

of wing might have done the work as well, but would have been less satisfactory to the legend-makers.

Fierce was the conflict now impending, and stern the struggle of the natives for life and liberty. Here were no peaceful chiefs, like the one met at Arasaka, and only by dint of trenchant blows was the land to be won. On went the fight, victory now inclining to one side, now to the other, until in the midst of the uncertain struggle the gods sent down a deep and dark cloud, in whose thick shadow no man could see his foe, and the strife was stayed. Suddenly, through the dense darkness, a bird in the shape of a hawk came swooping down from the skies, enveloped in a flood of golden light, and, dispersing the cloud, rested upon the hero's bow. The light shed by his refulgent wings struck like the glare of lightning upon the eyes of the enemy, so dazzling them with its radiance that they broke into panic flight.

A victory gained in such a fashion as this does not seem quite satisfactory to modern ideas. It is not fair to the other side. Yet it was in this way that the Greeks won victory on the plains of Troy, and that many other legendary victories were obtained. One cannot help wishing that the event of battle had been left to the decision of brave hearts and strong hands, instead of depending upon the interposition of the gods. But such was the ancient way,—if we choose to take legend for truth,—and we must needs receive what is given us, in default of better.

At any rate, Jimmu was now lord of the land, and built himself a capital city at Kashiwabara, near the