

The World's Story

Volume One

U.S. History-Discovery

Norway

Sweden

Denmark

DISCOVERY-SCANDINAVIA

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 1
U.S. History: Discovery
Norway
Sweden
Denmark

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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CONTENTS

THE UNITED STATES

DISCOVERY

THE GREAT VOYAGE OF LEIF ERICSON . . *From the Sagas* 5
From "Voyages of the Northmen to America."
COLUMBUS . . . . . *Joaquin Miller* 11
VERRAZZANO'S LETTER TO THE KING *Verrazzano* 13
From "Hakluyt's Voyages."

NORWAY

I. STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

THE WOLF FENRIS . . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 27
THE HORSE SLEIPNIR . . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 31
THOR FISHES FOR THE MIDGARD SERPENT
From the Younger Edda 34
From "Northern Antiquities," translated from the French of M. Mallet by Bishop Percy.
THOR AMONG THE GIANTS . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 37
THE DEATH OF BALDER . . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 44
Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson.
PROVERBS FROM THE EDDAS . *From the Elder Edda* 52

II. TALES OF THE SEA-ROVERS

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 57
THE STORY OF HAKON THE GOOD . . *From the Heimskringla* 62
Translated by Samuel Laing.
STORIES OF OLAF TRYGGVASON.
Olaf's Youthful Adventures . . . *Henry Wheaton* 74
From "History of the Northmen."
How Gyda chose Olaf for a Husband *From the Heimskringla* 77
King Olaf orders a Poem . . . . *From the Heimskringla* 80
IRONBEARD . . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 82
From "Tales of a Wayside Inn."
STORIES OF OLAF THE SAINT
St. Olaf captures London Bridge . . *From the Heimskringla* 86
St. Olaf and His Little Brother . . . *From the Heimskringla* 89
How King Olaf preached Christianity . *John Fulford Vicary* 91
From "Olav the King, and Olav, King and Martyr."
Olaf as a Saint . . . . . *From the Heimskringla* 96
KING MAGNUS, WHO WAS REFORMED BY A POEM
Hjalmar H. Boyesen 105

CONTENTS

How King Harald Hard-Ruler gave his Treasure for his Life . . . . . *Hjalmar H. Boyesen* 112
From "A History of Norway."
How King Sigurd smoked out the Pirates *From the Heimskringla* 116

III. LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH

Finn Blood
From "Weird Tales from Northern Seas." . . . *Jonas Lie* 123
How the Laplanders live . . . *A. F. Mockler-Ferryman* 136
From "Peeps at Many Lands — Norway."
The Music of Ole Bull . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 142
From "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

SWEDEN

I. STORIES OF VIKING LIFE AND ADVENTURE

The Hall of the Early Chiefs ..... *Henry Morley* 149
From "English Writers."
How the Swedes elected their King *Neander N. Cronholm* 150
From "History of Sweden."
How the Swedes learned of Christianity *S. Baring-Gould* 151
From "Lives of the Saints."
How Ragnar Lodbrog won a Wife and a Nickname *Saxo Grammaticus* 156
From "The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus."
The Defeat of the Jomsburg Vikings *Neander N. Cronholm* 159
From "History of Sweden."
Sigrid the Haughty
The Wooers of Sigrid . . . . . *From the Heimskringla* 163
Queen Sigrid and the Ring . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 164
The Revenge of Sigrid the Haughty . . . *From the Heimskrigla* 168

II. TALES FROM SWEDISH HISTORY

The Blood-Bath of Stockholm *William Widgery Thomas, Jr.* 187
Gustavus Vasa, the Savior of Sweden *William Widgery Thomas, Jr.* 193
From "Sweden and the Swedes."
The Marriage of Gustavus Vasa *Wilhelm Jensen* 201
From "Karine."

CONTENTS

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT LÜTZEN *Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller* 208
From "History of the Thirty Years' War."

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS *Michael Altenburg* 218

THE CROSSING OF THE LITTLE BELT . *Z. Topelius* 219
From "Times of Battle and Rest."

HOW THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" DEFENDED HIMSELF AT BENDER *François Marie Arouet Voltaire* 228

THE NOBEL PRIZE . . . . *Vance Thompson* 247

DENMARK

I. TALES OF THE DARK AGES

THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER . . *William Shakespeare* 263

THE SLAYING OF THE MONSTER GRENDEL . *Florence Holbrook* 275
From "Northland Heroes."

HOW KING RORIK REGAINED THE TRIBUTE *Saxo Grammaticus* 285

THE SPEAKING OF PRINCE UFFE THE SPEECHLESS *Saxo Grammaticus* 289
From "The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus."

THE LETTER OF KING CANUTE . . . *King Canute* 297

WALDEMAR ATTERDAG AND THE HANSA *Helen Zimmermann* 300
From "The Hansa Towns."

II. FOLK-STORIES AND LEGENDS

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE . . *John G. Whittier* 309

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE . . *Caroline Norton* 316

MOLBOER STORIES . . . . . *Unknown* 318
From "Denmark Past and Present," by Margaret Thomas.

III. SCENES FROM DANISH HISTORY

THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" OVERCOMES COPENHAGEN *François Marie Arouet Voltaire* 325
From "The History of Charles XII of Sweden."

KING CHRISTIAN . *Johannes Evald* 331
Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

STORIES OF TORDENSKJÖLD, THE GREAT DANISH ADMIRAL

Tordenskjöld as a Fisherman . *M. Pearson Thomson* 333
From "Peeps at Many Lands—Denmark."

The Fight with the Swedish Frigate *R. A. Davenport* 334

The King's Snuff-Box *R. A. Davenport* 335

CONTENTS

The Capture of Marstrand . *R. A. Davenport* 336
From "Lives of Individuals who raised themselves from Poverty to Eminence."

The Fall of Queen Caroline Matilda . . . *G. Hezekiel* 339
From "Two Queens."

Hans Christian Andersen as a Boy *Hans Christian Andersen* 350
From "The Story of my Life."

THE UNITED STATES

DISCOVERY

RAISING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

BY E. PERCY MORAN

(*American artist*, 1862)

On June 14, 1777, Congress formally adopted our flag of to-day, save that it had but thirteen stars. Preble says that although this was not officially promulgated until September 3, it was in the papers a month earlier. He adds: —

"The first military incident connected with the flag we have to relate, occurred on the 2d of August, 1777, when Lieuts. Bird and Brant invested Fort Stanwix, or Schuyler, then commanded by Col. Peter Gansevoort. The garrison was without a flag when the enemy appeared, but their pride and ingenuity soon supplied one in conformity to the pattern just adopted by the Continental Congress. Shirts were cut up to form the white stripes, bits of scarlet cloth were joined for the red, and the blue ground for stars was composed of a cloth cloak belonging to Captain Abraham Swartwout of Dutchess County, who was then in the fort. Before sunset the curious mosaic-work standard, as precious to the beleaguered garrison as the most beautiful wrought flag of silk and needle work, was floating over one of the bastions. The siege was raised on the 22d of August, but we are not told what became of the improvised flag."



Raising the First American Flag by E. Percy Moran

HISTORICAL NOTE

JUST when people first came from civilized countries to America is not known. There are traditions of voyages made by Arabs and Irishmen and Chinese many centuries ago; but the first accounts that are substantiated by anything more than tradition are those of the Icelandic sagas or hero stories. These declare that a certain Norwegian called Eric the Red founded a colony in Greenland in 986; that sailors coming from Iceland to visit this colony were driven out of their way and saw the coast of what is now Labrador; and that in 1000 Eric's son Leif sailed forth to explore the unknown coast and founded a settlement called Vinland.

That the world was round was not a new idea by any means, but until the days of Columbus no one had believed this with sufficient energy to set forth to cross the unknown waters of the Atlantic. Columbus sailed in 1492, and discovered a new world. He never set his foot upon the soil of what is now the United States, but his courage opened the way for others, and within fifty years Spain, France, Portugal, and England had all sent out mariners and laid claim to territory in America.

THE GREAT VOYAGE OF LEIF ERICSON

[1001]

FROM THE SAGAS

THE next thing now to be related is that Bjarni Herjulfson went out from Greenland and visited Eric Jarl [in Norway], and the Jarl received him well. Bjarni told about his voyages, that he had seen unknown lands, and people thought that he had shown no curiosity, when he had nothing to relate about these countries, and this became somewhat a matter of reproach to him. Bjarni became one of the Jarl's courtiers, and came back to Greenland the summer after. There was now much talk about voyages of discovery. Leif, the son of Eric the Red, of Brattahlid, went to Bjarni Herjulfson, and bought the ship of him, and engaged men for it, so that there were thirty-five men in all. Leif asked his father Eric to be the leader on the voyage; but Eric excused himself, saying that he was now pretty well stricken in years, and could not now, as formerly, endure all the hardships of the sea. Leif said that still he was the one of the family whom good fortune would soonest attend; and Eric gave in to Leif's request, and rode from home so soon as they were ready; and it was but a short way to the ship. The horse stumbled that Eric rode, and he fell off, and bruised his foot. Then said Eric, "It is not ordained that I should discover more countries than that which we now inhabit, and we should make no further attempt in company."

Eric went home to Brattahlid; but Leif repaired to

the ship, and his comrades with him, thirty-five men. There was a Southron on the voyage, who was named Tyrker. Now prepared they their ship, and sailed out into the sea when they were ready, and then found that land first which Bjarni had found last. There sailed they to the land, and cast anchor, and put off boats, and went ashore, and saw there no grass. Great icebergs were over all up the country; but like a plain of flat stones was all from the sea to the mountains, and it appeared to them that this land had no good qualities. Then said Leif, "We have not done like Bjarni about this land, that we have not been upon it; now will I give the land a name, and call it Helluland [perhaps Newfoundland]."

Then went they on board, and after that sailed out to sea, and found another land; they sailed again to the land and cast anchor, then put off boats and went on shore. This land was flat, and covered with wood, and white sands were far around where they went, and the shore was low. Then said Leif, "This land shall be named after its qualities, and called Markland [perhaps Nova Scotia]."

They then immediately returned to the ship. Now sailed they thence into the open sea with a northeast wind, and were two days at sea before they saw land, and they sailed thither and came to an island which lay to the eastward of the land, and went up there, and looked around them in good weather, and observed that there was dew upon the grass; and it so happened that they touched the dew with their hands, and raised the fingers to the mouth, and they thought that they had never before tasted anything so sweet.

After that they went to the ship, and sailed into a sound, which lay between the island and a ness [promontory], which ran out to the eastward of the land; and then steered westwards past the ness. It was very shallow at ebb tide, and their ship stood up, so that it was far to see from the ship to the water.

But so much did they desire to land, that they did not give themselves time to wait until the water again rose under their ship, but ran at once ashore, at a place where a river flows out of a lake; but so soon as the waters rose up under the ship, then took they the boats, and rowed to the ship, and floated it up to the river, and thence into the lake, and there cast anchor, and brought up from the ship their skin cots, and made there booths.

After this took they counsel, and formed the resolution of remaining there for the winter, and built there large houses. There was no want of salmon either in the river or in the lake, and larger salmon than they had before seen. The nature of the country was, as they thought, so good that cattle would not require house-feeding in winter, for there came no frost in winter, and little did the grass wither there. Day and night were more equal than in Greenland or Iceland, for on the shortest day was the sun above the horizon from half-past seven in the forenoon till half-past four in the afternoon.

But when they had done with the house-building, Leif said to his comrades, "Now will I divide our men into two parts, and have the land explored; and the half of the men shall remain at home at the house, while the other half explore the land; but, however, not go

farther than that they can come home in the evening, and they should not separate."

Now they did so for a time, and Leif changed about, so that the one day he went with them, and the other remained at home in the house. Leif was a great and strong man, grave and well favored, therewith sensible and moderate in all things.

It happened one evening that a man of the party was missing, and this was Tyrker the German. This took Leif much to heart, for Tyrker had been long with his father and him, and loved Leif much in his childhood. Leif now took his people severely to task, and prepared to seek for Tyrker, and took twelve men with him. But when they had gotten a short way from the house, then came Tyrker towards them, and was joyfully received. Leif soon saw that his foster-father was not in his right senses. Tyrker had a high forehead and unsteady eyes, was freckled in the face, small and mean in stature, but excellent in all kinds of artifice. Then said Leif to him, "Why wert thou so late, my fosterer, and separated from the party?"

He now spoke first, for a long time in German, and rolled his eyes about to different sides, and twisted his mouth; but they did not understand what he said. After a time he spoke Norsk: —

"I have not been much farther off, but still have I something new to tell of; I found vines and grapes."

"But is that true, my fosterer?" quoth Leif.

"Surely is it true," replied he, "for I was bred up in a land where there is no want of either vines or grapes."

They slept now for the night, but in the morning Leif said to his sailors, "We will now set about two things,

in that the one day we gather grapes, and the other day cut vines and fell trees, so from thence will be a loading for my ship." And that was the counsel taken, and it is said their long-boat was filled with grapes. Now was a cargo cut down for the ship, and when the spring came, they got ready, and sailed away; and Leif gave the land a name after its qualities, and called it Vinland.

They sailed now into the open sea, and had a fair wind until they saw Greenland, and the mountains below the *jöklers*. Then a man put in his word and said to Leif, "Why do you steer so close to the wind?"

Leif answered, "I attend to my steering, and something more; and can ye not see anything?"

They answered that they could not observe anything extraordinary.

"I know not," said Leif, "whether I see a ship or a rock."

Now looked they and said it was a rock. But he saw so much sharper than they that he perceived there were men upon the rock.

"Now let us," said Leif, "hold our wind, so that we come up to them, if they should want our assistance; and the necessity demands that we should help them; and if they should not be kindly disposed, the power is in our hands, and not in theirs."

Now sailed they under the rock, and lowered their sails, and cast anchor, and put out another little boat, which they had with them. Then asked Tyrker who their leader was. He called himself Thorer, and said he was a Northman.

"But what is *thy* name?" said he.

Leif told his name.

"Art thou a son of Eric the Red, of Brattahlid?" quoth he.

Leif answered that so it was.

"Now will I," said Leif, "take ye all on board my ship and as much of the goods as the ship can hold."

They accepted the offer, and sailed thereupon to Ericsfiord with the cargo; and thence to Brattahlid, where they unloaded the ship. After that, Leif invited Thorer and his wife Gudrid, and three other men to stop with him, and got berths for the other seamen, as well Thorer's as his own, elsewhere. Leif took fifteen men from the rock; he was after that called Leif the Lucky.

Leif had now earned both riches and respect. The same winter came a heavy sickness among Thorer's people, and carried off as well Thorer himself as many of his men. This winter died also Eric the Red.

Now there was much talk about Leif's voyage to Vinland; and Thorvald, his brother, thought that the land had been much too little explored. Then said Leif to Thorvald, "Thou canst go with my ship, brother, if thou wilt, to Vinland; but I wish first that the ship should go and fetch the timber, which Thorer had upon the rock." And so was done.

COLUMBUS

[1492]

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He lifts his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

VERRAZZANO'S LETTER TO THE KING

[1524]

[THIS letter is said to have been written at Dieppe, July 8, 1524, being addressed to King Francis I of France. This narrative, if authentic, is the earliest original account of the Atlantic coast of the United States.

The Editor.]

I WROTE not to Your Majesty (most Christian king), since the time we suffered the tempest in the north parts, of the success of the four ships which Your Majesty set forth to discover new lands by the ocean, thinking Your Majesty had been already duly informed thereof. Now by these presents I will give Your Majesty to understand how, by the violence of the winds, we were forced with the two ships, the Norman and the Dolphin, in such evil case as they were, to land in Brittany. Where, after we had repaired them in all points as was needful and armed them very well, we took our course along by the coast of Spain. Afterwards, with the Dolphin alone, we determined to make discovery of new countries, to prosecute the navigation we had already begun; which I purpose at this present to recount to Your Majesty, to make manifest the whole proceeding of the matter. The 17th of January, the year 1524, by the grace of God we departed from the dishabited rock, by the isle of Madeira, appertaining to the King of Portugal, with fifty men, with victuals, weapons, and other ship munition very well provided and furnished for eight months. And, sailing westwards with a fair easterly wind, in

twenty-five days we ran five hundred leagues; and the 20th of February we were overtaken with as sharp and terrible a tempest as ever any sailors suffered: whereof, with the divine help and merciful assistance of Almighty God, and the goodness of our ship, accompanied with the good hap of her fortunate name, we were delivered, and with a prosperous wind followed our course west by north. And in other twenty-five days we made about four hundred leagues more, where we discovered a new land[1] never before seen of any man, either ancient or modern. And at the first sight it seemed somewhat low; but, being within a quarter of a league of it, we perceived, by the great fires that we saw by the seacoast, that it was inhabited, and saw that the land stretched to the southwards. . . .

While we rode upon that coast, partly because it had no harbor, and for that we wanted water, we sent our boat ashore with twenty-five men, where, by reason of great and continual waves that beat against the shore, being an open coast, without succor none of our men could possibly go ashore without losing our boat. We saw there many people which came unto the shore making divers signs of friendship, and showing that they were content we should come a-land; and by trial we found them to be very courteous and gentle, as Your Majesty shall understand by the success. To the intent we might send them of our things, which the Indians commonly desire and esteem, as sheets of paper, glasses, bells, and such like trifles, we sent a young man, one of our mariners, ashore, who swimming towards them, and being within three or four yards off the shore, not trust-

[1] Probably the South Carolina coast.

ing them, cast the things upon the shore. Seeking afterwards to return he was with such violence of the waves beaten upon the shore, that he was so bruised that he lay there almost dead, which the Indians perceiving, ran to catch him, and, drawing him out, they carried him a little way off from the sea. The young man, perceiving they carried him, being at the first dismayed, began then greatly to fear, and cried out piteously. Likewise did the Indians, which did accompany him, going about to cheer him and give him courage; and then setting him on the ground at the foot of a little hill against the sun, began to behold him with great admiration, marveling at the whiteness of his flesh. And, putting off his clothes, they made him warm at a great fire, not without our great fear, which remained in the boat, that they would have roasted him in that fire and have eaten him. The young man having recovered his strength, and having staid a while with them, showed them by signs that he was desirous to return to the ship. And they with great love, clapping him fast about with many embracings, accompanying him unto the sea, and, to put him in more assurance, leaving him alone, went unto a high ground, and stood there, beholding him until he was entered into the boat. This young man observed, as we did also, that these are of color inclining to black, as the others were, with their flesh very shining, of mean stature, handsome visage, and delicate limbs, and of very little strength, but of prompt wit; farther we observed not. . . .

Departing from hence, following the shore, which trended somewhat toward the north, in fifty leagues' space we came to another land, which showed much

more fair, and full of woods, being very great, where we rode at anchor; and, that we might have some knowledge thereof, we sent twenty men a-land, which entered into the country about two leagues, and they found that the people were fled to the woods for fear. They saw only one old woman with a young maid of eighteen or twenty years old, which, seeing our company, hid themselves in the grass for fear. The old woman carried two infants on her shoulders, and behind her neck a child of eight years old. The young woman was laden likewise with as many. But, when our men came unto them, the old woman made signs that the men were fled into the woods as soon as they saw us. To quiet them, and to win their favor, our men gave them such victuals as they had with them to eat, which the old woman received thankfully; but the young woman disdained them all, and threw them scornfully on the ground. They took a child from the old woman to bring into France; and going about to take the young woman, who was very beautiful, and of tall stature, could not possibly, for the great outcries that she made, bring her to the sea; and especially having great woods to pass through, and being far from the ship, we purposed to leave her behind, bearing away the child only. We found those folks to be more white than those that we found before, being clad with certain leaves that hang on the boughs of trees, which they sew together with threads of wild hemp. Their heads were trussed up after the same manner as the former were. Their ordinary food is of pulse, whereof they have great store, differing in color and taste from ours, of good and pleasant taste. Moreover they live by fishing and fowling, which they

take with gins and bows made of hard wood, the arrows of canes being headed with the bones of fish and other beasts. The beasts in these parts are much wilder than in our Europe, by reason they are continually chased and hunted.

We saw many of their boats, made of one tree, twenty feet long and four feet broad, which are not made of iron, or stone, or any other kind of metal, because that in all this country, for the space of two hundred leagues which we ran, we never saw one stone of any sort. They help themselves with fire, burning so much of the tree as is sufficient for the hollowness of the boat: the like they do in making the stern and forepart, until it be fit to sail upon the sea. . . .

And we came to another land, being fifteen leagues distant from the island, where we found a passing good haven, wherein being entered, we found about twenty small boats of the people, which with divers cries and wonderings, came about our ship. Coming no nearer than fifty paces towards us, they staid and beheld the artificialness of our ship, our shape, and apparel, that they all made a loud shout together, declaring that they rejoiced. When we had something animated them, using their gestures, they came so near us, that we cast them certain bells and glasses and many toys, which when they had received, they looked on them with laughing, and came without fear aboard our ship. There were amongst these people two kings of so goodly stature and shape as is possible to declare: the eldest was about forty years of age; the second was a young man of twenty years old. Their apparel was on this manner: the elder had on his naked body a hart's skin, wrought

artificially with divers branches like damask. His head was bare, with the hair tied up behind with divers knots. About his neck he had a large chain garnished with divers stones of sundry colors. The young man was almost appareled after the same manner. This is the goodliest people, and of the fairest conditions, that we have found in this our voyage. They exceed us in bigness. They are of the color of brass, some of them incline more to whiteness: others are of a yellow color, of comely visage, with long and black hair, which they are very careful to trim and deck up. . . .

There are also of them which wear on their arms very rich skins of leopards: they adorn their heads with divers ornaments made of their own hair, which hangs down before on both sides their breasts: others use other kind of dressing themselves, like unto the women of Egypt and Syria. These are of the elder sort; and, when they are married, they wear divers toys, according to the usage of the people of the East, as well men as women. . . .

Among whom we saw many plates of wrought copper, which they esteem more than gold, which for the color they make no account of, for that among all other it is counted the basest. They make the most account of azure and red. The things that they esteemed most of all those which we gave them were bells, crystal of azure color, and other toys to hang at their ears or about their neck. They did not desire cloth of silk or gold, much less of any other sort; neither cared they for things made of steel and iron, which we often showed them in our armor, which they made no wonder at; and, in beholding them, they only asked the art of making

them. The like they did at our glasses, which when they beheld, they suddenly laughed, and gave them us again. . . .

And oftentimes one of the two kings coming with his queen, and many gentlemen for their pleasure, to see us, they all staid on the shore, two hundred paces from us, sending a small boat to give us intelligence of their coming, saying they would come to see our ship. This they did in token of safety; and, as soon as they had answer from us, they came immediately, and having staid awhile to behold it, they wondered at hearing the cries and noise of the mariners. The queen and her maids staid in a very light boat, at an island a quarter of a league off, while the king abode a long space in our ship, uttering divers conceits with gestures, viewing with great admiration all the furniture of the ship, demanding the property of every thing particularly. He took likewise great pleasure in beholding our apparel, and in tasting our meats, and so courteously taking his leave departed. And sometimes our men staying for two or three days on a little island near the ship for divers necessaries, — as it is the use of seamen, — he returned with seven or eight of his gentlemen to see what we did, and asked of us ofttimes if we meant to make any long abode there, offering us of their provision; then the king, drawing his bow, and running up and down with his gentlemen, made much sport to gratify our men.

We found another land,[1] high, full of thick woods, the trees whereof were firs, cypresses, and such-like as are wont to grow in cold countries. The people differ much from the other, and look! how much the former

[1] Probably Maine.

seemed to be courteous and gentle, so much were these full of rudeness and ill manners, and so barbarous, that by no signs that ever we could make, we could have any kind of traffic with them. They clothe themselves with bears' skins, and leopards', and seals', and other beasts' skins. Their food, as far as we could perceive, repairing often unto their dwellings, we suppose to be by hunting and fishing, and of certain fruits, which are a kind of roots which the earth yieldeth of her own accord. They have no grain, neither saw we any kind or sign of tillage; neither is the land, for the barrenness thereof, apt to bear fruit or seed. If, at any time, we desired by exchange to have any of their commodities, they used to come to the seashore upon certain craggy rocks, and, we standing in our boats, they let down with a rope what it pleased them to give us, crying continually that we should not approach to the land, demanding immediately the exchange, taking nothing but knives, fishhooks, and tools to cut withal; neither did they make any account of our courtesy. And when we had nothing left to exchange with them, when we departed from them, the people showed all signs of discourtesy and disdain as was possible for any creature to invent. We were, in despite of them, two or three leagues within the land, being in number twenty-five armed men of us. And, when we went on shore, they shot at us with their bows, making great outcries, and afterwards fled into the woods. . . .

Having now spent all our provision and victuals, and having discovered about seven hundred leagues and more of new countries, and being furnished with water and wood, we concluded to return into France.

NORWAY

I

STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

THE HUMILIATING ENTRY OF SONNAVATER AND KNUT INTO STOCKHOLM

BY C. G. HELLQUIST

(*Swedish artist*, 1851–1890)

EARLY in the sixteenth century, the Scandinavian kingdoms were united and ruled by King Christian of Denmark. Sweden was not happy in this union, and to force its obedience Christian seized and carried away to Denmark Gustavus and other young nobles as hostages. Gustavus escaped, returned to Sweden, and aroused the people to revolt. In 1523, Sweden won its freedom from Denmark, and Gustavus was made king. In his new kingdom he found much to reform. The nobles and clergy were rich and powerful, the peasants were poor and oppressed, and the laws were not observed.

When Gustavus attempted to improve matters, the nobles and clergy grew rebellious. Two bishops, Peter Sonnavater and Master Knut, were leaders of a revolt, and after it failed, in 1526, they fled to Drontheim to Archbishop Olaf. The archbishop, however, proved false to their trust and betrayed them to some servants of the king. These servants dressed them in rags, put a crown of straw upon Sonnavater's head and a miter of birch bark on Knut's, mounted them, face to the tail, on two raw-boned steeds, and led them through Upsala to Stockholm in a Shrovetide procession among the scoffs and insults of the people. When the market-place was reached, they were made to drink the health of the executioner, and were then broken on the wheel.



The Humiliating Entry of Sonnavater and Knut Into Stockholm by C.G. Hellquist

HISTORICAL NOTE

THERE are two old Icelandic books called the "Eddas" which are famous the world over. The first, known as the "Elder Edda," consists of poems and songs of heroic and mythical import, collected probably from oral tradition about the middle of the thirteenth century, but composed at different periods between this century and the ninth. It was partly from these poems that the "Völsunga Saga," the northern version of the "Nibelungenlied," was derived, probably in the twelfth century.

The "Younger Edda" is in prose. This is ascribed to Snorre Sturleson, who lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. Here are found many stories of the myths of northern lands. According to this book, the principal deities were the powerful Odin, the great all-father; his wife Frigga; their son, Balder the beautiful, the friend of every one and beloved by every one; Thor the thunderer, who defended Asgard, the home of the gods, from the giants; and the treacherous Loki, full of malicious mischief and hatred. Heroes who fell in battle were borne by the "battle-maidens," the Valkyries, straight to Valhalla, where they joyed in fighting through the day and feasting through the night.

It was believed that at some time in the future, gods and men would be destroyed, the sun would become pale, the earth would sink into the sea, and the stars would drop from the heavens. After this destruction had taken place, a new heaven and a new earth would be created. Misery and wrongdoing would vanish, and gods and men would live in the utmost harmony together for unknown ages.

THE WOLF FENRIS

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

[THE father of Fenris was Loki, the personification of evil. Tyr was one of the sons of Odin.

The Editor.]

THEN said Har: —

"The wolf Fenris was bred up among the gods; but Tyr alone had the daring to go and feed him. Nevertheless, when the gods perceived that he every day increased prodigiously in size, and that the oracles warned them that he would one day become fatal to them, they determined to make a very strong iron fetter for him, which they called Læding. Taking this fetter to the wolf, they bade him try his strength on it. Fenris, perceiving that the enterprise would not be very difficult for him, let them do what they pleased, and then, by great muscular exertion, burst the chain and set himself at liberty. The gods, having seen this, made another fetter, half as strong again as the former, which they called Dromi, and prevailed on the wolf to put it on, assuring him that by breaking this, he would give an undeniable proof of his vigor.

"The wolf saw well enough that it would not be so easy to break this fetter, but, finding at the same time that his strength had increased since he broke Læding, and thinking that he could never become famous without running some risk, voluntarily submitted to be chained. When the gods told him that they had finished

their task, Fenris shook himself violently, stretched his limbs, rolled on the ground, and at last burst his chains, which flew in pieces all around him. He thus freed himself from Dromi, which gave rise to the proverb 'To get loose out of Læding,' or 'To dash out of Dromi,' when anything is to be accomplished by strong efforts.

"After this the gods despaired of ever being able to bind the wolf; wherefore Al-father sent Skirnir, the messenger of Frey, into the country of the Dark Elves to engage certain dwarfs to make the fetter called Gleipnir. It was fashioned out of six things; to wit, the noise made by the footfall of a cat; the beards of women; the roots of stones; the sinews of bears; the breath of fish; and the spittle of birds. Though thou mayest not have heard of these things before, thou mayest easily convince thyself that we have not been telling thee lies. Thou must have seen that women have no beards, that cats make no noise when they run, and that there are no roots under stones. Now I know what has been told thee to be equally true, although there may be some things thou art not able to furnish a proof of."

"I believe what thou hast told me to be true," replied Gangler, "for what thou hast adduced in corroboration of thy statement is conceivable. But how was the fetter smithied?"

"This can I tell thee," replied Har, "that the fetter was as smooth and soft as a silken string, and yet, as thou wilt presently hear, of very great strength. When it was brought to the gods, they were profuse in their thanks to the messenger for the trouble he had given himself; and taking the wolf with them to the island called Lyngvi, in the lake Amsvartnir, they showed him the

cord, and expressed their wish that he would try to break it, assuring him at the same time that it was somewhat stronger than its thinness would warrant a person in supposing it to be. They took it themselves, one after another, in their hands, and after attempting in vain to break it, said, 'Thou alone, Fenris, art able to accomplish such a feat.'

"'Methinks,' replied the wolf, 'that I shall acquire no fame in breaking such a slender cord; but if any artifice has been employed in making it, slender though it seems, it shall never come on my feet.'

"The gods assured him that he would easily break a limber silken cord, since he had already burst asunder iron fetters of the most solid construction. 'But if thou shouldst not succeed in breaking it,' they added, 'thou wilt show that thou art too weak to cause the gods any fear, and we will not hesitate to set thee at liberty without delay.'

"'I fear me much,' replied the wolf, 'that if ye once bind me so fast that I shall be unable to free myself by my own efforts, ye will be in no haste to unloose me. Loath am I, therefore, to have this cord wound round me; but in order that ye may not doubt my courage, I will consent, provided one of you put his hand into my mouth as a pledge that ye intend me no deceit.'

"The gods wistfully looked at each other, and found that they had only the choice of two evils, until Tyr stepped forward and intrepidly put his right hand between the monster's jaws. Hereupon the gods, having tied up the wolf, he forcibly stretched himself as he had formerly done, and used all his might to disengage himself, but the more efforts he made the tighter became

the cord, until all the gods, except Tyr, who lost his hand, burst into laughter at the sight.

"When the gods saw that the wolf was effectually bound, they took the chain called Gelgja, which was fixed to the fetter, and drew it through the middle of a large rock named Gjöll, which they sank very deep into the earth; afterwards, to make it still more secure, they fastened the end of the cord to a massive stone called Thviti, which they sank still deeper. The wolf made in vain the most violent efforts to break loose, and opening his tremendous jaws, endeavored to bite them. The gods, seeing this, thrust a sword into his mouth, which pierced his underjaw up to the hilt, so that the point touched the palate. He then began to howl horribly, and since that time the foam flows continually from his mouth in such abundance that it forms the river called Von. There will he remain until Ragnarök."[1]

"Verily," said Gangler, "an evil progeny is that of Loki, yet most mighty and powerful; but since the gods have so much to fear from the wolf, why did they not slay him?"

"The gods have so much respect for the sanctity of their peace-steads," replied Har, "that they would not stain them with the blood of the wolf, although prophecy had intimated to them that he must one day become the bane of Odin."

[1] The destruction of the world.

THE HORSE SLEIPNIR

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

"THOU mad'st mention," said Gangler, "of the horse Sleipnir. To whom does he belong, and what is there to say respecting him?"

"Thou seemest to know nothing either about Sleipnir or his origin," replied Har, "but thou wilt no doubt find what thou wilt hear worthy of thy notice. Once upon a time when the gods were constructing their abodes, and had already finished Midgard and Valhalla, a certain artificer came and offered to build them, in the space of three half years, a residence so well fortified that they should be perfectly safe from the incursion of the Frost-giants and the giants of the mountains, even although they should have penetrated within Midgard. But he demanded for his reward the goddess Freya, together with the sun and moon. After long deliberation the Æsir agreed to his terms, provided he would finish the whole work himself without any one's assistance, and all within the space of one winter; but if anything remained unfinished on the first day of summer, he should forfeit the recompense agreed on. On being told these terms, the artificer stipulated that he should be allowed the use of his horse, called Svadilfari, and this, by the advice of Loki, was granted to him. He accordingly set to work on the first day of winter, and during the night let his horse draw stone for the building. The enormous size of the stones struck the Æsir with astonishment, and they

saw clearly that the horse did one half more of the toilsome work than his master. Their bargain, however, had been concluded in the presence of witnesses, and confirmed by solemn oaths, for without these precautions a giant would not have thought himself safe among the Æsir, especially when Thor returned from an expedition he had then undertaken towards the east against evil demons.

"As the winter drew to a close the building was far advanced, and the bulwarks were sufficiently high and massive to render this residence impregnable. In short, when it wanted but three days to summer the only part that remained to be finished was the gateway. Then sat the gods on their seats of justice and entered into consultation, inquiring of one another who among them could have advised to give Freya away to Jötunheim, or to plunge the heavens in darkness by permitting the giant to carry away the sun and moon. They all agreed that no one but Loki, the son of Laufey, and the author of so many evil deeds, could have given such bad counsel, and that he should be put to a cruel death if he did not contrive some way or other to prevent the artificer from completing his task and obtaining the stipulated recompense. They immediately proceeded to lay hands on Loki, who, in his fright, promised upon oath that let it cost him what it would, he would so manage matters that the man should lose his reward. That very night, when the artificer went with Svadilfari for building stone, a mare suddenly ran out of a forest and began to neigh. The horse being thus excited, broke loose and ran after the mare into the forest, which obliged the man also to run after his horse, and thus between one and the

other the night was lost, so that at dawn the work had not made the usual progress. The man seeing that he had no other means of completing his task, resumed his own gigantic stature, and the gods now clearly perceived that it was in reality a Mountain-giant who had come amongst them. No longer regarding their oaths, they, therefore, called on Thor, who immediately ran to their assistance, and lifting up his mallet Mjölnir paid the workman his wages, not with the sun and moon, and not even by sending him back to Jötunheim, for with the first blow he shattered the giant's skull to pieces, and hurled him headlong into Niflhel. But shortly after, the mare bore a gray foal with eight legs. This is the horse Sleipnir, which excels all horses ever possessed by gods or men."

THOR FISHES FOR THE MIDGARD SERPENT

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

[ACCORDING to Scandinavian mythology, Midgard (the earth) was held together by the Midgard serpent which lay at the bottom of the ocean with its tail between its jaws. Across the ocean was the land of giants with whom the gods were perpetually at war.

The Editor.]

HE [Thor] went out of Midgard under the semblance of a young man, and came at dusk to the dwelling of a giant called Hymir. Here Thor passed the night, but at break of day, when he perceived that Hymir was making his boat ready for fishing, he arose and dressed himself, and begged the giant would let him row out to sea with him. Hymir answered that a puny stripling like him could be of no great use to him. "Besides," he added, "thou wilt catch thy death of cold if I go so far out and remain so long as I am accustomed to do." Thor said that for all that he would row as far from the land as Hymir had a mind, and was not sure which of them would be the first who might wish to row back again. At the same time he was so enraged that he felt sorely inclined to let his mallet ring on the giant's skull without further delay, but intending to try his strength elsewhere, he stifled his wrath, and asked Hymir what he meant to bait with. Hymir told him to look out for a bait himself. Thor instantly went up to a herd of oxen

that belonged to the giant, and seizing the largest bull, that bore the name of Himinbrjót, wrung off his head, and returning with it to the boat, put out to sea with Hymir.

Thor rowed aft with two oars, and with such force that Hymir, who rowed at the prow, saw with surprise how swiftly the boat was driven forward. He then observed that they were come to the place where he was wont to angle for flat-fish, but Thor assured him that they had better go on a good way farther. They accordingly continued to ply their oars, until Hymir cried out that if they did not stop they would be in danger from the great Midgard serpent. Notwithstanding this, Thor persisted in rowing farther, and in spite of Hymir's remonstrances was a great while before he would lay down his oars. He then took out a fishing-line, extremely strong, furnished with an equally strong hook, on which he fixed the bull's head, and cast his line into the sea. The bait soon reached the bottom, and it may be truly said that Thor then deceived the Midgard serpent not a whit less than Utgard-Loki had deceived Thor when he obliged him to lift up the serpent in his hand: for the monster greedily caught at the bait, and the hook stuck fast in his palate. Stung with the pain, the serpent tugged at the hook so violently that Thor was obliged to hold fast with both hands by the pegs that bear against the oars. But his wrath now waxed high, and assuming all his divine power, he pulled so hard at the line that his feet forced their way through the boat, and went down to the bottom of the sea, whilst with his hands he drew up the serpent to the side of the vessel. It is impossible to express by words the dreadful scene that now took

place. Thor, on one hand, darting looks of ire on the serpent, whilst the monster, rearing his head, spouted out floods of venom upon him. It is said that when the giant Hymir beheld the serpent, he turned pale and trembled with fright, and seeing, moreover, that the water was entering his boat on all sides, he took out his knife, just as Thor raised his mallet aloft, and cut the line, on which the serpent sunk again under water. Thor, however, launched his mallet at him, and there are some who say that it struck off the monster's head at the bottom of the sea, but one may assert with more certainty that he still lives and lies in the ocean. Thor then struck Hymir such a blow with his fist, nigh the ear, that the giant fell headlong into the water, and Thor, wading with rapid strides, soon came to the land again.

THOR AMONG THE GIANTS

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

THOR and his companions went their way and continued their journey until noon. Then they saw a burg standing on a plain, and it was so high that they had to bend their necks clear back before they could look over it. They drew nearer and came to the burg-gate, which was closed. Thor finding himself unable to open it, and being anxious to get within the burg, they crept between the bars and so came in. They discovered a large hall and went to it. Finding the door open they entered, and saw there many men, the most of whom were immensely large, sitting on two benches. Thereupon they approached the king, Utgard-Loki, and greeted him. He scarcely deigned to look at them, smiled scornfully, and showed his teeth, saying: —

"It is late to ask for tidings of a long journey, but if I am not mistaken, this stripling is Oku-Thor, is it not? It may be, however, that you are really bigger than you look. For what feats are you and your companions prepared? No one can stay with us here unless he is skilled in some craft or accomplishment beyond the most of men."

Then answered he who came in last, namely, Loki: —

"I know the feat of which I am prepared to give proof, that there is no one present who can eat his food faster than I."

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"That is a feat, indeed, if you can keep your word, and you shall try it immediately."

He then summoned from the bench a man by name Loge, and requested him to come out on the floor and try his strength against Loki. They took a trough full of meat and set it on the floor, whereupon Loki seated himself at one end and Loge at the other. Both ate as fast as they could, and met at the middle of the trough. Loki had eaten all the flesh off from the bones, but Loge had consumed both the flesh and the bones, and the trough, too. All agreed that Loki had lost the wager.

Then Utgard-Loki asked what game *that* young man knew. Thjalfe answered that he would try to run a race with any one that Utgard-Loki might designate. Utgard-Loki said this was a good feat, and added that it was to be hoped that he excelled in swiftness if he expected to win in this game, but he would soon have the matter decided. He arose and went out. There was an excellent race-course along the flat plain. Utgard-Loki then summoned a young man, whose name was Huge, and bade him run a race with Thjalfe. Then they took the first heat, and Huge was so much ahead that when he turned at the goal he met Thjalfe.

Said Utgard-Loki:—

"You must lay yourself more forward, Thjalfe, if you want to win the race; but this I confess, that there has never before come any one hither who was swifter of foot than you."

Then they took a second heat, and when Huge came to the goal and turned, there was a long bolt-shot to Thjalfe.

Then said Utgard-Loki:—

"Thjalfe seems to me to run well; still I scarcely think he will win the race, but this will be proven when they run the third heat."

Then they took one more heat. Huge ran to the goal and turned back, but Thjalfe had not yet gotten to the middle of the course. Then all said that this game had been tried sufficiently.

Utgard-Loki now asked Thor what feats there were that he would be willing to exhibit before them, corresponding to the tales that men tell of his great works. Thor replied that he preferred to compete with some one in drinking. Utgard-Loki said there would be no objection to this. He went into the hall, called his cup-bearer, and requested him to take the sconce-horn that his thanes were wont to drink from. The cup-bearer immediately brought forward the horn and handed it to Thor.

Said Utgard-Loki: —

"From this horn it is thought to be well drunk if it is emptied in one draught, some men empty it in two draughts, but there is no drinker so wretched that he cannot exhaust it in three."

Thor looked at the horn and did not think it was very large, though it seemed pretty long, but he was very thirsty. He put it to his lips, and swallowed with all his might, thinking that he should not have to bend over the horn a second time. But when his breath gave out, and he looked into the horn to see how it had gone with his drinking, it seemed to him difficult to determine whether there was less in it than before.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"That is well drunk, still it is not very much. I

could never have believed it, if any one had told me, that Asa-Thor could not drink more, but I know you will be able to empty it in a second draught."

Thor did not answer, but set the horn to his lips, thinking that he would now take a larger draught. He drank as long as he could and drank deep, as he was wont, but still he could not make the tip of the horn come up as he would like. And when he set the horn away and looked into it, it seemed to him that he had drunk less than the first time; but the horn could now be borne without spilling.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"How now, Thor! Are you not leaving more for the third draught than befits your skill? It seems to me that if you are to empty the horn with the third draught, then this will be the greatest. You will not be deemed so great a man here among us as the asas [gods] call you, if you do not distinguish yourself more in other feats than you seem to me to have done in this."

Then Thor became wroth, set the horn to his mouth and drank with all his might and kept on as long as he could; and when he looked into it its contents had indeed visibly diminished, but he gave back the horn and would not drink any more.

Said Utgard-Loki: —

"It is clear that your might is not so great as we thought. Would you like to try other games? It is evident that you gained nothing by the first."

Answered Thor: —

"I should like to try other games, but I should be surprised if such a drink at home among the asas would be called small. What game will you now offer me?"

Answered Utgard-Loki: —

"Young lads here think it nothing but play to lift my cat up from the ground, and I should never have dared to offer such a thing to Asa-Thor had I not already seen that you are much less of a man than I thought."

Then there sprang forth on the floor a gray cat, and it was rather large. Thor went over to it, put his hand under the middle of its body, and tried to lift it up, but the cat bent its back in the same degree as Thor raised his hands; and when he had stretched them up as far as he was able the cat lifted one foot, and Thor did not carry the game any further.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"This game ended as I expected. The cat is rather large, and Thor is small, and little compared with the great men that are here with us."

Said Thor: —

"Little as you call me, let any one who likes come hither and wrestle with me, for now I am wroth."

Answered Utgard-Loki, looking about him on the benches: —

"I do not see any one here who would not think it a trifle to wrestle with you." And again he said: "Let me see first! Call hither that old woman, Elle, my foster-mother, and let Thor wrestle with her if he wants to. She has thrown to the ground men who have seemed to me no less strong than Thor."

Then there came into the hall an old woman. Utgard-Loki bade her take a wrestle with Asa-Thor. The tale is not long. The result of the grapple was that the more Thor tightened his grasp, the firmer she stood. Then the woman began to bestir herself, and Thor lost his

footing. They had some very hard tussles, and before long Thor was brought down on one knee. Then Utgard-Loki stepped forward, bade them cease the wrestling, and added that Thor did not need to challenge anybody else to wrestle with him in his hall; besides, it was now getting late. He showed Thor and his companions to seats, and they spent the night there enjoying the best of hospitality.

At daybreak the next day Thor and his companions arose, dressed themselves, and were ready to depart. Then came Utgard-Loki and had the table spread for them, and there was no lack of feasting both in food and in drink. When they had breakfasted, they immediately departed from the burg. Utgard-Loki went with them out of the burg, but at parting he spoke to Thor and asked him how he thought his journey had turned out, or whether he had ever met a mightier man than himself. Thor answered that he could not deny that he had been greatly disgraced in this meeting; "and this I know," he added, "that you will call me a man of little account, whereat I am much mortified."

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"Now I will tell you the truth, since you have come out of the burg, that if I live, and may have my way, you shall never enter it again; and this I know, forsooth, that you should never have come into it had I before known that you were so strong, and that you had come so near bringing us into great misfortune. Know, then, that I have deceived you with illusions. . . . In regard to the first [contest] in which Loki took part, the facts were as follows: He was very hungry and ate fast; but he whose name was Loge was wildfire, and he burned

the trough no less rapidly than the meat. When Thjalfe ran a race with him whose name was Huge, that was my thought, and it was impossible for him to keep pace with its swiftness. When you drank from the horn, and thought that it diminished so little, then, by my troth, it was a great wonder, which I could never have deemed possible. One end of the horn stood in the sea, but that you did not see. When you come to the seashore you will discover how much the sea has sunk by your drinking; that is now called the ebb." Furthermore he said: "Nor did it seem less wonderful to me that you lifted up the cat; and, to tell you the truth, all who saw it were frightened when they saw that you raised one of its feet from the ground, for it was not such a cat as you thought. It was in reality the Midgard serpent, which surrounds all lands. It was scarcely long enough to touch the earth with its tail and head, and you raised it so high that your hand nearly reached to heaven. It was also a most astonishing feat when you wrestled with Elle, for none has ever been, and none shall ever be, that Elle [eld, old age] will not get the better of him, though he gets to be old enough to abide her coming. And now the truth is that we must part; and it will be better for us both that you do not visit me again. I will again defend my burg with similar or other delusions, so that you will get no power over me."

When Thor heard this tale, he seized his hammer and lifted it into the air, but when he was about to strike, he saw Utgard-Loki nowhere; and when he turned back to the burg and was going to dash that to pieces, he saw a beautiful and large plain, but no burg. So he turned and went his way back to Thrudvang.

THE DEATH OF BALDER

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

THE beginning of this tale is that Balder dreamed dreams great and dangerous to his life. When he told these dreams to the asas [gods] they took counsel together, and it was decided that they should seek peace for Balder against all kinds of harm. So Frigg [mother of Balder] exacted an oath from fire, water, iron, and all kinds of metal, stones, earth, trees, sicknesses, beasts, birds, and creeping things, that they should not hurt Balder. When this was done and made known, it became the pastime of Balder and the asas that he should stand up at their meetings whilst some of them should shoot at him, others should hew at him, while others should throw stones at him; but no matter what they did, no harm came to him, and this seemed to all a great honor.

When Loki, Laufey's son, saw this, it displeased him very much that Balder was not scathed. So he went to Frigg, in Fensal, having taken on himself the likeness of a woman. Frigg asked this woman whether she knew what the asas were doing at their meeting. She answered that all were shooting at Balder, but that he was not scathed thereby.

Then said Frigg: —

"Neither weapon nor tree can hurt Balder, I have taken an oath from them all."

Then asked the woman: —

"Have all things taken an oath to spare Balder?"

Frigg answered: —

"West of Valhalla there grows a little shrub that is called the mistletoe, that seemed to me too young to exact an oath from."

Then the woman suddenly disappeared. Loki went and pulled up the mistletoe and proceeded to the meeting. Hoder stood far to one side in the ring of men, because he was blind.

Loki addressed himself to him, and asked: —

"Why do you not shoot at Balder?"

He answered: —

"Because I do not see where he is, and furthermore I have no weapons."

Then said Loki: —

"Do like the others and show honor to Balder; I will show you where he stands; shoot at him with this wand."

Hoder took the mistletoe and shot at Balder under the guidance of Loki. The dart pierced him and he fell dead to the ground. This is the greatest misfortune that has ever happened to gods and men.

When Balder had fallen, the asas were struck speechless with horror, and their hands failed them to lay hold of the corpse. One looked at the other, and all were of one mind toward him who had done the deed, but being assembled in a holy peace-stead, no one could take vengeance. When the asas at length tried to speak, the wailing so choked their voices that one could not describe to the other his sorrow. Odin took this misfortune most to heart, since he best comprehended how great a loss and injury the fall of Balder was to the asas.

When the gods came to their senses, Frigg spoke and asked who there might be among the asas who desired to win all her love and good will by riding the way to Hel and trying to find Balder, and offering Hel a ransom if she would allow Balder to return home again to Asgard. But he is called Hermod, the Nimble, Odin's swain, who undertook this journey. Odin's steed, Sleipnir, was led forth. Hermod mounted him and galloped away.

The asas took the corpse of Balder and brought it to the seashore. Hringhorn was the name of Balder's ship, and it was the largest of all ships. The gods wanted to launch it and make Balder's bale-fire thereon, but they could not move it. Then they sent to Jötunheim after the giantess whose name is Hyrrokken. She came riding on a wolf, and had twisted serpents for reins. When she alighted, Odin appointed four berserks to take care of her steed, but they were unable to hold him except by throwing him down to the ground. Hyrrokken went to the prow and launched the ship with one single push, but the motion was so violent that fire sprang from the underlaid rollers and all the earth shook. Then Thor became wroth, grasped his hammer, and would forthwith have crushed her skull, had not all the gods asked peace for her. Balder's corpse was borne out on the ship; and when his wife Nanna, daughter of Nep, saw this, her heart was broken with grief and she died. She was borne to the funeral-pile and cast on the fire. Thor stood by and hallowed the pile with Mjöllnir. Before his feet ran a dwarf, whose name is Lit. Him Thor kicked with his foot and dashed into the fire, and he, too, was burned. But this

funeral-pile was attended by many kinds of folk. First of all came Odin, accompanied by Frigg and the Valkyries and his ravens. Frey came riding in his chariot drawn by the boar called Gullinburste or Slidrugtanne. Heimdal rode his steed Gulltop, and Freya drove her cats. There was a large number of frost-giants and mountain-giants. Odin laid on the funeral-pile his gold ring, Draupner, which had the property of producing, every ninth night, eight gold rings of equal weight. Balder's horse, fully caparisoned, was led to his master's pile.

But of Hermod it is to be told that he rode nine nights through deep and dark valleys, and did not see light until he came to the Gjallar-river and rode on the Gjallar-bridge, which is thatched with shining gold. Modgud is the name of the man who guards the bridge. She asked him for his name, and of what kin he was, saying that the day before there rode five fylkes [kingdoms, bands] of dead men over the bridge; "but," she added, "it does not shake less under you alone, and you do not have the hue of dead men. Why do you ride the way to Hel?"

He answered: —

"I am to ride to Hel to find Balder. Have you seen him pass this way?"

She answered that Balder had ridden over the Gjallar-bridge; adding: —

"But downward and northward lies the way to Hel."

Then Hermod rode on till he came to Hel's gate. He alighted from his horse, drew the girths tighter, remounted him, clapped the spurs into him, and the

horse leaped over the gate with so much force that he never touched it. Thereupon Hermod proceeded to the hall and alighted from his steed. He went in, and saw there sitting on the foremost seat his brother Balder. He tarried there over night. In the morning he asked Hel whether Balder might ride home with him, and told how great weeping there was among the asas. But Hel replied that it should now be tried whether Balder was so much beloved as was said. "If all things," said she, "both quick and dead, will weep for him, then he shall go back to the asas; but if anything refuses to shed tears, then he shall remain with Hel."

Hermod arose, and Balder accompanied him out of the hall. He took the ring Draupner and sent it as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna sent Frigg a kerchief and other gifts, and to Fulla she sent a ring. Thereupon Hermod rode back and came to Asgard, where he reported the tidings he had seen and heard.

Then the asas sent messengers over all the world, praying that Balder might be wept out of Hel's power. All things did so, — men and beasts, the earth, stones, trees, and all metals, just as you must have seen that these things weep when they come out of frost and into heat. When the messengers returned home and had done their errand well, they found a certain cave wherein sat a giantess whose name was Thok. They requested her to weep Balder from Hel; but she answered: —

Thok will weep
With dry tears
For Balder's burial;
Neither in life nor in death
Gave he to me gladness.
Let Hel keep what she has!

It is generally believed that this Thok was Loki, Laufey's son, who has wrought most evil among the asas. . . . He was repaid for this in a way that he will long remember. The gods became exceedingly wroth, as might be expected. So he ran away and hid himself in a rock. Here he built a house with four doors, so that he might keep an outlook on all sides. Oftentimes in the daytime he took on him the likeness of a salmon and concealed himself in Frananger Force. Then he thought to himself what stratagems the asas might have recourse to in order to catch him. Now, as he was sitting in his house, he took flax and yarn and worked them into meshes, in the manner that nets have since been made; but a fire was burning before him. Then he saw that the asas were not far distant. Odin had seen from Hlidskjalf where Loki kept himself. Loki immediately sprang up, cast the net on the fire, and leaped into the river.

When the asas came to the house, he entered first who was wisest of them all, and whose name was Kvaser; and when he saw in the fire the ashes of the net that had been burned, he understood that this must be a contrivance for catching fish, and this he told to the asas. Thereupon they took flax and made themselves a net after the pattern of that which they saw in the ashes and which Loki had made.

When the net was made, the asas went to the river and cast it into the force. Thor held one end of the net, and all the other asas laid hold on the other, thus jointly drawing it along the stream. Loki went before it and laid himself down between two stones, so that they drew the net over him, although they perceived that

some living thing touched the meshes. They went up to the force again and cast out the net a second time. This time they hung a great weight to it, making it so heavy that nothing could possibly pass under it. Loki swam before the net, but when he saw that he was near the sea, he sprang over the top of the net and hastened back to the force.

When the asas saw whither he went, they proceeded up to the force, dividing themselves into two bands, but Thor waded in the middle of the stream, and so they dragged the net along to the sea. Loki saw that he now had only two chances of escape, — either to risk his life and swim out to sea, or to leap again over the net. He chose the latter, and made a tremendous leap over the top line of the net. Thor grasped after him and caught him, but he slipped in his hand so that Thor did not get a firm hold before he got to the tail; and that is the reason why the salmon has so slim a tail.

Now Loki was taken without truce and was brought to a cave. The gods took three rocks and set them up on edge, and bored a hole through each rock. Then they took Loki's sons, Vale and Nare or Narfe. Vale they changed into the likeness of a wolf, whereupon he tore his brother Narfe to pieces, with whose intestines the asas bound Loki over the three rocks. One stood under his shoulders, another under his loins, and the third under his hams, and the fetters became iron. Skade took a serpent and fastened up over him, so that the venom should drop from the serpent into his face. But Sigyn, his wife, stands by him, and holds a dish under the venom-drops. Whenever the dish becomes

full, she goes and pours away the venom, and meanwhile the venom drops upon Loki's face. Then he twists his body so violently that the whole earth shakes, and this you call earthquakes. There he will lie bound until Ragnarök.

PROVERBS FROM THE EDDAS

He who traveleth hath need of wisdom.

The more the drunkard swallows, the less is his wisdom, till he loses his reason.

No one ought to laugh at another until he is free from faults himself.

One's own home is the best home, though never so small.

Love both your friends and your friends' friends; but do not favor the friend of your enemies.

Riches pass away like the twinkling of an eye; of all friends they are the most inconstant.

Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended; praise a woman when she is buried; a sword when you have proved it; a maiden after she is married; the ice when once you have crossed it; and the liquor after it is drunk.

Trust not to the ice of one day's freezing.

Be not the first to break with your friend. Sorrow gnaws the heart of him who hath no one to advise with but himself.



Boinnis Glacier and River

II
TALES OF THE SEA-ROVERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

OUR first knowledge of the history of Norway comes from the sagas, or hero-stories, handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth until the time came when they were put into writing. Far less is known than might be wished, for little that can be trusted goes back of the ninth century. The tiny kingdoms, which were scattered over the land, were then united by Harald Fairhair, and a rude feudal system was introduced. A great number of the jarls, or nobles, unwilling to submit to any authority, set out in their stout ships to conquer homes for themselves in other lands. From Archangel to Constantinople these Viking sea-rovers roamed in their dragon-prowed galleys, thirsting for battle and for plunder, until their name grew terrible throughout western Europe.

During the eleventh century Christianity was introduced by King Olaf Tryggvason (996–1000) and Olaf the Saint (1015–1030), royal missionaries who relied not on argument, but on the sword, for the conversion of their subjects. The last of these kings was driven from his throne by Canute, King of Denmark and England; but the rule of Denmark passed with the life of Canute, and for three hundred years Norwegian sovereigns wore the Norwegian crown. In the middle of the twelfth century a civil war broke out which devastated the country until the accession in 1217 of Hakon IV, an energetic monarch who restored the country's prosperity and conquered Iceland.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

[About 890]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[THIS story of the discovery of the North Cape was told to Alfred the Great by the old sea-captain Othere. Longfellow in his poem has followed closely the account set down by Alfred in his notebook.

The Editor.]

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
  Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
  Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
  Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
  Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
  His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
  As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
  Had a book upon his knees,

And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale.
If you only sail by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas.

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep; —
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,

To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,

Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze

Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,

Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,

But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:

Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the king listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!"

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
  Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
  Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
  Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
  His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
  In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

THE STORY OF HAKON THE GOOD

[934–961]

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

[THE "Heimskringla" is the history of the kings of Norway. It was written early in the thirteenth century by the Icelander Snorre Sturleson. "Thing" is an assembly or public meeting. "Bonders" are peasants or farmers.

The Editor.]

KETIL JEMTE, a son of Earl Onund of Sparbo, went eastward across the mountain ridge, and with him a great multitude, who took all their farmstock and goods with them. They cleared the woods, and established large farms, and settled the country afterwards called Jemteland. Thorer Helsing, Ketil's grandson, on account of a murder, ran away from Jemteland, and fled eastward through the forest, and settled there. Many people followed; and that country, which extends eastward down to the sea-coast, was called Helsingland; and its eastern parts are inhabited by Swedes.

Now when Hakon Haarfager took possession of the whole country, many people fled before him, both people of Drontheim and of Numedal districts; and thus new settlers came to Jemteland, and some all the way to Helsingland. The Helsingland people traveled into Sweden for their merchandise, and thus became altogether subjects of that country. The Jemteland people, again, were in a manner between the two countries; and nobody cared about them, until Hakon entered into

friendly intercourse with Jemteland, and made friends of the more powerful people. Then they resorted to him, and promised him obedience and payment of taxes, and became his subjects; for they saw nothing but what was good in him, and being of Norwegian race they would rather stand under his royal authority than under the King of Sweden: and he gave them laws, and rights to their land. All the people of Helsingland did the same, — that is, all who were of Norwegian race, from the other side of the great mountain ridge.

King Hakon was a good Christian when he came to Norway; but as the whole country was heathen, with much heathenish sacrifice, and as many great people, as well as the favor of the common people, were to be conciliated, he resolved to practice his Christianity in private. But he kept Sundays, and the Friday fasts, and some token of the greatest holy days. He made a law that the festival of Yule should begin at the same time as Christian people held it, and that every man, under penalty, should brew a meal [that is, a measure of grain] of malt into ale, and therewith keep the Yule holy as long as it lasted. Before him, the beginning of Yule, or the slaughter night, was the night of midwinter, and Yule was kept for three days thereafter. It was his intent, as soon as he had set himself fast in the land, and had subjected the whole to his power, to introduce Christianity. He went to work first by enticing to Christianity the men who were dearest to him; and many, out of friendship to him, allowed themselves to be baptized, and some laid aside sacrifices. He dwelt long in the Drontheim district, for the strength of the country lay there; and when he thought that, by the support of some

powerful people there, he could set up Christianity, he sent a message to England for a bishop and other teachers; and when they arrived in Norway, Hakon made it known that he would proclaim Christianity over all the land. The people of Möre and Raumsdal referred the matter to the people of Drontheim. King Hakon then had several churches consecrated, and put priests into them; and when he came to Drontheim he summoned the bonders to a Thing, and invited them to accept Christianity. They gave an answer to the effect that they would defer the matter until the Froste Thing, at which there would be men from every district of the Drontheim country, and then they would give their determination upon this difficult matter.

Sigurd, Earl of Lade, was one of the greatest men for sacrifices, and so had Hakon his father been; and Sigurd always presided on account of the king at all the festivals of sacrifice in the Drontheim country. It was an old custom that, when there was to be sacrifice, all the bonders should come to the spot where the temple stood, and bring with them all that they required while the festival lasted. To this festival all the men brought ale with them; and all kinds of cattle, as well as horses, were slaughtered, and all the blood that came from them was called *laut*, and the vessels in which it was collected were called laut-vessels. Laut-staves were made, like sprinkling brushes, with which the whole of the altars and the temple walls, both outside and inside, were sprinkled over, and also the people were sprinkled with the blood; but the flesh was boiled into savory meat for those present. The fire was in the middle of the floor of the temple, and over it hung the kettles, and the full goblets were

handed across the fire; and he who made the feast, and was a chief, blessed the full goblets, and all the meat of the sacrifice. And first Odin's goblet was emptied for victory and power to his king; thereafter, Niord's and Freya's goblets for peace and a good season. Then it was the custom of many to empty the braga-goblet; [1] and then the guests emptied a goblet to the memory of departed friends, called the remembrance goblet. Sigurd the earl was an open-handed man, who did what was very much celebrated; namely, he made a great sacrifice festival at Lade, of which he paid all the expenses. Kormak Ogmundson sings of it in his ballad of Sigurd:

"Of cup or platter need has none
The guest who seeks the generous one, —
Sigurd the Generous, who can trace
His lineage from the giant race;
For Sigurd's hand is bounteous, free, —
The guardian of the temple he.
He loves the gods, — his liberal hand
Scatters his sword's gains o'er the land."

King Hakon came to the Froste Thing, at which a vast multitude of people were assembled. And when the Thing was seated, the king spoke to the people, and began his speech with saying, — it was his message and entreaty to the bonders and householding men, both great and small, and to the whole public in general, young and old, rich and poor, women as well as men, that they should all allow themselves to be baptized, and should believe in one God, and in Christ the son of Mary; and refrain from all sacrifices and heathen gods; and should keep holy the seventh day, and abstain from work on it, and keep a fast on the seventh day.

[1] Over which vows were made.

As soon as the king had proposed this to the bonders, great was the murmur and noise among the crowd. They complained that the king wanted to take their labor and their old faith from them, and the land could not be cultivated in that way. The laboring men and slaves thought that they could not work if they did not get meat; and they said it was the character of King Hakon and his father and all the family to be generous enough with their money, but sparing with their diet. Asbiorn of Midalhouse in the Gaulardal stood up, and answered thus to the king's proposal: —

"We bonders, King Hakon, when we elected thee to be our king, and got back our udal rights at the Thing held in Drontheim, thought we had got into heaven; but now we don't know whether we have really got back our freedom, or whether thou wishest to make vassals of us again by this extraordinary proposal — that we should abandon the ancient faith which our fathers and forefathers have held from the oldest times, in the times when the dead were burnt, as well as since that they are laid under mounds, and which, although they were braver than the people of our days, has served us as a faith to the present time. We have also held thee so dear, that we have allowed thee to rule and give law and right to all the country. And even now we bonders will unanimously hold by the law which thou givest us here in the Froste Thing, and to which we have also given our assent; and we will follow thee, and have thee for our king, as long as there is a living man among us bonders here in this Thing assembled. But thou, king, must use some moderation towards us, and only require from us such things as we can obey thee in, and as are not impos-

sible for us. If, however, thou wilt take up this matter with a high hand, and wilt try thy power and strength against us, we bonders have resolved among ourselves to part with thee, and to take to ourselves some other chief, who will so conduct himself towards us that we can freely and safely enjoy that faith that suits our own inclinations. Now, king, thou must choose one or other of these conditions before the Thing is ended."

The bonders gave loud applause to this speech, and said it expressed their will, and they would stand or fall by what had been spoken. When silence was again restored, Earl Sigurd said, "It is King Hakon's will to give way to you, the bonders, and never to separate himself from your friendship." The bonders replied, that it was their desire that the king should offer a sacrifice for peace and a good year, as his father was wont to do; and thereupon the noise and tumult ceased, and the Thing was concluded.

Earl Sigurd spoke to the king afterwards, and advised him not to refuse altogether to do as the people desired, saying there was nothing else for it but to give way to the will of the bonders; "for it is, as thou hast heard thyself, the will and earnest desire of the head-people, as well as of the multitude. Hereafter we may find a good way to manage it." And in this resolution the king and earl agreed.

The harvest thereafter, towards the winter season, there was a festival of sacrifice at Lade, and the king came to it. It had always been his custom before, when he was present at a place where there was sacrifice, to take his meals in a little house by himself, or with some few of his men; but the bonders grumbled that he did not

seat himself on his throne at these the most joyous of the meetings of the people. The earl said that the king should do so this time. The king accordingly sat upon his throne. Now when the first goblet was filled, Earl Sigurd spoke some words over it, blessed it in Odin's name, and drank to the king out of the horn; and the king then took it, and made the sign of the cross over it. Then said Kaare of Gryting, "What does the king mean by doing so? Will he not sacrifice?" Earl Sigurd replies, "The king is doing what all of you do, who trust to your power and strength. He is blessing the full goblet in the name of Thor, by making the sign of his hammer over it before he drinks it." On this there was quietness for the evening. The next day, when the people sat down to table, the bonders pressed the king strongly to eat of horse-flesh; [1] and as he would on no account do so, they wanted him to drink of the soup; and as he would not do this, they insisted he should at least taste the gravy; and on his refusal they were going to lay hands on him. Earl Sigurd came and made peace among them by asking the king to hold his mouth over the handle of the kettle, upon which the fat smoke of the boiled horse-flesh had settled itself; and the king first laid a linen cloth over the handle, and then gaped over it, and returned to the throne; but neither party was satisfied with this.

The winter thereafter the king prepared a Yule feast in Möre, and eight chiefs resolved with each other to meet at it. Four of them were from without the Drontheim district — namely, Kaare of Gryting, Asbiorn of Midalhouse, Thorberg of Varnæs, and Orm from Lyra; and from the Drontheim district, Blotolf of Olvishoug,

[1] The special sign of devotion to Odin.

Narfe of Staf in Værdal, Thrand Hake from Egge, and Thorer Skeg from Husaboe in Inderöen. These eight men bound themselves, the four first to root out Christianity in Norway, and the four others to oblige the king to offer sacrifice to the gods. The four first went in four ships southwards to Möre, and killed three priests, and burnt three churches, and then they returned. Now, when King Hakon and Earl Sigurd came to Möre with their court, the bonders assembled in great numbers; and immediately, on the first day of the feast, the bonders insisted hard with the king that he should offer sacrifice, and threatened him with violence if he refused. Earl Sigurd tried to make peace between them, and brought it so far that the king took some bits of horse-liver, and emptied all the goblets the bonders filled for him; but as soon as the feast was over, the king and the earl returned to Lade. The king was very ill pleased, and made himself ready to leave Drontheim forthwith with all his people, saying that the next time he came to Drontheim, he would come with such strength of men-at-arms that he would repay the bonders for their enmity towards him. Earl Sigurd entreated the king not to take it amiss of the bonders; adding, that it was not wise to threaten them, or to make war upon the people within the country, and especially in the Drontheim district where the strength of the land lay; but the king was so enraged that he would not listen to a word from anybody. He went out from Drontheim, and proceeded south to Möre where he remained the rest of the winter, and on to the spring season; and when summer came he assembled men, and the report was that he intended with this army to attack the Drontheim people.

[War arose, however, and instead of King Hakon's attacking the people of Drontheim, he was glad of their help to defend his kingdom. Peace therefore was made, and the enemy was driven from the land. Hakon ruled for many years, and won the hearts of his subjects. At length their enemies came upon them again, and the king was sorely wounded.]

When King Hakon came out to his ship he had his wound bound up; but the blood ran from it so much and so constantly that it could not be stopped; and when the day was drawing to an end his strength began to leave him. Then he told his men that he wanted to go northwards to his house at Alrekstad; but when he came north, as far as Hakon's Hill, they put in towards the land, for by this time the king was almost lifeless. Then he called his friends around him, and told them what he wished to be done with regard to his kingdom. He had only one child, a daughter, called Thora, and had no son. Now he told them to send a message to Eric's sons, that they should be kings over the country; but asked them to hold his friends in respect and honor. "And if fate," added he, "should prolong my life, I will, at any rate, leave the country, and go to a Christian land, and do penance for what I have done against God; but should I die in heathen land, give me any burial you think fit." Shortly afterwards Hakon expired, at the little hill on the shoreside at which he was born. So great was the sorrow over Hakon's death, that he was lamented both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again would Norway see such a king. His friends removed his body to Seaheim, in North Hordaland, and made a great mound, in which they laid the king in full armor and in

his best clothes, but with no other goods. They spoke over his grave, as heathen people are used to do, and wished him in Valhalla. Eyvind Skaldaspiller composed a poem on the death of King Hakon, and on how well he was received in Valhalla. The poem is called "Hakon-armal": —

In Odin's hall an empty place
Stands for a king of Yngve's race;
"Go, my valkyries," Odin said,
"Go forth, my angels of the dead,
Gondul and Skogul, to the plain
Drenched with the battle's bloody rain,
And to the dying Hakon tell,
Here in Valhalla he shall dwell."

At Stord, so late a lonely shore,
Was heard the battle's wild uproar;
The lightning of the flashing sword
Burned fiercely at the shore of Stord.
From leveled halberd and spear-head
Life-blood was dropping fast and red;
And the keen arrows' biting sleet
Upon the shore at Stord fast beat.

Upon the thundering cloud of shield
Flashed bright the sword-storm o'er the field;
And on the plate-mail rattled loud
The arrow-shower's rushing cloud,
In Odin's tempest-weather, there
Swift whistling through the angry air;
And the spear-torrent swept away
Ranks of brave men from light of day.

With batter'd shield, and blood-smear'd sword,
Sits one beside the shore at Stord,
With armor crushed and gashed sits he,
A grim and ghastly sight to see;
And round about in sorrow stand
The warriors of his gallant band:

Because the king of Döglin's race
In Odin's hall must fill a place.

Then up spake Gondul, standing near,
Resting upon her long ash spear, —
"Hakon! the gods' cause prospers well,
And thou in Odin's halls shalt dwell!"
The king beside the shore of Stord
The speech of the valkyrie heard,
Who sat there on her coal-black steed,
With shield on arm and helm on head.

Thoughtful said Hakon, "Tell me why,
Ruler of battles, victory
Is so dealt out on Stord's red plain?
Have we not well deserved to gain?"
"And is it not as well dealt out?"
Said Gondul. "Hearest thou not the shout?
The field is cleared — the foemen run —
The day is ours — the battle won!"

Then Skogul said, "My coal-black steed,
Home to the gods I now must speed,
To their green home, to tell the tiding
That Hakon's self is hither riding."
To Hermod and to Braga then
Said Odin, "Here, the first of men,
Brave Hakon comes, the Norsemen's king, —
Go forth, my welcome to him bring."

Fresh from the battle-field came in,
Dripping with blood, the Norsemen's king.
"Methinks," said he, "great Odin's will
Is harsh, and bodes me further ill:
Thy son from off the field to-day
From victory to snatch away!"
But Odin said, "Be thine the joy
Valhalla gives, my own brave boy!"

And Braga said, "Eight brothers here
Welcome thee to Valhalla's cheer,

To drain the cup, or fights repeat,
Where Hakon Eric's earls beat."
Quoth the stout king, "And shall my gear,
Helm, sword, and mail-coat, axe and spear,
Be still at hand? 'T is good to hold
Fast by our trusty friends of old."

Well was it seen that Hakon still
Had saved the temples from all ill;[1]
For the whole council of the gods
Welcomed the king to their abodes.
Happy the day when men are born
Like Hakon, who all base things scorn, —
Win from the brave an honored name,
And die amidst an endless fame.

Sooner shall Fenri's wolf devour
The race of man from shore to shore,
Than such a grace to kingly crown
As gallant Hakon want renown.
Life, land, friends, riches, all will fly,
And we in slavery shall sigh,
But Hakon in the blest abodes
For ever lives with the bright gods.

[1] Although a Christian, Hakon spared the heathen temples.

STORIES OF OLAF TRYGGVASON

[King of Norway from 996 to 1000]

[THE father of Olaf Tryggvason, grandson of Harald Fairhair, was an independent chief in Viken. After his murder, his wife Astrida fled to a tiny island in a lake, and there her son Olaf was born. The mother, still in danger from the murderers of her husband, took refuge in Russia with a kinsman. An outline of her son's adventurous career is given in the following pages.

In the year 1000, Olaf contended with the Danes in a furious fight at sea. When most of his thanes had been killed and he himself was sorely wounded, he sprang overboard. His foes tried to capture him, but he threw his shield over his head and sank beneath the blood-reddened waters. The story of this battle is told in the history of Sweden under the title "The Revenge of Sigrid the Haughty."

Olaf was never seen in Norway again, but his people could not believe that he was dead, and soon a story arose that he had not been killed, but had dived under the vessel and escaped. Furthermore, he had, according to legend, put upon himself the gray cloak of a pilgrim, had journeyed to Rome and the Holy Land, and had finally become a hermit, dying in the odor of sanctity after much prayer and fasting.

The Editor.]

OLAF'S YOUTHFUL ADVENTURES

BY HENRY WHEATON

AFTER residing for nine years at the Russian court, Olaf left in the nineteenth year of his age, and cruised in the Baltic Sea as a viking. He afterwards espoused the daughter of a Vend prince, and with his father-in-law joined the final expedition of the Emperor Otho against

Denmark. He returned to his wife's country, where he remained three years, and on her death, resumed his sea-roving life. He cruised for several years on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and on his arrival at Scilly, was converted to Christianity by a solitary monk or hermit in that remote and sequestered island. But he had probably acquired some notions of the Christian religion, as it was understood and practiced in those barbarous times, in Russia, and both the English and Norman chronicles assure us that he was solemnly baptized at London, and at Rouen in Normandy. Probably, like most of the Northern adventurers of that age, he might not be unwilling to give repeated proofs, in different countries and at different times, of his determination to renounce the errors of paganism.

The fame of the exploits of Olaf Tryggvason reached the ear of the tyrant of Norway, who heard with terror that there was a youthful hero, of the race of Harald Harfager, still surviving, who might challenge his claim to the Norwegian scepter. Hakon sent one of his subtlest agents, Thorer Klacka, to Dublin, in Ireland, where Olaf had married a Northman princess of that country, to discover and circumvent him with artful wiles. Thorer, who had before visited Ireland, both as a merchant and a sea-rover, presented himself to Olaf as one of the victims of Hakon's tyranny, and represented that his countrymen would receive, with open arms, the descendant of their ancient princes, as a deliverer from a yoke which had become insupportable.

Encouraged by these solicitations, Olaf set sail for Norway, accompanied by his pretended friend Thorer.

On their arrival in that country, they found that the greater part of the chieftains and people had actually risen in arms against Hakon. Thorer was confounded at finding what he had deceitfully represented to Olaf actually realized during his absence. He endeavored in vain to find out Hakon, who had fled before the rising storm, and sought a refuge in a distant part of the country with a woman of illustrious birth, named Thora, who provided him a hiding-place in a secret grotto, where he remained concealed from his enemies. In the mean time, Thorer returned to the ship, and advised Olaf to land, and take advantage of the disposition of the people in his favor, intending, however, to lead him into an ambush, and thus consummate his treachery by slaying the young prince. But Olaf anticipated the designs of Thorer, and caused him to be put to death before he could accomplish his intentions. There was now a general rising of the Norwegians against Hakon, who was assassinated by one of his own slaves. The bloody head of his enemy was brought to Olaf, who commanded the slave to be instantly put to death. Both their heads were then fixed up at the place of execution for common malefactors, and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who expressed their hate by covering them with a shower of stones.

The people of Norway immediately elected Olaf to fill the vacant throne. He was recommended to their choice, not only by his birth, being a lineal descendant of Harald I, and what was scarcely of less importance with the Northern nations, by his manly beauty, but also by his heroic spirit, valor, and reputation for wisdom and knowledge acquired in foreign lands.

STORIES OF OLAF TRYGGVASON

HOW GYDA CHOSE OLAF FOR A HUSBAND

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

While Olaf Tryggvason lay in the Scilly Isles he heard of a seer, or fortune-teller, on the islands, who could tell beforehand things not yet done, and what he foretold many believed was really fulfilled. Olaf became curious to try this man's gift of prophecy. He therefore sent one of his men, who was the handsomest and strongest, clothed him magnificently, and bade him say he was the king; for Olaf was known in all countries as handsomer, stronger, and braver than all others, although, after he had left Russia, he retained no more of his name than that he was called Ola, and was Russian. Now when the messenger came to the fortune-teller, and gave himself out for the king, he got the answer, "Thou art not the king, but I advise thee to be faithful to thy king." And more he would not say to that man. The man returned, and told Olaf, and his desire to meet the fortune-teller was increased; and now he had no doubt of his being really a fortune-teller. Olaf repaired himself to him, and, entering into conversation, asked him if he could foresee how it would go with him with regard to his kingdom, or of any other fortune he was to have. The hermit replies in a holy spirit of prophecy, "Thou wilt become a renowned king, and do celebrated deeds. Many men wilt thou bring to faith and baptism, and both to thy own and others' good; and that thou mayst have no doubt of the truth of this answer, listen to these tokens: When thou comest to thy ships many of thy people will conspire

against thee, and then a battle will follow in which many of thy men will fall, and thou wilt be wounded almost to death, and carried upon a shield to thy ship; yet after seven days thou shalt be well of thy wounds, and immediately thou shalt let thyself be baptized."

Soon after, Olaf went down to his ships, where he met some mutineers and people who would destroy him and his men. A fight took place, and the result was what the hermit had predicted, that Olaf was wounded, and carried upon a shield to his ship, and that his wound was healed in seven days. Then Olaf perceived that the man had spoken truth, — that he was a true fortune-teller, and had the gift of prophecy. Olaf went once more to the hermit, and asked particularly how he came to have such wisdom in foreseeing things to be. The hermit replied, that the Christian's God himself let him know all that he desired; and he brought before Olaf many great proofs of the power of the Almighty. In consequence of this encouragement Olaf agreed to let himself be baptized,and he and all his followers were baptized forthwith. He remained here a long time, took the true faith, and got with him priests and other learned men.

In autumn Olaf sailed from Scilly to England, where he put into a harbor, but proceeded in a friendly way; for England was Christian, and he himself had become a Christian. At this time a summons to a Thing went through the country, that all men should come to hold a Thing. Now when the Thing was assembled, a queen called Gyda came to it, a sister of Olaf Quaran, who was king of Dublin in Ireland. She had been married to a great earl in England, and after his death

she was at the head of his dominions. In her territory there was a man called Alfin, who was a great champion and single-combat man. He had paid his addresses to her; but she gave for answer, that she herself would choose whom of the men in her dominions she would take in marriage; and on that account the Thing was assembled, that she might choose a husband. Alfin came there dressed out in his best clothes, and there were many well-dressed men at the meeting. Olaf had come there also; but had on his bad-weather clothes, and a coarse over-garment, and stood with his people apart from the rest of the crowd. Gyda went round and looked at each, to see if any appeared to her a suitable man. Now when she came to where Olaf stood she looked at him straight in the face, and asked "what sort of man he was."

He said, "I am called Olaf; and I am a stranger here."

Gyda replies, "Wilt thou have me if I choose thee?"

"I will not say no to that," answered he; and he asked what her name was, her family, and descent.

"I am called Gyda," said she; "and am daughter of the King of Ireland, and was married in this country to an earl who ruled over this territory. Since his death I have ruled over it, and many have courted me, but none to whom I would choose to be married."

She was a young and handsome woman. They afterwards talked over the matter together, and agreed, and Olaf and Gyda were betrothed.

Alfin was very ill pleased with this. It was the custom then in England, if two strove for anything, to settle the matter by single combat; and now Alfin challenges Olaf Tryggvason to fight about this business. The

time and place for the combat were settled, and that each should have twelve men with him. When they met, Olaf told his men to do exactly as they saw him do. He had a large axe; and when Alfin was going to cut at him with his sword he hewed away the sword out of his hand, and with the next blow struck down Alfin himself. He then bound him fast. It went in the same way with all Alfin's men. They were beaten down, bound, and carried to Olaf's lodging. Thereupon he ordered Alfin to quit the country, and never appear in it again; and Olaf took all his property. Olaf in this way got Gyda in marriage, and lived sometimes in England, and sometimes in Ireland.

KING OLAF ORDERS A POEM

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

As King Olaf one day was walking in the street some men met him, and he who went the foremost saluted the king. The king asked the man his name, and he called himself Halfred.

"Art thou the scald?" said the king.

"I can compose poetry," replied he.

"Wilt thou then adopt Christianity, and come into my service?" asked the king.

"If I am baptized," replied he, "it must be on one condition, — that thou thyself art my godfather; for no other will I have."

The king replied, "That I will do." And Halfred was baptized, the king holding him during the baptism.

Afterwards the king said, "Wilt thou enter into my service?"

Halfred replied, "I was formerly in Earl Hakon's court; but now I will neither enter into thine nor into any other service, unless thou promise me it shall never be my lot to be driven away from thee."

"It has been reported to me," said the king, "that thou art neither so prudent nor so obedient as to fulfill my commands."

"In that case," replied Halfred, "put me to death."

"Thou art a scald who composes difficulties," said the king; "but into my service, Halfred, thou shalt be received."

Halfred said, "If I am to be named the composer of difficulties, what dost thou give me, king, on my name-day?"

The king gave him a sword without a scabbard, and said, "Now compose me a song upon this sword, and let the word sword be in every line of the verses."

Halfred sang thus: —

"This sword of swords is my reward.
For him who knows to wield a sword,
And with his sword to serve his lord,
Yet wants a sword, his lot is hard.
I would I had my good lord's leave
For this good sword a sheath to choose:
I'm worth three swords where men swords use,
But for the sword-sheath now I grieve."

Then the king gave him the scabbard, observing that the word sword was wanting in one line of his strophe. "But there are three swords at least in two other lines," says Halfred. "So it is," replies the king. — Out of Halfred's lays we have taken the most of the true and faithful accounts that are here related about Olaf Tryggvason.

IRON-BEARD

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Olaf the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymir the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water."

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

STORIES OF OLAF THE SAINT

[1015–1030]

[OLAF II was King of Norway from 1015 to 1028. He was sent to sea to cruise and fight when he was only twelve years old. A wise old counselor went with him, but he himself seems really to have been in command when he was hardly more than a boy, and to have had ideas of his own even then. One of the most interesting of his schemes was his plan, which is here described, to capture London Bridge. The Danes were in power in London, and King Ethelred II apparently hired Olaf to come to his aid.

Olaf aimed at uniting his kingdom and Christianizing his people. He was overcome by Canute, and in the attempt to regain his throne he was slain, in 1030, by his own subjects. Danish rule under the son of Canute proved to be less desirable than the rebellious chiefs had expected, the good qualities of Olaf returned to their minds, and soon he was looked upon as a saint.

The Editor.]

ST. OLAF CAPTURES LONDON BRIDGE

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

IT was then the case that the Danish king, Svend Forked Beard, was at that time in England with a Danish army, and had been fixed there for some time, and had seized upon King Ethelred's kingdom. The Danes had spread themselves so widely over England, that it was come so far that King Ethelred had departed from the country, and had gone south to Valland. The same au-

tumn that King Olaf came to England, it happened that King Swend died suddenly in the night in his bed; and it is said by Englishmen that Edmund the Saint killed him, in the same way that the holy Mercurius had killed the apostate Julian. When Ethelred, the King of the English, heard this in Flanders, he returned directly to England; and no sooner was he come back, than he sent an invitation to all the men who would enter into his pay, to join him in recovering the country. Then many people flocked to him; and among others, came King Olaf with a great troop of Northmen to his aid. They steered first to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet; but the Danes had a castle within. On the other side of the river is a great trading place, which is called Sudrviki. There the Danes had raised a great work, dug large ditches, and within had built a bulwark of stone, timber, and turf, where they had stationed a strong army. King Ethelred ordered a great assault; but the Danes defended themselves bravely, and King Ethelred could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, so broad that two wagons could pass each other upon it. On the bridge were raised barricades, both towers and wooden parapets, in the direction of the river, which were nearly breast high; and under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river. Now when the attack was made the troops stood on the bridge everywhere, and defended themselves. King Ethelred was very anxious to get possession of the bridge, and he called together all the chiefs to consult how they should get the bridge broken down. Then said King Olaf he would attempt to lay his fleet alongside of it, if the other ships would do the

same. It was then determined in this council that they should lay their war forces under the bridge; and each made himself ready with ships and men.

King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he took down old houses; and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships so widely, that it reached over the ships' sides. Under this screen he set pillars so high and stout that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them. Now when the fleet and men were ready, they rowed up along the river; but when they came near the bridge, there were cast down upon them so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it; and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged that many retreated out of it. But King Olaf, and the Northmen's fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables around the piles which supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken in the bottom, and were loosened under the bridge. Now as the armed troops stood thick of men under the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons upon it, and the piles under it being loosened and broken, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled, some into the castle, some into Southwark. Thereafter Southwark was stormed and taken. Now when the people in the castle saw that the river Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships up into the country, they became

afraid, surrendered the tower, and took Ethelred to be their king. So says Ottar Swarte: —

"London Bridge is broken down, —
Gold is won, and bright renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hildur shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing —
Odin makes our Olaf win!"

ST. OLAF AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

This winter his stepfather, Sigurd Syr, died; and King Olaf went to Ringgarike, where his mother Aasta made a great feast for him. Olaf alone bore the title of king now in Norway.

It is told that when King Olaf was on his visit to his mother Aasta, she brought out her children and showed them to him. The king took his brother Guttorm on the one knee, and his brother Halfdan on the other. The king looked at Guttorm, made a wry face, and pretended to be angry at them; at which the boys were afraid. Then Aasta brought her youngest son, called Harald, who was three years old, to him. The king made a wry face at him also; but he looked the king in the face without regarding it. The king took the boy by the hair, and plucked it; but the boy seized the king's whiskers, and gave them a tug. "Then," said the king, "thou wilt be revengeful, my friend, some day." The following day the king was walking with his mother about the farm, and they came to a play-ground, where Aasta's

sons, Guttorm and Halfdan, were amusing themselves. They were building great houses and barns in their play, and were supposing them full of cattle and sheep; and close beside them, in a clay pool, Harald was busy with chips of wood, sailing them in his sport along the edge. The king asked him what these were, and he answered, these were his ships of war. The king laughed, and said, "The time may come, friend, when thou wilt command ships."

Then the king called to him Halfdan and Guttorm; and first he asked Guttorm, —

"What wouldst thou like best to have?"

"Corn land," replied he.

"And how great wouldst thou like thy corn land to be?"

"I would have the whole ness that goes out into the lake sown with corn every summer." (On that ness there are ten farms.)

The king replied, —

"There would be a great deal of corn there."

And, turning to Halfdan, he asked, —

"And what wouldst thou like best to have?"

"Cows," he replied.

"How many wouldst thou like to have?"

"When they went to the lake to be watered I would have so many, that they stood as tight round the lake as they could stand."

"That would be a great housekeeping," said the king; "and therein ye take after your father."

Then the king says to Harald, —

"And what wouldst thou like best to have?"

"House-servants."

"And how many wouldst thou have?"

"O! so many I would like to have as would eat up my brother Halfdan's cows at a single meal."

The king laughed and said to Aasta, —

"Here, mother, thou art bringing up a king." And more is not related of them on this occasion.

HOW KING OLAF PREACHED CHRISTIANITY

BY JOHN FULFORD VICARY

In the summer of that year King Olaf sailed down to Söndmore; and, leaving his ships in the fiord, went across the fields to Lesje in Gudbrandsdalen. He arrested the chief men in Dovre and elsewhere. They had either to accept Christianity or lose their lives, and have their houses burnt. Those who were baptized were forced to give hostages for their future conduct. The result of this strong measure was that men left Norway in large numbers in preference to submitting to what they considered gross tyranny. The king then entered Lomdalen, and exclaimed when he saw its natural beauty and little farmhouses here and there, —

"What a pity such a pretty place should be laid in ashes!"

He went down the valley to a farm called Nœs, where he remained five days, and the room he occupied remained untouched for centuries.

The king sent messages to the men in the district to meet him, and accept Christianity, with the alternative that they would be visited with fire and sword. Most of them fled to the other end of the Gudbrandsdal, where they considered themselves in safety. The chief man was

Dale Gudbrand. He was a Herse, and had much influence. He sent a *budstik* round, which, in this case was a stick in the form of a bow, with a piece of cord at one end, and the other charred, to signify that they might expect to be hung and their farms burnt. The place of meeting that Gudbrand fixed upon was Hundorp, in the Gudbrandsdal. It was a place easily accessible by water as well as by land, and was well chosen for collecting men promptly. Gudbrand made a speech of forcible character to the men he had assembled.

"There has come a man called by the name of Olaf. He will give us another faith than we have now, and will break down the images of our gods, because, he says, that he has a god mightier than our gods. It is a matter of surprise that so unreasonable a man is not swallowed up by the earth, and that our gods have not broken his neck long since; but I hope that when we carry Thor out, who now stands on his pedestal in the temple, he will be to us a comforter and friend. We shall then see this Olaf and his men melt like dew before the sun."

At these words the bonders shouted, that if they got hold of Olaf they would kill him; and seven hundred men were sent under Gudbrand's son, who was then eighteen years of age, to Breiden, to fight the king. They remained there three days, and heard much of King Olaf from the men who had fled from the district which the king had visited. The king sowed priests broadcast, and journeyed towards Breiden, where he had heard the bonders had collected in large numbers to oppose him. He rested during the night, and early in the morning he placed his men in good order for receiving an attack from the bonders. He then rode forward,

and addressed them. They would not hear him, but howled like wolves, and struck their swords on their shields. The king's men advanced slowly, and threw their spears with such effect that the bonders hesitated, and then fled. A few stood their ground, and were taken prisoners; and amongst them Gudbrand's son. King Olaf remained at Breiden for a few days, and sent Gudbrand's son to his father with a message that he (the king) was not afraid to pay him a visit, and intended to do so. Gudbrand's son returned, and told his father that it was not possible to resist such a man as King Olaf. That he feared nothing, and possessed a will and courage that no one could resist.

"What do I hear?" said Gudbrand. "You have been a short way, and lost courage in that little distance."

The night after, Gudbrand dreamt that a man appeared to him of bright and shining appearance.

"Your son," said the man, "has won little honor in opposing King Olaf; but if you draw the sword against him you and your people will fall, and the wolves will drag your bodies about, and the ravens hack them."

Gudbrand was frightened at this dream, and his fright was not lessened, when, on telling his dream to another chief of the Gudbrandsdalen, Thord Isterbælg, the latter told him that he had dreamt precisely the same. A council was called of the bonders, and Gudbrand advised that, before fighting the man from the north, they had better hear what he had to say respecting his new doctrine. This appears to have been at once assented to, as Gudbrand sent his son to King Olaf with twelve men, and instructions to say that the bonders wished to discuss the

subject with him, and meanwhile that no attempt to attack the king would be made. King Olaf was pleased at this, and moved his force to meet the bonders at a place agreed upon. This was between a farm called Lid, and Hundorp. It was pouring with rain, but the king stood up and explained how Christianity had been accepted at Lesje, Vaage, and Lom; and how that the people there had taken down their heathen temples, and believed in the God that had created heaven and earth. When the king sat down, Gudbrand rose, and said that he did not understand how faith could be placed in a God that no one saw, whilst they, on the other hand, had a god they could see, and if it had not been raining so hard that they should have had their god present, when the very look of him would inspire fear. If your God is worth anything, King Olaf, let him give us a cloudy day tomorrow, with no rain, when we can discuss the matter further.

King Olaf went to his quarters, where he detained Gudbrand's son as a hostage. Before they went to bed, the king asked Gudbrand's son what the god was that his father had referred to. He replied that it was the image of the god Thor, who was tall and big, with his hammer in his hand, and supposed to be standing on a mountain ridge. The next day the king rose at daybreak. A church service was held, and after an early meal, he attended the Thing with Bishop Sigurd. The weather was cloudy without rain, as Gudbrand had suggested. The bishop wore the full dress of a Catholic cleric, and spoke at some length of the advantages of Christianity and the infinite power and goodness of God. Thord Isterbælg rose and said, —

"The old Unicorn who has just spoken has the use of his mouth. He has also a crooked staff in his hand, and a ram's horn on his head; but can his God make a sunny day to-morrow? when we will meet him and his king, and either give way or fight; and meanwhile let each man go to his quarters."

The king had amongst his Hirdmœns (men of his body-guard) a man named Kolben Kæmpe on account of the great strength of his arms; he had a broad sword belted to his waist, and carried a heavy club. The king told Kolben that he was to stand close to him the next day, and directed holes to be bored in the bonders' boats that were drawn up on land, and their horses led away so that they could not escape in case of a skirmish on the following day. As before, the king rose early, and after holding a church service he went to the Thing, and saw a number of men carrying the wooden image of the god Thor. The bonders rose and kneeled to their god, which was placed in the middle of the Thing. The king and his men sat on one side, and the bonders on the other. Dale Gudbrand rose and said, —

"Now, king, where is your God? He is not present, and neither you nor the Unicorn [the bishop] appear so cheerful to-day as you did yesterday. You see the piercing eyes of our god, you seem as if you could not open your eyes, and I advise you to abandon your stiff-neckedness and worship our god, who has the power to destroy you in a moment."

King Olaf whispered to Kolben Kæmpe, —

"Whilst I am speaking, and you see the bonders' eyes are turned away from their idol, knock it down with your club."

The king then rose and said, —

"You think we are afraid of your idol, Gudbrand, but there you are mistaken. How can we be afraid of a god who cannot do anything? He is blind and deaf, and cannot move from where he is now. You ask where our God is; look to the east and you will see a part of his works."

The bonders looked at the early sun, and as their heads were turned in that direction, Kolben Kæmpe smashed the image of the god Thor with his club. A number of lizards, snakes, and rats as large as cats, came out of the image. They had grown fat on the offerings of the heathen. The bonders ran to their boats, but they sank when put into the water on account of the holes which the king had directed to be bored in them. They then ran for their horses, but could not find them. At length they returned slowly to the Thingsted (the place of holding the Thing). King Olaf's clear voice was heard above the tumult. He pointed out the miserable idol they had worshiped, and his forcible speech altered the fortunes of the day. Gudbrand and his son were baptized, and supported the king's efforts to establish Christianity in the Gudbrandsdal.

OLAF AS A SAINT

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

[King Olaf was slain by his own people at the battle of Stiklestad in 1030, in his attempt to regain his kingdom, from which he had been driven by the Danes.

The Editor.]

King Olaf fell on Wednesday, the 29th of July. It was near midday when the two armies met, and the

battle began before half-past one, and before three the king fell. The darkness continued from about half-past one to three also. Sigvat the scald speaks thus of the result of the battle: —

"The loss was great to England's foes,
When their chief fell beneath the blows
By his own thoughtless people given, —
When the king's shield in two was riven.
The people's sovereign took the field,
The people clove the sovereign's shield.
Of all the chiefs, that bloody day,
Dug only came out of the fray."

The bonders did not spoil the slain upon the field of battle, for immediately after the battle there came upon many of them who had been against the king a kind of dread as it were; yet they held by their evil inclination, for they resolved among themselves that none who had fallen with the king should receive the interment which belongs to good men, but reckoned them all robbers and outlaws. But the men who had power, and had relations on the field, cared little for this, but removed their remains to the churches, and took care of their burial.

Thorgils Halmesson and his son Grim went to the field of battle towards evening when it was dusk, took King Olaf's corpse up, and bore it to a little empty houseman's hut which stood on the other side of their farm. They had light and water with them. Then they took the clothes off the body, swathed it in a linen cloth, laid it down in the house, and concealed it under some firewood so that nobody could see it, even if people came into the hut. Thereafter they went home again to the farmhouse. A great many beggars and poor people had

followed both armies, who begged for meat; and the evening after the battle many remained there, and sought lodging round about in all the houses, great or small. It is told of a blind man who was poor, that a boy attended him and led him. They went out around the farm to seek a lodging, and came to the same empty house, of which the door was so low that they had almost to creep in. Now when the blind man had come in, he fumbled about on the floor seeking a place where he could lay himself down, He had a hat on his head, which fell down over his face when he stooped down. He felt with his hands that there was moisture on the floor, and he put up his wet hand to raise his hat, and in doing so put his fingers on his eyes. There came immediately such an itching in his eyelids, that he wiped the water with his fingers from his eyes, and went out of the hut, saying nobody could lie there it was so wet. When he came out of the hut he could distinguish his hands, and all that was near him, as far as things can be distinguished by sight in the darkness of night; and he went immediately to the farmhouse into the room, and told all the people he had got his sight again, and could see everything, although many knew he had been blind for a long time, for he had been there before going about among the houses of the neighborhood. He said he first got his sight when he was coming out of a little ruinous hut which was all wet inside. "I groped in the water," said he, "and rubbed my eyes with my wet hands." He told where the hut stood. The people who heard him wondered much at this event, and spoke among themselves of what it could be that produced it: but Thorgils the peasant and his son Grim thought they knew how this came to pass;

and as they were much afraid the king's enemies might go there and search the hut, they went and took the body out of it, and removed it to a garden, where they concealed it, and then returned to the farm, and slept there all night.

The fifth day after this, Thorer Hund came down the valley of Værdalen to Stiklestad; and many people, both chiefs and bonders, accompanied him. The field of battle was still being cleared, and people were carrying away the bodies of their friends and relations, and were giving the necessary help to such of the wounded as they wished to save; but many had died since the battle. Thorer Hund went to where the king had fallen, and searched for his body; but not finding it, he inquired if any one could tell him what had become of the corpse, but nobody could tell him where it was. Then he asked the bonder Thorgils, who said, "I was not in the battle, and knew little of what took place there; but many reports are abroad, and among others that King Olaf has been seen in the night up at Staf, and a troop of people with him; but if he fell in the battle, your men must have concealed him in some hole, or under some stone-heap." Now although Thorer Hund knew for certain that the king had fallen, many allowed themselves to believe, and to spread abroad the report, that the king had escaped from the battle, and would in a short time come again upon them with an army. Then Thorer went to his ships, and sailed down the fiord, and the bonder-army dispersed, carrying with them all the wounded men who could bear to be removed.

Thorgils Halmesson and his son Grim had King Olaf's body, and were anxious about preserving it from falling

into the hands of the king's enemies, and being ill-treated; for they heard the bonders speaking about burning it, or sinking it in the sea. The father and son had seen a clear light burning at night over the spot on the battle-field where King Olaf's body lay, and since, while they concealed it, they had always seen at night a light burning over the corpse; therefore they were afraid the king's enemies might seek the body where this signal was visible. They hastened, therefore, to take the body to a place where it would be safe. Thorgils and his son accordingly made a coffin, which they adorned as well as they could, and laid the king's body in it; and afterwards made another coffin, in which they laid stone and straw, about as much as the weight of a man, and carefully closed the coffin. As soon as the whole bonder-army had left Stiklestad, Thorgils and his son made themselves ready, got a large rowing-boat, and took with them seven or eight men, who were all Thorgil's relations or friends, and privately took the coffin with the king's body down to the boat, and set the coffin containing the stones, and placed it in the boat where all could see it; and then went down the fiord with a good opportunity of wind and weather, and arrived in the dusk of the evening at Nidaros, where they brought up at the king's pier. Then Thorgils sent some of his men up to the town to Bishop Sigurd, to say that they were come with the king's body. As soon as the bishop heard this news, he sent his men down to the pier, and they took a small rowing-boat, came alongside of Thorgil's ship, and demanded the king's body. Thorgils and his people then took the coffin which stood in view, and bore it into the boat; and the bishop's men rowed out into

the fiord, and sank the coffin in the sea. It was now quite dark. Thorgils and his people now rowed up into the river past the town, and landed at a place called Saurlid, above the town. Then they carried the king's body to an empty house standing at a distance from other houses, and watched over it for the night, while Thorgils went down to the town, where he spoke with some of the best friends of King Olaf, and asked them if they would dare take charge of the king's body; but none of them dared to do so. Then Thorgils and his men went with the body higher up the river, buried it in a sand-hill on the banks, and leveled all around it so that no one could observe that people had been at work there. They were ready with all this before break of day, when they returned to their vessel, went immediately out of the river, and proceeded on their way home to Stiklestad.

In the sand-hill where King Olaf's body had lain on the ground a beautiful spring of water came up, and many human ailments and infirmities were cured by its waters. Things were put in order around it, and the water ever since has been carefully preserved. There was first a chapel built, and an altar consecrated, where the king's body had lain; but now Christ's Church stands upon the spot. Archbishop Eystein had a high altar raised upon the spot where the king's grave had been, when he erected the great temple which now stands there; and it is the same spot on which the altar of the old Christ Church had stood. It is said that Olaf's church stands on the spot on which the empty house had stood in which King Olaf's body had been laid for the night. The place over which the holy remains of King

Olaf were carried up from the vessel is now called Olaf's Road, and is now in the middle of the town. The bishop adorned King Olaf's holy remains, and cut his nails and hair; for both grew as if he had still been alive. So says Sigvat the scald: —

"I lie not when I say the king
Seemed as alive in everything:
His nails, his yellow hair still growing,
And round his ruddy chin still flowing,
As when, to please the Russian queen,
His yellow locks adorned were seen;
Or to the blind he cured he gave
A tress, their precious sight to save."



The Ancient Church of Gol

KING MAGNUS, WHO WAS REFORMED BY A POEM

[Reigned from 1035–1047]

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN

WHEN he [Magnus] was born, he was so small and feeble that it seemed as if he could not live many hours. It was in the middle of the night, and no one dared to wake the king. His friend, Sigvat Scald, was therefore called, and he assumed the responsibility of naming the child Magnus, after Carolus Magnus, the German emperor. A priest was then found who baptized it. When the king heard of the occurrence he was very wroth, and chided the scald. There was no one in his family named Magnus, and perhaps he even suspected that Sigvat had made a mistake in selecting the Latin surname of the emperor rather than his real name, Karl. It was under these unpropitious circumstances that the boy was born who became the heir to St. Olaf's kingdom and the love which a repentant people lavished upon his memory. He was not quite eleven years old when he was proclaimed king at the Oere-thing, but well grown and intelligent. He allowed himself, during the first years of his reign, to be guided by the counsel of Einar Thambarskelver and Kalf Arnesson; but soon gained sufficient independence of judgment to assert his own will.

It was but a short time after the proclamation of Magnus as king that Harthaknut prepared to invade Norway. Magnus, who was eager to punish the race of Knut

for their insidious plottings against his father, also made warlike preparations, apparently with the intention of invading Denmark. Whether any actual fighting took place is not known. It is not improbable that some insignificant skirmishing may have been done; but before any decisive battle was fought, the chieftains in both countries interfered and persuaded the two youthful combatants to make peace. At a meeting at the Brenn Islands, at the mouth of the Götha Elv, an agreement was made in accordance with which each made the other his heir, and successor, in case he died without issue (1038). This might, indeed, seem to be a remote contingency, but it actually came to pass four years later, when Harthaknut died and Magnus was without opposition proclaimed King of Denmark at the Viborg-thing, and received the allegiance of the people. Thus Norway and Denmark were for the first time united, and the descendants of Harald the Fairhaired were recognized by the Danish branch of Ragnar Lodbrok's race as their equals, as they already had been recognized by the branch governing Sweden.

Magnus must have been aware that it was to the sainthood of his father that he owed this recognition, and he lost no opportunity to show his reverence for his memory. He commenced the erection of a church in Nidaros, which was to bear St. Olaf's name, and made him a new sarcophagus, adorned with gold and silver and precious stones. It was natural enough that he should take pleasure in the society of those who had been nearest to his father and stood at his side at Stiklestad. But the hostility aroused by the battle and the events that led to it existed, in some measure, yet;

and one party began to fan the smouldering embers of distrust in the king's mind and incite him to vengeance against the other. In spite of the amnesty which he had in Russia given to those who had borne arms against St. Olaf, he began now to punish all the leaders in the rebellion with great harshness. It was the Trönders, particularly, who had to bear the brunt of his wrath; because it was they who had made common cause with Knut and had been foremost in driving the sainted king into exile. Kalf Arnesson was among the first to experience the changed temper of King Magnus. Jealousies had early arisen between him and Einar Thambarskelver, both of whom called the king their foster-son and prided themselves on possessing his confidence. Once, it is said, Kalf had seated himself in Einar's seat next to the king, whereupon Einar sat down upon Kalf's shoulder, saying: —

"It behooves an old bull to be stalled before the calf."

At a party at the estate Haug, in Vaerdalen, the king uttered to Einar a desire to visit the field where his father had fallen.

"I can give you no information about that," answered Einar, "as I was not present. But let Kalf ride along with you. He can give you full particulars."

"Then thou shalt accompany me, Kalf," said the king: and Kalf, though he was very reluctant, was obliged to follow.

When they reached the battle-field the king dismounted and asked to be shown the spot where his father had received his death-wound.

"He lay here," said Kalf, pointing with his spear.

"Where didst thou stand, then, Kalf?" asked Magnus.

"Here where I am now standing."

"Then thy axe could well reach him," cried the king, flushing violently.

"My axe did not reach him," Kalf replied, jumped on his horse, and rode away. He had already given orders to have his ship in readiness, loaded with all his movable goods. And as soon as he reached home he put to sea and sailed for the Orkneys. The great possessions which he left behind were confiscated by Magnus.

Thorer Hund escaped punishment by making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, from which he never returned. Haarek of Thjotta was slain with the king's consent by a private enemy, and many others were deprived of their cattle and otherwise molested. The odious laws which had been given by Sweyn Alfifasson were not repealed; and the king acted as if he regarded himself as the master of every one's goods, life, and liberty. But the Norsemen were not accustomed to endure arbitrary conduct in their kings. A general dissatisfaction spread through the country, and threatened to break out in open rebellion. In Sign the peasants were already under arms, and in Tröndelag a largely attended meeting was held at which the bitterest denunciation of the king found utterance. Happily, however, some were present who were yet kindly disposed to Magnus, and these determined to let him know how the people felt toward him. The question then arose as to who was to undertake this hazardous mission, for Magnus was hot-tempered and had, moreover, made up his mind to inflict exemplary punishment upon the

rebellious Sognings. His friends determined to let chance decide. They drew lots, and the lot fell upon Sigvat Scald, who, in a song called the "Lay of Candor," took the king earnestly to task for his inconsiderate harshness, warned him of the consequences, and reminded him of his duties to the people, who had of their own accord made him king. The song made a deep impression upon Magnus, and he was from that day a changed man. He gave up all plans of vengeance, became gentle and forgiving, and governed the land in accordance with the law. His kindness and charm of manner made him now so popular that scarcely enough could be said in his praise. The people called him Magnus the Good.

[Magnus, however, never forgot that he was king, and that it behooved him to rule his kingdom and punish its enemies. Sweyn, one of his earls, was unfaithful to him, and the king pursued him and overcame him in two naval battles. He also broke up an old nest of pirates at Jomsborg, on the German coast.]

In the spring of 1044, when Magnus was twenty years old, he returned to Norway. His fame filled the North; for so great things scarcely any king of his race had achieved at so early an age. In spite of his hot temper, he was well beloved by all his people; for with all his vehemence, he was upright, generous, and noble. A pleasant story is told of him, which throws much light upon his character.

In Magnus's guard there was a high-born Icelander, named Thorstein, son of Side-Hall. Like most of his countrymen, he was not amenable to discipline, and offended the king by going to Dublin without his per-

mission. In return for this he was outlawed; but, relying upon his friends and family connections, he returned to Norway, paying no heed to the judgment of outlawry. He brought with him some fine stud-horses, and offered them as a gift to Einar Thambarskelver, whose influence with the king was known to be great. Einar declined them; but his son Eindride, not knowing of his father's refusal, accepted them with joy. He even invited Thorstein to be his guest for the winter, and had the hardihood to bring him in his company to the king's Yule-feast. He was, however, persuaded by his father to return home with the outlaw, before the king had seen him. On the fourth day after Christmas, Einar, who was sitting at Magnus's side, ventured to put in a good word for Thorstein, to which the king answered: —

"Let us talk of something else: for I would not willingly anger thee."

Four days later Einar again mentioned the Icelander; but the king with a perfectly friendly manner dismissed the subject. Then Einar let five days pass; and once more asked that the Icelander be forgiven.

"We will not speak of that," said Magnus, with some irritation; "I do not understand how thou canst presume to protect a man who has provoked my wrath."

"That was my son Eindride's doing rather than mine," replied Einar; " but I did think that my prayer for a single man would have some weight with thee; when we in all things have done and will continue to do what will promote thy honor. . . . I, my lord, shall be in an evil plight, if you will not accept atonement

in money from my son for Thorstein, instead of fighting with him. For I cannot bring it over my heart to carry arms against you. But this will I say, that I do not perceive that you remember how I went to find you east in Russia, became your foster-father, and have since supported and strengthened your kingdom, thinking late and early of how I could advance your honor. Now I will depart from the land, and no more aid thee. But there will be those who will say that thou wilt not be the gainer by all this."

Thus spoke Einar in anger, jumped up from his seat, and went toward the door. But the king arose, hurried after him, and flung his arms about his neck.

"Come back, my dear foster-father," he cried; "never shall aught, whatever it be, have the power to break our friendship. Take the man in peace, as it may please thee."

HOW KING HARALD HARD-RULER GAVE HIS TREASURE FOR HIS LIFE

[1049]

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN

His [Harald's] annual summer amusement consisted, for some time, in surprising the exposed ports on the Danish coast and harrying them with savage cruelty. At last, when both sides grew tired of this aimless destruction, it was agreed that Sweyn Estridsson should meet Harald at the mouth of the Götha Elv, and that the issue of the battle should decide in regard to the latter's claim to the throne of Denmark. At the time appointed, however, Sweyn failed to make his appearance, and Harald, after having waited for him in vain, sailed southward with his fleet, ravaging the coast of Jutland, burning the great city of Heidaby (Sleswick), and carrying away a number of high-born women, besides an enormous booty. He was far from expecting to be pursued by the Danes, and, accordingly, allowed his ships to scatter on their homeward way. Head-winds and foggy weather delayed the Norsemen, and one morning when they were laying to under the island of Leso, they saw a sudden flash through the fog which caused alarm. The king was called and asked what he supposed it to be.

"The Danish fleet is upon us," he said; "that which shines is the golden dragon-heads which flash in the morning sun."

Resistance was not to be thought of, and flight seemed also hopeless. But the king's presence of mind did not desert him. He ordered the men to the oars, but the ships, which were heavy and swollen from having been long in the water, made little headway, and as the fog lifted, the Danish fleet, counting several hundred galleys, was seen bearing down upon them. Harald then commanded his men to nail bright garments and other precious things to logs and throw them overboard. The Danes, who could not resist the temptation to stop and pick them up, thereby lost time, and were rebuked by Sweyn for their folly. Again the pursuit began, and Harald was obliged to throw overboard malt, beer, and pork, in order to lighten his ships. Nevertheless, Sweyn was still gaining upon him, and Harald's own dragon-ship, which was the hindmost, was in danger of being captured. Then, in sheer desperation, he made rafts out of barrels and boards, put the Danish matrons and maidens upon them and lowered them into the sea. One after another of these rafts was sent out at intervals, and the pursuers seeing their wives and daughters stretching out their arms to them, crying to be rescued, and some even struggling in the water, could not forbear to pause and save them. Thus Harald escaped, and Sweyn cursed his ill-luck. Nevertheless, when he captured some laggards among the Norse galleys, he refused to take vengeance upon them.

During a later expedition to Denmark, Harald displayed again the same presence of mind and daring invention. He had just beaten Sweyn in the battle of Djursaa, and felt perfectly safe in entering the long and narrow Lim-Fiord for purposes of plunder. But

Sweyn, hearing that his antagonist had gone into such a trap, hastily gathered what forces he could command and laid to at Hals, where the fiord is so narrow that a few ships could easily engage a much superior number. Harald, perceiving that he was caught, gave orders to sail in through the fiord to the very end. Here a narrow isthmus separates the fiord from the North Sea. With enormous difficulty he now dragged his ships across the isthmus, and sailed gayly northward while Sweyn lay guarding the empty cage from which he had escaped.



Birchlegs Carrying King Hakon by Knud Bergslien

HOW KING SIGURD SMOKED OUT THE PIRATES

[1107]

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

[In 1103 Magnus Barefoot died, and the kingdom was divided among his three sons. Four years later the second son, Sigurd, set out on a crusade. On his way he paid a friendly visit to the English King Henry I, then sailed to Spain, Italy, and the Holy Land. On the Spanish island of Formentara, one of the Balearic Islands, occurred the smoking-out of the pirates which is here described.

The Editor.]

King Sigurd then sailed eastward along the coast of Serkland,[1] and came to an island there called Formentara. There a great many heathen Moors had taken up their dwelling in a cave, and had built a strong stone wall before its mouth. It was high up to climb to the wall, so that whoever attempted to ascend was driven back with stones or missile weapons. They harried the country all round, and carried all their booty to their cave. King Sigurd landed on this island, and went to the cave; but it lay in a precipice, and there was a high winding path to the stone wall, and the precipice above projected over it. The heathens defended the stone wall, and were not afraid of the Northmen's arms; for they could throw stones, or shoot down upon the Northmen under their feet: neither did the Northmen, under

[1] Northern Africa.

such circumstances, dare to mount up. The heathens took their clothes and other valuable things, carried them out upon the wall, spread them out before the Northmen, shouted, and defied them, and upbraided them as cowards. Then Sigurd fell upon this plan. He had two ships' boats, such as we call barks, drawn up the precipice right above the mouth of the cave; and had thick ropes fastened around the stem, stern, and hull of each. In these boats as many men went as could find room, and then the boats were lowered by the ropes down in front of the mouth of the cave; and the men in the boats shot with stones and missiles into the cave, and the heathens were thus driven from the stone wall. Then Sigurd with his troops climbed up the precipice to the foot of the stone wall, which they succeeded in breaking down, so that they came into the cave. Now the heathens fled within the stone wall that was built across the cave; on which the king ordered large trees to be brought to the cave, made a great pile in the mouth of it, and set fire to the wood. When the fire and smoke got the upper hand, some of the heathens lost their lives in it; some fled; some fell by the hands of the Northmen; and part were killed, part burned; and the Northmen made the greatest booty they had got on all their expeditions. So says Halldor the scald: —

"'T was a feat of renown, —
The boat lowered down,
With a boat's crew brave,
In front of the cave;
While up the rock scaling,
And comrades up trailing,
The Norsemen gain,
And the bluemen are slain."

III
LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1397, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were united by the Union of Calmar. This was pleasing to Denmark, but Norway and Sweden were by no means contented. In 1523, under the lead of Gustavus Vasa, Sweden became free; but Norway had less strength to resist and remained a province of Denmark. In the readjustment of thrones after the Napoleonic wars, the Powers demanded the union of Norway and Sweden, but with independence for Norway within her own boundaries. The determination to be entirely free grew stronger; and in 1905, Norway declared that the union with Sweden was dissolved. The Norwegian crown was bestowed upon Prince Charles, the second son of Frederick VIII of Denmark, who ascended the throne as Haakon VIII.

During the union with Denmark the literature of Norway was much influenced by the writings of that country; but during the last century she has been making a literature of her own. The works of two of her authors, Ibsen and Björnson, are known everywhere. Equally famous are the compositions of two of her musicians, Ole Bull and Edvard Grieg.



A Home in the North

FINN BLOOD

[Nineteenth century]

BY JONAS LIE

[THE following story is included both because it illustrates the superstitious fear and dislike of the Finns, and because it was written by one of Norway's best-known novelists. It is said that to this day sailors are unwilling to sail under a Finn captain.

The Editor.]

IN Svartfiord, north of Senje, dwelt a lad called Eilert. His neighbors were seafaring Finns, and among their children was a pale little girl, remarkable for her long black hair and her large eyes. They dwelt behind the crag on the other side of the promontory, and fished for a livelihood, as also did Eilert's parents; wherefore there was no particular good will between the families, for the nearest fishing ground was but a small one, and each would have liked to row there alone.

Nevertheless, though his parents did not like it at all, and even forbade it, Eilert used to sneak regularly down to the Finns. There they had always strange tales to tell, and he heard wondrous things about the recesses of the mountains, where the original home of the Finns was, and where, in the olden time, dwelt the Finn kings, who were masters among the magicians. There, too, he heard tell of all that was beneath the sea, where the mermen and the Draug hold sway. The latter are gloomy evil powers, and many a time his

blood stood still in his veins as he sat and listened. They told him that the Draug usually showed himself on the strand in the moonlight on those spots which were covered with sea-wrack; that he had a bunch of seaweed instead of a head, but shaped so peculiarly that whoever came across him absolutely could not help gazing into his pale and horrible face. They themselves had seen him many a time, and once they had driven him, thwart by thwart, out of the boat where he had sat one morning and turned the oars upside down. When Eilert hastened homewards in the darkness round the headland, along the strand, over heaps of seaweed, he dare scarcely look around him, and many a time the sweat absolutely streamed from his forehead.

In proportion as hostility increased among the old people, they had a good deal of fault to find with one another, and Eilert heard no end of evil things spoken about the Finns at home. Now it was this, and now it was that. They did not even row like honest folk, for, after the Finnish fashion, they took high and swift strokes, as if they were womenkind, and they all talked together, and made a noise while they rowed, instead of being "silent in the boat." But what impressed Eilert most of all was the fact that, in the Finn woman's family, they practiced sorcery and idolatry, or so folks said. He also heard of something beyond all question, and that was the shame of having Finn blood in one's veins, which also was the reason why the Finns were not as good as other honest folk, so that the magistrates gave them their own distinct burial-ground in the churchyard, and their own separate "Finn-pens"

in church. Eilert had seen this with his own eyes in the church at Berg.

All this made him very angry, for he could not help liking the Finn folks down yonder, and especially little Zilla. They two were always together; she knew such a lot about the mermen. Henceforth his conscience always plagued him when he played with her; and whenever she stared at him with her large black eyes while she told him tales, he used to begin to feel a little bit afraid; for at such times he reflected that she and her people belonged to the accursed, and that was why they knew so much about such things. But, on the other hand, the thought of it made him so bitterly angry, especially on her account. She, too, was frequently taken aback by his odd behavior towards her, which she could not understand at all; and then, as was her wont, she would begin laughing at and teasing him by making him run after her, while she went and hid herself.

One day he found her sitting on a boulder by the seashore. She had in her lap an eider duck which had been shot, and could only have died quite recently, for it was still warm, and she wept bitterly over it. It was, she sobbed, the same bird which made its nest every year beneath the shelter of their outhouse — she knew it quite well, and she showed him a red-colored feather in its white breast. It had been struck dead by a single shot, and only a single red drop had come out of it; it had tried to reach its nest, but had died on its way on the strand. She wept as if her heart would break, and dried her face with her hair in impetuous Finn fashion. Eilert laughed at her as boys will, but he overdid it, and was very pale the whole time. He dared not tell

her that that very day he had taken a random shot with his father's gun from behind the headland at a bird a long way off which was swimming ashore.

One autumn Eilert's father was downright desperate. Day after day on the fishing grounds his lines caught next to nothing while he was forced to look on and see the Finn pull up one rich catch after another. He was sure, too, that he had noticed malicious gestures over in the Finn's boat. After that his whole house nourished a double bitterness against them; and when they talked it over in the evening, it was agreed, as a thing beyond all question, that Finnish sorcery had something to do with it. Against this there was only one remedy, and that was to rub corpse-mould on the lines; but one must beware of doing so, lest one should thereby offend the dead, and expose one's self to their vengeance, while the sea-folk would gain power over one at the same time.

Eilert bothered his head a good deal over all this; it almost seemed to him as if he had had a share in the deed, because he was on such a good footing with the Finn folks.

On the following Sunday both he and the Finn folks were at Berg church, and he secretly abstracted a handful of mould from one of the Finn graves, and put it in his pocket. The same evening, when they came home, he strewed the mould over his father's lines unobserved. And, oddly enough, the very next time his father cast his lines, as many fish were caught as in the good old times. But after this Eilert's anxiety became indescribable. He was especially cautious while they were workingof an evening round the fireside, and it was dark in the

distant corners of the room. He sat there with a piece of steel in his pocket. To beg "forgiveness" of the dead is the only helpful means against the consequences of such deeds as his, otherwise one will be dragged off at night, by an invisible hand, to the churchyard, though one were lashed fast to the bed by a ship's hawser.

When Eilert, on the following "Preaching Sunday," went to church, he took very good care to go to the grave, and beg forgiveness of the dead.

As Eilert grew older, he got to understand that the Finn folks must, after all, be pretty much the same sort of people as his own folks at home; but, on the other hand, another thought was now uppermost in his mind, — the thought, namely, that the Finns must be of an inferior stock, with a taint of disgrace about them. Nevertheless, he could not very well do without Zilla's society, and they were very much together, as before, especially at the time of their confirmation.

But when Eilert became a man, and mixed more with the people of the parish, he began to fancy that this old companionship lowered him somewhat in the eyes of his neighbors. There was nobody who did not believe as a matter of course that there was something shameful about Finn blood, and he, therefore, always tried to avoid her in company.

The girl understood it all well enough, for latterly she took care to keep out of his way. Nevertheless, one day she came, as had been her wont from childhood, down to their house, and begged for leave to go in their boat when they rowed to church next day. There were lots of strangers present from the village, and so Eilert, lest folks should think that he and she were engaged, an-

swered mockingly, so that every one could hear him, "that church-cleansing was perhaps a very good thing for Finnish sorcery," but she must find some one else to ferry her across.

After that she never spoke to him at all, but Eilert was anything but happy in consequence.

Now, it happened one winter that Eilert was out all alone fishing for Greenland shark. A shark suddenly bit. The boat was small, and the fish was very big; but Eilert would not give in, and the end of the business was that his boat capsized.

All night long he lay on the top of it in the mist and a cruel sea. As now he sat there fainting for drowsiness, and dimly conscious that the end was not far off, and the sooner it came the better, he suddenly saw a man in seaman's clothes sitting astride the other end of the boat's bottom, and glaring savagely at him with a pair of dull reddish eyes. He was so heavy that the boat's bottom began to sink down at the end where he sat. Then he suddenly vanished, but it seemed to Eilert as if the sea-fog lifted a bit; the sea had all at once grown quite calm (at least, there was now only a gentle swell), and right in front of him lay a little low gray island, towards which the boat was slowly drifting.

The skerry was wet, as if the sea had only recently been flowing over it, and on it he saw a pale girl with such lovely eyes. She wore a green kirtle, and round her body a broad silver girdle with figures upon it, such as Finns use. Her bodice was of tar-brown skin, and beneath her stay-laces, which seemed to be of green sea-grass, was a foam-white chemise, like the feathery breast of a sea-bird.

When the boat came drifting on to the island, she came down to him and said, as if she knew him quite well, "So you're come at last, Eilert; I've been waiting for you so long!"

It seemed to Eilert as if an icy cold shudder ran through his body when he took the hand which helped him ashore; but it was only for the moment, and he forgot it instantly.

In the midst of the island there was an opening with a brazen flight of steps leading down to a splendid cabin. Whilst he stood there thinking things over a bit, he saw two dog-fish swimming close by — they were at least twelve to fourteen ells long.

As they descended, the dog-fish sank down too, each on one side of the brazen steps. Oddly enough, it looked as if the island was transparent. When the girl perceived that he was frightened, she told him that they were only two of her father's bodyguard, and shortly afterwards they disappeared. She then said that she wanted to take him to her father, who was waiting for them. She added that, if he did not find the old gentleman precisely as handsome as he might expect, he had, nevertheless, no need to be frightened, nor was he to be astonished too much at what he saw.

He now perceived that he was under water, but, for all that, there was no sign of moisture. He was on a white sandy bottom, covered with chalk-white, red, blue, and silvery-bright shells. He saw meadows of sea-grass, mountains thick with woods of bushy seaweed and seawrack, and the fishes darted about on every side just as the birds swarm about the rocks that sea-fowl haunt.

As they two were thus walking along together she ex-

plained many things to him. High up he saw something which looked like a black cloud with a white lining, and beneath it moved backwards and forwards a shape resembling one of the dog-fish.

"What you see there is a vessel," said she; "there's nasty weather up there now, and beneath the boat goes he who was sitting along with you on the bottom of the boat just now. If it is not wrecked, it will belong to us, and then you will not be able to speak to father to-day." As she said this there was a wild, rapacious gleam in her eyes, but it was gone again immediately.

And, in point of fact, it was no easy matter to make out the meaning of her eyes. As a rule, they were unfathomably dark with the luster of a night-billow through which the sea-fire sparkles; but, occasionally, when she laughed, they took a bright sea-green glitter, as when the sun shines deep down into the sea.

Now and again they passed by a boat or a vessel half buried in the sand, out and in of the cabin doors and windows of which fishes swam to and fro. Close by the wrecks wandered human shapes which seemed to consist of nothing but blue smoke. His conductress explained to him that these were the spirits of drowned men who had not had Christian burial — one must always beware of them, for dead ones of this sort are malignant. They always know when one of their own race is about to be wrecked, and at such times they howl the death-warning of the Draug through the wintry night.

Then they went farther on their way right across a deep, dark valley. In the rocky walls above him he saw a row of four-cornered white doors, from which a sort of glimmer, as from the northern lights, shot downwards



The Naerodal and Jordalsnut

through the darkness. This valley stretched in a northeastwardly direction right under Denmark, she said, and inside the white doors dwelt the old Finn kings who had perished on the sea. Then she went and opened the nearest of these doors — here, down in the salt ocean, was the last of the kings, who had capsized in the very breeze that he himself had conjured forth, but could not afterwards quell. There, on a block of stone, sat a wrinkled, yellow Finn, with running eyes and a polished dark-red crown. His large head rocked backwards and forwards on his withered neck, as if it were in the swirl of an ocean current. Beside him, on the same block, sat a still more shriveled and yellow little woman, who also had a crown on, and her garments were covered with all sorts of colored stones; she was stirring up a brew with a stick. If she only had fire beneath it, the girl told Eilert, she and her husband would very soon have dominion again over the salt sea, for the thing she was stirring about was magic stuff.

In the middle of a plain, which opened right before them at a turn of the road, stood a few houses together like a little town; and, a little farther on, Eilert saw a church turned upside down, looking, with its long pointed tower, as if it were mirrored in the water. The girl explained to him that her father dwelt in these houses, and the church was one of the seven that stood in his realm, which extended all over Helgoland and Finmark. No service was held in them yet, but it would be held when the drowned bishop, who sat outside in a brown study, could only hit upon the name of the Lord that was to be served, and then all the Draugs should go to church. The bishop, she said, had been sitting and pondering the

matter over these eight hundred years, so he would no doubt very soon get to the bottom of it. A hundred years ago the bishop had advised them to send up one of the Draugs to Rödö church to find out all about it; but every time the word he wanted was mentioned, he could not catch the sound of it. In the mountain "Kunnan" King Olaf had hung a church-bell of pure gold, and it is guarded by the first priest who ever came to Nordland, who stands there in a white chasuble. On the day the priest rings the bell, Kunnan will become a big stone church, to which all Nordland, both above and below the sea, will resort. But time flies, and therefore all who come down here below are asked by the bishop if they can tell him that name.

At this Eilert felt very queer indeed, and he felt queerer still when he began reflecting and found, to his horror, that he also had forgotten that name.

While he stood there in thought, the girl looked at him anxiously. It was almost as if she wanted to help him to find it and could not.

[So it is that the strange sights and scenes continued like the weird happenings of a nightmare. After a long, long time he fancied that the long dark hair of a girl was flung about him like a curtain, and she had eyes that he remembered well. Then she smiled at him and said, "It is I, Eilert."]

With that he awoke, and saw that the sunbeams were running over the wet skerry, and the mermaid was still sitting by his side. But presently the whole thing changed before his eyes. It was the sun shining through the window-panes, on a bed in the Finn's hut, and by his side sat the Finn girl supporting his back, for they thought he was about to die. He had lain there delirious

for six weeks, ever since the Finn had rescued him after capsizing, and this was his first moment of consciousness.

After that it seemed to him that he had never heard anything so absurd and presumptuous as the twaddle that would fix a stigma of shame or contempt on Finn blood, and the same spring he and the Finn girl Zilla were betrothed, and in the autumn they were married.

There were Finns in the bridal procession, and perhaps many said a little more about that than they need have done; but every one at the wedding agreed that the fiddler, who was also a Finn, was the best fiddler in the whole parish, and the bride the prettiest girl.



Market Day in the Far North

HOW THE LAPLANDERS LIVE

A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN

ALTHOUGH Lapps are occasionally seen in charge of reindeer herds on some of the southern mountain tracts of Norway, their real home is in the Far North, not only of Norway, but also of Sweden, Finland, and Russia, and the country which they inhabit is known as Lapland.

That portion of it which belongs to Norway covers only some 3000 or 4000 square miles, while the whole of the Land of the Lapps has an area of something like 35,000 square miles. But statistics show that in Norwegian Lapland there are a great many more inhabitants than there are in Russian, Finnish, and Swedish Lapland put together; and the people, whether they be under the rule of Russia, Sweden, or Norway, are all of the same race — Asiatics and Mongols — totally unlike Europeans in appearance.

In the first place, they are dark, and what we consider ugly, though it is quite possible that in their eyes we ourselves are hideous. Then they are short — a five-foot Lapp would be almost a giant; but what they lack in stature they make up in sturdiness; for, although spare of body, probably no men in the world can do a longer day's work, or survive greater hardships. Dirty they are certainly, since they never change their clothes and seldom comb their hair; yet, for all that, they are perfectly healthy and happy.

They have gradually split up into three groups, known

as Mountain Lapps, Sea Lapps, and River Lapps, the first being nomads, or wanderers, and the other two settlers, by the sea or river, who have abandoned the original mode of life of their race.

Mountain Lapps are the most restless individuals it is possible to imagine. Winter and summer they are always on the move, and three days are seldom passed in one place. Time does not enslave them, for they do not trouble about it. Routine is nothing to them; they eat and drink when they feel inclined, and they sleep when a favorable opportunity occurs. In such matters, as well as in many others, they resemble wild animals. But in some respects they are methodical: they work by the seasons, and in their wanderings take the same lines each year. In the summer months they are down by the sea; during the remainder of the year they are on the mountains, though at Christmas-time they usually arrange to encamp somewhere in the vicinity of a church; for Christmas is a great event in the lives of the Lapps, since they profess Christianity, and if they are able to go to church at no other time of the year, they make a point of doing so at this season.

To-day these people are law-abiding and peaceable, but they are a strange mixture of good and bad. They are kind and hospitable, and of a cheerful disposition; at the same time they can be cruel, cunning, and selfish, while their love of money is no less than their love of drink — when they can obtain it.

For one thing only does the Mountain Lapp live — his herd of reindeer. They provide all his wants — food, clothing, and the wherewithal to purchase luxuries. They are his wealth; his very existence depends

on them, and in consequence, his mode of living has to be accommodated to the habits of his reindeer. Whithersoever they choose to graze, their owner has to follow; and he deems it no hardship to pitch his rough tent on the snowy wastes in winter, or even to sleep out under a rock, with the thermometer at seventy degrees below zero. It is his life; from earliest childhood he has known none other; he is content with it. And it is not only the men who pass their lives thus; for the Lapp family is to some extent a united one, and the women and children thoroughly enjoy the wild, free life, apparently suffering no ill effects from the rigors of the climate.

A Lapp baby starts life in a very queer way. Until it is able to walk it is kept in what is called a *komse*, a kind of cradle made of strips of wood covered with leather, and just large enough to take the baby. The little creature is rolled up in sheepskin and put into the cradle, which is then stuffed with moss, and the leather covering laced securely all around, so that only the baby's face is seen. To protect its head the *komse* is provided with a wooden hood, like most cradles, and there is generally a shawl, which can be thrown over the whole thing in severe weather; in fact, when the baby has been properly done up in its *komse*, it might go by parcel post without coming to much harm. It is a very excellent arrangement, because the family is incessantly moving about, and the mothers have their work to do, so cannot always be bothering about their babies. A thong of leather stretches from head to foot of the *komse*, which the mother can thus sling on her shoulder when going about, and by this thong the baby can be hung up to a tent-pole or to the branch of a tree if its

mother is busy. But as often as not the *komses* are just stuck up on end in the snow or against a rock while work is going on.

As soon as the child can walk and has finished its cradle existence, it is dressed in clothes similar to those of his or her father or mother, and looks most quaint. The life which these children lead is devoid of much amusement. From the beginning they are helping to pack up and move the tent, and to look after the reindeer; they are nothing more than little old men and women; their toys are miniatures, or models, of such things as they will have to use later in life — lassoes, snowshoes, sleighs — and their games are restricted to learning the use of the same. They are treated by their parents more or less as if they were grown up, and allowed to do much as they please. Consequently, they become self-willed, and have little respect for their elders.

After all, the mode of life of the Lapps does not differ very greatly from that of our own gipsies, though of the two the Lapps are certainly the better people. The wandering spirit is inherent in both, but a portion of each sooner or later shakes it off, and leads a more settled life. Some there are, however, who will never be anything but wanderers, so long as there remains a free country wherein they are at liberty to roam.

Let us now see the kind of place which the Mountain Lapp calls "home." It cannot be anything very elaborate or bulky, as it has to be packed up and moved about nearly every day, and it has to be carried on the backs of the reindeer in summer, or drawn by them in sleighs in the winter. So it is nothing more than a most un-

conventional form of tent, not altogether unlike the wigwam of the Red Indians, or the dwelling of many other nomadic people. A few long poles are stuck up on a circle, with their ends fastened together to form a sort of cone, and over this framework is stretched a covering of coarse woolen material. At one side there is a loose flap, forming a door, and the whole of the top part of the tent round about the ends of the poles is left open, to admit light and to allow the smoke from the fire to issue forth. The diameter of the tent is about twelve or fifteen feet, and the height in the center eight or ten feet. This is the kitchen, larder, store-room, drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom of the family — men, women, boys, girls, babies, dogs, and all.

A few branches of trees are spread on the ground, and in the middle, immediately under the opening in the roof, is the fire, which is kept alight day and night. Around it the inmates sit on the ground by day, and sleep by night. There is no furniture of any kind, and only a few cooking-pots, with some wooden bowls, and spoons of wood or of horn. Beds and blankets and such-like luxuries are also absent, so undressing, dressing, washing, and absurdities of that kind are not indulged in. When the time has come to go to sleep, those who are in the tent just roll themselves close up to the fire, and sleep quite comfortably in the clothes which they probably have not taken off for a year or two. The whole family is not likely to be in the tent at the same time; some members of it must always be looking after the reindeer, as the herd can never be left to its own devices; consequently, there is generally plenty of room.

Meals are free-and-easy affairs; there is no dinner-bell and no fixed time for eating. But food is always ready, hanging in a pot over the fire; and when any one feels inclined to eat, the hand is plunged into the pot, and a piece of meat pulled out and devoured. In addition to reindeer-meat — of which the Lapps consume a great deal — the food consists of cheese, and sometimes a kind of porridge; while for drink they have water, melted snow, reindeer milk, and, on occasions, coffee. The latter they are very fond of, but few families can afford to drink it often; so also with spirits, which, however, they only manage to obtain in the towns.

Thus live the Mountain Lapps year in and year out. To-day a family is in one place, to-morrow a dozen miles away; now and again other families are met with, and receive hospitality; but for the most part the family and its herd keep to themselves, since to do otherwise might lead to difficulties about grazing. The rain floods their tent; the snow buries it; the wind blows it down; yet they survive, and glory in their free life.

The Sea Lapps, though much more numerous than their brethren of the mountains, are not so interesting. They live by the coast in huts built of wood or of sods, and obtain a livelihood by fishing. The River Lapps, on the other hand, are both herdsmen and fishermen. Residing in small settlements on the banks of the rivers, they keep reindeer as well as a few cows and sheep, and they do a little in the way of farming the land round the settlement. Many of them are even intellectual, and the advantages of having their children properly educated in the schools are gradually becoming appreciated.

THE MUSIC OF OLE BULL

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[THE scene of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," from which the following poem is taken, was the Red Horse Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts. Here he placed in imagination a group of his friends. The musician is Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi; the student, Henry Ware Wales; the poet, T. W. Parsons; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell. The assembling of these at the Inn is not altogether fancy, for the last three were accustomed to spend the summer at this hostelry.

The Editor.]

LAST the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;

And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivaled name, —
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,

NORWAY

The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!
The music ceased; the applause was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

SWEDEN

I

STORIES OF VIKING LIFE AND ADVENTURE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE vikings, or Scandinavian and Danish pirates, first came down upon the eastern and southern coasts of England toward the end of the eighth century. In less than a hundred years, they had a firm footing there, and in 1014 the Dane Canute became ruler of the land, which did not pass into Saxon hands again until 1042. Charlemagne was able to hold back the Norsemen from his domains, but early in the tenth century they got possession of the greater part of the valley of the Loire. The Vikings plundered the coasts of Spain, Africa, and the Balearic Isles, dashed into the Tyrrhenian Sea, and even ventured as far as Greece. They voyaged to the islands north of Scotland and Ireland, and settled not only in these, but also in Iceland. From Iceland they went to Greenland, and later to Vinland.

The Swedish vikings attacked the eastern shores of the Baltic Sea, and seem to have made their way inland as far as Novgorod. They were driven back, but were soon invited to return and rule the land. A century later, they were sweeping down the Black Sea and threatening Constantinople with their thousand boats of warriors. Before this they had entered the Caspian Sea and had found their way to Persia.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century, King Waldemar Atterdag of Denmark died, and the Danes elected his little grandson Olaf to be their king. His mother, Margaret, Waldemar's daughter, acted as his guardian and ruled in his place. Then Margaret's husband, who was King of Norway, died; the child Olaf was now entitled to a second crown, and his mother became governor of Norway as well as Denmark. But there was trouble in Sweden. The nobles were enraged at their king, and they came to the conclusion that their best course was to offer the crown to this powerful Margaret, who had Norway and Denmark to support her. Albert, the deposed sovereign, led a German army against her, but was completely routed. Through Margaret's influence, the Union of Calmar was formed, in 1397, between Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

THE HALL OF THE EARLY CHIEFS

BY HENRY MORLEY

THE hall is long and wide, say 200 feet by 40, with a high roof and curved gables. There is at each extremity an entrance in the middle of the wall, protected by a porch, that is continued at its farther end to form cellar and pantry. We pass into the hall, a spacious nave with narrow side aisles. Pillars, dividing aisles from nave, support the central roof. The nave is the great hall itself, and down the middle of its floor run the stone hearths, upon which blaze great timber fires. At the upper end is the raised seat of the chief, at a cross-bench, where his wife, who fills the cups of the guests, and his familiar thanes, or those whom he distinguishes, sit with him. On each side of the long hearth there runs a line of tables, flanked with benches and stools, at which sit the people who are the chief's "hearth-sharers." At the lower end, in the space corresponding to the dais, is a table for the drinking-cups. Between the rows of pillars and the outer walls, spaces are parted off within the narrow aisles for the sleeping-benches of the warriors. In some of the spaces are the gilded vats of liquor into which the pails of the cup-bearers are dipped. If women sleep in the hall, the recesses of the pillars behind the vats are kept sacred to them, and there are in the aisles, if the hall be the chief's dwelling, distinct enclosures for the occupation of the family. The sleeping space behind the pillars might, perhaps, be parted from the hall by paneling and tapestry.

HOW THE SWEDES ELECTED THEIR KING

BY NEANDER N. CRONHOLM

THE manner in which the Swedes in olden time elected their king was as follows: The Upper Swedes met at Mora Stone, near Upsala. This was an open space, whereon were placed thirteen stones, twelve in a circle and one in the center. The law-men sat on the ring of stones and the king, when elected, on the center one. After the bonders at the Als-harjar Thing had signified the man of their choice, then did the law-man of Upland adjudge him king if he was properly elected. The old law says, "The Swedes have a right to elect their king, and also to depose him." The most competent man became king. The king's son was often selected to succeed him because such men were competent, having been trained from childhood for their high office.

The ceremony was characteristic. After election the king was placed on a shield resting on the shoulders of stout warriors, who marched around and showed him to the people. These proceedings signified, first, that he was elevated by the people to this high office, and secondly, that he could hold it only so long as he was supported by the people.

It was an old custom that after the election a herald should blow a blast on the horn or trumpet and then proclaim: "Now is A. B. elected King of the Svear and Gotar. He and none other." Many of these old customs have come down to the present day.

HOW THE SWEDES LEARNED OF CHRISTIANITY

[850]

BY S. BARING-GOULD

[REGARDLESS of the reputation of the Northmen for ferocity, the monk Anskar went among them to preach Christianity. For some time his work seemed to come to nothing; but at length one Herigar, counselor of the Swedish king, became a Christian, and through his influence Ardgar, one of Anskar's assistants whom he had sent to Sweden, was allowed to preach as much as he chose.

The Editor.]

THAT chief [Herigar] was no half-hearted believer, and openly confronted the malice of the pagan party. On one occasion, as they were boasting of the power of their gods, and of the many blessings they had received by remaining faithful to their worship, he bade them put the matter to an open and decisive proof. "If there be so much doubt," said he, "concerning the superior might of our respective gods, let us see whose power is greatest, whether that of the many whom ye call gods, or that of my one omnipotent Lord, Jesus Christ. Lo! the season of rain is at hand. Do ye call upon the names of your gods, that the rain may be restrained from falling upon you, and I will call upon the name of my Lord, Jesus Christ, that no drop may fall upon me; and the god that answereth our prayers, let him be God."

The heathen party agreed, and repairing to a neigh-

boring field, took their seats in great numbers on one side, while Herigar, attended only by a little child, sat on the other. In a few moments the rain descended in torrents, drenched the heathens to the skin, and swept away their tents; while on Herigar and the little child no drop fell, and even the ground around them remained dry. "Ye see," he cried, "which is the true God; bid me not, then, desert the faith I have adopted, but rather lay aside your errors, and come to a knowledge of the truth."

On another occasion the town of Birka was attacked by a piratical expedition of Danes and Swedes, under the command of a king of Sweden who had been expelled from his realm. The place was closely invested, and there seemed to be no prospect of a successful defense. In their alarm, the townspeople offered numerous sacrifices to their gods, and when all other means failed, collected such treasures as they possessed, together with a hundred pounds of silver, and succeeded in coming to terms with the hostile chiefs. But their followers, not satisfied with the amount, prepared to storm the town. Again the gods were consulted, the altars raised, the victims offered, but with results equally unpromising. Herigar now interposed, rebuked the people for their obstinate adherence to the worship of gods that could not give aid in trouble, and when they bade him suggest some device, and promised to follow his counsel, he urged them to make a solemn vow of obedience to the Lord of the Christians, assuring them that, if they turned to Him, He, at any rate, would not fail them in the hour of danger. The people took his advice, went forth to an open plain, and there solemnly vowed to

keep a fast in honor of the God of the Christians, if He would rescue them from their enemies.

Help came in an unexpected fashion. The Swedish king, while the army was clamoring for the signal to attack, suggested that the gods should be consulted by lot, whether it was their will that Birka should be destroyed. "There are many great and powerful deities there," said he; "there also formerly a church was built, and even now the worship of the great Christ is observed by many, and He is more powerful than any other god. We ought, then, to inquire first whether it is the divine will that we attack the place." Accordingly the lots were cast, and it was discovered that the auspices were not favorable for the assault; and thus Birka was spared. The arrival, therefore, of Ardgar was well timed, and he was not only welcomed by Herigar, but the Christians were strengthened in their adherence to the faith by his coming.

[A little later Anskar himself, who had now been made an archbishop, set out for Sweden.]

The time of his landing was unfortunate. The heathen party had been roused by the native priests, and a crusade was proclaimed against the strange doctrines. Suborning a man who pretended to have received a message from the native deities, the priest announced it to be the will of heaven that, if the people wished for new gods, they should admit into their company the late King Eric, and allow divine honors to be paid to him. This wrought up the feelings of the populace to such a pitch, that the retinue of the archbishop pronounced it absolute madness to persevere in his undertaking.

But Anskar was not thus to be thwarted. He invited Olaf to a feast, set before him the presents sent by the King of Jutland, and announced the object of his visit. Olaf, on his part, was not indisposed to make the concessions he desired, but as former missionaries had been expelled from the country, he suggested that it would be well to submit the affair, once for all, to the solemn decision of the sacred lots, and consult in an open council the feelings of the people. Anskar agreed, and a day was fixed for deciding the question.

First, the counsel of the chiefs was formally asked, and their opinion requested. They craved the casting of the sacred lots. The lots were accordingly cast, and the result was declared to be favorable to the admission of the archbishop and his retinue. Then the general assembly of the people of Birka was convened, and at the command of the king a herald proclaimed aloud the purport of the archbishop's visit. This was the signal for a great tumult, in the midst of which an aged chief arose, and thus addressed the assembly: —

"Hear me, O king and people. The God whom we are invited to worship is not unknown to us, nor the aid He can render to those that put their trust in Him. Many of us have already proved this by experience, and have felt His assistance in many perils, and especially in the sea. Why, then, reject what we know to be useful and necessary for us? Not long ago some of us went to Doerstadt, and believing that this new religion could profit us much, willingly professed ourselves its disciples. Now the voyage thither is beset with dangers, and pirates abound on every shore. Why, then, reject a religion thus brought to our very doors? Why not permit the serv-

ants of God, whose protecting aid we have already experienced, to abide amongst us? Listen to my counsel, then, O king and people, and reject not what is plainly for our advantage. We see our own deities failing us, and unable to aid us in time of danger. Surely it is a good thing to obtain the favor of a God who always can and will aid those that call upon Him."

His words found favor with the people, and it was unanimously resolved that the archbishop should be permitted to take up his abode in the country, and should not be hindered in disseminating the Christian faith.

HOW RAGNAR LODBROG WON A WIFE AND A NICKNAME

BY SAXO GRAMMATICUS

[RAGNAR LODBROG was a half-legendary viking. According to tradition he invaded England in the eighth or ninth century.

The Editor.]

HERODD, the King of the Swedes, happening to go and hunt in the woods, brought home some snakes, found by his escort, for his daughter to rear. She speedily obeyed the instructions of her father, and endured to rear a race of adders with her maiden hands. Moreover, she took care that they should daily have a whole ox-carcase to gorge upon, not knowing that she was privately feeding and keeping up a public nuisance. The vipers grew up, and scorched the country-side with their pestilential breath. Whereupon the king, repenting of his sluggishness, proclaimed that whosoever removed the pest should have his daughter. Many warriors were attracted by courage as much as by desire; but all idly and perilously wasted their pains.

Ragnar, learning from men who traveled to and fro how the matter stood, asked his nurse for a woolen mantle, and for some thigh-pieces that were very hairy, with which he could repel the snake-bites. He thought that he ought to use a dress stuffed with hair to protect himself, and also took one that was not unwieldy, that he might move nimbly. And when he had landed in

Sweden, he deliberately plunged his body in water, while there was a frost falling, and, wetting his dress, to make it the less penetrable, he let the cold freeze it. Thus attired, he took leave of his companions, exhorted them to remain loyal to Fridleif, and went on to the palace alone.

When he saw it, he tied his sword to his side, and lashed a spear to his right hand with a thong. As he went on, an enormous snake glided up and met him. Another, equally huge, crawled up, following in the trail of the first. They strove now to buffet the young man with the coils of their tails, and now to spit and belch their venom stubbornly upon him. Meantime the courtiers, betaking themselves to safer hiding, watched the struggle from afar like affrighted little girls. The king was stricken with equal fear, and fled, with a few followers, to a narrow shelter. But Ragnar, trusting in the hardness of his frozen dress, foiled the poisonous assaults not only with his arms, but with his attire, and, single-handed, in unweariable combat, stood up against the two gaping creatures, who stubbornly poured forth their venom upon him. For their teeth he repelled with his shield, their poison with his dress. At last he cast his spear, and drove it against the bodies of the brutes, who were attacking him hard. He pierced both their hearts, and his battle ended in victory.

The king scanned his dress closely, and saw that he was rough and hairy; but above all, he laughed at the shaggy lower portion of his garb, and chiefly the uncouth aspect of his breeches; so that he gave him in jest the nickname of Lodbrog.[1] Also he invited him to feast with his

[1] Shaggy-Breech, the epithet for a hawk.

friends, to refresh him after his labors. Ragnar said that he would first go back to the witnesses whom he had left behind. He set out and brought them back, splendidly attired for the coming feast. At last, when the banquet was over, he received the prize that was appointed for the victory. By her he begot two nobly-gifted sons, Radbard and Dunwat.

THE DEFEAT OF THE JOMSBURG VIKINGS

[983]

BY NEANDER N. CRONHOLM

[SOME of the most daring of the vikings formed a little community of men near the mouth of the Oder and named it Jomsburg. The leader of this wild and fearless band was Styrbjorn Starke. He was a nephew of King Eric of Sweden; and when only twelve years old, he had demanded of the king a share in the kingdom. The people had voted against him, but his uncle gave him a great fleet, that he might go forth on marauding expeditions. In 983, with the promised support of Harald Blue Tooth of Denmark, he swept up the Baltic and into Lake Malaren.

The Editor.]

ERIC THE VICTORIOUS, who at this time was reigning in Upsala, was a great and renowned king. Skoglar Toste, a freeholder and celebrated viking in West Gothland, had a daughter named Sigrid, much famed for her beauty, but very proud and haughty. King Eric chose her for his queen, and gained much support in the country from her relations, particularly from Torgny the Wise, who was judge in Upland. When King Eric heard that Styrbjorn with his great fleet had entered Lake Malaren, he sent out a summons throughout the kingdom for all the men at arms to meet in Upsala. He then blocked the entrance of Flot Sound so that Styrbjorn could not sail out of the lake toward Upsala. As soon as the latter had arrived, he made his men go on shore and burned all his ships, to the end that his supporters might

fight with more courage, having no hopes of safety by flight. Scarcely was this done, when Harald Blue Tooth ordered his men on board his ships, put out to sea, and sailed home to Denmark, leaving Styrbjorn in the trap. This proceeding he and his men were obliged to witness from the shore, having no means of preventing or punishing Harald's treachery. He, however, did not lose courage, but made his men cut a broad road through the forest to the great plain of Fyrisvall, near Upsala. On this plain he marshaled his army, having many brave chiefs in it, amongst others his uncle, Jarl Ulf, and Bjorn Bredviking, an Icelander. Eric the Victorious marshaled his men on the other side and Torgny the Judge was his chief man, both in word and deed.

The battle was violent and long. Torgny had caused chariots to be made with lances projecting in front and sickles and scythes fastened on either side, which were drawn by condemned criminals into the enemies' ranks, and caused great havoc; but Styrbjorn had such superior numbers, that in spite of this he was able to make a stout resistance; and so they fought the whole day without either being able to gain the victory. During the night many people from the neighborhood joined Eric, so that his army was not less than on the first day. But the Jomsvikings were such brave men that they kept up the fight the whole of the second day, and at its conclusion no one could yet determine who would be victorious.

The chiefs offered sacrifices during the night to propitiate the gods. Styrbjorn sacrificed to Thor, and it was said that a red-bearded man, who was thought to be Thor, showed himself to Styrbjorn announcing his defeat.

Eric, on his side, went up to the temple in Upsala and sacrificed to Odin, promising himself to the god at the expiration of ten years, if he would only this time grant him the victory. It is said that a one-eyed man in a blue cloak, with a wide hat on his head, then showed himself to Eric, and gave him a lance which he should hurl against Styrbjorn's troops, saying, "Ye now all belong to Odin," and this man was thought to have been Odin himself.

The third day a much severer conflict ensued, numerous reinforcements as before having joined King Eric from the neighborhood on the preceding night. But a universal panic presently overtook Styrbjorn's men; they fancied the air was full of light arrows hovering over their heads, which blinded and confused them, and were thought to be sent by Odin. A sand-hill in the neighborhood also slid down upon them, causing much confusion. When Styrbjorn at last saw that all was tending to his fall and defeat, in anguish and despair he stuck his banner fast into the ground, and shouted with a terrible voice to the remainder of his troops, that it was better to die with glory than to fly with shame. He then cast himself wildly amongst his enemy, and so fell, pierced with many wounds. The greater part of his men followed him, and few fled or surrendered themselves prisoners. When the battle was done, King Eric mounted on one of the mounds and promised a great reward to him who could sing a Drapa on this battle. On this, Torwald Hjalteson, an Icelander, presented himself, and sang for the king and the army a glorious song of victory, and received as a reward two precious gold chains; and yet this Torwald neither before nor after-

wards ever concerned himself with poetry. After this, Eric's son, who was only two years old, was carried before the troops and was proclaimed and received homage as his father's successor and sovereign of the whole kingdom. As he was, on account of his tender age, on this occasion carried in arms, he was called Olaf Skotkonung, or Olaf Lapking.

Styrbjorn left a son called Torkil Sprakalagg, whose son was named Ulf and was the father of Sven Ulfson, from whom a whole line of Danish Kings descend. This battle took place in the year 983 A.D., and from it King Eric received the surname, "The Victorious."

SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

[About 988–1000]

THE WOOERS OF SIGRID

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

SIGRID was a woman of the greatest understanding, and too [very] clever in many things. In the morning there was also the most excellent entertainment; but then it went on as usual when people have drunk too much, that next day they take care not to exceed. The queen was very gay, and she and the king talked of many things with each other; among other things she valued her property, and the dominions she had in Sweden, as nothing less than his kingdom and property in Norway. With that observation the king was nowise pleased; and he found no pleasure in anything after that, but made himself ready for his journey in an ill humor. On the other hand, the queen was remarkably gay, and made him many presents, and followed him out to the road.

Now Harald returned about harvest to Norway, and was at home all winter; but was very silent, and cast down. In summer he went once more to the Baltic with his ships, and steered to Sweden. He sent a message to Queen Sigrid that he wished to have a meeting with her, and she rode down to meet him. They talked together, and he soon brought out the proposal that she should marry him. She replied that this was foolish talk for him, who was so well married already that he might

think himself well off. Harald says, "Aasta is a good and clever woman; but she is not so well-born as I am."

They exchanged but few words more before the queen rode away. King Harald was always dull in apprehension, and prepared himself again to ride up the country to meet Queen Sigrid. Many of his people dissuaded him; but nevertheless he set off with a great attendance, and came to the house in which the queen dwelt. The same evening came another king, called Visavald, from Russia, likewise to pay his addresses to Queen Sigrid. Lodging was given to both the kings, and to all their people, in a great old room of an outbuilding, and all the furniture was of the same character; but there was no want of drink in the evening, and that so strong that all were drunk, and the watch, both inside and outside, fell fast asleep. Then Queen Sigrid ordered an attack on them in the night, both with fire and sword. The house was burnt, with all who were in it, and those who slipped out were put to the sword. Sigrid said that she would make these small kings tired of coming to court her. She was afterwards called Sigrid the Haughty.

QUEEN SIGRID AND THE RING

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Queen Sigrid in Sweden, who had for surname the Haughty, sat in her mansion, and during the same winter messengers went between King Olaf and Sigrid to propose his courtship to her, and she had no objection; and the matter was fully and fast resolved upon. Thereupon King Olaf sent to Queen Sigrid the great gold ring he had taken from the temple door of Lade, which was considered a distinguished ornament.

The meeting for concluding the business was appointed to be in spring on the frontier, at the Gotha River.

Now the ring which King Olaf had sent Queen Sigrid was highly prized by all men; yet the queen's goldsmiths, two brothers, who took the ring in their hands, and weighed it, spoke quietly to each other about it, and in a manner that made the queen call them to her, and ask what they smiled at. But they would not say a word, and she commanded them to say what it was they had discovered. Then they said the ring is false. Upon this she ordered the ring to be broken in pieces, and it was found to be copper inside. Then the queen was enraged, and said that Olaf would deceive her in more ways than this one.

Early in spring King Olaf went eastwards to Konghelle to the meeting with Queen Sigrid; and when they met, the business was considered about which the winter before they had held communication, namely, their marriage; and the business seemed likely to be concluded. But when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should let herself be baptized, she answered thus: "I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me; and, on the other hand, I shall make no objection to your believing in the god that pleases you best." Then King Olaf was enraged, and answered in a passion, "Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade?" and therewith struck her in the face with his glove which he held in his hand, rose up, and they parted. Sigrid said, "This may some day be thy death." The king set off to Viken, the queen to Sweden. — From *the Heimskringla.*]

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "Oh, speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strøde through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said, —
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

THE REVENGE OF SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

The Danish king, Svend Forked Beard, was married to Sigrid the Haughty. Sigrid was King Olaf Tryggvason's greatest enemy; the cause of which, as before said, was that King Olaf had broken off with her, and had struck her in the face. She urged King Svend much to give battle to King Olaf Tryggvason; saying that he had reason enough, as Olaf had married his sister Thyri without his leave, "and that your predecessors would not have submitted to." Such persuasions Sigrid had often in her mouth; and at last she brought it so far that Svend resolved firmly on doing so.

Early in spring King Svend sent messengers eastward into Sweden, to his brother-in-law Olaf, the Swedish king, and to Earl Eric; and informed them that King Olaf of Norway was levying men for an expedition, and intended in summer to go to Vendland. To this news the Danish king added an invitation to the Swedish king and Earl Eric to meet King Svend with an army, so that all together they might make an attack on King Olaf Tryggvason.

The Swedish king and Earl Eric were ready enough for this, and immediately assembled a great fleet and an army through all Sweden, with which they sailed southwards to Denmark, and arrived there before King

Olaf Tryggvason had sailed to the eastward. Haldor the Unchristian tells of this in his lay on Earl Eric: —

"The king-subduer raised a host
Of warriors on the Swedish coast.
The brave went southwards to the fight,
Who love the sword-storm's gleaming light;
The brave, who fill the wild wolf's mouth,
Followed bold Eric to the south;
The brave, who sport in blood — each one
With the bold earl to sea is gone."

The Swedish king and Earl Eric sailed to meet the Danish king, and they had all when together an immense force.

At the same time that Earl Svend sent a message to Sweden for an army, he sent Earl Sigvald to Vendland to spy out King Olaf Tryggvason's proceedings, and to bring it about by cunning devices that King Svend and King Olaf should fall in with each other. So Sigvald sets out to go to Vendland. First, he came to Jomsburg, and then he sought out King Olaf Tryggvason. There was much friendship in their conversation, and the earl got himself into great favor with the king. Astrid, the earl's wife, King Burislaf's daughter, was a great friend of King Olaf Tryggvason, particularly on account of the connection which had been between them when Olaf was married to her sister Geira.

Earl Sigvald was a prudent, ready-minded man; and as he had got a voice in King Olaf's council, he put him off much from sailing homewards, finding various reasons for delay. Olaf's people were in the highest degree dissatisfied with this; for the men were anxious to get home, and they lay ready to sail, waiting only for a wind. At last Earl Sigvald got a secret message from

Denmark that the Swedish king's army was arrived from the east, and that Earl Eric's was also ready; and that all these chiefs had resolved to sail eastwards to Vendland, and wait for King Olaf at an island which is called Svald. They also desired the earl to contrive matters so that they should meet King Olaf there.

There came first a flying report to Vendland that the Danish king, Svend, had fitted out an army; and it was soon whispered that he intended to attack King Olaf. But Earl Sigvald says to King Olaf, "It never can be King Svend's intention to venture with the Danish force alone to give battle to thee with such a powerful army, but if thou hast any suspicion that evil is on foot, I will follow thee with my force [at that time it was considered a great matter to have Jomsburg vikings with an army], and I will give thee eleven manned ships."

The king accepted this offer; and as the light breeze of wind that came was favorable, he ordered the ships to get under weigh, and the war-horns to sound the departure. The sails were hoisted; and all the small vessels, sailing fastest, got out to sea before the others. The earl, who sailed nearest to the king's ship, called to those on board to tell the king to sail in his keel-tracks: "For I know where the water is deepest between the islands and in the sounds, and these large ships require the deepest." Then the earl sailed first with his eleven ships, and the king followed with his large ships, also eleven in number; but the whole of the rest of the fleet sailed out to sea. Now when Earl Sigvald came sailing close under the island Svald, a skiff rowed out to inform the earl that the Danish king's

army was lying in the harbor before them. Then the earl ordered the sails of his vessels to be struck, and they rowed in under the island. Haldor the Unchristian says: —

"From out the south bold Tryggve's son
With one-and-seventy ships came on,
To dye his sword in bloody fight,
Against the Danish foeman's might.
But the false earl the king betrayed;
And treacherous Sigvald, it is said,
Deserted from King Olaf's fleet,
And basely fled, the Danes to meet."

It is said here that King Olaf and Earl Sigvald had seventy sail of vessels and one more, when they sailed from the south.

The Danish king Svend, the Swedish king Olaf, and Earl Eric were there with all their forces. The weather being fine, and clear sunshine, all these chiefs, with a great suite, went out on the isle to see the vessels sailing out at sea, and many of them crowded together; and they saw among them one large and glancing ship. The two kings said, "That is a large and very beautiful vessel: that will be the Long Serpent."

Earl Eric replied, —

"That is not the Long Serpent." And he was right; for it was a ship belonging to Endric of Grimsar.

Soon after they saw another vessel coming sailing along much larger than the first; then says King Svend, —

"Olaf Tryggvason must be afraid, for he does not venture to sail with the figure-head of the dragon upon his ship."

Says Earl Eric, —

"That is not the king's ship yet; for I know that ship by the colored stripes of cloth in her sail. That is Erling Skialgsson. Let him sail; for it is better for us that this ship is away from Olaf's fleet, so well equipped as she is."

Soon after they saw and knew Earl Sigvald's ships, which turned in and laid themselves under the island. Then they saw three ships coming along under sail, and one of them very large. King Svend ordered his men to go to their ships, "for there comes the Long Serpent."

Earl Eric says, —

"Many other great and stately vessels have they besides the Long Serpent. Let us wait a little."

Then said many, —

"Earl Eric will not fight and avenge his father; and it is a shame that it should be told that we lay here with so great a force, and allowed King Olaf to sail out to sea before our eyes."

But when they had spoken thus for a short time, they saw four ships come sailing along, of which one had a large dragon-head richly gilt. Then King Svend stood up, and said, —

"That dragon shall carry me this evening high, for I shall steer it."

Then said many, —

"The Serpent is indeed a wonderfully large and beautiful vessel, and it shows a great mind to have built such a ship."

Earl Eric said so loud that several persons heard him,

"If King Olaf had no other vessels but only that one, King Svend would never take it from him with the Danish force alone."

Thereafter all the people rushed on board their ships, took down the tents, and in all haste made ready for battle.

While the chiefs were speaking among themselves, as above related, they saw three very large ships coming sailing along, and at last after them a fourth, and that was the Long Serpent. Of the large ships which had gone before, and which they had taken for the Long Serpent, the first was the Crane; the one after that was the Short Serpent; and when they really saw the Long Serpent all knew, and nobody had a word to say against it, that it must be Olaf Tryggvason who was sailing in such a vessel; and they went to their ships to arm for the fight.

An agreement had been concluded among the chiefs, King Svend, King Olaf the Swede, and Earl Eric, that they should divide Norway among them in three parts, in case they succeeded against Olaf Tryggvason; but that he of the chiefs who should first board the Serpent should have her and all the booty found in her, and each should have the ships he cleared for himself. Earl Eric had a large ship of war which he used upon his viking expeditions; and there was an iron beard or comb above on both sides of the stem, and below it a thick iron plate as broad as the combs, which went down quite to the gunwale.

When Earl Sigvald with his vessels rowed in under the island, Thorkel Dyrdil of the Crane, and the other ship commanders who sailed with him, saw that he turned his ships towards the isle, and thereupon let fall the sails, and rowed after him, calling out, and asking why he sailed that way. The earl answered, that he was

waiting for King Olaf, as he feared there were enemies in the way. They lay upon their oars until Thorkel Nefia came up with the Short Serpent and the three ships which followed him. When they told them the same, they too struck sail, and let the ships drive, waiting for King Olaf. But when the king sailed in towards the isle, the whole enemies' fleet came rowing within them out to the Sound. When they saw this, they begged the king to hold on his way, and not risk battle with so great a force. The king replied, high on the quarterdeck where he stood, "Strike the sails; never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life, but flight I shall never take." It was done as the king commanded. Halfred tells of it thus: —

"And far and wide the saying bold
Of the brave warrior shall be told.
The king, in many a fray well tried,
To his brave champions round him cried,
'My men shall never learn from me
From the dark weapon-cloud to flee.'
Nor were the brave words spoken then
Forgotten by his faithful men."

King Olaf ordered the war-horns to sound for all his ships to close up to each other. The king's ship lay in the middle of the line, and on one side lay the Short Serpent, and on the other the Crane; and as they made fast the stems together, the Long Serpent's stem and the Short Serpent's were fast together; but when the king saw it he called out to his men, and ordered them to lay the larger ship more in advance, so that its stern should not lie so far behind in the fleet.

Then says Ulf the Red, —

"If the Long Serpent is to lie as much more ahead of the other ships as she is longer than they, we shall have hard work of it here on the forecastle."

The king replies, —

"I did not think I had a forecastle man afraid as well as red."[1]

Says Ulf, —

"Defend thou the quarterdeck as I shall the forecastle."

The king had a bow in his hands, and laid an arrow on the string, and aimed at Ulf.

Ulf said, —

"Shoot another way, king, where it is more needful: my work is thy gain."

King Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarterdeck, high over the others. He had a gilt shield, and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armor he had a short red coat, and was easy to be distinguished from other men. When King Olaf saw that the scattered forces of the enemy gathered themselves together under the banners of their ships, he asked, —

"Who is the chief of the force right opposite to us?"

He was answered that it was King Svend with the Danish army.

The king replies, —

"We are not afraid of these soft Danes, for there is no bravery in them; but who are the troops on the right of the Danes?"

He was answered that it was King Olaf with the Swedish forces.

"Better it were," says King Olaf, "for these Swedes

[1] Ragan oc Raudan.

to be sitting at home killing their sacrifices, than to be venturing under our weapons from the Long Serpent. But who owns the large ships on the larboard side of the Danes?"

"That is Earl Eric Hakonson," say they.

The king replies, —

"He, methinks, has good reason for meeting us; and we may expect the sharpest conflict with these men, for they are Norsemen like ourselves."

The kings now laid out their oars, and prepared to attack. King Svend laid his ship against the Long Serpent. Outside of him Olaf the Swede laid himself, and set his ship's stem against the outermost ship of King Olaf's line; and on the other side lay Earl Eric. Then a hard combat began. Earl Sigvald held back with the oars on his ships, and did not join the fray. So says Scald Thorsteinson, who at that time was with Earl Eric: —

"I followed Sigvald in my youth,
And gallant Eric; and in truth,
Tho' now I am growing stiff and old,
In the spear-song I once was bold.
Where arrows whistled on the shore
Of Swalder fiord my shield I bore,
And stood amidst the loudest clash
When swords on shields made fearful crash."

And Halfred also sings thus: —

"In truth, I think the gallant king,
Midst such a foeman's gathering,
Would be the better of some score
Of his tight Drontheim lads, or more;
For many a chief has run away,
And left our brave king in the fray,
Two great kings' power to withstand,
And one great earl's, with his small band.

The king who dares such mighty deed
A hero for his scald would need."

This battle was one of the severest told of, and many were the people slain. The forecastle men of the Long Serpent, the Short Serpent, and the Crane, threw grapplings and stem chains into King Svend's ship, and used their weapons well against the people standing below them, for they cleared the decks of all the ships they could lay fast hold of; and King Svend, and all the men who escaped, fled to other vessels, and laid themselves out of bow-shot. It went with this force just as King Olaf Tryggvason had foreseen. Then King Olaf the Swede laid himself in their place; but when he came near the great ships it went with him as with them, for he lost many men and some ships, and was obliged to get away. But Earl Eric laid the Iron Beard side by side with the outermost of King Olaf's ships, thinned it of men, cut the cables, and let it drive. Then he lay alongside of the next, and fought until he had cleared it of men also. Now all the people who were in the smaller ships began to run into the larger, and the earl cut them loose as fast as he cleared them of men. The Danes and Swedes laid themselves now out of shooting distance all around Olaf's ship; but Earl Eric lay always close alongside of the ships, and used his swords and battle-axes, and as fast as people fell in his vessel others, Danes and Swedes, came in their place. So says Haldor: —

"Sharp was the clang of shield and sword,
And shrill the song of spears on board,
And whistling arrows thickly flew
Against the Serpent's gallant crew.
And still fresh foemen, it is said,
Earl Eric to her long side led;

Whole armies of his Danes and Swedes,
Wielding on high their blue sword-blades."

Then the fight became most severe, and many people fell. But at last it came to this, that all King Olaf Tryggvason's ships were cleared of men except the Long Serpent, on board of which all who could still carry their arms were gathered. Then Iron Beard lay side by side with the Serpent, and the fight went on with battle-axe and sword. So says Haldor: —

"Hard pressed on every side by foes,
The Serpent reels beneath the blows;
Crash go the shields around the bow.
Breast-plates and breasts pierced thro' and thro'!
In the sword-storm the Holm beside,
The Iron Beard lay alongside
The king's Long Serpent of the sea —
Fate gave the earl the victory."

Earl Eric was in the forehold of his ship, where a cover of shields had been set up. In the fight, both hewing weapons, sword, and axe, and the thrust of spears had been used; and all that could be used as weapon for casting was cast. Some used bows, some threw spears with the hand. So many weapons were cast into the Serpent, and so thick flew spears and arrows, that the shields could scarcely receive them; for on all sides the Serpent was surrounded by war-ships. Then King Olaf's men became so mad with rage, that they ran on board of the enemies' ships, to get at the people with stroke of sword and kill them; but many did not lay themselves so near the Serpent, in order to escape the close encounter with battle-axe or sword; and thus the most of Olaf's men went overboard and sank under their weapons, thinking they were fighting on plain ground. So says Halfred: —

"The daring lads shrink not from death, —
O'erboard they leap, and sink beneath
The Serpent's keel: all armed they leap,
And down they sink five fathoms deep.
The foe was daunted at their cheers:
The king, who still the Serpent steers,
In such a strait — beset with foes —
Wanted but some more lads like those."

Einar Tambarskelver, one of the sharpest of bow-shooters, stood by the mast, and shot with his bow. Einar shot an arrow at Earl Eric, which hit the tiller-end just above the earl's head so hard that it entered the wood up to the arrow-shaft. The earl looked that way, and asked if they knew who had shot; and at the same moment another arrow flew between his hand and his side, and into the stuffing of the chief's stool, so that the barb stood far out on the other side. Then said the earl to a man called Fin, — but some say he was of Finn (Laplander) race, and was a superior archer, — "Shoot that tall man by the mast." Fin shot; and the arrow hit the middle of Einar's bow just at the moment that Einar was drawing it, and the bow was split in two parts.

"What is that," cried King Olaf, "that broke with such a noise?"

"Norway, king, from thy hands," cried Einar.

"*No!* not quite so much as that," says the king; "take my bow, and shoot," flinging the bow to him.

Einar took the bow, and drew it over the head of the arrow. "Too weak, too weak," said he, "for the bow of a mighty king!" and throwing the bow aside, he took sword and shield, and fought valiantly.

The king stood on the gangways of the Long Serpent, and shot the greater part of the day; sometimes with the

bow, sometimes with the spear, and always throwing two spears at once. He looked down over the ship's side, and saw that his men struck briskly with their swords, and yet wounded but seldom. Then he called aloud, "Why do ye strike so gently that ye seldom cut?" One among the people answered, "The swords are blunt and full of notches." Then the king went down into the forehold, opened the chest under the throne, and took out many sharp swords, which he handed to his men; but as he stretched down his right hand with them, some observed that blood was running down under his steel glove, but no one knew where he was wounded.

Desperate was the defense in the Serpent, and there was the heaviest destruction of men done by the forecastle crew, and those of the forehold, for in both places the men were chosen men, and the ship was highest; but in the middle of the ship the people were thinned. Now when Earl Eric saw there were but few people remaining beside the ship's mast, he determined to board; and he entered the Serpent with four others. Then came Hyrning, the king's brother-in-law, and some others against him, and there was the most severe combat; and at last the earl was forced to leap back on board the Iron Beard again, and some who had accompanied him were killed, and others wounded. Thord Kolbeinsson alludes to this:—

"On Odin's deck, all wet with blood,
The helm-adornéd hero stood;
And gallant Hyrning honor gained,
Clearing all round with sword deep stained.
The high Fielde peaks shall fall,
Ere men forget this to recall."

Now the fight became hot indeed, and many men

fell on board the Serpent; and the men on board of her began to be thinned off, and the defense to be weaker. The earl resolved to board the Serpent again, and again he met with a warm reception. When the forecastle men of the Serpent saw what he was doing, they went aft and made a desperate fight; but so many men of the Serpent had fallen, that the ship's sides were in many places quite bare of defenders; and the earl's men poured in all around into the vessel, and all the men who were still able to defend the ship crowded aft to the king, and arrayed themselves for his defense. So says Haldor the Unchristian: —

"Eric cheers on his men, —
'On to the charge again!'
The gallant few
Of Olaf's crew
Must refuge take
On the quarterdeck.
Around the king
They stand in ring;
Their shields inclose
The king from foes,
And the few who still remain
Fight madly, but in vain.
Eric cheers on his men —
'On to the charge again!'"

Kolbiorn the marshal, who had on clothes and arms like the king's, and was a remarkably stout and handsome man, went up to the king on the quarterdeck. The battle was still going on fiercely even in the forehold. But as many of the earl's men had now got into the Serpent as could find room, and his ships lay all round her, and few were the people left in the Serpent for defense against so great a force; and in a short time most of the

Serpent's men fell, brave and stout though they were. King Olaf and Kolbiorn the marshal both sprang overboard, each on his own side of the ship; but the earl's men had laid out boats around the Serpent, and killed those who leaped overboard. Now when the king had sprung overboard, they tried to seize him with their hands, and bring him to Earl Eric; but King Olaf threw his shield over his head, and sank beneath the waters. Kolbiorn held his shield behind him to protect himself from the spears cast at him from the ships which lay round the Serpent, and he fell so upon his shield that it came under him, so that he could not sink so quickly. He was thus taken, and brought into a boat, and they supposed he was the king. He was brought before the earl; and when the earl saw it was Kolbiorn, and not the king, he gave him his life. At the same moment all of King Olaf's men who were in life sprang overboard from the Serpent; and Thorkel Nefia, the king's brother, was the last of all the men who sprang overboard. It is thus told concerning the king by Halfred: —

"The Serpent and the Crane
Lay wrecks upon the main.
On his sword he cast a glance, —
With it he saw no chance.
To his marshal, who of yore
Many a war-chance had come o'er,
He spoke a word — then drew in breath,
And sprang to his deep-sea death."

Earl Sigvald, as before related, came from Vendland, in company with King Olaf, with ten ships; but the eleventh ship was manned with the men of Astrid, the king's daughter, the wife of Earl Sigvald. Now when King Olaf sprang overboard, the whole army raised a

shout of victory; and then Earl Sigvald and his men put their oars in the water and rowed towards the battle. Haldor the Unchristian tells of it thus: —

"Then first the Vendland vessels came
Into the fight with little fame;
The fight still lingered on the wave,
Tho' hope was gone with Olaf brave.
War, like a full-fed ravenous beast,
Still oped her grim jaws for the feast.
The few who stood now quickly fled,
When the shout told — 'Olaf is dead!'"

But the Vendland cutter, in which Astrid's men were, rowed back to Vendland; and the report went immediately abroad, and was told by many, that King Olaf had cast off his coat of mail under water, and had swam, diving under the long-ships, until he came to the Vendland cutter, and that Astrid's men had conveyed him to Vendland: and many tales have been made since about the adventures of Olaf the king. Halfred speaks thus about it: —

"Does Olaf live? or is he dead?
Has he the hungry ravens fed?
I scarcely know what I should say,
For many tell the tale each way.
This I can say, nor fear to lie,
That he was wounded grievously, —
So wounded in this bloody strife,
He scarce could come away with life."

But however this may have been, King Olaf Tryggvason never came back again to his kingdom of Norway.

II
TALES FROM SWEDISH HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

SWEDEN was restless under the Union of Calmar, and in 1520, the Danish King, Christian II, invaded the country. The Swedes, under Gustavus Vasa, rose against him, and freed themselves from Denmark. Gustavus was elected king, and established the Vasa line of rulers. During the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus became the leader of the Protestant forces, but was slain at the battle of Lützen. He was succeeded by his daughter Christina, who finally resigned the throne and left the country.

During the seventeenth century, one war was hardly concluded before it was followed by another. In 1679, Charles XII came to the throne, and by his extraordinary military genius made Sweden for a time one of the great powers of Europe. His overreaching ambition at length proved his ruin. After draining the country of fighting-men and of money to carry on his interminable wars, he was killed in 1710 during an invasion of Norway. His sister succeeded him; but the real sovereignty lay in the hands of the nobles, and their dissensions were constant. In 1810, the Swedish Riksdag (Parliament) chose Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, as the heir to the throne, and in 1818 he became King of Sweden.

In the settlement of the complications that came about through the Napoleonic wars, Denmark was required to yield Norway to Sweden. Norway was never content under the union, and in 1905 she forced Sweden to renounce all authority over her, much to the sorrow of the aged king, Oscar II, a descendant of Bernadotte. Two years later, King Oscar died, and was succeeded by his son, Gustavus Adolphus V.

THE BLOOD-BATH OF STOCKHOLM

BY WILLIAM WIDGERY THOMAS, JR.

To a Swede, the whole province of Dalecarlia is sacred soil; for this was the scene of the wanderings, adventures, and hair-breadth escapes of the great Gustavus Vasa. Here he first induced his countrymen to rise and throw off the Danish yoke, and here he gained his first victories.

The brilliant career of Gustavus was preceded by the bloodiest drama in Swedish history. Late in the autumn of 1520, Christian II, the Dane, was crowned King of Sweden in the church of St. Nikolaus, at Stockholm. The coronation was followed by festivities of more than usual brilliancy. For three days there were feasting and rejoicing, without interruption, at the palace, and tournaments were ridden by brave knights in the presence of the fair dames of the court. King Christian himself was in especial good humor; he struck hands with many of the guests, embraced, and kissed them.

On the fourth day, when the festivities were at their height, many of the first nobles of the kingdom, together with the chief burghers of Stockholm and some of the most distinguished prelates of the church, were suddenly summoned into the great hall of the palace. Here, to their utter astonishment, a charge of heresy was raised against them, and, on this flimsy pretext, the

nobles and burghers were thrown into the dungeons of the tower, and the clergy imprisoned in a room by themselves.

The next morning, Thursday, November 8, the trumpeters made proclamation throughout the city, that no one, on pain of death, should go out of his house till the signal was given. Soldiers were drawn up along all the streets. Cannon were hauled into position around the palace, and their muzzles pointed down the principal avenues.

At noon, the gates of the palace were thrown open, and there marched forth a sorrowful procession — the best men of Sweden, surrounded by soldiers and executioners. First came the bishops, Vincentius and Mathias, clad in the ceremonial robes of the church; next, senators in their regalia of office, followed by the mayors and council and chief citizens of Stockholm. They were conducted to the great market place hard by. Here the soldiers formed a hollow square around the doomed men. A forest of steel spears and halberds glistened above the closed ranks of the troops. Then a Danish councilor calls upon the populace not to be alarmed at what was about to take place, since these prisoners had sinned against the church.

At this, Bishop Vincentius raised his voice and cried out: "This is not true. I demand a legal trial. The king is a traitor to the Swedes, and God will punish him."

Many others began to speak in the same way, and some prayed piteously that they might at least be permitted to receive the last sacrament; but all in vain. Their voices were drowned in the clamor of the mercenaries. King Christian, who, it is said, saw all that was

taking place, from a window of the council-house, now gave orders that the execution should begin.

Bishop Mathias was first led forth. As he knelt with hands pressed together and uplifted as in prayer, his own brother and his chancellor sprang forward to take a last farewell; but, at that very moment, the headsman swung his broadsword, the bishop's head fell and rolled on the ground toward his friends, while his blood spurted from the headless trunk.

Next, Bishop Vincentius was beheaded, and then the blows of the executioner's sword fell thick and fast upon the necks of the kneeling victims. Twelve senators and nobles were thus murdered, three mayors, and fourteen of the council of Stockholm, and then, in rapid succession, many of the most respected citizens. One of the by-standers, bursting into tears at the horrid spectacle, was instantly seized, his head cut off, and his body cast upon the great pile of dead. Some citizens were seized at their homes, dragged by the soldiery to the market, and executed.

Eighty-two of the first men of the kingdom, the flower of Swedish nobility and of the burgher class, were thus slain on that black Thursday, the 8th of November, 1520.

This is the darkest day the beautiful capital of Sweden ever saw. Its streets ran red with the blood of its most loved citizens, and, to this hour, no Swede can speak without emotion of "Stockholm's blood-bath."

That night the houses of the murdered men were plundered, and their wives and daughters insulted. During the following days, these horrible murders were continued. Some burghers were hung, or suffered a

more cruel death in their houses. The heads of the slain were transfixed upon poles — except the head of Bishop Mathias, which was laid between his feet. The bodies were left in the market place, and torn by dogs.

On Saturday, the corpses were carried out of the city. An old engraving represents them being hauled away upon low one-horse sleds — the decapitated trunks being thrown on helter-skelter, and the heads piled in barrels, one of which stands on the fore part of each sled. A great funeral-pyre was erected on the rocky height to the south of the city, where now Katarina Kyrka raises its lofty dome, and here, as the victims had been executed on a charge of heresy, their bodies were burned. Furthermore, the corpses of the patriot leaders, Sten Sture and his son, were dragged from their graves and thrown upon the burning pile.

Many noble Swedish ladies were carried to Copenhagen and thrown into the dungeons of the Blue Tower, a melancholy prison-house, where numbers sickened and died; among them, the mother and sisters of Gustavus Vasa. The king soon dispatched emissaries into the country, by whom the blood-bath was continued. Even the learned Hemming Gadd, now eighty years of age, was not spared.

In December, Christian returned to Denmark, and his way thither across Sweden was stained with blood. At Linköping, he celebrated Christmas by breaking upon the wheel two of Sture's trusty servants. In Jönköping, he beheaded Lindorm Ribbing and his two little boys, eight and six years of age. The elder son was first decapitated. When the younger saw the flowing blood dye his brother's clothes, he said to the

headsman: "Dear man, don't let my shirt get all bloody like brother's, for mother will whip me if you do." This childish prattle touched the heart of even the grim headsman. Flinging away his sword, he cried: "Sooner shall my own shirt be stained with blood than I make bloody yours, my boy." But the barbarous king beckoned to a more hardened butcher, who first cut off the head of the lad and then that of the executioner who had showed mercy.

At Mydala cloister, on Candlemas Day, the abbot and monks were torn from the altar, where they were administering the sacrament, and, after being well beaten, were bound and cast into the lake. The monks sank at once, but the abbot, having burst his bonds, was able to keep on the surface; whereupon, a long spear was thrust into his back, and he was pressed under water till he drowned.

Some six hundred of the best men in Sweden were thus murdered before the bath of blood came to an end. Little wonder that Christian is always called "the tyrant" by the Swedes.

No sane man acts without some object in view. Christian's object could not have been simply, or chiefly, the exercise of devilish cruelty, notwithstanding the fiendish ingenuity with which he went about this business. His real purpose was, undoubtedly, to cripple, and, if possible, annihilate the patriotic party in Sweden.

With this party he had been forced to go to war for the Swedish crown, and in this war he had been humiliated, since, with all his forces, by land and sea, he was unable to take Stockholm, within whose walls that

brave and noble woman, Christina, widow of Sten Sture, made a most gallant and successful defense.

By deceit and lying promises, Christian at last induced the brave defenders to open the gates of Stockholm and receive him as king. To his coronation were purposely invited the chief patriots of Sweden. The charge of heresy against them was trumped up as the most convenient pretext, and the blood-bath arranged, that the king might, at one blow, get rid of his chief opponents in the land, and, by the manner of their taking off, intimidate all others from raising hand or voice against his power in Sweden.

But this very blood-bath cost Christian his Swedish crown.

GUSTAVUS VASA, THE SAVIOR OF SWEDEN

[1520]

BY WILLIAM WIDGERY THOMAS, JR.

AMONG the noblemen who were beheaded, on that bloody November day, was one Erik Johansson. He surely was a man stout of heart; for, even as he knelt with the executioner behind him, a messenger came offering him pardon; but brave Erik replied: "My comrades are honorable gentlemen; I will, in God's name, die the death with them." The next moment, his head fell upon the paving of the market place.

Erik's son, Gustavus, had also been summoned to attend the coronation, and complete amnesty was promised him; but, wiser than his father, he stayed away. The news of the blood-bath soon reached Gustavus in his hiding-place at the castle of Gripsholm, and he instantly crossed the Mälar Lake and fled to the remote province of Dalecarlia.

There is no more romantic chapter in Swedish history than that which recounts the adventures of Gustavus in the Dales. Everywhere throughout the province, you come upon traces of this patriot leader.

Disguising himself in a homespun suit of "vadmal," chopping his hair squarely off, so that it hung at even length all around his head after the manner of the district, donning a round hat, and throwing a narrow Swedish axe over his shoulder, young Gustavus started forth, one bleak November morning in the year of grace

1520, on his perilous mission. He was but twenty-four years of age; yet, for more than two years, he had been a prisoner or a fugitive. Now he was an outlaw; a price was set upon his head, and Danish spies and informers were following like bloodhounds on his track.

On the southern shore of Lake Runn is still standing the barn of Rankhyttan, its walls built of massive logs roughly squared by the axe. In this barn, Gustavus worked for goodman Arendt Persson, threshing grain, till a servant-maid discovered the corner of a gold-embroidered collar sticking out above his homespun coat. Youth is not always an advantage, and, perhaps, if Gustavus had been older, the girl would not have been sufficiently interested to make the discovery that betrayed him. So Gustavus must continue his wanderings.

On the western shore of the lake is a long, low peasant's house, built of hewn timber, with overhanging second story and low roof. You can see the house plainly from the car window, as you speed by, standing on a promontory, surrounded by a grove of birches. This is the cottage of Ornas. Here Gustavus had taken refuge, and here the brave woman, Barbro Stigsdotter, in the darkness of night, let our hero down with a towel, from a window in the loft, to the snow-covered ground outside, whence a trusty servant, standing ready with horse and sleigh, drove him to a place of safety. And when, in the early dawn, her treacherous husband returned with a Danish bailiff and a *posse* of twenty men, he found his bird had flown. The chronicler sagely adds: "It is said that Arendt Persson never forgave his wife this deed;" and, really, there seems to be no good reason why he should.

At Isala, on the banks of a river tributary to Lake Runn, the noble outlaw took refuge in the hut of Sven Elfsson, the woods-ranger, and just as he was warming himself before the oven in which the busy house-wife was baking bread, the Danish spies burst into the room. They began to cast suspicious glances at Gustavus, notwithstanding his homespun suit, whereat the good woman struck him smartly over the shoulders with her bread-spade, crying out: "What are you standing here and gaping at? Have you never seen folks before? Out with you into the barn!" Never could the spies suppose that peasant woman could treat a noble youth like this, so they went their way.

Soon the Danes seemed to have completely encompassed Gustavus in their toils. So Sven, the ranger, bedded him into a load of straw and drove him farther into the forests. Quickly they were surrounded by a bailiff's *posse.*

"What have you in that straw?"

"Nothing."

"We 'll see."

So the soldiers ran the straw through and through with their spears, but they discovered nothing, and Sven drove on.

Now the soldiers came hastening after him again. Drops of blood dyed the December snow all along his route. One of the spears had wounded Gustavus in the leg; but this the quick peasant had seen before the bailiff's gang, and, drawing out his sheath-knife, had cut his horse's leg close down to the hoof. So this accounted for the blood on the snow, and Sven drove on again in peace.

And so after many wanderings, being hidden at one time under a fallen pine in the forest and at another on a wooded height in the midst of a vast swamp, our fugitive at last made his way to Lake Siljan — "the eye of Dalarne" — and reached Mora village. Here he was concealed, just outside the little town, in the cottage of Tomte Matts Larsson, and here he was saved once again from his pursuers; this time, by the ready wit of goodwife Margit.

At noon, of a Christmas holiday, when the wintry sun shone low and the north wind blew, the good people of the Dales came pouring forth from Mora church after service, as was their wont.

But now the noble figure of young Gustavus suddenly appears upon a snow-covered mound by the roadside. Here he spoke to his countrymen, here he recited their wrongs, and here he begged them to rise up like men and free their country. When he spoke of the blood-bath and his father's death, he shed tears.

But the people were tired of feuds and strife; they wished to live in peace, so they entreated Gustavus to leave them and seek only to save his own life. These sturdy peasants were Gustavus's last hope. Wherever he had wandered before in Småland and Östergötland, he had consoled himself, amid all reverses, with the thought that here, in the heart of Dalarne, among its brave and liberty-loving people, he could recruit the nucleus of an army to save his Fatherland. Hither he had made his way with incredible toil and suffering, hunted like a wild beast, and at the risk of his life. Now they, too, had failed him.

In despair, he fastened his long Swedish snow-skates

to his feet, and disappeared in the forest. Day after day, he toiled on through the wilderness, up the valley of Östradalelf, sad and dejected. But he must hurry on, for a double price had been set on his head, and the hirelings of Denmark were in hot pursuit. Wearily he forces his way north through the vast forest, and at last sees the majestic mountains of the Norwegian fjeld rise before him. For his poor, oppressed, down-trodden native land, he had now no hope, and, outlaw and exile, he will seek an asylum among the eternal hills of Norway.

But hark! He hears a sound behind him. Turning, he sees two swift skid-runners speeding along his track. Were they Danish minions come to drag him back to an ignominious death, when safety was in sight? Hear! they speak! "Come back, Gustavus!" they cry. "We Dalecarlians have repented. We will fight like men for Fatherland. Come back and lead us."

Should he return? The fate of Sweden, aye, the outcome of the Thirty Years' War, the fate of Europe, the salvation of the Protestant faith, all hung upon the decision of that fair-haired, full-bearded young Swede as he stood leaning on his staff on that winter's day amid the snow in the northern forest.

Yes, he returns, joyfully. With his two friends, he hurries back down the valley to Mora. Here the peasants of the East and West Dales chose him "lord and chieftain over Dalarne and the whole realm of Sweden." Sixteen stalwart lads were at once placed around him as a bodyguard, and soon two hundred men enrolled themselves under his command. Gustavus himself was everywhere, encouraging the people and gaining re-

cruits, and the old men observed that whenever he spoke the north wind blew, and this they had of old, for a sign that God would give success.

Early in February, Gustavus had four hundred peasants enrolled under his banner. With this little force, he appears suddenly at Kopparberg, takes prisoner the royal bailiff of the mines, seizes the money that had been paid in rents and taxes, and possesses himself of the goods and wares of the Danish and German merchants. He divides the money and goods among his followers, and disappears as swiftly as he came. In this first expedition, Gustavus showed the instincts of a successful commander. He struck for "the sinews of war," and dealt them out to his men with ungrudging hand.

But he soon returns with an army of fifteen hundred. It was Sunday. He speaks to the people from outside the church, even as he had done at Mora. His words were convincing, his little army potent. The miners of Kopparberg swear him fealty and take the oath of allegiance. Gustavus now leaves his growing army in charge of his lieutenant, Peder Svensson, and travels to the neighboring provinces of Helsingland and Gestrikland to arouse the populace.

But the news of the revolution in Dalarne had reached Stockholm, and the leaders of the Danish party marched forth with an army of six thousand to quell the insurrection. Svensson met them, with five thousand men of the Dales, at Brunbäck's Ferry, on the Dal River, near the southern border of the province.

The leaders of the royal party were surprised at the

numbers of the insurgents and at their strength, for the Dalesmen shot arrows clear across the broad river into the Danish camp. "How can so large a force be supplied with provisions from this wild country?" asked one of the Danish commanders; and, when some Swedish gentlemen told him that the Dalecarlians were content to drink water, and, in case of need, could eat bread made from the bark of trees, he sagely remarked: "A people who eat wood and drink water, the devil himself can not subdue, much less any other."

So the Danish force began to break camp for a retreat. But, in the mean while, Svensson had secretly crossed Dal River by a ferry six miles lower downstream, and fell upon the Danish army in the act of evacuating its position. The Dalecarlians were armed only with bows and arrows, axes and clubs; but so fierce was their onset, and so terribly did they use these home-made arms, that they drove a part of the enemy into the river, where they drowned, and put the rest to utter rout, following their flying and shattered columns far down into Vestmanland.

"So," says the old song, "we drove the Danes out of Sweden."

There were yet two years more of fighting and sieges, but Gustavus marched on with his patriot army from victory to victory. On June 6, 1523, he was unanimously elected King of Sweden by the Riksdag; then Stockholm surrendered, and, on midsummer's eve, June 23, 1523, King Gustavus Vasa, then but twenty-seven years of age, made his triumphal entry into his capital. He rode a horse richly caparisoned, and was surrounded by knights and young nobles, all mounted

and wearing brilliant armor, and was followed by a vast multitude of the populace.

The procession rode first to the cathedral, where Gustavus, kneeling before the high altar, returned thanks to Almighty God, who had so miraculously led him on, and given him and his people the might to complete the deliverance of their country.

So was Sweden freed forever from the Danish yoke; so was founded the great Vasa line of kings.

THE MARRIAGE OF GUSTAVUS VASA

[1523]

BY WILHELM JENSEN

MUCH sorrow and woe had been poured out over Sweden by the hand of Christian of Denmark; great joy and consolation had come through Gustav Erikson [Gustavus Vasa]. While the earth had completed its course around the sun; and now autumn was come again.

Warm, sunny, northern autumn. Beneath the blue sky, the golden balls upon the cathedral spires of Upsala shone far into the distance; they gleamed above the wild green forest, past rocks and brushwood, past the golden-brown tops of the beeches upon the royal mounds at Old Upsala, even to the shining, tranquil sea. Heaven and earth seemed steeped in blue and golden light; and joy shone from the blue eyes of the men, women, and maidens in Upsala. For half a league beyond the city, the broad highway was lined with eager crowds; from Westermannland and Södermannland they came; from the Svea-land, and, farther still, from the icy lakes of Norrland and Norrbotten.

Expectantly all eyes gazed southward, for from thence he was to come, — he whose name none need mention who spoke of his deeds, — no longer now the "Lord and Captain of Sweden," but its king, Gustavus Vasa. For a week past, the Diet had been assembled at

Strengnäs, and two days ago it had chosen Gustavus Vasa King of Sweden.

And now he appeared. His eyes wore a gentler look than his new subjects had ever seen there. The warmth, the brightness, the sunny joyousness of the autumn day lay upon him. In regal attire, his ermine cloak sweeping the flanks of the horse that bore him so proudly, he rode beside the milk-white palfrey of Karine Stenbock, the royal bride of Sweden. She, too, bowed graciously to right and left. She wore no ermine cloak, but the jubilant throng was enraptured with her beauty, — with her golden hair, that streamed from under the circlet on her brow, falling in streams of brightness over her neck and shoulders.

Suddenly the smile vanished from Karine's lips, and a thoughtful, strangely serious expression took its place. She lifted her hand; something was fluttering toward her through the tranquil air, — a white butterfly, with red spots upon his wings. Fearlessly he rested upon her hand, as upon the edge of a flower, and spread his wings. The women in the crowd saw it, and hailed the happy omen: the royal butterfly had come down from the mountains to greet Sweden's queen.

Why does Sweden's queen gaze upon the white butterfly so absently, so lost in dreams, that she fails to see the people's joy at the peaceful omen? Is her ear listening westward, through the still air? Does she hear, faintly in the distance, the roaring of the Trollhätta? No; it is too far, — she hears only the rustling in the beech-tops on Odin's Hill. They, too, send their greeting to Karine's mute eyes; gently their branches sway against the sky.

Karine started; the drums beat a flourish; they were entering Upsala.

The burgomaster of the city, surrounded by its senators and dignitaries, welcomed the King of Sweden in a solemn oration, to which the latter listened with exemplary patience, although he breathed more freely when the speech reached its end. The procession moved on, its destination known to all. The streets through which it passed were converted into a forest, the ground covered with a carpet of rushes and pine boughs. Now the cathedral, in its gigantic proportions, rose before them; under the portal the Archbishop of Upsala, in full canonicals, and surrounded by his clergy, awaited them. In spite of his trailing ermine, the young king sprang lightly from his horse, and lifted Karine from hers. Both bowed before the archbishop, who lifted his hands in blessing, and, preceding them, walked toward the altar. The interior of the church was not ornamented. Its marvelous beauty and purity of form, the Gothic pillars, tall and slender, like clustering sheaves, rose to a dizzy height, sustaining the noble arch that hung above the central nave. Through the tinted windows streamed a tender, mellowed light, mingling strangely with the light of innumerable candles, that surrounded the altar and gleamed upon its gold-embroidered cloth. The immediate retinue of the royal pair filled a large portion of the vast space. Behind them thronged the multitude, pouring into the church, or climbing recklessly to the high windows, hoping to catch, at least from the outside, a glimpse of what was going on within. There "King Gösta" and Karine Stenbock were to be married by the Primate of Sweden.

Just as the solemn ceremony was about to begin, a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd. He whispered some words to the king, who, with a short excuse, followed the messenger and disappeared. The people gazed after him in astonishment, as he left his beautiful bride standing between her father and her blind mother; and an excited hum of voices ran through the church. But in a few moments the king reappeared. With beaming face, he approached the archbishop and said, —

"Permit me, most reverend lord, to speak before you in this holy place. It will not be profaned by my words, for, like yours, they come from God."

He rapidly ascended the altar-steps, and spoke in a voice that rang loud and clear through the vast cathedral arches, —

"Heaven sends two greetings to the people of Sweden. Stockholm is ours! This morning, at sunrise, the Danish commander surrendered the keys!"

Like one great cry of joy, it burst from a thousand lips. The last, longed-for end was reached, — Sweden was free! The stormy rejoicings of the multitude were not to be restrained. Each embraced and kissed his neighbor. From a thousand voices the cry surged upward and echoed back from the arched roof.

"Long live King Gustavus! Sweden is free!"

"And so it will continue," Gustavus Vasa's voice rang out above the tumult, "for I have another message to deliver to the people of Sweden. The ambassador whom I sent to the Emperor Charles V has returned. The emperor renounces the cause of his brother-in-law, Christian of Denmark, and offers to Sweden his friend-

ship and recognition. The Danish people have risen against the king, and put him under the ban."

Karine's eyes shone with a new light when the king clasped her hand, and leading her to the altar, whispered, —

"And thus the second condition is fulfilled, Karine, before you become mine, — Sweden is free."

She did not look into his face as she answered, "Yes; all the conditions are fulfilled, — Sweden is free —"

"And you are its queen."

A quiver ran through the young girl's frame, — a feeling at once of pride and awe. Firmly she stepped upon the velvet carpet.

"In the name of Almighty God, I greet you, Gustavus, King of Sweden, whom the Nobles and Commons of the land have chosen as their king. Generations of kings have come and gone. Upon this spot, the priests of another faith placed the crown upon the brow of the Ynglings, who deemed themselves the Sons of Odin, the mighty; but they fell, like the leaves in autumn, and their memory has passed away. Here the proud Folkungs received the crown from the hands of holy men, and were anointed with holy oil from Rome; but, like the foam of the sea, their traces have vanished. Many came after them, with great names and proud hearts, from near and from far; they were anointed, and crowned, — but where is their record? It is not the drop of oil from human hands that makes small things great, and exalts the lowly; it is the Spirit of the living God, which must uphold the mightiest among men, lest their memory perish from among the righteous. — Thus I greet you, Gustavus Vasa, in the ancient city of kings;

and I joyfully lift up my hands to the great King over us all, and give Him thanks."

Thus began the venerable bishop of Upsala. Solemnly and powerfully his words rolled over the thousands of bowed heads. As the wind stirs the sails of a ship, so they stirred the heart of each Swedish hearer, who heard in them the promise of a great and glorious future. Most deeply of all, they moved Karine Stenbock, who looked up with admiration to the majestic figure at her side; to the man she heard praised as an instrument of heaven; whom his people worshiped; and who had chosen her, from among all others, to help him to complete his work, — after the struggle for peace, after the victory by the sword, to establish the supremacy of right and liberty. Yes; proud and happy at last, Karine looked upon the ermine that fell from the shoulders of her royal bridegroom. It seemed as though she heard from above a rustling like that of the beech-tops on Odin's Hill: "To help others, and to serve a worthy end."

How far otherwise than she had imagined, events had shaped themselves! How far more perfectly would a queen succeed in realizing those high endeavors which the sunbeams above the slumbering world had revealed to her soul! And this duty was her choice, — her proud and willing choice.

And proudly, joyfully, Karine's eyes, during the archbishop's sermon, looked on high and at the listening crowd that thronged about the altar.

"The Almighty God bless you and keep you, King and Queen of Sweden. May He rule your hearts for your own happiness, and for the welfare of your coun-

try! May He lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace!"

Like a plain citizen, Gustavus Vasa bent down and kissed his wife.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT LÜTZEN

[1632]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[DURING the Thirty Years' War, in Germany, the Protestants had long hoped that Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, would become their leader; but he felt that he must first care for the needs of his country. At length, however, the time came when he saw that his own land was in danger. Then he led his army into Germany, and there he was joined by the allied forces of the Protestant princes. At Lützen he met the troops of the Austrian Emperor under Wallenstein. On the outcome of this battle depended the fate of Protestant Germany.

The Editor.]

AT last the fateful morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the king offered up his devotions; and the whole army, at the same moment dropping on their knees, burst into a moving hymn, accompanied by the military music. The king then mounted his horse, and, clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout (for a wound he had formerly received prevented his wearing armor), rode along the ranks, to animate the courage of his troops with a joyful confidence, which, however, the foreboding presentiment of his own bosom contradicted. "God with us!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Jesus Maria!" that of the imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the enemy became visible. At the same mo-

ment Lützen was seen in flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches.

Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for firearms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man was matched to man, the useless musket exchanged for the sword and pike, and science gave way to desperation. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retired beyond the trenches; and the captured battery is again lost by the retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the plain, and as yet not a single step of ground had been won.

In the mean time the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impet-

uous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the lightly mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice was brought the king, that his infantry were retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the windmills, was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitering the enemy's line for an exposed point of attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An imperial *gefreyter* [corporal], remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at him yonder," said he; "that must be a man of consequence." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "The king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. "It is nothing — follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lauenburg, in French, to lead him unob-

served out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded toward the right wing with the king, making a long circuit to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his Majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a dying voice, "I have enough! look only to your own life." At the same moment he fell from his horse pierced by several more shots; and abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amid the plundering hands of the Croats. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain.

The mournful tidings soon ran through the Swedish army; but, instead of destroying the courage of those brave troops, it but excited it into a new, a wild, a consuming flame. Life had lessened in value, now that the most sacred life of all was gone; death had no terrors for the lowly, since the anointed head was not spared. With the fury of lions the Upland, Småland, Finland, East and West Gothland regiments rushed a second time upon the left wing of the enemy, which, already making but feeble resistance to General Horn, was now entirely beaten from the field. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew. The left wing quickly formed again, and vigorously pressed the right of the imperialists. The artillery at the windmills, which had maintained

so murderous a fire upon the Swedes, was captured and turned against the enemy. The center, also, of the Swedish infantry, commanded by the duke and Knyphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and retook the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled fury upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's center; their resistance became gradually less, and chance conspired with Swedish valor to complete the defeat. The imperial powder-wagons took fire, and, with a tremendous explosion, grenades and bombs filled the air.

The enemy, now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front. Their courage began to fail them. Their left wing was already beaten, their right wavering, and their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed to be almost decided; another moment would decide the fate of the day, when Pappenheim appeared on the field, with his cuirassiers and dragoons; all the advantages already gained were lost, and the battle was to be fought anew.

The order which recalled that general to Lützen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still plundering the town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity, which the urgency of the order and Pappenheim's impatience required. Without waiting for it, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount; and at their head he galloped at full speed for Lützen, to share in the battle. He arrived in time to witness the flight of the imperial right wing, which Gustavus Horn was driving from the field, and to

be at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the flying troops, and led them once more against the enemy. Carried away by his wild bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, who he supposed was at the head of this wing, he burst furiously upon the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by victory, and inferior in numbers, were, after a noble resistance, overpowered by this fresh body of enemies. Pappenheim's unexpected appearance revived the drooping courage of the imperialists, and the Duke of Friedland quickly availed himself of the favorable moment to re-form his line. The closely serried battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again driven across the trenches; and the battery, which had been twice lost, again rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all that distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead on the field, covering the ground almost in the same excellent order which, when alive, they maintained with such unyielding courage. The same fate befell another regiment of Blues, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the imperial cavalry, and cut down after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him and he himself was pierced with six musket balls; yet he would not leave the field, until he was carried along in the general rout of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, encouraging the valiant with praise, and the wavering by his fearful glance. Around and close by him his men were falling thick, and his own mantle was perforated

by several shots. But avenging destiny this day protected that breast, for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not allowed to terminate his guilty career.

Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, the bravest soldier of Austria and the Church. An ardent desire to encounter the king in person,carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought his noble opponent was most surely to be met. Gustavus had also expressed a wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile wishes remained ungratified; death first brought together these two great heroes. Two musket-balls pierced the breast of Pappenheim; and his men forcibly carried him from the field. While they were conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached him that he whom he had sought lay dead upon the plain. When the truth of the report was confirmed to him, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with a last gleam of joy. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," said he, "that I lie without hope of life, but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day."

With Pappenheim, the good fortune of the imperialists departed. The cavalry of the left wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, no sooner missed their victorious leader, than they gave up everything for lost, and abandoned the field of battle in spiritless despair. The right wing fell into the same confusion, with the exception of a few regiments, which the bravery of their colonels Gotz, Terzky, Colloredo, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swed-

ish infantry, with prompt determination, profited by the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in the front line, they formed both lines into one, and with it made the final and decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the battery. The sun was setting when the two lines closed. The strife grew hotter as it drew to an end; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and skill and courage did their utmost to repair in these precious moments the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair endows every one with superhuman strength; no one can conquer, no one will give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers on one side, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill on the other. Night and darkness at last put an end to the fight, before the fury of the combatants was exhausted; and the contest only ceased when no one could any longer find an antagonist. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory, quitted the field.

The artillery on both sides, as the horses could not be found, remained all night upon the field, at once the reward and the evidence of victory to him who should hold it. Wallenstein, in his haste to leave Leipzig and Saxony, forgot to remove his part. Not long after the battle was ended, Pappenheim's infantry, who had been unable to follow the rapid movements of their general, and who amounted to six regiments, marched on the field, but the work was done. A few hours earlier, so considerable a reinforcement would perhaps have decided the day in favor of the imperialists; and, even now, by remaining on the field, they might have saved

the duke's artillery, and made a prize of that of the Swedes. But they had received no orders to act; and, uncertain as to the issue of the battle, they retired to Leipzig, where they hoped to join the main body.

The Duke of Friedland had retreated thither, and was followed on the morrow by the scattered remains of his army, without artillery, without colors, and almost without arms. The Duke of Weimar, it appears, after the toils of this bloody day, allowed the Swedish army some repose, between Lützen and Weissenfels, near enough to the field of battle to oppose any attempt the enemy might make to recover it. Of the two armies, more than nine thousand men lay dead; a still greater number were wounded, and among the imperialists, scarcely a man escaped from the field uninjured. The entire plain from Lützen to the Canal was strewed with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Many of the principal nobility had fallen on both sides. Even the Abbot of Fulda, who had mingled in the combat as a spectator, paid for his curiosity and his ill-timed zeal with his life. History says nothing of prisoners; a further proof of the animosity of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter.

But it was a dear conquest, a dearer triumph! It was not till the fury of the conquest was over, that the full weight of the loss sustained was felt, and the shout of triumph died away into a silent, gloomy despair. He who had led them to the charge, returned not with them; there he lies upon the field which he had won, mingled with the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long and almost fruitless search, the corpse of the

king was discovered, not far from the great stone, which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lützen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the Stone of the Swedes. Covered with blood and wounds, so as scarcely to be recognized, trampled beneath the horses' hoofs, stripped by the rude hands of plunderers of its ornaments and clothes, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of his soldiers and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute had been paid to revenge, and blood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; but now affection assumed its rights, and tears of grief must flow for the man. The universal sorrow absorbs all individual woes. The generals, still stupefied by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and no one trusted himself enough to contemplate the full extent of their loss.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

BY MICHAEL ALTENBURG

FEAR not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

THE CROSSING OF THE LITTLE BELT

[1658]

BY Z. TOPELIUS

[IN 1658, Sweden was at war with Denmark. The Swedish king, Charles X, had captured a fortress on that point of Denmark which is separated from the island of Funen by the Little Belt.

Count Bertelsköld has been blamed by the king, and to prove that good fortune still attends him, he has declared that he will ride over the Little Belt, though the ice has broken up and the channel is still open.

The Editor.]

"COUNT, you speak boldly. How will you prove your presumption of good fortune?"

"By riding first over the ice of the Belt."

The king smiled and turned to Wrangel. "That man is of the stock with which to thrash the Jutlanders. I need such men."

"Foolhardy fellow!" muttered Wrangel.

"Well, Count Bertelsköld," continued the king, "I will believe you, if to-morrow you ride across the Belt and before night bring me a prisoner from Funen."

"It shall be done, Your Majesty," answered Bertelsköld, in short and measured tones, and undisturbed by Wrangel's sarcastic smile; for nobody was ignorant of the fact that the ice of the eastern part of Little Belt had broken up, and the bay near Middelfart consequently rendered impassable. But the king's mind was turned so longingly in that direction that everything

which flattered his hopes was seized upon with the greatest eagerness. Perhaps there was also a certain similarity of temperament which moved him to listen to Bertelsköld's boldness with secret pleasure; at least it is certain that he himself, like this spoiled favorite of fortune, was fond of venturing everything on a single card, to win or lose.

The review was ended; the king rode away, and the troops separated to their quarters, to warm their stiffened limbs. The barracks could not contain all at once; fires were kindled in the fields, and the canteen went its rounds amongst the soldiers who for the time could find no roof to cover their heads. Other soldiers came flocking thither. Finally they took possession of the church. War and the cold season respected nothing. The soldiers were seen lying with their bottles in the aisles of the church and around the altar, and wild and ribald songs sounded within the walls which lately echoed to the tones of sacred hymns.

Charles Gustavus had his headquarters in the parsonage, from the windows of which he had an open view over the coast and the ice beyond. From time to time the king interrupted his deliberations with his officers, went impatiently to the window, and looked at the darkening surroundings, where it was still possible to distinguish in the distance the blue open channel near the shore of Funen. The thermometer had not yet been invented. But the cloudy sky and the appearance of the snow sufficiently indicated to him that the thaw still continued to mock his expectations.

Suddenly the king broke off a conversation with Dahlberg, and sent for Bertelsköld. "Count," said he

grufily, "tell me frankly and without fear: are you in league with the devil? Do not be afraid; I will give you absolution."

"I do not understand Your Majesty."

"I wish to learn from you the art of riding across the open sea to Middelfart."

"Nothing is easier. Will Your Majesty be pleased to cast a glance through the window?"

The king looked out. The sky, lately covered with clouds, had quickly cleared, and everything betokened a severe cold — which indeed came the same night. Charles Gustavus clapped Bertelsköld lightly upon the shoulder.

"Count," said he, "the news is worth a parish in Finland, if you accomplish what you have undertaken."

"It shall be done, Your Majesty."

When, on the following morning, the sun rose over the leafless beeches of Funen, the entire Little Belt glittered with the luster of new ice. The Swedes flocked to the shore, to persuade themselves of the power of the winter night to build bridges, and of the favor of fortune in building them at just the right moment. The king was in a good humor. All the three crowns of the North seemed to him to glitter in the horizon.

The cold continued to be extremely severe. Already, in the morning, the ice was strong enough to bear footmen. Toward night, Bertelsköld began his bold attempt. He laid aside his heavy armor, and put on a light jacket. Instead of the large brown horse he generally rode, he chose a small and lean but sinewy runner of the Öland breed. Two attendants, on skates, followed him, each

pushing a sledge before him. Then the expedition set off, in view of almost the entire Swedish army.

At first, where the ice was stronger, Bertelsköld rode very slowly in order not to fatigue his small Ölander. But the nearer he approached to the more dangerous part of the Belt — the channel — the more he increased his speed, so that the attendants, on their light skates, had hard work to keep up with him. Nearer and nearer drew the snow-covered coast of Funen; the ice cracked and bent under the horse's feet; again and again a hoof struck through the clear thin ice, spattering the water high into the air. But the audacious soldier dashed onward, with quickened speed. A moment more, and Bertelsköld stood safe on Funen, and at the same instant his horse fell, never to rise again.

The sun went down, frosty and yellow, behind the coast of Schleswig, and the early winter twilight began to darken. Time was precious.

Bertelsköld had landed near a village, south of Middelfart. A crowd of Danes, men, women, and children, had collected upon the beach, curious to know what the adventurous rider had to tell. Probably they considered him a messenger from the Swedish king. No one divined the real cause of this unusual visit.

Bertelsköld looked behind him; the attendants with the sledges were still a good distance away. He approached the crowd, inquiring here and there for the road to Odense, letting them understand that he was sent to make peace. The news filled all with joy. They crowded innocently around the stranger near the ice. Just then, according to previous orders, one of the attendants arrived, left his sledge and an extra pair of

skates which he had carried with him, and immediately started on his return.

Bertelsköld inquired if it were possible to reach Middelfart across the ice; meanwhile fastening on the skates. The peasants, in their joy, offered to lend him a horse in place of the one that had fallen. Everything seemed friendly and well. Then Bertelsköld suddenly seized a boy of five years around the waist, threw him into the sledge, pushed it out before him on the ice, and hastened on his light skates with the speed of the wind, away with his booty. It was all done in a moment.

The peasants, amazed and benumbed, scarcely believed their own eyes, before they heard the shrieks of the boy, already far out on the ice. A woman rushed forward, she was the mother of the captured boy; she tore her hair, and was the first to leap after them on the ice; she slipped, fell, rose again, fell once more, rose for the second time, and leaped after the robber till she sank down fainting. Some young men followed her example. In vain; the robber was already out of sight in the increasing twilight, and it was impossible to overtake him. With rage and curses at the faithlessness of the Swedes, the pursuers returned with the unhappy mother.

Meanwhile Bertelsköld, with the boy in the sledge, reached the opposite shore in safety. The rays of the rising moon had favored his perilous journey. On the Swedish side he was already given up as lost. Darker grew the twilight, and darker grew the king. He repented his foolhardiness; he needed so urgently every brave arm; and what was most important of all, the whole army would foresee its own fate in Bertelsköld's,

whether success or defeat, if the proposed expedition were attempted.

But Bertelsköld came.

"I have ridden across the Belt, Your Majesty, although I have returned on my skates. Here is my living witness from Funen."

And the captured boy was brought forward, with his nose red from the cold, and munching a piece of wheat bread which had been given him to stop his crying.

The king unfastened from his neck a gold chain, to which was attached a medallion, set with jewels, and containing the portrait of Queen Christina.

"General," said he, "take this as a souvenir of your exploit. Hereafter you shall wear the escutcheon of Funen in your coat-of-arms. And hereafter," the king added, with proud confidence, "we will visit our brother Frederick in Copenhagen." . . .

The morning of the 29th of January dawned. The cold was more severe than ever. At daybreak the whole army was at the shore ready for the start. The ice had been tested, and found strong. Yet the cautious Dahlberg did not trust it fully. On the places which were most dangerous by reason of the current, he had spread straw, poured upon it water, which immediately froze, and laid down planks. The ever memorable expedition, sung a hundred years later, by Gyllenborg, was begun.

The cavalry and the cannon started first, from Heilse, over the small isle of Brandsö, toward a bay on the coast of Funen, south of Iversnæs. Then came the right wing, under Wrangel and Tott; next the left wing, under the king and Berends. The infantry marched north of the other forces. It was a strange march over the wide blue

ice, silent, earnest, as if crossing an open grave. When they approached the channel, the troops dismounted and led their horses by the reins, a little apart from each other. But once past this dangerous spot, they threw themselves into their saddles and rushed with loud cheers against the enemy waiting on the coast.

About four thousand Danish soldiers, fifteen hundred peasants at work sawing the ice, and several thousand spectators, stood upon the coast of Funen, praying fervently that the Swedish army might sink, like Pharaoh of old, into the depths of the sea. But the Swedes came safely over, with their superior force. A sharp attack of the mail-clad horsemen, and the disheartened Danish soldiers were overwhelmed and many of them taken prisoners.

Charles Gustavus, who followed, saw the contest, but not the sudden victory of his men.

"Follow me!" he exclaimed, and with his wing made a détour to the right, in order to land at another point and attack the Danes in the rear. The whole wing rushed thither.

"Take care, Bertelsköld!" cried Dahlberg, to the general, who, with his left arm in a sling, hurried by, galloping at the head of his troops; "go slowly! separate your men; you are riding too close together."

But Bertelsköld was conscious only of the distant coast and of new exploits there under the eyes of the king. With closed ranks, the two foremost squadrons dashed forward over the channel, when quickly the frail bridge cracked, burst with a terrible report, and the proud on-rushing squadron sank. So suddenly, so unexpectedly, amidst their cheers, came their destruction,

that horses and men were seen only for a moment struggling with the rising waves, before they were all carried away by the current and disappeared in the depths. Both squadrons were lost beyond rescue; the carriages of the king and the French ambassador, with their horses, shared the fate of the horsemen.

Charles Gustavus saw his men perish before his eyes, and he could not help them. The crown of Denmark beckoned again, the king looked away from the open blue grave, made his détour, and reached land in safety, with the rest of his wing. Here the battle was already ended; Funen was conquered; Zeeland trembled, and King Frederick sent messenger after messenger to ask for peace, for the old kingdom of Denmark tottered under his feet.

But the Swedish lion accomplished his leap. Dahlberg strove zealously therefor; though Wrangel, and the traitor Corfitz Ulfeld, at that time cowardly, were eager to oppose it. After some uncertainty, the king resolved to adopt Dahlberg's boldly laid plans. The 6th of February, before daybreak, the cavalry moved forward from Svendborg, over the island Taasinge to Langeland. "It was a sad and gloomy march," says Fryxell; "by the tramping of horses, the snow on the ice was melted, so that the way resembled an open stream. Through this the soldiers were obliged to wade in water almost a foot deep, fearing every moment to feel the frail ice break under their feet; some lost their way bewildered, and disappeared in the depths."

But resistless as an avalanche, the force swept on, from Langeland to Laaland, from Laaland to Falster, from Falster to Zeeland. The faithless sea betrayed its

own children, the lovely Danish islands, and carried, like another Ulfeld, the enemy willingly on its back. The 12th of February, 1658, the Swedish army landed on the coast of Zeeland, near Vordingborg. The heroic achievement was ready to be engraven forever in the memories of the centuries; the peace at Roskilde was its result, Shonen, Halland, and Blekinge its most precious gain.

HOW THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" DEFENDED HIMSELF AT BENDER

[1713]

BY FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

[When Charles XII was in his fifteenth year, he became by the death of his father King of Sweden. He showed little interest in the affairs of the nation, and when he went to meetings of his council, he sat with his legs crossed on the table, and was evidently dreaming of everything except the question in hand. He was willing to study and to carry on all sorts of out-of-door amusements, but he gave little promise of kingly qualities; and when it was known that Peter the Great of Russia, Augustus II of Poland, and Frederick IV of Denmark were preparing to attack Sweden, the councilors were in despair. Suddenly, this boy of eighteen started to his feet. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have made up my mind. I intend to attack the first who declares war against me, and when I have conquered him, I hope to strike terror into the rest." From that day he became a soldier, was ready to endure any hardships, and showed himself to have the qualities of a great commander. He promptly invaded Denmark and defeated the Russians at Narva, but was defeated by Peter the Great at Pultowa, and barely escaped into Turkey. There he tried his best to induce the Turks to attack Russia. When this proved impossible, he concluded that they meant to give him up to his enemies. He refused to obey the sultan's command to leave the country, and set to work to fortify his house. Even Charles could hardly have expected this defense to succeed, and he was taken prisoner, but in 1714 this unwilling and unwelcome guest made his escape.

The Editor.]

CHARLES, quite convinced that the khan and the pasha intended to hand him over to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, his envoy at the Ottoman Court, to lay his complaints against them before the sultan and to ask for one thousand purses more. His great generosity, and his indifference to money, hindered him from seeing the baseness of this proposal. He only did it to get a refusal so that then he might have a fresh pretext for failing to depart; but a man must be reduced to great straits when he has recourse to such tricks. Savari, his interpreter, a crafty and enterprising character, carried the letter to Adrianople in spite of the grand vizier's care to have the roads guarded. Funk was forced to go and deliver this dangerous message, and all the answer he got was imprisonment.

Thoroughly angry, the sultan called an extraordinary divan and made a speech at it himself. His speech, according to the translation then made of it, was as follows: —

"I hardly knew the King of Sweden, but from his defeat at Pultowa and the request he made to me to grant him sanctuary in my empire. I am under no obligation to him; nor have I any reason either to love or fear him; yet, thinking only of the hospitality of a Mussulman and my own generosity, which sheds the dew of its favor on small and great alike, I received and aided him, his ministers, officers and soldiers, in every respect, and for three years and a half have continually loaded him with presents.

"I have granted him a considerable guard to take him to his own country. He has asked for one thousand purses to defray expenses, though I am paying them all,

and instead of one thousand, I have granted him twelve hundred. After getting these from the seraskier of Bender he wants one thousand more, and refuses to go under the pretext that the guard is too small, whereas it is too large to pass through the country of a friend and ally. I ask you, then, is it any breach of the laws of hospitality to send this prince away, and whether foreign princes would have any ground for accusing me of cruelty and injustice if I used force to make him go?"

All the divan answered that the sultan might lawfully do as he said.

The mufti declared that Mussulmans are not bound to offer hospitality to infidels, much less to the ungrateful, and he granted his festa, a kind of mandate, which generally accompanies the sultan's important orders. These festas are revered as oracles, though the persons who issue them are as much the sultan's slaves as any others.

The order and the festa were taken to Bender by the master of the horse and the first usher. The pasha of Bender received the order at the khan's, whence he went at once to the Varnitsa to ask if the king would go away in a friendly way, or would force him to carry out the sultan's orders.

Charles XII, not being used to this threatening language, could not command his temper. "Obey your master if you dare," he said, "and begone." The pasha in indignation set off at a gallop, an unusual thing with a Turk. On the return journey he met M. Fabricius, and called out to him without stopping, "The king won't listen to reason; you'll see strange doings presently." The same day he cut off the king's supplies and

removed the guard of Janizaries. He also sent to the Poles and Cossacks to let them know that if they wanted to get any provisions they must leave the King of Sweden's camp and come and put themselves under the protection of the Porte at Bender.

They all obeyed and left the king, with only the officers of his household and three hundred Swedes, to cope with two thousand Tartars and six thousand Turks. There was now no more provision in the camp for man or beast. The king at once gave orders that the twenty fine Arabian horses they had given him should be shot, saying, "I will have neither their food nor their horses." This made a great feast for the Tartars, who, as every one knows, think that horse-flesh is delicious. In the mean time the Turks and Tartars invested the little camp on all sides.

The king, with no signs of panic, appointed his three hundred Swedes to make regular fortifications, and worked at them himself. His chancellor, treasurer, secretaries, valets, and all his servants lent a hand to the work. Some barricaded the windows, others took the bars behind the doors and placed them like buttresses.

When the house was well barricaded, and the king had reviewed his pretenses at fortifications, he began to play chess unconcernedly with his favorite Grothusen, as if everything had been perfectly safe and secure. It happened very luckily that Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, did not lodge at Varnitsa, but at a small village between Varnitsa and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the English envoy to the King of Sweden, lived also. These two ministers, seeing that the storm was about to break, undertook to mediate between the Turks and the king.

The khan, and especially the pasha of Bender, who had no intention of hurting the monarch, were glad of the offers of their services. They had two conferences together at Bender, at which the usher of the seraglio, and the grand master of the horse, who had brought the order from the sultan, were present.

M. Fabricius owned to them that the Swedish king had good reason to believe that they intended to give him up to his enemies in Poland. The khan, the pasha, and the rest, swore on their heads, calling God to witness, that they detested the thought of such a horrible piece of treachery, and would shed the last drop of their blood rather than show the least lack of respect to the king in Poland.

They added that they had the Russian and Polish ambassadors in their power, and that their lives should answer for the least affront offered to the King of Sweden. In a word, they complained bitterly of the outrageous suspicions which the king was harboring about people who had received and treated him so well. And though oaths are often the language of treachery, M. Fabricius allowed himself to be persuaded by these barbarians. He thought he saw that air of truth in their protests which falsehood imitates but lamely; he knew that there was a secret correspondence between the Tartar khan and Augustus, but he remained convinced that the object of this negotiation was only to force Charles to retire from the territories of the sultan.

But whether Fabricius was mistaken or not he assured them that he would represent to the king the unreasonableness of his jealousies. "But do you intend to force him to go?" he added. "Yes," answered the pasha,

"such are our master's orders." Then he desired them to consider again whether that order was to spill the blood of a crowned head. "Yes," answered the khan with warmth, "if that head disobeys the sultan in his own dominions."

In the mean time everything was ready for the assault, and Charles's death seemed inevitable; but as the sultan's command was not positively to kill him in case of resistance, the pasha prevailed on the khan to send a messenger that moment to Adrianople, to receive His Highness's final orders.

Mr. Jeffreys and M. Fabricius, having got this respite, hurried to acquaint the king with it. They hastened like bearers of good news, and were received very coldly; he called them forward, meddling mediators, and still insisted that the sultan's order and the mufti's festa were forged, because they had sent for fresh orders to the Porte. The English minister withdrew, resolving to trouble himself no further with the affairs of so obstinate a prince. M. Fabricius, a favorite of the king, and more accustomed to his whims than the English minister, stayed with him, to exhort him not to risk so valuable a life on so futile an occasion.

The only reply the king made was to show him his fortifications and to beg him to mediate so far as to obtain provisions for him. Leave was easily obtained from the Turks to let provisions pass into the king's camp till the couriers should return from Adrianople. The khan himself had forbidden the Tartars to make any attempt on the Swedes till a new order came; so that Charles went out of his camp sometimes with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartar troops, who respect-

fully left him a free passage; he even marched right up to their lines, and they did not resist, but opened to him.

At last the sultan's order arrived with command to put to the sword all the Swedes who made the least resistance, and not to spare the king's life; the pasha had the civility to show the order to M. Fabricius, that he might make a last effort with Charles. Fabricius went at once to tell him his bad news. "Have you seen the order you refer to?" said the king. "I have," replied Fabricius. "Tell them," said the king, "from me that this order is a second forgery of theirs, and that I will not go." Fabricius fell at his feet in a transport of rage, and scolded him for his obstinacy. "Go back to your Turks," said the king, smiling at him; "if they attack me, I know how to defend myself."

The king's chaplains also fell on their knees before him, beseeching him not to expose the wretched remnant over from Pultowa, and above all, his own sacred person, to death; adding, besides, that resistance in this case was a most unwarrantable deed, and that it was a violation of the laws of hospitality to resolve to stay against their will with strangers who had so long and generously supported him. The king, who had showed no resentment with Fabricius, became angry on this occasion, and told his priests that he employed them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

General Hoord and General Dardoff, who had always been against venturing a battle which in the result must prove fatal, showed the king their breasts, covered with wounds received in his service, and assured him that they were ready to die for him, and begged him that it might be on a more worthy occasion.

"I know," said the king,—"by my wounds and yours that we have fought valiantly together. You have hitherto done your duty; do it again now."

The only thing remaining was to obey; they were all ashamed not to seek death with their king. He prepared for the assault, secretly gloating over the pleasure and honor of resisting with three hundred Swedes the efforts of a whole army. He gave every man his place; his chancellor, Mullern, his secretary, Empreus, and the clerks were to defend the chancery house; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, was to defend another post; the grooms of the stables and the cooks had another place to guard, for with him every man was a soldier. He rode from his fortifications to his house, promising rewards to every one, creating officers, and declaring that he would make his humblest servant captain if he behaved with valor in the engagement.

It was not long before they saw the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack the little fortress with ten cannon and two mortars. The horse-tails waved in the air, the clarions brayed, and cries of "Allah, Allah," were heard on all sides. Baron Grothusen remarked that they were not abusing the king as they shouted, but only calling him "demirbash," i.e., iron-head; so he resolved to go alone and unarmed out of the fort. He advanced to the line of the Janizaries, who had almost all of them received money from him. "What, my friends," he said in their own language, "have you come to massacre three hundred defenseless Swedes? You brave Janizaries, who have pardoned one hundred thousand Russians, when they cried Amman [pardon] to you, have you forgotten the kindness you have received at our hands?

And would you assassinate the King of Sweden whom you loved so much, and who has been so generous to you? My friends, he asks only three days, and the sultan's orders are not so strict as they would make you believe."

These words had an effect which Grothusen himself had not expected; the Janizaries swore on their beards that they would not attack the king, and would give him the three days that he demanded. In vain was the signal given for assault. The Janizaries, far from obeying, threatened to turn their arms against their leaders if three days were not granted to the King of Sweden. They came to the pasha of Bender's tent in a band, crying that the sultan's orders were forged. To this sedition the pasha could oppose nothing but patience.

He pretended to be pleased with the generous resolve of the Janizaries, and ordered them to retreat to Bender. The khan of Tartary, who was a passionate man, would have made the assault at once with his own troops; but the pasha, who would not allow the Tartars alone to have the honor of taking the king while he might perhaps be punished for the disobedience of his Janizaries, persuaded the khan to wait till next day.

The pasha, returning to Bender, assembled all the officers of the Janizaries, and the older soldiers; he read them and showed them the positive command of the sultan, and the mandate of the mufti. Sixty of the oldest of them, with venerable gray beards, who had received innumerable presents from the king, proposed to go to him in person, and entreat him to put himself into their hands, and permit them to serve him as guards.

The pasha consented; for there was no stone he would

leave unturned rather than be forced to kill the king. So these sixty old soldiers went next morning to Varnitsa, having nothing in their hands but long white staves, their only weapon when they intend not to fight; for the Turks consider it a barbarous custom of the Christians to wear swords in time of peace, and to go armed to the churches or the houses of friends.

They addressed themselves to Baron Grothusen and Chancellor Mullern; they told them that they had come with the intention of serving as faithful guards to the king, and that if he pleased they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might speak to the sultan in person. While they were making the proposal the king read the letters that had come from Constantinople and that Fabricius, who could not see him again, had sent to him privately by a Janizary. These letters were from Count Poniatowski, who could neither serve him at Bender nor at Adrianople, having been detained at Constantinople by the czar's order, from the time of the imprudent demand of one thousand purses. He told the king that the sultan's order to seize his royal person was only too true, that the sultan was, indeed, imposed upon by his ministers; but that the more he was imposed upon in the matter the more he would be obeyed, that he must submit to the times and yield to necessity, and that he took the liberty of advising him to attempt all that was possible in the way of negotiation with the ministers, not to be inflexible in a case where the gentlest methods would prevail, and to trust to time and diplomacy the healing of an evil which rough handling would aggravate beyond the hope of recovery.

But neither the proposal of the old Janizaries nor

Poniatowski's letters could in the least convince the king that it was possible for him to give way without injuring his honor; he would rather die by the hands of the Turks than be in any sense their prisoner. He dismissed the Janizaries without seeing them, sending them word that if they did not hurry he would shave their beards for them, which in the East is considered the most provoking affront that can be offered.

The old soldiers, in a rage, returned home, crying, "Down with this iron-head. Since he is resolved to die, let him." They gave the pasha an account of their mission, and told their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with. Then all swore to obey the orders of the pasha without delay, and they were now as eager for the assault as they had been adverse to it the day before. The word was given at once; they marched up to the intrenchments, the Tartars were already waiting for them, and the ten cannon began to play. The Janizaries on one side and the Tartars on the other, forced this little camp in an instant. Twenty Swedes had scarcely time to draw their swords, the three hundred were surrounded and taken prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback between his house and his camp, with Generals Hoord, Dardoff, and Sparre; seeing that all his soldiers had suffered themselves to be taken before his eyes, he said with *sang-froid* to those three officers, "Let us go and defend the house. We'll fight," he added with a smile, "*pro aris et focis*."

With them he immediately galloped up to the house, where he had placed about forty servants as sentinels, and which they had fortified as best they could.

These generals, though they were accustomed to the

obstinate courage of their master, could not but be surprised that in cold blood and with a jest he should propose that they should defend themselves against ten cannon and a whole army; they followed him with twenty guards and domestics.

But when they were at the door, they found it besieged by Janizaries. Besides, nearly two hundred Turks and Tartars had already got in at a window, and had seized all the rooms, except a great hall, whither the king's servants had withdrawn. Luckily this hall was near the door at which the king intended entering with his twenty men. He threw himself from his horse, pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The Janizaries fell on him from all sides, encouraged by the pasha's promise of eight gold ducats to any who did but touch his coat, in case they could not take him. He wounded and killed all that came near him. A Janizary, whom he had wounded, stuck his musket in the king's face; and if the arm of a Turk had not jostled him in the crowd, the king would have been killed. The ball grazed his nose, and took off a piece of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hoord, whose fate it was always to be wounded at his master's side.

The king stuck his sword into the Janizary's breast, and at the same time his servants, who were shut up in the hall, opened the door to him. He and his little troop slipped in as swiftly as an arrow; they closed the door at once, and barricaded it with all they could find. Behold Charles shut up in this hall with all his attendants, about threescore men, officers, secretaries, valets, and servants of all kinds!

The Janizaries and the Tartars pillaged the rest of

the house and filled the rooms. "Come," said the king, "let us go and drive out these barbarians." Then, putting himself at the head of his men, he, with his own hands, opened the door of the hall, which opened into his bedroom, went in and fired on his plunderers.

The Turks, laden with booty, terrified at the sudden appearance of the king whom they had reverenced, threw down their arms and jumped out of the window or fled to the cellars. The king, taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated with this piece of success, pursued the Turks from room to room, killed or wounded those who had not made their escape, and in a quarter of an hour cleared the house of the enemy.

In the heat of the combat the king saw two Janizaries who had hidden themselves under his bed. He thrust one through, but the other asked pardon, saying "Amman." "I grant you your life," said the king, "on condition that you go and give the pasha a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do as he was told, and was then allowed to leap out of the window like the others.

The Swedes were at last masters of the house again, and shut and barricaded the windows. They did not lack arms, for a room on the ground floor, full of muskets and powder, had escaped the tumultuous search of the Janizaries. This they turned to good account, firing close on the Turks through the window, and killing two hundred of them in less than a quarter of an hour.

The cannon played against the house, but as the stones were very soft they only made holes in the wall, but demolished nothing.

The khan of Tartary and the pasha, who wanted to take the king alive, ashamed at losing time and men, and employing a whole army against sixty persons, thought it expedient to fire the house in order to force the king to surrender; they had arrows twisted with lighted matches shot on to the roof and against the door and windows; by this means the whole house was soon in flames; the roof, all in flames, was about to fall on the Swedes. The king quietly gave orders for extinguishing the fire, and finding a small barrel full of liquor he took hold of it himself, and with the help of two Swedes, threw it on the place where the fire was most violent. Then he found that it was full of brandy. The fire burned more furiously than ever, the king's room was burned, and the great hall, where the Swedes were then, was filled with terrible smoke mingled with tongues of flame, that came in through the doors of the next rooms. Half the roof fell in, and the other had fallen outside the house, cracking among the flames.

A guard called Walberg ventured, when things had got to this pass, to say that they must surrender. "What a strange man this is," said the king, "to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burned than to be taken prisoner." Another guard, called Rosen, remarked that the chancery house, which was only fifty paces away, had a stone roof, and was fire-proof; that they might well sally out, gain that house, and there stand on the defensive.

"A true Swede," cried the king; then he embraced him and made him a colonel on the spot. "Come on, my friends," he said, "take all the powder and ball you can carry, and let us gain chancery, sword in hand."

The Turks, who were all this while round the house, were struck with fear and admiration at seeing that the Swedes were staying inside in spite of the flames. But they were much more astonished when they saw them open the doors, and the king and his men fall on them desperately. Charles and his leading officer were armed with sword and pistol. Every one fired two pistols at a time at the instant that the door opened, and in a flash throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they drove back the Turks fifty paces; but the next moment the little band was surrounded.

The king, booted according to custom, got his spurs entangled and fell. At once one-and-twenty Janizaries fell on him, disarmed him, and took him away to the quarters of the pasha, some holding his arms and others his legs, as a sick man is carried for fear of incommoding him.

As soon as the king saw himself in their hands, the violence of his rage and the fury which so long and desperate a fight had naturally inspired, gave way to gentleness and calm; not one impatient word escaped him, not one frown was to be seen. He smiled at the Janizaries, and they carried him, crying "Allah," with mingled indignation and respect. His officers were taken at the same time, and stripped by the Turks and Tartars. This strange adventure happened on the 12th of February, 1713. It had extraordinary consequences.

The pasha of Bender waited in state in his tent, with a certain Marco for interpreter, expecting the king. He received him with great respect, and asked him to rest on a sofa; but the king disregarded his civilities and continued standing.

"Blessed be the Almighty," said the pasha, "that Your Majesty is safe. I am grieved that you have forced me to execute the sultan's orders." The king, on the other hand, was only vexed that his three hundred men had allowed themselves to be taken in their intrenchments, and said, "Ah! if they had fought like men, we should have held out these ten days." "Alas," said the pasha, "what a pity that so much courage should be misapplied." Then the king was taken on a fine horse with magnificent trappings to Bender. All the Swedes were either killed or taken prisoners. The king's equipage, furniture and papers, and the most needful of his clothes were pillaged or burned; on the roads the Swedish officers, almost naked and chained in pairs, followed the horses of the Tartars and Janizaries. The chancellor and the general officers were in the same condition, becoming slaves to those of the soldiers to whose share they fell.

The Pasha Ishmael, having brought the king to his seraglio at Bender, gave him his own room, where he was served in state, but not without a guard of Janizaries at the room door. They prepared a bed for him, but he threw himself down on a sofa in his boots, and fell fast asleep. An officer in waiting near by put a cap on his head; the king threw it off directly he awaked, and the Turk was amazed to see a king sleeping on a sofa in his boots and bareheaded. In the morning Ishmael brought Fabricius to the king, and when he saw his prince's clothes all rent, his boots, his hands, and his whole person covered with blood and dust, his eyebrows scorched, yet even in this state smiling, he threw himself on his knees unable to speak; but, soon reassured by the natu-

ral and gentle manner of the king, he resumed his ordinary familiarity, and they began to make sport of the battle.

"They tell me," said Fabricius, "that Your Majesty killed no fewer than twenty Janizaries." "No, no," said the king, "you know a story always grows in the telling." In the midst of the conversation the Pasha brought to the king his favorite Grothusen and Colonel Ribbins, whom he had generously ransomed at his own expense. Fabricius undertook to ransom all the other prisoners.

Jeffreys, the English ambassador, helped him with money, and La Mottraye, the French noble who had come to Bender from curiosity to see him, and who has written some account of these matters, gave all he had. These strangers, assisted by the czar's advice and money, redeemed all the officers and their clothes from the Tartars and Turks.

Next morning they took the king in a chariot decked with scarlet to Adrianople, and his treasurer Grothusen was with him; the Chancellor Mullern and some officers followed in another carriage. Many others were on horseback, and could not restrain tears at the sight of the king's chariot. The pasha commanded the escort. Fabricius remarked that it was a shame that the king had no sword. "God forbid," said the pasha; "he would soon be at our throats if he had a sword."



Bringing Home the Body of Charles XII by G. O. Cederstrom

THE NOBEL PRIZE

BY VANCE THOMPSON

[THE most familiar names of persons to whom Nobel prizes have been awarded since 1905 are William Marconi in physics, Madame Curie in chemistry, Rudyard Kipling, Selma Lagerlöf, Maurice Maeterlinck, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Thomas Hardy in literature; and Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root for the promotion of international peace.

The Editor.]

As you go from San Remo toward Taggia and the golf-links, you pass the big white villa where Alfred Nobel died in December, 1896. The greater part of his life had been spent in inventing explosives and perfecting methods of manifold death. His genius has made it possible to sink a fleet of battleships and obliterate half an army corps in one thoroughgoing moment. In his old age he thought of these things. Then, too, he fell under the influence of a very extraordinary woman, the Baroness von Suttner. In books and public lectures she has long preached the sane doctrines of peace, and it was her novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," which inspired the czar to summon the first peace congress at The Hague.

"Try and convince me," Nobel wrote her once, "of the justice of your cause, and I will furnish the means of action — that is to say, the funds."

In time the Baroness von Suttner succeeded; and when Nobel died, he left his huge red fortune to the cause of peace and the advancement of science. It was

in its way a grim, philanthropic paradox. The income of his eight millions and more is divided into five equal parts and awarded yearly in prizes to those who have done most to "benefit humanity." The five prizes are for discoveries in physics, chemistry, and medicine; for distinguished work in imaginative literature; and, lastly, for advancing the cause of peace among the nations. The average value of a Nobel prize is forty thousand dollars.

It is worth while looking for a moment into the life of this strange old man. The race of money-getters is always interesting. Of English origin, he was born in Stockholm in 1833. His father constructed the first practical torpedoes, and dabbled for years in explosives. Working together, father and son finally perfected nitroglycerin. The successful experiment was made in their factory in Heleneborg. It resulted in a terrible explosion which killed one of the sons and completely paralyzed the old father. Yet this very catastrophe was a successful demonstration of the value of the new explosive. It spelled out success and fortune. Success came, and the fortune, having blood at the root of it, grew into millions.

Alfred Nobel went to Paris to secure financial backing for the invention. He told the French bankers that he had "an oil that could blow up the globe." The bankers thought their interests lay in leaving the globe just about as it was, but Napoleon III, being less conservative, provided the necessary funds. A few years later the new explosive, in German hands, blew him off his throne. The fluid nitroglycerin was ultimately developed into dynamite. When Alfred Nobel had carried his invention

to the perfect end he went to New York. His luggage consisted of a few trunks of dynamite. He used to say that not a hotel would take him in, and that the New Yorkers shunned him as though he had brought the pest in his pocket. So he went to San Francisco, where the first American plant for the manufacture of "giant powder" was established. Once before he had been in the United States. As a boy he had worked in the shops of John Ericsson, to whom the world owes the modern battleship. His last achievement was the creation of ballastine, the first smokeless powder. Two inventions he left unfinished. One was the preparation of artificial silk; the other — and this was anxiously awaited in all the industrial world — was the production of artificial rubber.

He was a grim old man. During his last illness he bought a sphygmograph, and recorded the variations of his pulse.

"I don't know whether I have a heart in the figurative sense of the word," he said, "but physiologically I have a heart, and it is a mighty bad one."

There was a sentimental side to this old millionaire, whose life was spent in collaborating with violent death. In his youth he loved a young girl, but she died or married some one else. All his days he mourned her, writing endless poems to her memory. In addition to these love-verses he left a Swedish play, "Nemesis." Withal he had theories. One of them was welcomed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. "Experience has taught me," he said, "that no happiness goes with inherited fortunes. They serve merely to deaden the faculties. A man should leave to his heirs enough to start them in life,

and no more. Work is not only the law of life but the source of happiness." A more questionable theory was that his explosives and formidable destroyers really made for peace, since they rendered war so deadly that humanity would be forced to declare against it. Ericsson, when he built the Monitor, said much the same thing. It was his dream so to perfect the art of war that men would not dare to break the peace. Of course it is possible that these two great inventors were right; but if you go to the bottom of their thought you will discover that it rests upon the assumption that at some fixed point human courage will fail — that the machine will beat the man. There is nothing in history to buttress up this contention; nor in one's knowledge of human nature. Men have never hesitated to go up against any kind of weapon. Bludgeons and poisoned arrows, or steel cartridges and cordite — it has never mattered much. I do not think the cause of peace will gain much by changing weapons; you will have to change the breed of men. And you will have to find — what has never yet been found — the freezing-point of human courage.

It was not until five years after his death that the Nobel Institute was finally established in Stockholm, and the first prizes awarded. This was in 1901. The bestowal of the peace prize had been intrusted to a committee elected by the Norwegian Parliament, the most notable member of which was Björnstjerne Björnson. According to the will, no one may apply directly for the prize; he must be proposed by a statesman, by a professor of law and political science, or by some member

of the International Peace Commission. The first peace prize was divided between Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva, and Frederick Passy of Paris, two white-haired apostles of peace. To Monsieur Dunant, more than to any one else, is due the creation of the Red Cross Society. It was at the bloody battle of Solferino in 1859 that he first realized how little the doctors and nurses could do unless they were given the freedom of the battle-field. Within four years he had spread his ideas so far that he was able to convoke in Geneva an international congress, and at the second congress, in 1864, sixteen nations were officially represented. The cross of Geneva was adopted as the sign of this new neutrality which covered the physicians, their aids, and their ambulances. In this work Dunant spent all his fortune. By the time the Red Cross was established all the world over, his last penny was gone; then for years he wandered precariously over Europe — writing, and teaching languages in Paris, London, Stuttgart — until in his old age Nobel's twenty thousand dollars lifted him from poverty. Now he lives at ease in a little Swiss town in the canton of Appenzell. He is seventy-four years of age, and very feeble.

Frederick Passy, who was honored with him, has written and lectured for the last fifty years in France on economic questions. He is one of the few free-traders in that old protected land. His first notable effort in the cause of peace was in 1867, when France and Prussia were at swords' points over the Luxembourg question. He founded the first French peace society, and so stirred up public opinion that no responsible statesman dared declare for war. His League of Peace failed to pre-

vent the great Franco-Prussian War of 1870, but it has not been without influence in later days. Lastly he was one of the creators of the Interparliamentary Union for International Arbitration — the peace propagandists love pompous phrases — which met first in 1889. Probably no one has done more than he to base the dreams of the peace lovers on sound methods of international discussion and concession.

The prize was again divided in 1902. Two Swiss peace propagandists were honored. Elie Ducommun is secretary of the Permanent and International Bureau of Peace of Berne, which serves as a sort of clearing-house for the various peace associations in Europe and America. He is a journalist, and in prose and verse has preached the white crusade. Dr. Charles Albert Gobat is director of the Central Bureau of the Interparliamentary Union at Berne. He holds the threads of all the legislative efforts for peace in the parliaments of the world. Before taking up the work he gave himself to teaching and politics.

None of these men was widely known outside his own little circle of pacific friends. Nor had the world heard much of William Randal Cremer, the old English radical, who was given the prize in 1903. In London he edits the "Arbitrator," and was for a number of years a member of Parliament, sitting for one of the divisions of Shoreditch. With Frederick Passy he founded the society for interparliamentary efforts toward arbitration, and has been for years the secretary. He was brought most prominently to the front by his agitation in favor of a treaty of arbitration between England and the United States. Twice he visited Washington, presenting

memorials, signed by members of Parliament, to the President and to Congress.

The prize of 1904 rewarded the anonymous peace work of the Institute of International Law, of Ghent, in Belgium; and finally, in September, 1905, with strict justice the forty thousand dollars was given to the enthusiastic Bohemian baroness who converted Alfred Nobel to the grandeur of peace. Madame Bertha von Suttner was thirty-seven years old when she wrote her first book. In its way it was as epoch-marking a novel as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Since it appeared in 1884, "Lay Down Your Arms" has made more friends for peace than all the polysyllabic societies of Europe.

The history of modern science might be written without going outside the names of the winners of the Nobel prizes for beneficent discoveries in physics, chemistry, and medicine. Roentgen was first with the rays that bear his name; then Lorentz of Leyden and Peter Zeeman of Amsterdam for their researches into the effects of magnetism on the phenomena of radiation; then Becquerel and Monsieur and Madame Curie. There was a just order in this distribution of awards. Becquerel had worked for many years on phosphorescence, and to him and his father was due the discovery of uranium, which came after the Roentgen rays, out of which proceeded radium.

A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the famous discovery of Madame Curie and her husband. The properties of radium are not yet wholly known. Of all substances it is the most costly. If all that has been produced in the world were brought to-

gether, it would lie on the point of a knife-blade. Nothing is so endowed with radio-activity. Without apparent diminution it continues to emit light, heat, and various other rays. Of course the most interesting question is as to the source of this continuous output. The theory that Madame Curie holds to-day is that radium is an unstable chemical element which does decompose in giving out heat, but with extreme slowness. In fact she has recently found that where radium is present there is constantly being formed a little quantity of helium gas. So, in reality, what one sees is the first example of the transformation of a chemical element. Neither Lord Rayleigh's discovery of argon, nor the discoveries of Professor Lenard of Kiel, the later prize-winners, has such an air of magic as Madame Curie's radium. A Pole by birth, she came to Paris long ago. It was while studying in the schools that she met Professor Curie and married him. He was a quiet, dreamy man who came little before the public. How much he had to do with the discovery of radium no one will ever know. His recent untimely death left his wife to carry on the experiments alone.

The works for which the chemists were rewarded interest chiefly their fellow-chemists. Van 't Hoff's laws of chemical dynamics, Fischer's work on sugars, that of Arrhenius on electrolysis, and that of Sir William Ramsay on the gaseous elements of the air, lack dramatic interest. Of more human significance are the discoveries in the domain of medical science. The first Nobel prize was rightly awarded to Professor von Behring of Marburg for his discoveries in serum therapeutics and its especial use in diphtheria. He placed in the

hands of physicians a mighty weapon for combating disease and death. Since he received the Nobel prize in 1901 he has gone far toward perfecting a cure for tuberculosis.

"A little while must elapse," he said the other day, "before I can give it to the public in a practical way. When the next tuberculosis congress is held in Washington in 1908, I hope to demonstrate that at last the battle against human phthisis is in the way of being won."

Professor Koch was the first to discover the tuberculosis bacillus,—it was for this the Nobel Prize of 1905 was awarded him; but if the cure of consumption be indeed found, it is thanks to the serum of Von Behring. Of almost equal benefit to humanity was Ronald Ross's discovery of the parasite of malaria. Of course he merely completed the labor of scores of illustrious men who had worked on the subject since first the Jesuit missionaries found out the specific properties of quinine. Virchow, Pasteur, and Koch were his immediate forerunners. What the young English scientist made clear was the precise manner in which the malarial infection reaches the human blood. Physicians had long recognized a vague connection between malarial fever and stagnant water. It was assumed even that the disease was due to miasmata exhaled from marshes and poisonous soil.

This theory has been thrown to the dust-bin of science since Ronald Ross proved that the responsible author of malaria is the wicked little spotted-winged mosquito. The Ross method was applied in Havana by Assistant Surgeon-General Gorgas, of the United States Army. In the first year of his mosquito work, he practically

blotted out yellow fever; there were only five cases — and the second year there were none.

It was Nobel's wish that the literary prize should be awarded to the authors whose writings were of an "idealistic tendency." What he had in mind may be gathered from the fact that Shelley was his favorite poet. The honor went first to Sully-Prudhomme, who is one of the most delicate poets of the last generation. Sweet and grave and calm, his poetry differs from almost all the hectic verse of modern days. Its quiet beauty was worthy the award. The second year Mommsen's "Roman History" was chosen, though its idealism is perhaps disputable. In the succeeding years, however, the Swedish committee showed a clearly defined policy to reward those writers who had done most to keep alive the fine feelings of race, of country, of patriotism. Doubtless from an idealistic viewpoint, they are quite right; but in honoring patriotism they are bringing into eminence one of the most indefatigable enemies of peace. The preservation of race, of national traditions, is a stumbling-block in the way of that internationalism of good-feeling toward which the peace propagandists are jogging. The patriot is always a fighting man. Björnson was given the prize in 1903; and he is not so much an author as a flag — the symbol of that young Norway which has finally got itself free of its gentler Swedish sister. And Björnson, with his rather narrow Puritanism, his intellectual energy, his vanity — like that of a child — is a fair type of young Norway. You remember his famous remark, "There are two men of genius in Europe: I and Ibsen — admitting, that is,

that Ibsen is a man of genius." Certainly no man of our day has left a broader mark upon the intellectual life of his own land; as author, orator, statesman he has done more than any one man to make Norway what it is.

The laureates of 1904 were Echegaray and Mistral. The great Spanish dramatist is known in the United States by one play only, I think, — "El Gran Galeato," which was produced at the end of the last century by one of the short-lived "free theaters"; but in Spain he is ranked with the masters of the drama and especially that drama which is essentially Spanish. Oddly enough, he spent a good part of his life as a teacher of mathematics. He wrote on geometry, tunnel-building, and sewers; he was forty when he wrote his first play. Frederic Mistral, who received the other half of the prize, is a strange, old poet, whose fame has gone half around the world, though he writes in a dialect that is dying out even in his native Provence. Few Frenchmen can read "Mireille," save in translation. Yet for a little while, at least, Mistral has saved his native land from the business-like equality that is sweeping away all that is picturesque in Europe. He lives, as he has always lived, in the village of Maillane, near Avignon. It was there, in the old square house, that I saw him shortly after he had received his twenty thousand dollars. A soldierly old man, with gray mustaches and an imperial, he sat in his huge study — the many windows open on the garden; and beyond the far line of the Alps — and talked of the Provençal renaissence to which he has given his life. On one occasion the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, said to him: "All the languages which are not of the first order — like English and German and French — are in danger

of dying out, just as your native Provençal. So in defending your own historic language you are defending a crowd of little languages, the Finnish, the Portuguese, the Swedish, the Dutch, the Spanish, and the Norwegian, all of which are menaced by the great commercial languages."

Doubtless that is why the Swedes were glad to recompense his work. The greater part of his prize money has been expended in the restoration of the ancient palace of Arles, where he hopes to install a Provençal museum. Not without a little pride in the universality of American interests, I may state that Mistral's readers in the United States have already subscribed ten thousand dollars to help him in carrying out his work. President Roosevelt was one of the subscribers, and Mistral showed me a copy of "Mireille" which he was about to send to the White House.

Mistral will not, I fear, bring back the Arles of old, but he is doing all that can be done to preserve for his countrymen the heritage of art, literature, and legend left by the mighty ancestors.

In Sienkiewicz, too, the Swedish Academy honored racial and national patriotism. It was not so much to the author of "Quo Vadis" that they gave the prize of 1905 as it was to the Polish patriot whose work has kept alive the Polish ideal. It is not very well known that Henryk Sienkiewicz is a practical worker in the cause of Polish freedom, and more than once has felt the snaffle of the law. The author of "Quo Vadis" passed through Berlin some months ago on his way to Stockholm to receive the forty-thousand-dollar prize in person. He traveled in state, with a retinue of secretaries and transla-

tors; for it is a part of literary history that "Quo Vadis," in book and play, has proved as profitable as the ownership of a mine on the Rand.

You have had a word with the various men honored by the Nobel Institute; and what do you think, now, of the use to which the red fortune has been put? Wreaths have been laid upon the white heads of the stanchest old lovers of peace. Men already famous in the scientific world have been guerdoned with helpful money. Poets who have sung the old racial songs have been lifted into momentary notoriety; writers who saw a duty in patriotism have been commended in a fine financial way. But is the great white cause to which Alfred Nobel left his millions any further advanced? In Europe alone there are sixteen millions of men under arms. The fighting tonnage of the seas is over four thousand millions. The annual military budgets of the great powers tower up into the billions of money. That is one side of the picture. And in the other you have a dozen amiable old Swedish gentlemen sitting in the library — or on the balcony — of the Nobelstiftelsen in the Norrlandsgatan of Stockholm, dividing the two hundred thousand dollars a year among the five men of "idealistic tendencies" who have worked themselves into fame of some sort. There seems to be an inequality between the two forces. It is like fighting a city fire with a gilt-tipped bottle of rose-water.

DENMARK

I

TALES OF THE DARK AGES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Danes like to dream that their history goes back to one Dan, who is fancied to have reigned in their land more than one thousand years before Christ, and that the name Denmark signifies the marches of the followers of Dan. Unfortunately, the proof is lacking for any such chapter in their history; and for many centuries after Christ, the most that is known of the land and its people comes from the old sagas, or hero stories, wherein fact and fiction are poetically mingled.

Denmark was governed by a number of chiefs, but about the year 900, one Gorm the Old is said to have subdued so many of these "little kings" that he may fairly be called the first ruler of the land. There are stories of wild voyages over stormy seas to the south and the west, of the invasion of England, and of increasing power in that country until, in the eleventh century, Svend of the Forked Beard, and after him his son Canute, or Knut, became its rulers. It was during the reign of Canute that Denmark was converted to Christianity.

Never did a land undergo more abrupt changes than Denmark. In Canute's time, the Danes ruled Norway; after his death Norway for a time ruled Denmark. In the reign of Waldemar II (1202–1241) Holstein, Pomerania, and other provinces north of the Elbe were under Danish control; but Waldemar was captured by his enemies, and to free himself was obliged to renounce his conquests. His death was followed by a century of anarchy and civil wars. In 1340, Waldemar III came to the throne and by his vigorous policy restored the ancient boundaries of his kingdom. The greatest struggle of Waldemar III was with the Hansa, or Hanseatic League of German cities, which was determined that commerce should be free in the north of Europe. On the other hand, Denmark controlled the entrance to the Baltic Sea, and was equally determined that merchant vessels should pay toll to her. After varying fortune, Waldemar was at last forced to grant the demands of the Hansa.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[THE scene of "Hamlet" is laid at Elsinore, and the ghost appears on the platform of the castle of Kronberg. "Hamlet's Grave" and "Ophelia's Brook" are shown at Marienlyst, "having been invented for anxious inquirers by the complaisant inhabitants."

The Editor.]

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 't will not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'T is strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

[While Horatio and Marcellus are discussing the Ghost and fearing lest its appearance forebodes some disaster to the state, it suddenly appears again.]

Hor. But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
[*Reënter* Ghost.
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: [*Cock crows.*
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
(Which happily foreknowing may avoid,)
Oh, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone! [*Exit* Ghost.
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

[Thus it is that they tell the story to Hamlet.]

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. }
Ber. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. }
Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. }
Ber. } Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly, — no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

[When night has come, Hamlet goes out on the platform, and in a few minutes the Ghost appears.]

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father: royal Dane, oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I 'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* HAMLET.

[The Ghost then reveals the story that Hamlet has already half suspected, namely, that his uncle, who has just married his mother, is guilty of his father's death. Upon Hamlet is laid the burden of revenge.]



The Play Scene in "Hamlet" by Daniel Maclise

THE SLAYING OF THE MONSTER GRENDEL

RETOLD BY FLORENCE HOLBROOK

(From "Beowulf," an ancient epic poem of Denmark)

[HROTHGAR, the aged King of Denmark, built a lordly hall where he and his warriors might enjoy music and feasting together after their hard-fought battles. They would have been very happy had it not been for the horrible demon Grendel, who night after night stalked up through the mist and darkness and dragged away many of the thanes to be devoured by the fiend. By and by the story of the terrible slaughter came to the ears of the young hero Beowulf, who dwelt in Sweden, and he set out for Denmark to fight the monster and free the aged king and his men from terror. He is welcomed by Hrothgar, and is left in charge of the hall.

The Editor.]

BEOWULF then spoke to his men: "I do not think myself less in warlike strength than Grendel; so I will not use the sword or shield, but we two shall fight to-night without weapons, and the Lord shall give the glory to whom glory belongs."

Around him lay the warriors, little thinking they would ever see their homes across the sea again, for so many before that night had been slain by the cruel Grendel. At last they slept, all but one. The mighty Beowulf, in angry mood, awaited the battle meeting.

Now truly it is shown that mighty God rules the race of men. Over the moor came the shadow-walker stalking. He strode under the clouds until he saw the golden hall of men. This was not the first time he had come to

the hall of Hrothgar. On the door he rushed. He opened the mansion's mouth and trod on the floor. When he saw the men sleeping on the benches he laughed, thinking how he would take life from the body of every one there.

The shadowy form came nearer and nearer. At last he stretched out his great hand to take Beowulf, but with all his strength the brave warrior seized the arm of the monster. Then did the heart of Grendel fill with fear. Fearful was his mind, but not for that could he escape the sooner.

Then stood Beowulf upright and firmly grasped Grendel. Very angry were both. The wonder was that the great hall did not fall to the ground. But it was fast within and without with iron bands, and naught but fire could destroy it. Then the noise grew greater. The Danes who had heard it were terrified; never had such horrid noise filled the air, for Beowulf, the strength of men, held Grendel fast. Not for anything would he let the dreadful one escape that day.

The warriors sought to help their leader, but he would not use any weapon. With his hands, with his bare hands, he held fast the fearful foe. On the shoulder of Grendel was a horrid wound, and Beowulf tore the arm from the body. Well knew the monster then that his life's end had come.

Glad was Beowulf that his strength had aided the Danes, had cleaned the great hall, and had healed the deep sorrow which had been theirs for so many years.

There was in the morning many a warrior in the gift hall. From far and near over distant ways they came to behold the wonder, the arm of Grendel the joy-killer.

Away to the dark water, his home, had he gone with his death-wound.

All the warriors rode in gladness to the great hall. There was told the bravery of Beowulf. No other was so great, so worthy of honor, as he. Hrothgar, also, they praised as a good king and famous in war.

All the Danes and the Goths were happy that the terror of the land had been destroyed. Care was removed from their hearts. They were filled with joy and turned to games and plays. Some let their beautiful horses run in contest over the fair roads. Some who knew the famous stories of heroes told them to eager listeners. Laughter, song, and merry voices were heard once more in the hall. Soon one of the singers began a song in honor of this new deed, the victory of Beowulf.

Then over the meadow came the great king with many knights famed for their brave deeds. With them also walked the fair queen and a company of maidens.

When Hrothgar entered the gold-crowned hall and saw the great hand and arm of Grendel, he said: "Now let us give to the Almighty thanks! Wonder after wonder can God work. This one brave warrior has, through the Lord's might, performed a deed which the Danes could not. Happy is the mother of such a son! Now, Beowulf, as a dear son will I hold you in my heart. Nothing shall you want which I have power to give you. You have done a deed which will make your glory live through every age."

Then replied Beowulf: "With great good will we fought the fight. I seized the enemy quickly with hard hands and hoped to lay him on his deathbed. But I have

his hand and arm, and he will surely die, for pain has him in its deadly grip."

Hrothgar now gave the order that the hall should be adorned for the feast of joy. Men and women worked to make all clean and whole. Beautiful banners, a wonder to all who beheld them, decked the walls.

When all was ready, the king himself came to the feast in honor of Beowulf. Never had a larger or a nobler company sat in the gift hall. Merry at heart were they all, and they had a merry feast.

Then Hrothgar gave to Beowulf a golden banner in reward of victory; a sword, a cup, and a helmet he gave, four beautiful and wonderful gifts. These were most precious gifts, of which Beowulf need not be ashamed.

Then Hrothgar, the shield of warriors, had eight war-like steeds brought into the hall as gifts to Beowulf. On one of the horses was the war-seat the king himself used when going to battle. So with steeds and treasures did the king of the Danes reward the brave prince.

To every man with the hero did the king give a precious gift. Then the song of praise was heard. "The wise God rules all, therefore is understanding everywhere best; wise forethought is best."

When the song was ended, the queen took the mead-cup to the king, saying: "Accept this cup, my beloved lord; be thou happy, gold-friend of men, and to the Goths speak with kind words as one should do. Be cheerful to thy guests and mindful of gifts. The bright hall is made safe; be happy with thy sons and friends."

Then the gracious queen said to Beowulf: "Receive as a gift this collar, dear prince. Thou hast done that which men will praise throughout all time. Be noble and

happy! Be brave and gentle in deeds. Here in this hall is every man to each other true and to his lord faithful. The thanes unite to praise thee!"

Then the queen went to her seat, and all the court united in praise of Beowulf, who had driven Grendel from the great hall.

After the merry feast, all left the hall except a few warriors who slept rejoicing, thinking all their warfare was over.

But Grendel's mother did not close her eyes in sleep. When her son came home with his deathblow, great was the sorrow and anger in her heart. She would punish the Danes and the Goths for her son's death. In the middle of the night she crept to the hall where the Danes were sleeping, free from all fear. One she seized, — a brave man and dear to the king. Then rose a great cry in the hall when Grendel's mother saw her son's well-known hand and arm. She seized it and bore it away to the dark lake, together with the body of the warrior.

Soon Hrothgar was told of the great sorrow, and he grieved at the death of his friend, the brave warrior whom Grendel's mother had taken away.

When Beowulf came to the hall, Hrothgar cried out: "Speak not to me of rest or joy! Sorrow has come again. My friend best in war and peace is dead! The dread monster has killed him. Two shadows on the moor have my men seen; one, Grendel, is the figure of a man, and the other is like a woman. They dwell in the secret land where the wolf howls and the winds sweep; where the flood flows under the earth. About a mile away is this lake over which the dark trees bend. Every night can fire be seen over this waste of water. No one knows how

deep the lake is. The noisy winds raise the black waves until the air grows gloomy and the heavens shed tears. You know not this dreadful place. If you dare seek it and come back from the strife, I will give you money and treasures of gold."

Then the brave Beowulf replied: "Better is it for every one to avenge his friend than that he greatly mourn. Each of us must await the end of his life. Let them who can, work high deeds of honor. Let us go quickly to seek Grendel's mother. I promise you she shall not escape; no, not in the sea nor the bosom of the earth, not into the mountain-wood nor in the ocean's ground."

Then was the heart of the old king glad to hear the brave words. Horses were brought out and troops of men set forth towards the home of the dreadful shadows. The road was narrow and dark, an unknown way. Soon they saw the mountain-trees leaning over the rock, a joyless wood. The water below was dark and gloomy. Many strange creatures could be seen moving in the deep pool.

Now Beowulf clad himself in his war-gear. The coat of rings was about his breast so that no gripe could injure his life. On his head he wore a bright helmet wrought with strength so that no battle-axe could break it. Then a prince of Hrothgar gave him a famous sword named Hrunting. This was one of the old treasures. Never in battle had it failed those who dared to go in ways of terror. This was not the first time that it had done brave deeds.

Then said Beowulf: "Now, O king, I am ready for my journey. Bear in mind what you have said, — if I for

your need should lose my life, that you would be to me as a father. If, then, war takes me off, be a friend to my comrades. Send to Hygelac the treasures you have given to me, so that he may know that I found a good king in you. Now with the good sword Hrunting will I seek out the foe."

With these words Beowulf leaped into the sea.

All that day he sank into the waves before he beheld the ground bed of the sea. Then he saw the fierce creature who for a hundred years had held the floods. Eager she seized him and bore him to her dwelling. Many a sea-monster broke through his warlike coat. At last the warrior found himself in a great room where the waters did not enter. Then a fierce light did shine brightly upon him, and by its gleam he saw the sea-wolf. With a loud cry he struck her with his good broad sword, but it would not bite or injure her. This was the first time its power had failed. Beowulf remembered his former deeds of bravery and threw down his useless sword to use the strength of his hands alone. He seized the sea-creature and made her bow to the earth, but fiercely she grasped the brave warrior and overthrew him so that he was about to perish.

Him she would have slain, but his good coat withstood her sword. The Ruler of the Skies was his friend, for he saw on the wall a great sword so heavy that other men could not use it. This sword Beowulf seized gladly. Angrily he struck the sea-wolf, and the sword passed through her neck. Down on the ground she sank. The warrior rejoiced in his work. He looked through the great dwelling and saw Grendel lying lifeless. With a strong blow Beowulf cut off the head of the monster,

but the hot blood melted the sword and nothing was left but the hilt. The blade melted away as ice melts when the Father, who has power over the seasons, unbinds the bands of the frost.

The men at the shore, watching, saw the water all colored with blood, and feared their great leader was dead. The king and noble Danes spoke of the brave hero with praise and sorrow. When noon came, they went back to the great hall sadly, thinking Beowulf the daring had been killed by the fearful monster.

But the Goths stayed by the shore, though little hoping to see their dear lord again. But soon the water cleared and they saw their brave leader swimming toward them with the head of Grendel and the hilt of the great sword. Then they went toward him, thanking God. The stout band of thanes rejoiced that their lord had returned. Forth they went on the well-known road, rejoicing. Four of the strong men bore the heavy head of Grendel. Beowulf proudly led his fourteen brave men. The prince of the thanes entered the great hall, with glory crowned, to greet Hrothgar. The warriors bore the great head of Grendel into the hall before the king and his men.

"Behold, O king!" said Beowulf, "the head of the sea-monster! I hardly with life came from the battle under the water. Had not God helped me, I had not conquered. The good sword Hrunting could not harm my foe, but the Ruler of men guided me to see on the wall an old strong sword, and with it I slew her. Then I cut off the head of the monster Grendel. In his hot blood was the good sword melted, and I brought only the hilt away. I now promise thee that in Heorot all may sleep

safe from harm, for I have slain thy foes, Grendel and his mother, and have given peace to thy land and people."

Then did Beowulf give the sword-hilt to Hrothgar. The good king said: "Thy glory is exalted, friend Beowulf, over every nation. Long shalt thou be a comfort to thy people and a help to the warriors. Now is the flower of thy might. Long may it be before thy strength depart in fire's clutch, or rage of flood, or arrow's flight, or age or blindness take thee. Go now to thy seat at the feast as a guest of honor."

Then Beowulf went to the seat of honor in great joy, and all were merry. The helm of night grew dark; the warriors left their seats. They greeted Beowulf and wished him well to rest. In the gold-roofed hall well slept the prince until the black raven saw the coming of the bright sun. At the first light the Goths hastened to the good ship, eager to be gone to their homes.

When all were ready, Beowulf said: "O king, we seafarers wish to seek our homes. Here have we been kindly treated. If there is more that I can do, O lord of men, I shall always be ready. If when far away I hear that foes surround thee, I shall come to help thee with many warriors. Well I know that my king, Hygelac, will send me to thy aid."

Then Hrothgar spoke: "Into thy mind has the wise Lord sent these kind words. Never have I heard wiser words from one so young. Thou art strong and wise, and I think that if death should take Hygelac, the people would wish thee for their king. So well hast thou borne thyself that there shall be peace between the Danes and Goths, and many a gift shall I send to thee over the great sea."

Then Hrothgar gave to Beowulf rich gifts and bade him seek his home in safety. The good king wept when he said good-bye, for he loved the noble youth and was sad to have him go away over the deep sea.

HOW KING RORIK REGAINED THE TRIBUTE

BY SAXO GRAMMATICUS

[WHEN Prince Rorik first came to the throne, the subject tribes, Kurlanders, Swedes, and Slavs, thought it a favorable time to refuse to pay their regular tribute. They planned a rebellion, brought together their forces, and made ready to attack the young ruler.

The Editor.]

NOW among them [the Slavs] there was a man of remarkable stature, a wizard by calling. He, when he beheld the squadrons of the Danes, said: "Suffer a private combat to forestall a public slaughter, so that the danger of many may be bought off at the cost of a few. And if any of you shall take heart to fight it out with me, I will not flinch from these terms of conflict. But first of all I demand that you accept the terms I prescribe, the form whereof I have devised as follows: If I conquer, let freedom be granted us from taxes; if I am conquered, let the tribute be paid you as of old. For to-day I will either free my country from the yoke of slavery by my victory or bind her under it by my defeat. Accept me as the surety and pledge for either issue."

One of the Danes, whose spirit was stouter than his strength, heard this, and proceeded to ask Rorik, what would be the reward for the man who met the challenger in combat? Rorik chanced to have six bracelets, which were so intertwined that they could not be parted from one another, the chain of knots being inextricably laced; and he promised them as a reward for the man who

would venture on the combat. But the youth, who doubted his fortune, said: "Rorik, if I prove successful, let thy generosity award the prize of the conqueror, do thou decide and allot the palm; but if my enterprise go little to my liking, what prize canst thou owe to the beaten, who will be wrapped either in cruel death or in bitter shame? These things commonly go with feebleness, these are the wages of the defeated, for whom naught remains but utter infamy. What guerdon must be paid, what thanks offered to him who lacks the prize of courage? Who has ever garlanded with ivy the weakling in war, or decked him with a conqueror's wage? Valor wins the prize, not sloth, and failure lacks renown. For one is followed by triumph and honor, the other by an unsightly life or by a stagnant end. I, who know not which way the issue of this duel inclines, dare not boldly anticipate that as a reward of which I know not whether it is rightly mine. For one whose victory is doubtful may not seize the assured reward of the victor. I forbear, while I am not sure of the day, to claim firmly the title to the wreath. I refuse the gain, which may be the wages of my death as much as of my life. It is folly to lay hands on the fruit before it is ripe, and to be fain to pluck that which one is not yet sure is one's due. This hand shall win me the prize, or death."

Having thus spoken, he smote the barbarian with his sword; but his fortune was tardier than his spirit; for the other smote him back, and he fell dead under the force of the first blow. Thus he was a sorry sight unto the Danes, but the Slavs granted their triumphant comrade a great procession, and received him with splendid dances.

On the morrow the same man, whether he was elated with the good fortune of his late victory, or was fired with the wish to win another, came close to the enemy, and set to girding at them in the words of his former challenge. For, supposing that he had laid low the bravest of the Danes, he did not think that any of them would have any heart left to fight further with him upon his challenge. Also, trusting that, now one champion had fallen, he had shattered the strength of the whole army, he thought that naught would be hard to achieve upon which his later endeavors were bent.

So Rorik was vexed that the general courage should be sapped by the impudence of one man; and that the Danes, with their roll of victories, should be met presumptuously by those whom they had beaten of old, nay, should be ignominiously spurned; further, that in all that host not one man should be found so quick of spirit or so vigorous of arm, that he longed to sacrifice his life for his country.

It was the high-hearted Ubbe who first wiped off this infamous reproach upon the hesitating Danes. For he was of great bodily strength and powerful in incantations. He also purposely asked the prize of the combat, and the king promised him the bracelets. Then said he, "How can I trust the promise when thou keepest the pledge in thine own hands, and dost not deposit the gift in the charge of another? Let there be some one to whom thou canst intrust the pledge, that thou mayst not be able to take thy promise back. For the courage of the champion is kindled by the irrevocable certainty of the prize."

Of course it was plain that he said this in jest; sheer

courage had armed him to repel the insult to his country. But Rorik thought he was tempted by avarice, and was loath to seem as if, contrary to royal fashion, he meant to take back the gift or revoke his promise; so, being stationed on his vessel, he resolved to shake off the bracelets, and with a mighty swing send them to the asker. But his attempt was balked by the width of the gap between them; for the bracelets fell short of the intended spot, the impulse being too faint and slack, and were reft away by the waters. For this the nickname of Slyngebond [Swing-Bracelet] clung to Rorik. But this event testified much to the valor of Ubbe. For the loss of his drowned prize never turned his mind from his bold venture; he would not seem to let his courage be tempted by the wages of covetousness. So he eagerly went to fight, showing that he was a seeker of honor, and not the slave of lucre, and that he set bravery before lust of pelf; and intent to prove that his confidence was based not on hire, but on his own great soul. Not a moment is lost; a ring is made; the course is thronged with soldiers; the champions engage; a din arises; the crowd of onlookers shout in discord, each backing his own. And so the valor of the champions blazes to white-heat; falling dead under the wounds dealt by one another, they end together the combat and their lives. I think that it was a provision of fortune that neither of them should reap joy and honor by the other's death. This event won back to Rorik the hearts of the insurgents and regained him the tribute.

THE SPEAKING OF PRINCE UFFE THE SPEECHLESS

BY SAXO GRAMMATICUS

THE long and leisurely tranquillity of a most prosperous and quiet time flowed by, and Wermund in undisturbed security maintained a prolonged and steady peace at home. He had no children during the prime of his life, but in his old age, by a belated gift of fortune, he begat a son, Uffe, though all the years which had glided by had raised him up no offspring. This Uffe surpassed all of his age in stature, but in his early youth was supposed to have so dull and foolish a spirit as to be useless for all affairs public or private. For from his first years he never used to play or make merry, but was so void of all human pleasure that he kept his lips sealed in a perennial silence, and utterly restrained his austere visage from the business of laughter. But though through the years of his youth he was reputed for an utter fool, he afterwards left that despised estate and became famous, turning out as great a pattern of wisdom and hardihood as he had been a picture of stagnation. His father, seeing him such a simpleton, got him for a wife the daughter of Frowin, the governor of the men of Sleswik; thinking that by his alliance with so famous a man Uffe would receive help which would serve him well in administering the realm. Frowin had two sons, Ket and Wig, who were youths of most brilliant parts, and their excellence, not less than that of Frowin, Wermund designed to the future advantage of his son. . . .

When Wermund was losing his sight by infirmity of age, the King of Saxony, thinking that Denmark lacked a leader, sent envoys ordering him to surrender to his charge the kingdom which he held beyond the due term of life; lest, if he thirsted to hold sway too long, he should strip his country of laws and defense. For how could he be reckoned a king, whose spirit was darkened with age, and his eyes with blindness not less black and awful? If he refused, but yet had a son who would dare to accept a challenge and fight with his son, let him agree that the victor should possess the realm. But if he approved neither offer, let him learn that he must be dealt with by weapons and not by warnings; and in the end he must unwillingly surrender what he was too proud at first to yield uncompelled.

Wermund, shaken by deep sighs, answered that it was too insolent to sting him with these taunts upon his years; for he had passed no timorous youth, nor shrunk from battle, that age should bring him to this extreme misery. It was equally unfitting to cast in his teeth the infirmity of his blindness: for it was common for a loss of this kind to accompany such a time of life as his, and it seemed a calamity fitter for sympathy than for taunts. It were juster to fix the blame on the impatience of the King of Saxony, whom it would have beseemed to wait for the old man's death, and not demand his throne; for it was somewhat better to succeed to the dead than to rob the living. Yet, that he might not be thought to make over the honors of his ancient freedom, like a madman, to the possession of another, he would accept the challenge with his own hand.

The envoys answered that they knew that their king

would shrink from the mockery of fighting a blind man, for such an absurd mode of combat was thought more shameful than honorable. It would surely be better to settle the affair by means of their offspring on either side.

The Danes were in consternation and at a sudden loss for a reply: but Uffe, who chanced to be there with the rest, craved his father's leave to answer; and suddenly the dumb, as it were, spake. When Wermund asked who had thus begged leave to speak, and the attendants said that it was Uffe, he declared that it was enough that the insolent foreigner should jeer at the pangs of his misery, without those of his own household vexing him with the same wanton effrontery. But the courtiers persistently averred that this man was Uffe; and the king said: "He is free, whosoever he be, to say out what he thinks."

Then said Uffe, "That it was idle for their king to covet a realm which could rely not only on the service of its own ruler, but also on the arms and wisdom of most valiant nobles. Moreover, the king did not lack a son nor the kingdom an heir; and they were to know that he had made up his mind to fight not only the son of their king, but also, at the same time, whatsoever man the prince should elect as his comrade out of the bravest of their nation."

The envoys laughed when they heard this, thinking it idle lip-courage. Instantly the ground for the battle was agreed on, and a fixed time appointed. But the by-standers were so amazed by the strangeness of Uffe's speaking and challenging, that one can scarce say if they were more astonished at his words or at his assurance.

But on the departure of the envoys Wermund praised him who had made the answer, because he had proved

his confidence in his own valor by challenging not one only, but two; and said that he would sooner quit his kingdom for him, whoever he was, than for an insolent foe. But when one and all testified that he who with lofty self-confidence had spurned the arrogance of the envoys was his own son, he bade him come nearer to him, wishing to test with his hands what he could not with his eyes. Then he carefully felt his body, and found by the size of his limbs and by his features that he was his son: and then began to believe their assertions, and to ask him why he had taken pains to hide so sweet an eloquence with such careful dissembling, and had borne to live through so long a span of life without utterance or any intercourse of talk, so as to let men think him utterly incapable of speech, and a born mute. He replied that he had been hitherto satisfied with the protection of his father, that he had not needed the use of his voice until he saw the wisdom of his own land hard pressed by the glibness of a foreigner. The king also asked him why he had chosen to challenge two rather than one. He said he had desired this mode of combat in order that the death of King Athisl, which, having been caused by two men, was a standing reproach to the Danes, might be balanced by the exploit of one, and that a new ensample of valor might erase the ancient record of their disgrace. Fresh honor, he said, would thus obliterate the guilt of their old dishonor.

Wermund said that his son had judged all things rightly, and bade him first learn the use of arms, since he had been little accustomed to them. When they were offered to Uffe, he split the narrow links of the mail-coats by the mighty girth of his chest, nor could any be

found large enough to hold him properly. For he was too hugely built to be able to use the arms of any other man. At last, when he was bursting even his father's coat of mail by the violent compression of his body, Wermund ordered it to be cut away on the left side and patched with a buckle; thinking it mattered little if the side guarded by the shield were exposed to the sword. He also told him to be most careful in fixing on a sword which he could use safely. Several were offered him; but Uffe, grasping the hilt, shattered them one after the other into flinders by shaking them, and not a single blade was of so hard a temper but, at the first blow, he broke it into many pieces. But the king had a sword of extraordinary sharpness, called "Skrep," which at a single blow of the smiter struck straight through and cleft asunder any obstacle whatsoever; nor would aught be hard enough to check its edge when driven home. The king, loath to leave this for the benefit of posterity, and greatly grudging others the use of it, had buried it deep in the earth, meaning, since he had no hopes of his son's improvement, to debar every one else from using it. But when he was now asked whether he had a sword worthy of the strength of Uffe, he said that he had one which, if he could recognize the lay of the ground and find what he had consigned long ago to earth, he could offer him as worthy of his bodily strength. Then he bade them lead him into a field, and kept questioning his companions over all the ground. At last he recognized the tokens, found the spot where he had buried the sword, drew it out of its hole, and handed it to his son. Uffe saw it was frail with great age and rusted away; and, not daring to strike with it, asked if he might

prove this one also like the rest, declaring that he must try its temper before the battle ought to be fought. Wermund replied that if this sword were shattered by mere brandishing, there was nothing left which could serve for such strength as his. He must, therefore, forbear from the act, whose issue remained so doubtful.

So they repaired to the field of battle as agreed. It is fast encompassed by the waters of the river Eider, which roll between, and forbid any approach save by ship. Hither Uffe went unattended, while the Prince of Saxony was followed by a champion famous for his strength. Dense crowds on either side, eager to see, thronged each winding bank, and all bent their eyes upon this scene. Wermund planted himself on the end of the bridge, determined to perish in the waters if defeat were the lot of his son: he would rather share the fall of his own flesh and blood than behold, with heart full of anguish, the destruction of his own country.

Both the warriors assaulted Uffe; but, distrusting his sword, he parried the blows of both with his shield, being determined to wait patiently and see which of the two he must beware of most heedfully, so that he might reach that one at all events with a single stroke of his blade. Wermund, thinking that his feebleness was at fault, that he took the blows so patiently, dragged himself little by little, in his longing for death, forward to the western edge of the bridge, meaning to fling himself down and perish, should all be over with his son. Fortune shielded the old father who loved so passionately, for Uffe told the prince to engage with him more briskly, and to do some deed of prowess worthy of his famous race; lest the lowborn squire should seem braver than the prince.

Then, in order to try the bravery of the champion, he bade him not skulk timorously at his master's heels, but requite by noble deeds of combat the trust placed in him by his prince, who had chosen him to be his single partner in the battle. The other complied, and when shame drove him to fight at close quarters, Uffe clove him through with the first stroke of his blade. The sound revived Wermund, who said that he heard the sword of his son, and asked "on what particular part he had dealt the blow?" Then the retainers answered that he had gone through no one limb, but the man's whole frame; whereat he drew back from the precipice and came again on the bridge, longing now as passionately to live as he had just wished to die. Then Uffe, wishing to destroy his remaining foe after the fashion of the first, incited the prince with vehement words to offer some sacrifice by way of requital to the shade of the servant slain in his cause. Drawing him by these appeals, and warily noting the right spot to plant his blow, he turned the other edge of his sword to the front, fearing that the thin side of his blade was too frail for his strength, and smote with a piercing stroke through the prince's body. When Wermund heard it, he said that the sound of his sword Skrep had reached his ear for the second time. Then, when the judges announced that his son had killed both enemies, he burst into tears from excess of joy. Thus gladness bedewed the cheeks which sorrow could not moisten. So while the Saxons, sad and shamefaced, bore their champions to burial with bitter shame, the Danes welcomed Uffe and bounded for joy. Then no more was heard of the disgrace of the murder of Athisl, and there was an end of the taunts of the Saxons.

Thus the realm of Saxony was transferred to the Danes, and Uffe, after his father, undertook its government; and he, who had not been thought equal to administering a single kingdom properly, was now appointed to manage both. Most men have called him Olaf, and he has won the name of "the Gentle" for his forbearing spirit. His later deeds, lost in antiquity, have lacked formal record. But it may well be supposed that when their beginnings were so notable, their sequel was glorious.

THE LETTER OF KING CANUTE

[1027]

[IN the early part of the eleventh century, Canute, King of Denmark, made himself also ruler of England and of Norway. He fought his way to the throne most unscrupulously; but once well established, he showed himself genuinely eager to rule justly and kindly. As the years passed, he began to be troubled lest his crimes should forbid him entrance to heaven, and in penance he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. The following extract is part of a letter which he sent home to the people of England.

The Editor.]

"CANUTE, King of all Denmark, England, and Norway, and part of Sweden, to Egelnoth the Metropolitan, to Archbishop Alfric, to all the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners, greeting. I write to inform you that I have lately been at Rome to pray for the remission of my sins, and for the safety of my kingdoms, and for the nations that are subject to my scepter. It is long since I bound myself by vow to make this pilgrimage; but I had been hitherto prevented by affairs of state and other impediments. Now, however, I return humble thanks to the Almighty God, that he has allowed me to visit the tombs of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and every holy place within and without the city of Rome, and to honor and venerate them in person. And this I have done, because I had learned from my teachers that the Apostle St. Peter received from the Lord the great

power of binding and loosing, with the keys of the kingdom of heaven. On this account, I thought it highly useful to solicit his patronage with God.

"Be it, moreover, known to you that there was, at the festival of Easter, a great assemblage of noble personages, with the lord the Pope John, and the Emperor Conrad, namely, all the chiefs of the nations from Mount Gargano to the nearest sea, who all received me honorably, and made me valuable presents; but particularly the Emperor, who gave me many gold and silver vases, with rich mantles and garments. I therefore took the opportunity to treat with the Pope, the Emperor, and the princes, on the grievances of my people, both English and Danes; that they might enjoy more equal law, and more secure safeguard in their way to Rome, nor be detained at so many barriers, nor harassed by unjust exactions. My demands were granted both by the Emperor and by King Rudolf, who rules most of the passages; and it was enacted by all the princes that my men, whether pilgrims or merchants, should, for the future, go to Rome and return in full security, without detention at the barriers, or the payment of unlawful tolls.

"I next complained to the Pope, and expressed my displeasure that such enormous sums should be extorted from my archbishops, when according to custom they visited the apostolic see to obtain the pallium. A decree was made that this grievance should cease. Whatever I demanded for the benefit of my people, either of the Pope, or the Emperor, or the princes, through whose dominions lies the road to Rome, was granted willingly, and confirmed by their oaths, in the presence of four

archbishops, twenty bishops, and a multitude of dukes and nobles. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully performed whatever I had intended, and have fully satisfied all my wishes. . . .

"I am now on my road to Denmark, for the purpose of concluding peace with those nations, who, had it been in their power, would have deprived us both of our crown and our life. But God has destroyed their means: and will, I trust, of his goodness preserve us, and humble all our enemies. When I shall have concluded peace with the neighboring nations, and settled the concerns of my eastern dominions, it is my intention to return to England as soon as the fine weather will permit me to sail. But I have sent you this letter beforehand: that all the people of my kingdom may rejoice at my prosperity. For you all know that I never spared, nor will spare myself, or my labors, when my object is the welfare of my subjects."

WALDEMAR ATTERDAG AND THE HANSA

[1361]

BY HELEN ZIMMERMAN

[THE Hansa, or Hanseatic League, was a great trading company formed by a union of seventy or eighty cities in northern Germany. It became so powerful that it monopolized the trade of the greater part of Europe. Kings were often obliged to bow to its authority and recognize whatever laws it chose to make. It was especially strong in the lands around the Baltic, and at Wisby, on the Swedish island of Gothland, it had a great store of wealth. Waldemar was determined to drive away the foreigners and break down their power.

The Editor.]

"IN the year of Christ 1361 King Waldemar of Denmark collected a great army, and said to them that he would lead them whither there was gold and silver enough, and where the pigs eat out of silver troughs. And he led them to Gothland, and made many knights in that land, and struck down many people, because the peasants were unarmed and unused to warfare. He set his face at once towards Wisby. They came out of the town towards him, and gave themselves up to the mercy of the king, since they well saw that resistance was impossible. In this manner he obtained the land, and took from the burghers of the town great treasures in gold and silver, after which he went his ways."

Thus the contemporary chronicler of the Franciscans of St. Catherine at Lübeck. By a skillful *coup de main*, Waldemar had indeed made himself master ofGothland,

then under Swedish suzerainty, and of the wealthy city of Wisby. His aim had been booty, and he had it in rich measure in the shape of gold, of fur, and silver vessels.

Legend tells that the year previous to the attack Waldemar had visited Gothland disguised as a merchant, securing the love of a goldsmith's daughter, whose father held an influential position in Wisby, and who, in her loving trustfulness revealed to him the strength and weakness of the island and town, thus helping him to secure the spot that was rightly regarded as the key to the three northern realms.

The inhabitants, unprepared, unarmed, had been unable to offer much resistance. It was a terribly bloody fight this that raged outside the walls of Wisby; the site of it is marked to this day by a cross erected on the spot where eighteen hundred Gothlanders fell.

"Before the gates of Wisby the Goths fell under the hands of the Danes," runs the inscription.

As was the custom among the conquerors of olden days, Waldemar, it is related, entered the city, not by means of the gates that had been forcibly surrendered to him, but by a breach he specially had made for this purpose in the town walls. The gap, too, is shown to this hour.

When he had plundered to his heart's content, aided in his finding of the treasure by his lady-love, after he had added to his titles of King of the Danes and Slavs, that of the King of Gothland, Waldemar proceeded to return home in his richly laden ships. But it was decreed that he should not bring his booty to port. A great storm arose in mid-ocean. It was with difficulty that

the king escaped with his life; his ships were sunk, his coveted hoards buried in the waves.

There are still shown at Wisby the two fine twelve-sectioned rose windows of St. Nicholas's Church, in which, according to tradition, there once burned two mighty carbuncles that served as beacons to light the seamen safely into harbor in the day of the town's prosperity. These stones, it is said, were torn from their place and carried off by Waldemar. The Gothland mariner still avers that on certain clear nights he can see the great carbuncles of St. Nicholas's Church gleaming from out the deep.

As for Waldemar's lady-love, whom it is said he abandoned as soon as his purpose was attained, she was seized on by the infuriated townspeople and buried alive in one of the turrets of the city walls, known to this day as the "Virgin Tower."

It is difficult to decide whether Waldemar foresaw the full danger and bearing of his high-handed step; whether he knew what it meant to plunder a city like Wisby, one of the strongest arms of the Hansa. He had certainly thrown the gauntlet down to the towns; he was quickly to learn that the power which some years ago had successfully beaten his predecessors had but grown in strength since that date.

On the first news of Waldemar's treachery, the Baltic cities laid an embargo on all Danish goods, and then called together a hasty council in which it was decreed that until further notice all intercourse with Denmark should be forbidden on pain of death and loss of property. Then they put themselves into communication with Norway and Sweden in order in the event of a war to

secure the alliance of these countries, an assistance that was the more readily promised because their sovereigns were at feud with Waldemar. To defray the war costs, it was determined to levy a poundage tax on all Hanseatic exported goods.

A fleet was got ready with all possible speed, and when everything was in order, the towns sent a herald to Waldemar with a formal declaration of war.

In May, 1362, their ships appeared in the Sound, and brilliant success at first attended their arms. Copenhagen was plundered, and its church bells carried to Lübeck as the victor's booty. At Scania the cities looked to meet their northern allies, in order in conjunction with them to take possession of the Danish strongholds on the mainland. Here, however, disappointment awaited them. Whether lack of money or fear had deterred the northern kings from keeping their word is unknown; at any rate, they did not put in an appearance with their armies.

The Burgomaster of Lübeck, Johann Wittenborg, who commanded the Hanseatic fleet, saw himself forced to use the men he had on board for the land attack. He held himself the more justified in doing this since he deemed he had so thoroughly routed the Danes that from the side of the sea there was nothing to be feared.

This decision was rash, and Wittenborg was to atone for it with his life. Already it seemed as if the stronghold Helsingsborgs was in his hands — he had been besieging it sixteen days with great catapults — when Waldemar suddenly appeared with his fleet upon the Scanian coast, surprised the Hansa vessels that had been left with but a feeble crew, and carried off twelve of the best ships,

and most of their provisions and weapons. The consequence was that Wittenborg saw himself obliged to return with the remnant of his army to Lübeck.

He found the city embittered against him in the highest degree for his defeat; though it saw that the main guilt of the disastrous end of the war lay with the faithless northern kings. The stern free city deemed it right, not only towards itself, but also to its sister towns, to punish heavily the unsuccessful leader. Wittenborg had hardly landed ere he was arrested, chained, and thrown into a dungeon. Here he dragged out a weary year of imprisonment. Lübeck was a stern mistress, who knew no mercy, and could brook no ill success. In her dictionary, as in that of youth, according to Richelieu in Bulwer's play, there might be no such word as "fail." Wittenborg had, of course, been at once deprived of his burgomagisterial honors; a year after his defeat his head publicly fell under the executioner's axe in the market place of Lübeck. Burial in the councilors' church was denied him. He was laid to rest in the cloisters of the Dominicans, the spot where all criminals were interred in Lübeck during the Middle Ages, the spot where, down to our own era, all criminals passing that way to execution received from the pious monks a soothing drink as last farewell to life. Further, Wittenborg's name is absent from the record of the burgomasters; an omission, in this place, which doubtless has the same meaning as the absence of Marino Falieri's portrait among the long row of Doges in the Venetian Palace.

The election of a burgomaster as leader of the troops is quite in character with the spirit of those times. Such trade warriors are not uncommon in the history of the

Hansa. Within the roomy stone hall that served as entry and storeroom to those ancient dwelling-houses, it was usual to see helmet, armor, and sword hanging up above stores of codfish, barrels of herrings, casks of beer, bales of cloth, or what not besides.

To this day the stranger is shown in the market place at Lübeck the stone on which Wittenborg sat before his execution, and in the collection of antiquities is the chair of torture in which he was borne thither. So sternly did the Hansa punish.

[Waldemar compared the Hansa to a flock of cackling geese, and continued his attacks; but before long the "geese" could dictate their own terms, and Waldemar was obliged to agree to whatever terms they chose to name.]

II
FOLK-STORIES AND LEGENDS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Scandinavian countries are rich in folk-stories and legends. These range all the way from the primitive tales of the Molboers, of a wit which is absurd and impossible, but exceedingly amusing, to the semi-historical legends circling about the exploits of their sovereigns. The rulers of the Northland have never kept themselves far removed from their people, and these legends manifest a charming simplicity on the part of the rulers together with an equally charming respect and devotion on the part of the subjects.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

(After the Danish of Christian Winter)

["ATTADAG," or "Atterdag," another day, was a favorite saying of Waldemar III (Volmer or Valdemar), King of Denmark from 1340 to 1375.

The Editor.]

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the King: "To-morrow shall bring another day,
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient
town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks
down;
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of
hunter's horn.
In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her
garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the
flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round
wrists in sight;
Below, the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine
warm;
But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with
her arm.
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and
horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the
corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume
streamed gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way;

And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for thee!"
What noble knight was this? What words for modest maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand,
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."
He spake the old phrase slyly, as, glancing round his train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;

All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro.
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While at our ease we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.
If you would wed me, henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;
A Vadmal cloak, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly spoke,
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him wander free:
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can;
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee across.

And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!

"The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers,
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay;
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,
The Golden Goose, that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still!

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

BY CAROLINE NORTON

WORD was brought to the Danish king,
Hurry!
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
O, ride as though you were flying!
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
O, ride as though you were flying!
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
Hurry!
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
  Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
    Silence!
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
  Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet face of the welcomer lay,
  Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
    Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
  And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
  To the halls where my love lay dying!"

MOLBOER STORIES

[THE Molboers are a quaint and primitive people who live in a remote corner of Jutland. Among the odd stories that are told of them are the following.

The Editor.]

THE LEGS

ONCE some Molboers were in a great dilemma. Certain of them sat down in a circle on the ground, but when they wanted to get up again could not make out which pair of legs belonged to each of them, so, thinking they could never rise, they remained calmly sitting. At last they called a passer-by and asked how each of them should find his own legs? He first pointed out his legs to each and told them to draw them up and rise; but as this did not avail he formed another expedient, and took his stick and beat first one, then another, then the third, and then the fourth, over the legs. That succeeded; for as soon as they felt the blows on their legs, they quickly recognized which belonged to each, and drew them up.

THE HEADLESS MAN

One day some Molboers went into the wood to cut down some trees. When they had cut into a tree so far that they thought it could be pulled to the ground, they discovered that they had forgotten to bring a rope with them. The wisest of them then proposed that one of them should be lifted up in the tree and put his neck in a cleft in such a manner that the others, by pulling him by the legs, should cause the tree to fall. This advice was

followed. One of them courageously put his neck in the cleft, and the remainder pulled him by the legs with all their strength. But the enterprise completely failed; at the first pull the body fell to the ground, while the head remained lying in the cleft, where no one could see it. They were greatly astonished at seeing the headless man, and could not imagine how he had got into the wood and up the tree without a head on his body. However, there was now nothing to be done. They drove the body home to the wife, and asked if he, like the others, had had his head on him when he went out. "Yes, by my soul, he had his head on him," said the wife, "for certainly he ate his cabbage soup with it this morning before he went out."

THE SALT HERRINGS

One year when herrings were rather dear it was difficult for the Molboers to procure this food which they liked so much to eat. They consulted together how to arrange in such a manner that in future they should not be obliged to buy them at so high a rate every year. One of them, who wished to be thought the most witty, wisely resolved that as fresh herrings could breed in water, salt herrings must also be able to do so. He therefore advised them that once for all they should buy a barrel of salted herrings in Aarhus and throw them in the village pond, that later on when these had bred, they might every year be able to catch in their nets as many as they needed. This advice pleased them all so well that some of them directly set out, bought the herrings and threw them into the pond, that they might breed there for years to come.

When the following year they came with their nets to fish for salted herrings, they could not, for all their pains, get hold of a single one; after a long time they caught a large fat eel in their net. As soon as they saw it, they immediately concluded that this was the thief who had eaten their salted herrings, and so they agreed that it should suffer the hardest and most painful death, but they could not resolve on what sort of punishment to give it. Some of them would have it burnt, others hanged, some would flog it to death, others cut it to pieces. Finally an old Molboer came forth who himself had once been about to be drowned, and as he had not found it to his taste to stay so long a time in salt water, he thought it must be the same with the eel; he therefore advised his countrymen to put out on the wild sea with it and drown it there.

This advice they held to be good, therefore they took the eel, got into a boat, and rowed far out on the sea with it that it might not be able again to swim to shore. When they had got as far out as seemed right to them, they put the eel into the water. The eel, which had so long been on dry land against its will, rejoiced at coming to its native home and wriggled its tail as soon as it reached the water. When the old Molboer saw this, he said to the others, "Do you see how pitifully he writhes! Yes, death is hard to put up with."

THE BELL

Once a wag made the Molboers believe that enemies were in the kingdom and that they would soon come to conquer their country; they therefore resolved to save what they could from their hands. That which they

were proudest of and wanted to save first was the church bell. They then worked so long at it that they got it down from the tower, but they took counsel for a long time as to how they should hide it so that the enemy could not find it. At last they dragged it with all their force to a large boat, rowed far away to sea with it, and threw it into the water.

When it was thrown down, they began to consider and said to one another, "Now it is certainly hidden from the enemy, but how are we to find it again when he is gone?" One of them, who thought himself wiser than the others, sprang up and said, "That is no matter, we can put a mark near it." He immediately took a knife out of his pocket, cut a large nick in the side of the boat from which they had thrown the bell, and said, "Here it was that we threw it out!" When this was done, they rowed to shore quite calm and glad, persuaded that they would be able to seek their bell again, according to this mark, when the enemy had gone.

III
SCENES FROM DANISH HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Union of Calmar, in 1397, made Margaret, daughter of Waldemar Atterdag, ruler of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In 1523, Sweden, under Gustavus Vasa, won her independence, but before many years had passed, Sweden and Denmark were again at war. Juel and Tordenskjöld gained famous victories for Denmark, but when Charles XII of Sweden besieged Copenhagen, the Danes were ready to make a treaty. In 1660, the Danish people were devoted to their king, and felt that the nobles were gaining entirely too much power. The result was that Denmark suddenly became an absolute monarchy!

In the early part of the nineteenth century, there was trouble with England because of her determination to exercise the "right of search," and, again a few years later, because of the complications brought about by the Napoleonic wars. During this second struggle, Copenhagen was bombarded by the English. In 1848, the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein in the south of Denmark rebelled, and were aided by the King of Prussia. In 1864, a second rebellion took place, and the Germans overran the country. The result was that Schleswig-Holstein fell into the hands of Prussia.

In 1906, the aged King Christian died. A few months before this event, a separation took place between Norway and Sweden, and Christian's second son, Charles, ascended the Norwegian throne as Haakon VII. The record of the alliances and positions of the children of Christian IX is a remarkable one. His son Frederick became King of Denmark; his daughter Alexandra became Queen of England; a second daughter, Dagmar, became Czarina of Russia; and his son George became King of Greece.

THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" OVERCOMES COPENHAGEN

[1700]

BY FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

[PETER THE GREAT was determined to have a seaport on the east side of the Baltic. The territory belonged to Sweden; but the ruler of the Swedes was a youth of eighteen, and Peter thought that there would be no great difficulty in overpowering him. The Elector of Saxony and the King of Denmark became Peter's allies. Much to the surprise of every one, Charles XII, the young King of Sweden, suddenly showed himself a commander of rare abilities. His first campaign was aimed at Copenhagen.

The Editor.]

HE [Charles XII] started for his first campaign on the 8th of May, new style, in the year 1700. He left Stockholm never to return.

An immense crowd of people went with him as far as Carlscroon, praying for him and weeping and praising him. Before he left Stockholm he established a Council of Defense, composed of Senators. This commission was to have charge of all that concerned the fleet, the troops and fortifications. The Senate was to provisionally regulate all other internal affairs. Having thus arranged all securely within his dominions he concentrated entirely on the war. His fleet consisted of forty-three vessels; that in which heembarked, called the King Charles, was the largest they had ever seen, and carried one hun-

dred and twenty guns; Count Piper, his prime minister, and General Renschild embarked with him. He joined the squadron of the allies; the Danish fleet refused an engagement, and gave the united fleets the opportunity of coming so near Copenhagen that they could throw some bombs into the town.

There is no doubt that it was the king himself who then proposed to General Renschild that they should disembark and besiege Copenhagen by land while it was invested by sea. Renschild was astonished at a proposal which displayed in a young and inexperienced prince as much skill as courage. Soon all was ready for the disembarkment; orders were given for the embarkation of three thousand men who were stationed on the coast of Sweden, and who were added to the men they had on board. The king left his large ship and embarked on a lighter frigate; then they sent three hundred grenadiers in small vessels along the coast. Among these vessels were small, flat-bottomed boats, which carried the fagots, *chevaux-de-frise* and the weapons of the pioneers.

Five hundred picked men followed in other shallops. Then came the king's men-of-war with two English and two Dutch frigates, whose cannon were to cover the landing of the troops. Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is situated in the island of Zealand, in the midst of a beautiful plain, which has the Sound on the northwest and the Baltic on the east, where the King of Sweden then had his position. At the unexpected movement of the vessels which threatened invasion, the inhabitants, dismayed by the inactivity of their own fleet and by the motion of the Swedish ships, looked round in terror to see on what point the storm would burst. Charles's

fleet stopped before Humblebek, seven miles from Copenhagen. The Danes immediately drew up their cavalry on this spot. The infantry were placed behind deep intrenchments, and all the artillery forthcoming was directed against the Swedes.

The king then left his frigate to embark on the first boat at the head of his guards. The ambassador of France was constantly at his elbow. "Sir," said the king to him in Latin, for he never would speak French, "you have no quarrel with the Danes, and must now oblige me by retiring." "Sir," answered the Count de Guiscard, in French, "the king my master has commanded me to attend Your Majesty; and I flatter myself that you will not banish me from your court, which has never been so brilliant as to-day." With these words he gave his hand to the king, who leaped into the boat, followed by Count Piper and the ambassador.

They advanced, supported by the broadsides of the vessels which were covering the descent. The small boats were within a hundred yards of the shore when Charles, impatient of the delay in landing, threw himself from the boat into the sea, sword in hand, and with the water up to his waist, and in spite of a shower of musket-shot, discharged by the Danes, his ministers, the ambassador of France, and officers and soldiers followed his example. The king, who had never before heard a discharge of loaded muskets, asked Major Stuart, who stood next to him, what that whistling was in his ears. "It is the sound of the muskets they are firing at you," said the major. "Ah!" remarked the king, "that shall henceforth be my band." At that very moment the major, who had explained the noise to him, was shot in

the shoulder, and a lieutenant fell dead at the other side of the king.

Troops attacked in intrenchments are generally beaten, because the attacking party has an impetus which defenders cannot have; besides, waiting for the enemy in one's lines is often a confession of inferiority.

After a faint resistance the Danish horse and foot fled. As soon as the king had seized their intrenchments he fell on his knees to thank God for the first success of his arms. He immediately had redoubts formed in the direction of the town, and himself marked out the line of the encampment. At the same time he sent his fleet back to Scania, a part of Sweden not far from Copenhagen, to get reinforcements of nine thousand men. Everything conspired to second Charles's energetic efforts; the nine thousand men were on the shore ready to embark, and the very next day a favorable wind brought them to him.

All this happened within sight of the Danish fleet, which had not dared to advance. Copenhagen, in consternation, sent deputies to the king to ask him not to bombard the town. He received them on horseback at the head of his regiment of guards, and the deputies fell on their knees before him. He demanded of the town four hundred thousand dollars, with all sorts of provisions for the camp, for which he gave his word of honor to pay. They brought him the provisions, because they dared not refuse, but did not expect that the conquerors would condescend to pay for them; and those who brought them were astonished to find that they were paid generously by the humblest soldier in the army. The Swedish troops had long been accustomed to the

strict discipline which contributed not a little to their victories, but the young king increased its severity. A soldier would not have dared to refuse payment for what he bought, much less maraud, or even go out of the camp. He even easily brought his troops to keep his rule that after a victory the dead should not be stripped without his permission. Prayers were said in camp twice a day, at seven in the morning and five in the afternoon, and he never failed to be present at them himself and to give his soldiers an example of piety as well as of valor.

His camp, which was far better governed than Copenhagen, had everything in abundance; and the country folk preferred to sell their goods to their enemies the Swedes than to their own countrymen, who did not pay so good a price for them. So it happened that the townsmen were often obliged to fetch goods, which were unobtainable in their own markets, from the King of Sweden's camp.

The King of Denmark was then in Holstein, whither he seems to have marched only to raise the siege of Tonning. He saw the Baltic covered with his enemies' ships, and a young conqueror already master of Zealand and ready to take possession of the capital. He published a declaration that whoever took up arms against the Swedes should gain his liberty. This declaration had great influence in a country which had once enjoyed freedom, but where all the peasants and many even of the townsmen were then serfs. Charles sent word to the King of Denmark that he must make up his mind either to do justice to the Duke of Holstein, or have his kingdom laid waste with fire and sword.

The Danes were, indeed, fortunate in dealing with a

conqueror who prided himself on his justice. A congress was summoned to meet in the town of Tevendal on the frontiers of Holstein. The Swedish king would not allow diplomacy on the part of the ministers to lengthen the proceedings; he wanted the treaty settled with the same rapidity with which he had invaded Zealand. As a matter of fact it was concluded on the 5th of August to the advantage of the Duke of Holstein, who was indemnified for all the expenses of the war and freed from oppression. The King of Sweden would make no claims on his own behalf, being satisfied with having helped his ally and humbled his enemy. Thus Charles XII, at eighteen years old, began and ended this war in less than six weeks.

KING CHRISTIAN

[1677–1730]

BY JOHANNES EVALD

[DURING the latter part of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth, Denmark struggled with Sweden over the ownership of the Scanian Provinces. One famous admiral in this contest was Nils Juel. An even more famous vice-admiral was Wessel, to whom the name Tordenskjöld, or the "Thundershield," was given by the king.
The Editor.]

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

DENMARK

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiöl',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

STORIES OF TORDENSKJÖLD THE GREAT DANISH ADMIRAL

[Early eighteenth century]

TORDENSKJÖLD AS A FISHERMAN

BY M. PEARSON THOMSON

PETER WESSEL (TORDENSKJÖLD) is the Nelson of Denmark. This man, besides being a great admiral, was a most genial character, and had a striking and original personality. Many true tales are told about this hero which the young Danish lads never tire of hearing. There is a favorite one which tells of the ingenious way by which he discovered the weak points in his enemy's stronghold. Dressing himself as a fisherman, he accompanied two other fishers in a little rowing-boat laden with fish to the enemy's shores. Taking a basket of fish, he mounted the hill to the fort, saying he had brought the fish for the commandant. He was allowed to pass into the fort with his fish, and, pretending stupidity, kept losing his way — gaining knowledge thereby — till he reached the commandant's residence. Gaining permission from the latter to supply the garrison with fish, he inquired for how many men he should provide. "Let me see," said the commandant, half to himself, "a hundred guns — two hundred men; you may bring fish for a hundred men." Tordenskjöld then left the fort, having obtained all the information he required, and returned to his boat. At this moment the captain of one

of the ships lying in the bay arrived on shore, and the pretended fisherman at once accosted him, asking permission to serve his men with fish. This being granted, he at once rowed to the ship, where he soon disposed of his fish, and conversing with the sailors, he gained the information that in two days' time there would be a great festivity held on shore, at which most of them would be present. With this valuable knowledge he returned to his own shore from the Swedish coast, and laid plans which gave Denmark a victory and proved fatal to the Swedes.

THE FIGHT WITH THE SWEDISH FRIGATE

BY R. A. DAVENPORT

While he was cruising, in 1714, under Dutch colors, an incident occurred which manifested at once his intrepidity and his chivalric disposition. He fell in with a Swedish frigate, of greatly superior force, which had hoisted the English flag. The Swedish commander hailed, and ordered him to "bring to"; but, instead of obeying, Wessel answered with a broadside. A furious contest took place, which was suspended by the night, and renewed on the return of day. At length he was informed that there was only powder enough left for four broadsides. He immediately sent off a boat, under a flag of truce, with the following message to his opponent: "I was ready to board you, that I might come to close quarters with such a gallant fellow as you are; but the sea is so rough that I cannot effect my purpose. I can fire but four broadsides; lend me some powder, and we will begin again. If you will not grant my request,

give me your word that you will continue about here, and I will go to procure ammunition." To this the Swede replied, "I have not more powder than I want for my own use; but I invite the gallant Wessel to come on board, for we wish to drink his health." The invitation was accepted, and the two captains pledged each other in a bumper. On taking leave Wessel exclaimed, "Salute your bonny lasses at Gottenburg for me"; to which his antagonist responded, "Yes, and do you do the same, on my part, to yours at Copenhagen." The vessels then parted. These circumstances becoming known, Wessel was ordered to the Danish capital. His conduct was there investigated by a court of inquiry, and a favorable verdict was the result.

THE KING'S SNUFF-BOX

BY R. A. DAVENPORT

On the surrender of Stralsund, the Danish sovereign made his entry into the place. Wessel was honored with an audience by his royal master, who presented to him a snuff-box set with diamonds. While he was offering the contents of the box to some officers of rank whom he had taken on board, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the box slipped from his hand and fell into the sea. It was mid-December, and fields of ice were floating round the ship, but he unhesitatingly jumped into the water, and dived after the valued gift. The lookers-on were astounded by his disappearance, and no one expected to behold him again; he, however, speedily rose unhurt, but the royal present, for which he had rashly risked his life, was irrecoverable.

For this loss Wessel was soon amply indemnified. Mad as, under such circumstances, was the diving to recover the box, the king could not but be gratified that his present was held in such high estimation. In a second interview with Wessel, he said to him, "I ennoble you confer on you the name of Tordenskjöld (Thundershield), and grant you a coat of arms suitable to the honorable name which you have so well earned. You are the thunder which crushes the Swedes, and the shield which covers the navy of my kingdom." Tordenskjöld returned to Copenhagen with the monarch, who also appointed him his adjutant-general, and inspector of the Danish fleets.

THE CAPTURE OF MARSTRAND

BY R. A. DAVENPORT

Orders were now sent to him by the Danish monarch to attack the fortress of Marstrand, which is situated a few miles north of the Göta, on a small island at the entrance of the Hakefiord. Adjoining the town, and commanding it, is the citadel of Carlsten. He appeared before the town with his fleet on the 24th of July, and began by landing six hundred men on the island of Koo, which lies opposite to Marstrand. By this step he precluded the garrison from receiving succor or retreating. A Swedish flotilla, consisting of seventeen sail, was then in the harbor. On the day after his arrival, Tordenskjöld bombarded and cannonaded the flotilla with such vigor that he forced his way into the port. The enemy then abandoned their vessels, having first burnt or sunk some of them. Their retreat, was, however, so precipi-

tate that they could not destroy the whole; several fell into the power of the victors, among which were a forty-four-gun frigate, two sixteen-gun sloops, and a prame.

The panic of the Swedes was so great that they abandoned the town of Marstrand, and retired into the citadel of Carlsten. Here they might have defended themselves for some time could their governor, Colonel Dankwert, have mustered up sufficient courage. But he soon found a reason or a pretext for capitulating. On the second day of the siege, a bomb having fallen into and blown up a powder-magazine, he entered into a parley, which ended in his consenting to surrender. Five hours were allowed him for evacuating the fort. Either from carelessness or some lingering idea that he ought not so readily to succumb, he allowed the stipulated time to go by without performing his agreement. Tordenskjöld was not to be trifled with; and he took a step which undoubtedly bordered upon rashness. By a narrow postern gate he contrived to make his way into the fortress, accompanied only by a handful of men, proceeded to the house of Dankwert, and demanded, in a menacing voice why the Swede had not kept his word. Overawed by his resolute opponent, the governor submitted, and delivered up the citadel. This dastardly conduct naturally excited a suspicion in the Swedish government that he had been guilty of treachery; and accordingly, on his arrival in Sweden, he was loaded with irons, and committed to jail to be tried for his life. Such was the rage of the populace against him, that as he passed through the streets, on his way to the prison, the crowd, and even the women, pelted him with stones

in such a manner, that the guards could scarcely succeed in saving his life. The result of his trial I have not been able to discover. While the vanquished governor was thus exposed to the violence of popular odium, and the danger of having his existence ignominiously terminated, the victor was being loaded with honors by the gratitude of his sovereign. Tordenskjöld was raised to the rank of vice-admiral, appointed chamberlain to the king, endowed with a large estate, and presented, by the king, himself, with a massy gold medal, struck to commemorate the conquest, and the portrait of the monarch, set in diamonds. There were only three other superior officers who were allowed to wear a similar portrait, as a memorial of their services. Nor was this all; he was soon after nominated a member of the Board of Admiralty; and, in his presence, the name of the Marstrand was given by the Danish monarch to a ship of the line, at the moment when it was launched.

THE FALL OF QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA

[1772]

BY G. HESEKIEL, FROM THE MEMOIRS OF BARON SIMOLIN

[CHRISTIAN VII was so feeble in mind that it was an easy matter for his wife, Queen Caroline Matilda, daughter of George II of England, and his Minister of State, Count Struensee, to get full control into their own hands. Struensee brought about many needful reforms, but more rapidly than they were acceptable to the country. Moreover, his skeptical opinions aroused the clergy against him. With the aid of the Queen Dowager, Juliana Maria, he was arrested, accused of conspiracy against the king and other crimes, and executed. A few days later, Queen Caroline Matilda left Denmark forever.

The Editor.]

IT was almost midnight when the English minister left the palace with his ladies, furious at knowing that the Christiansborg was entirely in the hands of the queen's declared enemies. He was more than ever certain that a plot existed, and that the *dénouement* was close at hand; and he told Renira that he would see Count Falkenskjöld about it next day. She entered fully into his feelings of uneasiness, but neither of them had the least idea that that very night the threatening clouds would burst into an overwhelming storm.

By two o'clock in the morning the ball was at an end, and by three all was silent in the fine state apartments of the Christiansborg. For about an hour an intense stillness reigned over the cold winter night, and then a

sharp ear would have perceived the measured sound of horse-hoofs and a slight clinking of weapons: it was a squadron of the Zealand dragoons, Colonel von Eickstedt's regiment, under command of Lieutenant Schlomann, which silently and quietly took possession of every entrance to the palace, having received the strictest orders to let no one in or out.

At the same time, by the light of a single candle, the leaders of the conspiracy assembled on the upper story of the Christiansborg, in the bedroom of the widowed queen, Juliana Maria. The royal stepmother, wrapped in a fur mantle, with a mocking smile on her lips, was watching Count von Rantzau, who was in full uniform, and though wrapped in his military cloak, shivered, not from cold alone: his conscience spoke more loudly than ever, but it was too late to draw back.

Prince Frederick, who looked both shy and stupid, sat staring straight before him. Colonel Koeller, his athletic form drawn up to his full height, tried to utter a few blustering words, but they stuck in his throat. Colonel von Eickstedt played the part of the dispassionate, businesslike soldier; he had, indeed, no personal feeling against either the queen or Struensee, and there is reason to believe that he was fully persuaded he was only doing his duty. It was curious to watch Guldberg, who was the soul of the conspiracy; both before and afterwards he appeared a man of little influence, but at this moment he had thrown off his hypocritical garb, and took the place of leader, giving his commands with energy, triumph already sparkling in his eyes. There was something of the Puritan about the man; no one ever found out with him where hypocrisy ended and conviction

began. He threw out some words about God's victory over Belial, and it is said that he murmured a prayer before they separated.

And now the conspirators are descending the stairs, lighted by a former valet, Jessen, who carried a lamp, stepping carefully and avoiding the least sound, slipping one behind the other through the broad passages and dark corridors to the apartments of the king. They first entered the bedroom belonging to the king's body-servant, Brieghil, and, waking him, ordered him to lead them to the king. The man tremblingly obeyed, but they found the antechamber, contrary to the usual custom, locked. The conspirators hesitated, but Guldberg ordered Brieghil to lead them round to the small door, and the ghostly procession put itself again in motion. Brieghil went in front, then came Guldberg, carrying a candle in each hand, followed by the queen mother, Prince Frederick, Count Rantzau, Eickstedt, and Koeller. Jessen, either from fear or prudence, had left them.

"What do you want? Who are you?" screamed the king, waking suddenly as the conspirators entered his room.

Count Rantzau had undertaken to speak to the king, who always looked on him as his best friend; but he stood, unable to utter a word. Koeller seized him by the shoulders and pushed him violently forward; and at length he stammered out in a hoarse voice, "Sire, Your Majesty's mother and brother are here, in presence of Eickstedt, Koeller, Guldberg, and myself, to save you and the country."

The widowed queen repeated Rantzau's words, and so did Prince Frederick, whilst the king, almost fainting,

looked around him with a wild, terrified expression. "Give me some water!" he gasped at length; and when he had drunk some, he added, "Rantzau said that Eickstedt is here; let him speak."

Eickstedt then came forward, and repeated Rantzau's words, but added, "The people are in insurrection, for the queen and Struensee have conspired against Your Majesty."

As soon as Christian VII heard the name of his beloved queen, he declared Eickstedt was a liar, and that he did not believe him; but the queen mother and Guldberg talked to him till they had entirely confused his weak brain, and at length he was persuaded to put his signature to two orders which they had already prepared. The first appointed Eickstedt to the post of general commandant of Copenhagen, and the second empowered Eickstedt and Koeller to take any measures they thought needful to save the king and the country. Prince Frederick witnessed the king's signature, and Eickstedt and Koeller then left. The king was made to get up, and was dressed by Brieghil, and, accompanied by the queen mother, the prince, Rantzau, and Guldberg, was taken to Prince Frederick's apartment. Here he was forced to write the following letter to his wife, Queen Caroline Matilda: —

"As you have not been willing to follow good advice, it is not my fault if I am obliged to have you escorted to Kronburg."

Armed with this ill-written missive, the grand chamberlain, Count Rantzau, hurried to the queen's apartment to carry out his jailer's office.

The unfortunate king then signed mechanically and listlessly a number of warrants laid before him by Guldberg, and containing the names of Count Struensee, Count Brandt, Counselor Struensee, Lieutenant Struensee, Colonel von Falkenskjöld (commandant of Copenhagen), Major-General Gude, General von Gähler and his wife, Lieutenant-Colonel von Hasselberg, Baron von Bülow (one of the equerries), Rear Admiral Hansen, Counselor Villehand, and other less distinguished people.

Meantime, Eickstedt, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, had visited all the guard-houses, and, showing the king's signature, had announced his own appointment as commandant of Copenhagen. He strengthened the guard of the palace, and closed all the gates. Whilst this was going on, Colonel von Koeller, followed by Captain von Milleville and Lieutenants von Eyben and Frank, and accompanied by twelve soldiers, went to the rooms occupied by Struensee in the *entresol* of the palace.

Before entering, Koeller said to the officers, "Give me your word of honor, gentlemen, that you will shoot the scoundrel on the spot if he resists and tries to escape."

The officers promised on their word of honor, but they had no need to use their weapons against Struensee, for the ruined minister made no attempt to defend himself. After a few confused words, he obeyed Koeller's order to get up, and threw on a few clothes and a fur mantle. He tried to hide a small case in his pocket, but Koeller tore it from him. It was found, on examination, to contain poisoned pills. After his imperfect toilet, Struensee seemed to recover a little courage and presence of mind; he drew himself up, appealed to his position as minister, and protested against this act of violence. But Koeller,

placing the point of his sword against his breast, threatened to run him through at once if he opposed the king's warrant. Struensee attempted no further resistance; he tried in vain to recover his composure, but terror overmastered him; unconsciously he allowed them to bind his hands and feet, and in this condition the man who but yesterday was the all-powerful minister, was conveyed to a close carriage, escorted by a strong guard of cavalry, and taken to the citadel.

"My God! what is my offense?" were the only words he uttered.

At the same time the other arrests were carried out, without exciting any attention. Only Count Enevold Brandt opposed his captors with all the energy of despair; and continuing to do so after he was disarmed, they secured him with cords.

Almost at the very moment that the unhappy Struensee, tied hand and foot, was carried down the grand staircase of the palace, Count Rantzau, followed by the three lieutenants, Beek, Oldenborg, and Bug, entered the antechamber of Queen Caroline Matilda.

Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead from anguish, and the three young officers chosen by Koeller to attend him watched him contemptuously as he knocked at the locked door of the queen's bedroom.

Queen Matilda awoke, and could be heard calling her attendants. Rantzau trembled as he heard her voice, and his fear was more creditable than the courage shown by the three lieutenants.

"What is the matter?" they heard the queen exclaim, and the same question was repeated in a tone of anger. At last the attendants told her that Count Rantzau and

three officers were in the antechamber, and demanded entrance in the king's name.

Caroline Matilda sprang up and threw a dressing-gown round her. "Run and fetch Count Struensee," she said to her women.

"They have just carried him out of the palace with his hands and feet bound," answered one of them.

"Betrayed, lost!" shrieked the queen aloud.

Rantzau knocked again.

"Let the traitors in," commanded Queen Caroline Matilda, regaining her self-possession.

The folding doors were thrown open, and Count Rantzau stood in the presence of his queen. She advanced towards him. "What is your desire?"

Rantzau made a deep bow, and asked pardon for the intrusion, but he came by His Majesty's command. He then read aloud the note, which we have already seen, and handed it to the queen. She glanced over it and threw it contemptuously on the ground, setting her foot upon it. "This only shows your treachery and the king's weakness!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes.

Rantzau, angry at the contemptuous way in which the queen treated him, said menacingly that she had to submit to the king's commands.

"The king," answered Caroline Matilda proudly, "knows nothing of this command, which has been extorted from his weak mind by the most shameless treachery. I demand obedience — I, the queen."

"My orders permit no delay," thundered Count Rantzau, giving free vent to his anger, to conceal his uneasiness.

"Till I have seen the king, I will obey no orders. Let

me speak to the king! I insist on it," said the queen, with determination.

At the same time she made a step towards the door. Rantzau threw himself in her way. "I will use force," he said threateningly, laying his hand on his sword.

"Wretch!" screamed the queen angrily; "is that the language of a servant to his sovereign? Go! you are the most despicable of men! May shame and scorn rest on you forever! Stand aside; I am not afraid of you!"

Trembling with rage, the incensed nobleman stepped back and gave the officers a sign. Lieutenant Oldenborg laid hands on the queen, but she thrust him aside and rushed through a side door on to the corridor, screaming aloud for help. No one heard her. Her women shrieked; the unhappy queen sprang on to a balustrade, and tried to throw herself through the window. Lieutenant Beek caught her round the waist and drew her back; she struggled with him, and with all the strength of despair she dragged him by the hair to the ground. Oldenborg came to the help of his comrade, but she defended herself from him; and thus this poor young creature, this unhappy queen, struggled, half-naked, with these ruffians, until she sank at length senseless to the ground.

Whilst her women lifted the miserable princess on to her bed, and used means to restore her to consciousness, Minister Count von der Osten entered the room. This wily diplomatist had not joined the conspiracy, though he was well aware of its existence; and now that it was successful, he hastened to obey Rantzau's summons, who had, in despair, sent for him.

The quiet and graceful remonstrances of Count von der Osten soothed and subdued the queen, and she

agreed to obey, and start at once for Kronburg. She begged to take her children with her, but it was easy for the cunning diplomatist to prove to the queen that she might endanger her son's right of succession if she took him with her, and thus give her enemies a great advantage. The poor mother yielded with a sigh, and consented to start with the baby princess only, whom she was still nursing.

Count von der Osten was perfectly aware that he was doing the conspirators the greatest service by persuading the queen to leave for Kronburg, for as long as Caroline Matilda remained at Copenhagen their success must be doubtful; and he took care later to demand his reward from the new powers for coming to their aid at this critical moment.

The queen was dressed; a lady-in-waiting, Mlle. von Moesting, was summoned, and two coaches were brought round to the inner courtyard of the palace. As she descended the staircase, Count Rantzau offered her his arm. "Away with you, traitor! I loathe you," exclaimed the queen. Turning deadly pale, he stepped back, and is said never to have known a peaceful moment from that hour till his death; everywhere he saw the flaming eyes of the sovereign whom he had betrayed.

In the first coach Major von Castenskjöld, of the Zealand dragoons, took the place opposite the queen, with his sword drawn, showing her by his manner the most marked respect. In the second coach was the little Princess Louisa Augusta, with her nurse; and thus, guarded by a strong squadron of dragoons, Caroline Matilda was hurried away from her capital to the

gloomy fortress of Kronburg. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when they started.

As yet no one in Copenhagen knew what had happened, but the rolling of carriages through the streets at that early hour — the prisoners were each taken to the citadel in a separate carriage — and the passing to and fro of the cavalry escorts, had attracted attention, the more so as the conspirators for some little time had thrown out dark hints of a plot against the life of the king.

It was nine o'clock before Sir Robert learned the events of the previous night, through a faithful servant of the queen's household, who had managed to escape, when all the rest of her servants, as well as those of Baron Struensee, had been arrested. He sought refuge with the English minister.

Sir Robert, who knew nothing of the queen's departure, hurried off at once with his secretary and a servant to the palace. He found the streets full of anxious groups, discussing with the greatest excitement the events of the night, the full details of which were gradually becoming known, and loudly cheering for Christian VII. Some few voices were raised for the widowed queen and Prince Frederick, and everywhere the hatred of Struensee and the foreigners was most apparent.

The English minister could not gain admittance to the palace, but he learned there the departure of the queen. He hurried to Rantzau, to Osten; everywhere he was refused admission — no one cared to face the representative of the English court! In constantly increasing crowds the people of Copenhagen streamed towards the Christiansborg. About ten o'clock the king, led by his

brother, appeared on a balcony; he waved his handkerchief to the people, which was the signal for a mighty shout. At this the poor silly king was so delighted that he joined in, and at the top of his voice shouted hurrah for Christian VII. Her motherly feelings deeply touched, the terrible Princess of Wolfenbüttel, in morning dress, stood at a window, looking out on the crowds, and rejoicing at the success of her wicked schemes.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AS A BOY

BY HIMSELF

In the year 1805 there lived at Odense, in a small mean room, a young married couple who were extremely attached to each other; he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne only a short time before the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the woodwork kept the fact still in remembrance.

Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax lights, here lay, on the 2d of April, 1805, a living and weeping child, — that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. "Wilt thou go to sleep or listen quietly?" it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, "The young one screams like a cat!" which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as god-father, consoled her in the meantime by saying that the

louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older.

Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between it and the neighbor's house, there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the "Snow Queen" that garden still blooms.

I was the only child, and was extremely spoiled, but I continually heard from my mother how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child. She, as a child, had been driven out by her parents to beg, and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept. I have drawn her character in two different aspects, — in old Dominica, in the "Improvisatore," and in the mother of Christian, in "Only a Fiddler."

My father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart; he lived for me. On Sundays he made me perspective glasses, theaters, and pictures which could be changed; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the "Arabian Tales"; it was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life and as a handicraftsman. His parents had been country people in good circumstances, but upon whom misfortunes had fallen: the cattle had died; the farmhouse had

been burned down; and lastly, the husband had lost his reason. On this the wife had removed with him to Odense, and there put her son, whose mind was full of intelligence, apprentice to a shoemaker; it could not be otherwise, although it was his ardent wish to attend the grammar school where he might learn Latin. A few well-to-do citizens had at one time spoken of this, of clubbing together to raise a sufficient sum to pay for his board and education, and thus give him a start in life; but it never went beyond words. My poor father saw his dearest wish unfulfilled; and he never lost the remembrance of it. I recollect that once, as a child, I saw tears in his eyes, and it was when a youth from the grammar school came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books and told us what he learned.

"That was the path upon which I ought to have gone!" said my father, kissed me passionately, and was silent the whole evening.

He very seldom associated with his equals. He went out into the woods on Sundays, when he took me with him; he did not talk much when he was out, but would sit silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and strung strawberries on a bent, or bound garlands. Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us, and then she wore a cotton gown, which she put on only on those occasions and when she partook of the Lord's Supper, and which, as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the wood a great many fresh beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished

stone. Later in the year sprigs of St. John's wort were stuck into the chinks of the beams, and we considered their growth as omens whether our lives would be long or short. Green branches and pictures ornamented our little room, which my mother always kept neat and clean; she took great pride in always having the bed linen and the curtains very white.

Odense was in my childhood quite another town from what it is now, when it has shot ahead of Copenhagen, with its water carried through the town and I know not what else! Then it was a hundred years behind the times; many customs and manners prevailed which long since disappeared from the capital. When the guilds removed their signs, they went in procession with flying banners and with lemons dressed in ribbons on their swords. A harlequin with bells and a wooden sword ran at the head; one of them, an old fellow, Hans Struh, made a great hit by his merry chatter and his face, which was painted black, except the nose, that kept its genuine red color. My mother was so pleased with him that she tried to find out if he was in any way related to us, but I remember very well that I, with all the pride of an aristocrat, protested against any relationship with the "fool."

The first Monday in Lent the butchers used to lead through the streets a fat ox, adorned with wreaths of flowers and ridden by a boy in a white shirt and wearing wings.

The sailors also passed through the streets with music and flags and streamers flying; two of the boldest ended by wrestling on a plank placed between two boats, and the one that did not tumble into the water was the hero.

But what especially was fixed in my memory, and is very often revived by being spoken about, was the stay of the Spaniards in Funen in 1808. Denmark was in alliance with Napoleon, who had declared war against Sweden, and before anybody was aware of it, a French army and Spanish auxiliary troops, under command of Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Pontecorvo, entered Funen in order to pass over into Sweden. I was at that time not more than three years old, but I remember very well those dark-brown men bustling in the streets, and the cannon that were fired in the market place and before the bishop's residence; I saw the foreign soldiers stretching themselves on the sidewalks and on bundles of straw in the half-burned St. John's Church. The castle of Kolding was burnt, and Pontecorvo came to Odense, where his wife and son Oscar were staying. The schoolhouses all about were changed into guardrooms, and the mass was celebrated under the large trees in the fields and on the road. The French soldiers were said to be haughty and arrogant, the Spanish good-natured and friendly; a fierce hatred existed between them; the poor Spaniards excited most interest.

My father had not many friends; in his leisure hours he used to take me with him out into the woods. He had a great desire for country life, and it happened just at this time that a shoemaker was required at a manor house who would set up his bench in the neighboring village, and there have a house free of rent, a little garden, and pasture for a cow; by permanent work from the manor and these additional helps one could manage nicely. My mother and father were very eager to have the place, and my father got a trial job to sew a pair of

dancing-shoes; a piece of silk was sent him, the leather he was to furnish himself. All our talk for a couple of days turned upon those shoes; I longed so much for the little garden where we could have flowers and shrubs, and I would sit in the sunshine and listen to the cuckoo. I prayed very fervently to God that he would grant us our wishes, and I thought that no greater happiness could be bestowed upon us. The shoes were at last finished; we looked on them with a solemn feeling, for they were to decide our future. My father wrapped them in his handkerchief and went off, and we waited for him with faces beaming with joy. He came home pale and angry; the gracious lady, he said, had not even tried the shoes on, — only looked at them sourly, and said that the silk was spoiled and that he could not get the place. "If you have spoiled your silk," said my father, "I can be reconciled to spoiling my leather too," so he took a knife and cut off the soles.

There was no more hope of our getting into the country. We mingled our tears together, and I thought that God could easily have granted our wish. If he had done so, I had no doubt been a peasant all my life; my whole future would have been different from what it has been. I have often since thought and said to myself: Do you think that our Lord for your sake and for your future has let your parents lose their days of happiness?

My father's rambles in the wood became more frequent; he had no rest. The events of the war in Germany, which he read with eager curiosity, occupied him completely. Napoleon was his hero: his rise from obscurity was the most beautiful example to him. At that time Denmark was in league with France; nothing was

talked of but war; my father entered the service as a soldier, in hope of returning home a lieutenant. My mother wept, the neighbors shrugged their shoulders, and said that it was folly to go out to be shot when there was no occasion for it.

The morning on which the corps were to march I heard my father singing and talking merrily, but his heart was deeply agitated; I observed that by the passionate manner in which he kissed me when he took his leave. I lay sick of the measles and alone in the room, when the drums beat, and my mother accompanied my father, weeping, to the city gate. As soon as they were gone my old grandmother came in; she looked at me with her mild eyes and said it would be a good thing if I died; but that God's will was always the best.

That was the first day of real sorrow that I remember.

The regiment advanced no farther than Holstein; peace was concluded, and the voluntary soldier returned to his work-stool. Everything fell into its old course. I played again with my dolls, acted comedies, always in German, because I had only seen them in this language; but my German was a sort of gibberish which I made up, and in which there occurred only one real German word, and that was "*Besen*,"—a word which I had picked up out of the various dialects which my father brought home from Holstein.

"Thou hast, indeed, some benefit from my travels," said he in joke. "God knows whether thou wilt get as far; but that must be thy care. Think about it, Hans Christian!"