

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Editor: DR. PAUL CARUS.

Associates: { E. C. HEGELER.
MARY CARUS.

VOL. XVIII. (NO. 3) MARCH, 1904.

NO. 574

CONTENTS:

<i>Frontispiece.</i> PRIMITIVE MAN. BY GABRIEL MAX.	
<i>Parsifal.</i> The Legend of the Holy Grail. (Illustrated.) WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON, L. H. D.	129
<i>Eliphas Levi—Magician and Mystic.</i> Fragments from the Philosophy of Levi: Immortality, The Great Arcanum of Death or Spiritual Tran- sition, The Cabala. (Illustrated.) HENRY RIDGELY EVANS . . .	145
<i>The Japanese Floral Calendar.</i> III. The Peach. The Dolls' Festival. (Illustrated.) ERNEST W. CLEMENT, M. A.	163
<i>The Ensoulment of Nature.</i> EDMUND NOBLE	166
<i>The Ascent of Man.</i> (Illustrated.) EDITOR	178
<i>The Neanderthal Man</i>	191
<i>Notes</i>	192


CHICAGO

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The Gods of the Egyptians

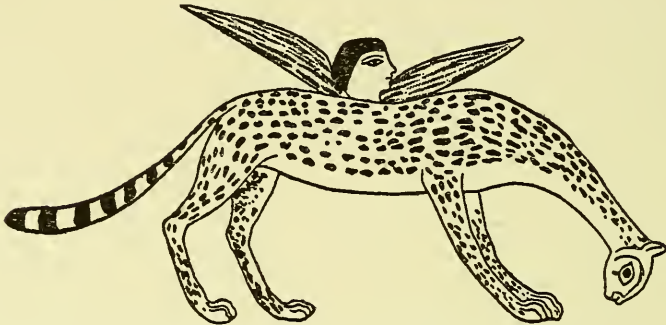
OR

Studies in Egyptian Mythology

BY

E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, M. A., Litt. D., D. Lit.

KEEPER OF THE EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



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The Open Court Publishing Co.

324 Dearborn Street, Chicago



PRIMITIVE MAN

BY GABRIEL MAX

A picture of pithecanthropus (*homo alalus* or speechless man) presented by the artist to Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the famous naturalist. (By courtesy of Prof. Ernst Haeckel and the Munich Photographic Company.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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PARSIFAL.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON, L. H. D.

THE production of Richard Wagner's music-drama of "Parsifal" in America, for the first time outside of the Wagnerian playhouse at Bayreuth, is a musical and dramatic incident of high importance. It has also been the subject of much controversy as to the propriety of performing a play which deals so directly and intimately with some of the solemn imagery of the Christian religion. In addition, it performs the not less important and valuable function of calling attention and study anew to one of the greatest masterpieces of mediaeval romance and one of the foundation works of European literature. The libretto of "Parsifal" was written by Richard Wagner. But its theme was not original with him. Neither did he make it a faithful transcript of the old legend from which he drew his inspiration. In those respects it resembles the books of his other operas, especially those of the Nibelungen series, in which the greatest of liberties were taken with the immortal epic upon which they were founded. In these circumstances there is, of course, no reproach nor reflection upon Wagner, who was entitled to deal with the Nibelungen Lied and the Arthurian legends as Shakespeare did with the chronicles of Plutarch and Holinshed.

The tales of King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table not only contribute at this time some of the chief ornaments of literature and art. They also, as I have said, centuries ago formed the chief foundation of European romantic literature. Before them were numerous classic and pseudo-classic romances, but these were exotics and not native products of Western Europe. The great

legend of Beowulf perhaps antedated them a little, and so did the Nibelungen Lied in its noblest primitive form, uncontaminated by the later monstrosities of the Heldenbuch, so dear to the Wagnerian heart. But neither of these either then or since attained the popularity or exerted the widespread influence of the Arthurian tales. We may concede that the Nibelungen Lied was and is the greatest of them all. Yet Arthur and Lancelot and Merlin and Guinevere have become household words among millions who have scarcely so much as heard of Siegfried and Chriemhilde, of Bruenhilde and Hagen. It is because of their widespread employment in the literatures of the three great nations of Europe, the British, the French, and the German, that we must give primacy to the Arthurian tales.

They were, I have said, perhaps antedated by Beowulf and the Nibelungen Lied. That, however, is not certain. The dates of the actual origins of all three are unknown. Doubtless they existed in fragmentary form, in folk-tales and the songs of minstrels, long before the earliest record we have of their being put into complete form and published. In respect to such latter treatment of them, some of the Arthurian tales were little if any later than the others. They had their origin partly, perhaps, in Wales and partly in Strathclyde, among the Cymri of the former and the Cambro-Gaels of the latter country. It was of Strathclyde that the "Arthur, dux bellorum," of Nennius was king—the King Arthur of the English and the Emperor Arthur of the Welsh. He flourished in the fifth century, or at the time of the Saxon conquest of England. To what extent the old tales of him are real and to what extent mythical, can now be determined no more than can similar details be concerning Achilles, or Romulus and Remus. Doubtless they had their origin in fact, but were embellished and expanded *ad libitum* by the minstrels who for centuries preserved them in memory and transmitted them by word of mouth. The first well-known attempt to put them into permanent literary form was made by Geoffrey of Monmouth, the chronicler who came from that same Anglo-Welsh borderland to which Arthur belonged. In his "Historia" and his "Merlin," in 1136-39, he set down some of the Round Table stories, though he made no mention of either Tristram or Lancelot, who are far more important figures in the romances than Arthur himself. About 1155 Wace, the Norman poet, a native of the island of Jersey, translated Geoffrey's "Historia" into French verse, and made some additions to it, but supplied no new characters. The tale of Tristram, or Tristan, appears to have been first put into perma-

ment form about 1160, by Luc de Gast, a minstrel of French ancestry but of English birth, who lived near Salisbury.

Closely following these early romancers came a far greater one, for whom they merely prepared the way, and who may be regarded as the chief founder of Arthurian literature and indeed of the whole school of British romance.



ISOLT PLAYING THE HARP.

(Illustration of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, preserved in the National Library of Paris.)

This was Walter Map. His name is not as familiar as it should be to the world. Historians have neglected him, though scarcely any attention they might have paid could have been too great for

his desert. Tennyson has given us a suggestive and engaging sketch of him in his "Becket," but it is shadowy and inadequate. Yet we shall go far elsewhere before we find more about him. Scholar, historian, poet, romancer, philosopher, wit, diplomat, jurist, theologian, reformer—he was a veritable Admirable Crichton of his time, and stood second to no other English subject in the time of Henry II. His birthplace is unknown, though it was in Herefordshire or Gloucestershire, in the Anglo-Welsh borderland, so that in his youth he lived in an atmosphere of Arthurian folk-lore. In the later years of his life he was Archdeacon of Oxford, and there he brought to fruition his rich scholarship and fine literary style. The exact date of his writings is not known, but there are good reasons for believing that he wrote his "Lancelot" in his early life, between 1165 and 1170. We know that it was in 1185 a long-published and familiar work, from which other writers were drawing data and inspiration. A little later, probably in 1170-75, Map wrote his "Percival" or "Parsifal," and the "Quest of the Holy Grail." To him we must give the credit of having first put "Lancelot," "Percival" and the "Holy Grail" into enduring literature, and with one possible exception, all other writers on those themes must be regarded as followers of him.

The one possible exception was Robert de Borron, a French minstrel, born at Meaux, in Champagne. He was a contemporary of Map, and possibly a collaborator. It seems more probable, however, that instead of actually collaborating they wrote independently but alternately, each borrowing to some extent from the other. Robert wrote a romance of "Joseph of Arimathea, or History of the Holy Grail," somewhere between 1170 and 1180, of which he made Percival the hero. Next came a younger contemporary of Map and Robert, whose fame has in a measure surpassed theirs, though he seems to have owed his inspiration to their works. This was Chrestien de Troyes, a French minstrel, born at Troyes, in Champagne, and for a time attached to the French court, and also to that of Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders. Chrestien was gifted with a fine fancy, if not for original invention at least for enlarging upon and embellishing the inventions of others, and was master of probably the finest French style of his day. His masterpiece was "Percival le Gallois," a rendering in verse of the legend of the Holy Grail and others, the material for which he drew from the works of Walter Map and Robert de Borron. He died with this work not quite completed, and it was finished afterward by Menassier and Gautier de Denet. Chrestien drew rather more from Robert de

Borron than from Map, and adopted the former's rather than the latter's plot, which was natural, seeing that Chrestien and Robert were both Frenchmen and both natives of Champagne. Mention is also to be made of Guyot de Provins, another French minstrel, who at the end of the twelfth century produced a poetical romance on "Percival," following pretty closely the lines of Chrestien's work, but now entirely lost to us save in a translation.

That translation was made by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who thus adopted the Arthurian legends into German literature, and laid



THE WAR OF THE SINGERS AT THE WARTBURG.¹

(Reproduced from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved at the University Library of Heidelberg.)

the foundations of German romance. Wolfram was a still younger contemporary of Map and the others, flourishing in the reign of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in the closing years of the twelfth century and opening part of the thirteenth. He was an impoverished nobleman, a vassal of the Count of Wertheim. His home was the castle of Eschenbach, near Anspach, but he spent most of his life

¹ The inscription, translated into English, reads as follows: "Here are competing in song Lord Walther of the Vogelweide, Lord Wolfram of Eschenbach, Lord Reimant the old one, the virtuous scribe, Henry of Ofterdingen, and Klingsor of Hungary."

at the court of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, and he took part at the famous Wartburg in one of those competitions in poetry or minstrelsy which were characteristic of that age of minstrels and troubadours. Wolfram's romance of "Partzival" or "Percival" was written in 1205-15, and was chiefly a translation of the "Percival" of Guyot, whom he calls "Kiot," with some additions drawn from the works of Chrestien de Troyes.

Among these contemporary or nearly contemporary versions of the legends of the Holy Grail there were some marked differences, which have been perpetuated to the present day. All agreed in beginning with Joseph of Arimathea, whom they curiously confounded in some respects with the Jewish historian Josephus and with the Roman centurion who at the Crucifixion of Jesus bore witness that the victim of the Cross was a righteous man. To him Pilate gave the cup used at the Last Supper, a goblet carved from one huge emerald, and in it he collected some of the blood of Jesus. This cup was the Holy Grail. In the reign of Vespasian, after suffering imprisonment, Joseph carried the Holy Grail to some mystic place in the far west, called Avalon—the place whither the dying Arthur was borne to be healed of his wounds. Thus far all were practically agreed. At that point the great divergences occur. Walter Map made Galahad, who was the son of Lancelot and Elaine, the successful knight in the quest of the Holy Grail, and enshrined the Holy Grail itself at Glastonbury, in England. Moreover, all the actors in the drama were British knights and ladies, so that it was characteristically a British romance. That is the version which has descended to us in English literature, and which has been immortalized in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

Tennyson tells us of Percival in three of his Idyls. In "Vivien" the reference is brief, Vivien reviling him and Merlin defending him as "a sober man and pure," all in a few lines. In "Pelleas and Ettarre" there is more about him. He is one of the minor actors in that sombre drama. It is after the quest for the Holy Grail, and the unsuccessful Percival has retired to a monastery. There, at "that round tower where Percivale was cowed," the distraught Pelleas has a brief interview with him, just before his disastrous encounter with Lancelot. Most of all, however, Percival figures in Tennyson's "Holy Grail," which Idyl is almost entirely Percival's personal narrative, given by him in his retirement, to the monk Ambrosius. Percival tells Ambrosius that his sister, a nun of peculiar sanctity of life and character, saw the Holy Grail, and told him of it. He in turn spoke of it to his comrades of the Round Table.

One night, in Arthur's absence, Galahad ventured to sit down in that mystic chair, the "Siege Perilous," which Merlin had made for the Holy Grail, and which had until then ever been vacant, because it was known that if anyone sat in it unworthily he would immediately and forever vanish from sight. But Galahad was worthy to sit in it, and as soon as he did so the Holy Grail appeared in a great flood of light, passed through the hall, and vanished again. All saw the light, but Galahad alone saw the Holy Grail itself, and he alone heard a voice bidding him to follow it. Then Percival took a vow to ride for a year and a day in quest of the Holy Grail, and so did Galahad, and Bors, and Lancelot, and others, Gawain, King Arthur's fickle nephew, vowing loudest of them all. In the ensuing quest, Percival, Bors and Lancelot saw the Holy Grail, but to Galahad alone was it granted to follow it to its shrine and there become its guardian, as his mother Elaine's father, King Pelles, had been before him.

So much for the romance, from Map to Tennyson, including Sir Thomas Malory on the way. The Franco-German version, of Robert de Borron, Chrestien de Troyes, Guyot de Provins, and Wolfram von Eschenbach, which finds its latest utterance in the "Parsifal" of Richard Wagner, places Avalon in Brittany instead of Britain. Thence the Holy Grail is borne not to Glastonbury but to the mysterious city of Montsalvat, somewhere in the Franco-Spanish borderland. The long array of knights and others who figure in the drama are French, Teutonic, and even Moorish or Saracenic. And Percival, not Galahad, is the victor in the quest and becomes guardian of the sacred relic.

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It is not my purpose to give here an abstract of Wagner's libretto. That, I assume, is already sufficiently familiar to all, or to all who are interested in "Parsifal." It will be more to the purpose to relate in brief the ancient legend of the early French and German romancers, from which Wagner drew his inspiration and a large part of his material. According to this legend, long after the Holy Grail had been borne into the west and had been lost to the sight of men, there arose a descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, named Titurison, a nobleman of Gaul. He and his wife, Elizabel, were childless until, at the advice of a mysterious pilgrim, he went to the Holy Sepulchre and laid upon the altar of the church a crucifix of pure gold. Then a son, Titurel, was born to them, who grew up to be a man of great wisdom, piety, and valor in war. After the death of his parents, Titurel inherited a vast fortune, but maintained the ut-

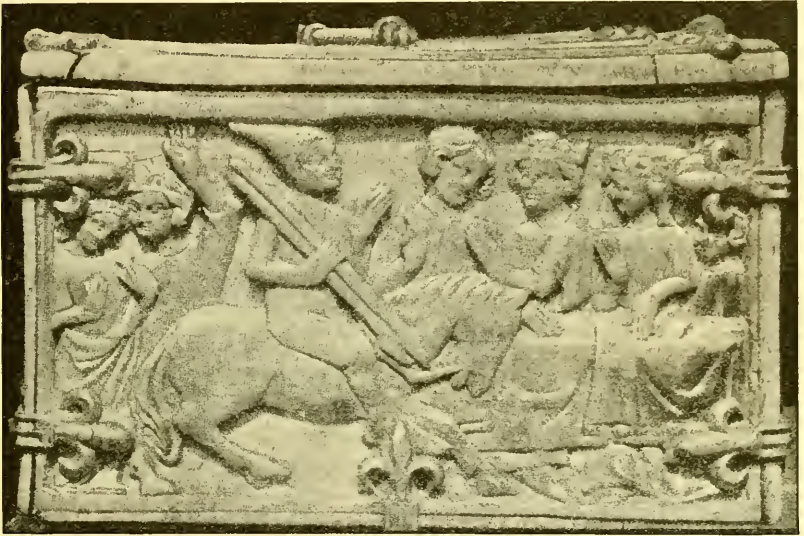
most simplicity of life, and devoted himself to good works. One day an angel spoke to him from a cloud, telling him God had called him to be the guardian of the Holy Grail, and bidding him prepare to go to the mystic and holy hill of Montsalvat. He did so. He was led to the hill by the angel in the cloud. There he found the Holy Grail, guarded by a number of knights, and there he built a castle and a temple to be the shrine of the Holy Grail, and founded an order of knights to be its protectors. The miraculous powers of the Holy Grail provided food and other necessaries for the knights, and healed all the wounds they might sustain in defending the place against the heathen.

Divine messages for the knights appeared now and then upon the Holy Grail in letters of fire. Thus Titurel was commanded to marry, and he accordingly married Richoude, a Spanish princess, who bore him two children, a son named Frimutel, and a daughter named Richoude, after which she died. The daughter Richoude in time married the king of some distant land. Frimutel married Clarissa, the daughter of the King of Granada, who bore him five children. These were the sons Amfortas and Trevrezent, and the daughters Herzeleide, Joisiane, and Repanse. When Titurel became very old there came a command on the Holy Grail that Frimutel should become King of Montsalvat in his place, and that change in rulership was made. Then Joisiane married King Guyot of Catalonia, and died at the birth of her daughter Sigune. The babe was taken by Joisiane's sister Herzeleide, who brought it up with Tchionatulander, the orphan son of a friend. Herzeleide herself married King Gamuret, and bore to him a son, Percival. Then her husband died and she was driven with the infant Percival into exile, leaving Sigune and Tchionatulander to the care of friends. She and Percival lived in retirement, and she brought him up in ignorance of his origin and without knowledge of arms, lest he should go to the wars and be lost to her.

Meantime Frimutel proved unworthy of his trust. He grew weary of guarding the Holy Grail, went away from Montsalvat, and was killed in battle. In obedience to a message on the Holy Grail, Amfortas became king in his place, but he too proved unworthy, wandered away, and was brought back suffering from the wound of a poisoned spear. From that wound he did not die, but neither could he be cured, so he lived on in great agony. Meanwhile, to his aged gransire, Titurel, the Holy Grail every seven days gave the message that some day relief would come. A chosen hero would visit the castle of the Holy Grail, and if, before nightfall, he

should ask the meaning of what he saw there, the spell which lay upon Amfortas would be broken, the wound would be cured, and the stranger would then be crowned King in place of Amfortas.

The tale now returns to Percival. On growing to manhood he longed for knightly adventures, and finally his mother let him go to seek King Arthur's court, of which his friends had told him. On his way he met the Lady Jeschute, wife of Lord Orilus, and some little love-making occurred between them, which aroused the wrath of Orilus when he heard of it, so that Percival discreetly took to flight. Soon after he found in the woods a maiden weeping



PARSIFAL APPEARING AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.

(Mediæval illustration of Christian's *Conte del Graal*. Lid of an ivory box of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Louvre, Paris.)

over a dead man. She proved to be Sigune, his cousin, weeping over Tchionatulander, who had become a knight of Arthur's Round Table and had done great deeds of prowess, but had been slain by Orilus in a combat over Sigune's pet dog. Percival vowed to become one of Arthur's knights and then to avenge her upon Orilus. On his further way he met a knight in red armor, who jeered at him and bade him carry to Arthur a message of defiance. Percival delivered the message and was banteringly told by Arthur that if he could go back and conquer the red knight he might have his horse and armor. Percival went back, fought the knight and slew him,

and so won the horse and armor. After that he spent some time as the guest and pupil of the brave old knight Gurnemann, and learned from him all the arts of chivalry. In time he was summoned forth to the succor of Queen Konduriamur, who was besieged in her capital, Belripar. He overthrew her enemies, and then married her.

Immediately after the wedding Percival, leaving his wife at Belripar, went to find his mother and bring her thither, too. He lost his way, and by chance wandered to Montsalvat, where to his astonishment he was received with the utmost consideration, as if he were an expected and most honored guest. These attentions were paid to him, he was told, "by Queen Repanse's orders." The name was strange to him, for he did not know that Repanse was his mother's sister. But he forebore, in his embarrassment, to ask any questions. Presently he was ushered into a great hall, of wondrous splendor, where were seated all the knights of the Holy Grail. The King Amfortas welcomed him, and told him he had long been expected. He saw Amfortas, suffering from his wound. He saw a servant bear a blood-stained spear around the hall. He saw Queen Repanse enter, bearing in her hands the Holy Grail. He was led to a room where he saw the aged Titurel asleep. He saw many other strange things, but still forebore to ask the meaning of them. So he was at last led to his room, where he slept ill. In the morning he saw no one, and found every door barred against him save those which led to where his horse awaited him, outside the gate. He mounted and rode away, and as he did so a voice cried to him: "Thou art accursed of God, for thou wast called to do a great work and hast not done it. Depart, return no more, and find thine end in hell!"

Bewildered and depressed, Percival rode away through a land that seemed blighted and accursed. At nightfall he reached a hermit's cell, where he found Sigune, clad in sackcloth and ashes, praying over the body of Tchionatulander and doomed thus to do penance until relieved by Heaven. She explained to Percival that he had incurred a curse by failing to ask the questions that would have healed Amfortas, and she too spurned him from her presence with bitter denunciations. Then Percival went on, blindly and vainly seeking to find Montsalvat again. He met Orilus, leading Jeschute in chains because of groundless jealousy. He interfered, freed the lady, conquered Orilus but spared his life, convinced him that his jealousy was groundless, and bade him go to Arthur's court with the message that the red knight—for such Percival now appeared—had overthrown him. After long further wanderings, Percival

met Gawain, Arthur's nephew and a Knight of the Round Table, who easily persuaded him to go to the court and be enrolled among the knights.

This was done, but at the moment when the heralds were proclaiming the new knight's name and deeds, there came into the royal presence a wretched looking woman, grey and withered, who denounced Percival as one accursed for his sin at Montsalvat, and threatened the king and court with disgrace and woe if they tolerated him among them. This was Kundry, who had been a great sinner, and who was doing penance by serving as a messenger and prophet of the Holy Grail. At her words, Percival, conscience-stricken, fled from the court, and the king and knights stood silent and afraid, all save the impetuous Gawain, who defied Kundry and took Percival's part. Thereupon Kundry cursed him also, and bade him go, if he dared, to the magic castle of Klinschor and free his sister, mother, grandmother and other noble ladies from enchantment.

Gawain accepted her challenge, and rode away upon the desperate errand. Wherever he went he heard tales of Percival and the mighty deeds he was working, but could not overtake him nor find the castle of Klinschor. But he fell in with the Lady Orgueilleuse, a wondrous beauty, and became her lover. He was warned that she was a witch, who was fatal to all who fell beneath her spells, and that it was she who had lured Amfortas to the fight in which he had received his wound. But Gawain ignored these things, and followed his beautiful mistress through many lands. At last she led him to a hill from which she pointed out a strong castle, which, she said, belonged to Gramoflans, her mortal enemy, and she promised Gawain that if he would bring her a spray from the magic tree which grew by the castle, and would conquer Gramoflans, she would become his loving and loyal wife. Without hesitation Gawain rode to the castle and tore a branch from the tree. Instantly Gramoflans shouted him a challenge, to meet him in eight days at Klinschor's castle and fight him. "Your father slew my father," added Gramoflans, "and I shall slay you." Gawain bore the branch to Orgueilleuse, who accepted it, and then led him to a point near two castles. One was her own ancestral home, and the other was Klinschor's magic castle, in which many noble ladies were imprisoned and from which Orgueilleuse had ransomed herself only by giving the magician all her gold.

The next day Gawain approached Klinschor's castle, and found it open and seemingly deserted. He passed from room to room

without finding anyone. At last, growing weary, he tried to lie down upon a luxurious couch. For a time it moved from him as he approached it, being bewitched. At last he sprang upon it, and was instantly assailed with a storm of spears, arrows and great stones, hurled at him by invisible magicians. He defended himself as best he could with his armor and shield. Presently the storm ceased, and a man with a huge club, followed by a lion, entered the room, intending to beat out the brains of the wounded knight and give his body to the lion. But finding Gawain unhurt he fled. Then Gawain arose and slew the lion, whereupon the magic spell of the castle was broken. Klinschor fled, and the captive ladies were restored to liberty, among them being Gawain's mother, grandmother, and sister Itonie. Then Gawain sent a messenger to Arthur, asking him to come and witness his approaching combat with Gramoflans. Arthur came, the appointed day dawned, and a knight, whom all supposed to be Gramoflans, came forward, and the fight began. Gawain was overmatched and would soon have fallen, but his sister Itonie called out to the other knight to spare him, for he was still weak from his former battles. The instant she uttered Gawain's name the other knight lowered his weapon and revealed himself to be not Gramoflans but Percival, and the meeting between him and Gawain was then most loving. Next, the real Gramoflans came forward, not to fight but to seek reconciliation with Gawain and Orgueilleuse. This was effected through Arthur's mediation, Gawain and Orgueilleuse were married, as were also Gramoflans and Itonie, and Percival was again openly received as a Knight of the Round Table.

But Percival could not rest until he had continued the quest for the Holy Grail and had undone the wrong he had unwittingly done at Montsalvat. So he rode forth again, and in time found a lonely hermit in a cell, who revealed himself as Trevrezent, the brother of Amfortas and uncle of Percival. He had once pursued a life of pleasure, but was now doing penance in the hope of winning pardon for his own sins and also of securing healing for Amfortas. He gave Percival much godly admonition, telling him that he must now seek the Holy Grail with a pure heart, and then sent him forward on his quest. Next Percival met a strange knight and was fighting him when he discovered him to be his own half-brother, Feirefiss, King of the Moors—the son of Gamuret by his first wife, a Moorish queen. The two then rode on together in search of Montsalvat, which they soon found.

They were welcomed to the castle of the Holy Grail just as Percival had been before. The bloody spear was carried around,

and Repause bore the Holy Grail into the hall. Then Percival heard a whisper in his ear, "Ask!" So he boldly asked Amfortas the secret of his wound and what all these things meant. Instantly all the lamps were extinguished, but the hall was more brilliantly lighted than before by the radiance of the Holy Grail, upon which sacred vessel there glowed in fiery letters the message: "Amfortas is healed. Percival is King." Then the aged Titurel came forward with a crown which he placed upon the brow of his great-grandson, Percival, greeting him as King of the Holy Grail. Amfortas also,



CHEVELERE ASSIGNE, THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.

(Old Print of Copeland, about 1550, preserved in the British Museum in London.)

his wound healed, rose and acclaimed his deliverer and successor. All the knights swore fealty to the new king, and an invisible choir of angels sang

" Hail to Percival, King of the Grail !
 Once he seemed lost forever,
 Now he is blessed forever !
 Hail to the King of the Grail ! "

A moment later, a veiled woman entered the hall, who revealed herself as Percival's wife, Konduriamur, from whom he had so long

been parted. Next it was seen that while all the rest of the company stood in the light of the Holy Grail, the Moorish King Feirefiss alone was enveloped in darkness. Titurel explained that this was because he was not a Christian believer, whereupon Feirefiss



ELIJAH, THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.¹

(Illustration of a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved in the National Museum of Paris.)

declared his faith and asked to be baptised. When this was done he too was able to see the Holy Grail and to stand in its light.

¹Elijah comes to the rescue of the Duchess of Bouillon, a widow whose throne and possessions are threatened by Renier of Nimwegen. Having conquered the oppressor, Elijah marries Beatrice, the daughter of the Duchess, on condition that she would never ask for his name and descent. But after seven years the young wife asks the question, and Elijah departs forever, leaving behind a wonderful horn which remains the palladium of the Bouillon family.

Ida, the daughter of Beatrice, is said to have been the mother of Godfrey of Bouillon, the crusader and first king of the Holy Sepulchre.

It is obvious that in all its most important details the story is the same as the Lohengrin legend.

Titurel and Amfortas were presently translated to the other world, whither also Sigune had preceded them. Feirefiss remained at Montsalvat for a time, and then married Queen Repanse and went with her to his own land. There they had a son who became famous as Prester John and who founded a great Christian brotherhood of Knights of the Holy Grail. Percival and Konduriamur remained at Montsalvat, as King and Queen of the Holy Grail. To them were born three children. The eldest, Kardeiss, became the ruler of his mother's kingdom of Beltripar, and also prince over Wales and Anjou. The second, their daughter, Aribadale, remained at Montsalvat and took Repanse's place as bearer of the Holy Grail. The youngest was the gallant knight Lohengrin. He remained at Montsalvat until he was miraculously called forth to be the champion of Elsa, Duchess of Brabant, against the unjust demands of Count Telramund. He vanquished Telramund in battle, in the presence of King Henry the Fowler, and afterward married Elsa. He had been adjured by Percival not to disclose his identity, and warned that if anyone asked him who he was he would have to return to Montsalvat. For a time his secrecy was respected, but at length his wife, goaded by wicked slanders, asked him to reveal himself for his own vindication. He did so, but then was soon recalled to Montsalvat and was seen no more. His wife did not long survive the parting, but died in confidence of rejoining him in the castle and temple of the Holy Grail.

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Such in brief outline is the ancient legend of Percival and the Holy Grail. It will be seen that Wagner, for stage purposes and for the working out of his artistic and philosophical theories, has greatly modified it. We may, I think, also conclude that he has imbued it with a symbolism quite foreign to the original. I can perceive no good reason for supposing that these ancient romances were framed with any deep, esoteric, ethical or philosophical purpose. They were tales of adventure, of chivalry and of love, and nothing more. Thus there is in them a heterogenous mixture of the commonplace and the magical, of Christianity and heathenry. Ages hence some antipodeal antiquaries may discover in, or rather read into, the romances of Walter Scott some profound and mystic symbolism, and recall his title of "Great Wizard of the North" as evidence that instead of writing romances pure and simple he was occultly developing a vast system of philosophy and theology. That will, if it

shall occur, be no more of an exaggeration than the notion that the poets and minstrels of the Middle ages were in fact occult metaphysicians. Let it be granted that it is well to draw from those old tales material for all sorts of philosophic parables. But let us believe that ten centuries ago, as well as to-day, it was possible for men to write pure romance, and to develop actual history into historical romance, without a thought of occult symbolism, and that Percival, Siegfried, Lancelot, Beowulf and the rest were simply human types of human chivalry, and not symbols of mysterious abstractions.