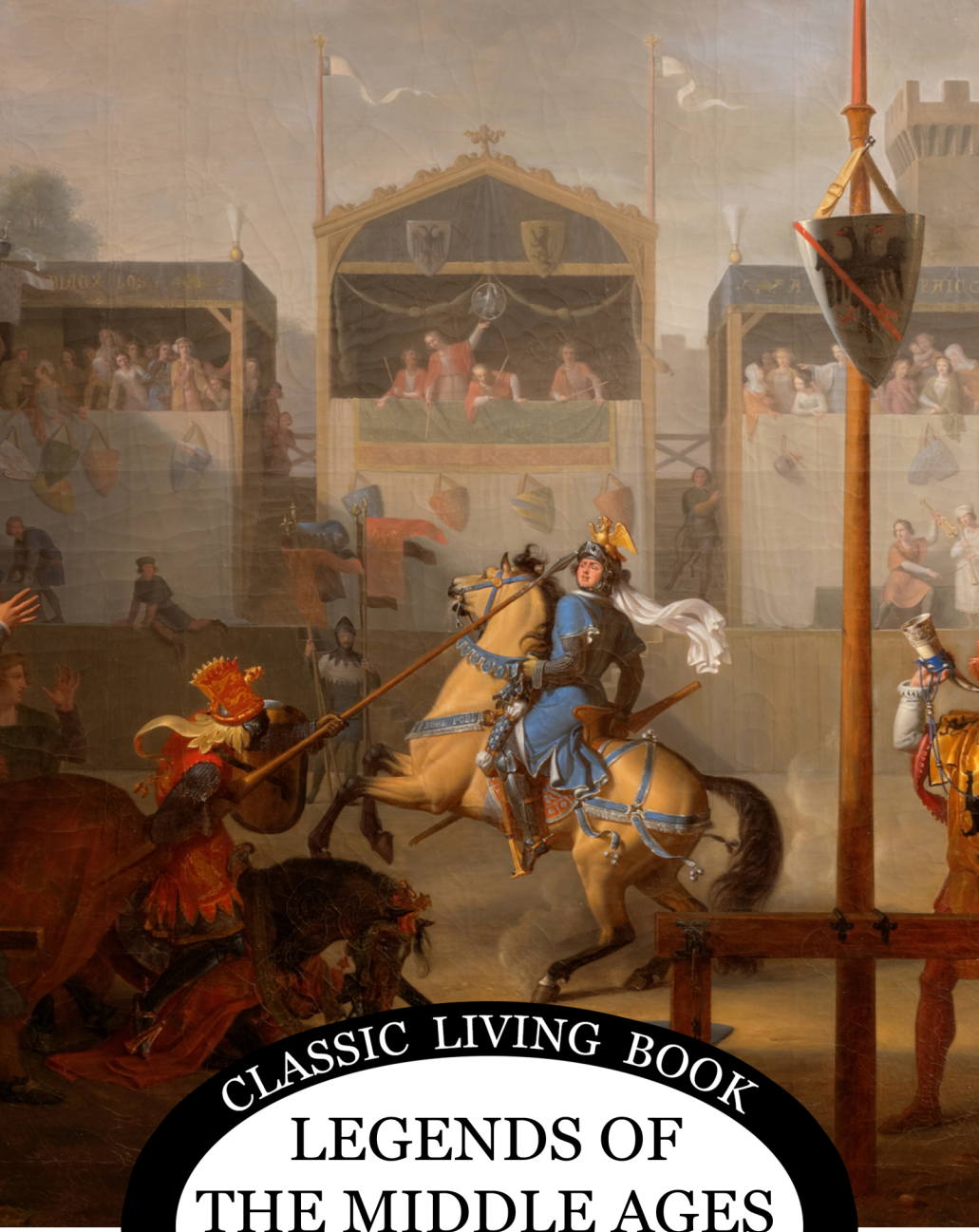

CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Helene A. Guerber

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

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Legends of the Middle Ages

by

Helene A. Guerber

DEDICATED
TO MY SISTER,
ADELE E. GUERBER

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CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE.—Levy.

"Saddle the Hippogriffs, ye Muses nine,
And straight we'll ride to the land of old Romance"

WIELAND

"Men lykyn jestis for to here,
And romans rede in diuers manere

"Of Brute that baron bold of hond,
The first conqueroure of Englond;
Of kyng Artour that was so riche,
Was non in his tyme him liche.

"How kyng Charlis and Rowlond fawght
With sarzyns nold they be cawght;
Of Tristrem and of Ysoude the swete,
How they with love first gan mete;

"Stories of diuerce thynggis,
Of pryncis, prelatis, and of kynggis;
Many songgis of diuers ryme,
As english, frensh, and latyne."

Curser Mundi.

PREFACE.

The object of this work is to familiarize young students with the legends which form the staple of mediaeval literature.

While they may owe more than is apparent at first sight to the classical writings of the palmy days of Greece and Rome, these legends are very characteristic of the people who told them, and they are the best exponents of the customs, manners, and beliefs of the time to which they belong. They have been repeated in poetry and prose with endless variations, and some of our greatest modern writers have deemed them worthy of a new dress, as is seen in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Goethe's "Reineke Fuchs," Tegnér's "Frithiof Saga," Wieland's "Oberon," Morris's "Story of Sigurd," and many shorter works by these and less noted writers.

These mediaeval legends form a sort of literary quarry, from which, consciously or unconsciously, each writer takes some stones wherewith to build his own edifice. Many allusions in the literature of our own day lose much of their force simply because these legends are not available to the general reader.

It is the aim of this volume to bring them within reach of all, and to condense them so that they may readily be understood. Of course in so limited a space only an outline of each legend can be given, with a few short quotations from ancient and modern writings to illustrate the style of the poem in which they are embodied, or to lend additional force to some point in the story.

This book is, therefore, not a manual of mediaeval literature, or a series of critical essays, but rather a synopsis of some of the epics and romances which formed the main part of the culture of those days. Very little prominence has been given to the obscure early versions, all disquisitions have been carefully avoided, and explanations have been given only where they seemed essential.

The wealth and variety of imagination displayed in these legends will, I hope, prove that the epoch to which they belong has been greatly

maligned by the term "dark ages," often applied to it. Such was the favor which the legendary style of composition enjoyed with our ancestors that several of the poems analyzed in this volume were among the first books printed for general circulation in Europe.

Previous to the invention of printing, however, they were familiar to rich and poor, thanks to the scalds, bards, trouvères, troubadours, minstrels, and minnesingers, who, like the rhapsodists of Greece, spent their lives in wandering from place to place, relating or reciting these tales to all they met in castle, cottage, and inn.

A chapter on the Romance literature of the period in the different countries of Europe, and a complete index, will, it is hoped, fit this volume for handy reference in schools and libraries, where the author trusts it may soon find its own place and win a warm welcome.

CHAPTER I.

BEOWULF.

"List! we have learnt a tale of other years,
Of kings and warrior Danes, a wondrous tale,
How aethelings bore them in the brunt of war."
Beowulf (Conybeare's tr.).

The most ancient relic of literature of the spoken languages of modern Europe is undoubtedly the epic poem "Beowulf," which is supposed to have been composed by the Anglo-Saxons previous to their invasion of England. Although the poem probably belongs to the fifth century, the only existing manuscript is said to date from the ninth or tenth century.

This curious work, in rude alliterative verse (for rhyme was introduced in England only after the Norman Conquest), is the most valuable old English manuscript in the British Museum. Although much damaged by fire, it has been carefully studied by learned men. They have patiently restored the poem, the story of which is as follows:

Hrothgar (the modern Roger), King of Denmark, was a descendant of Odin, being the third monarch of the celebrated dynasty of the Skioldungs. They proudly traced their ancestry to Skeaf, or Skiold, Odin's son, who mysteriously drifted to their shores. He was then but an infant, and lay in the middle of a boat, on a sheaf of ripe wheat, surrounded by priceless weapons and jewels. As the people were seeking for a ruler, they immediately recognized the hand of Odin in this mysterious advent, proclaimed the child king, and obeyed him loyally as long as he lived. When he felt death draw near, Skeaf, or Skiold, ordered a vessel to be prepared, lay down in the midst on a sheaf of grain or on a funeral pyre, and drifted out into the wide ocean, disappearing as mysteriously as he had come.

Such being his lineage, it is no wonder that Hrothgar became a mighty chief; and as he had amassed much wealth in the course of a long life of warfare, he resolved to devote part of it to the construction of a magnificent hall, called Heorot, where he might feast his retainers and listen to the heroic lays of the scalds during the long winter evenings.

"A hall of mead, such as for space and state
The elder time ne'er boasted; there with free
And princely hand he might dispense to all
(Save the rude crowd and men of evil minds)
The good he held from Heaven. That gallant work,
Full well I wot, through many a land was known
Of festal halls the brightest and the best."
Beowulf (Conybeare's tr.).

The inauguration of this hall was celebrated by a sumptuous entertainment; and when all the guests had retired, the king's bodyguard, composed of thirty-two dauntless warriors, lay down in the hall to rest. When morning dawned, and the servants appeared to remove the couches, they beheld with horror the floor and walls all stained with blood, the only trace of the knights who had gone to rest there in full armor.

Gigantic, blood-stained footsteps, leading directly from the festive hall to the sluggish waters of a deep mountain lake, or fiord, furnished the only clew to their disappearance. Hrothgar, the king, beholding these, declared that they had been made by Grendel, a descendant of the giants, whom a magician had driven out of the country, but who had evidently returned to renew his former depredations.

"A haunter of marshes, a holder of moors.
. . . . . Secret
The land he inhabits; dark, wolf-haunted ways
Of the windy hillside, by the treacherous tarn;
Or where, covered up in its mist, the hill stream
Downward flows."
Beowulf (Keary's tr.).

As Hrothgar was now too old to wield a sword with his former skill, his first impulse was, of course, to offer a princely reward to any man brave enough to free the country of this terrible scourge. As soon as this was known ten of his doughtiest knights volunteered to camp in the hall on the following night, and attack the monster Grendel should he venture to reappear.

But in spite of the valor of these experienced warriors, and of the efficacy of their oft-tried weapons, they too succumbed. A minstrel, hiding in a dark corner of the hall, was the only one who escaped Grendel's fury, and after shudderingly describing the massacre he had witnessed, he fled in terror to the kingdom of the Geates (Jutes or Goths). There he sang his lays in the presence of Hygelac, the king, and of his nephew Beowulf (the Bee Hunter), and roused their deepest interest by describing the visit of Grendel and the vain but heroic defense of the brave knights. Beowulf, having listened intently, eagerly questioned the scald, and, learning from him that the monster still haunted those regions, impetuously declared his intention to visit Hrothgar's kingdom, and show his valor by fighting and, if possible, slaying Grendel.

"He was of mankind
In might the strongest,
At that day
Of this life,
Noble and stalwart.
He bade him a sea ship,
A goodly one, prepare.
Quoth he, the war king,
Over the swan's road,
Seek he would
The mighty monarch,
Since he wanted men."

Beowulf (Longfellow's tr.).

Although very young, Beowulf was quite distinguished, and had already won great honors in a battle against the Swedes. He had also proved his endurance by entering into a swimming match with Breka, one of the lords at his uncle's court. The two champions had started

out, sword in hand and fully armed, and, after swimming in concert for five whole days, they were parted by a great tempest.

> "Then were we twain there on the sea
> Space of five nights, till the floods severed us,
> The welling waves. Coldest of weathers,
> Shadowy night, and the north wind
> Battelous shocked on us; wild were the waters,
> And were the mere-fishes stirred up in mind."
> *Beowulf*.

Breka was driven ashore, but the current bore Beowulf toward some jagged cliffs, where he desperately clung, trying to resist the fury of the waves, and using his sword to ward off the attacks of hostile mermaids, nicors (nixies), and other sea monsters. The gashed bodies of these slain foes soon drifted ashore, to Hygelac's amazement; but when Beowulf suddenly reappeared and explained that they had fallen by his hand, his joy knew no bounds. As Breka had returned first, he received the prize for swimming; but the king gave Beowulf his treasured sword, Nägeling, and praised him publicly for his valor.

Beowulf had successfully encountered these monsters of the deep in the roaring tide, so he now expressed a hope that he might prevail against Grendel also; and embarking with fourteen chosen men, he sailed to Denmark, where he was challenged by the coast guard and warmly welcomed as soon as he had made his purpose known.

> "'What men are ye,
> War gear wearing,
> Host in harness,
> Who thus the brown keel
> Over the water street
> Leading, come
> Hither over the sea?'"
> *Beowulf* (Longfellow's tr.).

Hrothgar received Beowulf most hospitably, but vainly tried to dissuade him from his perilous undertaking. Then, after a sumptuous banquet, where the mead flowed with true northern lavishness, Hrothgar and his suite sadly left the hall Heorot in

charge of the brave band of strangers, whom they never expected to see again.

As soon as the king had departed, Beowulf bade his companions lie down and sleep in peace, promising to watch over them, yet laying aside both armor and sword; for he knew that weapons were of no avail against the monster, whom he intended to grapple with hand to hand should it really appear.

> "'I have heard
> That that foul miscreant's dark and stubborn flesh
> Recks not the force of arms:—such I forswear,
> Nor sword nor burnish'd shield of ample round
> Ask for the war; all weaponless, hand to hand
> (So may great Higelac's smile repay my toil)
> Beowulf will grapple with the mighty foe.'"
> *Beowulf* (Conybeare's tr.).

The warriors had no sooner stretched themselves out upon the benches in the hall than, overcome by the oppressive air as well as by mead, they sank into a profound sleep. Beowulf alone remained awake, watching for Grendel's coming. In the early morning, when all was very still, the giant appeared, tore asunder the iron bolts and bars which secured the door, and striding into the hall, enveloped in a long, damp mantle of clammy mist, he pounced upon one of the sleepers. He tore him limb from limb, greedily drank his blood, and devoured his flesh, leaving naught but the head, hands, and feet of his unhappy victim. This ghastly repast only whetted the fiend's ravenous appetite, however, so he eagerly stretched out his hands in the darkness to seize and devour another warrior. Imagine his surprise and dismay when he suddenly found his hand caught in so powerful a grasp that all his efforts could not wrench it free!

Grendel and Beowulf struggled in the darkness, overturning tables and couches, shaking the great hall to its very foundations, and causing the walls to creak and groan under the violence of their furious blows. But in spite of Grendel's gigantic stature, Beowulf clung so fast to the hand and arm he had grasped that Grendel, making a desperate effort to free himself by a jerk, tore the whole limb out of its socket! Bleeding and mortally wounded,

he then beat a hasty retreat to his marshy den, leaving a long, bloody trail behind him.

> "Soon the dark wanderer's ample shoulder bore
> A gaping wound, each starting sinew crack'd,
> And from its socket loosed the strong-knit joint.—
> The victory was with Beowulf, and the foe,
> Howling and sick at heart, fled as he might,
> To seek beneath the mountain shroud of mist
> His joyless home; for well he knew the day
> Of death was on him, and his doom was seal'd."
> *Beowulf* (Conybeare's tr.).

As for Beowulf, exhausted but triumphant, he stood in the middle of the hall, where his companions crowded around him, gazing in speechless awe at the mighty hand and limb, and the clawlike fingers, far harder than steel, which no power had hitherto been able to resist.

At dawn Hrothgar and his subjects also appeared. They heard with wonder a graphic account of the night's adventures, and gazed their fill upon the monster's limb, which hung like a trophy from the ceiling of Heorot. After the king had warmly congratulated Beowulf, and bestowed upon him many rich gifts, he gave orders to cleanse the hall, to hang it with tapestry, and to prepare a banquet in honor of the conquering hero.

While the men were feasting, listening to the lays of the scalds, and carrying the usual toasts, Wealtheow, Hrothgar's beautiful wife, the Queen of Denmark, appeared. She pledged Beowulf in a cup of wine, which he gallantly drained after she had touched it to her lips. Then she bestowed upon him a costly necklace (the famous Brisinga-men, according to some authorities)[1] and a ring of the finest gold.

> "'Wear these,' she cried, 'since thou hast in the fight
> So borne thyself, that wide as ocean rolls
> Round our wind-beaten cliffs his brimming waves,
> All gallant souls shall speak thy eulogy.'"
> *Beowulf* (Conybeare's tr.).

1 See Guerber's Myths of Northern Lands, p. 127.

When the banquet was ended, Hrothgar escorted his guests to more pleasant sleeping apartments than they had occupied the night before, leaving his own men to guard the hall, where Grendel would never again appear. The warriors, fearing no danger, slept in peace; but in the dead of night the mother of the giant, as grewsome and uncanny a monster as he, glided into the hall, secured the bloody trophy still hanging from the ceiling, and carried it away, together with Aeschere (Askher), the king's bosom friend.

When Hrothgar learned this new loss at early dawn he was overcome with grief; and when Beowulf, attracted by the sound of weeping, appeared at his side, he mournfully told him of his irretrievable loss.

" 'Ask not after happiness;
Sorrow is renewed
To the Danes' people.
Aeschere is dead,
Yrmenlaf's
Elder brother,
The partaker of my secrets
And my counselor,
Who stood at my elbow
When we in battle
Our mail hoods defended,
When troops rushed together
And boar crests crashed.'"

Beowulf (Metcalfe's tr.).

The young hero immediately volunteered to finish his work and avenge Aeschere by seeking and attacking Grendel's mother in her own retreat; but as he knew the perils of this expedition, Beowulf first gave explicit directions for the disposal of his personal property in case he never returned. Then, escorted by the Danes and Geates, he followed the bloody track until he came to a cliff overhanging the waters of the mountain pool. There the bloody traces ceased, but Aeschere's gory head was placed aloft as a trophy.

"Now paused they sudden where the pine grove clad
The hoar rock's brow, a dark and joyless shade.

Troublous and blood-stain'd roll'd the stream below.
Sorrow and dread were on the Scylding's host,
In each man's breast deep working; for they saw
On that rude cliff young Aeschere's mangled head."
Beowulf (Conybeare's tr.).

Beowulf gazed down into the deep waters, saw that they also were darkly dyed with the monster's blood, and, after taking leave of Hrothgar, bade his men await his return for two whole days and nights ere they definitely gave him up for lost. He then plunged bravely into the bloody waters, swam about seeking for the monster's retreat, and dived deep. At last, descrying a phosphorescent gleam in the depths, he quickly made his way thither, shrewdly conjecturing that it must be Grendel's hiding place. But on his way thither he was repeatedly obliged to have recourse to his sword to defend himself against the clutches of countless hideous sea monsters which came rushing toward him on all sides.

"While thro' crystal gulfs were gleaming
Ocean depths, with wonders teeming;
Shapes of terror, huge, unsightly,
Loom'd thro' vaulted roof translucent."
J.C. JONES, *Valhalla*.

A strong current seized Beowulf, and swept him irresistibly along into the slimy retreat of Grendel's mother. She clutched him fast, wrestled with him, deprived him of his sword, flung him down, and finally tried to pierce his armor with her trenchant knife. Fortunately, however, the hero's armor was weapon-proof, and his muscles were so strong that before she could do him any harm he had freed himself from her grasp. Seizing a large sword hanging upon a projection of rock near by, he dealt her a mighty blow, severing her head from the trunk at a single stroke. The blood pouring out of the cave mingled with the waters without, and turned them to such a lurid hue that Hrothgar and his men sorrowfully departed, leaving the Geates alone to watch for the return of the hero, whom they feared they would never see again.

Beowulf, in the mean while, had rushed to the rear of the cave, where, finding Grendel in the last throes, he cut off his head also.

He seized this ghastly trophy and rapidly made his way up through the tainted waters, which the fiery blood of the two monsters had so overheated that his sword melted in its scabbard and naught but the hilt remained.

"That stout sword of proof,
Its warrior task fulfill'd, dropp'd to the ground
(So work'd the venom of the felon's blood)
A molten mass."
Beowulf (Conybeare's tr.).

The Geates were about to depart in sorrow, notwithstanding the orders they had received, when they suddenly beheld their beloved chief safe and sound, and bearing the evidences of his success. Then their cries of joy echoed and reechoed from the neighboring hills, and Beowulf was escorted back to Heorot, where he was almost overwhelmed with gifts by the grateful Danes. A few days later Beowulf and his companions returned home, where the story of their adventures, and an exhibition of all the treasures they had won, formed the principal topics of conversation.

Several years of comparative peace ensued, ere the land was invaded by the Friesians, who raided the coast, burning and plundering all in their way, and retreated into their ships before Hygelac or Beowulf could overtake and punish them. The immediate result of this invasion was a counter-movement on Hygelac's part. But although he successfully harried Friesland, he fell into an ambush just as he was about to leave the country, and was cruelly slain, his nephew Beowulf barely escaping a similar untoward fate.

When the little army of the Geates reached home once more, they either buried or consumed Hygelac's remains, with his weapons and battle steed, as was customary in the North. This ceremony ended, Queen Hygd, overwhelmed with grief, and fearing the almost inevitable dissensions arising during the long minority of an infant king, convened the popular assembly known as the Thing, and bade the people set her own child's claims aside in favor of Beowulf. This proposal was hailed with enthusiasm; but Beowulf refused to usurp his kinsman's throne, and raising Hardred, Hygelac's infant son, upon his shield, he declared

FUNERAL OF A NORTHERN CHIEF.—Cormon.

that he would protect and uphold him as long as he lived. The people, following his example, swore fealty to the new king, and faithfully kept this oath until he died.

Hardred, having attained his majority, ruled wisely and well; but his career was cut short by the sons of Othere, the discoverer of the North Cape. These youths had rebelled against their father's authority and taken refuge at Hardred's court; but when the latter advised a reconciliation, the eldest youth angrily drew his sword and slew him.

This crime was avenged, with true northern promptitude, by Wiglaf, one of the king's followers; and while the second youth effected an escape, Beowulf was summoned by the Thing to accept the now vacant throne. As there were none to dispute his claims, the hero no longer refused to rule, and he bravely defended his kingdom against Eadgils, Othere's second son. Eadgils was now king of Sweden, and came with an armed host to avenge his brother's death; but he only succeeded in losing his own life.

A reign of forty years of comparative peace brought Beowulf to extreme old age. He had naturally lost much of his former vigor, and was therefore somewhat dismayed when a terrible, fire-breathing dragon took up its abode in the mountains near by, where it gloated over a hoard of glittering gold.

> "The ranger of the darksome night,
> The Firedrake, came."
> *Beowulf* (Conybeare's tr.)

A fugitive slave, having made his way unseen into the monster's den during one of its temporary absences, bore away a small portion of this gold. On its return the Firedrake discovered the theft, and became so furious that its howling and writhing shook the mountain like an earthquake. When night came on its rage was still unappeased, and it flew all over the land, vomiting venom and flames, setting houses and crops afire, and causing so much damage that the people were almost beside themselves with terror. Seeing that all their attempts to appease the dragon were utterly fruitless, and being afraid to attack it in its lair, they finally implored Beowulf to deliver them as he had delivered the Danes, and to slay this oppressor, which was even worse than the terrible Grendel.

Such an appeal could not be disregarded, and in spite of his advanced

years Beowulf donned his armor once more. Accompanied by Wiglaf and eleven of his bravest men, he then went out to seek the monster in its lair. At the entrance of the mountain gorge Beowulf bade his followers pause, and advancing alone to the monster's den, he boldly challenged it to come forth and begin the fray. A moment later the mountain shook as the monster rushed out breathing fire and flame, and Beowulf felt the first gust of its hot breath, even through his massive shield.

"First from his lair
Shaking firm earth, and vomiting as he strode
A foul and fiery blast, the monster came."
Beowulf (Conybeare's tr.).

A desperate struggle followed, in the course of which Beowulf's sword and strength both failed him. The Firedrake coiled its long, scaly folds about the aged hero, and was about to crush him to death when the faithful Wiglaf, perceiving his master's imminent danger, sprang forward and attacked the monster so fiercely as to cause a diversion and make it drop Beowulf to concentrate its attention upon him.

Beowulf, recovering, then drew his dagger and soon put an end to the dragon's life; but even as it breathed its last the hero sank fainting to the ground. Feeling that his end was near, he warmly thanked Wiglaf for his timely aid, rejoiced in the death of the monster, and bade his faithful follower bring out the concealed treasure and lay it at his feet, that he might feast his eyes upon the glittering gold he had won for his people's use.

"Saw then the bold thane
Treasure jewels many,
Glittering gold
Heavy on the ground,
Wonders in the mound
And the worm's den,
The old twilight flier's,
Bowls standing;
Vessels of men of yore,
With the mountings fall'n off.

There was many a helm
Old and rusty,
Armlets many
Cunningly fastened.
He also saw hang heavily
An ensign all golden
High o'er the hoard,
Of hand wonders greatest,
Wrought by spells of song,
From which shot a light
So that he the ground surface
Might perceive,
The wonders overscan."

Beowulf (Metcalfe's tr.).

The mighty treasure was all brought forth to the light of day, and the followers, seeing that all danger was over, crowded round their dying chief. He addressed them affectionately, and, after recapitulating the main events his career, expressed a desire to be buried in a mighty mound on a projecting headland, which could be seen far out at sea, and would be called by his name.

"'And now,
Short while I tarry here—when I am gone,
Bid them upon yon headland's summit rear
A lofty mound, by Rona's seagirt cliff;
So shall my people hold to after times
Their chieftain's memory, and the mariners
That drive afar to sea, oft as they pass,
Shall point to Beowulf's tomb.'"

Beowulf (Conybeare's tr.).

These directions were all piously carried out by a mourning people, who decked his mound with the gold he had won, and erected above it a Bauta, or memorial stone, to show how dearly they had loved their brave king Beowulf, who had died to save them from the fury of the dragon.

CHAPTER II.

GUDRUN.

Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany, rendered a great service to posterity by ordering that copies of many of the ancient national manuscripts should be made. These copies were placed in the imperial library at Vienna, where, after several centuries of almost complete neglect, they were discovered by lovers of early literature, in a very satisfactory state of preservation. These manuscripts then excited the interest of learned men, who not only found therein a record of the past, but gems of literature which are only now beginning to receive the appreciation they deserve.

Among these manuscripts is the poem "Gudrun," belonging to the twelfth or thirteenth century. It is evidently compiled from two or more much older lays which are now lost, which are alluded to in the Nibelungenlied. The original poem was probably Norse, and not German like the only existing manuscript, for there is an undoubted parallel to the story of the kidnaping of Hilde in the Edda. In the Edda, Hilde, the daughter of Högni, escapes from home with her lover Hedin, and is pursued by her irate father. He overtakes the fugitives on an island, where a bloody conflict takes place, in which many of the bravest warriors die. Every night, however, a sorceress recalls the dead to life to renew the strife, and to exterminate one another afresh.

The poem "Gudrun," which is probably as old as the Nibelungenlied, and almost rivals it in interest, is one of the most valuable remains of ancient German literature. It consists of thirty-two songs, in which are related the adventures of three generations of the heroic family of the Hegelings. Hence it is often termed the "Hegeling Legend."

The poem opens by telling us that Hagen was the son of Sigeband, King of Ireland, which was evidently a place in Holland, and not the well-known Emerald Isle. During a great feast, when countless guests

were assembled around his father's hospitable board, this prince, who was then but seven years of age, was seized by a griffin and rapidly borne away.

> "Young Hagen, loudly crying, was filled with dire dismay;
> The bird with mighty pinions soared high with him away."
> *Gudrun* (Dippold's tr.).

The cries of the child, and the arrows of Sigeband's men at arms, were equally ineffectual in checking the griffin, which flew over land and sea, and finally deposited its prey in its nest on the top of a great cliff on a desert island. One of the little griffins, wishing to reserve this delicate morsel for its own delectation, caught the boy up in its talons and flew away to a neighboring tree. The branch upon which it perched was too weak to support a double load, however, and as it broke the frightened griffin dropped Hagen into a thicket. Undismayed by the sharp thorns, Hagen quickly crept out of the griffin's reach and took refuge in a cave, where he found three little girls who had escaped from the griffins in the same way.

One of these children was Hilde, an Indian princess; the second, Hildburg, daughter of the King of Portugal; and the third belonged to the royal family of Isenland. Hagen immediately became the protector of these little maidens, spending several years in the cave with them. He ventured out only when the griffins were away, to seek berries or shoot small game with a bow which he had made in imitation of those he had seen in his father's hall.

Years passed by before Hagen found the corpse of an armed warrior, which had been washed ashore during a storm. To appropriate the armor and weapons for which he had so long and vainly sighed was the youth's first impulse; his second was to go forth and slay the griffins which had terrorized him and his little companions for so many years. The griffins being disposed of, the young people roamed about the island at will, keeping a sharp lookout for any passing vessel which might convey them home. At last a sail came in sight! Hagen, the first to see it, climbed up on a rock and shouted with all his young strength to attract the crew's attention.