get it out of the house again, but after all my pains I dare say it's that you smell."

When the Giant heard that he said no more about it; but a little while after he saw how the cupboard was all decked about with flowers and garlands, so he asked who it was that had done that. Who could it be but the Princess?

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this tom-foolery?" asked the Giant.

"Oh, I'm so fond of you, I couldn't help doing it when I knew your heart lay there," said the Princess.

"How can you be so silly as to believe any such thing?" said the Giant.

"Oh, yes; how can I help believing it when you say it?" said the Princess.

"You're a goose," said the Giant; "where my heart is you will never come."

"Well," said the Princess, "but for all that, 'twould be such a pleasure to know where it really lies."

Then the poor Giant could hold out no longer, but was forced to say:

"Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg, and in that egg there lies my heart—you darling!"

In the morning early, while it was still gray dawn, the Giant strode off to the wood.

"Yes! now I must set off too," said Boots; "if I only knew how to find the way." He took a long, long farewell of the Princess, and when he got out of the Giant's door, there stood the Wolf waiting for him. So Boots told him all that had happened inside the house and said now he wished to ride to the well in the church, if he only knew the way. So the Wolf bade him jump on his back, he'd soon find the way; and away they went till the wind whistled after them, over hedge and field, over hill and dale. After they had travelled many, many days, they came to the lake.

Then the Prince did not know how to get over it, but the Wolf bade him only be not afraid, but stick on, and so he jumped into the lake with the Prince on his back, and swam over to the island. So they came to the church; but the church keys hung high, high up on the top of the tower, and at first the Prince did not know how to get them down.

"You must call on the Raven," said the Wolf.

So the Prince called on the Raven, and in a trice the Raven came, and flew up and fetched the keys, and so the Prince got into the church. But when he came to the well, there lay the duck, and swam about backwards and forwards, just as the Giant had said. So the Prince stood and coaxed it and coaxed it, till it came to him, and he grasped it in his hand; but just as he lifted it up from the water the duck dropped the egg into the well, and then Boots was beside himself to know how to get it out again.

"Well, now you must call on the Salmon, to be sure," said the Wolf; and the king's son called on the Salmon, and the Salmon came and fetched up the egg from the bottom of the well.

Then the Wolf told him to squeeze the egg, and as soon as ever he squeezed it, the Giant screamed out.

"Squeeze it again," said the Wolf; and when the Prince did so, the Giant screamed still more piteously, and begged and prayed so earnestly to be spared, saying he would do all that the Prince wished if he would only not squeeze his heart in two.

"Tell him, if he will restore to life again your six brothers and their brides, whom he has turned to

stone, you will spare his life," said the Wolf. Yes, the Giant was ready to do that, and he turned the six brothers into king's sons again, and their brides into king's daughters.

"Now, squeeze the egg in two," said the Wolf. So Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the Giant burst at once.

Now, when he had made an end of the Giant, Boots rode back on the Wolf to the Giant's house, and there stood all his six brothers alive and merry, with their brides. Then Boots went into the hillside after his bride, and so they all set off home again to their father's house. And you may fancy how glad the old king was when he saw all his seven sons come back, each with his bride.

"But the loveliest bride of all is the bride of Boots, after all," said the King, "and he shall sit uppermost at the table, with her by his side."

So he sent out and called a great wedding-feast, and the mirth was both loud and long; and if they have not done feasting, why, they are still at it.

CHAPTER XX

THE BITER BIT

Serbian[1]

ONCE upon a time there was an old man who, whenever he heard anyone complain how many sons he had to care for, always laughed and said, "I wish that it would please God to give me a hundred sons!"

This he said in jest; as time went on, however, he had, in reality, neither more nor less than a hundred sons.

He had trouble enough to find different trades for his sons, but when they were once all started in life they worked diligently and gained plenty of money. Now, however, came a fresh difficulty. One day the eldest son came in to his father and said, "My dear father, I think it is quite time that I should marry."

Hardly had he said these words before the second son came in, saying, "Dear father, I think it is already time that you were looking out for a wife for me."

A moment later came in the third son, asking, "Dear father, don't you think it is high time that you should find me a wife?" In like manner came the

[1] From "Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians," by Vojislav M. Petrovic.

fourth and fifth, until the whole hundred had made a similar request. All of them wished to marry and desired their father to find wives for them as soon as he could.

The old man was not a little troubled at these requests; he said, however, to his sons, "Very well, my sons, *I* have nothing to say against your marrying; there is, however, I foresee, one great difficulty in the way. There are one hundred of you asking for wives, and I hardly think we can find one hundred marriageable girls in all the fifteen villages which are in our neighborhood."

To this the sons, however, answered, "Don't be anxious about that, but mount your horse and take in your sack sufficient engagement cakes. You must take, also, a stick in your hand so that you can cut a notch in it for every girl you see. It does not signify whether she be handsome or ugly, or lame or blind, just cut a notch in your stick for every one you meet with."

The old man said, "Very wisely spoken, my sons! I will do exactly as you tell me."

Accordingly he mounted his horse, took a sack full of cakes on his shoulder and a long stick in his hand, and started off at once to beat up the neighborhood for girls to marry his sons.

The old man had travelled from village to village during a whole month, and whenever he had seen a girl he had cut a notch in his stick. But he was getting pretty well tired, and he began to count how many notches he had already made. When he had

counted them carefully over and over again, to be certain that he had counted all, he could only make out seventy-four, so that still twenty-six were wanting to complete the number required. He was, however, so weary with his month's ride that he determined to return home. As he rode along, he saw a priest driving oxen yoked to a plough, and seemingly very deep in anxious thought about something. Now the old man wondered a little to see the priest ploughing his own corn-fields without even a boy to help him; he therefore shouted to ask him why he drove his oxen himself. The priest, however, did not even turn his head to see who called him, so intent was he in urging on his oxen and in guiding his plough.

The old man thought he had not spoken loud enough, so he shouted out again as loud as he could, "Stop your oxen a little, and tell me why you are ploughing yourself without even a lad to help you, and this, too, on a holy-day!"

Now the priest—who was in a perspiration with his hard work—answered testily, "I conjure you by your old age leave me in peace! I cannot tell you my ill-luck."

At this answer, however, the old man was only the more curious, and persisted all the more earnestly in asking questions to find out why the priest ploughed on a saint's day. At last the priest, tired with his importunity, sighed deeply and said, "Well, if you *will* know: I am the only man in my household and God has blessed me with a hundred daughters!"

The old man was overjoyed at hearing this, and

exclaimed cheerfully, "That's very good! It is just what I want, for I have a hundred sons, and so, as you have a hundred daughters, we can be friends."

The moment the priest heard this he became pleasant and talkative, and invited the old man to pass the night in his house. Then, leaving his plough in the field, he drove the oxen back to the village. Just before reaching his house, however, he said to the old man, "Go yourself into the house whilst I tie up my oxen."

No sooner, however, had the old man entered the yard than the wife of the priest rushed at him with a big stick, crying out, "We have not bread enough for our hundred daughters, and we want neither beggars nor visitors," and with these words she drove him away.

Shortly afterwards the priest came out of the barn, and, finding the old man on the road before the gate, asked him why he had not gone into the house as he had told him to do. Whereupon the old man replied, "I went in, but your wife drove me away!"

Then the priest said, "Only wait here a moment till I come back to fetch you." He then went quickly into his house and scolded his wife right well, saying, "What have you done? What a fine chance you have spoiled! The man who came in was going to be our friend, for he has a hundred sons who would gladly have married our hundred daughters!"

When the wife heard this she changed her dress hastily, and arranged her hair and head-dress in a different fashion. Then she smiled very sweetly, and

welcomed with the greatest possible politeness the old man, when her husband led him into the house. In fact, she pretended that she knew nothing at all of anyone's having been driven away from their door. And as the old man wanted much to find wives for his sons, he also pretended that he did not know that the smiling house-mistress and the woman who drove him away with a stick were one and and the self-same person.

So the old man passed the night in the house, and next morning asked the priest formally to give him his hundred daughters for wives for his hundred sons. Thereupon, the priest answered that he was quite willing, and had already spoken to his daughters about the matter, and that they, too, were all quite willing. Then the old man took his engagement-cakes, and put them on the table beside him, and gave each of the girls a piece of money to *mark*. Then each of the engaged girls sent a small present by him to that one of his sons to whom she was thus betrothed. These gifts the old man put in the bag wherein he had carried the engagement-cakes. He then mounted his horse, and rode off merrily homewards. There were great rejoicings in his household when he told how successful he had been in his search, and that he really had found a hundred girls ready and willing to be married; and these hundred, too, a priest's daughters.

The sons insisted that they should begin to make the wedding preparations without delay, and commenced at once to invite the guests who were to form

part of the wedding procession to go to the priest's house and bring home the brides.

Here another difficulty occurred. The old father must find two hundred bride-leaders (two for each bride); one hundred kooms (witnesses); one hundred starisvats; one hundred chaious (running footmen to go before the procession); and three hundred voivodes (standard-bearers); and, besides these, a respectable number of other non-official guests. To find all these persons the father had to hunt throughout the neighborhood for three years; at last, however, they were all found, and a day was appointed when they were to meet at his house, and go thence in procession to the house of the priest.

On the appointed day all the invited guests gathered at the old man's house. With great noise and confusion, after a fair amount of feasting, the wedding procession was formed properly, and set out for the house of the priest, where the hundred brides were already prepared for their departure for their new home.

So great was the confusion, indeed, that the old man quite forgot to take with him one of his hundred ones, and never missed him in the greeting and talking and drinking he was obliged, as father of the bridegrooms, to go through. Now the young man had worked so long and so hard in preparing for the wedding-day that he never woke up till long after the procession had started; and every one had had, like his father, too much to do and too many things to think of to miss him.

The wedding procession arrived in good order at the priest's house where a feast was already spread out for them. Having done honor to the various good things, and having gone through all the ceremonies usual on such occasions, the hundred brides were given over to their "leaders," and the procession started on its return to the old man's house. But, as they did not set off until pretty late in the afternoon, it was decided that the night should be spent somewhere on the road. When they came, therefore, to a certain river named "Luckless," as it was already dark, some of the men proposed that the party should pass the night by the side of the water without crossing over. However, some others of the chief of the party so warmly advised the crossing of the river and encamping on the other bank, that this course was at length, after a very lively discussion, determined on; according the procession began to move over the bridge.

Just, however, as the wedding-party were half-way across the bridge, its two sides began to draw nearer each other, and pressed the people so close together that they had hardly room to breathe—much less could they move forwards or backwards.

They were kept for some time in this position, some shouting and scolding, others quiet because frightened, until at length a black giant appeared, and shouted to them in a terribly loud voice, "Who are you all? Where do you come from? Where are you going?"

Some of the bolder among them answered, "We are going to our old friend's house, taking home the hundred brides for his hundred sons; but unluckily we

ventured on this bridge after nightfall, and it has pressed us so tightly together that we cannot move one way or the other."

"And where is your old friend?" inquired the black giant.

Now all the wedding guests turned their eyes towards the old man. Thereupon he turned towards the giant, who instantly said to him, "Listen, old man! Will you give me what you have forgotten at home, if I let your friends pass over the bridge?"

The old man considered some time what it might be he had forgotten at home, but at last, not being able to recollect anything in particular that he had left, and hearing on all sides the groans and moans of his guests, he replied, "Well, I will give it to you, if you will only let the procession pass over."

Then the black giant said to the party, "You all hear what he has promised, and are all my witnesses to the bargain. In three days I shall come to fetch what I have bargained for."

Having said this, the black giant widened the bridge and the whole procession passed on to the other bank in safety. The people, however, no longer wished to spend the night on the way, so they moved on as fast as they could, and early in the morning reached the old man's house.

As everybody talked of the strange adventure they had met with, the eldest son, who had been left at home, soon began to understand how the matter stood, and went to his father saying, "O my father! you have sold *me* to the black giant!"

Then the old man was very sorry, and troubled; but his friends comforted him, saying, "Don't be frightened! Nothing will come of it."

The marriage ceremonies were celebrated with great rejoicings. Just, however, as the festivities were at their height, on the third day, the black giant appeared at the gate and shouted, "Now, give me at once what you have promised."

The old man, trembling all over, went forward and asked him, "What do you want?"

"Nothing but what you have promised me!" returned the black giant.

As he could not break his promise, the old man, very distressed, was then obliged to deliver up his eldest son to the giant, who thereupon said, "Now I shall take your son with me, but after three years have passed you can come to the Luckless River and take him away."

Having said this the black giant disappeared, taking with him the young man, whom he carried off to his workshop as an apprentice to the trade of witchcraft.

From that time the poor old man had not a single moment of happiness. He was always sad and anxious, and counted every year, and every month, and week, and even every day, until the dawn of the last day of the three years. Then he took a staff in his hand and hurried off to the bank of the river Luckless. As soon as he reached the river he was met by the black giant, who asked him, "Why are you come?" The old man answered that he came to take home his son according to his agreement.

Thereupon the giant brought out a tray on which stood a sparrow, a turtle-dove, and a quail, and said to the old man, "Now, if you can tell which of these is your son, you may take him away."

The poor old father looked intently at the three birds, one after the other, and over and over again, but at last he was forced to own that he could not tell which of them was his son. So he was obliged to go away by himself, and was far more miserable than before. He had hardly, however, got half-way home when he thought he would go back to the river and take one of the birds which he remembered had looked at him intently.

When he reached the river Luckless he was again met by the black giant, who brought out the tray again, and placed on it this time a partridge, a tit-mouse and a thrush, saying, "Now, my old man, find out which is your son!"

The anxious father again looked at one bird after the other, but he felt more uncertain than before, and so, crying bitterly, again went away.

Just as the old man was going through a forest, which was between the river Luckless and his house, an old woman met him and said, "Stop a moment! Where are you hurrying to? And why are you in such trouble?"

Now, the old man was so deeply musing over his great unhappiness that he did not at first attend to the old woman; but she followed him, calling after him, and repeating her questions with more earnestness. So he stopped at last, and told her what a terrible

misfortune had fallen upon him. When the old woman had listened to the whole story, she said cheerfully, "Don't be cast down! Don't be afraid. Go back again to the river, and, when the giant brings out the three birds, look into their eyes sharply. When you see that one of the birds has a tear in one of its eyes, seize that bird and hold it fast, for it has a human soul."

The old man thanked her heartily for her advice, and turned back, for the third time, towards the Luckless River. Again the black giant appeared, and looked very merry whilst he brought out his tray and put upon it a sparrow, a dove, and a woodpecker, saying, "My old man! find out which is your son!" Then the father looked sharply into the eyes of the birds, and saw that from the right eye of the dove a tear dropped slowly down. In a moment he grasped the bird tightly, saying, "This is my son!" The next moment he found himself holding fast his eldest son by the shoulder, and so, singing and shouting in his great joy, took him quickly home, and gave him over to his eldest daughter-in-law, the wife of his son.

Now for some time they all lived together very happily. One day, however, the young man said to his father, "Whilst I was apprenticed in the workshop of the black giant, I learned a great many tricks of witchcraft. Now I intend to change myself into a fine horse, and you shall take me to market and sell me for a good sum of money. But be sure not to give up the halter."

The father did as the son had said. Next market

day he went to the city with a fine horse which he offered for sale. Many buyers came round him, admiring the horse, and bidding for it, so that at last the old man was able to sell it for two thousand ducats. When he received the money he took good care not to let go the halter, and he returned home far richer than he ever dreamt of being.

A few days later, the man who had bought the horse sent his servant with it to the river to bathe, and, whilst in the water, the horse got loose from the servant and galloped off into the neighboring forest. There he changed himself back into his real shape, and returned to his father's house.

After some time had passed, the young man said one day to his father, "Now I will change myself into an ox, and you can take me to market to sell me; but take care not to give up the rope with which you lead me."

So next market-day the old man went to the city leading a very fine ox, and soon found a buyer who offered ten times the usual price paid for an ox. The buyer asked also for the rope to lead the animal home, but the old man said, "What do you want with such an old thing? You had better buy a new one!" and he went off taking with him the rope.

That evening, whilst the servants of the buyer were driving the ox to the field, he ran away into a wood near, and having taken there his human shape, returned home to his father's house.

On the eve of the next market-day, the young man said to his father: "Now I will change myself into a

cow with golden horns, and you can sell me as before, only take care not to give up the string."

Accordingly he changed himself next morning into a cow, and the old man took it to the market-place, and asked for it three hundred crowns.

But the black giant had learned that his former apprentice was making a great deal of money by practicing the trade he had taught him, and, being jealous at this, he determined to put an end to the young man's gains.

Therefore on the third day he came to the market himself as a buyer, and the moment he saw the beautiful cow with the golden horns he knew that it could be no other than his former apprentice. So he came up to the old man, and, having outbid all the other would-be purchasers, paid at once the price he had agreed on. Having done this, he caught the string in his hand, and tried to wrench it from the terrified old man, who called out, "I have not sold you the string, but the cow!" and held the string as fast as he could with both hands.

"Oh, no!" said the buyer, "I have the law and custom on my side. Whoever buys a cow, buys also the string with which it is led!" Some of the amused and astonished lookers-on said that this was quite true, therefore the old man was obliged to give up the string.

The black giant, well satisfied with his purchase, took the cow with him to his castle, and, after having put iron chains on her legs, fastened her in a cellar.

Every morning the giant gave the cow some water and hay, but he never unchained her.

One evening, however, the cow, with incessant struggles, managed to get free from the chains, and immediately opened the cellar-door with her horns and ran away.

Next morning the black giant went as usual into the cellar, carrying the hay and water for the cow; but seeing she had got free and run away, he threw the hay down, and started off at once to pursue her.

When he came within sight of her he turned himself into a wolf and ran at her with great fury; but his clever apprentice changed himself instantly from a cow into a bear, whereupon the giant turned himself from a wolf into a lion; the bear then turned into a tiger, and the lion changed into a crocodile, whereupon the tiger turned into a sparrow. Upon this the giant changed from the form of a crocodile into a hawk, and the apprentice immediately changed into a hare; on seeing which the hawk became a greyhound. Then the apprentice changed from a hare into a falcon, and the greyhound into an eagle; whereupon the apprentice changed into a fish. The giant then turned from an eagle into a mouse, and immediately the apprentice, as a cat, ran after him; then the giant turned himself into a heap of millet, and the apprentice transformed himself into a hen and chickens, which very greedily picked up all the millet, except one single seed, in which the master was, who changed himself into a squirrel; instantly, however, the apprentice became a hawk, and, pouncing on the squirrel, killed it.

In this way the apprentice beat his master, the black giant, and revenged himself for all the sufferings he had endured whilst learning the trade of witchcraft.

Having killed the squirrel, the hawk took his proper shape again, and the young man returned joyfully to his father, whom he made immensely rich.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PEACH'S SON

JAPANESE[1]

ONE day, while an old woman stood by a stream washing her clothes, she chanced to see an enormous peach floating on the water. It was quite the largest she had ever seen, and as this old woman and her husband were extremely poor she immediately thought what an excellent meal this extraordinary peach would make. As she could find no stick with which to draw the fruit to the bank, she suddenly remembered the following verse:

> Distant water is bitter,
> The near water is sweet;
> Pass by the distant water
> And come into the sweet.

This little song had the desired effect. The peach came nearer and nearer till it stopped at the old woman's feet. She stooped down and picked it up. So delighted was she with her discovery that she could not stay to do any more washing, but hurried home as quickly as possible.

When her husband arrived in the evening, with a

[1] From "Myths and Legends of Japan," by F. Hadland Davis.

bundle of grass upon his back, the old woman excitedly took the peach out of a cupboard and showed it to him.

The old man, who was tired and hungry, was equally delighted at the thought of so delicious a meal. He speedily brought a knife and was about to cut the fruit open, when it suddenly opened of its own accord, and the prettiest child imaginable tumbled out with a merry laugh.

"Don't be afraid," said the little fellow. "The Gods have heard how much you desired a child, and have sent me to be a solace and a comfort in your old age."

The old couple were so overcome with joy that they scarcely knew what to do with themselves. Each in turn nursed the child, caressed him, and murmured many sweet and affectionate words. They called him Momotaro, or "Son of a Peach."

When Momotaro was fifteen years old, he was a lad far taller and stronger than boys of his own age. The making of a great hero stirred in his veins, and it was a knightly heroism that desired to right the wrong.

One day Momotaro came to his foster-father and asked him if he would allow him to take a long journey to a certain island in the North-eastern Sea where dwelt a number of ogres,[2] who had captured a great company of innocent people, many of whom they ate. Their wickedness was beyond description, and Momotaro desired to kill them, rescue the unfortunate captives, and bring back the plunder of the island that he might share it with his foster-parents.

[1] The author calls them "devils," but in other versions of this well-known tale they are man-eating giants.

The old man was not a little surprised to hear this daring scheme. He knew that Momotaro was no common child. He had been sent from heaven, and he believed that all the ogres and demons could not harm him. So at length the old man gave his consent, saying: "Go, Momotaro, slay the ogres and bring peace to the land."

When the old woman had given Momotaro a number of rice-cakes the youth bade his foster-parents farewell, and started out upon his journey.

While Momotaro was resting under a hedge eating one of the rice-cakes, a great dog came up to him, growled, and showed his teeth. The dog, moreover, could speak, and threateningly begged that Momotaro would give him a cake. "Either you give me a cake," said he, "or I will kill you!"

When, however, the dog heard that the famous Momotaro stood before him, his tail dropped between his legs, and he bowed with head to the ground, requesting that he might follow "Son of a Peach," and render to him all the service that lay in his power.

Momotaro readily accepted this offer, and after throwing the dog half a cake they proceeded on their way.

They had not gone far when they encountered a monkey, who also begged to be admitted to Momotaro's service. This was granted, but it was some time before the dog and the monkey ceased snapping at each other and became good friends.

Proceeding upon their journey, they came across a pheasant. Now the innate jealousy of the dog was

again awakened, and he ran forward and tried to kill the bright-plumed creature. Momotaro separated the combatants, and in the end the pheasant was also admitted to the little band, walking decorously in the rear.

At length Momotaro and his followers reached the shore of the North-eastern Sea. Here our hero discovered a boat, and after a good deal of timidity on the part of the dog, monkey and pheasant, they all got aboard, and soon the little vessel was spinning away over the blue sea.

After many days upon the ocean they sighted an island. Momotaro bade the bird fly off, a winged herald to announce his coming, and bid the ogres surrender.

The pheasant flew over the sea and alighted on the roof of a great castle and shouted his stirring message, adding that the ogres, as a sign of submission, should break their horns.

The ogres only laughed and shook their horns and shaggy red hair. Then they brought forth iron bars and hurled them furiously at the bird. The pheasant cleverly evaded the missiles, and flew at the heads of many ogres.

In the meantime Momotaro had landed with his two companions. He had no sooner done so than he saw two beautiful damsels weeping by a stream, as they wrung out blood-soaked garments.

"Oh!" said they pitifully, "we are daughters of *daimyos,* and are now the captives of the Demon King of this dreadful island. Soon he will kill us, and alas!

there is no one to come to our aid." Having made these plaints the women wept anew.

"Ladies," said Momotaro, "I have come for the purpose of slaying your wicked enemies. Show me a way into yonder castle."

So Momotaro, the dog, and the monkey entered through a small door in the castle. Once inside this fortification, they fought tenaciously. Many of the ogres were so frightened that they fell off the parapets and were dashed to pieces, while others were speedily killed by Momotaro and his companions. All were destroyed except the King, and he resolved to surrender, and begged that his life might be spared.

"No," said Momotaro fiercely. "I will not spare your wicked life. You have tortured many innocent people and robbed the country for many years."

Having said these words he gave the Demon King into the monkey's keeping, and then proceeded through all the rooms of the castle, and set free the numerous prisoners he found there. He also gathered together much treasure.

The return journey was a very joyous affair indeed. The dog and the pheasant carried the treasure between them, while Momotaro led the Demon King.

Momotaro restored the two daughters of *daimyos* to their homes, and many others who had been captives on the island. The whole country rejoiced in his victory, but no one more than Momotaro's foster-parents, who ended their days in peace and plenty, thanks to the great treasure of the ogres which Momotaro bestowed upon them.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS LEGS

Korean [1]

THERE was a merchant in Chong-ju who used to go to Quelpart to buy seaweed. One time when he drew upon the shore he saw a man shuffling along on the ground towards the boat. He crept nearer, and at last took hold of the side with both his hands and pulled himself in.

"When I looked at him," said the merchant, "I found he was an old man without any legs. Astonished, I asked, saying, 'How is it, old man, that you have lost your legs?'

"He said in reply, 'I lost my legs on a trip once when I was shipwrecked, and a great fish bit them off.' "

"However did that happen?" inquired the merchant.

And the old man said:

"We were caught in a gale and driven till we touched on some island or other. Before us on the shore stood a high castle with a great gateway. The twenty or so of us who were together in the storm-tossed boat were all exhausted from cold and hunger,

[1] From "Korean Folk Tales," by Im Bang and Yi Ryuk. Translated by James S. Gale.

and lying exposed. We landed and managed to go together to the castle.

"There was in it one man only, whose height was terrible to behold, and whose chest was many spans round. His face was black and his eyes large and rolling. His voice was like the braying of a monster donkey.

"Our people made motions showing that they wanted something to eat. The man made no reply, but securely fastened the front gate. After this he brought an armful of wood, put it in the middle of the courtyard, and there made a fire. When the fire blazed up he rushed after us and caught a young lad, one of our company, cooked him before our eyes, pulled him to pieces and ate him. We were all reduced to a state of horror, not knowing what to do. We gazed at each other in dismay and stupefaction.

"When he had eaten his fill, he went up into a verandah and opened a jar, from which he drank some kind of spirit. After drinking it he uttered the most gruesome and awful noises; his face grew very red and he lay down and slept. His snorings were like the roarings of the thunder.

"We planned then to make our escape, and so tried to open the great gate; but one leaf was about twenty-four feet across, and so thick and heavy that with all our strength we could not move it. The walls, too, were a hundred and fifty feet high, and so we could do nothing with them. We were like fish in a pot—beyond all possible way of escape. We held each other's hands and cried.

"Among us one man thought of this plan: We had a knife and he took it, and while the monster was drunk and asleep, decided to stab his eyes out, and cut his throat. We said in reply, 'We are all doomed to death anyway; let's try'; and we made our way up on the verandah and stabbed his eyes. He gave an awful roar, and struck out on all sides to catch us. We rushed here and there, making our escape out of the court back into the rear garden. There were in this enclosure pigs and sheep, about sixty of them in all. There we rushed, in among the pigs and sheep.

"He floundered about, waving his two arms after us, but not one of us did he get hold of; we were all mixed up—sheep, pigs, and people. When he did catch anything it was a sheep; and when it was not a sheep it was a pig. So he opened the front gate to send all the animals out.

"We then each of us took a pig or sheep on the back and made straight for the gate. The monster felt each, and finding it a pig or a sheep, let it go. Then we all got out and rushed for the boat.

"A little later he came and sat on the bank and roared his threatenings at us. A lot of other giants came at his call. They took steps of thirty feet or so, came racing after us, caught the boat and made it fast; but we took axes and struck at the hands that held it, and so got free at last and out to the open sea.

"Again a great wind arose, and we ran on to the rocks and were all destroyed. Every one was engulfed in the sea and drowned; I alone got hold of a piece of boat-timber and lived. Then there was a horrible fish

from the sea that came swimming after me and bit off my legs. At last I drifted back home and here I am.

"When I think of it still, my teeth are cold and my bones shiver. My Eight Lucky Stars are very bad, that's why it happened to me."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE STONE GIANTESS

North American Indian[1]

IN bygone times it was customary for a hunter's squaw to accompany her husband when he sought the chase. A dutiful wife on these occasions would carry home the game killed by the hunter and dress and cook it for him.

There was once a chief among the Iroquois who was a very skilful hunter. In all his expeditions his wife was his companion and helper. On one excursion he found such large quantities of game that he built a wigwam at the place, and settled there for some time with his wife and child.

One day he struck out on a new track, while his wife followed the path they had taken on the previous day, in order to gather the game killed then. As the woman turned her steps homeward after a hard day's work she heard the sound of another woman's voice inside the hut. Filled with surprise she entered, but found to her consternation that her visitor was no other than a Stone Giantess.

(The Stone Giants were a strange and terrible race, whose bodies were all fashioned of solid stone; they

[1] From "The Myths of the North American Indians," by Lewis Spence.

once attacked the Iroquois, meaning to exterminate them completely, but were defeated with the help of the West Wind.)

To add to her alarm, she saw that the creature had in her arms the chief's baby. While the mother stood in the doorway, wondering how she could rescue her child from the clutches of the giantess, the latter said in a gentle and soothing voice: "Do not be afraid; come inside."

The hunter's wife hesitated no longer, but boldly entered the wigwam. Once inside, her fear changed to pity, for the giantess was evidently much worn with trouble and fatigue. She told the hunter's wife, who was kindly and sympathetic, how she had travelled from the land of the Stone Giants, fleeing from her cruel husband, who had sought to kill her, and how she had finally taken shelter in the solitary wigwam. She besought the young woman to let her remain for a while, promising to assist her in her daily tasks. She also said she was very hungry, but warned her hostess that she must be exceedingly careful about the food she gave her. It must not be raw or at all underdone, for if once she tasted blood she might wish to kill the hunter and his wife and child.

So the wife prepared some food for her, taking care it was thoroughly cooked, and the two sat down to dine together. The Stone Giantess knew that the woman was in the habit of carrying home the game, and she now declared she would do it in her stead. Moreover, she said she already knew where it was to

be found, and insisted on setting out for it at once. She very shortly returned, bearing in one hand a load of game which four men could scarcely have carried, and the woman recognized in her a very valuable assistant.

The time of the hunter's return drew near, and the Stone Giantess bade the woman go out and meet her husband and tell him of her visitor. The man was very well pleased to learn how the newcomer had helped his wife, and he gave her a hearty welcome. In the morning he went out hunting as usual. When he had disappeared from sight in the forest, the giantess turned quickly to the woman and said:

"I have a secret to tell you. My cruel husband is after me, and in three days he will arrive here. On the third day your husband must remain at home and help me to slay him."

When the third day came round the hunter remained at home, obedient to the instructions of his guest.

"Now," said the giantess at last, "I hear him coming. You must both help me to hold him. Strike him where I bid you, and we shall certainly kill him."

The hunter and his wife were seized with terror when a great commotion outside announced the arrival of the Stone Giant, but the firmness and courage of the giantess reassured them, and with something like calmness they awaited the monster's approach. Directly he came in sight, the giantess rushed forward, grappled with him, and threw him to the ground.

"Strike him on the arms!" she cried to the others. "Now on the nape of the neck!"

The trembling couple obeyed, and very shortly they had succeeded in killing the huge creature.

"I will go and bury him," said the giantess. And that was the end of the Stone Giant.

The strange guest stayed on in the wigwam till the time came for the hunter and his family to go back to the settlement, when she announced her intention of returning to her own people.

"My husband is dead," said she; "I have no longer anything to fear."

Thus, having bid them farewell, she departed.

Part IV

SOME REAL GIANTS, *and* WHAT SCIENCE HAS LEARNED ABOUT THEM

Giant gods and demigods loom large in the myths of every land — in India, China and Arabia, as well as Greece and Scandinavaia. Many records follow of "real" giants, during the seven or eight thousand years since the first flashes of history. But it needs to be stated at once that here, as in many other matters, exactness of facts is a very modern quality.

Thus, when Pliny tells us that Gabbara, whom the Emperor Claudius brought from Arabia, was nine feet, nine inches tall, we can only be sure that he was probably the largest human being in Rome at that time. And a suspicious number of these early tall men were seen through the mist of reverence due to kingly station and power.

A notable company these king-giants would make: Sesochris of Egypt, perhaps 4000 B. C., who "passed for a giant"; King Saul, the gigantic youth of the tribe of Benjamin chosen by lot to reign over Israel; Maximinus, Thracian shepherd, fierce gladiator, and then savage Emperor of Rome, who, Capitolinus declares, was over eight feet tall, wore his wife's bracelet for a finger-ring, could break a horse's jaw with his fist or outpull a chariot team, and was in the habit of draining a six gallon amphora of wine and consuming forty pounds of meat a day; Harold Hardrada, Viking rover, Mediterranean conqueror, and King of Norway, whose height was "five ells" (ten feet!); Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and many another.

A regiment of formidable warriors would follow these rulers, such as the huge grenadiers of King Frederick William of Prussia and of Peter the Great. The Elector of Brandenburg, too, had in the 16th Century a famous soldier named Michel, reputed to be eight feet tall—a worthy descendant of that giant Swabian, Ænother, renowned in the army of Charlemagne, who swam rushing rivers dragging his horse after him, looked down upon his enemies as "little frogs," and would spit several at once like birds on his weapon.

Frederick William developed a theory that he could establish a new race of physical marvels by intermarrying his huge guards with women of phenomenal size, and he used to busy himself greatly over such matches.

He had little success. The giant as a fighter passed swiftly away before cannon, muskets and pistols. It was not long before he was merely a prodigy to draw the curious crowd.

CHAPTER XXIV

SOME REAL GIANTS

LET us agree, arbitrarily, that people of from six to seven feet in height are only very tall men, but that those who exceed the seven-foot mark may fairly be called giants. During the last two hundred years there have been over a hundred men and women, figuring in the public eye, who have exceeded seven feet. Probably twenty-five of these have had a height of eight feet or over. In spite of statements in advertisements and handbills and newspapers, even in encyclopædias, there does not seem to have been any human being measured by scientific methods who reached nine feet.

To be sure, one may read in the histories and biographies that the Roman Emperors Maximinus and Jovianus, and Charlemagne, and Emperor Maximilian of Germany were eight-and-a-half or nine feet. But one cannot measure even live Emperors, unfortunately, much less long dead ones. Many a traveller asserted that he had seen with his own eyes scores of Patagonian savages ranging from nine to eleven feet; yet as soon as careful measurements were made these dwindled to a maximum of something under seven. And the vast number of "giants' bones" dug up from time

to time, indicating men of nine feet and upward, have practically all been shown to be those of great animals.

One of the most notable characteristics about the giant is a certain shrinking tendency before the camera and the tape. In the last twenty years or so a group of alert savants, especially in France, have been gathering authoritative biological observations upon all the subjects possible; and it is wise to recall that only such exact scientific records can be relied on.

For, apart from pride, there is a vast deal of money involved in a few extra inches for the show giant. For instance, Antoine Hugo, announced as the tallest man, died in 1917 after having made quite a fortune in America; and it was stated that a "freak" promoter would pay a premium of $400 an inch, for any one who could show a greater stature than Hugo! That is to say, he would give nearly $3000 for a nine-foot giant—besides paying the giant himself something like $1500 to $2000 a week. Whereas Hugo's brother, who was only a couple of inches shorter than he, was not in demand in the United States, which calls for only "champions" in the freak class.

Apparently the tallest man on record was Machnow, a Russian, who was born at Witebsk about 1882, was exhibited in London in 1905, in the United States, Germany, Holland, and elsewhere, and died around the age of thirty.

None of his family was exceptionally tall, and he himself was a normal child up to the age of four. Then he began to grow very rapidly, not eating a great deal, but sometimes sleeping for twenty-four hours at

a time. At fifteen he was about five feet two; at twenty-two, according to Professor Luschau and Lissauer he was seven feet and ten inches. When he appeared in London next year, he was credited with nine feet three inches, and the most conservative of British encyclopædias accepts this figure. In the show world he was universally taken as the "champion," with a figure of eight feet seven inches. It seems beyond question that he was over eight and a half and under nine feet; his weight was given as 360 pounds.

The champion in 1920 was George Auger, credited with eight feet four inches, who is an American and affects frontier costume. Then there was the famous smiling Chinaman, Chang, who exhibited his eight feet or so to nearly the whole world for a long period beginning about the end of the American Civil War.

A generation back there were in the eight-foot class the Austrian Winkelmeier; Paul Marie Elizabeth Wehde, born at Ben-Rendorf in Thuringia, who was called "The Queen of the Amazons" and was handsome enough to appear with success at the London Alhambra in a review called "Babil and Bijou"; Ben Hicks, "the Denver Steeple"; and, a little smaller, Captain Martin Van Buren Bates of Kentucky, who married in London in 1871 Miss Anna Swan, of Nova Scotia, who was three inches taller than himself—they were celebrated as the tallest bride and groom in the world—scoring fourteen feet eight inches between them, while the captain's weight of 450 pounds made him a notable figure.

Public curiosity regarding the very tall men is by no

means modern. Fifteen hundred years ago a poor giant in Rome was almost killed by the press of people crowding about to get a sight of him; but there was a special outbreak of such prodigies during the 18th century, particularly in England.[1] Three of the most celebrated of these were from Ireland.

First came Cornelius MacGrath, born near the silver mines in Tipperary in 1736. Neither his parents nor their other children were remarkable in size; but when Cornelius visited Cork at the age of sixteen, a regular mob followed him through the streets, since he towered already head and shoulders above other men.

It appeared that the year before Cornelius was much troubled with pains in his limbs; and thinking them rheumatic he would bathe in salt water for a cure; but they were "growing pains" of a rare sort, for during that year he shot up some eighteen inches.

Since this rapid growth caused him partially to lose the use of his limbs, Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, took the youngster into his house for a month or more, and had him treated so successfully that he regained his powers.

"His hand was then as large as a middling-sized shoulder of mutton, which joint he could cover with that member. The last of his shoes, which he carried about with him, measured fifteen inches in length."

This charity of the worthy Bishop was ill rewarded. There grew up a legend (which got into the newspapers and into Watkinson's "Philosophical Survey of

[1] A century earlier came "Long Meg of Westminster," heroine of most extraordinary and comical exploits in one of the old ballads.

Ireland") that Bishop Berkeley, from an inhuman scientific desire to experiment in giant-making, had taken a poor orphan, and by some mysterious course of feeding, had caused him to shoot up to the height of seven feet.

MacGrath kept on growing until at the age of thirty he measured seven feet eight inches; and he created a sensation in London, Paris and other European capitals, distracting attention from Cajanus, the great Swede, who was taller but not so well proportioned. His body was finally stolen by medical students of Trinity College, on the day on which he was to have been "waked."

"This is said to have been the origin of the feud between the students and the coal-porters of Dublin, which has continued to this day (1868)." He was a great friend of the students, and he used to raise by the collar of his coat and hold out at arm's length, for a long time, a small-sized student named Hare, who was father of the late Dr. Hare, F.T.C.D. Mr. Hare one day ran between MacGrath's legs, and the giant strained himself in recovering his balance, from which accident he failed in health, and ultimately died." His skeleton is preserved at Trinity College.

Next there came a Cork man, James MacDonald, who was first exhibited, served as a grenadier for thirty years, then became a day laborer, and died, according to the *Annual Register* for 1760 at the age of 117! (which is nearly three times the average of giants, either modern or in those—for them—unwholesome days of chivalry).

A little later Charles Byrne, who called himself O'Brien, eclipsed both these notables. He came to London in 1782, as witness this announcement:

"IRISH GIANT. To be seen this, and every day this week, in his large elegant room, at the cane-shop, next door to late Cox's Museum, Spring Garden, Mr. Byrne, the surprising Irish Giant, who is allowed to be the tallest man in the world; his height is eight feet two inches, and in full proportion accordingly; only 21 years of age. His stay will not be long in London, as he proposes shortly to visit the Continent. The nobility and gentry are requested to take notice, there was a man showed himself for some time past at the top of the Haymarket, and Piccadilly, who advertised and endeavored to impose himself upon the public for the Irish Giant; Mr. Byrne begs leave to assure them it was an imposition, as he is the only Irish Giant, and never was in this metropolis before Thursday the 11th inst. Hours of admittance every day, Sundays excepted, from 11 till 3, and from 5 till 8, at half-a-crown each person."

Poor Patrick had a rather unhappy time of it, in spite of the furore attending his appearance during the short year when he stood "as the most extraordinary production of the human species ever beheld since the days of Goliath."

He got to drinking; and visiting the Black Horse Tavern one night was robbed of all the fruits of his year's success—which he carried in two banknotes, one for £700, one for £70.

Then he became so fearful that the surgeons would

get his body for dissection that he begged his remains should be thrown into the sea. The London newspapers, during the summer of the consummation of American Independence, were agog with wild tales of the plots to secure the giant's body after death.

Says one: "The whole tribe of surgeons put in a claim for the poor departed Irish Giant, and surrounded his house just as Greenland harpooners would an enormous whale. One of them has gone so far as to have a niche made for himself in the giant's coffin, in order to his being ready at hand on 'the witching time of night, when churchyards yawn.' "

Another tale was that a rival party had equipped itself with diving-bells to salvage the prodigy from the river, where it was to be sunk at the Downs in twenty fathoms of water. A third said the undertakers had been offered a bribe of 800 guineas.

Whatever the facts, the huge skeleton was for a century a treasured possession of the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London.

Spurred on by Byrne's reception, Patrick Cotter, of Kinsale, appeared presently. He also took the name of O'Brien and admitted himself to be a descendant of Brian Boru. He soon eclipsed all rival pretenders, and in the twenty years before his death accumulated a competence. Many were the stories told of him.

He used to travel in a carriage built especially for him, with a sort of well in the floor to hold his legs. One evening the carriage was stopped by a highwayman. As Cotter slowly rose to look out, the robber saw this huge figure rising apparently endlessly, and,

struck with panic, he dropped his pistol, clapped spurs to his horse and galloped away.

Then he liked to do such things as startle the watchmen by reaching up to a street lamp and taking off the cover to light his pipe; or to wager £10 that he would kiss a pretty girl at an upstairs window as he walked past.

Some half a century back a gentleman wrote to one of the magazines that he possessed the giant's gold watch, which weighed a pound, and had his name engraved in it, and was still in good running order.

Rather more interesting than these show giants were the corps of gigantic guards, such as those maintained for half a century at Potsdam by the Prussian kings. (Even James I had a door-keeper, Walter Parsons, about seven-and-a-half feet tall; and Cromwell boasted another, Daniel, of the same size, who became insane from religious ecstasy.) These huge soldiers were gathered with great care, from all countries, the tallest being seven feet six inches; and since they were well built athletic men they made a most impressive appearance.

King Frederick William, says Voltaire, "armed with a huge sergeant's cane, marched forth every day to review his regiment of giants. These giants were his greatest delight, and the things for which he went to the heaviest expense.

"The men who stood in the first rank of this regiment were none of them less than seven feet high, and he sent to purchase them from the farthest parts of Europe to the borders of Asia. I have seen some of

them since his death. The king, his son, who loved handsome, not gigantic men, had given those I saw to the queen, his wife, to serve in quality of Heiduques. I remember that they accompanied the old state coach which preceded the Marquis de Beauvau, who came to compliment the king, in the month of November, 1740. The late king, Frederick William, who had formerly sold all the magnificent furniture left by his father, never could find a purchaser for that enormous engilded coach. The Heiduques, who walked on each side to support it in case it should fall, shook hands with each other over the roof."

A pleasant exception in character was one Antony Payne of Cornwall, a region always famous for tall men. (In fact the learned author of a "History of Oxfordshire" in 1676 was strongly of the opinion that a huge Cornish skeleton discovered in his time was that of the famous Arabian giant celebrated by Pliny, Gabbara, and that he had doubtless been brought to Britain by the Emperor Claudius.)

Tony Payne was reputed to measure four inches over seven feet. He was a faithful follower of the Stowe family, as noted for intelligence, vigor and good humor as for size, and fought with distinction in the royal army during the Great Rebellion; after the Restoration Charles II had his portrait painted by Kneller. One Christmas Eve he sent a boy with a donkey to bring in wood from the forest; going out after a while to look for him, he found the youth loitering along, whereupon Payne picked up the loaded donkey and carried it back to the castle. He lived to an old age

and left behind him a reputation for spirit, ability and loyalty to his ideals which seems rare enough among physical prodigies.

Many historical figures have been at least on the border line of gianthood: William of Scotland, Edward III, Godefroy of Bouillon, Philip the Long, Fairfax, Baron Barford, Kléber, Rochester, Charles II's favorite, Gall, Brillat-Savarin, Benjamin Constant, the painter David, and others were men of quite extraordinary stature—just how tall we cannot, unfortunately, find out.

But the facts seem to be that at any one time one could come pretty near counting on one's fingers all the people in the world who really measured over eight feet in height.

CHAPTER XXV

WHAT SCIENCE HAS LEARNED ABOUT GIANTS

NOR is this modest eight feet of stature, after Sir Ferumbras and Angolafre, the most disheartening thing about giants.

For the cold-hearted biologists who have specialized on the subject want to steal even the word and make "gigantism" signify a diseased condition!

There is, alas! a good deal of justification for this iconoclastic position. The exact observations are not yet numerous enough to enable us to generalize; but it is all too evident that the vast majority of these tallest men and women are suffering from an obscure malady, which produces a disharmony of the bony structure, and also causes various functional disorders. Generally the giant shows obvious signs of what the pathologists call acromegaly—where there is a great enlargement of head, feet and hands.

We do not know just what causes this abnormal growth. It seems usually associated with ailments of one of the remarkable "ductless glands," the pituitary body, which clearly has some direct connection with the growth of bones and tissues.

Oddly enough, many of the characteristics of the giants of legend fit only too well with this modern theory that the giant is diseased.

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well that Roland and Launcelot and Amadis and Guy of Warwick exterminated the poor creatures.

We can for more reasons than one afford to smile at that solemn French Academician, who just two centuries ago worked out a table to prove the shrinkage of the human stature since ancient times. Said M. Henrion, here is the tabular record:

Adam	measured	125	feet	9	inches
Eve	"	118	"	9	"
Noah	"	103	"		
Abraham	"	28	"		
Moses	"	13	"		
Hercules	"	10	"		
Alexander	"	6	"		
Julius Caesar	"	5	"		

And he strove to convince the world that men for their wickedness must have shrunk to nothing at all in a few more centuries; but the appearance of the Messiah during the epoch of the Roman Emperor stopped the degeneration and fixed the normal height at what it then was!

However, if our bodies today cannot be more than nine feet tall at the uttermost—there is no limit on our minds. *They* can scale the heavens where the giant brood failed. They can be as lofty as we really desire.

It remains quite open to us moderns to be giants in intellect, and energy, and true progress, and helpfulness toward our weaker brethren.