A GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY

BY

HELEN A. CLARKE

Author of "Ancient Myths in Modern Poets," "Longfellow's Country," "Hawthorne's Country," "The Poets' New England," Etc.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1918

The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Guide to Mythology

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: A Guide to Mythology

Author: Helen A. Clarke

Release date: January 15, 2022 [eBook #67172]
Most recently updated: October 18, 2024

Language: English

Original publication: United States: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1908

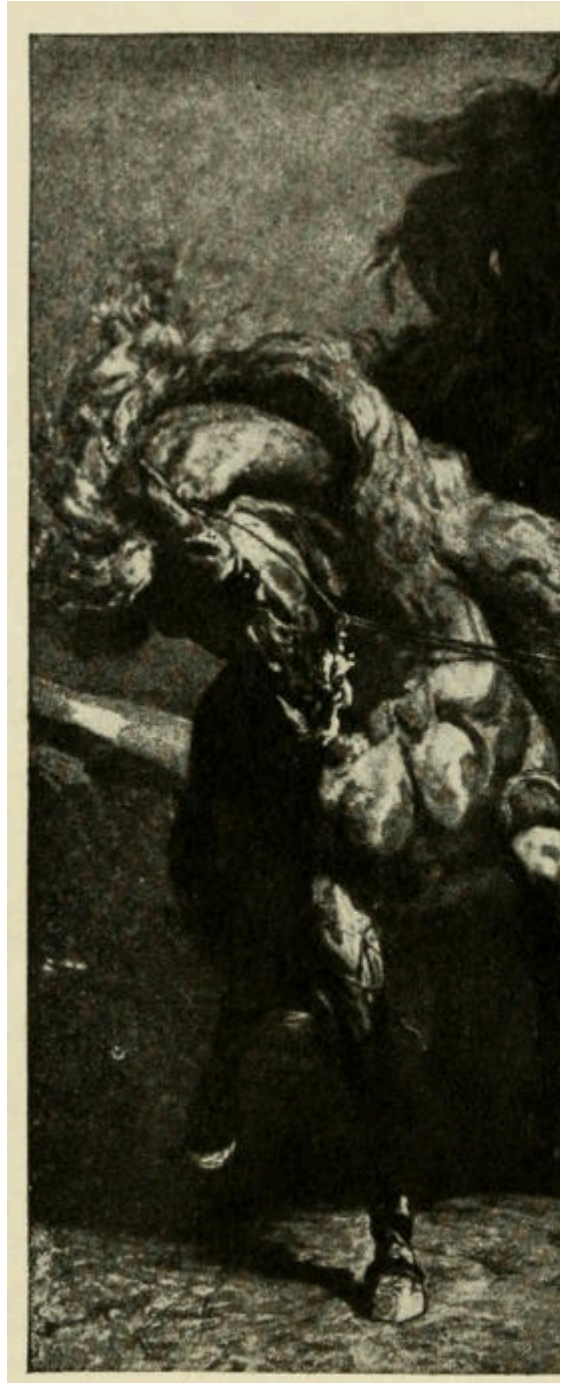
Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/67172

Credits: Charlene Taylor and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net (This file was

produced from images generously made
available by The Internet Archive)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK
A GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY ***

A GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY





Automedon a

A
GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY

BY
HELEN A. CLARKE
Author of "Ancient Myth in Modern Poets," "Longfellow's Country," "Hawthorne's Country," "The Poets' New England," Etc.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1918

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THAT OF
TRANSLATION INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES,
INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN

To
MY LITTLE FRIEND
KATHARINE CORFIELD NEWBOLD

PREFATORY NOTE

It is a pleasure to express my thanks to publishers and authors for courteous permission given me to include in this book stories from their collections. To Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers of "Algonquin Legends," by J. G. Leland, and of Bryant's translation of the "Odyssey"; to J. B. Lippincott Co., the publishers of "Gods and Heroes of Old Japan," by Violet M. Pasteur, and of "Old Deccan Days," by Mary Frere; to A. Wessels Co., the publishers and to Mr. W. W. Canfield, the author of "Legends of the Iroquois"; to Ginn & Co., the publishers of "Classic Myths in English Literature," based on Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," by Charles Mills Gayley; to Macmillan & Co., publishers of "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, Done into English Prose," by A. Lang; to Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers of "Norse Mythology," by Melville B. Anderson. Other collections, out of print, as far as I know—the original publishers no longer being in existence, from which I have taken stories, are: "Indian Fairy Tales Based on Schoolcraft," by Cornelius Mathews, and "Indian Myths," by Ellen R. Emerson; also from the following English publications: "Polynesian Myths," by Sir George Grey; "Russian Stories," by Ralston.

I am also deeply indebted, as every one who studies mythology must be, to the following works, among others in various branches of the subject: Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop," Cox's

"Mythology of the Aryan Races," John Fiske's "Myths and Mythmakers," Frazer's "Golden Bough," Hartland's "Myth of Perseus," Clodd's "Childhood of Religions," Andrew Lang's "Custom and Myth," Tyler's "Primitive Culture," Mills's "Tree of Mythology," Chamberlain's "The Child and Childhood in Folk Thought," De Gubernatis's "Zoological Mythology," Dr. Brinton's "American Hero Myths," "Myths of the New World," as well as to many collections of folk-tales.

My aim in this book on Mythology for young readers has been to give them solid knowledge on the subject, as far as it is advisable to go with immature minds, based upon the most recent investigations of scholars, and to select the myths used in illustration of the plan, with a view to giving them interesting stories to read, which will, almost unconsciously to themselves, lay a firm foundation for the fascinating study of Comparative Mythology, should they wish to go more deeply into it in the future.

There is much talk nowadays as to the authenticity of the records of savage myths. Much of this talk seems to me futile, for a myth is not a fixed entity. Each successive narrator is almost sure to vary and embellish somewhat the material that comes to him, according to his own inventive fancy. If, therefore, a savage myth recorded by a white man retains the chief characteristics of the savage myth, in spite of some fanciful turns given it by him, to the degree, say, that a story of Ovid's retains those of a Greek myth, it is to all intents and purposes a savage myth, and the embellishments may be disregarded, as Ovid's are when we are considering Greek

Mythology. I have, therefore, included in this volume those versions of the myths that seemed most readable and attractive, provided the primitive attitude of mind and customs were fully emphasized.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I.—What is a Myth?	19
II.—Animals in Primitive Myths	40

STORIES: How the muskrat made the world (*Indians of British Columbia*).—How a kite helped to make the world (*Philippine Island*).—How Maui fished up the earth (*Polynesian*).—The origin of the robin (*Odjibwa*, Cornelius Mathews, based on Schoolcraft).—The origin of the hare (*Aino*, B. F. Chamberlain).—How the mole became blind (*North American Indian*, Mill's "Tree of Mythology").—The boy and the wolves (*North American Indian*, Ellen R. Emerson, "Indian Legends").—How Wasbashas, the snail, became a man (*North American Indian*, Emerson).—The amazing adventures of Master Rabbit (*Algonquin*, Leland's "Algonquin Legends").—The story of Manabozho (*Iroquois*, Mathews-Schoolcraft).—How Glooskap made his uncle, the turtle, into a great man (*Mic-Mac* and *Passamaquoddy*, Leland).—Punchkin (*Hindoo*, M. Frere's "Old Deccan Days").

III.—Animals in Culture Myths 131

STORIES: Hymn to Indra (*Hindoo*, "Rig Veda").—The Four apes (*Egyptian*, Book of the Dead).—Story of the Midgard serpent and Fenris, the wolf (*Norse*, Melville B. Anderson's, "Norse Mythology," based on the Eddas).—The story of Apollo and Phaëton (*Greek*, Gayley, based on Bulfinch).—The story of Odysseus and the oxen of the sun (*Greek*, paraphrase from Bryant's "Odyssey").—The story of Athēne and Arachne (*Greek*, Gayley-Bulfinch).

IV.—Tree and Plant Myths 165

STORIES: Ygdrasil, the Norse world tree.—Story of the Aino who fell asleep at the foot of a pine tree.—Wunzh, the father of Indian corn (*North American Indian*, Mathews-Schoolcraft).—Leelinau, the Lost Daughter (*North American Indian*, Mathews-Schoolcraft).—Birth of the arbutus (*Iroquois*, W. B. Canfield's "Legends of the Iroquois").—Song at the beginning (*Ancient Mexican*, Brinton's "Myths of the New World").—Flower song (*Ancient Mexican*, Brinton's "Myths of the New World").—The story of Erisichthon (*Greek*, Bulfinch's "Age of Fable").—Story of Pan and Syrinx (*Greek*, Gayley-Bulfinch).—Story of Pomona and Vertumnus (*Roman*, Gayley-Bulfinch).—Myth of Osiris and Isis (Bulfinch).—Story of Adonis (*Greek*, extracts from Lang's "Lament for Adonis," by Bion).

V.—Myths of the Sun, Moon, and Stars 207

STORIES: Story of the making of the sun, moon, and stars (*Navajo*, Emerson).—Story of the conquering of the sun (*North American Indian*, Emerson).—Hymn to the sun (*North American Indian*, Emerson).—Hymn to Sûrya (*Hindoo*, "Rig Veda").—The worship of the sun and the dream of Onawutaquto (*North American Indian*, Emerson).—The witch and the sun's sister (*Russian*, Ralston's "Russian Folk-Tales").—The making of the mirror (*Japanese*, Violet M. Pasteur, "Gods and Heroes of Old Japan").—The death of Balder the Good (*Norse*, Anderson-Eddas).—Battle of Ra and Anapef (*Egyptian*, Book of the Dead).—Story of Phœbus Apollo (*Greek*, Gayley-Bulfinch).—Story of Artemis and Orion (*Greek*, Gayley-Bulfinch).—Story of the child and the star (*Iowa Indian*, Emerson).—Osseo, the son of the evening star (*North American Indian*, Mathews-Schoolcraft).—The wandering star (*Chippewa*, Emerson).—The daughters of the stars (*North American Indian*, Mathews-Schoolcraft).

VI.—MYTHS OF THE SKY AND AIR 269

STORIES: How a hunter visited the thunder spirits who dwell in Mount Katahdin (*Passamaquoddy*, Leland).—The thunder and lightning men (*Passamaquoddy*, Leland).—How Glooskap bound Wuchowsen, the great wind bird (*Passamaquoddy*, Leland).—The wonderful exploits of Paup-puk-keewiss (*North American Indian*, Mathews-Schoolcraft).—The story of Odin's sword and Sigmund (*Norse*, Anderson-Eddas).—How Thor conquered the stone giant (*Norse*, Anderson-Eddas).—How Zeus came to be king of gods (*Greek*).—Hymn to the dawn (*Hindoo*, "Rig Veda").—The lover's vision of the happy land (*North American Indian*, Emerson).—The message-bearers (*Iroquois*, Canfield).—The way of the gods (*Japanese*, Violet M. Pasteur).

VII.—MOTHER-MYTHS AND CHILD-MYTHS 336

STORIES: Malayan story of the sun and moon.—Hymn to the mother of the gods (*Mexican Indian*, Brinton's "Rig Veda Americanus").—Hymn to Cihuacoatl (*Mexican Indian*, Brinton).—The children of heaven and earth (Sir George Grey, "Polynesian Mythology").—Story of Demeter (*Greek*, from Hymn to Demeter, Callimachus).—The story of Demeter and Persephone (*Greek*, Gayley-Bulfinch, drawn from Ovid and Apollodorus).—Legend of Tu-tok-a-nu-la (*Indian*, Emerson).—Nezhik-e-wa-wa-sun, or the lone lightning (*Odjibwa*, Emerson).—Wasis, the baby (*Penobscot*, Leland).—Ojeeg Annung, or the summer-maker (*Indian*, Emerson).—The legend of Maui (*Polynesian*, Grey).—The infant Heracles (*Greek*, paraphrased from Lang's translation of the Idyls of Theocritus).—The infant Hermes (*Greek*, paraphrased from Shelley's translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury).

ILLUSTRATIONS

		FACING PAGE
Automedon and the Horses of Achilles	*Regnault*	*Frontispiece*
A Reading from Homer	*Alma-Tadema*	38
Zeus	*From Pompeii*	140
Athēne	*Glyptothek, Munich*	162
Apollo with the Lyre	*Glyptothek, Munich*	232
Diana or Artemis the Huntress	*Versailles*	240
Diana or Artemis	*Correggio*	248
Aurora	*Guido Reni*	270
The Flying Mercury or Hermes	*Giovanni di Bologna*	316
Athēne: Brandisher of the Spear	*Capitol, Rome*	320
Demeter or Ceres	*The Vatican*	340
The Infant Hercules	*Louvre*	384

A GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY

CHAPTER I
WHAT IS A MYTH?

What is a myth? This looks like a simple question, and one that ought to be easy to answer. Yet it is one which has puzzled for centuries the heads of many learned men, who in their attempts to give a satisfactory answer to the question, have written whole libraries of profound books on the subject. It would seem almost hopeless for us to try and find an answer, if it were not that we live in the Twentieth Century, which is like a great hilltop towering above all the past centuries; and from this height we are able to look down and see right into the minds of all these learned and distinguished men, and understand why they found the answer to this question so difficult.

Let us try to imagine all the myths which have come into existence since the beginning of the world shut up in a huge round castle in the midst of a wide plain, and all these learned men like knights of the Middle Ages besieging the castle to find out the secrets that are locked up within it. They come, galloping up on horseback from every quarter of the plain—North, East, South, West—carrying long spears with which they batter away at the castle until they succeed in making a hole through the wall. Then each of these knights of learning becomes so intent upon what he sees in the castle through the hole that he, himself, has made that he is entirely unaware of what the other knights see through the holes they have made. Then they all go off and write

their learned books, telling what they have seen, and when they come to read each other's books, of course, they have terrible battles—all of words fortunately—in their attempts to settle who is right, and each one contends that he has seen all there is to be seen through his own particular little spear hole. But we, upon the hilltop can perceive that every one of the knights saw something about myths which was true, and the way to find the answer we want is to piece together all the fractions of truth which each man saw into a whole truth, or something near a whole truth, for, you know, the whole truth about anything is so immense that it is almost if not quite impossible to find it all out.

For example, it would not be possible for me to tell you in this one short chapter all the secrets which all the knights of learning saw as they looked into the castle; but I shall tell you a few of them, for it will help you to understand more intelligently what a myth really is.

The first knight to be seen galloping out of a very far-distant past is the Greek Theognis of Rhegium. He lived six hundred years B.C., but even as long ago as that there had come to be such an immense number of myths in Greece, that their existence was already a cause for much wonder. He carried a spear, called "allegory," and when he battered into the castle, the only truth he could see was that all myths were allegories. According to him the Greek mythical gods, Apollo, Helios, and Hephaestos, were fire under different aspects: Hera was the air; Posidon, the water; Artemis, the moon, and so on. Other learned Greeks followed in his footsteps and saw much the same things. For example, three hundred years later, Aristotle said that myths were the

attempt of the world before his time to express *philosophical* speculations, and Plutarch four hundred and sixty years later said that myths were *metaphysical* statements in disguise. That is, they all thought that myths had been invented to stand as symbols of objects in nature or of ideas which men had expressed.

Now, if we look again, we shall see another Greek knight galloping out of the past whose name was Euhemeros. He was a historian, a philosopher, and a traveller, and he lived about three hundred years B.C. He was the friend of the King of Macedon, who sent him off on missions to various countries. The spear he carried was called “history,” and the way he came to decide that myths were historical accounts of real persons is told in the following little story. Once when he was off on his travels, after sailing about for several days, he arrived in the Indian Ocean, where he found a group of islands the most important of which was Panchaia. The inhabitants of this island were distinguished for their piety and honored the gods by the most magnificent sacrifices and offerings of gold and silver. Among the wonderful works of art in this island was an immensely tall column on the top of which was a temple to Jupiter Triumphant. This was supposed to have been erected by Jupiter himself, when, an earthly monarch, he marched through the country victorious. Inside this temple was a column upon which were recorded the doings of Jupiter and of his father and grandfather, Kronos and Uranos.

This story, itself, is so evidently a myth that it does not amount to anything as a proof of the historical theory. Nevertheless there have been many to adopt this belief.

Other knights of learning, both ancient and modern, have carried lances with the sounding name, “natural phenomena.” When they look into the castle they see myths as personifications of natural phenomena. Everything that we see happening in nature comes under the head of natural phenomena. The rising and setting of the sun, the moon and the stars each day, the clouds that drift across the sky, storms and whirlwinds, the lightning flash and the loud roar of the thunder, as well as the gentle rain, the tinkling of waterfalls, and the light morning breezes. When all these objects and events in nature are talked about as if they had the same powers as human beings, they are said to be personified. Here is a very pretty example of a myth in which the dawn is personified. It is taken from one of the most ancient books in the world, the “Rig Veda,” about which you will hear more later.

> “The lovely Dawn arousing man goes before the sun preparing practicable paths, riding in a spacious chariot, expanding everywhere, she diffuses light at the commencement of the days.”

Among the ancient knights of learning who thought that all myths were started in this way was the great Thucydides; and Cicero also believed that the exalted beings in mythology who were worshipped as gods were in reality personifications of the objects in nature which struck the imagination of primitive mankind.

There are also many modern knights of learning who hold the same view, among the most distinguished of whom is the English scholar, Max

Müller. About him and his followers Sir George Cox and John Fiske, the American historian and thinker, you will one day know more if you continue your studies in mythology. When Max Müller came to write his learned books upon what he saw in the castle of myths, he supported his learning upon many interesting facts which he had discovered when he was studying the languages of different races.

In comparing the ancient Greek language with the ancient language of India, the Sanskrit, he found out that they were often very much alike. This drove him to the conclusion that they must both be descended from some still older language. He noticed also remarkable resemblances between the myths of Greece and those of India, of which there were large numbers collected in the old books in Sanskrit and other Indian languages. Then he made up his mind that the ancient race of people who spoke the old language from which Greek and Sanskrit were descended must have had a great fondness for inventing myths, and that these myths had been handed down from generation to generation. Finally, many of the descendants of this ancient race went to live in India, while others went to live in Greece, and that was the reason the languages and the myths of these two peoples were so much alike in many ways. The original home of this ancient myth-making race has been thought to be Central Asia, and the race is known in history as the Aryan race. But Max Müller and others who agreed with him were so intoxicated with their new discoveries that they were constantly in danger of making fanciful comparisons between the words of the two languages, and building upon these fanciful comparisons explanations of myths, even more mythical than the myths themselves. In

fact they not only saw in one direction like the other knights, but they used a huge magnifying glass that tinted every thing with unnatural rainbow colors such as you have seen when looking through an opera glass.

I will speak of three others only of the many modern knights of learning who have seen some of the truth:—E. B. Tylor, Andrew Lang, and James G. Frazer. The first of these tells especially about some very curious beliefs possessed by primitive men. These beliefs colored their imagination no matter what kind of myths they might invent. One of them was that a spirit, separate from their ordinary life lived inside of their bodies; another that all things in nature had life like themselves, and also spirits dwelling within them like the spirits within themselves. This was thought to be true of trees and stones as well as of birds and animals. The second, Andrew Lang, considers that myths are stories which tell about the manners and customs of ancient or savage people, and the third, James G. Frazer, sees in the worship of the spirits of vegetation, the corn, the trees and so on the origin of most myths. Very long and very profound are the arguments with which each supports his particular point of view, and many are the illustrations drawn from the myths of all lands with which each illuminates his argument, but, like the rest of the knights, each sees so much in his own truth that he is more or less blind to all that others see.

Now that I have tried to give you this glimpse at the various explanations of myths proposed from the most ancient times to the present, I think we shall be a little better prepared to find out an answer for ourselves that will be satisfactory.

Suppose we take the top off the castle in which we imagined the myths and the secrets of their origin to be locked up, and look down upon them from our hilltop, using as an aid to our vision all the light that comes in through the numerous breaks in the castle made by the lances of the knights. What will the wonderful treasures revealed to us be like? They will not be like jewels, all polished and placed in regular shining rows, for myths were never fashioned as a jeweler would fashion his stones—all at once—into perfectly finished and beautiful shapes. No!—the imaginary contents of our castle which will best stand as a symbol or picture of all the myths of the whole world in all their wonderful variety will be an immense forest of almost countless kinds of trees. Under the trees there are many sorts of plants and flowers; and if we look closer we shall see that some of these trees and plants are ugly in shape, some are even decaying, but there are many most lovely to behold, and a few of the trees tower up above the others and are profusely decorated with many shining ornaments, making them look like Christmas trees. You will see at once that by using this symbol to stand for all the myths of the whole world I want to point out and make clear to you the important fact that myths were not made all at once as the jeweler polishes his stones, but they grew up gradually from small beginnings, like oaks from acorns, or pines from pine cones—and the soil in which they grew was the minds of primitive men ages and ages ago.

Sometimes the trees of one land will look exceedingly like those in another land—in fact, being the same sort of trees, but differing somewhat in shape. Then the smaller plants and flowers are the symbols for many kinds of little mythical stories about every thing that you can think of, or rather

that primitive man could think of, for he didn't know about trolleys and telephones and automobiles, and so there are not any myths about such things as these. And the Christmas trees are the myths which have been enlarged and glorified by having myths from other lands added to them.

Now the point comes up, how did all this vast forest of myths which covers the whole world arise, for the forest symbolizes, remember, only the forms oral or written in which the myths of the world have come to us. To answer this, we must now try to imagine behind all this wonderful growth of myth, on the one hand, the mind of mankind, and on the other hand all the objects of external nature. And besides we must think of mankind as it was untold ages ago in the real childhood of the world. In those far off days when the first men used to roam about the world getting their food by hunting, with nothing but caves or tents to live in, man's consciousness of himself was not even as strong as that of a small child to-day. Still, he had implanted in him the power of observing whatever went on before him, and a constant curiosity to know the cause or the "reason why" of every thing he saw. Above all he had a vivid imagination. He could "make believe" about the things he saw far better than children do in their games to-day, and that is how he came to invent explanations of most of the things he saw about him. Here, for example, is a little story invented by the Hottentots to explain two things which they had observed, the spots on the moon, and the way in which the upper lip of a hare is split.

> "The moon sent an insect to men saying, 'Go thou to men and tell them, as I die and dying live, so ye shall also die and dying live.' The

> insect started with his message, but while on the way was overtaken by the hare who asked him upon what errand he was bound. The insect answered that he had been sent by the moon to tell men that as she dies and dying lives so also shall they die and dying live! The hare said, 'As thou art an awkward runner, let me go.' With these words he ran off and when he reached men he said, 'I am sent by the moon to tell you, as I die and dying perish, in the same manner shall ye also die and come wholly to an end.' Then the hare returned to the moon and told her what he had said to men. The moon reproached him angrily, saying, 'Darest thou tell the people a thing which I have not said?' With these words she took up a hatchet to split his head, missing that the hatchet fell upon the upper lip and made a deep gash. Maddened by such treatment, the hare flew at the moon and scratched her face which are the dark spots which we now see on the moon."

You see these primitive Hottentots treat every thing in nature as if it were alive just as we learned from Tylor. They really did not know what a great difference there is between a human being and an animal or between animals and plants or even plants and stones. All of the objects in nature being endowed with life, they might speak and act just like human beings. But it was only the very wisest of human beings who could understand this language that the animals and plants and other objects in nature might speak.

On this account all nature seemed very mysterious to primitive man, and he therefore was ready to

worship almost any object that caught his attention.

Then the strange feeling he had that another spirit quite detached from his ordinary life lived inside his body, made him imagine queer things about this spirit; for one thing, that it might leave his body and go off on independent journeys in the form of a bird or an animal, or even that it might be stowed away for safe keeping in some animal or other object, like the famous story of the Norse giant whose heart, which is equivalent to his true life, is far away in an egg that is in a church that is on an island that lies in a lake. In many stories belonging to this primitive time, a man's luck often stands for his life and is bound up in some object outside of himself as in this story of the Algonquin Indians, which reflects all the strange notions I have spoken of as well as giving an explanation of the appearance of the sheldrake duck. It is the story of how one of the Partridge's wives became a sheldrake duck, and why her feet and feathers are red.

> "There was once a hunter who lived in the woods. He had a brother or spirit who was so small that he kept him in a box, and when he went forth he closed this very carefully, for fear lest an evil spirit should get him.
>
> "One day this hunter, returning, saw a very beautiful girl sitting on a rock by a river, making a moccasin. And being in a canoe he paddled up softly and silently to capture her; but she, seeing him coming, jumped into the water and disappeared. On returning to her mother, who lived at the bottom of the river, she was told to go back to the hunter and be his wife; 'for now,' said the mother, 'you belong to

that man.'

"The hunter's name was Mitchihess, the Partridge. When she came to his lodge he was absent. So she arranged every thing for his return, making a bed of boughs. At night he came back with one beaver. This he divided; cooked one half for supper and laid by the other half. In the morning when she awoke he was gone, and the other half of the beaver had also disappeared. That night he returned with another beaver, and the same thing took place again. Then she resolved to spy and find out what all this meant.

"So she lay down and went to sleep with one eye open. Then he quietly rose and cooked the half of the beaver, and taking a key unlocked a box, and took out a little red dwarf and fed him. Replacing the elf, he locked him up again, and lay down to sleep. And the small creature had eaten the whole half beaver. But ere he put him in his box he washed him and combed his hair, which seemed to delight him.

"The next morning, when her husband had gone for the day, the wife sought for the key, and having found it opened the box and called to the little fellow to come out. This he refused to do for a long time, though she promised to wash and comb him. Being at length persuaded, he peeped out, when she pulled him forth. But whenever she touched him her hands became red, though of this she took no heed, thinking she could wash it off at will. But lo! while combing him, there entered a hideous being, an awful devil, who caught the small elf from her and ran away.

> "Then she was terribly frightened. And trying to wash her hands, the red stain remained. When her husband returned that night he had no game; when he saw the red stain he knew all that had happened; when he knew what had happened he seized his bow to beat her; when she saw him seize his bow to beat her she ran down to the river and jumped in to escape death at his hands, though it should be by drowning. But as she fell into the water she became a sheldrake duck. And to this day the marks of the red stain are to be seen on her feet and feathers."

You will observe a very strange custom alluded to in this story, and that is the way in which the hunter is described as capturing the maiden for his wife instead of gently trying to persuade her to be his wife. This shows that it is a very far-back myth, for there are many other stories to prove that savages learned to be much more gentle in their ways toward women even before men became altogether civilized.

How primitive men came to have such peculiar beliefs we cannot say positively. Some people have thought that perhaps their dreams made them think that there was a spirit inside of them separate from their ordinary life, while the sounds and movements in nature, such as the singing of a waterfall, the rustling of leaves, or the sound which stones would give out when knocked together, would seem to the uneducated mind of early mankind, to be signs of life like his own.

Another very early belief is that in magic and sorcery. Primitive man used to imagine that he could make it rain by imitating the thunder, which he did

by shaking dried seeds about in a gourd. Magic is really the producing of any desired effect or event by means which are quite outside of the laws of nature. As the primitive savage did not know any thing about the laws of nature, laws which have taken ages for men to discover and all of which are not even yet discovered, he revelled in the invention of means by which he thought he might accomplish the things he would like to do. Sometimes he asked spirits to help him, and if what he wanted to do was evil, he would ask aid of evil spirits. There are countless myths in which magic plays a part, examples of which you will see as you read the stories given in the following chapters.

Since in the time most remote men depended upon animals almost entirely for their food, it is probable that animals were the objects that made the most vivid impressions on them, and, therefore, that stories of animals belong to this most primitive stage.

At this time, too, it is likely that the worship of animals arose, for almost every tribe of savages had a sacred animal which, except in rare instances, it was never allowed to kill and from which it often imagined itself descended.

After many ages, mankind began to till the ground, and to raise grain and vegetables, then plants and trees were more especially observed by them, and the mythical stories have, in consequence, more about plants and trees in them; and, as they had sacred animals, they had also sacred trees or plants, and worshipped them or imagined themselves descended from them.

Then as men progressed in their powers of observation they saw natural phenomena more and more. The succession of night and day impressed

itself upon them, they took note of the motions of the sun, the moon and the stars, clouds caught their attention, storms filled them with awe and fear as the lightning flashed and the thunder roared and rattled in its might. The wind laughed in summer breezes or howled in wintry blasts and they noticed it, and as soon as their attention was fully aroused to all these wonders of nature, they began to think of them, as not only endowed with powers like their own, but as living beings. First, they frequently personified nature as animals, then as human beings, and as they had worshipped sacred animals and sacred plants and sacred trees, now they worshipped these gods of nature; and as they invented tales about the animals and the trees, so they invented tales about these gods of nature. As one would expect, the stories about animals and trees would often be mingled with the new stories of the nature gods, and sometimes changed so that one would hardly recognize them. And then, again, a story told about a nature god in one part of the world would, on account of the early wanderings of the human race from one land to another, be added as an ornament to a story told in another part of the world, like the ornaments on the Christmas trees in the castle.

Again, whole myths would be transported, and as they reached different countries they would be changed somewhat so that they would reflect the manners or the knowledge of that particular country. A strange thing, however, about many myths is that those in one part of the world are so much like those in another part of the world that it would seem as if they must have been invented by the same people. Not only are there myths in India and Greece which are very much alike, but there are myths in

Scandinavia and North America and South America that strongly resemble each other and those of Greece and India.

Why this should be the case is another point about which learned men have had many opinions. Some of them have thought that the whole human race must once have lived in one particular spot on the globe, and that from there large numbers wandered forth to seek new homes in all the other countries on the globe, taking with them the myths which they had in common when they all lived together. It has never been settled just where that particular spot was, and probably it never will be. Perhaps it was in Central Asia, perhaps it was in the southern part of Spain, perhaps in Norway and Sweden, perhaps in the island of Atlantis, in the Southern Seas, which a legend says was submerged ages and ages ago. All of these places have been suggested as the original home of the whole human race, and very good arguments have been brought forward to prove the truth of every one of these suggestions.

Since it does not seem possible to find out the truth about this, there are other people who dismiss the idea altogether. They think that man and nature being a good deal alike in whatever part of the world you find them, it is highly probable that myths might resemble each other very strikingly and yet be invented independently by people living in lands far apart, while the differences would be due largely to climate.

Now if we try to think of centuries of time going by until in many countries primitive man is no longer primitive but begins to be more civilized, we shall find that certain groups of myths became crystallized into complete religious systems, such as

existed in Egypt, Assyria, India, Greece, Persia, and many other countries. By this time the human race had attained to a much greater degree of self-consciousness. Men were beginning to understand both themselves and nature better, and they often could see the true causes for the events of nature going on about them. The next step was for them to begin to observe very carefully the systems of religious myths which had been handed down to them by their forefathers. Upon these they used their imaginative faculty, as man had earlier used it upon nature itself, with the result that they attached new meanings and gave fresh explanations of myths which had originally started as simple personifications of nature. In Greece, for example, Apollo, who was originally a personification of the sun, came to be regarded as the God of Music and Poetry; Athēne, who was originally the Dawn, became the Goddess of Wisdom; Hermes, originally the Wind, became the God of Eloquence and the leader of spirits. This is the way myths gradually grew to have philosophical or metaphysical meanings—that is, to stand as symbols of the deepest and most far-reaching thoughts of which the mind of man at that time was capable. Many of those thoughts are so profound and so wonderful that one needs to have a great deal of knowledge to understand them. All that interests you now is to know that there are such thoughts and that some day you will want to know more about them.

While some myths were thus raised to religious systems, there were many which remained in the form of legends and stories. In the course of many generations, these stories were told over again and again so that many changes crept into them and many additions were made. Sometimes the effect of

these changes was to make a story cruder, sometimes the complexity of a story was increased, and sometimes it became more interesting and beautiful. Stories which have been changed or added to by the people in this way are called *variants* of the same story.

Owing to these facts mythology has been divided into two great sections. That which has risen to the dignity of a religion is called culture-lore, and that which has remained always in the form of stories and legends is called folk-lore. The first reflects the learning, wisdom and manners of the more intelligent portions of humanity, who developed in advance of the others; and the second the beliefs and customs of the less intelligent.

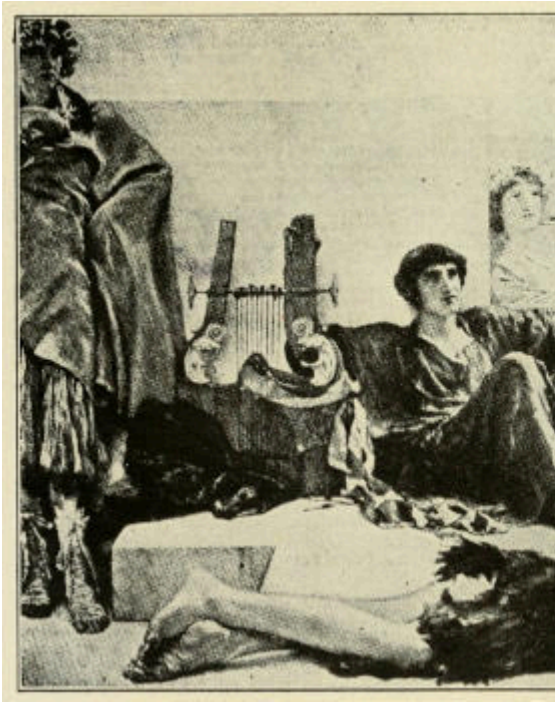
You are probably wondering by this time how all this vast array of myths has come down to us from the long ago past. Much of it has been preserved in ancient books like the “Rig Veda” in India, which is thought to be about four thousand years old, the “Iliad” and “Odyssey” of Homer in Greece, about three thousand years old and many others. These books existed in manuscript for many hundreds of years. Since the invention of printing, large numbers of them have been printed and translated into modern languages. Knowledge of ancient myths has also been obtained from monuments and the inscriptions upon them, from paintings on vases and from statues.

The folk-lore has for the most part been preserved orally in the stories of the common people, and has been handed down from generation to generation and finally taken down in writing by some one especially interested in collecting the stories, while the myths of the most primitive men are preserved in

the survivals of them among the races still remaining uncivilized in various parts of the globe. These have been for several centuries taken down from the mouths of the people, or observed in their customs and recorded by students. Among these less civilized races there are besides crude monuments, and even crude forms of writing by means of which primitive men have recorded their own myths.

You will realize by this time what an extensive and wonderful forest this forest of myths is which we imagine ourselves looking down upon from our hilltop, and after having taken this bird's-eye view of the whole forest, you will be the better able to enjoy going down into the forest and making little journeys in different directions and becoming better acquainted with some of the most beautiful of the myths as you will in the following chapters. And now, moreover, you will have no difficulty in understanding me when I answer the question, "What is a myth?" by saying:

A myth is any imaginative explanation or interpretation by man of himself or of the objects and events in nature outside of himself, including their appearance, their effects and the still greater mystery of their causes. It may exist in many forms from the simple myth of explanation to the complicated systems of religious myths in which the objects of nature are regarded as gods in human form. The chief thing to be remembered about myths is that they are not true, though they may contain some elements of truth; another, that though not actually true they seemed to be true to the people who made them.



A Readi

CHAPTER II
ANIMALS IN PRIMITIVE MYTHS

The stories now to be told belong to that very early time in human life, when, as we learned in the last chapter, men regarded every thing in nature as if it were gifted with life like themselves. The strange ideas to which this belief gave rise are, of course, reflected in their myths. Many of the stories have in them animals and plants which talk, while the transformation of men into animals or animals into men or even gods into animals, when animals are not actually worshipped is frequent.

The most curious of all these beliefs is that mankind is descended from animals, all the more curious because some modern scientific men have, as every one knows, tried to prove very much the same thing. The modern scientist, however, does not have any especial reverence for the antediluvian ape from which he supposes he may have evolved, while the primitive savage regarded with awe and reverence the animals from which he thought himself descended. Groups of savages called clans—all tracing their descent from the same animal, considered that animal to be especially their friend. They would not kill it or eat it, except in a few instances when it was killed for the purposes of sacrifice. Many different animals were regarded as ancestral animals, and became the sign or totem, as it was called, of the tribe. Among totem animals may be mentioned the following in Australia: Opossum, Swan, Duck, Fish. Most of the Australian tribes

declare that the family started by a transformation of these animals into mankind. The North American Indians have a great variety of totem animals: Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Heron, Hawk, Crane, Duck, Loon, Turkey, Muskrat, Pike, Catfish, Carp, and so on.

It was an easy step for the savage from the belief in his own descent from some animal to a belief in the sacredness and mystery of animals, naturally leading to the worship of them. The Indians of Peru, for example, regarded the dog as their most exalted deity. They set up the image of a dog in their temples. They were also in the habit of choosing a live dog as a representation of their deity. They worshipped this and offered sacrifices to it, and when it was well fattened up they ate it with solemn religious ceremonies. This is one of the cases where the sacred animal was eaten. Serpent worship is one of the most wide-spread forms of animal worship, an example of which is found among the Zulus to whom certain species are sacred because they are supposed to be the incarnations of ancestral spirits.

Another form which the sacred animal took was that of a supernatural being not only concerned in the origin of men but who had a part to play in the origin of the whole world.

In a large number of these myths, the water already existed and, also of course, the remarkable animal who brought to pass such wonders. The animal was sometimes very humble as in the story told by the Indians of British Columbia of the creation of the world.

HOW A MUSKRAT MADE THE WORLD

In the beginning nothing existed but water and a muskrat. As the little animal kept diving down to the bottom of the water in search of food, his mouth became frequently filled with mud. This he spat out and so gradually formed by alluvial deposit, an island, which grew and grew until it finally became large enough to be the earth.

The natives of the Philippine Islands tell this story of the creation of the world.

HOW THE KITE HELPED TO MAKE THE WORLD

The world at first consisted only of sky and water and between these two there flew a kite. The kite became weary of flying about, and finding no place to rest; so he set the water at variance with the sky. Then, in order to keep the water within bounds and so that it should not get uppermost, the sky loaded the water with a number of islands in which the kite might settle and leave them at peace. Now, it happened that floating about in the water was a large cane with two joints which was at length thrown up by the waves at the feet of the kite as it stood on the shore of one of the islands. The kite split open the cane with its bill, and behold, a man came out of one joint and a woman out of the other. They were soon after married by the consent of their god, Bathala Meycapal, and from them are descended the different nations of the world.

In some stories, a fish instead of a bird or an animal is the maker of the earth, while there is an interesting Polynesian myth in which the earth itself

was a fish and was fished up out of the waters with a fish hook. The person who accomplished this remarkable feat was the youngest of the Maui brothers, and the flower of the family, by all accounts. We shall hear of him again in the chapter on child myths.

HOW MAUI FISHED UP THE EARTH

The youngest Maui was always very badly treated by his elder brothers. They were in the habit of going off and leaving him alone at home with nothing to do and nobody to play with. Their treatment of him at meals was even more shocking. They would devour the best of every thing themselves, and toss him a bone or offal to eat.

Finally, little Maui plucks up courage to assert himself, and the next time his brothers go a-fishing, he takes his place in the boat and insists on going, too. “Where is your hook,” ask the two brothers. “Oh this will do,” says little Maui, taking out his ancestor’s jawbone. This he throws overboard for his fish-hook, but on trying to pull it in again he finds it very heavy. By hauling away at it, however, he at last lifts it, and finds it has brought up the land from the bottom of the deep. This land proved to be an extraordinary combination of an enormous fish and an island with houses and men and animals on it.

The world supporting tortoise is a familiar mythological friend, believed in by Asia, and holding an important place in the mythology of the North American Indian, where a turtle, the lonely inhabitant of the waste of waters, dived to the depths for the earth.

Even so humble an insect as the grasshopper figures in the Bushman's story of the creation of the world. Insignificant as the grasshopper appears to us, to the Bushman he appeared a great creature, called Cagn, with truly omnipotent powers, for he undertook the work of creation without even the usual raw material of water. He simply gave orders and caused all things to appear and to be made,—sun, moon, stars, wind, mountains, animals.

In many of the primitive stories, magic is the means by which the most wonderful effects are produced. It was believed that a magician could bring about any effect he desired by the mere use of his will, and often without any visible symbol of magic power. Sometimes, however, magic wands were used, and sometimes ceremonies were performed for the purpose of producing magical results. On the other hand magical prodigies such as the changing of shape from man to animal often occur without the intervention of any magician.

Whatever may have been the origin of this belief, it is certain that it was just as sincerely believed in as a theory of the universe by early mankind as the doctrine of an endless, persistent energy, always working from cause to effect has been believed in by the nineteenth century scientist.

Very fanciful stories have clustered about the idea that the spirit might be detached from the body, and placed somewhere far away, as you will see when you read the story of "Punchkin."

So firmly was this idea fixed in the savage mind that, it seems probable, his worship of animals, even in the earliest stages of life was really a worship of the spirit within the animal, rather than of the animal itself, and from this phase he passed on to the

worship of a great spirit that might manifest itself in many forms. This was the belief of many of the North American Indian tribes. The Great Spirit, above all the lesser gods, is frequently referred to in their stories.

Of the following stories the first three, are examples of a very large class of early myths, which attempt to account for the origin or peculiarities of animals. Curiosity having been awakened, the savage tries to explain what he sees and often invents pretty and even elaborate myths in his effort to find a truth beyond his knowledge.

In the "Origin of the Robin," a custom observed among Indians is referred to in the young man's fast. Instead of college commencements, with Baccalaureate sermons, and valedictories, the young Indian boy or maiden was made to observe a solitary fast afar from the parental wigwam, and while suffering the pangs of hunger and loneliness, it was believed that the Great Spirit or a guardian spirit would reveal to him his future.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN

(*From the Odjibwa*)

An old man had an only son, named Opeechee, who had come to that age which is thought to be most proper to make the long and final fast which is to secure through life a guardian genius or spirit. The father was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed wisest and greatest among his people. To accomplish his wish, he thought it necessary that the young Opeechee should fast a much longer time than any of those renowned

for their power of wisdom, whose fame he coveted.

He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony for the event. After Opeechee had been several times in the sweating-lodge and bath, which were to prepare and purify him for communion with his good spirit, his father ordered him to lie down upon a clean mat in a little lodge expressly provided for him. He enjoined upon him at the same time to endure his fast like a man, and promised that at the expiration of twelve days he should receive food and the blessing of his father.

The lad carefully observed the command, and lay with his face covered, calmly awaiting the approach of the spirit which was to decide his good or evil fortune for all the days of his life.

Every morning his father came to the door of the little lodge and encouraged him to persevere, dwelling at length on the vast honor and renown that must ever attend him, should he accomplish the full term of trial allotted to him.

To these glowing words of promise and glory the boy never replied, but he lay without the least sign of discontent or murmuring until the ninth day, when he addressed his father as follows:

“My father, my dreams forebode evil. May I break my fast now, and at a more favorable time make a new fast?”

The father answered:

“My son, you know not what you ask. If you get up now all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days more, and your term will be completed. You know it is for your own good, and I encourage you to persevere. Shall not your

aged father live to see you a star among the chieftains and the beloved of battle?"

The son assented; and covering himself more closely, that he might shut out the light which prompted him to complain, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request.

The father addressed Opeechee as he had the other day, and promised that he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him by the dawn of the morning.

The son moaned, and the father added:

"Will you bring shame upon your father when his sun is falling in the West?"

"I will not shame you, my father," replied Opeechee; and he lay so still and motionless that you could only know that he was living by the gentle heaving of his breast.

At the spring of the day, the next morning, the father, delighted at having gained his end, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door of the little lodge, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself.

He held his ear down to listen, and, looking through a small opening, he was yet more astonished when he beheld his son painted with vermilion over all his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far back on his shoulders as he could reach with his hands, saying at the same time, to himself: "My father has destroyed my fortune as a man. He would not listen to my requests. He has urged me beyond my tender strength. He will be the loser. I shall be forever happy in my new state, for I have been obedient to my parent. He alone will be

the sufferer, for my guardian spirit is a just one. Though not propitious to me in the manner I desired, he has shown me pity in another way—he has given me another shape; and now I must go."

At this moment the old man broke in exclaiming:

"My son! I pray you leave me not!"

But the young man with the quickness of a bird flew to the top of the lodge and perched himself on the highest pole, having been changed into a beautiful robin red-breast. He looked down upon his father with pity, and addressed him as follows:

"Regret not, my father, the change you behold. I shall be happier in my present state than I could have been as a man. I shall always be the friend of men, and keep near their dwellings. I shall ever be contented; and although I could not gratify your wishes as a warrior, it will be my daily aim to make you amends for it as a harbinger of peace and joy. I shall cheer you by my songs, and strive to inspire in others the joy and lightsomeness of heart I feel in my present state. This will be some compensation to you for the loss of glory you expected. I am now free from the cares and pains of human life. My food is furnished by the mountains and fields, and my pathway of life is in the bright air."

Then, stretching himself on his toes, as if delighted with the gift of wings, Opeechee caroled one of his sweetest songs, and flew away into a neighboring wood.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARE

(*From the Aino*)

Suddenly, there was a large house on the top of a mountain, wherein were six people beautifully arrayed, but constantly quarreling. Whence they came was unknown. Thereupon Okikurumi came and said: “Oh! you bad hares! you wicked hares! Who does not know your origin? The children in the sky were pelting each other with snow balls, and the snow balls fell into the world of men. As it would be a pity to waste anything that falls from the sky, the snow balls were turned into hares, and those hares are you. You who dwell in this world which belongs to me, should not quarrel. What is that you are making such a noise about?”

With these words, Okikurumi seized a fire-brand, and beat each of the six with it in turn. Thereupon all the hares ran away. This is the origin of the hare and for this reason the body of the hare is white because made of snow, while its ears, which are the place where it was charred by the fire-brand,—are black.

HOW THE MOLE BECAME BLIND

(*North American Indian*)

Once a squirrel was being chased by an Indian, and in order to escape, the squirrel ran all the way up a tree into the sky. The Indian set a snare for the squirrel at the top of the tree and then came down, but he found the next day that the sun was caught in the snare, and this brought on night. He saw at once how much harm he had caused, and being an Indian of very good intentions he was anxious to do what he could to remedy the mischief. So he sent up great numbers of animals in the hope that they might cut the noose and release the sun, but the intense heat

burned them all to ashes. At length the slow mole succeeded; he burrowed under the road in the sky till he reached the place of the sun, gnawed in twain the cords, and released the captive. But the sun's flash put his eyes out and this is the reason why the mole is blind. The effect of the burning is still to be seen on the nose and the teeth of the mole, for they are brown as if burnt. From that time on, however, the gait of the sun has been more deliberate and slow.

THE BOY AND THE WOLVES; OR, THE BROKEN PROMISE

(*North American Indian*)

In the depths of a solitary forest a hunter had built his lodge, for he was weary of the companionship of the people of his tribe; their habits of deceit and cruelty had turned his heart from them. With his family, his wife and three children, he had selected a home in the solitude of the forest. Years passed by while he peacefully enjoyed the quiet of his home, or the more attractive pleasures of the chase, in which he was joined by his eldest son. At length his peaceful enjoyments were interrupted: sickness entered the solitary lodge, and the hunter was prostrated upon his couch never more to rise.

As death drew near, he addressed his family in these words: "You," said he turning to his wife, "you, who have been the companion of my life, shall join me in the Isle of the Blessed. You have not long to suffer. But oh, my children!" and he turned his eyes affectionately upon them, "you have just commenced life; and, mark me, unkindness, ingratitude, and every wickedness is before you. I left my tribe and kindred to come to this unfrequented place, because

of the evils of which I have just warned you. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves, for I was solicitous that you might be kept from bad example; and I shall die contented if you, my children, promise to cherish each other, and not to forsake your youngest brother."

Exhausted with speaking, the dying hunter closed his eyes for a few moments, and then, rousing himself with great effort, he took the hand of his two eldest children and said: "My daughter, never forsake your youngest brother. My son, never forsake your youngest brother."

"Never! never!" responded both; and the hunter sank back upon his pallet and soon expired.

His wife, according to his predictions, followed him after the brief expiration of eight months; but in her last moments she reminded the two children of the promise made their father. During the winter following their mother's death, the two elder children were exceedingly thoughtful in regard to their brother, who was a mere child and very delicate and sickly; but when the winter had passed away, the young man became restless, and at length determined to break his promise to his father, and seek the village of his father's tribe.

He communicated this determination to his sister, who replied: "My brother, I cannot wonder at your desire, as we are not prohibited the society of our fellow-men; but we were told to cherish each other, and protect our little brother. If we follow our own inclinations, we may forget him."

To this the young man made no reply, but, taking his bow and arrows, left the lodge and never returned. Several moons passed after his departure,

during which the girl tenderly watched over her little brother; but at length the solitude of her life became unendurable, and she began to meditate escaping from the care of her brother, and leaving him alone in his helplessness. She gathered into the lodge a large amount of food, and then said to her brother, “My brother, do not leave the lodge; I go to seek our brother, and shall soon return.”

Then she went in search of the village of her tribe, where she hoped to find her elder brother. When she reached the village, she was so delighted with the novelty of society and the pleasure of seeing others of her own age that she entirely forgot her little brother. She found her elder brother nicely settled in life, he having married very happily; and, on receiving a proposal of marriage herself, abandoned all thought of returning to the solitary lodge in the forest, accepting a home in the village with the young man who became her husband.

As soon as the little brother had eaten all the food collected by his sister, he went into the woods and picked berries and dug up roots. That satisfied his hunger as long as the weather was mild; but, when the winter drew on, he was obliged to wander about in very great distress for want of food. He often passed his nights in the clefts and hollows of old trees, and was glad to eat the refuse-meat left by the wolves; and he became so fearless of those animals that he would sit by them while they devoured their prey, and the animals themselves were so accustomed to him that they seemed pleased with his presence, and always left some of their food for him. Thus the little boy lived on through the winter, succored from hunger by the wild beasts of the woods.

When the winter had passed away and the ice had melted from the Great Lake, he followed the wolves to its open shore. It happened one day that his elder brother was fishing in his canoe on the lake, and, hearing the cry of a child, hastened to the shore, where at a short distance from him he discovered his little brother, who was singing plaintively these lines:

Nesia, Nesia, shug wuh, gushuh!
Ne mien gun-iew! Ne mien gun-iew!

My brother, my brother!
I am turning into a wolf!
I am turning into a wolf!

At the termination of his song, he howled like a wolf; and the elder, approaching him, was startled at seeing that the little fellow had indeed half turned into a wolf, when, running hastily forward, he shouted, “My brother, my little brother, come to me!” But the boy fled from him, while he continued to sing: “I am turning into a wolf!—Ne mien gun-iew! Ne mien gun-iew!” Filled with anguish and remorse, the elder brother continued to cry, “My brother, my little brother, come to me!” But the more eagerly he called, the more rapidly his brother fled from him, while he became more and more like a wolf, until, with a prolonged howl, his whole body was transformed, when he bounded swiftly away into the depths of the forest.

The elder brother, in the deepest sorrow, now returned to his village, where with his sister he lamented the dreadful fate of his brother until the end of his life.

HOW WASBASHAS, THE SNAIL, BECAME A MAN

(*North American Indian*)

Upon the banks of the Missouri River there once lived a snail, in great enjoyment; for he found plenty of food, and was never in want of anything that a snail could desire. At length, however, disaster reached him. The waters of the river overflowed its banks; and, although the little creature clung to a log with all his strength,—hoping thereby to remain safe upon the shore,—the rising flood carried both him and the log away, and they floated helplessly many days, until the waters subsided, when the poor snail was left upon a strange shore that was covered with the river's slime, where, as the sun arose, the heat was so intense that he was irrecoverably fixed in the mud. Oppressed with the heat and drought, and famishing for want of nourishment, in despair he resigned himself to his fate and prepared to die. But suddenly new feelings arose, and a renewed vigor entered his frame. His shell burst open; his head gradually arose above the ground; his lower extremities assumed the character of feet and legs; arms extended from his sides, and their extremities divided into fingers; and, thus beneath the influence of the shining sun, he became a tall and noble-looking man. For a while he was stupefied with the change; he had no energy, no distinct thoughts; but by degrees his brain assumed its activity, and returning recollection induced him to travel back to his native shore. Naked and ignorant, and almost perishing with hunger, he walked along. He saw beasts and birds enticing to the appetite; but, not knowing how to kill them, his hunger was left

unappeased.

At last he became so weak that he laid himself down upon the ground in despair, thinking that he must die. He had not been lying thus very long, when he heard a voice calling him by name, “Wasbashas, Wasbashas!” He looked up, and before him beheld the Great Spirit sitting upon a white animal. And the eyes of the Spirit were like stars; the hair of his head shone like the sun. Trembling from head to foot, Wasbashas bowed his head. He could not look upon him. Again the voice spoke, in a mild tone, “Wasbashas, why art thou terrified?” “I tremble,” replied Wasbashas, “because I stand before him who raised me from the ground. I am faint; I have eaten nothing since I was left a little shell upon the shore.” The Great Spirit then lifted up his hands, displaying in them a bow and arrows; and telling Wasbashas to look at him, he put an arrow to the string of the bow, and sent it into the air, striking a beautiful bird, that dropped dead upon the ground. A deer then coming in sight, he placed another arrow to the string, and pierced it through and through. “There,” said the Great Spirit, “is your food, and these are your arms,”—handing him the bow and arrows. The beneficent Being then instructed him how to remove the skin of the deer, and prepare it for a garment. “You are naked,” said he, “and must be clothed; for although it is now warm, the skies will change, and bring rains and snow and cold winds.” Having said this, he also imparted the gift of fire, and instructed him how to roast the flesh of the deer and bird. He then placed a collar of wampum around his neck. “This,” said he, “is your title of authority over all the beasts.” Having done this, the Great Spirit arose in the air and vanished from sight. Wasbashas refreshed himself with the food, and

afterward pursued his way to his native land. Having walked a long distance, he seated himself on the banks of a river, and meditated on what had transpired, when a large beaver arose up from the channel and addressed him. “Who art thou?” said the beaver, “that comest here to disturb my ancient reign?”

“I am a man,” he replied. “I was once a creeping shell; but who art thou?” “I am king of the nation of beavers,” was answered; “I lead my people up and down this stream. We are a busy people, and the river is my dominion.”

“I must divide it with you,” said Wasbashas; “the Great Spirit has placed me at the head of beasts and birds, fishes and fowls, and has provided me with the power of maintaining my rights;” and then he exhibited the gifts of the Great Spirit, the bow and arrows and the wampum.

“Come, come,” said the beaver in a modified tone, “I perceive we are brothers; walk with me to my lodge, and refresh yourself after your journey.” So saying he conducted Wasbashas, who had accepted the invitation with great alacrity, to a beautiful large village, where he was entertained in the chief’s lodge, which was built in a cone shape; and, as the floor was covered with pine mats, it had a very delightful appearance to the eyes of Wasbashas.

After they had seated themselves, the chief bade his wife and daughter prepare for them the choicest food in their possession. Meanwhile he entertained his guest by informing him how they constructed their lodges, and described their manner of cutting down trees with their teeth, and felling them across streams so as to dam up the water; and also instructed him in the method of finishing the dams

with leaves and clay. With this wise conversation the chief beguiled the time, and also gained the respect of Wasbashas. His wife and daughter now entered, bringing in fresh peeled poplar and willow and sassafras and elder-bark, which was the most choice food known to them. Of this Wasbashas made a semblance of tasting, while his entertainer devoured a large amount with great enjoyment. The daughter of the chief now attracted the eyes of Wasbashas. Her modest deportment and cleanly attire, her assiduous attention to the commands of her father, heightened very much her charms, which in the estimation of the guest were very great; and the longer Wasbashas gazed upon the maiden, the more deeply he was enamoured, until at length he formed the resolution to seek her in marriage; upon which, with persuasive words, he spoke to the chief, begging him to allow his suit. The chief gladly assented; and as the daughter had formed a favourable opinion of the suitor, a marriage was consummated—but not without a feast to which beavers and friendly animals were invited. From this union of the snail and beaver the Osage tribe has its origin.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF MASTER RABBIT WITH THE OTTER AND THE WOODPECKER GIRLS

ALSO A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS CHASE, IN WHICH HE FOOLED LUSIFEE, THE WILD CAT

(*Algonquin*)

I. HOW MASTER RABBIT SOUGHT TO RIVAL KEEOONY, THE OTTER

Of old times, *Mahtigwess*, the Rabbit, who is called in the Micmac tongue *Ableegumooch*, lived with his grandmother, waiting for better times; and truly he found it a hard matter in midwinter, when ice was on the river and snow was on the plain, to provide even for his small household. And running through the forest one day he found a lonely wigwam, and he that dwelt therein was *Keeoony*, the Otter. The lodge was on the bank of a river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door down to the water. And the Otter made him welcome, and directed his housekeeper to get ready to cook; saying which, he took the hooks on which he was wont to string fish when he had them, and went to fetch a mess for dinner. Placing himself on the top of the slide, he coasted in and under the water, and then came out with a great bunch of eels, which were soon cooked, and on which they dined.

"By my life," thought Master Rabbit, "but that is an easy way of getting a living! Truly these fishing-folk have fine fare, and cheap! Cannot I, who am so clever, do as well as this mere Otter? Of course I can. Why not?" Thereupon he grew so confident of himself as to invite the Otter to dine with him—*adamadusk ketkewop*—on the third day after that, and so went home.

"Come on!" he said to his grandmother the next morning; "let us remove our wigwam down to the lake." So they removed; and he selected a site such as the Otter had chosen for his home, and the weather being cold he made a road of ice, of a coast, down from his door to the water, and all was well. Then the guest came at the time set, and Rabbit, calling his grandmother, bade her get ready to cook a dinner. "But what am I to cook, grandson?"

inquired the old dame.

"Truly I will see to that," said he, and made him a *nabogun*, or stick to string eels. Then going to the ice path, he tried to slide like one skilled in the art, but indeed with little luck, for he went first to the right side, then to the left, and so hitched and jumped till he came to the water, where he went in with a bob backwards. And this bad beginning had no better ending, since of all swimmers and divers the Rabbit is the very worst, and this one was no better than his brothers. The water was cold, he lost his breath, he struggled, and was well-nigh drowned.

"But what on earth ails the fellow?" said the Otter to the grandmother, who was looking on in amazement.

"Well, he has seen somebody do something, and is trying to do likewise," replied the old lady.

"Ho! come out of that now," cried the Otter, "and hand me your *nabogun*!" And the poor Rabbit, shivering with cold, and almost frozen, came from the water and limped into the lodge. And there he required much nursing from his grandmother, while the Otter, plunging into the stream, soon returned with a load of fish. But, disgusted at the Rabbit for attempting what he could not perform, he threw them down as a gift, and went home without tasting the meal.

II. HOW MAHTIGWESS, THE RABBIT, DINED WITH THE WOODPECKER GIRLS, AND WAS AGAIN HUMBLED BY TRYING TO RIVAL THEM.

Now Master Rabbit, though disappointed, was not discouraged, for this one virtue he had, that he never

gave up. And wandering one day in the wilderness, he found a wigwam well filled with young women, all wearing red head-dresses; and no wonder, for they were Woodpeckers. Now, Master Rabbit was a well-bred Indian, who made himself as a melody to all voices, and so he was cheerfully bidden to bide to dinner, which he did. Then one of the red-polled pretty girls, taking a *woltes*, or wooden dish, lightly climbed a tree, so that she seemed to run; and while ascending, stopping here and there and tapping now and then, took from this place and that many of those insects called by the Indians *apchel-moal-timpkawal*, or rice, because they so much resemble it. And note that this rice is a dainty dish for those who like it. And when it was boiled, and they had dined, Master Rabbit again reflected, "La! how easily some folks live! What is to hinder me from doing the same? Ho, you girls! come over and dine with me the day after to-morrow!"

And having accepted this invitation, all the guests came on the day set, when Master Rabbit undertook to play woodpecker. So having taken the head of an eel-spear and fastened it to his nose to make a bill, he climbed as well as he could—and bad was the best—up a tree, and tried to get his harvest of rice. Truly he got none; only in this did he succeed in resembling a Woodpecker, that he had a red poll; for his pate was all torn and bleeding, bruised by the fishing-point. And the pretty birds all looked and laughed, and wondered what the Rabbit was about.

"Ah!" said his grandmother, "I suppose he is trying again to do something which he has seen some one do. 'Tis just like him."

"Oh, come down there!" cried Miss Woodpecker, as well as she could for laughing. "Give me your

dish!" And having got it she scampered up the trunk, and soon brought down a dinner. But it was long ere Master Rabbit heard the last of it from these gay tree-tappers.

III. RELATING HOW THE RABBIT BECAME WISE BY BEING ORIGINAL, AND OF THE TERRIBLE TRICKS WHICH HE BY MAGIC PLAYED LOUP-CERVIER.

There are men who are bad at copying, yet are good originals, and of this kind was Master Rabbit, who, when he gave up trying to do as others did, succeeded very well. And, having found out his foible, he applied himself to become able in good earnest, and studied *m'téoulin*, or magic, so severely that in time he grew to be an awful conjurer, so that he could raise ghosts, crops, storms, or devils whenever he wanted them. For he had perseverance, and out of this may come anything, if it be only brought into the right road.

Now it came to pass that Master Rabbit got into great trouble. The records of the Micmacs say that it was from his stealing a string of fish from the Otter, who pursued him; but the Passamaquoddies declare that he was innocent of this evil deed, probably because they make great account of him as their ancestor and as the father of the Wabanaki. Howbeit, this is the way in which they tell the tale.

Now the Rabbit is the natural prey of the Loup-Cervier, or Lusifee, who is a kind of wild-cat, none being more obstinate. And this Wild-Cat once went hunting with a gang of wolves, and they got nothing. Then Wild-Cat, who had made them great promises and acted as chief, became angry, and, thinking of

the Rabbit, promised them that this time they should indeed get their dinner. So he took them to Rabbit's wigwam; but he was out, and the Wolves, being vexed and starved, reviled Wild-Cat, and then rushed off howling through the woods.

Now I think that the Rabbit is *m'téoulin*. Yes, he must be, for when Wild-Cat started to hunt him alone, he determined with all his soul not to be caught, and made himself as magical as he could. So he picked up a handful of chips, and threw one as far as possible, then jumped to it—for he had a charm for a long jump; and then threw another, and so on, for a great distance. This was to make no tracks, and when he thought he had got out of scent and sight and sound he scampered away like the wind.

Now, as I said, when the wolves got to Master Rabbit's house and found nothing, they smelt about and left Wild-Cat, who swore by his tail that he would catch Rabbit, if he had to hunt forever and run himself to death. So, taking the house for a center, he kept going round and round it, all the time a little further, and so more around and still further. Then at last having found the track, he went in hot haste after Mr. Rabbit. And both ran hard, till, night coming on, Rabbit, to protect himself, had only just time *to trample down the snow a little, and stick up a spruce twig on end and sit on it.* But when Wild-Cat came up he found there a fine wigwam, and put his head in. All that he saw was an old man of very grave and dignified appearance, whose hair was gray, and whose majestic (*sogmoye*) appearance was heightened by a pair of long and venerable ears. And of him Wild-Cat asked in a gasping hurry if he had seen a Rabbit running that way.

"Rabbits!" replied the old man. "Why, of course, I

have seen many. They abound in the woods about here. I see dozens of them every day." With this he said kindly to Wild-Cat that he had better tarry with him for a time. "I am an old man," he remarked with solemnity—"an old man, living alone, and a respectable guest, like you, sir, comes to me like a blessing." And the Cat, greatly impressed, remained. After a good supper he lay down by the fire, and, having run all day, was at once asleep, and made but one nap of it till morning. But how astonished, and oh, how miserable he was, when he awoke, to find himself on the open heath in the snow and almost starved! The wind blew as if it had a keen will to kill him; it seemed to go all through his body. Then he saw that he had been a fool and cheated by magic, and in a rage swore again by his teeth, as well as his tail, that the Rabbit should die. There was no hut now, only the trampled snow and a spruce twig, and yet out of this little, Rabbit had conjured up so great a delusion.

Then he ran again all day. And when night came, Master Rabbit, having a little more time than before, again trampled down the snow, but for a greater space, and strewed many branches all about, for now a huge effort was to be made. And when Wild-Cat got there he found a great Indian village, with crowds of people going to and fro. The first building he saw was a church, in which service was being held. And he, entering, said hastily to the first person he saw, "Ha! ho! have you seen a Rabbit running by here?"

"Hush—sh, sh!" replied the man. "You must wait till meeting is over before asking such questions." Then a young man beckoned to him to come in, and he listened till the end to a long sermon on the

wickedness of being vindictive and rapacious; and the preacher was a gray ancient, and his ears stood up over his little cap like the two handles of a pitcher, yet for all that the Wild-Cat's heart was not moved one whit. And when it was all at an end he said to the obliging young man, "But *have* you seen a Rabbit running by?"

"Rabbits! Rab-bits!" replied the young man. "Why, there are hundreds racing about in the cedar swamps near this place, and you can have as many as you want." "Ah!" replied Wild-Cat, "but they are not what I seek. Mine is an entirely different kind." The other said that he knew of no sort save the wild wood-rabbits, but that perhaps their Governor, or Chief, who was very wise, could tell him all about them. Then the Governor, or Sagamore, came up. Like the preacher, he was very remarkable and gray, with the long locks standing up one on either side of his head. And he invited the stranger to his house, where his two very beautiful daughters cooked him a fine supper. And when he wished to retire they brought out blankets and a beautiful *white bear's skin*, and made up a bed for him by the fire. Truly, his eyes were closed as soon as he lay down, but when he awoke there had been a great change. For now he was in a wet cedar swamp, the wind blowing ten times worse than ever, and his supper and sleep had done him little good, for they were all a delusion. All around him were rabbits' tracks and broken twigs, but nothing more.

Yet he sprang up, more enraged than ever, and swearing more terribly by his tail, teeth, and claws that he would be revenged. So he ran on all day, and at night, when he came to another large village, he was so weary that he could just gasp, "Have—you—

seen a Rab—bit run this way?" With much concern and kindness they all asked him what was the matter. So he told them all this story, and they pitied him very much; yea, one gray old man—and this was the Chief—with two beautiful daughters, shed tears and comforted him, and advised him to stay with them. So they took him to a large hall, where there was a great fire burning in the middle thereof. And over it hung two pots with soup and meat, and two Indians stood by and gave food to all the people. And he had his share with the rest, and all feasted gayly.

Now, when they had done eating, the old Governor, who was very gray, and from either side of whose head rose two very venerable, long white feathers, rose to welcome the stranger, and in a long speech said it was, indeed, the custom of their village to entertain guests, but that they expected from them a song. Then Wild-Cat, who was vain of his voice, uplifted it in vengeance against the Rabbits:

> Oh, how I hate them!
> How I despise them!
> How I laugh at them!
> May I scalp them all!

Then he said that he thought the Governor should sing. And to this the Chief consented, but declared that all who were present should bow their heads while seated, and shut their eyes, which they did. Then Chief Rabbit, at one bound, cleared the heads of his guests, and drawing his *timheyen*, or tomahawk, as he jumped, gave Wild-Cat a wound which cut deeply into his head and only fell short of killing him by entirely stunning him. When he recovered, he was again in snow, slush and filth, more starved than ever, his head bleeding from a

dreadful blow, and he himself almost dead. Yet, with all that, the Indian devil was stronger in him than ever, for every new disgrace did but bring more resolve to be revenged, and he swore it by his tail, claws, teeth, and eyes.

So he tottered along, though he could hardly walk; nor could he, indeed, go very far that day. And when almost broken down with pain and weariness, he came about noon to two good wigwams. Looking into one, he saw a gray-haired old man, and in the other a young girl, apparently his daughter. And they received him kindly, and listened to his story, saying it was very sad, the old man declaring that he must really remain there, and that he would get him a doctor, since, unless he were well cared for at once, he would die. Then he went forth as if in great concern, leaving his daughter to nurse the weary, wounded stranger.

Now, when the doctor came, he, too, was an old gray man, with a scalp-lock strangely divided like two horns. But the Wild-Cat had become a little suspicious, having been so often deceived, for much abuse will cease to amuse even the most innocent; and truly he was none of these. And, looking grimly at the Doctor, he said: “I was asking if any Rabbits are here, and truly you look very much like one yourself. How did you get that split nose?” “Oh, that is very simple,” replied the old man. “Once I was hammering wampum beads, and the stone on which I beat them broke in halves, and one piece flew up, and, as you see, split my nose.” “But,” persisted the Wild-Cat, “why are the soles of your feet so yellow, even like a Rabbit’s?” “Ah, that is because I have been preparing some tobacco, and I had to hold it down with my feet, for, truly, I needed both my

hands to work with. So the tobacco stained them yellow." Then the Wild-Cat suspected no more, and the Doctor put salve on his wound, so that he felt much better.

But oh, the wretchedness of the awaking in the morning! For then Wild-Cat found himself indeed in the extreme of misery. His head was swollen and aching to an incredible degree, and the horrible wound, which was gaping wide, had been stuffed with hemlock needles and pine splinters, and this was the cool salve which the Doctor had applied. And then he swore by all his body and soul that he would slay the next being he met, Rabbit or Indian. Verily this time he would be utterly revenged.

Now Mahtigwess, the Rabbit, had almost come to an end of his *m'téoulin*, or wizard power, for that time, yet he had still enough left for one more great effort. And, coming to a lake, he picked up a very large chip, and, having seamed it with sorcery and magnified it by magic, threw it into the water, where it at once seemed to be a great ship, such as white men build. And when the Wild-Cat came up he saw it, with sails spread and flags flying, and the captain stood so stately on the deck, with folded arms, and he was a fine, gray-haired, dignified man, with a cocked hat, the two points of which were like grand and stately horns. But the Wild-Cat had sworn, and he was mindful of his great oath; so he cried, "You cannot escape me this time, Rabbit! I have you now!" Saying this he plunged in, and tried to swim to the ship. And the captain, seeing a Wild-Cat in the water, being engaged in musket drill, ordered his men to fire at it, which they did with a bang! Now this was caused by a party of night-hawks overhead, who swooped down with a sudden cry like a shot; at least

it seemed so to Wild-Cat, who, deceived and appalled by this volley, deeming that he had verily made a mistake this time, turned tail and swam ashore into the dark old forest, where, if he is not dead, he is running still.

In the following two stories, the two most celebrated heroes of American Indian Mythology figure. The first is known as Manabozho among the Algonquin Indians and as Hiawatha among the Iroquois. Although he appears most often in the form of a man in Indian legends, he seems at times to be endowed with divine attributes. According to the ordinary account of him[1] he is regarded as the messenger of the Great Spirit, sent down to mankind, in the character of a wise man or prophet. But he has all the attributes of humanity as well as the power of performing miraculous deeds. He adapts himself perfectly to their manners and customs and ideas. He marries, builds a lodge, hunts and fishes, goes to war, has his triumphs and his failures like other Indians. Whatever man could do in strength or wisdom he could do, but when he encounters situations requiring more than human strength, his miraculous powers come into play. He is provided with a magic canoe which goes where it is bid. He could leap over extensive regions of country like an *ignis fatuus*. He appears suddenly like a god, or wanders over weary wastes of country a poor and starving hunter. His voice is at one moment deep and sonorous as a thunder-clap, and at another clothed with the softness of feminine supplication. He could transform himself into any animal he pleased. He often conversed with animals, fowls, reptiles, and fishes. He deemed himself related to them, and always in speaking to them called them “my

brother," and one of his greatest resources when finding himself hard pressed was to change himself into their shapes.

He could conquer Manitoes, no matter what their evil power might be. Manitoes in Indian stories are not unlike fairies in their characteristics. They were of all imaginary kinds, grades, powers, sometimes benign, sometimes malicious, but Manabozho was a personage strong enough in his necromantic powers to baffle the most malicious, beat the stoutest, and overreach the most cunning. He was not, however, the wholly benevolent being we might expect he would be with all these great gifts; he was unfortunately ambitious, vainglorious, and deceitful, and at times not much better himself than a wicked Manito. But what could be expected of a son of the West Wind, for his father was Ningabiun, the West Wind, and you will find that mythical beings which personify the wind are always of a tricksy disposition just as the wind itself is. As a god he was often spoken of as the great white Hare.

The Algonquin hero, Glooskap,[2] is equally interesting, and of a more truly heroic disposition than Manabozho. The name of this divinity, Glooskap, means a liar, because it is said that when he left the earth for the land of spirits he promised to return and he has never done so. Many and wonderful are the tales told of Glooskap, but he is never silly, or cruel, or fantastic like Manabozho. Any one who goes to Nova Scotia, to-day, may see the grand Cape Blomidon, where Glooskap lived. It juts out between the Bay of Fundy and the Basin of Minas. Its foundations are of red sandstone and far up toward the sky it is crowned with granite battlements. Sometimes the waters of the Basin of

Minas gently wash against the base of this gigantic cape and sometimes one could walk a mile or two from the cape to reach the water. Twice a day this happens as the tide comes up and recedes. Truly, it is a magical land, and Blomidon is a noble home, well befitting the great Indian divinity whose head rises to the stars, and who could slay a giant enemy with a mere tap of his bow. We shall meet with both of these heroes again later.

THE STORY OF MANABOZHO

(*Iroquois*)

To begin at the beginning, Manabozho, while yet a youngster, was living with his grandmother, near the edge of a wide prairie. It was on this prairie that he first saw animals and birds of every kind; he also there made first acquaintance with thunder and lightning; he would sit by the hour watching the clouds as they rolled, and musing on the shades of light and darkness as the day rose and fell.

For a stripling, Manabozho was uncommonly wide-awake. Every new sight he beheld in the heavens was a subject of remark; every new animal or bird, an object of deep interest; and every sound that came from the bosom of nature, was like a new lesson which he was expected to learn. He often trembled at what he heard and saw.

To the scene of the wide open prairie his grandmother sent him at an early age to watch. The first sound he heard was that of the owl, at which he was greatly terrified, and, quickly descending the tree he had climbed, he ran with alarm to the lodge. “Noko! noko! grandmother!” he cried. “I have heard

a monedo."

She laughed at his fears, and asked him what kind of noise his reverence made. He answered, "It makes a noise like this: ko-ko-ko-ho."

His grandmother told him he was young and foolish; that what he heard was only a bird which derived its name from the peculiar noise it made.

He returned to the prairie and continued his watch. As he stood there looking at the clouds, he thought to himself, "It is singular that I am so simple and my grandmother so wise; and that I have neither father nor mother. I have never heard a word about them. I must ask and find out."

He went home and sat down, silent and dejected. Finding that this did not attract the notice of his grandmother, he began a loud lamentation, which he kept increasing, louder and louder, till it shook the lodge, and nearly deafened the old grandmother. She at length said, "Manabozho, what is the matter with you? You are making a great deal of noise."

Manabozho started off again with his doleful hubbub; but succeeded in jerking out between his big sobs, "I haven't got any father nor mother; I haven't;" and he set out again lamenting more boisterously than ever.

Knowing that he was of a wicked and revengeful temper, his grandmother dreaded to tell him the story of his parentage; as she knew he would make trouble of it.

Manabozho renewed his cries, and managed to throw out, for a third or fourth time, his sorrowful lament that he was a poor unfortunate, who had no parents and no relations.

She at last said to him, “Yes, you have a father and three brothers living. Your mother is dead. She was taken for a wife by your father, the West, without the consent of her parents. Your brothers are the North, East, and South; and being older than yourself, your father has given them great power with the winds, according to their names. You are the youngest of his children. I have nursed you from your infancy; for your mother, owing to the ill-treatment of your father, died when you were an infant. I have no relations beside you this side of the planet in which I was born, and from which I was precipitated by female jealousy. Your mother was my only child, and you are my only hope.”

“I am glad my father is living,” said Manabozho. “I shall set out in the morning to visit him.”

His grandmother would have discouraged him; saying it was a long distance to the place where his father, Ningabiun, or the West, lived.

This information seemed rather to please than to disconcert Manabozho; for by this time he had grown to such a size and strength that he had been compelled to leave the narrow shelter of his grandmother’s lodge and to live out of doors. He was so tall that, if he had been so disposed, he could have snapped off the heads of the birds roosting in the topmost branches of the highest trees, as he stood up, without being at the trouble to climb. And if he had at any time taken a fancy to one of the same trees for a walking stick, he would have had no more to do than to pluck it up with his thumb and finger, and strip down the leaves and twigs with the palm of his hand.

Bidding good-by to his venerable old grandmother, who pulled a very long face over his departure,

Manabozho set out at great headway, for he was able to stride from one side of a prairie to the other at a single step.

He found his father on a high mountain-ground, far in the west. His father espied his approach at a great distance, and bounded down the mountain-side several miles to give him welcome, and, side-by-side, apparently delighted with each other, they reached in two or three of their giant paces the lodge of the West, which stood high up near the clouds.

They spent some days in talking with each other—for these two great persons did nothing on a small scale, and a whole day to deliver a single sentence, such was the immensity of their discourse, was quite an ordinary affair.

One evening Manabozho asked his father what he was most afraid of on earth.

He replied—"Nothing."

"But is there nothing you dread, here—nothing that would hurt you if you took too much of it? Come, tell me."

Manabozho was very urgent; at last his father said:

"Yes, there is a black stone to be found a couple of hundred miles from here, over that way," pointing as he spoke. "It is the only thing earthly that I am afraid of, for if it should happen to hit me on any part of my body it would hurt me very much."

The West made this important circumstance known to Manabozho in the strictest confidence.

"Now, you will not tell any one, Manabozho, that the black stone is bad medicine for your father, will you?" he added. "You are a good son, and I know

will keep it to yourself. Now tell me, my darling boy, is there not something that you don't like?"

Manabozho answered promptly—"Nothing."

His father, who was of a very steady and persevering temper, put the same question to him seventeen times, and each time Manabozho made the same answer—"Nothing."

But the West insisted—"There must be something you are afraid of."

"Well, I will tell you," says Manabozho, "what it is."

He made an effort to speak, but it seemed to be too much for him.

"Out with it," said Ningabiun, or the West, fetching Manabozho such a blow on the back as shook the mountain with its echo.

"Je-ee, je-ee—it is," said Manabozho, apparently in great pain. "Yeo, yeo! I cannot name it, I tremble so."

The West told him to banish his fears, and to speak up; no one would hurt him.

Manabozho began again, and he would have gone over the same make-believe of anguish, had not his father, whose strength he knew was more than a match for his own, threatened to pitch him into a river about five miles off. At last he cried out:

"Father, since you will know, it is the root of the bulrush."

He who could with perfect ease spin a sentence a whole day long, seemed to be exhausted by the effort of pronouncing that one word, "bulrush."

Some time after, Manabozho observed:

"I will get some of the black rock, merely to see how it looks."

"Well," said the father, "I will also get a little of the bulrush-root, to learn how it tastes."

They were both double-dealing with each other, and in their hearts getting ready for some desperate work.

They had no sooner separated for the evening than Manabozho was striding off the couple of hundred miles necessary to bring him to the place where black rock was to be procured, while down the other side of the mountain hurried Ningabiun.

At the break of day they each appeared at the great level on the mountain-top, Manabozho with twenty loads, at least, of the black stone, on one side, and on the other the West, with a whole meadow of bulrush in his arms.

Manabozho was the first to strike—hurling a great piece of the black rock, which struck the West directly between the eyes, who returned the favor with a blow of bulrush, that rung over the shoulders of Manabozho, far and wide, like the whip-thong of the lightning among the clouds.

And now either rallied, and Manabozho poured in a tempest of black rock, while Ningabiun discharged a shower of bulrush. Blow upon blow, thwack upon thwack—they fought hand to hand until black rock and bulrush were all gone. Then they betook themselves to hurling crags at each other, cudgeling with huge oak-trees, and defying each other from one mountain-top to another; while at times they shot enormous boulders of granite across at each other's heads, as though they had been mere jack-stones. The battle, which had commenced on the

mountains, had extended far west. The West was forced to give ground. Manabozho pressing on, drove him across rivers and mountains, ridges and lakes, till at last he got him to the very brink of the world.

"Hold!" cried the West. "My son, you know my power, and although I allow that I am now fairly out of breath, it is impossible to kill me. Stop where you are, and I will also portion you out with as much power as your brothers. The four quarters of the globe are already occupied, but you can go and do a great deal of good to the people of the earth, which is beset with serpents, beasts, and monsters, who make great havoc of human life. Go and do good, and if you put forth half the strength you have to-day you will acquire a name that will last forever. When you have finished your work I will have a place provided for you. You will then go and sit with your brother, Kabinocca, in the North."

Manabozho gave his father his hand upon this agreement. And parting from him, he returned to his own grounds, where he lay for some time sore of his wounds.

These being, however, greatly allayed, and soon after cured by his grandmother's skill in medicines, Manabozho, as big and sturdy as ever, was ripe for new adventures. He set his thoughts immediately upon a war excursion against the Pearl Feather, a wicked old Manito, living on the other side of the great lake, who had killed his grandfather. He began his preparations by making huge bows and arrows without number; but he had no heads for his shafts. At last Noko told him that an old man, who lived at some distance, could furnish him with such as he needed. He sent her to get some. She soon returned with her wrapper full. Manabozho told her that he

had not enough, and sent her again. She came back with as many more. He thought to himself, “I must find out the way of making these heads.”

Instead of directly asking how it was done, he preferred—just like Manabozho—to deceive his grandmother to come at the knowledge he desired, by a trick. “Noko,” said he, “while I take my drum and rattle, and sing my war-songs, do you go and try to get me some larger heads, for these you have brought me are all of the same size. Go and see whether the old man is not willing to make some a little larger.”

He followed her at a distance as she went, having left his drum at the lodge, with a great bird tied at the top, whose fluttering should keep up the drumbeat, the same as if he were tarrying at home. He saw the old workman busy, and learned how he prepared the heads; he also beheld the old man’s daughter, who was very beautiful; and Manabozho now discovered for the first time that he had a heart of his own, and the sigh he heaved passed through the arrow-maker’s lodge like a gale of wind.

“How it blows!” said the old man.

“It must be from the south,” said the daughter; “for it is very fragrant.”

Manabozho slipped away, and in two strides he was at home, shouting forth his songs as though he had never left the lodge. He had just time to free the bird which had been beating the drum, when his grandmother came in and delivered to him the big arrow-heads.

In the evening the grandmother said, “My son, you ought to fast before you go to war, as your brothers do, to find out whether you will be successful or

not."

He said he had no objection; and having privately stored away, in a shady place in the forest, two or three dozen juicy bears, a moose, and twenty strings of the tenderest birds, he would retire from the lodge so far as to be entirely out of view of his grandmother, fall to and enjoy himself heartily, and at nightfall, having just despatched a dozen birds and half a bear or so, he would return, tottering and woe-begone, as if quite famished, so as to move deeply the sympathies of his wise old granddame.

The place of his fast had been chosen by Noko, and she had told him it must be so far as to be beyond the sound of her voice or it would be unlucky.

After a time Manabozho, who was always spying out mischief, said to himself, "I must find out why my grandmother is so anxious to have me fast at this spot."

The next day he went but a short distance. She cried out, "A little further off;" but he came nearer to the lodge, the rogue that he was, and cried out in a low, counterfeited voice, to make it appear that he was going away instead of approaching. He had now got so near that he could see all that passed in the lodge.

He had not been long in ambush when an old magician crept into the lodge. This old magician had very long hair, which hung across his shoulders and down his back, like a bush or foot-mat. They commenced talking about him, and in doing so, they put their two old heads so very close together that Manabozho was satisfied they were kissing each other. He was indignant that any one should take such a liberty with his venerable grandmother, and

to mark his sense of the outrage, he touched the bushy hair of the old magician with a live coal which he had blown upon. The old magician had not time to kiss the old grandmother more than once again before he felt the flame; and jumping out into the air, it burned only the fiercer, and he ran, blazing like a fire-ball, across the prairie.

Manabozho who had, meanwhile, stolen off to his fasting place, cried out, in a heart-broken tone, and as if on the very point of starvation, “Noko! Noko! is it time for me to come home?”

“Yes,” she cried. And when he came in she asked him, “Did you see anything?”

“Nothing,” he answered, with an air of childish candor; looking as much like a big simpleton as he could. The grandmother looked at him very closely and said no more.

Manabozho finished his term of fasting; in the course of which he slyly despatched twenty fat bears, six dozen birds, and two fine moose; sung his war-song, and embarked in his canoe, fully prepared for war. Beside weapons of battle, he had stowed in a large supply of oil.

He travelled rapidly night and day, for he had only to will or speak, and the canoe went. At length he arrived in sight of the fiery serpents. He paused to view them; he observed that they were some distance apart, and that the flames which they constantly belched forth reached across the pass. He gave them a good morning, and began talking with them in a very friendly way; but they answered, “We know you, Manabozho; you cannot pass.”

He was not, however, to be put off so easily. Turning his canoe as if about to go back, he suddenly

cried out with a loud and terrified voice:

"What is that behind you?"

The serpents, thrown off their guard, instantly turned their heads, and he in a moment glided past them.

"Well," said he, quietly, after he had got by, "how do you like my movement?"

He then took up his bow and arrows, and with deliberate aim shot every one of them, easily, for the serpents were fixed to one spot, and could not even turn round. They were of an enormous length, and of a bright color.

Having thus escaped the sentinel serpents, Manabozho pushed on in his canoe until he came to a part of the lake called Pitch-water, as whatever touched it was sure to stick fast. But Manabozho was prepared with his oil, and rubbing his canoe freely from end to end, he slipped through with ease, and he was the first person who had ever succeeded in passing through the Pitch-water.

"There is nothing like a little oil to help one through pitch-water," said Manabozho to himself.

Now in view of land, he could see the lodge of the Shining Manito, high upon a distant hill.

Putting his clubs and arrows in order, just at the dawn of day Manabozho began his attack, yelling and shouting, and beating his drum, and calling out in triple voices:

"Surround him! surround him! run up! run up!" making it appear that he had many followers.

"It was you that killed my grandfather," and shot off a whole forest of arrows.

The Pearl Feather appeared on the height, blazing like the sun, and paid back the discharges of Manabozho with a tempest of bolts, which rattled like the hail.

All day long the fight was kept up, and Manabozho had fired all of his arrows but three, without effect; for the Shining Manito was clothed in pure wampum. It was only by immense leaps to right and left that Manabozho could save his head from the sturdy blows which fell about him on every side, like pine-trees, from the hands of the Manito. He was badly bruised, and at his very wit's end, when a large woodpecker flew past and lit on a tree. It was a bird he had known on the prairie, near his grandmother's lodge.

"Manabozho," called out the woodpecker, "your enemy has a weak point; shoot at the lock of hair on the crown of his head."

He shot his first arrow and only drew blood in a few drops. The Manito made one or two unsteady steps, but recovered himself. He began to parley, but Manabozho, now that he had discovered a way to reach him, was in no humor to trifle, and he let slip another arrow, which brought the Shining Manito to his knees. And now, having the crown of his head within good range, Manabozho sent in his third arrow, which laid the Manito out upon the ground, stark dead.

Manabozho lifted up a huge war-cry, beat his drum, took the scalp of the Manito as his trophy, and calling the woodpecker to come and receive a reward for the timely hint he had given him, he rubbed the blood of the Shining Manito on the woodpecker's head, the feathers of which are red to this day. Full of his victory, Manabozho returned home, beating

his war-drum furiously, and shouting aloud his songs of triumph. His grandmother was on the shore ready to welcome him with the war-dance, which she performed with wonderful skill for one so far advanced in years.

The heart of Manabozho swelled within him. He was fairly on fire, and an unconquerable desire for further adventures seized upon him. He had destroyed the powerful Pearl Feather, killed his serpents, and escaped all his wiles and charms. He had prevailed in a great land fight, his next trophy should be from the water.

He tried his prowess as a fisherman, and with such success that he captured a fish so monstrous in size and so rich in fat that with the oil Manabozho was able to form a small lake. To this, being generously disposed, and having a cunning purpose of his own to answer, he invited all the birds and beasts of his acquaintance; and he made the order in which they partook of the banquet the measure of their fatness for all time to come. As fast as they arrived he told them to plunge in and help themselves.

The first to make his appearance was the bear, who took a long and steady draught; then came the deer, the opossum, and such others of the family as are noted for their comfortable case. The moose and bison were slack in their cups, and the partridge, always lean in flesh, looked on till the supply was nearly gone. There was not a drop left by the time the hare and the martin appeared on the shore of the lake, and they are, in consequence, the slenderest of all creatures.

When this ceremony was over, Manabozho suggested to his friends, the assembled birds and animals, that the occasion was proper for a little

merry-making; and taking up his drum, he cried out:

"New songs from the South; come, brothers, dance!"

He directed them, to make the sport more mirthful, that they should shut their eyes and pass round him in a circle. Again he beat his drum and cried out:

"New songs from the South; come, brothers, dance!"

They all fell in and commenced their rounds. Whenever Manabozho, as he stood in the circle, saw a fat fowl which he fancied, pass by him, he adroitly wrung its neck and slipped it in his girdle, at the same time beating his drum and singing at the top of his lungs, to drown the noise of the fluttering, and crying out in a tone of admiration:

"That's the way, my brothers; that's the way!"

At last a small duck, of the diver family, thinking there was something wrong, opened one eye and saw what Manabozho was doing. Giving a spring, and crying:

"Ha-ha-a! Manabozho is killing us!" he made for the water.

Manabozho, quite vexed that the creature should have played the spy upon his house-keeping, followed him, and just as the diver duck was plunging into the water, gave him a kick, which is the reason that the diver's tail-feathers are few, his back flattened, and his legs straightened out, so that when he comes on land he makes a poor figure in walking.

Meantime, the other birds, having no ambition to

be thrust into Manabozho's girdle, flew off, and the animals scampered into the woods.

Manabozho stretching himself at ease in the shade along the side of the prairie, thought what he should do next. He concluded that he would travel and see new countries; and having once made up his mind, in less than three days, such was his length of limb and the immensity of his stride, he had walked over the entire continent, looked into every lodge by the way, and with such nicety of observation, that he was able to inform his good old grandmother what each family had for a dinner at a given hour.

By way of relief to these grand doings, Manabozho was disposed to vary his experiences by bestowing a little time upon the sports of the woods. He had heard reported great feats in hunting, and he had a desire to try his power in that way. Besides that, it was a slight consideration that he had devoured all the game within reach of the lodge; and so, one evening, as he was walking along the shore of the great lake, weary and hungry, he encountered a great magician in the form of an old wolf, with six young ones, coming toward him.

The wolf no sooner caught sight of him than he told his whelps, who were close about his side, to keep out of the way of Manabozho; "For I know," he said, "that it is that mischievous fellow whom we see yonder."

The young wolves were in the act of running on, when Manabozho cried out, "My grandchildren, where are you going? Stop and I will go with you. I wish to have a little chat with your excellent father."

Saying which he advanced and greeted the old wolf, expressing himself as delighted at seeing him

looking so well. “Whither do you journey?” he asked.

“We are looking for a good hunting ground to pass the winter,” the old wolf answered. “What brings you here?”

“I was looking for you,” said Manabozho. “For I have a passion for the chase, brother. I always admired your family; are you willing to change me into a wolf?”

The wolf gave him a favorable answer, and he was forthwith changed into a wolf.

“Well, that will do,” said Manabozho; then looking at his tail, he added, “Oh! could you oblige me by making my tail a little longer and more bushy?”

“Certainly,” said the wolf; and he gave Manabozho such a length and spread of tail, that it was constantly getting between his legs, and it was so heavy that it was as much as he could do to find strength to carry it. But having asked for it, he was ashamed to say a word; and they all started off in company, dashing up a ravine.

After getting into the woods for some distance, they fell in with the tracks of moose. The young ones scampered off in pursuit, the old wolf and Manabozho following at their leisure.

“Well,” said the old wolf, by way of opening discourse, “who do you think is the fastest of the boys? Can you tell by the jumps they take?”

“Why,” he replied, “the one that takes such long jumps, he is the fastest to be sure.”

“Ha! ha! you are mistaken,” said the old wolf. “He makes a good start, but he will be the first to tire out; this one, who appears to be behind, will be the

one to kill the game."

By this time they had come to the spot where the boys had started in chase. One had dropped what seemed to be a small medicine-sack, which he carried for the use of the hunting party.

"Take that, Manabozho," said the old wolf.

"Esa," he replied, "what will I do with a dirty dog-skin?"

The old wolf took it up; it was a beautiful robe.

"Oh, I will carry it now," cried Manabozho.

"Oh, no," said the old wolf, who had exerted his magical powers, "it is a robe of pearls. Come along!" And away sped the old wolf at a great rate of speed.

"Not so fast," called Manabozho after him; and then he added to himself as he panted after, "Oh, this tail!"

Coming to a place where the moose had lain down, they saw that the young wolves had made a fresh start after their prey.

"Why," said the old wolf, "this moose is poor. I know by the tracks; for I can always tell whether they are fat or not."

A little further on, one of the young wolves, in dashing at the moose, had broken a tooth on a tree.

"Manabozho," said the old wolf, "one of your grandchildren has shot at the game. Take his arrow; there it is."

"No," replied Manabozho; "what will I do with a dirty dog's tooth?"

The old wolf took it up, and behold it was a

beautiful silver arrow.

When they at last overtook them, they found that the youngsters had killed a very fat moose. Manabozho was very hungry; but the old wolf just then again exerted his magical powers, and Manabozho saw nothing but the bones picked quite clean. He thought to himself, “Just as I expected; dirty, greedy fellows. If it had not been for this log at my back, I should have been in time to have got a mouthful:” and he cursed the bushy tail which he carried, to the bottom of his heart. He, however, sat down without saying a word.

At length the old wolf spoke to one of the young ones, saying:

“Give some meat to your grandfather.”

One of them obeyed, and coming near to Manabozho, he presented him the other end of his own bushy tail, which was nicely seasoned with burs, gathered in the course of the hunt.

Manabozho jumped up and called out:

“You dog, now that your stomach is full, do you think I am going to eat you to get at my dinner? Get you gone into some other place.”

Saying which Manabozho, in his anger, walked off by himself.

“Come back, brother,” cried the wolf. “You are losing your eyes.”

Manabozho turned back.

“You do the child injustice. Look there!” and behold, a heap of fresh, ruddy meat, was lying on the spot, already prepared.

Manabozho, at the view of so much good

provision, put on a smiling face.

“In amazement,” he said; “how fine the meat is!”

“Yes,” replied the old wolf, “it is always so with us; we know our work, and always get the best. It is not a long tail that makes the hunter.”

Manabozho bit his lip.

They now fixed their winter quarters. The youngsters went out in search of game, and they soon brought in a large supply. One day, during the absence of the young hunters, the old wolf amused himself in cracking the large bones of a moose.

“Manabozho,” said he, “cover your head with the robe, and do not look at me while I am busy with these bones, for a piece may fly in your eye.”

He did as he was bid; but looking through a rent that was in the robe, he saw what the other was about. Just at that moment a piece flew off and hit him on the eye. He cried out:

“Tyau, why do you strike me, you old dog?”

The wolf answered, “You must have been looking at me.”

“No, no,” retorted Manabozho, “why should I want to look at you?”

“Manabozho,” said the old wolf, “you must have been looking or you would not have got hurt.”

“No, no,” he replied again, “I was not. I will repay the saucy wolf this mischief,” he thought to himself.

So the next day, taking up a bone to obtain the marrow, he said to the wolf:

“Brother, cover your head and do not look at me, for I very much fear a piece may fly in your eye.”

The wolf did so; and Manabozho, taking the large leg-bone of the moose, first looking to see if the wolf was well covered, hit him a blow with all his might. The wolf jumped up, cried out, and fell prostrate from the effects of the blow.

“Why,” said he, when he came to a little and was able to sit up, “why do you strike me so?”

“Strike you?” said Manabozho, with well-feigned surprise; “no; you must have been looking at me.”

“No,” answered the wolf, “I say I have not.”

But Manabozho insisted, and as the old wolf was no great master of tricky argument, he was obliged to give it up.

Shortly after this the old wolf suggested to Manabozho that he should go out and try his luck in hunting by himself.

When he chose to put his mind upon it he was quite expert, and this time he succeeded in killing a fine fat moose, which he thought he would take aside slyly, and devour alone, having prepared to tell the old wolf a pretty story on his return, to account for his failure to bring anything with him.

He was very hungry, and he sat down to eat; but as he never could go to work in a straightforward way, he immediately fell into great doubts as to the proper point at which to begin.

“Well,” said he, “I do not know where to commence. At the head? No. People will laugh, and say, ‘He ate him backward.’”

He went to the side. “No,” said he, “they will say I ate him sideways.”

He then went to the hind-quarter. “No, that will

not do either; they will say I ate him forward. I will begin here, say what they will."

He took a delicate piece from the small of the back, and was just on the point of putting it to his mouth, when a tree close by made a creaking noise. He seemed vexed at the sound. He raised the morsel to his mouth the second time, when the tree creaked again.

"Why", he exclaimed, "I cannot eat when I hear such a noise. Stop, stop!" he said to the tree. He put it down, exclaiming, "I cannot eat with such a noise;" and starting away he climbed the tree, and was pulling at the limb which had offended him, when his fore paw was caught between the branches so that he could not free himself.

While thus held fast, he saw a pack of wolves advancing through the wood in the direction of his meat. He suspected them to be the old wolf and his cubs, but night was coming on and he could not make them out.

"Go the other way, go the other way!" he cried out; "what would you come to get here?"

The wolves stopped for a while and talked among themselves, and said:

"Manabozho must have something there, or he would not tell us to go another way."

"I begin to know him," said an old wolf, "and all his tricks. Let us go forward and see."

They came on, and finding the moose, they soon made away with it. Manabozho looked wistfully on to see them eat till they were fully satisfied, when they scampered off in high spirits.

A heavy blast of wind opened the branches and released Manabozho, who found that the wolves had left nothing but the bare bones. He made for home, where, when he related his mishap, the old wolf, taking him by the fore paw, condoled with him deeply on his ill-luck. A tear even started to his eye as he added:

"My brother, this should teach us not to meddle with points of ceremony when we have good meat to eat."

The winter having by this time drawn fairly to a close, on a bright morning in the early spring the old wolf addressed Manabozho: "My brother, I am obliged to leave you; and although I have sometimes been merry at your expense, I will show that I care for your comfort. I shall leave one of the boys behind me to be your hunter, and to keep you company through the long summer afternoons."

The old wolf galloped off with his five young ones; and as they disappeared from view, Manabozho was disenchanted in a moment, and returned to his mortal shape.

Although he had been sometimes vexed and imposed upon, he had, altogether, passed a pleasant winter with the cunning old wolf, and now that he was gone, Manabozho was downcast and low in spirit. But as the days grew brighter he recovered by degrees his air of cheerful confidence, and was ready to try his hand upon any new adventure that might occur to him. The old spirit of mischief was still alive within him.

The young wolf who had been left with him was a good hunter, and never failed to keep the lodge well supplied with meat. One day Manabozho addressed

him as follows:

"My grandson, I had a dream last night, and it does not portend good. It is of the large lake which lies in that direction. You must be careful always to go across it, whether the ice seem strong or not. Never go around it, for there are enemies on the further shore who lie in wait for you. The ice is always safe."

Now Manabozho knew well that the ice was thinning every day under the warm sun, but he could not stay himself from playing a trick upon the young wolf.

In the evening when he came to the lake, after a long day's travel in quest of game, the young wolf, confiding in his grandfather, said, "Hwooh! the ice does look thin, but Nesho says it is sound;" and he trotted upon the glassy plain.

He had not got half way across when the ice snapped, and with a mournful cry the young wolf fell in and he was immediately seized by the water-serpents who knew that it was Manabozho's grandson, and were thirsting for revenge upon him for the death of their relations in the war upon Pearl Feather.

Manabozho heard the young wolf's cry as he sat in his lodge; he knew what had happened; and, from that moment, he was deprived of the greater part of his magical power.

He returned, scarcely more than an ordinary mortal, to his former place of dwelling, whence his grandmother had departed no one knew whither. He married the arrow-maker's daughter, and became the father of several children, and very poor. He was scarcely able to procure the means of living. His

lodge was pitched in a remote part of the country, where he could get no game. It was winter, and he had not the common comforts of life. He said to his wife one day, “I will go out walking and see if I cannot find some lodges.”

After walking some time he saw a lodge at a distance. The children were playing at the door. When they saw him approaching they ran in and told their parents that Manabozho was coming.

It was the residence of the large red-headed woodpecker. He came to the door and asked Manabozho to enter. This invitation was promptly accepted.

After some time, the woodpecker, who was a magician, said to his wife:

“Have you nothing to give Manabozho? He must be hungry.”

She answered, “No.”

“He ought not to go without his supper,” said the woodpecker. “I will see what I can do.”

In the center of the lodge stood a large tamarack-tree. Upon this the woodpecker flew, and commenced going up, turning his head on each side of the tree, and every now and then driving in his bill. At last he pulled something out of the tree and threw it down; when, behold, a fine fat raccoon lay on the ground. He drew out six or seven more. He then descended, and told his wife to prepare them.

“Manabozho,” he said, “this is the only thing we eat; what else can we give you?”

“It is very good,” replied Manabozho.

They smoked their pipes and conversed with each

other.

After eating, Manabozho got ready to go home; when the woodpecker said to his wife, “Give him the other raccoons to take home for his children.”

In the act of leaving the lodge, Manabozho, on purpose, dropped one of his mittens, which was soon after observed on the ground.

“Run,” said the woodpecker to his eldest son, “and give it to him; but mind that you do not give it into his hand; throw it at him, for there is no knowing him, he acts so curiously.”

The boy did as he was directed.

“Grandfather,” said he to Manabozho, as he came up to him, “you have left one of your mittens; here it is.”

“Yes,” he said, affecting to be ignorant of the circumstance, “it is so; but don’t throw it, you will soil it on the snow.”

The lad, however, threw it, and was about to return, when Manabozho cried out, “Bakah! Bakah! stop—stop; is that all you eat? Do you eat nothing else with your raccoon? Tell me!”

“Yes, that is all,” answered the young woodpecker; “we have nothing else.”

“Tell your father,” continued Manabozho, “to come and visit me, and let him bring a sack. I will give him what he shall eat with his raccoon-meat.”

When the young one returned and reported this message to his father, the old woodpecker turned up his nose at the invitation. “I wonder,” he said, “what he thinks he has got, poor fellow!”

He was bound, however, to answer the proffer of

hospitality, and he went accordingly, taking along a cedar-sack, to pay a visit to Manabozho.

Manabozho received the old red-headed woodpecker with great ceremony. He had stood at the door awaiting his arrival, and as soon as he came in sight Manabozho commenced, while he was yet far off, bowing and opening wide his arms, in token of welcome; all of which the woodpecker returned in due form, by ducking his bill, and hopping to right and left, upon the ground, extending his wings to their full length and fluttering them back to his breast.

When the woodpecker at last reached the lodge, Manabozho made various remarks upon the weather, the appearance of the country, and especially on the scarcity of game.

“But we,” he added, “we always have enough. Come in, and you shall not go away hungry, my noble bird!”

Manabozho had always prided himself on being able to give as good as he had received; and to be up with the woodpecker, he had shifted his lodge so as to enclose a large dry tamarack-tree.

“What can I give you,” said he to the woodpecker; “but as we eat so shall you eat.”

With this he hopped forward, and, jumping on the tamarack-tree, he attempted to climb it just as he had seen the woodpecker do in his own lodge. He turned his head first on one side, then on the other, in the manner of the bird, meanwhile striving to go up, and as often slipping down. Ever and anon he would strike the tree with his nose, as if it had been a bill, and draw back, but he pulled out no raccoons; and he dashed his nose so often against the trunk

that at last the blood began to flow, and he tumbled down senseless upon the ground.

The woodpecker started up with his drum and rattle to restore him, and by beating them violently he succeeded in bringing him to.

As soon as he came to his senses, Manabozho began to lay the blame of his failure upon his wife, saying to his guest:

"Nemesho, it is this woman-relation of yours—she is the cause of my not succeeding. She has made me a worthless fellow. Before I took her I also could get raccoons."

The woodpecker said nothing, but flying on the tree he drew out several fine raccoons.

"Here," said he, "this is the way we do!" and left him in disdain, carrying his bill high in the air, and stepping over the door-sill as if it were not worthy to be touched by his toes.

After this visit, Manabozho was sitting in the lodge one day with his head down. He heard the wind whistling round it, and thought that by attentively listening he could hear the voice of some one speaking to him. It seemed to say to him:

"Great chief, why are you sorrowful? Am not I your friend—your guardian spirit?"

Manabozho immediately took up his rattle, and without rising from the ground where he was sitting, began to sing the chant which has at every close the refrain of, "Wha lay le aw."

When he had dwelt for a long time on this peculiar chant, which he had been used to sing in all his times of trouble, he laid his rattle aside and

determined to fast. For this purpose he went to a cave which faced the setting sun, and built a very small fire, near which he lay down, first telling his wife that neither she nor the children must come near him till he had finished his fast.

At the end of seven days he came back to the lodge, pale and thin, looking like a spirit himself, and as if he had seen spirits. His wife had in the meantime dug through the snow and got a few of the plants called truffles. These she boiled and set before him, and this was all the food they had or seemed likely to obtain.

When he had finished his light repast, Manabozho took up his station in the door to see what would happen. As he stood thus, holding in his hand his large bow, with a quiver well filled with arrows, a deer glided past along the far edge of the prairie but it was miles away, and no shaft that Manabozho could shoot would be able to touch it.

Presently a cry came down the air, and looking up he beheld a great flight of birds, but they were so far up in the sky that he would have lost his arrows in a vain attempt among the clouds.

Still he stood watchful, and confident that some turn of luck was about to occur, when there came near to the lodge two hunters, who bore between them, on poles upon their shoulders, a bear, and it was so fine and fat a bear that it was as much as the two hunters could do with all their strength to carry it.

As they came to the lodge-door, one of the hunters asked if Manabozho lived thereabout.

“He is here,” answered Manabozho.

"I have often heard of you," said the first hunter, "and I was curious to see you. But you have lost your magical power. Do you know whether any of it is left?"

Manabozho answered that he was himself in the dark on the subject.

"Suppose you make a trial," said the hunter.

"What shall I do?" asked Manabozho.

"There is my friend," said the hunter, pointing to his companion, "who with me owns this bear which we are carrying home. Suppose you see if you can change him into a piece of rock."

"Very well," said Manabozho; and he had scarcely spoken before the other hunter became a rock.

"Now change him back again," said the first hunter.

"That I can't do," Manabozho answered; "there my power ends."

The hunter looked at the rock with a bewildered face.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "This bear I can never carry alone, and it was agreed between my friend there and myself that we should not divide it till we reached home. Can't you change my friend back, Manabozho?"

"I would like to oblige you," answered Manabozho, "but it is utterly out of my power."

With this, looking again at the rock with a sad and bewildered face, and then casting a sorrowful glance at the bear, which lay by the door of the lodge, the hunter took his leave, bewailing bitterly at heart the loss of his friend and his bear.

He was scarcely out of sight when Manabozho sent the children to get red willow sticks. Of these he cut off as many pieces of equal length as would serve to invite his friends among the beasts and birds to a feast. A red stick was sent to each one, not forgetting the woodpecker and his family.

When they arrived they were astonished to see such an abundance of meat prepared for them at such a time of scarcity. Manabozho understood their glance, and was proud of a chance to make such a display.

“Akewazi,” he said to the oldest of the party, “the weather is very cold, and the snow lasts a long time; we can kill nothing now but small squirrels, and they are all black; and I have sent for you to help me eat some of them.”

The woodpecker was the first to try a mouthful of the bear’s meat, but he had no sooner begun to taste it than it changed into a dry powder, and set him coughing. It appeared as bitter as ashes.

The moose was affected in the same way, and it brought on such a dry cough as to shake every bone in his body.

One by one, each in turn joined the company of coughers, except Manabozho and his family, to whom the bear’s meat proved very savory.

But the visitors had too high a sense of what was due to decorum and good manners to say anything. The meat looked very fine, and being keenly set and strongly tempted by its promising look, they thought they would try more of it. The more they ate the faster they coughed, and the louder became the uproar, until Manabozho, exerting the magical gift which he found he retained, changed them all into

squirrels; and to this day the squirrel suffers from the same dry cough which was brought on by attempting to sup off of Manabozho's ashen bear's meat.

And ever after this transformation, when Manabozho lacked provisions for his family, he would hunt the squirrel, a supply of which never failed him, so that he was always sure to have a number of his friends present in this shape at the banquet.

The rock into which he changed the hunter, and so became possessed of the bear, and thus laid the foundations of his good fortune, ever after remained by his lodge-door, and it was called the Game-Bag of Manabozho, the Mischief-Maker.

HOW GLOOSKAP MADE HIS UNCLE MIKCHICH THE TURTLE INTO A GREAT MAN, AND GOT HIM A WIFE. OF TURTLES' EGGS, AND HOW GLOOSKAP VANQUISHED A SORCERER BY SMOKING TOBACCO.

(*Micmac and Passamaquoddy*)

Now when Glooskap left Uktukamkw, or Newfoundland, it was in a canoe, and he came to Piktook (M. for Pictou), which means the bubbling up of air, because there is much bubbling in the water near that place. And here there was an Indian village, and in that place the Master met with a man whom he loved all his life.

And this was not because this man, whose name in Micmac is Mikchich and in Passamaquoddy Chick-we-notchk, meaning the Turtle, was great, or well

favored, or rich. For truly he was none of these, being very poor and lazy, no longer young, and not very clever or wise in any way. It is said that he was indeed Glooskap's uncle, but others think that this was by adoption. However, this old fellow bore all his wants with such good nature that the Master, taking him in great affection, resolved to make of him a mighty man. Which came to pass, and that in a strange manner, as we shall see.

For coming to Piktook, where there were above a hundred wigwams, Glooskap, being a very handsome, stately man, with the manner of a great chief, was much admired, and that not a little by all the women, so that every one wished to have him in the house. Yet he gave them all the go-by, and dwelt with his old uncle, in whose quaint ways and old time stories he took great delight. And there was to be a great feast with games, but Glooskap did not care to go, either as a guest or a performer in the play.

Still he inquired of Mikchich if he would not take part in it, telling him that all the maidens would be there, and asking him why he had never married, and saying that he should not live alone. Then the uncle said, "Poor and old and plain am I; I have not even garments fit for a feast; better were it for me to smoke my pipe at home." "Truly, if that be all, uncle," replied Glooskap, "I trow I can turn tailor and fit you to a turn; and have no care as to your outside or your face, for to him who knows how, 'tis as easy to make a man over as a suit of clothes." "Yes; but, nephew," said Mikchich, "how say you as to making over the inside of a mortal?" "By the great Beaver!" answered the Master, "that is something harder to do, else I were not so long at work in this

world. But before I leave this town I shall do that also for you; and as for this present sport, do but put on my belt." And when he had done that, Mikchich became so young and handsome that no man or woman ever saw the like. And then Glooskap dressed him in his own best clothes, and promised him that to the end of his days, whenever he should be a man, he would be the comeliest of men; and because he was patient and tough, he should, as an animal, become the hardest to kill of all creatures on the face of the earth, as it came to pass.

So Mikchich went to the feast. Now the chief of Piktook had three beautiful daughters, and the youngest was the loveliest in the land. And on her he cast his eyes, and returning said, "I have seen one whom I want." Now all the young men in Piktook desired this girl, and would kill any one who would win her.

So the next day Glooskap, taking a bunch of *wawbap* (P., wampum), went to the chief and proposed for Mikchich, and the mother at once said "Yes." So the girl made up a bed of fresh twigs and covered it with a great white bear-skin, and went to Mikchich, and they returned and had dried meat for supper. So they were married.

Now Turtle seemed to be very lazy, and when others hunted he lounged at home. One day his young wife said to him that if this went on thus they must soon starve. So he put on his snow-shoes and went forth, and she followed him to see what he would do. And he had not gone far ere he tripped and fell down, and the girl, returning, told her mother that he was worthless. But the mother said, "He will do something yet. Be patient."

One day it came to pass that Glooskap said to

Mikchich, “To-morrow there will be a great game at ball, and you must play. But because you have made yourself enemies of all the young men here, they will seek to slay you, by crowding altogether and trampling upon you. And when they do this it will be by your father-in-law’s lodge, and to escape them I give you the power to jump high over it. This you may do twice, but the third time will be terrible for you, and yet it must be.”

All this happened as he foretold; for the young men indeed tried to take his life, and to escape them Mikchich jumped over the lodge, so that he seemed like a bird flying. But the third time he did this he was caught on the top of the tent-poles, and hung there dangling in the smoke which rose from below.

Then Glooskap, who was seated in the tent, said, “Uncle, I will now make you the *sogmo*, or great chief of the Tortoises, and you shall bear up a great nation.” Then he smoked Mikchich so long that his skin became a hard shell, and the marks of the smoke may be seen thereon to this day. And removing his entrails he destroyed them, so that but one short one was left. And he cried aloud, “*Milooks!* (M.) My nephew, you will kill me!” But the nephew replied, “Not so. I am giving you great life. From this time you may roll through a flame and never feel it, and live on land or in the water. And though your head be cut off, it will live for nine days, and your heart, even, shall beat as long when taken from your body.” So Mikchich rejoiced greatly.

And this came betimes, for he soon had need of it all. For the next day all the men went on a hunt, and the Master warned him that they would seek to slay him. Now the young men went on before, and Turtle lingered behind; but all at once he made a magic

flight far over their heads, unseen, and deep in the forest he slew a moose. Then he drew this to the snow-shoe track or road, and when his foes came up there he sat upon the moose, smoking, and waiting for them. Now Glooskap had told them that they would see some one come out ahead of them all that day, and when this came to pass they were more angered in their hearts than ever.

So they plotted to kill Turtle, and his nephew, who was about to leave, told him how it would be. “First of all, they will build a mighty fire and throw you in it. But do thou, O uncle, go cheerfully, for by my power thou wilt in no wise suffer. Then they will speak of drowning, but thou must beg and pray that this may not be; and then they will the more seek to do so, and thou shalt fight them to the bitter end, and yet it shall be.”

And as he said, so it came to pass; and Mikchich, being of good cheer, bade farewell to his nephew. And they seized him and threw him into a great fire, but he turned over and went to sleep in it, being very lazy; and when the fire had burnt out he awoke, and called for more wood, because it was a cold night.

Then they seized him yet again, and spoke of drowning. But, hearing this, he, as if he were in mortal dread, begged them not to do this thing. And he said they might cut him to pieces, or burn him, as they would, but not to throw him into the water. Therefore they resolved to do so, and dragged him on. Then he screamed horribly and fought lustily, and tore up trees and roots and rocks like a madman; but they took him into a canoe and paddled out into the middle of the lake (or to the sea), and, throwing him in, watched him sink as he vanished far down below. So they thought him dead, and returned

rejoicing.

Now the next day at noon there was a hot sunshine, and something was seen basking on a great rock, about a mile out in the lake. So two young men took a canoe and went forth to see what this might be. And when they came to the edge of the rock, which was about a foot high, there lay Mikchich sunning himself; but seeing them coming to take him, he only said, “Good-by,” and rolled over plump into the water, where he is living to this day. In memory whereof all turtles, when they see any one coming, tip tilt themselves over into the water at once.

In the following Hindoo story of “Punchkin” you will see the expression of the primitive notion that the life of a person may be bound up in some external object. Invention runs riot in the attempts to make this object as inaccessible as possible. There is the Norse story of the “Giant who had no Heart in his Body,” who finally tells the lovely princess he keeps in bondage that “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.” The hero, of course, goes and finds the giant’s heart, and so kills him, and rescues the princess. There is also the story of the little Hindoo princess, called Sodawa Bai, whose soul was in the beautiful golden necklace she was born with around her neck, and who died when another princess who hated her finally took it off.

PUNCHKIN

(*A Hindoo Story*)

Once upon a time there was a Rajah who had seven beautiful daughters. They were all good girls; but the youngest, named Balna, was more clever than the rest. The Rajah's wife died when they were quite little children, so these seven poor princesses were left with no mother to take care of them.

The Rajah's daughters took it by turns to cook their father's dinner every day, whilst he was absent deliberating with his ministers on the affairs of the nation.

About this time the Purdan died, leaving a widow and one daughter; and every day, when the seven princesses were preparing their father's dinner, the Purdan's widow and daughter would come and beg for a little fire from the hearth. Then Balna used to say to her sisters, "Send that woman away; send her away. Let her get the fire at her own house. What does she want with ours? If we allow her to come here we shall suffer for it some day." But the other sisters would answer, "Be quiet, Balna; why must you always be quarrelling with this poor woman? Let her take some fire if she likes." Then the Purdan's widow used to go to the hearth and take a few sticks from it; and, whilst no one was looking, she would quickly throw some mud into the midst of the dishes which were being prepared for the Rajah's dinner.

Now the Rajah was very fond of his daughters. Ever since their mother's death they had cooked his dinner with their own hands, in order to avoid the danger of his being poisoned by his enemies. So, when he found the mud mixed up with his dinner, he thought it must arise from their carelessness, as it appeared improbable that any one should have put

mud there on purpose; but being very kind, he did not like to reprove them for it, although this spoiling of the curry was repeated many successive days.

At last, one day, he determined to hide and watch his daughters cooking and see how it all happened; so he went into the next room, and watched them through a hole in the wall.

There he saw his seven daughters carefully washing the rice and preparing the curry, and as each dish was completed they put it by the fire ready to be cooked. Next he noticed the Purdan's widow come to the door, and beg for a few sticks from the fire to cook her dinner with. Balna turned to her, angrily, and said, "Why don't you keep fuel in your own house and not come here every day and take ours? Sisters, don't give this woman any more; let her buy it for herself."

Then the eldest sister answered, "Balna, let the poor woman take the wood and the fire; she does us no harm." But Balna replied, "If you let her come here so often, maybe she will do us some harm, and make us sorry for it, some day."

The Rajah then saw the Purdan's widow go to the place where all his dinner was nicely prepared, and, as she took the wood, she threw a little mud into each of the dishes.

At this he was very angry, and sent to have the woman seized and brought before him. But when the widow came, she told him that she had played this trick because she wanted to gain an audience with him; and she spoke so cleverly, and pleased him so well with her cunning words, that instead of punishing her the Rajah married her, and made her his Ranee, and she and her daughter came to live in

the palace.

The new Ranee hated the seven poor princesses, and wanted to get them, if possible, out of the way, in order that her daughter might have all their riches and live in the palace as princess in their place; and instead of being grateful to them for their kindness to her, she did all she could to make them miserable. She gave them nothing but bread to eat, and very little of that, and very little water to drink; so these seven poor little princesses, who had been accustomed to have everything comfortable about them, and good food and good clothes all their lives long, were very miserable and unhappy; and they used to go out every day and sit by their dead mother's tomb and cry; and used to say, "Oh mother, mother, cannot you see your poor children, how unhappy we are, and how we are starved by our cruel step-mother?"

One day, whilst they were sobbing and crying, lo and behold! a beautiful pomelo tree grew up out of the grave, covered with fresh ripe pomeloes, and the children satisfied their hunger by eating some of the fruit; and every day after this, instead of trying to eat the nasty dinner their step-mother provided for them, they used to go out to their mother's grave and eat the pomeloes which grew there on the beautiful tree.

Then the Ranee said to her daughter, "I cannot tell how it is; every day those seven girls say they don't want any dinner, and won't eat any, and yet they never grow thin nor look ill; they look better than you do. I cannot tell how it is;" and she bade her watch the seven princesses and see if any one gave them anything to eat.

So next day, when the princesses went to their

mother's grave, and were eating the beautiful pomeloes, the Purdan's daughter followed them and saw them gathering the fruit.

Then Balna said to her sisters, "Do you see that girl watching us? Let us drive her away or hide the pomeloes, else she will go and tell her mother all about it, and that will be very bad for us."

But the other sisters said, "Oh, no, do not be unkind, Balna. The girl would never be so cruel as to tell her mother. Let us rather invite her to come and have some of the fruit;" and calling her to them, they gave her one of the pomeloes.

No sooner had she eaten it, however, than the Purdan's daughter went home and said to her mother, "I do not wonder the seven princesses will not eat the nasty dinner you prepare for them, for by their mother's grave there grows a beautiful pomelo tree, and they go there every day and eat the pomeloes. I ate one, and it was the nicest I have ever tasted."

The cruel Ranee was much vexed at hearing this, and all next day she stayed in her room, and told the Rajah that she had a very bad headache. The Rajah at hearing this was deeply grieved, and said to his wife, "What can I do for you?" She answered, "There is only one thing that will make my headache well. By your dead wife's tomb there grows a fine pomelo tree; you must bring that here, and boil it, root and branch, and put a little of the water in which it has been boiled on my forehead, and that will cure my headache." So the Rajah sent his servants, and had the beautiful pomelo tree pulled up by the roots, and did as the Ranee desired; and when some of the water in which it had been boiled was put on her forehead she said her headache was gone and she felt

quite well.

Next day, when the seven princesses went as usual to the grave of their mother, the pomelo tree had disappeared. Then they all began to cry very bitterly.

Now there was by the Ranee's tomb a small tank, and as they were crying they saw that the tank was filled with a rich, cream-like substance, which quickly hardened into a thick white cake. At seeing this all the princesses were very glad, and they ate some of the cake, and liked it; and next day the same thing happened, and so it went on for many days. Every morning the princesses went to their mother's grave, and found the little tank filled with nourishing, cream-like cake. Then the cruel step-mother said to her daughter, "I cannot tell how it is; I have had the pomelo tree which used to grow by the Ranee's grave destroyed, and yet the princesses grow no thinner, nor look more sad, though they never eat the dinner I give them. I cannot tell how it is!"

And her daughter said, "I will watch."

Next day, while the princesses were eating the cream cake, who should come by but their step-mother's daughter. Balna saw her first, and said, "See, sisters, there comes that girl again. Let us sit round the edge of the tank, and not allow her to see it; for if we give her some of our cake she will go and tell her mother, and that will be very unfortunate for us."

The other sisters, however, thought Balna unnecessarily suspicious, and instead of following her advice they gave the Purdan's daughter some of the cake, and she went home and told her mother all about it.

The Ranee, on hearing how well the princesses fared, was exceedingly angry, and sent her servants to pull down the dead Ranee's tomb and fill the little tank with the ruins. And not content with this, she next day pretended to be very, very ill—in fact, at the point of death; and when the Rajah was much grieved, and asked her whether it was in his power to procure her any remedy, she said to him, "Only one thing can save my life, but I know you will not do it." He replied, "Yes, whatever it is, I will do it." She then said, "To save my life, you must kill the seven daughters of your first wife, and put some of their blood on my forehead and on the palms of my hands, and their death will be my life." At these words the Rajah was very sorrowful; but because he feared to break his word, he went out with a heavy heart to find his daughters.

He found them crying by the ruins of their mother's grave.

Then, feeling he could not kill them, the Rajah spoke kindly to them, and told them to come out into the jungle with him; and there he made a fire and cooked some rice, and gave it to them. But in the afternoon, it being very hot, the seven princesses all fell asleep, and when he saw they were fast asleep the Rajah, their father, stole away and left them (for he feared his wife), saying to himself, "It is better my poor daughters should die here than be killed by their step-mother."

He then shot a deer, and returning home, put some of the blood on the forehead and hands of the Ranee, and she thought then that he had really killed the princesses and said she felt quite well.

Meantime the seven princesses awoke, and when

they found themselves all alone in the thick jungle they were much frightened, and began to call out as loud as they could, in hopes of making their father hear; but he was by that time far away, and would not have been able to hear them, even had their voices been as loud as thunder.

It so happened that this very day the seven young sons of a neighboring Rajah chanced to be hunting in the same jungle, and as they were returning home after the day's sport was over, the youngest prince said to his brothers: "Stop, I think I hear some one crying and calling out. Do you not hear voices? Let us go in the direction of the sound, and try and find out what it is."

So the seven princes rode through the wood until they came to the place where the seven princesses sat crying and wringing their hands. At the sight of them the young princes were very much astonished, and still more so on learning their story; and they settled that each should take one of these poor forlorn ladies home with him and marry her.

So the first and eldest prince took the eldest princess home with him and married her.

And the second took the second;

And the third took the third;

And the fourth took the fourth;

And the fifth took the fifth;

And the sixth took the sixth;

And the seventh, and handsomest of all, took the beautiful Balna.

And when they got to their own land there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom at the

marriage of the seven young princes to seven such beautiful princesses.

About a year after this Balna had a little son, and his uncles and aunts were so fond of the boy that it was as if he had seven fathers and seven mothers. None of the other princes or princesses had any children, so the son of the seventh prince and Balna was acknowledged their heir by all the rest.

They had thus lived very happily for some time, when one fine day the seventh prince (Balna's husband) said he would go out hunting, and away he went; and they waited long for him, but he never came back.

Then his six brothers said they would go and see what had become of him; and they went away, but they also did not return.

And the seven princesses grieved very much, for they felt sure their kind husbands must have been killed.

One day, not long after this had happened, as Balna was rocking her baby's cradle, and whilst her sisters were working in the room below, there came to the palace door a man in a long black dress, who said that he was a Fakir, and came to beg. The servants said to him, "You cannot go into the palace —the Rajah's sons have all gone away; we think they must be dead, and their widows cannot be interrupted by your begging." But he said, "I am a holy man; you must let me in." Then the stupid servants let him walk through the palace, but they did not know that this man was no Fakir, but a wicked magician named Punchkin.

Punchkin Fakir wandered through the palace, and saw many beautiful things there, till at last he

reached the room where Balna sat singing beside her little boy's cradle. The magician thought her more beautiful than all the other beautiful things he had seen, insomuch that he asked her to go home with him and to marry him. But she said, "My husband, I fear, is dead, but my little boy is still quite young; I will stay here and teach him to grow up a clever man, and when he is grown up he shall go out into the world, and try and learn tidings of his father. Heaven forbid that I should ever leave him or marry you." At these words the magician was very angry, and turned her into a little black dog, and led her away, saying, "Since you will not come with me of your own free will, I will make you." So the poor princess was dragged away, without any power of effecting an escape, or of letting her sisters know what had become of her. As Punchkin passed through the palace gate the servants said to him, "Where did you get that pretty little dog?" And he answered, "One of the princesses gave it to me as a present." At hearing which they let him go without further questioning.

Soon after this the six elder princesses heard the little baby, their nephew, begin to cry, and when they went upstairs they were much surprised to find him all alone, and Balna nowhere to be seen. Then they questioned the servants, and when they heard of the Fakir and the little black dog they guessed what had happened, and sent in every direction seeking them, but neither the Fakir nor the dog was to be found. What could six poor women do? They had to give up all hopes of ever seeing their kind husbands and their sister and her husband again, and they devoted themselves thenceforward to teaching and taking care of their little nephew.

Thus time went on, till Balna's son was fourteen years old. Then one day his aunts told him the history of the family; and no sooner did he hear it than he was seized with a great desire to go in search of his father and mother and uncles, and bring them home again if he could find them alive. His aunts, on learning his determination, were much alarmed and tried to dissuade him, saying, "We have lost our husbands, and our sister and her husband, and you are now our sole hope; if you go away, what shall we do?" But he replied, "I pray you not to be discouraged; I shall return soon, and, if it is possible, bring my father and mother and uncles with me." So he set out on his travels, but for some months he could learn nothing to help him in his search.

At last, after he had journeyed many hundreds of weary miles, and become almost hopeless of ever being able to hear anything further of his parents, he one day came to a country which seemed full of stones and rocks and trees, and there he saw a large palace with a high tower; hard by which was a Malee's little house.

As he was looking about, the Malee's wife saw him, and ran out of the house and said, "My dear boy, who are you that dare venture to this dangerous place?" And he answered, "I am a Rajah's son, and I come in search of my father and my uncles and my mother whom a wicked enchanter bewitched." Then the Malee's wife said, "This country and this palace belong to a great enchanter; he is all-powerful, and if any one displeases him, he can turn them into stones and trees. All the rocks and trees you see here were living people once, and the magician turned them to what they now are. Some time ago a Rajah's son came here, and shortly afterward came his six

brothers, and they were all turned into stones and trees; and these are not the only unfortunate ones, for up in that tower lives a beautiful princess, whom the magician has kept prisoner there for twelve years, because she hates him and will not marry him."

Then the little prince thought, "These must be my parents and my uncles. I have found what I seek at last." So he told his story to the Malee's wife, and begged her to help him to remain in that place a while, and inquire further concerning the unhappy people she mentioned; and she promised to befriend him, and advised his disguising himself, lest the magician should see him, and turn him likewise into stone. To this the prince agreed. So the Malee's wife dressed him up in a saree, and pretended that he was her daughter.

One day, not long after this, as the magician was walking in his garden, he saw the little girl (as he thought) playing about, and he asked her who she was. She told him she was the Malee's daughter, and the magician said, "You are a pretty little girl, and to-morrow you shall take a present of flowers from me to the beautiful lady who lives in the tower."

The young prince was much delighted at hearing this, and after some consultation with the Malee's wife, he settled that it would be more safe for him to retain his disguise, and trust to the chance of a favorable opportunity for establishing some communication with his mother, if it were indeed she.

Now it happened that at Balna's marriage her husband had given her a small gold ring on which her name was engraved, and she put it on her little son's finger when he was a baby, and afterward

when he was older, his aunts had had it enlarged for him, so that he was still able to wear it. The Malee's wife advised him to fasten the well-known treasure to one of the bouquets he presented to his mother, and trust to her recognizing it. This was not to be done without difficulty, as such a strict watch was kept over the poor princess (for fear of her ever establishing communication with her friends) that though the supposed Malee's daughter was permitted to take her flowers every day, the magician or one of his slaves was always in the room at the same time. At last one day, however, opportunity favored him and when no one was looking the boy tied the ring to a nosegay and threw it at Balna's feet. The ring fell with a clang on the floor, and Balna, looking to see what made the strange sound, found the little ring tied to the flowers. On recognizing it, she at once believed the story her son told her of his long search, and begged him to advise her as to what she had better do; at the same time entreating him on no account to endanger his life by trying to rescue her. She told him that for twelve long years the magician had kept her shut up in the tower because she refused to marry him, and she was so closely guarded that she saw no hope of release.

Now Balna's son was a bright, clever boy; so he said, "Do not fear, dear mother; the first thing to do is to discover how far the magician's power extends, in order that we may be able to liberate my father and uncles, whom he has imprisoned in the form of rocks and trees. You have spoken to him angrily for twelve long years; do you now rather speak kindly. Tell him you have given up all hopes of again seeing the husband you have so long mourned, and say you are willing to marry him. Then endeavor to find out

what his power consists in, and whether he is immortal or can be put to death."

Balna determined to take her son's advice; and the next day sent for Punchkin and spoke to him as had been suggested.

The magician, greatly delighted, begged her to allow the wedding to take place as soon as possible.

But she told him that before she married him he must allow her a little more time in which she might make his acquaintance, and that, after being enemies so long, their friendship could but strengthen by degrees. "And do tell me," she said, "are you quite immortal? Can death never touch you? And are you too great an enchanter ever to feel human suffering?"

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because," she replied, "if I am to be your wife I would fain know all about you, in order, if any calamity threatens you, to overcome, or, if possible, to avert it."

"It is true," he said, "that I am not as others. Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm trees, and in the center of the circle stand six chattees full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth chattee is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die. It is, however," he added, "impossible that the parrot should sustain any injury, both on account of the inaccessibility of the country and because, by my appointment, many thousand evil genii surround the

palm trees, and kill all who approach the place."

Balna told her son what Punchkin had said, but, at the same time, implored him to give up all idea of getting the parrot.

The prince, however, replied, "Mother, unless I can get hold of that parrot you and my father and uncles cannot be liberated: be not afraid, I will shortly return. Do you, meantime, keep the magician in good humor—still putting off your marriage with him on various pretexts; and before he finds out the cause of delay I will return." So saying he went away.

Many, many weary miles did he travel, till at last he came to a thick jungle, and being very tired, sat down under a tree and fell asleep. He was awakened by a soft rustling sound, and, looking about him, saw a large serpent which was making its way to an eagle's nest built in the tree under which he lay, and in the nest were two young eagles. The prince, seeing the danger of the young birds, drew his sword and killed the serpent; at the same moment a rushing sound was heard in the air, and the two old eagles, who had been out hunting for food for their young ones, returned. They quickly saw the dead serpent and the young prince standing over it; and the old mother eagle said to him, "Dear boy, for many years all our young have been devoured by that cruel serpent: you have now saved the lives of our children; whenever you are in need, therefore, send to us and we will help you; and as for these little eagles, take them, and let them be your servants."

At this the prince was very glad, and the two eaglets crossed their wings, on which he mounted; and they carried him far, far away over the thick jungles until he came to the place where grew the circle of palm trees in the midst of which stood the

six chattees full of water. It was the middle of the day. All around the trees were the genii fast asleep; nevertheless, there were such countless thousands of them that it would have been quite impossible for any one to walk through their ranks to the place. Down swooped the strong-winged eaglets—down jumped the prince; in an instant he had overthrown the six chattees full of water, and seized the little green parrot, which he rolled up in his cloak; while, as he mounted again into the air, all the genii below awoke, and, finding their treasure gone, set up a wild and melancholy howl.

Away, away flew the little eagles till they came to their home in the great tree; then the prince said to the old eagles, “Take back your little ones; they have done me good service; if ever again I stand in need of help I shall not fail to come to you.” He then continued his journey on foot till he arrived once more at the magician’s palace, where he sat down at the door and began playing with the parrot. The magician saw him, and came to him quickly and said, “My boy, where did you get that parrot? Give it to me, I pray you.” But the prince answered, “Oh, no, I cannot give away my parrot; it is a great pet of mine; I have had it many years.” Then the magician said, “If it is an old favorite, I can understand you not caring to give it away; but come, what will you sell it for?” “Sir,” replied the prince, “I will not sell my parrot.”

Then the magician got frightened and said, “Anything, anything; name what price you will, and it shall be yours.” “Then,” the prince answered, “I will that you liberate the Rajah’s seven sons whom you turned into rocks and trees.” “It is done as you desire,” said the magician, “only give me my parrot”

(and with that, by a stroke of his wand, Balna's husband and his brothers resumed their natural shapes). "Now give me my parrot," repeated Punchkin. "Not so fast, my master," rejoined the prince; "I must first beg that you restore to life all whom you have thus imprisoned."

The magician immediately waved his wand again; and whilst he cried in an imploring voice, "Give me my parrot!" the whole garden became suddenly alive: where rocks and stones and trees had been before, stood Rajahs and Punts and Sirdars, and mighty men on prancing horses, and jewelled pages and troops of armed attendants.

"Give me my parrot!" cried Punchkin. Then the boy took hold of the parrot and tore off one of its wings; and as he did so the magician's right arm fell off.

Punchkin then stretched out his left arm, crying "Give me my parrot!" The prince pulled off the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off.

"Give me my parrot!" cried he, and fell on his knees. The prince pulled off the parrot's right leg—the magician's right leg fell off; the prince pulled off the parrot's left leg—down fell the magician's left.

Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, "Give me my parrot!" "Take your parrot, then," cried the boy, and with that he wrung the bird's neck and threw it at the magician; and as he did so, Punchkin's head twisted round, and with a fearful groan he died!

Then they let Balna out of the tower; and she, her

son, and the seven princes went to their own country, and lived very happily ever afterward. And as to the rest of the world, every one went to his own house.

CHAPTER III
ANIMALS IN CULTURE MYTHS

All the stories so far have reflected primitive man's way of thinking and acting. Passing now to more developed phases of life, we are confronted in myths by such an array of animals—definite personifications of natural phenomena—that no possible ark would hold these cosmical monsters.

Now if we imagine ourselves off for a hunt for some of these animals in the mythology of people no longer primitive but with a considerable degree of culture, we shall find ourselves rewarded to the full in the myths of India. The ancient Hindoo revels in animal cosmic myths. The sky seems to be in his imagination one vast pasture land for cows and bulls, though frequently it is turned into a battle-ground because of the incursions of an evil serpent who has a predilection for carrying off cows. These tremendous dramas in the imaginative sky of the Hindoo are a magnified reflection of the state of affairs existing upon the earth. Cosmic cattle would be expected to be more glorious than mundane cattle, yet we see through these myths how important the cow was to the existence of the Hindoo.[3] To increase the number of cows, to render them fruitful in milk and prolific in calves, to have them well looked after, is the dream, the ideal of the ancient Hindoo. His worst enemy, therefore, is he that robs him of his cows, while his best friend would be he who rescues the cows from the robber.

The dewy moon, the dawn, the watery cloud, in fact, the entire vault of heaven which gives the benignant and quickening rain as cows give their milk, are all personified as the beneficent Cow of Abundance.

The great and awful ruler of all these cows is the God Indra, who rides in a car to which are harnessed magnificent bay steeds. Sometimes he is called a Bull and sometimes he is said to roar like a Bull.

From the hymns of the "Rig Veda," probably three or four thousand years old, many of which were written in honor of Indra, may be gathered the characteristics of Indra and these remarkable cattle. In her cloudy aspects, this cow of the sky was called the spotted one, and was said to be the mother of the storm winds or Maruts, while Indra, who hides himself in thunder-clouds is the Bull of Bulls, invincible son of a cow that bellows like the Maruts. This terrible creature bellows and shows his strength as he sharpens his horns, who is able of himself to overthrow all peoples. His horns are the lightning, and he is sometimes said to have a thousand of them. With all these animals prancing about in the sky, there is a fine opportunity for brilliant onslaughts upon the enemy who steals the cows. Indra with his thunder-bolts and the Maruts with their winds are the leaders on one side, while in the hostile camp will be found a horrid monster called by different names, such as Valas, Vritras, Cushnas, meaning the enemy, black one, thief, serpent, wolf, or wild boar. This awful being generally seems to throw down the gauntlet by stealing the cows of Indra and imprisoning them in a dark and dismal cavern in the clouds. Then an exciting battle follows; Indra bellows, the thunder-bolt bellows, the Maruts bellow,

and ascend the rock, now by their own efforts making the sonorous stone, the rock mountain fall; now, with the iron edge of their rolling chariots violently splitting the mountain; then the valiant hero, Indra, beloved by the gods, moves the stone; he hears the cows, by aid of the Maruts he finds the cows hidden in the cavern. Furnished with an arm of stone he opens the grotto of Valas, who keeps the cows; he vanquishes, kills or pursues the thieves in battle. We may see this battle every time there is a thunder-storm, the lightning often leaps between the clouds, and the thunder roars before the rain falls, but when there comes the heavy downpour of rain, the ancient Hindoo would compare it to the refreshing milk of the cows which have been rescued by Indra.

Horses are also important animals in Hindoo myths. The Asvins, who gallop across the sky from morning till night, are sometimes called the sons of the Sun and the Dawn and sometimes they are called the steeds of Indra. They are described in the hymns of the “Rig Veda” as full of life, having eyes like the sun, drawing the chariot with the golden yoke, the two most rapid ones, who carry Indra as every day they carry the sun. They are as two rays of the sun, which illumine the sky with manes the color of a peacock, bridled sixty times, beneficent, winged, indefatigable, resolute destroyers of enemies.

The Hindoo deities all have animals on which they ride, called Vahans or Vehicles; thus, Indra sometimes rides an elephant, Siva, a bull, Durga, a tiger, and so on. These all share in the honors of worship accorded to their riders. These vehicles of the gods were probably once impersonations of the gods themselves, or animals into which they changed

themselves as they do in the primitive myths with which we are already familiar.

The cow does not seem to have been a Vahan for any of the gods. She was too much of a goddess in her own right, shown by the fact that she was regularly worshipped every year with great ceremony.

Egypt, however, was the land where animals received the greatest reverence. We find there a complete archæological museum of mythological animals. Cats and dogs, mice and crocodiles, birds and insects—all were worshipped. So sacred did the Egyptians consider animals in general that it was a capital crime if any of them were killed. Should an Ibis or a Hawk be even accidentally killed, the unfortunate person who happened to do it was put to death by the multitude without form of law. Even if a cat died, everybody in the house cut off his eyebrows. Nothing, not even the direst extremes of famine, could tempt an Egyptian to eat a sacred animal. They would rather devour each other than this.

But of all the animals, the ox kind received the highest honors. Bulls were occasionally sacrificed, but cows never. They were sacred to Isis, the Moon Goddess. There were special individuals of the species, however, who were looked upon with the utmost veneration. They were called Apis and Mnevis. Apis was a black bull, but had a white star on his forehead, the figure of an eagle on his back, a crescent on his right side, with a knot under his tongue, resembling the Scarabeus or sacred beetle. Apis is described as living twenty-five years, when he jumped into a well or into the river Nile. Upon the discovery of a new Apis the Egyptians celebrated a

joyful festival.

According to an ancient account, as soon as a report had been spread abroad that the Egyptian god had been brought to light, certain sacred scribes, who were well versed in the mystic marks, which they had learned by tradition, approached the divine calf. They fed it during four months with milk, in a house that fronted the rising sun. After this the sacred scribes carried him in a vessel prepared for the purpose to Memphis, where he had a convenient and delightful abode, with pleasure grounds and ample space for salubrious exercise. Companions were provided for him. He drank from a well or fountain of clean water.

Dances and festivities and joyful assemblies were held in honor of this animal at the rising of the Nile, and the man from whose flock the divine beast sprang was the happiest of mortals and was looked upon with admiration by all the people. According to some, Apis was dedicated to Isis or the Moon. Next to Apis the highest honors were paid to the sacred bull of Heliopolis, called Mnevis. This bull was black and was dedicated to Osiris. He was kept in a stable in the Temple of the Sun and was worshipped as a god. The warring principle in nature, Typhon, was identified with various hideous animals, such as the crocodile and hippopotamus. The most sacred of beetles was the Scarabeus, the symbol either of the sun or immortality. Even the higher gods were frequently represented as animals, or in part animals, while to those gods imaged in human form, like Osiris and Isis, animals were sacred. There was also an important bird, which was itself mythical, called the Phœnix. This wonderful bird was said to rise from time to time out of its own ashes.

Animals occupy a somewhat different position in Norse mythology. They are also survivals, very likely, from an earlier stage of life when animals were worshipped, but when we meet with them in the Norse myths they have become symbols of the various ideas of mankind in regard to the mind and spirit, and no longer appear simply as personifications of the events of nature like Indra and the cows in Hindoo mythology.

The Norse gods appear galloping into view on their wonderful steeds across the rainbow bridge, Bifrost, from Heaven to Earth. Their names are very significant: Odin rides Sleipner; Heimdal, Goldtop. The other horses are Glad (Bright), Gyller (Gilder), Gler (the Shining One), Skeidbrimer (Fleetfoot), Silfrintop (Silvertop), Siner (Sinews), Gisl (the Sunbeam), Falhofner (Palehoof), Letfet (Lightfoot).

Thor, the thunderer, unlike Indra, who often drove two bay steeds, had no horse upon which to ride over the rainbow bridge. He would destroy it with his thunder-bolts, so he had to wade through three rivers every day in order to reach the council of the gods. Odin's horse, Sleipner, is the most wonderful—a genuine cosmic animal, with eight legs that symbolize the eight winds of heaven.

The maiden Sol drove two gentle and beautiful steeds which were harnessed to the car of the sun. She drove in great haste, for she as well as her brother, who watches over the moon, are pursued by two wolves, by which is probably meant eclipses of the sun and moon. Day and Night also drive round the sky after each other. Night first with his steed Rine-fax. Every morning, as he ends his course, Rine-fax bedews the earth with the foam from his bit. Then Day follows with her steed, Shining-fax, from

whose mane all the sky and earth glisten. The god Frey rides on a boar named Golden-bristle, and his sister, Freyja, the goddess of love, is drawn by two cats.

The Midgard serpent or the worm which supported the earth with its tail in its mouth, is another most interesting mythical animal, whose story will be found in this chapter.

Finally, there is a Norse cow, still more remarkable than the Hindoo cow. She was made of frozen vapor, and four rivers of milk ran from her and fed the giant Yiner, or the earth. It is easy to recognize these rivers of milk as mountain streams of melted snow. This poor cow had only rime stones to live on, which she licked because of the salt. After she had licked them for some time, two magical, godlike beings sprang out of the stones and became the parents of Odin. The name of this strange cow was Audhumbla.

In the Norse Heaven, Valhalla, there are two more strange animals. The food of the Gods of Valhalla, Mead, is supplied by the milk of a she-goat who feeds upon the leaves of an extraordinary tree. Upon this same tree feeds a stag, and from his antlers fall so many drops of dew that water is supplied to thirty-six rivers, twelve of which flow to the abodes of the gods, twelve to the abodes of men, and twelve to Niflheim.

Fenris, the wolf, is another important animal who typifies evil.

Turning now to Greek mythology, we find that animals, on the whole, play a subordinate part. Animals are sacrificed to the gods of Greece, but they are not often worshipped. Many of the gods have more than one animal sacred to them or sacrificed to

them in their worship, and very likely some of these animals, as in Indian mythology, were originally worshipped. When the ideas of early mankind once began to develop it would soon occur to them that human beings would be better impersonations for their gods than animals, yet the animals, once having been sacred, it would be very difficult to banish them altogether, hence they remained in the more developed myths as animals sacred to gods in human form. Greek myths, too, abound in transformations into animal form, Zeus (Roman name Jupiter or Jove), the ruling god of heaven and earth, being especially given to appearing on earth in the form of some animal. Gods of the earth and sea were also often represented as half man, half animal, the most famous of these being Pan, the god of the woods, who was half man, half goat, and the mermaids, who had the bodies of women with fishes' tails. Though not so prominent as in India, the sky is the pasture land for flocks and herds in Greece, as you will see illustrated in the story of Odysseus's meeting with them. There are animals, also, which talk, like the celebrated steeds of Achilles, described in the "Iliad." In one place they are pictured as weeping when they saw the Greek hero Patroclus slain. As Pope translates this affecting scene:

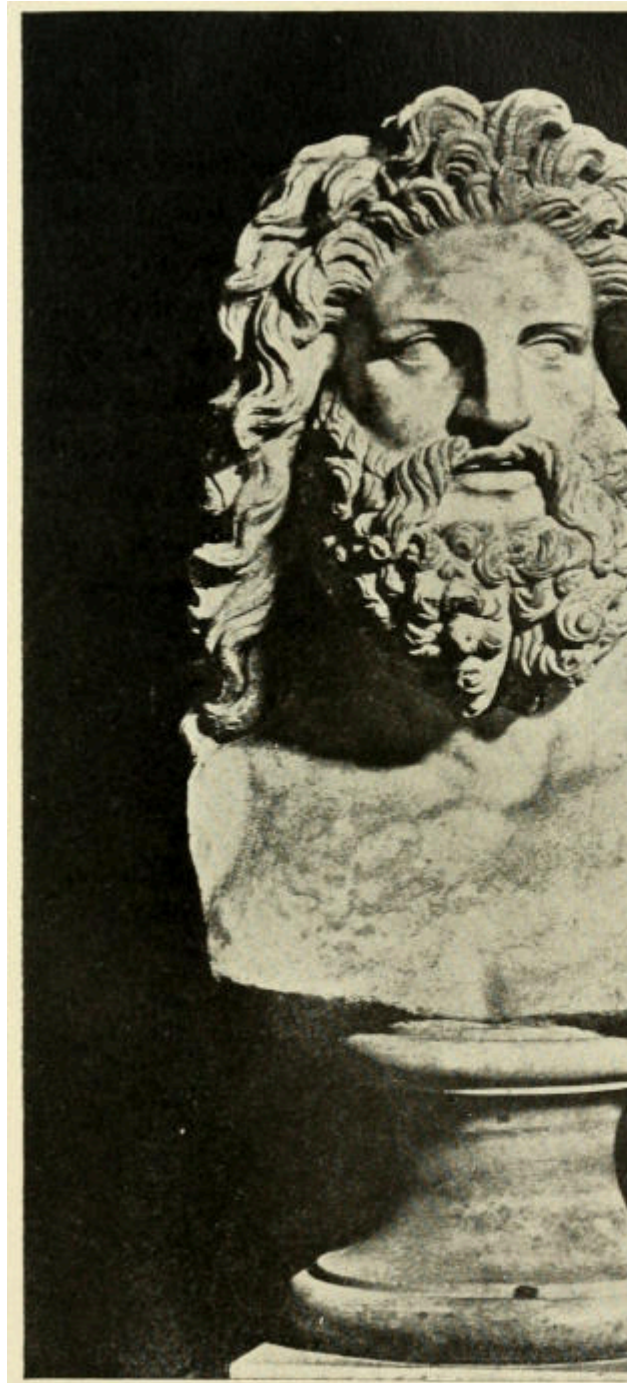
"Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes that late
Circled their arched necks and waved in state
Trailed on the dust beneath the yoke, were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid

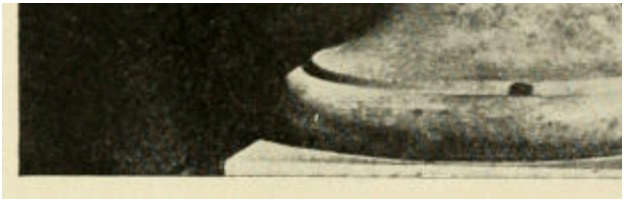
head."

But even more marvellous was the time when Xanthus broke into speech and warned his master of his approaching doom. It is quite in the manner of an animal in a savage myth, but in the days of Homer's "Iliad" thought had advanced so far among the Greeks that the speech of this horse was not regarded as a perfectly natural event as it would be in a savage myth. It was Juno, the goddess, who willed that Xanthus should break eternal silence and portentous speak. Achilles addresses his horses, and Xanthus answers:

"Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain;
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear
And learn to make your master more your
care:
Through falling squadrons bear my
slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord."
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seemed sensible of woe, and droop'd his
head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honors of his mane;
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he
broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke:
"Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Not ours the fault, but God decrees thy
doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the
course,

Tell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force:
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the
day
(Confess'd we saw him) tore his arms away.
No: could our swiftness o'er the winds
prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain: the fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.'
Then ceas'd forever, by the Furies tied,
This fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief replied
With unabated rage: 'So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.'"





Zeus. *From Pompeii.*

In Pegasus, the winged steed of the Nine Muses, we have what might be called the prize horse of all mythology. The old Greek writer Hesiod says he was born near the springs of Ocean. And he, indeed, winging his flight away, left Earth, the mother of flocks, and came to the immortals; in Jove's house he dwells, bearing to counsellor Jove thunder and lightning. This looks very much as if he began life as a personification of a natural phenomenon, like the Hindoo Asvins and the Norse Sleipner. But he was destined to a more glorious career than any of them. The goddess of wisdom, Athēne, caught him and tamed him, and he became the symbol of the imagination in its highest flights into the region of poetic aspiration and inspiration, a fitting climax to an idea, going back to the very fountains of the imagination which bubbled up in that early stage of life when animals as well as men were thought to be endowed with spirit.

In the two hymns following, one from the most ancient of Hindoo books, the "Rig Veda," and one from a still more ancient Egyptian book called "The Book of the Dead," there is quite a contrast, though they both represent myths in the highly developed religious form of hymns or songs to the gods. The Hindoo song sings the praises of Indra, while the Egyptian song is a prayer. Rā, who is mentioned, was the God of the Sun in Egypt.

Instead of driving steeds as many other sun-gods did, he was said to ride in a boat. But according to

this hymn, there were four sacred apes in the boat, to whom the ancient Egyptians offered prayers as they did to the sacred bulls Apis and Mnevis.

HYMNS TO INDRA

(*From the "Rig Veda"*)

I will declare the manly deeds of Indra, the
first that he achieved, the thunder-
wielder.
He slew the dragon, then disclosed the
waters, and cleft the channels of the
mountain torrents.
He slew the dragon lying on the mountain;
his heavenly bolt of thunder Twashtar
fashioned.
Like lowing kine in rapid flow descending
the waters glided downward to the
ocean.
Impetuous as a bull, he chose the Soma, and
quaffed in threefold sacrifice the
juices.
Maghavan grasped the thunder for his
weapon, and smote to death this first
born of the dragons.
When, Indra, thou hadst slain the dragon's
first born, and overcome the charms of
the enchanters,
Then, giving life to sun and dawn and
heaven, thou foundest not one foe to
stand against thee.
Indra with his own great and deadly thunder
smote into pieces Vritra worst of
Vritras.

...

They who pervaded earth's extremest limit
subdued not with their charms the
wealth-bestower:
Indra, the bull, made his ally the thunder,
and with its light milked cows from
out the darkness.
The waters flowed according to their nature;
he mid the navigable streams waxed
mighty.
Then, Indra, with his spirit concentrated,
smote him forever with his strongest
weapon.
Indra broke through Ilîbisa's strong castles,
and Sushna with his horn he cut to
pieces:
Thou, Maghavan, for all his might and
swiftness, slewest thy fighting foeman
with thy thunder.
Fierce on his enemies fell Indra's weapon:
with his sharp horn he rent their
towns in pieces.
He with his thunderbolt dealt blows on
Vritra, and conquered, executing all
his purpose.

THE FOUR APES

(*From the "Book of the Dead"*)

"Hail, ye four apes, who sit in the bows of the boat of Rā, who convey right and truth to Neb-er-tchu, who sit in judgment on my misery and on my strength, who make the gods to rest contented by means of the flame of your mouths, who offer holy offerings to the gods and sepulchral meals to the Khus who live upon right and truth, and who feed

upon right and truth of heart, who are without deceit and fraud and to whom wickedness is an abomination, do ye away with my evil deeds, and put ye away my sin which deserved stripes upon earth, and destroy ye any evil whatsoever that belongeth unto me, and let there be no obstacle whatsoever on my part toward you. O, grant ye I may make my way through the underworld. O, grant that there may be given to me cakes and ale and sweetmeats, even as they are given to the living Khus."

The four apes make answer, saying, "Come then, for we have done away with thy wickedness, and we have put away thy sin, along with the sin deserving of stripes which thou didst commit upon earth, and we have destroyed all the evil which belonged to thee upon earth. There shall be given unto thee cakes and ale and sweetmeats, and thou shalt come forth and thou shalt enter in at thy desire, even as do those Khus who are favored of the god, and thou shalt be proclaimed each day in the horizon."

STORY OF THE MIDGARD SERPENT AND FENRIS THE WOLF

(*From the Norse Eddas*)

This huge beast was one of the children of Loke, a troublesome, mischievous giant, who forced himself upon the society of the gods. His delight was to get them into all sorts of difficulties, and then by his cunning, wit and skill to extricate them. The gods knew that as the Midgard serpent grew larger he would bring untold troubles upon gods and men. So Odin thought the best way to dispose of him would be to throw him into the deep ocean which

surrounds the earth. He did so, but the serpent has grown to such an enormous size, that holding his tail in his mouth, he encircles the whole earth. One time the god Thor went with his servant Loke to the land of the giants. After some adventures they came to a city, standing in the middle of a plain. It was so lofty that they were obliged to bend their necks quite back on their shoulders in order to see the top of it. On arriving, they entered the city, and seeing a large palace before them with the door wide open, they went in and found a number of men of prodigious stature sitting on benches in the hall. Going further they came before the king, Utgard-Loke, whom they saluted with great respect. The king, regarding them with a scornful smile, said, "If I do not mistake me, that stripling yonder must be the god Thor." Utgard-Loke then asked Thor and his companions in what feats they excelled, for he said, "No one is permitted to remain here who does not, in some feat or other, excel all other men." Various feats of strength were tried, then Utgard-Loke said, "We have a very trifling game here. It consists merely in lifting my cat from the ground; nor should I have dared to mention such a feat to the great Thor if I had not already observed that thou art by no means what we took thee for."

As he finished a large gray cat sprang on the hall floor. Thor put his hand under the cat, and did his utmost to raise him from the floor, but the cat, bending his back, had, notwithstanding all Thor's efforts, only one of his feet lifted up, seeing which Thor made no further attempt.

"This trial has turned out," said Utgard-Loke, "just as I imagined it would. The cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison with our men."

The next morning, at break of day, Thor and his

companions dressed themselves and prepared for their departure. Utgard-Loke ordered a table to be set for them, on which there was no lack of victuals or drink. After the repast, Utgard-Loke led them to the gate of the city, and on parting asked Thor how he thought his journey had turned out, and whether he had met with any men stronger than himself. Thor told him that he could not deny but that he had brought great shame on himself. “And what grieves me most,” he added, “is that thou wilt call me a person of little worth.”

“Nay,” said Utgard-Loke, “it behooves me to tell thee the truth, now thou art out of the city, which so long as I live and have my way thou shalt never enter again. And, by my troth, had I known beforehand that thou hadst so much strength in thee, and wouldst have brought me so near to a great mishap, I would not have suffered thee to enter this time. Know then that I have all along deceived thee by my illusions.” He then complimented Thor upon each feat he had performed, and as for the cat, he said, “Thou hast indeed performed a wonderful feat by lifting up the cat, and to tell thee the truth, when we saw that one of his paws was off the floor we were all of us terror-stricken, for what thou tookest for a cat was in reality the Midgard serpent that encompasseth the earth, and he was so stretched by thee that he was barely long enough to enclose it between his head and tail.”

The wolf Fenris was also one of Loke’s children, and gave the gods a great deal of trouble until they succeeded in chaining him. He broke the strongest fetters as if they were made of cobwebs. Finally the gods sent a messenger to the mountain spirits, who made for them the chain called Gleipnir. It was

fashioned of various things: the noise made by the footfall of a cat, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes, the nerves of bears, and the spittle of birds. When finished it was as smooth and soft as a silken string. But when the gods asked the wolf to suffer himself to be bound with this apparently slight ribbon he suspected their design, fearing that it was made by enchantment. He therefore only consented to be bound with it on condition that one of the gods put his hand in his (Fenris's) mouth as a pledge that the band was to be removed again. Tyr alone had sufficient courage to do this. But when the wolf found that he could not break his fetters and that the gods would not release him, he bit off Tyr's hand. Tyr, consequently, has ever since remained one-handed.

THE STORY OF APOLLO AND PHAËTON

(*Greek: After Ovid*)

Phaëton was the son of Apollo and the earthly nymph Clymene. One day Epaphus, the son of Zeus and Io, scoffed at the idea of Phaëton's being the son of a god. Phaëton complained of the insult to his mother, Clymene. She sent him to Phœbus Apollo to ask for himself whether he had not been truly informed concerning his parentage. Gladly Phaëton travelled toward the regions of the sunrise, and gained at last the palace of the Sun. He approached his father's presence, but stopped at a distance, for the light was more than he could bear. Phœbus Apollo, arrayed in purple, sat on a throne that glittered with diamonds. Beside him stood the Day, the Month, the Year, the Hours and the Seasons. Surrounded by these attendants, the Sun beheld the

youth dazzled with the novelty and splendor of the scene, and inquired the purpose of his errand. The youth replied, “Oh, light of the boundless world, Phœbus, my father—give me some proof, I beseech thee, by which I may be known as thine!” He ceased. His father, laying aside the beams that shone around his head, bade him approach, embraced him, and swore by the river Styx that whatever proof he might ask should be granted. Phaëton immediately asked to be permitted for one day to drive the chariot of the Sun. The father repented of his promise, and tried to dissuade the boy by telling him the perils of the undertaking. “None but myself,” he said, “may drive the flaming car of day. Not even Zeus, whose terrible right arm hurls the thunder-bolts. The first part of the way is steep, and such as the horses when fresh in the morning can hardly climb; the middle part is high up in the heavens, whence I myself can scarcely, without alarm, look down and behold the earth and sea stretched beneath me. The last part of the road descends rapidly and requires most careful driving. Tethys, who is waiting to receive me, often trembles for me lest I should fall headlong. Add to this that the heaven is all the time turning round and carrying the stars with it. Couldst thou keep thy course, while the sphere revolved beneath thee? The road, also, is through the midst of frightful monsters. Thou must pass by the horns of the Bull, in front of the Archer, and near the Lion’s jaws, and where the Scorpion stretches its arms in one direction and the Crab in another. Nor wilt thou find it easy to guide these horses, with their breasts full of fire that they breathe forth from their mouths and nostrils. Beware, my son, lest I be the donor of a fatal gift; recall the request while yet thou canst.” He ended; but the youth rejected admonition, and held to his demand.

So, having resisted as long as he might, Phœbus at last led the way to where stood the lofty chariot.

It was of gold, the gift of Vulcan: the axle of gold, the pole and wheels of gold, the spokes of silver. Along the seat were rows of chrysolites and diamonds reflecting the brightness of the sun. While the daring youth gazed in admiration, the Dawn threw open the purple doors of the east, and showed the pathway strewn with roses. The stars withdrew, marshalled by the Day Star, which last of all retired also. The father when he saw the earth beginning to glow and the moon preparing to retire, ordered the Hours to harness up the horses. They led forth from the lofty stalls the steeds full fed with ambrosia, and attached the reins. Then the father, smearing the face of his son with a powerful unguent, made him capable of enduring the brightness of the flame. He set the rays on the lad's head, and, with a foreboding sigh, told him to spare the whip and hold tight the reins; not to take the straight road between the five circles, but to turn off to the left; to keep within the limit of the middle zone, and avoid the northern and the southern alike; finally, to keep in the well-worn ruts, and to drive neither too high nor too low, for the middle course was safest and best.

Forthwith the agile youth sprang into the chariot, stood erect and grasped the reins with delight, pouring out thanks to his reluctant parent. But the steeds soon perceived that the load they drew was lighter than usual; and as a ship without ballast is tossed hither and thither on the sea, the chariot, without its accustomed weight, was dashed about as if empty. The horses rushed headlong and left the travelled road. Then for the first time the Great and Little Bears were scorched with heat, and would fain,

if it were possible, have plunged into the water; and the serpent which lies coiled round the north pole, torpid and harmless, grew warm, and with warmth felt its rage revive. Boötes, they say, fled away though encumbered with his plough and unused to rapid motion.

When hapless Phaëton looked down upon the earth, now spreading in vast extent beneath him, he grew pale, and his knees shook with terror. He lost his self-command, and knew not whether to draw tight the reins or throw them loose; he forgot the names of the horses. But when he beheld the monstrous forms scattered over the surface of heaven —the Scorpion extending two great arms, his tail, and his crooked claws over the space of two signs of the Zodiac—when the boy beheld him, reeking with poison and menacing with fangs, his courage failed, and the reins fell from his hands. The horses, unrestrained, went off into unknown regions of the sky, in among the stars, hurling the chariot over pathless places, now up in high heaven, now down almost to the earth. The Moon saw with astonishment her brother's chariot running beneath her own. The clouds began to smoke, the forest-clad mountains burned—Athos and Taurus and Timolus and Œti; Ida, once celebrated for fountains; the Muses' Mountain, Helicon and Hæmus; Ætna, with fires within and without, and Parnassus, with his two peaks, and Rhodope, forced at last to part with his snowy crown. The cold climate was no protection to Scythia; Caucasus burned, and Ossa and Pindus, and, greater than both, Olympus,—the Alps high in air, and the Apennines crowned with clouds.

Phaëton beheld the world on fire, and felt the heat intolerable. Then, too, it is said, the people of

Ethiopia became black because the blood was called by the heat so suddenly to the surface; and the Libyan Desert was dried up to the condition in which it remains to this day. The nymphs of the fountains, with dishevelled hair, mourned their waters, nor were the rivers safe beneath their banks; Tanaïs smoked, and Caïcus, Xanthus and Mæander; Babylonian Euphrates and Ganges, Tagus with golden sands, and Caÿster where the swans resort. Nile fled away and hid his head in the desert, and there it still remains, concealed. Where he used to discharge his waters through seven mouths into the sea, seven dry channels alone remained. The earth cracked open and through the chinks light broke into Tartarus, and frightened the king of shadows and his queen. The sea shrank up. Even Nereus and his wife Doris, with the Nereïds, their daughters, sought the deepest caves for refuge.

Thrice Neptune essayed to raise his head above the surface, and thrice he was driven back by the heat. Earth, surrounded as she was by waters, yet with head and shoulders bare, screening her face with her hand, looked up to heaven, and with husky voice prayed Zeus, if it were his will that she should perish by fire, to end her agony at once by his thunderbolts, or else to consider his own heaven, how both the poles were smoking that sustained his palace, and that all must fall if they were destroyed.

Earth, overcome with heat and thirst, could say no more. Then Zeus, calling the gods to witness that all was lost unless some speedy remedy were applied, thundered, brandished a lightning-bolt in his right hand, launched it against the charioteer, and struck him at the same moment from his seat and from existence. Phaëton with his hair on fire, fell headlong

like a shooting star which marks the heavens with its brightness as it falls, and Eridanus, the great river, received him and cooled his burning frame. His sisters, the Heliades, as they lamented his fate, were turned into poplar trees, on the banks of the river, and their tears, which continued to flow, became amber as they dropped into the stream.

THE STORY OF ODYSSEUS AND THE OXEN OF THE SUN

(*Greek: From the "Odyssey"*)

When Odysseus (called also Ulysses) one of the heroes of the Trojan war, was returning to his home in Ithaca, he had many adventures and suffered many hardships which caused him to be years making the voyage from Troy to Ithaca. One of these adventures was his visit to the Isle of the Sun, about which he had been warned by the goddess Circè. Odysseus himself tells how the ship in which he and his comrades were embarked entered the great deep and reached the Isle Æacea, where the Morning, child of Dawn, abides and holds her dances, and the Sun goes up from the earth. There they landed, and drew their galley up on the beach. After disembarking, they all lay down to sleep beside the sea and waited for the holy Moon to rise.

As soon as Circè, for this was the island where this goddess dwelt, heard that Odysseus and his comrades were there, she quickly attired herself and came down to the beach with her maids who followed, bringing bread and store of meats and generous wines. Then the wise goddess, standing in their midst, spake to them and said, "Take food and wine, and hold a feast to-day, and with the dawn of

morning you shall sail away. I will show you the way, and point out to you all its dangers, so that you may not come to any harm through following false counsels, either on the land or on the water." The confiding minds of Odysseus and his men were easily swayed by her counsels. So all that day they sat and banqueted upon the abundant meats and generous wines. And when the sun went down and darkness came, the crew lay down to sleep beside the moorings of the ship, and Circè, taking the hand of Odysseus, led him apart, made him sit down, and sitting before him made him tell all that he had seen.

Then she addressed him, saying, "Thus far all is well; now needfully attend to what I say, and may some deity help you to remember it." She told him first about the Sirens' haunt, which it would be difficult for him to pass, and then about the horrible rocks where Scylla and Charybdis dwelt, giving him instructions how to meet these dangers; then continuing she said, "In your voyage you will reach the Isle Trinacria, where in pastures belonging to the Sun many beeves and fatling sheep of his are fed—seven herds of oxen, and as many flocks of sheep, and fifty in each flock and herd. They never increase and they never die, and they are tended by two shepherdesses, goddesses with redundant locks. One is named Lampetia, the other Phaëthusa. If your desire be to return to Ithaca, your home, only leave these flocks and herds unharmed, and you and all your men will return, though after many toils. But if you rashly harm them, I foretell destruction to your ship and all its crew; and if you should escape, yet your return will be late and in sorrow, with all your comrades lost."

As she finished speaking, the Morning on her

golden throne looked forth; the glorious goddess went her way into the isle, and Odysseus went to his ship and bade the men embark and cast the hawsers loose. Straightway they all went on board, and duly manned the benches, smiting the hoary waters with their oars. Then Circè, amber-haired, the mighty goddess of the musical voice, sent a fair wind behind the dark-prowed ship, which gayly bore them company and filled the sails.

Odysseus then told the crew all that Circè, the amber-haired, had said to him. He warns them of the dangers to come, and how they may be escaped, first the Sirens, and the rocks where Scylla and Charybdis dwelt. They escaped these dangers, and approached the pleasant island of the Sun, where the oxen with broad, beautiful foreheads were grazing, and flocks of sheep, the fatlings of the god who makes the round of heaven. While yet at sea, Odysseus heard from his ship the lowing of the herds in the stables and the bleating of the flocks, and when he heard them he immediately thought of the words the blind seer, Tiresias of Thebes, had said to him, and those of Circè, by whom he had often been warned to shun the island of the god whose light is sweet to all. Then with a sorrowing heart he said to his companions, “My comrades, sufferers as you are, listen to me, and I shall disclose the oracles which lately Tiresias and Circè gave me. The goddess earnestly admonished me not to approach the island of the Sun, whose light is sweet to all, for there she said some great misfortune lay in wait for us. Now let us speed the ship and pass the isle.”

The hearts of the men were broken by this speech, and one of them, Eurylochus, bitterly replied, “How austere you are, Odysseus. You are exceedingly

strong and no labor tires your limbs; they must be made of iron, since by your will you deny to us, overcome with toil and sleeplessness, the chance to tread the land again, and make a generous banquet in that island amid the waters. You would have us sail into the swiftly coming night, and stray far from the island, through the misty sea. By night the mighty winds spring up that make a wreck of ships; and how can one escape destruction, should a sudden hurricane rise from the south or the hard-blowing west, causing a ship to founder in the dark in spite of all the sovereign gods? Let us obey the dark-browed Night, and take our evening meal, remaining close beside our gallant bark, and go on board again when morning breaks, and enter the wide sea." The others all approved, and Odysseus knew at once that some god was meditating evil against them, and he replied, "Eurylochus, you force me to your will since I am only one. Now all of you, bind yourselves to me firmly, by an oath, that if you here shall meet a herd of beeves or flock of sheep, you will not dare to slay a single ox or sheep, but feed contented on the stores that Circè gave." The crew swore as Odysseus asked, and when the solemn oath was taken they brought the galley to land and moored it in a winding creek, beside a fountain of sweet water. They then stepped from the deck and made ready their evening meal. They ate and drank until their thirst and hunger were appeased, and then they thought of those whom Scylla had snatched from the galley's deck and devoured, and wept until sleep stole softly over them amid their tears. Now came the third part of the night; the stars were sinking, when the cloud-compeller, Jove, sent forth a violent wind with eddying gusts, and covered both the earth and the sky with clouds, and darkness fell

from heaven. When morning came, the rosy-fingered daughter of the Dawn, they drew the ship into a spacious bay. The home of the nymphs was there, and there they saw the smooth fair places where they danced. Then Odysseus called a council of his men and said to them, “My friends, in our good ship are food and drink; we must abstain from these beeves, lest we be made to suffer, for these herds and these fair flocks are sacred to a dreaded god, the Sun—the all-beholding and all-hearing Sun.” All were swayed full easily by what he said. Now for an entire month the gales blew from the south, and after that no wind save east and south. As long as they had the bread and wine Circè had given them, the men spared the beeves, moved by the love of life. But when the stores on board the galley were consumed, they roamed the island in their need, and sought for prey. They snared with baited hooks the fish and birds—whatever came to hand—till they were gaunt with famine.

Meanwhile, Odysseus withdrew apart within the isle to supplicate the gods, hoping one of them might reveal the way of his return. As he strayed into the land apart from all the rest, he found a sheltered nook where no wind came, and prayed with washed hands to all the gods who dwelt in heaven. At last he fell into a soft slumber. But Eurylochus, in the meantime, was beguiling the men with fatal counsels.

“Hear, my companions, sufferers as you are, the words that I shall speak. All modes of death are hateful to the wretched race of men; but this of hunger, thus to meet our fate, is the most fearful. Let us drive apart the best of all the oxen of the Sun, and sacrifice them to the immortal ones, who dwell in

the broad heaven. And if we come to Ithaca, our country, we will there build to the Sun, whose path is o'er our heads, a sumptuous temple, and endow its shrine with many gifts and rare. But if it be his will, approved by all the other gods, to sink our bark in anger, for the sake of these high-horned oxen, I should choose sooner to gasp my life away amid the billows of the deep, than pine to death by famine in this melancholy isle."

The crew approved of this, and now from the neighboring herd they drove the best of all the beeves; for near the dark-prowed ship the fair broad-fronted herd with crooked horns was feeding. The crew stood round the victims and, offering their petitions to the gods, held tender oak leaves in their hands, just plucked from a tall tree, for in the good ship's hold there was left no more white barley. When they had prayed, and slain and dressed the beeves, they hewed away the thighs and covered them with double folds of skin, and laid raw slices over these. They had no wine to pour in sacrifice upon the burning flesh, so they poured water instead, and roasted all the entrails thus. When the thighs were thoroughly consumed, the entrails tasted, all the rest was carved into small portions, and transfixed with spits.

Just at this moment Odysseus awoke, and hurrying to the shore and his good ship, he perceived the savory steam from the burnt offering, and sorrowfully, then, he called upon the ever-living gods:—"O Father Jove, and all ye blessed gods, who live forever, 'twas a cruel sleep in which ye lulled me to my grievous harm. My comrades here have done a fearful wrong."

Then Lampetia, of the trailing robes, flew in haste

to the Sun, who journeys round the earth, to tell him that the men had slain his beeves.

In anger then he thus addressed the gods:

"O Father Jove, and all ye blessed gods who never die, avenge the wrong I bear upon the comrades of Laertes' son, Odysseus, who have foully slain my beeves, in which I took delight whene'er I rose into the starry heaven, and when again I sank from heaven to earth. If they make not large amends for this great wrong, I shall go down to Hades, there to shine among the dead."

And cloud-compelling Zeus replied: "Still shine, O Sun! among the deathless gods and mortal men, upon the nourishing earth. Soon will I cleave with a white thunder-bolt their galley in the midst of a black sea."

When Odysseus came to the ship beside the sea, he spoke to them all sternly, man after man, yet he could think of no redress. The beeves were dead, and now the gods amazed them with prodigies. The skins moved and crawled, the flesh, both raw and roasted on the spits, lowed with the voice of oxen. Six whole days the men feasted, taking from the herd the Sun's best oxen. When Jove brought the seventh day, the tempest ceased; the wind fell, and they straightway went on board. They set the mast upright, and, spreading the white sails, they ventured on the great wide sea again.

When they had left the isle and there appeared no other land, but only sea and sky, the son of Saturn (Jove) caused a lurid cloud to gather o'er the galley, and to cast its darkness on the ship. Not long the ship ran onward, ere the furious west wind rose and blew a hurricane. A strong blast snapped both ropes that

held the mast; the mast fell back; the tackle dropped entangled to the hold; the mast in falling on the galley's stem, dashed on the pilot's head and crushed the bones, and from the deck he plunged like one who dives into the deep. His gallant spirit left the limbs at once. Jove thundered from on high, and sent a thunder-bolt into the ship, that, quaking with the fearful blow, and filled with stifling sulphur, shook the men off into the deep. They floated round the ship like sea mews; Jupiter had cut them off from their return.

Odysseus moved from place to place, still in the ship, until the tempest's force parted the sides and keel. The naked keel was swept before the waves. The mast had snapped just at the base, but round it was a thong made of a bullock's hide. With this Odysseus bound the mast and keel together. He took his seat upon them and the wild winds bore him on.

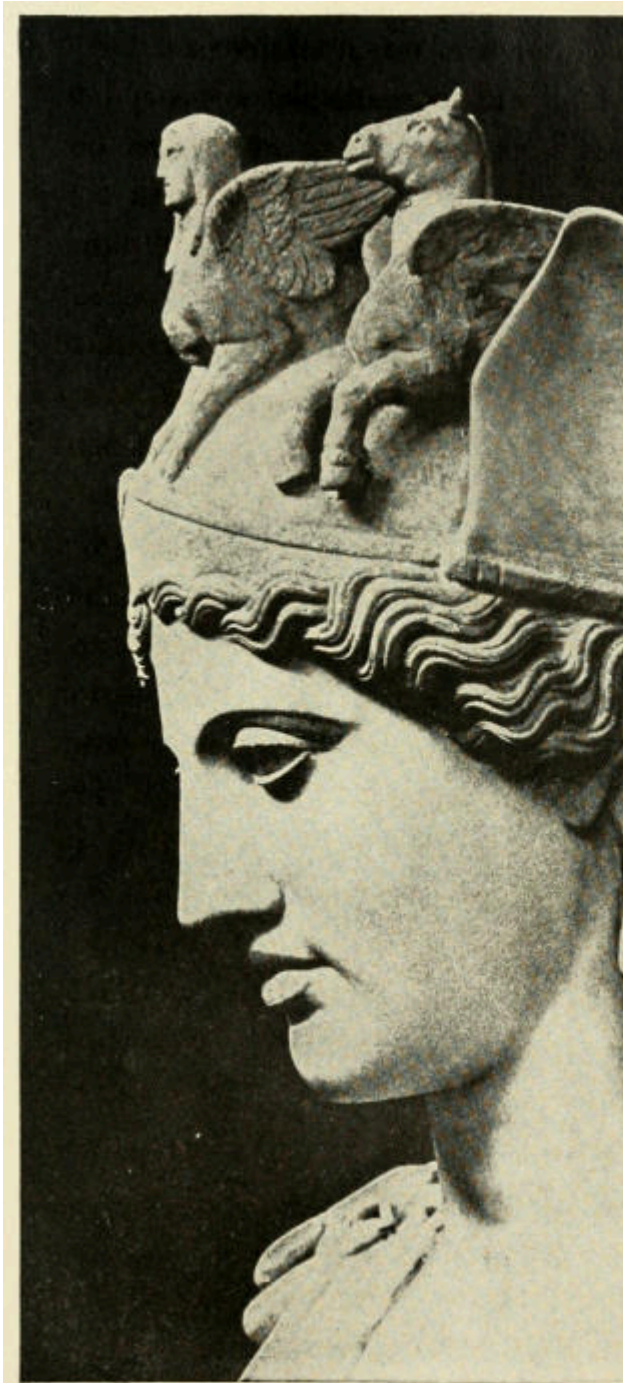
STORY OF ARACHNE AND ATHĒNE

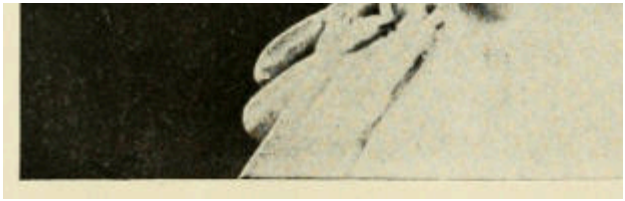
(*Greek: After Ovid*)

There was once a beautiful maiden, named Arachne, who was so accomplished in the arts of carding and spinning, of weaving and embroidery, that the nymphs themselves would leave their groves and fountains to come and gaze upon her work. It was not only beautiful when it was done, but beautiful also in the doing. To watch her one would have said that Athēne herself had taught her. But this she denied, and could not bear to be thought even a pupil of a goddess. "Let Athēne try her skill with mine," she said; "if beaten I will pay the penalty."

Athēne heard this and was much displeased.

Assuming the form of an old woman, she appeared to Arachne, and kindly advised her to challenge her fellow mortals if she would, but at once to ask forgiveness of the goddess. Arachne bade the old dame to keep her counsel for others. “I am not afraid of the goddess. Let her try her skill if she dare venture.” “She comes,” said Athēne, and dropping her disguise stood confessed. The nymphs bent low in homage, and all the bystanders paid reverence. Arachne alone was unterrified. A sudden color dyed her cheeks, and then she grew pale; but she stood to her resolve, and rushed on her fate. They proceed to the contest. Each takes her station and attaches the web to the beam. Then the slender shuttle is passed in and out among the threads. The reed with its fine teeth strikes up the woof into its place, and compacts the web. Wool of Tyrian dye is contrasted with that of other colors, shaded off into one another so adroitly that the joining deceives the eye. And the effect is like the bow whose long arch tinges the heavens, formed by sunbeams reflected from the shower, in which, when the colors meet, they seem as one, but at a little distance from the point of contact are wholly different.





Athēne. *Glyptothek, Mun*

Athēne wrought on her web the scene of her contest with Posidon. Twelve of the heavenly powers were represented, Zeus with august gravity sitting in the midst. Posidon, the ruler of the sea, held his trident, and appeared to have just smitten the earth, from which a horse had leaped forth. The bright-eyed goddess depicted herself with helmeted head, her ægis covering her breast, as when she had created the olive tree, with its berries and its dark green leaves. But the most astonishing example of her skill appeared in a butterfly, so beautiful that only a poet can describe it properly. Listen to the charming description of the poet Spenser:

Amongst these leaves she made a Butterfly,
With excellent device and wondrous slight;
Fluttering among the olives wantonly,
That seemed to live, so like it was in sight;
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight;
His broad outstretchèd horns, his hairy thighs,
His glorious colors, and his glistening eyes.
Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And masterèd with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonished long, ne aught gainsaid;
And with fast fixèd eyes on her did stare.

Such was the central circle of Athēne's web; and in the four corners were represented incidents

illustrating the displeasure of the gods at such presumptuous mortals as had dared to contend with them. These were meant as warnings from Athēne to her rival to give up the contest before it was too late.

But Arachne did not yield. She filled her web with subjects designedly chosen to exhibit the failings and errors of the gods, wonderfully well done, but strongly marking her presumption and impiety. Athēne could not forbear to admire, yet was indignant at the insult. She struck the web with her shuttle, and rent it in pieces; then, touching the forehead of Arachne, she made her realize her guilt. It was more than mortal could bear; and forthwith Arachne hanged herself. “Live, guilty woman,” said Athēne, “but that thou mayest preserve the memory of this lesson, continue to hang, both thou and thy descendants, to all future times.” Then sprinkling her with the juices of aconite, the goddess transformed her into a spider, forever spinning the thread by which she is suspended.

CHAPTER IV
TREE AND PLANT MYTHS

To primitive man, trees and plants seemed as mysterious as animals, and there are many myths which tell of the descent of mankind from trees, and many cases in which plants were totems instead of animals. Among various Indian tribes who had such a belief may be mentioned the Miztecs, who declared they were descended from two majestic trees that stood in the gorge of the mountain of Apiola. The Chiapanecas thought they sprang from the roots of a silk cotton tree. The Tamaraquas of South America have a tradition that the human race sprang from the fruits of the date palm after the Mexican age of water. Passing half way round the world to the Damaras of South Africa we find still more remarkable qualities attributed to the first tree. “In the beginning,” they say, “there was a tree, and out of this tree came Damaras, Bushmen (the wildest of South African tribes), oxen and zebras. The Damaras lit a fire which frightened away the Bushmen and the zebras, but the oxen remained. Hence it is that Bushmen and wild beasts live together in all sorts of inaccessible places, but the Damaras and oxen possess the land.”

Even in Greek mythology, the idea of descent from trees had not quite died out, for we read in the “Odyssey” that Penelope says to Odysseus, while still in the disguise of a beggar, so that she does not recognize him, “Now, I pray, declare thy lineage, for thou surely art not sprung from the old fabulous oak

nor from the rock."

The oak was regarded with very great reverence by the Greeks. They declared it to be the first tree that grew upon the earth, its acorns being the earliest food of man. There is an interesting story to the effect that the Deluge was due to quarrels between Zeus (Jupiter) and Hera (Juno), and when the waters subsided an oaken statue emerged supposed to be a symbol of peace between the king of gods and his consort.

When the imagination begins to sprout a little more the savage invents a story telling how the first men and animals were made out of trees by some divinity. Thus Glooskap, the Algonquin divinity, made man in this way: "He took his bow and arrows and shot at trees, the basket tree, the ash. Then Indians came out of the bark of the ash trees." In Norse mythology there is a similar legend, according to which there were no intelligent men on earth until there came three mighty and benevolent gods to the world. Men had no sense, nor blood, nor motive powers, nor goodly color. Odin gave spirit, Haemir gave sense, and Lodur gave blood by bestowing it upon the senseless ashes and elms.

The worship of trees is told of in stories from one end of the world to the other.

The Ainos of Japan have a story that "at the beginning of the world the ground was so hot that the creatures called men even got their feet burnt. For this reason no tree or herb could grow. The only herb that grew at that time was the mugwort. Of trees the only ones were the oak and pine. For this reason these two trees are the oldest among trees. This being so, these two trees are divine; they are

trees which human beings worship."

They also believe in a mystic pine tree made of metal which grew at the head of the world, against which the swords of the gods broke and bent where they attacked it. The Japanese god, Izanagi, repels the eight thunder gods in the infernal regions by throwing at them the three fruits of the peach tree that grew at the entrance of the level pass of the dark world.

There is also a Chinese peach tree of the gods which grows near the palace of Si Wang Mu, the West Queen Mother. Its fruit of immortality ripens once in thirteen thousand years and gives three thousand years of life to the eater. Tung Fang So stole three and lived nine thousand years.

The Hindoos have more than one marvellous mythical tree. According to the "Rig Veda," the god Brahma himself was a tree and all the other gods are considered branches of the divine parent stem. There is also a supernatural tree sacred to Buddha. This cloud tree is the tree of knowledge and wisdom and is covered with divine flowers. It glows and sparkles with the brilliance of all manner of precious stones. The root, the trunk, the branches, and the leaves are formed of gems of the most glorious description. It grows in soil pure and delightfully even to which the rich verdure of grass imparts the tints of a peacock's neck. This tree receives the homage of the gods. The arm of Maya, the mother of Buddha, when she stretches it forth to grasp the bough which bends toward her shines as the lightning illumines the sky. Beneath this tree Buddha, at whose birth a flash of light pierced through all the world, sat down with the firm resolve not to rise until he had attained the knowledge which maketh free. Then the tempter

Mara advanced with his demoniacal forces. Encircling the sacred tree, hosts of demons assailed Buddha with fiery darts, amid the whirl of hurricanes, darkness and the downpour of floods of water, to drive him from the tree.

Buddha, however, maintained his position unmoved and at length the demons were compelled to fly.

Still another marvellous tree is that of the Persians. It is called the Haoma. It is the sacred vine of the Zoroastrians, which produces the primal drink of immortality, after which it is named. It is the first of all trees, planted in heaven by Ormuzd in the fountain of life. Near this tree grows another, called the "impassive" or "inviolable," which bears the seeds of every kind of vegetable life. Both these trees are situated in a lake and guarded by ten fish, who keep a ceaseless watch upon a lizard sent by the evil power, Ahriman, to destroy the sacred Haoma. The inviolable tree is also known both as the eagle's and the owl's tree. Either one or the other of these birds sits perched upon the top. The moment he rises from the tree a thousand branches shoot forth; when he settles again, he breaks a thousand branches, and causes their seed to fall. Another bird, his constant companion, picks up these seeds and carries them to where the god Tistar draws water, which he then rains down upon the earth with the seeds it contains.

YGDRASIL: THE NORSE WORLD TREE

The chief of all the great mythical trees is the Norse World Tree, an ash tree called "Ygdrasil." One of the stems of this tree springs from the central primordial abyss, from the subterranean source of

matter, runs up through the earth which it supports, and issuing out of the celestial mountain in the world's center, called Asgard, spreads its branches over the entire universe. These widespread branches are the ethereal or celestial regions, their leaves the clouds, their buds or fruits the stars. Four harts run across the branches of the tree and bite the buds. These are the four cardinal winds. Perched upon the top branches is an eagle and between his eyes sits a hawk. The eagle symbolizes the air and the hawk the wind-still ether. A squirrel runs up and down the ash, and seeks to cause strife between the eagle and Nidhögg, a monster which is constantly gnawing the roots. The squirrel signifies hail and other atmospheric phenomena. Nidhögg and serpents which gnaw the roots of the tree are the volcanic agencies which are constantly seeking to destroy the earth's foundation. Another stem springs from the holy Urdan-fountain where the gods sit in judgment. In this fountain swim two swans, the progenitors of all the species. These are by some thought to typify the sun and the moon. Near the fountain dwell three maidens who fix the lifetime of all men, called Norns. Every day they draw water from the spring and with it sprinkle the ash Ygdrasil in order that its branches may not rot and wither away. This water is so holy that everything placed in the spring becomes as white as the film within an egg-shell. The dew that falls from the tree upon the earth men call honey-dew, and it is the food of the bees. The third stem of the Ygdrasil takes its rise in the cold and cheerless regions of the North (the land of the Frost Giants), over the source of the ocean, which is typified by a spring called Mirmir's Well, in which wisdom and wit lie hidden. Mirmir, the owner of this spring, is full of wisdom because he drinks of the

waters.

In this myth the whole universe is symbolized as a tree, and so we see how the simple thoughts of the early savage about trees grow and expand until a great poet comes upon the earth and with his larger powers of imagination throws into a myth so much wonder and beauty that we can scarcely realize what a humble little beginning it had in the groping mind of a primitive savage.

In Greek mythology the woods are peopled with fauns and satyrs, dryads and hamadryads. The first were spirits or gods of the wood and were represented as goats with the heads of men. The principal of these was Pan, already mentioned as an example of an animal myth. Since, however, he is a personification of nature as a whole he partakes of the qualities of a plant myth, as do all the other gods of the wood.

The dryads and hamadryads sometimes appeared in the form of peasant girls, or shepherdesses, or followers of the hunt, but it was thought that they perished when certain trees which had been their abode died or were felled, and upon whose existence theirs depended. The Romans, whose mythology is based for the most part upon the Greek mythology, except that their names for the gods were different, have some special plant gods of their own. Faunus was worshipped as a god of fields and shepherds, and the god Sylvanus presided over forest glades and ploughed fields. Then there was Flora, the goddess of flowers, and Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees, and Vertumnus, the husband of Pomona, the guardian of fruit trees, gardens and vegetables.

Many lovely stories are based upon this idea that the plant world is also a living world, some of which you may read for yourselves in this chapter.

STORY OF THE AINO WHO FELL ASLEEP AT THE FOOT OF A PINE TREE

(*Japanese*)

There was once a young Aino who fell asleep at the foot of a pine of extraordinary height. While asleep there appeared to him in a dream the goddess of the tree. This pine was near the entrance of an immense cavern at the far end of which is a gleam of light, where there is an issue to another world. He found this cavern by pursuing a bear, who turned out to be a god, up a mountain of the underworld, until it took refuge in a hole in the ground which led into the cavern. When he awoke, he offered up thanks to the tree and set up divine symbols in its honor.

WUNZH, THE FATHER OF INDIAN CORN

(*North American Indian*)

In time past—we cannot tell exactly how many, many years ago—a poor Indian was living, with his wife and children, in a beautiful part of the country. He was not only poor, but he had the misfortune to be inexpert in procuring food for his family, and his children were all too young to give him assistance.

Although of a lowly condition and straitened in his circumstances, he was a man of kind and contented disposition. He was always thankful to the Great Spirit for everything he received. He even stood in

the door of his lodge to bless the birds that flew past in the summer evenings; although, if he had been of a complaining temper, he might have repined that they were not rather spread upon the table for his evening meal.

The same gracious and sweet disposition was inherited by his eldest son, who had now arrived at the proper age to undertake the ceremony of the fast, to learn what kind of a spirit would be his guide and guardian through life.

Wunzh, for that was his name, had been an obedient boy from his infancy—pensive, thoughtful, and gentle—so that he was beloved by the whole family.

As soon as the first buds of spring appeared, and the delicious fragrance of the young year began to sweeten the air, his father, with the help of his younger brothers, built for Wunzh the customary little lodge, at a retired spot at some distance from their own, where he would not be disturbed during the solemn rite.

To prepare himself, Wunzh sought to clear his heart of every evil thought, and to think of nothing that was not good and beautiful and kindly.

That he might store his mind with pleasant ideas for his dreams, for the first few days he amused himself by walking in the woods and over the mountains, examining the early plants and flowers.

As he rambled far and wide, through the wild country, he felt a strong desire to know how the plants and herbs and berries grew, without any aid from man, and why it was that some kinds were good to eat, and that others were possessed of medicinal or poisonous power.

After he had become too languid to walk about, and confined himself strictly to the lodge, he recalled these thoughts, and turning them in his mind, he wished he could dream of something that would prove a benefit to his father and family, and to all others of his fellow-creatures.

“True,” thought Wunzh, “the Great Spirit made all things, and it is to him that we owe our lives. Could he not make it easier for us to get our food than by hunting animals and taking fish? I must try to find this out in my visions.”

On the third day Wunzh became weak and faint, and kept his bed. Suddenly he fancied, as he lay thus, that a bright light came in at the lodge door, and ere he was aware he saw a handsome young man, with a complexion of the softest and purest white, coming down from the sky, and advancing toward him.

The beautiful stranger was richly and gayly dressed, having on a great many garments of green and yellow colors, but differing in their deeper or lighter shades. He had a plume of waving feathers on his head, and all his motions were graceful, and reminded Wunzh of the deep green of the summer grass, and the clear amber of the summer sky, and the gentle blowing of the summer wind. Beautiful as the stranger was, he paused on a little mound of earth, just before the door of the lodge.

“I am sent to you, my friend,” said this celestial visitor, in a voice most soft and musical to listen to, “I am sent to you by that Great Spirit who made all things in the sky and on the earth. He has seen and knows your motives in fasting. He sees that it is from a kind and benevolent wish to do good to your people and to procure a benefit for them; that you do

not seek for strength in war, or the praise of the men of the bloody hand. I am sent to instruct you and to show you how you can do your kindred good."

He then told the young man to arise, and to prepare to wrestle with him, as it was only by this means that he could hope to succeed in his wishes.

Wunzh knew how weak he was from fasting, but the voice of the stranger was cheery, and put such a courage in his heart, that he promptly sprang up, determined to die rather than fail. Brave Wunzh! if you ever accomplish anything, it will be through the power of the resolve that spake within you at that moment.

He began the trial, and after a long-sustained struggle he was almost overpowered, when the beautiful stranger said:

"My friend, it is enough for once, I will come again to try you;" and smiling on him, he returned through the air in the same direction in which he had come.

The next day, although he saw how sweetly the wild flowers bloomed upon the slopes, and the birds warbled from the woodland, he longed to see the celestial visitor, and to hear his voice.

To his great joy he reappeared at the same hour, toward the going down of the sun, and rechallenged Wunzh to a trial of strength.

The brave Wunzh felt that his strength of body was even less than on the day before, but the courage of his mind seemed to grow. Observing this, and how Wunzh put his whole heart in the struggle, the stranger again spoke to him in the words he used before, adding:

"To-morrow will be your last trial. Be strong, my

friend, for this is the only way in which you can overcome me and obtain the boon you seek."

The light which shone after him as he left Wunzh was brighter than before.

On the third day he came again and renewed the struggle. Very faint in body was poor Wunzh, but he was stronger at heart than ever, and determined to prevail now or perish. He put forth his utmost powers, and after a contest more severe than either of the others, the stranger ceased his efforts, and declared himself conquered.

For the first time he entered Wunzh's little fasting-lodge, and sitting down beside the youth, he began to deliver his instructions to him and to inform him in what manner he should proceed to take advantage of his victory.

"You have won your desire of the Great Spirit," said the beautiful stranger. "You have wrestled manfully. To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fasting. Your father will give you food to strengthen you, and as it is the last day of trial you will prevail. I know this, and now tell you what you must do to benefit your family and your people. To-morrow," he repeated, "I shall meet you and wrestle with you for the last time. As soon as you have prevailed against me, you will strip off my garments and throw me down, clean the earth of roots and weeds, make it soft, and bury me in the spot. When you have done this, leave my body in the earth, and do not disturb it, but come at times to visit the place, to see whether I have come to life, and above all be careful never to let the grass or weeds grow upon my grave. Once a month cover me with fresh earth. If you follow these my instructions you will accomplish your object of doing good to your fellow-creatures by

teaching them the knowledge I now teach you."

He then shook Wunzh by the hand and disappeared, but he was gone so soon that Wunzh could not tell what direction he took.

In the morning, Wunzh's father came to his lodge with some slight refreshments, saying:

"My son, you have fasted long enough. If the Great Spirit will favor you, he will do it now. It is seven days since you have tasted food, and you must not sacrifice your life. The Master of Life does not require that."

"My father," replied Wunzh, "wait till the sun goes down. I have a particular reason for extending my fast to that hour."

"Very well," said the old man, "I shall wait till the hour arrives, and you shall be inclined to eat."

At his usual hour of appearing, the beautiful sky-visitor returned, and the trial of strength was renewed. Although he had not availed himself of his father's offer of food, Wunzh felt that new strength had been given him. His heart was mighty within him to achieve some great purpose. Courage within the bosom of the brave Wunzh was like the eagle that spreads his wings within the treetop for a great flight.

He grasped his angel challenger with supernatural strength, threw him down, and, mindful of his own instructions, tore from him his beautiful garments and plume, and finding him dead, he immediately buried him on the spot, using all the precautions he had been told of, and very confident was Wunzh, all the time, that his friend would again come to life.

Wunzh now returned to his father's lodge, where

he was warmly welcomed, for as it had been appointed to him during the days of his fasting to walk apart with Heaven, he was not permitted to see any human face save that of his father, the representative to the little household upon earth of the Good Father who is in Heaven.

Wunzh partook sparingly of the meal that had been prepared for him, and once more mingled in the cares and sports of the family. But he never for a moment forgot the grave of his friend. He carefully visited it throughout the spring, and weeded out the grass, and kept the ground in a soft and pliant state; and sometimes, when the brave Wunzh thought of his friend that was gone from his sight, he dropped a tear upon the earth where he lay.

Watching and tending, and moistening the earth with his tears, it was not long before Wunzh saw the tops of green plumes coming through the ground; and the more faithful he was in obeying his instructions in keeping the ground in order, and in cherishing the memory of his departed friend, the faster they grew. He was, however, careful to conceal the charge of the earth which he had from his father.

Days and weeks had passed in this way; the summer was drawing toward a close, when one day, after a long absence in hunting, Wunzh invited his father to follow him to the quiet and lonesome spot of his former fast.

The little fasting-lodge had been removed, and the weeds kept from growing on the circle where it had stood; but in its place rose a tall and graceful plant, surmounted with nodding plumes and stately leaves and golden clusters. There was in its aspect and bearing the deep green of the summer grass, the clear amber of the summer sky, and the gentle

blowing of the summer wind.

"It is my friend!" shouted Wunzh, "it is the friend of all mankind. It is Mondawmin: it is our Indian Corn! We need no longer rely on hunting alone, for as long as this gift is cherished and taken care of, the ground itself will give us a living."

He then pulled an ear.

"See, my father," said he, "this is what I fasted for. The Great Spirit has listened to my voice, and sent us something new, and henceforth our people will not alone depend upon the chase or upon the waters."

Wunzh then communicated to his father the instructions given to him by the stranger. He told him that the broad husks must be torn away, as he had pulled off the garments in his wrestling, and having done this, he directed him how the ear must be held before the fire till the outer skin became brown—as the complexion of his angel friend had been tinted by the sun—while all the milk was retained in the grain.

The whole family, in high spirits, and deeply grateful to the Merciful Master who gave it, assisted in a feast on the newly grown ears of corn.

So came that mighty blessing into the world, and we owe all of those beautiful fields of healthful grain to the dream of the brave boy Wunzh.

LEELINAU, THE LOST DAUGHTER

(*North American Indian*)

Leelinau was the favorite daughter of a hunter who lived on the lake shore, near the base of the

lofty highlands, called Kang Wudjoo.

From her earliest youth she was observed to be thoughtful and retiring. She passed much of her time in solitude, and seemed ever to prefer the companionship of her own shadow to the society of the lodge circle.

Whenever she could leave her father's lodge she would fly to remote haunts and recesses in the woods, or sit in lonely revery upon some high promontory of rock overlooking the lake. In such places she would often, with her face turned upward, linger long in contemplation of the air, as if she were invoking her guardian spirit, and beseeching him to lighten her sadness.

But amid all the leafy haunts, none drew her steps toward it so often as a forest of pines on the open shore, called Manitowok, or the Sacred Wood. It was one of those hallowed places which is the resort of the little wild men of the woods, and of the turtle spirits or fairies which delight in romantic scenes. Owing to this circumstance, its green retirement was seldom visited by Indians, who feared to fall under the influence of its mischievous inhabitants.

And whenever they were compelled by stress of weather to make a landing on this part of the coast, they never failed to leave an offering of tobacco, or some other token, to show that they desired to stand well with the proprietors of the fairy ground.

To this sacred spot Leelinau had made her way at an early age, gathering strange flowers and plants, which she would bring home to her parents, and relate to them all the haps and mishaps that had occurred in her rambles.

Although they discountenanced her frequent visits

to the place, they were not able to restrain them, for she was of so gentle and delicate a temper that they feared to thwart her.

Her attachment to the fairy wood, therefore, grew with her years. If she wished to solicit her spirits to procure pleasant dreams, or any other maiden favor, Leelinau repaired to the Manitowok. If her father remained abroad in the hunt later than usual, and it was feared that he had been overwhelmed by the tempest, or had met with some other mischance, Leelinau offered up her prayers for safety at the Manitowok. It was there that she fasted, mused, and strolled.

She at length became so engrossed by the fairy pines that her parents began to suspect that some evil spirit had enticed her to its haunts, and had cast upon her a charm which she had not the power to resist.

This belief was confirmed when, one day, her mother, who had secretly followed her, overheard her murmuring to some unknown and invisible companion appeals like these:

“Spirit of the dancing leaves!” whispered Leelinau, “hear a throbbing heart in its sadness. Spirit of the foaming stream! visit thou my nightly pillow, shedding over it silver dreams of mountain brook and pebbly rivulet. Spirit of the starry night! lead my footprints to the blushing mis-kodeed, or where the burning passion-flower shines with carmine hue. Spirit of the greenwood plume!” she concluded, turning with passionate gaze to the beautiful young pines which stood waving their green beauty over her head, “shed on me, on Leelinau the sad, thy leafy fragrance, such as spring unfolds from sweetest flowers, or hearts that to each other show their

inmost grief. Spirits! hear, O hear a maiden's prayer!"

Day by day these strange communings with unseen beings drew away the heart of Leelinau more and more from the simple duties of the lodge, and she walked among her people, melancholy and silent, like a spirit who had visited them from another land.

The pastimes which engaged the frolic moments of her young companions, passed by her as little trivial pageants in which she had no concern.

When the girls of the neighboring lodges assembled to play at the favorite female game of pappus-e-ko-waun, or the block and string, before the lodge-door, Leelinau would sit vacantly by, or enter so feebly into the spirit of the play as to show that it was irksome to her.

Again, in the evening, when the young people formed a ring around the lodge, and the piepeend-jigun, or leather and bone, passed rapidly from one to the other, she either handed it along without attempting to play, or if she took a part, it was with no effort to succeed.

The time of the corn gathering had come, and the young people of the tribe were assembled in the field, busy in plucking the ripened maize. One of the girls, noted for her beauty, had found a red ear, and every one congratulated her that a brave admirer was on his way to her father's lodge. She blushed, and hiding the trophy in her bosom, she thanked the Good Spirit that it was a red ear, and not a crooked, that she had found.

Presently it chanced that one who was there among the young men espied in the hands of Leelinau, who had plucked it indifferently, one of the

crooked kind, and at once the word “Wa-ge-min!” was shouted aloud through the field, and the whole circle was set in a roar.

“The thief is in the corn-field!” exclaimed the young man, Iagoo by name, and famous in the tribe for his mirthful powers of story-telling; “see you not the old man stooping as he enters the field? See you not signs that he crouched as he crept in the dark? Is it not plain by this mark on the stalk that he was heavily bent in his back? Old man, be nimble, or some one will take thee while thou art taking the ear.”

These questions Iagoo accompanied with the action of one bowed with age stealthily entering the corn-field. He went on:

“See how he stoops as he breaks off the ear. Nushka! He seems for a moment to tremble. Walker, be nimble! Hooh! It is plain the old man is the thief.”

He turned suddenly where she sat in the circle, pensively regarding the crooked ear which she held in her hand, and exclaimed:

“Leelinau, the old man is thine!”

Laughter rang merrily through the corn-field, but Leelinau, casting down upon the ground the crooked ear of maize, walked pensively away.

The next morning the eldest son of a neighboring chief called at her father’s lodge. He was quite advanced in years; but he enjoyed such renown in battle, and his name was so famous in the hunt, that the parents accepted him as a suitor for their daughter. They hoped that his shining qualities would draw back the thoughts of Leelinau from that spirit-land whither she seemed to have wholly

directed her affections.

It was this chief's son whom Iagoo had pictured as the corn-taker, but, without objecting to his age, or giving any other reason, Leelinau firmly declined his proposals. The parents ascribed the young daughter's hesitancy to maiden fear, and paying no further heed to her refusal, a day was fixed for the marriage-visit to the lodge.

The warrior came to the lodge-door, and Leelinau refused to see him, informing her parents, at the same time, that she would never consent to the match.

It had been her custom to pass many of her hours in her favorite place of retirement, under a broad-topped young pine, whose leaves whispered in every wind that blew; but most of all in that gentle murmur of the air at the evening hour, dear to lovers, when the twilight steals on.

Thither she now repaired, and, while reclining pensively against the young pine tree, she fancied that she heard a voice addressing her. At first it was scarcely more than a sigh; presently it grew more clear, and she heard it distinctly whisper:

"Maiden, think me not a tree, but thine own dear lover, glad to be with thee in my tall and blooming strength, with the bright green nodding plume that waves above thee. Thou art leaning on my breast, Leelinau; lean forever there and be at peace. Fly from men who are false and cruel, and quit the tumult of their dusty strife, for this quiet, lonely shade. Over thee I my arms will fling, fairer than the lodge's roof. I will breathe a perfume like that of flowers over thy happy evening rest. In my bark canoe I'll waft thee o'er the waters of the sky-blue

lake. I will deck the folds of thy mantle with the sun's last rays. Come, and on the mountain free rove a fairy bright with me!"

Leelinau drank in with eager ear these magical words. Her heart was fixed. No warrior's son should clasp her hand. She listened in the hope to hear the airy voice speak more; but it only repeated, "Again! again!" and entirely ceased.

On the eve of the day fixed for her marriage, Leelinau decked herself in her best garments. She arranged her hair according to the fashion of her tribe, and put on all of her maiden ornaments in beautiful array. With a smile, she presented herself before her parents.

"I am going," she said, "to meet my little lover, the chieftain of the Green Plume, who is waiting for me at the Spirit Grove."

Her face was radiant with joy, and the parents, taking what she had said as her own fanciful way of expressing acquiescence in their plans, wished her good fortune in the happy meeting.

"I am going," she continued, addressing her mother as they left the lodge, "I am going from one who has watched my infancy and guarded my youth; who has given me medicine when I was sick, and prepared my food when I was well. I am going from a father who has ranged the forest to procure the choicest skins for my dress, and kept his lodge supplied with the best spoil of the chase. I am going from a lodge which has been my shelter from the storms of winter, and my shield from the heats of summer. Farewell, my parents, farewell!"

So saying, she sped faster than any could follow her to the margin of the fairy wood, and in a

moment was lost to sight.

As she had often thus withdrawn herself from the lodge, the parents were not in fear, but confidently awaited her return. Hour chased hour, as the clouds of evening rolled up in the west; darkness came on, but no daughter returned. With torches they hastened to the wood, and although they lit up every dark recess and leafy gloom, their search was in vain. Leelinau was nowhere to be seen. They called aloud, in lament, upon her name, but she answered not.

Suns rose and set, but nevermore in their light did the bereaved parents' eyes behold the lost form of their beloved child. Their daughter was lost indeed. Whither she had vanished no mortal tongue could tell; although it chanced that a company of fishermen, who were spearing fish near the Spirit Grove, descried something that seemed to resemble a female figure standing on the shore. As the evening was mild and the waters calm, they cautiously pulled their canoe toward land, but the slight ripple of their oars excited alarm. The figure fled in haste, but they could recognize in the shape and dress as she ascended the bank, the lost daughter, and they saw the green plumes of her fairy-lover waving over his forehead as he glided lightly through the forest of young pines.

BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS

(*Iroquois*)

Many, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge beside a frozen stream in the great forest beyond the wide waters of the northern lakes. His locks were long and white with age and frost.

The fur of the bear and cunning beaver covered his body, but none too warmly, for snow and ice were everywhere. Over all the earth there was winter. The winds came down the bleak mountain sides and wildly hurried through the branches of the trees and bushes, looking for song birds that they might chill to the heart. Even the evil spirits shivered in the desolation and sought to dig for themselves sheltering caves in the deep snow and ice. Lonely and halting, the old man went abroad in the forest, looking for the broken branches that had fallen from the trees that he might keep alive the fire in his lodge. Few fagots could he find, and in despair he again sought his lodge, where, hovering over the fading embers on his hearth, he cried in anguish to the Great Spirit that he might not perish.

Then the wind moaned in the tree-tops, and circling through the forests came back and blew aside the skin of the great bear hanging over his lodge-door, and, lo! a beautiful maiden entered. Her cheeks were red like the leaves of wild roses; her eyes were large and glowed like the eyes of the fawn at night; her hair was black as the wing of the crow, and so long that it brushed the ground as she walked; her hands were clad in willow buds; over her head was a crown of flowers; her mantle was woven with sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white lilies, laced and embroidered with the petals of honeysuckle. When she breathed, the air of the lodge became warm, and the cold winds rushed back in affright.

The old man looked in wonder at his strange visitor, and then opened his lips and said: “My daughter, thou art welcome to the poor shelter of my cheerless lodge. It is lonely and desolate, and the

Great Spirit has covered the fallen branches of the trees with his death-cloth that I may not find them and light again the fire of my lodge. Come sit thou here and tell me who thou art that thou dost wander like the deer in the forest. Tell me also of thy country and what people gave thee such beauty and grace, and then I, the desolate Manito, will tell thee of my victories till thou dost weary of my greatness."

The maiden smiled, and the sunlight streamed forth and shot its warmth through the roof of the lodge. The desolate Manito filled his pipe of friendship, and when he had drawn of the fragrant tobacco, he said: "When I, the Manito, blow the breath from my nostrils the waters of the river stand still, the great waves on the lakes rest, and the murmurings of the streams die away in silence."

Then the maiden said: "The Manito is great and strong and the waters know the touch of his breath; but when I, the loved of the birds, smile, the flowers spring up over all the forest and the plains are covered with a carpet of green."

Then said the Manito: "I shake my locks, and lo! the earth is wrapped in the death-cloth of snow."

Then the maiden replied: "I breathe into the air and the warm rains come and the death-cloth vanishes like the darkness when the great fire awakens from its bed in the morning."

Then the Manito said: "When I walk about, the leaves die on the trees and fall to the ground; the birds desert their nests and fly away beyond the lakes; the animals bury themselves in holes in the earth or in caves in the mountain side, and the winds wail the death-chant over all the land."

"Ah, great is the Manito," said the maiden, "and

his mighty name is feared by all living things in the land. ‘Great is the Manito,’ says all the world, and his fame has spread among the children of the Great Spirit till they crouch with fear and say: ‘Mighty and cruel is the Manito! Terrible is the Manito, and more cruel and cunning in his tortures than the red men. His strength is greater than the strength of the giant trees of the forest, for does he not rend them with his mighty hands?’ But when I, the gentle maiden, walk forth, the trees cover with many leaves the nakedness which thou, the great Manito, hath caused; the birds sing in the branches and build again the nests from which thou drivest them; the animals seek their mates and rear their young; the wind sings soft and pleasant music to the ears of the red man, while his wives and pappooses sport in the warm sunshine near his wigwam.”

As the maiden spoke the lodge grew warm and bright, but the boasting Manito heeded it not, for his head drooped forward on his breast, and he slept.

Then the maiden passed her hands above the Manito’s head and he began to grow small. The bluebirds came and filled the trees about the lodge, and sang, while the rivers lifted up their waters and boiled with freedom. Streams of water poured from the Manito’s mouth, and the garments that covered his shrunken and vanishing form turned into bright and glistening leaves.

Then the maiden knelt upon the ground and took from her bosom most precious and beautiful rose-white flowers. She hid them under the leaves all about her, and as she breathed with love upon them, said:

“I give to you, oh, precious jewels, all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and men shall pluck thee

with bowed head on bended knee."

Then the maiden moved over the plains, the hills and the mountains. The birds and the winds sang together in joyous chorus, while the flowers lifted up their heads and greeted her with fragrance.

Wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

In the two little poems following, by an ancient Mexican Indian, the poet calls the songs he sings "flowers," which he seems to think he gathers in some mysterious land of the spirit. The idea is a very beautiful one, worthy of any poet, and certainly shows that some, at least, of the Indians had reached a high plane of poetic fancy.

SONG AT THE BEGINNING

(*Ancient Mexican Indian*)

1. I am wondering where I may gather some pretty, sweet flowers. Whom shall I ask? Suppose that I ask the brilliant humming-bird, the emerald trembler; suppose that I ask the yellow butterfly; they will tell me they know where bloom the pretty, sweet flowers, whether I may get them here in the laurel woods where dwell the tzinitzcan birds, or whether I may gather them in the flowery forests where the thanquehol lives. There they may be plucked sparkling with dew, there they come forth in perfection. Perhaps there I shall see them if they have appeared; I shall place them in the folds of my garment, and with them I shall greet the children, I shall make glad the nobles.

2. Truly as I walk along I hear the rocks as it were replying to the sweet songs of the flowers; truly the glittering, chattering water answers; the bird-green fountain, there it sings, it dashes forth, it sings again; the mocking-bird answers; perhaps the coyol bird answers; and many sweet singing birds scatter their songs around like music. They bless the earth, pouring out their sweet voices.

3. I said, I cried aloud: May I not cause you pain, ye beloved ones, who are seated to listen; may the brilliant humming-birds come soon. Whom do we seek, O noble poet? I ask, I say: Where are the pretty, fragrant flowers with which I may make glad you, my noble compeers? Soon they will sing to me: "Here we will make thee to see, thou singer, truly wherewith thou shalt make glad the nobles, thy companions."

4. They led me within a valley to a fertile spot, a flowery spot, where the dew spread out in glittering splendor, where I saw various lovely fragrant flowers, lovely odorous flowers, clothed with the dew, scattered around in rainbow glory. There they said to me: "Pluck the flowers, whichever thou wishest, mayest thou the singer be glad, and give them to thy friends, to the nobles, that they may rejoice on the earth."

5. So I gathered in the folds of my garment the various fragrant flowers, delicate scented, delicious, and I said: May some of our people enter here, may very many of us be here; and I thought I should go forth to announce to our friends that here all of us should rejoice in the different lovely, odorous flowers, and that we should cull the various sweet songs with which we might rejoice our friends here on earth, and the nobles in their grandeur and

dignity.

6. So I, the singer, gathered all the flowers to place them upon the nobles, to clothe them and put them in their hands, and soon I lifted my voice in a worthy song glorifying the nobles before the face of the Cause of All, where there is no servitude.

7. Where shall one pluck them? Where gather the sweet flowers? And how shall I attain the flowery land, that fertile land, where there is no servitude nor affliction? If one purchases it here on earth, it is only through submission to the Cause of All; here on earth grief fills my soul as I recall where I, the singer, saw the flowery spot.

8. And I said: Truly there is no good spot here on earth, truly in some other bourne there is gladness; for what good is this earth? Truly there is another life in the hereafter. There may I go, there the sweet birds sing, there may I learn to know those good flowers, those sweet flowers, those delicious ones, which alone pleasurably, sweetly intoxicate, which alone pleasurably, sweetly intoxicate.

FLOWER SONG

(*Ancient Mexican Indian*)

1. In the place of tears, I, the singer, watch my flowers; they are in my hand; they intoxicate my soul and my song, as I walk alone with them, with my sad soul among them.

2. In this spot, where the herbage is like sweet ointment and green as the turquoise and emerald, I think upon my song, holding the beauteous flowers in my hand, as I walk alone with them, with my sad soul among them.

3. In this spot of turquoise and emerald, I think upon beauteous songs, beauteous flowers; let us rejoice now, dear friends and children, for life is not long upon earth.

4. I shall hasten forth, I shall go to the sweet songs, the sweet flowers, dear friends and children.

5. O he! I cried aloud; O he! I rained down flowers as I left.

6. Let us go forth anywhere; I, the singer, shall find and bring forth the flowers; let us be glad while we live; listen to my song.

7. I, the poet, cry out a song for a place of joy, a glorious song which descends to Mictlan, and there turns about and comes forth again.

8. I seek neither vestment nor riches, O children, but a song for a place of joy.

THE STORY OF ERISICHTHON

(*Greek*)

Erisichthon was a profane person and a despiser of the gods. On one occasion he presumed to violate with the axe a grove sacred to Ceres (Demeter). There stood in this grove a venerable oak, so large that it seemed a wood in itself, its ancient trunk towering aloft, whereon votive garlands were often hung and inscriptions carved expressing the gratitude of suppliants to the nymph of the tree. Often had the dryads danced round it hand in hand. Its trunk measured fifteen cubits round, and it overtopped the other trees as they overtopped the shrubbery. But for all that, Erisichthon saw no reason why he should spare it, and he ordered his servants

to cut it down. When he saw them hesitate he snatched an axe from one, and thus impiously exclaimed, “I care not whether it be a tree beloved of the goddess or not. Were it the goddess herself it should come down, if it stood in my way.” So saying, he lifted the axe, and the oak seemed to shudder and utter a groan. When the first blow fell upon the trunk, blood flowed from the wound. All the bystanders were horror-struck, and one of them ventured to remonstrate and hold back the fatal axe. Erisichthon, with a scornful look, said to him, “Receive the reward of your piety,” and turned against him the weapon which he had held aside from the tree, gashed his body with many wounds, and cut off his head. Then from the midst of the oak came a voice: “I who dwell in this tree am a nymph, beloved by Ceres, and, dying by your hands, forewarn you that punishment awaits you.” He desisted not from his crime; and at last the tree, sundered by repeated blows and drawn by ropes, fell with a crash, and prostrated a great part of the grove in its fall.

The dryads, in dismay at the loss of their companion, and at seeing the pride of the forest laid low, went in a body to Ceres, all clad in garments of mourning, and invoked punishment upon Erisichthon. She nodded her assent, and as she bowed her head, the grain ripe for harvest in the laden fields bowed also. She planned a punishment so dire that one would pity him, if such a culprit as he could be pitied—to deliver him over to Famine. As Ceres herself could not approach Famine, for the Fates have ordained that these two goddesses shall never come together, she called on Oread from her mountain and spoke to her in these words: “There is a place in the farthest part of ice-clad Scythia, a sad

and sterile region without trees and without crops. Cold dwells there, and Fear, and Shuddering, and Famine. Go and tell the last to take possession of the bowels of Erisichthon. Let not Abundance subdue her, nor the power of my gifts drive her away. Be not alarmed at the distance, for Famine dwells very far from Ceres, but take my chariot. The dragons are fleet and obey the rein, and will take you through the air in a short time." So she gave her the reins, and she drove away and soon reached Scythia. On arriving at Mount Caucasus she stopped the dragons and found Famine in a stony field, pulling up with teeth and claws the scanty herbage. Her hair was rough, her eyes sunk, her face pale, her lips blanched, her jaws covered with dust, and her skin drawn tight, so as to show all her bones. As Oread saw her afar off (for she did not dare to come near), she delivered the commands of Ceres; and though she stopped as short a time as possible, and kept her distance as well as she could, yet she began to feel hungry, and turned the dragons' heads and drove back to Thessaly.

Famine obeyed the commands of Ceres and sped through the air to the dwelling of Erisichthon, entered the bed-chamber of the guilty man, and found him asleep. She enfolded him with her wings and breathed herself into him, infusing her poison into his veins. Having discharged her task, she hastened to leave the land of plenty and returned to her accustomed haunts. Erisichthon still slept, and in his dreams craved food, and moved his jaws as if eating. When he awoke his hunger was raging. Without a moment's delay he would have food set before him, of whatever kind earth, sea, or air produces, and complained of hunger even while he ate. What would have sufficed for a city or a nation

was not enough for him. The more he ate the more he craved.

His property rapidly diminished under the unceasing demands of his appetite, but his hunger continued unabated. At length he had spent all, and had only his daughter left, a daughter worthy of a better parent. Her, too, he sold. She scorned to be the slave of a purchaser, and, as she stood by the sea-side, raised her hands in prayer to Neptune. He heard her prayer, and, though her new master was not far off, and had his eyes on her a moment before, Neptune changed her form, and made her assume that of a fisherman busy at his occupation. Her master, looking for her and seeing her in her altered form, addressed her and said: “Good fisherman, whither went the maiden whom I saw just now, with hair dishevelled and in humble garb, standing about where you stand? Tell me truly, so may your luck be good, and not a fish nibble at your hook and get away.” She perceived that her prayer was answered, and rejoiced inwardly at hearing herself inquired of about herself. She replied: “Pardon me, stranger, but I have been so intent upon my line that I have seen nothing else; but I wish I may never catch another fish if I believe any woman or other person except myself to have been hereabouts for some time.” He was deceived and went his way, thinking his slave had escaped. Then she resumed her own form. Her father was well pleased to find her still with him, and the money, too, that he got by the sale of her; so he sold her again. But she was changed by the favor of Neptune as often as she was sold—now into a horse, now a bird, now an ox, and now a stag—got away from her purchasers, and came home.

PAN AND SYRINX

(*Greek*)

Once there was a beautiful nymph of the woods whose name was Syrinx. She was much admired by all the satyrs and spirits of the wood, but she was a faithful worshipper of Artemis and did not respond to the attentions of any of her admirers. One day, however, Pan met her, and was so delighted with her that he persistently wooed her with many compliments. Away she ran from him without stopping to hear what he had to say, but on the bank of the river he overtook her. Then she called on her friends the water-nymphs to help her. They heard her, and just as Pan was about to throw his arms around her they changed her into a tuft of reeds. As he breathed a sigh, the air sounded through the reeds and produced a plaintive melody. Pan, delighted with the music and with the novelty of the experience, exclaimed, "Thus, then, at least, you shall be mine." So he took some of the reeds, of unequal lengths, and placing them together side by side, he made an instrument and called it Syrinx, in honor of the nymph.

POMONA AND VERTUMNUS

(*Roman*)

Pomona was a hamadryad who presided over fruit trees and especially over apple orchards. She had scorned the offers of love made her by Pan and other spirits of the woods, and also those of Vertumnus, the god of gardens and of the changing seasons. But, unwearied, he wooed her in as many guises as his seasons themselves could assume. Now as a reaper, now as haymaker, now as ploughman, now as vine-

dresser, now as apple picker, now as fisherman, now as soldier, all to no avail.

At last he disguised himself as an old woman and came to her. He admired her fruit, especially the luxuriance of her grapes, and enlarged upon the dependence of the luxuriant vine, close by, upon the elm to which it was clinging; advised Pomona, likewise, to choose some youth—say, for instance, the young Vertumnus—about whom to twine her arms. Then he told the melancholy tale of how the worthy Iphio, spurned by Anaxarete, had hanged himself to her gate-post; and how the gods had turned the hard-hearted virgin to stone even as she gazed on her lover's funeral. "Consider these things, dearest child," said the seeming old woman, "lay aside thy scorn and thy delays, and accept a lover. So may neither the vernal frosts blight thy young fruits, nor furious winds scatter thy blossoms!"

When Vertumnus had thus spoken he dropped his disguise, and stood before Pomona in his proper person, a comely youth. Pleased with such ardent wooing, Pomona consented and became his wife.

Although the god Osiris in Egyptian Mythology has been frequently identified with the sun, there is no doubt that he was also regarded as a god of vegetation. There is a representation of him in one of the great temples in Egypt in which the dead body of Osiris is shown with stalks of corn springing from it, and a priest is watering the stalks from a pitcher which he holds in his hands. The inscription which accompanies this representation sets forth, "This is the form of him one may not name, Osiris of the Mysteries, who springs from the returning waters." He is often spoken of, also, as "The one in the tree,"

"The solitary one in the Acacia." The myth here related seems to be one of the death of vegetation, slain by the evil Typhon. This was caused in Egypt by drought, while the springing up of vegetation was caused by the annual overflow of the Nile.

A similar myth exists in Greece in which the god of vegetation, Adonis, is mourned by Aphrodite, also called Cypris and Cytherea (Roman Venus), who loved him.

MYTH OF OSIRIS AND ISIS

(*Egyptian*)

Osiris and Isis were at one time induced to descend to the earth to bestow gifts and blessings on its inhabitants. Isis showed them first the use of wheat and barley, and Osiris made the instruments of agriculture and taught men the use of them, as well as how to harness the ox to the plough. He then gave men laws, the institution of marriage, a civil organization, and taught them how to worship the gods. After he had thus made the valley of the Nile a happy country, he assembled a host with which he went to bestow his blessings upon the rest of the world. He conquered the nations everywhere but only with music and eloquence. His brother Typhon saw this, and sought during his absence to usurp his throne. But Isis, who held the reins of government, frustrated his plans. Still more imbittered, he now resolved to kill his brother. Having organized a conspiracy of seventy-two members, he went with them to the feast which was celebrated in honor of the king's return. He then caused a box or chest to be brought in, which had been made to fit exactly the size of Osiris, and declared that he would give that

chest of precious wood to whosoever could get into it. The rest tried in vain, but no sooner was Osiris in it than Typhon and his companions closed the lid and flung the chest into the Nile. When Isis heard of the cruel murder she wept and mourned; and then, with her hair shorn, clothed in black, and beating her breast, she sought diligently for the body of her husband. In the search she was assisted by Anubis. They sought in vain for some time; for when the chest, carried by the waves to the shores of Byblos, had become entangled in the reeds that grew at the edge of the water, the divine power that dwelt in the body of Osiris imparted such strength to the shrub that it grew into a mighty tree, enclosing in its trunk the coffin of the god. This tree, with its sacred deposit, was shortly after felled, and erected as a column in the palace of the King of Phœnicia. But at length, by the aid of Anubis and the sacred birds, Isis ascertained these facts, and then went to the royal city. There she offered herself at the palace as a servant, and, being admitted, threw off her disguise, and appeared as the goddess, surrounded with thunder and lightning. Striking the column with her wand, she caused it to split open and give up the sacred coffin. This she seized, and returned with it, and concealed it in the depth of a forest; but Typhon discovered it, and cutting the body into fourteen pieces, scattered them hither and thither. After a tedious search, Isis found thirteen pieces, the fishes of the Nile having eaten the other. This she replaced by an imitation of sycamore wood, and buried the body at Philæ, which became ever after the burying place of the nation, and the spot to which pilgrimages were made from all parts of the country. A temple of surpassing magnificence was also erected there in honor of the god, and at every place where

one of his limbs had been found minor temples and tombs were built in commemoration of the event.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS[4]

(*From Bion's Lament for Adonis*)

Low on the hills is lying the lovely Adonis, and his thigh with the boar's tusk, his white thigh with the boar's tusk, is wounded, and sorrow on Cypris he brings, as softly he breathes his life away.

To Cypris his kiss is dear, though he lives no longer, but Adonis knew not that she kissed him whenas he died.

Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament!

A cruel, cruel wound on his thigh hath Adonis, but a deeper wound in her heart Cytherea bears. About him his dear hounds are loudly baying, and the nymphs of the wild wood wail him; but Aphrodite with unbound locks through the glades goes wandering—wretched, with hair unbraided, with feet unsandalled, and the thorns as she passes wound her and pluck the blossom of her sacred blood. Shrill she wails as down the long woodlands she is borne, lamenting her Assyrian lord, and again calling him and again.

Woe, woe for Cytherea, the Loves join in the lament!

...

No more in the oak woods, Cypris, lament thy lord. It is no fair couch for Adonis, the lonely bed of reeds!

Now lay him down to sleep in his own soft coverlets, in a couch all of gold, that yearns for

Adonis, though sad is he to look upon. Cast on him garlands and blossoms: all things have perished in his death, yea, all the flowers are faded. Sprinkle him with ointments of Syria, sprinkle him with unguents of myrrh. Nay, perish all perfumes, for Adonis, who was thy perfume, hath perished.

He reclines, the delicate Adonis, in his raiment of purple, and around him the Loves are weeping, and groaning aloud, clipping their locks for Adonis. And one upon his shafts, another on his bow is treading, and one hath loosed the sandals of Adonis, and another hath broken his own feathered quiver, and one in a golden vessel bears water, and another laves the wound, and another from behind him with his wings is fanning Adonis.

Woe, woe for Cytherea, the Loves join in the lament!

...

And woe, woe for Adonis, shrilly cry the Muses, neglecting Pæan (Apollo), and they lament Adonis aloud, and songs they chant to him, but he does not heed them, not that he is loath to hear, but that the Maiden of Hades doth not let him go.

Cease, Cytherea, from thy lamentations, to-day refrain from thy dirges. Thou must again bewail him, again must weep for him another year.

CHAPTER V
MYTHS OF THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS

We come now to myths in which the Sun and the Moon, and other objects of nature, play the most important part. We find myths of this sort all over the globe, some of them crude and simple, and some of them in the form of very beautiful stories.

The Incas of Peru believed they were descended from the Sun, so with them the Sun was their totem instead of an animal or a plant. But there came a time when the Incas established a higher god than the Sun. They deposed the Sun because it could move only in one part of the heavens and so must have a ruler over it. So then to the question: “What are the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars,” they answered: “They are men and women. At evening they swim in the waters, they go down from sight in the west. In the morning the Sun cometh forth at Wau-bunong, the Place of Breaking Light.”

According to the Cherokee Indians, a number of beings were employed in constructing the Sun, the first planet made. “It was the intention of the Creator that men should live always, but the Sun, having surveyed the land, and, finding an insufficiency for their support, changed this design, and arranged that they should die. The daughter of the Sun was the first to suffer under this law. She was bitten by a serpent, and died. Thereupon the Sun decreed that men should live always. At the same time, he commissioned a few persons to take a box, and seek

the spirit of his daughter, and return with it encased therein. In no wise must the box be opened. But the box was opened. Immortality fled. Men must die."

The Sun-God was not always able to carry everything before him, as the story of his battle with the Hare-God shows, as well as the various stories about his being ensnared and his course regulated. In some countries, the Sun is the husband of the Moon, in others the Moon is the husband of the Sun. Again the Moon will be the sister of the Sun or the Sun the sister of the Moon.

THE NAVAJO STORY OF THE MAKING OF THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS

At the beginning, when the people had all crept out of the aperture in the cave in which they had previously lived, a council of wise men was held to discuss the propriety of introducing more light upon the earth, which at that time was very small, being lit only by a twilight, like that seen just at the breaking of dawn. Having deliberated some time, the wise men concluded to have a sun and moon, and a variety of stars placed above the earth. They first made the heavens for them to be placed in; then the old men of the Navajos commenced building a sun, which was done in a large house constructed for the purpose.

To the other tribes was confided the making of the moon and stars, which they soon accomplished; when it was decided to give the sun and moon to the guidance of the two dumb Fluters, who had figured with some importance as musicians in their former place of residence in the cave, and one of whom had accidentally conceived the plan of leaving that place

for their present more agreeable quarters. These two men, who have carried the two heavenly bodies ever since, staggered at first with their weight; and the one who carried the sun came near burning the earth by bearing it too near, before he had reached the aperture in the mountain through which he was to pass during the night. This misfortune, however, was prevented by the old men, who puffed the smoke of their pipes toward it, which caused it to retire to a greater distance in the heavens. These men have been obliged to do this four times since the dumb man—the Fluter—has carried the sun in the heavens; for the earth has grown very much larger than at the beginning, and consequently the sun would have to be removed, or the earth and all therein would perish in its heat. Now, after the sun and moon had taken their places, the people commenced embroidering the stars upon the heavens the wise men had made, in beautiful and varied patterns and images. Bears and fishes and all varieties of animals were being skilfully drawn, when in rushed a prairie wolf, roughly exclaiming: "What folly is this? Why are you making all this fuss to make a bit of embroidery? Just stick the stars about the sky anywhere;" and, suiting the action to the word, the villainous wolf scattered a large pile all over the heavens. Thus it is that there is such confusion among the few images which the tasteful Navajos had so carefully elaborated.

THE STORY OF THE CONQUERING OF THE SUN

(*North American Indian*)

Once upon a time Tä-vwotz, the Hare-God, was

sitting with his family by the camp-fire in the solemn woods, anxiously waiting for the return of Tä-vi, the wayward Sun-God. Weary with long watching, the Hare-God fell asleep, and the Sun-God came so near that he scorched the shoulders of Tä-vwotz. Foreseeing the vengeance which would be thus provoked, he fled back to his cave beneath the earth. Tä-vwotz awoke in great wrath and speedily determined to go and fight the Sun-God.

After a long journey of many adventures the Hare-God came to the brink of the earth, and there watched long and patiently, till at last, the Sun-God coming out, he shot an arrow in his face; but the fierce heat consumed the arrow ere it had finished its course. Then other arrows were sped, till only one remained in his quiver; but this was the magical arrow that never failed its mark. Tä-vwotz, holding it in his hand, lifted the barb to his eye and baptized it in a divine tear; then the arrow was sped and struck the Sun-God full in the face, and the sun was shivered into a thousand fragments, which fell to the earth and caused a general conflagration. Then Tä-vwotz, the Hare-God, fled before the destruction he had wrought; and as he fled, the burning earth consumed his feet, consumed his legs, consumed his body, his hands and arms. All were consumed but the head alone, which rolled across valleys and over mountains, fleeing destruction from the burning earth, until at last, swollen with heat, the eyes of the god burst, and the tears gushed forth in a flood which spread over the earth and extinguished the fire. The Sun-God was now conquered; and he appeared before a council of the gods to await sentence.

In that long council were established the days and

nights, the seasons and years, with the length thereof, and the Sun-God was condemned to travel across the firmament by the same trail every day.

Another view of the religion of the sun is shown in the Indian hymns to the sun, as it is rising, at mid-day, and at sunset. After the Indian hymn, we shall find it interesting to go to the opposite side of the earth and see what a Hindoo hymn to the sun is like. It is less a prayer than the Indian hymn, and, like the other Hindoo hymns, a song of praise.

HYMN TO THE SUN

(*North American Indian*)

Great Spirit! Master of our lives. Great Spirit! Master of things visible and invisible, and who daily makes them visible and invisible. Great Spirit! Master of every other spirit, good or bad, command the good to be favorable unto us, and deter the bad from the commission of evil.

O Grand Spirit! preserve the strength and courage of our warriors, and augment their numbers, that they may resist oppression from our enemies, and recover our country and the rights of our fathers.

O Grand Spirit! preserve the lives of such of our old men as are inclined to give counsel to the young. Preserve our children and multiply their number, and let them be the comfort and support of declining age. Preserve our corn and our animals, and let no famine desolate the land. Protect our villages, guard our lives!

O Great Spirit! when hidden in the west protect us

from our enemies, who violate the night and do evil when thou art not present. Good Spirit! make known to us your pleasure by sending to us the Spirit of Dreams. Let the Spirit of Dreams proclaim thy will in the night, and we will perform it in the day; and if it say the time of some be closed, send them, Master of Life, to the great country of souls, where they may meet their friends, and where thou art pleased to shine upon them with a bright, warm and perpetual blaze!

O Grand, O Great Spirit! hearken to the voice of the nations, hearken to all thy children, and remember us always, for we are descended from thee.

Courage, nations, courage! the Great Spirit, now above our heads, will make us vanquish our enemies; he will cover our fields with corn, and increase the animals of our woods. He will see that the old be made happy, and that the young augment. He will make the nations prosper, make them rejoice, and make them put up their voice to him, while he rises and sets in their land, and while his heat and light can thus gloriously shine out.

The nations must prosper; they have been looked upon by the Great Spirit. What more can they wish? Is not that happiness enough? See, he retires, great and content, after having visited his children with light and universal good.

O Grand Spirit! sleep not longer in the gloomy west, but return and call your people to light and life —to light and life—to light and life.

HYMN TO SÛRYA, THE SUN

(*From the "Rig Veda"*)

His heralds bear him up aloft, the god who
knoweth all that lives,
Sûrya, that all may look on him.
The constellations pass away, like thieves,
together with their beams,
Before the all-beholding Sun.

His herald rays are seen afar refulgent o'er
the world of men,
Like flames of fire that hum and blaze.
Swift and all beautiful art thou, O Sûrya,
maker of the light,
Illuming all the radiant realm
Thou goest to the hosts of the gods, thou
comest hither to mankind,
Hither all light to be beheld.

Traversing sky and wide mid-air, thou
makest with thy beams our days,
Sun, seeing all things that have birth.
Seven bay steeds harnessed to thy car bear
thee, O thou far-seeing one,
God, Sûrya, with the radiant hair.
Sûrya hath yoked the pure bright seven, the
daughters of the chariot;
With these, self-yoked, he goeth forth.
Looking upon the loftier light above the
darkness we have come
To Sûrya, god among the gods, the light that
is most excellent.

THE WORSHIP OF THE SUN, AND THE DREAM OF ONAWUTAQUTO

(*North American Indian*)

On the shores of Lake Huron there lived, a long time ago, an aged Odjibwa and his wife, who had an only son—a very beautiful boy—whose name was Onawutaquto, or He that catches Clouds. These parents were proud of their son, and anticipated the time when they should see him a celebrated warrior. But when Onawutaquto arrived at the proper age, he was unwilling to submit to the fast prescribed to youths entering manhood, which very much disturbed his parents, who denied him food at their lodge, giving him only charcoal with which to blacken his face, according to the custom. Finally he consented to their wishes, and left the lodge for a place of solitude. The night came on and the youth slept. In his dream a beautiful woman came down from the clouds and stood by his side. "Onawutaquto," said she, "I am come for you; follow in my footsteps." The young man obeyed, and presently found himself ascending gradually above the trees, where, passing through an orifice in the clouds, he perceived that he had arrived upon a beautiful plain. Following his guide, he entered a splendidly furnished lodge, on one side of which there were bows and arrows, clubs and spears, and various warlike implements, tipped with silver. On the other side were articles exclusively belonging to women, which were of the most elegant description.

This, the young man found, was the home of his fair guide, who, exhibiting to him a broad rich belt that she was embroidering with many colors, said: "Let me conceal you beneath this belt, for my brother is coming, and I must hide you from him." Then, placing him in one corner of the lodge, she concealed him entirely with the belt. Presently her

brother came in. He was very richly dressed, and his whole person shone as if he had bright points of silver glittering all over his garments. Without speaking, the brother took down from the wall a very richly carved pipe, within which he placed a fragrant smoking mixture, and regaled himself. When he had finished he turned to his sister, saying: “Nemissa, my elder sister, when will you quit these practices? Do you forget that the Great Spirit has commanded that you should not take away the children from below? Perhaps you suppose that you have effectually concealed Onawutaquto, and I do not know of his presence. If you would not offend me, send him immediately down to his parents.” But Nemissa was resolved to retain the young man, and the brother desisted from urging his request. Addressing the youth, he said: “Come forth from your concealment, and walk about and amuse yourself! You will become hungry if you remain there.” He then presented him with a bow and arrow, and a pipe of red stone elaborately ornamented. This was a signal that he consented to the marriage of Nemissa to Onawutaquto, which immediately took place. The young man found that the lodge, which was now his home, was situated in the most delightful part of the plain; and all things—the flowers and trees and birds —were more beautiful than any on earth. The streams ran more swiftly, and gleamed like silver. The animals were full of enjoyment, while the birds wore feathers of gorgeous colors. Onawutaquto observed that the brother regularly left in the morning, returning in the evening, when his sister would depart, remaining away a portion of the night. This aroused his curiosity, and, wishing to solve the mystery of this singular habit, he sought and obtained consent to accompany the brother in one of

his daily journeys. They travelled over a smooth plain without boundaries, until Onawutaquto felt exceedingly fatigued and very much in need of food, and he asked his companion if there were no game in that region. “Patience, my brother,” answered he, “we shall soon reach the spot where I eat my dinner, and you will then see in what way I am provided.” After walking on a long time, they came to a place which was spread over with very fine mats, where they sat down to rest. There was at this place a round aperture in the sky, looking through which Onawutaquto discovered the earth, with its gleaming lakes and thick forests. In some places he could see the villages of the Indians, and in others he saw a war party stealing upon the camp of its enemy. In another place he saw feasting and dancing, where, on the green plain, young men were engaged at ball. Along the stream the women were employed in gathering apukwa for mats. “Do you see,” said the brother, “that group of children playing beside a lodge? Observe that beautiful and active boy,” said he, at the same time darting something at him from his hand. The child immediately fell upon the ground, and was carried into a lodge where the people gathered in crowds; when Onawutaquto heard the Jossakeed, or priest, asking the child’s life in the sheshegwam, or “song of entreaty.” To this entreaty the companion of Onawutaquto made answer: “Send me up the sacrifice of a white dog.” Immediately a feast was ordered by the parents of the child; the white dog was killed, his carcass was roasted, and all the wise men and the Jossakeed of the village assembled to witness the ceremony. “There are many below,” said the brother to Onawutaquto, “whom you call Jossakeed, because of their great success in the medical science, but it is to

me they owe their skill. When I have struck one of the people with sickness, the Jossakeed directs them to look to me; and when they send me the offering I ask, I remove my hand from off them and they recover." The sacrifice was now parcelled out in dishes, when the master of the feast said: "We send this to thee, great Manito, thou that dwellest in the sun." And immediately the roasted animal came up to the two residents of the sky. After partaking of this repast, they returned to the lodge by another way. It was in this manner Onawutaquto lived for some time; but at last he became wearied of such a life, and, thinking of his friends he had left, one day he asked permission of his wife to return to the earth, to which, with great reluctance and with many delays, she consented. "Since you are better pleased," she said, "with the cares and the ills and the poverty of your earthly life than with the peaceful delights of the sky, go! I give you permission, and I will guide your return; but remember, you are still my husband. I hold a chain in my hand by which I can draw you back whenever I will. Beware, therefore, how you venture to take a wife among the people below. Should you ever do so, it is then you shall feel the full force of my displeasure." As she said this her eyes flashed and she straightened herself up with a majestic air, and—Onawutaquto awoke from his dream. He found himself where he had lain down to fast, and his mother told him he had been absent a year. The change from the beautiful realms in which he had been living to the scenes of earthly existence was at first distasteful. He became moody and abstracted. By degrees, however, these impressions wore away, and he regained his interest in terrestrial pursuits. Now, forgetting the admonition of his heavenly spouse, he married a beautiful woman of

his tribe, but his bride died in four days after their marriage. Although thus reminded, Onawutaquto soon married again; when one day he left his lodge for the purpose of hunting, and from that time never was seen by mortal eyes.

THE WITCH AND THE SUN'S SISTER

(*Russian*)

In a certain far-off country there once lived a king and queen. And they had an only son, Prince Ivan, who was dumb from his birth. One day, when he was twelve years old, he went into the stable to see a groom who was a great friend of his.

That groom always used to tell him tales (*skazki*), and on this occasion Prince Ivan went to him expecting to hear some stories (*skazochki*), but that wasn't what he heard.

"Prince Ivan!" said the groom, "your mother will soon have a daughter, and you a sister. She will be a terrible witch, and she will eat up her father and her mother, and all their subjects. So go and ask your father for the best horse he has—as if you wanted a gallop—and then, if you want to be out of harm's way, ride away whithersoever your eyes guide you."

Prince Ivan ran off to his father and, for the first time in his life, began speaking to him.

At that the king was so delighted that he never thought of asking what he wanted a good steed for, but immediately ordered the very best horse he had in his stud to be saddled for the prince.

Prince Ivan mounted, and rode off without caring where he went. Long, long did he ride.

At length he came to where two old women were sewing, and he begged them to let him live with them. But they said:

"Gladly would we do so, Prince Ivan, only we have now but a short time to live. As soon as we have broken that trunkful of needles, and used up that trunkful of thread, that instant will death arrive!"

Prince Ivan burst into tears and rode on. Long, long did he ride. At length he came to where the giant Vertodub was, and he besought him, saying: "Take me to live with you."

"Gladly would I have taken you, Prince Ivan," replied the giant, "but now I have very little longer to live. As soon as I have pulled up all these trees by the roots, instantly will come my death!"

More bitterly still did the prince weep as he rode farther and farther on. By and by he came to where the giant Vertogor was, and made the same request to him, but he replied:

"Gladly would I have taken you, Prince Ivan, but I myself have very little longer to live. I am set here, you know, to level mountains. The moment I have settled matters with these you see remaining, then will my death come!"

Prince Ivan burst into a flood of bitter tears, and rode on still farther. Long, long did he ride. At last he came to the dwelling of the Sun's Sister. She received him into her house, gave him food and drink, and treated him just as if he had been her own son.

The prince now led an easy life. But it was all no use; he couldn't help being miserable. He longed so to know what was going on at home.

He often went to the top of a high mountain, and thence gazed at the palace in which he used to live, and he could see that it was all eaten away; nothing but the bare walls remained! Then he would sigh and weep. Once when he returned after he had been thus looking and crying, the Sun's Sister asked him:

"What makes your eyes so red to-day, Prince Ivan?"

"The wind has been blowing in them," said he.

The same thing happened the second time. Then the Sun's Sister ordered the wind to stop blowing. Again, a third time did Prince Ivan come back with a blubbered face. This time there was no help for it; he had to confess everything, and then he took to entreating the Sun's Sister to let him go, that he might satisfy himself about his old home. She would not let him go, but he went on urgently entreating.

So at last he persuaded her, and she let him go away to find out about his home. But first she provided him for the journey with a brush, a comb, and two youth-giving apples. However old anyone might be, let him eat one of these apples, he would grow young again in an instant.

Well, Prince Ivan came to where Vertogor was. There was only just one mountain left! He took his brush and cast it down on the open plain. Immediately there rose out of the earth, goodness knows whence, high, ever so high mountains, their peaks touching the sky. And the number of them was such that there were more than the eye could see! Vertogor rejoiced greatly and blithely recommenced his work.

After a time Prince Ivan came to where Vertodub was, and found that there were only three trees

remaining there. So he took the comb and flung it on the open plain. Immediately from somewhere or other there came a sound of trees, and forth from the ground arose dense oak forests, each stem more huge than the others! Vertodub was delighted, thanked the prince, and set to work uprooting the ancient oaks.

By and by Prince Ivan reached the old women, and gave each of them an apple. They ate them, and straightway became young again. So they gave him a handkerchief; you only had to wave it, and behind you lay a whole lake! At last Prince Ivan arrived at home. Out came running his sister to meet him, and caressed him fondly.

"Sit thee down, my brother!" she said. "Play a tune on the lute while I go and get dinner ready."

The prince sat down and strummed away on the lute (*gusli*).

Then there crept a mouse out of a hole, and said to him in a human voice:

"Save yourself, Prince. Run away quick! your sister has gone to sharpen her teeth."

Prince Ivan fled from the room, jumped upon his horse, and galloped away back. Meantime the mouse kept running over the strings of the lute. They twanged, and the sister never guessed that her brother was off. When she had sharpened her teeth she burst into the room. Lo and behold! not a soul was there; nothing but the mouse bolting into his hole. The witch waxed wroth, ground her teeth like anything, and set off in pursuit.

Prince Ivan heard a loud noise and looked back. There was his sister chasing him. So he waved his handkerchief, and a deep lake lay behind him. While

the witch was swimming across the water, Prince Ivan got a long way ahead. But on she came faster than ever; and now she was close at hand! Vertodub guessed that the prince was trying to escape from his sister. So he began tearing up oaks and strewing them across the road. A regular mountain did he pile up! there was no passing by for the witch! So she set to work to clear the way. She gnawed, and gnawed, and at length contrived by hard work to bore her way through; but by this time Prince Ivan was far ahead.

On she dashed in pursuit, chased and chased. Just a little more, and it would be impossible for him to escape! But Vertogor spied the witch, laid hold of the very highest of all the mountains, pitched it down all of a heap on the road, and flung another mountain right on top of it. While the witch was climbing and clambering, Prince Ivan rode and rode, and found himself a long way ahead. At last the witch got across the mountain, and once more set off in pursuit of her brother. By and by she caught sight of him and exclaimed:

“You sha’n’t get away from me this time!” And now she is close, now she is just going to catch him!

At that very moment Prince Ivan dashed up to the abode of the Sun’s Sister and cried.

“Sun, Sun! open the window!”

The Sun’s Sister opened the window, and the prince bounded through it, horse and all.

Then the witch began to ask that her brother might be given up to her for punishment. The Sun’s Sister would not listen to her, nor would she give him up. Then the witch said:

"Let Prince Ivan be weighed against me, to see which is the heavier. If I am, then I will eat him; but if he is, then let him kill me!"

This was done. Prince Ivan was the first to get into one of the scales; then the witch began to get into the other. But no sooner had she set foot in it than up shot Prince Ivan in the air, and that with such force that he flew right up into the sky, and into the house of the Sun's Sister.

But as for the Witch-Snake, she remained down below on earth.

THE MAKING OF THE MIRROR

(*Japanese*)

Now, when Amaterasu, the Sun-Goddess, ascended into her kingdom, she reigned there peacefully in great glory; and the fair light of her beauty flooded the earth and the heavens.

Her brother Susa-wo, at the time of his banishment to the under-world, beheld her shining and said:

"I will go and bid farewell to my sister the Sun-Goddess, ere I depart!"

So he mounted to heaven with such sudden violence that the rivers and mountains shook and groaned aloud, and every land and country quaked.

Amaterasu was greatly alarmed and said: "I know my brother desires to take my kingdom from me!" So she girt on her ten-span sword and her nine-span sword, and her necklace of five hundred jewels which she twisted round her hair and arms, and she slung on her thousand-arrow quiver, and great high-sounding elbow-shield. Then she brandished her bow

and stamped her feet into the hard ground till it fell away from her like rotten snow, and she stood valiantly, uttering a mighty cry of defiance.

Then Susa-wo stood on the farther side of the Tranquil River of Heaven, which is the Milky Way, and answered her softly with fair words:

"O my sister! I am come hither with a pure heart to bid thee farewell. Why dost thou put on a stern countenance? Let me but see thee once and speak with thee, face to face, ere I depart." Then the heart of the Sun-Goddess was softened, and she let him enter and cross the River of Heaven. But even here Susa-wo could not rest from his turbulent ways.

Now, in her wisdom, Amaterasu would wonder how best to help and comfort mankind, and on a certain day she sent Susa-wo on a journey to find her sister, the Food-Goddess, as she had many things to inquire of her. When the Food-Goddess looked and saw Susa-wo descending toward her, she quickly prepared a great banquet in his honor, and by her miraculous power she produced from her mouth boiled rice and every kind of fish and game. But Susa-wo, watching her, flew into a rage and cried out: "Thou art unclean! Dost thou offer me what comes from thy mouth?" And he took out his sword and slew her.

When Amaterasu heard this, she was very wroth with her brother, and sent a second messenger to see if the Food-Goddess were really dead. And when he found her, behold, a miracle! All things good for man were growing from her head and body. Millet and grass, mulberry trees with silkworms on them, rice and wheat and large and small beans. The messenger took them all and presented them to the Sun-Goddess, who rejoiced greatly and gave them to

mankind, rice for the wet fields and other grains for the dry.

And she planted the mulberry trees on the fragrant hills of heaven, and chewed the cocoons of the silkworms, and spun thread to weave silk garments for the gods.

Now, one day, while she was weaving with her maidens in the sacred hall, word was brought to her that her brother had trampled the rice fields and polluted her storehouses. And when she sought to excuse him he angered her yet more by his folly and violence. So Amaterasu covered her face, and in her grief and anger she hid herself from the sight of all men in a rocky cave, and closed the door.

When her radiance was hidden, all the world was left in deep darkness and confusion, the whole plain of heaven was obscured, and the Land of the Reed-Plains darkened. Night and day were unknown, and neither in heaven nor earth was there any light at all. The sound of many voices rose and fell, like the swarming of bees, and everywhere was trouble and dismay.

In the midst of the gloom the eighty myriads of gods met together in council, and their meeting-place was on the banks of the Milky Way of Heaven. And the Great Wise God, wiser than his fellows, who held in his mind the thoughts and imaginings of all men, said softly: “She is a woman, and surely will be curious. Let us show her something more beautiful than herself!” But as in all High Heaven nothing fairer could be found, they made a mighty mirror, forged by the Blacksmith God from the metals of heaven. Yet the gods were not satisfied, and commanded him to make another. So with his anvil from the Milky Way, and bellows, fashioned from a

single deer-skin, he forged a second and yet a third, and this last was perfect and flawless, in shape like the Sun.

And they lit great fires outside the cave and hung the mirror there on the branches of the sacred Sakaki tree, above it a necklace of ever-bright and glittering jewels, and below it some strips of fine-woven cloth. Then the Wise God took from his fellows six long bows and bound them together, and placed them upright in the ground and gently brushed the strings.

And the fair Goddess Amé-no-Uzumé was led forth to dance, her flowing sleeves bound up with the creeping plant Masaki, and her head-dress of trailing Kadsura vine, gathered from the mountains of Heavenly Fragrance, and in her hands the branches of young bamboos hung with tiny bells. These she waved rhythmically to and fro to the sound of her stepping, and as the humming of the bow-strings rose and fell, the eighty Myriad Gods sat around her and joyfully beat the measure.

She sang of the beauty of an unknown goddess, and as her body swayed in cadence, the great assembly of gods laughed aloud till the vault of heaven shook.

The Sun-Goddess wondered greatly at all this mirth and music, and said: “How is it that while the whole Plain of Heaven and the Land of the Reed-Plains is darkened, Uzumé sings and frolics, and the eighty Myriad Gods do laugh?” She peeped inquisitive out of the cave.

Uzumé still sang of the beauty of the Unknown Goddess, and the words of the first song were these:

Gods! from the cavern’s gloom

Comes she majestical.
Shall not our hearts rejoice?
Mine is the victory!
Who can resist my charms?
Hail, Ever-Shining One!

And wondering—longing—yet unwilling to venture forth, Amaterasu looked from the depths of the cave and listened to the strains, and heard the gods make merry; till, opening wider the door, she stood upon the threshold.

Two gods hastily held forward the mirror, and she saw, amazed, the vision of her own exceeding loveliness. Then the first flush of dawn appeared suddenly in the east, there was a stir as of awakening birds, the mountain-tops blushed pink, and all the gods held their breath.

She stepped forward softly, still gazing entranced, while broad shafts of light shot upward in the sky, and her glory filled the air with rosy radiance. As she looked on her ineffable beauty, the Wise God, twisting a rice-straw rope, stretched it across the mouth of the cave—for never more could she desire to hide her face from a sorrowing world.

And thus with the sunshine came music and dancing, for the delight of men.

In Norse mythology, the story is told that the heavenly bodies were formed of the sparks from Muspelheim. The gods did not create them, but they placed them in the heavens to give light to the world, and assigned them a prescribed locality and motion. Mundilfare was the father of the sun and moon. He had two children, a son and a daughter, so

lovely and graceful that he called the boy Maane (Moon), and the girl Sol (Sun), and Sol he gave in marriage to Glener (the Shining One).

The gods, however, were much incensed at the presumption of Mundilfare, so they took his two children and placed them in the heavens, where they let Sol drive the horses of the Sun, while Maane guides the Moon and regulates its increasing and waning aspect.

Very closely akin to a god of the Sun in Norse mythology is Balder the Good. He is the favorite of all the gods and of all men and nature. So fair and dazzling is he in form and features that rays of light seem to issue from him. Some idea of the beauty of his hair may be formed from the fact that the whitest of all plants is called Balder's brow. Balder is described as the mildest, the wisest and the most eloquent of all the gods, yet such is his nature that the judgment he has pronounced can never be altered. He dwells in the heavenly mansion called Breidablik, meaning the broad-shining splendor, into which nothing unclean can enter. He is, in fact, the God of Light. Some one says of him,[5] "Light is the best thing we have in the world; it is white and pure; it cannot be wounded; no shock can disturb it; nothing in the world can kill it excepting its own negative, darkness (Höder). Loke (Fire) is jealous of it; the pure light of heaven and the blaze of fire are each other's enemies. Balder does not fight, the mythology gives no exploits by him; he only shines and dazzles, conferring blessings upon all, and this he continues to do steadfast and unchangeable, until darkness steals upon him—darkness that does not itself know what harm it is doing; and when Balder is dead, cries of lamentation are heard throughout all

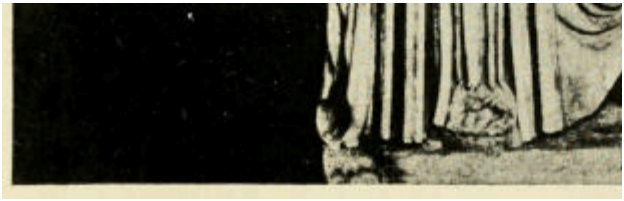
nature." How his death occurred will be related in the story of him in this chapter.

The God of the Sun in Egypt was Ra, though Osiris is often called the God of the Sun; and probably was identified with the sun in some stage of the long development of this myth, as already mentioned.

Like Balder and other sun gods, Ra has his fight with the demon of darkness in the under world, as described in an ancient Egyptian papyrus, a translation of which is given in this chapter.

In Greek mythology there are two gods of the sun and two goddesses of the moon.[6] The older ones were Helios and Selene, but they became identified with the later celebrated pair, Phœbus Apollo and Artemis or Diana, as the Romans called her, the children of Zeus, the God of the Sky, and Latona. Apollo was not only a god of the sun, who brought the warm sun and the spring, but he was the healer, who warded off the dangers and diseases of summer and autumn. He had a temple at Delphi, where a priestess was wont to give forth oracles in regard to the future, supposed to be revealed by Apollo. He was a founder of cities, a promoter of colonization, a giver of good laws, and, finally, he was the patron of music and poetry. To him were sacred the wolf, the roe, the mouse, the he-goat, the ram, the dolphin, and the swan.





Apollo with the Lyre. *Glyptothe*

An ancient hymn by Callimachus (240 B.C.) describes him as follows:

> "How hath the laurel shoot of Apollo heaved! How the whole of the shrine! Afar, afar be ye, sinners. Now verily doth Phœbus knock at the doors with beauteous foot. See you not? The Delian palm has nodded in a pleasant fashion on a sudden, and the swan sings sweetly on the air. Now of your own accord fall back, ye bolts of the doors, and of yourselves, ye bars. For no longer is the god afar off. Make ready, ye young men, for the song and the choir. Not to every one doth Apollo manifest himself, but to only the good. Whoso shall have seen him, great is he; small that man who hath not seen him.
>
> "We shall behold thee, O Fardarter! and shall be no more of small account. Nor silent lyre, nor noiseless tread should the servants of Phœbus have, when he sojourns among them. Listen and keep holy silence at the song in honor of Apollo.
>
> ...
>
> "Golden are both the garment and the clasp of Apollo, his lyre, his Lyctian bow, and his quiver: golden, too, his sandals; for Apollo is rich in gold, and has also many possessions.
>
> ...
>
> "And indeed he is ever beauteous, ever

young.

...

"Great, too, in art is no one so much as Apollo.

"To Phœbus the care of the bow as well as of song is intrusted.

"To him, likewise, belong divinations and diviners: and from Phœbus physicians have learned the art of delaying death.

...

"And following Phœbus men are wont to measure out cities. For Phœbus ever delights in founding cities and Phœbus himself lays their foundations."

The twin sister of Apollo, Artemis, is first of all the Goddess of the Moon. Its slender arc is her bow; its beams are her arrows, with which she sends upon womenkind a painless death. She determined herself never to fall in love or marry, and so she imposed upon the nymphs she gathered about her vows of perpetual maidenhood, and if any of them broke these vows she punished them severely and swiftly. Graceful in form and free of movement, equipped for the chase, and surrounded by a bevy of fair companions, the swift-rushing goddess was wont to scour hill, valley, forest, and plain. She was, however, not only huntress, but guardian of wild beasts, mistress of horses and kine and other domestic brutes. She ruled marsh and mountain; her gleaming arrows smote sea as well as land. Springs and woodland brooks she favored, for in them she and her attendants were accustomed to bathe. She

blessed with verdure the meadows and arable lands, and from them obtained a meed of thanks. When weary of the chase, she turned to music and dancing, for the lyre and flute and song were dear to her. Muses, graces, nymphs, and the fair goddesses themselves thronged the rites of the chorus-leading queen. But ordinarily a woodland chapel or a rustic altar sufficed for her worship. There the hunter laid his offering—antlers, skin, or edible portions of the deer that Artemis of the golden arrows had herself vouchsafed him.

She was mistress of the brute creation, protectress of youth, patron of temperance in all things, guardian of civil right. The cypress tree was sacred to her; and her favorites were the bear, the boar, the dog, the goat, and especially the hind.

A pretty picture is given of Artemis in a hymn by Callimachus which describes how, when sitting yet a blooming child on the knees of her sire, she thus addressed him:

> "'Grant me, kind father, to preserve eternal maidenhood, and many names, that so Phœbus may not vie with me. And give me arrows and bow. Grant it, sire! I ask not a quiver of thee, nor a large bow: the cyclopes will forthwith forge me arrows, and fashion a flexible bow. And I ask to be girt as far as the knee with a tunic of colored border, that I may slay wild beasts. And give me sixty ocean nymphs to form my chorus, all young and of the same age. Give me likewise as attendants twenty Amnisian nymphs, who may duly take care of my buskins, and, when I no longer am shooting lynxes and stags, may tend my fleet dogs. Give

me all mountains, and assign to me any city, whichsoever thou choosest. For 'twill be rare, when Artemis shall go down into a city. On mountains will I dwell.'

"Thus having spoken, the maiden wished to touch the beard of her sire, and oft outstretched her hands to no purpose, until at last she might touch it. Then her father assented with a smile, and said as he fondled her: 'Have, child, whatever you ask of your own choice; but other yet greater gifts will your sire bestow. Thrice ten cities will I present to you, which shall not learn to honor any other god, but thee alone, and shall be called the cities of Artemis. And I will give thee many cities to measure out in common with other gods, on the continent and islands; in all shall be altars and sacred groves of Artemis, and thou shalt be guardian over ways and harbors.'"

THE DEATH OF BALDER THE GOOD

(*From the Norse Eddas*)

This was an event which the asas deemed of great importance. Balder the Good having been tormented by terrible dreams, indicating that his life was in great peril, communicated them to the assembled gods, who, sorrow-stricken, resolved to conjure all things to avert from him the threatened danger. Then Frigg exacted an oath from fire and water, from iron and all other metals, as well as from stones, earths, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and creeping things, that none of them would do any harm to Balder. Still Odin feared that the prosperity of the gods had vanished. He saddled his steed Sleipner and rode

down to Niflheim, where the dog from Hel met him; it was bloody on the breast and barked a long time at Odin. Odin advanced; the earth trembled beneath him, and he came to the high dwelling of Hel. East of the door he knew the grave of the vala was situated; thither he rode and sang magic songs (*kvao galdra*), until she unwillingly stood up and asked who disturbed her peace, after she had been lying so long covered with snow and wet with dew. Odin called himself Vegtam, a son of Valtam, and asked for whom the benches were strewn with rings and the couches were swimming in gold. She replied that the mead was brewed for Balder, but all the gods would despair. When Odin asked further who should be Balder's bane, she answered that Höder would hurl the famous branch and become the bane of Odin's son; but Rind should give birth to a son who, only one night old, should wield a sword, and would neither wash his hands nor comb his hair before he had avenged his brother. But recognizing Odin by an enigmatical question, she said: "You are not Vegtam, as I believed, but you are Odin, the old ruler." Odin replied: "You are no vala, but the mother of three giants." Then the vala told Odin to ride home and boast of his journey, but assured him that no one should again visit her thus before Loke should be loosed from his chains and the ruin of the gods had come.

When it had been made known that nothing in the world would harm Balder, it became a favorite pastime of the gods at their meetings to get Balder to stand up and serve them as a mark, some hurling darts at him, some stones, while others hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes; for whatever they did none of them could harm him, and this was regarded by all as a great honor shown to Balder. But

when Loke Laufeyarson beheld the scene he was sorely vexed that Balder was not hurt. Assuming, therefore, the guise of a woman he went to Fensal, the mansion of Frigg. That goddess, seeing the pretended woman, inquired of her whether she knew what the gods were doing at their meetings. The woman (Loke) replied that they were throwing darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him.

"Ay," said Frigg, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all of them."

"What!" exclaimed the woman, "have all things sworn to spare Balder?"

"All things," replied Frigg, "except one little shrub that grows on the eastern side of Valhal, and is called mistletoe, and which I thought too young and feeble to crave an oath from."

As soon as Loke heard this he went away, and, resuming his natural form, pulled up the mistletoe and repaired to the place where the gods were assembled. There he found Höder standing far to one side without engaging in the sport on account of his blindness. Loke, going up to him, said: "Why do not you also throw something at Balder?"

"Because I am blind," answered Höder, "and cannot see where Balder is, and besides I have nothing to throw at him."

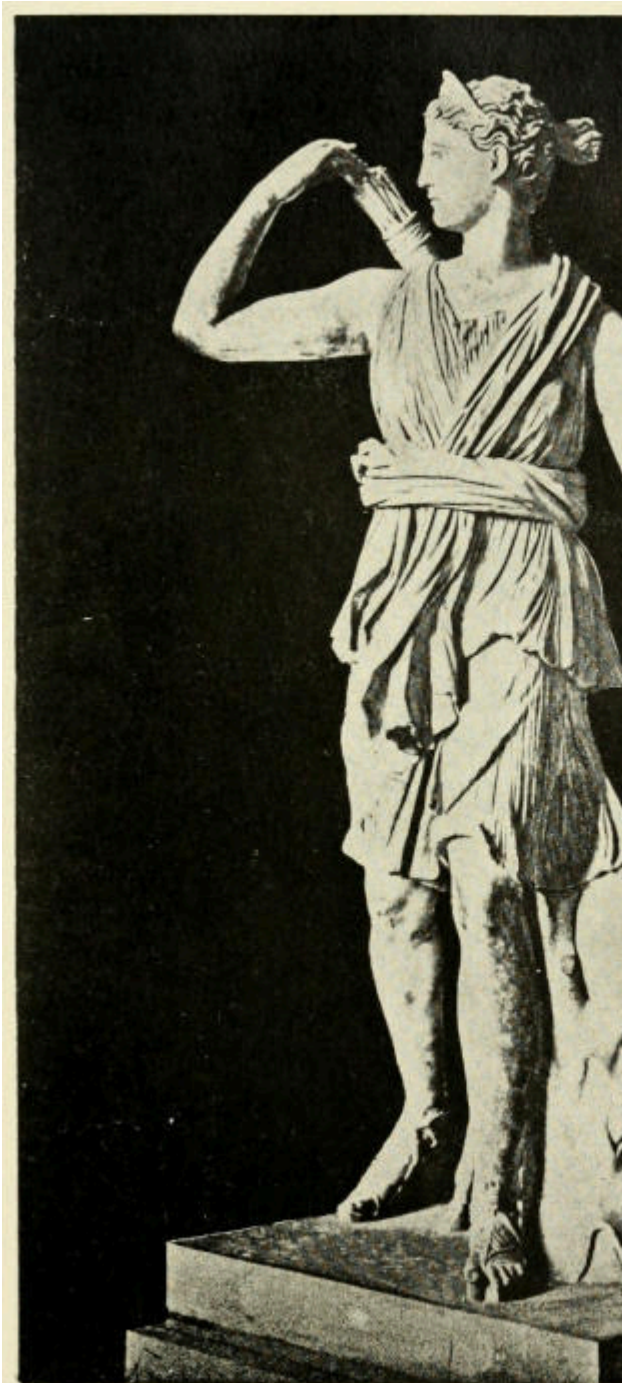
"Come, then," said Loke, "do like the rest, and show honor to Balder by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct your arm toward the place where he stands."

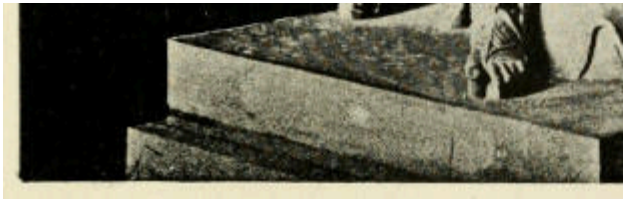
Höder then took the mistletoe, and under the guidance of Loke darted it at Balder, who, pierced through and through, fell down lifeless. Surely never

was there witnessed, either among gods or men, a more atrocious deed than this! When Balder fell the gods were struck speechless with horror, and then they looked at each other; and all were of one mind to lay hands on him who had done the deed, but they were obliged to delay their vengeance out of respect for the sacred place (place of peace) where they were assembled. They at length gave vent to their grief by such loud lamentations that they were not able to express their grief to one another. Odin, however, felt this misfortune most severely, because he knew best how great was the mischief and the loss which the gods had sustained by the death of Balder. When the gods were a little composed, Frigg asked who among them wished to gain all her love and favor by riding to the lower world to try and find Balder, and offer a ransom to Hel if she would permit Balder to return to Asgard; whereupon Hermod, surnamed the Nimble, offered to undertake the journey. Odin's horse Sleipner was then led forth and prepared for the journey; Hermod mounted him and galloped hastily away.

The gods then took the dead body of Balder and carried it to the sea, where lay Balder's ship, *Ringhorn*, which was the largest of all ships. But when they wanted to launch this ship, in order to make Balder's funeral pile on it, they were unable to move it from the place. In this predicament they sent a messenger to Jotunheim for a certain giantess named Hyrroken (the smoking fire), who came riding on a wolf and had twisted serpents for her reins. As soon as she alighted Odin ordered four berserks to hold her steed, but they were obliged to throw the animal down on the ground before they could manage it. Hyrroken then went to the prow of the ship, and with a single push set it afloat; but the

motion was so violent that fire sparkled from the underlaid rollers and the whole world shook. Thor, enraged at the sight, grasped his mallet and would have broken the woman's skull had not the gods interceded for her. Balder's body was then carried to the funeral pile on board the ship, and this ceremony had such an effect upon Balder's wife Nanna, daughter of Nep, that her heart broke with grief, and her body was laid upon the same pile and burned with that of her husband. Thor stood beside the pile and consecrated it with his hammer Mjolner. Before his feet sprang up a dwarf called Lit. Thor kicked him with his foot into the fire, so that he also was burned. There was a vast concourse of various kinds of people at Balder's funeral procession. First of all came Odin, accompanied by Frigg, the valkyries, and his ravens. Then came Frey in his chariot, drawn by the boar Gullinburste (gold-brush), or Slidrugtanne (the sharp-toothed). Heimdal rode his horse Goldtop, and Freyja drove in her chariot drawn by cats. There were also a great number of frost giants and mountain giants present. Odin cast upon the funeral pile the famous ring Draupner, which had been made for him by the dwarfs, and possessed the property of producing every ninth night eight rings of equal weight. Balder's horse, fully caparisoned, was also laid upon the pile, and consumed in the same flames with the body of his master.





Diana or Artemis the Huntress.

Meanwhile Hermod was proceeding on his mission. Of him it is to be related that he rode nine days and as many nights through dark and deep valleys—so dark that he could not discern anything until he came to the river Gjol and passed over the Gjallar bridge (bridge over the river Gjol), which is covered with glittering gold. Modgud, the maiden who kept the bridge, asked him his name and parentage, and added that the day before five fylkes (kingdoms, bands) of dead men had ridden over the bridge; "but," she said, "it did not shake as much beneath all of them together as it does under you alone, and you have not the complexion of the dead; why, then, do you ride here on your way to Hel?" "I ride to Hel," answered Hermod, "to seek for Balder; have you perchance seen him pass this way?" She replied that Balder had ridden over the Gjallar bridge, and that the road to the abodes of death (to Hel) lay downward and toward the north.

Hermod then continued his journey until he came to the barred gates of Hel. Then he alighted from his horse, drew the girths tighter, remounted him, and clapped both spurs into him. The horse cleared the gate with a tremendous leap without touching it. Hermod then rode forward to the palace, alighted and went in, where he found his brother Balder occupying the most distinguished seat in the hall, and spent the night in his company. The next morning he entreated Hel (death) to let Balder ride home with him, representing to her the sorrow which prevailed among the gods. Hel replied that it

should now be tried whether Balder was so universally beloved as he was said to be; if, therefore, she added, all things in the world, the living as well as the lifeless, will weep for him, then he shall return to the gods, but if anything speak against him or refuse to weep, then Hel will keep him.

After this Hermod rose up; Balder went with him out of the hall and gave him the ring Draupner, to present as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna sent Frigg a carpet, together with several other gifts, and to Fulla she sent a gold finger-ring. Hermod then rode back to Asgard and related everything that he had heard and witnessed.

The gods upon this dispatched messengers throughout all the world to beseech everything to weep, in order that Balder might be delivered from the power of Hel. All things very willingly complied with the request—man, animals, the earth, stones, trees, and all metals—just as we see things weep when they come out of the frost into the warm air. When the messengers were returning, with the conviction that their mission had been quite successful, they found on their way home a giantess (ogress, *gygr*), who called herself Thok. They bade her also weep Balder out of the dominion of Hel. But she answered:

Thok will weep
With dry tears
For Balder's death;
Neither in life nor in death
Gave he me gladness;
Let Hel keep what she has.

BATTLE BETWEEN RA AND ANAPEF OR APEP IN THE UNDERWORLD

(*Egyptian*)

Get thee back, depart, retreat from me, O Anapef; withdraw, or thou shalt be drowned at the pool of Nu, at the place where thy father hath ordered that thy slaughter be performed. Depart thou from the divine place of birth of Ra, wherein is thy terror. I am Ra who dwelleth in his terror. Get thee back, Fiend, before the darts of his beams. Ra hath overthrown thy words, the gods have turned thy face backward, the Lynx hath torn open thy breast, the Scorpion hath cast fetters upon thee, and Maat hath sent forth thy destruction. Those who are in the ways have overthrown thee; fall down and depart, O Apep, thou Enemy of Ra! O thou that passest over the region in the eastern part of heaven with the sound of the roaring thunder-cloud, O Ra, who openest the gates of the horizon straightway on thy appearance, Apep hath sunk helpless under thy gashings. I have performed thy will, O Ra, I have performed thy will, I have done that which is fair, I have done that which is fair, I have labored for the peace of Ra. I have made to advance thy fetters, O Ra, and Apep hath fallen through thy drawing them tight. The gods of the south and of the north, of the west and of the east, have fastened chains upon him, and they have fettered him with fetters; the god Rekes hath overthrown him and the god Hertit hath put him in chains. Ra setteth, Ra setteth, Ra is strong at his setting. Apep hath fallen; Apep, the enemy of Ra, departeth. Greater is the punishment which hath been inflicted on thee than the sting which is the Scorpion goddess, and mightily hath she, whose

course is everlasting, worked in upon thee, and with deadly effect. Thou shalt never enjoy the delights of love, thou shalt never fulfil thy desire, O Apep, thou Enemy of Ra! He maketh thee to go back, O thou who art hateful to Ra; he looketh upon thee, get thee back! He pierceth thy head, he cutteth through thy face, he divideth thy head at the two sides of the ways, and it is crushed in his land; thy bones are smashed in pieces, thy members are hacked off thee, and the god Aker hath condemned thee, O Apep, thou Enemy of Ra! Thy mariners are those who keep the reckoning for thee, O Ra; as thou advancest and thou resteth there within are the offerings made to thee. As thou advancest, as thou advancest toward the House. Let not any baleful obstacle proceed from thy mouth against me when thou workest on my behalf. I am Set, who let loose the storm-clouds and the thunder in the horizon of heaven.

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS APOLLO

(*Greek*)

Soon after his birth the Sun God spent a year among the Hyperboreans, where for six continuous months of the year there is sunshine and spring, soft climate, profusion of herbs and flowers, and the very ecstasy of life. During this delay the Delphians sang pæans—hymns of praise—to Apollo, and danced in chorus about the tripod, or three-legged stool, where the expectant priestess of Apollo had taken her seat. At last, when the year was warm, came the god in his chariot drawn by swans—heralded by songs of springtide, of nightingales and swallows and crickets. Then the crystal fount of Castalia and the stream Cephissus overflowed their bounds, and mankind

made grateful offerings to the god. But his advent was not altogether peaceful. An enormous serpent (Python) had crept forth from the slime with which, after the flood, the earth was covered; and in the caves of Mount Parnassus this terror of the people lurked. Him Apollo encountered, and after fearful combat slew with arrows, weapons which the god of the silver bow had not before used against any but feeble animals. In commemoration of this conquest, he instituted the Pythian games, in which the victor, in feats of strength, swiftness of foot, or in the chariot race, should be crowned with a wreath of beach leaves.

In his conflict with another monster of darkness, Apollo had the assistance of his sister Artemis (Diana). By their unerring, fiery darts they subdued the giant Tityus, who not only had obstructed the peaceful ways to the oracle of Delphi, but had ventured to insult the mother of the twin deities.

Another event in the life of Apollo shows the fatal effect of his fiery darts upon a young friend, Hyacinthus. The god of the silver bow was in the habit of going with Hyacinthus when he went forth on his hunting and fishing expeditions, or upon tramps in the mountains. One day they decided to play a game of quoits together. Apollo, heaving aloft the discus with strength mingled with skill, sent it high and far. Hyacinthus, excited with the sport and eager to make his throw, ran forward to seize the missile; but it bounded from the earth and struck him in the forehead. He fainted and fell. The god, as pale as himself, raised him and tried all his art to staunch the wound and retain the flitting life, but in vain. As when one has broken the stem of a lily in the garden it hangs its head and turns its flowers to

the earth, so the head of the dying boy, as if too heavy for his neck, fell over on his shoulder. “Thou diest, Hyacinth,” said Phœbus, “robbed of thy life by me. Would that I could die for thee! But since that may not be, my lyre shall celebrate thee, my song shall tell thy fate, and thou shalt become a flower inscribed with my regret.” While the golden god spoke, the blood which had flowed on the ground and stained the herbage ceased to be blood, and a flower of hue more beautiful than Tyrian purple sprang up, resembling in shape the lily. Phœbus then, to confer still greater honor, marked the petals with his sorrow, inscribing “Ai! ai!” upon them. The flower bears the name of Hyacinthus, and with returning spring revives the memory of his fate.

Apollo was also a perfect magician in music. He helped Neptune, the God of the Sea, to build the walls of the ancient and far-famed city of Troy simply by playing on his lyre.

It is said that upon one occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the God of the Lyre to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted, and Tmolus, the Mountain God, was chosen umpire. The Senior took his seat, and cleared away the trees from his ears to listen. At a given signal, Pan blew on his pipes, and with his rustic melody gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful follower Midas, who happened to be present. Then Tmolus turned his head toward the Sun God, and all his trees turned with him. Apollo rose, his brow wreathed with Parnassian laurel, while his robe of Tyrian purple swept the ground. In his left hand he held the lyre, and with his right hand struck the strings. Tmolus at once awarded the victory to the lyric god, and all but

Midas acquiesced in the judgment. He dissented, and questioned the justice of the award, and Apollo promptly transformed his depraved pair of ears into those of an ass.

THE STORY OF ARTEMIS AND ORION

(*Greek*)

Orion, the son of Neptune, was a giant and a mighty hunter, whose prowess and manly favor gained for him the rare good-will of Artemis. It is related that he loved Merope, the daughter of Œnopion, king of Chios, and sought her in marriage. He cleared the island of wild beasts, and brought the spoils of the chase as presents to his beloved; but as Œnopion constantly deferred his consent, Orion attempted to gain possession of the maiden by violence. Her father, incensed at this conduct, made Orion drunk, deprived him of his sight, and cast him out on the seashore. The blinded hero, instructed by an oracle to seek the rays of morning, followed the sound of a Cyclop's hammer till he reached Lemnos, where Vulcan, taking pity on him, gave him Cedalion, one of his men, to be his guide to the abode of the sun. Placing Cedalion on his shoulders, Orion proceeded to the east, and there meeting the Sun God, was restored to sight by his beam.



Diana or Artemis. *Correg*

After this he used to go hunting with Artemis, much to the displeasure of Apollo, who did not like his sister to make such a friend of Orion. One day, therefore, observing Orion as he walked through the sea, with his head just above water, Apollo pointed out the black object to his sister, and maintained that she could not hit it. The archer goddess discharged a shaft with fatal aim; the waves rolled the dead body of Orion to the land. Then, bewailing with many tears the death of her friend, Artemis placed him among the stars, where he appears as a giant, with a girdle, sword, lion's skin, and club. Sirius, his dog, follows him, and the Pleiades fly before him. In the beginning of winter, all through the night, Orion follows the chase across the heavens, but with dawn he sinks toward the waters of his father, Neptune. In the beginning of summer he may be seen, with daybreak, in the eastern sky, till Artemis draws again her darts and slays him.

The myths of the stars are almost as numerous as those of the sun and moon, and exist everywhere. A very prevalent idea in regard to them is that human beings are transformed into stars; for example, in Australia they say that the god Pundjel made stars of all the good men and women after the Deluge. In Greek mythology, the gods very frequently turned men and women into stars. Both in Australia and Greece the stars the Greeks called, and we know now as, Castor and Pollux were two young men. In the first case they are said to be two hunters, in the second they were two brothers so famous for their brotherly love that Zeus, desiring to make their memory immortal, placed them both among the stars. Sometimes a human being or an animal is transformed into a whole constellation or group of

stars. The story told about the constellations of the Great Bear and the Little Bear in Greece is that once a nymph, Callisto, of the train of Artemis, who fell in love, was changed into a bear by Juno. One day long after she saw a youth hunting, and recognized him as her own son. She stopped and wanted to embrace him, but her son, not recognizing her in her bear form, was on the point of transfixing her when Zeus arrested the crime, and, snatching away both of them, placed them in the heavens as the Great Bear and the Little Bear. The story of Orion's translation into a constellation has already been given. Around the group of stars called the Pleiades cluster many legends. Of this group of seven stars one is so dim that it seems entirely to disappear. A South Australian legend tells that the Pleiades were a queen and her six attendants. The Crow fell in love with the queen, who refused to be his wife. The Crow, however, found that the queen and her six maidens were in the habit of hunting for white, edible grubs in the bark of trees. The Crow at once changed himself into a grub and hid in the bark of a tree. The six maidens sought to pick him out with their wooden hooks, but he broke the points of all the hooks. Then came the queen with her pretty bone hook; he let himself be drawn out, took the shape of a giant, and ran away with her. Ever since there have only been six stars and six maidens in the Pleiades. According to a Greek myth, the Pleiades, who still fly before Orion in the heavens, were daughters of Atlas and nymphs of the train of Artemis. One day they were pursued by the giant hunter Orion, and, being very much frightened, they prayed to the gods to change their form. Zeus heard their prayers, changed them into pigeons, and placed them among the stars. Though their number was seven, only six stars are

now visible, for it is said Electra left her place that she might not behold the ruin of Troy, which had been founded by her son Dardanus. The sight had such an effect on her sisters that they blanched, and have been pale ever since. But Electra became a comet. Her hair floating wildly, she still ranges inconsolably the expanse of heaven.

The prettiest notion in regard to the stars is that they are the souls of the dead. In Germany, for example, they thought that when a child died, God made a new star.

The North American Indians are particularly fond of star myths, and they have invented some charming star stories. According to them, stars might come down and talk to men, after the manner of one whose story is given below. It came down and told a hunter where to find game.

Some of the animal constellations among the stars are evidently metamorphosed totems, for there is a widespread belief that these star animals or men were the ancestors of the people, and that ages ago they had been lifted up to heaven. The Milky Way is described by the Indians sometimes as the "path of spirits and the road of souls," sometimes as the "road of birds along which the souls of the good go flitting like birds, to dwell at last in heaven in peace."

STORY OF THE CHILD AND THE STAR

(*Iowa Indian*)

Many years ago a child, when very young, observed a star in the heavens that attracted him more than any others. As the child grew to manhood his attachment increased. His thoughts dwelt

continually on this beauty of the night. One day, while hunting, as he sat down, travel-worn and weary with his ill-success, his beloved star appeared to him and comforted him with encouraging words, and then conducted him to a place where he found a great plenty and variety of game. From this time the young man showed a wonderful improvement in the art of hunting, and soon became celebrated in this pursuit.

OSSEO, THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

(*North American Indian*)

There once lived an Indian in the north who had ten daughters, all of whom grew up to womanhood. They were noted for their beauty, especially Oweenee, the youngest, who was very independent in her way of thinking. She was a great admirer of romantic places, and spent much of her time with the flowers and winds and clouds in the open air. Though the flower were homely, if it was fragrant—though the wind were rough, if it was healthful—and though the cloud were dark, if it embosomed the fruitful rain, she knew how, in spite of appearances, to acknowledge the good qualities concealed from the eye. She paid very little attention to the many handsome young men who came to her father's lodge for the purpose of seeing her.

Her elder sisters were all sought in marriage, and one after the other they went off to dwell in the lodges of their husbands; but Oweenee was deaf to all proposals of the kind. At last she married an old man called Osseo, who was scarcely able to walk, and who was too poor to have things like others. The only property he owned in the world was the

walking-staff which he carried in his hand. Though thus poor and homely, Osseo was a devout and good man; faithful in all his duties, and obedient in all things to the Good Spirit. Of course they jeered and laughed at Oweenee on all sides, but she seemed to be quite happy, and said to them, “It is my choice and you will see in the end who has acted the wisest.”

They made a special mock of the walking-staff, and scarcely an hour in the day passed that they did not make some disparaging reference to it. Among themselves they spoke of Osseo of the walking-staff, in derision, as the owner of the big woods, or the great timber-man.

“True,” said Oweenee, “it is but a simple stick; but as it supports the steps of my husband, it is more precious to me than all the forests of the north.”

A time came when the sisters, and their husbands, and their parents were all invited to a feast. As the distance was considerable, they doubted whether Osseo, so aged and feeble, would be able to undertake the journey; but in spite of their friendly doubts, he joined them, and set out with a good heart.

As they walked along the path they could not help pitying their young and handsome sister who had such an unsuitable mate. She, however, smiled upon Osseo, and kept with him by the way the same as if he had been the comeliest bridegroom in all the company. Osseo often stopped and gazed upward; but they could perceive nothing in the direction in which he looked, unless it was the faint glimmering of the evening star. They heard him muttering to himself as they went along, and one of the elder sisters caught the words, “Pity me, my father!”

"Poor old man," said she; "he is talking to his father. What a pity it is that he would not fall and break his neck, that our sister might have a young husband."

Presently, as they came to a great rock where Osseo had been used to breathe his morning and his evening prayer, the star emitted a brighter ray, which shone directly in his face. Osseo, with a sharp cry, fell trembling to the earth, where the others would have left him; but his good wife raised him up, and he sprang forward on the path, and with steps light as the reindeer he led the party, no longer decrepit and infirm, but a beautiful young man. On turning around to look for his wife, behold! she had become changed, at the same moment, into an aged and feeble woman, bent almost double, and walking with the staff which he had cast aside.

Osseo immediately joined her, and with looks of fondness and the tenderest regard, bestowed on her every endearing attention, and constantly addressed her by the term of ne-ne-moosh-a, or my sweetheart.

As they walked along, whenever they were not gazing fondly in each other's face, they bent their looks on heaven, and a light, as if of far-off stars, was in their eyes.

On arriving at the lodge of the hunter with whom they were to feast, they found the banquet ready, and as soon as their entertainer had finished his harangue—in which he told them his feasting was in honor of the Evening or Woman's Star—they began to partake of the portion dealt out, according to age and character, to each one of the guests. The food was very delicious, and they were all happy but Osseo, who looked at his wife, and then gazed upward, as if he was looking into the substance of

the sky. Sounds were soon heard, as if from far-off voices in the air, and they became plainer and plainer, till he could clearly distinguish some of the words.

"My son, my son," said the voice, "I have seen your afflictions, and pity your wants. I come to call you away from a scene that is stained with blood and tears. The earth is full of sorrows. Wicked spirits, the enemies of mankind, walk abroad, and lie in wait to ensnare the children of the sky. Every night they are lifting their voices to the Power of Evil, and every day they make themselves busy in casting mischief in the hunter's path. You have long been their victim, but you shall be their victim no more. The spell you were under is broken. Your evil genius is overcome. I have cast him down by my superior strength, and it is this strength I now exert for your happiness. Ascend, my son; ascend into the skies, and partake of the feast I have prepared for you in the stars, and bring with you those you love.

"The food set before you is enchanted and blessed. Fear not to partake of it. It is endowed with magic power to give immortality to mortals, and to change men to spirits. Your bowls and kettles shall no longer be wood and earth. The one shall become silver and the other pure gold. They shall shine like fire, and glisten like the most beautiful scarlet. Every female shall also change her state and looks, and no longer be doomed to laborious tasks. She shall put on the beauty of the starlight, and become a shining bird of the air. She shall dance, and not work. She shall sing, and not cry.

"My beams," continued the voice, "shine faintly on your lodge, but they have power to transform it into the lightness of the skies, and decorate it with the

colors of the clouds. Come, Osseo, my son, and dwell no longer on earth. Think strongly on my words, and look steadfastly at my beams. My power is now at its height. Doubt not, delay not. It is the voice of the Spirit of the Stars that calls you away to happiness and celestial rest."

The words were intelligible to Osseo, but his companions thought them some far-off sounds of music, or birds singing in the woods. Very soon the lodge began to shake and tremble, and they felt it rising into the air. It was too late to run out, for they were already as high as the tops of the trees. Osseo looked around him as the lodge passed through the topmost boughs, and behold! their wooden dishes were changed into shells of a scarlet color, the poles of the lodge to glittering rods of silver, and the bark that covered them into the gorgeous wings of insects.

A moment more and his brothers and sisters, and their parents and friends, were transformed into birds of various plumage. Some were jays, some partridges and pigeons, and others gay singing birds, who hopped about, displaying their many-colored feathers, and singing songs of cheerful note.

But his wife, Oweenee, still kept her earthly garb, and exhibited all the indications of extreme old age. He again cast his eyes in the direction of the clouds, and uttered the peculiar cry which had given him the victory at the rock. In a moment the youth and beauty of his wife returned; her dingy garments assumed the shining appearance of green silk, and her staff was changed into a silver feather.

The lodge again shook and trembled, for they were now passing through the uppermost clouds, and they immediately after found themselves in the Evening Star, the residence of Osseo's father.

"My son," said the old man, "hang that cage of birds which you have brought along in your hand at the door, and I will inform you why you and your wife have been sent for."

Osseo obeyed, and then took his seat in the lodge.

"Pity was shown to you," resumed the King of the Star, "on account of the contempt of your wife's sisters, who laughed at her ill fortune, and ridiculed you while you were under the power of that wicked spirit whom you overcame at the rock. That spirit lives in the next lodge, being the small star you see on the left of mine, and he has always felt envious of my family because we had greater power, and especially because we had committed to us the care of the female world. He failed in many attempts to destroy your brothers and sisters-in-law, but succeeded at last in transforming yourself and your wife into decrepit old persons. You must be careful and not let the light of his beams fall on you while you are here, for therein lies the power of his enchantment. A ray of light is the bow and arrow he uses."

Osseo lived happy and contented in the parental lodge, and in due time his wife presented him with a son, who grew up rapidly, and in the very likeness of Osseo himself. He was very quick and ready in learning everything that was done in his grandfather's dominions, but he wished also to learn the art of hunting, for he had heard that this was a favorite pursuit below. To gratify him, his father made him a bow and arrows, and he then let the birds out of the cage that he might practise in shooting. In this pastime he soon became expert, and the very first day he brought down a bird; but when he went to pick it up, to his amazement it was a

beautiful young woman, with the arrow sticking in her breast. It was one of his younger aunts.

The moment her blood fell upon the surface of that pure and spotless planet, the charm was dissolved. The boy immediately found himself sinking, although he was partly upheld by something like wings until he passed through the lower clouds, and he then suddenly dropped upon a high, breezy island in a large lake. He was pleased, on looking up, to see all his aunts and uncles following him in the form of birds, and he soon discovered the silver lodge, with his father and mother, descending, with its waving tassels fluttering like so many insects' gilded wings. It rested on the loftiest cliffs of the island, and there they fixed their residence. They all resumed their natural shapes, but they were diminished to the size of fairies; and as a mark of homage to the King of the Evening Star, they never failed on every pleasant evening during the summer season to join hands and dance upon the top of the rocks. These rocks were quickly observed by the Indians to be covered, in moonlight evenings, with a larger sort of Ininees, or little men, and were called Mish-in-e-mok-in-ok-ong, or Little Spirits, and the island is named from them to this day.

Their shining lodge can be seen in the summer evenings, when the moon beams strongly on the pinnacles of the rocks; and the fishermen who go near those high cliffs at night have even heard the voices of the happy little dancers. And Osseo and his wife, as fondly attached to each other as ever, always lead the dance.

THE WANDERING STAR

(*A Chippewa Legend*)

A quarrel arose among the stars, when one of them was driven from its home in the heavens, and descended to the earth. It wandered from one path to another, and was seen hovering over the campfires when the people were preparing to sleep. Among all the people in the world, only one could be found who was not afraid of this star, and this was a daughter of a Chippewa. She was not afraid of the star, but admired and loved it. When she awoke in the night she always beheld it, for the star loved the maiden. In midsummer the young girl, on going into the woods for berries, lost her way, when a storm arose. Her cries for rescue were answered only by the frogs. A lonely night came, when she looked for her star in vain; the storm overcast the sky, and at length caught her in its fury and bore her away. Many seasons passed, during which the star was seen, dimmed and wandering, in the sky. At length, one autumn, it disappeared. Then a hunter saw a small light hanging over the water within the marshland in which he was hunting. He returned to announce the strange sight. “That,” said the old wise man, “was the star driven from heaven, now wandering in search of our lost maiden, our beautiful child of the Chippewas.”

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE STARS

(*North American Indian*)

Waupee, or the White Hawk, lived in a remote part of the forest, where animals abounded. Every day he returned from the chase with a large spoil, for he was one of the most skilful and lucky hunters of his

tribe. His form was like the cedar; the fire of youth beamed from his eye; there was no forest too gloomy for him to penetrate, and no track made by bird or beast of any kind which he could not readily follow.

One day he had gone beyond any point which he had ever before visited. He travelled through an open wood, which enabled him to see a great distance. At length he beheld a light breaking through the foliage of the distant trees, which made him sure that he was on the borders of a prairie. It was a wide plain, covered with long blue grass, and enamelled with flowers of a thousand lovely tints.

After walking for some time without a path, musing upon the open country, and enjoying the fragrant breeze, he suddenly came to a ring worn among the grass and the flowers, as if it had been made by footsteps moving lightly round and round. But it was strange—so strange as to cause the White Hawk to pause and gaze long and fixedly upon the ground—there was no path which led to this flowery circle. There was not even a crushed leaf nor a broken twig, nor the least trace of a footstep, approaching or retiring, to be found. He thought he would hide himself and lie in wait to discover, if he could, what this strange circle meant.

Presently he heard the faint sounds of music in the air. He looked up in the direction they came from, and as the magic notes died away he saw a small object, like a little summer cloud that approaches the earth, floating down from above. At first it was very small, and seemed as if it could have been blown away by the first breeze that came along; but it rapidly grew as he gazed upon it, and the music every moment came clearer and more sweetly to his ear. As it neared the earth it appeared as a basket,

and it was filled with twelve sisters, of the most lovely forms and enchanting beauty.

As soon as the basket touched the ground they leaped out, and began straightway to dance, in the most joyous manner, around the magic ring, striking, as they did so, a shining ball, which uttered the most ravishing melodies, and kept time as they danced.

The White Hawk, from his concealment, entranced, gazed upon their graceful forms and movements. He admired them all, but he was most pleased with the youngest. He longed to be at her side, to embrace her, to call her his own; and unable to remain longer a silent admirer, he rushed out and endeavored to seize this twelfth beauty who so enchanted him. But the sisters, with the quickness of birds, the moment they descried the form of a man, leaped back into the basket, and were drawn up into the sky.

Lamenting his ill-luck, Waupee gazed longingly upon the fairy basket as it ascended and bore the lovely sisters from his view. “They are gone,” he said, “and I shall see them no more.”

He returned to his solitary lodge, but he found no relief to his mind. He walked abroad, but to look at the sky, which had withdrawn from his sight the only being he had ever loved, was painful to him now.

The next day, selecting the same hour, the White Hawk went back to the prairie, and took his station near the ring; in order to deceive the sisters, he assumed the form of an opossum, and sat among the grass as if he were there engaged in chewing the cud. He had not waited long when he saw the cloudy basket descend, and heard the same sweet music

falling as before. He crept slowly toward the ring; but the instant the sisters caught sight of him they were startled, and sprang into their car. It rose a short distance when one of the elder sisters spoke.

"Perhaps," she said, "it has come to show us how the game is played by mortals."

"Oh, no!" the youngest replied. "Quick, let us ascend."

And all joining in a chant, they rose out of sight.

Waupee, casting off his disguise, walked sorrowfully back to his lodge—but, ah! the night seemed very long to lonely White Hawk. His whole soul was filled with the thought of the beautiful sister.

Betimes, the next day, he returned to the haunted spot, hoping and fearing, and sighing as though his very soul would leave his body in its anguish. He reflected upon the plan he should follow to secure success. He had already failed twice; to fail a third time would be fatal. Near by he found an old stump, much covered with moss, and just then in use as the residence of a number of mice, who had stopped there on a pilgrimage to some relatives on the other side of the prairie. The White Hawk was so pleased with their tidy little forms that he thought he, too, would be a mouse, especially as they were by no means formidable to look at, and would not be at all likely to create alarm.

He accordingly, having first brought the stump and set it near the ring, without further notice became a mouse, and peeped and sported about, and kept his sharp little eyes busy with the others; but he did not forget to keep one eye up toward the sky, and one

ear wide open in the same direction.

It was not long before the sisters, at their customary hour, came down and resumed their sport.

“But see,” cried the younger sister, “that stump was not there before.”

She ran off, frightened, toward the basket. Her sisters only smiled, and gathering round the old tree stump, they struck it, in jest, when out ran the mice, and among them Waupee. They killed them all but one, which was pursued by the younger sister. Just as she had raised a silver stick which she held in her hand to put an end to it, too, the form of the White Hawk arose, and he clasped his prize in his arms. The other eleven sprang to their basket, and were drawn up to the skies.

Waupee exerted all his skill to please his bride and win her affections. He wiped the tears from her eyes; he related his adventures in the chase; he dwelt upon the charms of life on the earth. He was constant in his attentions, keeping fondly by her side, and picking out the way for her to walk as he led her gently toward his lodge. He felt his heart glow with joy as he entered it, and from that moment he was one of the happiest of men.

Winter and summer passed rapidly away, and as the spring drew near with its balmy gales and its many-colored flowers, their happiness was increased by the presence of a beautiful boy in their lodge. What more of earthly blessing was there for them to enjoy?

Waupee’s wife was a daughter of one of the stars, and as the scenes of earth began to pall upon her sight, she sighed to revisit her father. But she was obliged to hide these feelings from her husband. She

remembered the charm that would carry her up, and while White Hawk was engaged in the chase, she took occasion to construct a wicker basket, which she kept concealed. In the meantime she collected such rarities from the earth as she thought would please her father, as well as the most dainty kinds of food.

One day when Waupee was absent, and all was in readiness, she went out to the charmed ring, taking with her her little son. As they entered the car she commenced her magical song, and the basket rose. The song was sad, and of a lowly and mournful cadence, and as it was wafted far away by the wind, it caught her husband's ear. It was a voice which he well knew, and he instantly ran to the prairie. Though he made breathless speed, he could not reach the ring before his wife and child had ascended beyond his reach. He lifted up his voice in loud appeals, but they were unavailing. The basket still went up. He watched it till it became a small speck, and finally it vanished in the sky. He then bent his head down to the ground, and was miserable.

Through a long winter and a long summer Waupee bewailed his loss, but he found no relief. The beautiful spirit had come and gone, and he should see it no more!

He mourned his wife's loss sorely, but his son's still more; for the boy had both the mother's beauty and the father's strength.

In the meantime his wife had reached her home in the stars, and in the blissful employments of her father's house she had almost forgotten that she had left a husband upon the earth. But her son, as he grew up, resembled more and more his father, and every day he was restless and anxious to visit the

scene of his birth. His grandfather said to his daughter, one day:

"Go, my child, and take your son down to his father, and ask him to come up and live with us. But tell him to bring along a specimen of each kind of bird and animal he kills in the chase."

She accordingly took the boy and descended. The White Hawk, who was ever near the enchanted spot, heard her voice as she came down the sky. His heart beat with impatience as he saw her form and that of his son, and they were soon clasped in his arms.

He heard the message of the Star, and he began to hunt with the greatest activity, that he might collect the presents with all dispatch. He spent whole nights, as well as days, in searching for every curious and beautiful animal and bird. He only preserved a foot, a wing, or a tail of each.

When all was ready, Waupee visited once more each favorite spot—the hill-top whence he had been used to see the rising sun; the stream where he had sported as a boy; the old lodge, now looking sad and solemn, which he was to sit in no more; and, last of all, coming to the magic circle, he gazed widely around him with tearful eyes, and, taking his wife and child by the hand, they entered the car and were drawn up—into a country far beyond the flight of birds, or the power of mortal eye to pierce.

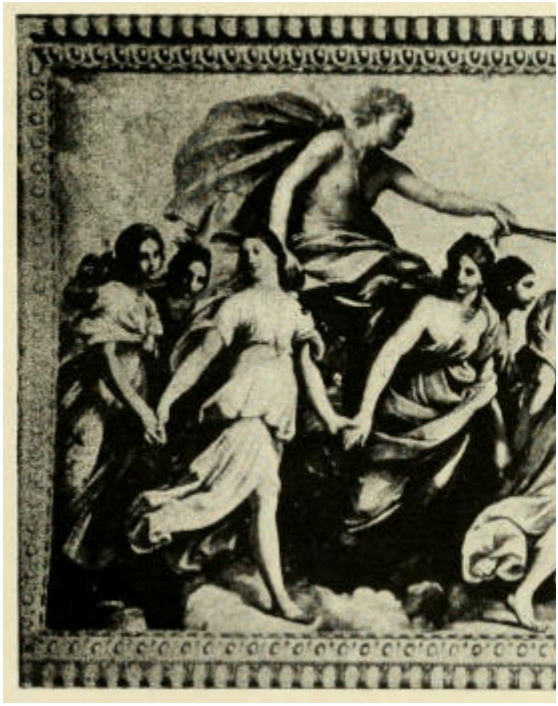
Great joy was manifested upon their arrival at the starry plains. The Star Chief invited all his people to a feast; and when they had assembled, he proclaimed aloud that each one might continue as he was, an inhabitant of his own dominions, or select of the earthly gifts such as he liked best. A very strange confusion immediately arose; not one but sprang

forward. Some chose a foot, some a wing, some a tail, and some a claw. Those who selected tails or claws were changed into animals, and ran off; the others assumed the form of birds, and flew away. Waupee chose a white hawk's feather. His wife and son followed his example, and each one became a white hawk. He spread his wings, and, followed by his wife and son, descended with the other birds to the earth, where he is still to be found, with the brightness of the starry plains in his eye and the freedom of the heavenly breezes in his wings.

CHAPTER VI
MYTHS OF THE SKY AND AIR

The sky and the air are identified with the highest conceptions of divinity reached in the myths either of savage or more cultured races. The Great Spirit of the North American Indians was the god of the sky. Varuna, the all-seeing, merciful god of the Hindoos, was the god of the vault of heaven. Zeus, the supreme god of the Greeks, was the sky god; also Odin, the great god in Norse mythology (although above him was a mysterious, unnameable god), Ormuzd in Persian mythology, Rangi in Polynesian, in Japan the Invisible Lord of the Middle Heaven. Closely related in power to the gods of the sky are the gods of wind or storm. Sometimes the god of the sky is himself the wielder of the thunder, as in the case of Zeus, and sometimes there is a special god of storm or thunder, as the Indra of the Hindoos or the Thor of the Norsemen. In Indian myths, Manabozho often wielded the thunder and lightning, and he has contests with another god of the air, Paup-puk-keewiss, the wind, a personage full of mischief, as wind gods are apt to be, like the Greek Hermes. The personification of wind and thunder as birds is very common, and many a quaint tale results from this mythical idea. The Sioux Indians believed in a god, Wah-keen-yan, in the form of a large bird, whose flapping wings made the thunder. He lived in the far, far west, on a mound rising from a mountain top. To his tent there are four openings, in which there are sentinels clothed in red down. At the east is a

butterfly, at the west a bear; a fawn is at the south, and a reindeer is at the north. He fashioned the first spear and tomahawk, and attempted to kill the offspring of Oan-tay-hee, his bitter enemy. If Oan-tay-hee came near the surface of the earth, then Wah-keen-yan would fire a hot thunderbolt at him. Another of his enemies was Chaho-ter'dah, the god of the forest. It was said that the god of thunder often came racing along, hurling lightning at a tree, to kill the forest god, who, having been warned, had taken refuge in the water. Then Chaho-ter'dah would ascend a tree and hurl his lightning at his adversary to bring him down to submission.



Another thunder bird is Sootooch, believed in by

the natives of Vancouver's Island. He is a mighty bird, dwelling aloft and far away, the flap of whose wings makes the thunder, and his tongue is the forked lightning. There were once four of these birds in the land, and they fed on whales. But the great deity Quawteaht, entering into a whale, enticed one thunder bird after another to swoop down and seize him with its talons. Then he would plunge to the bottom of the sea and drown it. Thus three of them perished, but the last one spread his wings and flew to the distant height, where he has since remained.

The Dakotahs say that thunder is a large bird flying through the air. Its bright tracks are seen in the air before you hear the clapping of its wings. The old bird begins the thunder, but its rumbling noise is caused by an immense quantity of young birds or thunders that do the mischief. They are like the young, mischievous men that will not listen to good counsel. The old Thunder is wise and good, and does not kill anybody nor do any kind of mischief.

The chief god of the Brazilians is a large bird who sweeps over the heavens, watching his children and watering their crops. He warns them of his presence by the mighty sound of his voice, the rushing of his wings, and the flash of his eye. This interesting bird is worshipped in a way befitting his nature. A dry gourd is filled with pebbles and decked with feathers and arrows, which is rattled vigorously to symbolize the drama of the storm. This curious implement has another element of interest in the fact that it is one of the earliest forms of musical instrument.

An equally remarkable variety of bird is the wind bird, who wings his way through all mythologies in one form or another. Although the wind in Greece had risen to man's estate, it was still represented as

having wings. Even the wind god Hermes, far removed as he is from the savage idea of the wind, could not get along without wings for his feet and head. Zeus, also, has a raven for his messenger, and Odin has the ravens Hugin and Munin, who fly every day over the whole world and report to him on their return what they have seen. Besides, there is a Norse god of the winds—a giant who sits in the northern extremity of heaven, clad in eagle's plumes. When he spreads out his wings for flight the winds arise from under them.

The thunder, however, like the wind, even among savages, is sometimes personified as men, as in the following Algonquin stories:

HOW A HUNTER VISITED THE THUNDER SPIRITS WHO DWELL IN MOUNT KATAHDIN

(*Passamaquoddy*)

N'karnayoo. Of old times. Once an Indian went forth to hunt. And he departed from the east branch of the Penobscot, and came to the head of another branch that leads into the east branch, and this he followed even to the foot of Mount Katahdin. And there he hunted many a day alone, and met none, till one morning in midwinter he found the track of snowshoes. So he returned to his camp; but the next day he met with it again in a far-distant place. And thus it was that, wherever he went, this track came to him every day. Then noting this, as a sign to be observed, he followed it, and it went up the mountain Katahdin, which, being interpreted, means "the great mountain," until at last it was lost in a hard snowshoe road made by many travellers. And

since it was hard and even, he took off his *agahmook* (P.), or snowshoes, and went ever on and up with the road; and it was a strange path and strange was its ending, for it stopped just before a high ledge, like an immense wall, on a platform at its foot. And there were many signs there, as of many people, yet he saw no one. And as he stayed it seemed to grow stranger and stranger. At last he heard a sound as of footsteps coming, yet within the wall, when lo! a girl stepped directly out of the precipice upon the platform. But though she was beautiful beyond belief, he was afraid. And to his every thought she answered in words, and that so sweetly and kindly and cleverly that he was soon without fear, though he saw that she had powerful *m'téoulin*, or great magic power. And they being soon pleased one with the other, and wanting each other, she bade him accompany her, and that by walking directly through the rock. "Have no fear," said she, "but advance boldly!" So he obeyed, and lo! the rock was as the air, and it gave way as he went on. And ever as they went the maiden talked to him, answering his thoughts, so that he spoke not aloud.

And anon they came to a great cavern far within, and there was an old man seated by a fire, and the old man welcomed him. And he was very kindly treated by the strange pair all day: in all his life he had never been so happy. Now as the night drew near, the old man said to his daughter, "Can you hear aught of your brothers?" Then she went out to the terrace, and, returning, said, "No." Then anon he asked her again, and she, going and returning as before, replied, "Now I hear them coming." Then they listened, when lo! there came, as at the door without, a crash of thunder with a flash of lightning, and out of the light stepped two young men of great

beauty, but like giants, stupendous and of awful mien. And, like their father, their eyebrows were of stone, while their cheeks were as rocks.

And the hunter was told by their sister that when they went forth, which was every few days, their father said to them: “Sons, arise! it is time now for you to go forth over the world and save our friends. Go not too near the trees, but if you see aught that is harmful to those whom we love, strike, and spare not!” Then when they went forth they flew on high, among the clouds: and thus it is that the Thunder and Lightning, whose home is in the mighty Katahdin, are made. And when the thunder strikes, the brothers are shooting at the enemies of their friends.

Now when the day was done the hunter returned to his home, and when there found he had been gone seven years. All this I have heard from the old people who are dead and gone.

THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING MEN

(*Passamaquoddy*)

This is truly an old Indian story of old time. Once an Indian was whirled up by the roaring wind: he was taken up in a thunder-storm, and set down again in the village of the Thunders. In after times he described them as very like human beings: they used bows and arrows (*tah-bokque*), and had wings.

But these wings can be laid aside, and kept for use. And from time to time their chief gives these Thunders orders to put them on, and tells them where to go. He also tells them how long they are to be gone, and warns them not to go too low, for it is

sure death for them to be caught in the crotch of a tree.

The great chief of the Thunders, hearing of the stranger's arrival, sent for him, and received him very kindly, and told him that he would do well to become one of them. To which the man being willing, the chief soon after called all his people together to see the ceremony of *thunderifying* the Indian.

Then they bade him go into a square thing, or box, and while in it he lost his senses and became a Thunder. Then they brought him a pair of wings, and he put them on. So he flew about like the rest of the Thunders; he became quite like them, and followed all their ways. And he said that they always flew toward the *sou' n' snook*, or south, and that the roar and crash of the thunder was the sound of their wings. Their great amusement is to play at ball across the sky. When they return they carefully put away their wings for their next flight. There is a big bird in the south, and this they are always trying to kill, but never succeed in doing so.

They made long journeys, and always took him with them. So it went on for a long time, but it came to pass that the Indian began to tire of his strange friends. Then he told the chief that he wished to see his family on earth, and the sagamore listened to him and was very kind. Then he called all his people together, and said that their brother from the other world was very lonesome, and wished to return. They were all very sorry indeed to lose him, but because they loved him they let him have his own way, and decided to carry him back again. So bidding him close his eyes till he should be on earth, they carried him down.

The Indians saw a great thunder-storm drawing near; they heard such thunder as they never knew before, and then something in the shape of a human being coming down with lightning; then they ran to the spot where he sat, and it was their long-lost brother, who had been gone seven years.

He had been in the Thunder-world. He told them how he had been playing ball with the Thunder-boys; yes, how he had been turned into a real Thunder himself.

HOW GLOOSKAP BOUND WUCHOWSEN, THE GREAT WIND-BIRD, AND MADE ALL THE WATERS IN ALL THE WORLD STAGNANT

(*Passamaquoddy*)

The Indians believe in a great bird called by them *Wochowsen* or *Wuchowsen*, meaning Wind-Blow or the Wind-Blower, who lives far to the North, and sits upon a great rock at the end of the sky. And it is because whenever he moves his wings the wind blows they of old times called him that.

When Glooskap was among men he often went out in his canoe with bow and arrows to kill sea-fowl. At one time it was every day very windy; it grew worse; at last it blew a tempest, and he could not go out at all. Then he said: “Wuchowsen, the Great Bird, has done this!”

He went to find him; it was long ere he reached his abode. He found sitting on a high rock a large white Bird.

“Grandfather,” said Glooskap, “you take no

compassion on your *Koosesek*, your grandchildren. You have caused this wind and storm; it is too much. Be easier with your wings!"

The Giant Bird replied: "I have been here since ancient times; in the earliest days, ere aught else spoke, I first moved my wings; mine was the first voice—and I will ever move my wings as I will."

Then Glooskap rose in his might; he rose to the clouds; he took the Great Bird-giant Wuchowsen as though he were a duck, and tied both his wings, and threw him down into a chasm between deep rocks, and left him lying there.

The Indians could now go out in their canoes all day long, for there was a dead calm for many weeks and months. And with that all the waters became stagnant. They were so thick that Glooskap could not paddle his canoe. Then he thought of the Great Bird, and went to see him.

As he had left him he found him, for Wuchowsen is immortal. So, raising him, he put him on his rock again, and untied one of his wings. Since then the winds have never been so terrible as in the old time.

THE WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF PAUP-PUK-KEEWISS

A man of large stature found himself standing alone on a prairie. He thought to himself: "How came I here? Are there no beings on this earth but myself? I must travel and see. I must walk till I find the abodes of men."

So soon as his mind was made up he set out, he knew not whither, in search of habitations. He was a

resolute fellow, and no difficulties could turn him from his purpose: neither prairies, rivers, woods, nor storms had the effect to daunt his courage or turn him back. After travelling a long time he came to a wood, in which he saw decayed stumps of trees, as if they had been cut in ancient times, but no other trace of men. Pursuing his journey, he found more recent marks of the same kind; after this he came upon fresh traces of human beings; first their footsteps, and then the wood they had felled, lying in heaps. Pushing on, he emerged toward dusk from the forest, and beheld at a distance a large village of high lodges standing on rising ground.

"I am tired of this dog-trot," he said to himself. "I will arrive there on a run."

He started off with all his speed. On coming to the first lodge, without any especial exertion, he jumped over it, and found himself standing by the door on the other side. Those within saw something pass over the opening in the roof, and then they heard a thump upon the ground. "What is that?" they all said, and one ran out to see and invited him in. He found himself in company with an old chief and several men who were seated in the lodge. Meat was set before him, after which the old chief asked him whither he was going, and what was his name. He answered that he was in search of adventures, and that his name was "Paup-puk-keewiss."

They all opened their eyes upon the stranger with a broad stare.

"Paup-puk-keewiss!" whispered one to another, and a general titter went round.

They invited him to stay with them, which he was inclined to do, for it was a pleasant village, but so

small as constantly to embarrass Paup-puk-keewiss. He was in perpetual trouble; whenever he shook hands with a stranger to whom he might be introduced, such was the abundance of his strength, without meaning it, he wrung his arm off at the shoulder. Once or twice, in mere sport, he cuffed the boys about the lodge by the side of the head, and they flew out of sight as though they had been shot from a bow; nor could they ever be found again, though they were searched for in all the country round, far and wide. If Paup-puk-keewiss proposed to himself a short stroll in the morning, he was at once miles out of town. When he entered a lodge, if he happened for a moment to forget himself, he walked straight through the leathern, or wooden, or earthen walls as if he had been merely passing through a bush. At his meals he broke in pieces all the dishes, set them down as lightly as he would; and, putting a leg out of bed when he rose, it was a common thing for him to push off the top of the lodge.

He wanted more elbow-room, and after a short stay, in which, by the accidental letting go of his strength, he had nearly laid waste the whole place, and filled it with demolished lodges and broken pottery and one-armed men, he made up his mind to go farther, taking with him a young man who had formed a strong attachment for him, and who might serve him as his pipe-bearer; for Paup-puk-keewiss was a huge smoker, and vast clouds followed him wherever he went, so that people could say, “Paup-puk-keewiss is coming!” by the mighty smoke he raised.

They set out together, and when his companion was fatigued with walking, Paup-puk-keewiss would put him forward on his journey a mile or two by

giving him a cast in the air and lighting him in a soft place among the trees, or in a cool spot in a water-pond, among the sedges and water-lilies. At other times he would lighten the way by showing off a few tricks, such as leaping over trees, and turning round on one leg till he made the dust fly; at which the pipe-bearer was mightily pleased, although it sometimes happened that the character of these gambols frightened him. For Paup-puk-keewiss would, without the least hint of such an intention, jump into the air far ahead, and it would cost the little pipe-bearer half a day's hard travel to come up with him; and then the dust Paup-puk-keewiss raised was often so thick and heavy as completely to bury the poor little pipe-bearer, and compel Paup-puk-keewiss to dig diligently and with might and main to get him out alive.

One day they came to a very large village, where they were well received. After staying in it some time (in the course of which Paup-puk-keewiss, in a fit of abstraction, walked straight through the sides of three lodges without stopping to look for the door), they were informed of a number of wicked spirits, who lived at a distance, and who made it a practice to kill all who came to their lodge. Attempts had been made to destroy them, but they had always proved more than a match for such as had come out against them.

Paup-puk-keewiss determined to pay them a visit, although he was strongly advised not to do so. The chief of the village warned him of the great danger he would incur, but finding Paup-puk-keewiss resolved, he said:

"Well, if you will go, being my guest I will send twenty warriors to serve you."

Paup-puk-keewiss thanked him for the offer, although he suggested that he thought he could get along without them, at which the little pipe-bearer grinned, for his master had never shown in that village what he could do, and the chief thought that he, Paup-puk-keewiss, would be likely to need twenty warriors, at the least, to encounter the wicked spirits with any chance of success. Twenty young men made their appearance. They set forward, and after about a day's journey they descried the lodge of the Manitoes.

Paup-puk-keewiss placed his friend, Pipe-bearer, and the warriors near enough to see all that passed, while he went alone to the lodge.

As he entered, Paup-puk-keewiss saw five horrid-looking Manitoes in the act of eating. It was the father and his four sons. They were really hideous to look upon. Their eyes were swimming low in their heads, and they glared about as if they were half starved. They offered Paup-puk-keewiss something to eat, which he politely refused, for he had a strong suspicion that it was the thigh-bone of a man.

"What have you come for?" said the old one.

"Nothing," answered Paup-puk-keewiss.

They all stared at him.

"Do you not wish to wrestle?" they all asked.

"Yes," replied Paup-puk-keewiss, "I don't mind if I do take a turn."

Pipe-bearer, who stood near enough to overhear the conversation, grinned from ear to ear when he caught this remark. A hideous smile came over the faces of the Manitoes.

"You go," they said to the eldest brother.

The two got ready—the Manito and Paup-puk-keewiss—and they were soon clinched in each other's arms for a deadly throw. Paup-puk-keewiss knew their object—his death; they wanted a taste of his body, and he was determined they should have it, perhaps in a different sense from that they intended.

"Haw! haw!" they cried, and soon the dust and dry leaves flew about as if driven by a strong wind. The Manito was strong, but Paup-puk-keewiss thought he could master him; and all at once, giving him a sly trip as the wicked spirit was trying to finish his breakfast with a piece out of his shoulder, he sent the Manito headforemost against a stone, and, calling aloud to the three others, he bade them come and take the body away.

The brothers now stepped forth in quick succession, but Paup-puk-keewiss, having got his blood up and limbered himself by exercise, soon dispatched the three—sending one this way, another that, and the third straight up into the air so high that he never came down again.

It was time for the old Manito to be frightened, and dreadfully frightened he got, and ran for his life, which was the very worst thing he could have done; for Paup-puk-keewiss, of all his gifts of strength, was most noted for his speed of foot. The old Manito set off, and for mere sport's sake Paup-puk-keewiss pursued him. Sometimes he was before the wicked old spirit, sometimes he was flying over his head, and then he would keep along at a steady trot just at his heels, till he had blown all the breath out of the old knave's body.

Meantime his friend, Pipe-bearer, and the twenty

young warriors cried out:

"Ha, ha, ah! ha, ha, ah! Paup-puk-keewiss is driving him before him!"

The Manito only turned his head now and then to look back. At length, when he was tired of the sport, to be rid of him, Paup-puk-keewiss, with a gentle application of his foot, sent the wicked old Manito whirling away through the air, in which he made a great number of the most curious turnovers in the world, till he came to alight, when it so happened that he fell astride of an old bull buffalo, grazing in a distant pasture, who straightway set off with him at a long gallop, and the old Manito has not been heard of to this day.

The warriors and Pipe-bearer and Paup-puk-keewiss set to work and burned down the lodge of the wicked spirits, and then when they came to look about, they saw that the ground was strewn on all sides with human bones bleaching in the sun; these were the unhappy victims of the Manitoes. Paup-puk-keewiss then took three arrows from his girdle, and, after having performed a ceremony to the Great Spirit, he shot one into the air, crying: "You are lying down; rise up or you will be hit!"

The bones all moved to one place. He shot the second arrow, repeating the same words, when each bone drew toward its fellow-bone; the third arrow brought forth to life the whole multitude of people who had been killed by the Manitoes. Paup-puk-keewiss conducted the crowd to the chief of the village, who had proved his friend, and gave them into his hands. The chief was there with his counsellors, to whom he spoke apart.

"Who is more worthy," said the chief to Paup-puk-

keewiss, “to rule than you? *You* alone can defend them.”

Paup-puk-keewiss thanked him, and told him that he was in search of more adventures. “I have done some things,” said Paup-puk-keewiss, rather boastfully, “and I think I can do some more.”

The chief still urged him, but he was eager to go, and, naming Pipe-bearer to tarry and take his place, he set out again on his travels, promising that he would some time or other come back and see them.

“Ho! ho! ho!” they all cried. “Come back again and see us!” He renewed his promise that he would, and then set out alone.

After travelling some time he came to a great lake, and on looking about he discovered a very large otter on an island. He thought to himself: “His skin will make me a fine pouch.” And he immediately drew up at long shots and drove an arrow into his side. He waded into the lake, and with some difficulty dragged him ashore, and up a hill overlooking the lake.

As soon as Paup-puk-keewiss got the otter into the sunshine where it was warm, he skinned him, and threw the carcass some distance off, thinking the war-eagle would come, and that he should have a chance to secure his feathers as ornaments for the head; for Paup-puk-keewiss began to be proud, and was disposed to display himself.

He soon heard a rushing noise as of a loud wind, but could see nothing. Presently a large eagle dropped, as if from the air, upon the otter’s carcass. Paup-puk-keewiss drew his bow, and the arrow passed through under both of his wings. The bird made a convulsive flight upward, with such force

that the cumbrous body was borne up several feet from the ground; but, with its claws deeply fixed, the heavy otter brought the eagle back to the earth. Paup-puk-keewiss possessed himself of a handful of the prime feathers, crowned his head with the trophy, and set off in high spirits on the lookout for something new.

After walking awhile, he came to a body of water which flooded the trees on its banks—it was a lake made by beavers. Taking his station on the raised dam where the stream escaped, he watched to see whether any of the beavers would show themselves. A head presently peeped out of the water to see who it was that disturbed them.

"My friend," said Paup-puk-keewiss, in his most persuasive manner, "could you not oblige me by turning me into a beaver like yourself. Nothing would please me so much as to make your acquaintance, I can assure you," for Paup-puk-keewiss was curious to know how these watery creatures lived, and what kind of notions they had.

"I do not know," replied the beaver, who was rather short-nosed and surly. "I will go and ask the others. Meanwhile stay where you are, if you please."

"To be sure," answered Paup-puk-keewiss, stealing down the bank several paces as soon as the beaver's back was turned.

Presently there was a great splashing of the water, and all the beavers showed their heads and looked warily to where he stood, to see if he was armed; but he had knowingly left his bow and arrows in a hollow tree at a short distance.

After a long conversation, which they conducted in

a whisper so that Paup-puk-keewiss could not catch a word, strain his ears as he would, they all advanced in a body toward the spot where he stood, the chief approaching the nearest, and lifting his head highest out of the water.

"Can you not," said Paup-puk-keewiss, noticing that they waited for him to speak first, "turn me into a beaver? I wish to live among you."

"Yes," answered their chief; "lie down." And Paup-puk-keewiss in a moment found himself a beaver, and was gliding into the water, when a thought seemed to strike him, and he paused at the edge of the lake. "I am very small," he said to the beaver, in a sorrowful tone. "You must make me large," he said; for Paup-puk-keewiss was terribly ambitious, and wanted always to be the first person in every company. "Larger than any of you; in my present size it's hardly worth my while to go into the water."

"Yes, yes!" said they. "By and by, when we get into the lodge, it shall be done."

They all dived into the lake, and in passing great heaps of limbs and logs at the bottom, he asked the use of them. They answered, "It is for our winter's provisions."

When they all got into the lodge their number was about one hundred. The lodge was large and warm.

"Now we will make you large," said they. "Will *that* do?"

"Yes," he answered; for he found that he was ten times the size of the largest.

"You need not go out," said the others; "we will bring you food into the lodge, and you will be our chief."

"Very well," Paup-puk-keewiss answered. He thought, "I will stay here and grow fat at their expense." But, soon after, one ran into the lodge, out of breath, crying out, "We are visited by the Indians!"

All huddled together in great fear. The water began to lower, for the hunters had broken down the dam, and they soon heard them on the roof of the lodge, breaking it up. Out jumped all the beavers into the water, and so escaped.

Paup-puk-keewiss tried to follow them, but, unfortunately, to gratify his ambition they had made him so large that he could not creep out at the hole. He tried to call them back, but either they did not hear or would not attend to him; he worried himself so much in searching for a door to let him out that he looked like a great bladder, swollen and blistering in the sun, and the sweat stood out upon his forehead in knobs and huge bubbles.

Although he heard and understood every word that the hunters spoke—and some of their expressions suggested terrible ideas—he could not turn himself back into a man. He had chosen to be a beaver, and a beaver he must be. One of the hunters, a prying little man, with a single lock dangling over one eye, put his head in at the top of the lodge. "*Ty-au!*" cried he. "*Tut ty-au!* Me-shau-mik—king of beavers—is in." Whereupon the whole crowd of hunters began upon him with their clubs, and knocked his skull about until it was no harder than a morass in the middle of summer. Paup-puk-keewiss thought as well as ever he did, although he was a beaver; and he felt that he was in a rather foolish scrape, inhabiting the carcass of a beaver.

Presently seven or eight of the hunters hoisted his

body upon long poles, and marched away home with him. As they went, he reflected in this manner: "What will become of me? My ghost or shadow will not die after they get me to their lodges."

Invitations were immediately sent out for a grand feast; but as soon as his body got cold, his soul, being uncomfortable in a house without heat, flew off.

Having reassumed his mortal shape, Paup-puk-keewiss found himself standing near a prairie. After walking a distance, he saw a herd of elk feeding. He admired their apparent ease and enjoyment of life, and thought there could be nothing more pleasant than the liberty of running about and feeding on the prairies. He had been a water animal, and now he wished to become a land animal, to learn what passed in an elk's head as he roved about. He asked them if they could not turn him into one of themselves.

"Yes," they answered, after a pause. "Get down on your hands and feet."

He obeyed their directions, and forthwith found himself to be an elk.

"I want big horns, big feet," said he; "I wish to be very large," for all the conceit and vainglory had not been knocked out of Paup-puk-keewiss, even by the sturdy thwacks of the hunters' clubs.

"Yes, yes," they answered. "There," exerting their power, "are you big enough?"

"That will do," he replied, for, looking into a lake hard by, Paup-puk-keewiss saw that he was very large. They spent their time in grazing and running to and fro; but what astonished Paup-puk-keewiss, although he often lifted up his head and directed his

eyes that way, he could never see the stars, which he had so admired as a human being.

Being rather cold one day, Paup-puk-keewiss went into a thick wood for shelter, whither he was followed by most of the herd. They had not been long there when some elks from behind passed the others like a strong wind, calling out:

"The hunters are after us!"

All took the alarm, and off they ran, Paup-puk-keewiss with the rest.

"Keep out on the plains," they said. But it was too late to profit by this advice, for they had already got entangled in the thick woods. Paup-puk-keewiss soon scented the hunters, who were closely following his trail, for they had left all the others and were making after him in full cry. He jumped furiously, dashed through the underwood, and broke down whole groves of saplings in his flight. But this only made it the harder for him to get on, such a huge and lusty elk was he by his own request.

Presently, as he dashed past an open space, he felt an arrow in his side. They could not well miss it, he presented so wide a mark to the shot. He bounded over trees under the smart, but the shafts clattered thicker and thicker at his ribs, and at last one entered his heart. He fell to the ground, and heard the whoop of triumph sounded by the hunters. On coming up, they looked on the carcass with astonishment, and with their hands up to their mouths, exclaimed: "*Ty-au! ty-au!*"

There were about sixty in the party, who had come out on a special hunt, as one of their number had, the day before, observed his large tracks on the plains. When they had skinned him his flesh grew

cold and his spirit took its flight from the dead body, and Paup-puk-keewiss found himself in human shape, with a bow and arrows.

But his passion for adventure was not yet cooled; for, on coming to a large lake with a sandy beach, he saw a large flock of brant, and speaking to them in the brant language, he requested them to make a brant of him.

“Yes,” they replied at once, for the brant is a bird of a very obliging disposition.

“But I want to be very large,” he said. There was no end to the ambition of Paup-puk-keewiss.

“Very well,” they answered; and he soon found himself a large brant, all the others standing gazing in astonishment at his great size.

“You must fly as leader,” they said.

“No,” answered Paup-puk-keewiss; “I will fly behind.”

“Very well,” rejoined the brant. “One thing more we have to say to you Brother Paup-puk-keewiss” (for he had told them his name); “you must be careful, in flying, not to look down, for something may happen to you.”

“Well, it is so,” said he; and soon the flock rose up into the air, for they were bound north. They flew very fast—he behind. One day, while going with a strong wind, and as swift as their wings could flap, as they passed over a large village the Indians raised a great shout on seeing them, particularly on Paup-puk-keewiss’s account, for his wings were broader than two large mats. The village people made such a frightful noise that he forgot what had been told him about looking down. They were now scudding along

as swift as arrows, and as soon as he brought his neck in and stretched it down to look at the shouters, his huge tail was caught by the wind, and over and over he was blown. He tried to right himself, but without success, for he had no sooner got out of one heavy air-current than he fell into another, which treated him even more rudely than that he had escaped from. Down, down he went, making more turns than he wished for, from a height of several miles.

The first moment he had to look about him, Paup-puk-keewiss, in the shape of a big brant, was aware that he was jammed into a large, hollow tree. To get backward or forward was out of the question, and there, in spite of himself, was Paup-puk-keewiss forced to tarry till his brant life was ended by starvation, when, his spirit being at liberty, he was once more a human being.

As he journeyed on in search of further adventures, Paup-puk-keewiss came to a lodge in which were two old men, with heads white from extreme age. They were very fine old men to look at. There was such sweetness and innocence in their features that Paup-puk-keewiss would have enjoyed himself very much at their lodge if he had had no other entertainment than such as the gazing upon the serene and happy faces of the two innocent old men, with heads white from extreme age, afforded.

They treated him well, and he made known to them that he was going back to his village, his friends and people, whereupon the two white-headed old men very heartily wished him a good journey and abundance of comfort in seeing his friends once more. They even arose, old and infirm as they were, and, tottering with exceeding difficulty to the door,

were at great pains to point out to him the exact course he should take; and they called his attention to the circumstance that it was much shorter and more direct than he would have taken himself. Ah! what merry deceivers were these two old men with very white heads.

Paup-puk-keewiss, with blessings showered on him until he was fairly out of sight, set forth with good heart. He thought he heard loud laughter resounding after him in the direction of the lodge of the two old men; but it could not have been the two old men, for they were certainly too old to laugh.

He walked briskly all day, and at night he had the satisfaction of reaching a lodge in all respects like that which he had left in the morning. There were two fine old men, and his treatment was in every particular the same, even down to the parting blessing and the laughter that followed him as he went his way.

After walking the third day, and coming to a lodge the same as before, he was satisfied from the bearings of the course he had taken that he had been journeying in a circle, and by a notch which he had cut in the door-post that these were the same two old men all along; and that, despite their innocent faces and their very white heads, they had been playing him a sorry trick.

“Who are you,” said Paup-puk-keewiss, “to treat me so? Come forth, I say!”

They were compelled to obey his summons lest, in his anger, he should take their lives, and they appeared on the outside of the lodge.

“We must have a little trial of speed now,” said Paup-puk-keewiss.

"A race?" they asked. "We are very old; we cannot run."

"We will see," said Paup-puk-keewiss; whereupon he set them out upon the road, and then he gave them a gentle push, which put them in motion. Then he pushed them again—harder—harder—until they got under fine headway, when he gave each of them an astounding shock with his foot, and off they flew at a great rate, round and round the course; and such was the magic virtue of the foot of Paup-puk-keewiss that no object once set going by it could by any possibility stop; so that, for aught we know to the contrary, the two innocent, white-headed, merry old men are trotting with all their might and main around the circle in which they beguiled Paup-puk-keewiss to this day.

Continuing his journey, Paup-puk-keewiss, although his head was warm and buzzing with all sorts of schemes, did not know exactly what to do until he came to a big lake. He mounted a high hill to try and see to the other side, but he could not. He then made a canoe, and sailed forth. The water was very clear—a transparent blue—and he saw that it abounded with fish of a rare and delicate complexion. This circumstance inspired him with a wish to return to his village, and to bring his people to live near this beautiful lake.

Toward evening, coming to a woody island, he encamped and ate the fish he had speared, and they proved to be as comforting to the stomach as they were pleasing to the eye. The next day Paup-puk-keewiss returned to the mainland, and as he wandered along the shore he espied at a distance the celebrated giant, Manabozho, who is a bitter enemy of Paup-puk-keewiss, and loses no opportunity to

stop him on his journeyings and to thwart his plans.

At first it occurred to Paup-puk-keewiss to have a trial of wits with the giant, but on second thoughts he said to himself: “I am in a hurry now; I will see him another time.”

With no further mischief than raising a great whirlwind of dust, which caused Manabozho to rub his eyes severely, Paup-puk-keewiss quietly slipped out of the way; and he made good speed withal, for in much less time than you could count half the stars in the sky of a winter night, he had reached home.

His return was welcomed with a great hubbub of feasting and songs; and he had scarcely set foot in the village before he had invitations to take potluck at different lodges, which would have lasted him the rest of his natural life. Pipe-bearer, who had some time before given up the cares of a ruler, and fallen back upon his native place, fairly danced with joy at the sight of Paup-puk-keewiss, who, not to be outdone, dandled him affectionately in his arms by casting him up and down in the air half a mile or so, till little Pipe-bearer had no breath left in his body to say that he was happy to see Paup-puk-keewiss home again.

Paup-puk-keewiss gave the village folks a lively account of his adventures, and when he came to the blue lake and the abundant fish, he dwelt upon their charms with such effect that they agreed, with one voice, that it must be a glorious place to live in, and if he would show them the way they would shift camp and settle there at once.

He not only showed them the way, but, bringing his wonderful strength and speed of foot to bear, in less than half a day he had transported the whole

village, with its children, women, tents, and implements of war, to the new water-side.

Here, for a time, Paup-puk-keewiss appeared to be content, until one day a message came for him in the shape of a bear, who said that their king wished to see him immediately at his village. Paup-puk-keewiss was ready in an instant, and, mounting upon the messenger's back, off he ran. Toward evening they climbed a high mountain, and came to a cave where the bear-king lived. He was a very large person, and, puffing with fat and a sense of his own importance, he made Paup-puk-keewiss welcome by inviting him into his lodge.

As soon as it was proper, he spoke, and said that he had sent for him on hearing that he was the chief who was moving a large party toward his hunting-grounds.

"You must know," said the bear-king with a terrible growl, "that you have no right there, and I wish you would leave the country with your party, or else the strongest force will take possession. Take notice."

"Very well," replied Paup-puk-keewiss, going toward the door, for he suspected that the king of the bears was preparing to give him a hug, "so be it."

He wished to gain time and to consult his people, for he had seen, as he came along, that the bears were gathering in great force on the side of the mountain. He also made known to the bear-king that he would go back that night, that his people might be put in immediate possession of his royal behest.

The bear-king replied that Paup-puk-keewiss might do as he pleased, but that one of his young men was

at his command; and, jumping nimbly on his back, Paup-puk-keewiss rode home.

He assembled the people, and ordered the bear's head off, to be hung outside of the village, that the bear-spies, who were lurking in the neighborhood, might see it and carry the news to their chief.

The next morning, by break of day, Paup-puk-keewiss had all of his young warriors under arms and ready for a fight. About the middle of the afternoon the bear war-party came in sight, led on by the pursy king, and making a tremendous noise. They advanced on their hind-legs, and made a very imposing display of their teeth and eyeballs.

The bear-chief himself came forward, and, with a majestic wave of his right hand, said that he did not wish to shed the blood of the young warriors, but that if Paup-puk-keewiss, who appeared to be the head of the war-party, consented, they two would have a race, and the winner should kill the losing chief, and all his young men should be servants to the other.

Paup-puk-keewiss agreed, of course—how little Pipe-bearer, who stood by, grinned as they came to terms!—and they started to run before the whole company of warriors, who stood in a circle looking on.

At first there was a prospect that Paup-puk-keewiss would be badly beaten; for, although he kept crowding the great fat bear-king till the sweat trickled from his shaggy ears, he never seemed to be able to push past him. By and by, Paup-puk-keewiss, going through a number of the most extraordinary maneuvers in the world, raised about the great fat bear-king such eddies and whirlwinds with the sand,

and so danced about before and after him, that he at last got fairly bewildered, and cried out for them to come and take him off. Out of sight before him in reaching the goal, Paup-puk-keewiss only waited for the bear-king to come up, when he drove an arrow straight through him and ordered them to take the body away and make it ready for supper, as he was getting hungry.

He then directed all of the other bears to fall to and help prepare the feast, for in fulfilment of the agreement they had become servants. With many wry faces the bears, although bound to act becomingly in their new character, according to the forfeit, served up the body of their late royal master; and in doing this they fell, either by accident or design, into many curious mistakes.

When the feast came to be served up and they were summoned to be in attendance, one of them, a sprightly young fellow of an inquisitive turn of mind, was found upon the roof of the lodge, with his head half way down the smoke-hole, with a view to learn what they were to have for dinner. Another, a middle-aged bear with very long arms, who was put in charge of the children in the character of nurse, squeezed three or four of the most promising young pappooses to death, while the mothers were outside to look after the preparations; and another, when he should have been waiting at the back of his master, had climbed a shady tree and was indulging in his afternoon nap. And when, at last, the dinner was ready to be served, they came tumbling in with the dishes, heels over head, one after the other, so that one half of the feast was spread upon the ground and the other half deposited out of doors, on the other side of the lodge.

After a while, however, by strict discipline and threatening to cut off their provisions, the bear-servants were brought into tolerable control.

Yet Paup-puk-keewiss, with his ever-restless disposition, was uneasy; and, having done so many wonderful things, he resolved upon a strict and thorough reform in all the affairs of the village. To prevent future difficulty he determined to adopt new regulations between the bears and their masters.

With this view, he issued an edict that henceforward the bears should eat at the first table, and that the Indians were to wait upon them; that in all public processions of an honorable character the bears should go first; and that when any fighting was to be done, the Indians should have the privilege reserved of receiving the first shots. A special exemption was made in behalf of Paup-puk-keewiss's favorite and confidential adviser, Pipe-bearer (who had been very busy in private recommending the new order of things), who was to be allowed to sit at the head of the feast, and to stay at home with the old women in the event of battle.

Having seen his orders strictly enforced, and the rights of the bears over the Indians fairly established, Paup-puk-keewiss fixed his mind upon further adventures. He determined to go abroad for a time, and having an old score to settle with Manabozho, he set out with a hope of soon falling in with that famous giant. Paup-puk-keewiss was a blood relation of Dais Imid, or He of the Little Shell, and had heard of what had passed between that giant and his kinsman.

After wandering a long time he came to the lodge of Manabozho, who was absent. He thought he must

play him a trick, and so he turned everything in the lodge upside down and killed his birds, of which there was an extraordinary attendance, for Manabozho is master of the fowls of the air, and this was the appointed morning for them to call and pay their court to him. Among the number was a raven, accounted the meanest of birds, which Paup-puk-keewiss killed and hung up by the neck, to insult him.

He then went on till he came to a very high point of rocks running out into the lake, from the top of which he could see the country back as far as the eye could reach. While sitting there, Manabozho's mountain chickens flew round and past him in great numbers. Out of mere spite to their master, Paup-puk-keewiss shot them by the score, for his arrows were very sure and the birds very plenty, and he amused himself by throwing the birds down the rocks. At length a wary bird cried out:

"Paup-puk-keewiss is killing us; go and tell our father."

Away sped a delegation of the birds which were the quickest of wing, and Manabozho soon made his appearance on the plain below. Paup-puk-keewiss, who when he is in the wrong is no match for Manabozho, made his escape on the other side. Manabozho, who had in two or three strides reached the top of the mountain, cried out:

"You are a rogue. The earth is not so large but I can get up to you."

Off ran Paup-puk-keewiss, and Manabozho after him. The race was sharp, and such leaps and strides as they made! Over hills and prairies, with all his speed, went Paup-puk-keewiss, and Manabozho hard

upon him. Paup-puk-keewiss had some mischievous notions still left in his head which he thought might befriend him. He knew that Manabozho was under a spell to restore whatever he, Paup-puk-keewiss, destroyed. Forthwith he stopped and climbed a large pine-tree, stripped off its beautiful green foliage, threw it to the winds, and then went on.

When Manabozho reached the spot, the tree addressed him. “Great chief,” said the tree, “will you give me my life again? Paup-puk-keewiss has killed me.”

“Yes,” replied Manabozho, who as quickly as he could gathered the scattered leaves and branches, renewed its beauty with his breath, and set off. Although Paup-puk-keewiss in the same way compelled Manabozho to lose time in repairing the hemlock, the sycamore, cedar, and many other trees, the giant did not falter, but pushing briskly forward, was fast overtaking him when Paup-puk-keewiss happened to see an elk. And asking him, for old acquaintance’ sake, to take him on his back, the elk did so, and for some time he made good headway; but still Manabozho was in sight.

He was fast gaining upon him when Paup-puk-keewiss threw himself off the elk’s back, and, striking a great sandstone rock near the path, he broke it into pieces, and scattered the grains in a thousand directions; for this was nearly his last hope of escape. Manabozho was so close upon him at this place that he had almost caught him; but the foundation of the rock cried out:

“Haye! Ne-me-sho, Paup-puk-keewiss has spoiled me. Will you not restore me to life?”

“Yes,” replied Manabozho. He re-established the

rock in all its strength.

He then pushed on in pursuit, and had got so near to Paup-puk-keewiss as to put out his arm to seize him; but Paup-puk-keewiss dodged him and, as his last chance, he immediately raised such a dust and commotion by whirlwinds as made the trees break and the sand and leaves dance in the air. Again and again Manabozho stretched his arm, but he escaped him at every turn, and kept up such a tumult of dust that he dashed into a hollow tree which had been blown down, changed himself into a snake, and crept out at the roots just in time to save his life; for at that moment Manabozho, who had the power of lightning, struck it, and it was strewn about in little pieces.

Again Paup-puk-keewiss was in human shape, and Manabozho was pressing him hard. At a distance he saw a very high bluff of rocks jutting out into a lake, and he ran for the foot of the precipice, which was abrupt and elevated. As he came near, to his surprise and great relief, the Manito of the rock opened his door and told Paup-puk-keewiss to come in. The door was no sooner closed than Manabozho knocked.

“Open it!” he cried, with a loud voice. The Manito was afraid of him, but he said to Paup-puk-keewiss: “Since I have taken you as my guest, I would sooner die with you than open the door.”

“Open it!” Manabozho again cried, in a louder voice than before.

The Manito kept silent.

“Very well,” said Manabozho; “I give you till morning to live.”

Paup-puk-keewiss trembled, for he thought his last

hour had come.

When the night came on the clouds were thick and black, and as they were torn open by the lightning, such discharges of thunder were never heard as bellowed forth. The clouds advanced slowly and wrapped the earth about with their vast shadows as in a huge cloak. All night long the clouds gathered, and the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, and above all could be heard Manabozho muttering vengeance upon poor Paup-puk-keewiss.

“You have led a very foolish kind of life, Paup-puk-keewiss,” said his friend the Manito.

“I know it—I know it!” Paup-puk-keewiss answered.

“You had great gifts of strength awarded to you,” said the Manito.

“I am aware of it,” replied Paup-puk-keewiss.

“Instead of employing it for useful purposes, and for the good of your fellow-creatures, you have done nothing since you became a man but raise whirlwinds on the highways, leap over trees, break whatever you met in pieces, and perform a thousand idle pranks.”

Paup-puk-keewiss, with great penitence, confessed that his friend the Manito spoke but too truly. Then Manabozho as Animiki, the Spirit of Lightning, in a cloud of heavy blackness, floated over the bluff of rocks that protected Paup-puk-keewiss. The threatening roar of his voice was heard rending the air, and Paup-puk-keewiss, with his companion, the Manito of the Rocks, trembled with fear. Mighty arrows of fire darted through the air from Manabozho’s bow; the mountains themselves gave

way; the solid rocks were broken, and, tottering apart, fell, crushing Paup-puk-keewiss and the Manito into fragments. For the first time Paup-puk-keewiss experienced death, for he was incapable of entering by his own will a new form, as he was in the human form when crushed between the rocks of the mountain.

The Norse god of the sky,[7] Odin, was depicted in a most picturesque fashion. He is said to look like an old, tall, one-eyed man, with a long beard, a broad-brimmed hat, a striped cloak of many colors, and a spear in his hand. On his arm he wears the gold ring Draupner and carries a spear called Gungner; two ravens sit on his shoulders, two wolves lie at his feet, and a huge chariot rolls over his head. He sits upon a high throne and looks out upon the world, or he rides on the winds upon his horse Sleipner. There is a deep speculative expression upon his countenance. Odin's hat symbolizes the arched vault of heaven, and his blue or variegated cloak is the blue sky or atmosphere. His horse with eight legs, as we learned before, symbolizes the eight winds of heaven, and his ring the fruitfulness of nature. His spear produces violent trembling or shaking. He is regarded as the all-pervading spirit of the world, and produces life and spirit, though he did not create the world. In whatever creative work he does he is helped by others. All knowledge comes from him—the arts of war and the arts of peace; even poetry was invented by him. He is the ruler over all things, and, although other deities may have power, they all serve and obey him as children do their father.

He frequently appeared to men. One of the most interesting of these revelations of himself is told in

the Norse epic, the “Volsung Saga.”

THE STORY OF ODIN’S SWORD AND SIGMUND

King Volsung had made preparations for an entertainment. Blazing fires burned along the hall, and in the middle of the hall stood a large tree, whose green and fair foliage covered the roof. King Volsung had placed it there, and it was called Odin’s tree. Now, as the guests sat around the fire in the evening, a man entered the hall whose countenance they did not know. He wore a variegated cloak, was barefooted, his breeches were of linen, and a wide-brimmed hat hung down over his face. He was very tall, looked old, and was one-eyed. He had a sword in his hand. The man went to the tree, and struck his sword into it with so powerful a blow that it sunk into it even to the hilt. No one dared greet this man. Then said he: “He who draws this sword out of the trunk of the tree shall have it as a gift from me, and shall find it true that he never wielded a better sword.” Then went the old man out of the hall again, and no one knew who he was or whither he went. Now all tried to draw the sword out, but it would not move before Volsung’s son, Sigmund, came; for him it seemed to be quite loose.

When Odin went forth to battle, he was resplendent in armor and a golden helmet; with him were his messengers, the Valkyries—giant, warlike maids who, when in Valhalla, the home of Odin, brought in the drink and waited upon the table, but in time of battle were sent forth by Odin to every battle-field, carrying the message of death to the brave hero, and inviting him home to Odin’s hall, a message he received with joy and gladness. To bear

away to heaven the souls of the dead is often an office of a wind god, and in this case of wind goddesses, for there can be little doubt that the Valkyries had some of the attributes of the wind.

The Norse god next in importance to Odin was Thor. He wears a red beard. He has a fiery nature, is girded with a belt of strength, and swings a hammer in his hand. He rides in a chariot drawn by two goats, from whose hoofs and teeth sparks of fire flash, and the scarlet cloud reflects his fiery eyes. Over his head he wears a crown of stars, under his feet rests the earth, and it shows the footprints of his mighty steps. He is enormously strong, and very terrible when angry, which is not supposed to be often, for he has, on the whole, a good-natured disposition. The region in which he lives is called Thrudvaug and his mansion Bilskiner, in which there are five hundred and forty halls. His hammer, his belt, and his gauntlet are all possessed of remarkable qualities. The first is called Mjolner, and woe be to the frost or mountain giant against whom Thor hurls it. His iron gauntlet he wears when he is laying about him with his hammer, and when he puts on his belt of strength his power is redoubled. This mighty god has many and wonderful adventures.

There is no better description of the god Thor to be found than that by our own poet Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn":

> "I am the god Thor,
> I am the war god,
> I am the Thunderer!
> Here in my Northland,
> My fastness and fortress,
> Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Mjolner, the mighty
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night wind,
Affrighting the nations.

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!"

HOW THOR CONQUERED THE STONE GIANT HRUNGNER

Thor had once gone eastward to crush trolls, but Odin rode on his horse Sleipner to Jotunheim, the land of giants, and came to a giant by name Hrungner. Then he asked Hrungner what man that was, who with a helmet of gold rode through the air

and over the sea, and added that it was an extraordinarily good horse he had. Odin replied that he would wager his head that so good a horse could not be found in Jotunheim. Hrungner said that it was indeed a very excellent horse, but he had one called Goldfax that could take much longer paces, and he immediately sprang upon his horse and galloped away after Odin. Odin constantly kept ahead, but Hrungner's giant nature had become so excited that before he was himself aware of it he had come within the gates of Asgard. When he came to the door of the hall the gods invited him in to drink. They set before him the bowls out of which Thor was accustomed to drink, and he emptied them each in one draught, and so he became drunk and began to boast in a most conceited fashion. He was going to take Valhal, he said, and carry it off to Jotunheim; he would demolish Asgard and kill the gods, except Freyja and Lif, whom he would take home with him; and while Freyja was pouring the celestial beverage into bowls for him he remarked that he was going to drink up all the ale of the gods. At last the gods grew very tired of his arrogance. They, therefore, called Thor, who came at once. He was very much enraged and, swinging his hammer about, he fiercely asked who was to blame that dogwise giants should be permitted to drink there, or who had given safety to Hrungner in Valhal, and why Freyja should pour ale for him as she did at the feasts of the gods. Hrungner, looking at Thor with anything but a friendly eye, answered that Odin had invited him and that he was under his protection. Thor said that Hrungner should come to rue that invitation before he came out; but the giant answered that it would be but little honor to Thor to kill him, unarmed, as he was; it would be a better proof of his valor if he

dared contend with him at the boundaries of his territory. “It was foolish, indeed, of me to leave my weapons at home. Had I my shield and my flint stone with me, we would now try a duel. But I declare you to be a coward if you kill me unarmed.” Thor would not excuse himself from such a challenge the like of which no one had ever offered him before. Hrungner now went his way and hastened home. This journey of Hrungner was much talked of by the giants, and especially did his challenge of Thor awaken their interest, and it was of great importance to them which of the two should come out from the combat victorious. For if Hrungner, who was the most powerful among the giants, should be conquered, they might look for nothing but evil from Thor. They, therefore, made a man of clay, nine miles high and three miles broad between the shoulders. They could not find a heart corresponding to his size and therefore took one out of a mare; but this fluttered and trembled when Thor came. Hrungner had a heart of hard stone, sharp and three-cornered; his head was also of stone, and likewise his shield, which was broad and thick, and this shield he held before him when he stood waiting for Thor. His weapon was a flint stone, which he swung over his shoulders, so that it was no trifle to join in combat with him. By his side stood the clay giant, who was so extremely terrified that the sweat poured from off him. Thor went to the duel together with Thjalfe, a servant, whom he had got from a peasant by the sea. Thjalfe ran to the place where Hrungner was standing, and said to him: “You stand unguarded, giant; you hold the shield before you, but Thor has seen you; he comes with violence from beneath the earth and attacks you.” Then Hrungner hastily put the shield beneath his feet and stood upon it, but he seized his

flint stone with both hands. Presently he saw flashes of lightning and heard loud crashings, and then he saw Thor in his might rushing forward with impetuous speed, swinging his hammer and throwing it from the distance against Hrungner. The latter lifted the flint stone with both his hands and threw it with all his might against the hammer; the two met in the air and the flint stone broke into two pieces, one piece of which fell on the ground (and hence the flint mountains), while the other flew with such force against the head of Thor that he fell forward to the ground; but the hammer Mjolner hit Hrungner right in the head and crushed his skull into small pieces, he himself falling over Thor, so that his foot lay across Thor's neck. Thor could only be released from the giant's foot by his own son Magne (strength), and to this day the flint stone sticks fast in Thor's forehead.

Longfellow calls Thor the brother of Zeus. Zeus is, however, only like Thor in his character of the thunderer. As the All-father of the Greeks he is like Odin.

Zeus, or Jupiter,[8] as he was called by the Romans, was regarded as the supreme ruler of the universe. Sometimes he was pictured as a god of war. Then he rode in his thunder car, hurling the thunderbolt or lashing his enemies with a scourge of lightning. He wore a breastplate or shield of storm-cloud like the skin of a gray goat fearful to behold and made by the God of Fire. His special messenger was the eagle.

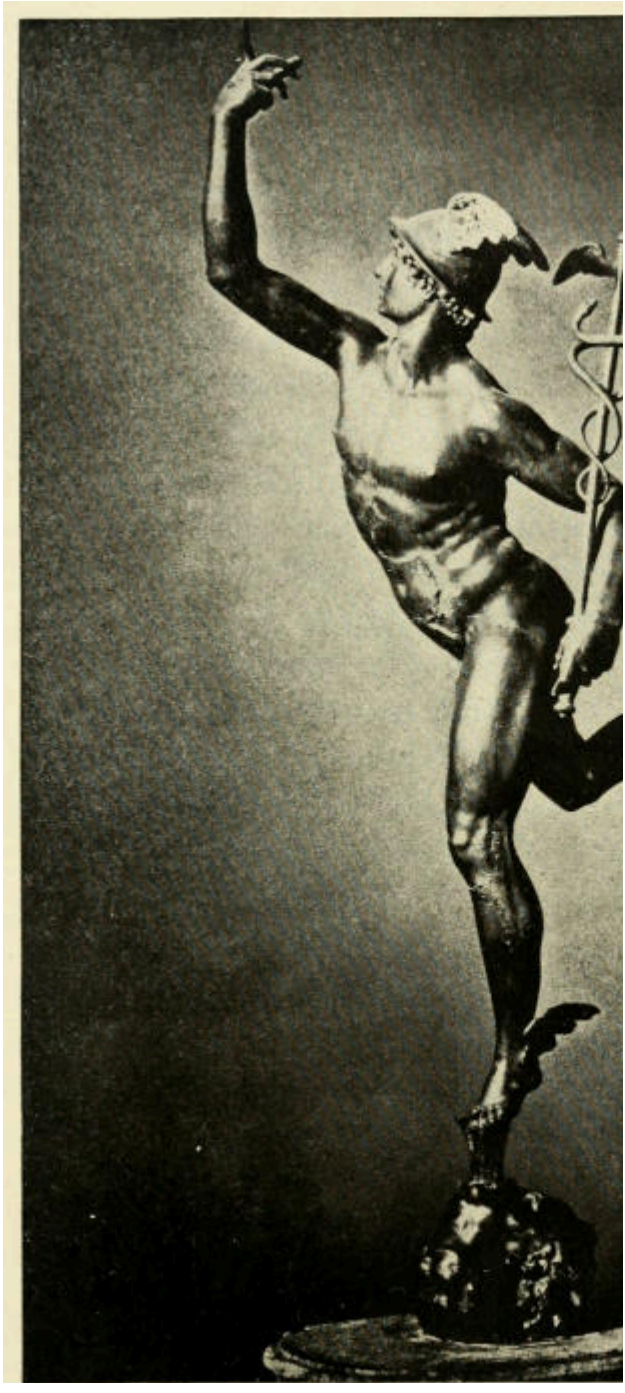
In his peaceful guise, he sat throned in the high clear heavens. There he was the gatherer of clouds and snows, the dispenser of gentle rains and winds,

the moderator of light and heat and the seasons. He was worshipped with various rites in different places, but everywhere the loftiest trees and the highest mountain peaks were sacred to him.

HOW ZEUS CAME TO BE KING OF GODS

The story told of Zeus is that he had not always been the supreme god. Before him reigned his father, Cronus, and before Cronus his grandfather, Uranus. Cronus deposed Uranus, and having heard that he was destined to be deposed by one of his own children, he indulged in the queer habit of swallowing them all. His wife, Rhea, however, when Zeus was born thought of the happy expedient of giving Cronus a stone to swallow, which he, unsuspecting, did. The little Zeus was hidden in the island of Crete, where he was tended by nymphs and brought up on goat's milk. When he became a full-grown god, he made his father disgorge the brothers and sisters he had swallowed—namely, Vesta, Ceres, Juno, Pluto, and Neptune—and then went to war against his cruel father. This war is a battle of the powers of light against the powers of darkness. Cronus is helped by his brothers the Titans, and Zeus is helped by the Cyclopes, one-eyed giants, and the Hecatonchires, hundred-handed monsters who had been confined for ages in Tartarus. Zeus and his hosts held Mount Olympus. For ages victory wavered in the balance, until by the advice of Rhea, Zeus released the Cyclopes and the Hecatonchires. Instantly they hastened to the battle-field of Thessaly, the Cyclopes to support Zeus with their thunders and lightnings, the hundred-handed monsters with the shock of the earthquake. Provided with such artillery, shaking earth and sea, Zeus

issued to the onslaught. With the gleam of the lightning the Titans were blinded, by the earthquake they were laid low, with the flames they were well-nigh consumed; overpowered and fettered by the hands of the Hecatonchires, they were consigned to the yawning cave of Tartarus. In the council of the gods following this great battle Zeus was chosen Sovereign of the World. He delegated to his brother Posidon or Neptune the kingdom of the sea and all the waters, to his brother Hades or Pluto the government of the underworld, dark, unseen, mysterious, where the spirits of the dead should dwell, and of Tartarus the prison of the subdued Titans. For himself Zeus retained heaven and earth. His dwelling and that of the gods was on the summit of an ideal mountain called Olympus. The gods all had their separate dwellings, but all when summoned assembled in the palace of Zeus, there to feast upon ambrosia and nectar. Their duties consisted in discussing the affairs of heaven and earth, while for amusement they had the melodies of Apollo's lyre, and the songs of the muses. There was a gate of clouds to this heavenly city kept by goddesses, the Hours or Seasons, and through these gates the celestials passed when bent upon any errand to earth.





The Flying Mercury or Hermes. *Giov*

Hermes (Roman name, Mercury) was the personification of the wind and the messenger of Zeus, and, like the Valkyries, he had the office of conducting the souls of the dead to Hades. His summoning of the souls of the dead is beautifully described in this passage from the Odyssey, translated by the poet Bryant:

> "In his hand he bore
> The beautiful golden wand, with which at will
> He shuts the eyes of men, or opens them
> From sleep. With this he guided on their way
> The ghostly rout; they followed, uttering
> A shrilly wail. As when a flock of bats,
> Deep in a dismal cavern, fly about
> And squeak, if one have fallen from the place
> Where, clinging to each other and the rock,
> They rested, so that crowd of ghosts went forth
> With shrill and plaintive cries. Before them moved
> Beneficent Hermes through those dreary ways,
> And past the ocean stream they went, and past
> Leucadia's rock, the portals of the Sun,
> And people of the land of dreams, until
> They reached the fields of asphodel, where dwell
> The souls, the bodiless forms of those who

die."

Among the loveliest of the sky deities are the goddesses of the dawn. Besides bringing light and joy to mankind, they are his kind helpers when he is in trouble, and the givers of all good things. We have already made the acquaintance of the Hindoo Dawn Goddess Ushas, and give here another Vedic hymn in her praise. The counterpart of Ushas in Greek mythology is Aurora, the Goddess of the Dawn, who is pictured flying before the car of Apollo. A more developed Dawn Goddess is Pallas Athēne (Roman name Minerva.) She is represented as having sprung fully armed from the head of her father Zeus, as the Dawn springs up in the morning sky. But she has a warlike, as well as a beneficent side when she wields the lightning and the thunderbolts. When Pallas Athēne decided to give her aid to any human being, she sometimes took the form of Mentes, or of a young shepherd, as she does in different scenes in the "Odyssey." When she descends to earth she is described as fastening underneath her feet

"The fair, ambrosial golden sandals worn
To bear her over ocean like the wind,
And o'er the boundless land. In hand she took,
Well tipped with trenchant brass, the mighty spear,
Heavy and huge and strong, with which she bears
Whole phalanxes of heroes to earth,
When she, the daughter of a mighty sire,
Is angered. From the Olympian heights she plunged
And stood among the men of Ithaca.
... In her hand she bore the spear,

And seemed the stranger Mentes."

When Pallas returned to heaven she

"Passed like an eagle out of sight and all
Were seized with deep amazement as they
saw."

Another time Pallas appears to Odysseus or Ulysses in the shape

"Of a young shepherd, delicately formed,
As are the sons of kings. A mantle lay
Upon her shoulder in rich folds, her feet
Shone in their sandals: in her hand she bore
A javelin. As Ulysses saw, his heart
Was glad within him, and he hastened on
And thus accosted her with wingèd words,
'Fair youth, who art the first whom I have
met
Upon this shore, I bid thee hail, and hope
Thou meetest me with no unkind intent.
Protect what thou beholdest here and me;
I make my suit to thee as to a god,
And come to thy dear knees.'"

After a little talk with Odysseus

"the blue-eyed goddess,
Pallas, smiled
And touched the chief caressingly. She
seemed
A beautiful and stately woman now,
Such as are skilled in works of rare device."

She advises Odysseus and says to him:

"Hither am I come to frame for thee

Wise counsels, and to hide away the stores
Given by the opulent Phæacian chiefs
At thy departure. I shall also tell
What thou must yet endure beneath the roof
Of thine own palace, by the will of fate.
Yet bear it bravely, since thou must, nor
speak
To any man or woman of thyself
And of thy wandering hither, but submit
To many things that grieve thee, silently,
And bear indignities from violent men."

Thus this beneficent Dawn Goddess is always helping mankind in their troubles, and scattering abroad so much wisdom that she came to be called in Greek mythology the Goddess of Wisdom.

The Indian and the Japanese stories following show other fancies about gods of the sky and air. "The Lover's Vision of the Happy Land" gives a picture of the home of departed spirits in the sky. "The Message-Bearers" is related to the idea that the wind is a messenger of the gods, but it is the wind in the form of the repeated sounds in echoes.

The Indians[9] were in the habit of frequenting rivers with high, wooded banks, or ravines with precipitous sides where reverberations could be heard for miles, until they would die away in the distance. There they would stand for hours shouting and listening to the echoing shouts as they leaped from shore to shore, or from hill to mountain, and from mountain to valley—on and on into silence; always firmly believing that the words were called from one to another of the faithful spirits until they reached the ears of their loved ones, and finally the Great Spirit himself.

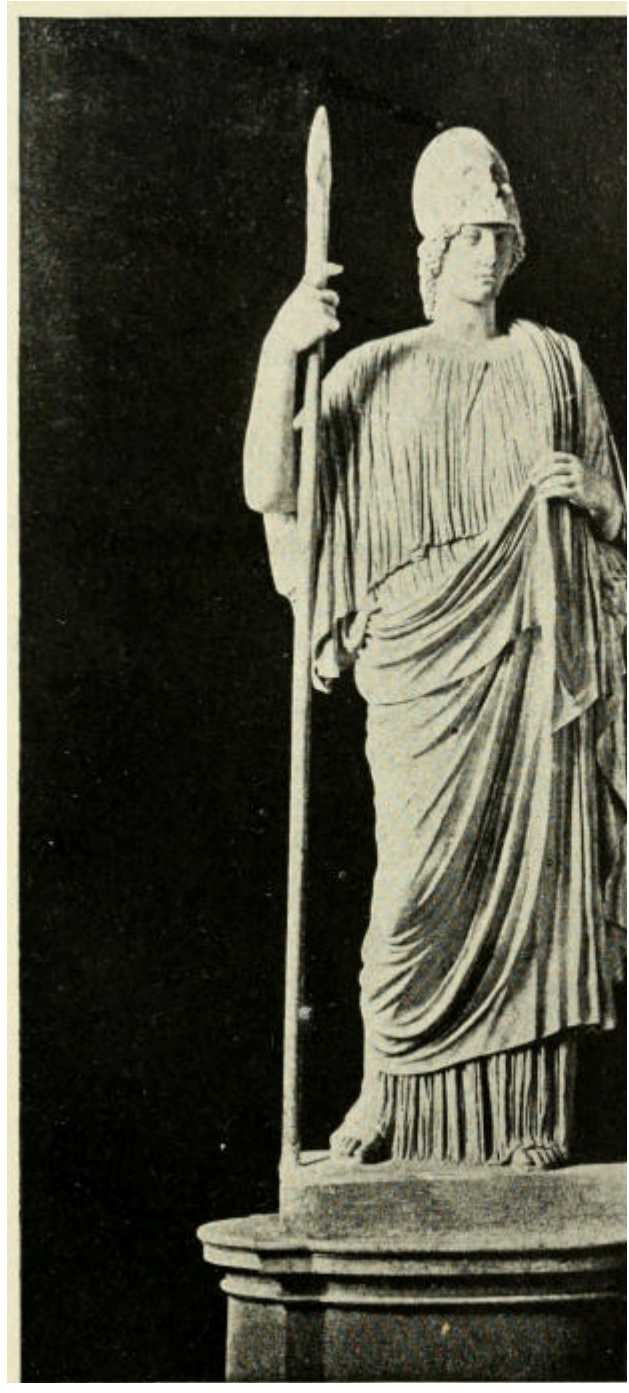
"The Way of the Gods" describes a god of the infinite sky as the beginning of all things.

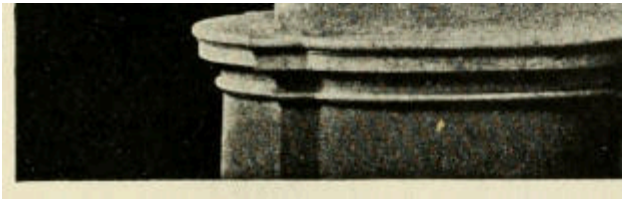
HYMN TO THE DAWN

(*From the "Rig Veda"*)

The radiant Dawns have risen up for glory, in their white splendor live the waves of waters.
She maketh paths all easy, fair to travel, and rich hath shown herself, benign and friendly.
We see that thou art good: far shines thy lustre; thy beams, thy splendors have flown up to heaven.
Decking thyself, thou makest bare thy bosom, shining in majesty, thou goddess Morning.
Red are the kine and luminous that bear her, the blessèd one who spreadeth through the distance.
The foes she chaseth like a valiant archer, like a swift warrior she repelleth darkness.
Thy ways are easy on the hills: thou passest in windless calm, self-luminous! through waters.
So lofty goddess with thine ample pathway, daughter of Heaven, bring wealth to give us courage.
Dawn, bring me wealth: untroubled, with thine oxen thou bearest riches at thy will and pleasure;
Thou who, a goddess, child of Heaven, hast shown thee lovely through bounty

when we called thee early.
As the birds fly forth from their resting-
places, so men with store of food rise
at thy dawning.
Yea, to the liberal mortal who remaineth at
home, O goddess Dawn, much good
thou bringest.





Athēne: Brandisher of the Spear. (

THE LOVER'S VISION OF THE HAPPY ISLAND

There was once a very beautiful girl, more beautiful than all the Indian maidens of her tribe, who died suddenly, on the eve of her marriage to a handsome young chief; and, although her lover was brave, his heart was not proof against his loss. He mourned as one without hope. After her burial he sat near the spot where her remains were deposited, without speaking, musing and dreaming of her he had lost. War and hunting had no charms for him. He pushed aside his bow and arrows, for his heart was dead within him. He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the Land of Souls, and he determined to follow it. With this resolution he left the remains of his beloved, and, after making some preparation for the journey, set out at an early hour of the morning.

At first he hardly knew which direction to take, for he was guided only by the tradition that he must go southward. For a while he could discover no change in the appearance of the country; forests, hills, valleys, and streams had the same familiar look that they wore around his native home. There was snow upon the ground, however, when he set out; and it was sometimes seen clinging in thick mats upon the trees and bushes, but at length it began to diminish, and finally, as he travelled swiftly along, totally

disappeared, when the forest assumed a more cheerful appearance. The trees appeared to be putting forth their leaves, and suddenly, as if by enchantment, as he walked onward, he found himself surrounded by the budding flowers of spring; the air seemed warm upon his cheek, while overhead, instead of wintry clouds, the sky was clear, and his ears were saluted with songs of birds.

The lover's heart beat quickly at these changes, for he knew he was in the right path, as appearances agreed with the traditions of his tribe. As he sped along, he discovered a footpath, which he followed, and was led through a dark grove, then up a long precipitous ridge, on the extreme summit of which he came to a lodge. In the doorway of this lodge stood an old man, whose hair was white as snow, and whose eyes, though deeply sunken, had a wonderful brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. The young lover accosted him and began to tell his story, when the old man interrupted him by saying: "I have expected you, and had just risen to bid you welcome. She whom you seek passed here a few days since. Enter my lodge, for therein she rested, being fatigued, and I will answer all your inquiries, and give you direction for your journey from this point."

Having entered and rested within the lodge, according to the old man's invitation, the young lover, impatient of delay, soon issued forth from the lodge-door, accompanied by the venerable chief. "You see yonder gulf," said the chief, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the Land of Souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is its gate of entrance; but you cannot take your body along

with you; leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog; you will find it safe on your return."

So saying, he turned and reëntered his lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward as if his feet were winged. He found, as he thus sped forward, that all things retained their natural colors and shapes, except that they seemed more beautiful—the colors being richer and shapes more comely; and he would have thought that everything was the same as heretofore, had he not seen that the animals bounded across his path with the utmost freedom and confidence, and birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters in fearless and undisturbed enjoyment. As he passed on, however, he noticed that his passage was not impeded by trees or other objects; he appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls of trees, and he then became sensible that he was in the Land of Shadows.

When he had travelled some distance through the country, which continually became more and more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a beautiful island; and tied upon the shore of this lake he found a canoe of white, shining stone, within which were white paddles that seemed to be of the same shining material.

He immediately entered the canoe and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning around, he discovered the object of his search, the young maiden, in another canoe exactly the counterpart of his; who, having imitated his motions in gathering up the paddles and making preparations for embarking, followed him as he

pushed off from shore.

The waves of the lake soon began to rise, and, at a distance, looked ready to submerge them in their watery embrace; but yet, on approaching their white edges, they seemed to melt away. Still, as these enormous waves followed each other in quick succession, it kept them in continual fear; for they felt no certainty but that some one of them might break upon their canoes and bring them to destruction; while, added to this perpetual fear, the water of the lake was so clear that it disclosed to their affrighted gaze large heaps of bones of human beings who had perished before. And, as they moved on, they saw many persons struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and women, and young men and maidens, were there; and but few were able to pass over. The children alone were seen to glide on without fear. However, notwithstanding their terror, the young man and maiden moved unharmed along, for their deeds in life had been free from evil, and the Master of Life had decreed their safety; and, at length, they leaped out upon the shore of the Happy Island, the place of their destination, and wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to delight the eye and please the ear. The air itself was like food, and nourished and strengthened them. There were no tempests. No one shivered for the want of warm clothes. No one suffered from hunger. No one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals. Gladly the young lover would have remained forever with his beloved in this beautiful land, but this was not permitted; for, although he did not see the Master of Life, he heard his voice in a soft breeze which commanded his return: “Go back,” said the voice, “to the land from

whence you came. Your time has not yet come; your work is not finished, and the duties for which I made you are not completed. Return to your people and accomplish all the duties of a brave man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many years. My messenger at the gate shall instruct you in your future work, when he surrenders your body. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will dwell here forever, as young and as happy as when I called her from the Land of Snows." And with this the lover's vision closed.

THE MESSAGE-BEARERS

When the Great Spirit brought the Redmen from the Happy Hunting Grounds and left them upon the earth, they were filled with fear lest they could never make him hear their wants, and could not reach his ears when they desired to tell him of their joys and sorrows. The sachems went before him and said: "O our Father, how will thy children tell thee of the deeds they have performed that will please thine ear? How will they ask thee to their homes to help them drive away the bad spirits; and how will they invite thee to their feasts and dances? O our Father, thou canst not at all times be awake and watching thy children, and they will not know when thou art sleeping. Thy children do not know the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds by which to send their wise men and sachems to talk with thee, for thou hast covered it with thy hands and thy children cannot discover it. How will the words of thy children reach thee, O our Father, the Manito; how will what they say come to thine ears?"

Then the Great Spirit created for each one of the

Redmen a second self, to whom he gave a home in the air. He provided these beings with wings and swift feet, so they could move very rapidly. To them he imparted the secrets of the entrance to his home, and made them guides to his children whom he had called on the long journey, so that they should not lose the paths leading to their future home. Finally, the Great Spirit told these creatures of the air that they should be message-bearers for his children, and convey their words exactly as spoken from one point to another until they reached the ears of his sachems in the big wigwam by the side of the council-fire that never lost its light. They must be ready at all times to answer the calls of the Redmen, so that none of their words might be lost. Messages to the loved ones who had left the earth and gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds must be transmitted with the same watchful care as were those intended for his ears alone. If any of his children spoke idle and untruthful words, they, too, must be repeated, that their father might know whether they were worthy to be admitted to the grand council-fire.

When he had finished his instructions, the Great Spirit told the sachems that he would return to his home, and that they could go with his children to the bank of a beautiful river near which they dwelt, and there talk to him.

Slowly and with a loud voice the chief sachem began to speak. From the opposite bank of the river the waiting message-bearer caught up the sachem's words as they were spoken, and with a strong voice shouted them to another dweller of the air, who crouched in the tree-tops far down the river, ready and alert to do the Great Spirit's bidding. On and on, rolling along the ravines and valleys, leaping from

hill-top to mountainside and from mountainside to lake, striding over the forests at a bound—fainter and yet fainter, until lost in the blue distance of the plain—the message of thankfulness and love was borne from the lips of the grateful sachem until it reached the ears of the ever-listening and loving father, and was told to the chiefs who sat in the light of the council-fire that never grows dim.

THE WAY OF THE GODS

(*Japanese*)

Listen, my children, to the true story of the Beginning of the World.

When there was neither Heaven nor Earth, nor Sun nor Moon, nor anything that is, there existed in Infinite Space the Invisible Lord of the Middle Heaven. With him were two other Gods.

By their miraculous power, a Thing whose shape cannot be described came into existence in the midst of Space, in appearance like a Floating Cloud. Forth from it sprang, as it were, a Flowering Rushsprout, rising from the water—pure, translucent, and bright—which grew and grew and widened and widened infinitely, till it spread over all things and became the Canopy of Heaven. Then downward from the Floating Cloud grew the Under-region—the Realm of Night—which is the Root-region of the World and the abode of Departed Spirits.

And the center of the Floating Cloud became the Earth, which was still liquid and formless and without life.

After this were born in Heaven seven generations

of Gods, and the last and most perfect of these were Izanagi and Izanami. Now, Izanagi and Izanami were the Parents of the World and all that is in it. And it happened in this wise: the Gods of the High Plain of Heaven said to Izanagi and Izanami:

"Descend and make of this drifting mud and ocean a firm and beautiful Land, and fill it with living things." And the Gods placed in their hands a mystic jewelled Spear.

Now, in these days the heavens were near to the earth, and the space between was spanned by a Heavenly Floating Bridge. So they set forth bravely on their journey, and, looking down into the space beneath them, they saw in the depths the green plain of the Sea. They held counsel together and said, "Is there not a country beneath?"

And Izanagi pushed the jewelled Spear down from the Floating Bridge and stirred the green sea round and round, and some say that is why the earth turns round and round to this day. Then the brine went curdle-curdle, and they drew up the Spear, and the brine that fell from the end of the Spear dropped down and became an island. This island was called Onogoro, and is one of the Everlasting Islands of the Land of Sunrise, of the Land of Fertile Reed-plains, which is Japan.

Now, the Gods stepped down on to the Earth, and it was strange and desolate, and they shivered, and felt lonely and afraid.

Suddenly sounded a whirring of wings; two tiny Sekirei—wagtails—swept by and fluttered to the ground. It was early springtime; the living air thrilled warm and sweet. With little pecks and cheeps, full of busy pride, the pair sought twigs and grasses and

wove them deftly into a downy nest. Quivering with rapture, the lover-bird hovered round his mate, and sang of love and joy and happy days to come.

While the Great Gods watched, a warmth crept round the heart of Izanagi, and in Izanami's eyes was a mist of tears. She whispered softly, "Let us, too, make a house to dwell in!" Then Izanagi plunged his spear into the ground, and round them rose a great and glorious Palace, and the Spear was the Heart-Pillar thereof. And they were hidden from the sight of Heaven and Earth.

Then, moving round this Pillar, they met and gazed on one another with charmed eyes. The Mother of Mankind cried joyfully: "Behold! I have met with a lovely Youth!" And Izanagi cried back: "Behold! I have met with a lovely Maiden!"

So the Sekirei first taught the Gods the ways of Love, and are honored and cherished in Japan to this day.

But Izanagi remembered how Izanami had been the first to speak, and in his displeasure said wrathfully: "I am a Man, and should by right have spoken first!"

When the first child born to them was ugly and deformed, they put him in a boat made of camphor-wood, and he sailed away to sea and became the God of the fisherfolk. His children are the hairy men who live in some of the islands of Japan to this day.

Then the Gods passed round the Pillar a second time, and Izanagi spoke first. So his anger was appeased, and they lived greatly content.

Together they made the eight islands of Japan, and placed them at the summit of the globe. But the land

was hidden—becovered with mists—so Izanagi sent forth the God of the Winds. He, blowing lustily, rent the clouds, and the earth lay as a bride unveiled, shimmering with silver dew on her green pastures.

Next came the Food-Spirit to comfort mankind, the Sea Gods, the Mountain Gods, the Gods of the River-mouths, the Tree Gods, and the Earth Goddess. Last of all was born the fierce Fire God, Kagu-tsuchi. Now, this God was of such a hot and fiery temper that he burned his Great Mother, and she suffered change and departed to the Lower World.

Then Izanagi was wroth, and cried aloud: “Oh, that I should have given my Beloved in return for a single child!”

And his sorrow was so great that he crawled round her head and her feet, and from the tears that he shed sprang up the Goddess of Weeping. Then he took his ten-span sword and hewed Kagu-tsuchi in three pieces, and each piece sprang into life as the Spirit of Thunder, the Spirit of Mountains, and the Spirit of Rain.

Now, Izanagi loved his wife so greatly that he could find no rest or peace on earth; and, after wandering long in search of comfort and finding none, he determined to seek her, even in the realm of Departed Spirits. His way lay through a long and gloomy passage where few have trod, right through the center of the earth, till he came at length to the Gate of Everlasting Night, to the Kingdom of Yomi, the Ruler of the Under World. He knocked at the Gate and cried aloud:

“O my beloved Sister! come back to me!” And she answered him:

“O beloved Elder Brother! gladly would I come,

but, alas! I have eaten of Yomi's cooking and am bewitched. Let me return and speak to him, but do not thou follow me!"

So Izanagi waited anxiously without, till, growing impatient at her long delay, he broke a tooth off his comb, lighting it as a torch, and so dared to enter those terrible shades. Through dark and dreadful ways he wandered, and his heart quailed within him.

But Yomi was wroth with him for his daring, and smote Izanami so that when he found her she lay as one altered in death, with Eight Witches at her head and her feet. Then a great horror fell upon Izanagi; he turned and fled swiftly, and the Eight Ugly Women rose and pursued him. On he ran, through winding ways where icy blasts fly shrieking; and the Witches swept after him and would have caught him, but he seized the wreath from his head and flung it down, and it was changed into bunches of grapes. When the Witches saw these they stopped and greedily devoured them; then, gathering up their robes, rose and pursued again.

Izanagi felt the chill of their coming, and drew out a many-toothed comb from the right bunch of his hair and threw it behind him. Behold! as it touched the ground, there sprang up a hedge of young bamboo shoots across the path. The Witches swooped down, pulled up the young shoots, and ate them to the last one; then again gave chase.

Now, Izanami, too, was angered against him, for she had been put to shame; and she sent five hundred warriors from Yomi to pursue him. When the rush and the tramping drew nearer, Izanagi unsheathed his ten-span sword, and in his despair his breath failed as at the approach of Death. Then suddenly appeared before him the Gate of the Pass of

Yomi; and hastily plucking some peaches which grew by the gate, he threw them, and scattered his pursuers, and himself passed through into the light. And he rolled a mighty stone across the mouth of the opening, so that none hereafter could move it.

The peaches that had saved him he named Their Augustness the Great Divine Fruit, and they are honored in some parts of Japan to this day.

Now, when he came back into the world again, Izanagi felt very weary, and searched for a clear stream to wash away the foulness of the Lower Regions which clung to him. When he had found one he bathed therein, and of this washing many evil gods were born; among them were the Gods of Crookedness, who love to plague mankind. Seeing this evil, he made the Gods of Straightening, to make crooked things straight.

Now, when he had rested and accomplished his purification, he created the greatest of his children in this wise:

Descending once more into the clear stream, he bathed his left eye, and forth sprang Amaterasu, the great Sun Goddess.

Sparkling with light, she rose from the waters as the Sun rises in the East, and her brightness was wonderful, and shone through Heaven and Earth; never was seen such radiant glory.

Izanagi rejoiced greatly, and said, “There is none like this Miraculous Child!”

Taking a necklace of jewels, he put it round her neck and said, “Rule Thou over the Plain of High Heaven!”

Thus Amaterasu became the source of all life and

light; the glory of her shining has warmed and comforted all mankind, and she is worshipped by them unto this day.

Then he bathed his right eye, and there appeared her brother, the Moon God. Izanagi said: “Thy beauty and radiance are next to the Sun in splendor; rule thou over the Dominion of Night!”

When the two beautiful ones had departed, a third God came forth, whose name was Susa-wo. He was a god with a strange destiny, and could never be at peace, sweeping ceaselessly over hills and valleys with his long beard floating behind him. Izanagi gave him dominion over the sea.

But he was not content and neglected his kingdom, restlessly roaming over the earth, so that the green mountains withered and the rivers dried up. The murmuring of spirits he woke with his moaning was as the sound of innumerable bees.

So Izanagi in his wrath banished him to the Nether Regions, and, having accomplished his work, withdrew into an Island Cave, and abode there till the End.

CHAPTER VII
MOTHER-MYTHS AND CHILD-MYTHS

In all the myths we have learned about so far there has been very little of the purely human element of affection, yet it is true that reverence and love for the mother of all things was one of the earliest instincts in the mind of primitive man, as well as love and even reverence for children.

The idea of the earth as a mother is a very simple and natural one, and so we find everywhere that the earth has been personified as a mother.

Among the primitive people of America the Earth-Mother is a personage of much importance. The Peruvians worshipped her as Mama-Pacha or Mother Earth. The Caribs, when there was an earthquake said it was their Mother Earth dancing and signifying to them to dance and make merry likewise, which accordingly they did. Among the North American Indians, the Comanches call on the earth as their mother, while they regard the Great Spirit as their father.

In the mythology of the Finns, Lapps and Esths, the Earth-Mother is a divinely honored personage. One of the most primitive forms of the Earth-Mother is that of the Zulus. She is described as a very little animal about as large as a pole-cat, and is marked with little white and black stripes. The Zulus say of her that she is not commonly seen. We hear it said that primitive men knew her. No one existing at the present time ever saw her. In spite of this fact,

however, they seem to have very definite ideas of her appearance, for upon one side of this little black and white animal there grow a bed of reeds, a forest, and grass. She always goes about followed by a large troop of children which resemble her, and in whose welfare she takes a great interest. The name of this goddess is Inkosa-za-na.

The oldest of all their gods in Polynesian mythology is a mother-goddess called Vari. She is the very beginning of things in the abyss. She is celebrated as the source of all from whom all beings claim descent. She sheltered the Earth-Mother, who in Polynesian mythology is called Papa, whose husband was Rangi, the Heaven. How these two came to be separated is told in the story of the "Children of Heaven and Earth."

We see from this myth of Vari that the earth is not the only mother-goddess.

The very beginnings of things in night and chaos were frequently represented as mother goddesses. For example, the Egyptian Mother-goddess was Neith, the goddess of night. She is celebrated as the "Only One." "Glory to thee! Thou art mightier than the Gods! The forms of the living souls which are in their places give glory to the terrors of thee, their mother; thou art their origin." She is represented as self-existing. "I am all that was and is and is to be; no mortal hath lifted my veil." In the Public Library in Boston the artist Sargent has made the vague, black figure of this goddess the background in his fresco, giving a symbolic representation of Egyptian religion. The face of Neith shows inscrutable calm, and she wears as a necklace the constellations of the Zodiac, and on her head the winged globe of the sun. She was said also to have been the mother of the

sun.

The Hindoo, Aditi, mother of the gods, seems to have been a goddess of the same kind. She is said to represent free, unbounded infinity, and is the mother of twelve heavenly beings—sun-gods, called Adityas. Her kinship with other mother-goddesses is shown by the fact that she was invoked as the bestower of blessings on children and cattle.

In the naïve and poetical little myth of the Malayan Peninsula given later, the sun and moon both figure as mother-goddesses.

The worship of mother-goddesses among the ancient Mexican Indians was prominent. Hymns descriptive of two are given here. The first is to the goddess Teteoinan, the "Mother of the Gods." She was also called Soci, "Our Mother," and also by another name which signified "The Heart of the Earth." This last name was given to her because she was believed to be the cause of earthquakes. She presided over the vegetable and animal world and her chief temple at Tepeyacac was one of the most renowned in ancient Mexico. The other goddess, Cihuacoatl, was the mythical mother of the human race, and was regarded with veneration on account of her antiquity. As well as being an Earth-Goddess, she was the Goddess of War.

It would be possible to give many illustrations of mother-tree goddesses, but we have space for only one, that of the Persian world-tree in whose midst dwelt the mother of all. "In Eridu a dark pine grew. It was planted in a holy place. Its crown was crystal white, which spread toward the deep vault above. The Abyss of Hea was its pasturage in Eridu, a canal full of waters. Its station was the center of the earth. Its shrine was the couch of Mother Zicam. The roof

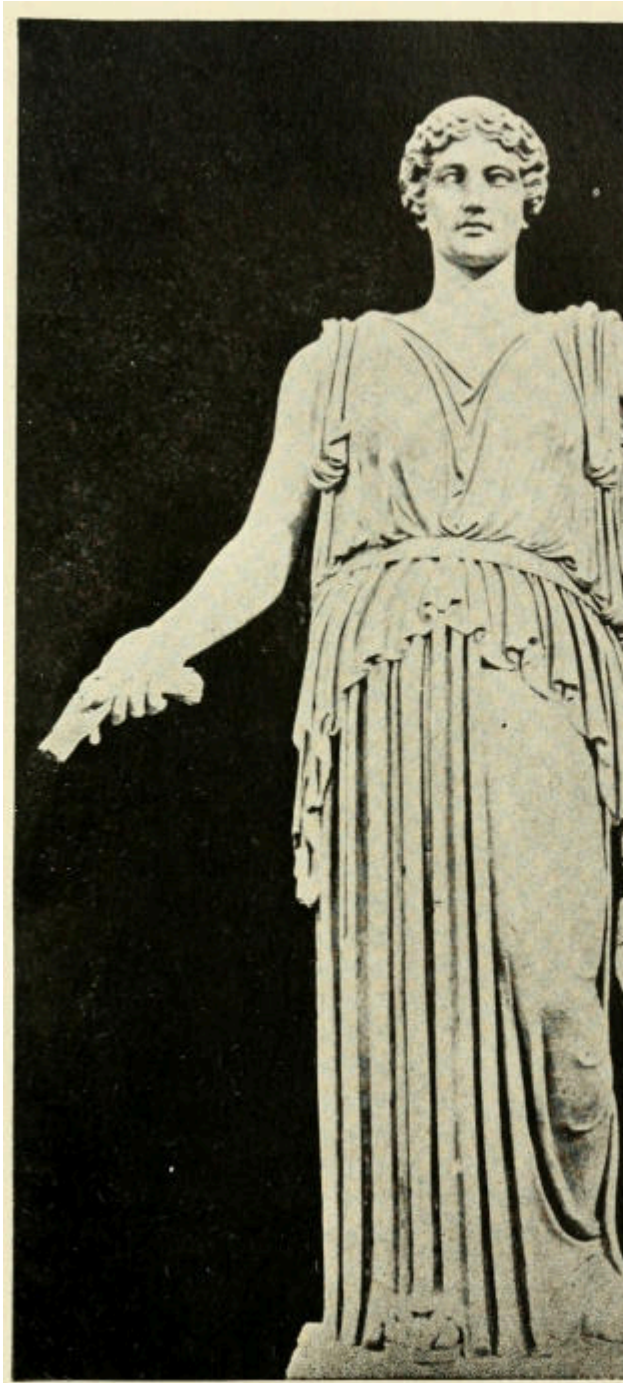
of its holy house like a forest spread its shade; there were none who entered within. It was the seat of the mighty mother, who passes athwart the heavens."

The Norse earth-goddess, consort of Odin, appears in three forms—Jord, Frigg, and Rind. Jord is the original uninhabited earth, Frigg is the inhabited, cultivated earth, and Rind is the frozen earth of winter. The child of the first is Thor, the thunderer; of the second is Balder, the good or the beautiful; and of the third is Vale, who revenged the death of Balder. Of these, Frigg is more nearly like other mother-goddesses, though she seems to be somewhat withdrawn from active participation in the duties of the mother-goddess. These are handed over to her maid-servants, of whom she had seven—Fulla, Hlyn, Guaa, Snotra, Var, Lofu, and Syn. Fulla, with golden hair adorned with a ribbon, looks after harvests. Hlyn is the protectress who delivers people from peril. Guaa is the messenger who runs errands for Frigg. Var has charge of marriage, Lofu of love, and Syn of justice. The counterpart of Frigg in Greek mythology is Demeter (Roman name, Ceres), the daughter of another earth-goddess, Rhea. Like Frigg, she represents the bountiful life-giving aspects of nature. She is best described in the hymn written in her honor by Callimachus given later, and in which you will recognize another version of the story of Erisichthon.

MALAYAN STORY OF THE SUN AND MOON

The Moon is a woman, and the Sun also. The stars are the Moon's children, and the Sun had in olden times as many. Fearing, however, that mankind could not bear so much brightness and heat, they

agreed each to devour her children. But the Moon instead of eating up her stars hid them from the Sun's sight, who, believing them all devoured, ate up her own; no sooner had she done it than the Moon brought her family out of their hiding-place. When the Sun saw them, filled with rage, she chased the Moon to kill her. The chase has lasted ever since, and sometimes the Sun even comes near enough to bite the Moon, and that is an eclipse. The Sun, as men may see, still devours her stars at dawn, and the Moon hides hers all day while the Sun is near, and only brings them out at night when her pursuer is far away.





Demeter or Ceres. *The Va*

HYMN TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS

(*Mexican Indian*)

Hail to our mother, who caused the yellow flowers to blossom, she who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who poured forth white flowers in abundance, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to the goddess who shines in the thorn-bush like a bright butterfly.

Ho! she is our mother, goddess of the earth; she supplies food in the desert to the wild beasts, and causes them to live.

Thus, thus, you see her to be an ever-fresh model of liberality toward all flesh.

And as you see the goddess of the earth do to the wild beasts, so also does she toward the green herbs and the fishes.

HYMN TO CIHUACOATL, THE MOTHER OF MORTALS

(*Mexican Indian*)

Quilaztli, plumed with eagle feathers, with the crest of eagles, painted with serpents' blood, comes

with her hoe, beating her drum, from Colhuacan.

She alone, who is our flesh, goddess of the fields and shrubs, is strong to support us.

With the hoe, with the hoe, with hands full, with the hoe, with hands full, the goddess of the fields is strong to support us.

With a broom in her hands the goddess of the fields strongly supports us.

Our mother is as twelve eagles, goddess of drum-beating, filling the fields of tzioac and maguey like our lord Mixcoatl.

She is our mother, a goddess of war, our mother, a goddess of war, an example and a companion from the home of our ancestors.

She comes forth, she appears when war is waged, she protects us in war that we shall not be destroyed, an example and companion from the home of our ancestors.

She comes adorned in the ancient manner with the eagle crest, in the ancient manner with the eagle crest.

THE CHILDREN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

(*Polynesian*)

Men had but one pair of primitive ancestors; they sprang from the vast Heaven that exists above us, and from the Earth which lies beneath us. According to the traditions of our race, Rangi and Papa, or Heaven and Earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated. Darkness then rested upon the Heaven and upon the Earth, and

they still both clave together, for they had not yet been rent apart, and their children were ever thinking among themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light.

At last, worn out by the continued darkness, the children of Heaven and Earth consulted amongst themselves, saying: “Let us now determine what we should do with Rangi and Papa, whether it would be better to slay them or to rend them apart.” Then spoke Tu-Matauenga, the fiercest of the children of Heaven and Earth: “It is well, let us slay them.”

Then spoke Tane-Mahuta, the father of forests and of all things that inhabit them, or that are constructed from trees: “Nay, not so. It is better to rend them apart, and to let the Heaven stand far above us, and the Earth lie under our feet. Let the Sky become as a stranger to us, but the Earth remain close to us as our nursing mother.”

The brothers all consented to this proposal, with the exception of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the father of winds and storms, and he, fearing that his kingdom was about to be overthrown, grieved greatly at the thought of his parents being torn apart.

Finally, however, having come to an agreement as to their plans, lo, Rongo-matane, the god and father of the cultivated food of man, rises up that he may rend apart Heaven and Earth; he struggles, but he cannot rend them apart. Lo, next, Tangawa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, rises up, that he may rend apart Heaven and Earth; he also struggles, but he cannot rend them apart. Lo, next, Haumia-tikitiki, the god and father of the food of man which springs without cultivation, rises up and struggles, but ineffectually. Lo, then, Tu-Matauenga, the god and father of fierce human beings, rises up and struggles,

but he, too, fails in his efforts. Then, at last, slowly uprises Tane-Mahuta, the god and father of forests, of birds, and of insects, and he struggles with his parents; in vain he strives to rend them apart with his hands and arms. Lo, he pauses; his head is now firmly planted on his mother the Earth, his feet he raises up and rests against his father the Heaven, he strains his back and limbs with mighty effort. Now are rent apart Rangi and Papa, and with cries and groans of woe they shriek aloud: "Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit you so dreadful a crime as to slay us, as to rend your parents apart?" But Tane-Mahuta pauses not; he regards not their shrieks and cries; far, far beneath him he presses down the Earth; far, far above him he thrusts up the Sky.

Then, also, there arose in the breast of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god and father of winds and storms, a fierce desire to wage war with his brothers, because they had rent apart their common parents.

The god of hurricanes and storms dreads also that the world should become too fair and beautiful, so he rises, follows his father to the realms above, and hurries to the sheltered hollows in the boundless skies; there he hides and clings, and nestling in this place of rest he consults long with his parent, and as the vast Heaven listens to the suggestions of Tawhiri-ma-tea, thoughts and plans are formed in his breast, and Tawhiri-ma-tea also understands what he must do.

He sends forth fierce squalls, whirlwinds, dense clouds, massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy thick clouds, fiery clouds, clouds which precede hurricanes, clouds of fiery black, clouds reflecting glowing red light, clouds wildly drifting from all

quarters and wildly bursting, clouds of thunder-storms, and clouds hurriedly flying. In the midst of these Tawhiri-ma-tea himself sweeps wildly on. Alas! Alas! then rages the fierce hurricane; and whilst Tane-Mahuta and his gigantic forests still stand, unconscious and unsuspecting, the blast of the breath of the mouth of Tawhiri-ma-tea smites them, the gigantic trees are snapped off right in the middle; alas! alas! they are rent to atoms, dashed to the earth, with boughs and branches torn and scattered, and lying on the earth, trees and branches all alike left for the insect, for the grub, and for loathsome rottenness.

From the forests and their inhabitants Tawhiri-ma-tea next swoops down upon the seas, and lashes in his wrath the ocean. Ah! ah! waves steep as cliffs arise, whose summits are so lofty that to look from them would make the beholder giddy; these soon eddy in whirlpools, and Tangawa, the god of ocean, and father of all that dwell therein, flies affrighted through his seas.

Tawhiri-ma-tea next rushed on to attack his brothers Rongo-matane and Haumia-tikitiki, the gods and progenitors of cultivated and uncultivated food; but Papa, to save these for her other children, caught them up, and hid them in a place of safety; and so well were these children of hers concealed by their Mother Earth, that Tawhiri-ma-tea sought for them in vain.

Tawhiri-ma-tea having thus vanquished all his other brothers, next rushed against Tu-Matauenga, to try his strength against his; he exerted all his force against him, but he could neither shake him nor prevail against him. What did Tu-Matauenga care for his brother's wrath? he was the only one of the

whole party of brothers who had planned the destruction of their parents, and had shown himself brave and fierce in war. Tu-Matauenga, or man, still stood erect and unshaken upon the breast of his Mother Earth; and now at length the hearts of Heaven and of the god of storms became tranquil, and their passions were assuaged.

Up to this time the vast Heaven has still ever remained separated from his spouse the Earth. Yet their mutual love still continues—the soft warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call these mists; and the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men seeing these, term them dewdrops.

STORY OF DEMETER

(*Greek: From the Hymn of Callimachus*)

He sings how Demeter was the first to cut off wheat, straw, and handfuls of ears, and introduced oxen to tread out the corn. He tells also how she punishes those who are guilty of disrespect to her power. She made the son of Triopus pitiable by hunger. Not yet were the Pelasgians inhabiting the Cnidian land, but sacred Dotium; but to thyself had raised a beautiful enclosure, thickly grown with trees; scarce would an arrow have penetrated it. In it was the pine, in it tall elms, and pear-trees also, and beautiful, sweet apples, whilst the water, like as amber, was bursting forth from springs. Then the son of Triopus hastened forth with twenty servants, all in their prime, all giant men, having armed them in both respects with hatchets and axes, so they rushed

without shame into the grove of Demeter.

Now there was a poplar, a large tree reaching to heaven, and under it the nymphs were wont to disport themselves in the noontide, which, stricken first, sounded an evil melody for the rest. Demeter became aware that her sacred grove was in danger, and said in anger, “Who is hewing down my beautiful trees?”

Forthwith she likened herself to Nicippe, whom the state had appointed as her public priestess, and she grasped in her hand the fillets and poppies and kept her key on her shoulders. Then said she, soothing the sad and shameless man: “My son who fellest the sacred trees which are consecrated to gods, stay, my son, child, much beloved by thy parents, forbear and turn away thy servants, lest anywise our Lady Demeter be wroth with thee; Demeter, whose holy precinct thou art pillaging.”

At her then, looking askance more fiercely than a lioness with savage brood: “Give way, lest I fasten this great axe in thy flesh. These trees thou shalt behold my well-roofed house, wherein I shall ever and anon hold pleasant banquets to my heart’s content with my companions.” So spake the youth, and Nemesis recorded the wicked speech.

Demeter was wroth in an unspeakable degree, and she became the goddess. Her steps, indeed, trod the ground, but her head touched Olympus. Then were they half dead, I wot, when they had seen the awful goddess, and on a sudden rushed away, having left the axe among the oaks. The rest she left alone, for by constraint they followed beneath their lord’s hands, but she replied to the king that vexed her: “So, so; build thy hall, thou dog, thou dog, wherein thou mayst hold banquets, for frequent festivals thou

shalt have hereafter." Forthwith she sent upon him a grievous, fierce hunger, burning and violent. So terrible was his appetite that he ate up everything his mother had, causing her to call on Neptune:

"Either remove thou from him his sad disorder or thyself take and maintain him, for my tables have fallen short. Reft are my folds, and my stalls now void of beasts; and at length my cooks have declined the task. Nay, more, they have unyoked the mules from the great wains, and he ate the heifer which his mother was feeding for Vesta, and the prize-gaining steed and war horse, and the cat which lesser animals dread."

O Demeter, may he be no friend to me who is hated by you.... Sing ye virgins, and ye mothers join the acclaim. All hail, Demeter, many nurturing of many measures. And as the four white-maned steeds carry the basket, so shall the great goddess, wide ruling, come, bringing to us fair spring, fair summer, winter and autumn, and shall keep them for us to another year.

Hail, goddess, and preserve this city in harmony and prosperity, and bring all things home ripe from the fields. Feed our cattle; support our fruit trees; bring forth the ear, produce the harvest; nurse also peace; that he who has sowed, that same may reap. Be propitious at my bidding, O thou, thrice-prayed-for, widely ruling among goddesses.

THE STORY OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

(*Greek*)

Once upon a time, when the giants had all been

imprisoned by Zeus under Mount Ætna, Pluto, the ruler over the lower regions, or Hades, became very much alarmed lest the shock of their fall might expose his kingdom to the light of day. Under this apprehension, he mounted his chariot, drawn by black horses, and made a journey of inspection to satisfy himself of the extent of the damage. While he was thus engaged, he was espied by the Goddess of Love, Aphrodite (Venus), who was sitting on Mount Eryx, playing with her little boy Eros (Cupid).

He is one of the children in mythology who never grows up and never grows any wiser. He carries about with him always a bow and a quiver full of arrows, which he shoots right into the hearts of people and fills them with a love so overwhelming for some one they have seen that they will even carry that person off against his or her will, as this present story shows. As soon as Aphrodite saw Pluto, she exclaimed: “My son, take thy darts which subdue all, even Zeus himself, and send one into the breast of yonder dark monarch, who rules the realm of Tartarus. Dost thou not see that even in heaven some despise our power? Athēne and Artemis defy us; and there is that daughter of Demeter, who threatens to follow their example. Now, if thou regardest thine own interest or mine, join these two in one.” The boy selected his sharpest and truest arrow, and sped it right to the heart of Pluto.

Now in the vale of Enna is a lake embowered in woods, where Spring reigns perpetual. Here Persephone (Roman, Proserpina) was playing with her companions, gathering lilies and violets, when the god Pluto saw her. He immediately loved her, and, without waiting to find out whether she returned his love or not, he caught her up and

carried her off. She screamed for help to her mother and her companions, but Pluto urged on his steeds and outdistanced pursuit. When he reached the river Cyane, it opposed his passage; whereupon he struck the bank with his trident, and the earth opened and gave him a passage to Tartarus.

Then Demeter, overwhelmed with grief, sought her daughter through the whole world. Bright-haired Aurora, when she came forth in the morning, and Hesperus, when he led out the stars in the evening, found her still busy in the search. At length, weary and sad, she sat down upon a stone, and remained nine days and nine nights, in the open air, under the sunlight and moonlight and falling showers. It was where the city of Eleusis now stands, near the home of an old man named Celeus. His little girl, pitying the old woman, said to her: "Mother"—and the name was sweet to the ears of Demeter—"why sittest thou here alone upon the rocks?" The old man begged her to come into his cottage. She declined. He urged her. "Go in peace," she replied, "and be happy in thy daughter; I have lost mine." But their compassion finally prevailed. Demeter rose from the stone and went with them. As they walked, Celeus said that his only son lay sick of a fever. The goddess stooped and gathered some poppies. Then, entering the cottage where all was in distress—for the boy, Triptolemus, seemed past recovery—she restored the child to life and health with a kiss. In grateful happiness the family spread the table, and put upon it curds and cream, apples, and honey in the comb. While they ate, Demeter mingled poppy juice in the milk of the boy. When night came, she arose and, taking the sleeping boy, moulded his limbs with her hands, and uttered over him three times a solemn charm, then went and laid him in the ashes. His mother, who had

been watching what her guest was doing, sprang forward with a cry and snatched the child from the fire. Then Demeter assumed her own form, and a divine splendor shone all around. While they were overcome with astonishment, she said: “Mother, thou hast been cruel in thy fondness; for I would have made thy son immortal. Nevertheless, he shall be great and useful. He shall teach men the use of the plough, and the rewards which labor can win from the soil.” So saying, she wrapped a cloud about her, and, mounting her chariot, rode away.

Demeter continued her search for her daughter, until at last she returned to Sicily, whence she had at first set out, and stood by the banks of the river Cyane. The river nymph would have told the goddess all she had witnessed, but dared not for fear of Pluto; so she ventured merely to take up the girdle which Persephone had dropped in her flight, and float it to the feet of her mother. Demeter, seeing this, laid her curse upon the innocent earth in which her daughter had disappeared. Then succeeded drought and famine, flood and plague, until at last the fountain Arethusa made intercession for the land. For she had observed that it had opened all unwillingly to the might of Pluto, and she had also, in her flight from Alpheus through the lower regions of the earth, beheld the missing Persephone. She reported that the daughter of Demeter seemed sad, but no longer showed alarm in her countenance. Her look was such as became a queen—the queen of Erebus, the powerful bride of the monarch of the realm of the dead.

When Demeter heard this she stood a while like one stupefied; then she implored Zeus to interfere to procure the restitution of her daughter. Zeus

consented on condition that Persephone should not, during her stay in the lower world, have taken any food; otherwise, the Fates forbade her release. Accordingly, Hermes was sent, accompanied by Spring, to demand Persephone of Pluto. The wily monarch consented; but, alas! the maiden had taken a pomegranate which Pluto offered her, and had sucked the sweet pulp from a few of the seeds. A compromise, however, was effected by which she was to pass half the time with her mother and the rest with the lord of Hades—so the flowers bloom upon the earth for half the year, and for the other half are buried underground, out of sight.

Demeter, pacified with this arrangement, restored the earth to her favor. She remembered, also, about Celeus and his family, and her promise to his infant son, Triptolemus. She taught the boy the use of the plough and how to sow the seed. She took him in her chariot, drawn by winged dragons, through all the countries of the earth; and under her guidance he imparted to mankind valuable grains, and the knowledge of agriculture. After his return, Triptolemus built a temple to Demeter in Eleusis, and established the worship of the goddess under the name of the Eleusinian mysteries, which, in the splendor and solemnity of their observance, surpassed all other religious celebrations among the Greeks.

Myths in which children figure are so numerous that it will be possible to give but a few of the most important ones. There are sun and moon children, and star children, and children of the wind; strong children and clever children and tricksy children, and even children who are worshipped as ancestors.

A charming tale of the Zuni Indians tells how they came to worship children. Once some mothers were crossing a river with their children. By some magical means the children were changed into such ugly and mischievous shapes that many of the mothers, in their fright, let them fall into the water. Some of them held fast to their children, and these were restored to their natural shapes on the other side of the river, but those who had lost their children grieved deeply, and nothing could comfort them. Thereupon, two little twin brothers, who were called Sons of the Sun, went downward beneath the waters of a lake to the dwelling of the children, who as soon as they saw the twins inquired lovingly how it fared with their mothers. Their visitors told them of the grief and sorrow of their parents, whereupon the children said: “Tell our mothers we are not dead, but live and sing in this beautiful place, which is the home for them when they sleep. One day they will wake here and be happy always. And we are here to intercede with the Sun, our father, that he may give to our people rain and the fruits of the earth, and all that is good for them.” Ever since these children have been worshipped as ancestral gods.

We have already had a little story in which the stars appear as the children of the sun and moon. In another one, of the Indians of British Columbia, the dark spots which we see on the moon are supposed to be a child and her little basket. According to this legend, one night a child of the chief class awoke and cried for water. Its cries were very affecting —“Mother, give me a drink!”—but the mother heeded not. The Moon was touched, and came down, entered the house, and approached the child, saying: “Here is water from heaven; drink.” The child eagerly took hold of the jar and drank the water, and

was then enticed to go away with its benefactor, the Moon. They took an underground passage until they got quite clear of the village, and then ascended to heaven. And still we see in the moon the figure of that very child, carrying the little round basket it had in its hand when it went to sleep.

The Indians of Mt. Shasta have a little wind child, who also became the ancestress of the grizzly-bear people. They tell how once a terrific storm came up from the sea and shook to its base the wigwam—Mt. Shasta itself—in which lived the Great Spirit and his family. Then the Great Spirit commanded his daughter, little more than an infant, to go up and command the wind to be still; but he cautioned her at the same time, in a tender, fatherly manner, to be sure and not put her head out into the blast, but to thrust out her little red arm and make a sign before she delivered her message. But she could not withstand the temptation to look out upon the world, and of course, being such a little thing, she was caught up by the storm and blown down the mountain into the land of the grizzly-bear people. She married one of them, and became the ancestress of a new race of men. When the Great Spirit heard that his daughter still lived, he ran down the mountain for joy, but when he found out that his daughter had married one of the grizzly-bear people, he was so angry that he cursed the grizzly people and turned them into the present race of bears of that name. Then he drove them and the new race of men out of their wigwam, shut to the door, and passed away to his mountains, carrying his daughter with him; and her or him no eye has since seen.

A very important mythical being in Polynesian mythology is a little boy called Maui-tiki-tiki-o-

Taranga, and how he caught the Sun is told in the story of him in this chapter.

The Egyptians called the sun itself a child when it was rising. The name of this Child-Sun was Horus, and he was sometimes regarded as the god of silence and represented as a child with his finger held up to his lip. The principal children in Greek myths are Heracles and Hermes, who, although they figure in many stories after they had become full-grown gods, were both very remarkable when they were babies. Heracles was the God of Strength, but it is very probable that there are some cosmic elements in the conception of this god. His struggle with the serpents in his babyhood resembles very closely other battles in mythology between the sun and the powers of darkness, Ra and Anapef or Apollo and the Python. Hermes, who is a roguish little imp, is full of such tricks as the wind plays, and he has become the model of many a mediæval tale of tricksy thieves and wonder-workers.

Other stories to be given in this chapter show how important little human children were among primitive people—so important in one story that all the animals in the world assembled and tried to save two little boys who went sound asleep upon a rock that gradually rose higher and higher until their faces touched the moon; and so important in another that even the great god of the Algonquins, Glooskap himself, was conquered by the baby; and in still another Indian myth so important that if it had not been for the wishes of the little son of a Manito, there would never have been any summer; but this last, if he really were the son of a Manito, was, of course, a little more than human.

LEGEND OF TU-TOK-A-NU-LA

(*Indians of the Yosemite Valley*)

There were once two little boys living in the valley, who went down to the river to swim. After paddling and splashing about to their hearts' content, they went on shore and crept upon a huge bowlder that stood beside the water, on which they lay down in the warm sunshine to dry themselves. Very soon they fell asleep, and slept so soundly that they never wakened more. Through moons and snows, winter and summer, they slumbered on. Meantime the great rock whereon they slept was treacherously rising day and night, little by little, until it soon lifted them up beyond the sight of their friends, who sought them everywhere, weeping. Thus they were borne up at last beyond all human help or reach of human voice; lifted up into the blue heavens, far up, far up, until their faces touched the moon; and still they slumbered and slept, year after year, safe among the clouds.

Then, upon a time, all the animals assembled together to bring down the little boys from the top of the great rock. Every animal made a spring up the face of the wall as far as he could leap. The little mouse could only jump up a hand-breadth; the rat, two hand-breadths; the raccoon, a little farther; and so on—the grizzly bear making a mighty leap far up the wall, but falling back like all the others. Last of all the lion tried, and he jumped up farther than any other animal, but he, too, fell down flat on his back.

Then came along an insignificant measuring-worm, which even the mouse could have crushed by treading on it, and began to creep up the rock. Step

by step, a little at a time, he measured his way up, until he presently was above the lion's jump, then pretty soon out of sight. So he crawled up and up, through many sleeps, for about one whole snow, and at last he reached the top. Then he took the little boys and came downward as he went up, so bringing them safely to ground.

And the rock is called the measuring-worm—Tutokanula.

NEZHIK-E-WA-WA-SUN; OR, THE LONE LIGHTNING

(*Odjibwa*)

A little orphan boy, who had no one to care for him, was once living with his uncle, who treated him very badly, making him do hard things and giving him very little to eat; so that the boy pined away, he never grew much, and became, through hard usage, very thin and light. At last the uncle felt ashamed of this treatment, and determined to make amends for it by fattening him up, but his real object was to kill him by over-feeding. He told his wife to give the boy plenty of bear's meat, and let him have the fat, which is thought to be the best part. They were both very assiduous in cramming him, and one day came near choking him to death by forcing the fat down his throat. The boy escaped and fled from the lodge. He knew not where to go, but wandered about. When night came on, he was afraid the wild beasts would eat him; so he climbed up into the forks of a huge pine tree, and there he fell asleep in the branches, and had an *aupoway*, or ominous dream.

A person appeared to him from the upper sky and

said: “My poor little lad, I pity you, and the bad usage you have received from your uncle has led me to visit you; follow me, and step in my tracks.” Immediately his sleep left him, and he rose up and followed his guide, mounting up higher and higher into the air, until he reached the upper sky. Here twelve arrows were put into his hands, and he was told that there were a great many Manitoes in the northern sky, against whom he must go to war, and try to waylay and shoot them. Accordingly, he went to that part of the sky, and at long intervals shot arrow after arrow until he had expended eleven, in vain attempts to kill the Manitoes. At the flight of each arrow there was a long and solitary streak of lightning in the sky—then all was clear again, and not a cloud or spot could be seen. The twelfth arrow he held a long time in his hands, and looked around keenly on every side to spy the Manitoes he was after. But these Manitoes were very cunning, and could change their form in a moment. All they feared was the boy’s arrows, for these were magic arrows, which had been given to him by a good spirit, and had power to kill them if aimed aright. At length the boy drew up his last arrow, settled in his aim, and let fly, as he thought, into the very heart of the chief of the Manitoes; but before the arrow reached him, the Manito changed himself into a rock. Into this rock the head of the arrow sank deep and stuck fast.

“Now your gifts are all expended,” cried the enraged Manito, “and I will make an example of your audacity and pride of heart for lifting your bow against me.” And so saying, he transformed the boy into the Nezhik-e-wa-wa-sun, or Lone Lightning, which may be observed in the northern sky to this day.

WASIS, THE BABY

HOW THE LORD OF MEN AND BEASTS STROVE WITH THE MIGHTY WASIS, AND WAS SHAMEFULLY DEFEATED

(*Penobscot*)

Now it came to pass when Glooskap had conquered all his enemies, even the Kewahqu', who were giants and sorcerers, and the M'téoulin, who were magicians, and the Pamola, who is the evil spirit of the night air, and all manner of ghosts, witches, devils, cannibals, and goblins, that he thought upon what he had done, and wondered if his work was at an end.

And he said this to a certain woman. But she replied: "Not so fast, Master, for there yet remains One whom no one has ever conquered or got the better of in any way, and who will remain unconquered to the end of time."

"And who is he?" inquired the Master.

"It is the mighty Wasis," she replied, "and there he sits; and I warn you that if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble."

Now Wasis was the Baby. And he sat on the floor sucking a piece of maple-sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one.

As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married or had a child, he knew naught of the way of managing children. Therefore he was quite certain, as is the wont of such people, that he knew all about it. So he turned to Baby with a bewitching smile and bade him come to him.

Then Baby smiled again, but did not budge. And

the Master spake sweetly and made his voice like that of the summer bird, but it was of no avail, for Wasis sat still and sucked his maple-sugar.

Then the Master frowned and spoke terribly, and ordered Wasis to come crawling to him immediately. And Baby burst out into crying and yelling, but did not move for all that.

Then, since he could do but one thing more, the Master had recourse to magic. He used his most awful spells, and sang the songs which raise the dead and scare the devils. And Wasis sat and looked on admiringly, and seemed to find it very interesting, but all the same he never moved an inch.

So Glooskap gave it up in despair, and Wasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went *goo! goo!* and crowed.

And to this day when you see a babe well contented, going *goo! goo!* and crowing, and no one can tell why, know that it is because he remembers the time when he overcame the Master who had conquered all the world. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, Baby is alone the only invincible one.

OJEEG ANNUNG; OR, THE SUMMER-MAKER

(*North American Indian*)

There lived a celebrated hunter on the southern shores of Lake Superior, who was considered a Manito by some, for there was nothing but what he could accomplish. He lived off the path, in a wild, lonesome place, with a wife whom he loved, and

they were blessed with a son, who had attained his thirteenth year. The hunter's name was Ojeeg, or the Fisher, which is the name of an expert, sprightly little animal common to the region. He was so successful in the chase that he seldom returned without bringing his wife and son a plentiful supply of venison, or other dainties of the woods. As hunting formed his constant occupation, his son began early to emulate his father in the same employment, and would take his bow and arrows, and exert his skill in trying to kill birds and squirrels. The greatest impediment he met with was the coldness and severity of the climate. He often returned home, his little fingers benumbed with cold, and crying with vexation at his disappointment. Days and months and years passed away, but still the same perpetual depth of snow was seen, covering all the country as with a white cloak.

One day, after a fruitless trial of his forest skill, the little boy was returning homeward with a heavy heart, when he saw a small red squirrel gnawing the top of a pine bur. He had approached within a proper distance to shoot, when the squirrel sat up on its hind legs and thus addressed him:

"My grandchild, put up your arrows, and listen to what I have to tell you." The boy complied rather reluctantly, when the squirrel continued: "My son, I see you pass frequently, with your fingers benumbed with cold, and crying with vexation for not having killed any birds. Now, if you will follow my advice we will see if you cannot accomplish your wishes. If you will strictly pursue my advice, we will have perpetual summer, and you will then have the pleasure of killing as many birds as you please; and I will also have something to eat, as I am now myself

on the point of starvation.

"Listen to me. As soon as you get home you must commence crying. You must throw away your bow and arrows in discontent. If your mother asks you what is the matter, you must not answer her, but continue crying and sobbing. If she offers you anything to eat, you must push it away with apparent discontent, and continue crying. In the evening, when your father returns from hunting, he will inquire of your mother what is the matter with you. She will answer that you came home crying, and would not so much as mention the cause to her. All this while you must not leave off sobbing. At last your father will say: 'My son, why is this unnecessary grief? Tell me the cause. You know I am a spirit, and that nothing is impossible for me to perform.' You must then answer him, and say that you are sorry to see the snow continually on the ground, and ask him if he could not cause it to melt, so that we might have perpetual summer. Say it in a supplicating way and tell him this is the cause of your grief. Your father will reply: 'It is very hard to accomplish your request, but for your sake, and on account of my love for you, I will use my utmost endeavors.' He will tell you to be still, and cease crying. He will try to bring summer with all its loveliness. You must then be quiet, and eat that which is set before you."

The squirrel ceased. The boy promised obedience to his advice, and departed. When he reached home, he did as he had been instructed, and all was exactly fulfilled, as it had been predicted by the squirrel.

Ojeeg told him that it was a great undertaking. He must first make a feast, and invite some of his friends to accompany him on a journey. Next day he had a bear roasted whole. All who had been invited to the

feast came punctually to the appointment. There were the Otter, Beaver, Lynx, Badger, and Wolverine. After the feast, they arranged it among themselves to set out on the contemplated journey in three days. When the time arrived, the Fisher took leave of his wife and son, as he foresaw that it was for the last time. He and his companions travelled in company day after day, meeting with nothing but the ordinary incidents. On the twentieth day they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, where they saw the tracks of some person who had recently killed an animal, which they knew by the blood that marked the way. The Fisher told his friends that they ought to follow the track, and see if they could not procure something to eat. They followed it for some time; at last they arrived at a lodge, which had been hidden from their view by a hollow in the mountain. Ojeeg told his friends to be very sedate, and not to laugh on any account. The first object that they saw was a man standing at the door of the lodge, but of so deformed a shape that they could not possibly make out who or what sort of a man it could be. His head was enormously large; he had such a queer set of teeth, and no arms. They wondered how he could kill animals. But the secret was soon revealed. He was a great Manito. He invited them to pass the night, to which they consented.

He boiled his meat in a hollow vessel made of wood, and took it out of this singular kettle in some way unknown to his guests. He carefully gave each their portion to eat, but made so many odd movements that the Otter could not refrain from laughing, for he is the only one who is spoken of as a jester. The Manito looked at him with a terrible look, and then made a spring at him, and got on him to smother him, for that was his mode of killing

animals. But the Otter, when he felt him on his neck, slipped his head back and made for the door, which he passed in safety; but went out with the curse of the Manito. The others passed the night, and they conversed on different subjects. The Manito told the Fisher that he would accomplish his object, but that it would probably cost him his life. He gave them his advice, directed them how to act, and described a certain road which they must follow, and they would thereby be led to the place of action.

They set off in the morning, and met their friend, the Otter, shivering with cold; but Ojeeg had taken care to bring along some of the meat that had been given him, which he presented to his friend. They pursued their way, and travelled twenty days more before they got to the place of which the Manito had told them. It was a most lofty mountain. They rested on its highest peak to fill their pipes and refresh themselves. Before smoking, they made the customary ceremony, pointing to the heavens, the four winds, the earth, and the zenith; in the meantime, speaking in a loud voice, they addressed the Great Spirit, hoping that their object would be accomplished. They then commenced smoking.

They gazed on the sky in silent admiration and astonishment, for they were on so elevated a point that it appeared to be only a short distance above their heads. After they had finished smoking, they prepared themselves. Ojeeg told the Otter to make the first attempt to try and make a hole in the sky. He consented with a grin. He made a leap, but fell down the hill stunned by the force of his fall; and the snow being moist, and falling on his back, he slid with velocity down the side of the mountain. When he found himself at the bottom, he thought to

himself: “It is the last time I shall attempt such a jump, so I will make the best of my way home.” Then it was the turn of the Beaver, who made the attempt, but fell down senseless; then of the Lynx and Badger, who had no better success.

“Now,” says Fisher to the Wolverine, “try your skill; your ancestors were celebrated for their activity, hardihood, and perseverance, and I depend on you for success. Now make the attempt.” He did so, but also without success. He leaped the second time, but now they could see that the sky was giving way to their repeated attempts. Mustering strength, he made the third leap, and went in. The Fisher nimbly followed him.

They found themselves in a beautiful plain, extending as far as the eye could reach, covered with flowers of a thousand different hues and fragrance. Here and there were clusters of tall, shady trees, separated by innumerable streams of the purest water, which wound around their courses under the cooling shades, and filled the plain with countless beautiful lakes, whose banks and bosom were covered with water-fowl, basking and sporting in the sun. The trees were alive with birds of different plumage, warbling their sweet notes, and delighted with perpetual spring.

The Fisher and his friend beheld very long lodges, and the celestial inhabitants amusing themselves at a distance. Words cannot express the beauty and charm of the place. The lodges were empty of inhabitants, but they saw them lined with *mocuks*, of different sizes, filled with birds and fowls of different plumage. Ojeeg thought of his son, and immediately commenced cutting open the mocuks and letting out the birds, who descended in whole flocks through the

opening which they had made. The warm air of those regions also rushed down through the opening, and spread its genial influence over the north.

When the celestial inhabitants saw the birds let loose, and the warm gales descending, they raised a shout like thunder, and ran for their lodges. But it was too late. Spring, summer, and autumn had gone; even perpetual summer had almost all gone; but they separated it with a blow, and only a part descended; but the ends were so mangled that, wherever it prevails among the lower inhabitants, it is always sickly.

When the Wolverine heard the noise, he made for the opening and safely descended. Not so the Fisher. Anxious to fulfil his son's wishes, he continued to break open the *mocuks*. He was, at last, obliged to run also, but the opening was now closed by the inhabitants. He ran with all his might over the plains of heaven, and, it would appear, took a northerly direction. He saw his pursuers so close that he had to climb the first large tree that he came to. They commenced shooting at him with their arrows, but without effect, for all his body was invulnerable except the space of about an inch near the tip of his tail. At last one of the arrows hit the spot, for he had in this chase assumed the shape of the Fisher after whom he was named.

He looked down from the tree, and saw some among his assailants with the totems of his ancestors. He claimed relationship, and told them to desist, which they only did at the approach of night. He then came down to try and find an opening in the celestial plain, by which he might descend to the earth. But he could find none. At last, becoming faint from the loss of blood from the wound on his tail, he

laid himself down toward the north of the plain, and, stretching out his limbs, said: “I have fulfilled my promise to my son, though it has cost me my life; but I die satisfied in the idea that I have done so much good, not only for him, but for my fellow-beings. Hereafter I will be a sign to the inhabitants below for ages to come, who will venerate my name for having succeeded in procuring the varying seasons. They will now have from eight to ten moons without snow.”

He was found dead next morning, but they left him as they found him, with the arrow sticking in his tail, as it can be plainly seen, at this time, in the heavens.

THE LEGEND OF MAUI

(*Polynesian*)

Once when his relations were all dancing in the great House of Assembly they found out who he was. For little Maui, the infant, crept into the house, and went and sat behind one of his brothers, and hid himself, so when their mother counted her children that they might stand up ready for the dance, she said: “One, that’s Maui-taha; two, that’s Maui-roto; three, that’s Maui-pae; four, that’s Maui-waho”; and then she saw another, and cried out: “Hollo, where did this fifth come from?” Then little Maui, the infant, answered: “Ah, I’m your child, too.” Then the mother counted them all over again, and said: “Oh, no, there ought to be only four of you; now for the first time I’ve seen you.” Then little Maui and his mother stood for a long time disputing about this in the very middle of the ranks of all the dancers.

At last she got angry, and cried out: “Come, you,

be off now, out of the house at once; you are no child of mine, you belong to some one else." Then little Maui spoke out quite boldly, and said: "Very well, I'd better be off, then, for I suppose, as you say it, I must be the child of some other person; but indeed I did think I was your child when I said so, because I knew I was born by the side of the sea, and was thrown by you into the foam of the surf, after you had wrapped me up in a long tress of your hair, which you cut off for the purpose; then the seaweed formed and fashioned me, as, caught in its long tangles, the ever-heaving surges of the sea rolled me, folded as I was in them, from side to side; at length the breezes and squalls which blew from the ocean drifted me on shore again, and the soft jelly-fish of the long, sandy beaches rolled themselves round me to protect me; then again myriads of flies buzzed about me, and flocks of birds collected round me to tear me to pieces, but at that moment appeared there also my great ancestor, Tama-nui-ki-te-Rangi, and he saw the flies and birds collected in clusters and flocks above the jelly-fish, and behold, within there lay a human being; then he caught me up and carried me to his house, and he hung me up in the roof that I might feel the warm smoke and the heat of the fire, so I was saved alive by the kindness of that old man. At last I grew, and then I heard of the fame of the dancing of this great House of Assembly. It was that which brought me here. But ever since I can remember I have heard the names of these your first-born children, as you have been calling them over until this very night, when I again heard you repeating them. In proof of this I will now recite your names to you, my brothers. You are Maui-taha, and you are Maui-roto, and you are Maui-pae, and you are Maui-waho, and as for me, I'm little Maui-

the-baby, and here I am sitting before you."

When his mother, Taranga, heard all this, she cried out: "You dear little child, you are indeed my last-born, therefore I now tell you your name shall be Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga," and he was called by that name.

It was now night; but early in the morning Taranga rose up, and suddenly, in a moment of time, she was gone from the house where her children were. As soon as they woke up they looked all about to no purpose, as they could not see her; the elder brothers knew she had left them, and were accustomed to it; but the little child was exceedingly vexed; yet he thought: "I cannot see her, 'tis true, but perhaps she has only gone to prepare some food for us." No-no—she was off, far, far away.

Now, at nightfall when their mother came back to them, her children were dancing and singing as usual. As soon as they had finished, she called to her last-born, "Come here, my child, let us sleep together"; so they slept together; but as soon as day dawned, she disappeared. The little fellow now felt quite suspicious at such strange proceedings on the part of his mother every morning. So, at length, another night, he crept out of bed in the night and stole his mother's apron, her belt, and clothes, and hid them; then he went and stopped up every crevice in the wooden window, and in the doorway, so that the light of the dawn might not shine into the house, and make his mother hurry to get up. But after he had done this his little heart still felt very anxious and uneasy, lest his mother should, in her impatience, rise in the darkness, and defeat his plans. But the night dragged its slow length along without his mother moving; at last there came the faint light

of early morn, but his mother still slept on; then the sun rose up, and mounted far up above the horizon; now at last his mother moved, and began to think to herself, “What kind of night can this be, to last so long?” and having thought thus, she dropped asleep again. Again she awoke, and began to think to herself, but could not tell that it was broad daylight outside, as the window and every chink in the house were stopped up closely.

At last up she jumped; and finding herself without her clothes or her belt or her apron, she ran and pulled out the things with which the windows and chinks in the doors were stopped up, and whilst doing so, oh, dear! oh, dear! there she saw the sun high up in the heavens; then she snatched up, as she ran off, the old flax cloak, with which the door of the house had been stopped up, and carried it off as her only covering; getting, at last, outside the house, she hurried away, and ran crying at the thought of having been so badly treated by her own children.

As soon as his mother got outside the house, little Maui jumped up, and kneeling upon his hands and knees peeped after her through the doorway into the bright light. Whilst he was watching her, she reached down to a clump of rushes, and snatching it up from the ground, dropped into a hole underneath it, and clapping the rushes into the hole again as if it were its covering, so disappeared. Then little Maui jumped on his feet, and, as hard as he could go, ran out of the house, pulled up the clump of rushes, and peeping down, discovered a beautiful open cave running quite deep into the earth.

He covered up the hole again and returned to the house, and waking up his brothers who were still sleeping, said: “Come, come, my brothers, rouse up,

you have slept long enough; come, get up; here we are again cajoled by our mother." Then his brothers made haste and got up; alas! alas! the sun was quite high up in the heavens.

The little Maui now asked his brothers again, "Where do you think the place is where our father and mother dwell?" and they answered: "How should we know, we have never seen it; although we are Maui-taha, and Maui-roto, and Maui-pae, and Maui-waho, we have never seen the place; and do you think you can find that place which you are so anxious to see? What does it signify to you? Cannot you stop quietly with us? What do we care about our father, or about our mother? Did she feed us with food till we grew up to be men? not a bit of it. Why, without doubt, Rangi, or the Heaven, is our father, who kindly sent his offspring down to us: Hau-whenna, or gentle breezes, to cool the earth and young plants; and Hau-ma-ringiringi, or mists, to moisten them; and Hau-ma-roto-roto, or fine weather, to make them grow; and Tonarangi, or rain, to water them; and Tomairangi, or dews, to nourish them. He gave these his offspring to cause our food to grow, and then Papa-tu-a-nuku, or the Earth, made her seeds to spring, and grow forth, and provide sustenance for her children in this long-continuing world."

Little Maui then answered: "What you say is truly quite correct; but such thoughts and sayings would better become me than you, for in the foaming bubbles of the sea I was nursed and fed: it would please me better if you would think over and remember the time when you were nursed at your mother's breast; it could not have been until after you had ceased to be nourished by her milk that you

could have eaten the kinds of food you have mentioned; as for me, oh! my brothers, I have never partaken either of her milk or of her food; yet I love her, for this single reason alone—that she is my mother; and because I love her, I wish to know the place where she and my father dwell."

His brothers felt quite surprised and pleased with their little brother when they heard him talk in this way, and when, after a little time, they had recovered from their amazement, they told him to try and find their father and mother. So he said he would go. It was a long time ago that he had finished his first labor, for when he first appeared to his relatives in their house of singing and dancing, he had on that occasion transformed himself into the likeness of all manner of birds, of every bird in the world, and yet no single form that he then assumed had pleased his brothers; but now when he showed himself to them, transformed into the semblance of a pigeon, his brothers said: "Ah! now indeed, oh, brother, you do look very well indeed, very beautiful, very beautiful, much more beautiful than you looked in any of the other forms you assumed, when you first discovered yourself to us." What made him look so beautiful now were the belt and apron he had stolen from his mother. The shining white upon his breast was her belt, the glossy black feathers at his throat, the fastening to the belt. Then off he flew until he came to the clump of rushes, closing the opening of the cave into which his mother had disappeared. Then down he went into the cave, shutting up its mouth with the rushes so as to hide the entrance. Away he flew, very fast indeed, and twice he dipped his wing, because the cave was narrow; soon he reached nearly to the bottom of the cave, and flew along it; and again, because the cave

was so narrow, he dipped first one wing and then the other, but the cave now widened, and he dashed straight on.

At last he saw a party of people coming along under a grove of trees; they were a special kind of tree, called manapan trees, that belonged to the country. Maui flying on, perched upon the top of one of these trees, under which the people had seated themselves; and when he saw his mother lying down on the grass by the side of her husband, he guessed at once who they were, and he thought, “Ah! there sit my father and mother right under me”; and he soon heard their names, as they were called to by their friends who were sitting with them; then the pigeon hopped down, and perched on another spray a little lower, and it pecked off one of the berries of the tree and dropped it gently down, and hit the father with it on the forehead; and some of the party said, “Was it a bird which threw that down?” but the father said, “Oh, no, it was only a berry that fell by chance.”

Then the pigeon again pecked off some of the berries from the tree, and threw them down with all its force, and struck both father and mother, so that he really hurt them; then they cried out, and the whole party jumped up and looked into the tree, and as the pigeon began to coo, they soon found out from the noise where it was sitting amongst the leaves and branches, and the whole of them, the chiefs and common people alike, caught up stones to pelt the pigeon with, but they threw for a very long time without hitting it; at last the father tried to throw a stone at it; ah, he struck it, but Maui had himself contrived that he should be struck by the stone which his father threw; for, but by his choice no one

could hit him; he was struck exactly upon his left leg, and down he fell, and as he lay fluttering and struggling upon the ground, they all ran to catch him, but lo! the pigeon had turned into a man.

Then all those who saw him were frightened at his fierce glaring eyes, which were red as if painted with red ochre, and they said: “Oh, it is now no wonder that he so long sat still up in the tree; had he been a bird he would have flown off long before, but he is a man.” And some of them said: “No, indeed, rather a god—just look at his form and appearance; the like has never been seen before since Rangi and Papa-tu-a-nuku were torn apart.” Then Taranga said: “I used to see one who looked like this person every night when I went to visit my children, but what I saw then excelled what I see now; just listen to me.” Then she told the story of Maui as he had told it to her and his brothers himself.

Then Taranga asked Maui, who was sitting near her, “Where do you come from? from the west?” and he answered, “No.” “From the north-east, then?” “No.” “From the south-east then?” “No.” “From the south then?” “No.” “Was it the wind which blows upon me—the wind that brought you here to me?” When she asked this, he opened his mouth and answered, “Yes.” And she cried out, “Oh, this then is indeed my child”; and she said, “Are you Maui-taha?” He answered, “No.” Then said she, “Are you Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga?” and he answered, “Yes.” And she cried aloud: “This is, indeed, my child. By the winds and storms and wave-uplifting gales he was fashioned and became a human being; welcome, oh, my child, welcome! By you shall hereafter be climbed the threshold of the house of your great ancestor Hine-nui-te-po, and death shall thenceforth

have no power over man." This prophecy, however, was not fulfilled, for when the time came for him to encounter Hine-nui-te-po, he was himself killed.

Maui, after these things, returned to his brothers to tell them that he had found his parents, and to explain where they dwelt.

The young hero, Maui, had not been long at home with his brothers when he began to think that it was too soon after the rising of the sun that it became night again, and that the sun again sank down below the horizon, every day, every day; in the same manner the days appeared too short to him. So at last one day he said to his brothers, "Let us now catch the sun in a noose, so that we may compel him to move more slowly, in order that mankind may have long days to labor in to procure subsistence for themselves"; but they answered him, "Why, no man could approach it on account of its warmth, and the fierceness of its heat"; but the young hero said to them: "Have you not seen the multitude of things I have already achieved? Did I not by degrees transform myself into every bird in the world, small or great; and did I not after all this again assume the form of a man? As for that feat, I accomplished it by enchantments, and I will by the same means accomplish also this other thing which I have in mind." When his brothers heard this they consented to aid him in his conquest of the sun.

Then they began to spin and twist ropes to form a noose to catch the sun in, and in doing this they discovered the mode of plaiting flax into stout, square-shaped ropes, and the manner of plaiting flat ropes, and of spinning round ropes; at last they finished making all the ropes they required. Then Maui took up his enchanted weapon, and he took his

brothers with him, and they carried their provisions, ropes, and other things with them in their hands. They travelled all night, and as soon as day broke, they halted in the desert, and hid themselves that they might not be seen by the sun; and at night they renewed their journey, and before dawn they halted and hid themselves again; at length they got very far, very far to the eastward, and came to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises.

Then they set to work and built on each side of this place a long high wall of clay, with huts of boughs of trees at each end to hide themselves in; when these were finished, they made the loops of the noose, and the brothers of Maui then lay in wait on one side of the place out of which the sun rises, and Maui himself lay in wait upon the other side. The young hero held in his hand his enchanted weapon, the jaw-bone of his ancestress, and said to his brothers: “Mind now, keep yourselves hid, and do not go showing yourselves foolishly to the sun; if you do, you will frighten him; but wait patiently until his head and fore-legs have got well into the snare, then I will shout; you haul away as hard as you can on the ropes on both sides, and then I’ll rush out and attack him, but do you keep your ropes tight for a good long time, until he is nearly dead, when we will let him go; but mind now, my brothers, do not let him move you to pity with his shrieks and screams.”

At last the sun came rising up out of his place, like a fire spreading far and wide over the mountains and forests; he rises up, his head passes through the noose, and it takes in more and more of his body, until his fore-paws pass through; then the ropes are pulled tight, and the monster begins to struggle and roll himself about, whilst the snare jerks backward

and forward as he struggles. Ah! is he not held fast in the ropes of his enemies!

Then forth rushes that bold hero, Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga, with his enchanted weapon. Alas! the sun screams aloud; he roars; Maui strikes him fiercely with many blows; they hold him for a long time; at last they let him go, and then weak from wounds the sun creeps slowly along its course. Then men learned the second name of the sun, for in its agony the sun screamed out: “Why am I thus smitten by you! oh, man! do you know what you are doing? Why should you wish to kill Tama-nui-te-Ra?” At last they let him go. Oh, then, Tama-nui-te-Ra went very slowly and feebly on his course.

THE INFANT HERACLES

(*Greek*)

When Heracles (Roman, Hercules) was a very wee child, not more than ten months old, he performed a marvellous feat which was a worthy sample of the vast labors he was to accomplish during his life. His mother, Alcmena, took him and his younger brother, Iphicles, gave them both their bath and their evening feast of milk, and then tucked them safely away in their cradle, which was not an ordinary one by any means, but a magnificent bronze shield which their father, Amphitryon, had taken from his fallen enemy, Pterelaus. Then the mother stroked her little children’s heads, and said to them:

“Sleep, my little ones, a light delicious sleep; sleep, soul of mine, two brothers, babes unharmed; blessed be your sleep, and blessed may ye come to the dawn.”[10]

And as she spoke she rocked the huge shield back and forth, and soon they both fell asleep.

But just at midnight, when the constellation of the Great Bear wheeled round toward the constellation of Orion that shows his mighty shoulder, Hera (Roman, Juno) sent forth two horrible monsters, two snakes with bristling coils of azure—she urged them against the broad threshold of the house door, intending that they should devour the young child Heracles. Then the serpents crawled, writhing along the ground, and ever from their eyes shone a baleful fire as they came, and they spat out their deadly venom. But when with their flickering tongues they were drawing near the children, then Alcmena's dear babes wakened, by the will of Zeus that knows all things, and there was a bright light in the chamber.

Then one of the children, Iphicles, straightway screamed out, when he beheld the hideous monsters above the hollow shield, and saw their pitiless fangs, and eager to flee from them he kicked off the woollen coverlet with his feet. But Heracles set his force against them, and grasped them with his hands, holding them as in a bond, having got them by the throat, wherein lies the evil venom, detested even by the gods, of baleful snakes. Then the serpents, in their turn, wound their coils about the young child, the child unweaned, who never wept in his nursling days; but again they relaxed their spines on account of the pain, and strove to find some issue from the grasp of iron. Alcmena awoke first, hearing the cry.

"Arise, Amphitryon, for numbing fear lays hold of me: arise, nor stay to put on thy shoes! Dost thou not hear how loud the younger child is wailing? and though it is the depth of night, the walls are all plain to see as in the clear dawn? I know there is some

strange thing within the house, my dearest lord!"

Thus she spoke, and at his wife's bidding Amphitryon stepped down out of his bed of cedar, making for his richly ornamented sword which he always kept hanging on a pin above his bed. Just as he was reaching out for his new woven belt, and lifting with his other hand the mighty sheath of lotus wood, lo! the wide chamber was filled again with night. Then he called aloud to his servants, who were sleeping soundly. "Lights! Bring lights as quick as may be from the hearth, my servants, and thrust back the strong bolts of the doors. Arise, serving-men, stout of heart. Your master calls you."

Then quickly came the serving-men with burning torches, filling the whole house. When they saw the young child Heracles clutching the two snakes in his tender grasp, they all cried out and smote their hands together. But Heracles displayed the creeping things to his father, Amphitryon, and leaped on high in his childish glee, and laughing, at his father's feet he laid them down, the dread monsters fallen on the sleep of death. Then Alcmena took Iphicles, dry-eyed and wan with fear, and laid him in her own bosom; but Amphitryon placed the other child beneath a lamb's wool coverlet, and betook himself again to his rest.

The cocks had barely sung their third welcome to the earliest dawn, when Alcmena called forth the seer Tiresias, who cannot lie, and told him of the new portent, and bade him declare what things should come to pass.

"Nay, even if the gods devise some mischief, do not in pity conceal it from me; let me remind thee what thou well knowest, that mortals may not escape the doom that Fate speeds from her spindle."

Thus the Queen spoke, and he answered:

"Be of good cheer, daughter of Perseus, woman that hast borne the noblest of children. For by the sweet light that long hath left mine eyes, I swear that many Achæan women, as they card the soft wool about their knees, shall sing at eventide of Alcmena's name, and thou shalt be honorable among the women of Argos. Such a man, even this thy son, shall mount to the starry firmament, the hero, broad of breast, the master of all wild beasts, and of all mankind. Twelve labors is he fated to accomplish, and thereafter to dwell in the house of Zeus."



The Infant Hercules. *Lou*

THE STORY OF THE CHILD HERMES

(*Greek*)

The little child-god Hermes was born at the first peep of day in a rocky cavern overshadowed by a beautiful grove of ancient trees. He was so remarkable a child that he began playing on the lyre at noon, and the very same evening he stole away the herds of Phœbus Apollo. He sprang from the arms of his mother, Maia, nor could she keep him in his sacred cradle, nor from creeping forth to seek the herds of Apollo.

Wandering forth from the lofty cavern, he found a tortoise, and cried out, "What a treasure!" Before the portal, the little beast was depasturing the flowery herbage at his leisure, moving his feet in a deliberate measure over the turf. Hermes, eyeing him and laughing, exclaimed: "You are a useful godsend indeed to me, king of the dance, companion of the feast, lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast, did you get that speckled shell? Thus much I know, you must come home with me and be my guest; you will give joy to me, and I will do all that is in my power to honor you. Better to be at home than out-of-doors; so come with me, and though it has been said that when alive you defend from magic power, I know you will sing sweetly when you are dead." Having spoken, this quaint infant lifted the tortoise up from the grass upon which it was feeding, and grasping it tightly in his delighted hold, carried off his treasured prize into the cavern. He then scooped out all the inside of the tortoise, leaving only the shell. Then, through the shell he bored small holes at proper distances, and fastened within, the cut stems

of reeds, and a bridge, over which he stretched the strings.

When he had made this lovely instrument, he tried the chords, and brought forth beautiful music. He hit the strings with a little instrument called the plectrum, and lo! up from beneath his hand there went a tumult sweet of mighty sounds and from his lips he sent a strain of unpremeditated wit, joyous and wild and wanton—such as you may hear among revellers on a holiday. He sang a lovely song in honor of his mother Maia, but while he was singing, he was suddenly seized with a new fancy. So he deposited in his sacred crib the hollow lyre, and from the sweet cavern rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's head, revolving in his mind some subtle feat of thievish craft, such as a swindler might devise in the lone season of dim night. The great Sun had driven his steeds and chariot under the ocean's bed. Meanwhile the child strode over the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows, where the immortal oxen of the God are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows, and safely stalled in a remote abode—elate and proud he drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud. He drove them wandering over the sandy way, but being of a crafty disposition, he drove them backward and forward astray, so that the tracks which seemed before were aft; then he threw his sandals into the ocean spray, and for each foot he wrought a kind of raft of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs, and bound them in a lump with withy twigs. And on his feet he tied these sandals light, so that the trail of the wide leaves might confuse his tracks; and then, a self-sufficing wight, like a man hastening on some distant way, he from Piera's mountain bent his flight; but an old man perceived the infant pass down green Onchestus heaped like beds with grass.

The old man stood, dressing his sunny vine: “Halloo! old fellow with the crooked shoulder! You grub those stumps? Before they will bear wine methinks even you must grow a little older: attend, I pray, to this advice of mine if you would escape something which might appall a bolder man. Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—if you have understanding —understand.” So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast; over shadowy mountain and resounding dell, and flower-paven plains, great Hermes passed; till the black night divine, which favoring fell around his steps, grew gray, and morning fast wakened the world to work, and from her sea-strewn cell, the sublime Morn had just begun to climb into her watch-tower. Now to Alpheus he drove all the broad foreheaded oxen of the Sun. They came unwearied to the lofty stall and to the water-troughs which ever run through the fresh fields—and when everyone had been pastured with rush-grass tall, lotus and all sweet herbage, the great God drove them into the stall.

Hermes then heaped a mighty pile of wood, and then bethought him how to produce fire. He took two smooth laurel branches, stripped off the bark and rubbed them in his palms. Suddenly the burning vapor leaped forth on high, which the divine child saw with delight. And fine dry logs and numerous roots he gathered in a delve upon the ground and kindled them, and instantaneously the strength of the fierce flames was breathed around, and while the might of the glorious fire thus wrapped the great pile with glare and roaring sound, Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud, close to the fire—such might was in the God. He threw them on their backs upon the earth and rolled them over and over and bored their lives out. Then he cut up the fat and flesh

and placed the two on spits of wood before the fire, toasting their flesh and ribs, and while this was being done he stretched their hides over a craggy stone. This was a burnt offering to the gods, but the savor of the roasted meat tempted him sorely though immortal, but he repressed the desire to taste it and put not a single morsel into his mouth.

Then he removed every trace of the fresh butchery and cooking, so that it seemed all to have vanished through the sky. He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair; the insatiate fire devoured them hungrily. And when he saw that everything was clear, he quenched the coals and trampled the black dust, and tossed into the stream his bloody sandals. All night he worked in the serene moonshine, but when the light of day was spread abroad, he sought his natal mountain-peaks. On his long wandering, neither man nor god had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine, nor had a single house-dog barked at him on his road. Now he passed obliquely through the keyhole, like a thin mist or an autumnal blast. Right through the temple of the spacious cave he went with soft light feet, as if his tread fell not on earth. Then he crept quickly to his cradle and spread the swaddling clothes about him; and the knave lay playing with the covering of the bed, with his left hand about his knees and the right hand holding his beloved tortoise-lyre tight. There he lay, innocent as a new-born child, as gossips say.

But though he was a god, the goddess, his fair mother, was not deceived, and knew all that he had been doing while away. So she said to him: "Whence come you and what wild adventures have you had, you cunning rogue. Where have you been all night long, clothed in your impudence? What have you

done since you departed hence? Apollo will soon pass within this gate and bind your tender body in a chain inextricably tight and fast as fate, unless you can delude the god again. A pretty torment are you for gods and men." "Dear mother," the sly Hermes replied, "why scold and bother as if I were like other babes of my age, and understood nothing. I have hatched a scheme in my subtle brain which, while the sacred stars round heaven are rolled, will profit you and me, nor shall our lot be as you counsel, without gifts or food, to spend our lives in this obscure abode. We will leave this shadow-peopled cave and live among the gods, and pass each day in high communion, sharing their great wealth, and from the portion which Jove gave to Phœbus I will snatch my share away, and if he should find me out I'll countermine him by a deeper plan. I'll pierce the Pythian temple walls, though stout, and sack the fane of everything I can—cauldrons and tripods, each golden cup and every brazen pan, all the wrought tapestries and the gay garments." So they talked together.

Meanwhile the Day, ethereal-born, arose out of the flood of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men. Apollo passed toward the sacred wood, which from the inmost depths of its green glen echoes the voice of Neptune, and there stood on the same spot in green Onchestus that same old man, the vine-dresser, who was employed hedging his vineyard there. Latona's glorious son began: "Pray tell me, ancient hedger of Onchestus green, whether a drove of kine has passed this way, all heifers with crooked horns? For they have been stolen from the herd in high Pieria, where a black bull was fed apart, between two woody mountains in a neighboring glen, though four fierce dogs guarded them. And what is strange, the author

of this theft has stolen all the fatted heifers, but the four dogs and the black bull are left. They were stolen last night at set of sun, of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft. Now tell me, old man, born before the world began, have you seen any one pass with the cows?" The old man replied: "My friend, it would require no common skill justly to speak of everything I see. On various purposes of good or ill many pass by my vineyard, and for me it is difficult to know the invisible thoughts which may be in all those many minds. Thus much alone I can certainly say. I tilled these vines until the decline of day, and then I thought I saw, but dare not speak with certainty of such a wondrous thing, a child who could scarcely have been born a week, closely following those fair-horned cattle. And in his hand he held a polished stick, and, as on purpose, he walked wavering from one side to the other of the road, and with his face turned in the opposite direction from his steps." Apollo, hearing this, passed quickly on. No winged omen could have shown more clearly who it was. So Apollo wrapped a purple atmosphere around his shoulders, and like fire went to famous Pylos, seeking his kine there. He found their tracks, yet hardly cold, and cried: "What wonder do mine eyes behold. Here are the footsteps of the horned herd turned back toward their fields of asphodel; but these are not the tracks of beast or bird, gray wolf or bear, or lion of the dell, or maned Centaur. Sand was never stirred by man or woman thus! Inexplicable! Who with unwearied feet ever could impress the sand with such enormous vestiges?"

Having spoken thus, Phœbus impetuously sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill, and the deep cavern where dark shadows lie, the home of Hermes.

A delightful odor from the dew was all about. And Phœbus stooped under the craggy roof arched over the dark cavern. Maia's child perceived from afar that he came angry about the cows that had been stolen. Then Hermes piled over him his fine and fragrant swaddling clothes. There he lay like a burning spark covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark, an infant who had sucked his fill and now was newly washed and put to bed, awake but courting sleep with weary will. And gathered in a lump, hands, feet and head, he lay, and his beloved tortoise still he grasped and held under his shoulder blade. Phœbus knew the lovely mountain goddess, not less her subtle, swindling baby, who lay swathed in his sly wiles. He looked sharp round every crook of the ample cavern for his kine, and when he saw them not he took the glittering key and opened three great hollow recesses in the rock, where many a nook was filled with sweet food immortals swallow, and mighty heaps of silver and of gold were piled within —a wonder to behold, and white and silver robes, all overwrought with cunning workmanship. Except among the gods there can be naught in the wide world to be compared with it. Latona's offspring, after having sought his herds in every corner, thus greeted great Hermes: "Little cradled rogue, tell me about my illustrious heifers, where are they? Speak quickly, or a quarrel between us must rise, and the event will be that I shall haul you into dismal Tartarus, in fiery gloom to dwell eternally. Nor shall your father nor your mother loose the bars of that black dungeon. Utterly you shall be cast out from the light of day, unblest as they to rule the ghosts of men." Hermes slyly answered: "Son of great Latona, what a speech is this! Why come you here to ask me what has been done with the wild oxen which it

seems you miss? I have not seen them, nor from any one have I heard a word of the whole business. If you should promise an immense reward I could not tell you more. A stealer of oxen should be both tall and strong, and I am but a little new-born thing who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong. My business is to suck and sleep and fling the cradle clothes about me all day long; or half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing, and to be washed in water clean and warm, and hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm. Oh, let not this quarrel ever be heard of, for the astounded gods would laugh at you for telling a story so absurd as that a new-born infant could fare forth out of his home after a savage herd. I was born yesterday. My small feet are too tender for the roads so hard and rough, and if you think that this is not enough, I swear a great oath that I stole not your cows, and that I know of no one else who might or could or did. Whatever things cows are I do not know, for I have only heard the name." This said, he winked as fast as could be, and his brow was all wrinkled, and he gave a loud whistle like one who hears some strange absurdity. Apollo gently smiled and said: "Ay, ay, you cunning little rascal, you will bore many a rich man's house, and your array of thieves will lay their siege before his door, silent as night, in night, and many a day in the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore that you or yours, having an appetite, met with their cattle. And this among the gods shall be your gift, to be the lord of those who steal and swindle."

Apollo seized him then. "What do you mean to do with me, you unkind God?" said Hermes. "Is it about these cows you tease me so? I wish the race of cows were perished. I did not steal your cows, I do not even know what things cows are. Alas! I well may

sigh that since I came into this world of woe I should ever have heard of one." Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Hermes talked without coming to an explanation. Hermes continued to try and cheat Apollo with lies and roguery, but when no evasion served, he proposed to appeal to Jove to judge between them. Hermes paced first over the sandy ground and he of the silver bow followed, and from Jove's equal balance they did require a judgment in the cause wherein they strove. As they came over odorous Olympus and its snows a murmuring tumult arose. And from the folded depths of the great hill, while Hermes and Apollo reverent stood before Jove's throne, the indestructible immortals rushed in mighty multitude, and while their seats in order due they filled the lofty Thunderer in a careless mood to Phœbus said: "Whence drive you this sweet prey, this herald-baby, born but yesterday? A most important subject, trifler, this to lay before the Gods!" "Nay, father, nay. When you have understood the business, say not that I alone am fond of prey. I found this little boy in a recess in Cyllene's mountains far away —a manifest and most apparent thief, a scandal-monger beyond all belief. I never saw his like either in heaven or earth for knavery or craft. Out of the field yester-even, by the low shore on which the loud sea laughed, he had driven my cattle right down to the river ford. The cattle's track on the black dust is fully evident, as if they went toward the place from which they came—that asphodel meadow in which I feed my many herds. The child's steps were most incomprehensible. I know not how I can describe in words those tracks. He could not have gone either upon his feet or his hands. He must have had some strange mode of moving on. Those immense vestiges, as I traced them on the sandy road, seemed like the

trail of oak toppings, but thence the hard ground gave no mark or track denoting where they trod; but, working at his fence an old man saw him as he passed to Pylos with the cows in fiery haste. I found that in the dark he had quietly sacrificed some cows, and before light had thrown the ashes all dispersedly about the road; then, still as gloomy night, he crept into his cradle, rubbing either eye and cogitating some new trick. No eagle could have seen him as he lay hid in his cavern. I taxed him with the fact, when he declared most solemnly that he had neither seen nor in any manner heard of my lost cows, whatever things cows be; nor could he tell, though offered a reward of any one who could tell me about them."

Then Phœbus sat down and Hermes addressed the Supreme Lord of Gods and Men. "Great Father, you know well beforehand that all I shall say is truth, for I am totally unacquainted with untruth. At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band of gods to bear him witness, in great wrath to my abode, seeking his heifers there and declaring that I must show him where they are or he would hurl me down the dark abyss. I know that every limb of Apollo is clothed with speed and might and manliness, as a green bank with flowers, but unlike him I was born yesterday, and you may guess he knew this well when he indulged the whim of bullying a poor little new-born thing that slept and never thought of cow-driving. Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine? This driving of herds is none of mine. I have never wandered across my threshold! I reverence the divine Sun and the gods and you, and care even for this hard accuser, who must know I am as innocent as they or you. I swear by these most gloriously wrought portals through which the multitude of the Immortals pass and repass forever, day and night,

devising schemes for the affairs of mortals, that I am guiltless," and Hermes winked as if now his adversary was silenced, and Jove, according to his wont, laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted infant give such a plausible account. But he remitted judgment for the time and sent them forth to seek the stolen cows. Hermes was truthfully to lead the way and show where he had hidden the mighty heifers.

Then they hastened to Pylos and the wide pastures and lofty stalls by the Alphean ford, where wealth in the mute night is multiplied with silent growth. While Hermes drove the herd out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied the hides of those the little babe had slain, stretched high upon the precipice. "How was it possible," then Phœbus asked, "that you, a little child born yesterday, a thing on mother's milk and kisses fed, could have slain these two prodigious heifers? Ever I may well dread hereafter your prowess, when you grow strong and tall." He spoke, and bound stiff withy bands around the infant's wrists. He might as well have bound the wild oxen. The withy bands, though starkly interknit, fell at the feet of the immortal child, loosened by some device of his quick wit. Phœbus was again deceived, and stared while Hermes sought some hole, looking askance and winking fast, as though where he might hide himself. But suddenly he changed his plans, and with strange skill subdued Apollo by the might of winning music. His left hand held the lyre, and in his right the plectrum struck the chords; unconquerable, up from beneath his hands in circling flight the gathering music rose, and sweet as Love the penetrating notes did live and move within the heart of great Apollo. He listened with all his soul and laughed for pleasure. The unabashed boy stood close

to his side harping fearlessly, and to the measure of the sweet lyre there followed loud and free his joyous voice, for he unlocked the treasure of his deep song illustrating the birth of the bright gods and the dark desert Earth, and how to the Immortals every one, a portion was assigned of all that is; but chief did clothe Maia's son Mnemosyne in the light of his loud melodies, and as each god was born or had begun he in their order due and fit degrees sang of his birth and being, and did move Apollo to unutterable love. These words he spoke: "You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you deserve that fifty oxen should requite such minstrelsies as I have heard even now. Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight, one of your secrets I would gladly know—whether the glorious power you now show forth was folded up within you at your birth, or whether mortal taught or God inspired your skill in song?" And Hermes replied: "Wisely hast thou enquired of my skill. Jove has given to thee also divinest gifts. By thee the depths of his far voice are understood, by thee the mystery of all oracular fates. Even I, a child, perceive thy might and majesty. Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit can find or teach, yet if thou wilt, come take the lyre—be mine the glory giving it. Strike the sweet chords and sing aloud, and wake thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit of tranced sound." The shell he proffered Apollo took, and gave him in return the glittering lash, installing him as herdsman. Hermes flashed a joyous look at him, and then Apollo with the plectrum struck the chords, and from beneath his hands a crash of mighty sounds rushed up whose music shook the soul with sweetness, and with the lyre his sweeter voice a just accordance kept.



FOOTNOTES

[1] See Schoolcraft.

[2] Leland, “Algonquin Legends.”

[3] See Gubernatis “Zoological Mythology.”

[4] Andrew Lang’s translation.

[5] See Anderson’s “Norse Mythology.”

[6] See Gayley’s “Classic Myths in English Literature.”

[7] See Anderson’s “Norse Mythology.”

[8] Gayley’s “Classic Myths in English Literature.”

[9] See Canfield’s “Legends of the Iroquois.”

[10] Andrew Lang’s translation.

THE END



THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without

charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project

Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work,

or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project

Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability

to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR

IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free

distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41

Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the

solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.