

be to bind the heroes by some strong tie to the princely house. This last piece of advice was the one followed by Iwo, who gave Reinold his only daughter Clarissa to wife, and appointed him and his brothers a residence by the sea. There a strong fortress called Montalban was built, which became the chief stronghold of the principality. On one occasion the emperor's forces besieged it for a whole year, and then had to withdraw, baffled.

"Look," cried Richard, looking down from the battlements, "the imperial eagle flutters away into the forest with a broken wing. Up, Reinold, and after it, that we may send it home like a plucked goose."

"I have something else to do," answered his brother thoughtfully. "Seven years have passed over our heads since we saw our good mother. The longing to see her again gnaws at my heart; I must go and visit her, were it to cost me my life."

His brothers agreed to go with him; so they armed themselves cap-a-pie, drew long grey pilgrims' dresses over their armour, and set out for Castle Pierlepont. They got there safely, and were received with the greatest joy by their mother, who could not do enough to show them how happy their coming had made her.

The chamberlain who had taken them into the presence of the Countess Aya, soon discovered who they were, and determined to betray them. He went at once to his lord, Count Haymon, told him who the supposed pilgrims were, and reminded him of his oath to the emperor. Haymon was very angry, and felt inclined to slay the chamberlain there and then, but refrained. After taking counsel with himself, he made up his mind that the best thing he could do would be to take his sons prisoner, and march them off to the emperor; giving them, however, an opportunity of slipping away before they reached Paris. So he called his men-at-arms to follow him, and went to his wife's apartments. Aya, seeing them crossing the court, would have hidden her sons, but they refused to

hide, and, throwing off their pilgrims' robes, prepared to defend their lives to the last. Reinold's great strength served him in good stead. He fought so furiously that the men-at-arms fell back. Haymon alone stood firm. Reinold swung his sword, but his mother clung to him, entreating him to remember that it was his father who stood before him. Reinold at once put up his sword, but disarmed his father, and took him prisoner.

"The man that would have delivered his own children up to the executioner's axe shall go to his friend the emperor in a guise that befits his knightly character," said Reinold.

The men-at-arms stood so much in awe of the young man's prowess and strong arm, that they promised implicit obedience. Reinold, therefore, sent one of them to fetch an ass. When it was brought he placed the count upon it and bound him to the saddle. Then calling a boy, he placed the reins in his hands, and bade him lead the prisoner to Paris. The count, however, had not so far to go, after all; for, meeting some of the imperial troops on the way, he was set at liberty, mounted on a horse, and taken back to Pierlepont.

The brothers were enjoying themselves in their old home, when the emperor's troops arrived before the gates of the castle. Reinold was alone with his mother when the order to surrender was given by the invaders. The young man snatched up his sword, but his mother silently pointed to the gates, which were already thrown open. She then dressed him hastily in his pilgrim's robes, and led him out of the castle by a secret door. Having done this, Aya returned to seek, and, if it might be, save her other sons; but she found them prisoners and bound, and in the hands of their enemies. She wept and wrung her hands, for she knew that she was powerless to help them.

Meantime Reinold was hastening back to Montalban as quickly as he could. He was determined to save his brothers, and knew



that delay would be fatal. Arrived at home, he went straight to the stables, where Bayard whinnied with joy to see him. After eating a few mouthfuls of food hastily, he mounted his gallant steed and started for Paris, as swiftly as if his horse had had wings.

He halted in a thick wood near the town, dismounted, and while his horse grazed beside him, threw himself down at the foot of a great tree, and began to consider what would be his best plan of operation. Overmastered by fatigue, he presently fell asleep, and dreamt that a necromancer was stealing his horse. When he awoke he looked about him anxiously, and called "Bayard," but in vain. He called louder and louder. No answer was returned. He looked carefully for marks of his horse's feet, but found none.

At the edge of the wood, he met a pilgrim, who spoke to him humbly. After some conversation, the pilgrim pushed back his hood, and looked at Reinold with a smile, and the young man recognised his cousin Malagis. The necromancer then promised to restore the brothers and Bayard safe and sound. He took some yellow powder out of a box, and sprinkled it over himself and Reinold, at the same time muttering his *Abracadabra*, and in a moment they were changed into the likeness of crippled beggars. Together they limped into Paris.

A crowd of richly-dressed lords and ladies were crossing the bridge over the Seine, which at that time connected the island-city with the mainland. The emperor was there also, and beside him was the famous hero Roland, to whom he had promised the horse Bayard, if he would fight and conquer the sons of Haymon. The horse was led by several grooms. All at once it stopped short, whinnied, jerked the reins out of the grooms' hands, and trotted up to the two beggars, who were watching the procession.

"Bayard is strangely constituted," cried Count Roland; "the beast seems actually to like poor folk better than noble knights."

"Bayard! Is this Bayard?" asked one of the beggars. "Oh,

noble gentleman, if this be Bayard, pray permit my poor comrade to mount him. A holy man told us that if he did so, he would at once be cured, and, as you see, he is a lamester."

"Well, Cousin Roland," said the emperor, "help the poor fellow up, that we may see a miracle for once in our lives. I only hope it *will* be a miracle, and that the miserable wretch's arms and legs may not be broken."

Roland signed to his servants, who with much difficulty hoisted the ragged lamester into the saddle. They had to do it three times before he was safely settled. No sooner was he firmly seated than he drew himself up proudly, touched Bayard with the heel of one of his wooden shoes, and galloped away so fast that no one could overtake him. Malagis pretended to be much frightened lest his comrade should meet with some injury from the runaway horse.

At midnight, a little man might have been seen creeping along the streets of Paris, dressed in a grey coat. He kept continually murmuring, "*Ista, sista, pista, abracadabra!*" And dark clouds rose and covered the sky, making the moon and stars grow dim. He at last reached a tall, gloomy-looking house, before which a guard was set; but the watchmen had bent their heads and fallen asleep at his approach. The strong oak doors opened when he touched them with the point of his staff. He entered, and went straight to an underground dungeon, where three men were chained to the wall. He muttered some mysterious words, and the chains fell from off them.

"Rise, brothers," he said; "your cousin Malagis is here. He has come to save you."

So they rose and followed him.

Before leaving Paris, the necromancer went to the sleeping emperor, and asked him for the loan of his crown and sword. Karl immediately gave them to him.



The emperor's feelings next morning may be more readily imagined than described, when he heard of the events that had taken place during the night. He longed more than ever to have his revenge on the sons of Haymon; but could not see how to accomplish his desire.

Cunning Ganelon then said that he was sure that Iwo had his price, and might be induced to sell the brothers to the emperor. Karl tried the plan, and won Iwo to his side, on paying him a ton's weight of gold.

This done, the faithless traitor went to Montalban, and said that he brought good news from Paris; he had persuaded the emperor to let bygones be bygones, and all would now be well if the four brothers would only go to Falkalone unarmed, and in the garb of penitents, and there beg forgiveness. The emperor had promised, Iwo said, to grant them a full pardon, and to restore them to their ancient dignities.

When the brothers were about to start for Falkalone, Clarissa entreated them to beware lest the message were a treacherous one, adding that she knew her father would sell his own child for gold. Reinold sternly told her she was an unnatural daughter, and bade her hold her peace. He then rode on; but Adelhart remained behind for a moment, and hid four swords, which his sister-in-law handed him, under the skirts of his penitent's robe.

As the brothers were riding on their asses up the steep and narrow path that led to Falkalone, they were set upon by an armed band of warriors. Adelhart divided the swords with which Clarissa had provided him, and they defended themselves so well, that the count of Châlons, fearful of losing more men, determined to draw a cordon round the place where the brothers had taken their stand, and starve them out.

The four weary men sat down to rest. They looked anxiously

all round to see whether help would not come. The hot day was over, and evening coming on apace, when all at once they saw a well-known banner on the opposite hill. It was waved by a horseman who was galloping towards them, accompanied by a small band of armed men. Reinold immediately recognised his Bayard, and his cousin the necromancer.

The battle at once began in the plain below. Before it had lasted long, Bayard had caught sight of its master; with a loud neigh of pleasure the noble horse broke through the enemy's ranks and galloped up to Reinold. Malagis dismounted, threw his cousin the reins, and at the same time handed him his sword Flammberg, which Clarissa had sent. Reinold flung himself into the saddle, and rode down to the place of combat, followed by his brothers, who had in the meantime caught some of the riderless chargers that were flying from the field. The brothers gained a glorious victory, and the count of Châlons only succeeded in saving the remnant of his forces by retreating under cover of the darkness.

"Who told the magician? Who is the traitor?" cried the emperor, when he heard what had happened.

After many conjectures had been hazarded, every one came to the conclusion that none other than Iwo had betrayed the true state of matters to Malagis, and one of the courtiers added that the prince of Tarasconia had taken refuge in the monastery of Beaurepart. Upon which the emperor said grimly, that even the walls of the sanctuary should not protect him from his vengeance, and immediately despatched Roland to capture Iwo, and see him hanged.

When Reinold first returned to Montalban, it was his firm intention to punish his father-in-law's treachery with death; but Clarissa's entreaties prevailed, and he promised to spare him. It was for fear of his vengeance that Iwo had taken refuge in the



monastery. He never thought of the emperor turning against him. Reinold did not hide his satisfaction when he learnt that Karl had sent to take Iwo out of the monastery, that he might hang him at Monfaucon. But Clarissa was much' troubled in spirit when her husband told her the news.

"Ah, my baby," she said, bending over her child, "perhaps you will grow up to be a hero like your father, and then people will point at you and say, 'Yes, he is very brave, and a true hero; but still, he is the grandson of a man who died on the gallows,' and then you will creep away from the assembly of noble men, and try to hide your shame in the wilderness."

Reinold sat for some minutes in thoughtful silence; then springing to his feet, he kissed his wife, and said:

"You are as wise and good as one of God's angels. The traitor shall be saved."

He hastened to the stable, mounted his horse, and galloped away to the forest of Monfaucon. There he found Iwo standing at the gallows with the cord round his neck. Reinold knocked down one of the executioners, cut the cord round Iwo's neck, exclaiming, "Be off, you rascal, lest you be hanged after all," and then beat back the other executioner, who would have recaptured the prince of Tarasconia. Count Roland now came to the rescue, but was soon forced to measure his length upon the ground, and Reinold rode away, saying, "It was your horse's fault, good cousin, not yours."

Several of the paladins, who had witnessed the short combat between the heroes, began to make jesting remarks about what had occurred. Roland had never been unhorsed before, except once or twice by Oliver, and he took the matter grievously to heart. He rode away in silence; not to Paris, but in the direction of Montalban, that he might seek vengeance for his overthrow.

As he was riding through a wood, he met a man with a cross-

bow, who was shooting a deer, and at once recognised him to be Richard, Reinold's brother. He took him prisoner, and in spite of Richard's remonstrances, and his reminders of their relationship, took him to Paris, and delivered him to the emperor. Karl was delighted at the lucky chance, at once condemned Richard to be hung at Monfaucon, and asked which of his paladins would undertake the task of seeing the sentence carried out. They all refused, saying that hanging was not a seemingly death for a knight to die. At length Rype, a new-made knight, offered his services to the emperor. A pious pilgrim who was present at the discussion, begged that execution might be delayed until he had had time to pray for the weal of the poor sinner at St. Denys.

But instead of going to St. Denys, the holy man went to Mont-alban, and told Reinold all that had happened, bidding him make haste if he would arrive at Monfaucon in time to save Richard's life. Having said this, Malagis—for the pilgrim was none other than he—went to the kitchen to ask for some food, for he was tired and hungry after his long and arduous journey on foot.

Reinold, Adelhart, Wichart, and their men soon reached the gallows at Monfaucon. There was no one there, so they stretched themselves out on the grass and fell asleep. When Rype came with his prisoner, they were still asleep; but Bayard, hearing them, awoke his master with a kick. In another moment the brothers had fallen upon the imperial troops, whom they soon put to flight. They then set Richard free, and hung Rype with the same rope he had brought for his prisoner.

The emperor, finding that all his former attempts to avenge his son's death had been in vain, determined on a new plan of action. He called out a large army, and marched to lay siege to Montalban.

The fortress was strictly invested. The besieged ventured on making an occasional sally on the enemy without the walls, for



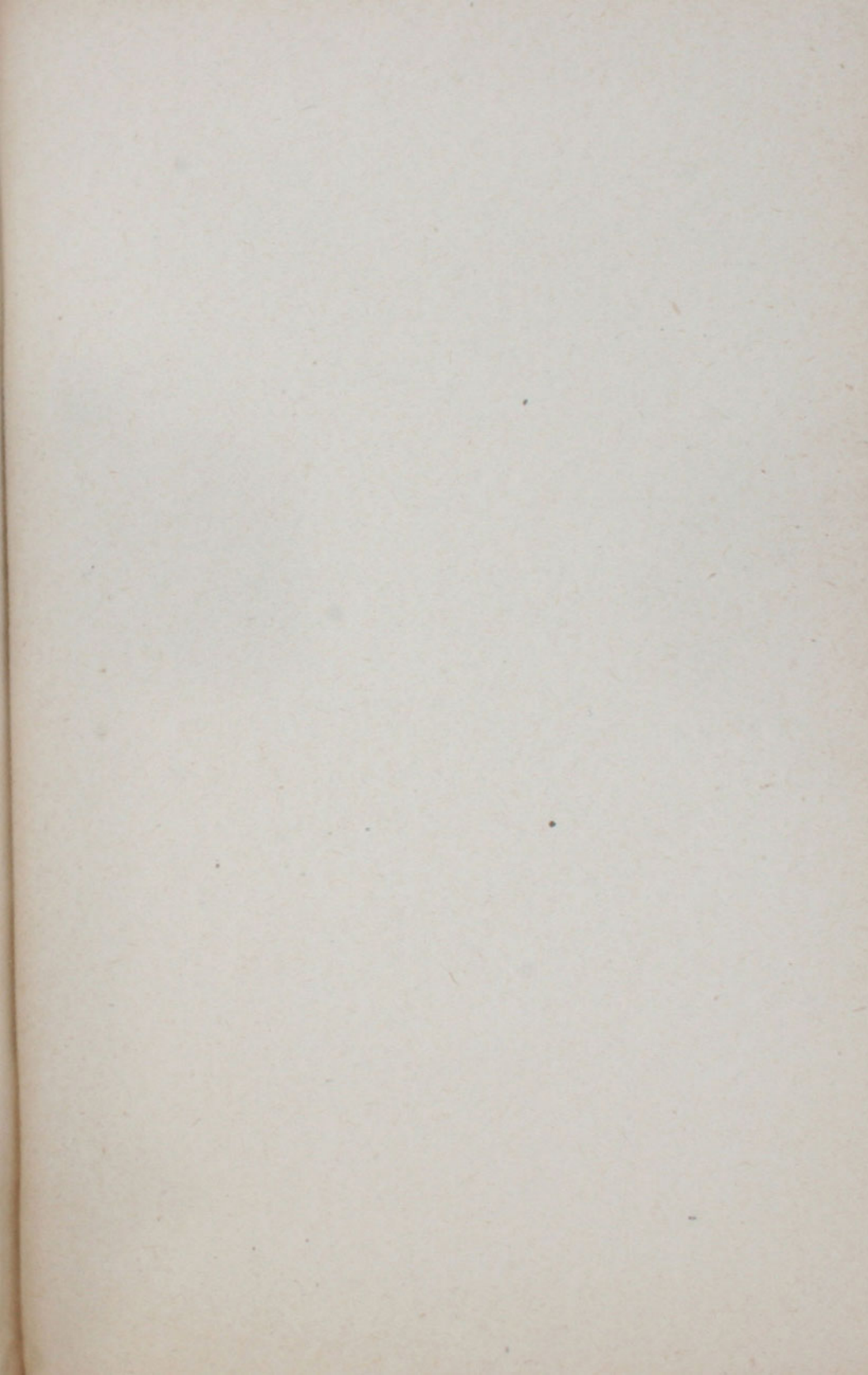
the purpose of getting provisions, etc. Much blood was shed on either side, but nothing decisive took place. The siege went on for years, and neither party gave way. At length the garrison of Montalban began to feel the want of provisions, and Reinold made up his mind to a desperate step. He broke through the besiegers' camp and carried off a number of provision wagons. Malagis had rendered such action possible by slipping out of the fortress unnoticed and sprinkling some of his sleeping powder over part of the camp. As he was about to scatter another pinch, he was seized by the collar, and, looking round, saw that it was strong Olivier, one of the twelve paladins, who was dragging him away. The rough attack had knocked the powder out of the necromancer's hand, and it had fallen on the ground. Instead of laying his hand on his sword, the little man caught hold of the bag of hellebore snuff he had hidden within his garment, and threw a pinch into Olivier's face. The hero sneezed and sneezed, and still he sneezed; but the more convulsively he sneezed, the tighter he clutched his prisoner, whom he at length dragged into the emperor's presence.

"A-chew! your Highness!" he said and sneezed; "I bring you—a-chew!—the wicked—a-chew!—necromancer—a-chew!—do with him—a-chew!—as you will." Here such an agony of sneezing came upon poor Olivier that he could say no more.

The emperor thanked and pitied the worthy paladin, and ordered that the magician should be bound, and guarded to Monfaucon, where he was to be hanged.

"Sire," whimpered Malagis, "pray let me live this one more night, and let me have a good supper, for I have not tasted food for the last four and twenty hours."

Meanwhile the paladins and many other knights had entered the royal tent. They one and all joined their entreaties to those of the poor little man. Seeing that the emperor seemed inclined to yield, Malagis said in a grave and solemn tone,—







MALAGIS CARRIES THE SLEEPING EMPEROR TO MONTALBAN,

"Your Majesty, I swear on my honour that I will not go away from here without your own consent, nor will I go unless you bear me company."

Karl then promised to let him have the twenty-four hours' grace, and several of the knights offered their services as guards.

The lords sat down to supper, and devoted their whole attention to the good food and wine that were set before them, while Malagis, curled up in a corner close at hand, appeared to do the same. When supper was over, the necromancer was taken to the place that was to serve him as prison, and the noble knights, who had undertaken to keep watch and ward, took up their places for the night.

At midnight Malagis had recourse to his knowledge of the black art. He made a deep magic sleep fall upon the camp, and all within its bounds, save and except himself. Then, stepping softly, he made his way to the emperor's bedside, and dropped a few drops of some medicament into Karl's mouth, which insured his sleep lasting for twelve good hours. After which he lifted him up, and carried him pickaback to the castle. The great gate was flung open at the sound of his well-known voice, and great was the astonishment of Reinold when he saw what burden he carried on his shoulders.

"Here is the pledge of peace," said Malagis. "It has cost me much hard work to bring it here. See that my labour bears fruit."

The emperor was carried to the best guest-room the castle contained, and the Lady Clarissa did all that lay in her power for the comfort of the great man.

Karl did not awake till noon. At first he thought he must be dreaming when he saw Reinold, Malagis, and strange servants about him. The truth dawned upon him gradually, and a bitter truth it was. Hunger forced him to accept the food Clarissa brought, though he would much rather not have eaten it. Reinold



tried by every means in his power to induce the emperor to give up his plans of vengeance, and make peace with him. But his efforts were vain. Then it occurred to him that a proud, haughty nature, that could not be bent by harshness, was often softened by kindness. He set Kaiser Karl at liberty, and the emperor went away from Montalban without a word or sign that betokened reconciliation.

When Reinold re-entered the castle, he found his cousin Malagis burning boxes, bags, and all kinds of written papers. Much surprised, he asked what he was doing, and Malagis replied :

"I am burning all that the noble art of necromancy has taught me. I shall need these things no more, for my services are useless to such a madman as you. I am now going away into the wilderness to join the holy penitents, there I shall repent with them in sackcloth and ashes."

He was as good as his word, for he took his departure soon afterwards, never to return.

When the emperor went back to his camp, he related all his adventures. The paladins one and all entreated him to make peace with the heroic brothers, but he refused, saying that his murdered son's blood still cried aloud for vengeance. So the castle still remained beleaguered, and fortune seemed to have deserted the garrison with the departure of the little necromancer. The store of provisions grew less every day. Hunger stared the brave men in the face. Reinold, after much consideration, thought of a way of escape, and made all needful preparations. One evening, when darkness had begun to set in, he took leave of his weeping wife, and, accompanied by his brothers and a small band of determined men, made his way cautiously and silently through the enemy's lines, and set out for a strong castle in the forest of Ardennes.

Next morning the emperor was told what had happened, and he did what Reinold had expected. He at once ordered the

siege of Montalban to be raised, and started in pursuit of the fugitives. He soon came up with them, but they defended themselves so well, and took such wise measures to ensure their safety, that they succeeded in reaching the stronghold for which they were bound.

#### DEATH OF BAYARD AND REINOLD.

The heroes fought as bravely as ever in defence of their new place of refuge, emboldened by the knowledge that their dear ones at Montalban were now free; but however courageous a man may be, hunger and disease are foes under whose attacks it is impossible to hold out for ever.

In the time of their sorest distress, Aya went to the imperial camp, and entreated her brother to have mercy on her children. The emperor refused to listen to her, and harshly bade her go out of his presence. But she returned again and again to the charge, and at last Karl said:

"Very well, listen to my offer, and let Reinold accept it if he will. The horse Bayard, that Malagis brought up out of hell, has done me more harm than any other creature, excepting Reinold himself. Now I will pardon your four sons, and restore their fiefs, if Reinold will give the brute to me, to be killed as I think best. I give you my word as an emperor that I will accept Bayard's life in expiation of my son's death."

When Aya returned to the castle, and showed the parchment on which she had had the terms of the proposed treaty written out in full, Reinold refused to give up his dearest and most faithful friend.

"Think of your wife, your children, and your brothers—the gallows at Monfaucon are prepared—an inscription will be placed there that will be read by future generations: 'He gave them all up to die a shameful death for the sake of a dumb animal.'"



"Mother," cried the hero, and rushing up to Bayard, he fed his faithful friend with a last piece of bread, and, bursting into tears, threw his arms round its slender neck. The horse whinnied softly, and laid its head trustingly on his shoulder.

"I cannot do it, mother, I cannot do it," cried Reinold. "Bayard and I must live and die together."

"Very well, my son," she said; "but remember that when all my children and grandchildren are hanging on the gallows, your mother's heart will break."

"Mother," he answered, in a strange, hollow voice, "have your will. You have conquered, but I shall not survive it."

He then signed the treaty, and Aya returned with it to the imperial camp.

A crowd was assembled on the bridge in Paris, for the news had gone abroad that the famous Bayard was to be drowned. Kaiser Karl was there also with his paladins.

The noble horse was led to the middle of the bridge, with iron weights fastened to its feet, and at a signal was suddenly pushed over the edge, and fell with a splash into the Seine. In spite of the weights upon its legs, it rose to the surface, once, twice, thrice.



BAYARD'S DEATH.

"That horse is the devil incarnate," cried the emperor furiously. "Ha, Count Reinold, beware, its eyes are fixed on you; if you are keeping it alive by any enchantment, it will be the worse for you. I will tear up the treaty."

With a low cry of terror Aya flung her arms round her son, drawing down his head, so that he did not see how Bayard rose a fourth time, and then, not seeing its master's face, sank, to rise no more.

The hero felt that all his happiness was gone with Bayard. He thrust his mother aside, flung at the emperor's feet the letters patent entitling him to his fiefs, and breaking his sword Flammberg, threw it into the Seine, muttering,—

"Lie there with my Bayard, and may God forget to be gracious to me, if I ever mount a horse or draw a sword again."

Then he turned, and fled into the depths of the wild forest, until at last he sank exhausted on the ground. There he remained for two days and a night, overwhelmed and mad with misery.

After that he went home to Montalban. Meeting a pilgrim on the way, he gave him his golden spurs and all his ready money for his grey robes and felt hat.

Lady Clarissa wept when she heard the end of the noble horse, for she had loved Bayard; but she wept still more bitterly, when Reinold took leave of her for ever.

"Who will teach our sons," she cried, "to be true knights and noble men, if you go and leave them thus?"

"Our cousin Count Roland will do so," he answered, "and you will do your part, dear wife." He kissed the tears from her eyes, and continued: "Accept no fief from Kaiser-Karl. Go with our children to our own lands on the other side of the mountains. The tyrant has no power there, for the lands are your own. As for me, I am about to start on a pilgrimage to the grave of



our Lord, to see whether I may find forgiveness. You will never see me again."

Saying this, he tore himself away, and set out at once upon his long and toilsome journey.

Reinold went to the Holy Land, where he found a fierce war raging between the Christians and Infidels. He was true to his vow. He neither mounted a horse, nor wielded a sword; but still he fought like a hero with an enormous club, and helped in the taking of Jerusalem. After he had prayed at the Holy Sepulchre, he returned to his native land; but not to his wife and children, nor yet to his brothers, for he had died to all earthly ties and joys. He went to Cologne, where the cathedral was being built. There he lived a hard, ascetic life, and worked as a labourer at the building. He did not even stop working during the hour of rest in the middle of the day, although his wages were only a penny a day. This conduct aroused the anger of the stone-masons, so they rose in a body, killed him, and threw his body into the Rhine. But the river would not keep it, the corpse floated on the surface of the water, and was drawn to land by some pious souls. And now several miracles were wrought upon those who touched his body, which showed that he had been a holy man. The emperor, hearing of the wonders that had taken place, had the murderers tried and executed, and sent orders that the body of the saint should be brought to Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), or to Paris. No sooner was the body laid upon the cart which was to convey it, than the vehicle moved of its own accord, and rolled on and on, no matter how bad the roads, till it arrived at Dortmund in Westphalia, where it stopped, that being the spot the saint had evidently chosen as his last resting-place. The Reinaldi-Church at Dortmund was built in his honour.

The Legend gives the exact date of the miracle, 7th of January, 811.



## II. ROLAND.

### SIEGE OF VIANÉ (VIENNE).

Kaiser KARL had not been married very long. He held a great assembly of the notables. Count Gerhart appeared amongst the rest, for he expected that this would be the time chosen by the emperor to invest him with the promised fief of Viane (Vienne in France), and perhaps also with that of Burgundy. When he received the letters patent relating to the first of these, he stooped, and, in fulfilment of ancient custom, would have kissed the emperor's foot; but he staggered, for the empress had stuck out her foot, which he involuntarily touched with his lips in falling.

"He must have drunk too much Burgundy before he would have kissed the foot of the Lady, whose rosy mouth he formerly disdained. Wine teaches humility," murmured the courtiers.

Gerhart sprang to his feet, his cheeks flushing with anger. He waited in expectation of the second letter; but the emperor told him that he could not have the fief of Burgundy, for the empress, who was also the widow of the last duke, was strongly against it. The count took his leave with a low bow, and set out for Vienne, his heart boiling with rage. Arrived there, he called out his troops, and sent to ask his brother, the mighty lord of Apulia, for help against his sovereign. He knew that the emperor's heart would henceforth be turned against him, for was not the empress



that same widowed duchess of Burgundy whose proffered love he had rejected?

The brothers took the field at the head of a great army. With them came their younger brother Rainier, his son Olivier, a bold warrior, and his daughter Auda, who was marvellously beautiful, and brave as one of the Northern valkyrs.

Karl besieged the stronghold on the river Rhone where they had taken up their abode. The place seemed impregnable, for it was defended by brave men, rocks, and river. Sometimes the besiegers tried to take the citadel by storm, and sometimes part of the garrison would make an attack on the enemy beneath the walls. On such occasions, Auda would now and then accompany her friends dressed in full armour, and would fight with the best. Once when she had done so, she found that her opponent was none other than strong Roland. He disarmed her without even drawing his sword, and took her prisoner. Her brother Olivier, seeing what had happened, at once came to the rescue. While the heroes were engaged in single combat, Auda made good her escape, and took refuge in the castle, where she was soon afterwards joined by the rest of the party. The siege continued. The Lady Auda often stood on the battlements, and helped to fling stones on the heads of those warriors who came within reach of their missiles. One day Roland came with the rest, and, seeing the maiden, asked her name and parentage. When she had told him, and he had answered by informing her that he was Count Roland, a nephew of the emperor, he went on to say that he loved her, and would never cease to woo her, even though it were at the cost of his life. At this moment Olivier appeared, and flung a spear at him, upon which Roland challenged him to single combat on an island in the Rhone.

The heroes and their horses were ferried over the river to the island, and there they fought. Each of the combatants displayed

the most heroic valour. At length, when evening was drawing on, a fleecy cloud hovered over them, and, coming between them, forced them apart. An angel wrapped in rosy light came out of the cloud, and said :

"Wherefore do you fight, Christian against Christian? Why would you shed a brother's blood? I call upon you to be reconciled in the name of the Saviour who died upon the cross. Be of one heart and of one mind, and turn your arms against the adversaries of the true faith."

The angel then waved a palm branch as a sign of farewell, and vanished.

The two men exchanged a hearty shake of the hand, and sat down to talk over matters of much moment to both of them. Before they separated, Olivier had promised to use his influence with his sister in Roland's favour, and the latter had given his word to fight no more against Vienne, and its defenders.

Now the emperor was very fond of hunting, and used to go on many an expedition into the neighbouring country in search of game. On one such occasion he and his companions were attacked and hard pressed by a party of Viennese under the leadership of Olivier. At one moment it seemed as if Karl must lose his life in the struggle. Olivier, seeing this, protected him with his shield. When the combat was over, the emperor and Olivier had some talk together, and the former was so touched and pleased with the noble and generous disposition of the young man, that he not only promised to make peace, but to appoint Olivier one of his paladins, to forgive Gerhart, and to restore the fiefs he held under him.

There was great joy in Vienne and all the neighbouring country when the news of the peace was spread abroad. Smiling faces were everywhere to be seen, and happiest of all was perhaps Kaiser Karl himself. A few days later a time was fixed for the public



betrothal of Roland and Auda. Great preparations were made, and all was done to make the day a joyful one.

While the heroes were sitting at the feast in the royal tent, messengers appeared from the banks of the Garonne, who brought the sad news that the Moorish king Eigoland had come from Africa with a large army of blacks, had fallen upon Gascony, and laid waste the country with fire and sword.

"That is good news," said brave Roland, "for an angel appeared to my comrade Olivier and me, and told us to fight against the infidel."

"It is bad news," answered the emperor, "for the Moor is a great warrior, and has an immense number of black devils at his back. Listen, noble knights, and I will tell you what happened years ago. After the death of my father Pipin, my step-brothers, the sons of cunning Bertha, drove me out of my inheritance. I found refuge with the heathen king Marsilio at Saragossa. With the help of brave Diebolt, I regained my rights, was crowned king of the Franks at Aix (Aachen), and emperor in Rome. One night St. James, the apostle, appeared to me, and commanded me to free his grave, to which there was a yearly pilgrimage, from the yoke of the infidel. I obeyed him, and reduced the whole country as far as Galicia, where the apostle lies buried. There I learnt that Eigoland had come over from Africa, and had already reached Pampeluna. I marched back at once, and met the Moorish forces near the river Ceres. There was a terrible battle. The Africans fought like very devils. They broke through our ranks, and defeat seemed certain. Then the brave Milo, my brother-in-law, and your father, nephew Roland, threw himself upon the demons at the head of his men. They fought like heroes, and defeated the enemy. But before the victory was quite decided, the noble Milo fell, wounded to death. The loss on both sides was so

great that either party retreated on the morrow. Eigoland returned to his African deserts; but he seems to have come back at the head of a larger army than before, and to have invaded our own land. We must now fight for home and faith, for on this crisis will depend whether Christ or Machmet shall rule the Franks."

"I think this much is certain," said Roland: "we shall conquer, whether we live or die. Was not my father victorious, though he fell at Pampeluna? The Lord would not deny him the martyr's crown, when he passed away on that field of blood. Here, or there, ye Frankish men, what does it matter which? The crown is ours."

As he spoke, his eyes shone with enthusiasm.

"And what is to become of me," whispered Auda, "if you do not return?"

"You are the angel that shall give me the palm, either here or there," he answered; and before the assembled knights and ladies he gave her the kiss of affiancement.

#### GANELON.

Next day they marched to meet the enemy, whom they saw when they had at length reached the beautiful land that is watered by the Dordone (Dordogne). The morning after their arrival, a terrible battle took place between them and the Moors. Roland, Olivier, Ogier, Archbishop Turpin, and the other paladins fought like heroes, and led their men again and again against the foe. At night-fall, and not till then, did the Moors acknowledge themselves beaten. They fled to Pampeluna, where they found more troops that had just arrived from Africa. Eigoland and his men were impatient to avenge the defeat they had sustained, and they were sure that they could do so, for they trusted in their numbers, their skill, and their prophet.



Karl did not at once follow the fugitives. He waited for reinforcements from France, and from Marsilio, who, although a heathen, had formerly aided him. He sent messengers to him; but soon afterwards learnt that the faithless king had murdered them, and had joined the Moors. Then the emperor called his heroes around him, and, telling them of the evil tidings he had had, asked them whether they advised him to risk a battle, when the enemy's numbers were so overwhelming.

"Let us go forward," cried brave Roland; "before us lie two objects, victory or paradise; who is it that will draw back?"

The rest agreed with him, and the horns sounded to battle; and a great battle took place, in which many men were slain on either side, and each party fought with a desperate valour. At last Eigoland fell under the sword of Roland, and then the Moors took flight.

The emperor reduced the country to obedience to his rule. Saragossa alone held out, for there Marsilio had taken up his station and determined to defend the town alone until the arrival of the troops his liege lord Baligant, caliph of Babylon, had promised to send to his aid. Karl, remembering his former kindness, had determined to treat Marsilio with the greatest forbearance. He therefore sent Ganelon, one of his paladins, to offer the king terms, and they were these: Marsilio's life should be spared if he would be baptized, and become a vassal of the empire. Ganelon would have liked to decline the honour of carrying this message; but he knew the emperor too well to dare remonstrance.

The king received the ambassador with all kindness, listened to his message quietly, and begged for a short time to think the matter over, and consult his friends. Meanwhile he led Ganelon over the palace, and showed him all his treasures. When he saw that the sight of these things had had the desired effect on

the ambassador, he offered him three baggage-horse loads of gold, three of silver, and three of costly stuffs, if he would turn the emperor's vengeance away from him, and save him from becoming a Frankish vassal. Ganelon promised to do all that the heathen wished; nay, for double the reward, he even promised to detain a division of the Frankish army when the rest had gone away, on the pretext of guarding the country, and then to deliver them into Marsilio's hands. The compact was soon concluded, and each of the contracting parties swore to keep his share of the bargain.

Marsilio, who thought little of bloodshed, did not hesitate to hand over some of the nobles of his host as hostages for his good faith, which therefore was not doubted. Ganelon spoke strongly of Marsilio's repentance for the past, and promises for the future; and then, when he had succeeded in turning matters as he wished, and the emperor was about to return to France with his whole army in the belief that he now possessed a faithful vassal in Marsilio, went on to persuade him to leave Roland and the other paladins behind at the head of a small force to watch the borders. His eloquence carried all before it, and what he advised was done. He alone of all the paladins returned to France with the emperor, while Roland and the other ten remained with six thousand chosen warriors to guard the land from foreign invasion.

#### AT RONCEVAL (VALE OF THORNS).

The heroes spent one quiet day after the army had gone. On the second morning, their outposts came in to announce the approach of a large army, so they got ready for the fight. Roland led his forces to Ronceval, a narrow pass between two high mountains, which he determined to defend. The Moors,



more than twenty thousand strong, came up with the Franks before they had reached the end of the pass.

"Blow your horn," said Olivier, "the emperor will hear you and return, he cannot have got very far yet."

Roland gazed at his great horn, Olifant, which was hanging at his side. It was made of ivory with gold inlaid, and, when blown by one who understood how to sound it, would send its voice for miles around.

"Look, faithful friend," said the hero, "I was given this horn, and my good sword Durindart, by an angel from heaven. I then swore only to blow the horn in case of utmost need. We are not now in such a case; I think we are strong enough to make these heathen bite the dust. Ha! what do I see? Look, there is the traitor Marsilio! No doubt the faithless Ganelon has betrayed us for much red gold, but we will fight for the good cause. Monjoie, Saint Denys! Up, soldiers of Christ, let us do battle for our holy Faith!"

The heroes and their men rushed on to meet the Moorish hosts, who withstood their furious onslaught with the greatest courage; but after a while fell back, and fled, pursued by the Christians, who slew all they came up with.

When the heroes had recalled their little army from the pursuit, they made their men sit down and rest. Before they had sat very long, they were startled by a shout behind them of "Machmet! Machmet!" and a great blowing of trumpets and beating of drums. A larger army than that which they had already put to flight was approaching in their rear. Marsilio was at its head.

Roland prepared for battle. He sent Count Walter to guard a wooded height, and then, accompanied by his brother Balduin, brave Olivier, the bold Archbishop Turpin, and the other paladins, advanced with his men against the foe.

The battle raged with intensest fury round the leaders. Wild

cries and the clash of arms filled the air. At last Roland flew at Marsilio, but next moment his horse was killed beneath him. He sprang to his feet, and fought so desperately that the Moors turned and fled. He looked round, and could see none but the dead or dying. He raised his horn to his lips, and blew a mighty blast. About a hundred men-at-arms appeared in answer to his call, then came a few more, and lastly Olivier, Balduin, Archbishop Turpin, and others of the heroes.

"Your horn has a goodly sound, and carries far, friend Roland," said Olivier; "the emperor must have heard it, and will return and help us. It will be high time, in sooth; for see how the wild Moors assemble in close order, and prepare to renew the attack."

"Up, ye faithful of the Lord," cried Roland; "close your ranks. May Christ preserve us!"

The hero mounted an Arab horse he had caught a moment before, and took his place at the head of his men. Soon spears were hurtling through the air, and swords were clashing. Many a doughty deed was done by small and great in the Christian force; but fight as they might, the Franks were so few in number, that it seemed as if the Moors must finally prevail. Olivier fell defending his friend and brother-in-arms. Roland's sword did such terrible execution that the Moors once more retreated in fear, and the hero was too weary to pursue them. His wounded horse fell dead beneath him, and he, bleeding from many wounds, and feeling that his end was near, staggered into a neighbouring gorge, and sank upon the ground at the foot of a rock. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he whispered,—

"Lord, give me grace in Thy sight. Receive, if so be that Thou hearest me, this pledge of my submission to Thy will."

So saying, he held up his gauntlet; a soft breeze passed over his face, and an invisible hand took the gauntlet, and bore it away. The hero then lifted his sword Durindart, and tried to break it



against the rock, that it might not fall into the hands of the Moors. But the marble rock was split by the blow, while the sword remained unharmed. He now blew his horn for the third time. The worthy Archbishop Turpin limped up to him, then came Balduin, Roland's half-brother, his faithful squire Thiedrich, and bold Walter, who had defended the height committed to his charge until all his men were slain.

Time passed slowly with the wounded men. At last they heard the glad sound of horns blowing, and the clanking of armour. Kaiser Karl had come back to their assistance. But before he arrived, Roland had gone to the realms of eternal peace. His faithful squire told the emperor, with tears in his eyes, that he had seen one of God's angels come to receive his master's soul. Then he went on to tell of Marsilio's faithlessness, of the battles which had that day been fought, and of the suspicion they all felt that Ganelon had betrayed them into the hands of the Moor.

"You were right there," said the emperor; "the traitor deceived me also. I wanted to return the moment I heard Count Roland's horn, but Ganelon dissuaded me, saying that my nephew must only be hunting."

The bodies of the Frankish soldiers were buried, while those of the paladins who had lost their lives at Ronceval, amongst whom were Turpin, Roland, Olivier, and Walter, were to be taken away and embalmed for burial in France. Ganelon was at the same time arrested and bound.

These things done, the emperor marched against the Moors, who meanwhile had been reinforced by the arrival of Caliph Baligant of Babylon with hosts of followers. The battle between the Christian and Moorish forces lasted two days, and was then decided in favour of the Franks. Baligant died on the field, and Marsilio at Saragossa. This victory gave Spain to the conqueror.

The emperor returned to France. Halt was made by the vine-

clad banks of the Dordone, and the bodies of the fallen heroes were interred at Blaive, after which the march to Paris was resumed. There the feast of victory was held, and when it was over, Kaiser Karl set out for Aix, where Ganelon was tried before a jury of twelve of his peers. He was sentenced to prove his innocence by single combat against Thiedrich, Roland's faithful squire. As Ganelon was much weakened by his imprisonment, he was allowed to choose any one he liked to act as proxy for him. He chose Pinabel, one of the most famous swordsmen of his day; but that availed him nothing; God fought for Thiedrich, and Pinabel was overthrown. Ganelon was then sentenced to be torn in pieces by wild horses.

Soon after this, fair Auda came to Aix in search of her betrothed. None of the warriors had courage to tell her the truth, so they referred her to the emperor, and he told her with tears in his eyes.

"Dead," she said; "Roland dead!"

With these words she sank lifeless to the ground, so they took her away, and buried her beside her hero in the vault at Blaive.







### III. WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

#### THE INHERITANCE.

COUNT HENRY of Narbonne, who was both a good man and a hero, lived at the time when Kaiser Karl ruled over the Franks. He was held in much esteem by the emperor, because of his valorous deeds, and had received many fiefs in addition to his paternal estates. After a time he withdrew to his own castle, and, together with his wife, occupied himself with the education of his seven sons, and several daughters. Years passed on, and the sons all grew up to man's estate. One day their father called them to him, and said that he had a story to tell them, to which they must listen attentively.

"You must know," he said, "that once, long ago, I sank exhausted on the field of battle, worn with fighting, and covered with wounds. The enemy rushed up to slay me, but a faithful squire defended me at the risk of his own life. Just as further help arrived, he sank severely wounded on the blooming heather beside me. We were removed from the field, and every care and attention was lavished on us. I got better, but he grew weaker every day. He was not afraid to die, but he was troubled about the fate of his little son, whom he would leave an orphan, for his wife had died some time before. I comforted the man who had given his life for me, by telling him that I would be a father to the boy, and that if he grew up fit for the trust, he should be my heir,

whether I had children of my own or not. He is now a gallant knight and brave warrior, and I am proud to call him my pupil. Now, my sons, tell me, do you wish me to keep my word to my dying preserver, or do you desire to share my estate amongst you?"

Then one of the sons, named William, answered for the rest, and said that they would all rather be beggars than that their father should break his word to his faithful squire.

"Not beggars," cried the Countess Irmschart. "All that I brought my husband belongs to you, and your father has already endowed you with a priceless inheritance; namely, his piety, his good faith both to God and man, his courage, and all the lessons in knightliness he has given you. This is an inheritance that cannot be taken from you."

"Well, my sons," continued the count, "you may go to the emperor's court in the full certainty that you will get on there, if you are true to the lessons you have learnt in your youth."

The young warriors followed their father's advice. They were well received by the emperor, at first for Count Henry's sake, and then for their own. They fought against the Moors when Eigoland invaded Gascony, and helped to avenge the death of the heroes at Ronceval. After their return from Spain, the emperor knighted the brothers, and gave them considerable fiefs. William, who enjoyed the special favour of his liege lord, was made governor of the whole southern coast of France. He showed himself a vigilant warden of the coast. Wherever any Saracens ventured to land, there he was with his troopers to beat them back, and sometimes even seized their ships.

After the death of Kaiser Karl, surnamed the Great, his son Ludwig succeeded him on the throne. The first action of the new ruler was to go about the country, and see in what condition it was. Amongst other places, he visited the castle where Count



William lived with his youngest sister. Ludwig was so taken with the maiden's beauty and sweetness, that he fell in love with her, and soon afterwards married her. This circumstance increased Count William's influence at court, and enabled him to keep up a larger army, and do what he otherwise considered necessary for the proper defence of the coast.

#### CAPTIVITY AND DELIVERANCE.

Peace lasted for a long time under the wise rule of Count William, but, suddenly and unexpectedly, the Moors invaded the land, under the lead of the powerful Emirs Terremen and Balikan. King Ludwig and Count William attacked the children of the desert, and strove to chase them from the country. After performing many feats of valour, William was at last surrounded by the Moors, and carried off a prisoner to Valencia by the Emir Tibalt, whose captive he was by the fortune of war.

Arrived at Valencia, the count was chained up in a dark and dismal dungeon, and placed under the charge of the emir's wife, Arabella, during her husband's absence on a plundering expedition. Before going away, Tibalt told his wife to feed the prisoner on bread and water, and forbade her on any account to take off his chains. He added that he hoped on his return to find him willing to embrace the Mahommedan religion.

For some time Arabella did as her husband had desired with the strictest punctuality, but after a time she became curious to see what the Frankish prisoner was like. So she made her servants accompany her with torches to the cell. She saw that William was a goodly man, and felt sorry for him. As for him, he never could have imagined that an infidel could look so gentle and like an angel.

The weeks passed quickly. Arabella tried to teach the count her religion, by repeating passages of the Koran, and by entreating

him to remember that he had only to become a Mahommedan, and he would at once be free. And he, on his side, told her about God and Christ, and explained to her the religion of mercy and love. What he said came home to her heart. She visited him again and again, thought over his teachings when she sat quietly in her own room; and at last confessed that she wished to become a Christian. She and William had by this time learnt to love each other, so they determined to fly to King Ludwig.

By the help of an old and faithful servant, Arabella hired a vessel, set the count free, and went on board with him. The captain, on learning that he was to steer for the coast of France, refused point-blank to do so; and William, without an instant's hesitation, flung him overboard. He then threatened to slay the mate if he did not obey him in all things, and he looked so terrible with his drawn sword and stern face, that the crew durst not disobey him.

Meanwhile Tibalt returned from his raid, and learnt all that had occurred from the captain, who had swum ashore. He embarked without loss of time, and set sail in pursuit of the runaways, but only came within bow-shot just as William and Arabella landed and took refuge in the citadel.

Tibalt vainly tried to take the place by storm, and had at last to return to Valencia without accomplishing the object of his voyage.

Ludwig invited Count William and Arabella to his court, where they were received with the utmost kindness by both him and his queen. Every one admired the Moorish lady's beauty, and thought her lovelier than any one about the court, even than the queen herself. This roused the queen's jealousy, and she began to treat both her brother and Arabella with marked coldness.

Count William and his bride went on to Avignon, where they were married by Pope Leo, after Arabella had been received into the Christian Church. She was given the name of Gyburg at her



baptism, as that was an old family name in the house of Narbonne. Ludwig was present at the marriage, but the queen said she was too busy to go.

A few days after this, William sent his wife home to Orange, while he accompanied King Ludwig to Italy, with the object of recovering Rome and the States of the Church for the banished Pope. This they succeeded in doing after much fighting; and when Leo was once more master of the imperial city, he showed his gratitude to the Frankish king by crowning him emperor in the room of his great father.

When the coronation feast was over, the warriors all returned home, and William with the rest. He and his wife lived happily at Orange, and, as they had no children, William adopted the son of one of his sisters who had died early, and brought him up as his heir. The boy Vivian (or Vivianz) grew up to be a bold youth, and showed promise of future excellence.

#### MORE FIGHTING.

As it happened, Vivian was to have a chance of winning glory at an early age. The Moors invaded France in hordes. They swept over Aquitaine in no time, and seemed as though they would soon have the rule in France. Count William took leave of his wife, and, accompanied by young Vivian and his men-at-arms, set out to meet, and, if it might be, drive back the bold invaders.

The armies met on the plain of Alischanz (Alicon). "Machmet! Machmet!" was the cry on one side, and "Monjoie, St Denys!" on the other.

The battle began, and raged for hours; young Vivian fought like a hero, and then fell, mortally wounded. His men avenged his fall. He was insensible for some time, and when he came to himself again, he found that he was lying on the battle-field surrounded by the bodies of the slain. He was very thirsty, and

prayed for a drink of water. His prayer was heard. A shining angel came down from heaven, and supported his tottering steps to the side of a little rushing brook, where he quenched his raging thirst. Before finally disappearing from sight, the angel said,—

“The good town of Orange and kind Gyburg are in danger.”

The young man fainted again when he heard these words. On recovering his senses, he saw his uncle bending over him, and had just strength enough to repeat the warning given him by the angel, before he fell back dead.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND HIS DYING NEPHEW.

The count considered what was to be done. He had lost sight of his men in the wild hand-to-hand conflict in which he had cut his way through the enemy's ranks; and then, coming upon his nephew's broken shield, he had followed his bloody track until he found him. The battle was now at an end; but without men how could he save Gyburg and Orange? His horse was so severely wounded that he had to lead it by the rein. Without further loss of time, he set out on his long and toilsome walk. At daybreak he met a Moorish commander with several followers. He was at



once attacked by them, but with the first blow he clove the emir to the saddle, and put his men to flight. Finding himself alone and unobserved, he slipped the emir's dress over his armour, and, mounting the emir's horse, pursued his journey to Orange. He made his way in safety to the castle gate, which opened in time to receive him just as the enemy had recognised the Frankish accoutrements of his wounded war-horse, for the faithful beast had followed him all the way.

The besiegers tried again and again to storm the castle, but in vain. At last they determined to starve the garrison out. After a time, the inmates of the castle suffered so much from want of food that the count made up his mind to slip through the Moorish hosts to bring back reinforcements and provisions. He made his wife and captains swear to hold the fortress at all hazards, and then, donning the garments he had taken from the emir, set out on his perilous undertaking.

He made his way through the enemy's lines, and reached Orleans in safety. There he was taken prisoner by the captain of the guard, and ordered to instant death as a Moorish infidel. In vain he assured the man that he was a Christian and a Frank; in vain he told him his name and rank; neither the captain nor any one else would believe him, and he was in great danger of being torn in pieces by the excited populace. Fortunately, at that moment the governor of the town appeared at the head of an armed force, and, on seeing William, at once recognised him as his brother, and took him away to his house. The count would have nothing to eat but bread and water; he could not feast while his wife and his men were fasting. Having rested for an hour or two, he set out again on his way to court.

Ludwig received him coldly, and his sister was still more unkind. Indeed, the empress went so far as to say, that for aught any one knew, the Moorish woman might have sent for those

Saracens; she might be tired of France and Christianity, and want to return to her own people. Ludwig showed himself unwilling to call out his troops, saying that William was strong enough to help himself.

Day after day passed, and nothing was done. Meanwhile the rumour spread that the count of Orange had come to court to ask for help against the Moors; and the aged count of Narbonne, his six sons, and many noble knights came to offer their help in the good work. When they heard how ill William had fared at court, the lord of Narbonne went to the emperor, and warned him that if he did not support his vassals in their need, he must not be surprised if they threw off his suzerainty. Then, turning to his daughter, he told her plainly what he thought of her conduct, and threatened her with his curse if she did not forget her foolish rancour and do her duty. This bold speaking had such good effect, that orders were at once given to call out a great army, which assembled in an incredibly short time.

On hearing of the approach of a Frankish host, the Moors hastened to their ships, leaving their tents and provisions behind. These William gladly seized for the use of the imperial troops. Life and bustle now reigned in the castle from garret to cellar, and the cooks had hard work to provide food for so many men. Among the scullions was a tall strong young fellow, a Moor by birth, who had been stolen from his home, and presented by his captors to Kaiser Ludwig. William thought from his appearance that he must be of noble birth, but every one else regarded him as half-witted, and called him nothing but Jack Dunderhead. While he was at the palace, he had once had the good fortune to save the Princess Alice from a wolf. The only reward he asked of her was that she would keep the adventure a secret. This she did. But when he was going to the wars with the other officers of the royal kitchen, she sought him out and gave him a ring as



a farewell gift. After his arrival at Orange, William's attention was drawn to him; and seeing the heroic qualities of the youth, and the masterly fashion in which he handled his quarter-staff, the only weapon he possessed, he redeemed him from servitude, took him to the Lady Gyburg, and desired her to provide him with coat of mail and all the requisites of a warrior. Rennewart, for that was his real name, was so grateful for this kindness that he swore to be faithful to William to the death. And, as he turned to leave the room, the countess heard him say, in a low voice :

"Now, at length, I can show that I am of royal lineage, and may strive to win my pearl. Ah, father Terramer, while you have forgotten your long-lost son, he has become a Frank, and is both able and willing to fight for his new and better country."

These words revealed to Gyburg that Rennewart was her own brother, so she called him back hastily and told him all. After this joyful recognition, he went out in full armour, but still bearing the long staff he had always carried for his defence. He joined the rest of the forces and marched with them to fight the Moors, who were awaiting them on the shore.

The battle began, and Rennewart showed himself so good a warrior as to justify Count William's trust to the full. He even attacked and boarded some of the Moorish ships, freed the Christian slaves who were attached to the oars, and, getting them to join him, drove the Moors overboard, and, taking several of high degree prisoners, returned to the castle.

Among the prisoners taken was the Moorish commander Terramer. Badly wounded, and broken-hearted at his utter defeat, he was astonished at the kindness with which he was tended by William and Gyburg, to whom he had tried to do so much harm. But he soon made friends with them, and was then rejoiced to see the son he had long mourned as dead.

A few days later William and Gyburg went with the victorious

army to where Ludwig was staying with the court. They met with a hearty reception, and the count of Orange was created duke of Aquitaine, while Rennewart was given the town and district of Nismes. The emperor then rewarded all the other leaders for their services, and gave a great feast to the men-at-arms, and a banquet to the nobles.

While the heroes were enjoying the good things provided for their entertainment, the empress noticed that the young hero Rennewart sat silent and absorbed, till her daughter Alise approached to fill his glass; then his eyes rested joyfully on her countenance, the royal maiden blushed, and her hand trembled so, that the wine ran over. She wondered where they could have met before, and took the first opportunity of questioning her sister-in-law. The Countess Gyburg told her brother's story, and informed the empress that Rennewart and Alise had loved each other ever since the day when the prince, in the guise of a scullion, saved the princess's life. A few days afterwards the young people were betrothed, and on the very day of their betrothal messengers arrived bringing rich presents from the Emir Terramer to his son.

William, who was now duke of Aquitaine and count of Orange, governed his people wisely and justly. He preserved them from dangers without and within, and listened to all petitioners of whatever rank with equal kindness. The Lady Gyburg helped him in all ways that a woman might. Together they founded churches and alms-houses, and the blessing of God was with them. When they were both stricken in years, an angel one night appeared to the count in a dream, and, showing him a desert place high up in the mountains, desired him to build there a religious house, where pious monks might live, and give shelter to any travellers who had lost their way, and might even seek out belated wanderers lost in the snow, and save them from a dreadful



death. Next day the pious hero set out in search of the place the angel had pointed out, and, having found it, built the monastery. He and his wife lived on together for several years after this, doing good to all ; then they withdrew into solitary cells to prepare for eternity. After their death so many signs and wonders were wrought at their graves, that the people believed they must have died saints.





TITUREL SEES THE HOLY GRAIL.

*LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR  
AND THE HOLY GRAIL.*

I. TITUREL.

HIS CALL TO THE GRAIL.

AT the time when the bold hero Vespasian was called away from the siege of Jerusalem, to be made emperor of Rome, a rich man of Cappadocia, named Parille, or as the Romans called him, Berillus, followed in his train. He was brave in war, and wise of counsel in times of peace, so the emperor gave him large estates in Gaul. His virtues were inherited by his sons, grandsons, and later descendants. One of these, Titurison, married a noble maiden, named Elizabel, but they had no children. The knight



was much distressed at the thought that a noble and chivalrous race should end in him. Once, when he was quite elderly, a sooth-sayer came to the castle, and asked for a night's lodging, which was as usual granted. That evening, when he was sitting alone with his guest, the knight began to discourse of the sorrow of his life, and the stranger told him that he ought to make a pilgrimage to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and lay a crucifix of pure gold on the altar. Titurisone followed the wise man's advice, and he and his wife had the pleasure of having a son born to them. As the boy grew up, he showed rare gifts of mind, great piety, and unusual strength. He had received the name of Titurel at his baptism, a name that soon became known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

When the boy grew to man's estate, he went with his father to fight against the heathen. He showed such marvellous prowess, that his father began to praise him, and prophesy great things for his future; but the lad modestly said that he had only done his duty like others.

When the victorious army returned home, Titurel was not to be tempted to remain at court, but hastened away to his native place. Arrived there, he did not go first in search of his mother, but made his way to the chapel, dressed in the robes of a penitent. He approached the altar bare-foot, and presented the booty he had brought from the war. Having prayed for God's blessing on all his undertakings, he rose from his knees, and, going into the castle, hastened to embrace his mother.

Titurel sometimes took part in the crusade against the Saracens. His gallant deeds were so numerous that they became noised abroad, and his name was held in honour by Christians and infidels alike.

Many years passed on. Titurisone and his wife both died, leaving a large inheritance to their only son. The change in his

outward fortunes made no difference in Titurel—he remained as humble in the sight of God and man as before; he had more to give away to the poor and needy, that was the only use of wealth in his eyes.

One beautiful spring morning he went out to walk in the wood. Coming to a soft mossy bank, he seated himself, and looked about him. Flowers filled the air with their perfume, birds were singing in the trees, and a gentle breeze whispered among the fresh green leaves. He felt full of peace and joy; it almost seemed to him as though God were speaking to him in the songs of the birds, the rustle of the foliage, and the murmur of the brook. The sky was blue, one soft fleecy cloud alone was visible. He was surprised to see it coming as if towards him with extraordinary speed, and yet it was not driven by the wind. At last it sank to the earth before him, and out of it came an angel, who spoke to the hero in a deep melodious voice like the sound of the organ in church.

“Hail, chosen hero of the Most High! The Lord hath called thee to guard the holy Grail on His mountain, Montsalvarch. Set thy house in order, and obey the voice of God.”

The angel stepped back, the cloud closed round him like a silver veil, and he floated away to heaven.

Titurel went home in a state of ecstasy. He divided his wealth among his servants and those who had most need of it, after which he returned fully armed to the place where the angel had appeared to him. Once more he saw the cloud in the sky, and this time it was fringed with the gold of sunshine. It went before him, showing him the way to the goal of his pilgrimage. He went on and on through vast solitudes. At length he came to a deep dark wood, and after that to a mountain, the sides of which seemed too steep to climb. But the cloud preceded him, and he followed, dragging himself up precipitous rocks, past great abysses that



made him dizzy to look into, and through thickets of thorn. Often he felt so weary he could hardly drag one foot after the other, and was tempted to despair of ever reaching the top. But a voice seemed to speak to him encouragingly at such moments of weakness, and he found strength to struggle on. At length he reached the top of the mountain. He saw a bright light before him, it was the Sangreal borne in the air by invisible hands. Beneath it knelt a number of knights in shining armour. Seeing him, they rose to their feet, and cried,—

“Hail to thee, chosen hero, called to be guardian of the holy Grail!”

He did not answer, his eyes were fixed on the sacred vessel, which was like a cup of emerald-coloured jasper, encircled by a stand of chased gold. Lost in the wondrous sight, he prayed for strength to guard what was put under his charge.

And in good truth Titurel was worthy of his high calling. He, with the help of the other knights under his command, prevented any infidels from approaching the holy mountain. Many years passed away, and the vessel never came down to earth. So Titurel determined to build a castle and temple on the mountain-top worthy to hold and protect the Sangreal.

#### BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

When the grass, ferns, and stones were cleared away, it was discovered that the rock, or core of the mountain, was one entire onyx of enormous size. This was flattened into a flooring, and polished with great care; and upon it the castle was built. Now came the more important task of rearing the temple, but they were in doubt as to the plan and shape that would be most fitting.

One morning when Titurel awoke, he prayed that he might be enlightened to know how to build the church, and when he went

out he saw the entire ground-plan clearly marked out on the rock-foundation, and all the miraculous materials that were wanted, ready piled up in huge stacks. So the knights worked hard all day long, and the invisible powers worked all night. It was wonderful how quickly the walls rose, and the church was finished. It was circular in form, and had seventy-two octagon choirs, every two of which supported a belfry. In the midst rose a tower with many windows, and openings with pointed arches. The topmost point of the tower was a ruby, out of which rose a cross of clear crystal surmounted by a golden eagle with outstretched wings. Within the building, sculptured vines, roses, and lilies twined about the pillars, forming bowers, on whose branches birds seemed to flutter as if alive. At every intersection of the arches was a glowing carbuncle that turned night into day; and the vaulted roof was of blue sapphire, in which a miracle of art was to be seen. The sun, moon, and stars placed there by the builders, moved in the same order as the real luminaries in the heavens.

In the wide inner space of the great temple a second and smaller sanctuary was built, resembling the first, but far more beautiful. This was the place intended for the Sangreal, should it come down to earth.

And now the work was finished. The hour of consecration had come. The bells rang. The priests began to chant the hymn, and a chorus of angels joined in: "Glory to God on high, peace on earth, good will to men." At the same moment a sweet perfume filled the air, the sacred vessel descended and floated over the altar in the inner sanctuary. A deep and solemn silence reigned in the mighty building. Then the invisible choir began to sing: "The glory of the Lord has arisen in Zion! Praise Him, ye faithful, and make known His holy name." The priest spoke the blessing, and the consecration was complete. Titurel did not move for some time after the others had withdrawn. He was lost



in wonder and joy. He did not touch the vessel, for he had not been told to do so.

The building had taken thirty years to complete. After the consecration, a dove appeared every Good Friday carrying a wafer from the holy sacrament in its bill. It dropped the wafer into the sacred vessel, thereby keeping up the miraculous powers of the Grail, which provided food for the knights who guarded it, and healed any wounds they might sustain at the hands of the unbelievers who sometimes attacked them.

#### HIS MARRIAGE AND DESCENDANTS.

Time passed on, and Titurel was four hundred years old, but no one looking at him would have thought him more than forty. One evening when he entered the sanctuary and turned his eyes upon the Grail, he saw that it had a message for him. Drawing near, that he might read the letters of fire in which all such commands were issued, he read that he was to take a wife, so that the chosen race might not die out of the land. He called the knights of the Temple. They saw what was written, and said that he must obey. With one accord, all fixed upon the Lady Richoude, daughter of a Spanish chief, as the most worthy maiden to be his wife. The wooing was done by solemn embassy, and neither father nor daughter was deaf to the call. The marriage took place, and on the same day Titurel received the honour of knighthood, which he had always refused before out of humility. Two children were born to Sir Titurel and his wife; a son named Frimutel, and a daughter called Richoude after her mother. Twenty years later Titurel lost his wife, and was once more alone in the world, except for his children, to whom he was devoted.

Richoude, who was very lovely, married a king whose realm lay far away from her old home; and Frimutel married Clarissa,

daughter of the king of Granada ; by her he had five children. Two of them were sons, Amfortas and Trevrezent by name, and three daughters, Herzeleide, Joisiane, and Repanse.

Titurel was no longer able to bear the weight of his armour : he passed his time either in church or with his grandchildren. One day when he went, as he often did, to gaze at the holy Grail, he saw written in letters of fire on the rim of the vessel, "Frimutel shall be king." The old man's heart was full of joy. He called his son, his grandchildren, and all the young heroes who served the Sangreal, around him, and told them what had been ordained. He then desired his granddaughter Joisiane to place the floating Grail upon the altar ; for she, as a pure virgin, could touch it. She obeyed, and then the old man put the crown on his son's head, and blessed him and the assembled brotherhood.

Titurel lived on, and saw many joyful and many sorrowful things happen. Joisiane married King Kiot of Catalonia, and died at the birth of her babe Sigune,

Who fairer was than flowers in lusty May,  
That ope their dewy cups to dawning day.

Her sister Herzeleide took the child, and brought it up with Tchionatulander, the orphan son of a friend ; but after a time she lost her husband, and had to fly with her son Percival, leaving Sigune and Tchionatulander under the care of friends. But worse things than this were yet to happen. Frimutel thought his life at Montsalvatch confined and dull, he wearied of it, and went out to seek excitement in the world. He died of a lance-wound far away in the land of the unbelievers. His son Amfortas was crowned his successor, in obedience to the fiery letters that appeared on the holy vessel ; but he had inherited the wild blood and roving spirit of his father ; and instead of fulfilling the office to which he was appointed, he went out into the world in search of



love and fame. At length he was brought back to his grandfather, sick unto death of a wound caused by a poisoned spear.

One day, while Sir Titurel knelt in the sanctuary praying for his grandson, whose life of pain was prolonged by the holy Grail appearing to him once in every seven days, he suddenly saw these words in letters of fire :—

"Murmur not, good old man ; endure the load of others' sins. A chosen hero shall one day climb the holy mount. If he ask, before nightfall, of the beginning and end of this tale of woe, then shall the spell be broken, and Amfortas cured, but the new-comer shall be king in his stead."

Again and again Titurel read the mysterious words, and asked when the hero would come. He received no answer ; but the words, "murmur not ; endure," shone brighter than before, and he bowed his head, leaving the future confidently to God.





KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND  
TABLE.

## II. PERCIVAL.

### JOURNEY TO ARTHUR'S COURT.

WHEN Queen Herzeleide had to fly from home with her little son on the death of her husband, she retired to a

small house she possessed in an out-of-the-way district, and devoted herself to the education of her boy. She never spoke to him of knightly deeds, for she feared lest, when he was grown



up, he should leave her to seek adventures, and should die in some tournament or feud. Notwithstanding this, young Percival grew up a bold, strong youth, fearless of all danger.

One day, as he was coming home from hunting, he met some knights riding through the wood arrayed in full armour. One of them asked him a question, which Percival answered at random. Then, going up to the knight, he asked what strange garments those were that he and his companions wore, and why they had golden spurs. The knight was amused, and answered the lad's questions very kindly, adding, "If you want to know more of knights and knighthood, you must go to King Arthur's court, and there, if you are worthy, you may perchance be made a knight yourself."

Percival could not forget what he had heard and seen. He cared no more for hunting, and spent his days and nights in dreaming of swords, knighthood, and battle. Herzeleide asked her son what ailed him, and when she learnt the cause of his sorrow, her heart was filled with terror lest, inheriting his father's heroic spirit, Percival might meet with his father's fate. At length she gave way to the lad's entreaties, and let him go, but with a breaking heart.

Percival felt the parting with his mother very much; but youth and hope were strong in his heart, and thoughts of the joy of meeting again soon thrust the sorrow of parting into the background.

Lost in such reflections, he came to a meadow in which some tents were pitched. In one of these he saw a couch on which a beautiful woman lay asleep. She was richly dressed; her girdle blazed with precious stones, as did also the ornaments on her arms, neck, and fingers. He thought, as he plucked a flower, so he might also steal a kiss from the rosy lips of the sleeping beauty; but, as he did so, she awoke, and was very angry.

"Don't be angry," he said, throwing himself at her feet. "I have often kissed my mother when I have caught her asleep, and you are more beautiful than my mother."

The lady gazed at him in astonishment, and listened to his boyish confidences about going to Arthur's court, being made a knight, and doing great deeds thereafter. Suddenly a horn sounded at no great distance.

"That is my husband," cried the lady; "quick, boy, get away as fast as you can, or we are both undone."

"Oh, I am not afraid," he said. "Look at my quiver; it is quite full; I could defend you as well as myself. Let me have one of your bracelets as a sign that you are not angry with me."

As he spoke, he slipped the bracelet off her arm, left the tent, mounted his horse, and rode away.

Shortly after this Lord Orilus, the lady's husband, appeared, and with him many knights. When he heard from her what had happened, he fell into a passion, and swore that he would hang the "impudent varlet" if he could catch him. But though he set out at once in pursuit, he could see nothing of the youth.

Meanwhile Percival continued his journey. That night he slept in the forest, and went on his way next morning at an easy pace. As he was passing under a rock, he saw a maiden sitting by a spring that gushed out of it. She wept bitterly as she bent over a dead man, whose head lay in her lap. Percival spoke to her, and tried to comfort her by saying that he would avenge the death of the murdered man, for murdered he was sure he was. He then told her his name, and she said that she was his cousin Sigune, and that the dead man was her old play-fellow Tchionatulander, who had met his end in trying to gratify a silly wish of hers—a wish she had no sooner given utterance to than she repented. She had lost a dog, and had wanted to have it again. That was the cause of all her sorrow.



"He was a real hero," she continued, "and one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. Your mother made him governor of her wasted lands. He conquered the robber hosts, slew their leader, wild Lahelin, and flung his ally, Orilus, Lord of Cumberland, from his horse, so that he only escaped by the help of his troopers who bore him off the field. When he promised to get me back the dog, he challenged Orilus to single combat before King Arthur and his knights, the prize of victory to be the setter that Lord Orilus had caught, and kept, when it ran away from me. The challenge was accepted, but the time of meeting was put off for a while, because Orilus was suffering from an unhealed wound. Meanwhile the Lady Jeschute, fearing for the life of her husband, sent me back the dog. Tchionatulander and I regarded the matter as settled, so we set out together to go to the sanctuary of the Holy Grail, where we were to be married. As ill luck would have it, we met Orilus and his wife, and in spite of all the entreaties of Jeschute and myself, the two knights quarrelled and fought. Orilus recovered from the stunning fall; but my dear love—oh that I had died instead! It was my fault, all my fault."

"Be comforted, cousin," said Percival, "I will go to King Arthur, I will tell him your story, and ask him to make me a knight, and to take care of you. Then I will go and seek out Orilus, and avenge your wrongs."

He then took leave of Sigune, and went on his way. Coming to a broad river he questioned the ferryman as to where he should find King Arthur's court. The man answered that he must go to Nantes, a good bit on the other side of the river; so Percival gave him the gold bracelet he had taken from the lady's arm, and asked him to set him across. This the man did, and afterwards put him in the right road.

Arrived at Nantes, the first person he met was a red-haired

knight clad in red armour, and riding a sorrel steed. Percival spoke to him courteously, and asked for the loan of his horse and armour, that he might go in seemly fashion to the king and ask for knighthood at his hands. But the stranger laughed, and said, "A rustic youth in a fool's cap were the very thing to carry my message of defiance."

"Here," he continued, "take this cup to the king as a token, tell him that I challenge him and all his Round Table to deadly combat. You see that I cannot lend you my horse and armour, as I need them myself, but after the battle you will be able to pick and choose amongst the armour and horses of the slain."

Indignant at the knight's refusal, Percival rode on in silence. As he went down the principal street of the royal borough, the people all laughed at his appearance, the very boys pointed and hooted at him, and in good truth he looked ridiculous enough. The ribbons of his striped cap fluttered in the breeze, his many-coloured jacket and leather hose were very shabby, and his sorry nag limped with fatigue. At length a squire named Iwanet took his part, chased away the boys, and chid them for their discourtesy to a stranger. The young hero thanked the man, and begged him to take him to King Arthur to whom he was the bearer of a message. Iwanet at once complied with Percival's request, and took him to the palace. On entering the open hall where the king was seated with his knights at the celebrated Round Table, the young man turned to his companion in amazement, saying:

"Are there so many Arthurs? My mother only told me of one."

The squire smiled as he replied that there was indeed only one Arthur, and that he was the knight whose beard was beginning to turn grey, and who wore the crown on his head.

Percival now walked up the hall, and bowing to the king repeated the message of the red knight, adding that he wished the



king would use his power and give him the red knight's horse and armour, for he liked them well.

"The boy would have the bear-skin before the hunter has slain the bear," said Arthur laughing; "but," he added, "I will give you the things you ask for, if you can get possession of them."

"Thank you, sire," answered Percival, "I shall need your gift if I am to become a knight;" so saying, he bowed, and took his leave.

When he returned to the red knight, he told him all that had occurred, and asked him for the horse and armour the king had given him. The knight upon this rapped him so shrewdly on the head with the butt end of his lance, that he fell from his nag. He soon recovered, however, and attacked the knight so suddenly with his spear that he killed him on the spot. He then tried to take off his armour, but in vain. Fortunately Iwanet happened to pass that way, and seeing the lad's difficulty offered to help him. Percival was soon arrayed in the full suit of armour, which he insisted on wearing above his other clothes as they had been made by his mother. This done, he thanked the squire for his timely assistance, mounted the red knight's charger, and rode away, he knew not whither.

After he had ridden a long way he came to the castle of Gurnemann, an elderly man and a brave warrior. The old chief asked the youth to come in and spend the night under his roof, and Percival accepted the invitation with pleasure. He was so taken with his host's kindly manner, that before the evening was over he felt drawn to tell him of his mother and all his adventures since he had left her. Gurnemann persuaded the lad to remain with him for some time, and began to teach him how to become a true knight and hero.

"Do not always have your mother's name upon your lips," he would say, "for it sounds childish. Preserve her teaching faith-

fully in your heart, and you will please her more than by talking of her continually. A knight should be modest, love one maiden only, not play at love with many women. He should help the oppressed, and show kindness to all. When he has conquered an enemy he should show mercy; and when he is conquered he should not beg for life. To face death boldly is a hero's glory, and such death is better than a dishonoured life."

With these and other words of wisdom the old man strove to fit the youth for knighthood. At the same time he gave him fitting clothes, telling him it was no disrespect to his mother to cease to wear the curious garments with which she had provided him. Time passed on, and Percival proved such an apt pupil that Gurnemann grew as proud of him as if he had been his own son.

At last he told the youth that the time had come for him to go out into the world and draw his sword in defence of innocence and right, for Queen Konduiramur was hard pressed in her capital, Belripar, by the wild chief Klamide and his seneschal Kingram. Percival was nothing loth, and at once prepared to go and help the queen.

Arrived at Belripar, which stood on the sea at the mouth of a great river, he rowed himself across the stream, his good horse swimming at his side. Though artillery frowned from the castle walls, he gained admittance on pronouncing the password given him by Gurnemann, and was conducted into the queen's presence. She received him kindly, and he at once offered her his services. She entreated him to have nothing to do with so unlucky a cause as hers; but he was not to be persuaded to abandon her. It almost seemed as though he had brought good fortune in his train, for a few days later some ships laden with provisions managed to run the blockade, and when Percival made a sally on the enemy soon after, he unhorsed and took prisoner the seneschal Kingram,



whom he set free on condition that he at once set out to tell King Arthur of his defeat at the hands of the red knight. The same fate befel Klamide himself not long afterwards.

Peace was now restored. The people were all devoted to the young hero who had freed them from Klamide, and were rejoiced to hear that he was about to marry the queen.

The wedding took place with great pomp and ceremony. In the midst of all his happiness Percival had only one sorrow, and that was that his mother was not there to share his joy. He told Konduiramur what he felt, and she agreed with him that he ought to go and fetch his mother to Belripar. So Percival mounted his good horse and rode away.

### QUEST OF THE GRAIL.

He knew in which direction to go to his mother, but not the roads that led to her house ; so it was not surprising that he lost his way several times. One day he came to a great lake which he had never seen before. He saw a man seated in a boat, fishing. The man was richly dressed, but pale and sad. Percival asked if he could get food and shelter anywhere about for himself and his tired horse, and was told that if he went straight on, and did not lose his way, he would come to a castle, where he would be kindly received. He started in the direction indicated by the fisherman, and reached the castle at nightfall, after a long and toilsome search. There he met with so much kindness and consideration, garments even being provided for him "by Queen Repanse's orders," that he was filled with amazement. When freshly attired he was taken into the hall, which was brilliantly lighted. Four hundred knights were seated on softly-cushioned seats at small tables, each of which was laid for four. They all sat grave and silent, as though in expectation. When Percival

entered, they rose and bowed, and a ray of joy passed over each woeful countenance.

The master of the house, who much resembled the fisherman Percival had seen on the lake, sat in an arm-chair near the fire, wrapped in sables, and was apparently suffering from some wasting disease.

The deep silence that reigned in the hall was at length broken by the host, who invited Percival, in a low, weak voice, to sit down beside him, telling him that he had been long expected, and, at the same time, giving him a sword of exquisite workmanship. The young knight was filled with astonishment. A servant now entered carrying the head of a lance stained with blood, with which he walked round the room in silence. Percival would much have liked to ask the meaning of this strange ceremony and also how his arrival had come to be expected, but he feared lest he should be deemed unwarrantably curious. While thus thinking, the door opened again, and a number of beautiful blue-eyed maidens came in, two and two, with a velvet cushion embroidered with pearls, an ebony stand, and various other articles. Last of all came Queen Repanse bearing a costly vessel, whose radiance was more than the human eye could steadfastly gaze upon.

"The holy Grail," Percival heard whispered by one voice after another. He longed to question some one; but felt too much awed by the strangeness and solemnity of all he saw.

The maidens withdrew, and the squires and pages of the knights came forward. Then from the shining vessel streamed an endless supply of the costliest dishes and wines, which they set before their masters. The lord of the castle, however, only ate of one dish, and but a small quantity of that. Percival glanced round the great hall. What could this strange stillness and sadness mean?



When the meal was at an end, the lord of the castle dragged himself to his feet, leaning on two servants. He looked eagerly at his guest, and then retired with a deep sigh. Servants now came to conduct Percival to his sleeping apartment. Before leaving the hall they opened the door of a room in which a venerable old man slept on a low couch. His still handsome face was framed in a coronal of white curls. His sleep was uneasy, and his lips quivered as though he were trying to speak. The servants closed the door again, and led Percival to his chamber.

When he entered the room he looked about him, and at once became aware of a picture embroidered on the silken tapestry, that arrested his attention. It was the picture of a battle, in which the most prominent figure, a knight strangely like the lord of the castle in appearance, was sinking to the ground, wounded by a spear of the same kind as the broken weapon that had been carried round the hall. Much as he desired to know the meaning of this, he determined to ask no questions till the following morning, though the servants told him that his coming had been long expected, and deliverance was looked for at his hands; and they went away, sighing deeply.

His sleep was disturbed by bad dreams, and he awoke next morning unrefreshed. He found his own clothes and armour beside his bed; but no one came to help him. He got up and dressed. All the doors in the castle were locked except those that led out to the ramparts, where his horse stood saddled and bridled at the drawbridge. No sooner had he crossed the bridge than it was drawn up behind him, and a voice called out from the battlements:

"Accursed of God, thou that wast chosen to do a great work, and hast not done it. Go, and return no more. Walk thy evil way till it leads thee down to hell."

The hero turned, and looked back at the castle: a face with

a fiendish grin glared at him for a moment over the battlements, and then disappeared. Percival put spurs to his horse, and rode away. He journeyed all day long through bleak, inhospitable country, and at nightfall reached a solitary cell. He dismounted, hobbled his horse, and entered the quiet room. A woman crouched on the floor praying. She wore a penitent's grey robe, and her long hair lay neglected about her face and neck. Startled by his entrance, she rose slowly to her feet and looked at him.

"What, you?" she said, "Herzeleide's wretched son! What do you want of me? Tchionatulander's body is embalmed, and I have laid it in this chest. Here I must kneel and pray, and do penance till the All-Merciful sets me free."

"Good heavens!" said the hero to himself, "it is Sigune; but how changed!"

The unhappy woman stared at him for some time in silence, then she went on, "Wretched man, do you not know that you are lost for ever. You were permitted to look upon the holy Grail, yet, of your own will you put aside the opportunity of freeing the poor sufferer from his pain. Do not longer pollute this cell with your unhallowed presence. Go, flee, till the curse overtake you."

She stood before him like an angry prophetess. A feeling of dread, such as he had never known before, took possession of him, and he staggered out of her presence and into the night. He walked on and on, leading his horse, till at length he sank on the ground, and found relief from his troubles in a sound and refreshing sleep.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke. His faithful horse was grazing near him, so he mounted and rode on without knowing or caring where he went. As evening came on, a farmer met him, and offered him a night's lodging, which he thankfully accepted. Next day, when he resumed his journey, he was able



to think more calmly of all that had occurred; and came to the conclusion that he ought to return to the castle, and try to expiate the sin he had committed unconsciously. But he could not find the way to it. He asked every one he met to show him the way to the castle where the holy Grail was to be seen: but every one took him for a fool or a madman. As he rode on sadly, he met a knight leading a woman in chains. He at once recognised the beautiful lady from whom he had stolen the kiss when she was asleep. She looked at him in silent entreaty, so he felt himself bound to help her. He desired the knight to let the poor woman go, but was answered with a scornful laugh. Upon this the fight began, and raged hotly for some time. At last Percival was victorious. As he was about to slay his fallen and unconscious foe, he remembered Sir Gurnemann's teaching, and refrained. Leaving the man lying on the ground, he turned to the lady, and freed her from her chains. By this time the fallen knight had regained his senses, and Percival let him go after making him swear to treat the lady for the future with all courtesy, and to go to King Arthur's court and say that he had been defeated by the red knight. Before they parted, Percival learned that his opponent was Sir Orilus, and that the lady was his wife, whom, ever since that scene in the tent, he had persecuted out of groundless jealousy. Percival solemnly swore that the meeting had been innocent and accidental, and thus he brought about a sincere reconciliation.

The hero continued his search for the holy Grail, but all in vain. He followed out the quest in summer's heat and winter's storm, yet never seemed to get nearer the goal. One day he met Sir Gawain, King Arthur's nephew, who asked him to come back to court with him, and see the king, and be made a knight of the Round Table. Percival at once consented, hoping, as he did so, to learn something from Arthur about the holy Grail.

Sir Gawain sent a squire on to announce the red knight's arrival to his uncle, so the king came out to meet them, accompanied by his heroes and many of the townsfolks, for all were anxious to see the warrior of whose powers so much had been heard and of whom so little was known. On the following day in the open field, Percival received from Arthur's hand the sign of knighthood, and was enrolled a member of the Round Table.

Whilst the heralds were yet proclaiming the new knight's name and deeds, a woman rode into the royal presence on a miserable nag. She threw back her veil on approaching the king, and displayed a hideous countenance, brown, yellow, and grey, like a withered leaf, and her eyes glowed like burning coals out of their deep sockets.

"It is the witch Kundrie, the messenger of the Sangreal," cried many voices.

"It is even she," said the woman, "and she comes to cry woe upon King Arthur and his Round Table if they suffer the man I shall name to remain in their midst. Percival is unworthy of the honour you have shown him. He was chosen to the highest dignity, and has wickedly neglected to end the pains of the greatest sufferer upon earth. Woe unto him! Woe unto Arthur and his heroes, if the unhallowed presence of the dishonoured knight be not at once removed."

Every eye was fixed now on the prophetess, and now upon Sir Percival, who, horror-stricken at what had occurred, slipped quietly out of the assemblage, and, mounting his horse, rode away. Amongst all the heroes of the Round Table there was only one who took his part, and that was Gawain. He said it was a shame to let the flower of chivalry thus depart on the word of a hawk-nosed witch. Upon this Kundrie got into a great rage, and said:

"Thou wretch, the curse hath fallen upon thee too. Go, if thou



dare, and find Klinschor's magic castle, where thy grandmother, thy mother, and sister, and other noble ladies lie under the spell of enchantment ; free them if thou canst ! ”

Gawain turned, and went away without a word. He mounted his horse, and set out in pursuit of Percival.

#### KLINSCHOR'S ENCHANTED CASTLE.

Wherever the hero went, he found people who told him they had met the red knight, and again he came up with armed men who had fought with him and whom he had conquered. So the days and weeks passed on, and he still continued to follow Percival until he lost all trace of him in the far East. At last he heard of him again, and seeking him, heard more of his great deeds, but himself he could not find.

Sir Gawain thought the matter over carefully, and made up his mind that the best way to find Percival, would be to seek out the holy Grail, for which he also sought.

As he rode along, he met a knight whom Percival had wounded. Gawain offered him help ; but Kingrimursel, as the man was called, felt too sore about his defeat to be able to accept any kindness, and at once challenged Gawain to fight him when his wounds were healed. Before the hero had gone much farther he met a woman whose beauty made him forget both the challenge and the holy Grail, and even the red knight. And indeed she was a lady of most marvellous beauty ; her dark hair fell down her neck in curls, and her eyes gleamed like stars. Gawain approached her, and entered into conversation with her. Finding her as wise and witty as she was fair, he told her that he loved her ; but she only laughed at him. He persisted, so she said that if he would find favour in her sight, he must go into the garden hard by, and fetch out her white palfrey.

He went to the garden gate, and seeing an elderly man standing

within, he asked him where he should find the lady's palfrey. The man shook his head sadly as he answered :

"Ah my friend, take care. That lady is the Duchess Orgueilleuse, a witch who has caused the death of many a noble knight, and for whose sake the great King Amfortas faced the danger in which he was wounded by the poisoned spear. Throw off her bonds while yet you can. Look, there is your horse. Mount, and ride away."

The warning was vain : a mere waste of words. It was as though the haughty duchess had cast a spell over Sir Gawain. He was powerless in her hands. He brought her the palfrey, and not noticing the supercilious way in which she refused all help from him in mounting, followed her with passive obedience through many lands. Many a battle had he to fight for her sweet sake, and every now and then, he could not help seeing that it was she who brought on the fight, when otherwise there would have been none. Yet he was always victorious, and never swerved from his fealty to the lady of his love, who was now pleased to allow him to ride beside her.

At length they reached a hill-top from which they had an extensive view over a wide valley. Opposite, there was a castle perched on the top of a high rock, and overshadowed by a gigantic pine-tree. Orgueilleuse pointed to it, and said that it belonged to Gramoflans, her mortal enemy, and the man who had slain her lover. "Now," she continued, "if you will bring me a spray of the magic tree yonder, and conquer Gramoflans, who will at once challenge you to single-combat, I will—be your—your faithful wife."

The knight would have fought the prince of darkness himself for such a prize, so he set spurs to his horse without a moment's hesitation, and rode away in the direction of the castle. He crossed the valley, swam over a deep moat, and reached the tree.



He pulled a small branch, and tried to weave it into a wreath, but as he did so, he heard a voice call in angry tones :

"What are you doing there, rash youth? How dare you touch my magic tree! I know you well, you are Sir Gawain, a knight of the Round Table. Your father slew my father long ago, and I intend to have vengeance. Meet me, therefore, in eight days time before Klinschor's magic castle. There shall twelve hundred of my warriors see me avenge my father's death. You may bring as many men, or more, if you like." So saying, the speaker turned his back upon the hero and re-entered his castle.

Gawain brought the wreath to his lady, who received it calmly. She did not waste her words in thanks, but pursued her way in silence; he accompanying her wherever she chose to go. After a time, they came in sight of two strong castles, one of which, the duchess said, was Logreis, her father's ancestral residence, and the other was Klinschor's magic castle, in which the great magician, Klinschor, kept the noble dames and damsels he had stolen, in close confinement and laden with heavy chains. She herself, she added, had only bought her freedom by giving the monster all the gold she had inherited from her father. Scarcely had she uttered these words, when a grim warrior appeared, and called to Gawain to defend himself. Orgueilleuse withdrew, reminding Gawain of her promise. A few minutes later, having overthrown his adversary, the knight got into the ferry-boat, that had just returned from setting the duchess on the other side of the water, and went across. That night he lodged with the ferryman, who told him all the gossip of the place, and particularly of the great doings of a valiant knight clad in red armour.

As darkness came on, Gawain went to the window, and looked out. He saw the lighted windows of the magician's castle, at each of which a sad female face appeared. The women were a curious medley. Their ages seemed to range from early childhood to







GAWAIN BREAKS THE SPELL IN ELINSCHOR'S CASTLE.

grey old age. Sir Gawain turned wrathfully from the sight saying that he would slay the caitiff knight, and set the wretched ladies free; but the ferryman bade him beware what he did, for Klinschor was not only very strong, but was learned in the black art. Sir Gawain, however, was not to be dissuaded from the emprise.

He mounted his horse early next morning, and set out for the magic castle, the towers of which rose dark and mysterious-looking before him. He was admitted into the court by a gigantic porter, who opened the door for him without making any difficulty. The building seemed totally deserted. Not a household utensil was to be seen anywhere, nor any woman. He wandered from room to room lost in astonishment. At last he came to a room in which a comfortable couch was spread, and as he felt tired, he thought he would lie down and rest for a little; but, to his intense surprise, the bed retreated as he advanced, and he could not get in. Rendered impatient by this he boldly leapt upon the bed, and next instant was assailed by a perfect storm of arrows, lances, javelins, and heavy stones. From these he guarded himself as well as he could. Had he not been dressed in full armour, he would speedily have been slain, and even as it was he received many a wound.

The terrible hail of weapons ceased as suddenly as it had begun. A stillness as of death set in. The silence was at length broken by the heavy tramp of a peasant, who entered the room bearing a great club in his hand, and followed by a lion. The man was of enormous size, and his voice was deep and gruff.

"Quiet, Leo," he said, "I am going to break that fellow's skull before I throw you his carcase. What!" he continued in amazement, "still alive, and in full armour! Nay then, go at him yourself, good Leo." So saying, he hastened away as fast as his legs would carry him.



The lion sprang upon the hero, and tried to tear him with its claws; but almost instantly fell backwards with a howl of mingled rage and pain, for Gawain had cut off one of its fore-paws. The hero now jumped out of bed, and attacked the lion with such hearty good will that he finally killed it; but the exhaustion caused by the protracted struggle was so great that he sank fainting on its carcase.

When he came to himself again he found a number of women bending over him, and calling him their deliverer. Amongst them were his grandmother, his mother, and his sister Itonie. The spell was broken, and Klinschor had fled. As soon as Gawain had a little recovered from his fatigue, he sent messengers to tell Arthur what had happened, and to ask him to come and witness the combat that was to take place between him and Gramoflans.

Arthur came, and Sir Gawain felt that his cup of happiness was full when he presented the beautiful Lady Orgueilleuse to his uncle.

At length the wished-for day of combat dawned. A knight arrived dressed in black, and riding on a coal black steed. Gawain rode forward to meet him. Their swords flashed, and they fought as beseemed noble knights in such fair company. The king and the ladies drew nearer that they might the better watch the skill of the combatants. Gradually the black knight had the best of the fight. Gawain's strength to parry the thrusts of his adversary grew less and less. Suddenly a maiden darted from amongst the spectators, and cried,—

"Noble knight, spare my brother Gawain, he is yet weak from the many wounds he received in the magic castle."

"Gawain!" echoed the stranger, raising his visor, and displaying the well-known features of Sir Percival.

The meeting of the friends was right joyful, and while they

talked, another knight came forward and asked for reconciliation and friendship with the other two. This was Gramoflans, who had long been secretly betrothed to the gentle Itonie. But Gawain knew too well what depended on their combat; he knew that the lady Orgueilleuse was only to be won by defeating this man, whom she hated. He laid his hand upon his sword and would have spoken, but the great king drew near and stopped him. He promised on his word of honour to soften the heart of the proud duchess, and bring her to his nephew. Then sending for the lady, he took her apart and talked with her, and his wisdom and nobleness so wrought upon her that her anger left her, and she forgave her foe.

A few days afterwards two marriages were solemnized at the castle, and Queen Guinevere did all that she could to ensure the general happiness. Sir Percival was at the same time openly received as Knight of the Round Table; but still he was not happy. He could not forget. He heard as distinctly as of yore the curse that the witch had pronounced against him; he always saw the face of the sufferer Amfortas, the Sangreal, and further in the background his lovely wife and weeping mother. He could not bear it, so he slipped quietly away without taking leave of the king or any one. The innocent joy of his friends but increased his grief.

He rode away, a feeling of almost despair possessing him. Should he never find the holy Grail, should he never be able to right the wrong he had done so unconsciously?

#### PERCIVAL, TREVREZENT, AND THE GRAIL

Summer and autumn were gone, and the ground was covered with snow, when one evening Percival saw the dwelling of a recluse at a little distance. He was half frozen with cold, and so very weary, that when he dismounted he could only drag



himself with difficulty to the door. A tall and stately, but somewhat haggard man answered his knock, and told him to come in, while he attended to his horse.

The hermit gave him food, and spread a bed of moss for him, and while resting there, Percival began to look about him. He saw a sword with a richly carved hilt, inlaid with gold, hanging on the wall, and asked to whom it had belonged. The hermit sighed as he answered that it had belonged to him at the time when he cared for nothing but glory and love, and forgot the holy Grail, the care of which had been committed to him.

"For, stranger," he continued, "you must know that I am Trevrezent, brother of the unhappy King Amfortas, and that, like him, I devoted my life to the pursuit of fleeting pleasures. When the poisoned lance struck Amfortas, and caused him the unspeakable pain that he still endures, I laid aside my sword and armour and retired to this solitary place that I might do penance for my own sins, and perhaps even redeem my brother. Idle hope! the sufferer still endures his agony, and he that was chosen by God to save him neglected to do it, and has earned thereby the curse of perdition instead of the glorious place that was prepared for him."

"I am he who sinned so deeply, yet unconsciously," cried Percival, "but where is the justice or love of a Being that punishes the sin of ignorance with such a curse?"

"So you are Percival, the son of my sister Herzeleide," said Trevrezent. "You found the way to the Grail, but not to redemption, for you did not know the All-merciful, who only speaks in those who have received Him into their hearts. Harken to me, and I will unfold the wondrous goodness and love He has shown to the children of men, that you may learn to endure and to trust."

Trevrezent then proceeded to tell his nephew of God's dealings

with man from the beginning of time until the coming and death of Christ, and to show him what lessons might be learnt therefrom. He afterwards told him that his mother had died of sorrow not long after his departure, and that in dying she had blessed him. He went on to say that Percival must now seek the Sangreal with a pure heart and humble mind, trusting in God, who knew that he had repented, and whose mercy was without end.

The hero remained for some days with his uncle, who strengthened and encouraged him to perform the task that lay before him.

At last, taking leave of Trevrezent, he departed and journeyed for a great distance without seeing any trace of the holy mountain. One day he met a knight who insisted on fighting with him. But suddenly in the middle of the fray Percival's sword broke, and he exclaimed that if he had had his father Gamuret's weapon it would not have played him such a sorry trick. The stranger then questioned him about Gamuret, and after he had heard what Percival had to say, he added :

"Then you and I are brothers, for when Gamuret was in the East, he married the Moorish queen; after her death he returned home and wedded your mother. I was brought up by my mother's relations, and am now king of the Moors. My name is Feirefiss."

So saying he opened his visor and showed Percival a dark, handsome face.

The brothers embraced with great affection, and Percival said :

"The sword that Amfortas the sufferer gave me would not drink a brother's blood; this is the first sign that God has heard my prayers. And—but was I blind?—surely I know this place! There is the lake, the rocks are here—yes, there



is the road to the holy mountain. Come, brother, follow me up the steep path to the heights above, where Divine mercy awaits us."

Both heroes set out on their toilsome road with a stout heart and a willing mind; but the way was so full of difficulties that the sun was about to set before they reached the castle. On their arrival they were received like expected guests, and their horses—which they had been obliged to lead most of the way—were taken to the stable. Percival and Feirefiss were conducted straight to the hall, which was brilliantly lighted with wax candles. King Amfortas and his knights were in their usual places. The squire then came in with the bleeding lance, and was followed as before by the maidens bearing the cushion, stand, etc., and lastly, by the fair virgin, Queen Repanse carrying the holy Grail.

"Merciful Father, and our sweet Lord and Saviour," whispered Sir Percival, "teach me what I must do to bring redemption."

And it seemed to him that an angel spoke in his ear the one word, "Ask!" His understanding was now enlightened. He knew what to do. Going up to Amfortas he said:

"What ails you, great king? and why are the halls that contain the holy Grail filled with mourning and woe?"

The candles went out, but the Sangreal spread a brighter radiance than before throughout the room, and on the side of the sacred vessel appeared in letters of flame, "Amfortas is cured; Percival shall be king." At the same moment soft and heavenly music filled the air, and invisible angels sang "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

The hero stood silent, his heart overflowing with joy and thankfulness. An old man now approached him with a firm step and dignified mien. He bore a crown in his hands, and this he set on the head of the chosen king, saying:

"Hail, Percival, all hail! Long have we waited for your coming. I am your great-grandfather Titurel, and have been called to make over to you the insignia of the highest honour. Now I may depart in peace. The days of my earthly pilgrimage will soon be over, and I shall rest in the Lord."

Amfortas, who was now well, and free from pain, rose from his seat, and greeting Percival with solemn joy, placed the royal mantle on his shoulders, calling on him to uphold the right, and to punish all injustice and wrong.

The assembled knights joined in proclaiming the new king, and in swearing to be true to him.

And the angelic choir sang in jubilant tones:

"Hail to thee Percival, king of the Grail!  
Seemingly lost for ever,  
Now thou art blest for ever.  
Hail to thee Percival, king of the Grail!"

While Percival stood there, touched and softened by all that had happened, the door opened, and a veiled lady came in, followed by her train. As he looked at her inquiringly, she threw back her veil, and showed the face of Konduiramur, the wife he loved so well, and from whom he had so long been absent.

It was strange that the light shed by the holy Grail left one man, and one alone, in darkness. This was Feirefiss, the Moorish king, who seemed to be overshadowed by a dark cloud. He asked, whence came the bright rays that lighted the hall, but did not fall upon him.

"The sacred vessel," replied old Titurel, "that received the Saviour's blood, only enlightens those who believe. You still live in the darkness of unbelief, in the bonds of the Evil One. Bow your head before Christ the crucified, the Prince of Light and Truth, and your heart also shall be enlightened."



The old man's words had a strong effect upon Feirefiss, who desired, and immediately received, baptism at the hands of Titurel; and no sooner was the rite concluded than he too could see the Sangreal, and was embraced in the radiance that emanated from it.

After that, Titurel knelt down before the sacred vessel and prayed. Having done this, he rose from his knees, and, taking solemn leave of all, told them that Sigune was now at rest. Having thus spoken, he passed out of the hall, and was no more seen of them, or of any mortal man.

Feirefiss remained for some time at the castle on the holy mount. While there, he received instruction in the Christian faith, and when he went away, he took as his wife the fair Queen Repanse, to rule with him over his own land. They had a son named John, who became a great warrior, and who formed a brotherhood, like that of the Templars, of the holy Grail; a brotherhood, strong, mighty, enduring, and of great renown.





ELSE'S DREAM.

### III.

## LOHENGRIN. (LOHERANGRIN.)

### THE SILVER BELL.

UNDER the lead of Gawain and others, and lastly of Arthur himself, the knights of the Round Table sought in vain for that which lay so near, yet seemed so far, because their dim vision could not pierce the earthly mists that cloud Heaven from our view. Some said that angels had conveyed the Holy Mountain farther East, where it was guarded by Prester John; and that only when wild Saracens threatened Christendom, did the Templars appear with the silver dove on shield and helmet, and help to win



the victory; then they vanished, and none knew whence they came or whither they went.

Meanwhile Percival and Konduiramur lived happily together, serving in the Temple of the Sangreal, and educating their children with the greatest care. Kardeiss, the eldest son, on reaching man's estate, was made ruler over his mother's kingdom of Belripar, and over his patrimony of Waleis and Anjou. The younger son, Lohengrin, remained at home with his parents, while the daughter, Aribadale, took the place of Queen Repanse, and bore the holy Grail from the altar to the hall and back again. It was long since any of the knights of the temple had been called by the sound of the silver bell to go out and fight against the unbelievers, for the Saracens had been completely conquered by the Christians. But one evening, when the knights were all assembled round the king in the royal hall, the silver bell was heard apparently at a great distance, but coming ever nearer and nearer. It sounded like a cry for help. At the same moment the announcement appeared on the sacred vessel in letters of flame, that Lohengrin was the hero chosen by God to defend the rights of the innocent, and that he should be borne whither he should go, in a boat drawn by a white swan with a crown upon its neck.

"Hail Lohengrin, chosen of the Lord!" cried the knights of the temple.

Percival rejoiced greatly, and embraced, and blessed his son, while Konduiramur, her heart filled with joy at Lohengrin's high calling, and also with anxiety about his safety, went to fetch the armour inlaid with gold that Amfortas had once worn, and the sword that had broken during Percival's fight with his brother Feirefiss, but which had since been re-forged and tempered in the sanctuary of the Sangreal.

A squire now entered the hall, and announced that a boat lay

in the lake below the mountain, which a swan with a golden crown was towing by a chain of gold. This was the sign that the hour of the young hero's departure was come. The king and queen, and all the knights accompanied him to the shore, where the boat awaited him. As he was about to embark, Percival gave him a golden horn, and said :

"Blow three times on this horn, as a sign that you have arrived amongst the worldly-minded children of men, and again three times to show that you are coming home ; for, if you are ever asked from whence you came, and of what family you are sprung, you must at once be up and away on your return to the holy mountain. This is the indestructible law of the brotherhood of the Sangreal."

Lohengrin sprang into the boat, and the swan swam away with it, bearing it towards the sea. The air was full of the softest strains of music ; but whether it was the swan that sang, or a choir of angels, Lohengrin could not tell. The music ceased when the boat reached the sea. Its place was taken by the howling of the storm, and the sound of many waters. When night came on, the young hero stretched himself in the bottom of the boat, and fell asleep, undisturbed by wind or waves.

#### FAIR-ELSE, THE DUCHESS.

One day the youthful Duchess of Brabant had gone out to hunt. She was of such surpassing beauty that she was always called Fair-Else. On this occasion she had somehow got separated from her companions, and to tell the truth, she was not at all sorry, for she wanted to have a little quiet time for thought ; so she threw herself on the grass under a great linden tree, and began to ponder over her troubles. She had many lovers, and would gladly have got rid of them all, especially of the Count of Telramund, a mighty warrior and her former guardian, who

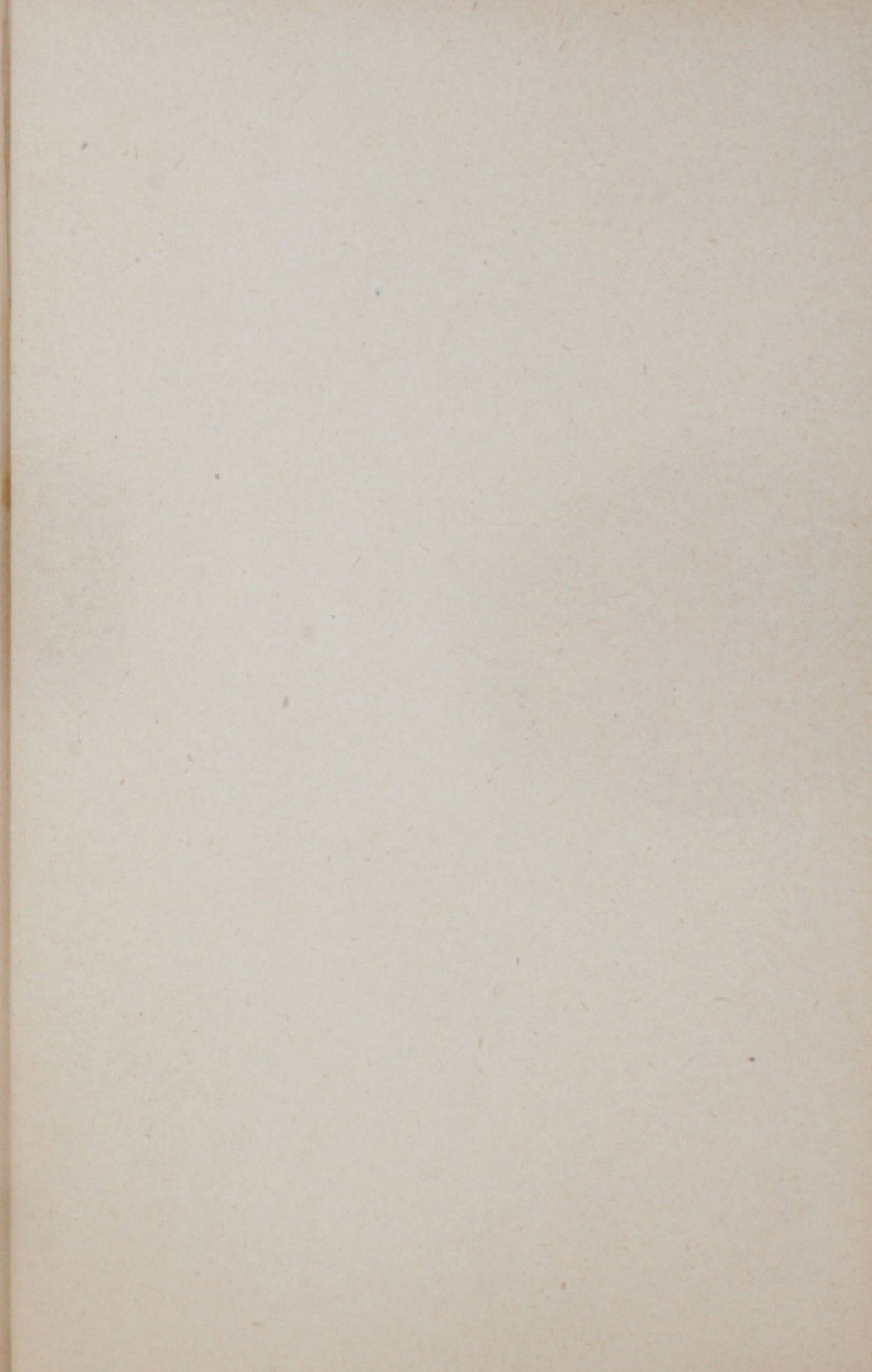


persisted in maintaining that her father had promised her to him on his death-bed. The young duchess both hated and feared the count. She had refused point-blank to marry him in spite of his threats, and he now declared that he would make war upon her, and would also bring a heavy charge against her before the newly-elected German King, Heinrich of Saxony. Else thought over all these things with a heavy heart, till she fell asleep, lulled by the humming of the bees and the soft murmur of the wind in the branches overhead. And in her sleep she dreamt. It was a strange dream. She thought that a youthful hero came to her out of the wood, and offering her a little silver bell, told her to ring it if ever she needed assistance, and he would come without delay. It seemed to her that she tried to take the bell but could not, and in the effort she awoke. While puzzling over the meaning of her dream, she became aware of a falcon hovering over her. It wheeled round her head several times, and finally perched on her shoulder. Tied round its neck was a silver bell exactly like the one she had seen in her dream. She gently detached the bell and the falcon flew away.

Soon after she returned home, a messenger arrived to summon her before King Heinrich's judgment-seat at Cologne on the Rhine. She obeyed the summons with a heart at ease, for she felt herself in the keeping of a Higher Power; and trusted in the hope her dream held out to her.

King Heinrich was a man who both loved and exercised justice; but the empire sorely needed stout defenders,—hordes of wild Hungarians ravaged the south every year,—and Count Telramund was a mighty warrior whose assistance was of great value to him, so he hoped that his claims would be successfully proved.

The trial began. Three witnesses were brought to prove that the duchess loved one of her vassals, and for a lady in her position







LOHENGRIN'S ARRIVAL.

to marry a vassal was strictly forbidden by the laws of the realm. Two of the witnesses, however, were declared false and perjured ; and the evidence of one witness was not enough. Then the count stood up, and offered to show the truth of his allegation against the duchess by challenging to single combat any knight that the Lady Else might choose to defend her cause, and might God show the right.

The challenge could not be refused, but three days' time were allowed her to find a champion. Else looked round the hall to see if any noble warrior would defend her, but all feared the terrible strength and skill of Count Telramund. No one moved ; a silence as of death reigned in the court. Then the maiden remembered the silver bell. She drew it from her bosom and rang it, and the clear sound that it gave forth pealed through the silent hall, and passed on in louder and louder echoes till it was lost in the distant mountains. After that she turned to the king and said that her champion should appear at the appointed time.

The three days were over. The king was seated on his chair of state overlooking the lists, and thoughtfully gazed over the rushing waters of the Rhine that flowed close to where the combat was to take place. His princes and knights surrounded him, and before him stood Count Telramund in battle array, and the fair duchess, who looked lovelier than ever.

Three times the count called upon the champion who was to defend the Lady Else to appear. He received no answer. All eyes were fixed upon the king, anxious to hear whether he would now pronounce judgment on the accused. While he yet hesitated, distant music was heard coming over the Rhine. The sounds were passing sweet, such as none had ever heard before. A few moments later a boat was seen approaching the shore, drawn by a white swan with a golden crown upon its neck, and in



the boat a knight clad in rich armour was lying asleep. As the prow touched the land, he awoke, and sounded a golden horn three times. The notes echoed across the river, and were lost in the distance. This was the sign that he accepted the position of champion of innocence. He understood what was required of him, and disembarking, entered the lists where his adversary was awaiting him.

Before the fight began, the herald came forward, and demanded the stranger's name and condition.

"My name is Lohengrin," answered the knight, "and I am of royal birth; more than that you need not know."

"It is sufficient," replied the king; "your patent of nobility is written on your forehead."

The trumpets sounded to battle, and the combat began. Telramund's blows fell thick and fast, and the stranger knight at first contented himself with standing on the defensive; but suddenly changing his tactics, he attacked in his turn, and with one blow he cleft the count's helmet and head.

"God has decided," said the king, "and His judgments are just. As for you, noble knight, will you accompany us on our expedition against the wild invaders, and command the contingent that the fair duchess will send us from Brabant?"

Lohengrin joyfully accepted the proposal, and at the same moment the Lady Else came up and thanked him for the great service he had done her. She had recognised him from the first moment of his appearance as the hero of her dream, and her heart was full of wonder and gratitude.

On the journey to Brabant, Lohengrin and Else saw a great deal of each other, and the more they saw, the more they liked. In the castle at Antwerp they were publicly betrothed, and a few weeks later, married.

When the bridal pair left the cathedral after the wedding,

Lohengrin told his wife that she must never question him as to the place from whence he came, or as to his parentage, for if she did, he must leave her that very hour, and leave her for ever.

They were startled out of their honeymoon by the king's call to arms. Numerous robber hordes from Hungary had invaded the land, so King Heinrich had determined to collect his armies at Cologne, and march against the foe. The duchess, like most of the other ladies, went with her husband to the royal city. There were many great warriors amongst the princes of the empire, and the ladies used to talk of their glorious deeds and those of their ancestors; but when Else's husband was mentioned, a strange silence would fall upon the company, for rumours ran that Lohengrin was the son of a heathen magician, and that he had gained the victory over Count Telramund by his knowledge of the black art.

#### PARTING.

When Else heard the scandalous tale, she was deeply hurt, for she knew her husband's noble nature. She longed for the power of justifying him, and of making the scandal-mongers eat their words, and reverence her hero. So full did she become of these thoughts that she forgot her husband's warning, and, going to him one day, told him of her trouble, and asked him whose son he was, and whence he came.

"Dear wife," he said, in quiet sorrow, "I will now tell you, and the king and all the princes, what was hidden and ought to have remained hidden for ever; but remember, the hour of our parting approaches."

The hero led his trembling wife before the king and his nobles, who were assembled on the banks of the Rhine. He told them of his great father, Percival, and of his own coming to Cologne in



obedience to the Divine order conveyed to him by the holy Grail.

"I would fain have fought the barbarians with you, noble king," he continued, "but destiny calls me hence. Be of good cheer—you will conquer the robbers, rule over the heathen, and win imperishable glory."

The hero spoke with the enthusiasm of an inspired seer, as he added a prophecy of the wonders time should unfold regarding the future of the empire. When he ceased, all present heard the same strange wild melody that had attended his coming, but this time sad and slow as a dirge. It came nigher, and then they spied also the crowned swan and the boat.

"Farewell, beloved," said Lohengrin, clasping his weeping wife in his arms. "I had grown to love you, and life in this world of yours, passing well; but now a higher will than mine tells me to go."

He tore himself away with tears in his eyes, and entering the boat, which the swan had brought close to the bank, was borne away from their sight.

She did not long survive the parting from her husband, and when she died, she died in the firm conviction that she was about to join her husband and see the holy Grail.

Whether she was right or wrong, none of those about her could ever agree.





TRISTRAM TEACHES ISOLDE TO PLAY THE GUITAR.

#### IV. TRISTRAM AND ISOLDE.

##### TRUSTY RUAL AND HIS FOSTER-SON.

A FURIOUS battle was raging before the gates of the castle, for Rivalin, the lord of the place, was fighting against Morgan, his feudal superior, whose oppression had grown too great to be borne. Within the castle, Blancheflur, Rivalin's wife, was praying fervently for her husband's safety, as she clasped in her weak arms her little son that had been born while the din of battle filled the air.



All day long it lasted. In the evening, Rual, the marshal, hurried back into the castle bleeding, and called to his wife to save what she could, and make ready for instant flight, for King Rivalin had fallen, and the enemy threatened to blockade the castle. Queen Blancheffur heard what he said, and with a piercing cry fell back dead. Rual, seeing that nothing could be done for her, hurried the other women in their preparations, and, heedless of his own untended wounds, made ready to fly with his master's child to a place of safety.

But while they hastened to obey the marshal, it was already too late—the castle was surrounded, and no way of escape remained. They carried the dead queen to another room, and the marshal's wife took the baby for her own. The servants were all faithful, and when Morgan took the castle soon afterwards, he never guessed that Rivalin had left a living child. The victorious king, who honoured Rual for his fidelity to his late master, made him governor of the kingdom he had just subdued, and then went back to his own place.

Time passed on, and the foster-parents were delighted with the good qualities their pupil developed. They had had him christened Tristram, or Tristan (Sorrowful), because of the sad circumstances that had attended his birth. Rual himself taught him all knightly exercises, and got him tutors to instruct him in music, languages, and many other accomplishments.

One day some foreign merchants landed on the coast, and offered their wares for sale. Young Tristram often went down to see them, and questioned them about their country, and about the many strange lands they visited. The boy's unusual beauty and the great knowledge he possessed aroused their cupidity. They determined to steal him, and sell him in some foreign country where he would bring a good price. So once, when he was on board their ship, they quietly raised the anchor, and set sail.

Rual pursued them, but they escaped, owing to the greater swiftness of their vessel. Another danger, however, threatened to overwhelm them. A terrific storm came on, worse than any they had ever encountered before. They thought it a sign of God's wrath, and were filled with fear and awe. In the perturbation of their souls they swore to set the boy free, and they kept their word. They put him ashore on an unknown coast, feeling assured that with his uncommon gifts he would soon make a livelihood. They were not mistaken. A troupe of pilgrims happening to pass that way, Tristram joined them, and accompanied them to the court of King Mark of Cornwall. The king took the boy into his service as page, and grew very fond of him.

Meantime Rual had sought his foster-son everywhere, and was broken-hearted at not being able to find him, or hear any news of him. He wandered from one country to another, begging his way. At last, footsore and weary, he arrived at King Mark's court. Tristram greeted him with joy, and took him to the king.

When Mark heard who the supposed beggar was, he exclaimed angrily :

"What! Are you the former marshal of the traitor Rivalin, who stole away my sister Blanche-flur?"

"Sire," replied Rual, "love made him do so. The Lady Blanche-flur had been secretly married to my master before she went away from here. She and her husband are both dead, and this youth," laying his hand on Tristram's shoulder, "whom I have brought up from his infancy, and whom I have sought for years, is their only child."

The king was astonished to hear this tale, and was pleased to find that his favourite page was in reality his nephew. Rual remained in Cornwall with his foster-son, for, his wife being dead, he did not care to return home, and again endure Morgan's despotic sway.



Tristram grew up to be a tall and handsome man, a brave warrior, and a noble knight, as much beloved in peace as in war. But although he lived a full and joyous life, he could not forget his native land, and often mourned over the thought that his fellow-countrymen and rightful subjects groaned under the tyranny of a foreign oppressor. He at last explained his feelings on the subject to his uncle, who gave him men and ships, telling him to go and set his people free, but making him promise to return to Cornwall afterwards, as he had appointed him to succeed him on the throne.

The expedition was successful. Morgan was defeated and slain, and Tristram was crowned King of Armenia. He remained for a year longer in his native land, settling all differences, and arranging matters for the good of his subjects. Having done this, he made Rual governor of the realm, and returned to Cornwall as he had promised.

### ISOLDE (YSEULT, ISOUD).

On his arrival there, he found every one in great distress. King Gurmun of Ireland had, during his absence, invaded Cornwall, and, with the help of his brother-in-law Morolt, a powerful chief and great warrior, had subdued the country, and forced King Mark to pay him tribute; and a shameful tribute it was. By the treaty with Gurmun, the Cornish king was bound to send thirty handsome boys of noble birth to Ireland every year, to be sold as slaves for the benefit of the Irish king. On the very day of Tristram's return, Mark was about to deliver the thirty boys into the hands of grim Morolt, Gurmun's messenger, who had come to receive them.

Tristram was very angry when he heard the news, and told the knights they were cowards ever to have consented to such an arrangement. Then going straight to Morolt, he tore up the treaty, saying it was too inhuman to be kept. Morolt's only

answer was to draw his sword and challenge him to single combat. He accepted, and the fight began. After some time, Morolt, having severely wounded Tristram, cried :

"Yield, Sir Tristram : I feel pity for your youth. Yield, and my sister, Queen Isolde, shall cure your wound, for she alone can heal a wound made by my poisoned blade."

"Death rather," exclaimed the young knight, and making a mighty effort, he split his adversary's head open from crown to jaw.

This settled the matter. The Irish returned home sadly, bearing with them the corpse of their hero, while the victor went back to his uncle's palace. His wound was washed and bound, but it would not heal. It continued to fester, in spite of the use of balm, and other herbs of well-known excellence. An experienced doctor who was called in to see the patient, said that only the Irish queen Isolde, and her daughter of the same name, possessed the art of drawing such poison out of a wound. So Tristram determined to go to Ireland in the guise of a minstrel, and seek healing at the hands of the queen, although he knew that Gurmun had sworn to kill him and every Cornishman who had the misfortune to fall into his hands.

At length he reached the Irish court, and there he played and sang so beautifully that the queen sent for him, and begged him to teach his art to her young daughter Isolde. The minstrel found the princess an attentive pupil ; and while teaching her, and listening to her sweet voice as she sang some plaintive ditty, he would even forget for a time the pain of his wound. And she, in learning from him, learnt to love him with all the strength of her innocent young heart.

The days went on, and the pain of his wound grew worse and worse. Then he told the queen of his suffering, and asked her to heal him. This she at once consented to do, and a few weeks later he was cured. He now sang with greater power than before,



and the king was so charmed with his music that he would have liked to keep him for ever at his court. But, fearful of discovery, Tristram determined to be gone while yet there was time.

On his return to Cornwall, he was joyfully received by all except the great lords, who foresaw that King Mark would make him his heir, and they did not wish to have a foreigner to rule over them. They wished the king to marry, and Tristram, finding what was in their minds, himself advised his uncle to choose a wife, saying that the Princess Isolde of Ireland would be the most suitable person for him to wed. After some deliberation, it was agreed that Tristram should go to King Gurmun as his uncle's ambassador, to ask for the hand of the princess.

Arrived in Ireland, he set out for the royal residence. On the way he heard heralds proclaiming that the king would give his daughter in marriage to whoever slew a dragon that was devastating the land, provided he who rescued the country were of noble birth.

Tristram sought out the dragon, and, after a long struggle, killed it; then cutting out the tongue of the creature, as a proof that he had really slain it, he turned to go; but the pestiferous breath of the monster so overpowered him, that he sank backward into the morass out of which the dragon had come.

Struggle as he might, he could not free himself, for he had sunk up to the shoulders. While in this miserable plight, he saw a horseman approach, cut off the head of the dead monster, and then ride away.

The horseman was sewer (head waiter) at the palace. He showed the king the dragon's head, and boldly demanded the meed of victory. The queen, who knew the man well, and held him to be a coward, did not believe his tale; so she went with her train to the dragon's hole, and discovered the real hero in the morass. His bloody sword, and the dragon's tongue showed that it was he who

had done the deed. He was quite insensible when he was taken out of the morass and carried to the palace. The princess at once recognised him to be the minstrel who had before visited Ireland, and hoped that his birth was sufficiently good to enable him to win the prize. The queen gave him a sleeping potion, and told him to keep quiet. Then taking her daughter into the next room, she showed her the horrible tongue of the lind-worm, and the sword with which the creature was slain.

"Look," she said, "the minstrel is the real hero of this adventure, and not that cowardly sewer."

She left the room, adding that the truth would soon be known. Isolde took up the sword and examined it. She saw that a bit of the blade was broken off.

"Merciful heaven," she cried, "surely he cannot be the——" She ceased, and took from a drawer the splinter of steel she had drawn out of the wound on her uncle's head. She fitted the splinter to the blade, and saw that it was as she had feared.

"Ha," she went on, trembling with anger, "he is the murderer of my uncle Morolt. He must die, die by my hand, and be slain with his own weapon."

Seizing the sword in a firmer grip, she went into the room where Tristram was sleeping, and swung the sword over his head; but as she did so, he smiled as in a happy dream, and she could not do the deed. Then it seemed to her that she saw her uncle looking at her reproachfully, and she nerved her heart to strike, but at that moment her hand was seized by her mother, who had entered unnoticed.

"Wretched child," she cried, "what are you doing? Are you mad?"

Isolde told the queen that this was Tristram, her uncle's murderer; and the mother answered:

"I loved my brother dearly, but I cannot revenge him, for this



man has saved our people from the dragon, and a nation is worth more than a single man, however dear to our hearts."

Isolde confessed that her mother was right, and let her resentment die.

When Tristram had recovered, he did not show the dragon's tongue in proof of what he had done, but challenged the sewer to trial by combat. Now the man had often fought before, but when he saw Tristram come forth to meet him in the lists, his heart died within him, and he confessed his guilt. King Gurmun thereupon ordered the recreant knight's shield to be broken, and sent him forth a banished man.

Tristram then fetched the dragon's tongue, and was at once proclaimed victor amid the acclamation of the people.

Great was the astonishment of all, when Tristram, instead of claiming the princess' hand, proceeded to woo her for his uncle King Mark, of Cornwall. Gurmun had such a dislike to King Mark that he would have refused him as a son-in-law point-blank, if Queen Isolde had not taken part in the debate, and shown the wisdom of giving way. So Tristram received a gracious answer from the king, and was content. No one thought of asking the maiden if she were willing to marry the old king of Cornwall. She was a princess, and princesses were never allowed a choice, when reasons of State demanded that they should marry some particular person.

#### THE LOVE-POTION.

The princess went on board Tristram's vessel, which was about to sail for Cornwall. Her dresses and jewels were there also, and as soon as her old nurse and faithful companion came down to the ship, they were to set sail. Brangäne was closeted with the queen, who wished to say a few last words in private.

"Look, Brangäne," said the mother, "take this goblet, and keep

it carefully. It contains a drink made of the expressed juices of certain plants, and is a love-potion. See that my daughter and her husband both drink it on their marriage day, and all will yet be well."

The nurse promised to be careful, and took leave of the queen.

Wind and weather were favourable to the voyagers. One day when Tristram had been singing and playing to the princess for a long time, and trying his best to distract her thoughts from dwelling on her dead uncle, her old home, and the unknown future, he became so thirsty that before beginning another song he was fain to ask for something to drink. One of the attendants opened a cupboard, and finding there a goblet with a drink all ready prepared, supposed that the nurse had made it in case it were wanted, and took it to Tristram, who handed the cup first to Isolde that she might pledge him, as was the custom. The princess raised the cup to her lips and drank a little; but finding it very good, she put it to her lips again, and drank half the contents. Then she returned it to Tristram, who finished it at a draught.

Their eyes met, and they knew that they loved each other.

When Brangäne came in a few minutes later, and saw the empty goblet upon the table, she burst into tears, and bemoaned what had occurred, saying that the queen had given her the love-potion to administer to Isolde and King Mark upon their wedding-day. But the princess comforted her by asserting that no harm was done, for human beings had free will, and could struggle against enchantment. And struggle they did; but their love was strong.

The ship reached the harbour, and King Mark came down to meet his nephew and his bride. He was much pleased with the appearance of the princess, whom he welcomed with all ceremony the marriage took place, and King Mark thought himself a happy man.



All went on quietly for some time, so carefully did the nurse conceal her lady's love for Sir Tristram; but after a time people began to whisper, and at length the whisper reached the ears of the king. At first he would not believe the truth of what he heard, but afterwards the thing was proved to him so clearly that he could no longer doubt. He determined to bring the lovers to trial. Meanwhile Brangäne had discovered that the king knew all; she therefore warned Tristram, and fled into the forest with him and Isolde. There they hid themselves in a cave for a long time. But winter was coming on, and the nurse feared for her darling's life if she remained in such a place during the frost and snow.

One day as they were talking over what were best to be done, King Mark suddenly appeared amongst them. Brangäne stepped forward, and assured him that the stories that he had been told were all gossip; and the king, who loved both Tristram and Isolde, willingly believed her, and took them home with him.

But the effect of the philter had not yet passed off, nor had the young people conquered their love. Whispers again arose about the court, and Tristram could not call any of the whisperers to account, for he knew that he had dishonoured the name of knight, and had ill repaid his uncle's kindness. Isolde, too, was miserable. They both made up their minds that they must part, and as they said farewell, it was with the fervent hope that the magic potion would have lost its power by the time they met again.

Tristram went away. He wandered through Normandy and Alemannia; he fought many battles, and led a bold, adventurous life, but he could not forget Isolde. At last he came to the kingdom of Arundel, and there he found King Jovelin and his son Kaedin hiding in a thatched cottage in a great forest, from the bands of robbers who had overrun the land. It was late in the evening when he arrived at the solitary house, where he met

with a kind reception. The lovely daughter of his host, curiously enough, was also named Isolde, to which was added the appellation of "*la blanche mains*." It did him good to be with the maiden and her father. He promised them his aid, and for this purpose went to visit his own kingdom. There he found his presence much wanted, for old Rual was dead, and all was confusion in the land. His first action was to re-establish order and good government, after which he called out his troops, and marched to Arundel to help King Jovelin. He fought the robbers there, chased them out of the land, replaced the king on his throne, and made friends with Kaedin. Weeks passed, and he became engaged to Isolde of the white hand. He vainly hoped that being married to another woman would cure him of his love for the Queen of Cornwall, and he knew that the princess loved him.

His betrothal did not bring him peace. His affection for the Lady Isolde grew no stronger, so in despair he put off his marriage, and, unable to feign a love he did not feel, went out to seek death at the hands of the robber hordes that had again invaded the country. He conquered them, and forced them to fly. On his return from this expedition, his marriage day was fixed; but one evening he was induced to accompany his friend Kaedin on a dangerous adventure, and during the combat to which this led, he received a spear thrust in the breast. He fell senseless to the ground. Kaedin carried him out of the fight, and took him home to the palace, where Isolde succeeded in bringing him to himself again.

Every one hoped that he would soon recover from his wound; but instead of that he grew worse. One day he said that the Queen of Cornwall had a remedy that would cure him, if she could only be induced to bring it. Kaedin at once set off for Cornwall to appeal to her compassion. No sooner had the queen heard his tale than she persuaded King Mark to let her go to



Arundel, and cure his nephew. Armed with his permission, she started on her long journey by sea and land, and never rested till she arrived at King Jovelin's palace. There she was greeted with the sad words, "You have come too late—he is dying." They led her to his couch, and she knelt down and took his hand. A slight pressure showed that he knew who she was; next moment he opened his eyes, gazed at her with a sad and loving look, and then died. She bent over him and kissed him, and in that kiss her spirit passed away. They were buried three days later under the same grave-mound in the distant land of Arundel.





TANNHÄUSER BETWEEN ECKHARD AND VENUS.

## LEGEND OF TANNHÄUSER.

### TANNHÄUSER IN TROUBLE.

ONE evening when the noble knight Tannhäuser was sitting in a miserable wayside inn, grumbling over the fate that had made him a poor man instead of a prince, he was startled by a loud knocking at the door. He felt a moment's terror lest it should be the bailiffs come to arrest him for debt; but instead of that, it was his good lord, Duke Friedrich of Babenberg, who ruled the rich Danubian land of Austria.



The duke chid the young man for his debts and follies, and then, giving him a purse full of gold, desired him to return to court, where his music and society were much missed.

So Tannhäuser once more returned to court, and took part in the gay doings there. He also aided his liege lord in many a great battle waged against the enemies of the realm. He was a great favourite of his master, both because of his gift of song, and because of his bravery. So Friedrich gave him the fair estate of Leopoldsdorf, near Vienna, as well as a large sum of money.

The Hohenstaufens, too, looked upon him favourably, both the Emperor Frederick II., and his son Konrad, who ruled in Germany after him. The minstrel received many gifts at their hands, and was devoted to their service.

But although large sums were thus continually passing into his coffers, he was always in debt. In course of time his patron the Duke was killed in the battle of the Leitha. He mourned him deeply, and wrote a number of beautiful songs in memory of the man who had been so kind to him. But at length his poetic soul began to turn with more pleasure to cheerful themes, so he collected what little remained of his wealth, and, setting out in the bright summer days, he wandered from castle to castle, and from town to town, sometimes hungry, sometimes happy, as he was ill or well received. He travelled through Bavaria, and remained some time at Nürnberg, where song was loved and studied; and after that he crossed the Alps into Italy. At Pavia, he made the acquaintance of a German knight, who was much drawn to the fascinating minne-singer, and he, in his turn, to the knight's fair daughter, Kunigunde. The old knight, on being asked for his daughter's hand, replied that he liked Tannhäuser very much, and would give him his daughter willingly if he had the wherewithal to support her. Minstrelsy was all very well, he added, but it

would not keep a family in bread and butter. "You have both your sword and your harp to trust to," he concluded with a smile; "go, and make enough money to set up house, and then I will give you Kunigunde."

Tannhäuser took leave of his lady-love, promising to return in a year with the needful ducats; and he fully intended to keep his promise.

#### KLINGSOHR AND TRUSTY ECKHARD.

He rode away sad at heart; but the weather was so beautiful, and the birds were singing so gaily, that he could not remain sad long. He sang wherever he could get an audience, but sweet and joyous as was the music he made, it brought him no gold. He therefore tried what his sword could do for him, and fought under the banner of King Konrad, against his rival Heinrich Raspe, the "pope's king," thereby helping to win the battle of Ulm. He was handsomely rewarded for his assistance. Then he went back to Italy, and fought there also for the Hohenstaufens, for which service he was richly paid. Once, soon after this, he sought and found shelter for the night in a castle where many knights were assembled. After supper he delighted every one with his minstrelsy. But immediately after he had ceased to sing, a stranger came in, dressed in black garments embroidered with gold, and wearing black feathers in his cap. He had a harp in his hand, and, seating himself, began to play and sing in a deep, powerful, and yet melodious, voice. His song was strange and eerie in its effect. The guests all glanced at each other in silence when it was done. They felt ill at ease, they knew not why.

Tannhäuser, throwing off the unaccountable feeling that possessed him, caught up his harp, and sang a merry ditty about woods and birds and flowers, and soon both he and the other



guests were restored to their usual cheerfulness. After that, they all began to play at dice. Tannhäuser won large sums, and lost them again immediately to the black stranger, and not only these, but some of the money he had put aside for his marriage.

The next day, when he left the castle, the stranger went with him, remained with him all day, and before night fell, had won all his money from him. Seeing how sad Tannhäuser looked, the stranger laughed, and said :

“Do not pull such a long face over so small a matter as the loss of a few gold pieces, but come with me to Wartburg; Landgrave Hermann has summoned a minstrel tournament to meet, in which the prizes are lands and wealth, but he who fails will lose his head. My name is Klingsohr, and I come from Hungary. I am willing to enter into an alliance with you. Your songs are like the bliss of heaven; mine, like the horrors of hell. If we are successful, you may have the wealth—I shall take the heads; if, on the other hand, we lose, we shall go together to heaven or hell; what does it matter which? You shudder like a weakling to hear me talk thus, for you believe the tales the priests tell you about fire and brimstone; but instead of that, it is the realm of Dame Venus, who gives her friends the most exquisite pleasures earth can afford, and both silver and gold in abundance. If you do not care for the minstrel tournament, you can visit the fair queen on the road to Wartburg, for she lives in the Hørselberg, which we shall have to pass at any rate.”

Tannhäuser listened to his companion with a shudder; but when he went on to describe the unspeakable glories of the Hørselberg, and to tell of the marvellous charms of the queen, he felt a growing desire to see Dame Venus with his own eyes. So he set out with his strange companion, forgetting, or nearly forgetting, Kunigunde, and his love for her.

When the travellers approached the mountains of Thuringia

they were joined by a tall and stately man in full armour, with his sword at his side, and a white staff in his hand. As they walked on together, they exchanged confidences as to who they were, and from whence they came. The new-comer said :

"People call me the faithful Eckhard, the Harlungs' comfort, for I took care of the noble youths for many years; but, alas! wicked Ermenrich, and his evil counsellor Sibich, slew them in my absence, and all I could do was to avenge their death."

"The Harlungs, Ermenrich, Sibich," repeated Tannhäuser thoughtfully, "it must have been long ago."

"Three or four hundred years or even more may have passed since then," answered Eckhard. "I find it difficult to reckon time after the manner of men; but ever since those old days I have been busily employed in warning people away from the Venus Mount."

Klingsohr burst out laughing, and cried, "Spare your words, old fool; so you are one of the idiots who blaspheme Dame Venus."

"Get thee behind me, tempter," said Eckhard; "I am going to take the good knight to the Wartburg, where he may win glory and wealth."

"And I am going on to prepare his lodging in our queen's palace," answered the other, as he set off at a brisk pace towards the mountains.

The minstrel and Eckhard continued their way quietly, talking the while. At last they came to the beautiful Hörselthal, with its meadows, trees, and rushing stream, and, a little farther on, to a bleak mountain, out of which came a confused sound as of waves beating a rock-bound coast, the roar and clatter of a water-mill, human cries of rage, and the howling of wild beasts.



"That is the Hörselberg," said Eckhard, "the place where Dame Venus holds her court, with the wicked who are under her dominion. Keep thine eyes and ears both shut, lest the temptress entangle thee in her net."

#### DAME VENUS.

The nearer the travellers came to the mountain, the more the confused and discordant sounds they had at first heard resolved themselves into harmony. Through a door in the rock they could see knights, beautiful women, and dwarfs. All seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. At the entrance sat a fair woman in royal robes. The moment she saw Tannhäuser, she smiled, and signed to him to approach. Eckhard in the same moment entreated him by all he held sacred to beware of the temptress, who was outwardly like an angel of light, but inwardly a fiend incarnate. He would have said more, but Venus interrupted him by beginning to sing a wondrous song about all the joys that awaited those who entered her kingdom; and Tannhäuser, as thoroughly enchanted as though a magic spell had been cast over him, thrust Eckhard aside, and hastened to the queen of beauty, who stretched out her arms towards him. She half drew him over the threshold, and he half staggered across. Then the door shut, and the faithful Eckhard saw him no more.

It would be impossible to describe all the wonders and delights that greeted the eyes and ears of the lost knight. Every day brought new pleasures, which he enjoyed to the utmost. But at length he began to tire of it, and confessed to himself that satiety was not happiness. He had a horror of himself, and of the self-indulgent life he was leading; and his conscience, once awake, left him no peace. After an inward struggle, he

made up his mind to go and seek out a pious priest, tell him all, and entreat him to show him how he might gain absolution.

Tannhäuser felt much happier when he had formed this resolution. He went to Queen Venus, and asked her to let him go. At first she refused, and then consented, saying that he might come back to her if he did not find what he was going away to seek. So he went out into the sweet fresh air, which was so pure that it almost took his breath away for the first few minutes. Then he went on his way with much foreboding: should he, or should he not, find a priest who could help him?

He told his tale to priests, abbots, and bishops, but they one and all declared that they could not help him, that the Holy Father at Rome was the only person on earth who had power to absolve a sinner, who had had dealings with the powers of the under-world.

He went to Rome, and confessed all his sin and sorrow to the Pope, whom he found walking in the garden, and awaited the answer of his Holiness with a broken and a contrite heart. But the Pope replied with harsh voice and unbending brow:

"You are an adherent of the cursed race of Hohenstaufen; you have dwelt among the lost spirits in hell, and have been one with them: I tell you plainly that God can no more pardon you than this dry stick can put forth leaves and flowers"; so saying, he thrust his gold-headed walking-stick into the ground, and walked away leaving it there.

Tannhäuser then exclaimed in his misery, "What shall I do? The high-priest of the Lord has cast me off, heaven is closed against me, and men will have nought to do with me."

At this moment an unknown voice broke in, "There is a higher than this priest, even He whose dwelling is in heaven, and He that came to redeem men from their sins, and who said,



'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Tannhäuser started when he heard himself thus addressed, and, turning round, beheld the faithful Eckhard.

"Alas," he answered, "it is too late; I cannot, dare not, pray any more. I will now return to Dame Venus, and the pleasures she offers me."

So he went back to the Hörselberg in spite of Eckhard's entreaties; for he was utterly hopeless.

Now it came to pass, three days after, that the Pope again walked in his garden, and behold, the walking-stick which he thrust into the ground had taken root, and put forth leaves and blossoms. The sight filled him with amazement, and he remembered the words of the Saviour: "Be ye also merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful." And he sent out messengers in search of Tannhäuser; but he could not be found, for he had returned to Dame Venus



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