

FRONA EUNICE WAIT

THE STORIES OF EL
DORADO

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Frona Eunice Wait

The Stories of El Dorado

*Happiness is found only in El Dorado, which no one
yet has been able to reach.*

—Spanish Proverb

*This book is dedicated to dear little Jack Morgan
Gillespie, with the most affectionate and sincere regards
of his devoted friend,*

FRONA EUNICE WAIT

Preface

"It has only recently been recognized as a fact," says Prof. A. F. Bandelier, "*that on the whole American continent, the mode of life of the primitive inhabitants was formed on one sociological principle, and consequently the culture of these peoples has varied, locally, only in degree, not in kind. The religious principles were fundamentally the same among the Sioux and the Brazilians, and physical causes more than anything else have been at the bottom of the local differences.*" Such has been my own experience in studying the stories of El Dorado which form the subject of this book, and in presenting a man—a culture hero—who came by sea from the East, I am justified by a more complete set of records than is known to the superficial student. As this man's principles of life were the same, we are forced to the conclusion that all the heroes were one conception, handed down by oral tradition, but widely separated as to locality, by the lapse of time, by migrations and commercial relations of the different tribes.

As to where these myths originated, or how old they are, I have nothing to suggest, since in presenting these simple variants, it is no concern of mine. It is sufficient for my purpose to know that they exist. To me they lend a dignity to our country by investing it with a misty past, replete with a mythology as rich and sublime as that of any of the races of antiquity. Not only will the study of

them inspire patriotism and make us better acquainted with the inner lives of the red men, but it will tend to create an interest in our sister republics which cannot fail to be of lasting practical benefit. We know much more of Europeans than we do of the peoples of this continent.

If mythology is to be taught in the schools at all, surely our own should have consideration, and in familiarizing ourselves with the traditions of El Dorado, we shall have one more incentive for higher living. We shall learn that the great souls of the races that have preceded us, in the Americas, have faced the same problems of life, which are the heritage of our common humanity; that within its dark shadows they too have struggled, hoped, and prayed.

No words incorporated into the English language have been fraught with such *stupendous consequences* as El Dorado. When the padres attempted to tell the story of the Christ, the natives exclaimed "El Dorado," or what the imperfect translations have made El Dorado—the golden. As the ignorant sailors and adventurers had been kept from mutiny by Columbus' promise of gold, it is no wonder that they seized upon the literal meaning instead of the spiritual one.

The time, being that of Don Quixote and of the Inquisition, accounts for the childish credulity on one side and the unparalleled ferocity on the other. The search for El Dorado, whether it was believed to be a fabulous country of gold, or an inaccessible mountain, or a lake, or a city, or a priest who

anointed himself with a fragrant oil and sprinkled his body with fine gold dust, must always remain one of the blackest pages in the history of the white race. The great heart of humanity will ever ache with sympathy for the melancholy and pitiful end of the natives, who at the time of the conquest of Mexico were confidently expecting the return of the mild and gentle Quetzalcoatl, the Mexican variant of this universal myth. None of the cruelties attributed to the Indian had its origin in resistance to the acceptance of a new faith. On the contrary he fought solely in defense of his home, and from Patagonia to Alaska was always willing to listen to the Christian ideas of God and the hereafter.

I have devoted the first seven variants to the original myth, while the others pertain to the transitions to, and misconceptions of, the name El Dorado. A lust for gold acquired by conquest was the underlying motive of the discoveries and explorations made in the western hemisphere, and is the beginning of all American history. We have unconsciously added some variants to it in California, where the mythical kingdom of Quivera became the land of gold of the '49 epoch. El Dorado has long been a household word for anything rich and golden.

I begin by bringing the Golden Hearted from an island in the east, the Tlapalla, from whence he came, and to which he returned in the legend. In all variants he gave a distinct promise of return. This accounts for the awe inspired by Europeans in the minds of the natives, causing them everywhere to fall easy victims to the unscrupulous adventurers swarming into

their country. That there should have been confusion seems unavoidable under the circumstances, but certainly Fate never played a more cruel prank than to have one race of men speak and act constantly from the standpoint of tradition and religious belief, while the other thought solely of material gain.

Only in Hiawatha and the Pueblo Montezuma have I taken liberty with the original. The former is based on the recent researches into Algonquin and Chippewa myths of Michabo, the great White Hare. In the Pueblo Montezuma I have followed Prof. Bandelier as to the latest conceptions of the Wrathful Chieftain. My authority for making the Amazon Queens degenerate priestesses of the sun, is J. A. Von Heuvel, the defender of Sir Walter Raleigh's connection with the South American version of the El Dorado legend. To Hubert Howe Bancroft's abridgement of Father Sahagan's translation of the Popol Vuh am I much indebted.

In all accessories I have utilized the products or characteristics of localities visited by the mythical hero, but have avoided investing him with a religious character or surrounding him with supernatural phenomena. It will be wise to make a distinction between the purely mythical, and that which led to history.

The Happy Island

A LONG time ago there was a beautiful island close by the place in the east where the sun rises. The sea was all around it, and at noonday the sun in the sky seemed to slant just above it. Being near the equator and in a tropic clime the winds were soft and warm and full of the odor of sweet flowers. Sometimes the sea was smooth and clear as glass and then the goldfish and sea mosses floated near the surface and glittered in the sunlight.

At night the moon came out big and round like a silver ball and the stars shone very clear because there was no smoke nor fog in the air. In the moonlight the queer little flying fish would jump up out of the water and dart forth and back in the funniest way as if they were playing some kind of game. Their tiny wet wings glistened like silver gauze, and, when everything else was still, made a peculiar whirring sound by all flapping at once.

The beach was strewn with quantities of conch and abalone shells, also other species of all shapes and sizes and they were as dainty in color as it is possible to imagine. The children of the Happy Island often held the larger ones to their ears to listen to the murmurs and complaints of the insects and other forms of life living inside them. This was only a fancy, but many sea shells do have a soft musical cadence if we care to hear it. Some poets believe that they were the first musical instruments, and that the inhabitants of the sea send messages ashore in this manner.

The ferns grew almost as tall as the trees and there were hundreds of birds skimming through the air, or flitting through the branches singing and chattering and having a very happy time. They were not afraid because no one threw stones at them or tried to frighten them. Everybody was glad to see them put up their little bills and ruffle up their throats in singing, or else spread out their wings and splash water all over their backs while they stood on a pebble or twig taking a morning bath. The people said that when the birds were twittering and chirping they were talking to each other. When they were singing they were telling God how thankful they were for the warm sunshine and plenty to eat.

There was a wonderful city in the center of the island named the City of the Golden Gates because it was surrounded by a high wall of very thick stones, with a great number of gates of gold through which the animals and people passed in and out. Here lived the Old Man of the Sea, as the king was called, and his son was a beautiful youth known as the Golden Hearted because he was so gentle and kind. He was a swift runner and could shoot well with a bow and arrow and was strong enough to wrestle with a big man, but he preferred to make gold ornaments and vessels for his father and was often permitted to go into the king's treasure house to watch the workmen polish the precious gems which they found in great abundance by digging into the mountains near the city.

The people knew all about white and black pearls and how to

get them from the bed of the ocean. In full sight of the island was a large reef of pink and white coral and the young prince went there many times to see the curious little insects building their graceful, airy houses over some rock hidden by the water. He sometimes imagined that he heard the mermaids calling to him. What he really did hear was the wind dashing the waves in and out of the coral chambers as if it were determined to wash them away. The reef was an excellent place to fish, and the Golden Hearted and his companions had many a fine day's sport there while the divers were searching for the pearl oysters. He fished with a drag-net made by himself, and he could let it out and haul it in again like a regular sailor. He never killed any of the fish, and the divers would not give him the pearls they found because they were compelled to kill the oysters to get them, and this they said made the pearls unlucky and was the reason why they are round and shining like tear drops. The miners brought him all the emeralds they could find, because this was the happiness-bringing stone. Its color is like the soft grass in the springtime, and they wanted him to be always young and have everything his heart desired.

The royal gardens were his special care and in them he was allowed to cultivate any kind of tree or plant or grain. Then from them he must learn the names and habits of the trees producing the best wood for building houses, what plants were good to heal the sick, and all about the grains useful for food either for man or animals. Every flower that had a perfume grew in a separate

part of the garden, and those shedding their fragrance at night only were in a bed by themselves. He was required to know the difference between single and double species and why there is such a difference in the same family of plants.

Honey bees, big-winged butterflies, crickets and beetles hid in the flowers or flew above them, and these all taught a lesson to the young prince who had no other books. The honey bee was an industrious little fellow continually building a piece of comb or else filling it with honey. The butterfly, on the other hand, did not work at all but changed from an ugly grub into a caterpillar and finally into a gorgeous butterfly with spotted wings and bright eyes. The king told his son that the butterfly was like a soul—the immortal part of ourselves—and he wished him to be as busy as the bee, and to do no more harm to other creatures than does the pretty butterfly.

The cricket was a cheerful, merry chap, usually singing at the top of his voice, and the beetle tried to push all of the dirt out of the garden. If he found anything he did not like he would roll and tumble with it, even if it were much bigger than himself. This amused the Golden Hearted very much, and when he grew tired of his own occupations he would run out into the garden and watch the beetles.

One day he went into the splendid throne-room where his father was giving audience to some wise old men who were foretelling what was going to happen to the king and the people of the Happy Island. They urged the king to send some member

of his household to the strange land over the sea, toward the setting sun, where the people were in barbarism.

The Golden Hearted was much interested and thought here was an opportunity to do some good for the weak and helpless. Springing forward he said:

"Dear father, let me go. I am able to sail the seas and am willing to devote my life to teaching these poor people how to live like brothers."

The king felt proud of the young prince, but he loved him so dearly that it was hard to let him go, and also hard to refuse such a noble, manly request.

"Do you know, my son, this will entail a great deal of hardship and self-denial?" he asked.

"Yes, father, but God intends us to earn all the good things in life; He will not give them to us for nothing. That is His good law, which makes us healthy, happy and wise—three of the most precious possessions in the world."

"Go, my Golden Heart, and may God bless and keep you always," said the king. "Take a green-throated humming-bird for your guide, and when you find the land, journey on until you come to a place where a cactus grows at the base of a rock and there is a golden eagle soaring in the air above it. Halt there and found a city, and name it in honor of the sun."

Then all the wise men begged to go with him, and for days after there were great preparations made for the departure of the king's son. At daybreak one morning he set sail in a snake-skin

boat, and all the inhabitants came with the king to throw flowers and emeralds into the sea because they wished to show respect to the Golden Hearted. It was their method of blessing him and wishing him good luck. The whole shore line, as far as he could see, was lighted up by bonfires where the people burned resin and perfume to commemorate his going.

At the water's edge stood the old sea king with his long white hair and beard blowing in the wind. By his side was a cream-white horse with three plumes in the top of its bridle reins and a square, red blanket edged with deep fringe on its back. Crowns and moons and stars of gold and silver were scattered over the blanket to show that the horse belonged to the royal prince. Back of the king was a long line of young warrior priests mounted on white horses, with red blankets, and carrying reversed spears in their hands. They bowed their heads when the poor old father leaned over on the horse's neck and cried as if his heart would break as the boat with his only son in it pushed off from the shore. Snatching a torch from the hand of an attendant, the Golden Hearted waved it on high. Fire with them was a symbol of wisdom, and when the king saw it, he answered the signal by waving a torch, and the warrior priests flashed their spears in the bright sunlight, and the people sent up a deafening shout.

This meant that they were willing to sacrifice their future king for the good of a strange race of men who needed a teacher to show them how to cultivate the land and how to build cities and live civilized. The people of the Happy Island would not send

a common man for a teacher. No, indeed; they gave the best they had—their dearly loved prince with the golden heart—to help their less fortunate neighbors. And he gave up all luxury and comfort because he would rather be useful, than live in ease as a king. The name of the island was Atlantis, and the new country was our own—America.

Zamna, the Eye of the Sun

HO THERE! Who comes to us in a canoe?" cried the people in the strange land when the Golden Hearted and the wise men arrived from the Happy Island. Many of the natives ran away and others hid in the bushes because they were afraid they were going to be killed. None of them were ever so badly frightened in their lives, and none had ever seen white men before.

"Do you come to fight us? Are you warriors?" they asked.

"I am your friend, not your foe," answered the young prince kindly, and holding a white flag high over his head. "To be a warrior is to have been in many battles, and I never marched a day under the banner of the king, my father. I come wholly in peace."

"He is only a lad. Surely we need not fear him," said the people coming back to crowd around him on shore and to examine his boat and clothes with much curiosity. "Why, then, are you here?" they finally asked.

"I am sent by my father to teach you the Good Law."

"We already know how to shoot an arrow through the heart of an eagle. We have taken many captives in battle, and are a scourge to our enemies," they answered proudly. They were still suspicious of their visitors.

"You crush a worm without mercy, never thinking it has the same right to live as you have, and that in itself it is

more wonderful than all these things," said the Golden Hearted, reprovingly.

The natives were greatly astonished. Never had they heard any one speak like this, and they could not imagine what sort of young man he was. If he did not like the chase, and was not a warrior, and did not believe in killing things, they could not understand him at all.

"What do you mean by the Good Law? What is it anyhow?"

"It is to be gentle and kind to all creatures, and to treat your neighbor as if he were your brother. You must be just to the plant, to the bull, to the horse and to the dog. The earth too has a right to be cultivated. Neglect it, and it will curse you; fertilize it, and it will show gratitude in a thousand ways. May your fields bring forth all that is good to eat, and may your countless villages abound with prosperity."

The Golden Hearted was so modest and sincere in speech and so well mannered that they were pleased with him, and were beginning to feel quite friendly. The wise men also said many nice things to them and did all they could to make the situation pleasant.

To show appreciation and to welcome the young prince, the natives gave him a handful of fireflies, because light with them was a symbol of order, peace and virtue. This was a delicate, pretty compliment and so delighted the Golden Hearted that he scattered them all over his head. When they lit in his soft, wavy, yellow hair, their bulging eyes and gauzy wings sparkled like

diamonds and they did not try to fly away because he sang to them:

"Firefly, firefly! bright little thing, Light me to bed and my song I will sing. Give me your light as you fly o'er my head That I may merrily go to my bed. Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep That I may joyfully go to my sleep. Come little firefly, come little beast, Come and I'll make you tomorrow a feast; Come, little candle, that flies as I sing, Bright little fairy bug—Night's little king. Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along, Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song."

Each fly has four spots, one back of each eye and under each wing which it can make as bright as candle light when it chooses. Its body is about an inch and a half long.

When the prince put the fireflies in his hair, the natives present touched the ground with their right hands and placed them over their hearts in token of respect. He, in turn, gave them the white flag he carried because it was an emblem of peace, friendship, happiness and prosperity, as well as purity and holiness, and he intended to bring them all of these things.

"What is your wish?" asked the natives of each of the wise men.

"We desire to bathe in the warm surf of these shores and then to make a thank offering for our safe arrival and your kindly greeting," they answered.

Criers with shrill trumpets and drums ran up and down the beach to call in the fishing boats.

"The men wearing skirts are coming into the sea," they shouted, and the Golden Hearted and his followers looked at each other with a smile when they heard what the criers said. The natives wore only breech clouts and feather and shell ornaments, much like the Indians of today. Never before had they seen men wearing long white robes, beards and high-crowned hats without rims, and having a square black cloth hanging over the shoulders in the back like a veil.

"Is there something else needed to make you more content and comfortable?" asked the criers when the fishermen had all come ashore.

"We need wood and stones to build an altar for our sacrifice," replied the Golden Hearted.

While the newcomers were splashing in the surf, the porters brought arms full of wood, and stones large and small and piled them near the boat and waited to see what the visitors would do with them.

"Why do you wear skirts like women?" they next inquired, as the bathers were putting on their robes after a long swim.

"Because we work for humanity," said the young prince. "No man is really great who has not developed a woman's tenderness in his heart, and that our fellows may know that we have this quality, we wear skirts and robes."

This is why in our day the king and priest and judge wear long gowns. The king rules men, women and children alike; the judge administers the law for all of them, and the minister prays for the

good as well as the bad. For this reason we should respect their robes when we see them.

The natives did not know the name of the young prince but when they saw him take a piece of mica and hold it over a bit of cotton until the sun set it on fire, they exclaimed "Zamna!" meaning "Eye of the Sun," and this was what they called him while he lived in that country. The wise men had placed some copal on top of the altar they had made of wood and stone and it was not long before the cotton and copal began to burn. As it did so, the Golden Hearted pointed with his finger to a ray of the midday sun. First he and his followers held their arms high overhead, then they sat in a squatting position and recited all the incidents of their journey. Finally they all prostrated themselves on the ground and returned thanks for their safety and good health. Rising to their feet, the wise men began to chant with bared heads and faces turned toward the east.

The natives thought this a very strange performance and debated among themselves whether it could be part of the Good Law they were soon to learn.

"Do you come to destroy our old faiths, and to bring us a new god?" they asked as the wood on the altar burned low and the chanting ceased.

"To attack any form of worship is like fighting darkness with a stick. The only way to overcome the blackness of night dwelling in men's hearts is to kindle a light—and the light of the world is love," responded the Golden Hearted as he slipped his arm

through that of the native who had asked him the question. "I did not come to quarrel with you. I want you to think of me as a brother ready and willing to serve you always. In my father's kingdom, the man who serves faithfully in any capacity is the one most honored. Take this cross to the chief of your village and say to him that He who is the Dew of Heaven, Lord of the Dawn, and of the Four Winds, sends his only son with a message of peace and good will to all his people. Show him the red hand painted in the center and tell him that it is not meant to convey strength, power and mastery, but that it is raised thus as an act of supplication."

As the swiftest courier in the group was girding a red sash tightly around his waist making ready for a quick run, the fishermen came up from their huts and invited the travelers to come and share their humble noonday meal. The Golden Hearted was glad to accept the extended hospitality, not because he had no provisions of his own, but because he valued their good opinion and was ready to do whatever he thought would please them.

They were a gentle, kindly folk, these simple fishermen. Not only were they industrious, but they were polite and reverential to their superiors and as happy as a lot of children when they found the strange prince under their roof. In all the after years they would have been willing to die for him.

The wise men of his company were so strict in their habits that they refused to eat the flesh of any animal, and their simple

meal was soon finished. But while every one else was at the table they performed a sacred dance in a pompous and solemn style, circling around the Golden Hearted who sat by himself. They had green palms in their hands and every once in a while they would bow to the prince. In a peculiar sing-song way they chanted a long poem telling about the history of the Happy Island.

Imagine how funny they must have looked whirling round and round with their long robes, black veils and wide sleeves filled with the wind. They kept on their high hats and with their long beards and hair flying in every direction, it was no wonder that the fishermen and other people laughed and thought it was some kind of game. The dancers were not at all offended, and when the natives asked if they knew how to play ball, they answered good naturedly:

"No, but we would like very much to learn."

"Come out here into the alley and we will teach you. By and by you may give us lessons in many things, but we are going to give you the first one."

Then they all laughed, and so did the young prince and the wise old men.

The alley where they played ball was one hundred feet long and had smooth, white-washed walls about twelve feet high in the center, but lower at each end where there was a rectangular nook for the players to rest. The walls were quite thick at the base but tapered toward the top which was finished with battlements and turrets.

Before the game began, the oldest player among them threw the small, solid, India-rubber ball four times around the alley muttering some words to himself all the time. The owner of the ground made the old man a trifling present, and then the game began in good earnest.

The rule was to hit the ball only with the knee, elbow or shoulder, not with the hands nor feet. The wise men with their long gowns and veils had a hard time keeping up with the native players, who wore very little clothing and were quick and sure footed. Two on each side played at a time, and the great point was to send the ball against the opposite wall or else over it as often as possible without allowing it to touch the ground. There were two referees; one being the Golden Hearted and the other, the oldest player.

Everybody shouted and laughed at the clumsy playing of the wise men who tried ever so hard to imitate the things they saw the others doing. It was a great effort for them and they panted and blowed as they ran. Very often they tumbled heels over head by stepping on their skirts in front. Then they would all go down together in a heap, one on top of the other, and the referees would have much to do before they could get them all straightened out again. It was jolly good fun, but required considerable time and patience even for an expert player to send the ball over the wall with either his elbow, knee or shoulder.

In the center of the wall on each side was a huge stone carved with images, having a hole in the center barely big enough for

the ball to go through. Whoever was skilful enough to make a drive through one of them, not only won the game for his side, but was entitled to the cloaks of all those present. Of course, this was a very difficult feat to accomplish and made quite a hero of the man who succeeded, so every player tried for the honor.

This day the young native who first hailed the Golden Hearted when he landed, by a lucky toss of the elbow sent the ball flying through the hole on the wise men's side. In a moment the spectators scrambled down from their seats and ran away as fast as they could go. The wise men stood looking after them in wide-eyed astonishment, and before they had time to get out of the alley the victor stripped them of their veils and then their tall hats looked like a piece of stove pipe with a cover over one end of it.

The Golden Hearted insisted that each man should give back whatever he had won in a bet on the game, and for each loss of this kind he gave both winner and loser a present, and promised to teach their sons and daughters how to weave cloth having figures in it. In such a way he taught them how to count, and to this day they have no other method of reproducing a pattern perfectly. Each stitch must be counted and only a certain number of each color put in, and all this must be carried in the head. The weavers are not allowed to write it down.

At nightfall the runners came in breathless with haste to say that the chief of the village was sending a councilor and official guide to welcome and escort the strange white men to his dwelling. But the Golden Hearted was not in a hurry to leave the

fishermen and common people with whom he had spent the day, except for a short visit. When he returned he taught them how to make sun-dried bricks with which to build houses, also to shape the round water jars of brown pottery and how to ornament them and the gourds they drank from. The wise men assisted him in all this, and in time, the natives not only built comfortable houses for themselves but learned how to fashion many pretty designs of cornices and wall decorations out of stucco which they tinted many colors.

The first thing he did when he went to the village was to make the chief king, and then he ordered some of the wise men who were architects and engineers to lay out a splendid city and help the natives to build it. Before he came there were nothing but trails from one part of the country to the other and the simple tradesmen did not know how to exchange their wares. The Golden Hearted became the patron of the builders and traders and lived many years with the people of Aztlan.

While in that country, he occupied himself with the building of a sacred temple dedicated to those who served the Good Law. It had four beautiful halls facing the four cardinal points of the compass. That on the east was the Hall of Gold and its walls were almost covered with plates of the precious metal having delicately-chased pictures over its shining surface. To the west was the Hall of Emeralds and Turquoises where many gems were studded into the plaster. The south hall was finished in silver while the northern hall was made of jasper stuck with colored

shells in curious patterns. In each room there was a tapestry of yellow, blue, white and red feather mosaic that was as fine as a painting and in some cases perfectly represented men and animals. In front of the main entrance for many years stood a winged lion cut out of granite holding an image of the Golden Hearted in his mouth.

The name of the city was Mayapan and the king who had been merely a village chief was the celebrated Cocomes of the olden times.

Votan, the People's Heart

ONE evening the Golden Hearted saw a ball of fire rise in the East just about where the Happy Island was located, and it followed the course of the sun. Then he knew it was time for him to take some of the wise men and go into a new place, so he lay awake long into the night and thought how best to begin to get ready. He knew the people loved him very much, but he remembered his oath to his father, the king, and though he was sad at heart, he determined to leave the next day but one. He had not yet spoken to anybody about his intention, but it must have been right else it would not have happened that a whole lot more wise men came to the city that very day.

"Now," he said to himself, "I can leave these wise men to help the poor natives, and I will take seven of their families with me."

Seeing that it was daybreak and the sun about to rise, the Golden Hearted sprang out of bed and hastily washing his face and hands, threw the window wide open and lifting his arms high overhead said:

"Hail! Beauty of the Day! Homage to thee who riseth above the horizon. I come near to thee. Thou openest the gates of another day. Great Illuminator out of the golden, place thyself as a protector behind me. Guide and keep me safe on the journey that I am about to undertake."

Then he dressed himself as quickly as possible and went out

to find the wise men and tell them what he was going to do. They were willing to go with him, but King Cocomes was greatly disappointed, though he felt more contented when the Golden Hearted promised to come back again.

"Quiet thy heart, great king, and trust in my love," was what the young prince said to him.

The travelers had to pass through the country of the Quinames who were a very wild people. They went about naked with long matted hair hanging over their shoulders, and they ate raw meat, fruits and herbs. They knew nothing about cooking, but could make pulque, a kind of beer, out of maguey plant, a cousin of the cactus family. On this they often got very drunk. Then they were fierce and quarrelsome. At all times these people were proud of their strength and cunning in battle and in hunting the ferocious beasts roaming over the hills and plains. The Quinames were really a dreadful set of men, but the Golden Hearted was not afraid of them. He heard all kinds of stories about their cruelty and savage ways of living, but he went quietly among them and parceled out the land and showed them how to cultivate it. The Quinames lived entirely by hunting and fishing and had no houses. When one place did not suit them any longer, they moved to another, and would never have learned how to live civilized except for the coming of the prince and the wise men.

And what a terrible journey it was! It was in a tropic country where there was so much warm rain that everything grew rank and luxuriant. For whole days the Golden Hearted marched in

the shadow of ferns as big as trees and the ground was covered with briars and nettles. Sometimes he had to go around muddy swamps or right through bushes filled with snakes. Then, too, he had to swim across wide rivers and climb steep, rocky mountains. In the tangled leaves and vines hundreds of parrots screamed and screeched at them, while on all sides the monkeys threw sticks from the branches of the trees. Gnats and other poisonous insects stung his hands and face.

He traveled like this many days. Whenever he went into camp, the Golden Hearted would invite the Quinames to dine with him in order that he might teach them how to eat cooked food out of dishes. They could not understand the use of cups and basins, because they drank out of cocoa-nut shells and had never seen a napkin or tablecloth. They had always been in the habit of taking the food in their fingers and pulling it apart, and were not very nice about keeping their hands clean either.

Of course, all this was very disagreeable to the Golden Hearted, but he was as patient and kind as possible and those fierce Quinames would not have harmed a hair in his head. When they asked him where he was going he always answered, "To seek my brothers, the Culebra, of whom thou shalt know more by and by."

"And from where comest thou?"

"From the mountain of Little Descent, and where I tarry, there will I build Nachan, the city of Serpents."

The ignorant barbarians did not know that the word serpent

meant wisdom in the language of the Happy Island, but the wise men were much pleased because they knew that this city was to be a great seat of learning and that they would have charge of the temples and schools when it was completed.

"Who art thou and thy followers?" was often asked of them on the way.

"We are Chanes and the sons of Chanes," but this did not mean anything to the savages either, because they did not know that "Chane" was the name of the wise men in their own country.

One day a culprit was brought before the Golden Hearted accused of stealing a curious looking stick with yellow grains fastened all around it. The Quinames said it was good food and they pulled off its green wrappings and held it before the fire until it was browned and then ate it. The Golden Hearted and the wise men had never seen this plant before and were very much interested in their discovery. But they did not think it well to say so.

"Dost thou say this man is a thief?" asked the Golden Hearted.

"Yes, yes; we knew where the bush grew, but we were waiting until it should be more yellow before giving it to thee," said the captors.

"I will prove thee," said the Golden Hearted to the accused. He took a piece of finely-polished black stone from his breast pocket and held it up before the prisoner saying, "Look into its shining face and beholding thine own image, swear by the Heart of Heaven to speak the truth."

The poor savage nearly died of fright when he saw himself because he thought it was an omen of instant death. He quaked and trembled and his eyes were as big and round as walnuts.

"From whence came this goodly seed?" asked the Golden Hearted kindly.

"From the edge of the wood where a silver band of water rots an old tree," answered the man, still pallid with fear.

"Take thy share, and leave me what thy accusers intended for me."

The prisoner stared at him stupidly for a moment then his better nature spoke and he took only one grain, and would have fled into the jungle if the Golden Hearted had not caught him by the mantle.

"Look again into the mirror of truth."

This time the savage was not so afraid and he gazed curiously at the stone for some time. Its surface was perfectly blank.

"Tell me what thou seest?"

"Nothing but its own dark face speaks to the eye of thy servant," responded the accused.

"Then know, my brothers," said the Golden Hearted turning to the astonished Quinames, "this man is innocent and must go free."

"Thou art welcome to my life," exclaimed the accused joyfully; "thou hast saved it and it is thine to command."

"Use it to perfect the growth of this strange seed so that thy fellows and all grain-eating creatures may profit by thy labors."

The grain found in this manner is known to the people of that country to-day as maize. We call it Indian corn.

When the wise men heard about it, they begged the Golden Hearted to let them build a white house where any one accused of crime would be safe until the judges could decide whether they were guilty or not. The prince thought it was a very good plan and said:

"I will put the black stone in it and will make a law that no man shall be called guilty if the surface of the stone does not change when he is made to look into it. And to commemorate our safe passage through this wild country, I will order several white houses built, and each one shall be called Refuges Against Fear."

In those days no one seemed to think it was wrong to kill a person who was said to be a thief or had done anything his neighbors did not like, so it was very necessary for the Golden Hearted to teach them to be just to each other. He told the Quinames that they must be sure about a thing before they acted harshly, and he cautioned them to be careful about believing or repeating unkind remarks they heard. It was quite a long time before the Quinames would even try to do this, but finally they helped to build the houses and were honorable enough not to harm any one once inside the walls. Many a useful life was saved in this manner, but sometimes a poor refugee was overtaken and beaten to death with clubs before reaching the house.

Because the Golden Hearted succeeded in persuading the warlike Quinames to live peaceably with their neighbors and

to treat each other well, he was called in that and many other countries, Votan, The People's Heart, to distinguish him from the Heart of Heaven which was their name for God. His was truly a great work because it was done without a selfish motive and for no reward except the good of his fellow men.

Lord of the Sacred Tunkel

NO one living can tell how many years ago it was that the Golden Hearted built Nachan, the city of wise men, nor how many years it took to do the work, but it has always been said to be a very beautiful place. Anyhow, it was after he left the Quinames, and it was in a country very much more civilized.

The Golden Hearted had many happy days there.

Even if he was a grown man and a great prince, he was very fond of children and one day he visited the Temple of the Sun where the pupils from school were having a holiday. They all had on their best clothes, and their faces and hands were clean, but they were shouting, and singing and playing games, very much like the boys and girls we know. They felt sure that the Golden Hearted was their good friend and when they saw him coming they ran out into the courtyard and crowded around him as thick as flies.

"A story! a story!" they said; "Please, good Prince, tell us a story."

"What shall it be about?" asked the Golden Hearted with a pleasant smile.

"Something very perfect and beautiful," they said.

"Let me think what we have in the world that is both perfect and beautiful. Which would you prefer, something man has made, or that God has made?"

The children were very much puzzled to know which to choose. They tried hard to think what man had made that was without any faults and could not be imitated or improved, either in appearance or quality, but they were not satisfied with anything. Then they began to think about the trees, the flowers, the precious stones, the sky and the sea, and were getting more and more confused all the time when the Golden Hearted laughed and said:

"I will tell you what we will do. We will send for the wise men and ask them to choose."

The wise men thought it was great fun, so they hurried as fast as they could and were quite out of breath when they got near enough to speak to the Golden Hearted.

"Tell me something you know in the world that is both perfect and beautiful," he said to the wise man who had charge of the Temple of the Sun, and was first to arrive.

"The great, blazing, glorious sun," he replied.

"None but God could have made it, and we adore it and sacrifice to it because it is the mask behind which God hides His ever-smiling face."

Many of the children shaded their eyes with their hands and took a quick look at the sun overhead, and thought that was a good answer.

"What do you know in the world that is both perfect and beautiful?" asked the prince of the next comer, who was a man wise in the art of working metals. He had not heard the first

answer, but, without stopping a minute to think, said:

"Gold; because it is like the substance of the sun and cannot be made by putting any metals together nor by any mixture of chemicals."

The Golden Hearted knew that was a correct answer but he wanted the children to be satisfied, and he was not sure that all of them understood it.

"Do you know that way down in the earth gold is created, and yet it is shining and bright and yellow like the light of the sun? This accounts for its beauty, and it is perfect because it is absolutely pure in itself."

The next man that came along was wise, but he looked like a farmer.

"What have you seen in your life that cannot be improved or made prettier?"

"Wheat," was his quick reply, "because it is not a blend of any of the grains or grasses but grows out of the ground perfect. It is beautiful in every phase of its life whether it waves in the wind like a sea of emeralds or ripens into great sheaves of gold, or its plump grains tempt you to satisfy hunger. It is the best friend man has, and it would be very hard for him to live without it."

That was such a sensible answer, that the children all clapped their hands with delight because they knew at once that it was correct. Just then the Golden Hearted looked up and saw one of his best perfumers in the group of wise men.

"Will you give us an answer to this question?" he asked.

"I should differ from all the others"—began the man.

"Never mind, tell us what in your line is the most perfect and beautiful thing you know."

"A jasmine blossom," replied the perfumer, "because its delicate odor cannot be imitated no matter what combination of oils or extracts we make. I cannot say that of any other flower in the world."

The children could have answered that question themselves if they had only thought quickly enough. They were quite familiar with the dainty little white flowers and tender vine of the jasmine as well as its sweet smell, because it grew wild in their country.

While the perfumer was talking, the Golden Hearted picked up a shining pebble near his feet.

"Now, children," he said, "in this small rough stone I find something perfect and beautiful. It is an opal, the only one of the precious gems I do not know how to counterfeit. Join hands, as many of you as can, and dance around me while I sing you a song about the birth of the opal."

One of the wise men gave him a Sacred Tunkel, a kind of guitar which he brought from the Temple of the Sun, and this was what he sang:

The Birth of the Opal

A dew drop came with a spark of flame

He had caught from the sun's last rays
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down with a blush and a frown
But she smiled all at once to view
Her own bright form with its coloring warm
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky so soft and blue,
And a leaflet green with its silver sheen
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around,
And a maiden fair, who was walking there
Next morning an opal found.

Some of the pupils were inclined to think that the singing of the Golden Hearted was the most perfect and beautiful they had ever heard and they all liked to listen to the low plaintive notes of the Tunkel. Those that could not take part in the dance gathered around their teachers and asked:

"What shall we do to honor the good prince and show him how much we appreciate his efforts to amuse and please us?"

"Ask him to allow you to answer your own question," they said, "and then tell him something about your feathered friends.

Have you forgotten the hermit of the woods with its rainbow plumes three feet long and its gay scarlet breast?"

The name of this bird is the Quetzal, and it lives on the high mountain tops all alone and is only about the size of a pigeon.

When the Golden Hearted finished singing and the dancers were all standing still, a bright-faced boy approached and said, "We have an answer to our own question, good prince."

"Say on, my little man, I am listening to you."

"It is the Quetzal, the rarest bird in the world, and the most perfect and beautiful of all feathered creatures. With its brilliant luster plumes I crown you Lord of the Sacred Tunkel, as a reward for your sweet singing. May the children of every land know and love you as we do."

The Golden Hearted was much surprised and pleased with his new crown and ever after wore the feathers of the Quetzal in his head dress. So long as he remained in Nachan, he was called the Lord of the Sacred Tunkel because he could play so well upon this queerly-shaped guitar.

The Stars' Ball

IT was not so very long after the children had crowned him Lord of the Sacred Tunkel until the Golden Hearted planned to have them all with him again. He made up his mind to spend his lifetime teaching because he thought that was the most useful thing he could do, but he was determined to make the lessons for the children as pleasant as possible. He and the wise men taught the older people how to divide the days into weeks, months and years, and how to make a calendar, and all about the sun and the moon and the stars, but this was too hard for the children. So he decided to take them up on the roof of the Temple of the Sun in the moonlight and tell them some simple pretty story about the sky at night.

In that country, the houses were built with flat roofs covered with red tiles, and there was either a ladder or a winding staircase from the ground, so it was not much trouble to get up on the roof. In fact, many of the dwellings had beautiful potted plants up there, and it was really a pleasant place to go of a warm summer evening. This night there was not a breath of air, and the children did not need anything on their heads nor any wraps. Only around the lower edges of the sky were there clouds and these were soft and white like big piles of cotton. The whole heavens looked like a bright blue veil thickly sprinkled with diamonds. It was very still and quiet and there were so many flowers in bloom that the

very atmosphere was fragrant with them. In the mill pond close by the frogs croaked, and around the eaves of the houses the crickets and katydids were singing an evening hymn.

It was just a lovely night to go out and nearly every one was in the street. The doors and windows were wide open, and the people went about bareheaded and laughed and chatted to their heart's content.

"The goodness of this perfect night be upon my little friends," said the prince, when he came up on the roof of the Temple and found a lot of children he knew. "I have invited you to witness the stars' ball to-night, but before we begin, I must introduce you to the most prominent ones."

Then he pointed out the milky way with its millions of stars that looked like little pin heads in a band of light because they were so far away. Below the handle of the big dipper, and off to one side was the north star. Jupiter with his broad dark bands and tiny moons was there, and so was Saturn with his three rings. Over in another place was Mars twinkling and batting his eyes as if he wanted to fight something. The Dog Star was still lower down and quite by himself.

"I will first make you acquainted with the big-faced, silver moon," said the prince. "She is sailing along as if she were in a great hurry, but there will be time enough for you to see the man up there if you look sharp about it."

The children knew there was not a surely man in the moon so they all laughed and clapped their hands and then threw kisses at

the beautiful queen of the night.

"I cannot show you Mercury, the messenger of the sun, because he is such a sleepy head he has already gone to bed. He never stays up long after the sun goes down, but he is an industrious little fellow and often gets up first in the morning."

The children thought that was a very funny way to speak of a star, but they saw the prince was in a good humor and they enjoyed listening to what he said.

"Venus is our evening star," he continued, pointing to the brightest object in the western sky, "and she is winking and smiling at us. Look closely now, and see if you can find her."

When all the children had seen her, the Golden Hearted turned to another part of the heavens and said, "Here is old Father Time, who frowns and scowls, and finally grinds the life out of our bodies." He was speaking about Saturn because it rolls and tumbles one way while its three rings whirl around the other way, and all the people in olden times believed that the stars could give good or bad luck and could make our lives long or short. There were a number of this kind of fortune tellers among the wise men, so of course the prince knew what they thought about the stars. The children understood it too, and when he pointed out Saturn, they said to each other in a whisper, "It is the death star; let us hope it will not shine upon us nor upon those we love."

"If we have need to fear the Master of Time, we have every reason to love the broad-belted planet with its sturdy little companions. It has been rightly named 'The Beneficent,'" said

the prince—indicating the position of Jupiter among the stars. "Its children pop in and out behind it as if they were playing hide and seek."

For ages people thought that Jupiter gave them good luck and made them wise, tender and kind. This is why the children said, "The big, white, shining star has a heart like our prince."

Mars is the nearest planet to us, and he sputters and fumes as if he really had as bad a temper as these people credited him with. All the wars and troubles they had came from him, they said, and the children did not care to look at him very long. He gives out a beautiful red light, while Jupiter is bluish white, and the Dog Star has all colors like the rainbow.

"Now," said the prince, "I will show you the most important group in the sky. It is the Pleiades, directly over our heads at this time. There are seven of these sisters, and the pale, dim one is the center of the whole system of stars because all the rest of them circle around her."

Then he explained to them how each star and planet, as well as the earth, turns over and over of its own accord, besides going around the sun in a very wide circle. All the stars are wonderful tumblers and they spin around just like tops, and this whirling motion was what made the prince say that they were having a ball. When they twinkled and sparkled, he said they were dancing.

As soon as he sat down, one of the children got the Sacred Tunkel, and then some took hold of his hands, others held on to his mantle and still others put their arms around his neck and

begged him to sing for them. He did not wish to refuse them, but he did not know any song suitable for the occasion so he made this up as he went along:

Oh! the stars one and all
They had a great ball
One night way up in the sky;
They invited the earth
To join in their mirth
But it feared to go up so high.

No fiddler had they
Their music to play,
And the stars were afraid 'twould fail;
But the man in the moon
He whistled a tune
And the comet kept time with his tail.

They danced and they danced,
And they pranced and they pranced,
Till the moon said 'twas all he desired,
For his lips were so sore
He could whistle no more,
And the comet began to get tired.

So they faded away
In the dim light of day
The moon and the stars from the ball.
But, sad to relate,

Next night they were late,
And came near not shining at all.

The National Book

BECAUSE it is possible for persons to do both good and evil in their lives, and to think good and bad thoughts, the wise men and the Golden Hearted studied how to keep these ideas before the people all the time. In those days, the natives of that country had no books and no way of writing and it was necessary to select some familiar object to represent the meaning of many things. Whatever is used for such a purpose, is called a symbol.

The hippopotamus, the crocodile and the tapir are to this day said to be symbols of humanity because they have two natures. They can live in the water or on the land, and search for food either in the day or night time. Of the three animals, the wise men selected the tapir because it is a shy, inoffensive creature, not much larger than a sheep and lives on green grasses and herbs. During the day it sleeps quietly in the water or on the bank of a stream and at night comes on land to get food. When its coat is dry, it is of a dark brown color, but when wet, it is black and shining. A tapir looks very much like a fat donkey except that its ears are not so long and its nose not quite so stumpy. At Nachan the wise men raised great herds of them as an example and illustration of our good and bad self.

The Golden Hearted realized that he must do more than found a large city and teach the children, so he had a Dark House built away under ground where he could store treasures and all the

records of his journey. This was a secret passageway, and in its halls and labyrinths he had quantities of statuary and pottery put for safe keeping. While this was being done, he wrote a book called in his language "The Popol Vuh" but we would say it is a national book because it tells all about the beginning of the world and is divided into four parts. It is a most singular story, and has been translated so we can read it for ourselves. It is said to be the oldest book in America, and the Golden Hearted kept an order of wise men in the Dark House underground to guard it from one generation to another.

The Popul Vuh

This is the beginning of the history of things which came to pass long ago; of the division of the earth, the property of all; its origin and its foundation, as well as the narrative of our life in the land of shadows, and of how we saw the light. It is the first book written in the olden times, but its view is hidden from him who sees and thinks.

Behold the first word and the first discourse. There was as yet no man, nor any animal, nor bird, nor fish, nor crawfish, nor any pit, nor any ravine, nor green herb, nor any tree.

Nothing was but the firmament.

The face of the earth had not yet appeared—only the peaceful sea and all the space of heaven. There was nothing yet joined together, nothing that clung to anything else; nothing that

balanced itself, that made the least rustling, that made a sound in the heaven. There was nothing that stood up; nothing but silence and darkness and night time.

Alone were those that engender, those that give being; they were upon the waters like a growing light. They consulted together and meditated; they mingled their words and their opinions.

"Earth!" they said, and on the instant it was formed; like a cloud of fog was its beginning.

Then the mountains rose over the water like great lobsters. In an instant the mountains and plains were visible and the cypress and the pine trees appeared.

The Heart of Heaven cried out and said:

"Blessed be thy coming. Our work and our labor has accomplished its end."

The earth and its vegetation having appeared, it was peopled with the various forms of animal life. And the makers said to the animals, "Speak now our name. Honor Him who begets and Him who gives being. Speak, call on us, salute us."

But the animals could not answer. They could only cluck and croak, each murmuring after its kind in a different manner.

This displeased the creators, and they said to the animals:

"Inasmuch as ye cannot praise us, neither call upon our names, your flesh shall be humiliated. It shall be broken with teeth. Ye shall be killed and eaten."

The first man was made of clay, but he was watery, had no

strength and could not turn his head. His face looked one way all the time. He was given a language, but he had no intelligence, so he was consumed in water.

"Let us make an intelligent being who shall adore and invoke us," said the Thunderbolt and the Lightning Flash.

It was decided that a man should be made of wood and a woman of a kind of pith. They were made but the result was in no wise satisfactory. They moved about perfectly well it is true; they increased and multiplied and peopled the world with little wooden manikins like themselves, but the heart and intelligence were wanting. They had no memory of their Maker; they lived like the beasts and forgot the Heart of Heaven. They had neither blood nor substance, nor moisture nor fat. Their cheeks were shriveled; their feet and hands dried up.

Then was the Heart of Heaven very wroth, and he sent ruin and destruction upon these ingrates. He rained upon them night and day with a thick resin and the earth was all dark.

The men went mad with terror. They tried to mount up on the roofs, but the houses fell with them. They tried to climb the trees, but the trees shook them from their branches. They tried to hide in the caves and dens of the earth, but these closed against them.

Then their heads were cut off, and their bones broken and bruised, and their eyes picked out by the birds, and their flesh eaten by wild beasts.

Thus were they all devoted to chastisement and destruction save only a few who were preserved as memorials of the wooden

men. These now exist in the forests as little apes.

In the night the gods counseled together again. "Of what shall we make man?" they said.

Then the Creator made four perfect men out of white and yellow corn. The name of the first one was The Tiger With the Sweet Smile, the second one was called The Tiger of the Night, the third one was The Distinguished Name, and the fourth was The Tiger of the Moon. They had neither father nor mother, but their coming into existence was a miracle wrought by the special intervention of Him who is pre-eminently the Creator.

At last were there found men worthy of their origin and their destiny. Verily the gods looked on beings who could see with their eyes and handle with their hands and understand with their hearts. Grand of countenance and broad of limb, the four sires of our race stood up under the white rays of the morning star.

Their great, clear eyes swept rapidly over all. They saw the woods, the rocks, the lakes and the sea; the mountains and the valleys, and they gazed up into heaven not knowing what they had come so far to do. Their hearts were filled with love, obedience and fear. Lifting up their eyes, they returned thanks saying:

"Hail! O Creator, Thou that lovest and understandest us! We offer up our thanks. We have been created—abandon us not, forsake us not! Give us descendants and a posterity as long as the light endures. Give us to walk always in an open wood in a path without snares; to lead quiet lives free of all reproach."

But the Gods were not wholly pleased with this thing. Heaven,

they thought, had overshoot its mark. These men were too perfect; knew, understood and saw too much.

"What shall we do with man now?" they said. "This that we see is not good. Let us contract man's sight so he may see only a little of the surface of the earth and be content."

Thereupon, the Heart of Heaven breathed a cloud over the pupils of the eyes of the men, and a veil came over each eye as when one breathes on the face of a mirror. Thus was the globe of the eye darkened, nor was that which was far off clear to it any more.

Then they fell asleep and when they woke up, the gods had brought each one of them a wife. They lived tranquilly together for a long time waiting for the rising of the sun, because they had nothing but the morning star for a light.

But no sun came, and the four men and their families grew uneasy.

"We have no one to watch over us, no one to guard our symbols," they said. So they all set out for the Seven Caves.

Poor wanderers. They had a cruel way to go, many forests to penetrate, many high mountains to climb, and a long passage to make through the sea. Much hail and cold rain fell on their heads, and when their fires all went out they suffered from hunger as well as cold.

At last they came to a mountain and here they rested. While there they were told that the sun was coming very soon. Then they shook their incense pans and danced for very gladness. As the

sun commenced to advance, the animals, great and small, were filled with delight. They raised themselves to the surface of the waters, they fluttered in the ravines, and gathering at the edge of the mountains, turned their heads together toward that part from which the sun came.

The lion and the tiger roared, and the first bird that sang was the Quetzal. All the animals were beside themselves at the sight. The eagle and the kite beat their wings, and the men prostrated themselves on the ground.

The sun and the moon and the stars were all established. Yet was not the sun the same as now. His heat wanted force, and he was but as a reflection in a mirror. Nevertheless he dried up and warmed the surface of the earth and answered many good ends.

There was another wonder when the sun rose. The tribal gods who had punished these poor people so were turned into stone. And so were all the mammoth lions, tigers, vipers, and other fierce and dangerous animals.

Manco-Capac, the Powerful One

IT is time for us to go away from this place," said the wise men to the Golden Hearted one day when they were finishing the Dark House, where they were going to leave the National Book.

"Why do you think so?" asked the prince, laying down an axe made of copper and tin which he was sharpening for one of the workmen.

"Because we have yet to find the spot where the gold wedge your father, the king, gave you will sink into the earth of its own accord."

"That is to be in the Place of Gold, and among the Children of the Sun."

"Yes; and we are not far from the country known as the "Four Quarters of the World" where they live. We must go to them at once, and there we will build Cuzco, and make it the navel or center of all their possessions. Under the name of Manco-Capac, the powerful one, you will be the first Inca or ruler, and your banner will be a rainbow, to show that you serve the Children of the Sun."

The Golden Hearted did not wish to become a ruler but he did not see how he could refuse obedience to the faithful old wise men, so he said:

"I will go with you and do as you say, but tell me how you intend to build this wonderful city of Cuzco?"

"You must not feel that we compel you to go," said the wise men, looking ready to cry, because they thought the young prince was not pleased with them. "It was your father's command, and our promise to him."

"I know that," said the prince impatiently, "but how are you going to make Cuzco the center of everything?"

"By building the streets on the four points of the compass, and by connecting it with royal roadways to the four corners of the kingdom. We shall have no trouble doing so, for our reports say that the natives are mild and gentle, and that there are stones in that country as broad and long as a room."

When he and the wise men started to make the journey over the mountains, they put all of their belongings on the backs of the llamas—a kind of little camel not much larger than a sheep and which is used in that country to-day for pack animals, instead of burros or mules. They put the load on the llama's back without any girth or pack saddle, and its long, bushy wool holds all the things in place. It has a sharp-pointed, horny toe like a hook, which it fastens in the steep rocks, and then it can climb over rough places without much trouble. When a llama gets angry he does not spit like an ordinary camel, but lies down like a stubborn mule. No matter what you do to him, he will not budge an inch, and then the load has to be taken off, and he must be coaxed and fed before he will go any farther.

One day the wise men and the Golden Hearted came to a wide rocky chasm in the side of the mountain hundreds of feet deep,

having a swift-running river at the bottom. There were so many sharp rocks sticking up and the water dashed over them so fast that it was all in a white foam, and nothing could have swam across it. The native servants and workmen did not know what to do.

"How are we to cross this deep canyon?" they asked.

"We will help you make a suspension bridge," said the wise men.

"But we have no tools"—they began.

"You have your two hands and some copper axes and that is sufficient."

"We can fell trees and bring stones, but there are not enough to span such a dangerous place," they said, still doubtful about the outcome.

"Take your axes and cut all the maguery you can find," said the wise men. "Bring it here and pile it up; then we will tell you what next to do."

The wise men and the Golden Hearted made some heavy clubs out of the hard wood they found growing near by. With these in a short time they beat the maguery until its fibers fell apart in coarse strands, which the sun dried. Then they helped the natives braid it into heavy, thick ropes. When they got enough of these made, they wove them together into a stout cable chain, long enough to stretch across the river.

"What shall we do with the ends?" asked the natives. "We cannot tie them to a tree."

"Certainly not, but you can gather big and little stones for us," answered the wise men.

With these they built immense buttresses on the bank of the river, wide at the bottom and narrow at the top so they would not tumble down nor slip into the waters. Of course they had to leave holes in the sides to fasten the cables into. It took several strands to make the bridge wide enough, and even then the natives were afraid they would fall into the water.

"We need a railing at each side," they said.

"Very well; make one out of the ropes," said the wise men. When this was done the natives were still unwilling to try to go across.

"We cannot take a single step. Our feet get tangled in the meshes of the cable."

"Overcome this by making some rough boards and laying them all the way over."

It was indeed a novel suspension bridge, for when the planks were put onto the cable it sagged in the middle and swayed forth and back in the wind like a swing. Imagine how frightened the natives must have been at first, but in that mountainous country they never build any other kind of bridges and they use them now all of the time.

"In this open stretch of valley and plain we will plant sweet-smelling trees and shrubs by the roadside so that travelers may be refreshed by the shade and enjoy the perfume, and we will also teach the Children of the Sun to build tambos or post

houses," said the Golden Hearted, when once they were over the mountains. This they did at every point where they stopped to rest, and at each one they left a band of chasquis, or runners in charge. The word chasqui means "one who makes an exchange," and these men and boys not only carried the news like our postmen and messengers, but they traded news with each other and with every one else they met. Before allowing any of the runners to go out the Golden Hearted said: "I will make you keepers of the Quippos, or knotted cords. The red ones mean war, or other bad news, while the white ones are for peace and prosperity. In the springtime if the crops are good, you must carry bands of green cords. If you wish to spread the reports of gold and silver use that kind of quippo, so that the people seeing you far off may know the import of your message. Count them always by tens and twenties, and use diligence and care to be accurate and quick in your calculations."

This was a queer kind of arithmetic but it was astonishing how soon the boys learned it. In after years there were bands of strolling singers and poets who went about the country, and they used the quippos to recall the things they wanted to remember, such as the brave deeds of their ancestors and the names of their heroes. So long as the inhabitants of this country were called Children of the Sun, they had no other books and they trained young men to be experts in reading them. The language of the Quippos is said to be very correct and elegant.

The first thing the Golden Hearted did when he arrived at

the end of his journey was to divide the land into three parts—one for the sun, one for the king and one for the people. Then he appointed beautiful young girls to be Virgins of the Sun and placed them in charge of elderly women, who taught them how to spin and weave the fine hair of the vicuna into hangings for the Place of Gold which the wise men had already commenced to build. The girls knew how to embroider beautifully, and it was a part of their duty to keep the sacred fires always burning on the altar. The Golden Hearted lighted the fire himself, and it was kept burning night and day for hundreds of years. In the Houses of the Virgins no man, not even the king, could go, and if any one ever did, the people not only killed him but tore down his house. When they did anything of this kind they called it "sowing the ground with stones," and ever afterward his family and friends wore mourning on account of the terrible disgrace.

The Place of Gold was a temple in the center of Cuzco so named because the gold wedge sunk immediately into the ground when it was tried, and the wise men said it was appropriate because "gold was the tears wept by the sun." It is said that no building in the world was ever more beautiful than this wonderful temple. The wise men and the Golden Hearted did the best work they knew how, and there was plenty of gold and precious stones in the mountains, so they could use as much as they liked. In front of the eastern entrance was a huge sunburst made like a human face, with rays of light starting out in every direction. Each ray was thickly set with emeralds, and when the sun rose in

the morning, the reflection of the shining gold and the sparkle of the emeralds lighted up the whole temple. Besides this they had burnished plates and cornices and vases and animals and flowers of gold all around the walls, and the water urns and incense pans were also of the bright yellow metal.

"We will celebrate a great festival of Rami; the renewal time, when the sun is coaxing the earth back to fertility; when the buds and leaves are putting forth, and the birds are beginning to nest," said the Golden Hearted, as soon as the temple was completed.

"Show the Children of the Sun that we honor the soil by turning the first sod yourself," said the wise men, when told about the coming celebration.

"I will," said the prince, who was now called Manco-Capac, and was the ruler of the kingdom, "and the Virgins of the Sun shall drop the seeds. Let every one come in holiday clothes and with songs and dancing and feasting we will commemorate the day."

The next morning all the people came together to watch the sun rise. The Virgins were dressed in white with wreaths of flowers on their heads and every one wore ornaments and jewels and was as blithe and gay as if he were going to a picnic.

Just as the sun peeped up over the edge of the horizon and smiled "good morning" to them, the Golden Hearted poured a libation on the ground from a golden goblet, and the people all shouted "Haille! Haille!" meaning triumph. The prince, the wise men and everybody faced the risen sun with bared heads and

bowed three times. Then the prince said:

"Many think that the Sun is the Maker of all things. But he who makes should abide by what he has done. Now many things happen when the sun is absent; therefore he cannot be the universal creator. And that he is alive at all is doubtful for his trips do not tire him. Were he a living thing he would grow weary like ourselves. Were he free he would visit other parts of the heavens. He is a tethered beast who makes a daily round under the eye of the Master. He is like an arrow which must go whither it is sent; not whither it wishes. I tell you that he, our father and master, the Sun, must have a lord more powerful than himself who constrains him to his daily circuit without pause or rest."

The Golden Hearted spoke like this because he did not wish the Children of the Sun to believe it was really their father or God either.

All the assemblage took off their sandals and went into the Place of Gold and prayed; then came out to the court yard and offered up sacrifice of perfumes, fruits and flowers. When this was done they hurried to the fields and after the Golden Hearted turned the first sod every one else began to work. They had no plows, and those who did not break the ground with a dull saber, dropped seeds all day long. As the sun went down they laid aside their toil, and marched home shouting and singing, because now they were going to have a feast, with bonfires and dancing as late into the night as they wished.

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