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6. THE RECOGNITION.
7. THE COUNT’S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY IN THE MOUNTAINS.
Some apology may seem necessary for presenting a life of Mahomet at the present day, when no new fact can be added to those already known concerning him. Many years since, during a residence in Madrid, the author projected a series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain. These were to be introduced by a sketch of the life of the founder of the Islam faith, and the first mover of Arabian conquest. Most of the particulars for this were drawn from Spanish sources, and from Gagnier's translation of the Arabian historian Abulfeda, a copy of which the author found in the Jesuits' Library of the Convent of St. Isidro, at Madrid.

Not having followed out in its extent, the literary plan devised, the manuscript life lay neglected among the author's papers until the year 1831, when he revised and enlarged it for the Family Library of Mr. John Murray. Circumstances prevented its publication at the time, and it again was thrown aside for years.

During his last residence in Spain, the author beguiled the tediousness of a lingering indisposition, by again revising the manuscript, profiting in so doing by recent lights thrown on the subject by different writers, and particularly by Dr. Gustav Well, the very intelligent and learned librarian of the University of Heidelberg, to whose industrious researches and able disquisitions, he acknowledges himself greatly indebted.*

Such is the origin of the work now given to the public; on which the author lays no claim to novelty of fact, nor profundity of research. It still bears the type of a work intended for a family library; in constructing which the whole aim of the writer has been to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative, the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with such legends and traditions as have been wrought into the whole system of oriental literature; and at the same time to give such a summary of his faith as might be sufficient for the more general reader. Under such circumstances, he has not thought it worth while to incumber his pages with a scaffolding of references and citations, nor depart from the old English nomenclature of oriental names.

SUNNYSIDE, 1849.

MAHOMET

AND

HIS SUCCESSORS.

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF ARABIA AND THE ARABS.

During a long succession of ages, extending from the earliest period of recorded history down to the seventh century of the Christian era, that great chersonese or peninsula formed by the Red Sea, the Euphrates, the Gulf of Persia, and the Indian Ocean, and known by the name of Arabia, remained unchanged and almost unaffected by the events which convulsed the rest of Asia, and shook Europe and Africa to their centre. While kingdoms and empires rose and fell; while ancient dynasties passed away; while the boundaries and names of countries were changed, and their inhabitants were exterminated or carried into captivity, Arabia, though its frontier provinces experienced some vicissitudes, preserved in the depths of its deserts its primitive character and independence, nor had its nomadic tribes ever bent their haughty necks to servitude.

The Arabs carry back the traditions of their country to the highest antiquity. It was peopled, they say, soon after the deluge, by the progeny of Shem, the son of Noah, who gradually formed themselves into several tribes, the most noted of which are the Adites and Thamudites. All these primitive tribes are said to have been either swept from the earth in punishment of their iniquities, or obliterated in subsequent modifications of the races, so that little remains concerning them but shadowy traditions and a few passages in the Koran. They are occasionally mentioned in oriental history as the "old primitive Arabs"—the "lost tribes."

The permanent population of the peninsula is ascribed, by the same authorities, to Kahtan or Jocan, a descendant in the fourth generation from Shem. His posterity spread over the southern part of the peninsula and along the Red Sea. Yarab, one of his sons, founded the kingdom of Yemen, where the territory of Arabia was called after him; whence the Arabs derive the names of themselves and their country. Jurham, another son, founded the kingdom of Hedjaz, over which his descendants bore sway for many generations. Among these people Hagar and her son Ishmael were kindly received, when exiled from their home by the patriarch Abraham. In the process of time Ishmael married the daughter of Modadd, a reigning prince of the line of Jurham; and thus a stranger and a Hebrew became grafted on the original Arabian stock. It proved a vigorous graft. Ishmael's wife bore him twelve sons, who acquired dominion over the country, and whose prolific race, divided into twelve tribes, expelled or overran and obliterated the primitive stock of Jocan.

Such is the account given by the peninsular Arabs of their origin: and Christian writers cite it as containing the fulfilment of the covenant of God with Abraham, as recorded in Holy Writ. "And Abraham said unto God, I am a stranger and an alien, one of the inhabitants of the earth; and thou seest me: I have dwelt as a sojourner among them and thou hast treated me well. Live for my sake, I beseech thee, and for the sake of thy servant Abraham. Blessed are thou, O Lord: and blessed is my master Abraham. Thou hast dealt well with thy servant: and thou hast shown unto me great kindness in giving me a son, when I was as a dead man. And I will give unto thee all the children that shall be born unto me, and all that they shall have." (Genesis 17:18, 20).

These twelve princes with their tribes are further spoken of in the Scripture (Genesis 25:18) as occupying the country "from Havilah unto Shur, that is before Egypt, as thou goest toward Assyria," a region identified by sacred geographers with part of Arabia. The description of them agrees with that of the Arabs of the present day. Some are mentioned as holding towns and castles, others as dwelling in tents, or having villages in the wilderness. Nebaioth and Kedar, the two first-born of Ishmael, are most noted among the princes for their wealth in flocks and herds, and for the fine wool of their sheep. From Nebaioth came the Nabathaei who inhabited Stony Arabia; while the name of Kedar is occasionally

* Besides the Arabs of the peninsula, who were all of the Semitic race, there were others called Cushites, being descended from Cush the son of Ham. They inhabited the banks of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. The name of Cush is often given in Scripture to the Arabs generally as well as to their country. It must be the Arabs of this race who at present roam the deserted regions of ancient Assyria, and have been employed recently in disintering the long-buried ruins of Nineveh. They are sometimes distinguished as the Syro-Arabians. The present work relates only to the Arabs of the peninsula, or Arabia Proper.
given in Holy Writ to designate the whole Arabian nation. "Woe is me," says the Psalmist, "that I sojourn in Mesec, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar." Both appear to have been the names given to the wandering or pastoral Arabs; the "tents of Kedar," the rovers of the desert. "The wealthy nation," says the prophet Jeremiah, "that dwelleth without care; which have neither gates nor bars, which dwell alone.

A strong distinction grew up in the earliest times between the Arabs who "held towns and castles," and those who "dwelt in tents." Some of the former occupied the fertile wadies, or valleys, scattered here and there among the mountains, where these towns and castles were surrounded by vineyards and orchards, groves of palm-trees, fields of grain, and well-stocked pastures. They were settled in their habits, devoting themselves to the cultivation of the soil and the breeding of cattle.

Others of this class gave themselves up to commerce, having ports and cities along the Red Sea; the southern shores of the peninsula and the Gulf of Persia, and carrying on foreign trade by means of ships and caravans. Such especially were the people of Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, that are mentioned as having been the heathen Arabia, the Sabae of the poets; the Sheba of the sacred Scriptures. They were among the most active merchantile navigators of the eastern seas. Their ships brought to their shores the myrrh and balsams of the opposite coast of Berbers, with the gold, the spices, and other rich commodities of India and tropical Africa. These, with the products of their own country, were transported by caravans across the deserts to the semi-Arabian states of Ammon, Moab, and Edom or Idumea to the Phoenician ports of the Mediterranean, and thence distributed to the western world.

The camel has been the term of the desert; the caravan may be termed its fleet. The caravans of Yemen were generally fitted out, manned, conducted, and guarded by the nomadic Arabs, the dwellers in tents, who, in this respect, might be called the navigators of the desert. They furnished the innumerable camels required, and also contributed to the freight by the fine fleeces of their countless flocks. The writings of that time implicate the importance, it is certain, of this inland chain of commerce by which the rich countries of the south, India, Ethiopia, and Arabia the Happy, were linked with ancient Syria.

Ezekiel, in his lamentations for Tyre, exclaims, "Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied their hands in lambs, and rams, and goats; in these were they thy merchants. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah occupied in thy fairs with chieftains of all spices, and with all precious stones and gold. Huram and Canneh, and Eden, the merchants of Sheba, Ashur, and Chelmad, were thy merchants." And Isaiah, speaking to Jerusalem, says: "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the camels of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense; all the riches of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee" (Isaiah 60: 6, 7).

The agricultural and trading Arabs, however, the dwellers in towns and cities, have never been considered the true type of the race. They became softened by settled and peaceful occupations, and lost much of their original stamp by an intercourse with strangers. Yemeni, too, being more accessible than the other parts of Arabia, and offering greater temptation to the spoiler, had been repeatedly invaded and subdued.

It was among these, the more pastoral, or desert Arabians, the rovers of the desert, the "dwellers in tents," by far the most numerous of the whole, that the national character was preserved in all its primitive force and freshness. Nomadic in their habits, pastoral in their occupations, and acquainted by experience and tradition with all the history of the desert; they led a wandering life, roaming from place to place in quest of those wells and springs which had been the resort of their forefathers since the days of the patriarchs; encamping wherever they could find date-trees for shade, and sustenance and pasture for their flocks, and herds, and camels; and shifting their abode whenever the temporary supply was exhausted.

These nomadic Arabs were divided and subdivided into innumerable petty tribes or families, each with its Sheik or Emir, the representative of the patriarch of yore, whose spear, planted beside his tent, was the ensign of command. His office, however, though continued for many generations, in the family, was not strictly hereditary, but temporary, or at random, among the members of the tribe. He might be deposed, and another of a different line elected in his place. His power, too, was limited, and depended upon his personal merit and the confidence reposed in him. His prerogative consisted in conducting negotiations of peace and war; in leading his tribe against the enemy; in choosing the place of encampment, and in receiving and entertaining strangers of note. Yet, even in these privileges, he was controlled by the opinions and inclinations of his people.

* In summer the wandering Arabs, says Burckhardt, seldom remain above three or four days on the same spot; as soon as their cattle have consumed the herbage near a watering place, the tribe removes in search of pasture, and the grass again springing up, serves for a succeeding camp. The encampments vary in the number of tents, from about a hundred when the tents are few, but they are placed in a circle; but more considerable numbers in a straight line, or a row of single tents, especially along a rivulet, sometimes three or four behind as many on the other side. In winter, when water and pasturage are abundant, the whole tribe spreads itself over the plain in parties of three or four tents each, with an interval of half an hour's distance between each party. The Sheikh's tent is always on the side on which enemies or enemies of the wild beasts may be expected. To oppose the former, and to honor the latter, is the Sheikh's principal business. Every father of a family sticks his lance into the ground by the side of his tent, and ties his horse in front. There also his camels repose at night.—Burckhardt, Notes on Bedouins, vol. i. p. 33.

The following is descriptive of the Arabs of Assyria, though it is applicable, in a great degree, to the whole race.

"It would be difficult to describe the appearance of a large tribe when migrating to new pastures. We found them then resting in the midst of flocks of sheep and camels. As far as the eye could reach, to the right, to the left, and in front, still the same moving crowd. Long lines of camels and bullocks, laden with black tents, huge caldrons, and variously carpeted aged women and men; aged men and women with their saddlebags, and great packs, and luggage, and lower sheikhs and their tribe, passing through—"we had heard, and were told by them, that the Arabs used to exhibit this style of dress in order to make more noise and show themselves off—"we had heard about the Arabs, and..."
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

However numerous and minute might be the divisions of a tribe, the links of affinity were carefully kept in mind by the several sections. All the sheikhs of the same tribe acknowledged a common chief called the sheikh of sheikhs, who, whether enceined in a rock-built castle, or encompassed amid his hawks and herds in the desert, might assemble under his standard all the scattered branches on any emergency affecting the common

The multiplicity of these wandering tribes, each with its prince and petty territory, but without a national head, produced frequent collisions. Revenge, too, was almost a religious principle among them. To avenge a relative slain was the duty of his family, and often involved the honor of his tribe; and these debts of blood sometimes remained unsettled for generations, producing deadly feuds.

The necessity of being always on the alert to defend his flocks and herds made the Arab of the desert familiar from his infancy with the exercise of archery, the bow, the lance and the scimitar, and the adroit and graceful management of the horse. He was a predatory warrior also; for though at times he was engaged in the service of the merchant, furnishing him with camels and guides and drivers for the long journeys, he was more apt to lay contributions on the caravan or plunder it outright in its toilful progress through the desert. All this he regarded as a legitimate exercise of arms; looking down upon the gainful sons of a traffic as an inferior race, despised by sordid habits and pursuits.

Such was the Arab of the desert, the dweller in tents, in whom was fulfilled the prophetic destiny of his ancestor Ishmael. "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Nature had fitted him for his destiny. His form was light and meagre, but sinewy and active, and capable of sustaining great fatigue and hardship. He was temperate and even abstemious, requiring but little food, and that of the simplest kind. His mind, like his body, was light and agile. He eminently possessed the intellectual attributes of the Semitic race, penetrating sagacity, subtle wit, a ready conception, and a brilliant imagination. His sensibilities were quick and acute, though not delicate; the spirit was stormy on his sallow visage and flashed from his dark and kindling eye. He was easily aroused by the appeals of eloquence, and charmed by the graces of poetry. Speaking a language copious in the extreme, the words of which have been compared to gems and flowers, he was naturally an orator; but he delighted in proverbs and apothegms, rather than in sustained flights of declamation, and was prone to convey his ideas in the oriental style by apophthegm and parable.

In his warlike character, as a predatory warrior, he was generous and hospitable. He delighted in giving gifts; his door was always open to the wayfarer, with whom he was ready to share his last morsel; and his deadliest foe, having once

forms; mothers with their children on their shoulders; boys driving flocks of lambs; horsemen armed with lances and spears, following the plain of their steed's, riders urging their dromedaries with their short hooked sticks, and leading their high-bred steeds by the halter; colts galloping among the throns, such was the motley crowd through which we had to wind our way." —Lavat's Nineteenth, l. 4.

Genesis 16: 12.
but symbols of the varied attributes of the one Supreme Being, whose name was too sacred to be pronounced by mortals. Among the Arabs the Sabean faith became mingled with wild superstitions, and degraded by gross idolatry. Each tribe worshipped its particular star or planet, or set up its particular idol. Infanticide mingled its horrors with their religious rites. Among the nomadic tribes the birth of a daughter was considered a misfortune, her sex rendering her of little service in a wandering and predatory life, while she might bring disgrace upon her family by her share of the baggage-carrying and cooking. Motives of natural policy, therefore, may have influenced their religious feelings, in offering up female infants as sacrifices to their idols, or in burying them alive.

The rival sects of Magians or Ghelres (fire worshippers), which, as we have said, divided the religious empire of the East, took its rise in Persia, where, after a while, its oral doctrines were reduced to writing by its great prophet and teacher Zoroaster, in his volume of the Zendavesta. The credences of the magicians, while simple and spiritual, inculcating a belief in one supreme and eternal God, in whom and by whom the universe exists: that he produced, through his creating word, two active principles, Ormuzd, the principle or angel of light and goodness, and Ahirman, the principle of darkness or evil: that these formed the world out of a mixture of their opposite elements, and were engaged in a perpetual contest in the regulation of its affairs. Hence the vicissitudes of good and evil, accordingly as the angel of light or darkness has the upper hand: this contest would continue until the end of the world, when there would be a general resurrection and a day of judgment; the angel of darkness and his disciples would then be banished to an abode of woeful gloom, and their opponents would enter the blissful realms of everlasting light.

The primitive rites of this religion were extremely simple. The Magians had neither temples, altars, nor religious symbols of any kind, but addressed their prayers and supplications directly to the Deity, in what they conceived to be his residence, the sun. They reverenced this luminary as being his abode, and as the source of the light and heat of which all the other heavenly bodies were composed. Thus they set up the sun as the principle from which all energy was derived, and the heaven was made of fire to supply light during its absence. Zoroaster first introduced the use of temples, wherein sacred fire, pretended to be derived from heaven, was kept perpetually alive through the guardianship of priests, who maintained a watch over it night and day.

In process of time this sect, like that of the Sabaeans, lost sight of the divine principle in the symbol, and came to worship light or fire, as the real deity, and to abhor darkness as Satan or the devil. In their fanatic zeal the Magians would seize upon unbelievers and offer them up in the flames to propitiate their fiery deity.

The tenets of these two sects reference is made in that beautiful text of the wisdom of Solomon: "Vain are all men by nature who are ignorant of God, and could not, by considering the work, acknowledge the work master; but deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be gods, which govern the world.

Of these two faiths the Sabean, as we have before observed, was much the most prevalent among the Arabs; but in an extremely degraded form, mingled with all kinds of abuses, and varying among the various tribes. The Magian faith prevailed among those tribes which, from their frontier position, had frequent intercourse with Persia; while other tribes partook of the superstitions and idolatries of the nations on which they bordered.

Judaism had made its way into Arabia at an early period, but very vaguely and imperfectly. Still many of its rites and ceremonies, and fanciful traditions, became implanted in the country. At a later day, however, when Palestine was ravaged by the Romans and the city of Jerusalem taken and sacked, many of the Jews took refuge among the Arabs; became incorporated with the native tribes; formed themselves into communities; acquired possession of fertile tracts; built castles and strongholds, and rose to considerable power and influence.

The Christian religion had likewise its adherents among the Arabs. St. Paul himself declares, in his epistle to the Galatians, that soon after he had been called to proclaim Christianity among the heathens, he "went into Arabia." The disensions, also, which rose in the Eastern church, in the early part of the third century, breaking it up into sects, each persecuting its opponents as it gained the ascendancy, drove many into exile into remote parts of the East, and the deserts of Arabia with their positions, and planted the Christian faith among some of the principal tribes.

The foregoing circumstances, physical and moral, may give an idea of the causes which maintained the Arabs for ages in an unchanged condition. While their isolated position and their vast deserts protected them from conquest, their internal feuds and their want of a common tie, political or religious, kept them from being formidable as conquerors. They were a vast aggregation of distinct parts; full of individual vigor, but wanting coherent strength. Although their nomadic life rendered them hardy and active; although the greater part of their warriors were warriors from infancy, yet their arms were only wielded against each other, excepting some of the frontier tribes, which occasionally engaged as mercenaries in external wars. While, therefore, the other nomadic races of Central Asia, possessing no greater aptness for warfare, had, during a course of ages, successively evinced the civilized world, this warrior race, unconscious of its power, remained disjointed and harmless in the depths of its native deserts.

The time at length arrived when its discordant tribes were to be united in one creed, and animated by one common cause; when a mighty genius was to arise, who should bring together these scattered limbs, animate them with his own enthusiastic and daring spirit, and lead them forth, a giant of the desert, to shake and overturn the empires of the earth.
Mahomet and His Successors.

...and Varying faiths, from their mutual contest and conflict, the super-

powers left to Arabia at an early date. The inhabitants of this fertile and hospitable

land, whose ancient names were Babylon, Assyria, and Persia, were

first divided into two great branches, the Semites and the Turcs, which

branches had reached Arabia at different periods. The Semites

were the descendants of the wandering Bedouins, who had

occupied the country for centuries; the Turcs were the

descendants of the Persians, who had settled in the

country in the first century B.C. The Semites were

physically and intellectually superior to the Turcs,

who were more warlike and more aggressive. The

Semites were the more civilized, and their

language was the more ancient. The Semites

were the more religious, and their

religion was the more profound. The

Turcs were the more warlike, and their

war was the more violent. The

Semites were the more philosophical, and their

philosophy was the more profound. The

Turks were the more practical, and their

practical knowledge was the more

profitable.

The Semites were the more

physical, and their

bodies were the more

beautiful. The

Turks were the more

active, and their

bodies were the more

strong.

The Semites were the more

intellectual, and their

thoughts were the more

refined. The

Turks were the more

active, and their

minds were the more

active.

The Semites were the more

religious, and their

religion was the more

sublime. The

Turks were the more

active, and their

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The Semites were the more

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purity, wringing from it those black and bitter drops of original sin, inherited from our forefather Adam, and which he is said to have been the best of his descendants, inciting them to crime. When he had thoroughly purified it, he filled it with faith and knowledge and propitiatory light, and replaced it in the bosom of the child. Now, we are assured by the same authorities, began to emanate from his countenance that myriads of holy stars and tears of the child. He continued from Adam, through the sacred line of prophets, until the time of Isaac and Ishmael; but which had lain dormant in the descendants of the latter, until it thus shone forth with resurgent parts of the powers of Mahomet.

At this supernatural visitation, it was added, impressed between the shoulders of the child the seal of prophecy, which continued throughout life the symbol and credential of his divine mission; though unbelievers saw nothing in it but a large mole, the size of a pigeon's egg.

When the marvellous visitation of the angel was related to Hâlêma and her husband, they were alarmed lest some misfortune should be impending over the child, or that his supernatural visitations might be of the race of devils or genii, which haunt the solitudes of the desert, wreaking mischief on the children of men. His Suadite nurse, therefore, carried him back to Mecca, and delivered him to his mother Amina.

Fewer than two years of his birth until his sixth year, when she took him with her to Medina, on a visit to her relatives of the tribe of Adîj, but on her journey homeward she died, and was buried at Abwa, a village between Medina and Mecca. Her grave, it will be found, was a place of pious resort and tender recollection to his son, at the latest period of his life.

The faithful Abyssinian slave, Barakat, now acted as a mother to the orphan child, and conducted him to his grandfather Abul Moutâliq, in whose household he remained for two years, treated with care and tenderness. Abul Moutâliq was now well stricken in years; having outlived the ordinary term of human existence. Finding his end approaching, he called to him his eldest son, Abu Taleb, and bequeathed Mahomet to his especial care; and in the genealogy of the god. Abu Taleb took his nephew to his bosom, and ever afterward was to him as a parent. As the former succeeded to the guardianship of the child at the death of his father, Mahomet continued for several years in his household, where the rites and ceremonies of the sacred house were rigidly observed. And here we deem it necessary to give a more especial notice of the alleged origin of the Caaba, and of the rites and traditions and superstitions connected with it, closely interwoven as they are with the faith of Islam and the story of its founder.

CHAPTER III.

TRADITIONS CONCERNING MECCA AND THE CAABA.

When Adam and Eve were cast forth from Paradise, say Arabian traditions, they fell in different parts of the earth. Adamth, on a mountain of the island of Serendib, or Ceylon; Eve in Arabia on the borders of the Red Sea, where the port of Jodâdah is now situated. For two hundred years they wandered separate and lonely about the earth, until, in consideration of their penitence and wretchedness, they were permitted to come together again on Mount Arafat, not far from the present city of Mecca. In the depth of his sorrow and repentance, Adam raised his head and eyes to heaven, and implored the clemency of God; entreaty that a shrine should be vouchsafed to him similar to that at which he had worshipped when in prayer, and round which the angels used to move in adoring processions. The Supplication of Adam was heard, and a tabernacle or temple formed of radiant clouds was lowered down by the hands of angels, and placed immediately below its prototype in the celestial paradise. Toward this heaven-descended shrine Adam then turned, when in prayer, and round it he daily made seven circuits in the rites of the adoring angels.

At the death of Adam, say the same traditions, the tabernacle of clouds passed away, or was again drawn up to heaven; but another of the same form and in the same place, was built of stone and clay by Seth, the son of Adam. This was swept away by the deluge. Many generations afterward, in the time of the patriarchs, when Hagar and her child Ishmael were near perishing with thirst in the desert, it revealed to them a spring or well of water, near the site of the tabernacle of Adam. This was the well of Zem Zem, held sacred by the progeny of Ishmael to the present day. Shortly afterward, the community of the Arabian patriarchs, in quest of a camel which had strayed from their camp, discovered this well, and, having quenched their thirst, brought their companions to the place. Here they founded the city of Mecca, taking Ishmael and his mother under their protection. They were soon expelled by the impious inhabitants of the country, among whom Ishmael remained. When grown to man's estate, he married the daughter of the ruling prince, by whom he had a numerous progeny, the ancestors of the Arabian people. In process of time, by God's command he undertook to build the Caaba, on the precise site of the original tabernacle of clouds. In this pious work he was assisted by Abraham. A miraculous stone served Abraham as a scaffold, rising and sinking with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice. It still remains there an inestimable relic, and the print of the patriarch's foot is clearly to be perceived on it by all true believers.

While Abraham and Ishmael were thus occupied, the angel Gabriel appeared to them in their sanctuary, and with the rites and ceremonies of the sacred house were rigidly observed. And here we deem it necessary to give a more especial notice of the alleged origin of the Caaba, and of the rites and traditions and superstitions connected with it, closely interwoven as they are with the faith of Islam and the story of its founder.

FIRST JOURNEY OF SAFIYA TO CAABA.

Mahomet was born in the year 570, and was at the age of five years sent to Medina to be educated by his grandmother. He was a most precocious child, and from his early youth was the object of much favor and attention. The city of Mecca, where he was born, was a place of pilgrimage, and the annual festival of the Kaaba, which was held every year, was a regular occasion for the exercise of the rites of pilgrimage. Mahomet was at the age of five years sent to Medina to be educated by his grandmother, and during his stay there he became intimately acquainted with the rites of pilgrimage.

When Mahomet was at the age of five years, he was sent to Medina to be educated by his grandmother. He was a most precocious child, and from his early youth was the object of much favor and attention. The city of Mecca, where he was born, was a place of pilgrimage, and the annual festival of the Caaba, which was held every year, was a regular occasion for the exercise of the rites of pilgrimage. Mahomet was at the age of five years sent to Medina to be educated by his grandmother, and during his stay there he became intimately acquainted with the rites of pilgrimage.
the Caaba and the well of Zem Zem objects of extraordinary veneration from the remotest antiquity among the people of the East, and especially the descendants of Ishmael, Mecca, which incloses these sacred objects within its walls, was a holy city ages before Mahomet, and was the resort of pilgrims from all parts of Arabia. So universal and profound was the religious feeling respecting this observance, that four months in every year were devoted to the rites of pilgrimage, and held sacred from all violence and warlike. Hostile tribes then laid aside their arms; took the heads from their spears; traversed the late dangerous deserts in security; thronged the gates of Mecca clad in the pilgrim's garb; made their seven circuits round the Caaba in imitation of the angelic host; touched and kissed the mysterious black stone; drank and made ablutions at the well Zem Zem in memory of their ancestor Ishmael; and having performed all the other primitive rites of pilgrimage returned home in safety, again to resume their weapons and their wars.

Among the religious observances of the Arabs in these their "days of ignorance," that is to say, before the promulgation of the Moslem doctrines, fasting and prayer had a foremost place. They had three holidays each within the year—one of seven, one of nine, and one of thirty days. They prayed three times each day; at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset; turning their faces in the direction of the Caaba, which was their kehla, or point of adoration. They had many religious traditions, some of them acquired in early times from the Jews, and they are said to have nurtured their devotional feelings with the book of Psalms, and with a book said to be by Seth, and filled with moral discourses.

Brought up, as Mahomet was, in the house of the guardian of the Caaba, the ceremonies and devotions connected with the sacred edifice may have given an early bias to his mind, and inclined it to those speculations in matters of religion by which it eventually became engrossed. Though his Moslem biographers would lain persuade as his high destiny was clearly foretold in his childhood by signs and prophecies, yet his education appears to have been as much neglected as that of ordinary Arab children; for we find that he was often left to himself, and suffered much by his own hand, to委托于他, to observe, prone to meditate on all that he observed, and possessed of an imaginative fertile, daring, and expansive. The yearly inlux of pilgrims from distant parts made a receptacle for all kinds of floating knowledge, which he appears to have imbibed with eagerness and retained in a tenacious memory; and as he increased in years, a more extended sphere of observation was gradually opened to him.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST JOURNEY OF MAHOMET WITH THE CARRAVAN TO SYRIA.

MAHOMET was now twelve years of age, but, as we have shown, he had an intelligence far beyond his years. The spirit of inquiry was awake within him, quickened by intercourse with pilgrims from all parts. This was all "new and strange;" besides his sacerdotal character as guardian of the Caaba, was one of the most enterprising merchants of the tribe of Koreish, and had much to do with those caravans set off on foot by his ancestor Haschem, which traded to Syria and Yemen. The arrival and departure of these caravans, which thronged the gates of Mecca and filled its streets with pleasing tumult, were exciting events to a boy like himself, and engaged his imagination to foreign parts. He could no longer press the ardent curiosity thus aroused; but once, when his uncle was about to mount his camel to depart with the caravan for Syria, clung to him, and entreated to be permitted to accompany him: "For who, oh my uncle," said he, "will take care of me when thou art away?"

The appeal was not lost upon the kind-hearted Abu Taleh. He betook him, too, that the youth was of an age to enter upon the active scenes of Arab life, and of a capacity to render essential service in the duties of the caravan; he readily, therefore, granted his prayer, and took him with him on the journey to Syria.

The route lay through regions fertile in fables and traditions, which it is the delight of the Arabs to recount in the evening halls of the caravan. The vast solitudes of the desert, in which wandering people pass so much of their lives, are prone to engender superstitious fancies; they have accordingly peopled them with good and evil genii, and clothing them with human form and mingled with wonderful events which happened in days of old. In these evening halls of the caravan, the youthful mind of Mahomet doubtless imbued many of those supersitions of the desert which ever afterward dwelt in his memory, and had a powerful influence over his imagination. We may especially note two traditions which he must have heard at this time, and which we find recorded by him in after years in the Koran. One related to the mountainous district of Hedjar. Here, as the caravan wound its way through silent and deserted valleys, caves were pointed out in the sides of the mountains once inhabited by the Beni Thamud, or children of Thamud, one of the "lost tribes" of Arabia; and this was the tradition concerning them.

They were a proud and gigantic race, existing before the time of the patriarch Abraham. Having fallen into blind idolatry, God sent a prophet of the name of Saleh, to restore them to the right way. They refused, however, to listen to him, unless he should come in the commission by causing a camel, big with young, to issue from the entrails of a mountain, Saleh accordingly prayed, and lo! a rock opened, and a female camel came forth, which soon produced a foal. Some of the Thamudites were convinced by the miracle, and were converted from the prophet from their idolatry; the greater part, however, remained in unbelief. Saleh left the camel among them as a sign, warning them that a judgment from heaven would fall on them, should they do her any harm. For a time the camel was suffered to feed quietly in their pastures, going forth in the morning and returning in the evening. It is true, that when she bowed her head to drink from a brook or well, she never raised it until she had drained the last drop of water; but then she rejected the yielded milk enough to supply the whole tribe. As, however, she frightened the other camels from the pasture, she became an object of offence to the Thamudites, who hamstrung and slew her. Upon finding the headless camel, the Thamudites saw the claps of thunder, and in the morning all the offenders were found lying on their faces, dead. Thus the whole race was swept from the earth,
and their country was laid forever afterward under the ban of heaven.

This story made a powerful impression on the mind of Mahomet, insomuch that in after years he refused to let his people encamp in the neighborhood, but hurried them away from it as an accursed region.

Another tradition, gathered on this journey, related to the city of Elya, situated near the Red Sea. This place, he told, was inhabited in old times by a tribe of Jews, who lapsed into idolatry and profaned the Sabbath, by slaughtering on that sacred day; whereupon the old men were transformed into swine, and the young men into monkeys.

We have noted these two traditions especially because they are both cited by Mahomet as instances of divine judgment on the crime of idolatry, and evince the bias his youthful mind was taking on that important subject.

Moslem writers tell us, as usual, of wonderful circumstances which attended the youth throughout this journey, giving evidence of the continuous guardianship of heaven. At one time, as he traversed the burning sands of the desert, an angel hovered over him unseen, sheltering him with his wings; a miracle, however, which evidently does not rest on the evidence of an eye-witness; at another time, he was protected by a cloud which hung over his head during the noonday heat; and on another occasion, as he sought the scanty shade of a withered tree, it suddenly put forth leaves and blossoms.

After skirting the ancient domains of the Moabites and the Ammonites, often mentioned in the sacred Scriptures, the caravan arrived at Bosra, or Bostra, on the confines of Syria, in the country of the tribe of Manasseh, beyond the Jordan. In Scripture days it had been a city of the Levites, but now was inhabited by Nestorian Christians. It was a great mart, annually visited by the caravans; and here our wayfarers came to a halt, and encamped near a convent of Nestorian monks.

By this fraternity Abu Taleb and his nephew were entertained with great hospitality. One of the monks, by some called Sergius, by other Bahira,* on conversing with Mahomet, was surprised at the precocity of his intellect, and interested by his eager desire for information, which appears to have had reference, principally, to matters religious. They had frequent conversations together on such subjects, in the course of which the efforts of the monk must have been mainly directed against that idolatry in which the youthful Mahomet had hitherto been educated; for the Nestorian Christians were strenuous in condemning not merely the worship of images, but even the casual exhibition of them; indeed, so far did they carry their scruples on this point, that even the cross, that general emblem of Christianity, was in a great degree included in this prohibition.

Many have ascribed that knowledge of the principles and traditions of the Christian faith displayed by Mahomet in after life, to those early conversations with this monk; it is probable, however, that he had further intercourse with the latter in the course of subsequent visits which he made to Syria.

Moslem writers pretend that the interest taken by the monk in the youthful stranger arose from his having accidentally perceived between his shoulders the seal of prophecy. He warned Abu

Taleb, say they, when about to set out on his return to Mecca, to take care that his nephew did not fall into the hands of the Jews; foreseeing with the eye of prophecy the trouble and opposition he was to encounter from that people.

It required no miraculous sign, however, to interest a sectarian monk, anxious to make proselytes, in an intelligent and inquiring youth, nephew of the guardian of the Caaba, who might carry back with him to Mecca the seeds of Christianity sown in his tender mind; and it was natural that the monk should be eager to prevent his protege from converting, in the present unsettled state of his religious opinions, from being beguiled into the Jewish faith.

Mahomet returned to Mecca, his imagination teeming with the wild tales and traditions picked up in the desert, and his mind deeply impressed with the doctrines imparted to him in the Nestorian convent. He seems ever afterward to have entertained a mysterious reverence for Syria, probably from the religious impressions received there. It was the land whither Abraham, the patriarch, had returned from Chaldea, taking with him the primitive worship of the one true God.

"Verily," he used to say in after years, "God has ever maintained guardians of his word in Syria; forty in number; when one dies another is sent to take his place, and in their room the land is blessed." And again: "Joy be to the people of Syria, for the angels of the kind God spread their wings over them."*

NOTE.—The conversion of Abraham from the idolatry into which the world had fallen after the deluge is related in the sixth chapter of the Koran. Abraham's father, Azer, or Zerah, as his name is given in the Scriptures, was a statary and an idolator.

"And Abraham said unto his father Azer, Why dost thou take graven images for gods? Verily, thou and thy people are in error." Then the firmament of heaven displayed unto Abraham, that he might see how the world was governed.

"When night came, and darkness overshadowed the earth, he beheld a bright star shining in the firmament, and cried out to his people who were astrologers, 'This, according to your assertions, is the Lord.' But the star set, and Abraham said, 'I have no faith in gods that set.' He beheld the moon rising, and exclaimed, 'Assuredly, this is the Lord.' But the moon likewise set, and he was confounded, and prayed unto God, saying, 'Direct me, lest I become as one of these people, who go astray.' When he saw the sun rising, he cried out, 'This is the most glorious of all; this is the Lord.' But the sun also set. And then said Abraham, 'I believe not, oh my people, in those things which ye call gods. Verily, I turn my face unto Him, the Creator, who hath formed both the heavens and the earth.'"

CHAPTER V.
COMMERCIAL OCCUPATIONS OF MAHOMET—HIS MARRIAGE WITH CADJIH.

Mahomet was now completely launched in active life, accompanying his uncle in various expeditions. At one time, when sixteen years of age, we find him with his uncle Zobier, journeying with the caravan to Yemen; at another time acting as armor-bearer to the same uncle, who led a warlike expedition of Koreishites in aid

* Some assert that these two names indicate two monks, who held conversations with Mahomet.

of the Kenanites against the tribe of Hazawzn. This is cited as Mahomet's first essay in arms, though other passages mention that he bided his time with arrows in the heat of the action, and shielded him from the darts of the enemy. It is stigmatized among Arabian writers as al Fadjar, or the impious war, having been carried on during the sacred months of pilgrimage.

As Mahomet advanced in years he was employed by different persons as a commercial agent or factor in caravan journeys to Syria, Yemen, and elsewhere; all which tended to enlarge the sphere of his observation, and to give him a quick insight into character and a knowledge of human affairs.

He was a frequent attender of fairs also, which, in Arabia, were not always mere resorts of traffic, but occasionally scenes of poetical contests between different tribes, where prizes were adjudged to the victors, and their prize poems treasured up in the archives of princes. Such, especially, was the case with the fair of Ocah; and seven of the prize poems adjudged there were hung up as trophies in the Kaabah at Mecca. At these fairs, also, were recorded the traditions of the Arabs, and inculcated various religious faiths which were afloat in Arabia. From oral sources of this kind Mahomet gradually accumulated much of that varied information as to creeds and doctrines which he afterwards recited and disputed.

There was at this time residing in Mecca a widow, named Kadieja (or Khadijah), of the tribe of Kureish. She had been twice married. Her last husband, a wealthy merchant, had recently died, and the extensive concern of the house was in need of a conductor. A nephew of the widow, named Chuzima, had become acquainted with Mahomet in the course of his commercial expeditions, and had noticed the ability and integrity with which he acquitted himself on all occasions. He pointed him out to his aunt as a person well qualified to be her factor. The personal appearance of Mahomet may have strongly seconded this recommendation; for he was now about twenty-five years of age, and extolled by Arabian writers for his manly beauty and engaging manners. So desirous was this young man of his services, that he offered him double wages to conduct a caravan which she was on the point of sending off to Syria. Mahomet consulted his uncle Abu Taleb, and by his advice accepted the offer. He was provided for in the voyage, and the expedition by the nephew of the widow, and by her slave Maisara, and so highly satisfied was Kadieja with the way in which he discharged his duties, that, on his return, she paid him double the amount of his stipulated wages. She afterward sent him to the southern parts of Arabia on similar expeditions, in all which he gave like satisfaction.

Kadieja was now in her fortieth year, a woman of judgment and experience. The mental qualities of Mahomet rose more and more in her estimation, and her heart began to yearn toward the frailer and comelier youth. According to Arabian legends, a miracle occurred most opportune to confirm and sanctify the bias of her inclinations. She was one day with her handmaids, at the hour of noon, on the terrace roof of her dwelling, when, as they conversed, a carvan conducted by Mahomet as it approached, she beheld, with astonishment, two angels overshadowing him with their wings to protect him from the sun. Turning with emotion, to her handmaids, "Behold!" said she, "the beloved of Allah, who sends two angels to watch over him!"

Whether or not the handmaidens looked forth with the same eyes of devotion as her mistress, she certainly did not mention. Sufficient to say, the widow was filled with a lively faith in the superhuman merits of her youthful steward, and forthwith commisioned her trusty slave, Maisara, to offer him her hand. The negotiation is recorded with some brevity. "Mahomet," demanded Maisara, "why dost thou not marry?" "I have not the means," replied Mahomet. "Well, but if a wealthy dame should offer thee her hand; one also who is handsome and of high birth?" "And who is she?" asked Cadieja? "How is that possible?" "Let me manage it," Maisara returned to his mistress and reported what had passed. An hour was appointed for an interview, and the affair was brought to a satisfactory arrangement with that promptness and sagacity which had distinguished Mahomet in all his dealings with the widow. The father of Cadieja made some opposition to the match, on account of the poverty of Mahomet, following the common notion that wealth should be added to wealth; but the widow wisely considered her rich and disposed of her to follow the dictates of her heart. She gave a great feast, to which were invited her father and the rest of her relatives, and Mahomet's uncles Abu Taleb and Hamza, together with several other of the Kureishites. At this banquet wine was served in abundance, and soon diffused good humor round the board. The objections to Mahomet's poverty were forgotten; speeches were made by Abu Taleb on the one side, and by Waraka, a kinsman of Cadieja, on the other, in praise of the proposed match; the dowry was arranged, and the marriage formally concluded.

Mahomet then caused a camel to be killed before his door, and the flesh distributed among the poor. The house was thrown open to all comers; the female slaves of Cadieja danced to the sound of timbrels, and all was revelry and rejoicing. Abu Taleb, forgetting his age and his habitual melancholy, made merry on the occasion. He had paid down from his purse a dower of twelve and a half okks of gold, equivalent to twenty crowns, to Cadieja, who had now wed Mahomet in his infancy, was summoned to rejoice at his nuptials, and was presented with a flock of forty sheep, with which she returned, enriched and contented, to her native valley, in the desert of the Saadites.

CHAPTER VI.

CONDUCT OF MAHOMET AFTER HIS MARRIAGE—BECOMES ANXIOUS FOR RELIGIOUS REFORM—HIS HABITS OF SOLITARY ABSTRACTION—THE VISION OF THE CAVE—HIS ANNUNCIATION AS A PROPHET.

The marriage with Cadieja placed Mahomet among the most wealthy of his native city. His moral worth also gave him great influence in the community. Allah, says the historian Ahmad, had endowed him with every gift necessary to accomplish and animate an honest man; he was so pure and sincere; so true to a mean, that he was commonly known by the name of Al Amin, or The Faithful.

The great confidence repose in his judgment and probity caused him to be frequently referred to as arbiter in disputes between his townsmen. An anecdote is given illustrating his sagacity
on such occasions. The Caaba having been injured by fire, was undergoing repairs, in the course of which the sacred black stone was to be removed. Upon hearing their different claims, he directed that a great cloth should be spread upon the ground, and the stone laid thereon; and that a man from each tribe should take hold of the border of the cloth. In this way the sacred stone was raised equally and at the same time by them all to a level with its allotted place, in which Mahomet fixed it with his own hands.

Four daughters and one son were the fruit of the marriage with Cadijah. The son was named Kasim, whereas Mahomet was occasionally called Abu Kasim, or the father of Kasim, according to Arabian nomenclature. This son, however, died in his infancy.

For several years after his marriage he continued in commerce, visiting the great Arabian fairs, and making from time to time journeys to the desert, where the inhabitants were mostly Semites of the Chaldean, or Jewish, race. His expeditions were not as profitable as in the days of his stewardship, and the wealth acquired with his wife diminished rather than increased in the course of his operations. That wealth, in fact, had raised him above the necessity of toiling for subsistence, and given him leisure to indulge the original bias of his mind; a turn for reverie and religious speculation, which he had evinced from his earliest years. This had been fostered in the course of his journeys, by his intercourse with Jews and Christians, originally fugitives from persecution, but now gathered into tribes, or forming part of the population of cities. The Arabian deserts, too, like as we have shown them in fanciful superstition, had furnished aliment for his enthusiastic reveries. Since his marriage with Cadijah, also, he had a household influence to influence him in his religious opinions. This was his wife's cousin Waraka, a man of speculative mind and flexible faith; originally a Jew, subsequently a Christian, and withal a great admirer of the Caaba. He was the first on record to translate parts of the Old and New Testament into Arabic. From him Mahomet is supposed to have derived much of his information respecting those writings, and many of the traditions of the Mishna and the Talmud, on which he draws so copiously in his Koran.

The knowledge thus variously acquired and treasured up in an uncommonly retentive memory, was in direct hostility to the gross idolatry prevalent in Arabia, and practised at the Caaba. That sacred edifice had gradually become filled and surrounded by idols, to the number of three hundred and sixty, being one for every day of the Arab year. Hither had been brought idols from various parts, the deities of other nations, the chieftains of the desert, and even the foreigner, and supposed to have the power of giving rain. Among these idols, too, were Abraham and Ishmael, once revered as prophets and progenitors, now represented with divining arrows in their hands, symbols of their prophetical pretensions.

Mahomet became more and more sensible of the grossness and absurdity of this idolatry, in proportion as his intelligent mind contrasted it with the spiritual religions, which had been the subjects of his inquiries. Various passages in the Koran show the ruling idea which gradually sprang up in his mind, until it engrossed his thoughts and influenced all his actions. That idea was a religious reform. It had become his fixed belief, deduced from all that he had learned and meditation, that the only true religion had been revealed to Adam at his creation, and been promulgated and practised in the days of innocence. That religion inculcated the direct and spiritual worship of one true and only God, the creator of the universe.

It was his belief, furthermore, that this religion, so elevated and simple, had been corrupted and debased by man, and especially outraged by idolatry; therefore a succession of prophets, each inspired by a revelation from the Most High, had been sent from time to time, and at distant periods, to restore it to its original purity. Such was Noah, such was Abraham, such was Moses, and such was Jesus Christ. By each of these the true religion had been reinstated upon earth, but had again been vitiated by their followers. The faith as taught and practised by Abraham when he came out of the land of Chaldea seems especially to have formed a religious standard by which Mahomet was guided. His patriarch as the father of Ishmael, the progenitor of his race.

It appeared to Mahomet that the time for another reform was again arrived. The world had once more lapsed into blind idolatry. He needed the advent of another prophet, authorized by a mandate from on high, to restore the erring children of men to the right path, and to bring back the worship of the Caaba to what it had been in the days of Abraham and the patriarchs. The probability of such an advent, with its attendant reforms, seems to have taken possession of his mind, and produced habits of reverie and meditation, incompatible with the ordinary concerns of life and the bustling of the world. We are told that he gradually absented himself from society, and sought the solitude of a cavern on Mount Hara, about three leagues north of Mecca, where, in emulation of the Christian anniversaries of the desert, he would remain days and nights together, engaged in prayer and meditation. In this way it is always narrated of note he had written down the Koran, the holy month of the Arabs. Such intense occupation of the mind on one subject, accompanied by fervent enthusiasm of spirit, could not but have a powerful effect upon his frame. He became subject to dreams, to visions, the next month successively, according to one of his historians, he had constant dreams bearing on the subject of his waking thoughts. Often he would lose all consciousness of surrounding objects, and lie upon the ground as if insensible. Cadijah, who sometimes was the faithful companion of his solitude, beheld these paroxysms with anxious solicitude, and entreated to know the cause; but he evaded her inquiries, or answered them mysteriously. Some of his adversaries have attributed them to epilepsy, but devout Moslems declare that he himself interpreted them to have been the result of spiritual influence. For already, say they, the intimations of the Most High began to dawn, though vaguely, on his spirit; and his mind labored with concepts too great for mortal thought. At length it dawned, what he had hitherto been shallowing in dreams, was made apparent and distinct by an angelic apparition and a divine announcement.

It was in the fortieth year of his age when this famous revelation took place. Accounts are given of it by Moslem writers as if received from
gradually possessed, his religion, which, having been corrected by the erring, and to bring it in its original form, was restored by the reformation of the world. It was the task of his attendants to explain and mediate in the religious concerns of his followers. They were told from society, on Mount Hara, that it had become subservient to the gods; the objects of worship, the images of the idols together, in this way, were mad, the temple was occupied by a priest but had a new temple built. For six of his followers, on the one hand, he would add objects, and on the other, Cadilah, companion of his life, was anxious for the cause; but there was mystery in the items declared prophecy, for the most High was the angel Gabriel, he said he spake truth, oh Cadilah! The angel who had appeared to thy husband is the same who, in days of old, was sent to Moses the son of Amram. His anunciation is true! Thy husband is indeed a prophet!

The zeal and constancy of the learned Waraka, who had heard to her cousin Waraka, who, the translator of the Scriptures, who, as we have seen, had been a household oracle of Mahomet in matters of religion, he caught at once, and with eagerness, at this miraculous anunciation. By him in whose name he availed, yet he said, thou speakest true, oh Cadilah! The angel who had appeared to thy husband is the same who, in days of old, was sent to Moses the son of Amram. His anunciation is true! Thy husband is indeed a prophet!

The zeal of this learned man, the anunciation is true! Thy husband is indeed a prophet!

Note.—Dr. Gustav Weil, in a note to Mohammed der Prophet, discusses the question of Mahomet's being attacked by assassins; which has generally been represented as a slander of his enemies and of Christian writers. It appears, however, that it may be traced to some of the prophecies of the Koran, which were afterwards ascribed to Mahomet by some of his disciples, and given on the authority of persons about him. He would be seized, they said, with violent trembling, followed by a kind of swoon, or rather confusion,以致 personal peril and death. Mahomet feared that his forehead in the coldest weather; he would lie with his eyes closed, foaming at the mouth and bellowing like a young camel. Ayeshah, one of his wives, and Zeid, one of his disciples, are among the persons cited as testifying to that effect. They considered him at such times as under the influence of a revelation. He had such attacks, however, before the Koran was revealed to him. When the angel appeared to him, he was possessed by evil spirits; and would have called in the aid of a conjurer to exorcise them, but he forbade her. He did not like that one should see him during these paroxysms. His visions, however, were not always preceded by such attacks. Hareth Ibn Haschem, it is said, once asked him in what manner the revelations were made. "Oh, Mahomet," replied he, "the angel appears to me in a human form, and speaks to me. Sometimes I hear sounds like the tinkling of a bell, but see nothing. [A ringing in the ears is a symptom of epilepsy.] When the invisible angel has departed, I am possessed of another which I have revealed." Some of his revelations he professed to receive direct from God, others in dreams, for the dreams of prophets, he used to say, are revelations. The reader will find in this note of service, in throwing some degree of light upon the enigmatic career of this extraordinary man.

CHAPTER VII.

MAHOMET INCULCATES HIS DOCTRINES SECRETLY AND SLOWLY—RECEIVES FURTHER REVELATIONS AND COMMANDS—ANNOUNCES IT TO HIS KINDRED—MANNER IN WHICH IT WAS RECEIVED—ENTHUSIASTIC DEVOTION OF ALL-CHRISTIAN PORTENTS.

For a time Mahomet confined his revelations merely to his own household. One of the first to avow himself a believer was his servant Zeid, an Arab of the tribe of Kith. This youth had been captured in childhood by a freebooting party of Koreishites, and had come by purchase or lot into the possession of Mahomet. Afterward his father, hearing of his being in Mecca, repaired thither and offered a considerable sum for his ransom. "If he chooses to go with thee," said Mahomet, "he shall go without ransom; but if he chooses otherwise, why should I not keep him?" Zeid preferred to remain, having ever said, he had been treated more as a son than as a slave. Upon this, Mahomet publicly adopted him, and he had ever since remained with him in affectionate servitude. Now, in embracing the new faith, he was set free, but it will be found that he continued through life that devoted attachment which Mahomet seems to have had the gift of inspiring in his followers and dependents. The early stage in Mahomet's prophetic career was perilous and doubtful, and taken in seclusion. He had hostility to apprehend on every side; from his immediate kindred, the Koreishites of the line of Haschem, whose power and prosperity were identified with idolatry; and still more from the rival line of Abd Schol, who had long looked with envy and jealousy on the Haschemites, and would eagerly raise the cry of heresy and impiety to dispossess them of the guardianship of the Caaba. At the head of this rival branch of Koreish was Abu Sofian, the son of Harb, grand-
son of Omeya, and great-grandson of Abd Schems. He was an able and ambitious man, of great wealth and influence, and would be found one of the most persevering and powerful opponents of Mahomet.*

Under these adverse circumstances the new faith was propagated secretly and slowly, incomparably better than for the first three years the number of converts did not exceed forty; these, too, for the most part, were young persons, strangers, and slaves. Their meetings for prayer were held in private, either at the house of one of the initiated, or in a cave near Mecca. Their secrecy, however, did not protect them from outrage. Their meetings were discovered; a rabble broke into their cavern, and a scuffle ensued. One of the assailants was wounded in the head by Saad, an armorer, thenceforth renowned among the faithful as the first of their number who shed blood in the cause of Islam.

One of the bitterest opponents of Mahomet was his uncle, Abu Lahab, a wealthy man, of proud spirit and irritable temper. His son Otha had married Mahomet's third daughter, Rokaita, so that they were doubly allied. Abu Lahab, however, was also allied to the rival line of Koresch, having married Omom Jemil, sister of Abu Sofan, and he was greatly under the control of his wife and his brother-in-law. He reproached what he termed the heresies of his nephew, as calculated to bring disgrace upon their immediate line, and to draw away from the holy faith of the rest of the tribe of Koresch. Mahomet was keenly sensitive to the rancorous opposition of this uncle, which he attributed to the instigations of his wife, Omom Jemil. He especially deplored it, as he saw that it affected the happiness of his younger Rokaita, whose inclination to his doctrines brought on her the reproaches of her husband and his family.

These and other causes of solicitude preyed upon his spirits, and increased the perturbation of his mind. He became worn and haggard, and subject more and more to fits of abstraction. Those of his relatives who were attached to him noticed his altered mien, and dreaded an attack of illness; others scoffingly accused him of mental derangement; and the foremost, among these scoffers was his uncle's wife, Omom Jemil, the sister of Abu Sofan.

The result of this disordered state of mind and body was another vision, or revelation, commanding him to retire into the desert, and that he should retire into the desert, and that he should remain there for forty days. He was now to announce, publicly and boldly, his doctrines, beginning with his kindred and tribe. Accordingly, in the fourth year of what is called his mission, he summoned all the Koreschites of the line of Habsch to meet him on the hill of Safa, in the vicinity of Mecca, where he would undoubt matters important to their welfare. They assembled there, accordingly, and among them came Mahomet's hostile uncle, Abu Lahab, and with him scolding wife, Omom Jemil. Sceare had the prophet begun to discourse of his mission, and to impart his revelations, when Abu Lahab started up in a rage, reviled him for calling them together on such idle errand, and catching them together on such idle errand, and catching up the stone, would have hurled it at him. Mahomet turned upon him a withering look, cursed the hand that raised in menace, and predicted his doom to the fire of Jannan; with the assurance that his wife, Omm Jemil, would bear the bundle of thorns with which the fire would be kindled.

The assembly broke up in confusion. Abu Lahab and his wife, exasperated at the curse dealt out to them, compelled their son, Otha, to repudiate his wife, Rokaita, and sent her back weeping to Mecca, and there she was soon indigested, however, by having her from the first true faith, being eagerly taken to wife by Mahomet's zealous disciple, Othinb Ibn Allan.

Nothing discouraged by the failure of his first attempt, Mahomet called a second meeting of the Haschemites at his own house, where, having regaled them with the flesh of a lamb, and given them milk to drink, he stood forth and announced, at full length, his revelations received from heaven, and the divine command to impart them to his immediate line.

"Oh, children of Abdl al Motalleb," cried he, "no enthusiasm, no enthusiasm, no enthusiasm, to you, of all men, has Allah vouchsafed these most precious gifts. In his name, in his name, in his name, I am initiated, for the endless joy hereafter. Who among you will share the burden of my offer. Who will be my brother: my lieutenant, my vizier?"

All remained silent; some wondering, others smiling, with incredulity and derision. At length Ali, starting up with youthful zeal, offered himself to the service of the prophet, though modestly acknowledging his youth and physical weakness.* Mahomet threw his arms round the generous youth, and pressed him to his bosom. Behold my brother, my vizier, my vicegerent," exclaimed he; "let all listen to his words, and obey him.

The outburst of such a stripling as Ali, however, was answered by a scornful burst of laughter of the Koreishites, who taunted Abu Talib, the father of the youthful proselyte, with having to bow down before his son, and yield him obedience.

But though the doctrines of Mahomet were thus unceasingly received by his kindred and friends, they found favor among the people at large, especially among the women, who are ever prone to befriend a persecuted cause. Many of the Jews, also, followed him for a time, but when they found his disciples were not superior in the flesh of the camel, and of other animals forbidden by their law, they drew back and rejected his religion as unclean.

Mahomet now threw off all reserve, or rather was inspired with increasing enthusiasm, and went about openly and earnestly proclaiming his doctrines, and giving himself out as a prophet, sent by God to put an end to idolatry, and to mitigate the rigor of the Jewish and the Christian law. The hills of Safa and Kubhe, sanctified by traditions concerning Hagar and Ishmael, were his favorite places of preaching, and Mount Hara was his Sinaï, while he retired occasionally, in fits of excitement and enthusiasm, to return from its solitary cave with fresh revelations of the Koran.

The good old Christian writers, on treating of the advent of one whom they pronounce as the Arab enemy of the church, make superstitious report of prodigies which occurred about the

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* Niebuhr (Travels, vol. ii.) speaks of the tribe of Harb, which possessed several cities and a number of villages near Madian, as a mountainous region between Mecca and Medina. They have castles on precipitous rocks, and harass and lay under contribution the caravans. It is presumed that this tribe was one among the fathers of Abu Sofan, as did the great line of the Omeysas from his grand father.

* By an error of translators, Ali is made to accompany his offer of address by an extravagant threat against all who should oppose Mahomet.
this time, awful forrunners of the troubles about to agitate the world. In Constantinople, at that time the seat of Christian empire, were several monstrous births and prodigiously apparitions, which struck dismay into the hearts of all beholders. In certain religious processions in that neighborhood, the crosses on a sudden moved of themselves, and were violently agitated, causing astonishment and terror. The Nile, too, that ancient mother of wonders, gave birth to two hideous forms, seemingly man and woman, interwoven rose out of its waters, gazed about them for a time with terrific aspect, and sank again beneath the waves. For a whole day the sun appeared to be diminished to one third of its usual size, shedding pale and haleful rays. During a moonless night a furnace light glowed throughout the heavens, and bloody lances glittered in the sky.

All these, and sundry other marvels, were interpreted into signs of coming troubles. The ancient servants of God shook their heads mournfully, predicting the reign of anti-christ at hand; with vehement persecution of the Christian faith, and great desolation of the churches; and to such holy men who have passed through the trials and troubles of the faith, there appeared the venerable Fadl ben Jafne Bleda, it is given to understand and explain these mysterious portents, which forerun disasters of the church; even as it is given to ancient mariners to read in the signs of the air, the heavens, and the deep, the coming tempest which is to overwhelm their bark.

Many of these saints men were gathered to glory the before completion of their prophecies. There, seated securely in the empyreal heavens, they may have looked down with compassion upon the troubles of the Christian world; as men on the serene heights of mountains look down upon the tempests which sweep the earth and sea, wrecking tall ships, and rending lofty towers.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUTLINES OF THE MAHOMETAN FAITH.

THOUGH it is not intended in this place to go fully into the doctrines promulgated by Mahomet, yet it is important to the right opinion of the character and conduct, and of the events and circumstances set forth in the following narrative, to give their main features.

It must be particularly borne in mind that Mahomet did not profess to set up a new religion; but to restore that derived, in the earliest times, from God himself. "We follow," says the Koran, "the religion of Abraham the orthodox, who was no idolater. We believe in God, and that which hath been sent down unto us, the same which hath been sent down unto Abraham and Ishmael, and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes, and that which was delivered unto Moses and Jesus, and that which was delivered unto the prophets from the Lord; we make no distinction between any of them, and to God we are resigned."*

The Koran, which was the great book of his faith, was delivered in portions from time to time, according to the excitement of his feelings or the exigency of circumstances. It was not given as his own work, but as a divine revelation; as the very words of God. The Deity is supposed to speak in every instance. "We have sent thee down the book of truth, confirming the scripture which was revealed before it, and preserving it in its purity."*

The law of Moses, it was said, had for a time been the guide and rule of human conduct. At the coming of Jesus Christ it was superseded by the Gospel; both were now to give place to the Koran, which was more full and explicit than the preceding codexes, and inculcated more of the abuses which had crept into them through the negligence or the corruptions of their professors. It was the completion of the law; after it there would be no more divine revelations. Mahomet was the last, as he was the greatest, of the line of prophets sent to make known the will of God.

The unity of God was the corner-stone of this reformed religion. "There is no God but God," was its leading dogma. Hence it received the name of the religion of Islam, an Arabic word, implying submission to God. To this leading dogma was added, "Mahomet is the prophet of God," an addition authorized, as it was maintained, by the divine annunciation, and important to procure a real acceptance of the Koran.

Besides the unity of God, a belief was inculcated in his angels or ministering spirits; in his prophets; in the resurrection of the body; in the last judgment and a future state of rewards and punishments, and predestination. The missions of the Koran may be traced to the Bible, the Mishnu, and the Talmud of the Jews, especially its wild though often beautiful traditions concerning the angels, the prophets, the patriarchs, and the good and evil genii. He had at an early age imbued a reverence for the Jewish faith, his mother, it is suggested, having been of that religion.

The system laid down in the Koran, however, was essentially founded on the Christian doctrines inculcated in the New Testament; as they had been expounded to him by the Christian sectarians of Arabia. Our Saviour was to be held in the highest reverence as an inspired prophet, the

* Koran, ch. v.
† Some etymologists derive Islam from Salem or Aslana, which signifies salvation. The Christians form from it the term Islamism, and the Jews have varied it into Ismailism, which they intend as a reproach, and as a denunciation of the origin of the Arabs as descendants of Ishmael.
‡ From Islam the Arabsians drew the terms Moslem or Muslem, and Musulman, a professor of the faith of Islam. These terms are in the singular number and make Muslim in the dual, and Muslims in the plural. The French and some other nations follow the idiom of their own languages in adopting or translating the Arabic terms, and form the plural by the addition of the letter s; writing Musulman and Musulmans. A few English writers, of whom Gibbon is the chief, have imitated them, imagining that they were following the Arabic usage. Most English authors, however, follow the idiom of their own language, writing Moslem and Moslems, Musulman and Musulmens; this usage is also the more harmonious.
§ The Mishna of the Jews, like the Sonna of the Mahometans, is a collection of traditions forming the Oral law. It was compiled in the second century by Judah Hakadosh, a learned Jewish Rabbi, during the reign of Antoninus Pius the Roman Emperor.

The Jerusalem Talmud and the Babylonish Talmud are both commentaries on the Mishna. The former was compiled at Jerusalem, about three hundred years after the latter, and about two centuries later. The Mishna is the most ancient record possessed by the Jews except the Bible.
Idolatry of all kinds was strictly forbidden; indeed it was what Mahomet held in most abhorrence. Many of the religious usages, however, prevalent since time immemorial among the Arabs, to which he had been accustomed from infancy, and which were not incompatible with the doctrine of the unity of the Godhead, he retained. Such was the pilgrimage to Mecca, including all the rites connected with the Kaaba, the well of Zem Zam, and other sacred places in the vicinity; apart from any worship of the idols by which they were profaned. The old Arabian rite of apostasy, accompanied or rather preceded by ablation, was still continued. Prayers indeed were enjoined at certain hours of the day and night; they were simple in form and phrase, addressed directly to the Deity with certain inflections, or at times a total prostration of the body, and with the face turned toward the Kabla, or point of adoration.

At the end of each prayer the following verse from the eighteenth chapter of the Koran was recited. It is said to have great beauty in the original Arabic, and is engraved on gold and silver ornaments, and on precious stones as amulets.

"God! There is no God but He, the living, the ever living; to Him belongeth the dominion of all, and He component is neither created nor born. By the dominion of the heavens, and the earth, and all that they contain. Who shall intercede with him unless by his permission? He knoweth the past and the future, but no one can comprehend anything of his knowledge but that which he revealeth. His sway extendeth over the heavens and the earth, and to sustain them both is no burden to him. He is the High, the Mighty!"

Mahomet was strenuous in enforcing the importance and efficacy of prayer. "And ye shall say, 'come among you both by night and day; after which those of the night ascend to heaven, and God asks them how they left his creatures. We found them, say their prayers, and they left them at their prayers.'

The doctrines in the Koran respecting the resurrection and final judgment, were in some respects similar to those of the Christian religion, but were mixed up with notions derived from other sources, while the joys of the Moslem heaven, though not the same, were closely connected with the sensibilities of earth, and infinitely below the ineffable purity and spiritual blessedness of the heaven promised by our Saviour. Nevertheless, the description of the last day, as contained in the eighty-first chapter of the Koran, and which must have been given by Mahomet at the outset of his mission at Mecca, as one of the first of his revelations, partakes of sublimity.

In the name of the all merciful God! a day shall come when the sun will be shrouded, and the stars will fall from the heavens.

When the camels about to foam will be neglected, and wild beasts will herd together through fear.

When the waves of the ocean will boil, and the souls of the dead again be united to the bodies.

When the female infant that has been buried alive will demand, For what crime was I sacrificed? and the eternal books will be laid open.

When the heavens will pass away like a scroll, and he will burn thereby; and the joys of paradise will be made manifest.

The children of the firstborn will be as born of the same parents, and the holy prophets will be made manifest.

When the inhabitants of the earth will be inquiring of the angels who suffer and persevere.

When the dead shall be revived with their former forms, and their former actions.

When the earth shall be opened, and the dead shall be raised, and the signs of paradise will be made manifest.

When the dead shall be raised with their former actions, and with their former forms.

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When the dead shall be raised with their former actions, and with their former forms.

When the dead shall be raised with their former actions, and with their former forms.
"On that day, shall every soul make known that which it hath performed.

"Verily, I swear to you by the stars which move swiftly and are lost in the brightness of the sun, and by the darkness of the night, and by the dawn of the day, these three: the words of an angel of dignity and power, who possesses the confidence of Allah, and is revered by the angels under his command. Neither is your companion, Mahomet, distracted. He beheld the celestial messenger in the light of the clear horizon, and the words reverence that he is intended as an admonition unto all creatures."

Note.—To exhibit the perplexed maze of controversial doctrines from which Mahomet had to acquire his notions of the Christian faith, we subjoin the leading points of the jarring sects of oriental Christians alluded to in the foregoing article; all of which have been pronounced heretical or schismatic.

The Sabellians, so called from Sabellius, a Libyan priest of the third century, believed in the unity of God, and that the Trinity consists of three other persons, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all forming but one substance, as a man consists of body and soul.

The Arians, from Arius, an ecclesiastic of Alexandria in the fourth century, affirmed Christ to be the Son of God, but distinct from him and inferior to him and denied the Holy Ghost to be God.

The Nestorians, from Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople in the fifth century, maintained that Christ had two distinct natures, divine and human; that Mary was only his mother, and Jesus a man, and that it was an abomination to style her, as was the custom of the church, the Mother of God.

The Monophysites maintained the single nature of Christ, as their name betokens. They affirmed that he was combined of God and man, so mingled and united as to form but one nature.

The Eutychians, from Eutyches, abbot of a convent in Constantinople in the fifth century, were a branch of the Monophysites, expressly opposed to the Nestorians. They denied the double nature of Christ, declaring that he was entirely God previous to the Incarnation, and entirely man during the Incarnation.

The Jacobites, from Jacobus, bishop of Edessa in Syria, in the sixth century, were a very numerous branch of the Monophysites, varying but little from the Eutychians. Most of the Christian tribes of Arabia kept the same opinion.

The Mariamites, or worshippers of Mary, regarded the Trinity as consisting of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Virgin Mary.

The Buzaites, little tribe of Arabian Christians, composed chiefly of females. They worshipped the Virgin Mary as possessed of divinity, and made offerings to her of a twisted cake, called colyris, whence they derived their name.

The Nazareans, or Nazorians, were a sect of Jewish Christians, who considered Christ as the Messiah, as born of a Virgin by the Holy Ghost, and as possessing something of a divine nature: but they conformed in all other respects to the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic law.

The Elenites, from Ebron, a converted Jew who lived in the first century, were also a sect of judaising Christians, little differing from the Nazareans. They believed Christ to be a pure man, the greatest of the prophets, but denied that he had any existence previous to the assumption of the Virgin Mary. This sect, as well as that of the Nazareans, had many adherents in Arabia.

Many other sects might be enumerated, such as the Eleonarchians, the Pneumatics, and the Orphians, who took their names from learned and zealous leaders; and the Doctes and Gnostics, who were subdivided into various sects of subtle enthusiasts. Some of these assered that the miraculous powers of the Virgin Mary, affording that her conception and delivery were
effectuated like the introduction of the rays of light through a pane of glass without injuring her virginity; and opinion still maintained ostensively in substance by Spanish Catholics.

Most of the Doctes asserted that Jesus Christ was of a nature higher than heaven, and from a mere form without substance, was crucified by the deputed Jews, and that the crucifixion and resurrection were deceptive mystic exhibitions at Jerusalem for the benefit of the human race.

The Carpocratians, Basilidians, and Valentinians, named after three Egyptian controversialists, contended that Jesus Christ was merely a wise and virtuous mortal, the son of Joseph and Mary, selected by God to reform and instruct mankind; but that a divine nature was imparted to him at the maturity of his age, and period of his baptism, by St. John. The former part of this creed, which is that of the Ebionites, has been revived, and is professed by some of the Unitarian Christians, a numerous and increasing sect of Protestants of the present day.

It is sufficient to glance at these dissensions, which we have not arranged in chronological order, but which convulsed the early Christian church, and continued to prevail at the era of Mahomet, to show how any charge of conscious blasphemy in the opinions he inculcated concerning the nature and mission of our Saviour.

CHAPTER IX.

RIDICULE CAST ON MAHOMET AND HIS DOCTRINES—DEMAND FOR MIRACLES—CONDUCT OF ABU TALEB—VIOLENCE OF THE KORESHITES—MAHOMET'S DAUGHTER ROKAIA, WITH HER UNCLE OTHMAN, AND A NUMBER OF DISCIPLES TAKE REFUGE IN ABBYSSINIA—MAHOMET IN THE HOUSE OF ABU JAH; HIS PUNISHMENT.

The greatest difficulty with which Mahomet had to contend at the outset of his prophetic career was the ridicule of his opponents. Those who had known him from his infancy—who had seen him a boy about the streets of Mecca, and afterward occupied in all the ordinary concerns of life, scoffed at his assumption of the apostolic character. They reproached him with pride at his assumption, and declared, "Behold the grandson of Abu al Motalleh, who pretends to know what is going on in heaven!" Some who had witnessed his fits of mental excitement and ecstasy considered him insane, others declared that he was possessed with a devil, and some charged him with sorcery and magic.

When he walked the streets he was subject to those jeers and taunts and insults which the vulgar are apt to vent upon men of eccentric conduct and unsettled mind. If he attempted to preach, his voice was drowned by discordant noises and ribald songs; nay, dirt was thrown upon him when he was praying in the Caaba.

Nor was it the vulgar or ignorant alone who thus insulted him. One of his most redoubtable assailants was a youth named Amru; and as he subsequently made a distinguished figure in Mahometan history, we would impress the circumstances of this, his first appearance, upon the mind of the reader. He was the son of a courteous of Mecca, who seems to have rivalled in fascination the Phrynes and Aspasias of Greece, and to have numbered some of the noblest of the land among her lovers. When she gave birth to this child, she mentioned him to the tribe of Kurish, who had equal claims to the paternity. The infant was declared to have most resemblance to Aas, the
MAHOMET and HIS SUCCESSORS.

oldest of her admirers, whence, in addition to his name of Amru, he received the designation of Ibn al Aas, the son of Aas.

Nature had lavish her choicest gifts upon this natural child, as it to atone for the blemish of his birth. Though young, he was already one of the most popular poets of Arabia, and equally distin- 

guished for the pungency of his satirical effusions and the captivating sweetness of his serious lays.

When Mahomet first announced his mission, this youth assailed him with lampoons and humor- 

ous odes, and a violent demolition of the sacred fountains of the Arabs, were widely circulated, and 

proved greater impediments to the growth of Islamism than the bitterest persecution.

Those who were more serious in their opposition demanded of Mahomet supernatural proofs 

of what he asserted. "Moses and Jesus, and the rest of the prophets," said they, "wrought miracles 

to prove the divinity of their missions. If thou art indeed a prophet, greater than they, work the 

like miracles."

The reply of Mahomet may be gathered from 

his own words in the Koran. "What greater miracle could they have than the Koran itself? a 

book revealed by means of an unlettered man; so ele- 

mental a thing, and unanswerable in argument, that the united skill of men and devils could compose nothing comparable. What greater proof could there be that it came from none but God himself? The Koran itself is a miracle."

There is no lack of tangible evidence: miracles addressed to the senses; that should cause the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the dead to rise; or that he should work changes in the face of nature; cause fountains to gush forth; change a sterile place into a garden, with palm-trees and vines and running streams; cause a palace of gold to rise, decked with jewels and precious stones; or ascend by a ladder into heaven in their presence. Or, if the Koran did indeed, as he affirmed, come down from heaven, that they might see it as it descended, or behold the angels who brought it; and then they would believe.

Mahomet replied sometimes by arguments, 

sometimes by denunciations. He claimed to be not only equal to the angels, but superior to them; that an angel had assuredly been sent on this mission; that a holy book had been revealed; that it was not written by God as an angel. Had angels, said he, walked familiarly on

earth, an angel had assuredly been sent on this mission; and who had been the case of those who, as in the present instance, doubted his word. They would be like heretics unavailing, they informed 

the old man that if this pretended prophet and his followers persisted in their heresies, they should pay for them with their lives.

Abu Taleb hastened to inform Mahomet of these menaces, implying not to provoke against himself and family such numerous and powerful foes.

The enthusiastic spirit of Mahomet kindled at 

the words. "Oh my uncle!" exclaimed he, "though they should array the sun against me on my right hand, and the moon against me on my left, until God should command me, or should take me hence, would I not depart from my purpose."

He was retiring with dejected countenance, when Abu Taleb called him back. The old man was an old and foolish one, but he was struck with admiration of the undaunted firmness of his 

nephew, and declared that, preach what he might, he would never abandon him to his enemies.

Feeling that of himself he could not yield sufficient protection, he called upon the other descend- 

ants of Haschem and Abd al Malakelab to aid in
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

CHAPTER X.


The hatred of Abu Jahl to the prophet was increased by the severe punishment received at the hands of Hamza. He had a nephew named Omar ibn al Khattab; twenty-six years of age; of gigantic stature, prodigious strength, and great courage. His savage aspect appalled the hold, and his very walking-staff struck more terror into beholders than another man's sword. Such are the words of the Arabian historian, Abu Abdallah Mohamed ibn Omal Alwakled, and the subsequent feats of this warrior prove that they were scarce chargeable with exaggeration.

Instigated by his uncle Abu Jahl, this fierce Arab undertook to penetrate to the retreat of Mahomet, who was still in the house of Orkham, and to strike a poniard to his heart. The Korishites are accused of having promised him one hundred camels and one thousand ounces of gold for this deed of blood; but this is improbable, nor did the vengeful nephew of Abu Jahl need a bribe.

As he was on his way to the house of Orkham he met a Korishite, who, having imitated his design, the Korishite was a secret convert to Islamism, and sought to turn him from his bloody errand. "Before you slay Mahomet," said he, "and draw upon yourself the vengeance of his relatives, see that your own are free from heresy.

"Are any of mine guilty of backsliding?" demanded Omar with astonishment. "Even so," was the reply; "thy sister Amina and her husband Seid.

Omar hastened to the dwelling of his sister, and, entering it abruptly, found her and her husband reading the Koran. Seid attempted to conceal it, but his confusion convinced Omar of the truth of the accusation, and heightened his fury. In his rage he struck Seid to the earth, placed his foot upon his breast, and, taking his sword out of its scabbard, sliced his throat and head with it, and, not having cut the interposed. A blow on the face bathed her visage in blood. "Enemy of Allah!" sobbed Amina. "Dost thou strike me thus for believing in the only true God? In despite of the blood, and women to whom I gave my sword, he struck me with it, not his sister interposed. A blow on the face bathed her visage in blood. "Enemy of Allah!" sobbed Amina. "Dost thou strike me thus for believing in the only true God?" said the prophet, "I am the expositor of the Koran, and, although I am a patient one, I cannot brook such impudence. But, seeing that thou art an old woman, I shall not strike thee."

"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," and now, Omar, finish thy work!"

Omar paused, repented of his violence, and took his foot from the bosom of Seid.
"Show me the writing," said he. Amina, however, refused to let him touch the sacred scroll until he had washed his hands. The passage which he read is said to have been the twentieth chapter of the Koran, which thus begins:

In the name of the most merciful God! We have not sent thee to destroy mankind, but as a monitor, to teach him to believe in the true God, the creator of the earth and the lofty heavens.

The all-merciful is enthroned on high, to him belongeth whatsoever is in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and in the regions under the earth.

Dost thou utter thy prayers with a loud voice? know that there is no need. God knoweth the secrets of thy heart; yea, that which is most hidden.

"Verily, I am God; there is none beside me. Serve me, serve none other. Offer up thy prayer to none but me."

The words of the Koran sank deep into the heart of Omar. He read farther, and was more and more moved; but when he came to the parts treating of the resurrection and of judgment his conversion was complete.


I come to enroll my name among the believers of God and his prophet." So saying, he made the Moslem profession of faith.

He was not content until his conversion was publicly known. At his request Mahomet accompanied him instantly to the Caaba, to perform openly the rites of Islamism. Omar walked on the left hand of the prophet, and Hamza on the right, to protect him from injury and insult, and they were followed by upward of forty disciples. They passed in open day through the streets of Mecca, to the astonishment of its inhabitants. Seven times did they make the circuit of the Caaba, touching each time the sacred black stone, and complying with all the other ceremonials. The Koreishites regarded this procession with dismay, but dared not approach or molest the prophet. Omar was the chief of the party of those terrible men of battle, Hamza and Omar; who, it is said, glared upon them like two lions that had been robbed of their young.

Fearless and resolute in everything, Omar went by himself the next day to pray as a Moslem in the Caaba, in open defiance of the Koreishites. Another Moslem, who entered the temple, was interrupted in his worship, and rudely treated; but no one molested Omar, because he was the nephew of Abu Jahl. Omar repaired to his uncle. "I renounce thy sect," said he. "I will not be better off than my fellow-believers." From that time he cast his lot with the followers of Mahomet, and was one of his most strenuous defenders.

Such was the wonderful conversion of Omar, afterward the most famous champion of the Islam faith. So exasperated were the Koreishites by this new triumph of a prophet, that his uncle, Abu Taleb, feared they might attempt the life of his nephew, and he interceded for him. At his earnest entreaties, therefore, the latter, accompanied by some of his principal disciples, withdrew to a kind of castle, or stronghold, belonging to Abu Taleb, in the neighborhood of the city.

The protection thus given by Abu Taleb, the head of the Haschemites, and by others of his line, to Mahomet and his followers, although differing from them in faith, drew on them the wrath of the rival branch of the Koreishites, and produced a schism in the tribe. Abu Sofian, the head of that branch, availed himself of the heresies of the other to gain the adherence of the people. Upon such of his kindred as had embraced his faith, but upon the whole line of Haschem, which, though dissenting from Mahomet, had, through mere clamish feelings, protected him. It is evident the hostility of Abu Sofian arose, not merely from personal hatred or religious scruples, but from family feud. He was ambitious of transferring his own line the honor of the city so long engrossed by the Haschemites. The last measure of the kind-hearted Abu Taleb, in placing Mahomet beyond the reach of persecution, and giving him a castle as a refuge, was seized upon by Abu Sofian and his adherents, as a pretext for a general ban of the rival line. They accordingly issued a decree, forbidding the rest of the tribe of Koreish from intermarrying, or indeed even of bargaining, or selling, or buying, or bartering with the Mahometans. This decree, which took place in the seventh year of what is called the mission of the prophet, was called the pamphlet, and hung up in the streets. It reduced Mahomet and his disciples to great straits, being almost famished at times in the stronghold in which they had taken refuge. The fortress was also being guarded occasionally by the Koreish, to enforce the ban in all its rigor, and to prevent the possibility of supplies.

The annual season of pilgrimage, however, when hosts of pilgrims repair from all parts of Arabia to Mecca, brought transient relief to the persecuted Moslems. During that season, according to immemorial law and usage among the Arabs, all hostilities were suspended, and warring tribes met in temporary peace to worship at the Caaba. At such times Mahomet and his disciples would venturesome from their stronghold and return to Mecca. Protected also by the holiness of the holy month, Mahomet would mingle among the pilgrims and preach and pray; propound his doctrines, and proclaim his revelations. In this way he could at times carry his cause home to his countrymen, with them the seeds of the new faith to distant regions. Among these converts were occasionally the princes or heads of tribes, whose example had an influence on their adherents. Arabian legends give a pompous and extravagant account of the conversion of one of these princes; which, as it was attended by some of the most noted miracles recorded of Mahomet, may not be unworthy of an abbreviated insertion.

The prince in question was Habib Ibn Maked, son of the Wit, on account of his vast knowledge and erudition; for he was represented as deeply versed in magic and the sciences, and acquainted with all their religions, to their very foundations, having read all that had been written concerning them, and also acquired great knowledge, for he had belonged to them all by turns, having been Jew, Christian, and one of the Magi. It is true, he had real more than usual time for his studies and experience, having, according to Arabic legends, been begotten in his hundred and forty years. He now came to Mecca at the head of a powerful host of twenty thousand men, bringing with him a youthful daughter, Sathla, whom he must have begotten in a ripe old age; and for whom he was putting up prayers at
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He; "disgrace of thy kindred, and of thy tribe." He then calmly proceeded to execute the wishes of Habib.

The first miracle demanded of Mahomet was to reveal what Habib had within his tent, and why he had brought it to Mecca.

Upon this, says the legend, Mahomet bent toward the earth and traced figures upon the sand. Then raising his head, he replied, "Oh Habib! I thou hast brought hither thy daughter, Satiba, dead and dumb, and lame and blind, in the hope of obtaining relief of Heaven. Go to thy tent; speak to her, and hear her reply, and know that God is all powerful."

The aged prince hastened to his tent. His daughter met him with light step and extended arms, perfect in all her faculties, her eyes beaming with joy, her face clothed with smiles, and more beauteous than the moon in an unclouded night.

The second miracle demanded by Habib was still more difficult. It was that Mahomet should cover the noctum with supernatural darkness, and cause the moon to descend and rest upon the top of the Caaba.

The prophet performed this miracle as easily as the first. At his summons, a darkness blotted out the entire light of the day. The moon was then seen straying from its course and wandering in the midst of the storms. But the irresistible power of the prophet, she was drawn from the heavens and rested on the top of the Caaba. She then performed seven circuits about it, after the manner of the pilgrims, and having made a profound reverence to Mahomet, stood before him with lambent waving motion, like a flaming sword; giving him the salutation of peace, and saluting him as a prophet.

Not content with this miracle, pursues the legend, Mahomet compelled the obedient luminary to enter by the right sleeve of his mantle, and go out by the left; then to divide into two parts, one of which went toward the east, and the other toward the west, and meeting in the centre of the firmament, reunited themselves into a round and glorious orb.

It is needless to say that Habib the Wise was convinced, and converted by these miracles, as were also four hundred and seventy of the inhabitants of Mecca. Abu Jahl, however, was hardened in unbelieving, and that all was illusion and enchantment produced by the magic of Mahomet.

Note.—The miracles here recorded are not to be found in the pages of the accurate Abulfeda, nor are they maintained by any of the graver of the Moslem writers; but they exist in tradition, and are set forth with great proximity by apocryphal authors, who insist that they are alluded to in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Koran. They are probably as true as many other of the wonders related of the prophet. It will be remembered that he himself claimed but one miracle, "the Koran."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RAN OF NON-INTERCOUSe MISTeROUSLy DESTROYED—MAHOMET ENABLED TO RETURN TO MECCA—DEATH OF ABU TAHER; OF CADIIAJI—MAHOMET BETROTHS HIMSELF TO AYESHA—MARRIES SAWDA—THE KOREISHITES RE-NEW THEIR PERSECUTION—MAHOMET SEEKs AN ASYLUM IN TAYEF—HIS EXPULSION THERE—VISITED BY GENII IN THE DESERT OF NAKLAR.

Three years had elapsed since Mahomet and his disciples took refuge in the castle of Abu Ta-
lich. The ban or decree still existed in the Caaba, cutting them off from all intercourse with the rest of the tribe; but it continued to increase under persecution. Many joined it in Mecca; mur- murs arose against the unnatural feud engendered among the Korishites, and Abu Sofian was made to blush for the lengths to which he had carried his hostility against one of his kindred. And at length it was discovered that the parch- ment in the Caaba, on which the decree had been written, was so substantially destroyed that nothing of the writing remained but the initial words, "In thy name, oh Almighty God!" The decree was, therefore, declared to be annulled, and Mahomet and his followers were permitted to return to Mecca unmolested. The mysterious re- moval of this legal obstacle has been considered by pious Moslems another miracle wrought by supernatural agency in favor of the prophet; though unbelievers have surmised that the document, which was becoming embarrassing in its effects to Abu Sofian himself, was secretly destroyed by mortal hands.

The return of Mahomet and his disciples to Mecca was followed by important conversions, both of inhabitants of the city and of pilgrims from afar. The chagrin experienced by the Korishites from the growth of this new sect was soothed by tidings of victories of the Persians over the Greeks, by which they conquered Syria and a part of Egypt. The idolatrous Korishites exulted in the defeat of the Christian Greeks, whose faith, being opposed to the worship of idols, they as- similated to that preached by Mahomet. The latter replied to their taunts and exultations by producing the thirtieth chapter of the Koran, opening with these words: "The Greeks have been overcome by the Persians, but they shall overtake the latter in the course of a few years."

The zealous and believing Abu Bekar made a wager of ten camels that this prediction would be accomplished within three years. "Increase the wager, but lengthen the time," whispered Mahomet. Abu Bekar staked one hundred camels, but made the time nine years. The prediction was verified, and the wager won. This anecdote is confidently cited by Moslem doctors as a proof that the Koran came down from heaven, and that Mahomet possessed the gift of prophecy. But that was no doubt a shrewd guess into futurity, suggested by a knowledge of the actual state of the warring powers.

Not long after his return to Mecca, Mahomet was summoned to close the eyes of his uncle, Abu Taleb, then upward of fourscore years of age, and venerable in character as in person. As the hour of death drew nigh, Mahomet exhorted his uncle to make the profession of faith necessary, according to the Islamic creed, to secure a blissful resur- rection.

A work of earthly pride lingered in the breast of the dying patriarch; "Oh son of my brother!" replied he, "should I repeat those words, the Korishites would say, I did so through fear of death."

Abulfeda, the historian, insists that Abu Taleb actually died in the faith. Al Abbas, he says, hung over the bed of his expiring brother, and perceiving his lips to move, approached his ear to catch his dying words. They were the wished for confession. Others affirm that his last words were, "May God give ear to our plea, and bless Mahomet!"

Commentators have sought to reconcile the two accounts by asserting that Abd al Mutallib, in his latter days, renounced the worship of idols, and believed in the unity of God.

The Seer of Mecca was succeeded from the death of the venerable Abu Taleb, when Cadighah, the faithful and devoted wife of Mahomet, likewise sank into the grave. She was sixty-five years of age. Mahomet wept bitterly at her tomb, and dressed himself in mourning for her, and for Abu Taleb, so that this year was called the year of mourning. He was comforted in his affliction, says the Arabian author, Abu Horaira, by an assurance from the angel Gabriel that a silver palace was allotted to Cadighah in Paradise, as a reward for her great faith and her early services to the cause.

Though Cadighah had been much older than Mahomet at the time of their marriage, and past the bloom of years when women are desirable in the East, and though the prophet was noted for an amorous temperament, yet he is said to have remained true to her to the last, nor ever availed himself of the Arabian law, permitting a plurality of wives, to give her a house in his house. When, however, he was laid in the transport of his grief had subsided, he sought to relieve himself for his loss by entering anew into wedlock, and henceforth indulged in a plurality of wives. He permitted, by his law, four wives to each of his followers; but did not limit himself in the matter of sexual intercourse, so that he was peculiarly gifted and privileged, was not bound to restrict himself to the same laws as ordinary mortals.

His first choice was made within a month after the death of Cadighah, and fell upon a beautiful child named Ayesha, the daughter of his faithful adherent, Abu Beker. Perhaps he sought by this alliance to grapple Abu Beker still more strongly to his side; he being one of the bravest and most popular of his tribe. Ayesha, however, was but seven years of age, and, though females soon bloom and ripen in those eastern climes, she was yet too young to enter into the marriage state. He was merely betrothed to her, therefore, and post- poned her nuptials for two years, during which time he caused her to be carefully instructed in the accomplishments proper to an Arabian maiden of distinguished rank.

Upon this wife, thus chosen in the very blossom of her years, the prophet doted more passionately than upon any other wife. It had been his lot to lose loved ones in his youth and early man- hood. All these had been expiated in wedlock; Ayesha, he said, was the only one who came a pure unspotted virgin to his arms.

Still, that he might not he without due solace while Ayesha was attaining the marriageable age, he took as a wife Sawda, the widow of Sokran, one of his followers. She had been nurse to his Fatima, and was the most faithful of all the women who fell into Abyssinia from the early persecu- tions of the people of Mecca. It is pretended that, while in exile, she had a mysterious intima- tion of the future honor which awaited her; for she dreamt that Mahomet laid his head upon her bosom. She recounted the dream to her husband Sokran, who interpreted it as a prediction of his speedy death, and of her marriage.

The marriage, whether predicted or not, was one of mere expediency. Mahomet never loved Sawda with the affection he manifested for his other wives. She is known to have died in Mecca, after a short marriage. In letters, but is not known to have been heard about her in Paradise.
that, whenever it should come to her turn to share the marriage bed, she would relinquish her right to Ayesha. Mahomet consented to an arrangement which favored her love for the latter, and Sawda continued, as long as she lived, to be nominally his wife.

Mahomet sometimes discerned signs of the love he had sustained in the death of Abu Talib, who had not been merely an affectionate relative, but a steadfast and powerful protector, from his great influence in Mecca. At his death there was no one to check and counteract the hostilities of Abu Sofian and Abu Jabal, who soon raised up such a spirit of persecution among the Koreshites that Mahomet found it unsafe to continue in his native place. He set out, therefore, accompanied by his freedman Zeid, to seek a refuge at Tayef, a small walled town, about seventy miles from Mecca inhabited by the Thakifites, or Arabs of the tribe of Thakef. It was one of the favored places of Arabia, situated among vineyards and gardens. Here grew peaches and plums, melons and pomegranates; but the most notable feature of the place was the date-plant producing the lotus, and palm-trees with their clusters of green and golden fruit. So fresh were its pastures and fruitful its fields, contrasted with the sterility of the neighboring deserts, that the Arabs hailed it to have originally been a part of Syria, broken off and floated hither at the time of the deluge.

Mahomet entered the gates of Tayef with some degree of confidence, trusting for protection to the influence of his uncle Al Abbas, who possessed there. He could not have chosen a worse place of refuge. Tayef was one of the strongholds of idolatry. Here was maintained in all its force the worship of El Lat, one of the female idols already mentioned. Her image of stone was covered with jewels and precious stones, the offerings of her votaries; it was believed to be inspired with life, and the intercession of El Lat was implored as one of the daughters of God.

Thus driven ignominiously from his hoped-for place of refuge, and not daring to return openly to his native city, he remained in the desert until Zeid should procure a secret asylum for him among his friends in Mecca. In this extremity he had one of those visions or supernatural visitations which appear always to have occurred in lonely and agitated moments, when we may suppose him to have been in a state of mental excitement. It was at the evening prayer, he says, in a solitary place in the valley of Naklah, between Mecca and Tayef. He was reading the Koran, when he was overheard by a passing company of Gius or Genii. These are spiritual beings, some good, others bad, and liable like man to future rewards and punishments. 

We formerly attempted to pry into what was transacting in heaven, but we found the same guarded by angels with flaming darts; and we sat on some of the seats thereof to hear the discourse of its inhabitants; but whose ears cannot find a flame prepared to guard the celestial confines. There are some among us who are Moslems, and there are others who swerve from righteousness. Whose embrace Islam seeketh the true direction; but those who swerve from righteousness shall be fuel for the fire of Jehovah.
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CHAPTER XII.

NIGHT JOURNEY OF THE PROPHET FROM MECCA TO JERUSALEM, AND THEN TO THE SEVENTH HEAVEN.

An asylum being provided for Mahomet in the house of Mutem Ibn Adi, one of his disciples, he ventured to return to Mecca. The supernatural visitation of genii in the valley of Nakhlah was soon followed by a vision or revelation far more extraordinary, and which has ever since remained a theme of comment and conjecture among devout Mahometans. We allude to the famous night journey to Jerusalem, and thence to the seventh heaven. The particulars of it, though given as it in the very words of Mahomet, rest merely on tradition; some, however, cite texts corroborative of it, scattered here and there in the Koran.

We do not pretend to give this vision or revelation in its amplitude and wild extravagance, but will endeavor to seize upon its most essential features.

The night on which it occurred is described as one of the darkest and most awfully silent that had ever been known. There was no crowing of cocks nor barking of dogs; no howling of wild beasts or howling of owls. The very waters ceased to murmur, and the winds to whistle; all nature seemed motionless and dead. In the midst of the watches of the night Mahomet was roused by a voice, crying, "Awake, thou sleeper! The angel Gabriel stood before him. His forehead was clear and serene, his complexion as white as snow, his hair floated on his shoulders; he had wings of many dazzling hues, and his robes were sown with pearls and embroidered with gold.

He brought Mahomet a white steed of wonderful form and qualities, unlike any animal he had ever seen; and in truth it differs from any animal ever before described. It had a human face, but the cheeks of a horse; its eyes were as junips and radiant as stars. It had eagle's wings all glittering with rays of light; and its white form was resplendent with gems and precious stones. It was a female, and from its dazzling splendor and incredible velocity was called Al Borak, or Lightning.

Mahomet prepared to mount this supernatural steed, but as he extended his hand, it drew back and reared.

"Be still, oh Borak!" said Gabriel; "respect the prophet of God. Never wert thou mounted by mortal man more honored of Allah.""

"Oh Gabriel!" replied Al Borak, who at this time was miraculously endowed with speech; "did not Abraham of old, the friend of God, stride me when he visited his son Ishmael? Oh Gabriel! is not this the mediator, the intercessor, the author of the profession of faith?"

"Even so, oh Borak, this is Mahomet Ibn Abdallah, of one of the tribes of Arabia the Happy, and of the true faith. He is chief of the sons of Adam, the greatest of the divine legates, the son of the prophets. All creatures must have his intercession before they can enter paradise. Heaven is on his right hand, to be the reward of those who believe in him; the fire of Jethannam is on his left hand, into which all shall be thrust who does not believe in him."

"Oh Gabriel!" entreated Al Borak; "by the faith existing between thee and him, prevail on him to intercede for me at the day of the resurrection."

"Be assured, oh Borak!" exclaimed Mahomet, "that through my intercession thou shalt enter paradise."

No sooner had he uttered these words than the animal approached and submitted to be mounted, then rising with Mahomet on his back, he soared aloft far above the mountains of Mecca.

As they passed like lightning between heaven and earth, Gabriel cried aloud, "Stop, oh Mahomet! descend to the earth, and make the prayer with two inflections of the body."

They alighted on the earth, and having made the prayer—

"Oh friend and well beloved of my soul," said Mahomet, "why dost thou command me to pray in this place?"

"Because it is Mount Sinai, on which God communed with Moses."

Mounting aloft, they again passed rapidly between heaven and earth, until Gabriel called out a second time, "Stop, oh Mahomet! descend and make the prayer with two inflections."

They desisted, Mahomet prayed, and again demanded, "Why didst thou command me to pray in this place?"

"Because it is Bethlehem, where Jesus the Son of Mary was born."

They resumed their course through the air, until a voice was heard on the right, exclaiming, "Oh Mahomet, tarry a moment, that I may speak to thee; of all created beings I am most devoted to thee."

But Borak pressed forward, and Mahomet forbore to tarry, for he felt that it was not with him to stay his course, but with God, the all-powerful and glorious.

Another voice was now heard on the left, calling on Mahomet in like words to tarry; but Borak still pressed forward, and Mahomet tarried not. He now beheld before him a damsel of raving beauty, adorned with all the luxury and riches of the earth. She beckoned him with alluring smiles; "Tarry a moment, oh Mahomet, that I may talk with thee. I, who, of all beings, am the most devoted to thee." But still Borak pressed on, and Mahomet tarried not; considering that it was not with him to stay his course, but with God the all-powerful and glorious.

Addressing himself, however, to Gabriel, "What voices are those I have heard?" said he; "and what damsel is this who has beckoned to me?"

"The first, oh Mahomet, was the voice of a Jew; hadst thou listened to him, all thy nation would have been won to Judaism."

"The second was the voice of a Christian; hadst thou listened to him, thy people would have inclined to Christianity."

"The damsel was the world, with all its riches, its vanities, and alluring arts; hadst thou listened to her, thy nation would have chosen the pleasures of this life, rather than the bliss of eternity, and all would have been doomed to perdition."

Continuing their aerial course, they arrived at the gates of the holy temple at Jerusalem, where, alighting from Al Borak, Mahomet fastened her to the rings where the prophets before him had fastened her. Then entering the temple he found there Abraham, and Moses, and Isa (Jesus), and the gospels of the prophets. After he had talked with them in company with them for a time, a ladder of light was let down from heaven, until the lower end rested on the Shakra, or foundation stone of the sacred house, being the stone of Jacob. Aided

by
by the angel Gabriel, Mahomet ascended this ladder with the rapidity of lightning.

Being arrived at the first heaven, Gabriel knocked at the gate. Who is there? was demanded from within. Gabriel, Who is with thee? Mahomet. Has he received his mission? He has. Then he is welcome! and the gate was opened.

This first heaven was of pure silver; and in its resplendent vault the stars are suspended by chains of gold. In each star an angel is placed sentry. And there are a thousand of the sacred abodes. As Mahomet entered an ancient man approached him, and Gabriel said, "Here is thy father Adam, pay him reverence." Mahomet did so, and Adam embraced him, calling him the greatest among his children, and the first among the prophets.

In this heaven there were innumerable animals of all kinds, which Gabriel said were angels, who, under these forms, interceded with Allah for the various races of animals upon earth. Among these there was a cock of dazzling whiteness, and of such marvellous height that his crest touched the second heaven, though five hundred years' journey above the first. This wonderful bird saluted the Prophet, and for a time joined the melodious chant. All creatures on earth, save man, are awakened by his voice, and all the fowls of his kind hallelujah in emulation of his note.

They now ascended to the second heaven. Gabriel, as before, knocked at the gate; the same questions and replies were exchanged; the door opened and they entered.

This heaven was all of polished steel, and dazzling splendor. Here they found Noah, who, embracing Mahomet, hailed him as the greatest among the prophets.

Arrived at the third heaven, they entered with the same ceremonial. It was a solitude studied with precious stones, and too brilliant for mortal eyes. Here was seated an angel of immeasurable height, whose eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart. He had at his command a hundred thousand battalions of armed men. Before him was spread a vast book, in which he was continuously reading and blotting out. "This, oh Mahomet," said Gabriel, "is Asrael, the angel of death, who is in the confidence of Allah. In the book before him he continually writing the names of those who are to be

* There are three to which, say the Moslems doctors, God grants a willing ear: the voice of him who reads the Koran; of him who prays for pardons; and of this cock who crowers to the glory of the Most High. When the last day is near, they add, Allah will bid this bird to close his wings and chant no more. Then all the cocks on earth will cease to crow, and their silence will be a sign that the great day of judgment is impending.

The Rev. Doctor Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, in his Life of Mahomet, accuses him of having stolen this wonderful cock from the tract Hava Bartha of the Banyonish Talmud. "wherein," says he, "is a story of such a prodigious bird, called Zig, which, starting with his feet on the earth, reached up to the heavens with his head, and the spreading of his wings darkened the whole orb of the sun, and caused a total eclipse thereof. This bird was a chieftain on the Pharaoh's staff as a cock, and that he crowed before the Lord; and the Chaldee paraphrast on Job tells us of his crowing every morning before the Lord, and that God gave him wisdom for that purpose."
of the Koran. Its fruits are milder than milk and sweeter than honey. If all the creatures of the world were assembled, one of the fruits would be sufficient for their sustenance. Each seed inches a hour, or celestial virgin, provided for the felicity of true believers. From this tree issue four rivers; two flow into the interior of paradise, the other two, beyond it, and become the Nile and Euphrates.

Mahomet and his celestial guide now proceeded to Al Mamour, or the House of Adoration, formed of red jacinths or rubies, and surrounded by translucent lights, perpetually burning. As Mahomet entered the portal, three vases were offered him, one containing wine, another milk, and the third honey. He took and drank of the vase containing milk.

"Well hast thou done; auspicious is thy choice," exclaimed Gabriel. "Hadst thou drunk of the wine, thy people had all gone astray."

The sacred house resembles in form the Caaba at Mecca, and is perpendicularly above it in the seventh heaven. It is visited every day by seven thousand angels of the highest order. They were at this very time making their holy circuit, and Mahomet, joining with them, walked round it seven times.

Gabriel could go no farther. Mahomet now traversed, quicker than thought, an immense space, passing through two regions of dazzling light, and one of profound darkness. Emerging from this utter gloom, he was filled with awe and terror at finding himself in the presence of Allah, and but two bow-shots from his throne. The face of the Deity was covered with twenty thousand veils, for it would have annihilated man to look upon it. He put forth his hands, and placed one upon the breast and the other upon the shoulder of Mahomet, who felt a freezing chill penetrate to his heart and to the very marrow of his bones. It was followed by a feeling of ecstatic bliss, while a sweetness and fragrance prevailed around, which none can understand but those who have been in the divine presence.

Mahomet now received from the Deity himself, many of the doctrines contained in the Koran; and fifty prayers were prescribed as the daily duty of all true believers.

When he descended from the divine presence and appeared to Moses, the latter demanded what Allah had required. "That I should make fifty prayers every day."

"And thinkest thou to accomplish such a task? I have made the experiment before thee. I tried it with the children of Israel, but in vain; return, then, and beg a diminution of the task."

Mahomet returned accordingly, and obtained a diminution of ten prayers; but when he related his success to Moses, the latter made the same objection to the daily amount of forty. By his advice Mahomet returned repeatedly, until the number was reduced to five.

Moses still objected. "Thou art no light to bring down fifty prayers daily from thy people? By Allah! I have had experience with the children of Israel, and such a demand is vain; return, therefore, and entreat still further mitigation of the task."

"No," replied Mahomet. "I have already asked indulgence until I am ashamed." With these words he saluted Moses and departed.

He arrived at the temple of Jerusalem, where he found Borak fastened as he had left her, and mounting, was borne back in an instant to the place whence he had first been taken. This account of the vision, or nocturnal journey,
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As we have already observed, this nocturnal journey rested on the traditions, though some of its circumstances are vaguely alluded to in the Koran. The whole may be a fanciful superstructure of Moslem fanatics on one of these visions or ecstasies to which Mahomet was prone, and the relation of which caused him to be stigmatized by the Koreshites as a madman.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAHOMET MAKES CONVERTS OF PILGRIMS FROM MEDINA—DETERMINES TO FLY TO THAT CITY—A PLOT TO SLAY HIM—HIS MIRACULOUS ESCAPE—HIS HEGIRA, OR FLIGHT—HIS RECESSION AT MEDINA.

The fortunes of Mahomet were becoming darker and darker in his native place. Cadiljah, his original benefactress, the devoted companion of his solitude and seclusion, the zealous believer in his doctrines, was in her grave; so also was Abu Taleb, once his faithful and efficient protector. Deprived of the sheltering influence of the latter, Mahomet had become, in a manner, an outlaw in Mecca; obliged to conceal himself, and remain a burden on the hospitality of those whom his own doctrines had involved in persecution. It would have been his object, how had it been attained? Upward of ten years had elapsed since he first announced his prophetic mission; ten long years of enmity, trouble, and misfortune. Still he persevered, and now, at a period of life, when men seek to enjoy the fruition of the past, rather than risk all in new schemes for the future, we find him, after having sacrificed ease, fortune, and friends, prepared to give up home and country also, rather than his religious creed.

As soon as the privileged time of pilgrimage arrived, he emerged once more from his concealment, and mingled with the multitude assembled from all parts of Arabia. His earnest desire was to find some powerful tribe, or the inhabitants of some important city, capable and willing to receive him as a guest, and protect him in the enjoyment and propagation of his faith. His quest was for a time unsuccessful. Those who had come to worship at the Caaba drew back from a man stigmatized as an apostate; and the worldly-minded were unwilling to befriend one proscribed by the powerful of his native place.

At length, as he was one day preaching on the hill of Akaba, a little to the north of Mecca, he drew the attention of certain pilgrims from the city of Yathreb. This city, since called Medina, was about two hundred and seventy miles north of Mecca. Many of its inhabitants were Jews and heretical Christians. The pilgrims in question were pure Arabs, friendly and powerful tribes of Khazradites, and in habits of friendly intercourse with the Kenedites and Nahdites, two Jewish tribes inhabiting Mecca who claimed to be of the sacerdotal line of Aaron. The pilgrims had often heard their Jewish friends explain the mysteries of their faith, and talk of an expected Messiah; and the principles of Mahomet, and struck with the resemblance of his doctrines to those of the Jewish law; insomuch that when they heard him proclaim himself a prophet, sent by heaven to restore the ancient faith, they said, one to another, "Surely this must be the promised Messiah of which we have been told." The more they listened, the stronger became their persuasion of the fact, until in the end they avowed their conviction, and made a final profession of the faith.

As the Khazradites belonged to one of the most powerful tribes of Yathreb, Mahomet sought to secure their protection, and proposed to accompany them on their return; but they informed him that they were already feuded with the Avides, another powerful tribe of that city, and advised him to defer his coming until they should be at peace. He consented; but on his return home of the pilgrims, he sent with them Musab Ibn Omeir, one of the most learned and able of his disciples, with instructions to strengthen them in the faith, and to preach it to their townsman. Thus were the seeds of Islamism first sown in the city of Medina. For a time they thrived but slowly. Musab was opposed by the idolaters, and his life threatened; but he persisted in his exertions, and gradually made converts among the principal inhabitants. Among these were Saud Ibn Maads, a prince of the Avides, and Osaid Ibn Hodheir, a man of great authority in the city. Numbers of the Moslems of Mecca also, driven away by persecution, took refuge in Medina, and in propagating the new faith among its inhabitants, until it found its way into almost every household.

Feeling now assured of being able to give Mahomet an asylum in the city, upward of seventy of the converts of Mecca, led by him, repaired to Mecca with the pilgrims in the holy month of the thirteenth year of the mission, to invite him to take up his abode in their city. Mahomet gave them a midnight meeting on the hill of Akaba. His uncle Al Aabas, who, like the deceased Abu Taleb, took an affectionate interest in his welfare, though no convert to his doctrines, accompanied him to this secret conference, which he feared might lead him into danger. He entreated the pilgrims from Medina not to entice his nephew to their city until more able to protect him: warning them that their open adoption of the new faith would bring all Arabia in arms against them. His arms and entreaties were in vain; a solemn compact was made between the parties. Mahomet solemnly pledged them to abjure idolatry, and worship the true God openly and fearlessly. For himself he excused obedience in weal and woe; and for the disciples who might accompany him, protection; even such as they would render to their own wives and children. On these terms he offered to bind himself to remain among them, to be the friend of their friends, the enemy of their enemies. "But, should we perish in your cause," asked they, "what will be our reward?" "Paradise!" replied the prophet.

The terms were accepted; the emissaries from Medina placed their hands in the hands of Mahomet, and swore to abide by the compact. The latter then singled out twelve from among them, whom he designated as his apostles, and it is supposed, of the example of our Saviour. Just then a voice was heard from the summit of the hill, denouncing them as apostates, and menacing them with punishment. The sound of this voice, heard in their midst, created a temporary dismay. "It is the voice of the fiend Iblis," said Mahomet scornfully; "he is the foe of God: fear him not." It was probably the voice of some spy or eavesdropper of the Koreshites; for the very next morning they manifested a
knowledge of what had taken place in the night; and treated the new confederates with great harshness as they were departing from the city.

It was this early accession to the faith, and this timely aid proffered and subsequently afforded to Mahomet and his disciples, which procured for the Moslems of Medina the apellation of Ansarians, or auxiliaries, by which they were afterward distinguished.

After the departure of the Ansarians, and the expiration of the holy month, the persecutions of the Moslems were resumed with increased virulence, insomuch that Mahomet, seeing a crisis at hand, and being resolved to leave the city, advised his adherents generally to provide for their safety. For himself, he still lingered in Mecca with a few devoted followers.

Abu Sofan, his implacable foe, was at this time governor of the city. He was both incensed and alarmed at the spreading growth of the new faith, and held a meeting of the counsellors of Medina to devise some means of effectually putting a stop to it. Some advised that Mahomet should be banished the city; but it was objected that he might gain other tribes to his interest, or perhaps the adverse to Medina, and ref. at their head to take his revenge. Others proposed to wall him up in a dungeon, and supply him with food until he died; but it was surmised that his friends might effect his escape. All these objections were raised by cautious and pragmatical old men, a stranger from the province of Neda, who, say the Moslem writers, was no other than the devil in disguise, breathing his malignant spirit into those present. At length it was declared by Abu Jahl, that the only effectual check on the growing evil was to procure Mahomet to death. To this all agreed, and as a means of sharing the odium of the deed, and vindicating the vengeance it might awaken among the relatives of the victim, it was arranged that a member of each family should plunge his sword into the body of Mahomet.

It is to this conspiracy that allusion is made in the eighth chapter of the Koran. "And call to mind how the unbelievers plotted against thee, and the evil was to get thee in bands, or put thee to death, or expel thee the city; but God laid a plot against them; and God is the best layer of plots."

In fact, by the time the murderers arrived before the doors of Mahomet, he was apprised of the impending danger. As usual, the warning was attributed to the angel Gabriel, but it is probable it was given by some Koreishite, less blood-minded than his confederates. It came just in time to save Mahomet from the hands of his enemies. They paused at his door, but hesitated to enter. Looking through a crevice they beheld, as they thought, Mahomet wrapped in his green mantle, and lying asleep on his couch. They waited for a while, consulting whether to fall on the sleeper without warning, or wait until he should go forth. At length they burst open the door and rushed toward the couch. The sleeper started up; but, instead of Mahomet, Ali stood before them. Amazed and confounded, they exclaimed, "What! is it Mahomet?" "I know not," replied Ali sternly, and walked forth; nor did any one venture to molest him. Enraged at the escape of their victim, however, the Koreishites proclaimed a reward of a hundred camels to any one who should bring them Mahomet alive or dead.

Divers accounts are given of the mode in which Mahomet made his escape from the house after the faithful Ali had wrapped himself in his mantle and taken his place upon the couch. The most miraculous account is, that he opened the door silently, as the Koreishites stood before it, and, scattering a handful of date-stones upon the blinders upon them, that he walked through the midst of them without being perceived. This, it is added, is confirmed by the verse of the 30th chapter of the Koran: "We have thrown blindness upon them, that they shall not perceive."

The most probable account, is, that he clambered over the wall in the rear of the house, by the help of a servant, who lent his back for him to step upon it.

He repaired immediately to the house of Abu Beker, and they arranged for instant flight. It was agreed that they should take refuge in a cave in Mount Thor, about an hour's distance from Mecca, and wait there until they could proceed safely to Medina. In the mean time the children of Abu Beker should secretly bring them food. They left Mecca while it was yet dark, making their way on foot by the light of the stars, and the day dawned as they found themselves at the foot of the hill. They reached the cave when they heard the sound of pursuit, Abu Beker, though a brave man, quailed with fear. "Our pursuers," said he, "are many, and we are but two." "Nay," replied Mahomet, "I have a third; God is with us." And here the Moslem writers relate a miracle, dear to the minds of all true believers. By the time they came to the cave, the Korishites had reached the mount of the cavern, an acacia-tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and under the tree was the whole a spider had woven its web. When the Korishites beheld these signs of undisturbed quiet, they concluded that no one could recently have entered the cavern; so they turned away, and pursued their search in another direction.

Whether protected by miracle or not, the fugitives remained for three days undiscovered in the cave, and Abu Beker, brought food in the dusk of the evenings. On the fourth day, however, the ardor of pursuit had abated, the fugitives ventured forth, and set out for Medina, on camels which a servant of Abu Beker had brought in the night for them. Avoiding the main road usually taken by the caravans, they forded the river, and over the whole a spider had woven its web. They had not proceeded far, however, before they were overtaken by a troop of horse headed by Soraka Ibn Malek. Abu Beker was again dismayed by the number of the pursuers; but Mahomet reassured the assurance, "Be not troubled; Allah is with us." Soraka was a grim warrior, with shaggy iron gray locks and naked sinewy arms rough with hair. As he overtook Mahomet, his horse reared and fell with him. His superstitious mind was struck with it as an evil sign. Mahomet perceived the state of his feelings, and by an eloquent appeal wrought upon him to such a degree that Soraka, filled with awe, entertained his forgiveness, and turning back with his troop suffered him to proceed on his way unmolested.

The fugitives continued their journey without further interruption, until they arrived at Koba, a hill about two miles from Medina. It was a favorite resort of the inhabitants of the city, and a place to which they sent their sick and infirm, for the air was pure and salubrious. A large city was supplied with fruit; the hill and its en
vions being covered with vineyards, and with groves of the date and lotus; with gardens producing apricots, oranges, pomegranates, figs, peaches, and apricots; and being irrigated with limpid streams.

On arriving at this fruitful spot, Al Kawsa, the camel of Mahomet, crouched on her knees, and would go no farther. The prophet interpreted it as a favorable omen, and determined to remain at Koba, and prepare for entering the city. The place where his camel knelt is still pointed out by pious Moslems, a mosque named Al Takwa having been built there to commemorate the circumstance. Some affirm that it was actually founded by the prophet. A deep well is also shown in the vicinity, beside which Mahomet reposed under the shade of the trees, and into which he dropped his seal ring. It is believed still to remain there, and has given sanctity to the well, the waters of which are conducted by subterraneous conduits to Medina. At Koba he remained four days, residing in the house of an Awaite named Colthum Ibn Haalem. While at this village he was joined by a distinguished chief, Boreida Ibn Hoseib, with seventy followers, all of the tribe of Saham, who made profession of faith between the hands of Mahomet.

Another renowned proselyte who repaired to them at this village, was Salaman al Parsi (or the Persian). He is said to have been a native of a small place near Isphahan, and that, on passing one day by a Christian church, he was so much struck by the devotion of the people, and the fervor of their worship, that he was dazzled with the 'idolatrous faith in which he had been brought up. He afterwards wandered about the east, from city to city, and convent to convent, in quest of a religion, until an ancient monk, full of years and infirmities, told him of a prophet who had arisen in Arabia to restore the pure faith of Abraham.

This Salaman rose to power in after years, and was reputed by the unbelievers of Mecca to have assisted Mahomet in compiling his doctrine. This is alluded to in the sixteenth chapter of the Koran. Verily, the idolaters say, that a certain man assisted to compose the Koran; but the language of this man is Ajami (or Persian), and the Koran is indited in the pure Arabic tongue.

Mahomet, who had taken refuge some time before in Medina, hearing that Mahomet was at hand, came forth to meet him at Koba; among these was the early convert Talha, and Zobeir, the nephews of Cadijah. These, seeing the travel-stained garments of Mahomet and Abu Bekar gave them white mantles, with which to make their entrance into Medina. Numbers of the Ansarians, or auxiliaries, of Medina, who had made their compact with Mahomet in the preceding year, now hastened to renew their vow of fidelity.

Learning from them that the number of proselytes in the city was rapidly augmenting, and that there was a general disposition to receive him favorably, he appointed Friday, the Moslem sabbath, the ninth day of the month Rajbi, for his public entrance.

The renowned and learned Humphry Prideaux, Doctor of Divinity and Dean of Norwich, in his Life of Mahomet, confounds this Salman the Persian with Abdallah Ibn Salam, a learned Jew; by some called Abdullah Ben Salam in the Hebrew dialect; and by others Abdallah Salim; who is accused by Christian writers of assisting Mahomet in fabricating his revelations.

Accordingly on the morning of that day he assembled all his followers to prayer; and after a sermon, he expounded the main principles of his faith, he mounted his camel Al Kawsa, and set forth for that city, which was to become renowned in after ages as his city of refuge.

Boreida Ibn al Hoseib, with his seventy horsemen of the tribe of Saham, accompanied him as a guard. Some of the disciples took turns to hold a canopy of palm-leaves over his head, and by his side rode Abu Bekar. "Oh apostle of God!" cried Boreida, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard," so saying, he hoisted his banner, and tying one end of it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the prophet.

The city of Medina was fair to approach, being extolled for beauty of situation, salubrity of climate, and fertility of soil; for the luxuriance of its palm-trees, and the fragrance of its shrubs and flowers. At a short distance from the city a crowd of new proselytes to the faith came forth in sun and dust to meet the cavaliers. Most of them had never seen Mahomet, and paid reverence to Abu Bekar through mistake; but the latter put aside the screen of palm-leaves, and pointed out the real object of homage, who was greeted with loud acclamations.

In this way did Mahomet, so recently a fugitive from Mecca, enter Medina, more as a conqueror in triumph than as an exile seeking an asylum. He alighted at the house of a Khazradite, named Abu Ayub, a devout Moslem, to whom moreover he was distantly related, and he was received with much respect, and took up his abode in the basement story.

Shortly after his arrival he was joined by the faithful Ali, who had fled from Mecca, and journeyed on foot, hiding himself in the day and travelling only at night, lest he should fall into the hands of the Kereishites. He arrived weary and wayworn, his feet bleeding with the roughness of the journey.

Within a few days more came Ayeshah, and the rest of Abu Bekar's household, together with the family of Mahomet, conducted by his faithful freedman Zaid, and by Abu Bekar's servant Abdallah.

Such is the story of the memorable Hegira, or "Flight of the prophet"—the era of the Arabian calendar from which time is calculated by all true Moslems; it corresponds to the 622 year of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSLEMS IN MEDINA, MOHADJERINS AND ANSAHANS—THE PARTY OF ABDALLAH IBN OBB AND THE HYPOCRITES—MAHOMET BUILDS A MOSQUE, PREACHES, MAKES CONVERANTS AMONG THE CHRISTIANS—THE JEWS SLOW TO BELIEVE—BROTHERHOOD ESTABLISHED BETWEEN FUGITIVES AND ALLIES.

Mahomet soon found himself at the head of a nuka, file and a parliament in Medina, partly made up of those of his disciples who had fled from Mecca, and were thence called Mohadjers or Fugitives, and partly of inhabitants of the place, who, on joining the faith were called Anshans or Auxiliaries. Most of these latter were of the powerful tribes of the Awites turned Kharabites, which, though descended from two brothers, Al Aws and Al Kharaj, had for a hundred and twenty years distracted Medina by their inveterate
and mortal feuds, but had now become united in the bonds of faith. With such of these tribes as did not immediately adopt his doctrines he made a covenant.

The Khaadrates were very much under the sway of a prince or chief, named Abdallah Ibn Obba; who, it is said, was on the point of being made king, when the arrival of Mahomet and the excitement caused by his doctrines gave the popular feeling a new direction. Abdallah was stately in person, of a graceful demeanor, and ready and eloquent tongue; he professed great friendship for Mahomet, and with several companions of his own type and character, used to attend the meetings of the Moslems. Mahomet was captivated at first by their personal appearance, their plausible conversation, and their apparent deference; but he found in the end that Abdallah was jealous of his popularity and cherished secret animosity against him, and that his companions were equally false in their pretended friendship; hence, he stamped them with the name of "The Hypocrites." Abdallah Ibn Obba long continued his political rival in Medina.

Being now enabled publicly to exercise his faith and assert his claims, Mahomet proceeded to erect a mosque. The place chosen was a graveyard or burying-ground, shaded by date-trees. He is said to have been guided in his choice by what he considered a favorable omen; his camel having been guided to this place on his public entry into the city. The dead were removed, and the trees cut down to make way for the intended edifice. It was simple in form and structure, suited to the unostentatious religion which he professed; but the new bond of faith in his followers was celebrated with the solemnity of a feast.

In one of his traditional sermons, transmitted by his disciples, is the following apologue on the subject of charity: "When God created the earth it shook and trembled, until he put mountains upon it, to make it firm. Then the angels asked, 'What is this?' and God replied, 'Iron is stronger than the mountains; for it breaks them.' And is there anything of thy creation stronger than iron? Yea, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it. 'Is there anything of thy creation stronger than fire?' Yea, water, for it quenches fire. 'Yea, water! for it quenches fire.' Therefore, if ye are truly believers, give alms; if a good man giving alms; if a good man giving alms; if with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things.'

His definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. Every good act, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity. An exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity.

"A man's true wealth hereafter is that good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, What property has he left behind him? But the angels, who examine him in the grave, will ask, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

"Oh prophet!" said one of his disciples, "my mother, O Mahomet! is dead; what is the best alms I can send for the good of her soul?"

"Water!" replied Mahomet, bethinking himself of the panting heats of the desert. "Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty." The man replied, "But I am too poor to do that."

"This is well for my mother, that her rewards may reach her soul."
Charity of the tongue also, that most important and least cultivated of charities, was likewise earnestly urged by Mahomet. Abu Jairayn, an inhabitant of Basrah, coming to Medina, and being persuaded of the apostolic office of Mahomet, entreated him some great rule of conduct. "Speak evil of no one," answered the prophet. "From this time," he said, "I never did abuse anyone, whether freeman or slave."

The rules of Islamism extended to the coarsest of offices. Make a salam (salutation) to a house on entering and leaving it. Return the salut of friends and acquaintances, and wayfarers on the road. He who rules must be the first to make the salute to him; who he walks to his who is sitting; a small party to a large party, and the young to the old.

On the arrival of Mahomet at Medina, some of the Christians of the city promptly enrolled themselves among his followers; they were probably of those sectarians who held to the human nature of Christ, and found nothing repugnant in Islamism; which venerated Christ as the greatest among the prophets. The rest of the Christians resident there showed but little hostility to the new faith, considering it far better than the old idolatry. Indeed, the schisms and bitter dissensions among the Christians of the East had impaired their orthodoxy, weakened their zeal, and disposed them easily to be led away by new doctrines.

The Jews, of which there were rich and powerful families in Medina and its vicinity, showed a less abject slavishness by Mahomet. Some of them Mahomet made covenants of peace, and trusted to gain them in time to accept them as their promised Messiah or prophet. Blassed, perhaps unconsciously, by such views, he had modelled many of his doctrines on the dogmas of their religion, and observed certain of their fasts and observances. He allowed such as embraced Islamism to continue in the observance of their Sabbath, and of several of the Mosaic laws and ceremonies. It was the custom of the different religions of the East, to have each a Kebla or sacred point toward which they turned their faces in the act of adoration; the Sahebans toward the north star; the Persian fire-worshippers toward the east, the place of the rising sun; the Jews toward their holy city Jerusalem. These last had been prescribed nothing of the kind; but now, out of deference to the Jews, he made Jerusalem the Kebla, toward which all Moslems were to turn their faces when in prayer.

While new converts were daily made among the inhabitants of Medina, sickness and discontent began to prevail among the fugitives from Mecca. They were not accustomed to the climate, many suffered from fevers, and in their sickness and dehiscence languished after the home whence they were exiled.

To give them a new home, and link them closely with their new friends and allies, Mahomet established a brotherhood between fifty-four of them and as many of the inhabitants of Medina. The covenants were solemnly pledged to stand by each other in weal and woe; it was a tie, which knit their interests more closely than that of kindred, for they were to be heirs in death to each other in preference to blood relations.

This institution was one of expediency, and lasted only until the new comers had taken firm root in Medina; extended merely to those of the people of Medina who had fled from persecution; and is alluded to in the following verse of the eighth chapter of the Koran: They who have believed and have fled from ill, and employed their substance and their persons in fighting for the faith, and who have given the prophet a refuge among them, and have assisted him, these shall be deemed the one nearest of kin to the other.

In this shrewd but simple way were laid the foundations of that power which was soon to attain stupendous strength, and to shake the mightiest empires of the world.

CHAPTER XV.

MARRIAGE OF MAHOMET WITH AYESHA—OF HIS DAUGHTER FATIMA WITH ALL—THEIR HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS.

The family relations of Mahomet had been much broken up by the hostility brought upon him by his religious zeal. His daughter Kocia was still an exile with her husband, Othman Ibn Affan, in Abyssinia; her son Zeinab had remained in Mecca with her husband, Abul Aass, who was a stubborn opponent of the new faith. The family with Mahomet in Medina consisted of his recently wedded wife Sawda, and Fatima, and Um Colthum, daughters of his late wife Cadijah. He had a heart prone to affection, and subject to female influence, but he had never entertained much love for Sawda; and though he always treated her with kindness, he felt the want of one to supply the place of his deceased wife Cadijah.

"Oh Omar," said he one day, "the best man's treasures is a virtuous woman, who acts by God's orders, and is obedient and pleasing to her husband; he regards her personal and mental beauties with delight; when he orders her to do anything she obeys him; and when he is absent, he guards his right in property in honor."

He now turned his eyes upon his betrothed spouse Ayesha, the beautiful daughter of Abu Hikeer. Two years had elapsed since they were betrothed, but she had now attained her ninth year; an infantile age. He now, before the female fair, was partially precocious in the quickening climates of the East. Their nuptials took place a few months after their arrival in Medina, and were celebrated with great simplicity; the wedding supper was of milk, and the dowry of the bride was twelve okk of silver.

The betrothing of Fatima, his youngest daughter, with his loyal disciple Ali, followed shortly after, and their marriage at a somewhat later period. Fatima was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, of great beauty, and esteemed by Arabian writers as one of the four perfect women with whom Allah has designed to bless the earth. The age of Ali was about twenty-two.

Heaven and earth, say the Moslem writers, joined in paying honor to these happy dispensations. Medina resounded with festivity, and glowed with illuminations, and the atmosphere was laden with aromatic odors. As Mahomet, on the nuptial night, conducted his daughter to her bridegroom, heaven sent down a celestial pomp to attend her: on her right side was the archangel Gabriel, on her left was Michael, and she was followed by a train of seventy thousand angels, who all night kept watch round the mansion of the youthful pair.
Such are the vaunting exaggerations with which Moslem writers are prone to overlay every event in the history of the prophet, and destroy the real grandeur of his career, which consists in its simplicity. A more reliable account states that the wedding feast was of dates and olives; that the nuptial couch was a sheep-skin; that the portion of food in Mahomet's house consisted of two skies, one bead-lier, two silver armlets, one leathen pillow stuffed with palm-leaves, one beaker or drinking cup, one hand-mill, two large jars for water, and one pitcher. All this was in unison with the simplicity of Arab housekeeping, and with the circumstances of the married couple; and to raise the dowry required of him, Ali, it is said, had to sell several camels and some shirts of mail.

The style of living of the prophet himself was not superior to that of his disciple, Ayesha, speaking of it in after years, observed; “For a whole month together we did not light a fire to dress victuals; our food was nothing but dates and water, unless any one sent us meat. The people of the prophet’s household never got wheat bread.”

His food, in general, was dates and barley-bread, with milk and honey. He swept his chamber, lit his fire, mended his clothes, and was, in fact, his own servant. For each of his two wives he provided a separate house adjoining the mosque. He resided with them by turns, but Ayesha ever remained his favorite.

Mahomet has been extolled by Moslem writers for the chastity of his early life, and it is remarkable that, with all the plurality of wives indulged in by the Arabs, and which he permitted himself in subsequent years, and with all that constitutional fondness which he evinced for the sex, he remained single in his devotion to Cadijah to her dying day, never giving her a rival in his house nor in his heart. Even the fresh and budding charms of Ayesha, which soon assumed such empire over him, could not obliterate the deep and mingled feeling of tenderness and gratitude for his early benefactress. Ayesha was piqued one day at hearing him indulge in these fond recollections: “Oh, apostle of God,” demanded the youthful beauty, “was not Cadijah stricken in years? Has not Allah given thee a better wife in her stead?”

“Never!” exclaimed Mahomet, with an honest blush. “I love thee—never did God give me aught finer. When I was poor, she enriched me; when I was pronounced a liar, she believed in me; when I was opposed by all the world, she remained true to me!”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SWORD ANNOUNOED AS THE INSTRUMENT OF FAITH—FIRST FORAY AGAINST THE KOREISHITES—SURPRISE OF A CARAVAN.

We come now to an importance in the career of Mahomet. Hitherto he had relied on argument and persuasion to make proselytes, engaging the same on his disciples. His exhortations to them to bear with patience and long-suffering the violence of their enemies, almost emulated the meek precept of our Saviour, “if they smite thee on the one cheek, turn to them the other also.” He now arrived at a point where he completely divested Islam of the Christian doctrines, and stamped his religion with the alloy of fallible mortality. His human nature was not capable of maintaining the sublime forbearance he had hitherto inculcated. Thirteen years of meek endurance had been rewarded with no more than monthly but aggravating injury and insult. His greatest persecutors had been those of his own tribe, the Koreishites, especially those of the rival line of Abd Schema, whose vindictive chief, Abu Sofan, had now the sway of Mecca. By theft and hostility his fortunes had been blasted; his family degraded, impoverished, and dispersed, and he himself driven into exile. All this he might have continued to bear with involuntary meekness, had not the means of retaliation unexpectedly sprung up within his reach. He had come to Medina a fugitive seeking an asylum, and craving merely a quiet home. In a little while, and probably to his own surprise, he found an army at his command: for among the many converts daily made in Medina, the fugitives flocking to him from Mecca, and proselytes from the tribes of the desert, were men of resolute spirit, skilled in the use of arms, and fond of partisan warfare. Human passions and mortal resentments were awakened by this sudden accession of powerful allies, with that zeal for religious reform, which was still his predominant motive. In the exaltations of his enthusiastic spirit he endeavored to persuade himself, and perhaps did so effectually, that the power thus placed within his reach was intended as a means of effecting his object, and that he was called upon by divine command to use it. Such at least is the purport of the memorable manifest where he issued at this epoch, and which changed the whole tone and fortunes of his faith.

“Different prophets,” said he, “have been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes: Moses his clemency and providence; Solomon his wisdom, majesty, and glory; Jesus Christ his righteousness, omniscience, and power—his righteousness by purity of conduct; his omniscience by the knowledge he displayed of the secrets of all hearts; his power by the miracles he wrought. None of these attributes, however, have been sufficient to enforce conviction, and even the miracles of Moses and Jesus have been treated with unbelief. I, therefore, the last of the prophets, am sent with the sword! Let those who promulgate my faith enter into no argument nor discussion, but slay all who refuse obedience to the law. Whoever fights for the true faith, whether he fall or conquer, will assuredly receive a glorious reward.”

“The sword,” added he, “is the key of heaven and hell; all who draw it in the cause of the faith will be rewarded with temporal advantages; every drop of their blood, every peril and hardship endured by them, will be registered on high as more meritorious than even fasting or praying. If they fall in battle their sins will at once be blotted out, and they will be transported to paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of black-eyed hours.”

Predestination was brought to aid these belligerent doctrines. Every event, according to the Koran, was predestined from eternity, and could not be avoided. No man could die sooner or later than his allotted hour, and when it arrived it would be the same, whether the angel of death should find him in the quiet of his bed, or amid the storm of battle.

Such were the doctrines and revelations which converted Islam into a sudden from a religion of meekness and philanthropy, to one of violence and the sword. They were peculiarly acceptable
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to the Arabs, harmonizing with their habits, and encouraging their predatory propensities. Virtually pirates of the desert, it is not to be wondered at, after this open promulgation of the Koran, that they should flock in crowds to the standard of the prophet. Still no violence was authorized by Mahomet against those who should persist in unbelief, provided they should readily submit to his temporal sway, and agree to pay tribute; and here we see the first indication of worldly ambition and a desire for temporal dominion dawning upon his mind. Still it will be found that the tribute thus exacted was subsidiary to his ruling passion, and mainly expanded by him in the extension of the faith.

The first warlike enterprises of Mahomet betray the lurking resentment we have noted. They were directed against the caravans of Mecca, belonging to his implacable enemies the Koreishites. The three first were headed by Mahomet in person, but without any material result. The fourth was confided to a Moslem, named Abdallah Ibn Jasch; who was sent out with eight or ten resolute followers on the road toward South Arabia. As it was now the holy month of Rajab, sacred from any acts of violence and rapine, Abdallah's orders, not to be opened until the third day. These orders were vaguely yet significantly worded. Abdallah was to repair to the valley of Naklah, between Mecca and Tayef (the same in which Mahomet had the revelation of the Genii), where he was to watch for an expected caravan of the Koreishites. "Perhaps," added the letter of instructions shrewdly, "perhaps thou mayest be able to bring us some tidings of it."

Abdallah understood the true meaning of the letter, and acted up to it. Arriving in the valley of Naklah, he descried the caravan, consisting of several camels laden with merchandise, and conducted by four men. Following it at a distance, he sent one of his men, disguised as a pilgrim, to overtake it. From the words of the latter the Koreishites supposed his companions to be like himself, pilgrims bound to Mecca. Besides, it was the month of Rajab, when the desert might be traveled in security. Scarce had they come to a halt when a party of thirty men, Arabians and his companions fell on them, killed one, and took two prisoners; the fourth escaped. The victors then returned to Medina with their prisoners and booty.

All Medina was scandalized at this breach of the holy month. Mahomet, finding that he had ventured too far, pretended to be angry with Abdallah, and refused to take the share of the booty offered to him. Confiding in the vagueness of his instructions, he insisted that he had not commanded Abdallah to shed blood, or commit any violence during the holy month.

The clamor still continuing, and being echoed by the Koreishites of Mecca, produced the following passage of the Koran:

"They will ask thee concerning the sacred month, whether they may make war therein. Answer: To war therein is grievous; but to deny God, to bar the path of God against his people, to drive true believers from his holy temple, and to worship idols, are sins far more grievous than to kill in the holy months."

Having thus proclaimed divine sanction for the deed, Mahomet no longer hesitated to take his share of the booty. He delivered one of the prisoners to his men; the other embraced Islamism.

The second holy month of the Koran, however satisfactory it may have been to devout Moslems, will scarcely serve to exculpate their prophet in the eyes of the profane. The expedition of Abdallah Ibn Jasch was a sad practical illustration of the new religion of the sword. It contemplated not merely an act of plunder and revenge, a venial act in the eyes of the Arabs, and justified by the new doctrines by being exercised against the enemies of the faith, but an outrage also on the holy month, that period sacred from time immemorial against violence and bloodshed, and which Mahomet himself professed to hold in reverence. The craft and secrecy also with which the whole was devised and conducted, the sealed letter of instructions to Abdallah, to be opened only at the end of three days, at the scene of projected outrage, and couched in language vague, equivocal, yet sufficiently significant to the agent—all were in direct opposition to the conduct of Mahomet in the earlier part of his career, when he dared openly to pursue the path of duty, "though the sun should be arrayed against him on the right hand, and the moon on the left;", all showed that he was conscious of the turpitude of the act he was authorizing. His disavowal of the violence committed by Abdallah, yet his bringing the Koran to his aid to enable him to profit by it with impunity, give some weight to this transaction; which altogether shows how immediately and widely he went wrong the moment he departed from the benevolent spirit of Christianity, which he at first endeavored to emulate. Worldly ambition, with its cheating and darksome allurements, was fast getting the ascendency over that religious enthusiasm which first inspired him. As has well been observed, "the first drop of blood shed in his name in the Holy Week displayed a man in whom the slime of earth had quenched the holy flame of prophecy."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF Beder.

In the second year of the Hegira Mahomet received intelligence that his arch foe, Abu Sofian, with a troop of thirty horsemen, was conducting back to Mecca a caravan of a thousand camels laden with the merchandise of Syria. Their route lay through the country of Medina, between the range of mountains and the sea. Mahomet determined to intercept them. About the middle of the month Ramadhan, therefore, he sallied forth with three hundred and fourteen men, of whom eighty-three were Muhadjirs, or exiles from Mecca; sixty-one Awsites, and a hundred and seventy Khazardites. Each troop had its own banner. There were but two horses in this little army, but there were seventy fleet camels, which the troop mounted by turns, so as to make a rapid march without much fatigue.

Othman Ibn Affan, the son-in-law of Mahomet, was now returned with his wife Rokain from their exile in Abyssinia, and would have joined the enterprise, but his wife was ill almost unto death.

"The Arabs of the desert," says Burckhardt, "are not rich in horses. Among the great tribes on the Red Sea, between Akaba and Mecca, and to the south and south-east of Mecca, as far as Yemen, horses are very scarce, especially amongst those of the mountainous districts. The inhabitants of Hadjaz and Yemen are not much in the habit of keeping horses. The tribes most rich in horses are those who dwell in the comparatively fertile plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Eufrates, and on the Syrian plains."—Burckhardt, ii. 50.
so that he was obliged reluctantly to remain in Medina.

Mahomet for a while took the main road to Mecca, and leaving it to the left, turned toward the Red Sea and entered a fertile valley, watered by the brook Beder. Here he laid in wait near a ford, over which the caravans were accustomed to pass. He caused his men to dig a deep trench, and to direct the water therein, so that they might resort thereto to slake their thirst, out of reach of the enemy.

In the mean time Abu Sofian, having received early intelligence that Mahomet had sailed forth to waylay him with a superior force, dispatched a messenger named Omair, on a fleet dromedary, to summon instant relief from Mecca. The messenger arrived at the Caaba haggard and breathless. Abu Jahl mounted the roof and sounded the alarm. All Mecca was in confusion and consternation. Henda, the wife of Abu Sofian, a woman of a fierce and intrepid nature, called upon her father Otho, her brother Al Wali, her uncle Shaiba, and all the warriors of her kindred, to arm and hasten to the relief of her husband. The brothers of Abu Sofian, slain by the Arab Ibn Jasch, in the valley of Naklah, seized their weapons to avenge his death. Motives of interest were mingled with eagerness for vengeance, for most of the Koreishites had property embanked in the caravan. In a little while a force of one hundred horse and seven hundred camels hurried forward on the road toward Syria. It was led by Abu Jahl, now threescore and ten years of age, a veteran warrior of the desert, who still retained the fire and almost the vigor and activity of youth, combined with the rancor of age.

While Abu Jahl, with his forces, was hurrying on in one direction, Abu Sofian was approaching in another. On arriving at the region of danger, he preceded his caravan a considerable distance, carefully regarding every track and footstep. At length he came upon the track of the little army of Mahomet. He knew it from the size of the kernels of the dates, which the troops had thrown by the wayside as they marched — those of Medina being remarkable for their smallness. In such minute signs do the Arabs depend in tracking their foes through the deserts.

Observing the course Mahomet had taken, Abu Sofian changed his route, and passed along the course of his enemies, and considered himself out of danger. He then sent another messenger to meet any Koreishites that might have sailed forth, and to let them know that the caravan was safe, and that they might return to Mecca.

The messenger met the Koreishites when in full march. On feeling that the caravan was safe, they came to a halt and held council. Some were for pushing forward and inflicting a signal punishment on Mahomet and his followers; others were for turning back. In this dilemma they sent a scout to reconnoiter the enemy. He brought back word that they were about three hundred strong; this increased the desire of those who were for battle. Others remonstrated.

"Consider," said they, "these are men who have nothing to lose; they have nothing but their swords, and if we fall after setting upon their camp, we are lost. Besides, we have relatives among them; if we conquer, we will not be able to look each other in the face, having slain each other's relatives." These words were producing their effect, but the brothers of the Koreishite who had been slain in the valley of Naklah were instigated by Abu Jahl to cry for revenge. That fiery old Arab seconded their appeal. "Forward!" cried he; "let us get water from the brook Beder for the feast, to which we shall make merry over the escape of our caravan." The main body of the troops, therefore, elevated their standards and resumed their march, though a considerable number turned back to Mecca.

The scouts of Mahomet brought him notice of the approach of this force. The hearts of some of his followers failed them; they had come forth in the expectation of little fighting and much plunder, and were disloytated at the thought of such an overwhelming host; but Mahomet bade them be of good cheer, for Allah had promised him an easy victory.

The Moslems posted themselves on a rising ground, with water at the foot of it. A hut, or shelter of the branches of trees, had been hastily erected on the summit for Mahomet, and a dromedary stood before it, on which he might fly to Medina in case of defeat.

The vanguard of the enemy entered the valley pouting with thirst, and hastened to the stream to drink. Abu Sofian, the brother of Mahomet, met upon them with a number of his men, and slew the leader with his own hand. Only one of the vanguard escaped, who was afterward converted to the faith.

The main body of the enemy now approached with sound of trumpet. Three Koreishite warriors advancing in front, defied the bravest of the Moslems to equal combat. Two of these challengers were Otho, the father-in-law of Abu Sofian, and Al Wali, his brother-in-law. The third challenger was Shaita, the brother of Otho. These it will be recollected had been instigated to sally forth from Mecca, by Henda, the wife of Abu Sofian. They were all men of rank in their tribe.

Three warriors of Medina stepped forward and accepted their challenge; but they cried, "No! Let the renegades of our own city of Medina advance, if they dare." Upon this Hamza and Ali, the uncle and cousin of Mahomet, and Obaidah Ibn al Hereth, undertook the fight. After a fierce and obstinate contest, Hamza and Ali each slew his antagonist. They then went to the aid of Obaidah, who was severely wounded and nearly overcome by Otho. They slew the Koreishite and bore away their associate, but he presently died of his wounds.

The battle now became general. The Moslems, aware of the inferiority of their number, at first merely stood on the defensive, maintaining their position on the rising ground, and calling the enemy with hordes of arrows whenever they sought to crowd their intolerable throng. The stream below, Mahomet remained in his hut on the hill, accompanied by Abu Beiker, and earnestly engaged in prayer. In the course of the battle he had a paroxysm, or fell into a kind of trance. Coming to himself, he declared that God in a vision had promised him the victory. Rushing out of the hut, he caught up a handful of dust and cast it into the air toward the Koreishites, exclaiming, "May confusion light upon their faces." Then ordering his followers to charge down upon the Moslems, they came on with yells and cries: he said, "the gates of paradise are under the shade of swords. He will assuredly find instant admission who falls fighting for the faith.

In the shock of battle which ensued, Abu Jahl, who was urging his horse into the thickest of the conflict, received a blow of a scimitar in the thigh which cut the skin, but no deeper. Masour, his son, exclaiming, "the hand of fate clutches the sword of the Mussulman," and cut off his hand from his body.

The Moslems, under the same command as before, pressed on and nearly overpowered the Moslem army. This was the second time for one hour of fighting. Abu Sofian, fresh and strong, made a sally in the face of a risque of a confederate with the Koreishites, which caused the mêlée to become a rout. Mecca, under these circumstances, was early treated as a conquered town. When, therefore, they, the Moslems, entered and mounted the hill, looking like a few men alone, he, that he was the son of a peasant hill, "Who are you?" asked the doors of the main gate, was exclaimed, and with the voice of a lion and with a flash of his own brand, the rons of a majesty were heard; and in the midst of a group of warriors, which, as you shall hear, burst upon them, and they were defeated.

When news of this victory was brought to the Prophet, who was, according to the constitution of the state, the first claimant to the succession, and was Amr Ibn al Aswad, given him the title of "Successor." The Sura of God was alluded to and the account was for:

* This is the story which is told in the Koran when ye will deliver the message unto the fair women of the land, saying, "Serve you the Lord and your God, and be not of those who are distinguished."
which brought him to the ground. Abdallah Ibn Masoud put his foot upon his breast, and while the fiery veteran was still uttering imprecations and curses on Mahomet, severed his head from his shoulders.

The Koreishites now gave way and fled. Seventy remains dead on the field, and nearly the same number were taken prisoners. Fourteen Moslems were slain, whose names remain on record as martyrs to the faith.

This signal victory was easily to be accounted for on natural principles; the Moslem being fresh and unwearyed, and having the advantage of a rising ground, and a supply of water; while the Koreishites were fatigued by a hasty march, parched with thirst, and diminished in force, by the loss of numbers who had turned back to Mecca. Moslem writers, however, attribute this early triumph of the faith to supernatural agency. When Mahomet scattered dust in the air, say they, three thousand angelic warriors in white and yellow turbans, and long dazzling robes, and mounted on black and white steeds, came rushing like a blast, and swept the Koreishites before them. Nor is this affirmed on Moslem testimony alone, but given on the word of an idolater, a certain Abu Ja'far, who had been among the confederate forces, and who afterwards converted to the faith.

It was not long before the Moslem advance was heard. The camp of the Koreishites was surrounded by the detachments of these chalilis and small parties of Mahomet's son-in-law of Abu Uthman. The confederate was driven to desert his companions, and was left without the protection of his confederates. He had only one horse, and his men were dispersed. Their numbers were greatly reduced, and they were encamped on a rising ground, which commanded a view of the road from Mecca to Medina.

Thus, as the Moslem approach, the Koreishite warriors rushed forth to meet them on the front. The Moslem army, in the usual style of battle, was divided into three bodies, and advanced on the three sides of the field. The first body was composed of the friends of Mahomet, who were led by Abu Jahl. The second body was composed of the friends of the Prophet, who were led by Abu Bakr. The third body was composed of the friends of the dead, who were led by the Prophet himself. The Moslem army was composed of three bodies, and advanced on the three sides of the field. The first body was composed of the friends of Mahomet, who were led by Abu Jahl. The second body was composed of the friends of the Prophet, who were led by Abu Bakr. The third body was composed of the friends of the dead, who were led by the Prophet himself.

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Mahomet, from his knowledge of Bible history, may have been guided by this decision. The division of the spoils was an important point in settling for a leader about to enter on a career of predatory warfare. Fortunately, he had a timely revelation shortly after his return to Mecca, regulating for the future the division of all booty gained in fighting for the faith.

Several of the particulars of the famous battle of Beder, the first victory of the Saracens under the standard of Mahomet; inconsiderable, perhaps, in itself, but stupendous in its results; being the commencement of a career of victories, which changed the destinies of the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.


Mahomet returned in triumph to Medina with the spoils and prisoners taken in his first battle. His exultation, however, was checked by domestic grief. Rokia, his beloved daughter, so recently restored from exile, was no more. The messenger who preceded Mahomet with tidings of her victory met the funeral train at the gate of the city, bearing her body to the tomb.

The affliction of the prophet was soothed shortly afterwards by the arrival from Mecca of his daughter Zainah, conducted by the faithful Zeid. The mission of Zeid had been attended with difficulties. The people of Mecca were exasperated by the fatal result of the battle, and the necessity of ransoming the prisoners. Zeid remained, therefore, without the walls, and sent in a message to Kenanah, the brother of Abul Aass, informing him of the compact, and appointing a place where Zeid should be delivered into his hands. Kenanah set out to conduct his daughter to the fortress. On the way he was intercepted by the Kureishites, determined to prevent the daughter of Mahomet from being restored to him. In the confusion one Halbar Ibn Aswad made a thrust at the litter with a lance, which, had not Kenanah parried it with his bow, might have proved fatal to Zeid. Abu Sofian was attracted to the place by the noise and tumult, and rebuked Kenanah for restoring Mahomet's daughter thus publicly, as it might be construed into a weak concession; Zainah was taken back, therefore, to her home, and Kenanah delivered her up secretly to Zeid in the course of the following night.

Mahomet was so exasperated at hearing of the attack on his daughter that he ordered whoever should take Halbar, to burn him alive. When his rage had subsided he modified this command, "It is for God alone," said he, "to punish man with fire. If taken, let Halbar be put to death with the sword."

The recent triumph of the Moslems at Beder struck the Kureishites of Meccah with astonishment and mortification. The man so recently driven from their walls had suddenly started up a powerful foe. Several of their bravest and most important men had fallen beneath his sword; others were his captives, and awaited a humiliating ransom. Abu Lahab, the uncle of Mahomet, and always his vehement opposer, had been unable, from illness, to take the field. He died a few days after hearing of the victory, his death being hastened by the exasperation of his spirits.

Pious Moslems, however, attributed it to the curse pronounced by Mahomet aforetime on him and his family, when he raised his hand to hurl a stone at the prophet on the hill of Safa. That curse, say they, fell heavily also on his son Utho, who had repudiated the prophet's daughter Zainah; he was torn to pieces by a lion, in the presence of a whole caravan, on a journey to Syria.

By no one was the recent defeat at Beder felt so severely as by Abu Sofian. He reached Mecca in safety with his caravan, it is true; but it was to hear of the triumph of the man he detested, and to find his home desolate. His wife Hendra met him with frantic lamentations for the death of her father, her uncle, and her brother. Rage mingled with her grief, and she cried night and day for vengeance on Harra, Hamza, and Ali, by whose hands they had fallen.

Abu Sofian summoned two hundred fleet horsemen, each with a sack of his saddle-bow, the scanty provisions of an Arab for a foray; as they sallied forth he vowed neither to return to the head, until he had met Mahomet face to face. Scouring the country to within three miles of the gates of Medina, he slew two of the prophet's followers, ravaged the fields, and burned the date-trees.

Mahomet sallied forth to meet him at the head of a superior force. Abu Sofian, regardless of his vow, did not await his approach, but turned hirde and fled. His troopers clattered after him, throwing off their sacks of meal in the hurry of their flight; whence this scampering affair was derisively called "The war of the meal sacks.

Moslem writers record an imminent risk of the prophet while yet in the field on this occasion. He was one day sleeping alone at the foot of a tree, at a distance from his camp, when he was awakened by a noise, and beheld Duthur, a hostile warrior, standing over him with a drawn sword. "Oh Mahomet," cried he, "is there now to save thee?" "God!" replied the prophet. Struck with conviction, Duthur let fall his sword, and kneeling down before Mahomet, said, "Alas! no one!"" replied the soldier.

Then learn from me to be merciful. So saying, he returned the sword. The heart of the warrior was overthrown; he acknowledged Mahomet as the prophet of God, and embraced the faith.

* It is a received law among all the Arabs, that whoever sheds the blood of a man, owes blood on that account to the family of the slain person. This ancient law is sanctioned by the Koran. O true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you for the slain; the free shall die for the free." The Blood Revenge, or Thar, as it is termed, is inflicted by the relatives of all who have been killed in open war, and not merely of the actual homicide, but of all his relations. For those killed in wars between two tribes, the price of a blood is regulated by the relatives of persons who are known to have actually killed them.

The Arab regards this blood revenge as one of his most sacred rights, as well as duties: no earthly consideration could induce him to give up. He holds a proverbial saying, "We were held to the lot, we would not relinquish the Thar."—See Burckhardt, v. 1. 314. Notes.
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

As if the anecdote were not sufficiently marvelous, other devout Moslems affirm that the deliverance of Mahomet was through the intervention of the angel Gabriel, who, at the moment Durthur was about to strike, gave him a blow on the breast with his invisible hand, which caused him to fall senseless to the ground.

About this time the Kureishites of Mecca be thought themselves of the relatives and disciples of Mahomet who had taken refuge from their persecutions in Abyssinia, most of whom still remained there under the protection of the Najahse or Abyssinian king. To this potentate the Kureishites sent an embassy to obtain the persons of the fugitives. One of the ambassadors was Abdallah Ibn Rabha; another was Amur Ibn Al Aass, the distinguished poet who had assailed Mahomet at the outset of his mission with lampoons and madrigals. He was now more matured in years, and as remarkable for his acute sagacity as for his poetic talents. He was still a redoubtable opponent of the faith of Islam, of whom, in after years, he proved one of the bravest and most distinguished champions.

Amur and Abdallah opened their embassy in the oriental style by the parade of rich presents, and then requested, in the name of the Kureish authoritie of the Kureishun, that the fugitives might be delivered up to them. The king was a man, and summoned the Moslems before him to explain this new and dangerous heresy of which they were accused. Among their number was Giafar, or Jaalor, the son of Abu Taleb, and brother of Ali, consequently the cousin of Mahomet. He was a man of persuasive eloquence and a most prepossessing appearance. He stood forth on this occasion, and expounded the doctrines of Islam with zeal and power. The king, who, as has been observed, was a Nestorian Christian, found these doctrines so similar in many respects to those of his sect, and so opposed to the gross idolatry of the Kureishites, that, so far from giving up the fugitives, he took them more especially into favor and protection, and returning to Amur and Abdallah the presents they had brought, dismissed them from his court.

CHAPTER XIX.

GROWING POWER OF MAHOMET—HIS RESISTANCE TO THE JEWS—INSULT TO AN ARAB DAMSEL BY THE JEWISH TRIBE OF KAINOKA—A TUMULT—THE BENI KAINOKA TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR CASTLE—SUBDUE AND PUNISH BY CONFINEMENT AND EXILE—MARRIAGE OF OTHAMAN TO THE PROPHET'S DAUGHTER OM KOTHUM AND OF THE PROPHET'S WIFE TO HAFZA.

The battle of Beder had completely changed the position of Mahomet; he was now a triumphant chief of a growing power. The idolatrous tribes of Arabia were easily converted to a faith which flattered their predaceous inclinations with the hope of spoil, and which, after all, proselyted but to bring them back to the primitive religion of their ancestors; the first cavalcade, therefore, which entered the gates of Medina with the plunder of a camp made conquests of almost all the heathen inhabitants, and gave Mahomet the control of the city. His son now became altered, and he spoke as a lawyer and a sovereign. The first evidence of this change of feeling was in his treatment of the Jews, of whom there were three principal and powerful families in Medina.

All the concessions made by him to that stiff-necked race had proved fruitless; they not only remained stubborn in unbelief, but treated him and his doctrines with ridicule. Assama, the daughter of a large family of Jews, was seduced and satiared against him. She was put to death by one of his fanatic disciples. Abu Afak, an Israelite, one hundred and twenty years of age, was likewise slain for indulging in satiade against the prophet. Kaib Ibn Aschral, another Jewish poet, repaired to Mecca after the battle of Beder, in order to stir up the Kureishites to vengeance, reciting verses in which he extolled the virtues and bewailed the death of those of their tribe who had fallen in the battle. Such was his infatuation that he recited these verses in public, on his return to Medina, and in the presence of some of the prophet's adherents who were related to the slain. Stung by this invidious hostility, Mahomet one day exclaimed in his anger, "Who will rid me of this son of Anokhel?" a few days afterward Kaib paid for his poetry with his life, being slain by a zealous Ansarian of the Awtish tribe.

An event at last occurred which caused the anger of Mahomet to be vented in open hostility. A damsel of one of the pastoral tribes of Arabs who brought milk to the city was one day in the quarter inhabited by the Beni Kainoka, or children of Kainoka, one of the three principal Jewish families. Here she was assailed by a number of young Israelites, who, having heard her beauty extolled, besought her to uncover her face. The damsel refused an act contrary to the laws of propriety among her people. A young goldsmith, whose shop was hard by, secretly fastened the end of her veil to the front on which she was sitting, so that when she rose to depart the garment remained, and her face was exposed to view. Upon this there was laughter and scoffing among the young Israelites, and the damsel stood in the midst confounded and abashed. A Moslem present, resenting the shame put upon her, drew his sword, and thrust it through the body of the goldsmith; in his turn he was instantly slain by the Israelites. The Moslems from a neighboring quarter flew to arms, the Beni Kainoka were enumerated three swords; Medina, being joined by the numbers, took refuge in a stronghold. Mahomet interceded to quell the tumult; but, being generally exasperated against the Israelites, insisted that the offending tribe should forthwith embrace the faith. They pleaded the treaty which he had made with them on his coming to Medina, by which they were allowed the enjoyment of their religion; but he was not to be moved. For some time the Beni Kainoka refused to yield, and remained obstinately shut up in their stronghold; but famine compelled them to surrender. Abdral- lah Ibn Obba Solul, the leader of the Khazzadrates, who was a protector of this Jewish tribe, interfered in their favor, and prevented their being put to the sword; but their wealth and effects were confiscated, and they were banished to Syria, to the number of about seven hundred men.

The arms and riches accruing to the prophet and his followers from this confiscation were of great avail in the ensuing wars of the faith. Among the weapons which fell to the share of Mahomet were enumerated three swords; Medina, the Keen; Al Batter, the Trenchant, and Hatel, the Deadly. Two lances, al Monthari, the Dis- perser, and al Monthawi, the Destroyer.
cuiراس of silver, named al Fadha, and another named al Saadia, said to have been given by Saül to David, when about to encounter Goliath. There was a bow, too, called al Catun, or the Strong, but it did not answer to its name, for in the first battle in which the prophet used it he drew it with such force that he broke it in pieces. In the next he used the Arabian kind of bow, with appropriate arrows and lances, and forged his followers to use those of Persia.

Mahomet now sought no longer to conciliate the Jews; on the contrary, they became objects of his religious hostilities. He revoked the regulations by which he had made Jerusalem the Ka'ba or point of prayer, and established Mecca in its place; toward which, ever since, the Mahometans turn their faces when performing their devotions.

The death of the prophet's daughter Rokahia had been properly deplored by her husband Othman. To console the latter for his loss, Omar, his brother in arms, offered him, in the course of the year, his daughter Haifa for wife. She was the widow of Ubash, and had been a mother of years, and of tempting beauty, yet Othman declined the match. Omar was indignant at what he conceived a slight to his daughter and to himself, and complained of it to Mahomet. "Be not grieved," replied the prophet, "a better wife is destined for Othman, and a better husband for thy daughter." In effect he gave his own daughter Omk Kollthum to Othman, and took the fair Haifa to wife himself. By these politic alliances he gratified both Othman and Thaum, and won the confidence of his followers. Othman, next to Ayesha, was the most favored of his wives; and was intrusted with the coffers containing the chapters and verses of the Koran as they were revealed.

CHAPTER XX.

HENIDA INCITES ABU SOFIAN AND THE KOREISHITES TO REVENGE THE DEATH OF HER RELATIONS SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF BEDER—THE KOREISHITES SALLY FORTH, FOLLOWED BY HENIDA AND HER FEMALE COMPANIONS—BECOMING MOURDIOUS. TWO MAHOMETANS, ON HENIDA—MAHOMET CONSOLES HIMSELF BY MARRYING HENIDA, THE DAUGHTER OF OMEYA.

As the power of Mahomet increased in Medina, the hostility of the Koreishites in Mecca augmented in virulence. Abu Sofian held command in the sacred city, and was incessantly urged to warfare by his wife Henida, whose fierce spirit could take no rest, until "blood revenge" had been wreaked on those by whom her father and brother had been slain. Akrema, also, a son of Abu Jahl, and who inherited his father's hatred of the prophet, clamored for vengeance. In the third year of the Hegira, therefore, the year after the battle of Beder, Abu Sofian took the field at the head of three thousand men, most of them Koreishites, though there were also Arabs of the tribes of Kanana and Tehama. Seven hundred were armed with corselets, and two hundred were horsemen. Akrema was one of the captains, as was also Khaled Ibn al Waleed, a warrior of in- domitable valor, who was called the "war-sor- nown." The banners were borne in front by the race of Abd al Dar, a branch of the tribe of Koreish, who had a hereditary right to the foremost place in council, the foremost rank in battle, and to bear the standard in the advance of the army.

In the rear of the host followed Henida, with fifteen principal women of Mecca, relatives of those slain in the battle of Beder; sometimes filling the air with wailings and lamentations for the dead, at other times animating the troops with the sound of God's name and the chants. As they passed through the village of Ahwa, where Amina the mother of Mahomet was interred, Henida was with difficulty prevented from tearing the mouldering bones out of the grave.

As they entered Mecca, and was considered hostile to the new faith, seeing that destruction threatened his nephew that army should come upon him by sur- prise, sent secretly a swift messenger to inform him of his danger. Mahomet was at the village of Koba when the message reached him. He immediately hastened back to Medina, and called a council of his principal adherents. Representing the insufficiency of their force to take the field, he gave as his opinion that they should await the arrival of the army of Mecca. Children could aid them by hurling stones from the house-tops. The elder among his followers joined in his opinion; but the young men, of heathy valor at all times, and elated by the late victory at Beder, cried out for a fair fight in the open field.

Mahomet yielded to their clamors, but his forces, when mustered, were scarce a thousand men; one hundred only had cuisses, and but two were horsemen. The hearts of those recently so clamorous to sally forth now misgave them, and they would fain await the encounter within the walls. "No," replied Mahomet, "it becomes not a prophet when once he has drawn the sword to sheathe it; nor when once he has advanced, to turn back, until God has decided between him and the foe." So saying, he led forth his army. Part of it was composed of Jews and Khazradites, led by Abdallah Ibn Obba Salih. Mahomet declined the assistance of the Jews, unless they embraced the faith of Islam, and as they refused, he ordered them back to Medina, upon which their protector, Abdallah, turned back also with his Khazradites, thus reducing the army to about seven hundred men.

With this small force Mahomet posted himself upon the hill of Ohod, about six miles from Medina. His position was partially defended by rocks and the asperities of the hill, and archers were stationed to protect him in flank and rear from the attacks of cavalry. He was armed with a helmet and two shirts of mail. On his sword was engraved, "Fear brings disgrace; forward lies honor. Cowardice saves no man from his fate." As he was not prone to take an active part in battle, he confided his sword to a brave warrior, Abu Dudjana, who swore to wield it as long as it had edge and temper. For himself, he, as usual, took a commanding stand whence he might overlook the field.

The Koreishites, confident in their numbers, came marching to the foot of the hill with banners flying. Abu Sofian led the centre; there were a hundred horsemen on each wing; the left commanded by Akrema, the son Abu Jahl, the right by Khaled Ibn al Waleed. As they advanced, Henida and her companions struck their timbrels and chanted the laments of those who had been slain in the battle of Beder. "Courage, sons of Abd al Dar!" cried they to the standard-bearers. "For-
ward to the fight! close with the foe! strike home and spare not. 'Sharp be your swords and pitiless your hearts!'

Mahomet restrained the impatience of his troops, ordering them not to commence the fight, but to stand firm and maintain their ground. Above all, the archers were kept to their post, lest the battle go as it might, lest the cavalry should fall upon his rear.

The horsemen of the left wing, led by Akrema, now attempted to take the Moslems in flank, but were repulsed by the pious and victorious prowess of the archers, who prevented them from descending the hill.

However, the Koréishites, who still remained hostile to the Prophet, threatened his right, and called a council of war. Representing the field, he said, 'I would await an attack, and throw stones from the battlements of our fortress,' and his followers threw three stones at the Prophet. So the young men, of whom he was the leader, turned by the late battle, fought in the rear to cover the Ænemos, but his life was saved by a thousand swords, and he was shaken by the enemy, but those recently admitted to the Ænemos did not disavow him. He returned to Medina, and called the Ænemos of Jews and the army of Obba Solú, and the Ænemos of the Jews, and the entire Ænemos of Medina, upon the last mention of which he said: 'I have called the Ænemos to cover the Ænemos of the Prophet.'

Mahomet disregarded himself and his followers to cover the Ænemos of Medina, and his followers followed him. The archers were behind and in front of the Ænemos, and were sent to cover the Ænemos with their arrows, but his sword was on his right side, and his head turned to the left.

In the midst of the mêlée a stone from a sling struck Mahomet on the mouth, cutting his lip and knocking out one of his front teeth; he was wounded in the face also by an arrow, the iron head of which remained in the wound. Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet, was placed near the mouth of the wound, and was transfixed by the lance of Wakes, an Ebanite slave, who had been promised his freedom if he should save the death of his master, slain in the battle of Badr. Mosaib Ibn Omm, also, who bore the standard of Mahomet, was lanced low, but Ali seized the sacred banner and bore it aloft amid the storm of battle.

As Mosaib resembled the prophet in person, a shout was put up by the enemy that Mahomet was slain. The Koreishites were inspired with redoubled ardor at the sound; the Moslems fled in despair, bearing with them Abu Beker and Omar, who were wounded. Raab, the son of Malek, however, beheld Mahomet lying among the wounded in a ditch, and knew him by his armor. 'Oh believe,' cried he, 'the prophet of God yet lives.' To the rescue! to the rescue! Mahomet was drawn forth and borne up the hill to the summit of a rock, where the Moslems prepared for a desperate defense. The Koréishites, however, were still pursuing them, contenting themselves with plundering and mutilating the dead. Hendi and her female companions were foremost in the savage work of vengeance; and the ferocious heroine sought to tear out and devour the heart of Hamza. Abu Sofo, however, had received intelligence that Mahomet was still alive. He felt himself too weak to attack the city, while Mahomet was in the field, and might come to its assistance, and he feared that the latter might be reinforced by its inhabitants, and seek him with superior numbers. Contenting himself, therefore, with the recent victory, he made a truce with the Moslems for a year, and returned in triumph to Mecca.

Mahomet sought consolation for this mortifying defeat by taking to himself another wife, Hendi, the daughter of Ommay, a man of great influence. She was a widow, and had, with her husband, lived in the number of the fugitives in Abyssinia. She was now twenty-eight years of age, and had a son named Salma, whom she was commonly called Omm Salma, or the Mother of Salma. Being distinguished for grace and beauty, she had been sought by Abu Bekr and Omar. She, however, preferred Mahomet at first met with difficulty. 'Ah!' said she, 'what happiness can the prophet of God expect with me? I am no longer young; I have a son, and I am of a jealous disposition.' 'As to thy age,' replied Mahomet, 'thou art much younger than I. As to thy son, I will be a father to him; as to thy jealous disposition, I will pray Allah to root it from thy heart.'

The Prophet had a dwelling prepared for the bride, which he presented to her. The household goods, as stated by Jami, consisted of a sack of barley, a hand-mill, a pail, and a pot of lard or butter. Such were the narrow means of the prophet; or rather, such the frugality of his habits and the simplicity of Arab life.

CHAPTER XXI.

TREACHERY OF CERTAIN JEWISH TRIBES; THEIR PUNISHMENT—DEVOIUTION OF THE PROPHET'S FREEDOM ZEID; DIVORCE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE ZINAB, THAT SHE MAY BECOME THE WIFE OF THE PROPHET;

The defeat of Mahomet at the battle of Ohod acted for a time unfavorably to his cause among
some of the Arab and Jewish tribes, as was evidenced by the cessation of pillage. The inhabitants of two towns, Adhal and Karra, sent a deputation to Mahomet, professing an inclination to embrace the faith, and requesting missionaries to teach them its doctrines. He accordingly sent six disciples to accompany the deputation; but on the journey they were plundered by the caravan of Mohand Radje, who, according to the boundaries of the Hodestites, the deputes fell upon the unsuspecting Moslems, slew four of them, and carried the other two to Mecca, where they gave them up to the Korieshites, who put them to death.

A similar act of treachery was practised by the people of the province of Nadjet. Pretending to be Moslems, they sought succor from Mahomet against their enemies. He sent a number of his followers to their aid, who were attacked by the Beni Suleim or Sultables, near the brook Manis, about four days' journey from Medina, and slain almost to a man. One of the Moslems, Amur Ibn Omeya, escaped the carnage and made for Medina. He went to fetch two unarm'ed Jews of the Beni Amir; either mistaking these for enemies, or provoked to wanton rage by the death of his comrades, he fell upon them and slew them. The tribe, who were at peace with Mahomet, now took up the cry of "War!" He referred the matter to the mediation of another Jewish tribe, the Beni Nadhir, who had rich possessions and a castle, called Zohra, within three miles of Medina. This tribe had engaged by treaty, when he came a fugitive from Mecca, to maintain a neutrality between him and his opponents. The chief of this tribe being now applied to as a mediator, invited Mahomet to an interview. He went, accompanied by Abu Bekar, Omar, Ali, and a few others. A repast was spread in the open air before the mansion of the chief. Mahomet, however, received private information that he had been treacherously decoyed hither, and was to be slain as he sat at the repast: it is said that he was to be crushed by a millstone, flung from the terraced roof of the house. Without intimating his knowledge of the treason, he left the company abruptly, and hastened back to Medina.

His rage was now kindled against the whole race of Nadhir, and he ordered them to leave the country within ten days on pain of death. They were told: "Abd Allah bin Khaled tot Nadhir, the Mochaǳer secretly persuaded them to stay by promising them aid. He failed in his promise. The Beni Nadhir, thus disappointed by the "Chief of the Hypocrites," shut themselves up in their castle of Zohra, where they were besieged by Mahomet, who cut down and burned the date-trees, on which they depended for supplies. At the end of six days they capitulated, and were permitted to depart, each with a camel load of effects, arms excepted. Some were banished to Syria, others to Khaithar, a strong Jewish city and fortress, distant several days' journey from Medina. As the tribe was wealthy, there was great spoil, which Mahomet took entirely to himself. His followers decreed that this was contrary to the law of partition revealed in the Koran; but he let them know that, according to another revelation, all booty gained, like the present, without striking a blow, was not won by man, but was a gift from God, and must be delivered over to the prophet to be expended by him in good works, and the relief of orphans, the poor, and the stranger. Mahomet in effect did not appropriate it to his own benefit, but shared it among the Mohaderjas, or exiles from Mecca; two Nadhirite Jews who had embraced Islamism, and two or three Amurians or Auxiliaries of M. Zina, who had proved themselves worthy, and were poor.

We forebear to enter into details of various petty expeditions of Mahomet about this time, one of which extended to the neighborhood of Taḥuk, on the Syrian frontier, to punish a horde which had plundered his caravans. Conditions were checked in their results, though mostly productive of booty, which now began to occupy the minds of the Moslems almost as much as the propagation of the faith. The spoils thus suddenly gained may have been justifiable as a bauchery, as we find a revelation of the passage of the Koran, forbidding wine and games of hazard, those fruitful causes of strife and insubordination in predatory camps.

During this period of his career Mahomet in more than one instance narrowly escaped falling by the hand of an assassin. He himself is charged with the use of insidious means to rid himself of an enemy; for it is said that he sent Amur Ibn Omeya on a secret errand to Medina, to assassinate Abu Sofian, but that the plot was discovered, and the assassin only escaped by rapid flight. The charge, however, is not well substantiated, and is contrary to his general character and conduct.

If Mahomet had relentless enemies, he had devoted friends, an instance of which we have in the case of his freedman and adopted son Zeid Ibn Horeth. He had once one of the first converts to the faith, and one of its most valiant champions. Mahomet consulted him on all occasions, and employed him in his domestic concerns. On one day he entered his house with the freedom with which a father enters the dwelling of a son. Zeid was absent, but Zeinab his wife, whom he had recently married, was at home. She was the daughter of Dja'ych, of the country of Kilah, and considered the fairest of her tribe. In the privacy of her home she had laid aside her veil and part of her attire, so that her beauty stood revealed to the gaze of Mahomet on his sudden entrance. He could not refrain from expressions of wonder and admiration, to which she made no reply, but repeated them all to her husband on his return. Zeid knew the amorous susceptibility of his wife, and he venerated the prophet, and he divorced himself without delay. When the requisite term of separation had elapsed, Mahomet accepted, with gratitude, this pious sacrifice. His nuptials with Zeinab surpassed in splendor all his other marriages. His doors were thrown open to all comers; they were feasted with the flesh of sheep and goats, with cakes of barley, with fruit and auberies; so they ate and drank their fill and then departed—railing against the divorce as shameful, and the marriage as incestuous.

At this critical juncture was revealed that part of the thirty-third chapter of the Koran, distinguishing relatives by adoption from relatives by blood, according to which there was no sin in marrying one who had been the wife of an adopted son. This the revelation pacified the faithful; but, to destroy all shadows of culpability, Mahomet revoked his adoption, and directed Zeid to resume his original appellation of Ibn Hareth, alter his natural father. The beautiful Zeinab, however,
boasted thenceforth a superiority over the other wives of the prophet on the score of the revelation, alleging that her marriage was ordained by heaven.

**CHAPTER XXII.**

**EXPEDITION OF MAHOMET AGAINST THE BENI MOSTALEK—HE ESPouses BARRA, A CAPTIVE—TREACHERY OF ABDALLAH IBN OBBA—AYEsha's Staining Her Ancestors—HER INNOCENCE PROVED BY A REVELATION.**

Among the Arab tribes which ventured to take up arms against Mahomet after his defeat at Ohod, were the Beni Mostalek, a powerful race of Koreishite origin. Mahomet received intelligence of their being assembled in warlike guise under their prince Al Hareth, near the wells of Morasti, in the territory of Kedaid, and within five miles of the Red Sea, and, as he sat with his bedfellow and the head of a chosen band of the faithful, accompanied by numbers of the Khazzarites, led by their chief Abdallah Ibn Obba. By a rapid movement he surprised the enemy; Al Hareth was killed at the onset by the sight of an arrow, and his troops fled in confusion after a brief resistance, in which a few were slain. Two hundred prisoners, five thousand sheep, and one thousand camels were the fruits of this easy victory. Among the captives was Barra, the daughter of Al Hareth, and wife to a young Arab of her kin. In the division of the spoil she fell to the lot of Thabet Ibn Reis, who demanded a high ransom. The captive appealed to Mahomet against this extortion, and prayed that the ransom might be mitigated. The prophet regarded her with eyes of desire, for she was fair to look upon. "I can serve thee better," said he, "than by abating thy bond: be my wife." The beautiful Barra gave ready consent; her ransom was paid by the prophet to Thabet; her kindred were liberated by the Moslems, to whom their lot had fallen; most of them embraced the faith, and Barra became the wife of Mahomet after his return to Medina.

After the battle the troops crowded round the wells of Morasti to assuage their thirst. In the press a quarrel rose between some of the Mohadjerins, or exiles of Mecca, and the Khazzarites, in which one of the latter received a blow. His comrades rushed to revenge the insult, and blood would have been shed but for the interference of Mahomet. The Khazzarites remained incensed, and other of the people of Medina made common cause with them. Abdallah Ibn Obba, eager to take advantage of every circumstance adverse to the rising power of Mahomet, drew his kindred and townsfolk apart. "Behold," said he, "the insults you have brought upon yourselves by harboring these fugitive Koreishites. You have taken them to your houses, and given them your goods, and now they turn upon and maltreat you. They would make themselves masters even in your own house; but, by Allah, when we return to Medina, we will see if we are strongest." Secret word was brought to Mahomet of this seditious speech. Omar counselled him at once to make way with Abdallah, but the prophet feared to excite the vengeance of the kindred and adherents of the powerful Khazzarite. To leave no time for mutiny, he set off immediately on the homeward march, although it was in the heat of the day, and continued on throughout the night, nor halted until the following noon, when the wearied soldiery cared for nothing but repose.

On arriving at Medina he called Abdallah to account for his seditious expressions. He flatly denied them, pronouncing the one who had accused him a liar. A revelation from heaven, however, established the charge against him and his adherents. "These are the men," says the Koran, "who say to the inhabitants of Medina, they do not bestow anything on the refugees who are with the apostle of God, that they may be compelled to separate from him. They say, verily, if we return to Medina, the warrior will expel them from the house. God curse them! how they are turned aside from the truth."

Some of the friends of Abdallah, convinced by this revelation, advised him to ask pardon of the prophet; but he spurned their counsel. You have already," he said, "persuaded me to commit this man my countenance and friendship, and now you would have me put myself beneath his very feet.

Nothing could persuade him that Mahomet was not an idolater at heart, and his revelations all imposture and deceit. He considered him, however, a formidable rival, and sought in every way to injure and annoy him. To this implacable hostility is attributed a scandalous story which he propagated about Ayesha, the favorite wife of the prophet.

It was the custom with Mahomet always to have one of his wives with him, on his military expeditions, as companion and solace; she was taken by lot, and on the recent occasion the lot had fallen on Ayesha. She travelled in a litter, inclosed by curtains, and borne on the back of a camel, which was led by an attendant. On the return homeward, the army, on one occasion, coming to a halt, the attendants of Ayesha were astonished to find her empty. Before they had recovered from their surprise, she arrived on a camel, led by a youthful Arab named Salwan Ibn al Moattel. This circumstance having come to the knowledge of Abdallah, he proclaimed it to the world after his return to Medina, alleging that Ayesha had been guilty of wantonness with the youthful Salwan.

The story was eagerly caught up and circulated by Hamna, the sister of the beautiful Zeinab, whom Mahomet had recently espoused, and who hoped to benefit her sister by the downfall of her deadly rival Ayesha; it was echoed also by Misrah, a kinsman of Abu Beker, and was celebrated in satirical verses by a poet named Hasan.

It was some time before Ayesha knew of the scandal thus circulating at her expense. Sickness had confined her to the house on her return to Medina, and no one ventured to tell her of what she was accused. She remarked, however, that the prophet was stern and silent, and no longer treated her with his usual tenderness. On her recovery she heard the consternation the crime alleged against her, and protested her innocence. The following is her version of the story.

The army on its homeward march had encamped not far from Medina, when orders were given in the night to march. The attendants, as usual, brought a camel before the tent of Ayesha, and...
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CHAPTER XXIII.


During the year of truce which succeeded the battle of Ohod, Abu Sofian, the restless chief of the Koreishites, formed a confederacy with the Arab tribe of Ghatafan and other tribes of the desert, as well as with many of the Jews of the race of Nadr, whom Mahomet had driven from their homes. The truce being ended, he prepared to march upon Medina, with these confederates, their combined forces amounted to ten thousand men.

Mahomet had early intelligence of the meditated attack, but his late reverse at Ohod made him wary of taking the field against such numbers; especially as he feared the secret allies in Medina; where he distrusted the Jewish inhabitants and the Hypocrites, the partisans of Abdallah Ibn Obba, who were numerous and powerful.

Great exertions were now made to put the city in a state of defence. Salámán the Persian, who had embraced the faith, advised that a deep moat should be dug at some distance beyond the wall, on the side on which the enemy would approach. This mode of defence, hitherto unused in Arabia, was eagerly adopted by Mahomet, who set a great number of men to dig the moat, and even assisted personally in the labor. Many miracles are recorded of him during the progress of this work. At one time, it is said, he fed a great multitude from a single basket of dates, which remained full after all were satisfied. At another time he feasted a thousand men upon a roasted lamb and a loaf of barley bread; yet enough remained for all his fellow-labourers in the moat.

Nor must we omit to note the wonderful arrows which he gave to a rock with an iron mallet, striking off sparks which in one direction lighted up all Yemen, or Arabia the Happy; in another revealed the imperial palace of Constantinople; and in a third illumined the towers of the royal residence in Alexandria.

Scarcely was the moat completed when the enemy appeared in great force on the neighboring hills. Leaving Ibn Om'm Mactum, a trusty officer, to command in the city, and keep a vigilant eye on the disaffected, Mahomet sallied forth with three thousand men, whom he formed in battle array, having the deep moat in front. Abu Sofian advanced with confidence with his combined force of Koreishites and Ghatafanites, but was unexpectedly checked by the moat, and by a galling fire from the Moslems drawn up beyond it. The enemy now encamped; the Koreishites in the lower part of the valley, and the Ghatafanites in the upper; and for some days the armies remained thus on each side of the most famous of all battles, with sling and arrows.

In the mean time spies brought word to Mahomet that a Jewish tribe, the Beni Koraida, who had a strong castle near the city, and had made a covenant of peace with him, were in secret league with the enemy. He now saw the difficulty with
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his scanty forces, to man the whole extent of the moat; to guard against a pernicious attack from the Koraites, and to maintain quiet in the city where the Jews must have secret confederates. Successful in battle, and with his captains on the policy of bribing the Ghatafanites to a separate peace by offering them a third of the date-harvest of Medina. Upon this, Sa'd Ibn Mo'ad, a stout leader of the Aswites of Medina, determined to join in any hostile act, unless their allies should give hostages to stand by them to the end.

The Koraites and Ghatafanites were now convinced of the perfidy of the Koraites, and dared not venture upon the mediators track; lest these should fall upon them in the rear. While they lay idly in their camp; a cold storm came on, with drenching rain and sweeping blasts from the desert. Their tents were blown down; their camp-fires were extinguished; and in midst of the uproar the alarm was given that Mahomet had raised the storm by enchantment, and was coming upon them with his forces. All now was panic and confusion. Abu Sofian, finding all efforts vain to produce order, mounted his camel in despair, and gave the word to retreat. The confederates hurried off from the scene of tumult and terror, the Koraites toward Mecca, the others to their homes in the desert.

Abu Sofian, in rage and mortification, wrote a letter to Mahomet, acknowledging to him his cowardice in lurking behind a ditch, a thing unknown in Arabian warfare; and threatening to take his revenge on some future day, when they might meet in open fight, as in the field of Ohod.

Mahomet burst back a direct refusal, and said that the day was approaching when he would break in pieces the idols of the Koraites.

The invaders having disappeared, Mahomet turned to take vengeance on the Beni Koraita, who had broken their word. They were now aggregates, and after some fierce fighting on both sides, which lasted for several days. At length, pitched among them, they interceded the intervention of their ancient friends and protectors, the Awsites. The latter entreated the prophet to grant these Hebrews the same terms he had formerly granted to the Beni Kfitok, at the prayer of Abdallah the Khazaride. Mahomet reflected a moment, and offered to leave their fate to the decision of Sa'd Ibn Mo'ad, the Aswite chief. The Koraites gladly agreed, knowing him to have been formerly their friend. They accordingly surrendered themselves to the number of seven hundred, and were conducted in chains to Medina. Unfortunately for them, Sa'd considered their perfidious league with the enemy as one cause of the possession of the city, and decided that the day was approaching when he would break in pieces the idols of the Koraites. Such was the state of his feelings when summoned to decide upon their fate.

Being a gross, full-blooded man, he was with difficulty helped upon an ass, propped up by a leathern cushion, and supported in his seat until he arrived at the tribunal of justice. Before ascending it, he exacted an oath from all present to abide by his decision. The Jews readily took it, anticipating a favorable sentence. No sooner was he helped into the tribunal than, extending his hand, he condemned the men to death, the women and children to slavery, and their effects to be shared among the victors.

The wretched Jews looked aghast, but there was no appeal. They were conducted to a public place situated north of the Market of the Koraites, where a great grave had been dug. Into these they were committed. It was filled by one, and prince Haya Ibn Abi Aftab among the number, and
were successively put to death. Thus the prayer of Saad Ibn Moal for vengeance on the Korailites was fully gratified. He witnessed the execution of the men he had condemned, but such was his excitement that his wound broke out again, and he died shortly afterward.

In the Castle of Koraill was found a great quantity of pikes, lances, cuirasses, and other armor; and its lands were covered with flocks, and herds, and camels. In dividing the spoil which he had come back with, each horseman had three, two for his horse and one for himself. A fifth part of the whole was set apart for the prophet.

The most precious prize in the eyes of Mahomet was Khidr, daughter of Simeon, a wealthy and powerful Jew, and the most beautiful female of her tribe. He took her to himself, and, having converted her to the faith, added her to the number of his wives.

But, though thus susceptible of the charms of the Christian women, Mahomet became more and more vindictive in his hatred of the men; no longer putting faith in their covenants, and suspending them of the most insidious attempts upon his life. Moslem writers attribute to the spells of Jewish enchanters, the various illnesses, with which he was afflicted about this time, and which seemed to defy all remedy. They describe the very charm by which it was produced. It was prepared, say they, by a Jewish necromancer from Babylon, and was spread by his daughter, who pretended to be equally skilled in the diabolic art. They formed a small waxen effigy of Mahomet; wound round it some of his hair, and thrust through it eleven needles. They then made eleven knots in a bow-string, blowing with their breaths on each; and, winding the string round the effigy, threw the whole into a well.

Under the influence of this potent spell Mahomet wasted away, until his friend, the angel Gabriel, revealed the secret to him in a vision. On awaking he sent Ali to the well, where the image was discovered. When it was brought to Mahomet, continues the legend, he repeated over it the two last chapters of the Koran, which had been communicated to him in the recent vision. They consist of eleven verses, and are to the following purport:

In the name of the all merciful God! I will fly for refuge to the Lord of the light of day.
That he may deliver me from the danger of beings and things created by himself.
From the dangers of the darksome night, and of the moon when in eclipse.
From the danger of sorcerers, who tie knots and blow on them with their breath.
From the danger of the envious, who devise deadly harm.
I will fly for refuge to Allah, the Lord of men.
To Allah, the King of men.
To Allah, the God of men.
That he may deliver me from the evil spirit who flies at the mention of his holy name.
Who suggests evil thoughts into the hearts of the children of men.
And from the evil Genii and men who deal in magic.

The two final chapters of the Koran, which comprise these verses, are entitled the amulets, and considered by the superstitious Moslems effectual talismans against sorcery and magic charms.

The conduct of Mahomet in the affair narrated in this chapter has been censured as weak and vacillating, and deficient in military decision, and his measures as wanting in true greatness of mind, and the following are amongst the chief charges. When threatened with violence from without, and perilously from within, he is for bribing a part of his confederate foes to a separate peace; but suffers himself to be, in a manner, hectored out of this crafty policy by Saad Ibn Moal; yet, subsequently, he resorts to a scheme still more subtle and crafty, by which he sows dissension among his enemies. Above all, his conduct toward the Jews has been strongly reproached. His referring the appeal of the Beni Koraill for mercy, to the decision of one whom he knew to be bent on their destruction, has been stigmatized as cruel mockery; and the massacre of those unfortunate men in the market-place of Medina is pronounced one of the darkest pages of his history. In fact, his conduct toward this people was such as to bring upon himself the reproach and damnation by which the Moslem historians designate him.

Thus was the career of Mahomet, in this respect, in this part of his career, instances of that worldly which at times was being dissipated, now that he had become the Apostle of the Sword.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAHOMET UNDERTAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA—EVAYS KHALED AND A TROOP OF HORSE SENT AGAINST HIM—ENCAMPS NEAR MECCA—NEGOTIATES WITH THE KORANITES FOR PERMIS SION TO ENTER AND COMPLETE HIS PILGRIMAGE—TREATY FOR TEN YEARS, BY WHICH HE IS IN PERMITTED TO MAKE A YEARLY VISIT OF THREE DAYS—He RETURNS TO MEDINA.

Six years had now elapsed since the flight of Mahomet from Mecca. As that city was sacred in the eyes of the Arabs and the great point of pilgrimage, his long exile from it, and his open warfare with the Koranites, who had charge of the Caaba, prejudiced him in the opinion of many of the tribes, and retarded the spread of his doctrines. His followers, too, who had accompanied him in his flight, languished once more to see their native home, and there was danger of their faith becoming enfeebled under a protracted exile.

Mahomet felt more and more the importance of linking the sacred city with his religion, and maintaining the ancient usages of his race. Besides, he claimed but to be a reformer, anxious to restore the simplicity and purity of his patriarchal faith. The month Doul Kaada was at hand, the month of pilgrimage, when there was a truce to warfare, and enemies might meet in peace within the holy boundaries. A timely mission was held and Mahomet thought he might safely avail themselves of the protection of this venerable custom to revisit the ancient shrines of Arabian worship. The revelation was joyfully received by his followers, and in the holy month he set forth for Medina on his pilgrimage, at the
head of fourteen hundred men; partly Mohad-
jeers or Fugitives, and partly Anasirans or Aux-
liaries. They took with them seventy camels to
be slain in sacrifice at the Caaba. To manifest
that peace was not intended, they halted at Dau Huleila, a village about a
day’s journey from Medina, where they laid aside their arms, excepting the sheathed
swords, and thence continued on in pilgrim garb.
In the mean time, continuous rumor of this
movement had reached Mecca. The Korishites,
suspecting hostilities, sent forth Khaled Ibn
Waled with a powerful troop of horse, to take
post in a valley about two days’ journey from
Mecca, and check the advance of the Moslems.
Mahomet, hearing that the main road was thus
barred against him, took a rugged and difficult
route through the defiles of the mountains, and,
avoiding Khaled and his forces, descended into
the plain near Mecca, where he encamped at
Hodeilha, within the sacred boundaries. Hence
he sent assurances to the Korishites of his peace-
able intentions, and claimed the immunities
and rights of pilgrimage.

Ends from the Korishites visited his camp to
obtain explanations. They were struck with the
reverence with which he was regarded by his
followers. The water with which he performed
his ablutions became sanctified; a hair falling
from his head, or the paining of a nail, was caught
up and venerated as a relic. In the course of conversatio
unconsciously touched the
frightened word of the prophet; he was thrust back
by the disciples, and warned of the impiety of the act.
In making his report to the Korishites on
his return, “I have seen the king of Persia and
the emperor of Constantinople surrounded by
their courts,” said he, “but never did I behold
a sovereign so revered by his subjects, as is Maho
met by his followers.”

The Korishites were the more loth to admit
to their city an adversary to their sect, so
formidable in his influence over the minds and affec-
tions of his low-born men. Mahomet sent repeated
missions to treat for a safe access to the sacred
shrines, but in vain. Othman Ibn Affan, his son-
ner-in-law, accompanied by forty followers, was
sent without his return, and it was rumored that he
was slain. Mahomet determined to revenge hisfall. Standing under a tree, and summoning his
people around him, he exacted an oath to defend
him even to the death, and never to desert the
standard of the faith. This ceremony is known
among Mahometans by the name of the Sno-
cerous Inauguration.

The reappearance of Othman in the camp re-
stored tranquility. He was accompanied by Sol-
hali, an ambassador from the Korishites, to ar-
range a treaty of peace. They perceived the im-
portance of warring with a man whose power was
inexcessively increasing; and, who was obeyed with
such fanatic devotion. The treaty proposed was
for ten years. In the first year, Mahomet and his
followers were to have free access to Mecca
as pilgrims, there to remain; three days at a time;
the religious rites. The terms were readily accepted, and
Ali was employed to draw up the treaty. Mahomet dictated the
words, and Ali wrote them down in the condi-
tions of peace made by Mahomet the apostle of
God.” “Hold!” cried Solhali, the ambassador;
“had I believed thee to be the apostle of God,
I should never have taken up arms against thee.
We, therefore, simply thy name, and the name of thy
father.” Mahomet was fain to comply, for
he felt he was not sufficiently in force at this
moment to contend about forms; so he merely
denominated himself in the treaty, Mahomet Ibn
Abdallah (Mahomet the son of Abdallah), an
abdication which gave rise to future animosities among his
followers. Their discontent was increased when he ordered
them to shave their heads, and to sacrifice
on the spot the camels brought to be offered up at
the Caaba, as it showed he had not the intention
of entering Mecca, these rites being properly done
at the conclusion of the ceremonies of the pilgrim-
age. They reminded him of his vision which
promised a safe entrance of the sacred city; he
replied, that the present treaty was an earnest of
its fulfilment, which would assuredly take place
on the following year. With this explanation they
had to content themselves; and having performed
the ceremonies, and made the sacrifice pre-
scribed, the camp was broken up, and the pilgrim
host returned, somewhat disappointed and
dected, to Medina.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CITY OF KHAIBAR:
SIEGE—EXPLOITS OF MAHOMET’S CAPTAINS—
BATTLE OF ALI AND NAHBABSTORMING OF THE
CITADEL—ALI MAKES A DUCKER OF THE
GATE—CRIPPLING OF THIS BLACK—MAHOMET
POISONED; HE SPORES SATIVA, A CAPTIVE;
ALSO OWI1 HANIBA, A WIDOW.

To console his followers for the check their re-
ligious devotion had experienced at Mecca, Maho-
met now set out founded in spirit. He
gratify that love of plunder, which began to rival
fanaticism in attaching them to his standard.
About five days’ journey to the northeast of Med-
ina was situated the city of Khazaba, and its
dependant territory. It was inhabited by Jews, who
grown wealthy by commerce as well as agri-
culture. Their rich domain was partly cultivated
with grain, and planted with groves of palm-trees;
partly devoted to pastureage; and covered with
floors and herbs; and, at length, defiled by several
castles. So venerable was its antiquity that Abi-
fed, the Arabian historian, assures us that Moses,
right after the passage of the Red Sea, sent an army
against the Amalekites, inhabiting Cushrib (Med-
a), and the strong city of Khazaba.

This region had become a place of refuge for
the hostile Jews, driven by Mahomet from Medina
and its environs, and for all those who had made
themselves obnoxious to his censure. These
circumstances, together with its teeming wealth,
presented it out as a fit and ripe object for that war-
fare which he had declared against all enemies of
the faith.

In the beginning of the seventh year of the He-
bra, he departed on an expedition against Khaz-
aba; at the head of his host: of two
hundred horse, accompanied by Abu Beker, by
Ali, by Omar, and other of his principal officers.
He had two standards; one represented the sun,
the other a black eagle; which last became famous
in after years as the standard of Khaled.

Entering the fertile territory of Khazaba, he be-
gan his war to assail the interior castles with which it was studded. Some of these cap-
itated without making resistance; in which cases,
being considered "gifts from God," the spoils
went to the prophet, to be disposed of by him in
the way before mentioned. Others of more
strength, and garrisoned by stout hearts, had to be taken by storm.

After the capture of these minor fortresses, Mahomet advanced against the city of Khairah. It was strongly defended by outworks, and its citadel, Al Kamus, built on a steep rock, was deemed impregnable. Kenana Ibn Al Khalif, the chief or king of the nation, had made it the repository of all his treasures.

The siege of this city was the most important enterprise the Moslems had yet undertaken. While Ali, like a man of heart and resolution, and during all the time that he remained encamped before Khairah, made daily seven circuits round it, as are made round the Caaba. A mosque was erected on this rock in after times in memorial of this devout ceremonial, and it became an object of veneration to all pious Moslems.

The siege of the citadel lasted for some time, and tasked the skill and patience of Mahomet and his troops, as yet but little practiced in the attack of fortified places. They suffered too from want of provisions, for the Arabs in their hasty expeditions seldom burden themselves with supplies, and the Jews on their approach had laid waste the level country, and destroyed the palm-trees round their capital.

Mahomet directed the attacks in person; the besiegers protected themselves by trenched, and brought battering-rams to play upon the walls; a breach was at length effected, but for several days every attempt to enter was vigorously repelled. After he had the standard of the prophet; but, after fighting with great bravery, was compelled to retreat. The next attack was headed by Omar Ibn Khattab, who fought until the close of day with no better success. A third attack was led by Ali, whom Mahomet armed with his own scimitar, called Dhul-Fakhr, or the Tranchant. On confiding to his hands the sacred banner, he pronounced him "a man who loved God and his prophet; and whom God and his prophet loved. A man who knew not fear, nor ever turned his back upon a foe."

And here it may be well to give a traditional account of the person and character of Ali. He was of the middle height, but robust and square, and of a cheerful visage. He had a smiling countenance, exceedingly florid, with a bushy beard. He was distinguished for an amiable disposition, sagacious intellect, and religious zeal, and, from his undaunted courage, was surnamed the Lion of God.

Arabian writers dwell with fond exaggeration on the exploits at Khairah, of this their favorite hero. He was clad, they say, in a scarlet vest, over which was buckled a cuirass of steel. Scrambling with his followers up the great heap of stones and rubbish in front of the breach, he planted his standard on the top, determined never to recede until the citadel was taken. The Jews sallied forth to drive down the assailants. In the conflict which ensued, Ali fought hand to hand with the Jewish commander, Al Hareth, whom he slew. The brother of the slain advanced to revenge his death. He was doubled with a double cuirass, with a double turban, wound round a helmet of proof, in front of which sparkled an immense diamond. He had a sword girt to each side, and brandished a three-pronged spear. As the warriors measured each other with the eye, and accosted each other in ostentatious style.

"I," said the Jew, "am Marhab, armed at all points, and terrible in battle.

"And I am Ali, whom his mother, at his birth, surnamed Al Haidara (the rugged lion)."

The Moslem writers make short work of the Jewish champion. He made a thrust at Ali with his three-pronged lance, but it was dexterously parried. Ali placed himself under a tree, and his constancy in his perilful situation was so conspicuous in the eyes of his companions, that they exclaimed: "He is the hero of the Jews, the hero of the Jews, the hero of the Jews.

The Jews now retreated into the citadel, and a general assault took place. In the heat of the action the shield of Ali was severed from his arm, leaving his body exposed; wounding a garter, however, from his hingies, he used it as a buckler through the remainder of the fight. Abu Rafe, a servant of Mahomet, testifies to the fact. "I afterward," says he, "examined this garter in company with seven men, and all eight of us attempted in vain to wield it."

The citadel being captured, every vault and dungeon was ransacked for the wealth said to be deposited there by Kenana, the Jewish prince. None being discovered, Mahomet demanded of him where he had concealed his treasure. He declared that it had all been expended in the subsistence of his troops, and in preparations for defense. One of his faithless subjects, however, revealed the place where a great amount had been hidden. It did not equal the expectations of the victor, but its vastness and the rest of his supposed wealth. He either could not or would not come forward any further discoveries, as he was delivered up to the vengeance of a Moslem, whose brother he had cruelly to death by a piece of a millstone hurled from the wall, and who covered his head with a single blow of his sabre.

While in the citadel of Khairah, Mahomet came near falling a victim to Jewish vengeance. Demanding something to eat, a shoulder of lamb was set before him. At the first mouthful he perceived something unusual in the taste, and spat it forth, but instantly felt acute internal pain. One of his followers, named Baschar, who had eaten

"This stupendous feat is recorded by the historian Abulfeda, c. 24: "Abu Rafe," observes Gibbon, "was an eye-witness; but who will be witness for Abu Rafe? We join with the distinguished historian in his doubt; yet if we scrupulously question the testimony of an eye-witness, what will become of history?"

The Jews inhabiting the tract of country called Khairah are still known in Arabia by the name of Beni Khairbar. They are divided into three tribes, under independent Sheiks, the Beni Mesliad, Beni Schahan, and Beni Anassee. They are accused of pilaging the caravans."—Nisirw, v. ii. p. 43.
more freely, fell down and expired in convulsions. All now was confusion and consternation; on diligent inquiry, it was found that the lamb had been cooked by Zainab, a female captive, niece to Marhaba, the gigantic warrior slain by Ali. Being brought before Mahomet, and charged with having insulted poison into the viand, she stoutly avowed it, vindicating it as a justifiable revenge for the ill she had brought upon her tribe and family. He said, "If thou hadst so much wit indeed, a prophet thou wouldst discover thy danger; but if a chief-tain, thou wouldst fall, and we should be delivered from a tyrant."

Arabian writers are divided as to the fate of this heroine. According to some, she was deliv- ered up to the vengeance of the relatives of Ban-
char, who had died of the poison. According to others, her beauty pleaded in her behalf, and Mahomet restored her unharmed to her family.

The same writers seldom permit any remarkable event of Mahomet's life to pass without a miracle. In the present instance, we assure you that the poisoned shoulder of lamb became miraculously gifted with speech, and warned Mahomet of his danger. If so, it was rather slow of speech, for he had been long a劳动者 of the constitution throughout the remainder of his life, affecting him often with paroxysms of pain; and in his last moments he complained that the veins of his heart throbbed with the poison of Khairbar. He disavowed the present sentiment at the hands of Safiya (or Sophia), another female captive, who had still greater motives for vengeance than Zainab; for she was the recently espoused wife of Kenana, who had just been sacrificed for his wound. She was Mahomet's only daughter, by Huya Ibn Akhtab, prince of the Beni Koraida, who, with seven hundred of his people, had been put to death in the square of Medina, as has been related.

This Safiya was of great beauty; it is not surprising, therefore, that she should find instant favor in the eyes of Mahomet, and that he should seek her, as usual, to add her to his harem; but it may occasion surprise that she should contemplate such a union with complacency. Moslem writers, however, explain this by assuring us that she was no more than his slave. But while Mahomet was yet encamped before the city, and carrying on the siege, she had a vision in the night, in which the sun descended from the firmament and nestled in her bosom. On recounting her dream to her husband, Ibn Afnana in the morning, he snorted at her face, exclaiming, "Woman, you speak in parables of this Arab chief who has come against us."

The vision of Safiya was made true, for having converted her with all decent haste to the faith of Islam, Mahomet took her to wife while he left Khairbar. Their nuptials took place on the homeward march, at Al Sahba, where the army halted for three days. Abu 'Abd Allah, one of the prophet's most ardent disciples, and a chief of his household, palled around the nuptial tent throughout the night, sword in hand. Sofiya was one of the most favored wives of Mahomet, whom she survived for forty years of widowhood.

Besides the marriages of affection which we have related, the gigantic warrior slain by Ali, made another of policy. Shortly after his return to Me-
dina he was gladdened by the arrival, from Abyssinia, of the residue of the fugitives. Among these was a comely widow, thirty years of age, named Amma. She was generally known by the name of Omm Habiba, the mother of Habiba, a daughter to whom she had given birth. This widow was the daughter of Mahomet's arch enemy, Abu Sofian; and the prophet conceived that a mar-
riage with the daughter might soften the hostility of the father; a politic consideration, which is said to have been either suggested or sanctioned by a revelation of a chapter of the Koran.

When Abu Sofian heard of the espousals, "By heaven," exclaimed he, "this camel is so rampant that no muzzle can restrain him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MISSIONS TO VARIOUS PRINCES; TO HERACLIUS; TO KHSOUSR II.; TO THE PREFECT OF EGYPT—THEIR RESULT.

During the residue of the year Mahomet remained at Medina, sending forth his trusty disciples, by this time experienced captains, on various military expeditions; by which refractory tribes were rapidly brought into subjection. His views as a statesman widened as his territories increased. Though he realized, by a necessity, to propagate his religion by the sword, he was not neglectful of the peaceful measures of diplomacy, and sent envoys to various princes and potentates, whose dominions bordered on his political horizon, urging them to embrace the faith of Islam; which was, in effect, to acknowledge him, through his apostolic office, their superior.

Two of the most noted of these missions were to Khsor II., king of Persia, and Heraclius, the Roman emperor, at Constantinople. The wars between the Romans and the Persians, for the dominion of the East, which had prevailed from time to time through several centuries, had been revived by these two potentates with varying fortunes, and for several years past had distracted the eastern world. Countries had been overrun by either power: states and kingdoms had changed hands under alternate invasions, and according to the conquests and defeats of the warring parties. At one time Khsor with three thousand armed men called the Fifty Wise, and Golden Spears, had wrested Palestine, Cappado-
cia, Armenia, and several other great and wealthy provinces from the Roman emperor; had made himself master of Jerusalem, and carried off the Holy Cross to Persia; had invaded Africa, conquered Libya and Egypt, and extended his victories even to Carthage.

In the midst of his triumphant career, a Moslem envoy arrived bearing him a letter from Mahomet. Khsor sent for his secretary or interpreter, and ordered him to read it. The letter began as follows:

"In the name of the most merciful God! Mahomet, son of Abdallah, and apostle of God, to Khsor, king of Persia. "What I have heard Khsor, starting up in haughty indignation, "does one who is my slave dare to put his name first in writing to me?" So saying, he seized the letter and tore it in pieces without seeking to know its contents. He then wrote to his viceroy in Yemen, saying, "I am told there is in Medina a madman, of the tribe of Koreish, who pretends to be a prophet. Restore him to his senses; or if you cannot, send me his head."

When Mahomet was told how Khsor had torn his letter, "Even so," said he, "shall Allah rend his empire in pieces."

The letter from the prophet to Heraclius was
more favorably received, reaching him probably during his reverses. It was signed in characters of silver, Mahomet Azzarel, Mahomet, the messenger of God, and invited the emperor to renounce Christianity, and embrace the faith of Islam. Heraclius, we are told, deposited the epistle respectfully upon his pillow, treasured the envoy with distinction, and dismissed him with magnificent presents. Engrossed, however, by his Persian wars, he paid no further attention to this mission, from one whom he probably considered a mere Arab fanatic; nor attached sufficient importance to his military operations, which may have appeared mere predatory forays of the wild tribes of the desert.

Another mission of Mahomet was to the Mekowskis, or governor of Egypt, who had originally been sent there by Heraclius to collect tribute; but who, availing himself of the confusion produced by the wars between the Romans and Persians, had assumed sovereign power, and nearly thrown off all allegiance to the emperor. He received the envoy, sent by Mahomet, but proceeded with direct reply to the invitation to embrace the faith, observing that it was a grave matter requiring much consideration. In the mean time he sent presents to Mahomet of precious jewels; garments of Egyptian linen; exquisite honey and butter; a white she-ass, called Yafur; a white mule, called Daldal, and a fleet horse called Lazlos, or the Prancer. The most acceptable of his presents, however, were two Coptic damsels, sisters, called Maimyah (or Mary), and Shiren.

The beauty of Maimyah caused great perturbation in the mind of the prophet. He would fain have made her his concubine, but was impeded by his own law in the seventeenth chapter of the Koran, ordaining that fornication should be punished with stripes.

He was relieved from his dilemma by another revelation revoking the law in regard to himself alone, allowing him intercourse with his handmaid. It remained in full force, however, against all other Moslems. Still, to avoid scandal, and above all, not to excite the jealousy of his wives, he carried on his intercourse with the beautiful Maimyah in secret; which may be one reason why she remained long a favorite.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAHOMET'S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA; HIS MARRIAGE WITH MAIMUNA—KHALED IBN AL WALED AND AMRU IBN AL AASS BECOME PROSELYTES.

The time had now arrived when, by treaty with the Koreishites, Mahomet and his followers were permitted to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and pass three days unmolested at the sacred shrines. He departed accordingly with a numerous and well-armed host, and seventy camels for sacrifices. His old adversaries would fain have impeded his progress, but they were overawed, and on his approach withdrew silently to the neighboring hills. On entering the bounds of Mecca, the pilgrims, according to compact and usage, 'tied their warrior's accoutrements excepting their swords, which they carried sheathed. Great was their joy on beholding once more the walls and towers of the sacred city. They entered the gates in pilgrim garb, with devout and thankful hearts, and Mahomet performed all the ancient and customary rites, with a zeal and devotion which gratified beholders, and drew to him many converts. When he had complied with all the ceremonials he threw aside the Iram or pilgrim's garb, and withdrew to Saril, a hamlet two leagues distant, and without the sacred boundaries. Here he had a ceremonial of a different kind to perform, but one in which he was prone to act with unfeigned devotion. It was to complete his marriage with Maimuna, the daughter of Al Hareth, the Helalite. He had become betrothed to her on his arrival at Mecca, but had postponed the nuptials until after he had concluded the rites of pilgrimage. This was doubtless another marriage of policy, for Maimuna was fifty-one years of age, and a widow, but the connection gained him two powerful proaryetes. One was Khaled Ibn al Waled, a nephew of the widow, an intrepid warrior who had come near destroying Mahomet at the battle of Ohod. He now became one of the most victorious champions of Islamism, and had by the act obtained the appellation of "The Sword of God."

The other proaryete was Khaled's friend Amru Ibn al Aass, the same who assaulted Mahomet with poetry and satire at the commencement of his prophetic career; who had been an ambassador from the Koreishites to the king of Abyssinia, to obtain the surrender of the fugitive Moslems, and who was henceforth destined with his sword to carry victoriously into foreign lands the faith he had once so strenuously opposed.

Note.—Maimuna was the last spouse of the prophet, and, old as she was at her marriage, survived all his other wives. She died many years after him, in a pavilion at Serif, under the same tree in the shade of which her nuptial tent had been pitched, and was there interred. The pious historian, Al Jannabi, who styles himself "a poor servant of Allah, hoping for the pardon of his sins through the mercy of God," visited her tomb on returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, in the year of the Hegira 693, A.D. 1555. "I saw there," says he, "a dome of black marble erected in memory of Maimuna, on the very spot on which the apostle of God had reposed with her. God knows the truth! and also the reason of the black color of the stone. There is a place of ablution, and an oratory; but the building has fallen to decay."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MOSLEM ENVY SLAIN IN SYRIA—EXPEDITION TO Avenge his DEATH—BATTLE OF Muta—ITS RESULTS.

Among the different missions which had been sent by Mahomet beyond the bounds of Arabia, to invite neighboring princes to embrace his religion, was one to the governor of Bosra, the great mart on the confines of Syria, to which he had made his first caravan journey in the days of his youth. Syria had been alternately under Roman and Persian domination, but was at that time subject to the emperor, though probably in a great state of confusion. The envoy of Mahomet was slain at Muta, a town about three days' journey eastward from Jerash. This being known, a man was an Arab of the Christian tribe of Gassan, and son to Shorhail, an emir, who governed Muta in the name of Heraclius.

To revenge the death of his legate, and to in-
n the seat of the prophet, and attended all the ceremonies of the faith with zeal and devotion. He drew to him his disciples, who complied with all his wishes, and the Iram or pilgrim, a hamlet two miles distant from Mecca, which he was prone to visit on every pilgrimage, was founded on these occasions. It was to accommodate the daughter of Mecca, but had he not he had concluded to have it built. One of the names by which the sanctuary of Al Jannabi, who governed the tribe of Gassan, was known, was Maimuna was drawn near. He now became the guardian of his widow. One of the authores of the faith he held in high regard, and with his sword to meats, lands the faith he held in high re-]

The wife of the prophet, who was married to him, survived him many years after him, and he was buried in the shade of a tree in the north of Arabia. She was a devoted worshipper of Allah, hoping for the mercy of God, and for the redemption of humanity. She died in the year 1555, A.D.

Black marble erected on the very spot on which she stood. God knows the black color of the earth, and an oracle to decay."

SYRIA—EXPEDITION INTO AFRICA—THE BATTLE OF MUTA—

A day after the battle of the plain of Al Jannabi, which had been fought between the bounds of Arabia and Syria, to embrace his return to the Governor of Syria, to which he had journeyed in the days of Mahomet. He returned alternately under Roman and Persian rule, but was at that time probably in a great degree of force. The voyage of Mahomet was the expedition of the three days' journey to Muta. The one who slew the Persian king of Gassan, who governed Muta, was his legate, and to in-
MAHOMET DESTROYING THE IDOLS IN THE CAABA.
sure respect to his envoy's future, Mahomet prepared to send an army of three thousand men against Mecca. It was a momentous expedition, as it might, for the first time, bring the arms of Islam in collision with those of the Roman Empire; but Mahomet presumed upon his growing power, the energy of his troops, and the dictation of his revelations. The command was intrusted to his freedman Zeid, who had given such signal proof of devotion in surrendering to him his beautiful wife Zeinab. Several chosen officers were associated with him. One was his cousin Jaafar, son of Abu Taleb and brother of Ali, the same who, by his eloquence, had indicated the doctrines of Islam before the king of Abyssinia, and defeated the Korish embassy. He was now in the prime of life, and noted for great courage and manly beauty. Another of the associate officers was Abdallah Ibn Kawah, the poet, but who had signalized himself in arms as well as poetry. A third was the new proselyte Khaled, who joined the expedition as a volunteer, being eager to prove by his own act and the sincerity of his conversion.

The orders to Zeid were to march rapidly, so as to come upon Muta by surprise, to summon the inhabitants to embrace the faith, and to treat them with lenity. Women, children, monks, and the like were to be spared at all events; nor were any houses to be destroyed, nor trees cut down.

The little army saluted from Medina in the full confidence of coming upon the enemy unawares. On their march, however, they learned that a greatly superior force of Romans, or rather Greeks and Arabs, was advancing to meet them. A council of war was called. Some were for pausing, and awaiting further orders from Mahomet; but Abdallah, the poet, was for pushing ahead forward without regard to numbers. "We fight for the faith!" cried he; "if we fall, paradise is our reward. On, then, to victory or martyrdom!"

All caught a spark of the poet's fire, or rather, fanaticism. They met the enemy near Muta, and encountered them with fury rather than valor. In the heat of the conflict Zeid received a mortal wound. The sacred banner was falling from his grasp, when was borne aloft by Khalid, the battle thickened round him, for the banner was the object of fierce contention. He defended it with desperate valor. The hand by which he held it was struck off; he grasped it with the other. That, too, was severed; he embraced it with his bleeding arms. A blow from a scimitar cleft his skull; he sank dead upon the field, still clinging to the standard of the faith. Abdallah the poet next reared the banner; but he too fell beneath the sword. Khalid, the new convert, seeing the three Muslem leaders slain, now grasped the fatal standard, but in his hand it remained aloft. His voice rallied the wavering Moslems; his powerful arm cut its way through the thickest of the enemy. If his own account may be trusted, war deeds needed no exaggeration, nine scimitars were broken in his hand by the fury of the blows given by him in this deadly conflict.

Night separated the combatants. In the morning the valiant Khalid, as their commander, proved himself as wary as he was valiant. By dint of marches and counter-marches he presented his forces in so many points of view that the enemy were deceived as to his number, and supposed he had received a strong reinforcement. At his first charge, therefore, they retreated; their retreat soon became a flight. In which they were pursued with great slaughter. Khalid then plundered their camp, in which was found great booty. Among the slain in the field of battle was found the body of Jaafar, covered with wounds, but all in front. Out of respect to his valor, and to his relationship with the prophet, Khaled ordered that his corpse should not be buried on the spot, but borne back for honorable interment at Medina.

The army, on its return, though laden with spoil, entered the city more like a funeral train than a triumphant pageant, and was received with mingled shouts and lamentations. While the people rejoiced in the success of their arms, they mourned the loss of three of their favorite generals. All bewailed the fate of Jaafar, brought home a ghastly corpse to that city whence they had so recently seen him sally forth in all the pride of valiant manhood, the admiration of every beholder. He had left behind him a beautiful wife and infant son. The heart of Mahomet was touched by her affliction. He took the orphan child in his arms and bathed it with his tears. But most he was affected when he beheld the young daughter of his faithful Zeid approaching him. He fell on her neck and wept in speechless emotion. A bystander expressed surprise that he should give way to tears for a death which, according to Moslem doctrine, was but a passport to paradise. "Alas!" replied the prophet, "these are the tears of friendship for the loss of a friend!"

The obsequies of Jaafar were performed on the third day after the arrival of the army. By that time Mahomet had recovered his self-possession, and was again the prophet. He gently rebuked the passionate lamentations of the multitude, taking occasion to inculcate one of the most politic and consolatory doctrines of his creed. "Weep no more," said he, "over the death of this my brother. In place of the two hands lost in defending the standard of the faith, two wings have been given him to bear him to paradise; there to enjoy the endless delights insured to all believers who fall in battle."

It was in consequence of the prowess and general display of valor in that celebrated fight that he was honored by Mahomet with the appellation of "The Sword of God," by which he was afterward renowned.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DESIGNS UPON MECCA—MISSION OF ABU SOFIAN—ITS RESULT.

Mahomet, by force either of arms or eloquence, had now acquired dominion over a great number of the Arabian tribes. He had many thousand warriors, and his cause was strong. In the desert, he was exposed to danger by the scorching rays of the sun, and to whom war was a sport rather than a toil. He had corrected their intemperance, disciplined their valor, and subjected them to the authority of his command; he had given them confidence in themselves and in their leader, whose standard they followed with the implicit obedience of soldiers and the blind fanaticism of disciples.

The views of Mahomet expanded with his
means, and a grand enterprise now opened upon his mind. Mecca, his native city, the abode of his family for generations, the scene of his happiest years, was still in the hands of his implacable foes. The Caaba, the object of devotion and pilgrimage to all the children of Ishmael, the shrine of his earliest worship, was still profaned by the shrines and idolatries. To plant the standard of the faith on the walls of his native city, to rescue the holy house from profanation, restore it to the spiritual worship of the one true God, and make it the rallying point of Islamism, formed now the leading object of his ambition.

The treaty of peace existing with the Koreishites was an impediment to any military enterprise; but some casual feuds and skirmishings soon gave a pretext for charging them with having violated the treaty stipulations. The Koreishites had by this time learned to appreciate and dread the rapidly increasing power of the Moslems, and were eager to explain away, or atone for, the quarrels and misdeeds of a few heedless individuals. They even prevailed on their leader, Abu Sofian, to send a mission as an ambassador of peace, trusting that he might have some influence with the prophet through his daughter Om'm Ha'biba.

It was a sore trial to this haughty chief to come as an envoy to the man whom he had scoffed at as an impostor, and treated with inveterate hostility; and his proud spirit was doomed to still further mortification, for Mahomet, judging from his errand of the weakness of his party, and being secretly bent on war, vouchsafed him no reply.

Repressing his rage, Abu Sofian sought the intercession of Abu Beker, of Omar, and Ali; but they all rebuked and repulsed him, for they knew the secret wishes of Mahomet. He next endeavored to secure the favor of Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet and wife of Ali, by flattering a mother's pride, entreaty her to let her son Hasen, a child but six years old, be his protector; but Fatima answered haughtily, "My son is too young to be a protector, and no protection can avail against the will of the prophet of God." Even his own mother, Om'm Ha'biba, the wife of Mahomet, on whom Abu Sofian had calculated for influence, added to his mortification, for on his offering to seat himself on a mat in her dwelling, she hastily folded it up, and gave it to her slave. Y is the bed of the prophet of God, and too sacred to be made the resting-place of a adulterer.

The cup of humiliation was full to overflowing, and in the bitterness of his heart Abu Sofian cursed his daughter. He now turned again to Ali, beseeching his advice in the desperate state of his embassy.

"I can advise nothing better," replied Ali, "than for thee to promise, as the head of the Koreishites, a continued protection; and then to return to thy home."

"But thinkst thou that promise will be of any avail?"

"I think not," replied Ali dryly; "but I know not to the contrary."

In pursuance of this advice, Abu Sofian repaired to the mosque, and made public declaration, in behalf of the Koreishites, that on their part the treaty of peace should be faithfully maintained; after which he returned to Mecca, deeply humiliated as the result of his mission.

He was received with scoffs by the Koreishites, who observed that his declaration of peace availed nothing without the concurrence of Mahomet.

**CHAPTER XXX.**

**SURPRISE AND CAPTURE OF MECCA.**

Mahomet now prepared for a secret expedition to take Mecca by surprise. His allies were summoned from all quarters to Medina; but no intimation was given of the object of the march.

All the roads leading to Mecca were barred to prevent any intelligence of his movements being carried to the Koreishites. With all his precautions the secret came near being discovered. Among his followers, fugitives from Mecca, was one named Hatch, whose family had remained behind, and were without connections or friends to take an interest in their welfare. Hatch now thought to gain favor for them among the Koreishites, by betraying the plans of Mahomet. He accordingly wrote a letter revealing the intended enterprise, and gave it in charge to a singing woman, named Sara, a Haschemite slave, who undertook to carry it to Mecca.

She was already on the road when Mahomet was apprised of the treachery of Hatch and five others, well mounted, who, with no interest in their welfare. Hatch, on being taxed with his perfidy, acknowledged it, but pleaded his anxiety to secure favor for his destitute family, and his certainty that the letter would be harmless, and of no avail against the purposes of the apostle of God. Omar spurred at his excuses, and would have struck all his head; but Mahomet, calling to mind that Hatch had fought bravely in support of the faith in the battle of the Beder, admitted his excuses and forgave him.

The prophet departed with ten thousand men on this momentous enterprise. Omar, who had charge of regulating the march and appointing the encampments, led the army by lonely passes of the mountains; prohibiting the sound of a trump or of a drum, or of any thing else that could betray the presence of a warrior. All the provisions were taken by the uncle of Al Abbas, who had now come forth with his family from Mecca, to rally under the standard of the faith. Mahomet received him gratefully, yet with a hint at his tardiness.

"Thou art the last of the emigrants," said he, "as I was the last of the prophets." Al Abbas sent his family forward to Medina, while he remained with his escort and the expedition. The army reached the valley of Marr Azazar, near to the sacred city, without being discovered. It was midnight when they silently pitched their tents, and now Omar for the first time permitted them to light their watchfires.

In the mean time, though Al Abbas had joined the standard of the faith in all sincerity, yet he was sorely disappointed at seeing his nephew advancing against Mecca with such a powerful force and such hostile intent, and feared the entire destruction of the Koreishites, unless they could be persuaded in time to capitulate. In the dead of night they made their way a path through the sand for Auch Fadda, and rode forth to reconnoiter.

In skirting the camp they heard the tramp of men and sound of voices. A scouting party were bringing
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

In two prisoners captured near the city, Al Abhas approached, and found the captives to be Abu Sofian and one of his captains. They were conducted to the watchfire of Omar, who recognized Abu Sofian by the light. "God be praised," cried he, "I am Abu Sofian, with no weapon in my hands, and without conditions." His ready scintilla might have given fatal significance to his words, had not Al Abhas stepped forward and taken Abu Sofian under his protection, until the will of the prophet should be known. Omar rushed to meet him, but Al Abhas would not demand the life of the prisoner; but Al Abhas, taking the latter up behind him, put spurs to his mule, and was the first to reach the tent of the prophet, followed hard by Omar, clamoring for the head of Abu Sofian.

Mahomet thus beheld in his power his inveterate enemy, who had driven him from his home and country, and persecuted his family and friends; but he beheld in him the father of his wife Oum Haliba, and felt such remorse as well as sympathy. He postened all decision in the matter until morning, giving Abu Sofian in charge of Al Abhas.

When the captain was brought before him on the following day, Al Abhas, "Omar," cried he, "is it not at length time to know that there is no other God but God?"

"That I already knew," replied Abu Sofian.

"Good! And it is not time for thee to acknowledge me as the apostle of God?"

"Deader art thou to me than my father and my mother," replied Abu Sofian, using an oriental phrase of compliments: "but I am not yet prepared to acknowledge thee a prophet."

"Out upon thee!" cried Omar, "let go instantly to the host, or thy head shall be severed from thy body."

To these threats were added the counsels and entreaties of Al Abhas, who showed himself a real friend in need. The rancour of Abu Sofian had already been partly subdued by the unexpected mildness of Mahomet; so, making a merit of necessity, he acknowledged the divinity of his mission; furnishing an illustration of the Moslem maxims, "To convince stubborn unbelievers there is no argument like the sword." Haste may not embraced the faith, Abu Sofian obtained favorable terms for the people of Mecca, in case of their submission. None were to be harmed who should remain quietly in their houses; or should take refuge in the houses of Abu Sofian and Hakim; or under the banner of Abu Kawaila.

That Abu Sofian might take back to the city a proper idea of the force brought against it, he was stationed with Al Abhas at a narrow defile where the whole army passed in review. As the various Arab tribes marched by with their different arms and ensigns, Al Abhas explained the name and country of each. Abu Sofian was surprised at the number, discipline, and equipment of the troops; for the Moslems had been rapidly improving in the means and art of war; but when Mahomet approached, in the midst of a chosen guard, armed at all points and glittering with steel, his astonishment passed all bounds.

"There is no withstanding this," cried he to Al Abhas, "let me view in the path—" truly thy nephew wields a mighty power."

"Even so," replied the other; "return then to thy people; provide for their safety, and warn them not to oppose the apostle of God."

Abu Sofian hastened back to Mecca, and assembling the inhabitants, told them of the mighty host at hand, led on by Mahomet, of the favorable terms offered in case of their submission, and of the vanity of all resistance. As Abu Sofian had been the soul of the opposition to Mahomet and his doctrines, he was to produce acquiescence in an event which seemed to leave no alternative. The greater part of the inhabitants, therefore, prepared to witness, without resistance, the entry of the prophet.

Mahomet, in the mean time, who knew no want of resistance he might meet with in the careful distribution of his forces as he approached the city. While the main body marched directly forward, strong detachments advanced over the hills on each side. To Ali, who commanded a large body of cavalry, was confided the sacred banner, which he was to plant on Mount Hadjun, and maintain it there until joined by the prophet. Express orders were given to all the generals to practise forbearance, and in no instance to make the first attack; for it was the earnest desire of Mahomet to win Mecca by moderation and eloquence, rather than subdue it by violence. It is true, all who offered armed resistance were to be cut down, but none were to be harmed who submitted peacefully. The Moslems exclaim, in the heat of their zeal, that "no place was sacred on the day of battle," instantly appointed a cooler-headed commander in his place.

The main body of the army advanced without molestation. Mahomet brought up the rear-guard, clad in a scarlet vest, and mounted on his favorite camel Al Kaswa. He proceeded but slowly, however; his movements being impeded by the multitude which thronged around him. Arrived on Mount Hadjun, where Ali had planted the standard of the faith, a tent was pitched for him. Here he alighted, put off his scarlet garment, and assumed the black turban and the pilgrim garb. Casting a look down into the plain, however, he beheld, with grief and indignation, the gleam of swords and lances, and Khaled, who commanded the left wing, in a full career of carnage. His troops, composed of Arab tribes converted to the faith, had been galled by a flight of arrows from a body of Koresites; whereupon the camp was charged by the thickest of them with sword and lance; his troops pressed after him; they put the enemy to flight, entered the gates of Mecca pell-mell with them, and nothing but the swift commands of Mahomet preserved the city from a general massacre.

The carnage being stopped, and no further opposition manifested, the prophet descended from the mount and approached the gates, seated on his camel, accompanied by Abu Bekr on his right hand, and followed by Osama, the son of Zeid. The sun was just rising as he entered the gates of his native city, with the glory of a conqueror, but the garb and humility of a pilgrim. He entered, repeating verses of the Koran, which he said had been revealed to him at Medina, and were prophetic of the event. He triumphed in the spirit of a religious zealot, not of a warrior. "Unto God," said he, "belong the hosts of heaven and earth, and God is mighty and wise. Now hath God verified unto his apostle the vision, wherein he said, ye shall surely enter the holy temple of Mecca in full safety.

Without dismounting, Mahomet repaired directly to the Caaba, the scene of his early devotions, the sacred shrine of worship since the days of the patriarchs, and which he regarded as the primitive temple of the one true God.
MAHOMET and His Successors.

made the seven circuits round the sacred edifice, a reverential rite from the days of religious purity, when the black stone was untouched by the hand of man; in the midst of his triumph, however, he rejected all homage paid exclusively to himself, and all regal authority. Why dost thou tremble? said he, to a man who had returned to his venerable officer, and so won him by his kindliness that he not merely threw open the doors, but subsequently embraced the faith of Islam; whereupon he was continued in his office.

Mahomet now proceeded to execute the great object of his religious aspirations, the purifying of the sacred edifice from the symbols of idolatry, with which it was crowded. All the idols in and about it, to the number of three hundred and sixty, were thrown down and destroyed. Among these the most renowned was Hohal, an idol brought from Balka, in Syria, and failed to have the power of granting rain. It was, of a great object of worship among the inhabitants of the Beni Zenab. There were statues of Abraham and Ishmael also, represented with divining arrows in their hands; "an outrage on their memories," said Mahomet, "being symbols of a diabolical art which they had never practised."

In reverence of their memories, therefore, these statues were removed. There were also paintings, also depicting angels in the guise of beautiful women. "The angels," said Mahomet indignant, "are no such beings. There are celestial hours provided in paradise for the solace of true believers; but angels are ministering spirits of the Most High, and of too pure a nature to admit of sex." The paintings were accordingly obliterated.

Even a dove, curiously carved of wood, he broke with his own hands, and cast upon the ground, as savoring of idolatry.

From the Kaaba he proceeded to the well of Zem Zem. It was sacred in his eyes, from his belief that it was the identical well revealed by the angel to Hagar and Ishmael, in their extremity; he considered the rite connected with it as pure and holy, and continued it in his faith. As he approached the well, his uncle Al Abbas presented him a cruse of the water, that he might drink, and make the customary ablution. In company with his uncle Abul Abbas, he appointed his uncle guardian of the cup of the well; an office of sacred dignity, which his descendants retain to this day.

At noon one of his followers, at his command, summoned the people to prayer from the top of the Kaaba, a custom continued ever since throughout Mahometan countries, from minarets or towers provided in every mosque. He also established the Kebiz, toward which the faithful in every part of the world should turn their faces in prayer.

He afterward addressed the people in a kind of sermon, setting forth his principal doctrines, and announcing the triumph of the faith as a fulfillment of prophetic promise. Shouts burst from the multitude in reply. "Allah Achkhar! God is great!" cried they. "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

The religious ceremonials being ended, Mahomet took his station on the hill of Al Sala, and the people of Mecca, male and female, passed before him half a mile of dignity, it is said, to the prophet of God, and renouncing idolatry.

This was in compliance with a revelation in the Koran: "God hath sent his apostle with the declaration, and the religion of truth that he may exalt the same over every religion. Verily, they are in the hand of God; the hand of God is over their hands." In the midst of his triumph, however, he rejected all homage paid exclusively to himself, and all regal authority. Why dost thou tremble? said he, to a man who had returned to his venerable officer, and so won him by his kindliness that he not merely threw open the doors, but subsequently embraced the faith of Islam; whereupon he was continued in his office.

His lenity was equally conspicuous. The once hated daughter of the Koreishites appeared with abject countenances before the man they had persecuted, for their lives were in his power.

"What can you expect at my hands?" demanded he sternly.

"Mercy, oh generous brother! Mercy, oh son of a generous line!"

"Be it so!" cried he, with a mixture of scorn and pity. "Away! be gone! ye are free!"

Some of his followers who had shared his persecutions were ascribed to our countrymen, as objects of bloody revenge, and mummurated at his lenency; but he persisted in it, and established Mecca as an inviolable sanctuary, or place of refuge, so to continue until the final resurrection. He reserved to himself, however, the right on the present occasion to punish a few of the people of the city, who had grievously offended, and been expressly proscribed; yet even these, for the most part, were ultimately forgiven.

Among the Koreishite women who advanced to take the oath he described, the wife of Abu Sofian; the savage woman who had animated the infidels at the battle of Ohod, and had gnawed the heart of Hamza, in revenge for the death of her father. On the present occasion she had disguise herself to escape detection; but seeing the eyes of the prophet fixed on her, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "I am Henda; pardons! pardon!" Mahomet pardoned her—and was requited for his clemency by her making his doctrines the subject of contemptuous sarcasms.

Among those destined to punishment was Wackas, the Ethiopian, who had slain Hamza, but he had fled from Mecca on the entrance of the army. Notwithstanding, he appeared himself before the prophet, and made the profession of faith before he was recognized. He was forgiven, and made to relate the particulars of the death of Hamza; after which Mahomet dismissed him with an injunction never again to come into his presence. He survived until the time of the caliphate of Omar, during whose reign he was repeatedly scourged for drunkenness.

Another of the proscribed was Abdallah Ibn Saad, a young Koreishite, distinguished for wit and humor, as well as for warlike accomplishments. As he held the pen of a ready writer, Mahomet had employed him to reduce the revelations of the Koran to writing. In so doing he had often altered and amended the text; nay, it was discovered that, through carelessness or design, he had occasionally falsified it, and rendered it absurd. He had even made his alterations and amendments matter of scoff and jest among his companions, observing that if the Koran proved Mahomet to be a prophet, he himself must be, and his interpolations being detected, he had fled in disguise from the prophet, and returned to Mecca, where he relapsed into idolatry. On the capture of the city his foster-
brother concealed him in his house until the tumult had subsided, when he led him into the presence of the prophet, and supplicated for his pardon. This was the first act of generosity of Mahomet. The offender had betrayed his confidence; held him up to ridicule; questioned his apostolic mission, and struck at the very foundation of his faith. For some time he maintained a stern silence, hoping, as he afterwards declared, some day to make him flinck off the offender's head. No one, however, stirred; so yielding to the entreaties of Othman, he granted a pardon. Abdullah instantly renewed his profession of faith, and continued a good Mussulman. His name will be found in the wars of the Caliphs. He was one of the most dexterous horsemen of his tribe, and evinced his ruling passion to the last, for he died repeating the hundredth chapter of the Koran, entitled "The war steeds." Perhaps it was one which had experienced his inter•

Another of the proscribed was Akrema Ibn Abu Jali, who on many occasions had manifested a deadly hostility to the prophet, inherited from his predecessor, and he had been driven out of Mecca. Akrema threw himself upon a fleet horse, and escaped by an opposite gate, leaving behind him a beautiful wife, Omm Hakem, to whom he was recently married. She embraced the faith of Islam, but was so devoted to her husband, in attempting to escape by sea to Yemen, that he had been driven back to port. Hastening to the presence of the prophet, she threw herself on his knees before him, loose, dishevelled, and unveiled, and implored grace for her husband. The prophet, probably more moved by her beauty than by her grief, raised her gently from the earth, and told her her prayer was granted. Hurrying to the seaport, she arrived just as the vessel in which her husband had embarked was about to sail. She returned, mounted behind him, to Mecca, and brought him, a true believer, into the presence of the prophet. On this occasion, however, she was so closely veiled that her dark eyes alone were visible. Mahomet received Akrema's profession of faith; made him commander of a battalion of Hawazenites, as the dower of his beautiful and devoted wife, and bestowed liberal donations on the youthful couple. Like many other converted enemies, Akrema proved a valiant soldier in the wars of the faith, and after signalizing himself on various occasions, fell in battle, hacked and pierced by swords and lances.

The whole conduct of Mahomet, on gaining possession of Mecca, showed that it was a religious more than a military triumph. His heart, too, softened toward his native place, now that it was in his power; his resentments were extinguished by success, and his inclinations were all toward forgiveness.

The Ansarians, or Auxiliaries of Medina, who had labored in the field of battle, asserted that their success might prove fatal to their own interests. They watched him anxiously, as one day, after praying on the hill Al Safa, he sat gazing down victoriously upon Mecca, the scene of his early struggles and recent glory. "Verily," said he, "had I not been driven out of thee by my own tribe, never would I have left thee!" On hearing this, the Ansarians said, one to another, "Behold! Mahomet is conqueror and master of his rest of cities and the whole earth!"

"Verily," said he, "and in the light of Allah! HAD I not been driven out of thee my own tribe, never would I have left thee!" On hearing this, the Ansarians said, one to another, "Behold! Mahomet is conqueror and master of his rest of cities and the whole earth!"

They were heard and his ear, and he turned to them with reproachful warmth: "No!" cried he, "when you plightet to me your allegiance, I swore to live and die with you. I should not act as the servant of God, nor as his ambassador, were I to leave you."

He acted according to his words, and Medina, which had been his city of refuge, continued to be his residence to his dying day.

Mahomet did not content himself with purifying the Cusha and abolishing idolatry from his native city; he sent forth his captains at the head of armed bands, to cast down the idols of different tribes set up in the neighboring towns and villages, and to convert their worshippers to his faith.

Of all these military apostles, none was so zealous as Khaled, whose spirit was still fermenting with recent conversion. Arriving at Yathrib, the resort of the idolatrous Koreishites, to worship at the shrine of Uzza, he penetrated the sacred grove, laid waste the temple, and cast the idol to the ground. A horrible bag, black and naked, with dishevelled hair, rushed forth, shrieking and wringing her hands; but Khaled seized her hair, and put an end to the last of her sorrows. He reported the deed to Mahomet, expressing a doubt whether she was a priestess or evil spirit. "Of a truth," replied the prophet, "it was Uzza herself whom thou hast destroyed.

On a similar errand into the neighboring province of Yathrib, Khaled had with him three hundred and fifty men, some of them of the tribe of Suleim, and was accompanied by Abu Dairahman, one of the earliest proselytes of the faith. His instructions from the prophet were to preach peace and good-will, to moderate the faith, and to restore the peace from violence, unless assaulted. When about two days' journey on his way to Yathrib, he had to pass through the country of the tribe of Yathrib, Most of the inhabitants had embraced the faith, but some, were still of the Sabean religion. On a former occasion this tribe had plundered and slain an uncle of Khaled, also the father of Abu Dairahman, and several Suleimites, as they were returning from Arabia Felix. Dreading that Khaled and his host might take vengeance for these misdeeds, they armed themselves on their approach.

Khaled was secretly rejoiced at seeing them ride forth to meet him in this military array. Hailing them with an imperious tone, he demanded whether they were Moslem or infidel. They replied, in faltering accents, "Moslems." "Why, then, come ye forth to meet us with weapons in your hands?" "Because we have enemies among some of the tribes who may attack us unawares."

Khaled sternly ordered them to dismount and lay by their weapons. Some complied, and were instantly seized and bound; the rest fled. Taking their flight as a confession of guilt, he pursued them with great slaughter, laid waste the country, and in the effervescence of his zeal even slew some of the prisoners.

Mahomet, when he heard of this unprompted outrage, raised his hands to heaven, and called God to witness that he was innocent of it. Khaled, when upbraiding his return, would no longer flatter the blame on Abu Dairahman, but Mahomet rejected indignantly an imputation against one of the earliest and worthiest of his followers. The generous Ali was sent forthwith to restore the peace to the people of Yathrib, establish himself there, and forsake Medina. Their words reached his ear, and he turned to
mission congenial with his nature, and he executed it faithfully. Inquiring into the losses and sufferings of each individual, he paid him to his full content. When every loss was made good, and all blood atoned for, he distributed the reparation promptly, gladdening every heart by his bounty. So Ali received the thanks and praises of the prophet, but the vindictive Khalid was rebuked even by those whom he had thought to please.

"Behold!" said he to Abda 'Ibrahim, "I have avenged the death of thy father." "Rather say," replied the other indignantly, "thou hast avenged the death of thine uncle. Thou hast disgraced the faith by an act worthy of an idolater."

CHAPTER XXXI.


While the military apostles of Mahomet were spreading their doctrines at the point of the sword in the plains, a hostile storm was gathering in the mountains. A league was formed among the Thakiffites, the Hawazins, the Joshimites, the Sadites, and several other of the hardy mountain tribes of bedouins, to check a power which threatened to subjugate all Arabia. The Sadites, or Iben Sad, here mentioned, are the same pastoral Arabs among whom Mahomet had been nurtured in his childhood, and in whose valley, according to tradition, his heart had been plucked forth and purified by an angel. The Thakiffites, who were foremost in the league, were a powerful tribe, possessing the strong mountain town of Tayef and its productive territory. They were bigoted idolaters, maintaining at their capital the far-famed shrine of the female idol Al Lai. The reader will remember the ignominious treatment of Mahomet, when he attempted to preach his doctrine as a prophet among them, in the pulpit of their mosque, and ultimately driven with insult from the gates. It was probably a dread of vengeance at his hands which now made the Thakifeke so active in forming a league against him.

Malec Ibn Auf, the chief of the Thakiffites, had the general command of the confederacy. He appointed the valley of Autas, between Honein and Tayef, as the place of assembly and encampment; and as he knew the sickle nature of the Arabs, and their proneness to return home on the least caprice, he ordered the tents to be brought with them, their families and effects. They assembled, accordingly, from various parts, to the number of four thousand fighting men; but the camp was crowded with women and children, and incubbered with folds and herds.

The expedition of Malec Ibn Auf to secure the adhesion of the warriors was strongly disapproved by Doraï, the chief of the Joshimites. This was an ancient warrior, upward of a hundred years old; meagre as a skeleton, almost blind, and so feeble that he had to be borne in a litter on the back of a camel. Still, though unable to mingle in battle, he was potent in council from his military experience. This veteran of the desert advised that the women and children should be sent home forthwith, and the army relieved from all unnecessary incumbrances. His advice was not taken, and the valley of Autas continued to present rather the pastoral encampment of a tribe than the hasty levy of an army.

In the mean time Mahomet, hearing of the gathering of the Thakiffites, determined to intercept it, at the head of about six thousand troops, partly fugitives from Mecca and auxiliaries from Medina, partly Arabs of the desert, some of whom had not yet embraced the faith.

In the desert field he wore a polished cuirass and helmet, and rode his favorite white mule Dal-dal, seldom mounting a charger, as he rarely miredled in actual fight. His recent successes and his superiority in numbers made him confident of an easy victory; he entered the mountains without precaution, and pushing forward for the enemy's camp at Autas, came to a deep gloomy valley on the confines of Honein. The troops marched without order through the rugged defile, each one choosing his own path. Suddenly they were assailed by showers of darts, stones, and arrows, which lay two or three of Mahomet's soldiers dead at his feet, and wounded several others. Malec, in fact, had taken post with his ablest warriors against the heights commanding this narrow gorge, precipice, and cleft, and cavern was garrisoned with archers and slingers, and some rushed down to contend at close quarters.

Struck with a sudden panic, the Moslems turned and fled. In vain did Mahomet call upon them to follow him; the tide of battle rolled away from the prophet of God. Each man sought his own safety, and an escape from this horrible valley.

For a moment all seemed lost, and some recent but unwilling converts betrayed an exultation in the supposed reverse of the prophet.

"By heavens!" cried Abu Sofian, as he looked after the flying Moslems, "nothing will stop them until they reach the sea."

"Ay," exclaimed another, "the magic power of Mahomet is at an end!"

A third, who cherished a lurking revenge for the death of his father, slain by the Moslems in the battle of Ohod, would have killed the prophet in the confusion, had he not been surrounded and preserved by his tribe. Mahomet, under the impression of despair, spurred his mule upon the enemy; but Ali Abbas seized the bridle, stayed him from rushing to certain death, and at the same time put up a shout that echoed through the narrow valley. Ali Abbas was renowned for strength of lungs, and at this critical moment it was the salvation of the army. The Moslems rallied when they heard his well-known voice, and finding they were not pursued returned to the combat. The enemy had descended from the heights, and now a bloody conflict ensued in the thicket. "The furnace is kindling," cried Mahomet exultingly, as he saw the glitter of arms and flash of weapons. Stopping from his saddle and grasping a handful of dust, he sent it in the air toward the enemy. "Confusion on their faces!" cried he, "may this dust blind them!" They were blinded accordingly, and fled in confusion, say the Moslem writers; though their defeat may rather be attributed to the Moslem superiority of force and the zeal inspired by the exhortations of the prophet. And the Thakiffites took refuge in the distant city of Tayef, the rest retreated to the camp in the valley of Autas.

While Mahomet remained in the valley of Honein, he sent Abu Amir, with a strong force, to attack the defense of Autas. Abu Amir composed his army of a thousand horse and a thousand foot. His camp was surrounded with incumbrances. His followers were so few that his defense was not safe and he sent for Doraï, his chief of the Joshimites, to reinforce him. Doraï, with several thousands of troops, marched with him, and served his protection and supported their forces in the battle. Mahomet continued his victorious march against the enemy, and finally took the city of Autas with an insignificant number of men.
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Abu Musa's advice was now continued to be of importance to the garrison. 

The Hawazins had attacked the camp. The Hawazins made a brave 

defence. Abu Amir was slain; but his nephew, Abu Musa, took the command, and obtained a 

complete victory, killing many of the enemy. The camp afforded great booty and many captives, from the plundering and burning of the Haram. Abu Musa, in embezzling with it the families and effects, the flocks and herds of the confederates; and from his disregard of the sage advice of the veteran Doraid. The fate of that ancient warrior of the desert is worthily of mention. While the Moslem troops scuttled through the camp, were intent on booty, Rahia Ibn Rabi, a young Suleimite, 

observed a litter borne off on the back of a camel, and pursued it, supposing it to contain some beautiful female. On overtaking it, and drawing the curtain, he beheld the skeleton form of the ancient Doraid. Vexed and disappointed, he struck at him, and his sword broke in his hand. "Thy mother," said the old man sneeringly, "has furnished thee with a weapon; thou wilt find a better one hanging behind my saddle." 

The youth seized it, but as draw it from the scabbard, Doraid perceiving that he was a Suleimite, exclaimed, "Tell thy mother thou hast slain Doraid, Suleimite, who has avenged the death of her tribesman in the day of battle." The words were ineffectual; the skull of the veteran was cloven with his own scimitar. When Rahia, on his return to Mecca, told his mother of the deed, "It is not indeed a murder befitting the race," said she reproachfully. "Three women of thy family has Doraid Ibn Sinna treed from captivity." 

Abu Musa returned in triumph to Mahomet, making a great display of the spoils of war and the captives. He, accordingly, ordered to beheads the leaders of the Hawazins, and the women and children whom he had captured. One of the female captives threw herself at the feet of the prophet, and implored his mercy as his foster-sister Al Shima, the daughter of his nurse Halima, who had nurtured him in the Snalit valley. Mahomet sought in vain to recognize in her withered features the bright playmate of his infancy, but she laid bare her back, and showed a scar where he had hit her in their childish gambols. He no longer doubted; but he knew, as indeed all his heart, he must choose either to remain with him and under his protection, or to return to her home and kindred. A scruple rose among the Moslems with respect to their female captives. Could they take to themselves such, as were married, without commencing the sin of adultery? The revelation of a text of the Koran put an end to the difficulty. "Ye shall not take to wife free women who are married unless your right hand shall have made them slaves." According to this all women taken in war may be made the wives of the victors, though their former husbands be living. The victors of Honai failed not to take immediate advantage of this law. 

Leaving the captives and the booty in a secure place, and properly guarded, Mahomet now proceeded in pursuit of the Thakites who had taken refuge in Tayef. A sentiment of vengeance mingled with his pious ardor as he approached this idolatrous place, the scene of former injury and revenge, and beheld the gate whence he had often been ignominiously repulsed. The walls were too strong, however to be stormed, and there was a protecting castle; for the first time, therefore, he had recourse to catapults, battering rams, and other engines used in sieges, but unknown in Arabian warfare. These were prepared under the direction of Salma al Farsi, the converted Persian. 

The besieged, however, repulsed every assault, galling the assailants with darts and arrows, and pouring down melted iron upon the shields of the Moslem army. The Moslem troops, partly ill-trained and韦ie of whom had been completely disarmed and driven into the hills by Nabil the horse-thief, met with some success in the mountains, but the Hawazins, as they were unable to take the walls. Mahomet now laid waste the fields, the orchards, and vineyards, and proclaimed freedom to all slaves who should desert from the city. For twenty days he carried on an ineffectual siege—daily offering up prayers midway between the two camps. He would have raised the siege, but his troops murdered; whereas he ordered an assault upon one of the gates. As usual, it was obstinately defended; numbers were slain on both sides; Abu Sulian, who lost valiantly on the occasion, lost an eye, and the Moslems were finally repulsed.

Mahomet now broke up his camp, promising his troops to renew the siege at a future date, and proceeded to the place where he was to receive the spoils of his expedition. These, say Arabian writers, amounted to twenty-four thousand camels, forty thousand sheep, four thousand ounces of silver, and six thousand captives. In a little while at the request of his confederates, he capitulated with his heart, "Which is dearest to you?" said he to the Hawazins, "your families or your goods?" They replied, "Our families." "Enough," rejoined he, "as far as it concerns Al Abbas and myself, we are ready to give up our share of the prisoners; but there are others to be moved. Come to me after noonidt prayer, and say, We implore the ambassador of God that he counsel his followers to return us our women and children; and we implore his followers that they intercede with him in our favor." 

The envoys did as advised. Mahomet and Al Abbas immediately negotiated the terms of the capitulation of the tribes; their purpose was followed by all excepting the tribes of Tamim and Fazara, but Mahomet brought them to consent by promising them a sultanhip of the prisoners taken in the next expedition. Thus the intercession of Halima procured the deliverance of all the captive's of the tribe. A traditional anecdote shows the deference with which Mahomet treated this humble protector of his infant. "I was sitting with the prophet," said one of his disciples, "when all of a sudden a woman presented herself, and he rose and spread his clothe for her to sit down upon. When she went away, it was observed, "That woman sulked the prophet." Mahomet now sent an envoy to Malec, who remained shut up in Tayef, offering the restitution of all the spoils taken from him at Honai, and a present of one hundred camels, if he would submit and embrace the faith. Malec was quartered and converted by this liberal offer, and brought several of his confederate tribes with him to the standard of the prophet. He was immediately made their chief; and proved, subsequently, to be a severe scourge in the cause of the faith to his late associates the Thakites.
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEATH OF THE PROPHET'S DAUGHTER ZAINAB—BIRTH OF HIS SON IBRAHIM—DEPUTATIONS FROM DISTANT TRIBES—POETICAL CONTEST IN PRESENCE OF THE PROPHET—HIS SUSCEPTIBILITY TO THE CHARMS OF POETRY—REDUCTION OF THE CITY OF TAYF; DESTRUCTION OF ITS IDOLS—NEGOTIATION WITH AMIR IBN TAFIEL, A FROW MUBIN CHIEF; INFIDELITY OF THE LAMP—INTERVIEW OF ABI, ANOTHER CHIEF, WITH MAHOMET.

Shortly after his return to Medina, Mahomet was afflicted by the death of his daughter Zainab, the same who had been given up to him in exchange for her husband Abul Aass, the unbeliever, captured at the battle of Beder. The domestic affections of the prophet were strong, and he left deeply this bereavement; he was consoled, however, by the birth of a son, by his favorite concubine Maryamah. He called the child Ibrahim, and rejoiced in the hope that this son of his age, his only male issue living, would continue his name to after generations.

His fame, either as a prophet or a conqueror, was now spreading to the uttermost parts of Arabia, and deputies from distant tribes were soon arriving at Medina, some acknowledging him as a prophet and embracing Islamism; others submitting to him as a temporal sovereign, and agreeing to participate in the spoils of war; and the prophet, who was the agent of the moment; his views expanded with his fortune, and he now proceeded with statesmanlike skill to regulate the fiscal concerns of his rapidly growing empire. Under the auspicious appellation of alms, a contribution was levied for the purposes of the profession of faith, and the expenses of war. For every adult male a horse or a camel, or two donkeys, was to be provided; whoever was unable to perform this act was considered as disloyal to the cause of God.

The total amount in the way of these tributes amounted to a large sum, the principal portion being given to the treasurer of the war.
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The prophet cherished a deep resentment against this stiff-necked and most idolatrous city, which had at one time rejected him from its gates, and at another time repulsed him from its walls. His terms were conversion and unqualified submission. The ambassadors readily consented to embrace Islamism themselves, but pleaded the weight of sudden events which caused them to rejoin their ancient faith. In their name, therefore, they entreated permission for three years longer to worship their ancient idol Al Lat. The request was peremptorily denied. They were to be at least one month's delay, to prepare the public mind. This likewise was refused, all idolatry being incompatible with the worship of God. They then entreated to be excused from the observance of the daily prayers.

There can be no true religion without prayer," replied Mahomet. In fine, they were compelled to make an unconditional submission.

Abu Sofian, Ibn Harb, and Al Mogheira were sent to Tayef, to destroy the idol Al Lat, which was of stone. Abu Sofian struck it at a blow upon a stone, Mahomet vanished, to proclaim their hopes, and the statue, at one blow of a sledge-hammer. He then stripped it of the costly robes, the bracelets, the necklaces, and took the gold and precious stones wherewith it had been decked by its worshippers, and left it in fragments on the ground, with the women of Tayef weeping and lamenting over it.

Among those who still defied the power of Mahomet was the Bedouin chief Amr Ibn Tufail, head of the powerful tribe of Amir. He was renowned for personal beauty and princely magnificence; he was of a haughty spirit, and his magnificence partook of ostentation. The great taq of Okaz, between Tayef and Nakhlah, where merchants, pilgrims, and poets were accustomed to assemble from all parts of Arabia, a herald would proclaim: Whoso wants a beast of burden, let him come to Amr; is any one hungry, let him come to Amr, and he will be fed; is he persecuted, let him fly to Amr, and he will be protected.

Amir had dazed every one by his generosity, and his ambition had kept pace with his popularity. The rising power of Mahomet inspired him with jealousy. When advised to make terms with him: "I have sworn," replied he haughtily, "never to rest until I had won all Arabia; and shall I do homage to this Korashite?"

The recent conquests of the Moslems, however, brought him to listen to the counsels of his friends. He repaired to Medina, and coming into the presence of Mahomet, demanded frankly, "Will thou be my friend?"

"Never, by Allah!" was the reply, "unless thou dost embrace the faith of Islam."

"And if I do, will thou content thyself with the sway over the Arabs of the cities, and leave to me the Bedouins of the deserts?"

Mahomet replied in the negative.

The Thakifites, a powerful tribe to this day, possessing the same fertile region on the eastern declivity of the Hedjas chain of mountains. Some inhabit the ancient town of Tayef, others dwell in tents and have flocks of goats and sheep. They can raise two thousand mounts, and defend their stronghold of Tayef in the wars with the Wahabys.
"What then will I gain by embracing thy faith?"

"The fellowship of all true believers."

"I covet no such fellowship!" replied the proud Amir; and with a warlike menace he returned to his tribe.

A Bedouin chieftain of a different character was Adi, a prince of the tribe of Tai. His father had been famous, not merely for warlike deeds, but for boundless generosity, insomuch that the Arabs were accustomed to say, "as generous as Adi." Adi was a Christian; and however he might have inherited his father's generosity, was deficient in his valor. Alarmered at the ravaging expeditions of the Moslems, he ordered a young Arab, who tended his camels in the desert, to have several of the strongest and fleetest at hand, and to give instant notice of the approach of an enemy.

It happened that Ali, who was scaring that part of the country with a band of horsemen, came in sight, bearing with him two banners, one white, the other black. The young Bedouin beheld them from afar, and ran to Adi, exclaiming, "I see their banners at a distance!" Adi instantly placed his wife and children on the camels, and fled to Syria. His sister, surnamed Safana, or the Pearl, fell into the hands of the Moslems, and was carried with other captives to Medina. Seeing Mahomet near to the place of his confinement, she cried to him:

"Have pity upon me, oh messenger of God! My father is dead, and he should not have protected and abandoned me. I have pity upon me, oh ambassador of God, as God may have pity upon thee!"

"Who is thy protector?" asked Mahomet.

"Adi, the son of Hatim."

"He is a fugitive from God and his prophet," replied Mahomet, and passed on.

On the following day, as Mahomet was passing by, Ali, who had been touched by the woman's beauty and her grief, whispered to her to arise and entreat the prophet once more. She accordingly repeated her prayer. "Oh prophet of God! my father is dead; my brother should have been my protector, has abandoned me. I have mercy upon me, as God will have mercy upon thee!"

Mahomet turned to her benignantly. "Be it so, said he; and he not only set her free, but gave her raiment and a camel, and sent her by the first caravan bound to Syria.

Arriving in presence of her brother, she upbraided him with his desertion. He acknowledged his fault, and was forgiven. She then urged him to make peace with Mahomet; "he is truly a prophet," said she, "and will soon have universal sway; hasten, therefore, in time to win his favor."

The politic Adi listened to her counsel, and hastening to Medina, greeted the prophet, who was in the mosque. His own account of the interview presents a striking picture of the simple manners and character of the man of Mahomet, now in the full exercise of sovereign power, and the career of rapid conquest. "He asked me," says Adi, "my name, and when I gave it, invited me to accompany him to his home. On the way a young woman accosted him, and stopped and talked to her of her affairs. This thought I, not very kindly. When we arrived at his house he gave me a leathern cushion stuffed with palm-leaves to sit upon, while he sat upon the bare ground. This, thought I, is not very princely!"

"He then asked me three times to embrace Islamism, I replied, for my own, "I know thy faith," said he, "better than thou dost thyself. As prince, thou takest one fourth of the booty from thy people. Is this Christian doctrine?" By these words I perceived him to be a prophet, who knew more than other men."

"Thou dost not incline to Islamism, continued he, "because thou seest we are poor. The time is at hand when true believers will have more wealth than will they know how to manage. Perhaps thou art deterred by seeing the small number of the Moslems in comparison with the hosts of their enemies. By Allah! in a little while a Moslem woman will be able to make a pilgrimage on her camel, alone and fearless, from Kasdeia to God's temple at Mecca. Thou thinkest, probably, that the might is in the hands of the unbelievers; know that the time is not far off when we will plant our standards on the white castles of Babylon."

The politic Adi believed in the prophecy, and forthwith embraced it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.


Mahomet had now, either by conversion or conquest, made himself sovereign of almost all Arabia. The scattered tribes, heretofore dangerous to each other, but by their disunion powerless against the rest of the world, he had united into one nation, and thus fitted for external conquest. His prophetic character gave him absolute control of the formidable power thus conjured up in the desert, and he was unequaled to lead it forth for the propagation of the faith and the extension of the Moslem power in foreign lands.

His numerous victories, and the recent affair at Maut, had at length, it is said, roused the attention of the Emperor Heraclius, who was assembling an army on the confines of Arabia to crush this new enemy. Mahomet determined to anticipate his hostilities, and to carry the standard of the faith into the very heart of Syria.

Ithitherto he had undertaken his expeditions with secrecy, imparting his plans and intentions to none but his most confidential officers, and beseeching his followers into enterprises of danger. The present campaign, however, was different from the brief predatory excursions of the Arabs, would require great preparations; an unusual force was to be assembled, and all kinds of provisions made for distant marches, and a long absence. He proclaimed openly, therefore, the object and nature of the enterprise.

There was not the usual readiness to flock to his standard. Many remembered the disastrous affair of Maut, and dreaded to come again in conflict with disciplined Roman troops. The time of year also was unpropitious for such a distant and prolonged expedition. It was the season of summer heat; the earth was parched, and the springs..."
and brooks were dried up. The date-harvest too was approaching, when the men should be at home to gather the fruit, rather than abroad on predatory enterprises.

These were artfully urged upon the people by Abdullah Ibn Obba, the Kharazidte, who continued to be the covert enemy of Mahomet, and seized every occasion to counteract his plans. "A fine season this," would he cry, "to undertake such a distant march in defiance of heat and drought, and the scorching heat of the desert! Mahomet seems to think a war with Greeks quite a matter of sport; but trust me, you will find it very different from a war of Arab against Arab. By Allah! methinks I already see your horses sweltering in the desert heat of the day, beheld a repast of viands and fresh water spread for him by his two wives in the cool shade of a tent. Pausing at the threshold, 'At this moment,' exclaimed he, 'the prophet of God is exposed to the sun and to the heat of the desert, and shall Khaithama sit here in the shade beside his beautiful wives?' By Allah! I will not enter the tent!' He immediately armed himself with sword and lance, and mounting his camel, hastened off to join the standard of the faith.

In the mean time the army, which had marched of seven days, entered the mountainous district of Hajar, inhabited in days of old by the Thamudites, one of the lost tribes of Arabia. It was the accursed region, the tradition concerning which was so many, and being heated and fatigued, beheld with delight a brook running through a verdant valley, and cool coves cut in the sides of the neighboring hills, once the abodes of the heaven-smitten Thamudites. Halting along the brook, some stopped to bathe, others began to cook and make bread, while all promised themselves cool quarters for the night in the caves.

Mahomet, in marching, kept as was wont, in the rear of the army to assist the weak, and occasionally taking advantage of the occasion to give them a few words of warning. Arriving at the place where the troops had halted, he recollected them if truth, and the traditions concerning the region, which were told him when he passed there in the days of his boyhood. Fearful of incurring the ban which was composed of Kharazidtes and their confederates, led by Abdullah Ibn Obba. This man, whom Mahomet had well denominated the Chief of the Hypocrites, encamped separately with his adherents at night, at some distance in the rear of the main army; and when the latter marched forward in the morning, lagged behind, and led his troops back to Medina. Repairing to Ali, whose dominion in the city was irksome to him and his adherents, he endeavored to make him discontented with his position, alleging that Mahomet had left him in charge of the city, and led to an incumbrance. Stung by the suggestion, Ali hastened after Mahomet, and demanded if what Abdallah and his followers said were true.

"These men," replied Mahomet, "are liars. They are the party of Hypocrites and Douhiers, who would lead Medina solely to ruin to Mahomet, and of the springs.
a small vase was filled for the prophet, not a drop

was left; having assuaged his thirst, however, and

made his ablutions, Mahomet threw what remained in the vase back into the fountain; whereupon a stream gushed forth sufficient for the

troops and all the cattle.

In this encampment Mahomet sent out his

captains to proclaim and enforce the faith, or to

exact tribute. Some of the neighboring princes

sent embassies, either acknowledging the divinity of

his mission or submitting to his temporal sway.

One of these was Jochari Ibn Kuba, prince of

Eyla, a Christian city near the Red Sea. This

was the same city about which the tradition is

told, that in days of old, when its inhabitants

were Jews, the old men were turned into swine,

and the young men into monkeys, for fishing on

the Sabbath, a judgment solemnly recorded in the

Koran.

The prince of Eyla made a covenant of peace

with Mahomet, agreeing to pay an annual tribute of

three thousand dinars or crowns of gold. The

former prince was said to have been in a preceding in

those powers.

Among the Arab princes who professed the

Christian faith, and refused to pay homage to

Mahomet, was Okaider Ibn Mabre, of the tribe of

Kenda. He resided in a castle at the foot of a

mountain, in the midst of his domain. Khaled

was sent with a troop of horse to bring him to

terms. Seeing the castle was too strong to be

conquered, he had recourse to stratagem.

One moonlight night, as Okaider and his wife

were enjoying the fresh air on the terraced roof of

the castle, they beheld an animal grazing, which

they supposed to be a wild ass from the neighboring

mountains. Okaider, who was a keen huntsman,

ordered horse and lance, and sallied forth to the

chase, accompanied by his brother Hassan and

several of his people. The wild ass proved to be a
decoy. They had not ridden far before

Khaled and his men rushed from ambush and

attacked them. They were too lightly armed to

make much resistance. Hassan was killed on the

spot, and Okaider taken prisoner; the rest fled

back to the castle, which, however, was soon sur-

rendered. The prince was ultimately set at liberty

on paying a heavy ransom and becoming a tribu-

tary.

On a trophy of the victory, Khaled sent to

Mahomet the vest stripped from the body of

Hassan. It was of silk, richly embroidered

gold. The Moslems gathered round, and examined it with admiration. "Do you

admire this vest?" said the prophet. "I

swear by him in whose hands is the soul

of Mahomet, the vest which Saad, the son of Maadi,

wears at this moment in paradise, is far more

precious." This Saad was the judge who passed

sentence of death on seven hundred Jewish captives

at Medina, at the conclusion of a former

campaign.

His troops being now refreshed by the sojourn

at Tabu, and the neighboring country being brought into subjection, Mahomet was bent upon

prosecuting the object of his campaign, and push-

ing forward, into the heart of Syria. His ardor

was, however, not shared by his followers. Intel-

ligence of immense bodies of hostile troops,

assembled on the Syrian borders, had damped the

spirits of the army. Mahomet remarked the

generally melancholy countenance of those entrusted with the command when but half completed. Calling

a council of war, he propounded the question

whether or not to continue forward. To this

Omar replied dryly, "If thou hast the command

of God to proceed further, do so." "If I have the

command of God to proceed further," observed

Mahomet, "I should not have asked thy coun-

sel." Omar felt the rebuke. He then, in a respectful
tone, represented the impolicy of advancing in the

face of the overwhelming force said to be collected on the Syrian frontier; he represented, also,

how much Mahomet had already effected in this

campaign. He had checked the threatened in-

vasion of the imperial arms, and had received the

homage and submission of various tribes and

people, from the head of the Red Sea to the

Euphrates: he advised him, therefore, to be content

for the present year with what he had achieved, and
to defer the completion of the enterprise to a fu-

ture campaign.

His counsel was adopted: for, whenever Ma-

homet was not under strong excitement, or fancied

inspiration, he was rather prone to yield up his

opinion in military matters to that of his coun-

sellors. After a sojourn of about twenty days, therefore, at Tabu, he broke up his camp, and conducted
his army back to Medina.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MEDINA—PUNISHMENT OF THOSE WHO HAD REFUSED TO JOIN THE

CAMPAIGN—EFFECTS OF EXCOMMUNICATION—

DEATH OF ABDALLAH IBN UTHAIR—DISSENSIONS IN THE PROPHET’S HAREM.

The entries of Mahomet into Medina on return-

ing from his warlike triumphs, partook of the sim-

plicity and absence of parade, which characterized

his action in former campaigns. On approaching the city, when his household came forth with the multitude to meet him, he would stop to greet them, and take

up the children of the house behind him on his

horse. It was in this simple way he entered

Medina, on returning from the campaign against

Tabu.

The arrival of an army laden with spoil, gathered

in the most distant expedition ever under-

taken by the soldiers of Islam, was an event of
too great moment, not to be hailed with trium-

phant exultation by the community. Those alone

were cast down in spirit, who had refused to

march forth with the army, or had deserted it

when on the march. All these were at first placed

under an interdict; Mahomet forbidding his faithful followers to hold any intercourse with

them. Mollified, however, by their contrition or

excuses, he gradually forgave the greater part of

them. Seven of those who continued under

interdict, finding themselves cut off from commu-

nication with their acquaintance, and marked with

opprobrium amid an existing community, became
desperate, and chained themselves to the walls of

the mosque, swearing to remain there until pardoned.

Mahomet, on the other hand, swore he

would leave them there unless otherwise com-

manded by God. Fortunately he received the

command in a revealed verse of the Koran; but, in

freeing them from their self-imposed fetters, he

exacted one third of their possessions, to be ex-

pended in the service of the faith.

Among those still under interdict were Aba

Ibn Malek, Murara Ibn Rabia, and Hilal Ibn

Omeya. These had once been among the most

zealous of professing Moslems; their defection

was, the Koran said, the work of the Evil Spirit, whose mission was to lead men astray.

Forty days had elapsed since the last interdict

and those wives still refused to renounce their

The above situation was complicated by a vivid picture in his mind of the body showing no sign of turning. He took the

sceptre from the table, and sought to turn the

prisoners to his right, and salved his conscience.

But the people, he thought, left the doors open,
it was determined that he should leave the Ed-er.

The Rabbigher had been about to

the punishment of the prisoners. However, he said, upon the fifty-fourth day they

sought to turn them to his left with his presence, and of their will might be

Omar, on a day of prayer, was praying for the le-ger, he had interdicted those who shrieked to

the holy will; but no, we are in these times, you

The people were put to the sword.

Khalil, the captain of the guard, was

ceased; a most successful, for on his return he became an apostate. He thereupon

therefore, he would be allowed to return him to prison, as 1 the highest, or any other

But the thầy was that i

over his head, on which he had great hopes to maintain. He had no wish to have an

bial consequences separate from his case, no grrazier, and the people by turning. He when his

left her to be an unexpected favorite in his own eyes, and he felt

viceroy.
was, therefore, ten times more heinous in the eyes of the prophet, than that of their neighbors, whose faith had been lukewarm and dubious. Ten days were then decreed, during which he continued imprisoned. Forty days they remained interdicted, and the interdict extended to communication with their wives.

The account given by Kaab Ibn Malke of his situation was thus excommunicated, presents a vivid picture of the power of Mahomet over the minds of his adherents. Kaab declared that everybody shunned him, or regarded him with an altered mien. His two companions in disgrace did not leave their homes; he, however, went out from place to place, but no one spake to him. He sought the mosque, sat down near the prophet, and saluted him, but his salutation was not returned.

On the forty-first day came a command, that he should separate from his wife. He now left the city, and pitched a tent on the hill of Sala, determined there to undergo in its severest rigor the punishment meted out to him. His heart, however, was dying away; the wide world, he said, appeared to grow narrow to him. On the fifty-first day came a messenger holding out the hope to be allowed to Medina, and the prophet the mosque, who received him with a radiant countenance, and said that God had forgiven him. The soul of Kaab was lifted up from the depths of despondency, and in the transports of his gratitude, he gave a portion of his wealth in atonement of his error.

Not long after the return of the army to Medina, Abdullah Ibn Obba, the Khazradite, "the chief of the Hypocrites," fell ill, so that his life was despaired of. Although Mahomet was well aware of the perils of this man, and the secret arts he had constantly practised against him, he visited him repeatedly during his illness; was with him at his dying hour, and followed his holy to the grave. There, at the urgent entreaty of the son of the deceased, he put up prayers that his sins might be forgiven.

Omar privately remonstrated with Mahomet for praying for a hypocrite; reminding him how often he had been slandered by Abdullah; but he was shrewdly answered by a text of the Koran: "Thou mayest pray for the Hypocrites or not, as thou wilt; but though thou shouldest pray seventy times, yet will they not be forgiven."

The prayers at Abdallah's grave, were put out of policy, to win favor with the Khazradites. Abdullah was the last of the deceased; and in this respect the prayers were successful, for most of the adherents of the deceased became devoted to the prophet, whose sway was thereon established in Medina. Subsequently he anointed another under the inspiration, which tormented him to pray by the deathbed, still standing by the grave of any one who died in unbelief.

But though Mahomet exercised such dominion over his disciples, and the community at large, he had great difficulty in governing his wives, and maintaining tranquillity in his harem. He appears to have acted with tolerable equity in his matrimonial concerns, assigning to each of his wives a separate habitation, of which she was sole mistress, and passing the twenty-four hours with them by turns. It so happened, that on one occasion, when he was sojourning with Mariyah, the latter left her dwelling to visit her father. Returning unexpectedly, she surprised the prophet with his favorite and fortunate slave Mariyah, the mother of his son Ibrahim. The jealousy of Hafsa was vociferous. Mahomet endeavored to pacify her,
every time and in every place, by open force or by stratagem, against those who persisted in unbelieving; no alternative would be left them but to embrace the faith or pay tribute. The holy months and the holy places would no longer afford them protection. "When the months wherein ye are not to fight shall be passed," said the revelation, "kill the idolatrous wherever ye shall find them, or take them prisoners; besiege them, or lay in wait for them." The ties of blood and friendship were to be alike disregarded; the faithful were to hold no communion with their nearest relatives and dearest friends, should they persist in idolatry. After the expiration of the current year, no unbeliever was to be permitted to tread the sacred bounds of Mecca, nor to enter the temple of Allah, a prohibition which continues to the present day.

This stringent chapter of the Koran is thought to have been provoked, in a great measure, by the conduct of some of the Jewish and idolatrous Arabs, with whom Mahomet had made covenants, but who had repeatedly played them false, and even made treacherous attempts upon his life. It evinces, however, the increased confidence he felt in consequence of the death of his insidious and powerful foe, Abdallah Ibn Obba, and the rapid conversion of the other Arab tribes. It was, in fact, a farewell blow for the exclusive domination of his faith.

When Abu Beker and Ali returned to Mecca, the former expressed surprise and dissatisfaction that he had not been made the promulgator of so important a revelation, as it seemed to be connected with his recent mission, but he was pacified by the assurance that all new revelations must be announced by the prophet himself, or by some one of his immediate family.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAHOMET SENDS HIS CAPTAINS ON DISTANT ENTERPRISES—APPOINTS LIEUTENANTS TO GOVERN IN ARABIA FELIX—SEND ALL TO SUPPRESS AN INSURRECTION IN THAT PROVINCE—DEATH OF THE PROPHET'S ONLY SON IBRAHIM—HIS CONDUCT AT THE DEATH-BED AND THE GRAVE—HIS GROWING INFIRMITY—HIS VALUED PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA, AND HIS CONDUCT AND PREACHING WHILE THERE.

The promulgation of the last-mentioned chapter of the Koran, with the accompanying denunciation of exterminating war against all who should refuse to believe or submit, produced hosts of converts and tributaries; so that, toward the close of the month, and in the beginning of the tenth year of the Hegira, the gates of Medina were thronged with envoys from distant tribes and princes. Among those who bowed to the temporal power of the prophet was Farwa, lieutenant of Heraclius, in Syria, and governor of Amon, the ancient capital of the Ammonites. His act of submission, however, was disavowed by the emperor, and punished with imprisonment.

Mahomet felt and acted more and more as a sovereign, but his grandest schemes as a conqueror were always sanctified by his zeal as an apostle. His captains were sent on more distant expeditions than formerly, but it was always with a view to destroy idols and bring idolatrous tribes to subjection; so that his temporal power but kept pace with the propagation of his faith. He appointed two lieutenants to govern in his name in Arabia Felix; but a portion of that rich and important country having shrunk itself refractory, Ali was ordered to repair thither at the head of three hundred horsemen, and bring the inhabitants to reason.

The youthful disciple expressed a becoming determination to undertake a mission, where he would have to treat with far older and wiser than himself; but Mahomet laid one hand on his lips, and the other upon his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Oh, Allah! loosen his tongue and guide his heart!" He gave him one rule for his conduct as a judge. "When two parties come before thee, never pronounce in favor of one until thou hast heard the other." Then giving into his hands the standard of the faith, and placing the turban on his head, he bade him farewell.

When the military missionary arrived in the heretical region of Yemen, his men, indulging their ancient Arab propensities, began to sack, plunder, and destroy. All checked their excesses, and arresting the fugitive inhabitants, began to expand to them the doctrine of Islam. His tongue, though so recently consecrated by the prophet, failed to carry conviction, for he was answered by darts and arrows; whereupon he returned to the old argument of the sword, which he urged with such efficacy that, after twenty unbelievers had been slain, the rest avowed themselves thoroughly convinced. This zealous avowal was followed by others of a similar kind, after each of which he dispatched messengers to the prophet, announcing a new triumph of the faith.

While Mahomet was exulting in the tidings of success from every quarter, he was stricken to the heart by one of the severest of domestic bereavements. Ibrahim, his son by his favorite concubine Mariyah, a child but fifteen months old, his only male issue, on whom reposed his hope of transmitting his name to posterity, was seized with a mortal malady, and expired before his eyes. Mahomet could not control a father's feelings as he bent in agony over this bright flower of his hopes. Yet even in this trying hour he showed to the submission to God, which formed the foundation of his faith. "My heart is sad," murmured he, "and mine eyes overflow with tears at parting with thee, oh, my son! And still greater would be my grief, did I not know that I must soon follow thee; for we are of God; from him we came, and to him we must return."

Abdahrahman seeing him in tears, demanded: "Hast thou not forbidden us to weep for the dead?" "No," replied the prophet. "I have forbidden ye to utter shrieks and ostentatious signs, to beat your faces and rend your garments; these are suggestions of the evil one; but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart, and are sent in mercy."

He followed his child to the grave, where amidst the agonies of separation, he gave another proof that the elements of his religion were ever present to his mind. "My son! my son!" exclaimed he as the body was committed to the tomb, "say God is my Lord! the prophet of God was my father, and Islamism is my faith."

This was to prepare his child for the questioning by examining angels, as to religious belief, which, ac-
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...among the Moslem creed, the deceased would undergo while in the grave.*

An eclipse of the sun which happened about that time was interpreted by some of his zealous followers, according to the Koran tradition, as the sign of the death of Ibrahim; but the afflicted father rejected such obsequious flattery. "The sun and the moon," said he, "are among the wonders of God, through which at times he signifies his will to his servant; but their eclipse has nothing to do either with the living or the dead." But the death of Ibrahim was a blow which bowed him toward the grave. His constitution was already impaired by the extraordinary excitement and paroxysms of his mind, and the physical trials to which he had been exposed; the poison, too, administered to him at Khairan had taint of life, subjected him to excruciating pains, and brought on a premature old age. His religious zeal took the alarm from the increase of bodily infirmities, and he resolved to expend his remaining strength in a final pilgrimage to Mecca, intended to serve as a model for all future observances of the kind.

The announcement of his pious intention brought devotees from all parts of Arabia, to follow. towns and cities, from the fastnesses of the mountains, and the remote parts of the desert, and the surrounding valleys were studded with their tents. It was a striking picture of the triumph of a faith, which recently was disunited, barbarous, and warring tribes brought together as brethren, and inspired by one sentiment of religious zeal.

Mahomet was accompanied on this occasion by his nine wives, who were transported on litters. He departed at the head of an immense train, some say of fifty-five, others ninety, and others a hundred and fourteen thousand pilgrims. There was a large number of camels also, decorated with garlands of flowers and fluttering streamers, intended to be offered up in sacrifice.

The first night's halt was a few miles from Medina, at the village of Dhu'l Holafa, where, on a former occasion, he and his followers had laid aside their weapons and assumed the pilgrim garb. Early on the following morning, after praying in the mosque, he mounted his camel at Akiq, and led the caravans in the way, uttering the prayer or invocation called in Arabic Taibbaj, in which he was joined by all his followers. The following is the import of this solemn invocation: *'Here am I in thy service, O God! Here am I in thy service! Thou hast no companion. To thee alone belongeth worship. From thee cometh all good. Thine alone is the kingdom. There is none to share it with thee.'

This pious and impressive prayer was uttered by the patriarch Abraham, when, from the top of the hill of Kuebl, near Mecca, he presented the true faith to the whole human race, and so wonderful was the power of his voice that it was heard by every living being throughout the world; insomuch that the very child in the womb of the mother, as the tradition relates, **'Here am I in thy service, O God!'**

In this way the pilgrim host pursued its course, winding in a lengthened train of miles, over mountain and valley, and making the deserts vocal at times with united prayers and ejaculations. There were no longer any hostile armies to impede or molest it, for by this time the Islam faith reigned serenely over all Arabia. Mahomet approached the sacred city over the same heights which he had traversed in capturing it, and he entered through the gate Beni Schieba, which still bears the name of The Holy.

A few days after his arrival he was joined by Ali, who had hastened back from Yemen, and who brought with him a number of camels to slay its, began

As this was to be a model pilgrimage, Mahomet rigorously observed all the rites which he had continued in compliance with patriarchal usage, or introduced in compliance with revelation. Being too weak and infirm to go on foot, he mounted his camel, and this performed the circuits round the Caaba, and the journeyings to and fro, between the hills of Safa and Marwa. When the camels were to be offered up in sacrifice, he slew sixty-three with his own hand, one for each year of his age, and Ali, at the same time, slew thirty-seven on his own account.

Mahomet then shaved his head, beginning on the right side and ending on the left. The locks thus shorn away were equally divided among his disciples, and treasured up as sacred relics. Khadij ever afterward wore one in his turban, and affirmed that it gave him supernatural strength in battle.

Conscious that life was waning away within him, Mahomet, during this last sojourn in the sacred city of his faith, sought to engrave upon the memories of his followers the spirit of the solemn invocation: *'Here am I in thy service, O God! Here am I in thy service! Thou hast no companion. To thee alone belongeth worship. From thee cometh all good. Thine alone is the kingdom. There is none to share it with thee.'

He would then proceed to inculcate not merely religious doctrines and ceremonies, but rules for conduct in all the concerns of life, public and domestic; and the precepts laid down and enforced on this occasion have had a vast and durable influence on the morals, manners, and habits of the whole Moslem world.

It was doubtful in view of his approaching end, and in solicitude for the welfare of his relations and friends after his death, and especially of his favorite Ali, who, he perceived, had given dissatisfaction in the conduct of his recent campaign in Yemen, that he took occasion, during a number of strong exhortations and encouragements to his hearers, to address them a solemn adjuration: *'Ye believe," said he, "that there is but one

* One of the funeral rites of the Moslems is for the Mulaahren or priest to address the deceased when in the grave, in the following words: "O servant of God! Son of a handmaid of God! know that at this time, there will come down to thee two angels connecting thee and the like of thee; when they say to thee, 'Who art thou?': answer them, 'God is my Lord,' in truth, and when they ask thee concerning thy prophet, or the man who hath been sent unto me, say to them, 'Mahomet is the apostle of God,' with sincerity, and when they ask thee concerning thy religion, say to them, 'Islamism is my religion.' And when they ask thee concerning thy book of direction, say to them, 'The Koran is my book of directions, and the Moslems are my brothers; and when they ask thee concerning thy Kaaba, say to them, 'The Kaaba is my Kaaba, and I have lived and died in the assertion that there is no deity but God, and Mahomet his Apostle,' and they shall say, 'Sleep, O servant of God, in the protection of God!'

God; that Mahomet is his prophet and apostle; that paradise and hell are truths; that death and the resurrection are certain; and that there is an appointed time when all who rise from the grave must be brought to judgment.

They all answered, "We believe these things." He then adjured them solemnly by these dogmas of their faith ever to hold his family, and especially Ali, in love and reverence. "Whoever loves me," he said, "let him receive Ali as his friend. May God uphold those who befriend him, and may he turn from his enemies."

It was at the conclusion of one of his discourses in the open air, from the back of his camel, that the famous verse of the Koran is said to have come down from heaven in the very voice of the Deity: "Evil to those who have denied your religion. Fear them not; fear me. This day I have perfected your religion, and accomplished in you my grace. It is my good pleasure that Islamism be your faith."

On hearing these words, say the Arabic historians, the camel Al Karwa, on which the prophet was seated, fell on its knees in adoration. These words, add they, were the seal and conclusion of the law, for after them there were no further revelations.

Having thus fulfilled all the rites and ceremonies of pilgrimage, and made a full exposition of his faith, Mahomet bade a last farewell to his native city, and, putting himself at the head of his pilgrim army, set out on his return to Medina.

As he came in sight of it, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "God is great! God is great! There is but one God; he has no companion. His is the kingdom. To him alone belongeth praise. He is Almighty. He hath fulfilled his promise. He has stood by his servant, and alone dispersed his enemies. Let us return to our homes and worship and praise him!"

Thus ended what has been termed the valiant-pilgrimage, being the last made by the prophet.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OF THE TWO FALSE PROPHETS AL ASWAD AND MOSELMA.

The health of Mahomet continued to decline after his return to Medina; nevertheless his arid to extend his religious empire was unabated, and he prepared to make a second campaign for the invasion of Syria and Palestine. While he was meditating foreign conquest, however, two rival prophets arose to dispute his sway in Arabia. One was named Al Aswad, the other Moselma; they received from the faithful the well-merited appellation of "The Two Liars.

Al Aswad, a quick-witted man, and gifted with persuasive eloquence, was originally an idolater, then a convert to Islamism, from which he apostatized to set up for a prophet, and establish a religious sect, for the invasion of the Holy City. He propagated his doctrines in matters of faith gained him the appellation of Alilata, or "The Weathercock." In emulation of Mahomet he pretended to receive revelations from heaven through the medium of two angels. Being versed in juggling arts, he cast a spell on some people and confounded the multitude with spectral illusions, which he passed off as miracles, so successfully that certain Moslem writers believe he was really assisted by two evil genii or demons. His schemes, for a time, were crowned with great success, which shows how unsettled the Arabs were in those days in matters of religion, and how ready to adopt a new faith.

But had, the Persian whom Mahomet had continued as viceroy of Arabia Felix, died in this year; whereupon Al Aswad, now at the head of a powerful sect, slew his son and successor, espoused his widow after putting her father to death, and seized upon the reins of government. The people of Najran invited him to their city; the gates of Sanaa, the capital of Yemen, were likewise thrown open to him, so that, in a little while, all Arabia Felix submitted to his sway.

The news of this usurpation forced Mahomet suffering in the first stages of a dangerous malady, and engrossed by preparations for the Syrian invasion. Impatient of any interruption to his plans, and reflecting that the whole danger and difficulty in question depended upon the life of an individual, he sent orders to certain of his adherents, who were about Al Aswad, to make way with him openly or by stratagem, either way being justifiable against enemies of the faith, according to the recent revelation promulgated by Ali. Two persons undertook the task, less, however, through motives of religion than revenge. One named Rais, had received a mortal offence from the usurper; the other, Dailmite, was cousin to Al Aswad's newly espoused wife and nephew of his former husband. With much difficulty they prevailed upon her to facilitate their entrance at the door of the chamber of Al Aswad, who was asleep. Firuz stabbed him in the throat with a poniard. The blow was not effectual. Al Aswad started up, and his cries alarmed the guard. His wife, however, went forth and quieted them. "The prophet," she said, "is under the influence of divine inspiration." By this time the cries had ceased, for the assassins had stricken off the head of their victim. When the day dawned the standard of Mahomet floated once more on the walls of the city, and a herald proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, the death of Al Aswad, otherwise called the Inceptor. His career of power began and was terminated within the space of four months. The people, easy of faith, resumed Islamism with as much facility as they had abandoned it.

Moselma, a Jew, a Bedouin Arab of the tribe of Huneida, and ruled over the city and province of Yamama, situated on the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia. In the ninth year of the Hegira he had come to Mecca at the head of an embassy from his tribe, and had made profession of faith; between the hands of Mahomet; but, on returning to his own country, had proclaimed that God had given him likewise with prophecy, and appointed him to aid Mahomet in conquering the human race. To this effect he likewise wrote a Koran, which he gave forth in a volume of inspired truth. His creed was not for giving the soul a humiliating residence in the region of the abominations.

Being a man of influence and address, he soon made himself master of the minds of his countrymen. Recognized by success in business, he addressed an epistle to Mahomet, beginning as follows:

"From Moselma the prophet of Allah, to Mahomet the prophet of Allah! Come now, and..."
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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN ARMY PREPARED TO MARCH AGAINST SYRIA
—COMMAND GIVE: TO OSAMA—THE PROPHET'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE TROOPS—HIS LAST ILLNESS—HIS SERMONS IN THE MOSQUE—HIS DEATH AND THE ATTENDING CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was early in the eleventh year of the Hegira that, after unusual preparations, a powerful army was raised to march for the invasion of Syria. This almost seemed a proof of the infallible powers of Mahomet's mind, that he gave the command of such an army, on such an expedition, to Osama, a youth but twenty years of age, instead of some one of his veteran and well-tried generals. It seems to have been a matter of favor, dictated by tender and grateful recollections. Osama was the son of Zeid, Mahomet's devoted freedman, who had given the prophet such a signal and acceptable proof of devotion in relinquishing to him his beautiful wife Zeinah. Zeid had continued to the last the same zealous and self-sacrificing disciple, and had fallen bravely fighting for the faith in the battle of Mut. Mahomet was aware of the hazard of the choice he had made, and feared the troops might be insubordinate under so young a commander. In a general review, therefore, he exhorted them to obedience, reminding them that Osama's father, Zeid, had commanded an expedition of this very kind, and was not only the first, but the director of all, and had fallen by his hands; it was but a just tribute to his memory, therefore, to give his son an opportunity of avenging his death. Then placing his banner in the hands of the youthful general, he called upon him to fight valiantly to the last for all who should deny the unity of God. The army marched forth that very day, and encamped at Doff, a few miles from Medina; but circumstances occurred to prevent its further progress.

That very night Mahomet had a severe accession of the malady which for some time past had affected him, and which was ascribed by some to the lurking effects of the poison given him at Khallab. It commenced with a violent pain in the head, accompanied by vertigo, and the delirium which seems to have mingled with all his paroxysms of illness. Staring up in the midst of the watches of the night from a troubled dream, he called upon an attendant slave to accompany him, saying he was summoned by the dead who lay interred in the public burying-place of Medina to come and pray for them. Followed by the slave, he passed through the dark and silent city, where all were sunk in sleep, to the great burying-ground, outside of the walls.

Arrived in the midst of the tombs, he lifted up his voice and made a solemn apostrophe to his tenants. 'Rejoice, ye dwellers in the grave!' exclaimed he. 'More peaceful is the morning to which ye shall awake, than that which attends the living. Happier is your condition than theirs. God has delivered you from the storms with which they are threatened, and which shall follow one another like the watches of a stormy night, each darker than that which went before.'

After praying for the dead, he turned and addressed his slave. 'The choice is given me,' said he, 'either to remain in this world to the end of time, in the enjoyment of all its delights, or to return sooner to the presence of God; and I have chosen the latter.'

From this time his illness rapidly increased, though he endeavored to go about as usual, and shifted his residence from day to day, with his different wives, as he had been accustomed to do. He was in the dwelling of Maimuna, when the violence of his malady became so great, that he saw it must soon prove fatal. His heart now yearned to be with his favorite wife Ayesha, and pass with her the fleeting residue of life. With his head bound up, and his tottering frame supported by Ali and Fadhel, the son of Al Abbas, he left behind him the household. She, likewise, was suffering with a violent pain in the head, and entreated of him a remedy.

'Wherefore a remedy?' said he. 'Better that thou shouldst die before me, I could then close thine eyes, wrap thee in thy funeral garb, lay thee in the tomb, and pray for thee.'

'Yes,' replied she, 'and then return to my house and dwell with one of thy other wives, who would profit by my death.'

Mahomet smiled at this expression of jealous fondness, and resigned himself into her care. His only remaining child, Fatima, the wife of Ali, came presently to see him. Ayesha used to say that she never saw any one resemble the prophet more in sweetness of temper, than this his daughter. He treated her always with respectful tenderness. When she came to him, he used to rise up, go toward her, take her by the hand, and kiss it, and would seat her in his own place. Their meeting on this occasion is thus related by Ayesha, in the traditions preserved with her.

"Welcome, my child!" said the prophet, and made her sit beside him. He then whispered something in her ear, at which she wept. Perceiving her affliction, he whispered something more, and hercountenance brightened with joy.

'What is the meaning of this?' said I to Fatima. 'The prophet honors thee with a mark of confidence never bestowed on any of his wives.' I cannot disclose the secret of the prophet of God,' replied Fatima. Nevertheless, after his death, she declared that at first he announced to her his impending death; but, seeing her weep, consolled her with the assurance that she would shortly follow him, and become a princess in heaven, among the faithful of her sex.'

In the same day of his illness, Mahomet was tormented by a burning fever, and caused vessels of water to be emptied on his head and over his body, exclaiming, amidst his paroxysms, "Now I feel the poison of Khallab rending my entrails."

When several of his friends, who were employed in repairing to the mosque, which was adjacent to his residence, here, seated in his chair, or pulpit, he prayed devoutly; after which, addressing the congregation, which was numerous, "If any of you," said he, "have aught upon his conscience,
let him speak out, that I may ask God's pardon for him.

Upon this a man, who had passed for a devout Moslem, stood forth and confessed himself a hypocrite, a liar, and a weak disciple. "Out upon thee, Mahomet," cried Omar, "why dost thou make known what God had suffered to reveal concealed?"

But Mahomet turned rebukingly to Omar. "Oh son of Khattab," said he, "better is it to be shot in this world, then suffer in the next."

Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, and praying for the soul-accursed, "Oh God," exclaimed he, "give him restitude and faith, and take from him all weakness in fulfilling such thy commands as his conscience dictates.

Again addressing the congregation, "Is there any one among you," said he, "whom I have stricken; here is my hand, let him strike me in return. Is there any one whose character I have aspersed; let him now cast reproach upon me. Is there any one from whom I have taken aught unjustly; let him now come forward and be indemnified."

Upon this, a man among the throng reminded Mahomet of a debt of three dinars of silver, and was instantly repaid with interest.

Much easier is said than done. "I am the prophet," to bear punishment in this world than throughout eternity."

He now prayed fervently for the faithful who had fallen by his side in the battle of Ohod, and for those who had suffered for the faith in other battles; interceding with them in virtue of the pact which exists between the living and the dead.

After this he addressed the Mohajerins or Exiles, who had accompanied him from Mecca, exhorting them to hold in honor the Ansarians, or allies of Medina. "The number of believers," said he, "will increase, but that of the allies never can. They'reveer my family; with whom I found a home. Do good to those who do good to them, and break friendship with those who are hostile to them."

He then gave three parting commands:

First. — Expel all idolaters from Arabia.

Second. — Allow all proselytes equal privileges with yourselves.

Third. — Devote yourselves incessantly to prayer.

In his sermon and exhortation being finished, he was affectionately supported back to the mansion of Ayesha, but was so exhausted on arriving there that he fainted.

His malady increased from day to day, apparently with intervals of delirium; for he spoke of receiving visits from the angel Gabriel, who came from God to inquire after the state of his health; and told him that it rested with himself to fix his dying moment; the angel of death being forbidden by Allah to enter his presence without his permission.

In one of his paroxysms he called for writing implements, that he might leave some rules of conduct for his followers. His attendants were troubled, fearing he might do something to impair the authority of the Koran. Hearing them debate among themselves, whether to comply with his request, he ordered them to leave the room, and when they returned said nothing more on the subject.

On Friday, the day of religious assembly, he perceived an abatement of his illness, to other in the mosque, and had water again poured over him to refresh and strengthen him, but on making an effort to go forth, fainted. On recovering, he requested Abu Beker to perform the public prayers; observing, "Allah has given his ser-

vant the right to appoint whom he pleases in his place."

It was afterward maintained by some that he thus intended to designate this long-tried friend and adherent as his successor in office; but Abu Beker shrank from considering the words too closely.

Word was soon brought to Mahomet, that the appearance of Abu Beker in the pulpit had caused great agitation, a rumor being circulated that the prophet was dead. Exerting his remaining strength, therefore, and leaning on the shoulders of Ali and Ali Abbas, he made his way into the mosque, where his appearance spread joy throughout the congregation. Abu Beker ceased to pray, but Mahomet had him proceed, and his seat behind him in the pulpit, repeated the prayers after him. Then addressing the congregation, "I have heard," said he, "that a rumor of the death of your prophet filled you with alarm; but has any prophet before me lived united; that ye think I would ever leave you? Everything happens according to the will of God, and has its appointed time, which is not to be hastened nor avoided. I return to him who sent me; and my last command to you is, that ye remain united; that ye love, honor, and uphold each other; that ye exhort one another to faith and peace, to faith and belief, and to the performance of pious deeds; by these alone men prosper; all else leads to destruction."

In concluding his exhortation he added, "I do good, and you do good; turn the victory to me. Death awaits us all; let no one then seek to turn it aside from me. My life has been for your good; so will be my death."

These were the last words he spoke in public; he was again conducted back by Ali and Abbas to the dwelling of Ayesha. In the preceding day there was an interval during which he appeared so well that Ab, Abu Beker, Omar, and the rest of those who had been constantly about him, Ranted themselves for a time, to attend to their affairs. Ayesha alone remained with him.

The interval was but illusive. His pains returned with redoubled violence. Finding death approaching he gave orders that all his slaves should be restored to freedom, and all the money in the house administered to the poor; then raising his eyes to heaven, "Bid me with me in the death struggle," exclaimed he.

Ayesha now sent in haste for her father and Hafza. Left alone with Mahomet, she sustained his head on her lap, watching over him with tender assiduity, and endeavoring to soothe his dying agonies. From time to time he dipped his hand in a vase of water, and with it leebly sprinkle his face. At length raising his eyes and gazing upward for a time with un-moving eyelids, "Oh Allah," ejaculated he, in broken accents, "be it so!—among the glorious associates in paradise!"

"I knew by this," said Ayesha, who related the dying scene, "that his last moment had arrived, and that he had made choice of supernatural existence."

In a few moments his hands were cold, and life was extinct. Ayesha laid his head upon the pillow, and beating her head and breast, gave way to loud lamentations. Her outcries brought the other wives, and their children to soothe his grief soon made the event known throughout the city. Consternation seized upon the people, as if some prodigy had happened. All business was suspended. The army which had struck its tents was ordered to halt, and Osama, whose foot was
Mahomet and his successors.

In the stirrup for the march, turned his steed to the gates of Medina, and planted his standard at the prophet's door. The mob was crowded to contemplate the corpse, and agitation and dispute prevailed even in the chamber of death. Some discredited the evidence of their senses. "How can he be dead?" cried they. "Is he not our mediator with God? How then can he be dead? Impossible! He is but in a trance, and carried up to heaven like Isa (Jesus) and the other prophets."

The throng augmented about the house, declaring with clamor that the body should not be interred; when Omar, who had just heard the tidings, arrived. He drew his scimitar, and pressing through the crowd, threatened to strike off the hands and feet of any one who should affirm that the prophet was dead. He has but departed for a time," said he, "as Musa (Moses) the son of Imram, went up forty days into the mountain; and like him he will return again."

Abu Bakr, who had been in a distant part of the city, arrived in time to soothe the despair of the people and calm the transports of Omar. Fausamir he raised the chamber in which he discovered the corpse, and kissing the holy face of Mahomet, "Oh thou!" exclaimed he, "who went to me as my father and my mother; sweet art thou even in death, and living odors decorate thy exhalation. Now livest thou in everlasting bliss, for never will Allah subject thee to a second death."

Then covering the corpse, he went forth and endeavored to silence Omar, but finding it impossible, he addressed the multitude: "Truly if Mahomet is the sole object of your adoration, he is dead; but if it be God you worship, he cannot die. Mahomet was but the prophet of God, and has shared the fate of the apostles and holy men who have gone before him. Allah, himself, has said in his Koran that Mahomet was but his ambassador, and was subject to death. Then what? will you turn the heel upon him, and abandon his doctrine because he is dead? Remember your apostasy harms not God, but injures your own condemnation; while the blessings of God will be poured out upon those who continue faithful to him."

The people listened to Abu Bakr with tears and sobbings, and as they listened their despair subsided. Even Omar was convinced, but not completely, that Mahomet himself on the earth, and that the decease of the prophet of whom he remembered as his commander and his friend.

The death of the prophet, according to the Moslem historians Abu'eda and Al Jannali, took place on his birthday, when he had completed his sixty-third year. It was in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and the 632d year of the Christian era.

The body was prepared for sepulture by several of the dearest relatives and disciples. They affirmed that a marvelous fragrance which, according to the evidence of his wives and daughters, emanated from his person during life, still continued; so that, to use the words of Ali, "it seemed as if he were, at the same time, dead and living."

The body having been washed and perfumed, was wrapped in three coverings: two white, and the third of the striped cloth of Yemen. The whole was then perfumed with amber, musk, aloes, and odoriferous herbs. After this it was exposed in public, and seventy-two prayers were offered.

The body remained three days unburied, in compliance with oriental custom, and to satisfy those who still believed in the possibility of a trance. When the evidences of mortality could no longer be mistaken, preparations were made for interment. A dispute now arose as to the place of sepulture. The Meccans, disciples from Mecca contended for that city, as being the place of his nativity; the Ansarians claimed for Medina, as his asylum and the place of his residence during the last ten years of his life. A third party advised that he might be transported to Jerusalem, as the place of sepulture of the prophets. Abu Bakr, whose word had always the greatest weight, declared it to have been the expressed opinion of Mahomet that a prophet should be buried in the place where he died. This in the present instance was complied with to the very letter, for a grave was dugged in the house of Ayesha, beneath the very bed on which Mahomet had expired.

Note.—The house of Ayesha was immediately adjacent to the mosque; which was at that time a humble edifice with clay walls, and a roof thatched with palm-leaves, and supported by the trunks of trees. It has since been included in a spacious temple, on the plan of a colonnade, inclosing an oblong square, 156 paces by 120, open to the heavens, with four gates of entrance. The colonnades, of one or several stories, of various sizes covered with stucco and gaily painted, supports a succession of small white cupolas, on the four sides of the square. At the four corners are lofty and tapering minarets.

Near the south-east corner of the square is an enclosure, surrounded by an iron railing, painted green, wrought with fliglre work and interwoven with brass and gilded wire; admitting no view of the interior excepting through small windows, about six inches square. This enclosure, the great resort of pilgrims, is called the Hadjira, and contains the tombs of Mahomet, and his two friends, Abu Bakr and Umar, and Abu Bakr and Umar. Above this sacred enclosure rises a lofty dome surmounted with a gilded dome and crescent, at the first sight of which, pilgrims, as they approach Medina, salute the tomb of the prophet with profound inclinations of the body and appropriate prayers. The marvellous tale, so long considered veritable, that the coffin of Mahomet remained suspended in the air without any support, and which Christian writers accounted for by supposing that it was of iron, and dexterously placed midway between two magnets, is proved to be an idle fiction.

The mosque has undergone many repairs. It was at one time partially thrown down and destroyed in an awful tempest, but was rebuilt by the Sultam of Egypt. It has been enlarged and embellished by various caliphs, and in particular by Waled, on whom Spain was invaded and conquered. It was plundered of its immense iotive treasuries by the Wahabees when they took and pillaged Medina. It is now maintained, though with diminished splendor, under the care of about thirty Ajas, whose chief is called Sheikh Al Hujram, or chief of the Holy House. He is the prince personage in Medina. Pilgrimage to Medina, though considered a most devout and meritorious act, is not imposed on Mahometans, like pilgrimage to Mecca, as a religious duty, and has much declined in modern days.

The foregoing particulars are from Burckhardt, who gained admission into Medina, as well as into Mecca, in disguise and at great peril; admittance into those cities being prohibited to all Moslems.

Chapter XXXIX.

PERSON AND CHARACTER OF MAHOMET, AND SPECULATIONS ON HIS PROPHETIC CAREER.

Mahomet, according to accounts handed down by tradition from his contemporaries, was of the
middle stature, square built and sinewy, but large hands and feet. In his youth he was uncommonly strong and vigorous; in the latter part of his life he inclined to corpulency. His head was capacious, well shaped, and well set on a neck which rose like a pillar from his ample chest. His forehead was high, and his temples and nose seemed to extend to the eyebrows, when swollen whenever he was angry or excited. He had an oval face, marked and expressive features, an aquiline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows which were sometimes raised to the height of a man's forehead and flexible, indelible of eloquence; very white teeth, somewhat parted and irregular; black hair, which waved without a curl on his shoulders, and a long and very full beard.

His deportment, in general, was calm and equable; he sometimes indulged in pleasantry, but more commonly was grave and dignified; though he is said to have possessed a smile of captivating sweetness. His complexion was more ruddy than is usual with Arabs, and in his excited and agitated moments there was a grace and radiance in his countenance, which his disciples magnified into the supernatural light of prophecy. His intellectual qualities were undoubtedly of an extraordinary kind. He had a quick apprehension of truth, a vivid imagination, a ready wit, and an inventive genius. Owing but little to education, he had quickened and informed his mind by close observation, and stored it with a great variety of knowledge concerning the systems of science, both natural and human, and different religions. It has been proved from the discussions of history and scripture to their respective conclusions. Many of his disciples have been made Caliphs, and have been predecessors of the Mahometan literature. He is said to have given his disciples various lessons, and different scriptures, and has been initiated into the arts of Islam. He may have had his hands, at least, in the direc-

He was sober and abstemious in his diet, and a rigorous observer of fasts. He indulged in no magnificence of apparel, the ostentation of a petty mind; neither was his simplicity in dress affected, but the result of a real disregard to distinction from so trivial a source. His garments were sometimes of wool, sometimes of the striped cotton of Yemen, and were often patched. He wore a turban, for he said turbans were worn by the ancient Persians, and that it let the wind and rain down between his shoulders, which he said was the way they wore them. He forbade the wearing of clothes entirely of silk; but permitted a mixture of thread and silk. He forbade also red clothes and the use of gold rings. He wore a seal ring of silver, the engraved part under his finger close to the palm of his hand, bearing the inscription, "Mahomet the messenger of God." He was scrupulous as to personal cleanliness, and observed frequent ablutions. In some respects he was a voluntary. There are few things in this world, would he say, "which delight me, women and perfumes. These two things rejoice my eyes, and render me more fervent in devotion. From his extreme cleanliness, and the use of perfumes and sweet-scented oil for his hair, probably arise that sweetness and fragrance of person, which his disciples considered innate and miraculous. His passion for the sex had an influence over all his affairs. It is said that when in the presence of a beautiful female, he was continually whispering to himself and idly squeezing his hair, as if anxious to appear to advantage.

The number of his wives is uncertain. Abul- 

some make it as much as twenty-five. At the time of his death he had nine, each in separate dwelling, and all in the vicinity of the mosque at Medina. The plea alleged for his indulging in a greater number of wives than he permitted to his followers, was a desire to heget a race of persons fit for his people. If such indeed and were his desire, it was disappointed. Of all his children, Fatima the wife of Ali alone survived him, and she died within a short time after his death. Of her descendants none excepting her grandson Hossan ever sat on the throne of the Caliphs.

In his private dealings he was just. He treated friends and strangers, the rich and poor, the powerful and the weak, with equity, and was beloved by the common people for the affability with which he received them, and listened to their complaints.

He was naturally irritable, but had brought his temper under great control, so that even in the self-indulgent intercourse of domestic life he was kind and agreeable. As a child, he related, "I was eight years old," said his servant Anas, "and he never scolded me for anything, though things were spoiled by me."

The question now occurs, Was the holy principle of the Koran represented? Were all his visions and revelations deliberate falsehoods, and was his whole system a tissue of deceit? In considering this question we must bear in mind that he is not chargeable with many extravagances which exist in his name. Many of the visions and revelations handed down as having been given by him are spurious. The miracles ascribed to him are all fabrications of Moslem zealots. He expressly and repeatedly declared all miracles excepting the Koran; which, considering its incomparable merit, and the way in which it had come down to him from heaven, he pronounced the greatest of miracles. And we must indulge a few observations on this famous document. While zealous Moslems and some of the most learned doctors of the faith draw proofs of its divine origin from the inimitable excellence of its style and composition, and the avowed illiteracy of Mahomet, less devout critics have pronounced it a chaos of beauties and defects; without much system nor sense, full of obscurities, incoherences, repetitions, false versions of scriptural stories, and direct contradictions. The truth is that the Koran as it now exists is not the same Koran delivered by Mahomet to his disciples, but has undergone many corruptions and interpolations. The revelations contained in it were given at various times, in various places, and before various persons; sometimes they were taken down by his secretaries or disciples on parchments, on palm-leaves, or the shoulders-blades of sheep, and thrown together in a chest, of which one of his wives had charge; sometimes they were merely treasured up in the memories of those who heard them. No care appears to have been taken to systematize and arrange them, into a book, and at death they remained in scattered fragments, many of them at the mercy of fallacious memories. It was not until some time after his death that Abu Bekar undertook to have them gathered together and transcribed. Zeid Ibn Thabit, who had been one of the secretaries of Mahomet, undertook this work for the purpose. He professed to know many parts of the Koran by heart, having written them down under the dictation of the prophet; other parts he collected piecemeal from various hands, written
down in the rude way we have mentioned, and many parts he took down as repeated to him by various disciples who professed to have heard them utter in the course of their conversations. The heterogeneous fragments thus collected were thrown together without selection, without chronological order, and without system of any kind. The volume thus formed during the lifetime of Abu Bekr was transmitted by different hands, and many interpolations, and contradictory readings, soon crept into these copies, which, though written by many hands, preserved different versions of the sayings of Mahomet, from the time of their earliest mention in any manuscript, and forming what he pronounced the genuine Koran, caused all the others to be destroyed.

This simple statement may account for many of the incoherences, repetitions, and other discrepancies charged upon this singular document. Mahomet, as has just been observed, may have given the same precepts, or related the same apocryphal at different times, to different persons in different words; or various persons may have been present at one time, and given various versions of his sayings; and the amalgamation of apocryphal and scriptural stories in different ways, as well as the imperfect memoranda or fallible recollections of many revelations given by him as having been made in foregone times to the prophets, his predecessors, may have been reported as having been given as revelations made to himself. It has been intimated that Abu Bekr, in the early days of his Caliphate, may have found it politic to interpolate many things in the Koran, calculated to aid him in emergencies, and confirm the empire of Islamism. What corroborative apocrypha may have been made by other and less scrupulous hands, after the prophet's death, we may judge by the daring liberties of the kind taken by Abdallah ibn Saad, one of his secretaries, during his lifetime.

From all these circumstances it will appear, that even the documentary memorials concerning Mahomet abound with vitiations, while the traditional are full of fable. These increase the difficulty of solving the enigma of his character and conduct. His history appears to resolve itself into two grand divisions. During the first part, up to the period of middle life, we cannot perceive what adequate object he had to gain by the impious and stupendous imposture with which he stands charged to have enriched himself. His marriage with Cadilgh had already made him wealthy, and for years preceding his pretended vision he had manifested no desire to increase his store. Was it the attainment of that early high in his native place, as a man of intelligence and prudence, or the illustrious tribe of Kureish, and of the most honored branch of that tribe. Was it the command of the Cabi, and with it the order of the sacred city, had been for generations in his immediate family, and his situation and circumstances entitled him to look forward with confidence to that exalted trust. In attempting to substantiate the faith in which he had been brought up, he struck at the root of all these advantages. On that faith were founded the fortunes and dignities of his family. To assail it must draw on himself the hostility of his kindred, the indignation of his fellow-citizens, and the horror and odium of all his countrymen, who were worshippers at the Kaaba.

Was there anything brilliant in the outset of his prophecy to engage him for these sacrifices, and to lure him on? On the contrary, it was be-
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)
head of a powerful, growing, and warlike host of votaries. From this time worldly passions and worldly schemes too often gave the impulse to his actions, instead of that visionary enthusiasm which, even if mistaken, threw a glow of piety on his earlier deeds. The old doctrines of forbearance, long-suffering, and resignation, are suddenly dashed aside; he becomes vindictive toward those who have hitherto oppressed him, and ambitious of extended rule. His doctrines, precepts, and conduct become marked by contradictions, and his whole course is irregular and unsteady. His revelations, henceforth, are so often opportunistic and so frequently at variance that we are led to doubt his sincerity, and that he is any longer under the same delusion concerning them. Still, it must be remembered, as we have shown, that the records of these revelations are not always to be depended upon. What he may have uttered as from his own will may have been reported as if given as the will of God. Often, too, as we have already suggested, he may have considered his own impulses as divine intimations; and that, being an agent ordained to propagate the all-prevailing conceptions toward the end, might be part of a continued and divine inspiration.

If we are far from considering Mahomet the gross and impious impostor that some have represented him, so also are we inclined to give him credit for vast foresight, and for that deeply-conceived scheme of universal conquest which has been ascribed to him. He was, undoubtedly, a man of great genius and a suggestive imagination, but it appears to us that he was, in a great degree, the victim of his own excited heart.
bled on his lips ejaculated a trust of soon entering into blissful companionship with the prophets who had gone before him.

Michael, and charmed with such ardor, persevering piety, with an inconstant system of blasphemous imposture; nor such pure and elevated and benignant precepts as are contained in the Koran, with a mind haunted by ignoble passions, and devoted to the gazing interests of mere mortality; and we find no other satisfactory mode of solving the enigma of his character and conduct, than by supposing that the ray of mental hallucination which flashed upon his enthusiastic spirit during his religious ecstasies in the nest and cavern of Mount Hara, continued more or less to bewilder him with a species of monomania to the end of his career, and that he died in the delusive belief of his mission as a prophet.

APPENDIX.

OF THE ISLAM FAITH.

In an early chapter of this work we have given such particulars of the faith inculcated by Mahomet as we deemed important to the understanding of the succeeding narrative; we now, though at the expense of some repetition, subjoin a more complete summary, accompanied by a few observations.

The religion of Islam, as we observed on the preceding occasion, is divided into two parts: Faith and Practice:—and first of Faith. This is distributed under six different heads, or articles, viz. 1st, faith in God; 2d, in his angels; 3d, in his Scriptures or Koran; 4th, in his prophets; 5th, in the resurrection and final judgment; 6th, in predestination. Of these we will briefly treat in the order we have enumerated them.

FAITH IN GOD.—Mahomet inculcates the belief that there is, was, and ever will be, one only God, the creator of all things; who is single, immovable, omnipotent, omnipotent, and eternal. The unity of God was specifically and strongly urged, in contradistinction to the Trinity of the Christians. It was designated, in the profession of faith, by raising one finger, and explaining, "La ilaaha il Allah." Is there any God but God to which he was added, "Mohamed Resoul Allah!" Mahomet is the prophet of God.

FAITH IN ANGELS.—The beautiful doctrine of angels, or ministering spirits, which was one of the most indelible parts of Mahomet's creed, is interwoven throughout the Islam system. They are represented as ethereal beings, created from fire, the purest of elements, perfect in form and radiant in beauty, but without sex; free from all gross or sensual passion, and all the appetites and infirmities of frail humanity; and existing in perpetual and unfading youth. They are various in their degrees and duties, and in their favor with the Deity. Some worship around the celestial throne; others perpetually hymn the praises of Allah; some are winged messengers to execute his orders, and others intercede for the children of men.

The most distinguished of this heavenly host are four archangels. Gabriel, the angel of revelations, who writes down the divine decrees; Michael, the archangel, who protects the battles of the faith; Azrael, the angel of death; and Israfil, who holds the awful commission to sound the trumpet on the day of resurrection. There was another angel named Azzail, the same as Lucifer, once the most glorious of the celestial band; but he became proud and rebellious. When God commanded his angels to worship Adam, Azzail refused, saying, "Why should I, whom thou hast created of fire, bow down to one whom thou hast formed of clay?" For this offence he was cursed and cast forth from paradise, and his name changed to Eblis, which signifies despair. In revenge of his abasement, he works all kinds of mischief against the children of men, and inspires them with disobedience and impiety.

Among the angels of inferior rank is a class called Moakkibat; two of whom keep watch upon every mortal, one on the right hand, the other on the left, taking note of every word and action. At the close of each day they fly up to heaven with a written report, and are replaced by two similar angels on the following day. According to Mahometan tradition, every good action is recorded ten times by the angel on the right; and if the mortal commit a sin, the same benevolent spirit says to the angel on the left, "Forbear for seven hours to record it; peradventure he may repent and pray and obtain forgiveness."

Besides the angelic orders Mahomet inculcates a belief in spiritual beings called Girs or Genii, who, though likewise created of fire, partake of the appetites and frailties of the children of the dust, and like them are ultimately liable to death. By beings of this nature, which haunt the solitudes of the desert, Mahomet, as we have shown, professed to have been visited after his evening orisons in the solitary valley of Al Nakhlah.

When the angel Azrael vanished and fell and became Satan or Eblis, he still maintained sovereignty over these inferior spirits; who are divided by Orientalists into Dives and Peri: the former ferocious and gigantic; the latter delicate and graceful. It would seem as if the Peri were all of the female sex, though on this point there rests obscurity. From these imaginary beings it is supposed the European fairies are derived.

Besides these there are other demi-spirits called Tawwirs or Faries, being winged females of beautiful forms, who utter oracles and defend mortals from the assaults and machinations of evil demons.

There is vagueness and uncertainty about all the attributes given by Mahomet to these half-celestial beings; his ideas on the subject having been acquired from various sources. His whole system of intermediate spirits has a strong though indistinct infusion of the creeds and superstitions of the Hebrews, the Magians, and the Pagans or Sabaeans.

The third article of faith is a belief in the Koran, as a book of divine revelation. According to the Moslem creed a book was treasured up in the seventh heaven, and had existed there from all eternity, in which were written down all the decrees of God and all events, past, present, or to come. Transcripts from these tablets of the divine will were brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel, and by him revealed to Mahomet from time to time, in portions adapted to
APPENDIX.

some event or emergency. Being the direct words of God, they were all spoken in the first person.

The way in which these revelations were taken down or treasured up by seers and disciples, and gathered together by Abu Beker after the death of Mahomet, we have made sufficient mention. The compilation, for such in fact it is, forms the Moslem code of civil and penal as well as religious law, and is treated with the utmost reverence by all true believers. A zealous pride is shown in having copies of it splendidly bound and ornamented. An inscription on the cover forbids any one to touch it who is unclean, and it is considered irreverent, in reading it, to hold it below the girdle. Moslems wear it by it, and take omens from its pages, by opening it and reading the first text that meets the eye. With all its errors and discrepancies, if we consider it mainly as the work of one man, and that an unlettered man, it remains a stupendous monument of solitary legislation.

Besides the Koran or written law, a number of precepts and apologues which casually fell from the lips of Mahomet were collected after his death by his companions, and, being written down, were added to the Sonna Or Oral Law. This is held equally sacred with the Koran by a sect of Moslems thence called Sonnites; others reject it as apocryphal; these last are termed Schiites. Hostilities and persecutions have occasionally taken place between these sects almost as virulent as those which, between Catholics and Protestants, have disgraced Christianity. The Sonnites are distinguished by white, the Schiites by red turbans; hence the latter have received from their opponents the appellations of Kussilbachi, or Red Heads.

It is remarkable that circumcision, which is invariably practised by the Mahometans, and forms a distinguishing rite of their faith, to which all proselytes must conform, is neither mentioned in the Koran nor the Sonna. It seems to have been a general usage in Arabia, tacitly adopted from the Jews, and is even said to have been prevalent throughout the East before the time of Moses.

It is said that the Koran forbids the making like likeness of any living thing, which has prevented the introduction of portrait-painting among Mahometans. The passage of the Koran, however, which is thought to contain the prohibition, seems merely an echo of the second commandment, held sacred by Jews and Christians, not to form images or pictures for worship. One of Mahomet's standards was a black eagle. Among the most distinguished Moslem ornaments of the Alhambra at Granada is a fountain supported by lions carved of stone, and some Moslem monarchs have had their effigies stamped on their coins.

Another and an important mistake with regard to the system of Mahomet is the idea that it denies souls to the female sex, and excludes them from paradise. This error arises from his omitting to mention their enjoyments in a future state, while he details those of their own sex with the minuteness of a voluptuary. The beauteification of virtuous females is alluded to in the 56th Sura of the Koran, and also in other places, although from the vagueness of the language a cursory reader might suppose the Hours of paradise to be

The fourth article of faith relates to the PROPHETS. Their number amounts to two hundred thousand, but only six are supereminent, having brought new laws and dispensations upon

earth, each abrogating those previously received wherever they varied or were contradictory. These six distinguished prophets were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet.

The fourth article of Islam faith is on the resurrection and the final judgment. On this awful subject Mahomet blended some of the Christian belief with certain notions current among the Arabian Jews. One of the latter is the fearful tribunal of the Seraphim and Archangel Michael, the angel of death, has performed his office, and the corpse has been consigned to the tomb, two black angels, Munkar and Nakeer, of dismal and appalling aspect, present themselves as inquisitors; during whose scrutiny the soul is reunited to the body. The defunct, being commanded to sit up, is interrogated as to the two great points of faith, the unity of God, and the divine mission of Mahomet, and likewise as to the deeds done by him during life; and his replies are recorded in books against the day of judgment. Should they be satisfactory, his soul is gently drawn forth from his lips, and his body left to its repose; should they be otherwise, he is beaten about the brow with iron clubs, and his soul wrenched forth with racking torture. Should it happen that this awful inquisition, the Mahometans generally deposit their dead in hollow or vaulted sepulchers; merely wrapped in funeral clothes, but not placed in coffins.

The space of time between death and resurrection is called Beraak, or the Interval. During this period the body rests in the grave, but the soul has a foetare, in dreams or visions, of its future doom.

The souls of prophets are admitted at once into the full fruition of paradise. Those of martyrs, including all who died in battle, enter into the bosoms of the birds, or feed on the fruits and drink of the streams of paradise. Those of the great mass of true believers are variously disposed of, but, according to the most received opinion, they hover, in a state of seraphic tranquillity, near the tombs. Hence the Moslem usage of visiting the graves of their departed friends and relatives, in the idea that their souls are the gratified witnesses of these testimonials of affection.

Many Moslems believe that the souls of the truly faithful assume the forms of snow-white birds, and nestle beneath the throne of Allah; a belief in accordance with an ancient superstition of the Hebrews, that the souls of the just will have a place in heaven under the throne of glory.

With regard to the destiny of infidels, the most orthodox opinion is that they will be repulsed by angels both from heaven and earth, and cast into the cavernous bowels of the hell, to await in abomination the day of judgment.

The day of resurrection will be preceded by signs and portents in heaven and earth. A total eclipse of the moon; a change in the course of the sun, rising in the west instead of the east; wars and tumults; a universal decay of faith; the advent of Antichrist; the issuing forth of Gog and Magog to desolate the world; a great smoke, covering the whole earth—these and many more prodigies and omens affrighting and harassing the souls of men, and producing a wretchedness of spirit and a weariness of life; insomuch that a man passing the grave shall envy the dead, and say, "Would to God I were in thy place!"

The last dread signal of the awful day will be the blast of a trumpet by the archangel Israfil. At
the sound thereof the earth will tremble; castles and towers will be shaken to the ground, and mountains levelled with the plains. The face of heaven will be hid, and the creation will melt away, and the sun, the moon, and stars will fall into the sea. The ocean will be either dried up, or will boil and roll in fiery billows.

At the sound of that dreadful trump a panic will fall on the human race; men will fly from their brothers, their parents, and their wives; and mothers, in frantic terror, abandon the infant at the breast. The savage beasts of the forests and the tame animals of the pasture will forget their fierceness and their antipathies, and herd together in affright.

The second blast of the trumpet is the blast of extermination. At that sound, all creatures in heaven and on earth and in the waters under the earth, angels and genii and 'men and animals, all will die, excepting the chosen few especially reserved by Allah. The last to die will be Azzril, the angel of death.

Forty days, or, according to explanations, forty years of continuous rain will follow this blast of extermination; then will be sounded, for the third time, the blast of the archangel Israfil; it is the call to judgment! At the sound of this blast the whole space between heaven and earth will be filled with the souls of the dead flying in quest of their respective bodies. Then the earth will open; and there will be a raffling of dry bones, and a gathering together of scattered limbs; the very hairs will congregate together, and the whole body be reunited, and the soul will re-enter it, and the dead will rise from mutilation, perfect in every part, and as when born. The infidels will grovel with their faces on the earth, but the faithful will walk erect; as to the true pious, they will be borne aloft on winged camels, white as milk, with saddles of fine gold.

Every human being will then be put upon his trial as to the manner in which he has employed his faculties, and the good and evil actions of his life. A mighty balance will be poised by the angel Gabriel; in one of the scales, termed Light, will be placed his good actions; in the other, termed Darkness, his evil deeds. An atom or a grain of mustard seed may, by the will of Allah, be admitted into the balance; and the nature of the sentence will depend on the preponderance of either scale. At that moment retribution will be exacted for every wrong and injury. He who has wronged a fellow-mortal will have to repay him with a portion of his own good deeds, or, if he have none to boast of, will have to take upon himself a proportionate weight of the other's sins.

The trial of the balance will be succeeded by the ordeal of the bridge. The whole assembled multitude will have to follow Mahomet across the bridge Al Srârât, as fine as the edge of a scimitar, which crosses the gulf of Jehannam or Hell. Infidels and sinful Moslems will grope along it darkly and falling into the abyss; but the faithful, aided by a beaming light, will cross with the swiftness of birds and enter the realms of paradise. The idea of this bridge, and of the dreary realms of Jehannam, is supposed to have been derived partly from the Jews, but chiefly from the Magians.

Jehannam is a region fraught with all kinds of horrors. The very trees have writhing serpents for branches, bearing for fruit the heads of demons. We forbear to dwell upon the particulars of this dismal abode, which are given with painful and often disgusting minuteness. It is described as consisting of seven stages, one below the other, and varying in the nature and intensity of torment. The first stage is allotted to the Zanéthâ, and the second to the Manichaæans, and others that admit two divine principles; and for the Arabian idolaters of the era of Mahomet. The third is for the Brahmins of India; the fourth for the Jews; the fifth for Christians; the sixth for the Magians or Chebers of Persia; the seventh for hypocrites, professing without belief in religion.

The fierce angel Thaback, that is to say, the executioner, presides over this region of terror. We must observe that the general nature of Jehannam, and the distribution of its punishments, have given rise to various commentaries and expositions among the Moslem doctors. It is maintained by some, and it is a popular doctrine, that none of the believers in Allah and his prophets will be condemned to eternal punishment. Their sins will be expiated by proportionate periods of suffering, varying from nine hundred to nine thousand years.

Some of the most humane among the Doctors contend against eternal punishment to any class of sinners, saying that, as God is all merciful, even infidels will eventually be pardoned. Those who have an intercessor, as the Christians have in Jesus Christ, will be first redeemed. The liberality of these worthy comfortators, however, does not extend so far as to admit them into paradise among true believers; but concludes that, after long punishment, they will be relieved from their torments by annihilation.

Between Jehannam and paradise is Al Araf or the Partition, a region destitute of peace or pleasure, destined for the reception of infants, lunatics, idiots, and such other beings as have done neither good nor evil. For such too, whose good and evil deeds balance each other; though these may be admitted to paradise through the intercession of Mahomet, on performing an act of adoration, to turn the scales in their favor. It is said that the tenants of this region can converse with their neighbors on either hand, the blessed and the condemned; and that Al Araf appears a paradise to those in hell and hells alike; and that the region of Al Araf, which is called Al Janet or the Garden. When the true believer has passed through all his trials, and expiated all his sins, he refreshes himself at the Pool of the Prophet. This is a lake of fragrant water, nectarous, flowing seven miles wide, by the river Al Cauther, which flows from paradise. The water of this lake is sweet as honey, cold as snow, and clear as crystal; he who once tastes of it will never more be tormented by thirst; a blessing dwelt upon with peculiar zest by Arabian writers, accustomed to the parching thirst of the desert.

After the true believer has drunk of this water of life, the gate of paradise is opened to him by the angel Rushâvan. The same proximity and minute which occur in the description of Jehannam, are lavished on the delights of paradise, until the imagination is dazzled and confused by the details. The soil is of the finest wheat flour, fragrant with perfumes, and strewn with pearls and hyacinths instead of sand and pebbles.

Some of the streams are of crystal purity, running between banks enamelled with flowers; others are of milk, of wine and honey; flowing over beds of musk; between margins of camphire, covered with moss and saffron! The air is sweeter than the spicy gales of Saba, and cooled by sparkling fountains. Here, too, is Taba, the
wonderful tree of life, so large that a fleet horse would need a hundred years to cross its shade. The boughs are laden with every variety of delicious fruit, and bend to the hand of those who seek to pluck it.

The inhabitants of this blissful garden are clothed in raiment sparkling with jewels; they wear crowns of gold enriched with pearls and diamonds, and dwell in sumptuous palaces or silken pavilions, reclining on voluptuous couches. Here every believer will have hundreds of attendants, bearing dishes and goblets of gold, to serve him with every variety of exquisite viand and beverage. He will eat without satiety, and drink without inebriation; the last morsel and the last drop will be equally relished with the first; he will feel no repulsion, and need no evacuation.

The air will resound with the melodious voice of Israel, and the songs of the daughters of paradise; the very rustling of the trees will produce ravishing harmony, while myriads of bells, hanging among their branches, will be put in dulcet motion by airs from the throne of Allah.

Above all, the faithful will be blessed with female society to the full extent even of oriental imaginings. Besides the wives he had on earth, when he entered into bliss, he will be attended by the Hār al-ʿOyān, or Hours, so called from their large black eyes; resplendent beings, free from every human defect or frailty; perpetually retaining their youth and beauty, and renewing their virginity. Seventytwo of these are allotted to every believer. The intercourse with them will be fruitful or not according to their wish, and the offspring will grow within an hour to the same stature with the parents.

That the true believer may be fully competent to the enjoyments of this blissful region, he will rise from the grave in the prime of manhood, at the age of thirty, of the stature of Adam, which was thirty cubits; with all his faculties improved to a state of preternatural perfection with the abilities of a hundred men, and with desires and appetites quickened rather than sated by enjoyment.

These and similar delights are promised to the meanest of the faithful: there are gradations of enjoyment, however, and the rewards of the deceased are proportioned to the worth of the individual. Mahomet was the most deserving, and Mahomet found the powers of description exhausted, and was fain to make use of the text from Scripture, that they should be such things "as eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The expounders of the Mahometan law differ in their opinions as to the whole meaning of this system of rewards and punishments. One set understands everything in a figurative, the other in a literal sense. The former insist that the prophet spake in parable, in a manner suited to the coarse perceptions and sensual nature of his hearers; and maintain that the joys of heaven will be mental as well as corporeal; the resurrection being both of soul and body. The soul will receive a reparation and employment of all its faculties; in a knowledge of all the arcana of nature; the full revelation of everything past, present, and to come. The enjoyments of the body will be equally suited to its various senses, and perfected to a supernatural degree.

The same expounders regard the description of Jehovah as equally figurative; the torments of the soul consisting in the anguish of perpetual remorse for past crimes, and deep and ever-increasing despair for the loss of heaven; those of the body in excruciating and never-ending pain.

The other doctors, who conceive everything in a literal sense, are considered the most orthodox, and their sect is beyond measure the most numerous. Most of the particulars in the system of rewards and punishments, as has been already observed, have close affinity to the suppositions of the Magi and the Jewish Rabbins. The Houri, or black-eyed nymphs, who figure so conspicuously in the Moslem's paradise, are said to be the same as the Huram Behest of the Persian Magi, and Mahomet is accused by Christian investigators of having purloined much of his description of heaven from the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse; with such variation as is used by knavish jewellers, when they appropriate stone jewels to their own use.

The sixth and last article of the Islam faith is PREDESTINATION, and on this Mahomet evidently reposed his chief dependence for the success of his military enterprises. He inculcated that every event had been predetermined by God, and written down in the eternal tablet previous to the creation of the world. That the destiny of every individual, and the pleasure marshalled out for each, was equally fixed, and could neither be varied nor evaded by any effort of human sagacity or foresight. Under this persuasion, the Moslems engaged in battle without risk; and, as death in battle was equivalent to martyrdom, and entitled them to an immediate admission into paradise, they had in either alternative, death or victory, a certainty of gain.

This doctrine, according to which men by their own free will can neither avoid sin nor avert punishment, is considered by many Mussulmen as derogatory to the justice and clemency of God; and several sects have sprung up, who endeavor to soften and explain away this perplexing dogma; but the number of these doubters is small, and they are not considered orthodox.

The doctrine of Predestination was one of those timely revelations to Mahomet, that were almost miraculous from their seasonal occurrence. It took place immediately after the disastrous battle of Ohod, in which Mahomet, and among them his uncle Hamza, were slain. Then Mahomet was in a fit of despondency, and when his followers around him were disheartened, that he promulgated this law, telling them that every man must die at the appointed hour, whether in bed or in the field of battle. He declared, moreover, that the angel Gabriel had announced to him the reception of Hamza into the seventh heaven, with the title of Lion of God and of the Prophet. He added, as he contemplated the dead bodies, "I am witness for these, and for all who have been slain for the cause of God, that they shall appear in glory at the resurrection, with their wounds brilliant as vermilion and odorous as musk."

What doctrine could have been devised more calculated to hurry forward, in a wild career of conquest, a set of ignorant and predatory soldiers, than this assurance of bliss if they survived, and paradise if they fell? It rendered almost irresistible the Moslem arms; but it likewise contained the poison that was to destroy their empire. From the moment the successors of the prophet ceased to be aggressive and conquering, and

* The reader may recollect that a belief in predestination, or destiny, was encouraged by Napoleon, and had much influence on his troops.
sheathed the sword definitively, the doctrine of predestination began its baneful work. Enervated by peace, and the sensuality permitted by the Koran—which so distinctly separates its doctrines from the pure and self-denying religion of the Moslems from the time of Abraham, and preordained by Allah, and inevitable; to be borne stoically, since human exertion and foresight were vain. "Help thyself and God will help thee," was a precept never in force with the followers of Mahomet, and its reverse has been their late. The crescent has waned before the cross, and exists in Europe, where it was once so mighty, only by the sufferage, or rather the jealousy, of the great Christian powers, probably ere long to furnish another illustration, that "they, that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

RELIGIOUS PRACTICE.

The articles of religious practice are fourfold: Prayer, including ablution, Alms, Fasting, Pilgrimage, and the Five Ceremonials. Ablution is enjoined as preparative to prayer, purity of body being considered emblematical of purity of soul. It is prescribed in the Koran with curious precision. The face, arms, elbows, feet, and a fourth part of the head, to be washed once or thrice: the hands, mouth, and nostrils, three times; the ears be moistened with the residue of the water used for the head, and the teeth be cleansed with a bid. The ablution to commence on the right and terminate on the left; in washing the arms, elbows, and wrists, the fingers are bent, and the elbows and wrists are kept crossed. The face is washed four times, first to the left, then to the right, turning the body on the left in the former, and the right in the latter case. The water is kept as cool as possible. These ablutions are prescribed in the Koran as a necessary part of prayer. Prayer is to be performed five times every day, viz.: the first in the morning, before sunrise; the second at noon; the third, in the afternoon, before sunset; the fourth in the evening, between sunset and dark; the fifth between twilight and the first watch, being the vespener watch. A sixth prayer is volunteered by many between the first watch of the night and the dawn of day. These prayers are not repetitions of the same language, but are ejaculations. "God is great! God is powerful! God is all-powerful!" and are counted by the scrupulous upon a string of beads. They may be performed at the mosque, or in any clean place. During prayer the eyes are turned to the Kaaba, the Kaaba is the direction of Mecca; which is indicated in every mosque by a niche called Al Mehrab, and externally by the position of the minarets and doors. Even the postures to be observed in prayer are prescribed, and the most solemn act of adoration is by bowing the forehead to the ground. Females in praying are not to stretch forth their arms, but to fold them on their bosoms. They are not to make as profound inclinations as the men. They are to pray in a low and gentle tone of voice. They are not permitted to accompany the men to the mosque, lest the minds of the worshippers should be drawn from their devotions. In addressing themselves to God, the faithful are enjoined to do so with humility; putting aside costly ornaments and sumptuous apparel.

Many of the Mahometan observances with respect to prayer were similar to those previously maintained by the Saracens; others agreed with the ceremonies prescribed by the Jewish Rabins. Such were the postures, inflections and peculiarities of the face toward the Kaaba, which, however, with the Jews, was in the direction of the temple at Jerusalem.

Prayer, with the Moslem, is a daily exercise; but on Friday there is a sermon in the mosque. This day was generally held sacred among oriental nations as the day on which man was created. The Saracen infidels consecrated it to Astarot or Venus, the most bright star of the New Testament. Mahomet adopted it as his Sabbath, partly perhaps from early habituate, but chiefly to vary from the Saturday of the Jews and Sunday of the Christians.

The second article of religious practice is Char- ry, or the giving of alms. There are two kinds of alms, viz.: those prescribed by law, called Zakat, like tithes in the Christian church, to be made in specified proportions, whether in money, wood, cattle, corn, or fruit; and voluntary gifts termed Sadaqat, made at the discretion of the giver. Every Moslem is enjoined, in one way or the other, to dispense a tenth of his revenue in relief of the indigent and distressed. The third article of practice is fasting, also supposed to have been derived from the Jews. In each year for thirty days, from the beginning of Ramadan, the true believer is to abstain rigorously, from the rising to the setting of the sun, from meat and drink, baths, perfumes, the intercourse of the sexes, and all other gratifications and delights of the day. A great triumph of self-denial, mortifying and subduing the several appetites, and purifying both body and soul. Of these three articles of practice the Prince Abbasul Adhodcyus said, "Prayer leads us half way to God; fasting conveys us to his threshold, but alms conduct us into his presence."

Pilgrimage is the fourth grand practical duty enjoined upon Moslems. Every true believer is bound to make one pilgrimage to Mecca in the course of his life, either personally or by proxy. In the latter case his name must be mentioned in every prayer offered up by his substitute.

Pilgrimage is incumbent only on free persons of mature age, sound intellect, and who have health and wealth enough to bear the fatigues and expenses of the journey. The pilgrim before his departure from home arranges all his affairs, both public and domestic, as if preparing for his death.

On the appointed day, which is either Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, as being propitious for the purpose, he assembles his wives, children, and all his household, and declares to them he will undertake his journey, and all his concerns to the care of God during his holy enterprise. Then passing one end of his turban beneath his chin to the opposite side of his head, like the attire of a nun, and grasping a stout staff of bitter almonds, he takes leave of his household, and salutes from the apartment, exclaiming, "In the name of God I undertake this holy work, confiding in his protection. I believe in him, and place in his hands my actions and my life."

On leaving the portal he turns face toward the Kaaba, repeats certain passages of the Koran, and adds, "I turn my face to the Holy Kaaba, the throne of God, to accomplish the pilgrimage commanded by his law, and which shall draw me near to him."

He finally puts his foot in the stirrup, mounts into the saddle, commends himself again to God, almighty, all-wise, all-merciful, and sets forth on his pilgrimage. The time of departure is always calculated so as to insure an arrival at Mecca at the beginning of the pilgrim month Dhu-l-Hajji.

Three laws are to be observed throughout this pious journey.

1. To commence no quarreled.
APPENDIX.

2. To bear meekly all harshness and reviling.
3. To promote peace and good-will among his companions in the caravan.

He is, moreover, to be liberal in his donations and charities throughout his pilgrimage.

When he attains a place in the vicinity of Mecca, he allows his hair and nails to grow, strips himself to the skin, and assumes the Ihram or pilgrim garb, consisting of two scarfs, without seams or decorations, and of any stuff excepting silk. One of these is folded round the loin, the other thrown over the neck and shoulders, leaving the right arm free. The head is uncovered, but the aged and infirm are permitted to fold something round it in consideration of alms given to the poor. Umbrellas are allowed as a protection against the sun, and indigent pilgrims supply their place by a rag on the end of a staff.

The instep must be bare; and peculiar sandals are provided for the purpose, or a piece of the upper leather of the shoe is cut out. The pilgrim, when the war is ended, is termed Al Mohim.

The Ihram of females is an ample cloak and veil, enveloping the whole person, so that, in strictness, the wrists, the ankles, and even the eyes should be concealed.

When once assumed, the Ihram must be worn until the pilgrimage is completed, however unmixed it may be in the season of the weather. While wearing it, the pilgrim must abstain from all impurities of language; all sensual intercourse; all quarrels and acts of violence; he must not even touch an insect that is hostile him; though an exception is made in regard to biting lice, to scorpions, and birds of prey.

On arriving at Mecca, he leaves his baggage in some shop, and, without attention to any worldly concern, repairs straightway to the Caaba, conducted by one of the Metoweis or guides, who are always at hand to offer their services to pilgrims.

Entering the mosque by the Bab el Salam, or Gate of Salutation, he makes four prostrations, and repeats certain prayers as he passes under the arch. Approaching the Caaba, he makes four prostrations on the White Stone, which he then kisses; or, if prevented by the throng, he touches it with his right hand, and kisses it. Departing from the Black Stone, and keeping the building on his left hand, he makes the seven circles of the Caaba, in a slow and solemn pace. Certain prayers are repeated in a low voice, and the Black Stone kissed, or touched, at the end of every circuit.

The Towaf, or procession, round the Caaba was an ancient ceremony, observed long before the time of Mahomet, and performed by both sexes entirely naked. Mahomet prohibited this exposure, and prescribed the Ihram, or pilgrim dress. The female Hajji walk the Towaf generally during the night; though occasionally it is performed with the men in the daytime.

The seven circuits being completed, the pilgrim presses his breast against the wall of the Black Stone and the door of the Caaba, and with outstretched arms prays for pardon of his sins.

He then repairs to the Makam, or station of Ali, and makes four prostrations, prays for the intermediation of the Patriarch, and thence to the well Zem Zen, and drinks as much of the water as he can swallow.

During all this ceremonial the uninstructed Hajji has his guide or Metowef close at his heels, muttering prayers for him to repeat. He is now conducted out of the mosque by the gate Bab el Zafa to a slight ascent about fifty paces distant, called the Hill of Zafa, when, after uttering a prayer with uplifted hands, he commences the holy promenade, called the Haa or Siya. This rises through a straight and level street, called Al Mesa, six hundred paces in length, lined with shops like a bazaar, and terminating at a place called Merowa. The walk of the Siya is in commemoration of the intercession of Hagar over the same ground, in search of water for her child Ishmael. The pilgrim, therefore, walks at times slowly, with an inquisitive air, then runs in a certain pace, and again walks slowly, stopping at times and looking anxiously back.

Having repeated the walk up and down this street seven times, the Hajji enters a barber's shop at Merowa; his head is shaved, his nards pared, the barber muttering prayers and the pilgrim repeating them all the time. The paring and shaving are then buried in consecrated ground, and the most essential duties of the pilgrimage are considered as fulfilled.

On the ninth of the month Al Du'll-hajji, the pilgrims make a hurried and tumultuous visit to Mount Arafat, where they remain until sunset; then pass the night in prayer at Mount Mozalif, and then proceed to the valley of Mena, where they observe alien stones at each of three pillars, in imitation of Abraham, and some say also of Adam, who drove away from this spot with stones, when disturbed by him in his devotions.

Such are the main ceremonies which form this great Moslem rite of pilgrimage; but, before concluding this sketch of Islamic practice, we cannot forbear to notice one of his innovations, which has entailed perplexity on all his followers, and particular inconvenience on pious pilgrims.

The Arabian year consists of twelve lunar months, containing alternately thirty and thirty-nine days, and making three hundred and fifty-four in the whole, so that eleven days were lost in every solar year. To make up the deficiency, a thirteenth or wandering month was added to every third year, previous to the era of Mahomet, to the same effect as one day is added to the Christian calendar, every fourth year. This was done by a man who was uneducated and ignorant of astronomy, referred this thirteenth or intercalary month, as contrary to the divine order of revolutions of the moon, and reformed the calendar by a divine revelation during his last pilgrimage. This is recorded in the ninth sura or chapter of the Koran, to the following effect:

"For the number of months is twelve, as was ordained by Allah, and recorded on the eternal tablet on the day wherein he created the heaven and the earth.


The greater part of the particulars concerning Mecca and Medina, and their respective pilgrimages, are gathered from the writings of that accurate and indefatigable traveller, Burckhardt, who, in the disguise of a pilgrim, visited these shrines, and complied with all the forms and ceremonies. His works throw great light upon the manners and customs of the East, and practice of the Mahometan faith. The facts related by Burckhardt have been collated with those of other travellers and writers, and many particular have been interwoven with them from other sources.

† The eternal tables or tablet was of white pearl, extended from east to west, and from earth to heaven.
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

"Transfer not a sacred month unto another month, for verily it is an innovation of the infidels."

The number of days thus lost amount in 33 years to 363. It becomes necessary, therefore, to add an intercalary year at the end of each thirty-third year to reduce the Mahomet into the Christian era.

One great inconvenience arising from this revelation of the prophet is, that the Moslem months do not indicate the season, as the commence earlier by eleven days every year. This at certain epochs is a sore grievance to the votaries to Mecca, as the great pilgrim month Dhu'val-hajji, during which they are compelled to wear the ihram, or half-naked pilgrim garb, runs the round of the seasons, occurring at one time in the depth of winter, at another in the fervid heat of summer.

Thus Mahomet, though according to legendary history he could order the moon from the firmament and make her revolve about the sacred house, could not control her monthly revolutions; and found that the season of numbers is superior even to the gift of prophecy, and sets miracles at defiance.

PART II.

PREFACE.

It is the intention of the author in the following pages to trace the progress of the Moslem dominion from the death of Mahomet, in A.D. 622, to the invasion of Spain, in A.D. 715. In this period, which did not occupy four score and ten years, and passed within the lifetime of many an aged Arab, the Moslems extended their empire and their faith over the wide regions of Asia and Africa, subduing the empire of the Khosrus, subjugating great territories in India, establishing a splendid seat of power in Syria, dictating to the conquered kingdoms of the Pharaohs, scouring the whole northern coast of Africa, streaming with their ships, carrying their conquests in one direction to the very walls of Constantinople, and in another to the extreme limits of Mauritania; in a word, trampling down all the old dynasties which once held haughty and magnificent sway in the East. The whole presents a striking instance of the triumph of fanatic enthusiasm over disciplined valor, at a period when the invention of firearms had not reduced war to a matter of almost arithmetical calculation. There is also an air of wild romance about many of the events recorded in this narrative, owing to the character of the Arabs, and their narrative, which has been stored up in their memory, and passed down from the lips of the divin revealer of the Koran, to the hears of his most zealous admirers, as was the eternal haven of the heven.
but the precaution of Osama Ibn Zaid in planting the standard before the prophet's door, and posting troops in various parts, prevent popular commotions, and enabled him to devote the reigns of government. Four names stood prominent as having claims of affinity: Abu Beker, Omar, Othman, and Ali. Abu Beker was the father of Ayesha, the favorite wife of Mahomet. Omar was father of Hafsah, another daughter, and the one to whose care he had confided the coffin containing the revelations of the Koran. Hafsah had married successively two of his daughters, but they were dead, and also their progeny. Ali was cousin german of Mahomet and husband of Fatima, his only daughter. Such were the ties of relationship to him of these four great captains. The right of succession, in order of consanguinity, lay with Ali; and his virtues and services eminently entitled him to it. On the first burst of his generous zeal, when Islamism was a departed and persecuted faith, he had been pronounced by Mahomet his brother, his viceroy; he had ever since been devoted to him in word and deed, and had honored the cause by his magnanimity as signal as his valor. His friends, confiding in the justice of his claims, gathered round him in the dwelling of his wife Fatima, to consult about means of putting him quietly in possession of the government.

The interest however were at work, operating upon the public mind. Abu Beker was held up, not merely as connected by marriage ties with the prophet, but as one of the first and most zealous of his disciples; as the voucher for the truth of his night journeys; as his fellow-sufferer in persecution; as the one who outwitted a thousand arts, and by his measures, science of half a century. His wife, Obeidah, was his principal advocate. She had been his wife two years, and as soon as she came to the world, he had accompanied him in his flight from Mecca, and adhered to him in all his fortunes.

The counsel of Abu Beker calmed for a time the turbulence of the assembly, but it soon revived with redoubled violence. Upon this Omar suddenly arose, advanced to Abu Beker, and hailed him as the oldest, best, and most thoroughly the adherents of the prophet, and the one most worthy to succeed him. So saying, he kissed his hand in token of allegiance, and swore to obey him as his sovereign.

This sacrifice of his own claims in favor of a rival struck the assembly with surprise, and opened their eyes to the real merits of Abu Beker. They beheld in him the faithful companion of the prophet, who had always been by his side. They knew his wisdom and moderation, and venerated his gray hairs. It appeared but reasonable that the man whose counsels had contributed to establish the new empire should close out his day.

The example of Omar, therefore, was promptly followed, and Abu Beker was hailed as chief.

Omar now ascended the pulpit. "Henceforth," said he, "if any one shall presume to take upon himself the sovereign power without the public voice, let him suffer death; as well as all who may nominate or uphold him." This measure was instantly adopted, and thus a bar was put to the attempts of any other candidate.

The whole of these measures, which at first sight appears magnificent, has been cavilled at as crafty and selfish. Abu Beker, it is observed, was well stricken in years being about the same age with the prophet; it was not probable he would long survive. Omar trusted, therefore, to succeed in a little while to the command. His last measure struck at once at the hopes of Ali, his most formidable opponent; who, shut up with his friends in the dwelling of Fatima, knew nothing of the meeting in which his pretensions were thus demolished. Craft, however, we must observe, is one of Omar's characteristics, and was totally devoted to the prompt, stern, and simple course of his conduct on all occasions; nor did he ever show any craving for power. He seems ever to have been a

zealot in distributing the benefits of the state.

His oratorical powers were strong. He had some oratorical gifts when the assembly was taken prisoner for the second time by the Persians. Omar some time after had announced his study, and demanded his peculiar observance. The monasteries were promulgated. He proclaimed his love and his hatred; who should befriend and who should be enmity; in defense and in victory. He bestrewed the land with his orations, chantering in his invocations:

"Ay, Ali, you who are my favorite,

"unless you befriend a sect in a people."

The framers of the constitution acknowledged Omar, however, as the most influential of the order; and paid to him the honors of prosperity; good fortune and the respect of the whole nation. He was acknowledged as the father of the son, and his plan for the government was adopted. Omar, therefore, was always served when his name was offered for election.

All was quiet and well pleased, but he spake of the son of Ali, to whom his two sons had died, and whose descendants, sprung as from a fruitful tree, were considered the most eligible to the outward authority.
zealot in the cause of Islam, and to have taken no indirect measures to promote it.

His next movement was indicative of his straightforward and thrust policy. Abu Beker, wary and cautious, there might be some outbreak on the part of Ali and his friends when they should hear of the election which had taken place. He requested Omar, therefore, to proceed with an armed band to the mansion of Fatima, and maintain tranquillity in that quarter. Omar surrounded the house with his followers; announced to Ali the election of Abu Beker, and demanded his concurrence. Ali attempted to repel the penalty of death decreed to all who should attempt to usurp the sovereign power in defiance of public will, and threatened to force it by setting fire to the house and consuming its inmates.

"Oh son of Khattab!" cried Fatima reproachfully, "thou wilt not surely commit such an outrage!"

"Ay will I in very truth!" replied Omar, "unless ye all make common cause with the people."

The friends of Ali were fain to yield, and to acknowledge the sovereignty of Abu Beker. All, however, held himself apart in proud and indignant reserve until the death of Fatima, which happened in the course of several months. He then paid tardy homage to Abu Beker, but, in so doing, he also allowed him with want of openness and good will to manage the election without his privy; a reproach which the ruler is likely to judge not with understanding. Abu Beker, however, disavowed all intrigue, and declared he had accepted the sovereignty merely to ally the popular commotion; and was ready to lay it down whenever a more worthy candidate could be found who would unite the wishes of the people.

All was seemingly pacified by this explanation; but he spurned it in his heart, and retired in disgust to the interior of Arabia, taking with him his two sons Hassan and Hosein, the only descendants of the prophet. From these have sprung a numerous progeny, who to this day are considered noble, and wear green turbans as the outward sign of their illustrious lineage.

CHAPTER II.

MODERATION OF ABU BEKER—TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER—REBELLION OF ARAB TRIBES—DEFEAT AND DEATH OF MALEC IBN NOWIH—HARSH MEASURES OF KALED CONDEMNED BY OMAR, BUT EXCUSED BY ABU BEKER—KALED DEFEATS MESELMA THE FALSE PROPHET—COMPIATION OF THE KORAN.

On assuming the supreme authority, Abu Beker refused to take the title of king or prince; several of the Moslems hailed him as God's vicar on earth, and many appeared in that capacity. But he was not the vicar of God, he said, but of his prophet, whose plans and wishes it was his duty to carry out and fulfill. "I will endeavor to avoid all prejudice and partiality. Obedience to the will of God and of the prophet. If I go beyond these bounds, I have no authority over you. If I err, set me right; I shall be open to conviction."

He contented himself, therefore, with the modi-
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quired by former acts of prowess. He was sent out against the rebels as at the head of a half-holy levy of five thousand five hundred men and eleven banners. The wary Abu Beker, with whom discretion kept an equal pace with valor, had a high opinion of the character and talents of the rebel chief, and hoped, notwithstanding his defection, to conquer him by kindness. But, when he had been instructed, therefore, should Malec fall into his power, to treat him with great respect; but to be diligent in the vanquished, and to endeavor, by gente means, to win all back to the standard of Islam.

Khaled, however, was a downright soldier, who had no liking for gente means. Having overcome the rebels in a pitched battle, he overran their country, giving his soldiery permission to seize upon the flocks and herds of the vanquished, and make slaves of their children.

Among the prisoners brought into his presence were Malec and his beautiful wife. The beauty of the latter dazzled the eyes of the rough soldier, but probably hardened his heart against her husband.

"Why, " demanded he of Malec, " do you refuse to pay the Zacat?"

"Because I can pray to God without paying these exactions, was the reply.,

"Prayer, without alms, is of no avail," said Khaled, "Does your master say so?" demanded Malec haughtily.

"My master!" echoed Khaled, "and is he not thy master likewise? By Allah, I have a mind to strike him on this account of thine insubordination."

"Are these also the orders of your master?" rejoined Malec with a sneer.

"Again!" cried Khaled, in a fury; "smite off the head of this rebel."

His officers interfered, for all respected the prisoner; but the rage of Khaled was not to be appeased.

"The beauty of this woman kills me," said Malec, significantly, pointing to his wife.

"Nay!" cried Khaled, "it is Allah who kills the harmony of thine existence."

"I am no apostate," said Malec; "I profess the true faith."

It was too late; the signal of death had already been given. Scarch had the declaration of faith passed the lips of the unfortunate Malec, when his head fell beneath the scimitar of Derar Ibn al Azer, a rough soldier after Khaled's own heart.

This summary execution, to which the beauty of a woman was alleged as the main excitement, gave deep concern to Abu Beker, who remarked, that the prophet had pardoned even Wacka, the Ethiopian, the slayer of his uncle Hamza, when the culprit made profession of the faith. As to Omar, he declared that Khaled, according to the laws of the Koran, ought to be stoned to death for adulterous execution for the murder of a Moslem. The sultan Abu Beker, however, observed that Khaled had sinned through error rather than intention.

"Shall I, " added he, "sheathe the sword of God? The sword which he himself has drawn against the unbelieving?"

So far from sheathing the sword, we find it shortly afterward employed in an important service. This was against the false prophet Moselma, who, encouraged by the impudence with which, during the illness of Mahomet, he had been suffering to propagate his doctrines, had increased greatly the number of his proselytes and adherents, and held a kind of regal and sacerdotal sway over the important city and fertile province of Yamama, between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia.

There is quite a flavor of romance in the story of this impostor. Among those dazzled by his celebrity and charmed by his rhapsodical effusions, was Saifayah, wife of Abu Cabblah, a tribesman of Tamim, distinguished among the Arabs for her personal and grandeur of King Solomon. They held a mutual passion at the first interview, and passed much of their time together in tender, if not religious intercourse. Saifayah became a convert to the faith of her lover, and caught from him the imaginary gift of prophecy. He appears to have caught, in exchange, the gift of poetry, for certain amatory effusions, addressed by him to his beautiful visitor, are still preserved by an Arabian historian, and breathe the warmth of the Song of Solomon.

This dream of poetry and prophecy was interrupted by the approach of Khaled at the head of a numerous army. Moselma sallied forth to meet him with a still greater force. A battle took place at Akra, not far from the capital city of Yamama. At the onset the rebels had a transient success, and twelve hundred Moslems fell the dust. Khaled, however, rallied his forces; the enemy were overthrown, and ten thousand cut to pieces. Moselma fought with desperation, but failed to recover with wounds. It is said his death-blow was given by Wacka, the Ethiopian, one who had killed Hamza, uncle of Mahomet, in the battle of Ohod, and that he used the same spear. Wacka, since his pardon by Mahomet, had become a zealous Moslem.

The surviving disciples of Moselma became promptly converted to Islamism under the pious but heavy hand of Khaled, whose late offence in the savage execution of Malec was completely atoned for by his victory over the false prophet. He added other services of the same military kind in this critical juncture of public affairs; reformed and co-operating with certain commanders who had been sent in different directions to suppress rebellions; and it was chiefly through his prompt and energetic activity that, before the expiration of the first year of the Caliphate, order was restored, and the empire of Islam was firmly established in Arabia.

It was shortly after the victory of Khaled over Moselma that Abu Beker undertook to gather together, from written and oral sources, the precepts and revelations of the Koran, which hitherto had existed partly in scattered documents, and partly in the memories of the disciples and companions of the prophet. He was greatly urged to undertake this undertaking by Omar, that ardent zealot for the faith. The latter had observed with alarm the number of veteran companions of the prophet who had fallen in the battle of Akra, "In a little while," said he, "all the living testifiers to the faith, who bear the revelations of it in their memories, will have passed away, and with them so many records of the doctrines of Islam. He urged Abu Beker, therefore, to collect from the surviving survivors of public affairs; reformed and to gather together from all quarters whatever parts of the Koran existed in writing. The manner in which Abu Beker proceeded to execute this pious task had been noticed in the preceding volume; it was not, however, continued until under a succeeding Caliph...
CHAPTER III.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST SYRIA—ARMY SENT UNDER VIZIR IBN ABU SOFIAN—SUCCESSES—ANOTHER ARMY UNDER AMRU IBN AL AAAS—BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS OF KHALEED IN IRAK.

The rebel tribes of Arabia being once more brought into allegiance, and tranquility established at home, Abu Bekr turned his thoughts to the conquest of Syria. He now had exhausted those once mighty powers, and left their frontiers open to aggression. In the second year of his reign, therefore, Abuk Beker prepared to carry out the great enterprise contemplated by Mahomet in his latter days—the conquest of Syria.

Under this grand design, it should be observed, were comprehended the countries lying between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, including Paeonia and Palatia.* These countries, once forming a system of petty states and kingdoms, each with its own government and monarch, were now merged in the great Byzantine Empire, and acknowledged the sway of the emperor Heraclius at Constantinople.

Syria long had been a land of promise to the Arabs. They had known it for ages by the intercourse of the caravans, and had drawn from it their chief supplies of corn. It was a land of abundance. Part of it was devoted to agriculture and husbandry, covered with fields of grain, vineyards and trees producing the finest fruits; pastures well stocked with flocks and herds. On the Arabian borders it had cities, the rich mart of internal trade; while its seaports, though declined from the ancient splendor and pre-eminence of Tyre and Sidon, still were the staples of an opulent and widely extended commerce.

In the twelfth year of the reign of the caliph, the following summons was sent by Abu Bekr to the chiefs of Arabia Petraea and Arabia Felix:

"In the name of the Most Merciful God! Abdullah Atkeb Ibn Aku Abah to all true believers, health, happiness, and the blessing of God! This is to inform you that I intend to send an army of the faithful into Syria, to deliver that country from the infidels, and to lead you to fight for the true faith is to obey God!"

There ensued no further indoctrination to bring to his standard every Arab that owned a horse or a camel, or could wield a lance. Every day brought some Sheikh to Medina at the head of the fighting men of his tribe, and before long the fields round the city were studded with encampments. The command of the army was given to Yezid Ibn Absoian. The troops soon became impatient to strike their sunburnt tents and march. "Why do we loiter?" they cried; "all our fighting men are here; there are none more to come. The plains of Medina are parched and bare, there is no food for our horses. Let us march for the fruitful land of Syria."

Abu Bekr assented to their wishes. From the brow of a hill he reviewed the army on the point of departure. The heart of the Caliph swelled with pious exaltation as he looked down upon the stirring multitude, the glittering array of arms, the squadrons of horsemen, the lengthening line of camels, and called to mind the scantly handful of men that used to gather round the station of his prophet. Scarcely ten years had elapsed since the latter had been driven a fugitive from Mecca, and now a mighty host assembled at the summons of his successor, and distant empires were threatened by the sword of Islam. Filled with these thoughts, he lifted up his voice and prayed to God to make these troops valiant and continuous. Then giving the word to march, the tents were struck, the camels laden, and in a little while the army poured through a long train on hill and valley.

Abu Bekr accompanied them on foot on the first day's march. The leaders would have dismounted and yielded them their steeds. "Nay," said he, "ride on. You are in the service of Allah. As for me, I shall be rewarded for every step I take in his cause."

His parting charge to Yezid, the commander of the army, was a singular mixture of severity and mercy:

"Treat your soldiers with kindness and consideration; be just in all your dealings with them, and consult their feelings and opinions. Fight valiantly, and never turn your back upon a foe. When victorious, harm not the aged, and protect women and children. Destroy not the palm-tree nor fruit-trees of any kind; waste not the cornfield with fire; nor kill any cattle except for food. Stand faithfully to every covenant and promise; respect all religious persons who live in hermitages, or convents, and spare their edifices. But should you meet with a class of unbelievers of a different kind, who go about with shaven crowns, and belong to the synagogue of Satan, be sure you seclude their skulls unless you embrace the true faith, or render tribute."

Having received this summary charge, Yezid continued his march toward Syria, and the pious Caliph returned to Medina.

The prayers which the latter had put up for the success of the army appeared to be successful. Before long a great cavalcade of horses, mules, and camels laden with bounties poured into the gates of Medina. Yezid had encountered on the confines of Syria, a body of troops detached by the emperor Heraclius to observe him, and had defeated them, killing the general and twelve hundred men. He had been equally successful in various subsequent skirmishes. All the booty gained in these actions had been sent to the Caliph, as an offering by the army of the first fruits of the harvest of Syria.

Abu Bekr sent tidings of this success to Mecca and the surrounding country, calling upon all true believers to press forward in the work of victory, thus prosperously commenced. Another army was soon set on foot, the command of which was given to Abuk Ibn Khaled. This appointment, however, not being satisfactory to Omar, whose opinions and wishes had vast weight at Medina, Ayesha prevailed on her father to invite Seid to appoint to his place Amru Ibn Al Aas; the same who in the early days of the faith ridiculed Mahomet and his doctrines in satirical verses, but who, since his conversion to Islamism, had risen to eminence in its service as one of its most valiant and efficient champions.

Such was the zeal of the Moslems in the pros
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 CHAPTER IV.

INCOMPETENCY OF ABOEIBADH TO THE GENERAL COMMAND IN SYRIA—KHALED SENT TO SUPERSEDE HIM—PERIL OF THE MOSLEM ARMY BEFORE BOSRA—TIMELY ARRIVAL OF KHALED—HIS EXPLOITS DURING THE SIEGE—CAPTURE OF BOSRA.

The exultation of the Caliph over the triumphs in Irak was checked by tidings of a different tone from the army in Syria. Abu Obeidah, who had the general command, wanted the boldness and enterprise requisite to invading general. A partial defeat of some of his troops discouraged him, and he heard with despair of vast hosts which the emperor Heraclius was assembling to overwhelm him. His letters to the Caliph partook of amazement and solicitude. Abu Obeidah was dazed by the news sent him by the troops he had left under Khaled. The latter was not satisfied with the news of the enemy's incapable command. Pouring from the land of the Barons, and from the Camaloce, and from the realm of the Moslems, a great weight of troops was ready to descend upon the Syrian army. The Moslem commander despaired of success, and the inhabitants of the province of Obeidah were ready to receive him as their king. The Syriac governor, who had been sent to Obeidah to see that the Moslem was properly entertained, was ordered to return to the Caliph and say, "Abu Obeidah is very weak. He has no command. He is in haste to retreat to the mountains in order to save himself."

The news of these events, which was not surprising, caused the Caliph's anger to burst out in a storm of outrage. He ordered Abu Obeidah to be arrested and brought to him in person, and he announced to the troops his decision to appoint another commander in his stead. He ordered the troops to remain where they were, and to await his further orders. He also ordered the troops to be placed under the command of Khaled, who was summoned to return to Syria with the utmost dispatch. The news of the Caliph's decision reached the troops, and it caused them to exult in their victory and to look forward with hope to the future. They were determined to defend their country and to maintain their independence. They were confident of success, and they were determined to fight to the end. They were determined to fight for the cause of Islam, and to defend the Prophet's religion against the infidels. They were determined to fight for the cause of justice, and to defend the weak against the strong. They were determined to fight for the cause of freedom, and to defend the rights of the people against the tyranny of the oppressors. They were determined to fight for the cause of truth, and to defend the truth against the falsehood of the infidels. They were determined to fight for the cause of God, and to defend His religion against the infidels.
partook of the anxiety and perplexity of his mind. Abu Beker, whose generally sober mind was dazzled at the time by the daring exploits of Khaled, was annoysd at finding that, while the latter was dashesg forward in a brilliant career of conquest, he had not yet received significant news of the enemy's position on the offensive in Syria. In the exac-

tion of the moment he regretted that he had intresed the invasion of the latter country to one who appeared to him a nerveless man; and he went forth with sent messages to Khaled, ordering him to leave the prosecution of the war in Iraq, Abu Beker holding the head of a thousand horse, and spurred over the Syrian borders to join the Moslem host, which he learnt, while on the way, was drawing toward the Christian city of Bosra.

This city, the reader with recall, was the great mart on the Syrian frontier, annually visited by the caravans, and where Mahomet, when a young man, had his first interview with Sergius, the Nestorian monk, from whom he was said to have received instructions in the Christian faith. It was held out a promise of great booty; but it was strongly walled, its inhabitants were inured to arms, and it could and that at two thousand horse. Its very name, in the Syrian tongue, signified a tower of safety. Against this place Abu Obeidah had sent Serjabil Ibn Hasana, a veteran secretary of Mahomet, with a troop of ten thousand horse. On this approach, Romanus, the governor of the city, notwithstanding the strength of the place and of the garrison, would fain have paid tribute, for he was dismayed by the accounts he had received of the fanatic zeal and irresistible valor of the Moslems, but his people were stout of heart, and insisted on fighting.

The venerable Serjabil, as he drew near to the city, called upon Allah to grant the victory promised in his name by his apostle; and to establish the truth of his unity by confounding its opposers. His prayers apparently were no avail. Serjabil after a number of horsemen wheeled down from the ramparts of the Moslems and fell on both sides, threw them into confusion, and made great slaughter. Overwhelmed by numbers, Serjabil was about to order a retreat, when a great cloud of dust gave notice of another army at hand.

There was a momentary pause on both sides, but the shout of Allah Achor! Allah Achor! resounded through the Moslem host, as the eagle banner of Khaled was descried through the cloud. That warrior came galloping to the field, at the head of his troop of horsemen, all covered with dust. Charging the foe with his characteristic impetuosity, he drove them back to the city, and planted his standard before the walls.

The battle over, Serjabil would have embraced his deliverer, who was likewise his ancient friend, but he regarded him reproachfully. "What madness possessed thee," said he, "to attack with thy handful of horsemen a fortress girt with stone walls and thronged with soldiers?"

"I acted," said Serjabil, "not for myself, but at the command of Abu Obeidah."

"Abu Obeidah," replied Khaled, bluntly, "is a very worthy man, but he knows little of warfare.

In effect the army of Syria soon found the differ-

cence between the commanders. The soldiers of Khaled, Richard with a hard march, and harder combat, snatched a hasty repast, and throwing themselves upon the ground, were soon asleep. Khaled alone took no rest; but, mounting a fresh horse, spurred across the camp, and seeing some new irritation from the foe. At daybreak he roused his army for the morning prayer. Some of the troops performed ablutions with water, others with sand. Khaled put up the matin prayer; then every man grasped his weapon and sprang to horse, for the gates of Bosra were already pouring forth their legions. The eyes of Khaled kindled as he saw them prancing down into the plain and glittering in the rising sun. These infidels," said he, "think us weary and wayworn, but they will be confounded. Forward to the fight, for the blessing of Allah is with us!"

As the armies approached each other, Romanus rode in advance of his troops and defied the Moslem chief to single combat. Khaled advanced on the instant. Romanus, however, instead of levelling his lance, entered into a parley in an under tone of voice. He declared that he was a Moslem at heart, and had incurred great disorder among the people of the place, by endeavoring to persuade them to pay tribute. He further intimated his embrace of Islamism, and to return and do his best to yield the city into the hands of the Moslems, on condition of security for life, liberty, and property.

Khaled readily assented to the condition, but suggested that they should exchange a few dry blows, to enable Romanus to return to the city with a better grace, and prevent a suspicion of collusion. Romanus agreed to the proposal, but with no great relish, for he was an arrant cren. He would fain have made a mere feint and flourish of weapons; but Khaled had a heavy hand and a kindling spirit, and dealt such hearty blows that he would have severed the other in twain, or cloven him to the saddle, had he struck with the edge instead of the flat of the sword.

"Softly, softly," cried Romanus. "Is this what you call sham fighting; or do you mean to slay me?"

"By no means," replied Khaled, "but we must lay on our blows a little roughly, to appear in earnest!"

Romanus, battered and bruised, and wounded in several places, was glad to get back to his army with his life. He now extolled the prowess of Khaled, and advised the citizens to negotiate a surrender; but they upbraided him with his cowardice, stripped him of his command, and made him a prisoner in his own house; substituting in his place the general who had come to them with reinforcements from the emperor Heraclius.

The new governor, as his first essay in com-
mand, saluted in advance of the army, and defied Khaled to combat. Abdulrahman, son of the Caliph, a youth of great promise, begged of Kha-
el the honor of being his champion. His re-
quest being granted, he rode forth, well armed, to the encounter. The combat was of short duration. At the onset the cowardly youth was daunted by the fierce countenance of the youthful Moslem, and confounded by the address with which he managed his horse and wielded his lance. At the first wound he lost all presence of mind, and turning the reins endeavor to escape by dint of hoof. His steed was swiftest, and he succeeded in throwing himself into the midst of his forces. The impetuous youth spurred after him, cutting
and slashing, right and left, and hewing his way with his scimitar.

Khaled, delighted with his valor, but alarmed at his peril, gave the signal for a general charge. To the fight! to the fight! Paradise! Paradise! was the maddening cry. Horse was spurred against horse; man grappled man. The desperate conflict was witnessed from the walls, and spread dismay through the city. The bells rang alarums, the shrieks of women and children mingled with the prayers and chants of priests and monks moving in procession through the streets.

Astonished, too, called upon, Allah for succor, mingling prayers and ejaculations as they fought. At length the troops of Bosra gave way: the squadrons that had saluted forth so gloriously in the morning were driven back in broken and headlong masses to the city; the gates were hastily swung to and barred after them; and, while they pantied with fatigue and terror behind their bulwarks, the standards and banners of the cross were planted on the battlements, and couriers were sent on informing reinforcements from the emperor.

Night closed upon the scene of battle. The stiffened groups of wounded warriors, mingled with the wailings of women, and the prayers of monks and friars were heard in the once joyful streets of Bosra; while sentinels walked the rounds of the city wall to guard it against the desperation of the foe.

Abd'lar'raham commanded one of the patrols. Walking his round beneath the shadow of the city walls, he beheld a man come stealthily forth, the embroidery of whose garments, faintly glittering in the starlight, betrayed him to be a person of consequence. The lance of Abd'lar'raham was at his breast, when he proclamed himself to be Romanus, and demanded to be led to Khaled. On entering the tent of that leader he inveighed against the treatment he had experienced from the people of Bosra, and invoked vengeance. They had confined him to his house, but it was built against the walls of the city. He had caused his sons and servants, therefore, to break a hole through it, by which he had issued forth, and by which he offered to introduce a band of soldiers who might throw open the city gates to the army.

His offer was instantly accepted, and Abd'lar'raham was intrusted with the dangerous enterprise. He took with him a hundred picked men, and, conducted by Romanus, entered in the dead of night, by the breach in the wall, into the house of the traitor. Here they were refreshed with food, and disguised to look like the soldiers of the garrison. Abd'lar'raham then divided them into four bands of twenty-five men each, three of which he sent in different directions, with orders to keep quiet until he and his followers should give the signal shout of Allah Achbar! He then requested Romanus to conduct him to the quarters of the governor, who had fled the fight with him that day, andstadt the prowler. He and his twenty-five men passed with noiseless steps through the streets. Most of the unfortunate people of Bosra had sunk to sleep; but now and then the groan of some wounded warrior, or the lament of some afflicted woman, broke the stillness of the night.

Arrived at the gate of the citadel, they surprised the sentinels, who mistook them for a friendly patrol, and made their way to the governor's chamber. Romanus entered first, and summoned the governor to receive a friend.
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is the trickling of water on every hand. Whenever you go there is a brook, or a full and silent stream beside the track; and you have frequently to cross from one, vivid green meadow to another by hanging, or by little bridges. These streams were all dammed and made to supply to Damascus of old. He might well ask whether the Jordan was better than Pharpar and Abana, the rivers of Damascus.

In this city too were invented those silken stuffs called damask from the place of their origin, and those swords and scimiters proverbial for their matchless temper.

When Khaled resolved to strike for this great prize, he had but fifteen hundred horse, which had followed him from Iraq, in addition to the force which he found with Serjail; having, however, the general command of the troops in Syria, he wrote to Abu Obeidah to join him with his army, amounting to thirty-seven thousand men.

The Moslems, accustomed to the aridity of the desert, gazed with wonder and delight upon the rich plain of Damascus. As they wound in lengthening files along the banks of the shining river, through verdant and flowery fields, or among groves and vineyards and blooming gardens, it seemed as if they were already realizing the parable of the vineyard of the prophet, and the fables of the ancients, but when the fanes and towers of Damascus rose to sight from among tufted bowers, they broke forth into shouts of transport.

Heraclius the emperor was at Antioch, the capital of his Syrian dominions, when he heard of the advance of the Arabs upon the city of Damascus. He supposed the troops of Khaled, however, to be a mere predatory band, intent as usual on hasty ravage, and easily repulsed when satisfied with plunder; and he felt little alarm for the safety of the city, knowing it to be very strong, admirably fortified, and well garrisoned. He contented himself, therefore, with dispatching a general named Caloüs with five thousand men to reinforce it.

In passing through the country, Caloüs found the people flying to castles and other strongholds and putting them in a state of defence. As he approached Baalbec, the women came forth with dishevelled hair, wringing their hands and uttering cries of despair. "Alas," cried they, "the Arabs overrun the land, and nothing can withstand them. The prophet and priest, and Tadmor and Bosra, have fallen, and who shall protect Damascus!"

Caloüs inquired the force of the invaders.

They knew but of the troops of Khaled, and answered, "Fifteen hundred horse.

"Be of good cheer," said Caloüs; "in a few days I will return with the head of Khaled on the point of this good spear.

He arrived at Damascus before the Moslem army came in sight, and the same self-confidence marked his preceding acts. Arrogating to himself the supreme command, he would have deposed and expelled the former governor Azzrail, a meritorious old soldier, well beloved by the people. Violent dissensions immediately arose, and the city, instead of being prepared for defence, was a prey to despondency.

In the height of these tumults the army of Khaled, forty thousand strong, being augmented by that of Abu Obeidah, was described marching across the plain. The sense of danger calmed the fury of contention, and the two governors saluted each other with a great part of the garrison, to encounter the invaders.

Both armies drew up in battle array. Khaled was in front of the Moslem line, and with him was his brother in arms, Derar Ibn al Azwar. The latter was mounted on a fine Arabian mare, and poised a ponderous lance, looking a warrior at all points. Khaled regarded him with friendly pride, and resolved to dignify him an opportunity of distinguishing himself. For this purpose he deputed him with a small squadron of horse to feel the pulse of the enemy. "Now is the timeindar," cried he, "to show thyself a man, and emulate the deeds of thy father and other illustrious soldiers of the faith. Forward in the righteous cause, and Allah will protect thee."

Derar levell'd his lance, and at the head of his hand of followers charged into the thousand of the foe. In the first encounter four horsemen fell beneath his arm; then wheeling off, and soaring as it were into the field to mark a different quarry, he charged with his little troop upon the foot soldiers, slew six with his own hand, trampled down others, and produced great confusion. The Christians, however, recovered from a temporary panic, and opposed him with overwhelming numbers and Roman discipline. Derar saw the inequality of the fight, and having glutted his martial fury, showed the Azzrail desert to retreat, making his way back safely to the Moslem army, by whom he was received with great joy.

Abdu'lrahman gave a similar proof of fiery courage; but his cavalry was received by a battalion of infantry arranged in phalanx with extended spears, while stones and darts hurled from a distance galled both horse and rider. He also, after making a daring assault and sudden capture, retired upon the spur and rejoined the army.

Khaled now emulated the prowess of his friends, and careering in front of the enemy, launched a general desultory to single combat.

The jealousies of the two Christian commanders continued in the field. Azzrail, turning to Caloüs, taunted him to accept the challenge as a matter of course; seeing he was sent to protect the country in this hour of danger.

The vanity of Caloüs was at an end. He had no inclination for so close a fight with such an enemy, but pride would not permit him to refuse. He entered into the conflict with a faint heart, and in a short time would have retreated, but Khaled wheeled between him and his army. He then fought with desperation and audacity, but without success on both sides, until Caloüs beheld his blood streaming down his armor. His heart failed him at the sight; his strength flagged; he fought merely on the defensive. Khaled, perceiving this, suddenly closed with him, shifted his hand to his left hand, grasped Caloüs with the right, dragged him out of the saddle, and bore him off captive to the Moslem host, who rent the air with triumphant shouts.

Mounting a fresh horse, Khaled prepared again for battle.

"Tarry, my friend," cried Derar; "repose thyself for a time, and I will take thy place."

"Oh, Derar," replied Khaled, "he who labors to-day shall rest to-morrow. There will be repose sufficient amid the delights of paradise."

When about to return to the field, Caloüs demanded a moment's audience, and making use of the traitor Romanus as an interpreter, advised Khaled to bend all his efforts against Azzrail, the former governor of the city, whose death he said would be the surest means of gaining the victory.

Thus a spirit of envy induced him to sacrifice the good of his country to the desire of injuring a rival.
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Khaled was willing to take advice even from an enemy, especially when it fell in with his own humor; he advanced, therefore, in front, challenging Azzr as loudly by name. The latter quickly appeared, well armed and mounted, and with some able officer as a determinant of his march, and diverted the advancing army. His advice was adopted, and Derar, the cherished companion in arms of Khaled, was chosen for the purpose of the day. That fierce Moslem was ready to march at once and attack the enemy with any number of men that might be offered him; but Khaled rebuked him for his insconsiderate zeal. "We are expected," he said, "to fight for the faith, but not to throw ourselves away." Alloting to his friend, therefore, one thousand chosen horsemen, he recommended him to hang on the flanks of the enemy and impede their march.

The fleetly mounted hand of Derar soon came in sight of the van of Werdan's army, slowly marching in heavy masses. They were for ever about it and harassing it in the Arab manner, but the impetuosity of their saddle just as his antagonist came galloping upon him, he struck at the legs of his horse, brought him to the ground, and took his rider prisoner.

The magnanimity of Khaled was equal to his valor, for which the bravest of the faithful overcame all generous feelings. He admired Azzr as a soldier, but detested him as an infidel. Placing him beside his late rival Calus, he called upon both to renounce Christianity and embrace the faith of Islam. They persisted in a word refusal, upon which the signal was given and their heads were struck off and thrown over the walls into the city, a fearful warning to the inhabitants.

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS CONTINUED—EXPLOITS OF DERAR—DEFEAT OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY.

The siege of Damascus continued with increasing vigor. The inhabitants were embarrassed and dismayed by the loss of their two governors, and the garrison was thinned by frequent skirmishes which the Arab army often visited. At length the soldiers ceased to sally forth, and the place became strictly invested. Khaled, with one half of his army, drew near to the walls on the east side, while Abu Obeidah, with the other half, was stationed on the west. The inhabitants now attempted to corrupt Khaled, offering him a thousand ounces of gold and two hundred magnificent damask robes to raise the siege. His reply was, that they must embrace the Islam faith, pay tribute, or fight unto the death.

While the Arabs lay thus encamped round the city, as if watching its expired throes, they were surprised one day by the unusual sound of shouts and joy within its walls. Sending out scouts, they soon learned the astounding intelligence that a great army was marching to the relief of the place. The besieged, in fact, in the height of their extremity, sent a messenger from the walls in the dead of the night, bearing tidings to the emperor at Antioch of their perilous condition, and imploring prompt and efficient succor. Aware for the first time of the real magnitude of the danger, Heraclius dispatched an army of a hundred thousand men to their relief, led on by Werdan, prefect of Emessa, an experienced general.

Khaled would at once have marched to meet the foe, alleging that so great a host could come only in divisions, which might be defeated in detail; the cautious and quiet Abu Obeidah, however, counselled to continue the siege, and send with some able officer with a determined check to divert the advancing army. His advice was adopted, and Derar, the cherished companion in arms of Khaled, was chosen for the purpose. That fierce Moslem was ready to march at once and attack the enemy with any number of men that might be offered him; but Khaled rebuked him for his insconsiderate zeal. "We are expected," he said, "to fight for the faith, but not to throw ourselves away." Alloting to his friend, therefore, one thousand chosen horsemen, he recommended him to hang on the flanks of the enemy and impede their march.

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Moslem army, Khaled had defeated the whole forces of Wedan, division after division, as they arrived successively at the field of action. In this manner a hundred thousand troops were defeated, in detail, less than a third of their number, inspired by fanatic zeal, and led on by a skilful and intrepid chief. Thousands of the fugitives were killed in the pursuit; an immense booty in treasure, arms, baggage, and horses fell to the victors, and Khaled led back his army, busied with conquest, but fatigued with fighting and burdened with spoils, to resume the siege of Damascus.

CHAPTER VII.

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS CONTINUED—SALLY OF THE GARRISON—HEROISM OF THE MOSLEM WOMEN.

The tidings of the defeat of Wedan and his powerful army made the emperor Heraclius tremble in his palace at Antioch for the safety of his Syrian kingdom. Hastily levying another army of seventy thousand men, he put them under the command of his ablest general, the martial Omeirah, and with a rapid march on the part infidels, closed in on the Moslem, whom they were unable to surround. At daybreak the former took his steeds to the attack, and in a brief but brilliant conflict, took the field, and overpowered the Moslem. On this occasion the Moslem General was taken prisoner. Conscious, however, of the inadequacy of his forces, Khaled sent missions to all the Moslem generals within his camp. In the name of the most merciful God: Khaled Ibn al Walid to Amru Ibn al Aass, health and happiness. The Moslem brethren are about to march to Aiznadin to do battle with seven thousand Greeks, who are coming to extinguish the light of God. But Allah will preserve his light in despite of all the infidels. Come to Aiznadin with thy troops; for, God willing, thou shalt find me there. These missions sent, he broke up his encampment before Damascus, and marched, with his whole force, toward Aiznadin. He would have placed Abu Obeidah at the head of the army; but the latter, having taken the field, as the commander-in-chief, was appointed to take the field, and the station appertained to him. Abu Obeidah, therefore, brought up the rear, where were the baggage, the booty, the women, and the children.

When the garrison of Damascus saw their enemy on the march, they sent forth under two brothers named Peter and Paul. The former led ten thousand infantry, the latter six thousand horse. Overtaking the rear of the Moslems, Paul with his cavalry charged into the midst of them, cutting down some, trampling others under foot, and sparing none, made common cause. Peter in the mean time, with his infantry, made a sweep of the camp equipage, the baggage, and the accumulated booty, and capturing most of the women, made off with his spoils toward Damascus.

Tidings of the victory reached the ears of Khaled in the van, he sent Derar, Abd aIrhaman, and Rabai Ibn Omeirah, scouring back, each at the head of two hundred horse, while he followed with the main force.

Derar and his associates soon turned the tide of battle, rout the Paul and his cavalry with such slaughter, that of the six thousand but a small part escaped to Damascus. Paul threw himself from his horse, and attempted to escape on foot, but was taken prisoner. The exultation of the victors, however, was damped by the intelligence that their women had been carried away captive, and great was the grief of Derar, on learning that his sister Caulah, a woman of great beauty, was among the number.

In the mean time Peter and his troops, with their spoils and captives, had proceeded on the way to Damascus, but halted under some trees beside a fountain, to refresh themselves and divest their boots. In the valley, Caulah the sister of Derar was alloted to Peter. This done, the captors went into their tents to carouse and make merry with the spoils, leaving the women among the baggage, bewailing their captive state. Caulah, however, was the worthy sister of Derar. Instead of weeping and wringing her hands, she reproached her companions with their weakness. "What! cried she, 'shall we, the daughters of warriors and followers of Mahomet, submit to be the slaves and paramours of barbarians and idolaters? For my part, sooner will I die!" Among her fellow-captives were Hamzirat women, descendants as it is supposed of the Amalekites of old, and others of the tribe of Elfin-
lar, all bold viragos, with orders to mount the horse, ploy the bow, and launch the javelin. They were roused by the appeal of Caulah. "What, how can we do, cried they, "having neither sword nor lance nor bow?"

"Let's then take our swords, and defend ourselves to the utmost. God may deliver us; if not, we shall die and be at rest, leaving no stain upon our country." She was seconded by a resolute woman named Joffirah. Her words prevailed. They all armed themselves with tent poles, and Caulah placed them closely side by side in a circle. "Stand firm," said she. "Let no one pass between you; parry the weapons of your assailants, and strike at their heads."

With Caulah, as with her brother, the word was accompanied by the deed; for scarce had she spoken, when a Greek soldier happening to approach, with one blow of her staff she shattered his skull.

The noise brought the carousers from the tents. They surrounded the women, and sought to pacify them; but whoever came within reach of their staves was sure to suffer. Peter was struck with the matchless form and glowing beauty of Caulah, as she stood, fierce and fearlessly, dealing her blows on all who approached. He charged his men not to harm her, and endeavored to win her by soothing words and offers of wealth and honor; but she reviled him as an infidel, a dog, and rejected with scorn his brutal love. Incensed at length by her taunts and menaces, he gave the word, and his followers rushed upon the women with their scimitars. The unequal combat would soon have ended, when Khaled and Derar came galloping with their cavalry to the rescue. Khaled was heavily armed; but Derar was almost naked, on a horse without a saddle, and brandishing a lance.

At sight of them Peter's heart quaked; he put a stop to the assault on the women, and would have made a merit of delivering them unharmed. "We have wives and sisters of our own," said he, "and respect your courageous defence. Go in peace to your countrymen."

He turned his horse's head, but Caulah smote the legs of the animal and brought him to the ground; and Derar thrust his spear through
CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF AIZNADIN.

The army of the prefect Wedaran, though seventy thousand in number, was for the most part composed of newly levied troops. It lay encamped at Aiznadin, and ancient historians speak much of the splendid appearance of the imperial camp, rich in its sumptuous furniture of silk and gold, and of the brilliant array of the troops in burnished armor, with glittering swords and lances.

While thus encamped, Wedaran was surprised one day to behold clouds of dust rising in different directions, from which as they advanced broke forth the flash of arms and din of trumpets. These were in fact the troops which Khaled had summoned by letter from various parts, and which, though widely separated, arrived at the appointed time with a punctuality recorded by the Arab chroniclers as miraculous.

The Moslems were at first a little daunted by the number and formidable array of the imperial host; but Khaled harangued them in a confident tone. "You behold," said he, "the last stock of the infidels. This army vanquished and dispersed, they can never muster another of any force, and all Syria is ours!"

The armies lay encamped in sight of each other all night, and drew out in battle array in the morning.

"Who will undertake," said Khaled, "to observe the enemy near at hand, and bring me an account of the number and disposition of his forces?"

Derar immediately stepped forward. "Go," said Khaled, "and Allah go with thee. But I charge thee, Derar, not to strike a blow unprovoked, nor to expose thy life unnecessarily."

Then Wedaran saw a single horseman prowling in view of his army and noting its strength and disposition, he sent forth thirty horsemen to surround and capture him. Derar retreated before them until they became separated in the eagerness of pursuit, then suddenly wheeling he received the first upon the point of his lance, and so another and another, thrusting them through or striking them from their saddles, until he had killed or unhorsed seventeen, and so daunted the rest that he was enabled to make his retreat in safety.

Khaled reproached him with rashness and disobedience of orders.

"I sought to win the fight," replied Derar. "They came against me, and I feared that God should turn my back upon me. He doubtless aided me, and had it not been for your orders, I should not have desisted when I did."

Being informed by Derar of the number and positions of the troops, Khaled marshalled his army accordingly. He gave command of the right wing to Meid and Noman; the left to Saad Ibn Wakkas and Serjuli, and took charge of the centre himself, accompanied by Amru, Abd-rahman, Derar, Kais, Kafi, and other distinguished leaders. A body of four thousand horse, under Yezed Ebn Abu Sofian, was posted in the rear to guard the baggage and the women.

But it was not the men alone that prepared for this momentous battle. Caulah and Offieirah, and their impatient companions, among whom were women of the highest rank, excited by their recent success, armed themselves with such weapons as they found at hand, and prepared to mingle in the fight. Khaled applauded their courage and devotion, assuring them that the fate of the day, the fate of patrician or plebeian, would be open to them. Then he formed them into two battalions, giving command of one to Caulah, and of the other to Offieirah; and charged them, besides defending themselves against the enemy, to keep a strict eye upon his own troops, and whenever they saw a Moslem turn his back upon the foe, to slay him as a recant and an apostate. Finally he rode through the ranks of his army, exhorting them all to fight with desperation, since they had wives, children, honor, religion, everything at stake, and no place of refuge for the defeated.

The war cries now arose from every army; the Christians shouting for "Christ and for the faith!" the Moslems, "La Illa illa Allah, Mohammed Resoul Allah!" "There is but one God!" exclaimed the prophet of God!"

Just before the armies engaged, a venerable man came forth from among the Christians, and, approaching Khaled, demanded, "Art thou the general of this army?" "I am considered such," replied Khaled, "while I am true to God, the Koran, and the prophet."

"Thou art come unprovoked," said the old man, "thou and thy host, to invade this Christian land. Be not too certain of success. Others who have heretofore invaded this land have found an instant of triumph. Look at this host. It is more numerous and perhaps better disciplined than thine. Why wilt thou tempt a battle which may end in thy defeat, and must at all events cost thee more lamentable bloodshed? Retire, then, in peace, and spare the miseries which must otherwise fall upon thy people. Shouldst thou do so, I am authorized to offer, for every soldier in thy host, a suit of garments, a turban, and a piece of gold; for thyself a hundred pieces and ten silken robes; and for thy Caliph a thousand pieces and a hundred robes."

"If I submit," said Khaled, "I submit contentedly, to one who will soon possess the whole. For yourselves there are but three conditions: embrace the faith, pay tribute, or expect the sword."

With this reply the venerable man returned sorrowfully to the Christian host.

Still Khaled was unusually wary. "Our enemies are two to one," said he; "we must have patience until night and propriety of action."

The enemy was stationed in the adjacent vales, and would not restrain himself that no opening was offered for a petuous advance. They made a vigorous charge, and pursued them to the borders of their encampment.

The aged general, who had galloped to one side, exclaimed, "am but a warrior;

Khaled exulted in his laurel, and rode to the pursuit.

"I will not yield," he said, "to tell, but I will give them the first proofs of their power.

Having first desisted by the heralds of Wedaran, and the infidels charged, besides defending themselves against the enemy, to keep a strict eye upon his own troops, and whenever they saw a Moslem turn his back upon the foe, to slay him as a recant and an apostate. Finally he rode through the ranks of his army, exhorting them all to fight with desperation, since they had wives, children, honor, religion, everything at stake, and no place of refuge for the defeated.

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patience and outwitted them. Let us hold back until nightfall, for that with the prophet was the propitious time of victory.

The enemy now threw their Armenian archers in advance on the ground, and wounded with flights of arrows. Still Khaled restrained the impatience of his troops, ordering that no man should stir from his post. The impetuous Derar at length obtained permission to attack the insulting band of archers, and spurred vigorously upon them with his troop of horse. They faltered, but were reinforced; troops were sent to sustain Derar; many were slain on both sides, but success inclined to the Moslems.

The action was on the point of becoming general, when a horseman from the advance army galloped up, and inquired for the Moslem general. Khaled, considering it a challenge, leveled his lance for the encounter. "Turn thy lance aside, I pray thee," cried the Christian eagerly; "I am but a messenger, and seek a parley.

Khaled quietly mounted his steed, and laid his lance athwart the pommel of his saddle: "Speak to the purpose," said he, "and tell no lies.

"I will tell the naked truth; dangerous for me to tell, but most important for thee to hear; four of my companions were my personal acquaintance and family. Having obtained this promise, the messenger, whose name was David, proceeded: "I am sent by Werdan to entreat that the battle may cease, and the blood of brave men be spared; and that thou wilt meet him to-morrow morning, singly, in sight of other army, to treat of terms of peace. Such is my message; but beware, oh Khaled! for treason lurks beneath it. Ten chosen men, well armed, will be stationed in the night close by the place of conference, to surprise and seize, or kill us when defenceless and off thy guard."

He then proceeded to mention the place appointed for the conference, and all the other particulars. "Enough," said Khaled. "Return to Werdan, and tell him I agree to meet him.

The Moslems were astonished at hearing a treat sent for the Moslem general, and Abu Obeidah and Derar demanded of Khaled the meaning of his conduct. He informed them of what had just been revealed to him. "I will keep this appointment," said he; "I will go myself to the envoy of the assassins. Abu Obeidah, however, remonstrated against his exposing himself to such unnecessary danger. "Take ten men with thee," said he; "man for man.

"Why deter the punishment of their perfidy until morning?" cried Derar. "Give me the ten men, and I will counterplot these lurkings this very night."

Having obtained permission, he picked out ten men of assured coolness and courage, and set off with them in the dead of the night for the place of conference. Notwithstanding others, he made his companions halt, and, putting off his clothes to prevent all rustling noise, crept warily with his naked scimitar to the appointed ground. Here he beheld the ten men fast asleep, with their weapons beneath their heads. Returning silently, and in the advance, and several Moslems were killed single and double each man, so that the whole were dispatched at a blow. They then stripped the dead, disguised themselves in their clothes, and awaited the coming day.

Two such shots on the two armies drove out in battle array, and awaiting the parley of the chiefs. Werdan rode forth on a white mule, and was arrayed in rich attire, with chains of gold and precious stones. Khaled was clad in a yellow silk vest and green turban. He suffered himself to be drawn by Werdan toward the place of ambush; then alighting and seating himself between two of his followers, that their conversation was brief and boisterous. Each considered the other in his power, and conducted himself with haughtiness and acrimony. Werdan spoke of the Moslems as needful spoiiners, who lived by the sword, and invaded the fertile territories of their neighbors in quest of plunder. "We, on the other hand," said he, "are wealthy, and desire peace. Speak, what do you require to relieve your wants and satisfy your rapacity?"

"Miserable infidel!" replied Khaled. "We are not poor as to accept arms, hands, and all. Allah provides for us. You offer us a part of what is all for us; for Allah has put all that you have into our hands; even to your wives and children. But do you desire peace? We have already told you our conditions. Either acknowledged that there is no other God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet, or pay us such tribute as we may impose. Do you refuse? For what, then, have you brought me here? You knew our terms yesterday, and that all your propositions were vain. Will you entice me here alone for single combat? Be it so, and let our weapons decide between us.

So saying, he sprang upon his feet. Werdan also rose, but, expecting instant aid, neglected to draw his sword. Khaled seized him by the throat, upon which he called loudly to his men in ambush. The Moslems in ambush rushed forth, and, deceived by their Grecian dresses, Werdan for an instant thought himself secure. As they drew near he discovered his mistake, and shrank with horror at the sight of Derar, who, advanced, most naked, brandishing a scimitar, and in whom he recognized the slayer of his son. "Mercy! Mercy!" cried he to Khaled, finding himself caught in his own snare.

"There is no mercy," replied Khaled, for him who has no faith. You came to me with peace on your lips, but murder in your heart. Your crime be upon your head.

The sentence was no sooner pronounced than the powerful sword of Derar performed its office, and the head of Werdan was struck off at a blow. The gory trophy was elevated on a lance, and borne by the little band toward the Christian troops, who, deceived by the Greek disguises, supposed it the head of Khaled and shouted with joy. Their triumph was soon turned to dismay as they discovered their error. Khaled did not suffer them to recover from their confusion, but had his trumpets sound a general charge. What ensued was a massacre rather than a battle. The imperial army broke and fled in all directions: some toward Cesarea, others to Damascus, and others to the desert. The Moslems caused havoc among their companions, carrying crosses of silver and gold, adorned with precious stones, rich chains and bracelets, jewels of price, silken robes, armor and weapons of all kinds, and numerous banners, all which Khaled declared should not be divided until after the capture of those adventurers hurried to Medina from all parts, and especially from Mecca. All were eagel to serve in the cause of the faith, now that they
found it crowned with conquest and rewarded with riches.

The worthy Abu Beker was disposed to gratify their wishes, but Omar, on being consulted, sternly objected. "The greater part of these fellows," he said, "are so eager to join us now that we are successful, are those who sought to crush us when we were few and feeble. They care not for the faith, but they long to ravish the rich fields of Syria, and share the plunder of Damascus. Send them not to the army to make brawls and dissensions. Those natures are insufficient to complete what they have begun. They have won the victory; let them enjoy the spoils."

In compliance with this advice, Abu Beker refused the prayer of the applicants. Upon this the people of Mecca, and especially those of the tribe of Koreish, sent a powerful deputation, headed by Abu Sofan, to remonstrate with the Caliph. "Why are we denied permission," said they, "to fight in the cause of our religion? It is true that the discord and dissensions we made war on the disciples of the prophet, because we thought we were doing God service. Allah, however, has blessed us with the light; we have seen and renounced our former errors. We are your brethren in the faith, as we have ever been your kindred in blood, and hereby take upon ourselves to fight in the common cause. Let there then no longer be jealousy and envy between us."

The heart of the Caliph was moved by these remonstrances. He consulted with Ali and Omar, and it was agreed that the tribe of Koreish should be permitted to join the army. Abu Beker accordingly wrote to Khaled congratulating him on his success, and informing him that a large reinforcement would join him conducted by Abu Sofan. This letter he sealed with the seal of the prophet, and dispatched it by his son Abda'lrahman.

CHAPTER IX.

OCCURRENCES BEFORE DAMASCUS—EXPLOITS OF THOMAS—ABD BIN ZEID AND HIS AMAZONIAN WIFE.

The fugitives from the field of Aizmadin carried to Damascus the dismal tidings that the army was overthrown, and the last hope of succor destroyed. Great was the consternation of the inhabitants, yet they set to work, with desperate activity, to prepare for the coming storm. The fugitives had reinforced the garrison with several thousand effective men. New fortifications were hastily erected. The walls were lined with engines to discharge stones and darts, which were manned by Jews skilled in their use.

In the midst of their preparation, they beheld squadron after squadron of Moslem cavalry emerging from among distant groves, while a lengthening line of foot soldiers poured along between the gardens. This was the order of march of the Moslem host. The rear guard, of upward of nine thousand horsemen, was led by Amru. Then came two thousand Koreishite horse, led by Abu Sofan. Then a like number under Serjabin. Then Omar Ibn Rabiyah with a similar division; then the main body of the army led by Abu Obeidah, and lastly the rear-guard displaying the black eagle, the fateful banner of Khaled, and led by that invincible warrior, Khaled now assembled his captains, and assigned to them their different stations. Abu Sofan was posted opposite the southern gate. Serjabol opposite that of St. Mark. Then Kaled himself, he took station and planted his black eagle before the eastern gate.

There was still a southern gate, that of St. Mark, so situated that it was not practicable to establish posts or engage in skirmishes before it; it was, therefore, termed the Gate of Peace. As to the active and impetuous Derar, he was ordered to patrol round the walls and scour the adjacent plain at the head of the two thousand horse, protecting the camp from surprise and preventing his supplies and animals from being destroyed. If you should be attacked," said Khaled, "send me word, and I will come to your assistance." "And must I stand pacefully until you arrive?" said Derar, in recollection of former proofs of the vigilance of the Christian defenders. "Not so," rejoined Khaled, "but fight stoutly, and be assured I will not fail you." The rest of the army were demounted to carry on the siege on foot.

The Moslems were now better equipped for war than ever, having supplied themselves with armor and weapons taken from the Moslems, while however, they retained their Arab frugality and plainness, neglecting their Arab luxuriances, the sumptuous tents, and other luxurious indulgences of their enemies. Even Abu Obeidah, who vanquished the heathen by his spirit, contented himself with his primitive Arabian tent. Not in the least bating his impetuous nature, he sought the sumptuous tents of the Christian commanders, won in the recent battle. Such were the stern and simple-minded invaders of the effeminate and sensuous nations of the East.

The first assaults of the Moslems we were bravely repelled, and many were slain by darts and stones hurled by the machines from the wall. The garrison even ventured to make a sally, but were driven back with signal slaughter. The siege was then pressed with unremitting rigor, until no day dared to be lost to the foe. The principal inhabitants now consulted together whether it were not best to capitulate, while there was yet a chance of obtaining favorable terms.

There was at this time living in Damascus a noble Greek, named Thomas, who was married to a daughter of the emperor Heracleus. He held no post, but was greatly respected, for he was a man of talents and consummate courage. In this moment of general depression he endeavored to rouse the spirits of the people; representing their invaders as despicable, barbarous, naked, and poorly armed. He said that they must not despise advice, and formidable only through their mad fanaticism, and the panic they had spread through the country.

Finding all arguments in vain, he offered to take the lead himself, if they would receive under another saliva. The offer was accepted, and the next morning appointed for the effort.

Khaled perceived a stir of preparation throughout the night, lights gleaming in the turrets and along the battlements, and exhorted his men to be vigilant, for he anticipated some desperate movement. "Let no man sleep," said he. "We shall have to do with the traitors yet," cried his men, "and the traitors shall be the labor." The means of extreme force, he said, was the only way to convince the enemy. "If we are brave, if we are strong, if we are without scruples, we shall conquer the foe."

The day advanced, but without some further information, he would not attack the city. The Greeks, he said, were the first to invade the land, and it was time to drive them out. His army was composed of the best troops, a remnant of the old army, and to this was added a numerous body of Turks.

There was a married woman, one of the richest in the kingdom, who, said Khaled, had been the object of his keenest desire. She was taught the Greek language, and was skilled in the art with which she was surrounded by a circle of eunuchs, each of whom was skilled in the art she taught. She was so much in love with the woman, and he knew that she would be hers. He had heard her一次 in a tavern, and to this he now returned.

There was not a woman who did not love her who, she heard, had been married to her husband, and was fonder of him than she was of him. She was fonder of her husband, and he knew that she would be hers. He had heard her once in a tavern, and to this he now returned.
shall have rest enough after death, and sweet will be the repose that is never more to be followed by labor.

The Christians were sadly devout in this hour of extremity. At early dawn the bishop in his robes, proceeded to the head of the clergy to the gate by which the sally was to be made, where he raised the cross, and laid beside it the New Testament. As Thomas passed out at the gate, he urged his horse past from whence, "O God!" exclaimed he, "if our faith be true, aid us, and deliver us not into the hands of its enemies."

The Moslems, who had been on the alert, were advancing to attack just at the time of the sally, but were checked by a general discharge from the engines on the walls. Thomas led his troops bravely to the encounter, and the conflict was fierce and bloody. He was a dexterous archer, and singled out the most conspicuous of the Moslems, who fell one after another.

Among others he wounded Abn Ibn Zeid with an arrow tipped with poison. The latter bound up the wound with his turban, and continued in the field, but being overcome by the venom was conveyed to the camp. He had been renowned all his life as a brave warrior, and the intrepid race of the Himyar, one of those Amazons accustomed to use the bow and arrow, and to mingle in warfare.

Hearing that her husband was wounded, she hastened to the tent, but before she could reach it he had expired. She uttered no lamentation, nor shed a tear, but, bending over the body, "Happy art thou, oh my beloved," said she, "for thou art with Allah, who joined us but to part us from each other. But I will avenge thy death, and then seek to join thee in paradise. Henceforth shall no one touch me more, for I dedicate myself to God."

Then grasping her husband's bow and arrows, she hastened to the field in quest of Thomas, who, she had been told, was the slayer of her husband. Pressing toward the place where he was fighting, she let fly a shaft, which wounded his standard-bearer in the hand. The standard fell, and was borne off by the Moslems. Thomas pursued it, laying about him furiously, and calling upon his men to rescue their banner. It was revived from hand to hand until it came into that of Serjabil. Thomas assaulted it with his scimitar; Serjabil threw the standard among his troops and closed with him. They fought with equal ardor, but Thomas was gaining the advantage, when an arrow, shot by the wife of Abn, smote him in the eye. He staggered with the wound, but his men, abandoning the contested standard, rushed to his support and bore him off to the city. He refused to retire to his home, and, his wound being dressed on the ramparts, would vale from hand to hand until it came into the hands of the public. He took his station, however, at the city gate, whence he could survey the field and issue his orders. The battle continued with great fury; but such showers of stones and darts and other missiles were discharged by the Jews from the walls that the besiegers were kept at a distance. Night terminated the conflict. The Moslems returned to their camp Kearney with a long day's fighting; and, throwing themselves on the earth, were soon buried in profound sleep.

Thomas, finding the courage of the garrison roused by the stand they had that day made, resolved to put it to further proof. At his suggestions preparations were made in the dead of the night for a general sally at daybreak from all the gates of the city. At the signal of a single trumpet launched the first of all, the gates were thrown open, and forth a torrent of warriors upon the nearest encampment. So silently had the preparations been made that the besiegers were completely taken by surprise. The trumpets sounded alarms, the Moslems started from sleep and snatched up their weapons, but the enemy were already upon them, and struck them down before they had recovered from their amazement. For a time it was a slaughter rather than a fight, at the various stations. Khaled is said to have shed tears at beholding the carnage. "Oh thou, who never slept!" cried he, in the agony of his heart, "aid thy faithful servants; let them not fall beneath the weapons of these infidels." Then, followed by four hundred horsemen, he spurred on the gate, and was slumbering quietly in his tent at the time of the sally. The hottest of the fight was opposite the gate whence Thomas had sallied. Here Serjabil had his station, and fought with undaunted valor. Near him was the intrepid wife of Abn, doing deadly execution with her shafts. She had expired but a little before, and her attempt

At the same time Serjabil and Thomas were again engaged hand to hand with equal valor; but the scimitar of Serjabil broke on the buckler of his adversary, and he was on the point of being slain or captured, when Khaled and Abdulrhamel galloped up with a troop of horse. Thomas was obliged to take refuge in the city, and Serjabil and the Amazonian were rescued.

The troops who sallied out at the gate of Jabejeh met with the severest treatment. The meek Abu Obeidah was stationed in front of that gate, and was slumbering quietly in his hair at the time of the sally. His first care in the moment of alarm was to repeat the morning prayer. He then ordered forth a body of chosen men to keep the enemy at bay, and while they were fighting, led another detachment, silently but rapidly, toward the town, between the combatants and the city. The Greeks thus suddenly found themselves assailed in front and rear; they fought desperately, but so successful was the stratagem, and so active the valor of the meek Abu Obeidah, when once aroused, that never a man, says the Arabian historian, that sallied from that gate, returned again.

The battle of the night was almost as sanguinary as that of the day; the Christians were repulsed in all quarters, and driven once more within their walls, leaving five thousand dead upon the field. The Moslems followed them to the very gates, but were compelled to retire by the deadly shower hurled by the Jews from the engines on the walls.

CHAPTER X.

SURRENDER OF DAMASCUS—DISPUTES OF THE SARACEN GENERALS—DEPARTURE OF THOMAS AND THE EXILES.

For seventy days had Damascus been besieged by the fanatic legions of the desert: the inhabi
tants had no longer the heart to make further sallies, but again began to talk of capitulating. It was in vain that Thomas urged them to have patience until he should write to the emperor for support; the leaders, however, were determined, and sent to Khaled begging a truce, that they might have time to prepare for a surrender. This fierce warrior turned a deaf ear to their prayer: he wished for no surrender, that would protect the lives and property of the besieged; he was bent upon taking the city by the sword, and giving it up to be plundered by his Arabs.

In their extremity the people of Damascus turned to the good Abu Obeidah, whom they knew to be meek and humane. Having first treated with him by a messenger who understood Arabic, and received his promise of security, a hundred of the principal inhabitants, including the most venerable of the clergy, issued privately one night by the gate of Jahyebah, and sought his presence. They found this leader of a mighty force, that was shaking the empire of the Occident, living in a humble tent of hair-cloth, as a mere wanderer of the desert. He listened favorably to their propositions, for his object was conversion rather than conquest; tribute rather than plunder. A covenant was made by which the enmity in that hostility should cease on their delivering the city into his hands; that such of the inhabitants as pleased might depart in safety with as much of their property as they could carry, and those who remained as hostages should retain their property, and have seven churches allotted to them. This covenant was not signed by Abu Obeidah, not being commander-in-chief, but he assured the envoys it would be held sacred by the Moslems.

The capitulation being arranged, and hostages given for the good faith of the besieged, the gates were thrown open, and the venerable chief entered at the head of a hundred men to take possession.

While these transactions were taking place at the gate of Jahyebah, a different scene occurred at the eastern gate. Khaled was exasperated by the death of a brother of Amru, shot from the walls with a poisoned arrow. In the height of his indignation, an apostate priest, named Josias, entered and opened the gate to his hosts, on condition of security of person and property for himself and his relations.

By means of this traitor, a hundred Arabs were secretly introduced within the walls, who, rushing to the eastern gate, broke the bolts and bars and chains by which it was fastened, and threw open with the signal shout of Allah Achkar!

Khaled and his legion poured in at the gate with sound of trumpet and tramp of steed; putting all to the sword, and deluging the streets with blood. "Mercy! Mercy!" was the cry. "No mercy for infidels!" was Khaled's fierce response.

He pursued his career of carnage into the great square before the church of the Virgin Mary. Here, to his astonishment, he beheld Abu Obeidah and his attendants, their swords sheathed, and riding in solemn procession with priests and monks and the principal inhabitants, and surrounded by women and children.

Abu Obeidah saw fury and surprise in the looks of Khaled, and hastened to propitiate him by general promises. "I have delivered this city into my hands by peaceful surrender; sparing the effusion of blood and the necessity of fighting."

"Not so," cried Khaled in a fury. "I have won it with this sword, and I grant no quarter."

"But I have given the inhabitants a covenant written with my own hand."

"And what right had you," demanded Khaled, "to grant a capitulation without consulting me? Am not I the general? Yes, by Allah! And I prove it will put my associates to the sword."

Abu Obeidah felt that in point of military duty he had erred, but he sought to pacify Khaled, assuring him he had intended all for the best, and felt sure of his approbation, entreating him to respect the covenant he had made in the name of God and the prophet, and with the approbation of all the Moslems present at the transaction.

Several of the Moslem officers seconded Abu Obeidah, and endeavored to persuade Khaled to agree to the capitulation. While he hesitated, his troops, impatient of delay, resumed the work of massacre and pillage.

The patience of the good Abu Obeidah was at an end. "By Allah!" cried he, "my word is treated as nought, and my covenant is trampled under foot!"

Spurring his horse among the marauders, he commanded the leaders of the tribes to desist until he and Khaled should have time to settle their dispute. The name of the prophet had its effect; the soldiery paused in their bloody career, and the two generals with their officers retired to the church of the Virgin.

Here, after a sharp altercation, Khaled, calls to all claims of justice and mercy, was brought to listen to policy. It was represented to him that he was invading a country where many cities were yet to be taken; that it was important to respect the capitulations of his generals, even though they might not be altogether to his mind; otherwise the Moslem word would cease to be trusted, and other cities, warned by the fate of Damascus, instead of surrendering on favorable terms, might turn a deaf ear to all offers of mercy and fight to the last extremity.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Abu Obeidah wrung from the iron soul of Khaled a slow consent to his capitulation, on condition that the whole matter should be referred to the Caliph. At every article he was forced to surrender, he would fain have inflicted death upon Thomas, and another leader named Herbis, but Abu Obeidah insisted that they were expressly included in the covenant.

Proclamation was then made that such of the inhabitants as chose to remain tributaries to the Caliph should enjoy the exercise of their religion; the rest were permitted to depart. The greater part preferred to remain; but some determined to follow their champions Thomas to Antioch. The latter prayed for a passport or a safe-conduct through the country controlled by the Moslems. After much difficulty Khaled granted them three days' grace, during which they should be safe from molestation or pursuit, on condition they took nothing with them but provisions.

Here the worthy Abu Obeidah interfered, declaring that he had covenanted to let them go forth with bag and baggage. "Then," said Khaled, "they shall go unarmed." Again Abu Obeidah interfered, and Khaled at length consented that they should have arms sufficient to defend themselves against robbers and wild beasts; he, however, who had a lance, should have no sword; and he who had a bow should have no lance.
Thomas and Herbis, who were to conduct this unhappy race, stood in the meadow adjacent to the city, whither all repaired who were to follow them into exile, each laden with plate, jewels, silken stuffs, and whatever was most precious and least burdensome. Among other things was a wardrobe of the emperor Heraclius, in which there were above three hundred loads of costly silks and cloth of gold.

All being assembled, the sad multitude set forth in their wayfaring. Those who from pride, from patriotism, or from religion, thus doomed themselves to poverty and exile, were among the noblest and most highly bred of the land; the people accustomed to soft and luxurious life, and to the silken abodes of palaces. Of this number was the wife of Thomas, a daughter of the emperor Heraclius, who was attended by her maids. It was a piteous sight to behold aged men, delicate and shrinking women, and helpless children, thus setting forth on a wandering journey through wastes and deserts, and rugged mountains, infested by savage hordes. Many a time did they turn to cast a look of despair and despond upon those sumptuous palaces and delightful gardens, once their pride and joy; and still would they turn and weep, and beat their breasts, and gaze through their tears on the stately towers of Damascus, and the lowly banks of the Pharpar.

Thus terminated the hard-contested siege of Damascus, which Voltaire has likened for his stratagems, skirmishes, and single combats to Homer's siege of Troy. More than twelve months elapsed between the time the Saracen first pitched their tents before it and the day of its surrender.

CHAPTER XI.

STORY OF JONAS AND EUDOCIA—PURSUIT OF THE EXILES—DEATH OF THE CALIPH ABU BEKER.

It is recorded that Derar gnashed his teeth with rage at seeing the multitude of exiles departing in peace, laden with treasures, which he considered as so much hard-earned spoil, lost to the faithful; but what most incensed him was, that so many unbelievers should escape the edge of the sword. Derar had been equally indignant, but that he had secretly covetously dealt with himself to regain that booty. For this purpose he ordered his men to refresh themselves and their horses, and be in readiness for action, resolving to pursue the exiles when the three days of grace should have expired.

A dispute with Abu Obeidah concerning a quantity of grain, which the latter claimed for the citizens, detained him one day longer, and he was about to abandon the pursuit as hopeless, when a guide presented himself who knew all the country, and the shortest passes through the mountains. The story of this guide is worthy of notice, as illustrating the character of these people and these wars.

During the siege Derar, as has been related, was appointed to guard the town and the camp with two thousand horse. As a party of these were one night going their rounds, near the walls, they heard the distant neighing of a horse, and looking narrowly round, descried a horseman coming stealthily from the gate Keisan. Halting in a shadowy place, they waited until he came close to them, when, rushing forth, they made him prisoner. He was a youth of Syrian, richly and gallantly arrayed, and apparently a person of distinction. Scarcely had they seized him when they beheld another horseman issuing from the same gate, who in a soft voice called upon their captive, by the name of Jonas. They commanded the latter to invite his companion to advance. He seemed to reply, and called out something in Greek: upon hearing which the other turned bridle and galloped back into the city. The Arabs, ignorant of Greek, and suspecting the words to be a warning, would have slain their prisoner on the spot; but upon second thoughts, conducted him to Khaled.

The youth avowed himself a nobleman of Damascus, and betrothed to a beautiful maiden named Eudocia; but her parents, from some capricious reason, had withdrawn their consent to his nuptials; whereupon the lovers had secretly agreed to fly from Damascus. A sum of gold had bribed the sentinels who kept watch that night at the gate. The damsel, disguised in male attire, and accompanied by her lover at a distance, as he salied in advance. His reply in Greek when she called upon him was, "The bird is caught!" a warning at the hearing of which she fled back to the city.

Khaled was not the man to be moved by a love tale; but he gave the prisoner his alternative. "Embrace the faith of Islam," said he, "and when Damascus falls into our power, you shall have your betrothed; refuse, and your head is forfeit."

The youth paused not between a scimitar and a bride. He made immediate profession of faith between the hands of Khaled, and thenceforth fought zealously for the capture of the city, since its downfall was to crown his hopes.

When Damascus yielded its last, he sought the dwelling of Eudocia; and learnt a new proof of her affection. Supposing, on his capture by the Arabs, that he had fallen a martyr to his faith, she had renounced the world, and shut herself up in a convent. With trembling heart he hastened to the convent, but when the lover-mind maidens beheld him a renegade, she turned from him with scorn, retired to her cell, and refused to see him more. She was among the noble ladies who followed Thomas and Herbis into exile. Her lover, finding her, reminded Khaled of his promise to restore to her his heart, and entreated that she might be detained; but Khaled pleased the covenant of Abu Obeidah, according to which all had free leave to depart.

When Jonas after discovering that Khaled meditated a pursuit of the exiles, was discouraged by the lapse of time, he offered to conduct him by short and secret paths through the mountains, which would insure his overtaking them. His offer was accepted. On the fourth day after the departure of the exiles, Khaled set out in pursuit, with four thousand chosen horsemen; who, by the advice of Jonas, were disguised as Christian Arabs. For some time they traced the exiles along the plains, by the numerous footprints of mules and camels, and by articles thrown away, that enabled them to travel more expeditiously. At length the footprints turned toward the mountains of Lebanon, and were lost in their arid and rocky defiles. The Moslems began to falter.

"Courage!" cried Jonas; "they will be entangled among the mountains. They cannot now escape."
They continued their weary course, stopping only at the stated hours of prayer. They had now to climb the high and craggy passes of Lebanon, along rifts and gorges, worn by winter torrents. The horses struck fire at every trap; they cast their shoes, their hoofs were shattered on the rocks, and twenty men were maimed. The horsemen dismounted and scrambled up on foot, leading their weary and crippled steeds. Their clothes were worn to shreds, and the soles of their iron-shod boots were torn from the upper leathers. The men murmured and repined; never in all their marches had they experienced such hardships; they insisted on halting, to rest and to bathe their horses. Even Khaled, whose hatred of infidels furnished an impulse almost equal to the lover's passion, began to flag, and reproached the renegade as the cause of all this trouble.

Jonas still urged them forward; he pointed to fresh footprints and tracks of horses that must have recently passed. After a few hours' refreshment and pursuit, they reached the sight of Jabalah and Laodicea, but without venturing within their gates, lest the disguise of Christian Arabs, which deceived the simple peasant, might not avail with the shrewder inhabitants.

Intelligence received from a country boor increased their perplexity. The emperor Heraclius, learning that the emirates might occasion a panic at Antioch, had sent orders for them to retreat along the coast to Constanti- nople. This gave their pursuers a greater chance to overtake them. But Khaled was startled at learning, in addition, that troops were assembling to be sent against them, that but a single mountain separated him from them. He now feared they might intercept his return, or fall upon Damascus in his absence. A sinister dream added to his uneasiness, but it was favorably interpreted by Abda'raham, and he continued the pursuit.

A tempestuous night closed on them: the rain fell in torrents, and man and beast were ready to sink with fatigue; still they were urged forward: the fugitives could not be far distant, the enemy was at hand: they must snatch their prey and return ere it was too late. The storm cleaned up, and the sun shone brilliantly on the surrounding heights. They dragged their steps wearily, however, along the defiles, now swept by torrents or filled with mire, until the scouts in the advance gave joyful signal from the mountain brow. It commanded a grassy meadow, sprinkled with flowers, and watered by a running stream.

On the borders of the rivulet was the caravan of exiles, rejoicing in the sunshine from the fatigue of the recent storm. Some were sleeping on the grass, others were taking their morning repast; while the meadow was gay with embroidered robes and silks of various dyes spread out to dry upon the herbage. The weary Moslems, worn out with the horrors of the mountains, gazed with delight on the sweetness and freshness of the meadow; but Khaled eyed the cara- van with an eager eye, and the lover only stretched his gaze to catch a glimpse of his betrothed among the females reclining on the margin of the stream.

Having cautiously reconnoitred the caravan without being perceived, Khaled disposed of his band in four squadrons; the first commanded by Derar, the second by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, the third by Abda'raham, and the fourth led by himself. He gave orders that the squadrons should make their appearance successively, one at a time, to deceive the enemy as to their force, and that there should be no pillaging until the victory was complete.

Having offered up a prayer, he gave the word to his division: "In the name of Allah and the prophet!" and led to the attack. The Christians were roused from their repose on beholding a squadron rushing down from the mountain. They were deceived at first by the Greek dress, but were soon convinced of the truth; though the small number of the enemy gave them but little trouble. Thomas hastily marshalled five thousand men to receive the shock of the onset, with such weapons as had been left them. Another and another division came hurrying down from the mountain, and the fight was furious and well contested. Thomas and Khaled fought hand to hand, but the Christian champion was struck to the ground. Abda'raham cut off his head, and raised it on the spear of the standard of the cross which he had taken as a trophy and held up to the Christians to behold the head of their leader.

Rafi Ibn Omeirah penetrated with his division into the midst of the encampment to capture the women. They stood courageously on the defensive, hurling stones at their pursuers; and they, too, were a female matchless beauty, dressed in splendid attire, with a diadem of jewels. It was the reputed daughter of the emperor, the wife of Thomas. Rafi attempted to seize her, but she eluded him, and struck his horse, and killed him. The Arab drew his scimitar, and would have slain her, but she cried for mercy, so he took her prisoner, and gave her in charge to a trusty follower.

In the midst of the carouse and confusion Jonas hastened in search of his betrothed. If he had treated him with disdain as she now regarded him with horror, as the traitor who had brought this destruction upon his unhappy countrymen. All his entreaties for her to forgive and be reconciled to him were of no avail. She solemnly vowed to repair to the tomb of the venerable robes and to found a monastery and end her days in a convent. Finding supplication fruitless, he seized her, and, after a violent struggle, threw her on the ground and made her prisoner. She made no resistance, she submitted to captivity, seated herself quietly on the grass. The lover flattered himself that she was content; but, watching her opportunity, she suddenly drew forth a powder, plunged it in her breast, and fell dead at his feet.

While this tragedy was performing the general battle, or rather carnage, Khaled ranged the field in quest of Herbis, but, while fighting pell-mell among a throng of Christians, that commander came behind him and dealt him a blow that severed his helmet, and would have eft his skull but for the folds of his turban. The sword of Herbis fell from his hand with the violence of the blow, and before he could recover it he was cut to pieces by the followers of Kha- led. The struggle of the unfortunates at an end: all were slain, or taken prisoners, except one, who was permitted to depart, and bore the dismal tidings of the massacre to Constanti- nople.

The renegade Jonas was loud in lamentations for the loss of his betrothed, but his Moslem comrades consol'd him with one of the doctrines of the faith he had newly embraced. "It was written in the book of fate," said they, "that you should never possess that woman; but be com-
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

forted; Allah has doubtless greater blessings in store for you; and, in fact, Râfûn Omeïráh, out of compassion for his distress, presented him with the beautiful pomegranate that Khalid consented to the gift, provided the emperor did not send to ransom her.

There was now time to be lost. In this headlong pursuit they had penetrated above a hundred and fifty miles into the heart of the enemy's country, and might be cut off in their retreat. "To horse and away," therefore, was the word. The planter was hastily packed upon the mules, the scanty number of surviving exiles were secured, and the marauding band set off on a forced march for Damascus. While on their way they were one day alarmed by a cloud of dust, through which their scouts described the banner of the cross. They prepared for a desperate conflict. Indeed, however, a peaceful mission. An ancient historian, followed by a numerous train, sought from Khaled, in the emperor's name, the liberation of his daughter. The haughty Saracen released her without ransom. "Take her," said he, "but tell your master I intend to have him in exchange; never, do not, have wrenched away and taken from him from every foot of territory.

To indemnify the renegade for this second deprivation, a large sum of gold was given him, wherewith to buy a wife among the captives; but with it he had purchased him his former love, and was now, like a devout Mahometan, looked for conso-

lation among the black-eyed Hours of Paradise. He continued more faithful to his new faith and the emancipated men than he had been to the religion of his fathers and the friends of his infancy; and, after serving the Saracens in a variety of ways, earned an undoubted admission to the paradise of the prophet, being shot through the breast at the battle of Yermouk.

Thus perished this apostate, says the Christian historian; but Alwâkëld, the venerable Cadi of Baghdad, adds a supplement to the story, for the encouragement of all pro-lystes to the Islam faith. He states that, after his death, was seen in a vision by Râfûn Omeïráh, arrayed in rich robes and golden sandals, and walking in a flowered mead; and the beautified renegade assured him that, for his exemplary services, Allah had given him seventy of the black-eyed damsel of paradise, each of resplendent beauty, sufficient to the duties of the Caliph. He related his vision to Khaled, who heard it with implicit faith. "This is it," said that Moslem zealot, "to die a martyr to the faith. Happy the man to whose lot it falls!"

Khaled succeeded in leading his adventurous band safely back to Damascus, where they were joyfully received by their companions in arms, who had entertained great fears for their safety. He now divided the rich spoils taken in his expedition; four parts were given to the officers and soldiers, a fifth he reserved for the public treasury, and sent it off to the Caliph, with letters informing him of the capture of Damascus; of his disputes with Abu Obeidah as to the treatment of the city and its inhabitants, and lastly of his expedition in pursuit of the exiles, and his recovery of the wealth they were bearing away. These news were sent in the confident expectation that

his policy of the sword would far outshine, in the estimation of the Caliph, and of all Moslem, the more peaceful policy of Abu Obeidah.

It was written in the spurious and the Arab-
CHAPTER XII.

ELECTION OF OMAAR, SECOND CALIPH—KHALED SUPERSeded IN COMMAND BY ABU OBEIDAH—MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF THOSE GENERALS—EXPEDITION TO THE CONVENT OF ABYA.

The nomination of Omar to the succession was supported by Ayesha, and acquiesced in by Ali, who saw that opposition would be ineffectual. The election took place on the day of the decease of Abu Beker. The character of the new Caliph has already, through his deeds, been made known in some measure to the reader; yet a sketch of him may not be unacceptable. He was now about fifty-three years of age; a tall, dark man, with a grave demeanor and a bald head. He was so tall, says one of his biographers, that when he sat he was higher than those who stood. His strength was uncomon, and he used the left as dextrously as the right hand. Though so bitter an enemy of Islamism at first as to seek the life of Mahomet, he became from the moment of his conversion one of the most sincere and strenuous champions. He had an active part in the weightiest and most decisive events of the prophet's career. His name stands at the head of the weapon companions at Beder, Ohod, Khaibar, Honen, and Tabuc, at the defence of Medina, and the capture of Mecca, and indeed he appears to have been the soul of most of the early military enterprises of the faith. His zeal was prompt and almost fiery in its operations. He expanded and enforced the doctrines of Islam like a soldier; when a question was too knotty for his logic, he was ready to sever it with the sword, and to strike off the head of him who persisted in false arguing and unbelieal.

In the administration of affairs, his probity and justice were proverbial. In private life he was noted for his frugality and economy, the one temptation for the false grandeur of the world. Water was his only beverage. His food a few dates, or a few bits of barley bread and salt; but in time of penance even salt was retrenched as a luxury. His austere piety and self-denial, and the simplicity and almost poverty of his appearance were regarded with reverence in those primitive days of Islam. He had shrewd maxims on which he squared his conduct, of which the following is a specimen. "Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity."

During his reign mosques were erected without number for the instruction and devotion of the faithful, and prisons for the punishment of delinquents. He likewise put in use a scurce with twisted thongs for the correction of minor offences, among which he included satire and scandal, and so potently and extensively was it plied that the word went round, "Omar's twisted scourge is more to be feared than his sword."

On assuming his office he was saluted as Caliph of the Caliph of the apostle of God, in other words, successor to the successor of the prophet. Omar objected, that such a title must lengthen with every successor, until it became endless; upon which it was proposed and agreed that he should receive the title of Emir-al-Moumenin, that is to say, Commander of the Faithful. This title, altered into Miramamolin, was subsequently borne by such Moslem sovereigns as held independent sway, acknowledging no superior, and is equivalent to that of emperor.

One of the first measures of the new Caliph was with regard to the army in Syria. His sober judgment would not be dazzled by brilliant exploits in arms, and he doubted the fitness of Khaled for the general command. He acknowledged his valor and military skill, but considered him rash, fiery, and prodigal; prone to hazardous and extravagant adventures, and more fitted to be a partisan than a leader. He resolved, therefore, to take the principal command of the army out of such indiscrimate hands, and restore to Abu Obeidah, by whose piety, he said, had proved himself worthy of it by his piety, modesty, moderation, and good faith. He accordingly wrote on a skin of parchment, a letter to Abu Obeidah, informing him of the death of Abu Beker, and his own elevation as Caliph, and appointing him commander-in-chief of the army of Syria.

The letter was delivered to Abu Obeidah at the time that Khaled was absent in pursuit of the caravans of exiles. The good Obeidah was surprised, but not perplexed by the contents. His own modesty made him unambitious of high command, and from the dexterity of his brilliant services of Khaled made him loath to supersede him, and doubtful whether the Caliph would not feel disposed to continue him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus.
Omar revoked their remonstrances in his mind, but his resolution remained unchanged. "Abu Obeidah," he said, "is a man of器宇轩昂, yet brave. He will be careful of his people, not lavishing their lives in rash adventures and plundering inroads; nor will he be the less formidable in battle for being moderate when victorious.

In the mean time the several dispatches of Khaled addressed to Abu Beker, announcing the success of his expedition in pursuit of the exiles, and requesting his decision of the matters in dispute between him and Abu Obeidah. The Caliph was perplexed by this letter, which showed that one rival of triumph, he proved himself magnanimous, and that Abu Obeidah had not assumed the command. He now wrote again to the latter, reiterating his appointment, and deciding upon the matters in dispute. He gave it as his opinion that Damascus had surrendered on capitulation, and had not been taken by the sword, and directed that the stipulations of the covenant should be fulfilled. He declared the pursuit of the exiles iniquitous and rash, and that it would have proved fatal, but for the mercy of God. The dismissal of the exiles, he asserted, was a prodigious action, as a large sum might have been obtained and given to the poor. He counselled Abu Obeidah, of whose mild and humane temper he was well aware, not to be too modest and compliant, and when he wished to risk the lives of the faithful in the mere hope of plunder. This latter hint was a reproach to Khaled.

Lest this letter should likewise be supposed through the modesty of Abu Obeidah, he dispatched another ambassador to Damascus, whom he appointed his representative in Syria, with orders to have the letter read in presence of the Moslems, and to cause him to be proclaimed Caliph at Damascus.

Khaled made good his journey, and found Khaled in his tent, acting as commander-in-chief, and the army ignorant of the death of Abu Beker. The tidings he brought struck every one with astonishment. The first sentiment expressed was grief at the death of the good Abu Beker, who was universally lamented as a father; the second was surprise at the deposition of Khaled from the command, in the very midst of such signal victories; and many of his officers and soldiers were loud in expressing their indignation.

If Khaled had been fierce and rude in his career, this was one of the most amiable and modest in this moment of adversity. "I know," said he, "that Omar does not love me; but since Abu Beker is dead, and has appointed him his successor, I submit to his commands." He accordingly ordered Omar to be proclaimed Caliph at Damascus, and resigned his command to Abu Obeidah. The latter accepted it with characteristic modesty; but evinced a fear that Khaled would retire in disgust, and his signal services be lost to the cause of Islam. Khaled, however, soon set him know that he was ready to serve as to command, and only required an occasion to prove that his zeal for the faith was unabated. His personal submission evoked admiration even from his enemies, and gained him the fullest deference, respect, and confidence of Abu Obeidah. This was the characteristic modesty of a base-spirited wretch, eager to ingratiate himself with Abu Obeidah, came and informed him of a fair object of enterprise. "At no great distance from this, between Tripoli and Harran, there is a convent called Daiz Abul Kodos, or the monastery of the Holy Father, from being inhabited by a Christian hermit, so eminent for wisdom, piety, and mortification of self, he has looked up to as a saint; so that young and old, rich and poor, resort from all parts to seek his advice and blessing, and not a marriage takes place among the nobles of the country, but the bride and bridegroom repair to receive from him the nuptial blessing. At Easter there is an annual fair held at Abyla in front of the convent, to which are brought the richest manufactures of the surrounding country; silken stuffs, jewels of gold and silver, and other precious productions of art; and as the fair is attended by a congregation of people, unarmed and unguarded, it will afford ample booty at little risk or trouble."

Abu Obeidah announced the intelligence to his troops. "Who," said he, "will undertake this enterprise?" His eye glanced involuntarily upon Khaled; it was just such a fancy as he was wont to delight in; but Khaled remained silent. Abu Obeidah could not ask a service from one so lately in chief command; and while he hesitated, Abdullah Ibn Jaafar, stepson of Abu Beker, came forward. A banner was raised, and the vigorous and veteran horseman, scoured in many a battle, saluted with him from the gates of Damascus, guided by the traitor Christian. They halted to rest before arriving at Abyla, and sent forward the Christian as a guide. As he approached the place he was astonished to see crowded an immense concourse of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Jews, in their various garbs; besides these there was a grand procession of nobles and courtiers in rich attire, and priests in religious dresses, with a guard of five thousand horse; all, as he learned, escorting the daughter of the prefect of Tripoli, who was lately married, and had come with her husband to receive the blessing of the venerable hermit. The Christian scout hastened back to the Moslems, and warned them to retreat.

"I dare not," said Abdullah promptly; "I hear the wrath of Allah, should I turn my back. I will fight these infidels. Those who help me, God will reward; those whose hearts fail them are welcome to retire." Not a Moslem turned his back. "Forward!" said Abdullah to the Christian, and thou shalt behold what the companions of the prophet can perform." The traitor hesitated, however, and was with difficulty persuaded to guide them on a service of such peril.

Abdullah led his band near to Abyla, where they lay close until morning. At the dawn of day, having performed the customary prayer, he divided his host into five squadrons of a hundred each; they were to charge at once in five different places, with the shout of Allah Achbar! and to slay or capture without stopping to pillage until the victory should be complete, as he then reconnoitred the place. The hermit was preaching in front of his convent to a multitude of audiences; the fair seemed crowded with the variegated garbs of the Orient. One house was guarded by a great number of horsemen, and many numbers of persons, richly clad, were going in and out, or standing about it. In this house evidently was the youthful bride.

Abdullah encouraged his followers to despise the number of the enemy. "Remember," cried he, "the words of the prophet, 'Paradise is under the shadow of swords! If we conquer, we shall have glorious booty; if we fail, paradise awaits us!'

The five squadrons charged as they had been ordered, with the well-known war-cry. The
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Christians were struck with dismay, thinking the whole Moslem army upon them. There was a direful confusion; the multitude flying in all directions; women and children shrieking and crying; booths and tents overturned, and precious merchandise scattered about the streets. The troops, however, seeing the inferior number of the antagonists, plucked up spirits and charged upon them. The merchants and inhabitants recovered from their panic and flew to arms, and the Moslem hand, hemmed in among such a host of foes, seemed, say the Arabian writers, like a white spot on the hide of a black camel. A Moslem troop, finding peril of his condition, broke his way out of the throng, and throwing the reja, a choker on the neck of his steed, scoured back to Damascus for succor.

In this moment of emergency Abu Obeidah forgot all scruples of delicacy, and turned upon the man he had superseded in office. “Fail not,” cried he, “in this moment of peril; but, for God’s sake, hasten to deliver thy brethren from destruction.”

Had Omar given the command of the army to a child,” replied the gracious Khaled, “I should have obeyed him; how much more thee, my predecessor in the faith of Islam!”

He now arrayed himself in a coat of mail, the spoil of the false prophet Moseluma; he put on a helmet of proof, and covered it with a shield, which he called the blessed cap, and attributed to it wonderful virtues, having received the prophet’s benediction. Then springing on his horse, and putting himself at the head of a chosen band, he scoured off toward Abyla, with the bold Derar at his heel.

In the mean time the troops under Abdallah had maintained throughout the day a desperate conflict; heaps of the slain testified their prowess; but their ranks were sadly thinned, scarce one of the survivors but had received repeated wounds, and they were ready to sink under heat, fatigue, and thirst. Toward sunset a cloud of dust is seen: is it a reinforcement of their enemies? A troop of horsemen emerge. They bear the black eagle of Khaled. The air resounds with the shout of Allah Akbar! The Christian soldiery are assailed on either side; some fly and are pursued to the river by the unsparing sword of Khaled; others rally round the monument. Derar engages hand to hand with the prefect of Tripoli; they grapple; they struggle; they fall to the earth. Derar is uppermost, and, drawing a ponder, plunges it into the heart of his adversary. He springs upon his feet; vaults into the saddle of the prefect’s horse, and, with the shout of Allah Akbar, gallops in quest of new opponents.

The battle is over. The fair is given up to plunder. Horses, mules, and asses are laden with silk, staves, jeweled ornaments, gold and silver, precious stones, spices, perfumes, and other wealthy plunder of the mercantile; but the most precious part of the spoil is the beautiful horse with forty damals, which formed her bridal train.

The monastery was left desolate, with none but the holy anchorite to inhabit it. Khaled called upon the old man, but received no answer; he called again, but the only reply was to invoke the vengeance of heaven upon his head. The Christian blood he had spilt. The fierce Saracen paused as he was driving off the spoil, and, placing his hand upon the hilt of his scimitar, looked back grimly upon the hermit. “What have we done,” said he, “is in obedience to the law of God, who commands us to slay all unbelievers; and had not the apostle of God commanded us to let such men alone, they should have shared the fate of thy fellow-infidels.”

The old man saw his danger in time, and discreetly held his peace, and the sword of Islam remained within its scabbard.

The conquering host bequeathed booty and their captives back in triumph to Damascus. One fifth of the spoils was set apart for the public treasury; the rest was distributed among the soldiers. Derar, as a trophy of his exploit, received the horse of the prefect of Tripoli, but he made it a present to the Caliph. He distributed trappings and saddles among the troops, and she picked out and distributed among her female companions.

Among the spoils was a cloth curiously wrought with a likeness of the blessed Saviour; which, from the exquisite workmanship or the sanctity of the portrait, was afterward sold in Arabia Felix for ten times its weight in gold.

Abdallah, for his part of the spoil, asked for the daughter of the prefect, having been smitten with her charms. His demand was referred to the Caliph Omar and granted, and the captive beauty lived with him many years. Obeidah, in his letters to the Caliph, generously set forth the magnanimous conduct and distinguished prowess of Khaled, and entreated Omar to write a letter to that general expressive of his sense of his recent victory, as it might soothe the mortification he must experience from his late deposition. The Caliph, however, though he replied to every other part of the letter of Obeidah, took no notice, either by word or deed, of that relating to Khaled, for it was evident that, in secret, he entertained no great regard for the unsparing sword of Islam.

CHAPTER XIII.

MODERATE MEASURES OF ABU OBEIDAH—PROVED BY THE CALIPH FOR HIS SLOWNESS.

The alertness and hardihood of the Saracens in their rapid campaigns have been attributed to their simple and abstemious habits. They knew nothing of the luxuries of the East, and were prohibited the use of wine. Their drink was water, their food principally milk, rice, and the fruits of the earth, and their dress the coarse garments of the desert. An army of such men was easily sustained; marched rapidly from place to place; and was fitted to cope with the vicissitudes of war. The interval of repose, however, in the luxurious city of Damascus, and the general abundance of the tertia regions of Syria, began to have their effect upon the Moslem troops, and the good Abu Obeidah was especially scandalized at discovering that they were lapsing into the use of wine, so strongly forbidden by the prophet. He mentioned the prevalence of this grievous sin in his letter to the Caliph, who read it in the mosque in presence of his ministers. By Allah,” exclaimed the abashed Omar; “these fellows are only fit for poverty and hard labor; what is to be done with these wine-babblers?”


“Good, it shall be so,” rejoined the Caliph and he summoned his chief council. The wine was forthwith prohibited, and its sale in all his troopers was sternly enforced. The end was, that the Moslem soldiery, as the bastards of the great army, were many, who had been moved to crime and excess in their former free and licentious life.
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and he wrote to that effect to the commander-in-chief. On receiving the letter, Abu Obeidah forthwith summoned the offenders, and had the punishment publicly inflicted for the edification of his troops; he took the occasion to descant on the enormity of the offence, and to exhort such as had acted in a like manner to follow the example of good Moslems, make public confession, and submit to the bastinado in token of repentance; whereupon many, who had indulged in secret potations, moved by his paternal exhortation, avowed their crime and their repentance, and were set at ease in his presence. But, in the heat of the discussion and the forgiveness of the good Abu Obeidah.

That worthy commander now left a garrison of five hundred horse at Damascus, and issued forth with his host to prosecute the subjugation of Syria. He had a rich field of enterprise before him. The country of Syria, from the amplitude of its climate, tempered by the vicinity of the sea and the mountains, from the fertility of its soil, and the happy distribution of woods and streams, was peculiarly adapted for the vigorous support and the economical result of an enterprise which would naturally teemed with population, and was studded with ancient and embattled cities and fortresses. Two of the proudest and most splendid of these were Emessa (the modern Hems), the capital of the plains of the Jazirah, and Homs, the residence of the Sun. Stung between the bands of Libya and Lycia.

These two cities, with others intermediate, were the objects of Abu Obeidah's enterprise, and he sent Khaled in advance, with Derar and R a I b Omeirah, at the head of a third of the army, to surmount the country about Emessa. In his own slower march, with the main body of the army, he approached the city of Jusshehah, but was met by the governor, who purchased a year's truce with the payment of four hundred pieces of gold and fifty silken robes; and the promise of the surrender of the city at the expiration of a year, if in that interval Haaib and Emessa should have been taken.

When Abu Obeidah came before Emessa he found Khaled in active operation. The power of their emperor had been so multiplied by war, and the Moslem force appeared, and the city was not fully provisioned for a siege. The inhabitants negoti- ated a truce for one year by the payment of ten thousand pieces of gold and two hundred suits of silk, with the engagement to surrender at the end of that period, to the Moslem army. When the news reached Aleppo, Alhahd, and Kennesrin, and defeated the army of the emperor. Khaled would have persevered in the siege, but Abu Obeidah thought it was wise to agree to these golden terms, by which he provided himself with the sinecure of war, and was enabled to proceed more surely in his career.

The moment the treaty was concluded the people of Emessa threw open their gates; held a market or fair beneath the walls, and began to drive a lucrative trade for the Moslem camp was full of booty, and these marauding warriors, flushed with sudden wealth, squandered plunder of all kinds, and never regarded the price of anything that struck their fancy. In the mean time predatory bands foraged the country both far and near, and came in driving sheep and cattle, and horses and camels laden with household booty of all kinds, besides quantities of captives. The piteous lamentations of these people, torn from their peaceful homes and doomed to slavery, touched the heart of Abu Obeidah. He told them that all who would embrace the Islam faith should have their lives and property. On such as chose to remain in infidelity, he imposed a ransom of five pieces of gold a head, besides an annual tribute; caused them and places of abode to be registered in a book, and then gave them back their property, their wives and children, on condition that they should live like good Moslems, make public confession, and submit to the bastinado in token of repentance; whereupon many, who had indulged in secret potations, moved by his paternal exhortation, avowed their crime and their repentance, and were set at ease in his presence. But, in the heat of the discussion and the forgiveness of the good Abu Obeidah.

The merciful policy of the good Abu Obeidah promised to promote the success of Islam, even more potently than the sword. The Syrian Greeks came in, in great numbers, to have their trade and act as agents and interpreters to the Moslems in case of need.

The Greeks were indignant at this outrage. Messengers were sent to Abu Obeidah, loudly complaining of it as an intentional breach of the truce, and a flagrant insult to the emperor. Abu Obeidah mildly assured them that it was his disposition most rigorously to preserve the truce, but that the injury to the Moslems must have been accidental, and that no indignity to the emperor could have been intended. His moderation only increased the arrogance of the ambassadors; their protestations were rejected contemptuously, and the Caliph to give redress according to the measure of the law: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." "What!" cried some of the overzealous Moslems; "do the infidels mean to claim an eye from the Caliph?" But, by the quiet Abu Obeidah stayed their wrath. "They speak but figuratively," said he; and, taking the ambassadors aside, he shrewdly compromised the matter, and satisfied their wounded loyalty, by agreeing that they should set up a statue of the Caliph, with glass eyes, and strike out one of them in retaliation.

While Abu Obeidah was pursuing this moderate course, and subduing the country by clemency rather than by force of arms, mischiefs came from the Caliph, who was astonished at receiving no tiding of further conquests, reproaching him with his slowness, and with preferring worldly gain to the pious exercise of the sword. The soldiers when they heard of the purport of this letter, took the reproaches to themselves, and went with vexation to the Caliph, who exalted the good offices of Abu Obeidah himself was stung to the quick and repented him of the judicious truces he had made. In the excitement of the moment he held a council of war, and it was determined to lose not a day, although the truces had but about a month to run. He accordingly left Khaled with a strong force in the vicinity of Emessa to await
CHAPTER XIV.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF BAALBEC.

BAALBEC, so called from Baal, the Syrian appellation of the sun, or Apollo, to which deity it was dedicated, was one of the proudest cities of ancient Syria. It was the seat of one (mectis, the great and fertile valley of Bekaa, lying between the mountains of Lebanon, and Anti Lebanon. During the Grecian domination, it was called Hellopolis, which likewise means the City of the Sun. It was famous for its magnificent temple of Baal, which, tradition affirms, was built by Solomon the Wise, to please one of his wives, a native of Sidon and a worshipper of the Sun. The immense blocks of stone of which it was constructed were said to have been brought by the qanat, or water-works, by which Solomon has preserved the virtue of his talismanic seal. Some of them remain to this day objects of admiration to the traveller, and perplexity to the modern engineer.*

On his march against Baalbec Abu Obeidah intercepted a caravan of four hundred camels laden with silks and sugars, on the way to that city. With his usual clemency he allowed the captives to ransom themselves; some of whom carried to Baalbec the news of his approach, and of the capture of the caravan. Heribis, the governor, supposing that no more was to be made of the slaving party, halted forth with six thousand horse and a multitude of irregular foot, in hope to recover the spoils, but found to his cost that he had an army to contend with, and was driven back to the city with great loss, after receiving seven wounds.

Abu Obeidah set himself down before the city, and addressed a letter to the inhabitants, reminding them of the invincible arms of the faithful, and inviting them to profess Islamism, or pay tribute. This letter he gave in charge to a Syrian pensioner; and with it a reward of twenty pieces of silver; "for Allah forbid," said the lieutenant general, "that I should employ thee without pay. The laborer is worthy of his hire."

The messenger was drawn up by a cord to the battlements, and delivered the letter to the inhabitants, many of whom, on hearing the contents, were inclined to surrender. Heribis, the governor, however, who was still smoothing with his wounds, tore the letter in pieces, and dismissed the messenger without deigning a reply.

Abu Obeidah now ordered his troops to the assault, but the garrison made a sally, and did such execution with their engines from the walls, that the Saracens were repulsed with considerable loss. The weather was cold; so Abu Obeidah, who was ever mindful of the welfare of his men, sent a trumpeter round the camp, remonstrating, forbidding any man to take the field until he had made a comfortable meal. All were now busy cooking, when, in the midst of their preparations the city gates were thrown open, and the Greeks came scouring upon them, making great slaughter. They were repulsed with some difficulty, but carried off prisoners and plunder.

Abu Obeidah now removed his camp out of reach of the engines, and where his cavalry would have more room. He threw out detachments also, to distract the attention of the enemy, and oblige them to fight in several places. Saad Ibn Zeid, with five hundred horse and three hundred foot, was to show himself in the valley opposite the gate looking toward the mountains; while Derar, with three hundred horse and two hundred foot, was stationed in front of the gate on the side toward Damascus.

Heribis, the governor, seeing the Saracens move back their tents, supposed them to be intimidated by their late loss. These Arabs," said he, "are half-naked vagabonds and madmen who fight without object; we are locked up in steel, and fight for our freedom, our property and our lives." He accordingly roused his troops to make another sally, and an obstinate battle ensued. One of the Moslem officers, Sohail Ibn Sabah, being disabled by a sabre cut in the right arm, alighted from his horse, and clambered a neighboring hill which overlooked the field, the city, and its vicinity. Here he sat watching the various fortunes of the field. The sally had been made; the Greeks were routed; and the Moors, being posted, who of course received the whole brunt of the attack, The battle was hot, and Sohail perceived from his hill that the Moslems in this quarter were hard pressed, and that the general was giving ground, and in imminent danger of being routed; while Derar and Saad remained inactive at their distant posts; no sally having been made from the gates before which they were stationed. Upon this Sohail gathered together some green branches, and set fire to them, so as to make a smoke screen for his troops. By day among the Arabs, as fire was by night, Derar and Saad beheld the smoke and galled with their troops in that direction. Their arrival changed the whole fortune of the field. Heribis, who had thought himself on the eve of victory, now found himself beset on each side and cut off from the city! Nothing but strict discipline and the impenetrable Grecian phalanx saved him. His men closed shield to shield, their lances in advance, and made a slow and defensive retreat, the Moslems wheeling around and charging in boisterously upon the treacherous general, "that I should employ thee without pay. The laborer is worthy of his hire."

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* Among these huge blocks some measure fifty-eight, and one sixty-nine feet in length.

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ter perceived it would be impossible to hold out longer in this shatter ed edifice, destitute of provisions. His proud spirit was completely broken, and, throwing off his silken robes, and clothing him in a worn woollen garb, as suited to his humble situation, he sought a conference with Saad to treat on terms of capitulation. The Moslem capit ulator replied that he could only treat for the party in the convent, whom he would receive as brothers, if they would acknowledge God and the prophet, or would let them free on the pledge not to bear arms against the Moslems. He promised to lead Herbis to the convent to this end for the city also; and added that, should the negotiation fail, he and his Greeks might return into their convent, and let God and the sword decide.

Herbis was accordingly led through the besieging camp into the presence of Abu Obaida, and gnawed his lip when he saw the incomparably greater number of the Moslem host. He offered, as a ransom for the city, one thousand ounces of gold, two thousand of silver, and one thousand silken robes; but Abu Obaida refused; he should double the amount, and add thereto one thousand sabres, and all the arms of the soldiers in the monastery; as well as engage in behalf of the city to pay an annual tribute; to engage to erect no more Christian churches, nor ever more act in hostility against the Moslem power.

These harsh terms being conceded, Herbis was permitted to enter the city alone, and submit them to the inhabitants, all his attendants being detained as hostages. The towns-men at first refused to capitulate, and paying their city, was the strongest in all Syria; but Herbis offered to pay down one fourth of the ransom himself, and they at length complied. One point was conceded to the people of Baalbec to soothe their wounded pride. It was agreed that Rafi Ibn Abdallah, who was to remain with six hundred men, acting as lieutenant of Baalbec for Abu Obaida, should encamp without the walls, and not enter the city. These matters being arranged, Abu Obaida marched with his host on other enterprises.

The Saracen troops, under Rafi Ibn Abdallah, soon exterminated itself with the people of Baalbec. They pillaged the surrounding country, and sold their booty for low prices to the townsfolk, who thus grew wealthy on the spoils of their own countrymen. Herbis, the governor, left a garrison in these places. He reminded his fellow-citizens how much he had paid for their ransom, and what good terms he had effected for them; and then proposed that he should have one tenth of what they gained in traffic with the Moslems, to reimburse him. They consented, though with extreme reluctance. In a few days he found the gain so sweet that he thirsted for more; he therefore told them that his reimbursement would be tedious at this rate, and proposed to receive one fourth. The people, enraged at his cupidity, rushed on him with furious voices and killed him on the spot. The noise of the tumult reached the camp of Rafi Ibn Abdallah, and a deputation of the inhabitants coming thence, entreated him to enter the city and govern it himself. He scrambled to depart from the encampment, but, when too late, he had written to Abu Obaida; but on receiving permission from the general, he entered and took command. Thus did the famous Baalbec, the ancient Helopolis, or City of the Sun, fall under the Saracen sway on the 20th of January, A.D. 636, being the fifteenth year of the Hegira.
Upon this they issued forth from their tents, seized the wife of the governor, and obtained from her the keys of the gates. Abdallah, with fourteen men, hastened to the church and closed the doors upon the terrified congregation; and Derar, with four companions, threw open the gates with the cry of Allah Achar; upon which Khaled and his forces rushed from their ambuscade, and the city was taken almost without bloodshed.

The city of Shaizar was next assailed, and capitulated without further resistance; and Derar, with ten men, returned with the governor and the people to join the army against other places.

"I engaged to depart," replied Abu Obeidah, "but I did not engage not to return. I have carried the war against other places, and have subdued Arastan and Shaizar.

The people of Emessa now perceived how they had been decimated. Their journals had been destroyed and burned, and they had not wherewithal to maintain them against a siege.

The governor, however, encouraged them to try the chance of a battle as before. They prepared for another fight in the left emperor; and the governor took the sacrament in the church of St. George; but he sought to enhearten himself by his grosser means, for we are told he ate the whole of a roasted kid for his supper, and caroused on wine until the crowing of the cock. In the morning, he arrayed himself in rich apparel, resold forth at the head of five thousand horsemen, all men of strength and courage, and well armed. They charged the besiegers so bravely, and their archers so galloped from the walls, that the Moslem force gave way.

Khaled now threw himself in the front of the battle, and enacted wondrous feats to rally his soldiers and restore the fight. In an encounter, hand to hand, with a Greek horseman, his scimitar broke, and he was weaponless, but closing with his adversary, he clasped him in arms, crushed his ribs, and drawing him from his saddle threw him dead to the earth. The inanimate body of the Moslem, in the heat of enthusiasm, Irkam, a youthful cousin of Khaled, galloped about the field, fighting with reckless courage, waving aloft the flag of paradise promised to all true believers who fell in the battles of the faith. "I see," cried he, "the black-eyed Houris of Paradise. One of them, if seen on earth, would make mankind die of love. They are smiling on us. One of them waves a handkerchief of green silk and holds a cup of precious stones. She beckons me; come hither quickly, she cries, my well beloved!" In this way he went, shouting Al Jenna! Al Jenna! Paradise! Paradise! charging into the thickest of the ranks and making fearful havoc, until he reached the place where the governor was fighting, and sent a javelin through his heart, and dispatched him in quest of his vaunted Ellysium.

Night alone parted the hosts, and the Moslems retired exhausted to their tents, glad to escape from so rude a fight. Even Khaled counselled Abu Obeidah to have recourse to stratagem, and make a pretended flight the next morning; to draw the Greeks, confident through this day's success, into disorder; for while collected their plans, they could to an impenetrable wall to the Moslem horsemanship.

Accordingly, at the dawning of the day, the Moslems retired: at first with a show of order; then with a leagued confusion, for it was an Arab stratagem of war to scatter and rally again in the twinkling of an eye. The Christians, thinking their flight unfeigned, broke up their standard phalanx, some making headlong pursuit, while others dispersed to plunder the Moslem camp.

Suddenly the Moslems faced about, surrounded the confused mass of Christians, and fell upon it, as the Arabian historian says, "like eagles upon a carcase." Khaled and Derar and other chiefs spirited them on with shouts of Allah Achar, and a terrible rout and slaughter ensued. The number of Christian corpses on that field exceeded sixteen hundred. The governor was recognized among the slain by his enormous bulk, his bloated face, and his costly apparel, fragrant with perfumes.

The city of Emessa surrendered as a sequel to that flight, but the Moslems could neither stay to take possession nor afford to leave a garrison. Tidings had been received by them of an immense army, composed of the heavily armed Greek soldiers and the light troops of the desert, that threaten to completely overwhelm them. Various and contradictory were the counsels in the emperor's council; but the emperor, having advised that they should hasten back to their native deserts, where they would be reinforced by their friends, and where the hostile army could not find sustenance; but Abu Obeidah objected that such a retreat would be attributed to cowardice. Others cast a wistful eye on the stately dwellings, the delightful gardens, the fertile fields, and green pastures, which they had just won by the sword, and chose rather to stand and fight for the land of pleasure and abundance than return to famine and the desert. Khaled decided the question. It did not do to linger there, he said; Constantine, the emperor's son, being not far off, at Cäsarea, with forty thousand men; he advised, therefore, that they should march to Yeroum, on the borders of Palestine and Arabia, where they would be within reach of assistance from the Caliph and might await, with confidence, the attack of the imperial army. The advice of Khaled was adopted.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADVANCE OF A POWERFUL IMPERIAL ARMY—SKIRMISHES OF KHALED—CAPTURE OF DERAR—INTERVIEW OF KHALED AND OBEYD A—SUCCESSORS OF KHALED.
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

on the skirt of his Ihram or pilgrim scarf, so as to draw it from his shoulders. Turning fiercely upon the Arab, "Woe be unto thee," cried he, "for uncovering my back in the sacred house of God. And for the provocation to shed blood within the sacred city, I should have slain the offender on the spot." "I have confessed my fault," said Omar, "and unless forgiven by thy adversary, must submit to the law of retaliation; an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." "I am a king," replied Jahalah, proudly, "and he is but a peasant." "Ye are both Moslems," rejoined Omar, "and in the sight of Allah, who is no respecter of persons, ye are equal." The utmost that Jahalah could obtain from the rigid justice of Omar was, that the execution of the sentence might be postponed until the next day. In the night he made his escape and fled to Constantinople, where hejured Islamism, ruined the Christian faith, and went over to the service of the emperor. He brought with him from sixty thousand Arabs to the aid of Manuel. Such was the powerful host, the approach of which Moslems to abandon Emessa on the very moment of surrender. They had marched to Yermouk, a place noted for its pleasant scenery and the beauty of its air, and lay encamped on the banks of a little stream of the same name, heretofore obscure, but now destined to become famous by a battle decisive of the fate of Syria.

Manuel advanced slowly and deliberately with his heavily armed Grecian soldiers; but he sent Jahalah in the advance, to scour the country with his light Arab troops, as best fitted to cope with the skirmishing warriors of the desert; thus, as he said, using diamond to cut diamond. The course of these combined armies was marked with waste, rapine, and outrage, and they inflicted all kinds of injuries and indignities on those Christian places which had made treaties with or surrendered to the Moslems.

While Manuel with his main army was yet at a distance, the Moslems, as usual, opened negotiations of peace to Abu Obeidah, according to the commands of the emperor. His proposals were rejected; but Obeidah sent several messengers to Jahalah, reproaching him with his apostasy, and his warfare against his countrymen, and endeavoring to persuade him to remain neutral in the impending battle. Jahalah replied, however, that his faith was committed to the emperor, and he was resolved to fight in his cause.

Upon this Jahalah came forward, and offered to take a postaste in his own hands. "He is far in the advance of the main army," said he; "let me have a small body of picked men chosen by myself, and I will fall upon him and his infidel Arabs before Manuel can come up to their assistance."

This proposal was condemned by many as rash and extravagant. "By no means," cried Khaled, with zealous zeal; "this infidel force is the army of the devil, and can do nothing against the army of Allah, who will assist us with his angels."

So pious an argument was unanswerable. Khaled was piqued at this, his access to all well-seasoned warriors whose valor he had proved. With them he fell upon Jahalah, who was totally unprepared for so hair-brained an assault, threw his host into complete confusion, and obliged him, after much slaughter, to retreat upon the main body. The triumph of Khaled, however, was damped by the loss of the lance, among whom were Yezed, Rafi, and Deraj, who were borne off captives by the retreating Christians.

In the mean time a special messenger, named Abdallah Ibn Kort, arrived at Medina, bringing letters to the Caliph from the Arab general, describing the perilous situation of the Moslem army, and entreatingsurrender. The Caliph ascended the pulpit of Mahomet, and preached up the glory of fighting the good fight of faith for God and the prophet. He then gave an epitaph, for Abu Obeidah, filled with edifying texts from the Koran, and ending with an assurance that he would pray for him, and would, moreover, send him a speedy reinforcement. This done, he pronounced a blessing on Abdallah, and bade him depart with all speed.

Abdallah was well advanced on his return, when he called to mind that he had omitted to visit the tomb of the prophet. Shocked at his forgetfulness, he retraced his steps, and sought the dwelling of Ayeshah, where in the prophet's interment lay interred by the side of the beautiful monk standing beside the tomb, and listening to Ali and Abbas, who were reading the Koran, while Hassan and Hosein, the two sons of Ali and grandsons of the prophet, were sitting on their knees.

Having paid due honors to the prophet's tomb, the considerate messenger expressed his fears that this pious visit might prevent his reaching the army before the holy battle; whereupon the holy party lifted up their hands to heaven, and Ali put up a prayer for his speedy journey. Thus inspired, he set out anew, and travelled with such unusual and incredible speed that the army looked upon it as miraculous, and attributed it to the blessing of Omar and the prayer of Ali.

The promised reinforcement was soon on foot. It consisted of eight thousand men under the command of Seid Ibn Amir, to whom the Caliph gave a red silk banner, and a word of advice at parting; cautioning him to govern himself as well as his soldiers, and not to let his appetites get the better of his self-command.

Seid, with Moslem frankness, counselled him, in return, to fear God and not man; to love all Moslems equally with his own kindred; to cherish those at a distance equally with those at hand; finally, to command nothing but what was right and to forbid nothing but what was wrong. The Caliph listened attentively, his forehead resting on his staff and his eyes cast upon the ground. When Seid had finished, he raised his head, and the tears ran down his cheek. "Alas!" said he, "who can do all this without the aid of God?"

Seid Ibn Amir led his force by the shortest route across the deserts, and hurrying forward with more rapidity than he had lost his way. While he halted one night, in the vicinity of some springs, to ascertain his route, he was apprised by his scouts that the prefect of Ammon, with five thousand men, was near to place upon him instantly and cut the infantry to pieces. The prefect fled with his cavalry, but encountered a foraging party from the Moslem camp, the leader of which, Zobeir, thrust a lance through his body, and between the two parties not a man of his troop escaped. The Moslem banner was placed upon the heads of the Christians on their lances, and arrived with their ghastly trophies at the camp,
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CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF YERMOUK.

The great battle was now at hand that was to determine the fate of Syria, for the emperor had staked the fortunes of this favorite province on a single but gigantic blow. Abu Obeidah, conscious of the momentous nature of the conflict, and diffident of his abilities in the field, gave a proof of his modesty and magnanimity by restoring to Khaied the command of the whole army. For himself he took his station with the women in the rear, that he might rally the Moslems should any of them be inclined to fly. Here he erected his standard, a yellow flag, given him by Abu Beker, being the same which Mahomet had displayed in the battle of Khairun.

Before the action commenced Khaied rode among his troops, making a short but emphatic speech. "Paradise," cried he, "is before you; the devil and hell behind. Fight bravely, and you will secure the one; fly, and you will fall into the other."

The armies closed, but the numbers of the Christians and the superiority of Greek and Roman discipline bore down the right wing of the Moslems. Those, however, who turned back and attempted to fly were assailed with re-irons and blows by the women, so that they found themselves in such a storm. Even Abu Sofian himself received a blow over the face with a tent-pole from one of those viragoes, as he retreated before the enemy.

Thrice were the Moslems beaten back by the steady bearing of the Greek phalanx, and there were those who checked and defeated the Moslem army by its storm. Even Abu Sofian himself received a blow over the face with a tent-pole from one of those viragoes, as he retreated before the enemy.

The battle was renewed on the following morning, and again the Moslems were sorely pressed. The Christian archers made fearful havoc, and such was their dexterity that, among the great number of Moslems who suffered from their arrows on the day, seven hundred lost their lives, and at nightfall they were all under the Moslem camp.

Abu Obeidah, hearing that the Moslems were about to attack, prepared for battle by watering his horses and filling his quivers. He waited until the morning, when the Moslems were about to attack, preparations were made.

In the end, Manuel gave up the five prisoners to Khaied as a token of his esteem; and in return Khaied presented him with a beautiful scarlet pavilion, which he had brought with him, and pitchforked it in the Christian camp, for which Manuel had expressed a desire. Thus ended this conference, and both parties retired from it with soldier-like regard for each other.
overwhelming the numbers of the enemy. On this night the good Abu Obeidah repeated at once the prayers belonging to two separate hours, that his weary soldiers might enjoy uninterrupted sleep.

For several successive days this desperate battle, on which hung the fate of Syria, was renewed with various fortunes. In the end the fanatic valor of the Moslems prevailed; the Christian host was completely routed and fled in all directions.

Many were overtaken and slain in the difficult passes of the mountainous country, which they used as a deep part of the river through which they were decloved by one of their own people, in revenge for an injury. Manuel, the imperial general, fell by the hand of a Moslem named Noman Ibn Akmah.

Abu Obeidah went over the battle-field in person, seeing that the wounded Moslems were well taken care of, and the slain decently interred.

He was perplexed for a time on finding some heads without bodies, to know whether they were Moslems or infidels, but finally prayed over them at a venture and had them buried like the rest.

In dividing the spoils, Abu Obeidah, after setting aside one fifth for the Caliph and the public treasury, allotted to each foot soldier one portion and to each horseman three—two for himself and one for his mount; the pack-horses were given to the purer Arabian breed he allowed a double portion. This last allotment met with opposition, but was subsequently confirmed by the Caliph, on account of the superior value of true Arabian horses.

Such was the great battle fought on the banks of the river of light, on the 1st of November A.D. 636, and in the 15th year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

The Moslem invaders reposed for a month at Damascus from the call of conquest, during which time Abu Obeidah sent to the Caliph to know whether he should undertake the siege of Casarea or Jerusalem. All was with Omar at the time, and advised the instant siege of the latter; for the Moslems, after seven years, as so often asked for the city.

The enterprise against Jerusalem was as holy war to the Moslems, for they reverenced it as an ancient seat of prophecy and revelation, connected with the histories of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet, and sanctified by containing the tombs of several of the ancient prophets. The Caliph adopted the advice of Ali, and ordered Abu Obeidah to lead his army into Palestine, and lay siege to Jerusalem.

On receiving these orders, Abu Obeidah sent forward Yezed Ibn Soofian with five thousand men, to commence the siege, and for five successive days detached after him considerable reinforcements. The people of Jerusalem saw the approach of these portentous invaders, who were spreading such consternation throughout the East, but they made no effort to oppose them, nor sent out any one to parley, but planted engines on their walls, and prepared for vigorous defence. Yezed approached the city and summoned it by sound of trumpet, propounding the customary terms, profession of the faith, and tribute; both were rejected with disdain. The Moslems would have made instant assault, but Yezed had no such instructions: he encamped, therefore, and waited until orders arrived from Abu Obeidah to attack the city, when he made the necessary preparations.

At cock-crow in the morning the Moslem host was marshalled, the leaders repeated the matin prayer each at the head of his battalion, and all as if by one consent, with a loud voice gave the verse from the Koran, "Enter ye, oh people, into the holy land which Allah hath destined for you."

For ten days they made repeated but unavailing attacks; on the eleventh day Abu Obeidah brought the whole army to their aid. He immediately sent a written summons requiring the inhabitants to believe in the unity of God, the divine mission of Mahomet, the resurrection and final judgment; or else to acknowledge allegiance, and pay tribute to the Caliph; "otherwise," concluded the letter, "I will bring men against you, who love death better than you love wine or swine's flesh; nor will I leave you, God willing, until I have destroyed your fighting men, and made slaves of your children."

The summons was addressed to the magistrates and principal inhabitants of Jerusalem, and was named after the emperor Pius Adrian, when he rebuilt that city.

But Sophronius, the Christian patriarch, or bishop of Jerusalem, replied that this was the holy city, and the holy land, and that whoever entered either, for a hostile purpose, was an offender in the eyes of God. He felt some confidence in setting the invaders at defiance, for the walls and towers of the city had been diligently strengthened, and the garrison had been reinforced by fugitives from Yermouk, and from various parts of Syria. The city, too, was strong in its situation, being surrounded by deep ravines and a broken country; and above all there was a pious incentive to extra and persevering in defending the sepulchre of Christ.

Four wintry months elapsed; every day there were sharp skirmishings; the besiegers were assailed by sallying parties, annoyed by the engines on the walls, and harassed by the inclement weather; still they carried on the siege with undiminished spirit. At length the Patriarch Sophronius held a parley with the walls of Abu Obeidah. "Do you not know," said he, "that this city is holy; and that whoever offers violence to it, shall pass through his head the vengeance of Heaven?"

"We know it," replied Abu Obeidah, "to be the house of the prophets, where their bodies lie interred; we know it to be the place whence our prophet Mahomet made his nocturnal ascent to heaven; and we know that we are more worthy of possessing it than you are, nor will we raise the siege until Allah has delivered it into our hands, as he has done many other places."

Seeing there was no further hope, the patriarch consented to give up the city, on condition that the Caliph would come in person to take possession and sign the articles of surrender.

When this unusual stipulation was made known to the Caliph, he held a council with his friends. Othman despised the people of Jerusalem, and was for refusing their stipulation, and sanctifying the sanctity and importance of the place in the eyes of the Christians, which might prompt them to reinforce it, and to make a desperate defence

* These words are from the fifth chapter of the Koran, where Mahomet puts them into the mouth of Moses, as addressed to the children of Israel.
If treated with indignity. Besides, he added, the presence of the Caliph would cheer and inspire the army in their long absence, and after the hardships of a wintry campaign.

The weight of their with the Caliph: though certain Arab writers pretend that he was chiefly moved by a tradition handed down in Jerusalem from days of yore, which said, that a man of his name, religion, and personal appearance, should conquer the holy city. Whatever may have been his inducements, the Caliph resolved to receive, in person, the surrender of Jerusalem. He accordingly appointed Ali to officiate in his place during his absence from Medinah; then, having prayed at the mosque, and paid a pious visit to the tomb of the prophet, he set out on his journey.

The progress of this formidable potentate, who already held the destinies of empires in his grasp, and had the plunder of the Orient at his command, is characteristic of the primitive days of Mahometanism, and reveals, in some measure, the secret of its success. He travelled on a red or sorrel camel, across which was slung an alfalfa, or wallet, with a huge sack or pocket at each end, something like the modern saddle-bags. One pocket contained dates and dried fruits, the other rice, barley, or wheat, or a sort of sawik, which was now more than barley, rice, or wheat, parched or sodden. Before him hung a leathern bottle, or sack, for water, and behind him a wooden platter. His companions, without distinction of rank or colour, ate with him at the same feast, using their fingers according to Oriental usage. He slept at night on a mat spread out under a tree, or under a common Bedouin tent of hair-cloth, and never resumed his march until he had offered up the morning prayer.

As he journeyed through Arabia in this simple way, he listened to the complaints of the people, redressed their grievances, and administered justice with sound judgment and a rigid hand. Information was brought to him of an Arab who was married to two sisters, a practice not unusual among idolaters, but the man was now a Mahometan. Omar cited the culprit and his two wives into his presence, and taxed him roundly with his offence; but he declared his ignorance that it was contrary to the law of the prophet. Immediately, the culprit, thus shamed, parted with one of them instantly, or lose thy head!

"Evil was the day that I embraced such a religion," muttered the culprit. "Of what advantage has it been to me?"

"Come nearer to me," said Omar; and on his approaching, the Caliph bestowed two wholesome blows on his head with his walking-staff.

"Enemy of God and of thyself," cried he, "let these blows reform thy manners, and teach thee to speak with more reverence of a religion ordained by Allah, and acknowledged by the best of his creation!"

He then ordered the offender to choose between his wives, and finding him at a loss which to prefer, the matter was determined by lot, and he was dismissioned by the Caliph with this parting admonition: "Whoever professes Islam, and afterward renounces it, is punishable with death; therefore, take heed to your faith. And as to your wife's sister, whom you have put away, if ever I hear that you have meddled with her, you shall be stoned.

At another place he beheld a number of men exposed to the burning heat of the sun by their Moslem conquerors, as a punishment for failing to pay their tribute. Finding, on inquiry, that they were entirely destitute of means, he ordered them to be released; and turning reproachfully to their oppressors, "Compel no man," said he, "to more than he can bear; for I heard the apostle of God say he who afflicts his fellow man in this world will be punished with the fire of Jannah."

While yet within a day's journey of Jerusalem, Abu Obeidah came to meet him and menaced to lead him to the camp. The Caliph proceeded with due deliberation, never forgetting his duties as a priest and teacher of Islam. In the morning he said the usual prayers, and preached a sermon, in which he spoke of the security of those whom God should lead in the right; but although the Christians no help for such as God should lead into error.

A gray-headed Christian priest, who sat before him, could not resist the opportunity to criticise the language of the Caliph preacher. "God leads no man into error," said he, aloud.

Omar designed no direct reply, but, turning to those around, "Strike off that old man's head," said he, "if he repeats his words."

The old man was discreet, and held his peace. There was no argument against the sword of Islam. On his way to the camp, the Caliph beheld a throng of Arabs, who had thrown away their garb of their country, and arrayed themselves in the silken spoils of Syria. He saw the danger of this luxury and effeminacy, and ordered that they should be dragged with their faces in the dirt, and their silken garments thrown away.

When he came in sight of Jerusalem, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Allah Akbar! God is mighty! God grant us an easy conquest!" Then commanding his tent to be pitched, he dismounted from his camel and sat down within it on the ground. The Christians thronged to see the sovereignty of this new and irresistible people, who were overrunning and subduing the earth. The Moslems, heartful of an attack at assassination, would have kept them at a distance, but Omar rebuked their fears. "Nothing will befal us but what God hath decreed. Let the faithful trust in him."

The arrival of the Caliph was followed by immediate capitulation. When the deputies from Jerusalem were admitted to a palace, they were astonished to hear the potentiary, a bareheaded man, simply clad, and seated on the ground in a tent of hair-cloth.

The articles of surrender were drawn up in writing by Omar, and served afterward as a model for the Moslem leaders in other conquests. The Christians were to build no new churches in the surrendered territory. The church doors were to be set open to travellers, and free ingress permitted to Mahometans by day and night. The hells should only toll, and not ring, and no crosses should be erected on the churches, nor shown publicly in the streets. The Christians should not teach the Koran to their children; nor speak openly of their religion; nor attempt to make proselytes; nor hinder their kinsfolk from embracing Islam. They should not assume the Moslem dress, either caps, slippers, or turbans, nor part their hair like Moslems, but should always be distinguished by girdles. They should not use the Arabic language in inscriptions on their signs, nor salute after the Moslem manner, nor be called by Moslem surnames. They should rise on the entrance of a Moslem, and remain standing until he be seated. They should entertain every Moslem traveller three days gratis, whether vassal, kin, or stranger, and use them as the apostle of God directed his followers in this world, and only to those in the path of God. The surrender of the city was on the thirteenth of May, 640, the fourteenth of which is celebrated with festivity throughout Middle Asia.

The Caliph was then invited to visit the temple of Solomon, and was received with bountiful gifts. The temple was in a state of desolation, and had been reduced to a ruin. The Caliph entered it, and, as was the custom, he laid his head on the threshold and knelt before it. Thus satisfied, he went to the temple of Baal, and after examination of the building, returned to his house. The next day he visited the temple of Athaliah. He set a high value on the relics of the prophet, and treated the Christians with great deference. When he had paid his respects to the oracle, at the temple of Solomon, he returned to his bed.

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MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

CHAPTER XIX.

PROGRESS OF THE MOSLE IN SYRIA—SIEGE OF ALEPPO—OBSTinate DEFENCE BY YOUREBEUR THE EXPLOIT OF DAMAS—CAPTURE OF THE CASTLE—CONVERSION OF YOUREBEUR.

The Caliph Omar remained ten days in Jerusalem, regulating the great scheme of Islam conquest. To complete the subjugation of Syria, he divided it into two parts. Southern Syria, consisting of Palestine and the Lebanon, he gave in charge to Yezed Ibn Alasfahin, with a considerable portion of the army to enable him to master it; while Abu Obeidah, with a larger force, had orders promptly to reduce all northern Syria, comprising the country lying between Hauran and Aleppo. At the same time, Anru Ibn al Aass, with a body of Moslem troops, was ordered to invade Egypt, which venerable and once mighty empire was then in a state of melancholy decline. Such were the great plans of Islam conquest in these regions; while at the same time, Saad Ibn Abi Waalkas, another of Omar's generals, was pursuing a career of victories in the Persian territories.

The return of Omar to Medina was hailed with joy by the inhabitants, for they had regarded with great anxiety and apprehension his visit to Jerusalem. They knew the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the country, and the sacred character of the city, containing the tombs of the prophets, and being the place, according to Moslem belief, where all mankind were to be assembled in the day of the resurrection. They feared that he would be tempted to fix his residence, for the rest of his days, in that consecrated city. Great was their joy, therefore, when they saw their Caliph re-enter his gates in his primitive simplicity, clad in his coarse Arab garb, and his leather bottle and wooden platter.

Abu Obeidah departed from Jerusalem shortly after the Caliph, and marched with his army to the north, receiving in the course of his progress through Syria the submission of the cities of Kennesrin and Alhadin, the inhabitants of which ransomed themselves and their possessions for five thousand ounces of gold, the like quantity of silver, two thousand suits of silken raiment, and as many figs and aloes as would load five hundred mules; then he proceeded toward the city of Aleppo, which the Caliph had ordered him to besiege. The inhabitants of this place were much given to trade, and had amassed great wealth; they trembled, therefore, at the approach of these plundering sons of the desert, who had laid so many cities under contribution.

The city of Aleppo was walled and fortified; but it depended chiefly for defence upon its citadel, which stood without the walls and apart from the city, on an artificial hill or mound, shaped like a truncated cone or pyramid, and covered with stone. The citadel was of great size, and commanded all the adjacent country; it was encompassed by a deep moat, which could be filled from springs of water, and was considered the strongest castle in all Syria. The governor, who had been appointed to this place by the Emperor Heraclius, and who had held all the territory between Aleppo and the Euphrates, had lately died, leaving two sons, Youkenna and Johanna, who resided in the castle and succeeded to his
command. They were completely opposite in character and conduct. Yousuf, the elder of the two, and the most powerful of the Moslems, while Yousuf passed his life in luxury and repose, devoted himself to study, to religious exercises, and to acts of charity. On the approach of the Mamelukes, Yousuf sympathized with the fears of the wealthy merchants, and advised his brother to compound peaceably with the enemy for a ransom in money. "You talk like a monk," replied the fierce Yousuf; "you know nothing that is due to the honor of a soldier. Have not we strong walls, a brave garrison, and all this wealth at our command? We will buy our peace with a handful of gold. Shut your eyes upon your books and heads; study the present, and pray for the deliverance of the people to me."

The next day he summoned his troops, distributed money among them, and having thus roused their spirit, "the Arabs," said he, "divided their forces; some are in Palestine, some have gone to Egypt, it can be but a mere detachment that is coming against us; I am for meeting them as they come, and giving them battle before they come near to Aleppo." His troops answered his harangue with shouts, so put he himself at the head of twelve thousand men, and sallied forth to encounter the Moslems on their march.

Some of their more useless warriors were left with his troops when the timid and trading part of the community gathered together, and took advantage of his absence to send thirty of the most important and opulent of the inhabitants to Abu Obeidah, with an offer of a ransom for the city. These worthies, when they entered the Moslem camp, were astonished at the order and tranquillity that reigned throughout, under the wise regulations of the commander-in-chief. They were received by Abu Obeidah with dignified composure, and informed him that they had come without the knowledge of Yousuf, their warlike governor, who had sallied out on a foray, and whose tyranny they found insupportable. After much discussion Abu Obeidah offered indemnity to the city of Aleppo, on condition that they should pay a certain sum of money, furnish provisions to his army, and make discovery of everything within their knowledge prejudicial to his interests, and prevent Yousuf from returning to the castle. They agreed to all the terms except that relating to the castle, which was impossible for them to execute.

Abu Obeidah dispensed with that point, but exacted from them all an oath to fulfill punctually the other conditions, assuring them of his protection and kindness, should they observe it; but adding that, should they break it, they need expect no quarter. He then offered them an escort, which they declined, preferring to return quietly by the way they had come.

In the mean time Yousuf, on the day after his sallies forth, fell in with the advance guard of the Moslem army. That day a hundred and one thousand men under Caab Ibn Damarrah. He came upon them by surprise while watering their horses and resting themselves on the grass in negligent security. A desperate fight was the consequence; the Moslems at first were successful, but were overpowered by numbers. One hundred and seventy were slain, most of the rest wounded, and their frequent cries of "Ya Mahommad! Ya Mahommad!" (Oh Mahomet! Oh Mahomet!) showed the extremity of their despair. Night alone saved them from total massacre; but Yousuf, with his fifty prisoners on the walls of the citadel, ordered them to be beheaded, and threw their heads among the besiegers. Learning from his spies that a detachment of Moslems were foraging the country, Yousuf sent out secretly, a troop of horse in the night, who fell upon the foragers, killed nearly seven score of them, slew or hamstring their camels, and, after having committed another massacre in the camp, returned. He was reinforced by many thirty men and ten camels, and, after crossed the river and fought with the Moslems, a distant body of thirty men and ten camels, and, after having committed another massacre in the camp, returned. He was reinforced by many adventitious friends, who joined him, and, with forty or fifty camels, he soon joined the rest of the army. The Mamelukes, finding the Moslem left in his possession of the citadel, thought it time to cast in their lot with the besiegers, and, having received their light horses from the bedouins, they prepared to march. On the 14th of the same month the Moslem, hearing that the besiegers were about to renew the siege, hastened to a place of security, and, placing his camp on the heights of the city, was enabled to concentrate his forces. The besiegers, who had been for some time thickly distributed on the heights, gathered to the castle, where their enemy was entrenched. The Moslem, finding the enemy in a state of preparation to attack, hastened to the scene of carnage, and sought, by prayers and supplications and pious remonstrances, to stay the fury of his brother. "What! cried the fierce Yousuf, "shall I spare traitors who are engaged with the enemy and selling us for gold?"

"Alas! replied Yousuf, "they have only sought their own safety; they are not fighting for me."

"Base wretch! cried Yousuf in a frenzy, "tis thou hast been the contriver of this inhuman treason!"

His naked sword was in his hand: his actions were unwarranted by his words, and in an instant the head of his meek and pious brother rolled on the pavement.

The people of Aleppo were in danger of suffering more from the madness of the army than from the sword of the invader. On the 15th, when a part of the Moslem army appeared in sight, led on by Khaled. A bloody battle ensued before the walls of the town, three thousand men of Youkenna's troops were slain, and he was obliged to take refuge with a considerable number within the castle, where he placed engines on the walls and prepared to defend himself to the last extremity.

A council was held in the Moslem camp. Abu Obeidah was disposed to besiege the citadel and starve out the garrison, but Khaled, with his accustomed impatience, was for instantly attacking before the emperor could send reinforcements and supplies. As usual his bold counsel prevailed: the castle was stormed, and he headed the assault. The conflict was one of the fiercest in the wars of Syria. The besieged hurled huge stones from the battlements; many of the assailants were slain, many maimed, and Khaled was compelled to desist from the attack.

In the dead of that very night, when the fires of the camp were extinguished, and the Moslems were sleeping after their hard-fought battle, Youkenna sallied forth with his troops, fell on the enemy sword in hand, killed sixty, and bore off fifty prisoners; Khaled, however, was hard on his traces, and killed above a hundred of his men before they could shelter themselves within the casemate. On the next morning, Khaled having hurled huge stones from the battlements; many of the assailants were slain, many maimed, and Khaled was compelled to desist from the attack.

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Some of the men of horse, finding that the camp was formed of men of the Arabian nobility, without any other covering than their tents, sallied forth, turned to the Moslems, and, without any other covering than their tents, offered them the submission of the town, but they were rejected. The Moslem, however, offered to the inhabitants a choice of submission or death, and, finding no other alternative, the besieged were compelled to yield up their arms, and the Moslem received them as deserters into the camp. The inhabitants were then carried to Yousuf, who, with a few of his party, joined the Moslem army, and the Moslem was enabled to concentrate his forces. The besiegers, who had been for some time thickly distributed on the heights, gathered to the castle, where their enemy was entrenched. The Moslem, finding the enemy in a state of preparation to attack, hastened to the scene of carnage, and sought, by prayers and supplications and pious remonstrances, to stay the fury of his brother. "What! cried the fierce Yousuf, "shall I spare traitors who are engaged with the enemy and selling us for gold?"

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Some fugitives carried tidings of this skirmish to the camp, and this and that and a troop of horses forlorn in the scene of combat. They found the ground strewn with the dead bodies of men and animals, learned from some peasants whether the enemy had retreated, and were informed of a narrow defile by which they must return to the castle. Khaled and Derar stationed their troops in ambush in this defile. Late in the night they perceived the enemy advancing. They suffered them to get completely entangled in the defile, when, closing swiftly upon them on every side, they slew a number on the spot, and took three hundred prisoners. These were brought in triumph to the Moslem camp, where they were received themselves with ample ransom, but their heads were all stricken off in front of the castle, by way of retaliation.

For five days the siege of this fortress continued; all the attacks of the Moslems were repulsed, all their stratagems discovered and circumvented, for Youkenna had spies in the very camp of the enemy, who gave him intelligence of every movement. Abu Obeidah despaired of reducing this impregnable castle, which impeded him in his career of conquest, and wrote to the Caliph, proposing to abandon the siege and proceed against Antioch. The Caliph, in reply, ordered him by no means to desist, and that the movement against the castle be continued, but to press the siege hard, and trust the event to God. As an additional reliance, he sent him a reinforcement of horse and foot, with twenty camels to facilitate the march of the infantry. Near the house in this aid, the siege was continued for seven and forty days, with no greater prospect of success.

While in this state of vexatious impendence and delay, Abu Obeidah was one day accosted by one of the newly arrived soldiers, who told him that, if he would give him thirty men, all strong and valiant, he would pledge his head to put him in possession of the castle. The man who made this singular application was named Damas; he was of herculean strength and gigantic size, a brave soldier, and of great natural sagacity, although untaught, of great natural sagacity, although untaught, or instructed by men, he was a native slave. Khaled backed his application, having heard of great exploits performed by him in Arabia. Abu Obeidah, in his perplexities, was willing to adopt any expedient to get possession of this obscure castle, and that it was a castle of the people. Shortly after, the Caliph, hearing of the expedition, ordered his head to be thrown into the castle. When the fires broke out, the Moslems fought a hand-to-hand battle, both on foot and on horseback, and in a few days destroyed the castle. Damas was not killed, but was taken alive, and brought to the Caliph, who put him to death. The Caliph then ordered his head to be thrown into the castle. The Caliph then ordered his head to be thrown into the castle.
Before the arrival of the latter, Youkenna appeared with his preceded army in front of the gates of Aazaz, announcing that his castle was taken, and that he and his band were flying before pursuers. Theodorus sallied forth on horseback, at the head of many of his troops, as if to receive his cousin with all due honors. He even alighted from his steed, and, approaching Youkenna in a reverential manner, stopped as if to kiss his stirrup; but suddenly drawing the saddle girth, he pulled him with his face on the ground, and in an instant his hundred followers were likewise unhorsed and made prisoners. Theodorus then placed the squire of the prostrate Youkenna and reproached him with his apostasy and treachery; threatening to send him to answer for his crimes before the emperor Heraclius, and to put all his followers to the sword.

In the mean time Tarik al Gassani, the Christian Arab, had been selected by Youkenna, who, from the time he embraced Islam with the Arab scimitar at his breast, became as determined a champion of its doctrines as he had before been an opponent. Like all new converts, he was anxious to give striking proofs of his zeal; he had slain a brother in supporting his old faith, he now proposed to betray a cousin in promoting the interests of the new. This cousin, whose name was Theodorus, was governor of an important town and fortress, named Aazaz, situated at no great distance from Emepo, and which it was necessary for the Moslems to secure before they left that neighborhood. The castle was of great strength, and had a numerous garrison, but Youkenna offered to put it into the hands of Arab, if he undertook this enterprise. His plan was, to have one hundred Moslems disguised as Christian soldiers; with these he would pretend to fly to the fortress of Aazaz for refuge; being pursued at a distance by a large body of Arabs, who, after coming in sight of the place, would appear to retire in despair, but would themselves fall upon the neighborhood. His cousin Theodorus, who knew nothing of his conversion, would receive him with perfect confidence; at a concerted hour of the night he and his men would fall suddenly upon the garrison, and at the same time throw open the gates to the party without the walls, and between them both he had no doubt of carrying the place without difficulty.

Abu Obeidah held council with Khaled, who pronounced the stratagem apt and feasible, provided the sincerity of Youkenna’s conversion might be depended upon. The new proselyte managed to obtain his confidence, and was dispatched on his enterprise with one hundred chosen men, selected by tens from ten tribes of Arabs. After they had departed a sufficient time, one thousand men were sent in pretended pursuit, headed by Malec Alashkar, who was instructed in the whole stratagem.

These Moslem wars were always a tissue of plot and counterplot, of which this whole story of Youkenna is a striking example. Scarcely had this scheme of treachery been devised in the Moslem camp, when the distant governor of Aazaz was apprised of it, with a success and celerity that almost seemed like magic. He had at that time a spy in the Moslem camp, an Arab of the tribe of (c)A‘ish, who, being always attentive to the wing of a carrier-pigeon, informing him of the apostasy of Youkenna, and of his intended treachery; though the spy was ignorant of that part of the plan relating to the thousand men under Malec Alashkar. On receiving this letter, Theodorus put his town and castle in a posture of defence, called in the Christian Arabs of the neighboring villages capable of bearing arms, and dispatched a messenger named Tarik al Gassani to Lucas the prefect of Arrawendan, urging him to repair with troops to his assistance.
and his companion arrived at the place, and, learning the situation of affairs, hastened back to Malec Alashtar with the news. The latter hurried on with his troops and came in time to complete the capture of the place. He bestowed great praises on Youkenna, and the latter, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "Thank Allah and this youth." He then related the whole story. The pious Malec lifted up his eyes and hands in wonder. "When Allah wills a thing," exclaimed he, "he provides the means."

Leaving Seid Ibn Amir in command of the place, with Youkenna's band of a hundred men as a garrison, Malec Alashtar returned to the main army with great booty and many prisoners. Youkenna, however, refused to accompany him. He was mor'd at the questionable result of his undertaking against Aazaz, the place having been taken by other means than his own, and vowed not to show himself in the Moslem camp until he had retrieved his credit by some signal blow. Just at this time a report came from Aazaz of a foraging party of a thousand Moslems, that had been ravaging the neighboring country; among them were two hundred renegades, who had apostatized with Youkenna, and whose families and effects were in the castle of Aleppo. They were the very band that had attacked him, and he marched off to execute one of his characteristic degeneracies at Antioch.

CHAPTER XXI.

INTRIGUES OF YOUKENNA AT ANTIOCH—SIEGE OF THAT CITY BY THE MOSLEMS—FLIGHT OF THE EMPEROR TO CONSTANTINOPLE—SURRENDER OF ANTIOCH.

The city of Antioch was at that time the capital of Syria, and the seat of the Roman government in the East. It was of great extent, surrounded by stone walls and numerous towers, and stood in the midst of a fertile country, watered by wells and fountains and abundant streams. Here Heraclius held his court, and here the Greeks, sunk in luxury and effeminacy, had lost all that was wonderful in their conquests. The Moslems, under Derar, had taken possession of the city, and its garrison was composed of two hundred men. The emperor was accompanied by his son Leon. Youkenna, who had been having frequent disputes with the castle, was ordered to take it. The garrison opposed the Moslems to the extent of which they were in the city, and they were driven out as fugitives from Aleppo. In the mean time he went to a distance of his relatives, struck into a by-road, and soon fell into the hands of one of the emperor's bearers. On announcing himself Youkenna, late governor of Aleppo, he was sent under a guard to Antioch. The emperor Heraclius, broken in spirit by his late reverses and his continual apprehensions, wept at the sight of Youkenna, and meekly upbraided him with his apostasy and treason, but could not prevail with him to return. The emperor, indeed, declared that whatever he had done was for the purpose of preserving his life for the emperor's service; and cited the obstinate defence he had made at Aleppo and his present voluntary arrival at Antioch as proofs of his fidelity. The emperor was easily deceived by a man he had been accustomed to regard as one of his bravest and most devoted officers; and indeed the subtle apostate had the address to incline most of the courtiers in his favor. For he was put in command of the two hundred pretended fugitives of his former garrison, as soon as they were released by the emperor, and he had thus a band of hundred renegades, ready to aid him in any desperate treachery. Furthermore, to show his entire confidence in him, the emperor sent him with upward of two thousand men, to escort his youngest daughter to a neighboring place to the court at Antioch. He performed his mission with correctness; and as he and his troop were escorting the princess about midnight, the neighboring of their horses put them on the alert, and sending out scouts they received intelligence of a party of Moslems asleep, with their horses grazing near them. They proved to be a body of a thousand Christian Arabs, under Haim, son of the apostate Jalah IbIm al Ayah, who had made captives of Derar Ibn al Azar and a foraging party of two hundred Moslems. They all proceeded together to Antioch, where the emperor received his daughter with great joy, and made Youkenna one of his chief officers.

Derar and his men were brought into the presence of the emperor, and commanded to prostrate themselves before him, but they refused to do so and took no heed of the command. It was repeated more peremptorily. "We how to no created being," replied Derar; "the prophet bids us to yield adoration to God alone."

The emperor, on hearing this reply, propounded several questions touching Mahomet and his doctrines, but Derar, whose province did not lie in words, beckoned to Kais Ibn Amir, an old grey-headed Moslem, to answer them. A long and edifying conference ensued, in which, in reply to the searching questions of the emperor, the venerable Kais went into a history of the prophet, and the various modes in which inspiration came upon him. Sometimes like the sound of a bell; sometimes like the likeness of an angel in human shape; sometimes in a dream; sometimes like the brightness of the sun; and sometimes like the brightness of the moon, when it was shut in by great drops of water rolled from his forehead, and a tempest seized upon his limbs. The emperor, on hearing this, was extremely moved, and went to the great Mahomet, and said, "If you would have me believe in the prophet, I will; but if you would have me believe in the apostle, I will not." The emperor then addressed Derar and the rest of the courtiers, and said, "You are right; I will not believe in the apostle; but I will believe in the prophet, and I will do as he commanded me."

In the mean time Abu Obeidah, with his main army, was making his victorious approaches, and attacking all Syria to his arms. The emperor, in his miserable imbecility and blind intuition, put the treacherous Youkenna in full command of the city and army. He would again have executed Derar and his fellow-prisoners, but Youkenna suggested that they had better be spared to
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be exchanged for any Christians that might be taken by the enemy. They were then, by advice of the bishops, taken to one of the churches, and exhorted to embrace the Christian faith, but they obstinately refused. The Arabians, as usual, gave them the mostсенсes to the negotiations put to them. "What hinderst ye," demanded the patriarch, "from turning Christians?"

The truth of our religion," replied they. Heraclius had heard of the mean affaire of the Khalif Omar, and asked them why, having gained so much to their interest, they had not yielded to the most richly clad like other princes? They replied that he cared not for this world, but for the world to come, and sought favor in the eyes of God alone.

"In what kind of a palace does he reside?" asked the emperor. In a house built of mud. "Who are his attendants?" Beggars and the poor. "What tapestry does he sit upon?" Justice and equity. "What is his throne?" Abstinence and true knowledge. What is his treasure? "Trust in God." And who are his guards? The bravest of the Unitarians.

Of all the prisoners one only could be induced to swear from his faith; and he was a youth, fancied by the beauty and the unveiled charms of the Greek damsels. He was the bishop of Graces, the bishop who had taken the triumph; the bishops strove who most should honor him, and the emperor gave him a horse, a beautiful damsel to wife, and enrolled him in the army of Christian Arabs, commanded by the renegade Jabalah; but he was upbraided in bitter terms by his fields, who had taken him prisoner, and ready to die in the faith of Islam.

The emperor now reviewed his army, which was drawn up outside of the walls, and at the head of every battalion was a wooden crucifix; while a precious crucifix out of the city. It was a bridge of logs laid across the river Orontes, guarded by two towers and garnished by a great force, having not less than three hundred officers. The fate of this most important pass shows the degeneracy of Greek discipline and the licentiousness of the soldiery, to which in all appearances it was attributable.

The Moslem army approached to lay siege to that formidable fortress, and when the emperor expected to hear of a long and valiant resistance, he was astonished at the tidings that the Iron Bridge had been surrendered. Heraclius now lost heart altogether. Instead of calling a council of his generals, he assembled the bishops and wealthiest citizens in the cathedral, and wept over the affairs of Syria. It was a deficiency in the plan; the prince of the Moslems proposed the assassination of the Caliph Omar as a means of throwing the affairs of the Saracens into confusion. The emperor was weak enough, and Vathek Ibn Mosapher, a bold young Arab of the tribe of Jabalah, was dispatched to Medina to effect the treacherous deed. The Arabians gave a miraculous close to this undertaking. Arriving at Medina, Vathek concealed himself in a tree, without the walls, at a place where the Caliph was accustomed to walk after the hour of prayers. After a time Omar approached the place, and lay down to sleep near the foot of the tree, while a gardener watered it. The tree, kindled his hair, and was descendence, when he beheld a lion walking around the Caliph, licking his feet and guarding him as he slept. When he woke the lion went away, upon which Vathek, convinced that Omar was under the protection of Heaven, hastened away, and wrote not much later the treacherous letter in token of allegiance, revealed his treacherous errand, and avowed his conversion to the Islam faith.

The surrender of the Iron Bridge had laid open Antioch to the approach of Abu Obeidah, and he advanced in battle array to where the Christian army was drawn up beneath its walls. Nestorius, one of the Christian commanders, sallied forth from among the troops and met the Moslems to single combat. Damas, the herculean warrior, was sent for to Nestorius, armed with a sword, and brought forward to meet him, but his horse stumbled and fell with him, and he was seized as the prisoner of Nestorius, and conveyed to his tent, where he was bound hand and foot. Dehah, another Moslem, fell upon him, and a severe fight ensued between him and Nestorius. The parties, however, were so well matched that a fight for a long time until both were exhausted, they parted by mutual consent. While this fight was going on, the soldiers, horse, and foot, of either army, rushed to the support of their respective generals, and the engagement was renewed with renewed vigor. The empire, in fact, was now divided into two armies, and the Moslem in the center of the field was thrown down. There were but three servants left in charge of it. Fearful of the anger of their master, they hastened to set it up again, and loosed the bands of Damas that he might assist them; but the moment he was free he arose in his giant strength, seized two of the attendants, one in each hand, dashed their heads against the head of the third, and soon laid them all lifeless on the ground. Then opening a chest, he arrayed himself in the robes of a priest, and clothed himself with a sabre, squire on a horse that stood ready saddled, and cut his way through the Christian Arabs of Jabalah to the Moslem host.

While these things were happening without the walls, treason was at work in the city. Yokenna, who commanded there, set fire Derar and his fellow-prisoners, furnished them with weapons, and joined them to his own band of renegades. The tidings of this treachery and the apprehension of the revolt among his own troops struck despair to the heart of Heraclius. He had been terrified by a dream in which he had found himself thrown from his throne, and his crown falling from his head; the fulfilment appeared to be at hand. Without waiting to withstand the evil, he assembled a few domestics, made a secret retreat to the sea-shore, and set sail for Constantinople.

The generals of Heraclius, more brave than their emperor, fought a pitched battle beneath the walls, and the treachery of Yokenna and the valor of Derar and his men, who fell on them unremittingly, rendered their gallant struggle unavailing; the people of Antioch seeing the battle lost capitulated for the safety of their city at the cost of three hundred thousand golden ducats, and Abu Obeidah entered the ancient capital of Syria in triumph. This event took place on the 21st of August, in the year of redemption 638.
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CHAPTER XXII.

EXPEDITION INTO THE MOUNTAINS OF SYRIA—STORY OF A MIRACULOUS CAP.

The discreet Abu Obeidah feared to expose his troops to the enervating delights of Antioch, and to the allurements of the Greek women, and, after three days of repose and refreshment, marched forth from that luxurious city. He wrote a letter to the Caliph, relating his important conquest, and the flight of the Moslems, and added that he discovered a grievous propensity among his troops to intermarry with the beautiful Grecian females, which he had forbidden them to do, as contrary to the injunctions of the Koran.

The epistle was delivered to Omar just as he was departing on a pilgrimage to Mecca, accompanied by the widows of the prophet. When he had read the letter he offered prayers and thanksgiving to Allah, but went over Abu Obeidah to his letter himself upon the ground, he immediately wrote a reply to his general, expressing his satisfaction at his success, but exhorting him to more indulgence to his soldiers. Those who had fought the good fight ought to be permitted to rest themselves, and to enjoy the victory. But it was observed that Abu Obeidah had no wives at home, might marry in Syria, and those who had a desire for female slaves might purchase as many as they chose.

While the main army reposed after the taking of the independent Khaibar, at the head of a detachment, scored the country as far as to the Euphrates; took Menebeh, the ancient Hierapolis, after fighting, by force, and Berah and Bales, and other places, by capitulation, receiving a hundred thousand pieces of gold by way of ransom, besides laying the inhabitants under annual tribute.

Abu Obeidah, in an assembly of his officers, now proposed an expedition to subdue the mountains of Syria; but no one stepped forward to volunteer. The mountains were rugged and stony, and covered with snow for the greater part of the year, and the troops already began to feel the effects of the wetting climate and delights of Syria. At length a candidate presented himself, named Meisara Ibn Mesroud; a number of picked men was placed under him, and he was successful in the campaign, bearing the inscription, "There is no God but God. Mahomet is the messenger of God." Damascus accompanied him at the head of one thousand black Ethiopian slaves. The detachment suffered greatly in the mountains, for they were men of sultry climates, unaccustomed to ice and snow, and they passed suddenly from a soft Syrian summer to the severity of frozen winter, and from the midst of abundance to regions of solitude and sterility. The inhabitants, too, of the scantly villages, fled at their approach. In length they captured a prisoner, who informed them that an imperial army of many thousand men was lying in wait for them in a valley about three leagues distant, and that all the passes behind them were garrisoned. A scout, disguised in chlamys, confirmed this news; whereupon they intrenched themselves in a commanding position, and dispatched a fleet courier to Abu Obeidah, to inform him of their perilous situation.

The courier made such speed that when he reached the presence of Obeidah he fainted through exhaustion. Khaled, who had just returned from his successful expedition to the Euphrates, instantly hastened to the relief of Meisara, with three thousand men, and was presently followed by Ayad Ibn Ganam, with two thousand more.

Khaled found Meisara and his men in desperate straits against an overwhelming force. At the sight of this powerful army a wild joy took possession of the black eagle of Khaled in advance, the Greeks gave over the attack and returned to their camp, but secretly retreated in the night, leaving their tents standing, and bearing off captive Abu Obeidah, a dear relative of Meisara, and a beloved friend of the Caliph Omer, whom they straightway sent to the emperor at Constantinople.

The Moslems forborne to pursue the enemy through these difficult mountains, and, after plundering the deserted tents, returned to the main army. When the Caliph Omer received tidings from Abu Obeidah of the capture of Abdullah Ibn Hudaia, he was grieved at heart, and dispatched instantly an epistle to the emperor Heraclius at Constantinople:

"Bismillah! In the name of the all-merciful God!

"Praise be to Allah, the Lord of this world, and of that which is to come, which has neither companion, son, nor friend, and blessed be Mahomet brave fight. Omer fulfilled his vows to us by sent the Moslem captives. We have not received the Caliph. If thou dost not, I shall not send thee the captives."

"In the mean time the emperor had treated his prisoners, which distinguished, and as Abdallah was a cousin-german to the prophet, the son of one of his uncles, he was an object of great curiosity at Constantinople. The emperor proffered him liberty if he would only make a single sign of adoration to the cross, and magnificent rewards if he would embrace the Christian faith; but both proposals were rejected. Heraclius, the emperor, then altered his treatment of him; shut him up three days with nothing to eat, and drink but swine's flesh and wine, but on the fourth day found him dead. The body of Abdallah was put to no further proof, as by this time the emperor received the stern letter from the Caliph. The letter had its effect. The prisoner was dismissed, with costly robes and rich presents, and Heraclius sent to Omar a diamond of great size and beauty, but no jeweller at Medina could estimate its value. The abovementioned Omar refused to appropriate it to his own use, though urged to do so by the Moslems. He placed it in the public treasury, of which, from his office, he was the guardian and manager. It was afterward sold for a great sum.

A singular story is related by a Moslem writer, but not supported by any rumor or surprise among Christian historians. It is said that the emperor Heraclius wavered in his faith, if he did not actually become a convert of Abolism, and this is stated as the cause. He was afflicted with a vital pain in the head, for which he could find no remedy, until the Caliph Omar sent him a cap of mysterious virtue. So long as he wore this cap he was at ease, but the moment he laid it aside the pain returned. Heraclius caused the cap to be ripped open, and found
within the lining a scrap of paper, on which was written in Arabic character. Bismillah! Arrahmami Arrahimi! In the name of the all-merciful God. This cap is said to have been preserved among the Christians until the year 833, when it was given up by the governor of a besieged town, in composition of his raising the siege. It was found still to retain its medicinal virtues, which the pious Arabs ascribed to the efficacy of the devout inscription. An unbeliefing Christian will set it down among the charms and incantations which have full effect on living persons inclined to credulity, but upon none others; such persons abounded among the Arabs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXPEDITION OF AMRU IBN AL AASS AGAINST PRINCE CONSTANTINE IN SYRIA—THEIR CONFERENCE—CAPTURE OF TRIPOLI AND TYRE—FLIGHT OF CONSTANTINE—DEATH OF KHALED.

The course of our history now turns to record the victories of Amru ibn al Aass, to whom, after the defeat of the Caliph, he assigned the invasion and subjugation of Egypt. Amru, however, did not proceed immediately to that country, but remained for some time with his division of the army, in Palestine, where some places still held out for the emperor. The natural and religious influence of the Arabs was still sorely endangered among the temptations of Syria. Several of the Moslem officers being seized while on the march, with chills and griping pains in consequence of eating unripe grapes, were counselled by a crafty old Christian Arab to drink freely of wine which he produced, and which he pronounced a sovereign remedy. They followed his prescriptions so lustily that they all came reeling into the camp to the great scandal of Amru. The punishment for drunkenness, recited by the Caliph Ali, was adopted by the Caliph Hisham, which was administered to the delinquents, who each received a sound bastinado on the soles of the feet. This sobered them completely, and enraged them with the old man who had recommended the potions that would have put him to death, had it not been represented to them that he was a stranger and under Moslem protection.

Amru now advanced upon the city of Casarea, where Constantine, son of the emperor, was posted with a large army. The Moslems were met by spies, sent by the Christian commander to obtain intelligence. These were commonly Christian Arabs, whom it was almost impossible to distinguish from those of the faith of Islam. One of these, however, after sitting one day by the camp fires, as he rose trow on the end of his own robe and stumbled; it was vexation he uttered an oath "by Christ!" He was immediately detected by his blasphemous way of speaking a Christian and a spy, and was cut to pieces by the bystanders. Amru rebuked them for their precipitancy, as he might have gained information from their victim, and ordered that in future all spies should be brought to him.

The fear of Constantine increased with the approach of the army, and he now dispatched a Christian priest to Amru, soliciting him to send some principal officer to confer amicably with him. An Ethiopian negro, named Belal ibn Rebeh, offered to undertake the embassy. He was a man of powerful frame and sonorous voice, and had been employed by Mahomet as a Muezzin or crier, to summon the people to prayers. Proud of having officiated under the prophet, he retired from office at his death, and had raised his voice but once since, on condition of his raising the siege. It was found still to retain its medicinal virtues, which the pious Arabs ascribed to the efficacy of the devout inscription. An unbeliefing Christian will set it down among the charms and incantations which have full effect on living persons inclined to credulity, but upon none others; such persons abounded among the Arabs.

Amru would have declined the officious offer of the vociferous Ethiopian, representing to him that such a mission required a smooth-spoken Arab, rather than one of his country; but, on Belal conjuring him in the name of Allah and the prophet to let him go, he reluctantly consented. When the priest saw who was to accompany him back to Constantine, he objected to such an ambassador, and glancing contemptuously at the negro features of the Ethiopian, observed that Constantine had not sent for a slave but for an officer. The chief of the ambassadors, and himself, persisted in his diplomatic errand, and was refused admission, and returned mortified and indignant.

Amru now determined to undertake the conference in person. Repairing to the Christian camp, he was conducted to Constantine, whom he had seated in state, and who ordered a chair to be placed for him; but put it aside, and seated himself cross-legged on the ground after the Persian fashion, with his scimitar on his thigh and his lance across his knees. The curious conference that ensued took place by daylight, at which Pious Imam and Cadi, the Moslem historian Alwakedi, in his chronicle of the conquest of Syria.

Constantine reproached against the invasion, telling Amru that the Romans and Greeks and Arabs were brethren, being all the children of Noah, although it was true, the Arabs were begotten, as being the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, a slave and a concubine, yet being brethren, it was sinful for them to war against each other.

Amru replied that what Constantine had said was true, and that the Arabs gloried in acknowledging Ishmael as their progenitor, and envied not the Greeks their forefather Esau, who had sold his birthright for a mess of porridge. He added that their difference related to their religion, upon which not even brother were justified in warfare.

Amru proceeded to state that Noah, after the deluge, divided the earth into three parts, between his sons Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and that Syria was in the portion assigned to Shem, which continued down through his descendants Kathnan and Tems, and Judas to Amalek, the father of the Amalekites Arabs; but that the Arabs had been pushed from their fertile inheritance of Syria into the stony and thorny deserts of Arabia.

"We come now," continued Amru, "to claim our ancient portion, and become the ancient partition. Take you the stones and the thorns and the barren deserts we have occupied, and give us back the pleasant land of Syria, with its groves, its pastures, its fair cities and running streams.

To this Constantine replied, that the partition was already made; that time and possession had confirmed it; and that the groves had been planted, and the cities built by the present inhabitants. Each, therefore, ought to be contented with the lot that had fallen to him.
There are two conditions," rejoined Amru, "on which the land may remain with its present inhabitants. Let them profess the religion of Islam, or pay tribute to the Caliph, as is due from unbelievers.

"Not so," said Constantine, "but let each continue to possess the land he has inhabited, and enjoy the produce of his own toil, and profess the faith in which he believes, in his own conscience, to be true."

Upon this Amru sternly rose. "One only alternative," said he, "remains. Since you obstinately refuse the conditions I propose, even as your ancestor Esau refused obedience to his father, let God and the sword decide between us.

As he was about to depart, he added: "We will acknowledge no kindred with you, while you continue unbelievers. Ye are the children of Esau, we of Ishmael, through whom alone the seal and gift of prophecy descended from father to son, from our great forefather, Adam, until it reached the prophet Mahomet. Now Ishmael was the best of the sons of his father, and made the tribe of Kenanah, the best tribe of Arabia; and Musa and Khadi the tribes of Kenanah; and the children of Haschem are the best of the family of Koreish; and Abdullah Motalleth, standard-bearer of Mahomet, was the best of the sons of Haschem; and Abdullah, the youngest and best of the thirteen sons of Abu Motalleth, was the father of Mahomet (on whom be peace), who was the best and only issue of his sire; and to him the angel Gabriel descended from Allah, and inspired him with the gift of prophecy."

Thus terminated this noted conference, and Amru returned to his host. The armies now remained in sight of each other, prepared for battle, but without coming to action. One day an officer richly arrayed came forth from the Christian camp, defying the Moslems to single combat. Several were eager to accept the challenge in hopes of gaining such glittering spoil; but Amru rebuked their sordid motives. "Let no man fight for gain," said he, "but for the truth. He who loses his life fighting for the love of God will have paradise as a reward; but he who loses it fighting for the object will lose his life and all that he fights for."

A stripping now advanced, an Arab from Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, who had sought these wars not as, he said, for the delights of Syria, or the fading enjoyments of this world, but to devote himself to the service of God and his apostle. His mother and sister had in vain opposed his leaving his peaceful home to seek a life of danger. "If I fall in the service of Allah," said he, "I shall be a martyr, and the prophet has said that the spirits of the martyrs shall dwell in the crops of the green birds that eat of the fruits and drink of the rivers of paradise."

Finding their remonstrances of no avail, his mother and sister had followed him to the wars, and they now endeavored to dissuade him from fighting with an adversary much his superior in strength and years; but the piercing grief in his heart was unavailing. "Farewell, mother and sister!" cried he; "we shall meet again by that river of joy provided in paradise for the apostle and his followers."

The youth rushed to the combat, but obtained but a slight wound. The"Terror of Martyrs" was sought. Another and another succeeded him, but shared the same fate. Serjahl Ibn Hasannah stepped forth. As on a former occasion, in purifying the spirit, he had reduced the flesh; and a course of watching and fasting had rendered him but little competent to face his powerful adversary. After a short combat the Christian bore him to the earth, and setting his foot upon his breast, was about to take his life, when his own hand was suddenly severed from his body. The prostrate Serjahl looked up with surprise at his deliverer; for he was in Grecian attire, and had come from a Grecian host, and held himself as the unhappy Tulet Ibn Chwalled, formerly a pretended prophet and an associate of Mosella. After the death of that impostor, he had repented of his false prophecies, and become a Moslem in heart, and had sought an opportunity of signaling his devotion to the Islam cause. "Oh brother!" cried Serjahl, "the mercy of Allah is infinite, and repentance wipes away all crimes."

Serjahl would now have taken him to the Moslem host, but Tulet rejected him, and at length contended that he would long since have joined the standard of Islam, but that he was afraid of Khaled, that terror and scourge of false prophets, who had killed his friend Mosella, and who might put him to death out of resentment for past misdeeds. Serjahl quietly explained that Khaled was not in the Moslem camp; he then conducted him to Amru, who received him with great favor, and afterward gave him a letter to the Caliph setting forth the signal service he had performed, and his sincere devotion to the cause of Islam. He was subsequently employed in the wars of the Moslems against the Persians.

The weather was cold and tempestuous, and the Christians, disheartened by repeated reverses, began daily to desert their colors. The prince Constantine dreaded, with his discouraged troops, to encounter an enemy flushed with success, and continually augmenting in force. Accordingly, he took advantage of a tempestuous night, and abandoning his camp to be plundered by the Moslems, retreated with his army to Caesarica, and shut himself up within its walls. Hither he was soon followed by Amru, who laid close siege to the place, but the walls were strong, the garrison was numerous, and Constantine hoped to be able to hold out until the arrival of reinforcements. The tidings of further disasters and disgrace to the imperial cause, destroyed this hope; and these were brought about by the stragglers and treacheries of that arch deceiver Youkenna. After the surrender of Anthos, that wily traitor still kept up his pretended devotion to the Christian cause, and retreated with his band of renegades to the town of Tripoli, a seaport in Syria, situated on the Mediterranean. Here he was cordially admitted, as his treachery was still unknown. Watching his opportunity, he rose with his devoted band, seized on the town and citadel without noise or tumult, and kept the standard of the cross still flying, while he sent secret intelligence of his exploit to Abu Obeidah. Just at this time, a fleet of fifty ships from Cyprus and Crete put in there, laden with arms and provisions for Constantine's army. Before notice could be taken of this, the Grecian host, composed of such mixed affairs, Youkenna gained possession of the ships, and embarked on board of them with his renegades and other troops, delivering the city of Tripoli into the hands of the force sent by Abu Obeidah to receive it.

Bent on new treacheries, Youkenna now sailed with the fleet to Tyre, displaying the Christian flag, and informing the governor that he was come with a reinforcement for the army of the
emperor. He was kindly received, and landed with nine hundred of his troops, intending to rise on the garrison in the night. One of his own musicians, however, betrayed the plot, and Youkenna and his followers were seized and imprisoned in the citadel.

In the mean time Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian, who had marched with two thousand men against Cassarea, but had left Amru to subdue it, came with his troops into the neighborhood of Tyre, in hopes to find in possession of Youkenna. The governor of the city, deserting so slender a force, sallied forth with the greater part of his garrison, and the inhabitants mounted on the walls to see the battle.

It was the fortune of Youkenna, which he derived from his consummate skill in intrigue, that his failure and captivity on this occasion, as on a former one in the castle of Azaaz, served only as a foundation for his success. He contrived to gain over a Christian officer named Basil, to whose keeping he and the other prisoners were intrusted, and who was already disposed to embrace the Islam faith; and he sent information of his plan by a disguised messenger to Yezed, and to the effect that the marks of the three thousand pieces of silver. This all, when reported to Omar, excited his quick disgust; he was indignant at Amru for arrogating to himself, as he supposed, all the glory of the war; and he attributed the lavish reward of the poet to gratified vanity. "Even if the money came from his own purse," said he, "it was shameful squandering; and God, the Koran, loves not a squanderer."

He now gave faith to a charge made against Amru of embezzling the spoils set apart for the public treasury, and forthwith sent orders for him to be degraded from his command in presence of the assembled army; it is even said his arms were tied behind his back with his turban.

A rigid examination proved the charge of embezzlement to be unfounded, but Khaled was subjected to a heavy fine. The sentence causing great dissatisfaction in the army, the Caliph wrote to the commanders: "I have punished Khaled not on account of fraud or falsehood, but for his vanity, and the disgrace of the army, and for his unauthorized spending of public monies."

These indiscretions broke the heart of the veteran, who was already inflamed with the burdens and hardships of his arduous campaigns, and who gradually sank into the grave, regretting in his last moments that he had not died in the field of battle. He left a name idolized by the soldiery and beloved by his kindred; at his sepulture, all the women of his race cut off their hair in token of lamentation. When it was ascertainment, at his death, that instead of having enriched himself by the war, his whole property consisted of his warhorse, his arms, and single slave, Omar became sensible of the injustice he had done to his faithful general, and shed tears over his grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INVASION OF EGYPT BY AMRU—CAPTURE OF MEMPHIS—SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF ALEXANDRIA—BURNING OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

A PROOF of the religious intuition, or the blind conhveb—e n. destiny, which hurled the Moslem conquerors into the invasion of the desert, was a mere curiosity on the part of the conquerors, but not necessary. The mass of the people, though half-starved, were still sufficient to have been more than able to resist the Moslem host; but the march, however, continued, and the multitude of Egyptians deserted to the Moslem cause. The Moslem army, under the command of Youkenna, was unopposed to Alexandria, and the town was captured without a struggle.

The inhabitants were not allowed to depart, and the city was pillaged and burned.

The capture of Alexandria was followed by a pestilence, one of the customary attendant upon war. Great numbers of the people of Egypt perished, and with
Moslem commanders of those days into the most extravagant enterprises, is furnished in the invasion of Constantinople; for, while Amru was on the march, he dispatched missions after him the following effect: "If this epistle reach thee before thou hast crossed the boundary of Egypt, come instantly back; but if it find thee within the Empire, let the mission, mean on with the blessing of Allah, and be assured I will send thee all necessary aid."

The bearer of the letter overtook Amru while yet within the bounds of Syria; that wary general either had secret information, or made a shrewd surmise, as to the purpose of his errand, and continued his march across the border without admitting him to an audience. Having encamped at the Egyptian village of Arish, he received the courier with all due respect, and read the command with the approbation of his officers. When he had finished, he demanded of those about him whether they were in Syria or Egypt. "In Egypt," was the reply. "Then," said Amru, "we will proceed, with the blessing of Allah, and fulfill the commands of the Caliph."

The first place to which he laid siege was Farwak, or Pelusium, situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, on the Isthmus, which separates that sea from the Arabian Gulf, and connects Egypt with Syria and Arabia. It was therefore considered the key to Egypt. A month's siege put Amru in possession of the place; he then examined the surrounding country with more forethought than was generally manifested by the Moslem conquerors, and projected a canal across the Isthmus, to connect the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. His plan, however, was condemned by the Caliph, as calculated to throw open Arabia to a maritime invasion of the Christians.

Amru now proceeded to Misrah, the Memphite of the ancients, and residence of the early Egyptian kings. This city was at that time the strongest fortress in Egypt, except Alexandria, and still retained much of its ancient magnificence. It stood on the western bank of the Nile, above the Delta, and a little east of the Pyramids. The citadel was of great strength, and well garrisoned, and had recently been surrounded with a deep ditch, into which nails and spikes had been thrown, to impede assailants.

The Arab armies, rarely provided with the engines necessary for the attack of fortified places, generally beleaguered them; cut off all supplies; attacked all foraging parties that sallied forth, and thus destroyed the garrison in detail, or starved it to a surrender. This was the reason of the long duration of their sieges. This of Misrah was, however, one of the most prolonged by frequent skirmishings. At the end of this time he received a reinforcement of four thousand men, sent to him at his urgent entreaties by the Caliph. Still his force would have been insufficient for the capture of the place, had he not been aided by the treachery of its governor, Mokawkas.

This man, an original Egyptian, or Copt, by birth, and of noble rank, was a profound hypocrite. Like most of the Copts, he was of the Jacobite sect, who denied the double nature of Christ. He had dissembled his sectarian creed, however, and deceived the emperor Heraclius by a show of loyalty, so as to be made viceroy of his native province, and governor of the city. Most of the inhabitants of Memphis were Copts and Jacobite Christians, and held their Greek fellow-citizens, who were of the regular Catholic church of Constantinople, in great antipathy.

Mokawkas in the course of his administration had collected, by taxes and tribute, an immense amount of treasure, which he had deposited in the citadel. He saw that the power of the emperor was coming to an end in this quarter, and thought the present a good opportunity to provide for his own fortune. Carrying on a secret correspondence with the Moslem general, he agreed to betray the place into his hands, on condition of receiving the treasure as a reward for his treason. He accordingly, at an appointed time, removed the greater part of the garrison from the citadel to an island in the Nile. The fortress was immediately assailed by Amru, at the head of his fresh troops, and was easily carried by assault, the Copts rendering no assistance to their enemies. On the Moslem standard being hoisted on the citadel, saw through the treachery, and, giving up all as lost, escaped in their ships to the main land; upon which the prefect surrendered the place by capitulation. An annual tribute of two ducats a head was levied on all the inhabitants of the district, with the exception of old men, women, and boys under the age of sixteen years. It was further conditioned that the Moslem army should be furnished with provisions, for which they would pay, and that the inhabitants of the country should, forthwith, build bridges over all the streams on the way to Alexandria. It was also agreed that every Moslem travelling through the country should be entitled to three days' hospitality, free of charge.

The traitor Mokawkas was put in possession of his ill-gotten wealth. He begged of Amru to be taxed with the Copts, and always to be enrolled among them; declaring his abhorrence of the Greeks and their doctrines; urging Amru to persevere with unremitting violence. He extended his sectarian bigotry even into the grave, stipulating that, at his death, he should be buried in the Christian Jacobite church of St. John, at Alexandria.

Amru, who was politic as well as brave, seeing the irreconcilable hatred of the Coptic or Jacobite Christians to the Greeks, showed some favor to that sect, in order to make use of them in his conquest of the country. He even prevailed upon their patriarch Benjamin to emerge from his desert and hold a conference with him; and subsequently declared that "he had never conversed with a Christian priest of more innocent manners or venerable aspect." This piece of diplomacy had its effect, for we are told that all the Copts above and below Memphis swore allegiance to the Caliph.

Amru now pressed on for the city of Alexandria, distant about one hundred and twenty-five miles. According to stipulation, the people of the country repaired the roads and erected bridges to facilitate his march; the Greeks, however, driven from various quarters by the retreating invaders, had collected at different posts on the island of the Delta, and the channels of the Nile, and disputed with desperate but fruitless obstinacy, the onward course of the conquerors. The severest check was given at Keram al Shoraik, by
the late garrison of Metaphis, who had fortified themselves there after retreating from the island of the Nile. For three days did they maintain a gallant contest with the Moslems, and then capitulated in good order to Alexandria. With all the facilities furnished to them on their march, it cost the Moslems two-and-twenty days to fight their way to that great city.

Alexandria, before them, the metropolis of wealthy Egypt, the emporium of the East, a place strongly fortified, stored with all the munitions of war, open by sea to all kinds of supplies and reinforcements, and garrisoned by Greeks, aggregated from various quarters, who here were to make the last stand for their Egyptian empire. It would seem that nothing short of an enthusiasm bordering on madness could have led Amru and his host on an enterprise against this powerful city.

The Moslem leader, on planting his standard before the place, summoned it to surrender on the usual terms, which being promptly refused, he prepared for a vigorous siege. The garrison did not wait to be attacked, but made repeated sallies, and fought with desperate valor. Those who gained ground were too eager to lose it, or save their fellow-Christians with the old enemies, the Greek troops from Memphis. Amru, seeing that the greatest defence was from a main tower, or citadel, made a gallant assault upon it, and carried it sword in hand. The Greek troops, however, rallied to that point from all parts of the city; the Moslems, after a furious struggle, gave way, and Amru, his faithful slave Werdan, and one of his generals, named Moslema Ibn al Mokalled, fighting to the last, were surrounded, overpowered, and taken prisoners.

The Moslem commander, instead of showing them mercy, led them before the governor. He demanded of them, haughtily, what was their object in thus overrunning the world, and disturbing the quiet of peaceable neighbors. Amru made the usual reply, that they came to spread the faith of Islam; and that it was their intention, before they laid by the sword, to make the Egyptians either converts or tributaries. The boldness of his answer and the lowness of his demeanor awakened the suspicions of the governor, who, supposing him to be a low sort of Arab among the Arabs, ordered one of his guards to, five of his head. Upon this Werdan, the slave, understanding the Greek language, seized his master by the collar, and, giving him a buffet on the cheek, called him an impudent dog, and ordered him to hold his peace, and let his superiors speak. Moslema, perceiving the meaning of the slave, now interposed, and made a plausible speech to the governor, telling him that Amru had thoughts of raising the siege, having received a letter to that effect from the Caliph, who intended to send ambassadors to treat for peace, and assuring the governor that, if permitted to depart, they would make a favorable report to Amru.

The governor, who, if Arabian chronicles may be believed on this point, must have been a man of easy faith, ordered the prisoners to be set at liberty: that they might bar the door of the besieging army on the safe return of their general soon showed him how completely he had been duped.

But scanty details of the siege of Alexandria have reached the Christian reader; yet it was one of the strangest combats, and an uncommonly sanguinary, in the whole course of the Moslem wars. It endured fourteen months with various success; the Moslem army was repeatedly reinforced, and lost twenty-three thousand men; at length their irresistible ardor and perseverance prevailed; the capital of Egypt was conquered, and the Greek inhabitants were dispersed in all directions; youth, old age, and the venerable were forced into the interior of the country, and fortified themselves in strongholds; others took refuge in the ships, and put to sea.

Amru, on taking possession of the city, found it nearly abandoned; he prohibited his troops from plundering; and leaving a small garrison to guard the place, hastened with his main army in pursuit of the fugitive Greeks. In the mean time the ships which had taken off a part of the garrison were still lingering on the coast, and tidings reached them that the Moslem garrisons had departed, and had left the captured city nearly defenseless. They immediately made sail back for Alexandria, and entered the port in the night. The Greek soldiers surprised the sentinels, got possession of the city, and put most of the Moslems they found there into the sword.

Amru was in full pursuit of the Greek fugitives when he heard of the recapture of the city. Mortified at his own negligence in leaving so rich a conquest with so slight a guard, he returned in haste to Alexandria, where the Greeks, however, had fortified themselves strongly in the castle, and made stout resistance. Amru was obliged, therefore, to besiege it a second time, but the siege was carried by assault; many of the Greeks were cut to pieces, the rest escaped once more to their ships, and now gave up the capital as lost. All this occurred in the nineteenth year of the Hegira, and the year 640 of the Christian era.

On this second capture of the city by force of arms, and in the full light of the day, the troops were clamorous to be permitted to plunder. Amru again checked their rapacity, and commanded that all persons and property in the place should remain inviolate, until the will of the Caliph could be known. So perfect was his command over his troops, that not the most trivial article was taken. His letter to the Caliph shows what must have been the population and splendor of Alexandria, and the luxury and effectiveness of its inhabitants, at the time of the Moslem conquest. It states the city to have contained four thousand baths, four hundred theaters and places of amusement, twelve thousand gardeners which supply it with vegetables, and forty thousand tributary Jews. It was impossible, he said, to do justice to its riches and magnificence. He had hitherto held it sacred from plunder, but his troops, having won it by force of arms, considered themselves entitled to the spoils of victory.

The Caliph Omar, in reply, expressed a high sense of his important services, but reproved him for even mentioning the desire of the soldiery to plunder so rich a city, one of the greatest emporiums of the East. He charged him, therefore, most rigidly to watch over the rapacious propensities of his men; to prevent all pillage, violence, and waste; to collect and make out an account of all money, jewels, furniture, and everything else that was valuable, to be appropriated toward defraying the expenses of this war of the faith. He ordered the tribute also, collected in the conquered country, to be treasured up at Alexandria, for the support of the Moslem chiefs.

The surrender of all Egypt followed the capture of its capital. A tribute of two ducats was placed on every male of mature age, besides a tax on all lands in proportion to their value, and the revenue which resulted filled millions of ducats.

We have already seen how the Moslem conquest was followed by a period of more than a hundred years of peace in Egypt. The early Moslem leaders, considering the interior of the country as a restful retreat from the toilsome labors of war, seem to have followed a policy of education and religious instruction, which made Alexandria, in the first sect of the new conquerors, a seat of learning and art, and likewise a center of pilgrimage, to which Moslems and Christians, from all parts of the world, made their way. The research and study of ancient learning also continued unceasingly; and Moslems of all ranks seemed to partake in the common spirit of a belief that it was their mission to raise the Moslem world from that condition of ignorance and barbarism that it had before been subject to.

The Arab conquerors, in the course of their stay in Egypt, were exposed to all the evils of conquest and oppression. They were, in short, an evil host, who plundered and desolated the earth, and made it a fruitful field for the growth of fanaticism and intolerance; and yet they established a system of government that was afterwards to be the model of all Moslem states. They were, in the long run, the authors of their own ruin, as well as of the destruction of Egypt, which they had so long enjoyed.

The books of the Egyptians, which were in Arabic, were translated into Greek, and thus preserved for ages from the destruction that was inevitable in consequence of the Saracen conquest. Thus it is that the present condition of the library was known to the early Moslem conquerors, who were they, in the twelfth century, and therefore, to us.

Amru, it is to be feared, was not the only one who was not sufficiently instructed in the business of government, and who, therefore, could not govern in a manner suited to the character of the people. The books of the Moslem conquerors were translated, but so numerous were they, that the translations were never recorded by the Moslem historians, and what doubtless have been preserved, and are preserved in the chronicles of the Greeks and of the Egyptians, the Eutychius of Constantinae, the patriarch of Alexandria, and the conquest of the Moslem Chaldeans, who were far superior in learning to the Moslem conquerors. The Moslems, therefore, in many of their conquests, were able to remain in possession of the country, and the Moslems have always been destroyers of all that is valuable in the arts and sciences. The Moslem conquerors, it is to be feared, have often been treated with contempt, as a loyal subject, and have been proud of their possession of the country.

* The Alexian, or the Conquest of Egypt.

It was August, 642, of the Moslem era, and the Moslem forces, as it was said, were assembled in the time of the wars, and had been placed in a high condition of readiness, with the result of the Moslem wars. The Moslem leaders, however, were not satisfied with the capture of the city, and they had carried out their plans of conquest with a severity that was unequalled in the history of the world. The Moslem leaders, however, were not satisfied with the capture of the city, and they had carried out their plans of conquest with a severity that was unequalled in the history of the world.
The fall of Alexandria decided the fate of Egypt and likewise that of the emperor Heraclius. He was already afflicted with a dropy, and took the loss of his body of troops, and now that of his Egyptian dominions, so much to heart, that he undertook a paroxysm, which ended in his death, about seven weeks after the loss of his Egyptian capital. He was succeeded by his son Constantine.

While Amru was successfully extending his conquests, a great dearth and famine fell upon all Arabia, insomuch that the Caliph Omar had to call upon him for supplies from the fertile plains of Egypt; whereupon Amru dispatched such a train of camels laden with grain, that it is said, that when the first of the line had reached the city of Medina, the last had not yet left the land of Egypt. But this mode of conveyance proving too tardy, at the command of the Caliph he dug a canal of communication from the Nile to the Red Sea, a distance of eighty miles, by which provisions might be conveyed to the Arabian shores. This canal had been commenced by Trajan, the Roman emperor.

The able and indefatigable Amru went on in this manner, executing the commands and fulfilling the wishes of the Caliph, and governed the country he had conquered with such sagacity and justice that he rendered himself one of the most esteemed among the Moslem generals.

CHAPTER XXV.

ENTERPRISES OF THE MOSLEMS IN PERSIA—DEFENCE OF THE KINGDOM BY QUEEN ARZEMIA—BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

For the sake of perspicuity, we have recorded the Moslem conquests in Syria and Egypt in a continuous narrative, the Nile passing to notice events which were occurring at the same time in other quarters; we now recede several years to take up the course of affairs in Persia, from the time that Khaled, in the thirteenth year of the Hegira, in obedience to the orders of Abu Beker, left for his victorious voyage on the banks of the Euphrates, to take the general command in Syria. The victories of Khaled had doubtless been owing in part to the distracted state of the Persian empire. In the course of an inconsiderable number of years, the proud sceptre of the Khosros had passed from hand to hand; Khusru II., surnamed Parviz, having been repeatedly defeated by Heraclius, was deposed in 628, by a party of his nobles, headed by his own son Siroes (or Shiriyah), and it was by death to the latter in a vault under the palace, among the treasures he had amassed. To secure possession of the throne, Siroes followed up the parricide by the massacre of seventeen of his brothers. It was not ambition alone that instigated these crimes. He was enamored of a sultana in the harem of his father, the matchless Shireen. While yet reeking with his father's enmity, he was vicar of Persia, and the Serapeon was preserved. Cleopatra, it is said, added to it the library of Pergamum, given to her by Mark Antony, consisting of 200,000 volumes. It sustained repeated injuries during various subsequent revolutions, but was always restored to its ancient splendor, and numerous additions made to it. Such was its state at the capture of Alexandria by the Moslems.
blood he declared his passion to her. She recoll-
ed from him with horror, and when he would have used force to have herself instant death to es-
cape from his embraces. The disappointment of his passion, the upbraiding of his sisters for the murders of their father and their brothers, and the stings of his own conscience, threw Siroes into a moody melancholy, and either ceased, or added acuteness to a malady, of which he died in the course of eight months.

His infant son Ardisheer was placed on the throne about the end of 628, but was pre-

dently slain, and the throne usurped by Sher-
yaz. A Persian prince, who was himself killed after a very short reign. Turan-Docht, a daugh-
ter of Khosru Parviz, was now crowned and reigned eighteen months, when she was set aside by her cousin Shah Shenniah, who was himself deposed by the nobles, and Arzemi-Docht* or Arzemia, as the name is commonly given, another daughter of Khosru Parviz, was placed on the throne in the year 632 of the Christian era. The Persian seat of government, which had been often changed, was at this time held in the mag-

Azemia was distinguished alike for masculine talents and feminine beauty; she had been care-

fully instructed under her father Khosru, and had acquired an experience, during the series of con-
spiracies and assassination which had beset the throne for the last four years. Rejecting from her council the very traitors who had placed the crown upon her head, she undertook to wield the sceptre without the aid of a vizir, thereby giving moral influence to herself, more than to the nobles of her realm. She was soon called upon to exert her masculine spirit by the continued aggressions of the Moslems.

The reader will recollect that the Moslem army on the Euphrates, at the departure of Khaled, was left under the command of Mosenna Ibn Haris (or Muthenna Ibn Harith, as the name is some-
times rendered). On the accession of Omar to the Caliphat, he appointed Mosenna emir or gov-

er of Surood, the country recently conquered by Khaled, lying about the lower part of the Eu-

phrates and the Tigris, forming a portion of the Persian province of Irak-Arabi. This was in com-

pliance with the wishes and intentions of Abu Beker; though Omar does not appear to have had great confidence in the military talents of Mos-

senna, the career of conquering having languished in his hands since the departure of Khaled. He accordingly sent Abu Obeidah Sakhi, one of the most important disciples of the prophet, at the head of a thousand chosen men, to reinforce the army under Mosenna, and to take the lead in military enterprises. He was accompanied by Sabit Ibn Kais, one of the veterans of the battle of Beder.

The Persian queen, bearing the advance of the Moslem army thus reinforced, sent an able general, Rustam Ibn Perukh-Za’ (or Perichad), with thirty thousand more, to the rest of the Euphra-
tes halted on the confines of Iran, and sent for- ward strong detachments under a general named Dschah, and a Persian prince named Narsi (or

Narsi). These were so roughly handled by the Moslems that Rustam found it necessary to hasten with his men, and were arraigned too late; they had been severely defeated and put to flight, and the whole country of Surood was in the hands of the Moslems.

Queen Arzemia, still more aroused to the dan-
erg of her kingdom, sent Rustam and thirty ele-

phants by Behman Dschadu, surnamed the Veiled, from the shaggy eyebrows which overshadowed his visage. He brought with him three thousand men and thirty elephants. These animals, of lit-
	le real utility in warfare, were formidable in the eyes of those uncouth tribes and were in-

tended to strike terror into the hearts of the Persians. One of them was the white elephant Mahmoud, famous for having been ridden by Abrah, the Euphrates, in foregone ages, when he invaded Mecca, and assassinated the Caliph. It was considered a harbinger of victory, all the enter-

prises in which it had been employed having proved successful.

With Behman, the heavy-browed, came also the standard of Kaoh, the sacred standard. It was originally the emblem of the leathers, and was placed on the throne for the last four years. Rejecting from her council the very traitors who had placed the crown upon her head, she undertook to wield the sceptre without the aid of a vizir, thereby giving moral influence to herself, more than to the nobles of her realm. She was soon called upon to exert her masculine spirit by the continued aggressions of the Moslems.

The Moslem forces, even with the reinforce-
ment brought by Abu Obeidah Sakhi, did not exceed nine thousand in number; the Persians, en-

camped near the ruins of Babylon, were vastly superior. It was the counsel of Mosenna and the veteran Sabit, that they should fall back upon the deserts, and remain encamped there until reinforce-
ments could be obtained from the Caliph. Abu Obeidah, however, was for a totally different course. He undervalued the prowess of the Persians; he had heard Mosenna censured for want of enterprise, and Khaled exulted to the skies for his daring expeditions in this quar-rer. He was determined to emulate them, and cross the Euphrates and attack the Persians in their encampment. In vain Mosenna and Sabit remonstrated. He caused a bridge of boats to be thrown across the Euphrates, and led the way to the opposite bank. His troops did not follow with their usual alacr-

ity, for they felt the rashness of the enterprise. While they yet crossed the bridge, they were severely galled by a body of archers, detached in the advance by Rustam; and were met at the head of the bridge by that warrior with his vanguard of cavalry.

The conflict was severe. The banner of Islam passed from hand to hand of seven brave champions, as one after another fell in its defence. The Persians were beaten back, but now arrived the main body of the army of the thirty ele-

phants. Abu Obeidah breastlessly faced the storm of war which he had so rashly provoked. He called to his men not to fear the elephants, but to strike at their trunks. They himself stroke, with a blow of his scimitar, the trunk of the famous white elephant, but in so doing his foot slipped, he fell to the earth, and was trampled to death by the enraged animal.

The Moslems, disheartened by his loss, and overwhelmed by numbers, endeavored to regain the bridge. The enemy had thrown combustibles into the rear to blow back to the vanguard, but a slight body of horse, which took the bridge, returned to the rear.

Four thousand of the Persians were drowned in the Euphrates, and the Moslems, and sent an instant aid with a body of Persians, which took the bridge, was returned to the rear.

This was a severe check to the Persian state. The Persians, and especially Mosenna, had been used to think of the Hejaz as the seat of the Arabs, and to think of the Arabians as the vassals of the Persians on the Euphrates and Tigris.

MOSENNA AGAINST THE MOSLEM FORCES ALONG THE EUPHRATES—YEZDAN THE SADEED IN COMMAND—YEZDEGIR THE SADEED IN COMMAND.
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOSENA IBN HARIS RAVAGES THE COUNTRY
ALONG THE EUPHRATES—DEATH OF ARZEMIA—
YEZDEGIRD III. RAISED TO THE THRONE—
SAAD IBN ABU WAKKAS GIVEN THE GENERAL
COMMAND—DEATH OF MOSENA—EMBASSY TO
YEZDEGIRD—ITS RECEITON.

HAVING received moderate reinforcements, Mo-
sema again took the field in Arab style, hoevering
about the confines of Babylonia, and sending
detachments in different directions to plunder
and lay waste the country bordering on the Euphrates.
It was an instance of the vicissitudes of hu-
man affairs, and the instability of earthly gran-
deur, that this proud region, which once held
the world in awe, should be thus marauded and
insulted by a handful of predatory Arabs.

To check their ravages, Queen Arzemia sent
out a general named Mahran, with twelve thou-
sand chosen cavalry. Mosenna, hearing of their
approach, called in his plundering parties and
prepared for battle. The two hosts met near
Hirah, on the borders of the desert. Mosenna,
who in the battle of the bridge had been the last
man to retire, was now the foremost man to
charge. In the fury of the fight one by one,
almost alone, into the heart of the Persian army,
and with difficulty fought his way out again and
back to his own men. The Persians, as we have
noted, were chosen troops, and fought with un-
usual spirit. The Moslems, in some parts of the
field, began to give way. Mosenna galloped up
and threw himself before them—expostulated,
prepared to die. He threatened, he tore his beard in
the agony of his feelings; he succeeded in leading them
back to the battle, which endured from noon until
sunset. The Persians, in some parts of the
field, began to give way. Then Mosenna galloped
up to the Persian commander and appealed to the neck
into the boats on which it was constructed, and
had set them on fire. Some of the troops were
shoved into the water, and perished there; the
main body retreated across the river, protected
in the rear by Mosenna, who now displayed the skill
of an able general, and kept the enemy at bay until
a slight bridge could be hastily thrown across an
other part of the river. He was the last to cross
the bridge, and caused it to be broken behind
him.

Four thousand Moslems were either slain or
drowned in this rash affair; two thousand fled
to Medina, and about three thousand remained with
Mosenna, who encamped and intrenched them,
and sent a fleet courier to the Caliph, entrenching
a picnic instant aid. Nothing saved this remnant of
the army; from utter destruction but the dissension
which took place between the Persian commanders,
who, instead of following up their victory,
returned to Madayn, the Persian capital.

This was the severest and almost the only
severe check that Mosenna had for a long time
experienced. It took place in the 13th year
of the Hegira, and the year 634 of the Christian
era, and may properly be considered, as the first
instance of the Moslems displaying their
strength in Asia. The Persians, who were
vastly inferior in numbers to Mosenna and the
Persians, encamped back into the desert until
rein-
forcements from the Caliph,
were received for want
of
these
encampments.
He was
intercepted.
He
was
attacked.
He
was
captured.
He
was
thrown
across
the
bridge,
and
were
met
by
him
in
his
brave

departure
of
Islam
and
in
its
defense.

The
now
arrived
in
the
thirty
camp of the
the
last
they
had
provoked.

The
elephants,
but
he
himself
in
the
affair.

The

day
Mosenna
encountered
Mahran
hand
in
the
midst
of
his
guards,
and
received
a
powerful
blow,
which
might
have
proved
fatal
but
for
his
armor.
In
return
he
smote
the
Persian
commander
with
his
scimitar
just
where
the
neck
joins
to
the
shoulder,
and
laid
him
dead.
The
Persians,
seeing
their
leader
fall,
took
to
flight,
and
Mahan
ran
off
the
field
bearing
only
the
absence,
but
noted
for
a
great
fair,
the
resort
of
merchants
from
various
parts
of
the
East.
An
Arab
detachment
pounced
up
at
the
time
of
the
fair,
and
carried
off
many
captives
and
impressive
booty.

The
sirens
of
the
defeat
of
Mahan
and
the
plundering
of
the
fair
spread
consternation
in
the
Persian
capital.
The
nobles
and
priests
who
had
litho
stood
in
awe
of
the
spirit
of
the
queen,
now
raised
to
the
throne,
"The
Arabs,
they
said,
they
had
of
a
woman
to
reign
over
us."

The
fate
of
the
beautiful
Arzemia
was
hastened
by
private
revenge.
Farouch-Zad,
the
one
most
powerful
of
her
nobles,
and
gobernor
of
Khoras-
an,
induced
by
love
and
ambition,
had
aspired
to
her
hand.
A
first
it
is
said,
he
appeared
to
his
addresses,
feeling
to
provoke
his
enemy,
but
afterward
slighted
them;
whereupon
the
Persian
soldiers
entered
the
palace
by
night,
and
attempted
to
capture
her.
The
attempt
failed,
and,
by
unansiable
hand,
death
at
the
hands
of
her
guards,
accompanied
by
some
indignities.

His
son,
Rustam,
who
had
been
left
by
him
in
the
government
of
Khorasan,
hastened,
at
the
head
of
an
army,
and
avenged
his
death.

He
arrived
in
the
height
of
the
public
year,
entered
the
city
without
opposition,
stormed
the
palace,
captured
the
young
and
beautiful
queen,
subjected
her
to
degrading
outrages,
and
put
her
to
death
in
the
most
cruel
manner.
She
was
the
sixth
of
their
suc-
ceeding
sovereigns,
and
had
not
yet
reigned
a
year.

A
remaining
son
of
Khosru
Parviz
was
now
brought
forward
and
placed
on
the
slippery
thron,
but
was
poisoned
within
forty
days,
some
say
by
his
counsellors,
others
by
a
slave.

The
priests
and
nobles
now
elevated
a
youth
about
fifteen
years
of
age
to
this
perilous
dignity.
He
was
a
grandson
of
Khosru
Parviz,
and
had
been
brought
through,
under
the
during
the
late
period
of
anarchy
and
assassination;
the
in
the
Isfagar,
the
ancient
Persian
Empire;
he
is
known
by
the
name
of
Yezdehgird
III.,
though
some
historians
call
him
Hermisidas
IV.,
from
his
family,
instead
of
his
personal
appellate.
He
was
of
a
good
natural
disposition,
but
weak
and
irresolute,
and
apt,
from
his
youth
and
inexperience,
to
become
a
passive
instrument
in
the
hands
of
the
faction
which
had
placed
him
on
the
throne.

One
of
the
first
measures
of
the
new
king
was
to
assemble
a
powerful
army
and
place
it
under
the
command
of
Rustam,
the
same
general
who
had
so
signally
reengaged
the
defeat
of
his
father.

It
was
determined,
by
a
signal
blow,
to
swep
the
Arabs
and
marauders
from
the
land.

Omar,
on
his
departure,
hearing
of
the
changes
and
warlike
preparations
in
the
Persian
capital,
made
a
hasty
levy
of
troops,
and
would
have
marched
in
person
to
carry
the
war
into
the
heart
of
Per-
sia.

It
was
with
great
difficulty
he
was
dissuaded
from
this
plan
by
his
discerning
counsellors,
Othman
and
Ali,
and
induced
to
send
in
his
place
Saad
Ibn
Abu
Wakkas.

This
was
a
zealous
soldier
of
the
faith
who
used
to
boast
that
he
was
the
first
who
had
shed
the
blood
of
the
unbelieving,
and
moreover,
that
the
prophet,
in
the
first
holy
war,
had
instructed
him
to
the
care
of
his
household
during
his
absence,
saying,
"To
you,
O
Saad,
who
are
to
me
as
my
father
and
my
mother,
I
confide
my
family.
"To
have
been
a
favored
and
confidential companion of the prophet was fast growing to be a title of great distinction among the faithful.

Saad was invested with the general command of the forces in Persia; and Mosenna, though his recent good conduct and signal success entitled him to the highest consideration, was ordered to serve under him.

Saad set out from Medina with an army of but six or seven thousand men; among these, however, were one thousand well-tried soldiers who had followed the prophet in his campaigns, and one hundred of the kindest of his followers. They were led on by some of the most famous champions of the faith. The army was joined on its march by recruits from all quarters, so that by the time it arrived the troops under Mosenna amounted to upwards of thirty thousand men.

Mosenna died three days after the arrival of his successor in the camp; the cause and nature of his death not being mentioned. He left behind him a good name, and a wit remarkable for its beauty. The widow was easily brought to listen to the suit of Saad, who thus succeeded to Mosenna in his matrimonial as well as his military capacity.

The Persian force under Rustam lay encamped at Kadesia (or Khadesyah), on the frontier of Sāwād or Irāk-Abbā, and was vastly superior in numbers. Saad sent envoys to the Caliph entreating reinforcements. He was promised them, but exhorbed in the mean time to doubt nothing; never to regard the number of the foe, but to think always that he was fighting under the eye of the Caliph. He was instructed, however, before commencing hostilities, to send a delegation to Yezebird to invite him to embrace the faith.

Saad accordingly sent several of his most discreet and veteran officers on this mission. They repaired to the magnificent city of Madyan, and were ushered through the sumptuous halls and saloons of the palace of the Khosrous, crowded with guards and attendants all richly arrayed, into the presence of the youthful monarch, whom they found seated in state on a throne, supported by silver columns, and attired with the dazzling splendor of an oriental court.

The appearance of the Moslem envoys, attired in simple Arab style, in the striped garments of Yemen, amidst the gorgeous throng of nobles arrayed in jewels and embroidery, was but little calculated to inspire deference in a young and incomconsiderate prince, brought up in pomp and luxury, and accustomed to consider dignity inseparable from splendor. He had no doubt, also, been schooled for the interview by his crafty counselors.

The audience opened by a haughty demand on his part, through his interpreter, as to the object of their embassy. Upon this, one of their number, Na'aman Ibn Muskry, set forth the divine mission of the prophet and his dying command to enforce his religion by the sword, leaving no peaceable alternative to unbelievers but conversion or tribute. He concluded by inviting the king to embrace the faith; if not, to consent to become a tributary; if he should refuse both, to prepare for battle.

Yezebird restrained his indignation, and answered in words which had probably been prepared for him. "You Arabs," said he, "have hitherto been known to us by report, as wanderers of the desert; your food dates, and sometimes lizards and serpents; your drink brackish water; your garments coarse hair-cloth. Some of you who by chance have wandered into our realms have found sweet water, savory food, and soft raiment. They have carried back word of the same to their brethren in the desert, and now you come in swarms to rob us of our goods and our very land. if you attack the stone or the hushmand, they are always on the watch for you." The Moslem army was in the desert, and its leader desired that the Moslem army should be on the watch for him.

The most aged of the Arab envoys, the Sheikh Munkir Ibn Zarrarah, replied, with great gravity and decorum, and an unfeigned countenance, "Oh king! all thou hast said of the Arabs is most true. The green lizard of the desert was their sometime food; the brackish water of wells their drink; their garments were of hair-cloth, and they buried their infant daughters to restrain the increase of their tribes. All this was in the days of ignorance. They knew not good from evil. They were guilty, and they suffered. But Allah in his mercy sent his apostle Mahomet, and his word spread far and wide. He commanded them to war with the unbelievers, and he delivered them to his own right hand; and he subdued the unbelievers, and he gave them into the hands of their enemies, and they became servants of Allah and of His servant, in the month of the pilgrimage to Medina. Thus the Persians call Yezebird the son of Moslem, the heir of religion.

On the following day Saad took his men in array, and divided them into three divisions, and led his army into the plain of Kadesia, and his followers entered the city, and the Persians were taken unawares. The Persians had fled before the Moslem army, and the Moslem army pursued them, and took their capital, and the city was taken.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF KADESIA.

The hostile armies came in presence of each other on the plains of Kadesia (or Khadesyah), adjacent to a canal derived from the Euphrates. The huge mass of the Persian army would have been sufficient to bear down the inferior number of the Moslems, had it possessed the Grecian or Roman discipline unwieldy to a man. By all accounts, contrary, was the Persian army, though brave and large, being the product of various acts of enthusiasm, and consisting of single companies, of which the chief were the Persians, wondrous, gaudy, and beyond description, the Moslem army, on the other hand, was a body of formidable, gaunt, and fearsome warriors of the desert.

Saad therefore sent envoys to Yezebird, urging him to accept his terms, and to lay down his arms; and to the Persians the Moslem army was a body of formidable, gaunt, and fearsome warriors of the desert.

On the following day Saad took his men in array, and divided them into three divisions, and led his army into the plain of Kadesia, and his followers entered the city, and the Persians were taken unawares. The Persians had fled before the Moslem army, and the Moslem army pursued them, and took their capital, and the city was taken.
discipline; but it was a tumultuous multitude, unwieldy from its military pomp, and encumbered by its splendid trappings. The Arabs, on the contrary, were veteran skirmishers of the desert; light and handy of arm; dexterous with the bow and lance, and skilled to wheel and retreat, and to return again to the attack. Many individual acts of prowess took place between champions of either army, who dared each other to single combat in front of the hosts when drawn out in battle array. The costly armor of the Persians, wrought with gold, and their belts or girdles studded with gems, made them rich prizes to the Moslem victors; while the Persians, if victorious, gained nothing from the rudely clad warriors of the desert but honor and hard blows.

Saad Ibn Abu Wakkás was in an unfortunate plight for a leader of an army on such a momentous occasion. He was grievously afflicted with boils, in so great a number of the rear. He could not turn the unequaled animals with their swords, and drove them upon their own host. Still the day went hard with the Moslems; their force being so inferior, and their general unable to take the lead and assume the command. They were driven by reinforcements from Syria put them in new heart, and they thought on until the approach of night, when both parties desisted and drew away to their encampments. Thus ended the first day's fight, which the Persians called the battle of Aromath; but the Moslems, the day of honor and hard blows.

The Persian force came on with great shouts, their elephants in the van. The horses of the Moslem cavalry receded at sight of the latter, and became unmanageable. A great number of the horsemen, without the interposition of the unequaled animals with their swords, and drove them upon their own host. Still the day went hard with the Moslems; their force being so inferior, and their general unable to take the lead and assume the command. They were driven by reinforcements from Syria put them in new heart, and they thought on until the approach of night, when both parties desisted and drew away to their encampments. Thus ended the first day's fight, which the Persians called the battle of Aromath; but the Moslems, the day of honor and hard blows.

The battle ceased not even at the dawning, but continued until the heat of the day. A whirlwind of dust hid the armies from each other for a time, and produced confusion on the field, but it aided the Moslems, as it blew in the faces of the enemy. During a pause in the conflict, Rustam, panting with heat and fatigue, and half blinded with dust, took shelter from the sun under a tent which had been pitched near him, surrounded by camels laden with treasure, and with the luxurious furniture of the camp. A gust of wind whirled the tent into the water. He then threw himself upon the earth in the shade of one of the camels. A band of Arab soldiers came upon him by surprise. One of them, Hellâl Ibn Alkamch by name, in his eagerness for plunder, cut the cords which bound the curtain on the camel. A package of silver fell on Rustam and broke his spine. In his agony he fell or threw himself into the water, but was drawn out by the leg, his head stricken off, and elevated on the lance of Hellâl. The Persians recognized the bloody features, and fled anew, abandoning to the victors their camp, with all its rich furniture and baggage, and scores of beasts of burden, laden with treasure and with costly gear. The amount of booty was incalculable.

The sacred standard, too, was among the spoils. To the soldier who had captured it, thirty thousand pieces of gold are said to have been paid at Saad's command; and the jewels with which it was studded were put with the other booty, to be shared according to rule. Hellâl, too, who brought the head of Rustam to Saad, was allowed as a reward to strip the body of his victim. Never did Arab soldier make richer spoil. The garments of Rustam were richly embroidered, and he wore two gorgeous rings, one worth a thousand pieces of gold, and the other seven thousand diners of silver.

Thirty thousand Persians are said to have fallen in this battle, and upward of seven thousand Moslems. The loss most disastrous by the Persians was that of their sacred banner, with which they connected the fate of the realm. This battle took place in the fifteenth year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Christian era, and is said to be as famous among the Arabs as that of Arbela among the Greeks.
Complaints having circulated among the troops that Saad had not mingled in the fight, he summoned several of the old men to his tent, and, stripping himself, showed the boils by which he was so grievously afflicted; after which there were no other expressions of dissatisfaction. It is said he hoped he found some means, equally explicit, of excusing himself to his beautiful bride for the outrage he had committed upon her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOUNDRY OF BASSORA—CAPTURE OF THE PERSIAN CAPITAL—FLIGHT OF YEZDEGIRD TO HOLWAN.

After the signal victory of Kadesia, Saad Ibn Abu Wakkàs, by command of the Caliph, remained for some months in the neighborhood, completing the subjugation of the conquered country, collecting tax and tribute, and building mosques in every direction for the propagation of the faith.

About the same time Omar caused the city of Bassora, or Bassora, to be founded in the lower part of the Euphrates, and the Tigris, formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris. This city was intended to protect the region conquered by the Moslems as the mouth of the Euphrates; to cut off the trade of India, and to keep a check upon Ahvaz (a part of Susiana or Khusestan), the prince or satrap of which, Hormus, name, had taken an active part in the late battle of Kadesia. The city of Bassora was founded in the fourteenth year of the Hegira, by Orweh Ibn Othb. It soon gathered within its walls great numbers of inhabitants from the surrounding country; rose rapidly in importance, and has ever since been distinguished as a mart for the Indian commerce.

Having brought all the country in the neighborhood of Kadesia into complete subjection, Saad Ibn Abu Wakkàs, by command of the Caliph, proceeded in the conquest of Persia. The late victories, and the capture of the national banner, had struck despair into the hearts of the Persians. They considered the downfall of their religion and empire was near at hand, and called forth scarcely any resistance to the invaders. Cities and strongholds surrendered almost without a blow. Babylon is incidentally enumerated among the captured places; but the once all-powerful Babylon was now shrunk into such insignificance that its capture seemed not worthy of a boast. Saad crossed the Tigris and advanced upon Madayan, the Persian capital. His army, on departing from Kadesia, had not exceeded twenty thousand men, having lost many by battle and more by disease. Multitudes, however, came to the sieged cities, and from other parts, joined his standard while on the march, so that, as he approached Madayan, his forces amounted to sixty thousand men.

There was abundance of troops in Madayan, the wrecks of vanquished armies and routed garrisons, but there was no one capable or willing to take the general command. All seemed paralyzed by their fears. The king summoned his counsellors about him, but their only advice was to fly; "Khorassan and Kerman are still yours," said they; "let us depart while we may do so in safety; why should we remain here to be made captives?"

Yezezgird hesitated to take this craven advice; but more from weakness and indecision of character than from any manly repugnance. He wavered and lingered, until what might have been an orderly retreat became a shameful flight. When the invaders entered Madayan the Caliph ordered his valuaibles to be perpetually at a height of burdons, and set off, with a worthless retinue of palace minions, attendants, and slaves, male and female, for Holwàn, at the foot of the Median hills. His exaction was followed throughout the city. There was hurry and tumult in every part. Fortunate was he who had a camel, or a horse, or an ass, to load with his most valuable effects; such as were not so provided, took what they could on their shoulders; but, in such a hasty and panic-stricken flight, where personal safety was the chief concern, little could be preserved; the greater part of their riches remained behind. Thus the wealthy Madayan, the once famous Ctesiphon, which had formerly resided a Roman army, though furnished with a great number of arms, and other warlike engines, was abandoned without a blow at the approach of these nomad warriors.

As Saad entered the desolate city he gazed with wonder and admiration at its stately edifices, its spacious courts, its most noble and surrounded crown of towers, and the remains of the Euphrates, and the Tigris. This city was intended to protect the region conquered by the Moslems as the mouth of the Euphrates; to cut off the trade of India, and to keep a check upon Ahvaz (a part of Susiana or Khusestan), the prince or satrap of which, Hormus, name, had taken an active part in the late battle of Kadesia. The city of Bassora was founded in the fourteenth year of the Hegira, by Orweh Ibn Othb. It soon gathered within its walls great numbers of inhabitants from the surrounding country; rose rapidly in importance, and has ever since been distinguished as a mart for the Indian commerce.

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In the vaults were treasures of gold and silver and precious stones; with money, the vast amount of which, though stated by Arabian historians to have been consumed, the value of which was very uncertain. In some of the apartments were gold and silver vessels filled with oriental perfumes. In the magazines were stored exquisite spices, odoriferous gums, and medicinal drugs. Among the latter were quantities of camphor, which the Arabs mistook for salt and mixed with their food.

In one of the chambers was a silken carpet of great size, which the king used in winter. Art and expense had been lavished upon it. It was made to represent a garden. The leaves of the plants were emeralds; the flowers were embroidered in their natural colors, with pearls and jewels and precious stones; the fountains were wrought with diamonds and sapphires, to represent the sparkling of their waters. The value of the whole was beyond calculation.

The hall of audience surpassed every other part in magnificence. The vaulted roof, says D'Herbolet, resembled a firmament decked with golden spheres, each with a corresponding movement, so as to represent the planets and the signs of the zodiac; was of precious granadine, supported on silver columns. Above it was the crown of Khosru Nashirwan, suspended by a golden chain to bear the immense weight of its jewels, but contrived to appear as if on the head of the monarch when seated.

A mule is said to have been overtaken, on which a trusty officer of the palace was bearing away some of the jewels of the crown, the tiara, or diadem of Yezeidgesird, with his belt and scimitar and bracelets.

Sa'd appointed Omar Ibn Muskry to take charge of all the spoils for regular distribution, and letters were sent abroad to make proclamation that the soldiers should render in their booty to that officer. Such was the enormous amount that, after a fifth had been set apart for the Caliph, the remainder, divided among sixty thousand men, gave each of them twelve hundred dirhems of silver.

It took nine hundred heavily laden camels to convey to Medina the Caliph's fifth of the spoil, among which the carpet, the clothing, and regalia of the king, which he now sought of Medina, though of late years accustomed to the rich booty of the armies, were astonished at such an amount of treasure. Omar ordered that a mosque should be built of part of the proceeds. A consultation was held over the royal carpet, whether it should be stored away in the public treasury to be used by the Caliph on state occasions, or whether it should be included in the booty to be shared.

Omar hesitated to decide with his usual promptness, and referred the matter to Ali. "Oh, prince of true believers!" exclaimed the latter; "how can one of thy clear perception doubt in this matter. In the world nothing is thine but what thou expendest in well-doing. What thou wastest will be worn out; what thou leastest will be well-doing; but that which thou expendest in well-doing is sent before thee to the other world."

Omar determined that the carpet should be shared among his chiefs. He divided it literally, with rigid equity, cutting it up without regard to the skill and beauty of the design, or its value as an ornament of workmanship. Such was the richness of the materials, that the portion allotted to Ali alone sold for eight thousand dirhems of silver.

This signal capture of the capital of Persia took place in the month Salar, in the sixteenth year of the Hegira, and the year 637 of the Christian era; the same year with that in which the Caliph released the Fath of Muhayn. The fame of such immense spoil, such treasures of art in the hands of ignorant Arab soldiery, summoned the crafty and the avaricious from all quarters. All the world, it is said, flocked from the West, from Yemen, and from Egypt, to purchase the costly stuffs captured from the Persians. It was like the vultures, winging their way from all parts of the heavens, to gorge on the relics of a hunting camp.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTURE OF JALUL—FLIGHT OF YEZDEGIRD TO REI—FOUNDING OF CUFA—SAAD RECEIVES A SEVERE REBUKE FROM THE CALIPH FOR HIS MAGNIFICENCE.

Sa'd Ibn Abu Wakkās would fain have pursued Yezeidgesird to Jalul, among the hills of ancient Medea, where he had taken refuge; but he was restrained by the Caliph Omer, who kept a cautious check from Medina upon his conquering generals; fearful that in the flush and excitement of victory they might hurry forward beyond the reach of succour. By the command of Omer, therefore, he remained with his main army in Madayan, and sent his brother Hashem with twelve thousand men in pursuit of the fugitive monarch. Hashem found a large force of Persians, defeated his defeated armies, assembled in Jalul, not far from Holwan, where they were disposed to make a stand. He laid siege to the place, but it was of great strength and maintained a brave and obstinate defence for six months, during which there were eighty assaults. At length, the garrison being reduced by famine and incessant fighting, and the commander slain, it surrendered.

Yezeidgesird, on hearing of the capture of Jalul, abandoned the city of Holwan, leaving troops there under a general named Habesh, to check the pursuit of the enemy. The place of refuge he selected was that of Muhayn, the Rhages of Arrian; the Rhage and Rhagelus of the Greek geographers; a city of remote antiquity, contemporary, it is said, with Nineveh and Ecbatana, and mentioned in the book of Tobit; who, we are told, travelled from Nineveh to Ragas, a city of Medea. It was a favorite residence of the Parthian kings in days of yore. In his flight through the mountains the monarch was borne on a chair or litter between mules; travelling a station each day and sleeping in the litter. Habesh, whom he had left behind, was soon defeated, and followed him in his flight.

Saad again wrote to the Caliph, urging that he might be permitted to follow the Persian king to his place of refuge among the mountains, before he should have time to assemble another army; but he again met with the reply that "this year, you have this year," said the Caliph, "taken Sawad and Irak; nor Holwan is at the extremity of Irak. That is enough for the present. The welfare of true believers is of more value than booty." So ended the sixteenth year of the Hegira.
CHAPTER XXX.

WAR WITH HORMUZAN, THE SATRAP OF AHWAZ—HIS CONQUEST AND CONVERSION.

The foundation of the city of Bassora had given great annoyance and uneasiness to Hormuzan, the satrap or vicereign of Ahwaz, or Susiana. His province lay between Babylonia and Farsistan, and he saw that this rising city of the Arabs was intended as a check upon him. His province was one of the richest and most important of Persia, producing cotton, rice, sugar, and wheat. It was studded with cities, which the historian Tabari compared to a cluster of stars. In the century stood the metropolis Susa, one of the royal resorts of the Persian kings, celebrated in scriptural history, and said to possess the tomb of the prophet Daniel. It was once adorned with palaces and courts, and parks of prodigius extent, though now all is waste, "echoing only to the roar of the lion, or yell of the hyena." Here Hormuzan, the satrap, emulated the state and luxury of a king. He was of a haughty spirit, priding himself upon his descent, his ancestors having once sat on the throne of Persia. For this reason his sons, being of the blood royal, were permitted to wear crowns, though of smaller size than those worn by kings, and his family was regarded with great deference by the Persians.

This haughty satrap, not rendered wary by the prowess of the Moslem arms, which he had witnessed and experienced at Kadesia, made preparations to crush the rising colony of Bassora. The founders of that city called on the Caliph for protection, and troops were marched in their assistance from Medina, and from the headquarters of Saad at Cufa. Hormuzan soon had reason to repent his having provoked hostilities. He was defeated in repeated battles, and length was glad to make peace with the Moslems, on the terms of his abdication, and all but the loss of his cluster of cities. He was not permitted long to enjoy even this remnant of dominion. Yezdegird, from his retreat at Re, reproached Hormuzan and the satrap of the adjacent province of Farsistan, for not co-operating to withstand the Moslems. At his command they united their forces, and Hormuzan broke the treaty of peace which he had so recently concluded.

The deviation of Hormuzan to his fugitive sovereignty ended in his ruin. The Caliph ordered troops to assemble from the different Moslem posts, and compelled the consternation of Ahwaz. Hormuzan disputed his territory bravely, but was driven from place to place, until he made his stand in the fortress of Ahwaz, or Susa. For six months he was beleaguered, during which time there were many sallies and assaults, and hard fighting on both sides. At length, Bard ibn Malek was sent to take command of the besiegers. He had been an especial favorite of the prophet, and there was a superstitious feeling concerning him. He manifested at all times an indigence to life or death; always pressed forward to the place of danger, and every action in which he served was successful.

On his taking the command, the troops gathered round his person, and in their infatuation, were satisfied to dispute his dignity of a martyr.

In the same hour that this last arrow struck the heart of the satrap, his death was fulfilled.

Shortly afterwards the Eastern nobles of Aba Shehab met together, resolved to conduct it with war, and to commence a new campaign against the invaders. The army was encamped in a fortified position from the sea, and it was hoped that with the desert expanse before them, the Moslem army would never lose its position of advantage. However, the charge was brought and the battle was decided in the name of God and the Moslem arms.

It was evident that the Moslem forces were not respect as men or a respect of arms. The Moslem warriors were well armed, with the bayonet fixed in their lances, and the Moslem flag was a sight to behold. In the midst of the battle, the Moslem leader, a nobleman of the name of Hormuzan, fell from his horse, and the satrap was in the air for a moment. The Moslem leader, on discovering the Moslem satrap's fall, immediately ordered his standard-bearer to raise the standard of the satrap. At this moment, the Moslem forces rallied, and the battle was decided in favor of the Moslem arms.

The battle was over, and the Moslem forces were victorious. The satrap was taken prisoner, and the Moslem leader ordered him to be treated with kindness. The satrap was released, and the Moslem forces returned to their camp with the satrap in their midst. The satrap was a nobleman of the name of Hormuzan, and was a great warrior. He had been a great hero in the battle, and had proven himself to be a great leader.

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round him. "Oh Barâ I swear to overthrow these infidels, and the Most High will favor us." Barâ swore that the place would be taken, and the infidels put to flight, but that he would fall a martyr.

The very next assault he was killed by an arrow sped by Hormuzân. The army took his death as a good omen. "One half of his oath is fulfilled," said they, "and so will be the other."

Shortly afterward a Persian traitor came to Abu Shâhîb, who had succeeded to the Moslem command, and revealed a secret entrance by a conduit under the castle, by which it was supplied with water. A hundred Moslems entered it by night, threw open the outward gates, and let in the army into the court-yards. Hormuzân was ensconced, however, in a strong tower, or keep, from the battlements of which he held a parley, with the Moslem commander. "I have a thousand expert archers with me," said he, "who never miss their aim. By every arrow they discharge you will lose a man. A nod this useless said in honor: give me safe conduct to the Caliph, and let him dispose of me as he pleases."

It was agreed. Hormuzân was treated with respect as he issued from his fortress, and was sent to Medina. He maintained the air of one not conducted as a prisoner, but attended by a guard of honor. As he approached the city he halted, arrayed himself in sumptuous apparel, with his jewelled belt and regal crown, and in this guise entered the gates. The inhabitants gazed in astonishment at such unwonted luxury of attire.

Omar was not at his dwelling; he had gone to the mosque. Hormuzân was conducted thither. On approaching the sacred edifice, the Caliph's cloak was thrown against the wall, while he, himself, dressed in patched garments, lay asleep with his head under his arm. The officers of the escort seated themselves at a respectful distance until he should awake. "This," whispered they to Hormuzân, "is the prince of true believers."

"This is the Arab king in Medina," said the astonished sâtraf; "and is this his usual attire?" "It is."

"And does he sleep thus without guards?"

"He does; he comes and goes alone; and lies down and sleeps where he pleases. And can he administer justice, and conduct affairs without officers to advise him?"

"It is, and there is nobody but him;" so, was the reply. "This," exclaimed Hormuzân, at length, "is the condition of a prophet, but not of a king. He is not a prophet," was the reply, "but he acts like one."

As the Caliph awoke he recognized the officers of the escort. "What tidings do you bring?" demanded he. "But who is this so extravagantly arrayed?" rubbing his eyes as they tell upon the embroidered robes and jewelled crown of the sâtraf. This is Hormuzân, the king of Ahwâz."

The Caliph asked that day's news, and was told how the city was invested by the besiegers. When the Caliph, as the prophet, heard of this great effort of the Persians, he gave him much service of nation and advice in his prosecution of the war with Persia. The conquest of Ahwâz was completed in the nineteenth year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SAAD SUSPENDED FROM THE COMMAND — A PERSIAN ARMY ASSEMBLED AT NEHAYND — COUNCIL AT THE MOSQUE OF MEDINA — BATTLE OF NEHAYND.

Omar, as we have seen, kept a jealous and vigilant eye upon his distant generals, however constantly haunted by the fear that they would become corrupted in the rich and luxurious countries they were invading, and lose that Arab simplicity which he considered indispensable in himself, and all-essential to the success of the cause of Islam. Notwithstanding the severe reproofs he had given to Sa'id Ibn Abi Wâkkâs in burning down his palace at Cufa, complaints still reached him that the general affected the pomp of a Caliph, that he was unjust and oppressive, unfair in the division of spoils, and slow in conducting military concerns. These charges proved, for the most part, unfounded, but they caused Sa'id to be suspended from his command until they could be investigated.

When the news reached Yazidib at Reh that the Moslem general who had conquered at Kadesia, slain Rustam, captured Madyan, and driven himself to the mountains, was deposed from the command, he conceived fresh hopes, and wrote letters to all the provinces yet unconquered, calling on the inhabitants to take arms and make a grand effort for the salvation of Islam. But the news of the coming of Horwân was appointed as the place where the troops were to assemble. It was a place of great antiquity, founded, says tradition, by Noah, and called after him, and was also fifteen leagues from Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana. Here troops gathered together to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand.

Omar assembled his counsellors at the mosque of Medina, and gave them intelligence, just received, of this great armament. "This," said he, "is probably the last great effort of the Persians. If we defeat them now they will never be able to unite again." He expressed a disposition, therefore, to take the command in person. Strong objections were advanced. "Assemble troops from various parts," said Observant; "but remain, yourself, either at Medina, or Cufa, or Horwân, to send reinforcements if required, or to form a rallying point for the Moslems, if defeated." Others gave different counsel. At length the matter was referred to Abbas Ibn Abî Mutilleb, who was considered one of the sagrest heads for counsel in the tribe of Karesb. He gave it as his opinion that the Caliph should re-
main in Medina, and give the command of the campaign to Nu'man Ibn Mukry, who was already in Awhzd, where he had been ever since Saad had sent him thither from Irak. It is singular to see the fate of the once mighty and magnificently prosperous state of the Persians, as it was now reduced to the position of a worthless and feeble nation, and the dominions of the Medes and Persians—thus debated and decided in the mosque of Medina—by a handful of gray-headed Arabs, who but a few years previously had been homeless fugitives.

Orders were now sent to Nu'man to march to Nehavend, and reinforcements joined him from Medina, Bassora, and Cufa. His force, when thus collected, was but moderate, but it was made up of men hardy and seasoned to incessant warfare, rendered daring and confident by repeated victory, and led by able officers. He was afterward joined by ten thousand men from Sawad, Holwan, and other places, many of whom were tributaries.

The Persians, now collected at Nehavend, were commanded by Firuzan; he was old and infirm, but full of intelligence and spirit, and the remaining general considered capable of taking charge of such a force, the best generals having fallen in battle. The veteran, knowing the inferiority of the Arab attack, and their superiority in the open field, had, taken a strong position, fortified his camp, and surrounded it with a deep moat filled with water. Here he determined to tire out the patience of the Moslems, and await an opportunity to strike a decisive blow.

A stratagem was now resorted to by Nu'man to draw out the enemy. Breaking up his camp, he made a hasty retreat, leaving behind him many articles of little value. The stratagem succeeded. The Persians, catching the Arab's retreat, and pursuing him with a view to draw him out of his fortifications, rushed forward with impetuosity. Two months elapsed without any action, and the Moslem troops, as Firuzan had foreseen, began to grow discontented, and to murmur at their general.

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Nu'man displayed his forces before the Persian camp, and repeatedly offered battle, but the cautious veteran was not to be drawn out of his intrenchments. Two months elapsed without any action, and the Moslem troops, as Firuzan had foreseen, began to grow discontented, and to murmur at their general.

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The Persians exclaimed in furious and dismal slaughter. An arrow overtook him, and the mules which made up the army of Persia were divided into pieces. The Persian army was overtaken by the fate of a man twenty-first in the Christian Moslem.
also were whom he knew unknown he, pliosa does it!

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CALIPH OTHMAN.
also were martyrs. Several were named with whom he was acquainted; but many who were unknown to him. "If I know them not," said he, piously quoting a text of the Koran, "God does!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTURE OF HAMADAN; OF REI-SURJUGATION OF TABARISTAN; OF AZERBIJAN-CAMPAIGN AMONG THE CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINS.

The Persian troops who had survived the signal defeat of Firuzan assembled their broken forces near the city of Hamadân, but were soon routed again by a detachment sent against them by Hadîth, who had fixed his headquarters at Nehavend. They then took refuge in Hamadân, and ensconced themselves in its strong fortress or citadel.

Hamadân was the second city in Persia of importance, and was built upon the site of Ecbatana, in old times the principal city of the Medes. There were several accounts in the Koran of its existence; but it could not be found in any other city of Persia, and it boasted of possessing the tombs of Esther and Mordecai. It was situated on a steep eminence, down the sides of which it descended into a fruitful plain, watered by streams gushing down from the lofty Onortes, now Mount Elwand. The place was commanded by Habesh, the same general who had been driven from Holwân after the flight of Yezdegird. Habesh sought an interview with Hadîth, at his encampment at Nehavend, and made a treaty of peace with him; but it was a fraudulent one, and intended merely to gain time. Returning to Hamadân, he turned the whole city into a fortress, and assembled a strong garrison, being reinforced from the neighboring province of Azerbaijan.

On being informed of this want of good faith on the part of the governor of Hamadân, the Caliph Omar dispatched a strong force against the place, led by an able officer named Nu'â'îm Ibn Mâkùrin. Habesh had more courage than caution. Concluding in his heart that he had assailed, instead of remaining within his strongly fortified city, he sailed forth and met the Moslems in open field. The battle lasted for three days, and was harder fought than even that of Nehavend, but ended in leaving the Moslems triumphant masters of the once formidable capital of Medes.

Nu'â'îm now marched against Rei, later the place of refuge of Yezdegird. That prince, however, had deserted it on the approach of danger, leaving in charge of a noble named Siyâswesh Ibn Barham. Hunter of the Persian princes had sent troops from the yet unconquered provinces, for Siyâswesh had no need to make himself as a backer to them, and conquer or fall in their defence. His patriotism was unequivoking: treachery and corruption were too prevalent among the Persians. Zain, a powerful noble resident in Rei, and a deadly enemy of Siyâswesh, conspired to admit two thousand Moslems in at one gate of the city, at the time when its gallant governor was making a sally by another. A scene of tumult and carnage took place in the streets, where both armies engaged in deadly conflict. The patriot Siyâswesh was slain, with a great part of his troops; the city was captured and sacked, and its citadel destroyed, and the traitor Zain was rewarded for his treachery by being made governor of the ruined place.

Nu'â'îm now sent troops in different directions against Kumish, and Daneghân, and Jurgân (the ancient Hircania), and Tabaristan. They met with feeble resistance. The national spirit was broken; even the national religion was nearly at an end. "This Persian religion of ours has be come obsolete," said Farkhan, "We must assemble to an assemblage of commanders, who asked his advice; "the new religion is carrying everything before it; my advice is to make peace and pay tribute." His advice was adopted. All Tabaristan became tributary in the annual sum of five hundred thousand dirhems, with the condition that the Moslems should levy no troops in that quarter.

Azerbaijan was next invaded; the country which had sent troops to the aid of Hamadân. This province lay north of Rei and Hamadân, and extended to the Rocky Caucasus. It was the stronghold of the Magians or Fire-worshippers, where they had their temples, and maintained their perpetual fire. Hence the name of the country, Azer signifying fire. The princes of the country made an intellectual stand; their army was defeated; the altars of the fire-worshippers were overturned; their temples destroyed, and Azerbaijan won.

The arms of Islam had now been carried triumphantly to the very defiles of the Caucasus; those mountains were yet to be subdued. Their rocky sierras on the east separated Azerbaijan from Haziz and the shores of the Caspian, and on the north from the vast Sarmatian regions. The passes through these mountains were secured of yore, by fortresses and walls and iron gates, to bar against invasions from the shadowy land of Gog and Magog, the terror of the olden time, for by these passes had poured in the barbarous hordes of the north, "a mighty host all riding upon horses," who lived in tents, worshipped the naked sword planted in the earth, and decorated their steeds with the scalps of their enemies slain in battle.

* By some Gog and Magog are taken in an allegorical sense, signifying the princes of heathendom, enemies of saints and the church.

According to the prophet Ezekiel, Gog was the king of Magog; Magog signifying the people, and Gog the king of the country. They are names that loom vaguely and fearfully in the dark denunciations of the prophets, and in the olden time inspired awe throughout the Eastern world.

The Arabs, says Lane, call Gog and Magog, Yâhîj and Mâjîj, and say they are two nations or tribes descended from Japhet, the son of Noah; or, as others write, Gog is a tribe of the Turks, and Magog those of Gilân; the Gelli and the Gelie of Ptolomy and Strabo. They made their incursions into the neighboring countries in the spring, and carried off all the fruits of the earth.—Sadd's Koran, note to ch. 18.

According to Moslem belief, a great irruption of Gog and Magog is to be one of the signs of the latter days, forerunning the resurrection and final judgment. They are to come from the north in a mighty host, covering the land as a cloud; so that when subdued, their shields and bucklers, their bows and arrows and quivers, and the staves of their spears, shall furnish the faithful with fuel for seven years. All which is evidently derived from the book of the prophet Ezekiel, with which Mahomet had been made acquainted by his Jewish instructors.

The Koran makes mention of a wall built as a protection against these fearful people of the north by Dhu'l-Karnain, or the Two Horned; by whom some
cursory of Abda’Irham aroused, he sent for the man who had brought the ring, and commanded him to relate the circumstances of his errand.

"When I delivered the presents and the letter of Shahr-Zad to that king," said the man, "he called his chief falconer, and ordered him to procure the jewel required. The falconer kept an eagle for three days without food, until he was nearly starved; then he took him up to one of the mountains, and there accompanied him. From the summit of one of these mountains we looked down into a deep dark chasm like an abyss. The falconer now produced a piece of tainted meat; threw it into the ravine, and let loose the eagle. He swept down after it; pounced upon it as it reached the ground, and returning with it, perched upon the hand of the falconer. The ruby which now shone in that ring was found adhering to the meat."

"Abda’Irham asked an account of the wall. ‘It is built,’ replied the man, ‘of stone, iron, and brass, and might be swept away by any irruption from the north."

Abda’Irham, with the approbation of the Caliph, made a compact with Shahr-Zad, one of the native chiefs, by which the latter, in consideration of 30,000 piastres for his services, undertook to guard the Derbends against the northern horde. The Arab general had many conversations with Shahr-Zad about the mountains, which are favorite regions of Persian romance and fable. His imagination was fired with what he was told about the people beyond the Derbends, the Afghans and the Russians; and about the great wall or barrier of Yajju and Majju, built to restrain their inroads. In one of the stories told by Shahr-Zad, the reader will perceive the germ of one of the Arabian tales of Sindbad the Sailor. It is recorded to the following purport by Tahiri, the Persian historian: ‘One day as Abda’Irham was seated at Shahr-Zad, conversing with him, he perceived upon his finger a ring decorated with a ruby, which burned like fire in the daytime, but at night was of dazzling brilliancy. ‘It came,’ said Shahr-Zad, ‘from the wall of Yajju and Majju; from a king whose dominion between the mountains is traversed by the wall. I sent him many presents, and asked but one ruby in return.’ Seeing the

suppose is meant Alexander the Great, others a Persian king of the first race, contemporary with Abraham. And they said, O Dhu’Ilkanem, verily, God and Magog were the land. ... He answered, I will set a strong wall between you and them. Bring me iron in large pieces, until it fill up the space between the two sides of these mountains. And he said to the workmen: Blow with your bellows until it make the iron red hot; and bring me molten brass, that I may pour upon it. Wherefore, when this wall was finished, God and Magog could not scale it, neither could they dig through it. —Sail’s Koran, chap. 13.

The Caliph, in his expectation against the Persians, saw in the neighboring of the city of Derbend, which was then besieged, the ruins of a wall which went up hill and down dale, along the Caucasus, and was said to extend from the Euxine to the Caspian. It was fortified from place to place, by towers or castles. It was eight miles long, eight miles wide. The color of the stones, and the traditions of the country, showed it to be of great antiquity. The Arabs and Persians said that it was built against the invasions of God and Magog. —See Travels in the East, by Sir William Husley.
To have retained a superstitious opinion of their unknown invaders, preserved the body of the unfortunate general as a relic, and erected a shrine in honor of it, at which they used to put up their prayers for rain in time of drought.

The troops of Abda'Irahman retreated within the Derbends; his brother Selman Ibn Rabiab was appointed to succeed him in the command of the Caucasian passes, and thence the unfortunate foray into the land of Gog and Magog.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CALIPH OMAR ASSASSINATED BY A FIRE-WORSHIPPER — HIS CHARACTER — OTHAM ELECTED CALIPH.

The life and reign of the Caliph Omar, distinguished by such great and striking events, were at length brought to a sudden and sanguinary end. Among the Persians who had been brought as slaves to Medina, was one named Firuz, of the sect of the Yezidis or Assassins. Being taxed daily by his master two pieces of silver out of his earnings, he complained of it to Omar as an extortion. The Caliph inquired into his case, and, finding that he was a carpenter, and expert in the construction of windmills, replied, that the man who excelled in such a handicraft could well afford to pay two dirhems a day. 'Then,' muttered Firuz, 'I will construct a windmill for you that shall keep grinding until the day of judgment.' Omar was struck with his menacing air. 'The slave threatens me,' said he, calmly. 'If I were disposed to punish any one on suspicion, I should take off his head;' he suffered him, however, to depart without further notice.

Three days afterward, as he was praying in the mosque, Firuz entered suddenly and stabbed him thrice with a dagger. The attendants rushed upon the assassin. He made furious resistance, slew some and wounded others, until one of his assailants threw his vest over him and seized him, upon which he stabbed himself to the heart and expired. But, had he lived, it is supposed this act of violence would have been avenged for the ruin brought upon his native country. 'God be thanked,' said Omar, 'that he by whose hand it was decided I should fall, was not a Moslem!'

The Caliph gathered strength sufficient to finish the prayer in which he had been interrupted; 'for he who deserts his prayers,' said he, 'is not in Islam.' Being taken to his house, he languished three days without hope of recovery, but could not be prevailed upon to nominate a successor. 'I cannot presume to do that,' said he, 'which the prophet himself did not do.'

Some suggested that he should nominate his son Abdallah. 'Omar's family,' said he, 'has had enough in Omar, and needs no more. He appointed a council of five to determine to the succession after his decease; all of whom he considered worthy of the Caliphate; though he gave it as his opinion that the choice would be either Ali or Othman. 'Shouldst thou become Caliph,' said he to Ali, 'do not favor thy relatives above all others, nor place the house of Haschem on the neck of all mankind;' and he gave the same caution to Othman in respect to the family of Omyea.

Calling for ink and paper, he wrote a letter as his last testament, to whoever might be his successor, full of excellent counsel for the upright management of affairs, and the preservation of the faith. He charged his son Abdallah in the most earnest manner, as one of the highest duties of Islamism, to repay eighteen thousand dirhems which he had borrowed out of the public treasury. All present protested against this as unreasonable, since the money had been expended in relief of the poor and destitute, but Omar insisted upon it as his last will. He then sent to Ayesha and permission of her to be buried next to her father Abu Beker.

Ibn Abbas and Ali now spoke to him in words of comfort, setting forth the blessings of Islam, which had crowned his administration, and that he would leave no one behind him who could charge him with injustice. 'Testify this for me,' said he, earnestly; 'at the day of judgment,' They gave him his hands in promise; but he exacted that they should give him a written testimonial, and that it should be buried with him in the grave.

Having settled all his worldly affairs, and given directions about his sepulture, he expired on the seventh day after his assassination, in the sixty-third year of his age, after a triumphant reign of ten years and six months.

His death was rashly and bloody revenged. Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker, the brother of Ayesha, and about his person refused the succession to any one else, the founder of the Islam empire; confirming and carrying out the inspirations of the prophet; aiding Abu Beker with his counsels during his brief caliphate; and establishing wise regulations for the strict administration of the laws throughout the rapidly-extending bounds of the Moslem conquests. The rigid hand which he kept upon his most popular generals in the midst of their armies, and in the most distant scenes of their triumphs, gave signal evidence of his extra-ordinary capacity to rule. In the simplicity of his habits, and his contempt for all pomp and luxury, he emulated the example of the prophet and Abu Beker. He endeavored incessantly to impress the merit and policy of the same in his letters to his generals. 'Beware,' he would say, 'of Persia, a country, both in food and rainment, Keep to the simple habits of your country, and Allah will continue you victorious; depart from them, and he will reverse your fortunes.' It was his strong conviction of the truth of this policy, which made him so severe in punishing all ostentatious style and luxurious indulgence in his officers.

Some of his ordinances do credit to his heart as well as his head. He forbade that any female
CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION OF THE PERSIAN CONQUEST—FLIGHT AND DEATH OF YEZEGERD.

The proud empire of the Khosrus had received its death-blow during the vigorous Caliphate of Omar; what signs of life yet gave were but its dying struggles. The Moslems, led by able generals, pursued their conquests in able directions. Some, turning to the west, urged their triumphant way through ancient Assyria; crossed the Tigris by the bridge of Mosul, passing the ruins of mighty Nineveh, as unheeding as they had passed those of Babylon; completed the subjugation of Mosopotamia; and planted their standard beside those of their brethren who had achieved the conquest of Syria.

Others directed their march into the southern and eastern provinces, following the retiring steps of Yezeigerd. A fat issued by the late Caliph Omar had sealed the doom of that unhappy monarch. “Pursue the fugitive king wherever he may go,” until you have driven him from the face of the earth. The tale of Yezeigerd, after abandoning Rei, had led a wandering life, shifting from city to city and province to province, still flying at the approach of danger. At one time we hear of him in the splendid city of Ispahan; next among the moun-
Mahomet and His Successors.

Taints of Farsistan, the original Persis, the cradle of the conqueror of Asia, and it is another of the lessons furnished by history, to see the last of the Khosrus a fugitive among those mountains whence, in foregone times, Cyrus had led his Hardy but frugal and rugged bands to win, by force of arms, that vast empire which was now falling to ruin through its effeminate degeneracy.

For a time the unhappy monarch halted in Istakar, the pride of Persia, where the tottering remains of Persepolis, and its hall of a thousand columns, speak of the past glories of the Persian kingdom. His Zeystegird had been fostered and concealed during his youthful days, and here he came near being taken among the relics of Persian magnificence.

From Farsistan he was driven to Kerman, the ancient Carmania; thence into Khorassan, in the northern part of which vast province he took breath at the city of Merv, or Murau, on the remote boundary of Bactriana. In all his wanderings he was encompassed by the shattered pageant of a oriental court, a worthless throne with flimsy roof, and Merv he left like a child, with no means of supporting himself. At Merv he had four thousand persons in his train, all minions of the palace, useless hangings-on, porters, grooms, and slaves, together with his wives and concubines.

In this remote halting-place he devoted himself to building a fire-temple; in the mean time he wrote letters to such of the cities and provinces as were yet unconquered, exhorting his governors and generals to defend, piece by piece, the fragments of empire which he had deserted.

The city of Isphah, one of the brightest jewels of his crown, was well garrisoned by wretches of the army of Nehavend, and might have made brave resistance; but its governor, Kadeskan, struck the fortunes of the place upon a single combat with the Moslem commander who had invested it, and capitulated at the first shock of lances; probably through some traitorous arrangement.

Isphah has never recovered from that blow. Most of the inhabitants, speak of its deserted streets, its abandoned palaces, its silent bazaars. "I have ridden for miles among its ruins," says one, "without meeting any living creature, excepting perhaps a jackal peering over a wall, or a fox rummaging through their female attendants.

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Istakar made a nobler defence. The national pride of the Persians was too much connected with this city, once their boast, to let it fall without a struggle. There was another gathering of troops from various parts; one hundred and twenty thousand are said to have united under the standard of the Caliph, singing wherever they went from the Persian to the foreigner; but they had only led a miserable retreat to city and town, and on the approach of the Turks fell back on him in the desert, leaving the moun-
CHAPTER XXXV.

AMRU DISPLACED FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF EGYPT—REVOLT OF THE INHABITANTS—ALEXANDRIA RETAKEN BY THE IMPERIALISTS—AMRU REINSTATED IN COMMAND—RETAKES ALEXANDRIA AND TRANQUILLIZES THE EGYPT—IS AGAIN DISPLACED—ABUALLAH IBN SAAD INVADES THE NORTH OF AFRICA.

"In the conquests of Syria, Persia, and Egypt," says a modern writer, "the fresh and vigorous enthusiasm of the personal companions and proselytes of Mahomet was exercising and expanding, and the generation of warriors whose simple fanaticism had been inflamed by the preaching of the pseudo prophet, was in a great measure consumed in the sanguinary and perpetual toils of religious campaigns."

We shall now see the effect of those conquests on the national character and habits; the avidity of place and power and wealth superseding religious enthusiasm; and the encroaching luxury and soft voluptuousness of Syria and Persia sapping the rude but masculine simplicity of the Arabian desert. Above all, the single-mindedness of Mahomet and his two immediate successors is at an end. Other objects beside the mere advancement of Islamism distract the attention of its leading exponents; and the struggle for worldly wealth and worldly sway, for the advancement of private ends, and the aggrandizement of particular tribes and families, destroy the unity of the empire, and beset the Caliph with intrigue, treason, and bloodshed.

It was a great matter of reproach against the Caliph Othman that he was injudicious in his appointments, and had an inveterate propensity to consult the interests of his relatives and friends before that of the public. One of his greatest errors in this respect was the removal of Amru Ibn Al Aas from the government of Egypt, and the appointment of his own foster-brother, Abdullah Ibn Saad, in his place. This was the same Abdullah who, in acting as amanuensis to Mahomet, and writing down his revelations, had interpolated passages of his own, sometimes of a ludicrous nature. For this and for his apostasy he had been pardoned by Mahomet at the solicitation of Othman, and had ever since acted with apparent zeal, his interest coinciding with his duty.

He was of a courageous spirit, and one of the most expert horsemen of Arabia; but what might have fitted him to command a horde of the desert was insufficient for the government of a conquered province. He was new and inexperienced in his present situation; whereas Amru had distinguished himself as a legislator as well as a conqueror, and had already won the affections of the Egyptians by his attention to their interests, and his respect for their customs and habits. His dismission was, therefore, resented by the people, and a disposition was manifested to revolt against the new governor.

The emperor Constantine, who had succeeded to his father Heracleus, hastened to take advantage of these circumstances. A fleet and army were sent against Alexandria under a prefect named Manuel. The Greeks in the city secretly cooperated with him, and the metropolis was, by force of arms, partly by treachery, recaptured by the imperialists without much bloodshed.

Othman, made painfully sensible of the error he had committed, hastened to revoke the appointment of his foster-brother, and reinstated Amru in the command in Egypt. That able general went instantly against Alexandria with an army, in which were many Copts, irreconcilable enemies of the Greeks. Among these was the traitor Makawkas, who, from his knowledge of the country and his influence among its inhabitants, was able to procure abundant supplies for the army.

The Greek garrison defended the city bravely and obstinately. Amru, enraged at having thus again to lay siege to a place which he had twice already taken, swore, by Allah, that if he should master it a third time, he would render it as easy of access as a brothel. He kept his word; for when he took the city he threw down the walls and demolished all the fortifications. He was generous, however, to the inhabitants, and checked the fury of the Saracens, who were slaughtering all they met. A mosque was afterward erected on the spot at which he stayed the carnage, called the Mosque of Mercy. Manuel, the Greek general, found it expedient to embark with all speed with such of his troops as he could save, and make sail for Constantinople.

Scarcely, however, had Amru quelled every insurrection and secured the Moslem domination in Egypt, when he was again displaced from the government, and Abdullah Ibn Saad appointed a second time in his stead.

Abdullah had been deeply mortified by the loss of Alexandria, which had been ascribed to his incapacity; he was emulous of the renown of Amru, and felt the necessity of vindicating his claims to command by some brilliant achievement. The north of Africa presented a new field for Moslem enterprise. We allude to that vast tract extending west from the desert of Libya to Barca, to Cape Cornaro, embracing more than two thousand miles of sea-coast; comprehending the ancient geographical divisions of Marmarica, Cyrenaica, Carthage, Numidia, and Mauritania; or, according to modern geographical designations, Barca, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

A few words respecting the historical vicissitudes of this once powerful region may not be inappropriate. The original inhabitants are supposed to have been a remote time in Asia, and returned, or, it is said, that an influx of Arabs drove the original inhabitants from the sea-coast of the Indus, the borders of the interior desert, and continued their nomad and pastoral life along the shores of the Mediterranean. About nine hundred years before the Christian era, the Phoenicians of Tyre founded colonies along the coast; of these Carthage was the greatest. By degrees it exed...
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shores and the opposite coast of Spain, and rose in prosperity and power until it became a rival republic to Rome. On the wars between Rome and Carthage the Vandals, by their resistance, were enabled to gain possession of the country, and succeeded. Genseric, the Vandals general, captured and pillaged Carthage, and having subjugated Northern Africa, built a navy, invaded Italy, and sacked Rome. The domination of the Vandals by sea and land lasted for a century. In 533 and 534 Africa was regained by Belisarius, for the Roman empire, and the Vandals were driven out of the land. After the departure of Belisarius the Moors rebelled and made repeated attempts to get the dominion, but were defeated and driven away, and the Roman sway was once more established.

All these wars and changes had a disastrous effect on the African provinces. The Vandals had long disappeared; many of the Moorish families had been exterminated; the wealthy inhabitants had fled to Sicily and Constantinople, and a stranger might wander whole days over regions once covered with towns and cities, and teeming with population, without meeting a human being. For nearly a century the country remained sunk in apathy and inactivity, until now it was to be revived from its torpor by the all-pervading armies of Islam.

Soon after the reappointment of Abdullah to the government of Egypt, he set out upon the conquest of this country, at the head of forty thousand troops. After crossing the western boundary of Libya he had to traverse the desert of Lybia, but his army was provided with camels accustomed to the sandy wastes of Arabia, and, after a toilsome march, he encamped before the walls of Tripoli, then, as now, one of the most important towns of the country. The place was well fortified, and made good resistance. A body of Greek troops which were sent to reinforce it were surprised by the besiegers on the sea-coast, and dispersed with great slaughter.

The Roman prefect Genseric having assembled an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, a great proportion of whom were the bravest and most disciplined tribes of Barbary, advanced to defend his province. He was accompanied by an Amazonian daughter of wonderful beauty, who had been taught to manage the horse, to draw the bow, and wield the scimitar, and who was always at her father's side in battle.

Hearing of the approach of this army, Abdullah suspended the siege and advanced to meet it. A brief parley took place between the hostile commanders. Abdullah proposed the usual alternations, profession of Islamism or payment of tribute. Both were indignantly rejected. The armistice, therefore, before the walls of Tripoli was but temporary. Abdullah, whose lance was staked on this enterprise, stimulated his troops by word and example, and charged the enemy repeatedly at the head of his squadrons. Wherever he pressed the fortune of the day would incline in favor of the Moslems; but on the other hand Genseric fought with desperate bravery, as the late of the province depended on this conflict, and the father of the two appeared at the side, dazzling all eyes by the splendor of his armor and the heroism of his achievements. The contest was long, arduous, and uncertain. It was not one drawn battle, but a succession of conflicts, extending through several days, beginning at early dawn, but ceasing toward noon, when the intolerable heat of the sun obliged both armies to desist and seek the shade of their tents.

The prefect Genseric was exasperated at being in a manner held at bay by an inferior force, which he had expected to crush by the superiority of numbers. Seeing that Abdullah was the life and soul of his army, he proclaimed a reward of one hundred thousand pieces of gold and the hand of his daughter to the warrior who should bring him his head.

The excitement caused among the Greek youth by this tempting promise made the officers of Abdullah tremble for his safety. They represented to him the importance of his life to the army, and the general cause, and prevailed upon him to come out of the field of battle. His absence, however, produced an immediate change, and the valor of his troops. Abdallah, stimulated by the presence, began to languish.

Zobeir, a noble Arab of the tribe of Kureish, arrived at the field of battle with a small reinforcement, in the heat of one of the engagements. He found the troops fighting in a disadvantage, and looked round in vain for the general. Being told that he was in his tent, he hastened thither and approached him with his inactivity. Abdullah blushed, but exclaimed the reason of his remaining passive. "Remember, my lord, his perilous hour," cried Zobeir; "I proclaim that his daughter as a captive, and one hundred thousand pieces of gold, shall be the reward of the Moslem who brings his head." The advice was adopted, as well as the following sentences suggested by Zobeir. On the next morning Abdullah sent forth only sufficient force to keep up a defensive fight; but when the sun had reached its noonday height, and the pouring troops retired as usual to their tents, Abdallah advanced forth at the head of the reserve, and charged furiously among the Moors. Zobeir singled out the prefect, and slew him after a well-contested fight. His daughter pressed forward to avenge his death, but was captured and made prisoner. The Greek army was completely routed, and fled to the opulent town of Safatula, which was taken and sacked by the Moslems.

The battle was over, Genseric had fallen, and no one came forward to claim the reward set upon his head. His captive daughter, however, on beholding Zobeir, broke forth into tears and exclamations, and revealed the false victor. Zobeir refused to accept the maiden or the gold. He fought, he said, for the faith, not for earthly objects, and looked for his reward in paradise. In honor of his achievements he was sent with tidings of this victory to the Caliph; but when he announced it, in the great mosque at Medina, in presence of the assembled people, he made no mention of the gold. His modesty enhanced his merits in the eyes of the public, and his name was placed by the Moslems beside those of Khaled and Amru.

Abdallah found his forces too much reduced
and enfeebled by battle and disease to enable him to maintain possession of the country he had subdued, and after a campaign of fifteen months he led back his victorious, but diminished army into his fatherland, encumbered with captives and laden with booty.

He afterward, by the Caliph's command; assembled an army in the Thebaid or Upper Egypt, and thence made numerous successful excursions into Nubia, the Egyptian kingdom which was reduced to make a humiliation treaty, by which he bound himself to send annually to the Moslem commander in Egypt a great number of Nubian or Ethiopian slaves by way of tribute.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MOAWYAH, EMIR OF SYRIA—HIS NAVAL VICTORIES—OTHMAN LOSES THE PROPHET'S RING—SUPPRESSES ERRONEOUS COPIES OF THE KORAN—CONSPIRACIES AGAINST HIM—HIS DEATH.

Among the distinguished Moslem who held command of the distant provinces during the Caliphate of Othman, was Moawyah Ibn Abu Sofian. As his name denotes, he was the son of Abu Sofian, the early foe and subsequent proselyte of Mahomet. On his father's death he had become chief of the tribe of Korish, and head of the family of Ommiah. The late Caliph Omar, about four years before his death, had appointed him emir, or governor of Syria, and he was continued in that office by Othman. He was between thirty and forty years of age, enterprising, courageous, of quick sagacity, extended views, and lofty aims. Having the maritime coast and ancient ports of Syria under his command, he aspired to extend the triumphs of the Moslem arms by sea as well as land. He had repeatedly endeavored, but in vain, to obtain permission from Othman to make a naval expedition, that Caliph being always apprehensive of the too vast and rapid extension of the enterprises of his generals. Under Othman he was more successful, and in the twenty-seventh year of the Hegira was permitted to sail forth from the old Arabian Sea of Tarshish, or the Phoenician Sea, by which names the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea was designated in ancient times.

His first enterprise was against the island of Cyprus, which was still held in allegiance to the emperor of Constantinople. The Christian garrison was weak, and the inhabitants of the island soon submitted to pay tribute to the Caliph.

His next enterprise was against the island of Araph, where he landed his troops and besieged the city or fortress, battering it with military engines. The inhabitants made vigorous resistance, repelled him from the island, and it was only after he had come a second time, with superior force, that he was able to subdue it. He then expelled the natives, demolished the fortifications, and re-established his dominions.

His most brilliant achievement, however, was a voyage with a large fleet, in which the emperor was cruising in the Phoenician Sea. It was called in Arab history The Battle of Masts, from the forest of masts in the imperial fleet. The Christians were to action singing psalms and elevating the cross, the Moslems repeating texts of the Koran, shouting Allah Acharib, and waving the standard of Islam. The battle was severe; the imperial fleet dispersed, and the emperor escaped by dint of sails and oars.

Moawyah now swept the seas victoriously, made landings on Crete and Malta, captured the island of Rhodos, demolished its famous colossal statue of brass, and, having broken it to pieces, transported the fragments to Alexandria, where they were sold to a Jewish merchant of Edessa, and were loaded on three hundred camels. He had another fight with a Christian fleet in the bay of Feneke, by Castel Rosso, in which both parties claimed the victory. He even carried his expeditions along the coasts of Asia Minor, and to the very port of Constantinople.

These naval achievements, a new feature in Arab warfare, rendered Moawyah exceedingly popular in Syria, and laid the foundation for that power and importance to which he subsequently attained.

It is worthy of remark how the triumphs of an ignorant people, who had heretofore dwelt obscurely in the midst of their deserts, were overrunning all the historical and poetical regions of antiquity. They had invaded and subdued the once mighty empires on land, they had now launched forth from the old Tyre and Sidon, swept the Sea of Tarshish, and were capturing the islands renowned by classic fable.

In the midst of these foreign successes an incident, considered full of sinister import, happened to Othman. He accidentally dropped in a brook a silver ring, on which was inscribed "Mahomet the apostle of God." It had originally belonged to Mahomet, and since his death had been worn by Abu Beker, Omar, and Othman, as the symbol of command, as rings had been considered throughout the East, and from the earliest times. The brook was searched with the most anxious care, but the ring was not found. This was an ominous loss in the eyes of the superstitious Moslems.

It happened about this time that, scandalized by the various versions of the Koran, and the disputes that prevailed concerning their varying texts, he decreed, in a council of the chief Moslems, that all copies of the Koran which did not agree with the writings of Abu Beke, the friend of the Prophet, and accepted by the last Caliph, should be burned. Even copies of Hafza's Koran were accordingly made; six were sent to Mecca, Yemen, Syria, Baghdad, Bassora, and Cufa, and one was retained in Medina. All copies varying from these were to be given to the flames. This measure caused Othman to be called the Gatherer of the Koran. It, at any rate, prevented any further vitiation of the sacred Scripture of Islam, which has remained unchanged from that time to the present. Besides this pious act, Othman caused a wall to be built round the sacred house of the Caaba, and enlarged and beautified the mosque of the Prophet in Medina.

Notwithstanding all this, disaffection and intrigue were springing up round the venerable Caliph in Medina. He was brave, open-handed, and munificent, but he desired shrewdness and discretion; was prone to favoritism; very credulous, and easily deceived.

Murums rose against him on all sides, and daily increased in virulence. His conduct, both public and private, was noted, and instances, which had been passed by as trivial, were magnified into serious offences. He was charged with impious presumption in having taken
his stand, on being first made Caliph, on the uppermost step of the pulpit, where Mahomet himself used to stand, whereas Abu Beker had stood one step lower, and Oumar two. A graver accusation was also urged against him, that he had displaced men of worth, eminent for their services, and given their places to his own relatives and favorites. This was especially instanced in dismissing Ameer Ibn al Aass from the government of Egypt, and appointing in his stead his own brother Abdallah Ibn Saad, who had once been proscribed by Mahomet. Another accusation was, that he had lavished the public money upon parasites, giving one hundred thousand diners to one, four hundred thousand to another, and no less than five hundred and four thousand upon his secretary of state, Merwán Ibn Hakem, who had, it was said, an undue ascendancy over him, and was, in fact, the subtle and active spirit of his government. The last sup was, it was alleged, taken out of a portion of the spoils of Africa, which had been set apart for the family of the prophet.

The ire of the old Caliph was kindled at having his lavish liberality thus charged upon him as a crime. He mounted the pulpit and declared that he had caused the distribution to the Caliph at his own discretion as successor of the prophet; and he prayed God to confound whoever should gainsay what he had set forth.

Up this Ameer Ibn Yaser, one of the primitive Mussulmans, of whom Mahomet himself had said that he was filled with faith from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, rose and disputed the words of Othman, whereasupon some of the Caliph’s kindred of the house of Ommiah fell upon the venerable Ammar and beat him until he fainted.

The outrage offered to the person of one of the earliest disciples and especial favorites of the prophet was promulgated far and wide, and contributed to the general discontent, which now assumed the aspect of rebellion. The ringleader of the disaffected was Ibn Caba, formerly a Jew. This son of mischief made a factious tour from Yemen to Hidschat, thence to Bassora, to Cufa, to Syria, and Egypt, decrying the Caliph and the emirs he had appointed. He was assuredly by Othman from Ali, to whom it rightly belonged, as the nearest relative of the prophet, and suggesting by word of mouth and secret correspondence, that the malcontents should assemble simultaneously in various parts under pretext of a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The plot of the renegade Jew succeeded. In the fulness of time depositions arrived from all parts. One amounting to a hundred and fifty persons from Bassora; another of two hundred from Malac Alashtar from Cufa; a third of six hundred from Egypt headed by Mahomet, the son of Abu Beker, and brother of Ali, accompanied by numbers of a sect of zealots called Karegites, who took the lead. These deputies encamped as an army within a league of Medina and summoned the Caliph by his name either to redress their grievances or to abdicate.

Othman in consternation applied to Ali to go forth and pacify the multitude. He consented on condition that Othman would previously make amends for his errors from the pulpit. Harassed and dismayed, the aged Caliph mounted the pulpit, and with a voice broken by sobs and tears, exclaimed, “My God, I beg pardon of thee, and turn to thee with penitence and sorrow.” The whole assembly were moved and softened, and wept with the Caliph.

Merwán, the intriguing and well-paid secretary of Othman, and the successor of his government, had been absent during these occurrences, and on returning reproached the Caliph with what he termed an act of weakness. Having his permission, he addressed the populace in a strain that soon roused them to tenfold ire. Ali, however, highly indignant, denounced any further interference in the matter.

Naile, the wife of Othman, who had heard the words of Merwán, and beheld the fury of the people, warned her husband of the storm gathering over his head, and prevailed upon him again to solicit the mediation of Ali. The latter suffered himself to be persuaded, and went forth among the insurgents. Partly by good words and liberal donations from the treasury, partly by a written promise from the Caliph to redress all their grievances, the insurgents were quieted, all but the deputies from Egypt who came to complain against the Caliph’s foster-brother, Abdallah Ibn Saad, who they said had oppressed them with exactions, and lavished their blood in campaigns in Barbary, merely for to gratify his ambition, without retaining a foothold in the country. To pacify these complainers, Othman placed Abdallah from the government, and left them to his successor.

They unanimously named Mahomet, the brother of Ayesh, who had in fact been used by that intriguing woman as a firebrand to kindle this insurrection; her object being to get Telha appointed to the Caliphate.

The insurgent camp now broke up. Mahomet with his followers set out to take possession of his post, and the aged Caliph flattered himself he would once more be left in peace.

Three days had Mahomet and his train been on their journey, when they were overtaken by a black slave on a dromedary. They demanded who he was, and whither he was travelling so rapidly. He gave himself out as a slave of the secretary Merwán, bearing a message from the Caliph to his emir in Egypt. “I am the emir,” said Mahomet, “my errand,” said the slave, “is to the emir Abdallah Ibn Saad.” He was asked if he had a letter, and on his prevaricating was searched. A letter had been found, and it was in a water-flask. It was from the Caliph, briefly ordering the emir, on the arrival of Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker, to make way with him secretly, destroy his diploma, and imprison, until further orders, those who had brought complaints to Medina.

Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker returned furious to Medina, and showed the perfidious letter to Ali, Zobeir, and Telha, who repaired with him to Othman. The latter denied any knowledge of the letter. It must then, they said, be a forgery of Merwán’s, and requested that he might be summoned. Othman would not credit such treason on the part of his secretary, and insisted it must have been a treacherous device of one of his enemies. Medina was now in a ferment. There was a gathering of the people, at such an atrocious breach of faith, and insisted that if the letter originated with Othman, he should resign the Caliphate; if with Merwán, that he should receive the merited punishment. Their demands had no effect upon Caliph.
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CHAPTER XXXVII.

CANDIDATES FOR THE CALIPH—INAUGURATION OF ALI, FOURTH CALIPH—HE UNDER-NEAKES MEASURES OF REFORM—THEIR CONSE-QUENCES,

AYESHA—SHE GETS POSSESSION OF BASSORA.

We have already seen that the faith of Islam had begun to lose its influence in binding together the hearts of the faithful, and uniting their feelings and actions on one common cause. The factions which sprang up at the very death of Mahomet had increased with the election of every successor, and candidates for the succession multiplied as the brilliant successes of the Moslem arms elevated victorious generals to popularity and renown. On the assassination of Othman, four candidates were presented for the Caliphate; and the fortuitous assembly of deputies from the various parts of the Moslem empire threaten to make the election difficult and tumultuous.

The most prominent candidate was Ali, who had the strongest natural claim, being cousin and son-in-law of Mahomet, and his children by Fatima being the only posterity of the prophet. He was of the noblest branch of the noble race of the Koreish. Othman abdicated in favor of him, and the caliphate was assumed. The caliph seated on a cushion, his head low on his breast; the Koran open on his lap, and his wife Naile beside him.

One of the rebels struck him on the head, another stabbed him repeatedly with a sword, and Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker thrust a javelin into his body; after which he was killed. His widow was woe in endeavoring to protect him, and her life was only saved through the fidelity of a slave. This house was plundered, as were some of the neighboring houses, and two chambers of the treasury.

As soon as the invidious Ayesha heard that the murder was accomplished, she went forth in hypocritical guise loudly bewailing the death of a man to whom she had secretly been hostile, and joining with the Omnia family in calling for blood revenge.

The noble and virtuous Ali, with greater sincerity, was incensed at his sons for not sacrificing their lives in defence of the Caliph, and reproached the sons of Telha and Zobeir with being lukewarm.

"Why are you so angry, father of Hassans," said his son, "that Othman was murdered up Merwan this evil would not have happened."

It has been generally affirmed that the letter really was written by Merwan, without the knowledge of the Caliph, and was intended to fall into the hands of Mahomet, and produce the effect which resulted from it. Merwan, it is alleged, having the charge of the correspondence of the Caliphate, had repeatedly abused the confidence of the weak and superannuated Othman in like manner, but not with such a nefarious aim. Of late he had secretly joined the cabal against the Caliph.

The body of Othman lay exposed for three days, and then buried in the clothes in which he was slain, unwashed and without any funeral ceremony. He was eighty-two years old at the time of his death, and had reigned nearly twelve years. The event happened in the thirty-fifth year of the Hegira, in the year 65 of the Christian era. Notwithstanding his profusion and the sums lavished upon his favorites, immense treasures were found in his dwelling, a considerable part of which he had set apart for charitable purposes.
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On the following morning there was a great assemblage of the people at the mosque, and Ali presented himself at the portal. He appeared in simple Arab style, clad in a thin cotton garb, and unadorned by mask or cloak except a bow as a walking-staff. He took off his slippers in reverence of the place, and entered the mosque, bearing them in his left hand.

Finding that Telha and Zobeir were not present, he caused them to be sent for. They came, and knowing the state of the public mind, and that all immediate opposition would be useless, offered their hands in token of allegiance. Ali paused, and asked them if their hearts went with their words.

"Speak truly," said he, "if you disapprove of my election, and will accept the office, I will give my hand to either of you." They declared their perfect satisfaction, and gave their hands. Telha's right hand had been maimed in the battle of Ohod, and he stretched it forth with difficulty. The circumstance struck the Arabs as an evil omen. "It is likely to be a lame business that is begun with a lame hand," muttered a bystander. Subsequent events seemed to justify the foreboding.

Moawyah, the remaining candidate, being absent at his government in Syria, the whole family of Abbas, of which he was the head, withdrew from the ceremony. This likewise boded future troubles.

After the inauguration, Telha and Zobeir, with a view, it is said, to excite disturbance, applied to Ali to investigate and avenge the death of Othman. Ali, who knew that such a measure would call up a host of enemies, evaded the insidious proposition. It was not the moment, he said, for such an investigation. The event had its origin in old enmities and discontent stirred up by the death of Othman, of which he was head, and it would have been disloyal, he said, in his absence at this time to embroil the state in confusion with it. The eye of the people was in Medina. The state was in danger. The hour had struck. His cousin, Ayeshah, sent off a message to the distant provinces of the empire, warning them to defend and denounce the assassination of a man so great and so just. In the concert of the provinces, Senators, Emirs, and Deputys, from Syria, from Mesopotamia, and from Babylonia, sent in a petition to Ali, imploring his interposition. Ali, maimed as he was, was not one to be frightened by opposition, but he had been wounded in his pride and dignity by the death of Othman, and his temper was fierce. He was urged by the arguments of his countrymen, and he saw that he had no other policy to pursue. He was determined to avenge the death of Othman.
Ayesha, and her confederate Telha and Zobeir, who were already plotting rebellion.

Ommiah, who had just returned from Bassora to take the command, found the people discontented and rebellious, and having no force to subjugate them, estimated himself fortunate in escaping from their hands and returning to the Caliph.

When Ammar Ibn Sahel reached the confines of Cufa, he learnt that the people were unanimous in favor of Abu Musa Alashari, their present governor, and determined to support him by fraud or force. Ammar had no disposition to contend with them, the Cufians being reputed the most treacherous people of the East; so he turned the head of his horse, and journeyed back mortified and disconsolate to Ali.

Saad Ibn Kais was received in Egypt with murmurs by the inhabitants, who were impatient at the assassination of Othman, and refused to submit to the government of Ali until justice was done upon the perpetrators of that murder. Saad prudently, therefore, retraced his steps to Medina.

Avel Ibn Hanif had no better success in Syria. He was met at Tabuc by a body of cavalry, who demanded his name and business. "For my name," said he, "I am Sahel, the son of Hanif; and for my business, I am governor of this province, as lieutenant of the Caliph Ali, Commander of the Moslem forces." They then informed him that Syria had already an able governor in Moawiyah, son of Abu Sofian, and that to their certain knowledge there was not room in the province for the sole of his foot; so saying, they unsheathed their scimitars.

The new governor, who was not provided with a body of troops sufficient to enforce his authority, returned also to the Caliph with this intelligence. Thus of the five governors so promptly sent forth by Ali in pursuance of his great plan of reform, Abdallah Ibn Abbas was the only one permitted to assume his post.

When Ali received tidings of the disaffection of Syria, he wrote a letter to Moawiyah, claiming his allegiance, and transmitted it by an especial messenger. The latter was detained many days by the Syrian command, and when sent back, accompanied by another messenger, bearing a sealed letter superscribed, "From Moawiyah to Ali." The two couriers arrived at Medina in the cool of the evening, the hour of concourse, and passed through the multitude of the streets without the letter being read to a staff, so that all could see the superscription. The people thronged after the messengers into the presence of Ali. On opening the letter it was found to be a perfect blank, in token of contempt and defiance.

Ali soon learned that this was no empty bravado. He was apprised by his own courier that an army of sixty thousand men was actually on foot in Syria, and that the bloody garment of Othman, the standard of rebellion, was erected in the mosque at Damascus. Upon this he solemnly called Aliax to the presence, and the prophet to witness that he was not guilty of that murder; but made active preparations to put down the rebellion by force of arms, sending missives into all the provinces demanding the assistance of the faithful.

Thus divided into two parties: those who adhered to Ali, among whom were the people of Medina generally; and the Motazeli, or Separatists, who were in the opposition. The latter were headed by the able and vindictive Ayesha, who had her headquarters at Mecca, and with the aid of Telha and Zobeir, was busy organizing an insurrection. She had induced the powerful family of Omniaiah to join her cause, and had sent couriers at Bassora to the command, found the people discontented and rebellious, and having no force to subjugate them, estimated himself fortunate in escaping from their hands and returning to the Caliph.

Ayesha soon came forth and addressed the multitude, midst of the city an angry and repellent speech, in which she denounced her former friend, Othman, as a tyrant and an oppressor of the faithful. She then proceeded to assure them that he had espoused the cause of the Cufians, and that, without his aid, they could not subdue the people of Medina. Thus were the confederates of Othman in her favor, and too powerful to be assailed with success. It was finally determined to march for Bassora, Telha assuring them that he had a strong party in that city, and pledging himself for its surrender.

A proclamation was accordingly made by sound of trumpet through the streets of Mecca to the following effect:

"In the name of the Most High God. Ayesha, Mother of the Faithful, accompanied by the chiefs Telha and Zobeir, is going in person to Bassora. All those of the faithful who burn with a desire to defend the faith and avenge the death of the Caliph will come and join them in the holy war, and fight to the last day of our lives to preserve our religion and ours."

Ayesha sallied forth from one of the gates of Mecca, borne in a litter placed on the back of a strong camel named Alascar. Telha and Zobeir attended her on each side, followed by six hundred persons of some note, all mounted on camels, and a promiscuous multitude of about six thousand on foot.

After marching some distance, the motley host stopped to refresh themselves on the banks of a rivulet near a village. Their arrival aroused the dogs of the village, who surrounded Ayesha and barked at her most clamorously. Like all Arabs, she was superstitious, and considered this an evil omen. Her apprehensions were increased by the report that the name of the village was Iyab.
he had been invited by a part of the inhabitants.

Ayesh sent a summons to the governor to come forth and join the standard of the faithful, or at least to throw open his gates; but he was a timid, undecided man, and confiding the defence of his city to his cousin Ammar, retired in great tribulation within his own dwelling in the citadel, and went to prayers.

Ammar summoned the people to arms, and called a meeting of the principal inhabitants in the mosque. He soon found his plan. Ammar, retired in great tribulation within his own dwelling in the citadel, and went to prayers.

In the mean time Ayesh and her host approached the walls, and many of the inhabitants went forth to meet her. Telha and Zobeir alternately addressed the multitude, and were followed by the people who had gathered in the mosque. The partisans of Telha, instead of deliberating, fell to reviling, and ended by throwing dust in each other's faces.

Ammar called to the people to arms, and called a meeting of the principal inhabitants in the mosque. He then found his plan. Ammar, retired in great tribulation within his own dwelling in the citadel, and went to prayers.

Another of the crowd scoffed at Telha and Zobeir. "You have brought your mother with you," cried he; "why did you not also bring your wives?"

Insults were soon followed by blows, swords were drawn, a skirmish ensued, and they fought until the hour of prayer separated them.

Ayesh sat down before Bassora with her armed host, and some days passed in alternate skirmishes and negotiations. At length a truce was agreed upon, until deputies could be sent to Medina to learn the cause of these dissensions among the Moslems, and whether Telha and Zobeir agreed voluntarily to the action of Ali, or did so on compulsion: if the former, they should be considered as rebels; if the latter, their partisans in Bassora should be considered justified in upholding them.

The insurgents, however, only acquiesced in this agreement to get the governor in their power, and so gain possession of the city. They endeavored to draw him to their camp by friendly messages, but the apparent suspicions of their intentions, and refused to come forth until the answer should be received from Medina. Upon this Telha and Zobeir, taking advantage of a stormy night, gained an entrance into the city with a chosen band, and surprised the governor in the mosque, where they took him prisoner, after killing forty of his guards. They sent to Ayesh to know what they should do with their captive. "Let him be put to death," was her fierce reply. Upon this one of her women interceded. "I adjure thee," said she, "in the name of Allah and his companions, do not slay him."

Ayesh was moved by this adjuration, and com-
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ready in possession of that city, he halted at a place called Arrabah until he should be joined by his lieutenant: sending messengers to Abu Musa Alasair, governor of Cufa, and to various other commanders, ordering speedy succor. He was soon joined by his eldest son Hassan, who undertook to review his conduct and lecture him on his policy. "I told you," said he, "when the Caliph Othman was besieged, to go out of the city, lest you should be implicated in his death. I told you not to be inaugurated until deputies from the Arabian tribes were present. Lastly, I told you that Aysha and her two fathers should return to Medina, to keep at home until they should be pacified; so that, should any mischief result, you might not be made responsible. You have not heeded my advice, and the consequence is that you may now be murdered to-morrow, with nobody to blame but yourself."

Ali listened with impatience to this filial counsel, or rather censure; when it was finished he replied, "Had I left the city when Othman was besieged, I might have been surrounded. I had waited for my inauguration until all the tribes came in, I should have lost the votes of the people of Medina, the 'Helpers,' who have the privilege of disposing of the government. Had I remained at home after my enemies had taken the field, I should have been surrounded by a wild beast have been dug out and destroyed. If I do not look after my own affairs, who will look after them? If I do not defend myself, who will defend me? Such are my reasons for acting as I have acted; and now, my son, hold your peace." We hear of no further counsels from Hassan.

Ali had looked for powerful aid from Abu Musa Alasair, governor of Cufa, but he was of a lukewarm spirit, and cherished no good will to the Caliph, from his having sent Othman Ibn Hanef to supplant him, as has been noticed. He therefore received his messengers with coldness, and sent a reply full of evasions. Ali was enraged at this reply; and his anger was increased by the arrival about the same time of the unfortunate Othman Ibn Hanef, who had been so badly scourged and maltreated and ejected from his government at Bassora. What most grieved the heart of the ex-governor was the indignity that had been offered to his person. "Oh Commanders," said he, "in my absence, did I punish him, or you send me to Bassora I had a beard, and now, alas, I have not a hair on my chin!"

Ali commiserated the unfortunate man who thus deplored the loss of his beard more than of his government, but comforted him with the assurance that his sufferings would be counted to him as merits. He then spoke of his own case; the Caliphs, his predecessors, had reigned without opposition; but, for his own part, those who had joined in electing him had proved false to him. "Telha and Zobeir," said he, "have submitted to Abu Belker, Omar, and Othman; why have they arrayed themselves against me? By Allah, they shall find that I am not one jot inferior to my predecessors."

Ali now sent more urgent messages to Abu Musa Alasair and the unfortunate Cufa, by his son Hassan and Ammar Ibn Yasar, his general of the horse, a stern old soldier, ninety years of age, the same intrepid spokesman who, for his hardihood of tongue, had been severely maltreated by order of the Caliph Othman. They were reinforced by Alashter, a determined officer, who had been employed in the previous mission, and irritated by the procrastination of Abu Musa.

Hassan and Ammar were received with ceremonious respect by the governor, and their mission was discussed, according to usage, in the mosque, but Alasair remained with the guard that had escorted them. The envoys pressed their errand with warmth, urging the necessity of their sending immediate succor to the Caliph Abu Musa, however, who prided himself more upon words than deeds, answered them by an evasive harangue: signifying his doubts of the policy of their proceeding, counselling that the troops should return to Medina, that the whole matter in dispute should be investigated, and the right to rule amicably adjusted. "It is a bad business," added he, "and he that meddles least with it stands less chance of doing wrong. For what says the prophet touching an evil affair?"

He returned to their envoys to speak against Abu Musa of Ayesha, of whom he was ainted by his grandmother Fatimah, who had lost the tribe on her husband's side, and down from her presence from that of the Prophet, and also of the governor, which it was said she loved.

It was a late day for the news; the Moslem warriors at al were arrayed in field on the day that the letter on the aer of his presence from that of the Prophet, and also of the governor, which it was said she loved.

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walking backward and forward together, in sight of each army, and holding long conversations, it was confidently expected that a peace would be effected; and such would have been the case had not Mu'awiyah been actuated by his obstinate love of war. But his powerful language, his impressive eloquence, touched the hearts of his opponents, who rejoiced with them their breaches of faith, and warned them against the judgments of heaven. "Do thou not remember," said he to Zobeir, "how Mahomet once assailed thee in the camp?" 

"Yet and when thou answered yea, thou dost not remember his reply: "Neverthless a day will come when thou wilt rise up against him, and draw down miseries upon him and upon all the faithful?"

"I remember it well," replied Zobeir, "and had I remembered it before, never would I have taken up arms against you."

He returned to his camp determined not fight against Ali, but was overruled by the vindictive Yaser. Every attempt at pacification was defeated by that turbulent woman, and the armies were at length brought to battle. Ayesha took the field on that memorable occasion, mounted on a horse of great valor, and rode up and down the field, firing arrows. At last her horse was shot beneath her, and she fell to the ground, and remained there until the battle was concluded.

Ayesha might have looked for cruel treatment of her, coming from the hands of Ali, having been his vindictive and persecuting enemy, but he was too magnanimous to triumph over a fallen foe. It is said some reproachful words passed between them, but he treated her with respect; gave her an attendance of his soldiers, and sent his sons Hassan and Husein to escort her a day's journey toward Medina, where she was to take her own house, and a friend to intercede with the State. Then he divided the spoils among the heads of his soldiers who were slain, and appointed Abdullah Ibn Abbas governor of Bassora. This done, he repaired to Cuda, in reward of the assistance he had received from his inhabitants, made that city the seat of his Caliphate. These occurrences took place in the thirty-fifth year of the Hegira, the 653rd of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BATTLES BETWEEN ALI AND MOAHYA—THEIR CLAIMS TO THE CALIPHAT LEFT TO ARBITRATION; THE RESULT—DECLINE OF THE POWER OF ALI—LOSS OF EGYPT.

The victory at Karbala had crushed the conspiracy of Ayesha, and given Ali quiet dominion over Egypt, Arabia, and Persia; still his most formidable adversary remained unsubdued. Moawiyah Ibn Abu Sobh held sway over the wealthy and populous province of Syria; he had immense treasures and a powerful army at his command; he had the prerogatives of rank in his favor, who had been taught to implicate Ali in the murder of Othman, and refused to acknowledge him as Caliph. Still further to strengthen himself in defiance of the sovereign power, he sought the alliance of Amur, who had been disinherited by the government of Egypt by Ali, and was now a discontented man in Palestine. Restoration to that command was to be the reward of his successful co-operation with Moawiyah in
deposing Ali; the terms were accepted; Amru hastened to Damascus at the head of a devoted force; and finding the public mind ripe for his purpose, gave the hand of allegiance to Moawyah in presence of the assembled army, and proclaimed him as the successor of the Prophet. 

Ali had in vain endeavored to prevent the hostilities of Moawyah, by all conciliatory means; when he heard of this portentous alliance he took the field and marched for Syria, at the head of many thousand men. The Arabians, with their accustomed ferocity, frantically signalized his entrance into the confines of Syria with an omen. Having halted his army in a place where there was no water, he summoned a Christian hermit, who lived in a neighboring cave, and demanded to be shown a well. The anchorite assured him that there was nothing but a cistern, in which there were scarce three buckets of rain water. Ali maintained that certain prophets of the people of Israel had abode there in times of old, and had digged a well there. The hermit replied that there was a dispute about this place, where there had been shut up for ages, and all traces of it lost, and it was only to be discovered and reopened by a pretended hand.

Ali listened with becoming reverence to this prediction; then turning to his attendants and pointing to a spot, "Dig there," said he. They digged, and after a time came to an immense stone, which having removed with difficulty, the miraculous well stood revealed, affording a seasonable supply to the army, and an unquestionable proof of the legitimacy of Ali to the Caliphate. The venerable hermit was struck with conviction; he fell at the feet of Ali, embraced his knees, and never afterward would leave him.

It was on the first day of the thirty-seventh year of the Hegira (18th June, A.D. 657), that Ali came in sight of the army of Moawyah, consisting of eighty thousand men, encamped on the plain of Seifien, on the banks of the Euphrates, on the confines of Babylonia and Syria. Associated with Moawyah was the formidable Amr, a powerful personage, both in counsel and in the field. The army of Ali was superior in number; in his host, too, he had several veterans who had fought under Mahomet in the famous battle of Beder, and thence prized themselves in the surname of Shahabah; that is to say, Companions of the Prophet. The most distinguished of these was old Ammar Ibn Yaser, Ali's chief of horse, who had fought repeatedly by the side of Mahomet. He was ninety years of age, yet full of spirit and activity, and idolized by the Moslem squadrons.

The armies lay encamped in sight of each other, but as it was the first month of the Moslem year, a sacred month, when all warfare is prohibited, it was consumed in negotiations; for Ali still wished to avoid the effusion of kindred blood. His efforts were vain, and in the next few hours negotiations commenced; still Ali drew his sword with an unwilling hand; he charged his soldiers never to be the first to fight; never to harm those who fled, and never to do violence to a woman. Moawyah and Amr threatened the same views. But it was deposed that the unnatural character of this war; the respective leaders, therefore, avoided any general action, and months passed in mere skirmishings. These, however, were sharp and sanguinary, and in the course of four months Moawyah is said to have lost five-and-twenty thousand men, and Ali more than half that number.

Among the survivors of Ali were five, or, among the Shahabah, the veterans of Beder, and companions of the prophet. Their deaths were deplored even by the enemy; but nothing caused greater grief than the fall of the brave old Ammar Ibn Yaser, Ali's general of horse, and the patriarchal Amr, chivalry, Moawyah and Amr beheld him fall. "Do you see," cried Moawyah, "what precious lives are lost in our disensions?" "See," exclaimed Amr; "would to God I had died twenty years since!

Ali forgot his usual moderation in beholding the fate of his brave old general of the horse, and putting himself at the head of twelve thousand cavalry, made a furious charge to avenge his death. The ranks of the enemy were broken by the shock; but the heart of Ali soon recoiled at the sight of carnage, and the voiceless call of Moawyah, "How long," cried he, "shall Moslem blood be shed like water in our strife? Come forth, and let Allah decide between us. Whichever is victor in the fight, let him be master.

Amr proposed Ali should arbitrate the contest, and urged Moawyah to accept it; but the latter shunned an encounter with an enemy surmised to be "The Lion," for his prowess, and who had always slain his adversary in single fight. Amr hinted at the disgrace that would attend his refusal; to which Moawyah answered with a sneer, "You do wisely to provoke a combat that may make you governor of Syria."

A desperate battle at length took place, which continued throughout the night. Many were slain on both sides; but most on the part of the Syrians. Alashtar was the hero of this night; he was mounted upon a piebald horse, and wielded a two-edged sword; every stroke of that terrible weapon clove down a warrior, and every stroke was accompanied by the shout of Allah Akbar! He was heard to utter that portentous exclamation, say the Arabian historians, four hundred times during the night of the dark.

The day dawned disastrously upon the Syrians. Alashtar was pressing them to their very encampment, and Moawyah was thrown into a panic. It suggested an expedient, founded on the religious scruples of the Moslems. On a sudden the Syrians elevated the Koran on the points of their lances, "Behold the book of God," cried they.

"Let that decide our differences," said the soldiers of Ali instantly dropped the points of their weapons. It was in vain Ali represented that this was all a trick, and endeavored to urge them on. "What I?" cried they, "do you refuse to submit to the decision of the book of God?"

Ali found that to persist would be to shock their bigot prejudices, and to bring a storm upon his own head; reluctantly, therefore, he sounded a retreat; but it required repeated blasts to call off Alashtar, who came, his scimitar dripping with blood, and murmuring in his heart, as he said, tricked out of so glorious a victory.

Uprising the slain on his horse, he hastened to settle this great dispute according to the dictates of the Koran. Ali would have nominated on his part Abdallah Ibn Abbas, but he was objected to, as being his cousin-german. He then named the brave Alashar, but he was likewise objected to, and Musa pressed upon him, upright, but simple and somewhat garrulous man, as already been shown to have a just and enlightened discretion, and was chosen. Moawyah, on his part, nominated Ali, and the crusade of the Prophet was over.

The army of Ali immediately turned their march against the three thousand of the Banu Alashar, and put them to flight. These thirty thousand of the Banu Alashar were the remnant of their army, which had been defeated in the battle of Badr, and had been dispersed to the four quarters of the earth on this occasion. The spirits of the Banu Alashar were so depressed by this defeat that they were weakened and dispirited.

The news of this victory spread abroad like wildfire, and the vessels and towns of Syria were plundered of their goods. The success of Ali wasparalleled by the surrender of the town of Basra on the same day, which the inhabitants gave up to him without resistance. The news of this victory spread abroad like wildfire, and the vessels and towns of Syria were plundered of their goods. The success of Ali was paralleled by the surrender of the town of Basra on the same day, which the inhabitants gave up to him without resistance.
shown. As to Moawyah, he managed on his part to have Amru Ibn al Aas appointed, the shrewdest and most sagacious man in all Arabia. The arbitrators met several months afterward at Jumlat al Jould, in presence of both armies, who were pledged to support their decision. Amru, who understood the weak points of Musa's character, treated him with great deference, and after having won his confidence, persuaded him that, to heal these dissensions, and prevent the shedding of kindred blood, it would be expedient to set aside both candidates and let the factions elect a third. This being agreed upon, a tribunal was erected between the armies, and Amru, through pretended deference, insisted that Musa should be the first to ascend it and address the people. Abu Musa accordingly ascended, and proclaimed with a loud voice, 'I depose Ali and Moawyah from the office to which they pretend, even as I draw this ring from my finger.' So saying he descended.

Amru now mounted in turn. 'You have already raised Musa on his part has deposed Ali; I on my part depose him also; and I adjudge the Caliphat to Moawyah, and invest him with it, as I invest my finger with this ring; and I do it with justice, for he is the rightful successor and averger of Othman.'

Murmurs succeeded from the partisans of Ali, and from Abu Musa, who complained of the insincerity of Ahruz. The Syrians applauded the decision, and both parties, being prevented from hostility by a solemn truce, separated without any personal violence, but with mutual revilings and abuse. A kind of rejoicing sprang up, which continued for a long time between the house of Ali and that of Omoini; they never mentioned each other without a curse, and pronounced an excommunication upon each other whenever they harangued the people in the mosque.

The power of Ali now began to wane; the decision pronounced against him influenced many of his own party; and a revolt was at length stirred up among his followers, by a set of fanatic zealots called azerus, who claimed that they had done wrong in referring to the judgment of men what ought to be decided by God alone; and that he had refused to break the truce and massacre their enemies when in his power, though they had proved themselves to be the enemies of God; they therefore renounced allegiance to him; appointed Abdallah Ibn Waheb as their leader, and set up their standard at Naharwan, a few miles from Bagdad, whither the disaffected repaired from all quarters, until they amounted to twenty thousand.

The appearance of Ali with an army brought many of them to their senses. Willing to use gentle measures, he caused a standard to be erected outside of his camp, and proclaimed a pardon to such of the malcontents as should rally round him. Two rebel leaders then retired, but the rest, after a few days, returned again. Abdallah Ibn Waheb was left with only four thousand adherents. These, however, were fierce enthusiasts, and their leader was a fanatic. Trusting that Allah and the prophet would send him aid, he attacked the army of Ali with handful of men; who fought with such desperation that nine only escaped. These served as firebrands to kindle future mischief.

Moawyah had now recourse to a stratagem to sow troubles in Egypt, and ultimately to put it in the hands of Ali. On assuming the Caliphate, he appointed Saad Ibn Rasi to the government of that province, who administered its affairs with ability. Moawyah now sent a letter from Saad to himself, professing devotion to his interests, and took measures to let fall into the hands of Ali. The plan was successful. The suspicions of Ali were excited; he recalled Saad and appointed in his place Mahomet, son of Abu Bekr, and brother of Ayesha. Mahomet began to govern with a high hand, proscribing and exiling the leaders of the Othman faction, who made the murder of the late Caliph a question of party. This immediately produced commotions and insurrections, and all Egypt was getting into a blaze. Ali again sought to remedy the evil by changing the governor, and dispatched Mace Shurut, a man of prudence and ability, to take the command. In the course of his journey, Mahomet lodged one night at the house of a peasant, on the confines of Arabia and Egypt. The peasant was a creature of Moawyah's, and his poisoned suspecting guest with a pot of honey. Moawyah followed up this treacherous suspicion by sending an army with six thousand horse to seize upon Egypt in its present stormy state. Amru hastened with joy to the scene of his former victories, made his way rapidly to Alexandria, united force with that of Ibn Sharig, the leader of the Othman party, and they together routed Mahomet, Ibn Abu Bekr, and took him prisoner. The avengers of Othman reviled Mahomet with his assassination of that Caliph, put him to death, enclosed his body in the carcase of an ass, and burnt both to ashes. Then Amru assumed the government of Egypt as lieutenant of Mahomet.

When Ayesha heard of the death of her brother, she knelt down in the mosque, and in the agony of her heart invoked a curse upon Moawyah and Amru, an invocation which she thenceforth repeated at the end of all her prayers. Ali, also, was afflicted at the death of Mahomet, and exclaimed, 'The murderers will answer for this before God.'

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CHAPTER XL.

PREPARATIONS OF ALI FOR THE INVASION OF SYRIA—HIS ASSASSINATION.

The loss of Egypt was a severe blow; the fortunes of Ali, and he had the mortification subsequently to behold his active rival make himself master of Hejaz, plant his standard on the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, and ravage the fertile province of Yemen. The decline of his power affected his spirits, and he sank at times into despondency. His melancholy was aggravated by the conduct of his own brother Okail, who, under pretence that Ali did not maintain him in suitable style, deserted him in his most desperate fortunes, and went over to Moawyah, who rewarded his unnatural desertion with ample rewards. Still Ali meditated one more grand effort. Six thousand devoted adherents pledged themselves to stand by him to the death, and with these he prepared to march into Syria. While preparations were going on, it chanced that three zealots, of the sect of Karigites, met as pilgrims in the mosque of Moawyah, and fell into conversation about
the battle of Naharwan, wherein four thousand of their brethren had lost their lives. This led to lamentations over the disensions and dismemberment of the Moslem empire, all which they attributed to the ambition of Ali, Moawiyah, and Amru. The Karthagians were in the ascendant, and their name was associated with that dangerous kind of men who are ready to sacrifice their lives in the accomplishment of any bigot plan. In their infuriate zeal they determined that the only way to restore peace and unity to Islam would be to destroy those three usurper kings; and they dealt with themselves to the task, each undertaking to dispatch his victim. The several assassinations were to be effected at the same time, on Friday, the seventeenth of the month Ramadan, at the hour of prayer; and that their hands might be intangibly mortal, they were to use poisoned weapons.

The names of the conspirators were Barak Ibn Abdallah, Amru Ibn Asi, and Abdallah Khan Ibn Melgem. Barak repaired to Damascus and mingled in the retinue of Moawiyah on the day after his Moslem sabbath; then, as the usurper was officiating in the mosque as pontiff, Barak gave him what he considered a fatal blow. The wound was desperate, but the life of Moawiyah was saved by desperate remedies; the assassin was mutilated of hands and feet, and dragged in after years by a friend of Moawiyah.

Amru Ibn Asi, the second of these fanatics, entered the mosque in Egypt on the same day and hour, and with one blow killed Karihah, the Imame, and assuming him to be Ali, Ibn al Aass, who was prevented from attending the mosque through illness. The assassin being led before his intended victim, and informed of his error, replied with the resignation of a predestinarian, "I intended Amru; but Allah intended Karihah." He was presently executed.

Abdallah Khan, the third assassin, repaired to Cufa, where Ali held his court. Here he lodged with a woman of the sect of the Karichtes, whose husband had been killed in the battle of Naharwan. To this woman he made proposals of marriage, but she replied she would have no man who could not bring her, as a dowry, three thousand drachms of silver, a slave, a maid-servant, and the head of a city. He accepted the conditions, and joined two other Karichtes, called Derwan and Alashi, in the enterprise. They stationed themselves in the mosque to await the coming of the Caliph.

Ali had recently been afflicted with one of his fits of despondency, and had uttered ejaculations which were afterward considered presages of his impending fate. In one of his melancholy moods he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, "Alas, my heart! there is need of patience, for there is no remedy against death!" In parting from his house to go to the mosque, there was a clamor among his domestics fowls, which he interpreted into a fatal omen. As he entered the mosque the assassins drew their swords and pretended to be fighting among themselves; Derwan aimed a blow at the Caliph, but it fell short, and struck the gate of the mosque; a blow from Abdallah Khan raised him, wounded, and wounded Ali in the head. The assassins then separated and fled. Derwan was pursued and slain at the threshold of his home; Shabib distanced his pursuers and escaped. Abdallah Khan, after some search, was discovered hidden in a corner of the mosque, his sword still in his hand. He was dragged forth and brought before the Caliph. The wound of Ali was pronounced mortal; he consigned his murderer to the custody of his son Hassan, adding, with his accustomed clemency, "Let him want for nothing, and, if I die of my wound, let him not be tortured; let his death be by a single order, according to the examples of the Persian writers, were strictly complied with, but the Arabians declare that he was killed by piecemeal; and the Moslems opposed to the sect of Ali hold him up as a martyr.

The death of Ali happened within three days after receiving his wound: it was in the fortieth year of the Hegira, A.D. 660. He was about thirty-three years of age, of which he had reigned not quite five. His remains were interred about five miles from Cufa; and, in after times, a magnificent tomb, covered by a mosque, with a splendid dome, rose over his grave, and it became the site of a city called Meshed All, or, the Sepulchre of Ali, and was enriched and beautified by many Persian monarchs.

We make no concluding comments on the noble and generous character of Ali, which has been sufficiently illustrated throughout all the recorded circumstances of his life. He was one of the last and worthiest of the primitive Moslem, who imbued his religious enthusiasm from companionship with the prophet himself; and who, following, in the last, the simplicity, but the similitude of the first Caliph, who acceded some protection to Belles-Lettres. He indulged in the poetic vein, and many of his maxims and proverbs are preserved, and translated into various languages. His signet bore this inscription: "The kingdom belongs to God." One of his sayings shows the little value he set upon the transitory glories of this world. "Life is but the shadow of a cloud; the dream of a sleeper."

By his first wife, Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet, he had three sons, Mohamad, who died young, and Hassan and Hosein who survived him. After her death he had eight other wives, and his issue, in all, amounted to fifteen sons and thirty daughters. His descendants, by Fatima, are distinguished among Moslem as descendants of the prophet, and are very numerous, being reckoned both by the male and female line. They wear turbans of the veiled and turban, and twist their hair in a different manner from other Moslems. They are considered of noble blood, and designated in different countries by various titles, such as Sheriffs, Fatimites, and Emirs. The Persians venerate Ali as next to the prophet, and solemnize the anniversary of his martyrdom. The Turks hold him in abhorrence, and for a long time, in their prayers, accompanied his name with execrations, but subsequently abstained in their violence. It is said that Ali was born in the Caaba, or holy temple of Mecca, where his mother was suddenly taken in labor, and that he was the only person of such distinguished birth.

CHAPTER XLI.

SUCCESION OF HASSEIN, FIFTH CALIPH—HE ADMINICATES IN FAVOR OF MOAWYAH.

In his dying moments Ali had refused to nominate a successor, but his eldest son Hassan, then in his thirty-sixth year, was elected without opposition. He stood high in the favor of the people.
parly from his having been a favorite with his grandfather, the prophet, to whom in his features he had a strong resemblance, and for the beauty of his person, which was entirely free from repulsive features. He lacked, however, the energy and courage necessary to a sovereign, and, as he was a young man, he was often in danger, and was often in the company of the prophet, whom he followed with the greatest attention. He was a devoted and sincere disciple of the prophet, and was one of the most zealous and faithful of his companions.

After the death of the prophet, he continued to follow the same example, and was one of the most zealous in the conduct of public affairs. He was a devoted and sincere disciple of the prophet, and was one of the most zealous and faithful of his companions.

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The mild-tempered Caliph, who had no ambition of command, was already disheartened by his troubles. He saw that he had an active and powerful ennemy to contend with, and fixed his eyes on the throne of Arabia. He was a devoted and sincere disciple of the prophet, and was one of the most zealous and faithful of his companions.

At the death of the prophet, he continued to follow the same example, and was one of the most zealous in the conduct of public affairs. He was a devoted and sincere disciple of the prophet, and was one of the most zealous and faithful of his companions.
Moawyah himself gave indications of intellectual refinement. He surrounded himself with men distinguished in science or gifted with poetic talent, and from the Greek provinces and islands which he had subdued, the Greek sciences began to break their way, and under the protection to exert their influence on the Arabs.

One of the measures adopted by Moawyah to strengthen himself in the Caliphat excited great sensation, and merits particular detail. At the time of the celebrated flight of Mahomet, Abu Sohan, father of Moawyah, at that time chief of the tribe of Koreish, and as yet an inveterate persecutor of the prophet, halted one day for refreshment at the house of a publician in Tayef. Here he became intoxicated with wine, and passed the night in the arms of the wife of a Greek slave, named Somayah, who in process of time made him the father of a male child. Abu Sohan, ashamed of this amour, would not acknowledge the child, but left him to his fate; hence he received the name of Ziyad ibn Abish, that is to say, Ziyad the slave.

The boy, thus deserted, gave early proof of energy and talent. When scarce arrived at manhood, he surprised Amru ibn al Aass by his eloquence and spirit in addressing a popular assembly in the vigor of that spurious offset. "By the prophet!" exclaimed he, "if this youth were but of the noble race of Koreish, he would drive all the tribes of Arabia before him with his staff!"

By his youth and power of speech, he won the reign of Omar, and was distinguished by his decisions. On one occasion, certain witnesses came before him accusing Moqueirah ibn Senid, a distinguished person of unblemished character, with incendiarism, but failed to establish the charge; whereupon Ziyad dismissed the accuses with honor, and caused his accusers to be scourged with rods for bearing false witness. This act was never forgotten by Moqueirah, who, becoming afterwards one of the counsellors of the Caliph Ali, induced him to appoint Ziyad lieutenant governor of Orba, and one of his post of honor, the duties of which he discharged with great ability.

After the death of Ali and the abdication of Hassan, events which followed hard upon each other, Ziyad, who still held sway over Persia, hastened to seize and prevailed upon him to mediate between them. Moqueirah repaired to Ziyad in person, bearing a letter of kindness and invitation from the Caliph, and prevailed on him to accompany him to Cufa. On their arrival Moawyah embraced Ziyad, and received him with public demonstrations of respect as his brother by the latter's son.

The fact of their consanguinity was established on the following day, in full assembly, by the publican of Tayef, who bore testimony to the intercourse between Abu Sohan and the beautiful slave.

This decision, enforced by the high hand of authority, elevated Ziyad to the noblest blood of Koreish, and made him eligible to the highest offices, though in fact the strict letter of the Mahometan law would have pronounced him the son of the Greek slave, who was husband of his mother.

The family of the Omnidites were indifferent at having the base-born offspring of a slave thus introduced among them; but Moawyah disregarded these murmurs; he had probably gratified his own feelings of natural affection, and he had firmly attached to his interest a man of extensive influence, and one of the abest generals of the age.

Moawyah found good service in his valiant though misbegotten brother. Under the sway of incompetent governors the country round Basora had become overrun with thieves and murderers, and desolated by the bands of tumbuhs. Ziyad was put in the command, and hastened to take possession of his turbulent post. He found Basora a complete den of assassins; not a night but was disgraced by riot and bloodshed, so that it was unsafe to walk the streets after dark. Ziyad was an eloquent man, and he made a public speech terribly to the point. He gave notice that he meant to rule with the sword, and to wreak unsparking punishment on all offenders; he advised all such, therefore, to leave the city. He warned all persons from appearing in public after evening prayers, that a rout would go the rounds at every one to death who should be found in the streets. He carried this measure into effect. Two hundred persons were put to death by the patrol during the first night, only five during the second, and not a drop of blood was shed afterwards, nor was there any further tumult or disturbance.

Moawyah then employed him to effect the same reforms in Khorassan and many other provinces, and appointed him governor. The ability evinced, until his mere name would quell commotion, but severely rigid in his discipline, and inflexible in the dispensation of justice. It was his custom, wherever he held sway, to order the inhabitants to leave their doors open at night, with merely a hurdle at the entrance to exclude cattle, engaging to replace anything that should be stolen; and so effective was this police that no robbers were committed.

Though Ziyad had whole provinces under his government, he did not employ him; he wrote to the Caliph, therefore, complaining that, while his hand was occupied in governing Babylonia, his right hand was idle; and the Caliph, the former of Petra, also, which the Caliph gladly granted him, to the great terror of its inhabitants, who dreaded so stern a ruler. But the sand of Ziyad was exhausted. He was attacked with the plague when on the point of setting out for Arabia. The case made its appearance with an ulcer in his hand, and the agony made him deliberate whether to smite off. As it was a case of conscience among predestinarians, he consulted a venerable caliph, "If you die," said the elder of the law, "you go before God without that hand, which you have cut off to save your life. If you live, you give a by-name to your children, who will be called sons of the cripple. I advise you, therefore, to let it alone." The intensity of the pain, however, made him determine on amputation, but the sight of the fire and cautering irons again deterred him. He was surrounded by the most expert physicians, but, say the Arabian, "It was not in their power to reverse the sealed decree." He died in the forty-fifth year of the Hegira and of his own age, and the people he had governed with so much severity considered his death a deliverance. His son Obeidallah, though only twenty-five years of age, was immediately raised to the government of Mesopotamia, of inheriting the diocese of Arabia, of the government of the countries over which his father fell into the hands of the Persians, from the hundred and thousand pieces of gold of his inheritance.

Ziyad led a happy life through several years of free enjoyment, for the people that he governed, and were named after him, Kameil, were sufficiently patient with him. Seeing a dynasty of rulers that would rule under the name of Ziyad.

The wise man, however, could not seem to himself. He had set his heart upon the death of Al Aass in the hour of his triumph. He desired to enjoy the dignity of a sovereign on his own merits; his gratitude for his deliverance from his enemies. He should make his promise good.

The veteran of the strife, having failed as he did in the contest for the throne, only to be disappointed, and expecting a new battle of illustrious canons, and, indeed, a new trial of life to him on one condition, that you have for him many infidel enemies, who you will find when he returns. "Alas!" said he, "what arm of the wicked?"

Mahomet, however, was not long in upward the sword of death to the hand of the true Moslem. His life was more steadily passed most of the time he lived. He had found time to complete many of his desires, and long to peace. As he was an orator, it is said, he was an orator of the highest talent; and after his youth, he lived on in his age.

He spoke and wrote with great force and science, the most beautiful of the Arabian philosophers, and was celebrated for his poetry, and for the greatest of the Arabian poets.

SIEGE OF GERMANY.

EMPEROR.

AXEVAH.

The Caliph Moawyah, however, was not long in putting his victories into practice, and was and obliterating his conquests. He was defeated in a conspiracy, and the affections of his people were alienated from him.
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CHAPTER XXXII.

SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE—TRUCE WITH THE EMPEROR—MURDER OF HASSAN—DEATH OF THE AYEBSHA.

The Caliph Moawiah being thoroughly established in his sovereignty, was ambitious of foreign conquests, which might shed lustre on his name, and obliterate the memory of these civil wars. He was desirous, also, of placing his son Yazid in a conspicuous light, and gaining for him the affection of the people; for he secretly entertained hopes of making him his successor. He determined, therefore, to send him with a great force to attempt the conquest of Constantinople, at that time the capital of the Greek and Roman empire. This indeed was the proper war for it was fulfilled one of the most ardent wishes of Mahomet, who had looked forward to the conquest of the proud capital of the Cæsars as one of the highest triumphs of Islam, and had promised full pardon all their sins to the Moslem army that should achieve it.

The general command of this army was given to a veteran named Sophian, and he was accompanied by several of those old soldiers of the faith, banded in the wars, and almost broken down by years, who had fought by the side of the prophet at Beder and Ohad, and were, therefore, honored by the title of " Companions," and who now showed among the ashes of age the vigor of youthful fire, as they girded on their swords for this sacred enterprise.

Hosein, the valiant son of Ali, also accompanied this expedition; in which, in fact, the flower of Moslem chivalry engaged. Great preparations were made by sea and land, and sanguine hopes entertained of success; the Moslems were encouraged to endure all toil and peril in warfare, and they were animated by the certainty of paradise, should they be victorious.

The Greeks, on the other hand, were in a state of military decline, and their emperor, Constantine, a grandson of Heraclius, disgraced his illustrious name by indolence and incapacity.

It is singular and to be lamented, that of this momentous expedition, we have few very particulars, notwithstanding that it lasted long, and must have been chequered by striking vicissitudes. The Moslems failed to obtain the assurance of safety and experience in the defence of fortified towns; the walls were strong and high; and the besieged made use of Greek fire, to the Moslems a new and terrible agent of destruction.

Finding it idle to remain in vain, the Moslems conspired themselves by ravaging the neighboring coasts of Europe and Asia, and on the approach of winter retired to the island of Cyzicus, about eighty miles from Constantinople, where they had established their headquarters.

Six years were passed in this unwavering enterprise; immense sums were expended; thousands of lives were lost by disease; ships and crews, by shipwreck and other disasters, and thousands of Moslems were slain, gallantly fighting for paradise under the walls of Constantinople. The most renowned of these was the venerable Abu Ayub, in whose house Mahomet had established his quarters when he first fled to Medina, and who had fought by the side of the prophet at Beder and Ohad. He won an honored grave; for though he remained for he became himself a great sinner, and after wars by this event, when Constantine was conquered by Mahomet II., the spot was revealed in a miraculous vision, and consecrated by a mausoleum and mosque, which exist to this day, and to which the grand names of the Ottoman empire repaired to be sealed with the emblem on their access to the throne.

The protracted war with the Greeks revived their military ardor, and they assailed the Mos-
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CHAPTER XLIV.

MOSLEM CONQUESTS IN NORTHERN AFRICA—ACHIEVEMENTS OF ACBACH; HIS DEATH.

The conquest of Northern Africa, so auspiciously commenced by Abdallah Ibn Saad, had been suspended for a number of years by the pressure of other concerns, and particularly by the siege of Constantinople, which engrossed a great part of the Moslem forces; in the mean time Cyrene had shaken off the yoke, all Cyrenaica was in a state of insurrection, and there was danger that the places which had been taken and the posts which had been established by the Arab conquerors would be completely lost.

The Caliph Moawwiyah now looked round for some active and able general, competent to secure and extend his sway along the African coast. Such a one he found in Acbach Ibn Nafe el Feihri, whom he dispatched from Damascus with ten thousand horse. Acbach made his way with all speed into Africa, his forces augmented as he proceeded, by the accession of barbarian troops. He passed triumphantly through Cyrenaica; laid close siege to the city of Cyrene, and restored it, notwithstanding its strong walls and great population; but in the course of the siege many of its ancient and magnificent edifices were destroyed.

Acbach continued his victorious course westward, traversing wildernesses sometimes barren and desolate, and infested by serpents and savage animals; until he reached the domains of ancient Cyrenaica, the present territory of Tunis. Here he determined to found a city to serve as a strongpoint, and a place of refuge in the heart of these conquered regions. The site chosen was a valley, closely wooded, and abounding with lions, tigers, and serpents. The Arabs give a marvellous account of the founding of the city. Acbach, say they, went forth into the forest, and adjured its savage inhabitants. "Hence! avault! wild beasts and serpents! Hence, quit this wood and valley!" This solemn adjuration he repeated three several times, on three or four days, not a lion, tiger, leopard, nor serpent, but departed from the place.

Others, less poetic, record that he cleared away a forest which had been a lurking-place not merely for wild beasts and serpents, but for rebels and barbarous hordes; that he used the wood in constructing walls for his new city, and when these were completed, planted his lance in the centre, and exclaimed to his followers, "This is your caravanserai." Such was the origin of the city of Kairwan or Caerwan, situate thirty-three leagues southeast of Cyrenaica, and twelve from the sea on the borders of the great desert. Here Acbach fixed his seat of government, erecting mosques and other public edifices, and holding all the surrounding country in subjection.

While Acbach was thus honorably occupied, the Caliph Moawwiyah, little aware of the immense countries embraced in these recent conquests, had endeavored to unite them, and had appointed Muleghir Ibn Omn Dinar, one of the Ansari, as emir or governor. Muleghir was an ambitious, and rather an envious and perfidious man. Scaee had he entered upon his government, when he began to sicken with envy of the brilliant fame of Acbach and his vast popularity, not merely with the army, but throughout the country; he accordingly made such unfavorable reports of Acbach, in his absence, that he was induced to send for him back to the Caliph.

The letter of Muleghir was urgent; he had been entertained with a tender envoy to press his claims; and Acbach, with some out of their estimates, was sent for his deposition at the camp of Caliph, and a letter of reproof from Moawwiyah; and the other exiles were restored to the Caliph.

There was a Mohammedan proverb, "Oh God I am old, but I can vindicate my rights!" Thus does the spirit of Acbach manifest itself constantly, with the ardor of his character, and his way was soon peopled with the inhabitants of the general works of the Caliph; and the walls were overspread with theặngs of the cities and tribes of the Moawwiyah, and Acbach, who was an insignificant part of the Caliph.

The Caliph found their name recorded in his registers, and ordered the neighboring towns to prepare for them to receive the Caliph and his court.

He was dressed in a rich robe of gold and purple, and his bed was covered with purest silk. The windows were hung with crimson drapes, and the doors of his har. He was dressed in a rich robe of gold and purple, and his bed was covered with purest silk. The windows were hung with crimson drapes, and the doors of his har.
reports of the character and conduct of that general, the Caliph, and the latter was induced to displace him from the command of the African army, and recall him to Damascus.

The letter of recall being sent under cover to Muhegir, he transmitted it by Muslama Ibn Machhad, one of his generals, to Acbah, charging his envoy to proceed with great caution, and to treat with profound deference, lest the troops, out of their love for him, should resist the order for his deposition. Muslama found Acbah in his camp at Cyrene, and presented him the Caliph's letter, a recall, and a letter from Muhegir as governor, and the latter was供电 to the command of the African army, and the other generals were authorized to arrest him should he hesitate to obey the command of the Caliph.

There was no hesitation on the part of Acbah. He at once discerned whence the blow proceeded. "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "spare my life until I can vindicate myself from the slander of Muhegir Ibn Omm Dinhar." He then departed instantly, without even entering his house; made his way with all speed to Damascus, and appeared before the presence of the generals and the officers of his court. Addressing the Caliph with noble indigination, "I have traversed deserts," said he, "and encountered savage tribes; I have conquered towns and regions, and have dealt with infidel inhabitants to the knowledge of God and His law. I have built mosques and palaces, and fortified them with the aid of many of its mountains that were destroyed. I have crossed barren and dense forests, with forests, large animals, and the desert Carthage, from where he determined to place a stronghold, for the presence of these conquerors was a valley of death, lions, tigers, and marvellous acar. Acbah, say and adjured its inhabitants, "Vauant! wild beasts! This wood and these desert cattle are not for rebels and those who have transgressed and when these conquerors reach the center, there is no way of escape. This is your last hope: the citadel of the city of Carthage, three leagues from the sea on the north.

Here Acbah found and inspecting mosques and castles, burning all the inhabitants.

He occupied, the immense conquests, the immense conquerors, his command, as he had done in previous conquests, and in his absence, Muhegir, who, out of mere envy and jealousy, had endeavored to mar and obliterate all traces of his good deeds; dismantling the cities he had built, destroying his public edifices at Caerwan, and transferring the inhabitants to another place. Acbah stripped him of his command, placed him in irons, and proceeded to remedy the evils he had perpetrated. The population was restored to Caerwan, its edifices were rebuilt, and it rose from its Judicially docile, subjecting them to the sword, and converting them into the waves of the Atlantic and the western shores of Africa, he spurred his charger into the waves of the Atlantic; until they rose to his saddle girths; then raising his scimitar toward heaven, "Oh Allah!" cried the zealous Moslem, "did not these profound waters prevent me, still further would I carry the knowledge of thy law, and the reverence of thy holy name!"

While Acbah was thus urging his victorious way to the uttermost bounds of Mauritania, tidings overtook him that the Greeks and barbarians were rising in rebellion in his rear; that the mountains were pouring down their legs, and that his city of Caerwan was in imminent danger. He had in fact incurred the danger against which the late Caliph Omar had so often cautioned his lieutenants. Turning his steps he hastened back, marching at a gallop. As he passed through Zab or Numidia, he was harassed by a horde of Berbers or Moors, headed by Aben Cahina, a chief of daring prowess, who had descended from the fastnesses of the mountains, in which he had taken refuge from the invaders. This warrior, with this mountain band, hung on the rear of the army, picking off stragglers, and often carrying havoc into the broken ranks, but never venturing on a pitched battle. He gave over his pursuit as they crossed the bounds of Numidia.

On arriving at Caerwan Acbah found everything secure, the rebellion having been suppressed by the energy and bravery of Zohair, aided by an associate warrior, Omar Ibn Ali, of the tribe of Kureish.

Acbah now distributed a part of his army about the neighborhood, formed the order of a flying camp of cavalry, and leaving Zohair and his brave associate to maintain the safety of the metropolis, returned to scour the land of Zab; and take vengeance on the Berber chief who had harassed and insulted him when on the march.

He proceeded without opposition as far as a place called Teyuc; when in some pass or defile he found himself surrounded by a great host of Greeks and Berbers, led on by the mountain chief Aben Cahina. In fact, both Christians and Moors, who had so often been in deadly conflict in these very regions, had combined to drive these new intruders from the land.

Acbah scanned the number and array of the advancing enemy, and maintained, there was no retreat, and that destruction was inevitable. He marshaled his light army of horsemen, however, with great calmness, put up the usual prayers, and exhorted his men to fight valiantly. Summoning Muhegir to his presence, this, said he, "is a day of liberty and gain for all true Moslems, for it is a day of martyrdom. I would not deprive you of so great a chance for paradise." So saying, he ordered his chains to be taken off.

Muhegir thanked him for the favor, and expressed his determination to die in the cause of the faith. Acbah then gave him arms and a horse, and both of them, drawing their swords, broke the scabbards in token that they would fight until victory or death. The battle was desperate, and the carnage terrible. Almost all the Moslems fought to the very death, asking no quarter of the enemy whom they had slain.

CHAPTER XLV.

MOAWYAH NAMES HIS SUCCESSOR—HIS LAST ACTS AND DEATH—TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER.

Moawiah was now far advanced in years, and aware that he had not long to live; he sought there-
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fore to accomplish a measure which he had long contemplated, and which was indicative of his ambitious character and his pride of family. It was to render the Caliphat hereditary, and to perpetuate it in his line. For this purpose he openly named his son Yazid as his successor, and requested the different provinces to send deputies to Damascus to perform the act of fealty to him. The nomination of a successor was what the prophet himself had not done, and that Abu Bekar, Omar, and Othman had therefore declined to do: the attempt to render the Caliphate hereditary was in direct opposition to the public will manifested repeatedly in respect to Ali; Yazid, to whom he proposed to bequeath the government, was publicly detested, yet, notwithstanding all these objections, such influence had Moawiyah acquired over the public mind that delegates arrived at Damascus from all parts, and gave their hands to Yazid in pledge of future fealty. Thus was established the dynasty of the Ommiades, which held the Caliphate for nearly a hundred years. There were fourteen Caliphs of this haughty line, known as the Pharaohs of the house of Omayyad (or rather Omama). The ambition of rule manifested in Moawiyah, the founder of the dynasty, continued in his five sons, and was exercised by their descendants, who reigned over Spain, for nearly four centuries after the fall of the Caliphate. One of them, to bequeath the throne in a time of turbulence and peril, exclaimed, "Only make me king to-day, and you must kill me to-morrow!"

The character of the Caliph had much changed in the hands of Moawiyah, and in the luxurious city of Damascus assumed more and more the character of the oriental sovereign which it superseded. The frugal simplicity of the Arab, and the stern virtues of the primitive disciples of Islam, were softened down and disappearing among the voluptuous delights of Syria. Moawiyah, however, endeavored to throw over his famous city of Damascus some of the sanctity with which Mecca and Medina were invested. For this purpose he built the pulpit of the prophet, as also his walking-staff; "I have such precious relics of the apostle of God," said he, "ought not to remain among the murderers of Othman."

The city was found after great search, but when the pulpit was about to be removed, there occurred so great an eclipse of the sun that the stars became visible. The superstitions of the Arabs considered this a signal of divine disapprobation, and the pulpit was suffered to remain in Medina.

Feeling his end approaching, Moawiyah summoned his son Yazid to his presence, and gave advice of the highest importance. He said, "Fayd the Arabs," and "Confide in your power. Prize the Syrians, for they are faithful and enterprising, though prone to degenerate within our own country. Graciously lay at the feet of the people of Irak in all their demands, for they are restless and turbulent, and would unhesitatingly a hundred thousand scimitars against thee on the least provocation.

There are four rivals for my son," added he, "on whose support I must keep a vigilant eye. The first is Hosein, the son of Ali, who has great influence in Irak, but he is upright and sincere, and thy own cousin; treat him, therefore, with clemency, if he fall within thy power. The second is Abdullah Ibn Omara; but he is a devout man, and will eventually be the support of those who seek thy rule. The third is Ab'draham; but he is a man of no force of mind, and merely speaks from the dictates of others; he is, moreover, incontinent, and a gambler; he is not a rival to be feared. The fourth is Abbul Ibn Zobeir; he unites the craft of the fox with the strength and courage of the lion. If he were to appear against thee, it would be valiantly; if he offer peace, accept it, and spare the blood of thy people. If he fall within your power, cut him to pieces!"

Moawiyah was gathered to his fathers in the sixtieth year of his age, A.H. 65, 70. He was a man of seventy, or, as some say, seventy-five, of which he had reigned nearly twenty. He was interred in Damascus, which he had made the capital of the Moslem empire, and which continued to be so during the dynasty of the Ommiades. The inscription of his signet was "Every deed hath its need;" or, according to others, "All power rests with God."

Though several circumstances in his reign savored of crafty, and even treacherous policy, yet he bears a high name in Moslem history. His courage was unflagging, and of a generous kind; for though fierce in combat, he was gentle in victory. He prided himself greatly upon being of the tribe of Koreish, and was highly aristocratic before he attained to sovereign power; yet he was generous in the acquisition of it, and he was himself popular amongst his people. His ambition was tempered with some considerations of justice. He assumed the throne, it is true, by the aid of the scimitar, without regular election; but he subsequently bought off the right of his rival Has an, the legitimate Caliph, and transferred magnificently to the purchase, presenting him, at one time, with four million pieces of gold. One almost regards with incredulity the stories of immense sums passing from hand to hand among these Arab conquerors, as freely as bags of dates in their native deserts; but it must be recollected they had the plundering of the rich empires of the East, and as yet were flush with the spoils of recent conquests.

The liberality of Moawiyah is exalted as being beyond all bounds; one instance on record of it, however, savors of policy. He gave Ayesh a bracelet valued at a hundred thousand pieces of gold, that had formerly perhaps sparkled on the arm of some Semiramis; but Ayesh, he knew, was a potent friend and a dangerous enemy. Moawiyah was sensible to the beauty of the poetry, if we may judge from the following anecdotes:

A robber, who had been condemned by the Cadi to have his head cut off, appealed to the Caliph in a copy of verses, pleading the poverty and want by which he had been driven. Touching by the poetry, Moawiyah reversed the sentence, and gave the poet a purse of gold, that he might have no plea of necessity for repeating the crime.

Another instance was that of a young Arab, who had married a beautiful damsel, of whom he was so enamored that he was willing to sacrifice the empire to her. The governor of Cufa, happening to see her, was so struck with her beauty that he took her from the youth by force. The latter made his complaint to the Caliph in verse, poured forth with Arab eloquence, and with all the passion of a lover. Moawiyah, as before, was moved by the poetic appeal, and sent orders to the governor of Cufa to restore the wife to her husband. The governor, infatuated with her charms, entertained the Caliph to let him have the enjoyment of her for one year, and then to take her to his own place. The Caliph was awaked by this amorous contest, and he caused the female to be sent to him. Struck with her ravishing beauty, and, as he could not do the same thing between the years of the man himself, sent it to him. She, however, by the Caliph, avowed that she was the wife of Moawiyah's brother, and, after her husband had been executed for his crime, she was restored to her brother in a princely manner.

SUCCESSORS OF FOOD.

YEZID, the son of Moawiyah, was Caliph fourteen years. His inaugural year was A.H. 65, 71, in the year of the Hegira, coining the coin of the day for seven years of age. He was a braggart, with a rude, honest face, and a very black eye. He was not popular among the Arabs, and the Moslem gentry among the Persians was not averse to the people of Basra, and therefore the capital, and so on.

Notwithstanding his want of knowledge, he governed the empire, except the cities of Ha saan and the cities of Basra, and the cities of Basra and the cities of Ha saan. His undoubted place was in the cities of Basra and the cities of Ha saan. He was in a convenient place, and the cities of Basra and the cities of Ha saan was a time of convulsion and other, before Moawiyah, and then to tend the other, and, should Moawiyah have become an enemy, he would have been a time of convulsion before Moawiyah, and then to tend the other, and, should Moawiyah have become an enemy, he would have been a time of convulsion and other.

Hosein and his brother were the sons of the Caliph, and the cities of Basra and the cities of Ha saan was a time of convulsion and other, before Moawiyah, and then to tend the other, and, should Moawiyah have become an enemy, he would have been a time of convulsion and other.
ravishing beauty, with the grace of her deportment, and the eloquence of her expressions, he could not restrain his admiration; and in the ex-citement of the moment told her to choose between the young Arab, the governor of Cufa, and himself. The young Arab, the son of A.'b, the governor of Cufa, was offered by the Caliph to be utterly beyond her merit; but avowed that affection and duty still inclined her to her husband. Her modesty and virtue delighted Ma'wiyah even more than her beauty; he restored her to her husband, and enriched them both with princely munificence.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SUCCESION OF YEZID, SEVENTH CALIPH—FINAL FORTUNES OF HOSEIN, THE SON OF ALI.

YEZID, the son of Ma'wiyah, succeeded to the Caliphate without the ceremony of an election. His inauguration took place in the new moon of the month Rajab, in the sixtieth year of the Hegira, coincident with the seventh day of April in the year of our Lord 680. He was thirty-four years of age; and, according to the descrip- tion of his character, and with a ruddy countenance pitted with the small-pox, black eyes, curled hair, and a comely beard, he was not deficient in talent, and possessed the popular gift of poetry. The effect of his residence among the luxuries and refinements of Syria was revivified in a fondness for silken raiment and the delights of music; but he was stigmatized as base-spirited, sordid, and covetous; grossly sensual, and scandalously intemperate.

Notwithstanding all this, he was readily acknowledged as Caliph throughout the Moslem empire, excepting by Mecca, Medina, and some cities of Babylonia. His first aim was to secure undisputed possession of the Caliphate. The only competitors from whom he had danger to apprehend were Hosein, the son of Ali, and Abdallah, the son of Zobeit. They were both at Medina, and he sent orders to Waleed Ibn Othah, the governor of that city, to exact from them an oath of fealty. Waleed, who was of an undecided character, consulted Murwan Ibn Hakem, formerly secretary to the Caliph, who read the letter which effected the ruin of that Caliph. He was in fact one of the most crafty as well as able men of the age. His advice to the governor was to summon Hosein and Abdallah to his presence, and then to hear the story of the death of Ma'wiyah, and concert any measures of opposition; then to tend to them, to make the oath of fealty to Yezid, and should they refuse, to strike them off his head.

Hosein and Abdallah discovered the plot in time to effect their escape with their families from Mecca, where they declared themselves openly in opposition to Yezid. Hosein received secret messages from the people of Cufa, inviting them to his city, inviting them not merely of protection, but of homage as the son of Ali, the legitimate successor of the prophet. Rejoicing over this, they said, to set himself in their city, and all Babylonia would rise in arms for his protection.

Hosein sent his cousin, Muslim Ibn Okaal, to ascertain the truth of these representations, and to learn what the Caliph had made his way, almost unattended, and with great peril and hardships to the desert of Irak. On arriving at Cufa he was well received by the party of Hosein; they assured him that eighteen thousand men were ready to sacrifice their blood and treasure in casting down the usurper and upholding the legitimate Caliph. Every day augmented the number of apparent zealous in this cause, until it amounted to one hundred and forty thousand. Of all this, Hosein sent repeated accounts to the Caliph, urging him to come on, and assuring him that the conspiracy had been carried on with such secrecy that no one man or governor, the governor of Cufa, had no suspicion of it.

But though the conspiracy had escaped the vigilance of Nu'man, the emir of Bassora, who sent his orders to Obeid-Allah, the emir of Bassora, to repair with all speed to Cufa, displace the negligent governor, and take that place likewise under his command.

Obeid-Allah was the son of Ziyad, and inherited all the energy of his father. Aware that the moment was come, he set off from Bassora about a score of fleet horsemen. The people of Cufa were on the lookout for the arrival of Hosein, which was daily expected, when Obeid-Allah rode into the city in the twilight at the head of his troopers. He wore a black turban, and was the custos with Hosein; and as he was crowding round him, hailing the supposed grandson of the prophet.

"Stand off!" cried the horsemen fiercely.

"It is the emir Obeid-Allah." The crowd shrank back abashed and disappointed, and the emir rode on to the castle. The popular opinion increased when it was known that he had command of the province; for he was reputed a second Ziyad in energy and decision. His measures soon proved his claims to that character. He discovered and disconcerted the plans of the conspirators; drove Muslim to a premature outbreak; dispersed his hasty levy, and took him prisoner. The latter exulted in his capture; not on his own account, but on the account of Hosein, whom he had his letters and his signatures represent that of the people of Cufa. It was in vain his friends reminded him of the proverbial inoffensiveness of these people; it was in vain they urged him to wait until they had committed themselves, by openly taking the field. It was in vain that his near relative Abdullah Ibn Abbas urged him at least to leave the females of his family at Mecca, lest he should be massacred in the midst of them, like the Caliph Othman. Hosein, in the true spirit of a Moslem and of justice and piety, declared he would leave the event to God, and accordingly set out with his treasures and children; and his relations, esered by a handful of Arab troops. Arriving in the confines of Babylonia, he was met by a body of a thousand horse, led by Harro, an Arab of the tribe of Temimah. He at his first supposed them to be a detachment of his partisans sent to meet him, but as soon as he saw Harro that he came from the emir Obeid-Allah to conduct him and all the people with him to Cufa.

Hosein hastily refused to submit to the emir's orders, and represented that he came in peace invited by the inhabitants of Cufa, as the rightful Caliph. He set forth at the same time the justice
of his claims, and endeavored to enlist Harro in his cause; but the latter, though in no hostile mood to him, avoided committing himself, and urged him to proceed quietly to Cufa under his escort.

While they were yet discoursing, four horsemen rode up, and informed Harro that a dea of these named Thirmah was known to Hosein, and was reluctantly permitted by Harro to converse with him apart. Hosein inquired about the situation of things at Cufa. The nobles, "replied the other, are now as against you as a man; some of the common people are still with you; by to-morrow, however, not a scimitar but will be unsheathed against you."

Hosein inquired about Kaia, a messenger whom he had sent in advance to apprise his adherents of his approach. He had been seized on suspicion, ordered as a test, by Obeid'allah, to curse Hosein and his father Ali, and on his refusing had been thrown headlong from the top of the citadel.

Hosein sheds tears at hearing the fate of his faithful messenger. "There be some," said he, in the words of the Koran, "who are already dead, and some who living expect death. Let their mansions, oh God, be in the gardens of paradise, and their company with the holy men of God."

Thirmah represented to Hosein that his handful of followers would be of no avail against the host prepared to oppose him in the plains of Cufa, and offered to conduct him to the impregnable mountains of Aja, in the province of Naja, where ten thousand men of the tribe of Tay might soon be assembled to defend him. He declined his advice, however, and advanced toward Kadesia, the place famous for the victory over the Persians. Harro and his cavalry kept pace with him, watching every movement, but offering no molestation. The mind of Hosein, however, was darkened by gloomy forebodings. A stupor at times hung over his faculties as he rode slowly along; he appeared to be haunted with a presentiment of death.

"We belong to God, and to God we must return," exclaimed he as he roose himself at one time from a dream or reverie. He had beheld in his phantasy, a horsemann who had addressed him in warning words: "Men travel in the night, and their destiny travels in the night to meet them."

This be pronounced a messenger of death.

In this dubious and disconsolating mood he was brought to a halt, near the banks of the Euphrates, by the appearance of four thousand men, in hostile array, commanded by Amar Ibn Sand. These, likewise, had been sent out by the emir Obeid'allah, who was full of uneasiness lest there should be some popular movement in favor of Hosein. The latter, however, was painfully convinced by this repetition of hostile troops upon without any armament in his favor, that the fickle people of Cufa were faithless to him. He held a parley with Amar, who was a pious and good man, and had come out very unwillingly against a descendant of the prophet, stated to him the manner in which he had been deceived by the subterfuge of Cufa, and determined to return to Mecca. Amar dispatched a fleet messenger to apprise the emir of this favorable offer, hoping to be excused from using violence against Hosein. Obeid'allah wrote in reply: "Get between him and the Euphrates; or if you cannot strike him, kill him."

"Go forbide," cried Al Abbas, "that we should suffer your tail; and his words were echoed by the rest.

Seeing his little band thus determined to share his desperate cause, Hosein, in his last moments, laid his life upon the altar of the sacred cause, and with a brave and indomitable spirit met death. Thus fell the last of the holy line of правильный suzerains. The last years of the Caliphate were stormy, and the successions of the heads of the family were disputed, as a rule, by the claims of the relatives of the deceased or of the descendants of the Prophet. Hosein's death was a signal for a revolution, and the Abbasid dynasty was established on the throne of the Caliphate.
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We have already acknowledged that the three things which were the pride of his desperate fortunes, Hosein prepared to sell their life dear, or to take their life in a memorable sacrifice. By his orders all the tents were disposed in two lines, and the cords interwoven so as to form barriers on both sides of the camp, while a deep trench in the rear was filled with wood, to be set on fire in case of attack. It was to be supplied with water. This done, the devoted band, conscious that the next day was to be their last, passed the night in prayer, while a troop of the enemy's horse kept riding round to prevent their escape.

When the morning dawned, Hosein prepared for battle. His whole force amounted only to twoscore foot soldiers and two-and-thirty horse; but all were animated with the spirit of martyrs. Hosein and several of his chief men washed, anointed, and perfumed themselves; "for in a little while," said they, "we shall be with the black-eyed Houris of paradise."

His steadfastness of soul, however, was shaken by the loud lamentations of his sisters and daughters, and the thought of the exposed and desperate nature of his death, which would distress them. He called to mind, too, the advice which he had neglected of Abdallah Ibn Abbas, to leave his women in safety at Mecca. "God will reward thee, Abdallah!" exclaimed he in the fullness of his heart.

A squadron of thirty horses, headed by Harro, now wheeled up, but they came as friends and allies. Harro repented of having given the first check to Hosein, and now came in to strengthen and die for him. "Alas! for your men of Cula!" cried he, as Amir and his troops approached; "you have invited the descendant of the prophet to your city, and now you come to fight against him. You have cut off from him and his family the waters of the Euphrates, which are free even to infidels and the beasts of the field, and have shut him up like a lion in the toils."

Amor began to justify himself and to plead the orders of the emir; but the fierce Shammar cut short all parley by letting in an arrow into the camp of Hosein, calling all to witness that he struck the first blow. A skirmish ensued, but the men of Hosein kept within their camp, where they could only be reached by the archers. From time to time there were single combats in defiance, as was customary in the East. Among these the greatest loss was on the side of the enemy, for Hosein's men fought with the desperation of men resolved on death.

Amor now made a general assault, but the camp being open, only in front, was successfully defended. Shammar and his followers attempted to pull down the tents, but met with vigorous resistance. He thrust his lance through the tent of Hosein, and called for fire to burn it. The women ran out shrieking. "The fire of Jehenum be thy portion!" cried Hosein; "wouldst thou destroy my family?"

Even the savage Shammar stayed his hand at the sight of defenceless women, and he and his band drew off with the loss of several of their number. Both parties desisted from the fight at the hour of noonday prayer; and Hosein put up the prayer of Fear, which is only used in time of extremity.

When the prayers were over the enemy renewed the assault, but chiefly with arrows from a distance. The faithful followers of Hosein were picked off, one by one, until he was left almost alone, yet no one ventured to close upon him. An arrow from a distance pierced his little son Abdallah, whom he had upon his knee. Hosein caught his blood in the hollow of his hand and threw it toward heaven. "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "if thou wilt help us, at least take vengeance on the wicked for this innocent blood."

A beautiful child, with jewels in his ears, was likewise wounded in his arms. "Allah will receive thee, my child," said Hosein; "thou wilt soon be with thy forefathers in paradise."

At this moment Zeinab rushed forth impetuous, the vengeance of Heaven upon the murderers of her family. Her voice was literally rent by the oaths and curses of Shammar, who closed with his men upon Hosein. The latter fought desperately, and laid many dead around him, but his strength was failing him; it became a massacre rather than a fight; he sank to the earth, and was stripped of life was extinct. Thirty wounds were counted in his body, and four-and-thirty bruises. His head was then cut off to be sent to Obeidallah, and Shammar, with his troops, rode forward and backward over the body, as he had been ordered, until it was trampled into the earth.

Seventy-two followers of Hosein were slain in this massacre, seventeen of whom were descendants from Fatima. Eighty-eight of the enemy were killed, and a great number of the arms and furniture of Hosein and his family were taken as lawful spoils, although against the command of Shammar.

Shamar dispatched one of his troopers to bear the head of Hosein to the emir Obeidallah. He rode with all speed, but arrived at Cufa after the gates of the castle were closed. Taking the gory trophy to his own house until morning he showed it with triumph to his wife; but she shrank from him with horror, as one guilty of the greatest outrage to the family of the prophet, and from that time forward renounced all intercourse with him.

When the head was presented to Obeidallah, he smote it on the mouth with his staff. A venerable Arab present was shocked at his impiety.

"By Allah!" exclaimed he, "I have seen these lips pressed by the sacred lips of the prophet!"

As Obeidallah went forth from the citadel, he beheld several women, meanly attired and seated disconsolately on the ground at the threshold. He had to demand three times who they were, before he was told that it was Hosein, and his maidens. "Allah be praised," cried he with ungenerous exultation, "who has brought this proud woman to shame, and wrought death upon her family." "Allah be praised," retorted Zeinab, "who has glorified our family by his holy apostle Mahomet. As to my kindred, death was decreed to them, and they have gone to their resting-place; but God will bring you and them together, and will judge between you.

The wrath of the emir was inflamed by this reply, and his friends, fearful he might be provoked to an act of violence, reminded him that she was a woman and unworthy of his anger.

"Enough," cried he; "let her revile; Allah has given my soul full satisfaction in the death of her brother; and the ruin of her rebellious race."

"True!" replied Zeinab, "you have indeed destroyed our men, and cut us up root and branch. If that be any satisfaction to your soul, you have it."

The emir looked at her with surprise. "Thou art indeed," said he, "a worthy descendant of Ali, who was a poet and a man of courage."
"Courage," replied Zainab, "is not a woman's attribute; but what my heart dictates my tongue shall utter.

The emir cast his eyes on Ali, the son of Hosein, a pious and unapproaching manhood, and desired him to be beheaded. The proud heart of Zainab now gave way. Bursting into tears she flung her arms round her nephew. "Hast thou not drunk deep enough of the blood of our family?" she cried to Obeidallah; "and dost thou thrust thy blood for this blood of youth? Take mine too with it, and let me die with him."

The emir gazed on her again, and with greater astonishment; he mused for awhile, debating with himself, for he was disposed to slay the lad; but was moved by the tenderness of Zainab. At length his better feelings prevailed, and the life of Ali was spared.

The head of Hosein was transmitted to the Caliph Yazid, at Damascus, in charge of the savage-hearted Shammar; and with it were sent Zainab and her women, and the young Ali. The latter had a chain round his neck, but the youth carried himself proudly, and would never vouchsafe a word to his conductors.

When Shammar presented the head with the greetings of Obeidallah, the Caliph shed tears, for he recalled the dying counsels of his father with respect to the son of Ali. "Oh Hosein!" he ejaculated, "hadst thou fallen into my hands thou wouldst not have been slain." Then giving vent to his indignation against the absent Obeidallah, "The curse of God," exclaimed he, "be upon the son of Somayah."

He had been urged by one of his courtiers to kill Ali, and extinguish the whole generation of Hosein, but mild counsels prevailed. When the women and children were brought before him, in presence of the Syrian nobility, he was shocked at their mean attire, and again uttered a malediction on Obeidallah. In conversing with Zainab, he spoke with disparagement of her father Ali and her brother Hosein, but the proud heart of this intrepid woman again rose to her lips, and she replied with a noble scorn and just invective that shamed him to silence.

Yezid now had Zainab and the other females of the family with him; on the point of his respect; baths were provided for them, and apparel suited to their rank; they were entertained in his palace, and the widowed wives of his father Mu'awiyah came and kept company, and joined with them in mourning for Hosein. Yazid acted also with great kindness toward Ali and Amru, the sons of Hosein, taking them with him in his walks. Amru was as yet a mere child. Yazid asked him one day jestingly, "Wilt thou fight with my son Khaled?" The archer's eye flashed fire. "Give him a knife," cried he, "and give me one."

"Beware of this child," said a crafty old courtier who stood by, and who was an enemy to the house of Ali. "Beware of this child; depend upon it, one serpent is the parent of another."

After a time when the family of Hosein wished to depart for Medina, Yazid furnished them abundantly with everything for the journey, and a safe convoy under a careful officer, who treated them with all due deference. When their journey was concluded, Zainab, with Fatima, the young daughter of Hosein, would not present their conductor with some of their jewels, but the worthy Syrian declined their offer. "Had I acted for reward," said he, "less than these jewels would have sufficed; but what I have done was for the love of God, and for the sake of your relationship to the prophet."

The Persians hold the memory of Hosein in great veneration, enshrining him as the Martyr, and Seyyed or Lord; and he and his lineal descendants for nine generations are enrolled among the twelve Imams or Pontiffs of the Persian creed. The anniversary of his martyrdom is called Rus Hosein (the day of Hosein), and is kept with great solemnity. A splendid monument was erected in after years on the spot where he fell, and was called in Arabic Meshed Hosein, The Sepulture of Hosein. The Shiite and converts of all the act and respect it as having signalized his martyrdom. The sun withdrew his light, the stars twinkled at noonday and clashed against each other, and the clouds rained showers of blood. A supernatural light beamed from the house of the Martyr, and a flock of white birds hovered around it. These miracles, however, are all stoutly denied by the sect of Moslems called Sonnites, who hold Hosein and his race in abomination.

CHAPTER XLVII.

INSURRECTION OF ABDULLAH IBN ZOBEIR—MEDINA TAKEN AND SACKED—MECCA DESIGEED—DEATH OF YEZID.

The death of Hosein had removed one formidable rival of Yazid, but gave strength to the claims of another, who was scarcely less popular. This was Abbâl-bâb, the son of Zobeir; honored for his devotion to the faith, beloved for the amenity of his manners, and of such admirable policy that he soon managed to be proclaimed Caliph by the partisans of the house of Haschem, and a large portion of the people of Medina and Mecca. The martyrdom, as he termed it, of Hosein furnished him a theme for public hang-angements, with which he endeavored to sway the popular feelings. He called to mind the virtues of the grandson of the prophet, his pious watchings, fastings, and prayers; the piety of the people of Cuta, to which he had fallen a victim; the lofty heroism of his latter moments, and the savage atrocities which had accompanied his murder. The public mind was heated by these speeches; the enthusiasm awakened for the memory of Hosein was extended to his political eulogists. An Egyptian sot,sayer, famous for skill in divination, and who had studied the prophet Daniel, declared that Abbâl-bâb would live and die a king; and this operated powerfully in his favor among the superstitious Arabs, so that his party rapidly increased in numbers.

The Caliph Yazid, although almost all the provinces of the empire were still in allegiance to him, was alarmed at the movements of this new rival. He affected, however, to regard him with contempt, and sent a silver collar to Merwan ibn Hassem, the governor of Medina, directing him to put round the neck of the "mock Caliph," should he persist in his folly, and send him in chains to Damascus. Merwan, however, who was of a wily character himself, and aware of the craft and courage of Abbâl-bâb, and his growing
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The popularity in Medina, evaded the execution of the order.

But had no better success in his endeavors to crush the rising power of Abdallah at Mecca. In vain he repeatedly changed his governors of that city; each in his turn was outwitted by the superior sagacity of Abdallah, or overwhelmed by the turbulent discontent of the people.

Horrible to be detailed. Those between Yezid and these desolated cities, and dispatches were sent from the latter to Damascus; but these only rendered the schism in the Caliphate more threatening. The deputies brought back accounts of the bloody life of Arabia, which shocked the pious and abstemious Arabs of the sacred cities. They represented them as destitute of religion and morality; neglectful of the hours of worship; a gross sensualist addicted to wine and banqueting; an eliminate voluptuary, passing his time amid singing and dancing women, listening to music and loose minstrelsy, and surrounded by dogs and eunuchs.

The contempt and loathing caused by their representations were fomented by the partisans of Abdallah Ibn Zobair and extended to the whole house of Ommaiah, of which Yezid was a member. Open rebellion at length broke out in a manner characteristic of the Arabs. During an assemblage in the mosque of Medina, one of the conspirators threw his turban on the ground, exclaiming, "I cast off Yezid as I cast off this turban." Another seconded him with the exclamation, "I cast off Yezid as I cast off this shoe." Heaps of shoes and turbans soon showed that the feeling was unanimous.

The next move was to banish the house of Ommaiah and all its dependents; but these, to the number of a thousand, took refuge in the palace of Merwan Ibn Hakem, the governor, who was of that race. Here they were closely besieged and sent off to Yezid, imploring instant succor.

It was with difficulty Yezid could prevail upon any of his generals to engage in so unpopular a cause. Meslem Ibn Okhaih, a stout-hearted but infirm old general, at length undertook it, but observed, with contempt, that a thousand men who were skilled in arms to be equal to ten, without fighting, scarce deserved assistance.

When the troops were about to depart, Yezid rode about among them, hissemeter, and addressed them, assuring them that the victory was their due, and that he was willing to be the instrument of their success; but they pressed him to lead the way, saying, "We are ready to follow you, under your leadership, to the verge of the earth, but we will not go unless you lead us." Yezid then mounted the saddle of a dapple-grey horse and rode in the vanguard, followed by his followers, who cheerfully offered to follow him to the utmost extremity, and that he was in the city, but had taken no part in the rebellion.

Meslem departed at the head of twelve thousand horse and five thousand foot. When he arrived before Medina he found a huge trench dug round the city, and great preparations made for defence. On three successive days he summoned it to surrender, and on each day received a refusal. On the fourth day he attacked it by storm, and forced his assault on the entrenchments, that the besieged might be blindered by the rising sun. The city held out until most of its prime leaders were slain; it would then have capitulated, but the stern old general compelled an unconditional surrender.

Meslem entered the city sword in hand, and sent instantly for Ali, the youthful son of Hosein, whom he placed on his own camel, and furnished with a trusty guard. His next care was to release the thousand men of the house of Ommiah from confinement, lest they should be involved in the sackimg of the city; this done, he abandoned the place for three days to his soldiers, and a scene of slaughter, violence, and rapine ensued, too frightful to describe.

The Yezidites who survived the massacre were compelled to submit as slaves and vassals of Yezid. The rigid severity of old Meslem, which far surpassed his predecessors, gained him the appellation of Musreph, or The Exterminator. His memory has ever been held in odium by the Moslems, for the outrages which he perpetrated in this sacred city. This capture of Medina took place at night, in the sixty-third year of the Hegira, and the year 628 of the Christian era.

The old general now marched on to wreak the same fate upon Mecca; but his fires were burnt out; he died on the march of fatigue, infirmity, and old age, and the command devolved on a Syrian general named Hosein Ibn Thamir. The latter led his forces up to the walls of Mecca, and was seen by Abdallah Ibn Zobair commanded in person. For the space of forty days he besieged the city, battering the walls with engines brought from Syria. In the course of the siege a part of the Caaba was broken down and the rest burnt. Some ascetics threw the fire to the engines of the besiegers, which affronted that Abdallah, hearing a shouting in the night, caused a flaming brand to be elevated on a lance to discover the cause, and that the fire communicated to the veil which covered the ediice.

Mecca was reduced to extremity, and the inhabitants began to dread the fate of Medina, when a swift messenger brought to Abdallah Ibn Zobair the joyful tidings of the death of Yezid. He immediately mounted the walls and demanded of the besiegers why they continued to fight, seeing that their master Yezid was no more. They regarded his words as a mere subterfuge, and continued the attack with increased vigor. The intelligence, however, was speedily confirmed.

Hosein, mithilah had been with Abdallah; he expressed an ardent desire to put an end to all further effusion of kindred blood, and proffered the allegiance of himself and his army, in which were some of the leading men of Syria. Abdallah, for once, was too cautious for his own good. He shrank from trusting himself with Hosein and his army; he permitted them, however, at their earnest request, to walk in religious procession round the ruins of the Caaba, of course without arms; after which Hosein and his host departed on the march homeward; and the late beleaguered family of Ommaiah accompanied them to Syria.

The death of the Caliph Yezid took place at Hawwarin, in Syria, in the sixty-fourth year of the Hegira, A.D. 636, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, after a reign of three years and six months. He was cut down in the flower of his days, say the Moslem writers, in consequence of his impiety in ordering the sackling of Medina, the burial-place of the prophet; for the latter had predicted, "Whoever injures Medina, shall not live even as salt melteth in water." The Persian writers also, sectarians of Ali, hold the memory of Yezid in abhorrence, charging him with the deaths of Hassan and Hosein, and accompanying his name with the imprecation, "May he be accursed of God!"
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CHAPTER XLVIII.

INAUGURATION OF MOAWYAH II., EIGHTH CALIPH—HIS ABDICATION AND DEATH—MERWAN IBN HAKEM AND ABDALLAH IBN ZOBIR, RIVAL CALIPHS—CIVIL WARS IN SYRIA.

On the death of Yazid, his son, Moawyah II., was proclaimed at Damascus, being the third Caliph of the house of Ommaniah. He was in the twenty-first year of his age, feeble in mind and body, and swayed in his opinions and actions by his favorite teacher, Omar Almekus, of the sect of the Kalairi, who maintain the tree-will of men, and that a contrary opinion would make God the author of sin.

Moawyah assumed the supreme authority with extreme reluctance, and felt his incompetency to its duties; for the state of health obliged him to shun daylight, and keep in darkened rooms; whence the Arabs, in their paperment, by names, gave him the derisive appellation of Abul-leih, "Father of the Night."

He abdicated at the end of six months, alleging his incompetency. The Ommaniades were indignant at his conduct; they attributed it, and probably with reason, to the counsels of the sage Omar Almekus, on whom they are said to have wreaked their rage by burying him alive.

Moawyah refused to nominate a successor. His grandfather Moawyah, he said, had wrested the empire from the hands of a better man; his father Yazid had not merited so great a trust, and he himself, being unworthy and unfit to wield it, was equally unworthy to appoint a successor; he left the election, therefore, to the chiefs of the people. In all which he probably spake according to the counsel of the sage Omar Almekus.

As soon as he had thrown off the cares of government he shut himself up in the twilight gloom of his chamber, whence he never stirred until his death, which happened soon after; caused, so say, by the plague, others by poison. His own doctors, however, accounted sufficiently for his dissolution.

The election of a Caliph again distracted the Moslem empire. The leading men at Damascus determined upon Merwan Ibn Hakem, son of the father of Ommaniah, since the Caliphate of Othman, who so skilfully managed the correspondence of that unfortunate Caliph. He was now well stricken in years; tall and meagre, with a pale face and yellow beard, doubtless tinged according to oriental usage. Those who elected him took care to stipulate that he should not nominate any of his posterity as his successor; but should be succeeded by Khaled, the son of Yazid, as yet a minor. Merwan, in his eagerness for power, pledged himself without hesitation; how faithfully he redeemed his pledge will be seen hereafter.

While this election was held at Damascus, Abdallah Ibn Zobeir was acknowledged as Caliph in Mecca, Medina, and throughout Arabia, as also in Khorassan, in Babylonia, and in Egypt.

Another candidate for the supreme power unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Uthman, the emir of Bassora, the same who had caused the massacre of Hosein. He harangued an assembly of the people of Bassora on the state of the contending factions in Syria and Arabia; the importance of their own portion of the empire, so capable of sustaining the Caliphate; and the policy of appointing some able person as a protector to watch over the public weal until these dissensions should cease, and a Caliph be unanimously appointed. The assembly was convinced by his reasoning, and urged him to accept the appointment. He declined it repeatedly, as being graceless, but was at length prevailed upon; and the leaders gave him their hands, promising allegiance to him as a provisional chief, until a Caliph should be regularly elected. His authority, however, was but of short duration. The people of Cufa, who had experienced his tyranny, as governor, rejected with scorn his election as protector; their example reacted upon the fickle Bassorians, who suddenly revoked their late allegiance, rose in tumultuous opposition to the man they had so recently honored, and Obeidallah was fain to disguise himself in female attire, and take refuge in the house of a publican. During his sway, however, he had secured an immense amount of gold from the public treasury, this he now shared among his partisans, and distributed the spoils of war. He was a man of great spirit, and conducted with great ease and skill, a government which was the most successful he had ever administered. The empire was brought to its highest pitch of prosperity, and the empire was established in a state of tranquillity, and was favored by his just and benevolent conduct.

About this time Hosein, the grandfather of Cufa, whom they had seized with a rapture of which they knew no remedy, was made Caliph; and those who had in a moment of enthusiasm murdered him, were now for the martyrdom of his son. They determined to shed, as one of the gods of the country now being proscribed, the blood of the prophet's issue. The Siasi, all whom they had chosen, were involved in this blood. The news was carried to the caliph at Damascus, who wase, however, with the advice of his friends. He determined to depart to the palace of the great, and there to suffer death. A great and sanguinary battle took place; Caliph and his men were defeated, and the government of the caliphate was a prey to his adherents. His son declared for Merwan. He called off his soldiers from the pursuit, and stood them at the head of his adherents. The army of Merwan was defeated, and the caliph was taken prisoner. He was conducted to the palace of the caliph, where he was received with the utmost of respect and honor, and was permitted to remain there until his death. He died in the arms of the caliph, and was buried with all the honors due to a sovereign.
be his successor; it was now urged that he should marry the widow of Yezid, the mother of the youth, and thus make himself his legitimate guardian.

The aged Merwan would fain have evaded this condition, but it was forced upon him as a measure of policy, and he complied; no sooner, however, was the marriage solemnized than he left his capital and his bire, and set off with an army for Egypt, to put down the growing ascendency of Abdallah in that region. He sent in advance Amru ibn Saad, who acted as governor, protector; he appointed Sassarians, adherents,

of allegiance, to the man they followed. Abdallah was lain down upon, and take their vengeance. During his absence an immense army gathered. This army grew and distributed; but there were two hundred thousand of the populace, who, for his favor, he had called to his aid, and his half-country. So far it seemed to the gory

a hundred men. It is said that he had called his grandson, and mounted for his prize a drooping jasmine, and journeyed to Damascus at the day before. He had come to be in the possession of all the adherents, to the utmost of his power, in order to express his hatred of the new faith. When he arrived at the very gates of the city, which were closed upon him at Damascus in the possession of Merwan, the Basset ibn Zobeir, who were acknowledged to be undivided. Ibn Kais, another person; a brand of the same race; Dehace, who had been his chief; his adherents. All of them fell off his side, and joined them that were against him. So he exclaimed, "I am a man like myself, and have not the means of being cut down.

He had turned all his forces to Damascus, and had seized the place of his brother. But now he came back, and stipulated, that he and Yezid should
had already served in Africa, was sent with an army to assist Zobeir. He met that general in Barca, where he was again collecting an army. They united their forces, retraced the westward route of victory, defeated the enemy in every action, and replaced the standard of the faith on the walls of Tripoli. Having thus re-established the ancient disgraces, Abd'almâlech left Zobeir in command of that region, and returned covered with glory to sustain his aged father in the Caliph at Damascus.

The latter days of Merwan had now arrived. He had been intriguing and faithless in his youth; he was equally so in his age. In his stipulations on receiving the Caliphate he had promised the succession to Khaled, the son of Yeid; that he had since promised to his nephew Amru, who had fought his battles and confirmed his power; in his latter days he caused his own son Abd'almael, fresh from African exploits, to be proclaimed his successor, and allegiance to be sworn to him. Khaled, his step-son, reproached him with his breach of faith; in the heat of reply, Merwan called him by an opprobrious epithet, which brought in question the chastity of his mother. This unlucky word is said to have caused the sudden death of Merwan. His wife, the mother of Khaled, is charged with having given him poison; others say that she threw a pillow on his face while he slept, and sat on it until he was suffocated.

He died in the 6th year of the Hegira, a.d. 684, after a brief reign of not quite a year.

CHAPTER L.

INAUGURATION OF ABD'ALMALECH, THE ELEVENTH CALIPH—STORY OF AL MOKTAR, THE AVENGER.

On the death of Merwan, his son Abd'almâlech was inaugurated Caliph at Damascus, and acknowledged throughout Syria and Egypt, as well as in the newly-conquered parts of Africa. He was a tall, full-figured youth, who, at forty years of age, his achievements in Africa testify his enterprise, activity, and valor, and he was distinguished for wisdom and learning. From the time of his father's inauguration he had been looking forward to the probability of becoming the heir to the throne of sway had taken place of the military ador of his early youth. When the intelligence of his father's death reached him, he was sitting cross-legged, in oriental fashion, with the Koran open on his knees. He immediately closed the sacred volume, and rising, exclaimed, 'Fare thee well, I am called to other matters.'

The accession to sovereign power is said to have wrought a change in his character. He had always been somewhat superficial; he now became attentive to signs, omens, and dreams, and grew so sordid and covetous that the Arabs, in their propensity to give characteristic and satirical surmises, used to call him Rahlth Hejer, that is to say, Sweat-Stone, equivalent to our vulgar epithet of skinflint.

Abd'almâlech was still acknowledged as Caliph by a great portion of the Moslem dominions, and held his seat of government at Mecca; this gave him great influence over the true believers, who resorted in pilgrimage to the Caaba. Abd'almâlech determined to establish a rival place of pilgrimage within his own dominions. For this purpose he chose the temple of Jerusalem, sacred in the eyes of the Moslems, as connected with the acts and revelations of Moses, of Jesus, and of Mahomet, and as being surrounded by the tombs of the prophets. He caused this sacred edifice to be enlarged so as to include within its walls the steps upon which Caliph Omar prayed on the surrender of that city. It was then thrown into a mosque, and the venerable and sanctified stone called Jacob's pillow, on which the patriarch is said to have had his dream, was presented for the kinsmen of pilgrims, in like manner as the black stone of the Kaaba.

There was at this time a general of bold if not ferocious character, who played a sort of independent part in the troubles and commotions of the Moslem empire. He was of the line of Obeidah, and was sometimes called Al Taik, from his native city Thayar, but won for himself the more universal appellation of Al Moktar, or the Avenger. The first notice we find of him is in the short reign of Hassan, the son of Ali, being zealously devoted to the family of that Caliph. We are told that he brought to the throne of Arabia, assisting Moslem, the emissary of Hosein, and secretly fomenting the conspiracy in favor of the latter. When the emir Obeidallah came to Cufa, he was told of the secret practices of Al Moktar, and questioned him on the subject. Receiving a declinative reply, he made him over the face with his staff and struck out one of his eyes. He then cast him into prison, where he lay until the masque of Hosein. Intercessions were made in his favor with the Caliph Yeid, who ordered his release. The emir executed the order, but gave Al Moktar notice that if, after the expiration of three days, he were found within his jurisdiction, his life should be forfeit.

Al Moktar departed, uttering threats and maledictions. One of his friends who met him, inquired concerning the loss of his eye. 'It was the act of that son of a wanton, Obeidallah,' said he, bitterly; 'but may Allah confound me if I do not one day cut him in pieces.' Blood revenge for the death of Hosein became now his ruling thought. On the return of Caliph Cufa, he came over the face with his staff and struck out one of his eyes. He then cast him into prison, where he lay until the masque of Hosein. Intercessions were made in his favor with the Caliph Yeid, who ordered his release. The emir executed the order, but gave Al Moktar notice that if, after the expiration of three days, he were found within his jurisdiction, his life should be forfeit.

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On arriving at Mecca, Al Moktar presented himself before Abdallah Ibn Zobeir, who had recently been inaugurated; but he would not take the oath of allegiance until the Caliph had declared his disposition to revenge the murder of Hosein. 'Never,' said he, will the affairs of Abdallah prosper, until I am at the head of his army taking revenge for that murder.'

Al Moktar fought valiantly in defence of the sacred city while besieged; but when the siege was raised in consequence of the death of Yeid, and Abdallah became generally acknowledged, he found the Caliph was growing cold toward him, or toward the constant purpose of his thoughts; he left him therefore, and seized Al Cufa, visiting all the mosques on the way, haranguing the people on the subject of the death of Hosein, and declaring himself his avenger.

On arriving at Mecca he found his self-appointed office of avenger likely to be forestalled by the veteran Solyman, who was about to depart on his mad enterprise with his crazy Penitents. Calling together the sectaries of Ali, he produced credentials from Mahomet, the brother of Hosein, which gained for them his confidence, and then repre-
sent to them the rashness and futility of the proposed expedition; and to his opposition may be ascribed the diminished number of volunteers that assembled at the call of Solomon.

While thus occupied he was arrested on a charge of plotting an insurrection with a view to seize upon the province, and was thrown into the same prison in which he had been confined by Obeid'ullah. During his confinement he kept up a correspondence with the sectaries of Ali by letters conveyed in the lining of a cap. On the death of the Caliph Merwan he was released from prison, and found himself head of the Alians, or powerful sect of Ali, who were of their adhesion to him as Caliph, on condition that he would conform according to the Koran, and the Sunna or traditions, and would destroy the murderers of Hosein and his family.

Al Moktar entered heartily upon the latter part of his duties, and soon established his claim to the title of Avenger. The first on whom he wreaked his vengeance was the wretch Shamus, who had distinguished himself in the massacre of Hosein. Him he overcame and slew. The next was Cauhal, who cut off the head of Hosein, and conveyed it to the emir Obeid'ullah. Him he bequeathed in his dwelling, and killed, and gave his head to Hossein, the brother of Hosein, and his lieutenant of the army that surrounded Hosein; with him he slew his son, and sent both of their heads to Mahomet, the brother of Hosein. He then seized Ali ibn Hathem, who had hidden the body of Hosein while the limbs were yet unquiet with life. Him he handed over to some of the sect of Ali, who stripped him, set him up as a target, and discharged arrows at him until they stood out from his body like the quills of a porcupine. In this way Al Moktar went on, searching out the murderers of Hosein wherever they were to be found, and inflicting on them a diversity of deaths.

Sustained by the Alians, or sect of Ali, he now maintained a military sway in Cufa, and held, in fact, a sovereign authority over Babylonia; for it was a great and precious army, an army out of Syria, sent by 'Abd'alamelech, was threatening him on one side; and Musab, brother of the Caliph 'Abdallah, was in great force at Bassora menacing him on the other. He now had a sufficient force to conquer his power and accomplish his great scheme of vengeance. He made overtures to 'Abdallah, offering to join him with his forces. The wary Caliph suspected his sincerity, and required, as proofs of it, the oath of allegiance from himself and his people; and a detachment to proceed against the army of 'Abd-alamelech.

Al Moktar promptly sent off an officer, named Serjabil, with three thousand men, with orders to proceed to Medina. 'Abdallah, still wary and suspicious, dispatched a shrewd general, Abbas ibn Shams, to entreat for the release of Serjabil and sound his intentions, and if he were convinced there was lurking treachery, to act accordingly. Abbas and Serjabil encountered at the head of their troops on the highway to Medina. They had an amicable conference, in which Abbas thought he discovered sufficient proof of perfidy. He took measures accordingly. Finding the little army of Serjabil almost vanquished tor lack of provisions, he killed a great number of fat sheep and distributed them among the hungry troops. A scene of hurry and glad confusion immediately took place. Some scattered themselves about the neighborhood in search of fuel; some were cooking, some feasting. In this unguarded moment Abbas set upon them with his troops, slew Serjabil and nearly four hundred of his men; but gave quarter to the rest, most of whom enlisted under his standard.

At Moktar believing that his good faith was doubted by 'Abdallah, wrote privately to Mahomet, brother of Hosein, who was permitted by the Caliph to reside in Mecca, where he led a quiet, inoffensive life, offering to bring a powerful army to his assistance if he would take up arms. Mahomet sent a verbal reply, assuring Al Moktar of his belief in the sincerity of his offers; but declining all appeal to arms, saying he was resolved to bear his part with patience, and leave the event to God. As the messenger was departing, he gave him a parting word: "Bid Al Moktar fear God and abstain from shedding blood."

The pious resignation and passive life of Mahomet was of no avail. The suspicious eye of 'Abdallah was fixed upon him. The Cufians of the sect of Ali, and devotees to the memory of Hosein, who yielded allegiance to neither of the rival Caliphs, were still permitted to make their pilgrimages to the Caaba, and when Mecca did not fail to do honor to Mahomet ibn Ali and his family. The secret messages of Al Moktar to Mahomet were likewise intercepted, and 'Abdallah, suspecting a conspiracy, caused Mahomet and his family, and seventeen of the principal pilgrims from Cufa, to be arrested, and confined in the edifice by the sacred well Zem Zem, threatening them with death unless by a certain time they gave the pledge of allegiance.

From their prison they contrived to send a letter to Al Moktar, apprising him of their perilous condition. He assembled the Alians, or sect of Ali, at Cufa, and read the letter: "This comes," said he, "from Mahomet, the son of Ali and brother of Hosein. He and his family, the purest of the family of the Prophet, are shut up like sheep destined for the slaughter. Will you desert them in their extremity, and leave them to be massacred, as you did the martyr Hosein and his family?"

The appeal was effectual: the Alians cried out to be led to Mecca. Al Moktar marshalled out seven hundred and fifty men, bold riders, hard fighters, well armed and fleetly mounted, arranged them in small troops and larger columns, as he thought best; with considerable intervals between them, he led the leader of the first troop, composed of a hundred and fifty men, was Abu 'Abdallah Aljodali. He set off first; the others followed at sufficient distance to be out of sight, but all spurred forward, for no time was to be lost.

Abu 'Abdallah was the first to enter Mecca. His small troop awakened no alarm. He made his way to the well of Zem Zem, crying, "Vengeance for Hosein!" drove off the guard and broke open the prison house, where he liberated Mahomet ibn Ali and his family.

The tumult brought the Caliph and his guard. Abu 'Abdallah would have given them battle, but Mahomet interfered, and represented that it was impious to fight within the precincts of the Caaba. The Caliph, seeing the small force that was with 'Abdallah, would on his part have proceeded to violence, when lo, the second troop of hard riders spurred up; then the third, and presently all the rest, shouting "Allah Achbar," and "Vengeance for Hosein!"
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Ibn Ali and his family, and dreaded an insurrection. Abu Abdallah in the moment of triumph would have put him to death, but his hand was stayed by the pious and humane Mahomet. The matter was peaceably adjusted. The Caliph was left un molested; Mahomet distributed among his friends and family a great sum of money which had been sent to him by Al Moktar, and then with his family departed in safety from Mecca.

Al Moktar had now to look to his safety at home; his old enemy Obeid'allah, former emir of Cufa, was pressing forward at the head of an army of the Caliph Abd'almalec, to recover that city, holding out to his troops a promise of three days' sack and pillage. Al Moktar called on the inhabitants to take arms against their former tyrant and the murderer of Hosein. A body of troops saluted forth headed by Ibrahim, the son of Alashar. To give a mysterious sanctity to the expedition, Al Moktar caused a kind of throne covered with a veil to be placed on a mule, and led the way to it; to be to them what ark was to the children of Israel, a sacred safeguard. On going into battle, the following prayer was to be offered up at it: "Oh God! keep us in obedience to thee, and help us in our need." To which the army were to respond, "Amen!"

The army of Ibrahim encountered the host of Obeidollah on the plains, at some distance from Cufa. They rushed forward with a holy enthusiasm inspired by the presence of their ark: "Vengeance for Hosein" was their cry, and it smote upon the heart of Obeidallah. The battle was fierce and bloody; the Syrian force, though greatly superior, was completely routed; Obeidallah was killed, fighting with desperate valor, and more of his soldiers were drowned in the flight than were slaughtered in the field. This signal victory was attributed, in a great measure, to the presence of the ark or veiled throne, which theeneversion was regarded almost with idolatry.

Ibrahim caused the body of Obeidallah to be burned to ashes, and sent his head to Al Moktar. The gloomy heart of the avenger throbbed with exultation as he beheld this relic of the man who had oppressed, insulted, and mutilated him; he recollected the blow over the face which had deprived him of an eye, and smote the hag of Obeidallah, even as he had been smitten.

Thus, says the royal and pious historian Abul'teda, did Allah make use of the deadly hate of Al Moktar to punish Obeidallah, the son of Ziyad, for the martyrdom of Hosein.

The triumph of Al Moktar was not of long duration. He ruled over a fickle people, and he ruled them with a rod of iron. He persecuted all who were not, or whom he chose to consider as not, of the Hosein party, and he is recorded for fomenting an insurrection of the slaves against the chief men of the city of Cufa. A combination was at length formed against him, and an invitation was sent to Musab Ibn Zobeir, who had been appointed emir of Bassora, by his brother, the Caliph Abdallah.

The invitation was borne by one Shechet, an enthusiastic who made his entrance into Bassora on a mule with cropt ears and tail, his clothes rent, exclaiming with a loud voice, "Ya, gautha! Ya gautha! Help! help!" He delivered his message in a style suited to his garb, but accompanied it by letters from the chief men of Cufa, which stated their grievances in a more rational manner. Musab wrote instantly to Al Mohalleb, the emir of Persia, one of the ablest generals of the time, to come to his aid with men and money: and on his arrival, joined forces with him to attack the Avenger in his seat of power.

Al Moktar did not wait to be besiegued. He took the field with his accustomed daring, and gave battle beneath the walls of his capital. It was a bloody fight; the presence of the mysterious throne had its effect upon the superstitious minds of the Cufians, but Al Moktar had become hateful from his tyranny, and many of the first people were dissatisfied with him. His army was routed; he retreated, into the royal citadel of Cufa, and defended it bravely and skillfully, until he received a mortal wound. Their chief being killed, the garrison surrendered at discretion, and Musab put every man to the sword, to the number of seven thousand.

Thus fell Al Moktar Ibn Abbe'dallah, in his sixty-seventh year, after having defeated the ablest generals of three Caliphs, and by the sole power of his sword made himself the independent ruler of all Babylonia. He is said never to have parted with a piece of armor; he persevered with inveterate hate all who were hostile to the family of Ali, and in vengeance of the massacre of Hosein to have shed the blood of nearly thousand men, exclusive of those who were slain in battle. Well did he merit the title of the Avenger.

CHAPTER LI.

MUSAB IBN ZOBEIR TAKES POSSESSION OF BABYLONIA — USURPATION OF AMRU IBN SAAD; HIS DEATH — EXPEDITION OF ABD'ALMALEC AGAINST MUSAB — THE RESULT - ONENS; THEIR EFFECT UPON ABD'ALMALEC—EXPLOITS OF AL MOHALLEB.

The death of Al Moktar threw the province of Babylonia, with its strong capital, Cufa, into the hands of Musab Ibn Zobeir, brother to the Caliph Abdallah. Musab was well calculated to win the favor of the people. He was in the flower of his days, being but thirty-six years of age, comely in person, engaging in manners, generous in spirit, and of consummate bravery, though not much versed in warfare. He had been an intimate friend of Abd'almalec before he was made Caliph, but he was brother to the rival Caliph, and connected by marriage with families in deadly opposition to the house of Ommiah. Abd'almalec, therefore, regarded him as a formidable foe, and, warned by the disasters of his army under Obeidallah, resolved now to set the head of a second expedition in person, designed for the invasion of Babylonia.

In setting forth on this enterprise he confided the government of Damascus to his cousin, Amru Ibn Saad; and he did this in consideration of the military skill of Amru, though secretly there was a long nourished hate between them. The origin of this hatred shows the simplicity of Saracen manners in those days. When boys, Abd'almalec and Amru were often under the care of an old beldame of their family, who used to prepare: their meals, and produce quarrels between them in the allotment of their portions. These childish disputes became fierce quarrels and broils as they grew up together, and were rivals in their youthful games and exercises. In manhood they ripened into deadly jealousy and envy, as they became conquering generals; but the elevation of Abd'al-

malec to the throne of Amr, having the late Caliph, and the content of Abd'almalec having the capital; and he was so disposed of, and the jealousy of Amru was so
MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

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MÉLÉC to the Caliphat sank deep into the heart of Amru, as a flagrant wrong; the succession having been promised to him by his uncle, the late Caliph Merwân, as a reward for having subdued the province which was his principal residence. Abd'almélc had departed from Damascus. Amru, not content with holding the government of the city, aspired to the sovereignty of Syria, as his rightful dominion.

Abd'almélc heard of the usurpation while on the march, returned rapidly in his steps, and a bloody conflict ensued between the forces of the rival cousins in the streets of Damascus. The women rushed between them; held up their children and implored the combatants to desist from this unnatural warfare. Amru laid down his arms, and articles of reconciliation were signed and drawn by the cousins.

Abd'almélc proved faithless to his engagements. Getting Amru into his power by an artful stratagem, he struck off his head, put to death the principal persons who had supported him in his usurpation, and banished his family. As the exiles were about to depart, he demanded of the widow of Amru the written articles of pacification which he had exchanged with her husband. They found them torn up in the winding-sheet, to be at hand at the final day of judgment.

Abd'almélc now resumed his march for Babylonia. He had sent agents before him to tamper with the fidelity of the principal persons. One of these, Ibrahim Ibn Alashtar, he had offered to make emir if he would serve his cause. Ibrahim, who was of incorruptible integrity, showed the letter to Musab, warned him that similar attempts must have been made to sap the fidelity of other persons of importance, and advised him to use the scimitar freely, wherever he suspected disaffection; but Musab was too just and merciful to act thus upon mere suspicion. The event showed that Ibrahim understood the fickle and perilous nature of the people of Irak.

A battle took place on the margin of the desert, not far from Palmira. It commenced with a galant charge of cavalry, headed by Ibrahim Alashtar, which broke the ranks of the Syrians and made great havoc. Abd'almélc came up with a reserve, and triumphed. The victory was made complete by the arrival of a detachment from the rival Caliph, in which the families of the Caliphs were included. Abd'almélc, overjoyed at his success, prepared to march on the Caliph and his army unless they surrendered. The latter were not out of the danger, however, for the Saracen, whose name was Khaled, received another and even more formidable army under the command of a cousin of the Caliph.

The Caliph appointed Khaled Ibn Abdulaziz to the command of the Saracen forces. Amru, seeing that there was no going back in his attempt to assert his right, concluded a treaty with the Saracens, under which he was to retire to the province of Babylonia, and Amru was to be recognized as its leader. The treaty was signed, and Amru retired to Babylonia, where he reigned for some years with the approval of the Caliph and the people of Babylonia.

During an interval of the battle, Abd'almélc sent Musab an offer of his life. His reply was, "I have come to conquer or to die. The conflict was soon at an end. The troops who adhered to Musab were cut to pieces, his son Isa was slain by his side, and he himself, after being repeatedly wounded with arrows, was stabbed to the heart, and his head struck off.

When Abd'almélc entered Cufa in triumph, the fickle inhabitants thronged to welcome him and take the oath of allegiance, and he found himself in quiet possession of both Babylon and Persian Irak. He distributed great sums of money to win the light affections of the populace of the provinces, and his name was heard throughout the empire. He was in fact the destined successor of the Caliph, and his position was now acknowledged throughout the empire. The people of Babylonia, however, were not destined to remain long in peace. There was at this time a powerful Moslem sect in Persia, a branch of the Matalazites, called Azarakites from the name of their founder Ibn Al Azarak, but known also by the name of Separatists. They were enemies of
all regular government, and fomenters of sedition and rebellion. During the sway of the unfortunate Musab, they had given him great trouble by insurrections in various parts of the country, accompanied by atrocious cruelties. They had been kept in check, however, by Mohalleb, the lieutenant of Musab and one of the ablest generals of the age, who was incessantly on the alert at the head of the army, and never allowed their insurrections to come to any head.

Mohalleb was on a distant command at the time of the conquest. As soon as he heard of the defeat and death of Musab, and the change in the government of Irak, he hastened to Bassora to acknowledge allegiance to Abd'almâlec. Khaled accepted his services, in the name of the Caliph, but instead of returning him to the post he had so well sustained at the head of the army, appointed him supervisor or collector of tributes, and gave the command of the forces to his own brother, named Abd'alâliz. The change was unfortunate. The Azarakites had already taken breath, and acquired strength during the temporary absence of their old adversary, Mohalleb; but as soon as they heard he was no longer in command, they collected all their forces and made a rapid inroad into Irak.

Abd'alâliz advanced to meet them; but he was new to his own troops, being a native of Mecca, and he knew little of the character of the enemy. He was entirely routed, and his wife, a woman of great beauty, taken captive. A violent dispute arose among the captors as to the ransom of their prize, some valuing her at one hundred thousand dollars, and others as much as a thousand; but that her beauty should cause dissension among them, struck off her head.

The Caliph Abd'almâlec was deeply grieved when he heard of this defeat, and wrote to Khaled, emir of Bassora, reproving him for having taken the command of the army from his old adversary, a man of penetrating judgment, and hardened in war, and given it to Abd'alâliz, "a mere Arab of Mecca." He ordered him, therefore, to replace Mohalleb forthwith, and wrote also to his brother Besher, emir of Babylonia, to send the general reinforcements.

Once more Mohalleb proved his generalship by defeating the Azarakites in a signal and bloody battle near the city of Ashwa; nor did he suffer them to rally, but pursued them over the borders and into their towns, the result of which was that all his troops lost almost all their horses, and returned crowned with victory, but worn and almost famished.

The effect of all these internal wars was to diminish, for a time, the external terror of the Moslem name. The Greek emperor, during the recent troubles, had made successful incursions into Syria; and Abd'almâlec, finding enemies enough among those of his own faith, had been fain to purchase a humiliating truce of the Christian potential by an additional yearly tribute of fifty thousand ducats.

CHAPTER LII.

ABD’ALMALEC MAKES WAR UPON HIS RIVAL CALIPH IN MECCA—SIEGE OF THE SACRED CITY—DEATH OF ABDALLAH—DEMONSTRATION AND RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CAABA.

Abd'almâlec, by his recent victories, had made himself sovereign of all the eastern part of the Moslem dominions; he had protected himself also from the Christian emperor by a disgraceful augmentation of tribute; he now determined to carry a war against his rival, Abdallah, to the very gates of Mecca, and make himself sovereign of an united empire.

The one chosen for this important enterprise was Al Hejagi (or Hadjdagi) Ibn Yusuf, who rose to renown as one of the ablest and most eloquent men of that era. He set off from Damascus with but two thousand men, but was joined by Taric Ibn Ama with five thousand more. Abd'almâlec had made proclamations beforehand, promising protection and favor to such of the adherents of Abdallah as should come unto his allegiance, and he trusted that many of the inhabitants of Mecca would desert to the standard of Al Hejagi.

Abdallah sent forth troops of horse to waylay and check the advance of the army, but they were easily repulsed, and Al Hejagi arrived without much difficulty before the sacred city. Before proceeding to hostilities he discharged arrows over the walls, which were returned with no effect, and were assured that he came merely to relieve them from the tyranny of Abdallah, and were invited to accept the most favorable terms, and abandon a man who would fain die with the title of Caliph, though the rulers of Mecca should be his sepulcher.

The city was now assailed with battering-rams and catapults; breaches were made in the walls; the houses within were shattered by great stones, or set on fire by flaying of pitch and naphtha.

A violent storm of thunder and lightning killed several of the besiegers, and brought them to a pause. "Allah is weaking his anger upon us," said they, "for assailing his holy city." Al Hejagi rebuked their superstitious fears and compelled them to renew the attack, setting them an example by discharging a stone with his own hands.

On the following day there was another storm, which did most injury to the garrison. "You perceive," said Al Hejagi, "the thunder strikes your enemies as well as yourselves."

The besieged held out valiantly, and repulsed every assault. Abdallah, though now aged and infirm, proved himself a worthy son of Zobeir. During the early part of the siege he resided chiefly in the tents, that when his troops lost almost all their horses, and returned crowned with victory, but worn and almost famished.

The effect of these internal wars was to diminish, for a time, the external terror of the Moslem name. The Greek emperor, during the recent troubles, had made successful incursions into Syria; and Abd'almâlec, finding enemies enough among those of his own faith, had been fain to purchase a humiliating truce of the Christian potential by an additional yearly tribute of fifty thousand ducats.
tempted by an offer of his own terms on condition of surrender.

"Judge for yourself, my son," said the resolute descendant of Abu Beker. "If you feel that your cause is just, persevere. Your father Zobeir died for it, as did many of your friends. Do not bend your neck to the scorn of the haughty race of Ottomars. It is better to die as a hero than as a dishonored life for the brief term you have yet to live."

The Caliph kissed her venerable forehead. "Thy thoughts are my own," said he, "nor has any other motive than zeal for God induced me thus far to persevere. From this moment, consider thy son as dead, and refrain from improper lamentation." "My trust is in God," replied she, "and I shall have comfort in thee, my son, whether I go before or follow thee."

As she took a parting embrace, she felt a coat of mail under the outer garments of Abdallah, and told him to put it off, as unsuited to a martyr prepared to die. "I have worn it," replied he, "that I might be the better able to defend thee, my mother. He added that he had little fear of death, since he felt his heart and expiation, to which his body might be subjected after death. "A sheep once killed, my son, feels not the slaying.” With these words she gave him, to rouse his spirits, a cordial draught in which was a grain of red-hot musk, and Abdallah went forth a self-devoted martyr.

This last sally of the veteran Caliph struck terror and astonishment into the enemy. At the head of a handful of troops he repulsed them from the breach, drove them into the ditch, and slew an innumerable with his own hand; others, however, throned up in their place; he fought until his followers were slain, his arrows expended, and he had no weapon but sword and lance. He now retreated, step by step, with his face to the foe, disputing every inch of ground; when he drove a parting place, where he could only be assailed in front. Here he made his last stand. His opponents, not daring to come within reach of his weapons, assailed him from a distance with darts and arrows, and when these were repulsed with ivory and tin stones. A blow on the head from a stone made him totter, and the blood streamed down his face and beard. His assailants gave a shout; but he recovered himself and uttered a verse of a poet, "The blood of our wounds falls on our instep, not on our heels,” implying that he had not turned his back upon the foe. At length he sank under repeated wounds and bruises, and the enemy closing upon him cut off his head. Thus died Abdallah the son of Zobeir, in the seventy-third year of the Hegira, and the seventy-second year of his own age, after a stormy and disastrous reign of nine years.

Tariq Ibn Amar, struck with admiration of his persevering valor, exclaimed, "Never did woman bear a braver son! How is this," cried Al Hejagi; "do you speak thus of an enemy of the Commander of the Faithful?" But Abd’al’mal’i, when the speech was reported to him, concurred in the praise of his fallen rival. "By Allah!" exclaimed he, "what Tariq hath spoken is the truth.”

When the tidings of Abdallah’s death were brought to his aged mother, she experienced a revulsion of nature which she had not known for fifty years, and died of hemorrhage.

Abdallah was said to unite the courage of the lion with the craftiness of the fox. He was free from any glaring vice, but reputed to be sordidly covetous and misirous, inasmuch that he wore the same garment for several years. It is recorded that in Arabia that he was the first example of a man being at the same time brave and covetous; but the spoils of foreign conquest were last corrupting the chivalrous spirit of the Arab conquerors. He was equally renowned for piety, being according to tradition so fixed and devoted to God, as to think that a pigeon once perched upon his head mistaking him for a statue.

With the death of Abdallah ended the rival Caliphs, and the conquering general received the oaths of allegiance of the Arabs for Abd’al’mal’i. His conduct, however, toward the people of Mecca and Medina was as cruel and oppressive as his military operations had been brilliant. He inflicted severe punishments for trivial offences, sometimes on mere suspicion; and marked many with stamps of lead upon the neck, to disgrace them in the public eye. His most popular act was the reconstruction of the dilapidated Caaba on the original form which it had borne before the era of the prophet.

For a time the people of Mecca and Medina groaned under his tyranny, and looked back with repining to the gentler sway of Abdallah; and it was a cause of general joy throughout those cities when the following circumstances caused him to be removed from their government and promoted to a distant command.

Though the death of Abdallah had rendered Abd’al’mal’i, sole sovereign of the Moslem empire, the emir of Khorassan, Abdallah Ibn Hazem, who had been appointed by his rival, hesitated to give in his allegiance. His province, so distant and great in extent, made him a dangerous rebel; Abd’al’mal’i, therefore, sent a messenger, claiming his oath of fealty, and proffering him in reward the government of Khorassan for seven years, with the enjoyment of all its revenues; at the same time he sent him the head of the deceased Caliph, to intimate that he might expect should he prove refractory.

The emir, instead of being intimidated, was filled with horror, and swore never to acknowledge Abd’al’mal’i as Commander of the Faithful. He was preparing to venture on this expedition, when he beheld the bier of the venerated emir in fine linen, prayed over it, and sent it to the family of the deceased Caliph at Medina. Then summoning the messenger, he made him eat the epistle of Abd’al’mal’i in his presence, and dismissed him with the assurance that his sacred character of herald alone saved his head.

It was to go against this refractory but high-minded emir that Al Hejagi was called off from his command in Arabia. He entered Khorassan with a powerful army, defeated the emir in repeated battles, and at length slew him and reduced the province to obedience.

The vigor, activity, and indomitable courage displayed by Al Hejagi in these various services pointed him out as the very man to take charge of the government of Babylonia, or Irak, recently vacated by the death of the Caliph’s brother Becher; and he was accordingly sent to break that refractory province into more thorough obedience.

The province of Babylonia, though formerly a part of the Persian empire, had never been really Persian in character. Governed by viceroys, it had partaken of the alien feeling of a colony forming a frontier between Persia and Arabia, and its population made up from both countries, it was deficient in the virtues of either. The inhabitants had neither the simplicity and loyalty of
the Arabs of the desert, nor the refinement and cultivation of the Persians of the cities. Restless, turbulent, factious, they were ever ready to conspire against their rulers, to desert old faiths, and to adopt new sects and heresies. Before the conquest by the Moslems, when Irak was governed by a Persian sapor, and Syria by an imperial pretender, a spirit of rivalry and hostility existed between these frontier provinces; the same had revived during the division of the Caliphate; and while Syria was zealous in its devotion to the house of Omnia, Irak had espoused the cause of Adi. Even since the regicide and integrity of the Caliph Shadi, it still remained a restless, unsteady part of the Moslem empire; the embers of old seditions still lurked in its bosom, ready at any moment once more to burst forth into flame. We shall see how Al Hejagi fared in his government of that most combustible province.

CHAPTER LII.

ADMINISTRATION OF AL HEJAGI AS EMIR OF BABYLONIA.

Al Hejagi, aware of the nature of the people over whom he was to rule, took possession of his government in military style. Riding into Cufa at the head of four thousand horse, he spurred on to the pulpiti at the portico, and ascending the pulpit delivered an harangue to the multitude, that let them know the rigorous rule they were to expect. He had come, he said, "to make the wicked man bear his own burden, and wear his own shoe." and, as he looked round on the densely-crowded assemblage, he intimated he saw before him turbanned heads ripe for mowing, and beards which required to be moistened with blood.

His sermon was carried out in practice; he ruled with a rigorous hand, swearing he would execute justice in a style that should put to shame all who had preceded, and serve as an example to all who might follow him. He was especially severe, and even cruel, toward all who had been in any way implicated in the assassination of the Caliph Othman. One person, against whom he had prepared to execute the utmost severity, was the veteran Musa Ibn Nossery, who had officiated as prime minister to the deceased emir Bashir. He had been accused of appropriating and squandering the taxes collected in the province, and the Caliph had lent a too ready ear to the accusation. Fortunately, the following letter, from a friend in Damascus, apprised Musa in time of his danger.

"Thy deposition is signed; orders have been dispatched to Al Hejagi to seize thy person and inflict on thee the most severe punishment; so away! thy safety depends on the fleetness of thy horse. If thou succeed in placing thyself under the protection of the Caliph Al alaziz Ibn Merwan, all will go well with thee."

Musa lost no time, but mounted his steed and fled to Damascus, where Abd alaziz was then sojourning, having arrived with the tribute of Egypt. Abd alaziz was much interested in the welfare of his brother, a veteran adherent of the family, and accompanied him before the Caliph. "How darest thou show thy head here?" exclaimed Abd almalic. "Why should I hide it?" replied the veteran; "what have I done to offend the Commander of the Faithful?" "Thou hast disobeyed my orders, and squandered my treasure." "I did no such thing," replied Musa, firmly; "I have always acted like a faithful subject; my intentions have been pure; my actions true." "By Allah," cried the Caliph, "thou shalt make thy defeat a lesson to the next generation. The veteran was about to make an angry reply, but a sign from Abd alaziz he checked himself, and bowing his head, "Thy will be done," said he. "Oh Commander of the Faithful." He was fined fifty thousand dinars of gold; which, however, Abd alaziz espoused to his brother, who, on his return to government in Egypt, took his old favor with him. How further indemnified Musa for his maltreatment will be shown hereafter.

To resume the affairs of Al Hejagi in Irak, having exercised the rod of government in Cufa, he proceeded to Basserah, where he was equally sharp with his tongue and heavy with his hand. The consequence was, as usual, an insurrection. This suited his humor. He was there, and, in the field; defeated the rebels in a pitched battle; sent the heads of eighteen of their leaders to the Caliph, and then returned to the administration of affairs at Basserah. He afterward sent two of his lieutenants to suppress a new movement among the Azafrakite sectaries, who were defeated and driven out of the province.

In the 76th year of the Hegira a conspiracy was formed against the life of Abul alim, by two Karakite fanatics, named Shebik Ibn Zeit and Saleh Ibn Mari. Their conspiracy was discovered and defeated, but they made their escape and repaired to the town of Deras, in Mesopotamia, where they managed to get together adherents to the number of one hundred and twenty men. Saleh was smooth-tongued and seductive, having a melodious voice and a great command of figurative language. He completely fascinated and bewildered his companion Shebik, and his in-fratuated followers, mingling his inflammatory harangues with pithy precepts and expositions of the Koran. In the end he was haled Commander of the Faithful by the motley crew, and gravely accepted the offer. His men were all armed, but most of them were on foot; he therefore led them to a great field of exercise to the number of five thousand, the best horses in the name of Allah and the prophet, to whom they referred the owner for payment.

Mahomet, brother of Abd almalic, who was at that time emir of Mesopotamia, was moved to laughter when he heard of this new Caliph and his handful of rabbid followers, and ordered Adi, one of his officers, to take five hundred men and sweep the province.

Adi shook his head doubtfully. "One mad man," said he, "is more dangerous than five soldiers in their senses." "Take one thousand then," said the emir; "and with that number, well armed and mounted, Adi set out in quest of the fanatics. He found them and their pseudo Caliph living in free quarters on the fat of the land, and daily receiving recruits in straggling parties of two, three, and four at a time, armed with such weapons as they could catch up in their haste. On the approach of Adi they prepared for battle, having moved to a place where a legion of angels would fight on their side. Adi held a parley, and endeavored to convince them of the absurdity of their proceedings, or to persuade them to carry their marauding enterprises elsewhere; but Saleh, assuming the tone of
Caliph as well as sectarian, admonished Adi and his men to conform to his doctrines, and come into his allegiance. The campaign ended while it was yet the morning hour. Adi still bore the to attack such a handful of misguided men, and placed his men in the camp, where he and his men were engaged in the customary prayer, and their steeds were feeding, the enthusiasm of the troops charged upon them with the cry of Allah Akbar! Adi was slain in the first charge. His troops were slaughtered or dispersed, and his camp and horses, with a good supply of arms, became welcome booty to the victors.

The band of sectarians increased in numbers, and in daring after this signal exploit. Al Hejazi sent five thousand veteran troops against them, under Al Hareth Alammani. These came by surprise upon the two leaders, Saleh and Shebib, with a party of only ninety men, at a village on the Tigris not far from Mosul, the capital of Mesopotamia. The fanatic chiefs attacked the army with a fan of frantic courage, but Saleh, the mock Caliph, was instantly killed, with a score of his followers. Shebib was struck from his horse; but he returned to the rear of his party, made good his retreat with them into Montibghi, a desolate fortress, and swung to and secured the ponderous gate.

The victors kindled a great fire against the gates, and watched to pave them to burn down, considering their prey secure.

As the night advanced, Shebib, who from his desolate retreat watched anxiously for some chance of escape, perceived, by the light of the fire, that the greater part of the besiegers, fatigue of their march, were buried in deep sleep. He now exacted from his men an oath of implicit obedience, which they took between his hands. He then caused them to steep most of their clothes in a tank of water within the castle, alter which, softly drawing the bolts of the fluming gates, they threw it down on the fire kindled against it; flung their wet garments on the burning bridge thus suddenly formed, and rushed forth scimitar in hand.

The fighters themselves, in flight, were caused by the fire to set upon the desert and wounded the general before an alarm was given. The soldiers started awake in the midst of havoc and confusion, and with them they flew by a numerous army, fled in all directions, never ceasing their flight until they had taken refuge in Mosul or Jukhi, or some other walled city.

Shebib established himself amid the abundance of the desert camp; scarce any of his men had been killed or wounded in this midnight slaughter; he conceived himself the only invincible; proclaimed himself Commander of the Faithful, and partisans crowned to his standard. Strengthened by numbers, he led his fanatic horde and conquered Cina, and then they found that they could not make him master of it, Al Hejazi, the emir, being absent at Bassora. He was soon joined by his wife Gazala; established himself as Caliph with some ceremonial, and with his wife and two thousand men. The Fanatics were defeated, and Gazala, the wife of the mock Caliph, who had accompanied her husband to the field, was slain. Shebib with a remnant of his force cut his way through the Syrian army, crossed and recrossed the Tigris, and sought refuge and reinforcements in the interior of Persia. He soon returned into Irak, with a large but inconstant force.

Arabian writers say that the manner of Shebib's death was predicted before his birth. His mother was a beautiful Christian captive, purchased at a public sale by Yezd Ibn Naln for his harem. Just before she gave birth, she had a dream that a coal of fire proceeded from her, and, after enkindling a flame over the firmament, fell into the sea and was extinguished. This dream was interpreted that she would give birth to a man-child, who would prove a distinguished warrior, but would eventually be drowned. She was herself in this omen, when she heard, on one occasion of his defeat and of his alleged death on the battlefield, she treated the tidings as an idle rumor, saying it was by water only her son would die. At the time of Shebib's death he had just passed his fiftieth year.

The emir Al Hejazi was destined to have far other fortunes in his turbulent and incompetent state. A violent feud existed between himself and Abda'Ibrahim his son, Shebib, who was subject to his orders. To put an end to it, or to relieve himself from the presence of an enemy, he sent him on an expedition to the frontiers against the Turks. Abda'Ibrahim set out on his march, but when fairly in the field, with a force at his command, conceived a project, either of revenge or ambition.

Addressing his soldiers in a spirited harangue, he told them that their numbers were totally inadequate to the enterprise; that the object of Al Hejazi in sending him on such a dangerous service with such incompetent means was to effect his defeat and ruin, and that they had been sent to be sacrificed with him.

The harangue produced the desired effect. The troops vowed devotion to Abda'Ibrahim and vengeance upon the emir. Without giving their passion to cool, he led them back to put their threats in execution. Al Hejazi heard of the treachery, and took the field to meet them, but was not prepared to have them in Babylon, for he was defeated in a pitched battle. Abda'Ibrahim then marched to the city of Bassora; the inhabitants welcomed him as their deliverer from a tyrant, and, captivated by his looks and engaging manners, hailed him as Caliph. Intoxicated by his success, he gravely assumed the title, and proceeded toward Cufa.
Encountering Al Hejagi on the way, with a hastily levied army, he gave him another signal defeat, and then entered Cula in triumph, amid the shouts of its giddy populace, who were delighted with an adventure that released them from the yoke of Al Hejagi.

Abda’irhaman was now acknowledged Caliph throughout the territories bordering on the Euphrates and the Tigris, a mighty empire in ancient days, and still important from its population and commerce, enough to support an army of one hundred thousand men.

Repeated defeat had but served to rouse the energy of Al Hejagi. He raised troops among such of the people of Irak as remained faithful to Abd’malde, received reinforcements from the Caliph, and by dint of indefatigable exertions was again enabled to take the field.

The two generals, animated by deadly hate, encamped their armies at places not far apart. Here they remained between three and four months, keeping vigilant eye upon each other, and engaged in incessant conflicts, though never venturing upon a pitched battle.

The object of Al Hejagi was to gain an advantage by military skill, and he succeeded. By an artful manoeuvre he cut off Abda’irhaman, with a body of five thousand men, from his main army, compelled him to retreat, and drove him to take refuge in a fortified town, where, being closely besieged, and having no hope of escape, he threw himself headlong from a lofty tower, rather than fall into the hands of his cruel enemy.

Thus terminated the rebellion of this second mock Caliph, and Al Hejagi, to secure the tranquillity of Irak, founded a strong city on the Tigris, called Al Wasab, or the Centre, from its lying at equal distance from Cula, Bassora, Bagdad, and Ahwaz, about fifty leagues from each.

Al Hejagi, whom we shall have no further occasion to mention, continued emir of Irak until his death, which took place under the reign of the next Caliph, in the ninety-fifth year of the Hegira, and the fifty-fourth of his own age. He is said to have caused the death of one hundred and twenty thousand persons, independent of those who fell in the contest, or subject to deserts, or in individual instances, near fifteen thousand confined in different prisons. Can we wonder that he was detested as a tyrant?

In his last illness, say the Arabians historians, he sent for a noted astrologer, and asked him whether any great general was about to end his days. The learned man consulted the stars, and replied, that a great captain named Kotaib, or “The Dog,” was at the point of death. “That,” said the dying emir, “is the name my mother used to call me when a child.” He inquired of the astrologer if he was assured of his prediction. The sage, proud of his art, declared that it was intangible. “Then,” said the emir, “I will take you with me, that I may have the benefit of your skill in the other world.” So saying, he caused his head to be struck off.

The tyranny of this general was relaxed at times by displays of great magnificence and acts of generosity, if not clemency. He spread a thousand tables at a single banquet, and bestowed a million dirhems of silver at a single donation.

On one occasion, an Arab, ignorant of his person, spoke of him, in his presence, as a cruel tyrant. “Do you know me?” said Al Hejagi, sternly. “I do not,” replied the Arab. “I am Al Hejagi.” “That may be,” replied the Arab, quickly; “but do you know me? I am of the family of Zoheir, who are fools in the full of the moon; and if you look upon the heavens you will see that this is my day.” The emir laughed at his ready wit, and dismissed him with a present.

On another occasion, when separated from his party while hunting, he came to a spring where an Arab was feeding his camels, and demanded drink. The Arab bade him, rudely, to alight and help himself. It was the rebellion of Abda’irhaman. After he had slashed his thirst he demanded of the Arab whether he was for the Caliph Abd’malde. The Arab replied: “No; for the Caliph had sent the worst man in the world to govern the province.” Just then a bird, passing overhead, uttered a croaking note. The Arab turned a quick eye upon the emir. “Who art thou?” cried he, with consternation. “Wherefore the question?” “Because I understand the language of birds, and he says that thou art chief of your horsemen that I see approaching.”

The emir smiled, and when his attendants came up, bade them to bring the camel-driver with them. On the next day he sent for him, had meat set before him, and bade him eat. Before he complied, the Arab uttered a grace, “Allah grant that the end of this meal may be as the beginning has been.”

The emir inquired if he recalled his conversation of yesterday. “Perfectly! but I treat thee to forget it, for it was a secret which should be buried in oblivion.”

“Here are two conditions for thy choice,” said the emir; “reconsider what thou hast said, and enter into my service, or abide the decision of the Caliph, to whom thy treacherous speech shall be repeated.” “There is a third course,” replied the emir, “which is better than either.” Send me to my own home, and let us be strangers to each other as heretofore.”

The emir was amused by the spirit of the Arab, and dismissed him with a thousand dirhems of silver.

There were no further troubles in Irak during the lifetime of Al Hejagi, and even the fickle, turbulent, and faithless people of Cula became submissive and obedient. Abulfaragius says that this general died of eating dirt. It appears that he had refuted the opinion of the astrologer, for which he used to eat Terra Lemnia and other medicinal or absorbent earths. Whether he fell a victim to the malady or the medicine is not clearly manifest.

CHAPTER LIV.

RENUNCIATION OF TRIBUTE TO THE EMPEROR—BATTLES IN NORTHERN AFRICA—THE PROPHET QUEEN CAHINA; HER ACHIEVEMENTS AND FATE.

The seventy-second year of the Hegira saw the Moslem dominions at length free from rebellion and civil war, and united under one Caliph. Abd’malde now looked abroad, and was anxious to revive the foreign glories of Islam, which had declined during the late vicissitudes. His first movement was to throw off the galling tribute to the Greek emperor. This, under Moawiyah I., had originally been to present three thousand dinars of gold, but had been augmented to three hundred and sixty-five thousand, being one thousand for every day in the Christian year. It was accompanied by three hundred and sixty-five female slaves, and
three hundred and sixty-five Arabian horses of the most generous race.

Not content with renouncing the payment of tribute, Abd al-Malik sent Alid, one of his generals, on a ravaging expedition into the imperial dominions, availing himself of a disaffection excited by the new emperor Leonius. Alid returned laden with spoils. The cities of Luzac and Baréneum were likewise delivered up by the Moslems through the treachery of Sergius, a Christian general.

Abd al-Malik next sought to vindicate the glory of the Moslem arms along the northern coast of Africa. There, also, the imperialists had the advantage of the troubles of the Caliphate, to reverse the former successes of the Moslems, and to strengthen themselves along the sea-coast, of which their navy aided them to hold possession. Zohair, who had been left by Abd al-Malik in command of Barca, had fallen into an ambush and been slain with many of his men, and the posts still held by the Moslems were chiefly in the interior.

In the seventy-seventh year of the Hegira, therefore, Alid al-Malik set out with an arm of over four thousand troops, to carry out the scheme of African conquest. That general pressed forward to do so with his troops against the city of Carthage, which, though declining from its ancient might and glory, was still an important seaport, fortified with lofty walls, haughty towers, and powerful bulwarks, and had a numerous garrison of Greeks and other Christians. Hossain proceeded according to the old Arab mode; besieging it and reducing it by a long siege; he then assailed it by storm, scaled its lofty walls with ladders, and made himself master of the place. Many of the inhabitants fell by the edge of the sword; many escaped by sea to Sicily and Spain. The walls were then demolished, the city was given up to be plundered by the soldiery, the meanest of whom was enriched by booty.

Particular mention is made among the spoils of victory of a great number of female captives of rare beauty.

As a statue of the Moslem host was suddenly interrupted. While they were revelling in the ravaged palaces of Carthage, a fleet appeared before the port, snapped the strong chain which guarded the entrance, and sailed into the harbor. It consisted of ships and troops from Constantiople and Sicily, reinforced by Goths from Spain, all under the command of the prefect John, a patrician general of great valor and experience.

Hossain felt himself unable to cope with such a force, for he withdrew, however, in good order, and conducted his troops laden with spoils to Tripoli and Caeraun, and having strongly posted them, he awaited reinforcements from the Caliph. These arrived in the course of time, by sea and land. Hossain again took the field, encountered the prefect John, not far from Utica, defeated him in a pitched battle, and drove him to embark the wrecks of his army and make all sail for Constantiople.

Constantiople was again assailed by the victors, and now the desolation was complete, for the vengeance of the Moslems gave that majestic city to the flames. A heap of ruins and the remains of a noble aqueduct are all the relics of a metropolis that once valiantly contended for dominion with Rome itself on the shores of the world's sea.

The imperial forces were now expelled from the coasts of Northern Africa, but the Moslems had not yet achieved the conquest of the country. A formidable enemy remained in the person of a reputedly pious and heroic queen, who was revered by her subjects as a saint or prophetess. Her real name was Dhabbi, but she is generally known in history by the surname, given to her by the Moslems, of Cahina or the Sorceress. She has occasionally been confounded with her son Aben, or rather Ibn, son of mention has been made in a previous chapter.

Under the sacred standard of this prophet queen were combined the Moors of Mauritania and the Berbers of the mountains, and of the plains bordering on the interior deserts. Raving and independent tribes, which had formerly warred with each other, now yielded implicit obedience to one common leader, whom they regarded with religious reverence. The character of marabout or saint has ever had vast influence over the tribes of Africa. Under this heroic woman the combined host had been reduced to some degree of discipline, and inspired with patriotic ardor, and were now prepared to make a more effective struggle for their native land than they had yet done under their generals.

After repeated battles, the emir Hossain was compelled to retire with his veteran but diminished army to the frontiers of Egypt. The patriot queen was not satisfied with this partial success. Calling a council of war the leaders and principal warriors of the different hordes: This retreat of the enemy," said she, "is but temporary; they will return in greater force. What is it that attracts to our lands these Arab spoilers? The wealth of our cities, the treasures of silver and gold dug from the bowels of the earth, the fruits of our gardens and orchards, the produce of our fields. Let us demolish our cities, return these accursed treasures into the earth, fell our fruit trees, lay waste our fields, and spread a barrier of desolation between us and the country of these robbers!"

The words of the royal prophetess were received with fanatic enthusiasm by her barbarian troops, the greater part of whom, collected from the mountains and from distant parts, had little share in the property to be sacrificed. Walled towns were forthwith dismantled, majestic edifices were tumbled into ruins, groves of fruit trees were hewn down, and the whole country from Tangier to Tripoli was desolated and its fertile region into a howling and barren waste. A short time was sufficient to effect a desolation which centuries have not sufficed to remedy.

This sacrificial measure of Queen Cahina, however patriotic its intention, was fatal in the end to herself. The inhabitants of the cities and the plains, who had beheld their property laid waste by the infuriated zeal of their defenders, hailed the return of the Moslem invaders as though they had been the saviors of the land.

The Moslems, as Cahina predicted, returned with augmented forces; but when they took the field to oppose them, the ranks of their army were thinned; the enthusiasm which had formerly animated them was at an end: they were routed, after a sanguinary battle, and the heroine fell into the hands of the enemy. They who slaughtered her spared her life, because she was a woman and a queen. When brought into the presence of Hossain she maintained her haughty and fierce demeanor. He proposed the usual conditions, of compelled tribute. She refused to comply, and fell a victim to her patriotism and renunciation, being beheaded in presence of the emir.
Hossâb Ibn An-No'mân now repaired to Damascus, to give the Caliph an account of his battles and victories, bearing an immense amount of booty, and several signal trophies. The most important of the latter was a precious box containing the embalmed head of the slaughtered Cahina. He was received with great distinction, loaded with honors, and the government of Barca was added to his military command.

The event proved fatal to Hossâb. Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwân, the Caliph's brother, was at that time emir of Egypt, and considered the province of Barca a part of the territories under his government. He had, accordingly, appointed one of his officers to command it as his lieutenant. He was extremely displeased and disconcerted, therefore, when he was told that Hossâb had solicited and obtained the government of that province. Sending for the latter, as he passed through Egypt on his way to his post, he demanded whether it was true that in addition to his African command he was really appointed governor of Barca. Being answered in the affirmative, he appeared still to doubt; whereupon Hossâb produced the mandate of the Caliph. Finding it correct, Abd'alaziz ordered him to resign the office.

"Violence only," said Hossâb, "shall wrest from me an honor conferred by the Commander of the Faithful." "Then I deprive thee of both governments," exclaimed the emir, in a passion, "and will appoint a better man in thy stead; and my brother will soon perceive the benefit he derives from the change." So saying, he tore the diploma in pieces.

It is added that, not content with depriving Hossâb of his command, he despoiled him of all his property, and carried his goods even so far that the conqueror of Carthage, the slayer of the patriot queen, within a brief time after her death, and almost amid the very scenes of his triumphs, died of a broken heart. His cruel treatment of the heroic Cahina reconciles us to the injustice wreaked upon himself.

**CHAPTER LV.**

MUSA IBN NOSEYR MADE EMIR OF NORTHERN AFRICA—HIS CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE BERBERS.

The general appointed by the Caliph's brother, Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwân, to the command in Northern Africa, was Musa Ibn Nosseyr, the same old adherent of the Merwân family that had been prime councillor of the Caliph's brother, Becher, when emir of Ifrâk, and had escaped by dint of hoof from the clutches of Al-Hajjâj, when the latter was about to arrest him on a charge of squandering the public funds. Abd'alaziz, it will be remembered, assisted him to pay the fifty thousand dinars of gold, in which he was mulcted by the Caliph, and took him with him to Egypt; and he had been with some view to self-reimbursement that the Egyptian emir now took the somewhat bold step of giving him the place assigned to Hossâb by Abd'alâ美的.

At the time of his appointment Musa was sixty years of age. Islam was still active and vigorous, of noble patience, and concealed his age by tingeing his hair and beard with henna. He had three brave sons who aided him in his campaigns, and in whom he took great pride. The eldest he had named Abd'alaziz, after his patron; he was brave and magnanimous, in the freshness of his youth, and his father's right hand in all his enterprises. Another of his sons he had called Merwân, the family name of Abd'alaziz and the Caliph.

Musa joined the army at its African encampment, and addressed his troops in frank and simple language. "I am a plain soldier like yourselves," he said; "whenever I act well, thank God, and endeavor to imitate me. When I do wrong, reprove me, that I may amend; for we are all sinners and liable to error. If any one has at any time a complaint to make, let him state it frankly, and it shall be attended to. I have orders from the emir Abd'alaziz (to whom God be bountiful!) to pay you three times the amount of your arrears. Take it, and make good use of it." It is needless to say that the address, especially the last part, was received with acclamations.

While Musa was making his harangue, a strained fluttered into his bosom. Interpreting it as a doom omen, he called for a knife, cut off the bird's head, besmeared the bosom of his vest with the blood, and scattering the feathers in the air above his head: "Victory! Victory!" he cried, "by the master of the Caliph, victory is ours!"

It is evident that Musa understood the character and foibles of his troops; he soon won their favor by his munificence, and still more by his affability; always acceding to them with kind words and cheerful looks, carefully avoiding the error of those reserved commanders, that set up the fancied dignity of station, who looked, he said, "as if God had tied a knot in their throats, so that they could not utter a piece.

"A commander," he used to say, "ought to consult wise and experienced men in every undertaking; but when he has made up his mind, he should be firm and steady of purpose. He should be brave, adventurous, at times even rash, confiding in his good fortune, and endeavoring to do more than is expected of him. He should doubly cautious after victory, doubly brave after defeat."

Musa found a part of Eastern Africa,* forming the present states of Tunis and Algiers, in complete confusion and insurrection. A Berber chief, named Warkatt Af, was on the point of revolt, and was feigning to be making amends for his former open breach of the peace. He had obtained a grant of gold to purchase arms and store for his sons, and with a small force, or a few soldiers, who distinguished themselves in the battle, passed the frontier. Lastly he was perceived coming down from him of the mountain, and the great and strong share was grant of him and yours," said the defector.

This was the moment for the distribution of a proscription. When his proposal was asked, certain measures were proposed by the rebellious chief, of which the object was to drive the men of the name of Warkatt Af into the woods, and convert their oratory into sermons of destruction. But Musa showed no signs of yielding, and was resolved to the use of force.

The troops were divided into companies, and were instructed to act with energy, and to cut to pieces all the men of the name of Warkatt Af, and to drive the others into the woods, whenever they were encountered. This was done, and the only result was that Musa now made a league with the chief, and entered into peaceful relations with the people of the country beyond.

His words were not an empty threat. Having vanquished the Berbers in the plains, he sent his sons Abd'alaziz and Merwân into the interior; and after different directions, which attacked the enemy in their mountain-holds, and drove them beyond to

* Northern Africa, extending from Egypt to the extremity of Mauritania, was subdivided into Eastern and Western Africa.
the borders of the Southern desert. Warkaibat was slain with many of his warriors, and Musa had the gratification of seeing his sons return triumphant from their different expeditions, bringing to the camp thousands of captives and immense booty. Indeed the number of prisoners of war in that year was so great that they amounted to three hundred thousand, of whom one fifth, or sixty thousand, formed the Caliph's share.

Musa hastened to write an account of his victory to his son Abul'afia in the Caliph, and as he knew covetousness to be the prime liability of the emir, he sent him, at the same time, a great share of the spoils, with choice horses and female slaves of surpassing beauty.

The letter and the present came most opportunely. Abul'afia had just received a letter from his brother, the Caliph, rebuking him for having deposed Hassan, a brave, experienced and fortunate officer, and given his office to Musa, a man who had formerly attempted the dispossess of the government; and he was ordered forthwith to restore Hassan to his command.

In reply, Abul'afia transmitted the news of the African victories. “I have just received from Musa,” he writes, “the letter which I inclose, which you may peruse it, and give thanks to God.”

Other tidings came to the same purpose, accompanied by a great amount of booty. The Caliph’s feelings toward Musa immediately changed. He at once saw his fitness for the post he occupied, and confirmed the appointment of Abul’afia, making him emir of Africa. He, moreover, granted yearly pensions of two hundred pieces of gold to himself and one hundred to each of his sons, and directed him to select among his soldiers five hundred of those who had most distinguished themselves in battle, or received most wounds, and give them each thirty pieces of gold. Lastly, he revoked the fine formerly imposed upon him of fifty thousand dinars of gold, and authorized him to reimburse himself out of the Caliph’s share of the spoil.

This last sum Musa declined to receive for his own benefit, but publicly devoted it to the promotion of the faith and the good of its prelates. Whenever he saw an opportunity to sell at a profit, he bought all he could for the use of the poor. He thus increased the wealth of the church and the revenues of the Caliphate.

The Caliph, having thus augmented the power of his government, was now enabled to carry on a more vigorous war against the unbelievers. He determined to attack the enemy in their own country and to establish his authority beyond the borders of the Islamic state.

Musa sent his troops to the frontiers of Egypt and Syria, and other distant parts; for rapine was becoming more and more the predominant passion of the Moslems. The army of Musa was no longer composed, like the primitive armies of the faith, merely of religious zealots. The campaigns in foreign countries, and the necessity, at distant points, of recruiting the diminished ranks from such sources as were at hand, had relaxed the ancient scruples against enlisting pagans and those of different creeds. Many Muslims had already converted among the people of the earth, and many of different creeds now fought under the standard of Islam without being purified by conversion. Musa had succeeded in enlisting all his services, and many of the native tribes; a few of them were Christians, a greater proportion idolaters, but the greatest number professing Judaism. They readily amalgamated with the Arabs, having the same nomad habits, and the same language. From these days descended the five most powerful Berber tribes, the Zenaghians, Musamudus, Zenetes, Gomeres, and Hoares.

Musa actually availed himself of these traditions, addressed the conquered Berbers as Abul’afia (sons of the Arabs), and so souther their pride by this pretended consanguinity, that many readily embraced the Moslem faith, and thousands of the bravest men of the Morabilla enrolled themselves of their own free will in the armies of Islam.

Others, however, persisted in waging stubborn war with the invaders of their country, and among these the most powerful and intrepid were the Zenetes. They were a free, independent, and haughty race. Marmol, in his description of Africa, represents them as inhabiting part of the country. Some leading a roving life about the plains, living in tents like the Arabs; others having castles and strongholds in the mountains; others, very turbulent, erecting the dens and caves of Mount Atlas, and others wandering on the borders of the Libyan desert.

The Gomeres were also a valiant and warlike tribe, inhabiting the mountains of the lesser Atlas, in Mauritia, bordering the frontiers of Ceuta, while the Musamudus lived in the more western part of that extreme province, where the great Atlas advances into the Atlantic Ocean.

In the eighty-third year of the Hegira, Musa made one of his severest campaigns against a combined force of these Berber tribes, collected under the banners of their several princes. They had posted themselves in one of the fastnesses of the Atlas mountains, to which the only approach was through different gorges and defiles. All these were defended with great obstinacy, but were finally taken, after several days of severe fighting.

The armies at length found themselves in presence of each other, when a general conflict was unavoidable. They were drawn out, regarding each other with menacing aspect, a Berber chief advanced, and challenged any one of the Moslem cavaliers to single combat. There was a delay in answering the challenge; whereupon Musa turned to his son Merwan, who had charge of the banners, and told him to meet the Berber warrior. The youth handed his banner to his brother Abul’afia, and stepped forward with alacrity. The Berber, a stark and seasoned warrior of the mountains, regarded with surprise and almost scorn an opponent scarce arrived at manhood. "Return to the camp," cried he, "I would not deprive thee aged father of so comely a son." Merwan replied with his weapon, assailing his adversary so vigorously that he retreated and sprang upon his horse. He now urged his steed to rapid speed, and reached a point near the Berber, who had a javelin, but Merwan seized the weapon with one hand, and with the other thrust his own javelin through the Berber’s side, burying it in the flanks of the steed; so that both horse and rider were brought to the ground and slain.
The two armies now closed in a general struggle; it was bloody and desperate, but ended in the complete defeat of the army of God. Kasleyah, their king, fell fighting to the last. A vast number of captives were taken; among them were many beautiful maidens, daughters of princes and military chieftains. At the division of the spoil, Musa caused these to be distributed among all the men of a youthful husbandry; and ultimately made Merwan, the father of two sons, Musa and Abd-al-ma'lec.

CHAPTER LVI.

NAVAL ENTERPRISES OF MUSA—CRUISES OF HIS SON ABDULLAH—DEATH OF ABD'AL-MA'LEC.

The bold and adventurous spirit of Musa Ibn Nosseyy was not content with victories on land.

"Always endeavor to do more than is expected of thee," was his maxim, and he now aspired to achieve triumphs on the sea. He had ports within his province, whence the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, in the days of their greater prosperity, had fitted out maritime enterprises. Why should he not do the same?

The feelings of the Arab conquerors had widely changed in regard to naval expeditions. When Arab, the conqueror of Egypt, was at Alexandria, the Caliph Omar required of him a description of the Mediterranean. "It is a great pool," replied Amru, "which some foolishly people pursue; looking like ants on logs of wood." The answer was enough for Omar, who was usually appreciative that the Moslems would endeavor their conquests by ramshackle enterprises. He forbade all maritime expeditions. Perhaps he feared that the experience of the Arabs would expose them to defeat from the Franks and Romans.

Mowâyah, however, as we have shown, more confident of the Moslem capacity for naval warfare, had launched the bannor of Islam on the sea from the ancient ports of Tyre and Sidon, and had taken the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. The Moslems now had armaments in various ports of Syria and Egypt, and warred with the Christians by sea as well as by land. Abd-al-ma'lec had even ordered Musa's predecessor, Hos-san, to erect an arsenal at Tunis; Musa now undertook to carry those orders into effect, to found dock-yards, and to build a fleet for his proposed enterprise.

At the outset he was surrounded by those sage doubters who are ever ready to chill the ardor of enterprise. They pronounced the scheme rash and impracticable. A gray-headed Berber, who had been converted to Islam, spoke in a different tone. "I am one hundred and twenty years old," said he, "and I well remember hearing my father say, 'There is no building of Carthage, the city, unless all the people, as present, exclaim against it as impracticable; alone rose and said, Oh king, put thy hand to the work and it will be achieved; for the kings thither predecessors persevered and achieved every thing they undertook, whatever might be the difficulty. And I say to thee, Oh emir, put thy hand to this work and God will bless thee." Musa listened to this advice, and did put his hand to the work, and so effectually that by the conclusion of the eighty-fourth year of the Hegira, A.D. 703, the arsenal and dock-yard were completely finished, and furnished with all the necessary armament; a numerous fleet in the port of Tunis.

About this time a Moslem fleet, sent by Abd-al-alaziz the emir of Egypt, to make a ravaging descent on the coast of Sardina, entered the port of Susa, which is between Carman and Tunis. Musa sent provisions to the fleet, but wrote to the commander, Atta Ibn Rafi, cautioning him that the season was too late for his enterprise, and advising him to remain in port until the more favorable time and weather.

Atta attended his letter with contempt, as the advice of a landsman; and after victualing his vessels, put to sea. He landed on an island, called by the Arab writers, Salzhath, probably Linosa or Lampedusa; made considerable booty of gold, silver, and precious stones, and again set sail on his plundering cruise. A violent storm arose, his ships were dashed on the rocky coast of Africa, and he and nearly all his men were drowned.

He was succeeded in the conduct of the affairs of his empire by his son, Abd'al-alaziz, with a troop of horse to the scene of the shipwreck, to render all the assistance in his power, ordering that the vessels and crews which survived the storm should repair to the port of Tunis; all which was done. At the place of the wreck Abd'al-alaziz found a heavy box cast up on the sea-shore; on being opened, its contents proved to be the share of spoils of one of the warriors of the fleet who had perished in the sea.

The author of the tradition from which these facts are gleaned, adds, that one day he found an old man sitting on the sea-shore with a reed in his hand, which he attempted to take from him. A scuffle ensued; he wrested the reed from his hands, and struck him with it over his head; when lo, it broke, and out fell gold coins and pearls and precious stones. Whether the old man, thus hardly treated, was one of the wrecked crusiers, or a wayfarer seeking to profit by their misfortunes, is not specified in the tradition. The maxim already shown in what a random manner treasures of the earth were in those days scattered about the world by the predatory hosts of Islam.

The surviving ships having been repaired, and added to those recently built at Tunis, and the season having become favorable, Musa, early in the eighty-fifth year of the Hegira, declared his intention to undertake, in person, a naval expedition. There was a universal eagerness among the troops to embark; Musa selected about a thousand of the choicest of his warriors, especially those of rank and family, so that the enterprise was afterward designated The Expedition of the Nobles. He did not, however, accompany it as he had promised; he had done so merely to enlist his bravest men in the undertaking; the command was given to his son, Abd-al-alaziz, to give him an opportunity to distinguish himself; for the reputation of his sons was as dear to Musa as his own.

It was, however, a mere predatory cruise; a type of the ravaging which is foreign to the maritime spirit of the Moslems. Abd-al-alaziz coasted the fair island of Sicily with his ships, landed on the western side, and plundered a city, which yielded such abundant spoil that each of the thousand men embarked in the cruise received one hundred
of Mecca or Medina. Foreign conquests had brought the Arabs in contact with the Greeks and the Persians. Intercourse with them, and residence in their cities, had gradually refined away the gross habits of the desert; had awakened their thirst for knowledge, and awakened, as the ele\ncations of cultivated life. Little, indeed, in the principles of government, accustomed in their native deserts to the patriarchal rule of separate tribes, without any extended scheme of policy or combined system of union, the Persians, suddenly masters of a vast and continually widening empire, had to study the art of governing in the political institutions of the countries they conquered. Persia, the best organized monarchy in Asia, held out a model by which they were to be\nprofit; and in their system of emirs vested with the sway of distant and powerful provinces, but strictly responsible to the Caliph, we see a copy of the sultans or viceroys, the provincial deputations of the power of the Khorassan.

Since Moawiyah had moved the seat of the Caliph to Damascus, a change had come over the style of the Moslem court. It was no longer, as in the days of Omar, the conference of a few chief Arab chieftains with their veteran warriors and their gray-beard companions, in the corner of a mosque: the Moslem Caliph at Damascus had now his divan, in imitation of the Persian monarch; and his palace began to assume somewhat of oriental state and splendor. In his name, Moawiyah showed more ignorance of affairs than in financial matters. The vast spoils acquired in their conquests, and the tribute and taxes imposed on subject countries, had, for a time been treated like the chance booty captured in predatory expeditions in the deserts. They were amassed in public treasuries without register or account, and shared and apportioned without judgment, and often without honesty. Hence continual frauds and peculations; hence those charges, so readily brought and readily believed, against generals and governors in distant stations, of enormous frauds and embezzlements, and hence that grasping avarice, that avidity of spoil and treasure, which were more and more destroying the original simplicity of purpose of the sons of Islam. Moawiyah was the first of the Caliphs who ordered that registers of tribute and taxes, as well as of spoils, should be kept in the Islamic countries, in their respective languages; that is to say, in the Greek language in Syria, and in the Persian language in Iraq; but Abd'almalik went further, and ordered that they should all be kept in Arabic. Nothing, however, could effectually check the extortion and corruption which was prevailing more and more in the administration of the conquered provinces. Even the rude Arab soldier, who in his desert would have been content with his tent of hair-cloth, now aspired to the possession of fertile lands, or a residence amidst the voluptuous pleasures of the city.

Waled, the eldest son of Abd'al'malik, was proclaimed Caliph at Damascus immediately on the death of his father, in the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira, and the year 705 of the Christian era. He was a tall clergyman, yet with a trained, indolent and voluptuous, yet he was of a choleric temper, and somewhat inclined to cruelty.

During the reign of Waled the arts began to develop themselves under the Moslem sway; finding a more general home in the large cities of Damascus than they had done in the holy cities

MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

CHAPTER LVII.

INAUGURATION OF WALED, TWELTH CALIPH

REVIVAL OF THE ARTS UNDER HIS REIGN;

HIS TASTE FOR ARCHITECTURE—ERECTON OF

MOSQUES—CONQUESTS OF HIS GENERALS.

Waled, the eldest son of Abd'al'malik, was proclaimed Caliph at Damascus immediately on the death of his father, in the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira, and the year 705 of the Christian era. He was a tall clergyman, yet with a trained, indolent and voluptuous, yet he was of a choleric temper, and somewhat inclined to cruelty.

During the reign of Waled the arts began to develop themselves under the Moslem sway; finding a more general home in the large cities of Damascus than they had done in the holy cities
have left any issue. Much of his time was devoted to the arts, and especially the art of architecture, in which he left some noble monuments to perpetuate his fame.

He caused the principal mosque at Cairo to be enlarged, and on one of the greater pillars of which had gilded capitals, he enlarged and beautified the grand mosque erected on the site of the temple of Solomon, for he was anxious to perpetuate the pilgrimage to Jerusalem established by his father. He gave command that the immense mosques at Mecca should be extended so as to include the tomb of the prophet, and the nine mansions of his wives. He furthermore ordered that all the buildings round the Caaba at Mecca should be thrown down, and an immense quadrangular mosque erected, such as is to be seen at the present day. For this purpose he sent a body of skilful Syrian architects from Damascus.

Many of the faithful were grieved, particularly those who had stricken in years, the old residents of Mecca, to see the ancient simplicity established by the prophet, violated by the splendor of this edifice, especially as the dwellings of numerous individuals were demolished to furnish a vast square for the foundations of the new edifice, which now inclosed within its circuit the Caaba, the well of Zem Zem, and the stations of different facets of Moslems which came in pilgrimage.

All these works were carried on under the superintendence of the Caliph, but the Caliph enticed in person to the erection of a grand mosque in his capital of Damascus. In making arrangements for this majestic pile he cast his eyes on the superbe church of St. John the Baptist, which had been embellished by the Roman emperors during successive ages, and enriched with the bones and relics of saints and martyrs. He offered the Christians forty thousand dinars of gold for this holy edifice; but they replied, gold was of no value in comparison with the sacred bones enshrined within its walls.

The Caliph, therefore, took possession of the church on his own authority, and either demolished or altered it so as to suit his purpose in the construction of his mosque, and did not allow the Christians one moment of compensation. He employed twelve thousand workmen constantly in this architectural enterprise, and one of his greatest regrets in his last moments was that he should not live to see it completed.

The architecture of these mosques was a mixture of Greek and Persian, and gave rise to the Saracenic style, of which Waleid may be said to be founder. The slender and graceful palm-tree may have served as a model for its columns, as the clustering trees and umbrageous forests of the north are thought to have thrown their massive forms and shadowy glooms into Gothic architecture. These two kinds of architecture have often been confounded, but the Saracenic takes the precedence; the Gothic borrowed graces and embellishments from it in the times of the Crusades.

While the Caliph Waleid lived indolently and voluptuously at Damascus, or occupied himself in the cities of his empire in various directions. Moslem Ibn Abd-al-malîc, one of his fourteen brothers, led an army into Asia Minor, invaded Cappadocia, and laid siege to Tyana, a strong city garrisoned with imperial troops. It was so closely invested that it could receive no provisions; but the besiegers were equally in want of supplies. The contest was fierce on both sides, for both were sharpened and irritated by hunger, and it became a contest which could hold out longest against famine.

The duration of the siege enabled the emperor to send reinforcements to the place, but they were raw, undisciplined recruits, who were routed by the hungry Moslems, their camp captured, and their provisions greedily devoured. The defeat of these reinforcements rendered the defence of the city hopeless, and the pressure of famine hastened a capitulation, the besieged not being aware that the besiegers were nearly as much famished as themselves. Moslem is accused by Christian writers of having violated the conditions of surrender; many of the inhabitants were driven forth into the deserts, and many of the remainder were taken for slaves. In a subsequent year Moslem made a successful incursion into Pontus and Armenia, a great part of which he subjugated, and took the city of Armenia, after a severely contested siege. He afterward made a victorious campaign into Galatia, ravaging the whole province, and bearing away rich spoils and numerous captives.

While Moslem was thus bringing Asia Minor into subjection, his son Khâthîba, a youth of great bravery, was no less successful in extending the empire of the faith toward the East. Appointed to the government of Khurasan, he did not content himself with the quiet of his own province, but crossing the Oxus, ravaged the provinces of Turkistan, defeated a great army of Turks and Tartars, by which he had been besiegured and reduced to great straits, and took the capital city of Bochara, with many others of inferior note.

He defeated also Magourëk, the Khan of Charism, and drove him to take refuge in the great city of Samarkand. This city, anciently called Marcania, was one of the chief marts of Asia, as well for the wares imported from China and Tangut across the desert of Cobi, as of those brought through the mountains of the great Thibet, and those conveyed from India to the Caspian Sea. It was, therefore, a great resort and resting-place for caravans from all parts of the world, and is now well known in all parts of the East, and ranked among the paradises or gardens of Asia.

To this city Khâthîba laid siege, but the inhabitants set him at defiance, being confident of the strength of their walls, and aware that the Arabs had no battering-rams, nor other engines necessary for the attack of fortified places. A long and close siege, however, reduced the garrison to great extremity, and finding that the besiegers were preparing to carry the place by storm, they capitulated, agreeing to pay an annual tribute of one thousand dinars of gold and three thousand slaves.

Khâthîba erected a magnificent mosque in that metropolis, and officiated personally in expounding the doctrines which became the basis of the religion of the Magian or Ghiberians. Extensive victories were likewise achieved in India during the reign of Waleid, by Mohamed Ibn Casemal native of Theng, one of his generals who conquered the kingdom of Sindia, or Sind, killed its sovereign in battle, and sent his head to the Caliph; overran a great part of Central India, and first planted the standard of Islam on the banks of the Ganges, the sacred river of the Hindus.
The contest with the Huns was sharpened, and the emperor Valentinian III became a constant and obstinate enemy against the invaders of Europe. He protected his borders, and the emperor Theodosius, who died in 395, was succeeded by his son Honorius, who was crowned as his successor. The defeat of the Huns by Theodosius was the result of the valiant and determined resistance of the Roman army. The Huns were driven back and chased from the plains of Europe, and their power was broken. The new emperor, Honorius, was not able to continue the struggle against the Huns, and the empire was left to face the challenges of the future. The empire was left to face the challenges of the future. The empire was left to face the challenges of the future. The empire was left to face the challenges of the future.

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and sighed that there were no further lands to conquer; but here was another quarter of the world inviting the triumphs of Islam. He forthwith wrote to the Caliph, giving a glowing account of the country thus held out for conquest; a country abounding in noble monuments and wealthy cities; rivalling Syria in the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its climate; Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, in its temperature; India in its flowers and spices; Hegiaz in its fruits and productions; Cathay in its precious and abundant mines; Aden in the excellence of its ports and harbors. "With the aid of God," added he, "I have reduced to obedience the Zenetes and the other Berber tribes of Zab and Derar; Zaara, Mazamuda, and Sus; the standard of Islam floats triumphantly on the walls of Tangiers; thence to the opposite coast of Andalus is but a space of twelve miles. Let but the Commander of the Faithful give the word, and the conquerors of Africa will cross into that land, there to carry the knowledge of the true God and the law of the Koran."

The Arab spirit of the Caliph was roused by this magnificent prospect of new conquests. He called to mind a tradition that Mahomet had promised the extension of his law to the uttermost regions of the West, and he now gave full authority to Musa to proceed in his pious enterprise, and carry the sword of Islam into the benighted land of Andalus.

We have thus accomplished our self-allotted task. We have set forth, in simple and succinct narrative, a certain portion of this wonderful career of fanatical conquest. We have traced the progress of the little cloud which rose out of the deserts of Arabia, "no bigger than a man's hand," until it has spread out and overshadowed the ancient quarters of the world and all their faded glories. We have shown the handful of proselytes of a pseudo prophet, driven from city to city, lurking in dens and caves of the earth, but at length rising to be leaders of armies and mighty conquerors; overcoming in pitched battle the Roman cohort, the Grecian phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of Persia; carrying their victories from the gates of the Caucasus to the western descents of Mount Atlas; from the banks of the Ganges to the Sus, the ultimate river in Mauritania; and now planting their standard on the isles of the hercules, and threatening Europe with like subjugation.

Here, however, we stay our hand. Here we lay down our pen. Whether it will ever be our lot to resume this theme, to cross with the Moslem hosts the strait of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of those uncertainties of mortal life and aspirations of literary zeal which beguile us with agreeable dreams, but too often end in disappointment.

THE END.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH:
A BIOGRAPHY.

BY
WASHINGTON IRVING.

PREFACE.

In the course of a revised edition of my works I have come to a biographical sketch of Goldsmith, published several years since. It was written hastily, as introductory to a selection from his writings; and, though the facts contained were collected from various sources, I was chiefly indebted for them to the voluminous work of Mr. James Prior, who had collected and collated the most minute particulars of the poet's history with unwearied research and scrupulous fidelity; but had rendered them, as I thought, in a form too cumbrous and overlaid with details and disquisitions, and matters uninteresting to the general reader.

When I was about of late to revise my biographical sketch, preparatory to republication, a volume was put into my hands, recently given to the public by Mr. John Forster, of the Inner Temple, who, likewise availing himself of the labors of the indefatigable Prior, and of a few new lights since evolved, has produced a biography of the poet, executed with a spirit, a feeling, a grace and an eloquence, that leave nothing to be desired. Indeed it would have been presumption in me to undertake the subject after it had been thus felicitously treated, did I not stand committed by my previous sketch. That sketch now appeared too meagre and insufficient to satisfy public demand; yet it had to take its place in the revised series of my works unless something more satisfactory could be substituted. Under these circumstances I have again taken up the subject, and gone into it with more fulness than formerly, omitting none of the facts which I considered illustrative of the life and character of the poet, and giving them in as graphic a style as I could command. Still the hurried manner in which I have had to do this amidst the pressure of other claims on my attention, and with the press dogging at my heels, has prevented me from giving some parts of the subject the thorough handling I could have wished. Those who would like to see it treated still more at large, with the addition of critical disquisitions and the advantage of collateral facts, will do well to refer themselves to Mr. Prior's circumstantial volumes, or to the elegant and discursive pages of Mr. Forster.

For my own part, I can only regret my shortcomings in what to me is a labor of love; for it is a tribute of gratitude to the memory of an author whose writings were the delight of my child-

hood, and have been a source of enjoyment to me throughout life; and to whom, of all others, I may address the beautiful apostrophe of Dante to Virgil:

Tu se' io mio maestro e 'l mio autore:
Tu se' solo colui, da cui, lo tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.

W. I.

SUNNYSIDE, Aug. 1, 1849.

CHAPTER I.


There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in doing they make us happier and better men.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

than transcripts of his own heart and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own pari-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous characters have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted him by the instinct of his reader.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, county of Longford, in Ireland. He sprang from a respectable, but by no means a thrifty stock. Some families seem to inherit kindness and incompetency, and to hand down virtue and poverty from generation to generation. Such was the case with the Goldsmiths. "They were always," according to their own accounts, "a strange family; they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were in the right place, but their heads were elsewhere to be found, but what they ought." "They were remarkable," says another statement, "for their worth, but of no cleverness in the ways of the world." Oliver Goldsmith will be found faithfully to inherit the virtues and weaknesses of his forefathers.

His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, with hereditary improvidence, married when very young and very poor, and starved along for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife's friends. His whole income, ekeed out by the produce of some fields which he tilled, and of some occasional duties performed for his wife's uncle, the rector of an adjoining parish, did not exceed forty pounds.

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

He inhabited an old, half rustic mansion, that stood on a rising ground in a rough, lonely part of the country, overlooking a low tract occasionally flooded by the river Inny. In this house Goldsmith was born, and it was a birthplace worthy of a poet; for, by all accounts, it was haunted ground. A tradition handed down among the neighboring peasantry states that, in after years, the house, remaining for some time uninhabited, being ill built, fell in, and it became so lonely and forlorn as to be a resort for the "good people" or fairies, who in Ireland are supposed to delight in old, crazy, deserted mansions for their midnight revels. All attempts to repair it were in vain; the fairies battled stoutly to maintain possession. A huge misshapen bogoblin used to besidress the house every evening with an immense pair of jack-boots, which, in his efforts at hard riding, he would thrust through the roof, kicking to pieces the wall of the preceding day. The house was therefore left to its fate, and went to ruin.

Thus is the popular tradition about Goldsmith's birthplace. About two years after his birth a change came over the circumstances of his father. By the death of his wife's uncle he succeeded to the tenantry of West; and, abandoning the old mansion, he removed to Lissory, in the county of Westmeath, where he occupied a farm of seventy acres, situated on the skirts of that pretty little village.

This was the scene of Goldsmith's boyhood, the little world about which he drew many of those pictures, rural and domestic, whimsical and touch-
was the good man's pride and hope, and he task ed his slender means to the utmost in educating him for a learned and distinguished career. His education was conducted at the village of Farm and Field, for the rustic, but well-educated, and his studies were accomplished in a spirit of unmitigated poverty. Let us pause a moment on the life of Goldsmith, whose career of penury and hardship was yet to come. But for the present, we will consider the first years of his life, which, under the circumstances, were very unhappy days.

"Black," who became the foster father of Goldsmith, was the son of a poor man, and was living in the village of Farm and Field, where he was educated. His education was conducted at a private school, and he was taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. He was taught by a man named Mr. Byrne, a tutor for the poor. He had been educated for a pedagogue, but had enlisted in the army, served abroad during the wars of Queen Anne's time, and risen to the rank of major in a regiment in Spain. At the return of peace, he returned to the army, and was given the command of a regiment of dragoons, and was soon promoted to the rank of colonel. He was a man of great ability and capacity, and was well liked by his officers and men.

He lived up to the tradition of learning, and was a man of honor and integrity. He was a man of education, and was well respected for his learning. He was a man of principle, and was not afraid to express his opinions. He was a man of wit and humor, and was well liked for his wit and humor. He was a man of great ability and capacity, and was well liked by his officers and men.

\[sketch\] in his Deseret Village:

"Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd turfe unprofitably gay.
There, in his noisy mansion, stood the rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view.
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The hidden cause which made them pale and cold.

Well all they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke he had;
Well all the wily whisper circling round,
Could not the stupid tongues when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Land's he could measure, terms and tides pressage.
And even the story ran that he could gauge.

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazng rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew.
That one small head could carry all he knew."

There are certain whimsical traits in the character of Byrne, not given in the foregoing sketch. He was of small stature, and his hair was dark brown, and his complexion was fair. He was a man of great ability and capacity, and was well liked by his officers and men.

The repartee was thought wonderful for a boy of nine years old, and Oliver became forthwith the wit and the bright genius of the family. It was thought a pity he should not receive some advantages with his elder brother Henry, who had been sent to the University. However, as his father's circumstances would not allow it, several of his relatives, spurred on by the representations of his mother, agreed to contribute toward the expense. The greater part, however, was borne...
by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine. This
worthy man had been the college companion of
Bishop Berkeley, and was possessed of moderate
means, holding the living of Carrick-on-Shannon.
He had married the sister of Goldsmith's father,
but left her a widow, with an only child, a
daughter, named Jane. Contarine was a kind-
hearted man, with a generosity beyond his means.
He took Goldsmith into favor from his infancy;
his house was open to him during the holidays;
his daughter Jane, two years older than the poet,
was his early playmate; and uncle Contarine con-
tinued to the last one of his most active, unawar-
ing, and generous friends.

Fitted out in a great measure by this consid-
erate relative, Oliver was now transferred to
schools of a higher order, to prepare him for the
University; first to one at Athlone, kept by the
Rev. Mr. Campbell, and, at the end of two years,
to one at Edgeworthstown, under the superin-
tendence of the Rev. Patrick Hughes.

Even at these schools his precociousness does not
appear to have been brilliant. He was indolent
and careless, however, rather than dull, and,
on the whole, appears to have been well thought of
by his teachers. In his studies he inclined to
ward the Latin poets and historians; relished
Ovid and Horace; and, on the whole, seemed to
exercised himself with pleasure and
translating Tacitus, and was brought to pay atten-
tion to style in his compositions by a reproof
from his brother Henry, to whom he had written
brilliant letters, and who told him in reply,
that if he had but said a little, to say that
say to that little well.

The career of his brother Henry at the University
was enough to stimulate him to exertion. He
seemed to be realizing all his father's hopes, and
was winning collegiate honors that the good man
considered indicative of his future success in life.

In the meanwhile Oliver, if not distinguished
among his teachers, was popular among his
schoolmates. He had a thoughtless generosity
extremely captivating to young hearts; his tem-
per was impulsive, but his anger was momentary, and it was impos-
able for him to harbor resentment. He was the
leader of all boys' sports and athletic amuse-
ments, especially ball-playing, and he was fore-
most in all mischievous pranks. Many years after-
ward, an old man, Jack Fitzimmons, one of the
directors of the sports and keeper of the hall-
court at Ballymahon, used to boast of having been
schoolmate of "Noll Goldsmith," as he called
him, and would dwell with vainglory on one of
their exploits, in robbing the orchard of Turlick-
en, an old family residence of Lord Anngly.
The exploit, however, had nearly involved disas-
trous consequences; for the crew of juvenile
depredators were captured, like Shakespeare and
his deer-stealing companions, and nothing but the
mercy of Goldsmith's connections saved him from
the punishment that would have awaited
more pell-mell delinquents.

An amusing incident is related as occurring in
Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edge-
worthstown. His father's house was about twenty
miles distant; the road lay through a rough
country, impassable for carriages. Goldsmith
procured a horse for the journey, and a friend
furnished him with a guinea for travelling ex-
enses. He was but a stripling of sixteen, and
being thus suddenly mounted on a horseback,
with money in his pocket, it is no wonder that his head
was turned. He determined to play the man, and
to spend his money in independent traveller's
style. Accordingly, instead of pushing directly
for home, he halted for the night at the little town
of Ardagh, and, accosting the first person he
met, inquired, with somewhat of a consequential
air, for the best house in the place. luckily
the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a
notorious who, was quartered in the family
of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune.
Amused with the self-consequence of the stripl-
ing, and willing to play off a practical joke at his
expense, he directed him to what was literally
"the best house in the place." namely, the fam-
ily mansion of Mr. Featherstone. Goldsmith ac-
consequently rode up to what he supposed to be an inn,
ordered his horse to be taken to the stable,
walked into the parlor, seated himself by the fire, and
demanded what he could have for supper. On
ordinary occasions he was indolent and even
even awkward in his manners, but here he was "at
ease in his inn, and felt called upon to show his
manners and exhibit the experienced matel.
His person was by no means calculated to play
off his pretensions, for he was short and thick,
with a pock-marked face, and an air and carriage
by no means of a distinguished cast. The owner
of the house, however, soon discovered his his-

tical mistake, and, her man of humor, deter-
mined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally
learned that this intruding guest was the son
of an old acquaintance.

Accordingly Goldsmith was "fooled to the top
of his bent," and permitted to have full sway
throughout the evening. Never was schoolboy more
elevated. When supper was served, he most
cadescendingly insisted that the landlord, his
wife and daughter should partake, and ordered
a bottle of wine to crown the repast and benefic
the house. His last flourish was on going to bed,
when he gave special orders to have a hot cake
at breakfast. His confusion and dismay, in dis-
covering the next morning that he had been swag-
gering in this free and easy way in the house of a
private gentleman, may be readily conceived.
True to form, and adhering to the road to literary account, we find this chapter
of lulus and cross purposes dramatized
many years afterward in his admirable comedy of
"She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a
Night."

CHAPTER II.

IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES IN THE GOLDSMITH FAMILY—GOLDSMITH AT THE UNIVERSITY—
SITUATION OF A SIZER—TYRANNY OF WILDER, THE TUTOR—PECUNIARY STRAITS—STREET
BALLEYS—COLLEGE RIOT—COLLEGE PRIZE—A DANCE INTERRUPTED.

While Oliver was making his way somewhat
negligently through the schools, his elder brother
Henry was rejoining his father's heart by his ca-
reer at the University. He soon distinguished
himself at the examinations, and obtained a
scholarship in 1743. This is a collegiate distinc-
tion which serves as a stepping-stone in any
of the learned professions, and which leads to ad-
vancement in the University should the individual
choose to remain there. His father now trusted
that he would push forward for that comfortable
provision, a fellowship, and thence to higher dig-
enies and endowments. Henry, however, had the
improvident returning
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student
black gold.
improvidence or the "unworldliness" of his race; returning to the country during the succeeding vacation, he married for love, relinquished, ct course, all his collegiate prospects and advantages, set up a school in his father's neighborhood, and buried his talents and acquirements for the remainder of his life in a curacy of forty pounds a year.

Another matrimonial event occurred not long afterward in the Goldsmith family, to disturb the equanimity of its worthy head. This was the celebrated instance of his brother, Henry. The Goldsmiths, accordingly, settled as an inn, and even the smallest joke at his expense was literally effectual, especially in a young gentleman of the name of Chatham, who had been confided to the care of her brother Henry to complete his studies. As the youth was of wealthy parentage, it was thought a lucky match for the Goldsmith family; but the tidings of the event stung the bride's father to the soul. Proud of his integrity, and jealous of that good name which was his chief possession, he saw himself and his family subjected to the degrading suspicion of having abused a trust reposed in them to promote some sordid match. In the first transport of his feelings, he exclaimed, "I wish that my daughter might never have a child to bring like shame and sorrow on her head. The hasty wish, so contrary to the usual benignity of the man, was recalled and repented of almost as soon; and an overanxious father felt in its effects by the superstitious neighborhood; for, though his daughter bore three children, they all died before her.

A more effectual measure was taken by Mr. Goldsmith to ward off the apprehended imputation, but one which imposed a heavy burden on his family. This was to furnish a marriage portion of four hundred pounds, that his daughter might not be said to have entered her husband's family empty-handed. To raise the sum in cash was impossible; but he assigned to Mr. Chatham his little farm and the income of his tithes until the marriage portion should be paid. In the mean time, as his living did not amount to £200 per annum, he had to practise the strictest economy to pay off gradually this heavy tax incurred by his new honor.

The first of his family to feel the effects of this policy was Oliver. The time had now arrived for him to be sent to the University, and, accordingly, on the 11th June, 1747, when nineteen years of age, he entered Trinity College, Dublin; but his father was no longer able to place him there to be this a pensioner, as he had done his eldest son Henry; he was obliged, therefore, to enter him as a "poor scholar." He was lodged in one of the top rooms adjoining the library of the building, numbered 35, wherein it is said his name may still be seen, scratched by himself upon a window frame.

A student of this class is taught and boarded gratuitously, and has to pay but a very small sum for his room. It is expected, in return for these advantages, that he shall work industriously. In Trinity College, at the time of Goldsmith's admission, several derogatory and indeed menial offices were exacted from the sizer as if the college sought to indemnify itself for conferring benefits by involving him in degrading tasks. He was obliged to read a part of the court in the morning, to carry up the dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' table, and to wait in the hall until that hour had decayed. His very dress marked the inferiority of the "poor student" to his happier classmates. It was a black gown of coarse stuff without sleeves, and a plain black cloth cap without a tassel. We can conceive nothing more odious and ill-judged than these distinctions, which attached the idea of degradation to poverty, and placed the indigent youth of merit below the worthless minion of fortune. They were calculated to wound and irritate the noble mind, and to render the base mind baser.

Indeed, the galling effect of these servile tasks upon youths of proud spirits and quick sensibilities became at length too notorious to be disregarded. About fifty years since, on a Sunday, a number of persons were assembled to witness the college ceremonies; and as a sizer was carrying up a dish of meat to the fellows' table, a burly citizen in the crowd made some sneering observation on the servility of his office. Stung to the quick, the high-spirited youth instantly flung the dish and its contents at the head of the sneerer. The sizer was sharply reprimanded for this outbreak of wounded pride, but the degrading task was from that day forward very properly consigned to minor hands.

It was with the utmost reluctance that Goldsmith entered college in this capacity. His shy and sensitive nature was affected by the inferior station he was doomed to hold among his gay and opulent fellow-students, and he became, at times, moody and despondent. The early mortifications induced him, in after years, most strongly to disavow his brother Henry, the clergyman, from sending a son to college on a like footing. 'If he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own.'

To add to his annoyances the fellow of the college who had the peculiar control of his studies, the Rev. Theaker Wilder, was a man of violent and capricious temper, and of diametrically opposite tastes. The tutor was devoted to the exact sciences; Goldsmith was for the classics. Wilder endeavored to force his favorite studies upon the student by harsh means, suggested by his own coarse and savage nature. He abused him in presence of the class as an ignorant and stupid person, which irritated him and made him feel as awkward and ugly, and at times in the transports of his temper indulged in personal violence. The effect was to aggravate a passive distaste into a positive aversion. Goldsmith was found in expressing his contempt for mathematics and his dislike of ethics by malicious and unkind jests; the tone of the whole was bitter, and his conduct thus imbibed continued through life. Mathematics he always pronounced a science to which the meanest intellects were competent. A truer cause of this distaste for the severer studies may probably be found in his natural indolence and his love of convivial pleasures. "I was a lover of mirth, good-humor, and even sometimes of fun," said he, "from my childhood." He sang a good song, was a boon companion, and could not resist any temptation to social enjoyment. He endeavored to persuade himself that learning and dulness went hand in hand, and that genius was not to be put in harness. Even in riper years, when the consciousness of his own deficiencies ought to have convinced him of the importance of early study, he speaks slightingly of college honors: "A lad," says he, "whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors, and not his inclination, have chanced, out of four or five years perseverance will probably obtain every advantage and honor his college can bestow. I would-

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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GOLDSMITH UNIVERSITY—
WILDER, STREET W—
WALSH—

somewhat faster than his brother by his ca-
nguished students, and obtained a de-
ne distinction in any of the en-
 to ad-
 individual is low trusted
higher dig-

er, had the
Olive Goldsmith.

Irish precipitation and thoughtlessness, never having provided themselves with cannon to batter its stone walls. A few shots from the prison brought them to their senses, and they beat a hasty retreat, taking the townspeople being killed, and several wounded.

A severe scrutiny of this affair took place at the University. Four students, who had been ring-leaders, were expelled; four others, who had been prominent in the affair, were publicly admonished; and among the latter was the unwieldy Goldsmith.

To make up for this disgrace, he gained, within a month afterward, one of the minor prizes of the college. It is true it was one of the very smallest, amounting in pecuniary value to thirty shillings, but it was the first distinction he had gained in his whole collegiate career. This turn of success and sudden influx of wealth proved too much for the head of our poor student. He forthwith gave a supper and dance at his chamber to a number of fifteen persons of both sexes from the city, in direct violation of college rules. The unwonted sound of the fiddle reached the ears of the implacable Wilder. He rushed to the scene of unawakened festivity, inflicted corporal punishment on a number of his followers, made away with him in his astonished guests necks and heels out of doors.

This filled the measure of poor Goldsmith's humiliation; he felt degraded both within college and without. He dashed the ridicule of his fellow-students for the ludicrous termination of his orgy, and he was ashamed to meet his city acquaintances after the degrading chastisement received in their presence, and after their own ignominious expulsion. Above all, he felt it impossible to submit any longer to the insulting tyranny of Wilder; he determined, therefore, to leave, not merely the college, but also his native land; whatever he conceived to be his irredeemable disgrace in some distant country. He accordingly sold his books and clothes, and sailed forth from the college walls the very next day, intending to embark at Cork for—he scarce knew where—America, or any other part beyond sea. With his usual heedless imprudence, however, he loitered about Dublin until his finances were reduced to a shilling; with this amount he set out on his journey.

For three whole days he subsisted on his shilling; when that was spent, he parted with some of the clothes from his back, until, reduced almost to nakedness, he was four-and-twenty hours without food, insomuch that he declared a handful of gray peas, given to him by a girl at a wake, was one of the most delicious repasts he had ever tasted. Hunger, fatigue, and destitution brought down his spirit and calmed his anger. Pain would he have retraced his steps, could he have done so with any salvo for the lingering of his pride. In his extremity, at length, there came to him the information of his distress, and of the project on which he had set out. His affectionate brother hastened to his relief: furnished him with money and clothes; soothed his feelings with gentle counsel; prevailed upon him to return to college, and effect the indemnification of his father.

The care of his father and mother having been placed in the hands of his brother, Young Goldsmith was enabled to return to the University, and there was received with approbation and applause in his old institution.

Five children, however, five children who had no more liquor, went to the college. He was also obliged to the consideration of the good lady, finding her at length, and opening his heart to her.

At length, however, he was enabled to return to the University, and there was received with approbation and applause in his old institution.
creased by the harsh treatment he continued to experience from his tutor.

Among the anecdotes told of him while at college is one indicative of that prompt but thoughtless and often whimsical benevolence which throughout his life remained one of the yet endearing points of his character. He was engaged to breakfast one day with a college intimate, but failed to make his appearance. His friend repaired to his room, knocked at the door, and was, without ceremony, admitted. To his surprise, he found Goldsmith in his bed, immersed to his chin in feathers. A serio-comic story explained the circumstance. In the course of the preceding evening's stroll he had met with a woman with five children, who inspired his charity. Her husband was in the hospital; she was just from the country, a stranger, and destitute, without food or shelter for her helpless offspring. This was too much for the kind heart of Goldsmith. He was almost as poor as herself; it was true, and he had no money in his pocket; but he brought her to the college gate, gave her the blankets from his bed to cover her little brood, and part of his clothes for her to sell and purchase food; and, finding himself cold during the night, had cut open his bed and buried himself among the feathers.

At length, on the 27th of February, 1749, O.S., he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and took his final leave of the University. He was freed from college rule, that emancipation so long delayed, and which too generally launches him amid the cares, the hardships, and vicissitudes of life. He was freed, too, from the brutal tyranny of Wilder. If his kind and placable nature could retain any resentment for past injuries, it might have been gratified by learning subsequently that the passionate career of Wilder was terminated by a violent death in the course of a desolate brawl; but Goldsmith took no delight in the misfortunes of even his enemies.

He now returned to his friends, no longer the student to sport away the happy interval of vacation, but the anxious man, who is henceforth to shift for himself and make his way through the world. In fact, he had no legitimate home to return to. At the death of his father, the paternal house, and all its contents, had been sold by Mr. Hudson, who had married his sister Catherine. His mother had removed to Ballymahon, where she occupied a small house, and had to practise the sublative frugality. His elder brother Henry served the curacy, and taught the school of his late father's parish, and lived in narrow circumstances at Goldsmith's birthplace, the old goblin-house at Pallas.

None of his relatives were in circumstances to aid him with anything more than a temporary home, and the aspect of every one seemed somewhat changed. In fact, his career at college had disappointed his friends, and they began to doubt his being the great genius they had fancied him. He whimsically alludes to this circumstance in that extraordinary letter, "The Man in Black," in the Citizen of the World:

"The first opportunity my father had of finding his expectations disappointed was in the middling figure I made at the University; he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasoning at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This, however, this reflection, these just observers, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull, but at the same time allowed that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me."

The only one of his relatives who did not appear to lose faith in him was his uncle Contarine. This kind and considerate man, it is said, saw in him a warmth of heart requiring some skill to direct, and a latent genius that wanted time to mature, and these impressions none of his subsequent follies and irregularities wholly obliterated. His purse and affection, therefore, as well as his house, were now open to him, and he became his chief counsellor and director after his father's death. He urged him to prepare for holy orders, and others of his relatives concurred in the advice. Goldsmith had settled a small pension upon the Clerical life. This has been described by some to conscientious scruples, not considering himself of a temperament and frame of mind for such a vocation; others attributed it to his roving propensities, and his desire to visit foreign countries; he himself gives a whimsical objection in his biography of the "Man in Black":

"To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal."

In effect, however, his scruples were overruled, and he agreed to qualify himself for the office. He was now only twenty-one, and must pass two years of probation. They were two years of rather loitering, unsettled life. Sometimes he was at Lissoy, participating with thoughtful enjoyment in the rural sports and occupations of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodgson; sometimes he was with his brother Henry, at the old goblin mansion at Pallas, assisting him occasionally in his school. The early marriage and unambitious retirement of Henry, though so subversive of the fond expectations of his father's plans, had proved happy in their results. He was already surrounded by a blooming family; he was contented and happy, and lived in the daily practice of all the amiable virtues, and the immediate enjoyment of all their reward. Of the tender affection inspired in the breast of Goldsmith by the constant proximity of this excellent brother, and of the longing recollection with which, in the lonely wanderings of after years, he looked back upon this scene of domestic felicity, we have a touching instance in the well-known opening to his poem to "The Traveller":

"Remote, unfriend, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where fortune fails to retire,
To ease from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair."

Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or strive with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

During this loitering life Goldsmith pursued no study, but rather amused himself with miscellaneous reading as biography, travels, poetry, novels, plays—everything, in short, that administered to the imagination. Sometimes he strolled along the banks of the river Innis, where, in after years, when he had become famous, his favorite seats and haunts used to be pointed out. Often he joined in the rustic sports of the villagers, and became adroit at throwing the slove, a favorite feat of activity and strength in Ireland. Recollections of these "healthful sports" we find in his "Deserted Village":

"How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When still remitting lent its turn to play.
And all the village train, from labor free,
Loitering beneath the spreading tree:
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round."

A boon companion in all his rural amusements was his cousin and college friend, Robert Bryanton, with whom he sojourned occasionally at Ballymuley House in the neighborhood. They used to make excursions about the country on foot, sometimes fishing, sometimes hunting otter in the Innis. They got up a country club at the little inn of Ballymahon, of which Goldsmith soon became the oracle and prime wit, astonishing his unlettered associates by his learning, and being considered capital at a song and a story. From the rustic conviviality of the inn at Ballymahon, and the company which used to assemble there, it is surmised that he took some hints in after life for his picturing of Tony Lumpkin and his associates: "Dick Muggins, the exciseman; Jack Slag, the horse doctor; little Aminidab, that brings the music-box; Tom Twist that spins the pewer platter." Nay, it is thought that Tony's drinking song at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" was but a revival of one of the convivial catches at Ballymahon:

"Then come put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry of woodcock or here,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons,
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toadfile, toadfile, toadfile."

Notwithstanding all these accomplishments and this rural popularity, his friends began to shake their heads, and shrug their shoulders when they spoke of him; and his brother Henry noted with anything but satisfaction his frequent visits to the club at Ballymahon. He emerged, however, unscathed from this dangerous ordeal, more fortunate in this respect than his comrade Bryanton; but he retained throughout life a fondness for clubs; often, too, in the course of his early career, he looked back to this period of rural sports and careless enjoyments as one of the few sunny spots of his cloudy life; and though he ultimately rose to associate with birds of a finer feather and still yearned in secret after the "Three Jolly Pigeons."
ratted him soundly for his inconsiderate conduct. His brothers and sisters, who were tenderly attached to him, interfered, and succeeded in mollifying his ire; and whatever lurking anger the good dame might have, was no doubt effectually vanquished by the following whimsical narrative, which he drew up at his brother's house and dispatched to her:

"My dear mother, if you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully repaid in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddle-back, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never desired me, but was said with as much列入 as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

"However, upon the way I met a poor woman in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry. Young as I was, I thought only of myself and my purse, and I procured a suit of clothes and procured a purse for the woman of my acquaintance, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great liberality relieved me from the jaws of this Cæsar, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

"Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-gown, night-clothes, and bedclothes, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor

woman the other half crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half crown in my pocket; but that, now, finding the storm breaking out, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbor. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my estimation of him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favorable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as it he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. 'To be sure,' said I, 'that appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porridge of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and a dented plate of cheese and mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would 'live with the land and rise with the lark.' My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

"This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel. 'You know,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made. Notwithstanding all this, the hope of softening such a sort of heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking 'how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half crown?' I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. 'And you know, sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have done for you. To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he; 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and as I was about to open the parlor, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who ea-
tered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenous and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my mi to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighborhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to visit his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no farther communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives: one, that I was prejudiced in favor of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbor's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bath with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should not be there, for there was no laughter, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbor.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughter, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavored to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but I latterly declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, Ballymahan."

Such is the story given by the poet-errant of this his second sally in quest of adventures. We cannot but think it was here and there touched up a little with the fanciful pen of the future essayist, with a view to amuse his mother and soften her vexation; but even in these respects it is valuable as showing the early play of his humor, and his happy knack of extracting sweets from that worldly experience which to others yields nothing but bitterness.

CHAPTER IV.


A new consultation was held among Goldsmith's friends as to his future course, and it was determined he should try the law. His uncle Contarine agreed to advance the necessary funds, and actually furnished him with fifty pounds, with which he set off for London, to enter on his studies at the Inns of Court. He took rooms in company with Dublin with a Roscommon acquaintance, one of whose wits had been sharped about town, who beguiled him into a gambling-house, and soon left him penniless as when he bestrode the relucrable Fiddle-back.

He was so ashamed of this fresh instance of gross heedlessness and imprudence that he remained some time in Dublin without communicating to his friends his destitute condition. They heard of it, however, and he was invited back to the country, and indignantly forgiven by his generous uncle, but less readily by his mother, who was mortified and disheartened at seeing all her early hopes of him so repeatedly blighted. His brother, Henry, too, began to lose patience at these successive failures, resulting from thoughtless indiscretion; and a quarrel took place, which for some time interrupted their usually affectionate intercourse.

The only home where poor erring Contarine still received a welcome was the parsonage of his affections. He was then used to talk of literature with the good, simple-hearted man, and delighted him and his daughter with his verses. Jane, his early playmate, was now the woman grown; their intercourse was of a more intellectual kind than formerly; they discoursed of poetry and music; she played on the harpsichord, and he accompanied her with his flute. The music may not have been very artistic, as he never performed but by ear; it had probably as much merit as the poetry, if we may judge by the following specimen, which was as yet juvenile.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

With submission at your shrine,
Comes a heart your Valentine;
From the side where once it grew,
See it panting flies to you.
Take it, fair one, to your breast,
Soothe the fluttering thing to rest;
Let the gentle, spotless joy
Be your sweetest, greatest joy;
Every night when wrap'd in sleep,
Next your heart the conquest keep.
Or if dreams of your fancy move,
Hear it whisper me and love;
Then in pity to the sain,
Who must heartless else remain,
Soft as gentle dewy showers;
Slow descend on April flow'rs;
Soft as gentle riv'lets glide,
Steal unnoticed to my side;
If the gem you have to spare,
Take your own and place it there.

If this valentine was intended for the fair Jane, and expressive of a tender sentiment indulged by the stripping poet, it was unassuming, and was long afterward she was married to a Mr. Lawler. We trust, however, it was but a poetical passion of that transient kind which grows up in idleness and exhalts itself in rhyme. While Oliver was thus piping and poetizing at the parsonage, his uncle Contarine received a visit from Dean Goldsmith of Clonyn; a kind of magus in the wide but improbable family connection, throughout which his word was law and almost gospel. This august dignitary was pleased to discover signs of talent in Oliver, and suggested that as he had at-
tempted divinity and law without success, he should now try physic. The advice came from too late, and he fell in conspicuous acquaintance about town. A smarting-house, and he bespod the Harpsichord. In instance of the habit that he retained out community. They were invited back to dinner by his general mother, who seeing all her wonted light, his patience at thoughtlessness, place, which mainly affection.

Goldsmith was the son of a wealthy merchant. His father was a man of letters, and encouraged his son's natural inclinations. Goldsmith was a child prodigy, and his education was funded by his father, who had already become a wealthy man. Goldsmith was sent to a grammar school, where he excelled in his studies. He was later sent to a university, where he studied law. However, he found the subjects dull and was more interested in literature and philosophy. He was a member of the Philosophical Society and was friends with many of the leading thinkers of the time. Goldsmith was a man of many talents, and he excelled in poetry, prose, and drama. He is known for his satirical works, such as "The History of Mr. David Balfour" and "The Citizen of the World." His works were highly regarded, and he was a member of the literary establishment. Goldsmith was also a man of great kindness, and he was known to help the poor and the vulnerable. His works are still read today, and he is considered one of the great writers of the 18th century.
When I informed them that some men in Ireland of one thousand pounds a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, and drinking to be drunk. Truly if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, and surrounded by a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman does King George on horseback.

"The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, daring and particular; I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in groups by themselves; in the other will stand their pensive partners that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directresses, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minute; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence.

After five or six couple have thus walked the grazier, came up to country dancers; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directresses; so they dance much, say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scottish gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman marionets in honor of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

"Now I am come to the ladies; and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and I will give him leave to break my head that denies it—that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality—but tell them flatly, I don't value them—or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or — a potato—for I say, and will maintain it; and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find another society so truly becalmed a great many miles as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the 'Whoa! wull I gong!' with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll sound every hearer.

"We have no such character here as a coquet, but alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I went into my Lord Kilcumber's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a Glover),* when the Duchess of Hamilton (this fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by her chariot; her hatched busher, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight enry began, in the shape of no less than three ladies, to dance a reel of Scotch without less form.— For my part, says the first, 'I think what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much of the red in her complexion.' "Madam, I am of your opinion," says the second; "I think her face has a pinna cast too much on the delicate order. And let me tell you," added the third lady, whose heart was manifestly as much in an issue, 'that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth.'—At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

"But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence? Therefore, let's consider this: the female summer here is handsome some women here; and I think that they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself—the most ridiculous object in it. But you see I am grown downright splanetic, and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you cannot send me much news from Ballymahan, but such as it is, send it all; everything you send will be agreeable to me.

"Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Binley left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave you to your own choice what to write. While I live, know you have a true friend in yours, etc., etc.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P.S. Give my sincere respects (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family, and give my service to your mother, if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still. Direct to me, — Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

Nothing worthy of preservation appeared from his pen during his residence in Edinburgh; and indeed his poetical powers, highly as they had been estimated by his friends, had not as yet produced anything of superior merit. He made on one occasion a month's excursion to the Highlands.

"I set out first day on foot," says he, in a letter to his uncle Contarine, "but an ill-natured corn I have on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap mode of travelling; so the second day I am content to ride about, the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master.

During his residence in Scotland his convivial talents gained him at one time attentions in a high quarter, which, however, he had the good sense to appreciate correctly. "I have spent," says he, in one of his letters, "more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's; but it seems they like me more as a jester than as a companion, so I disclaim so servile an employment as unworthy my calling as a physician.

"Here we again find the origin of another passage in his autobiography, under the character of the "Man in Black," wherein that worthy figures as a flatterer to a great man. "At first," says he, "I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great house was agreeable to myself. I found, however, too soon, his lordship was a greater flatterer than a great flatterer could be any longer flatterer was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities

* William Maclean, who claimed the title, and whose son succeeded in establishing the claim in 1773.

The father is said to have voted at the election of the first sister, Peers for Scotland, and to have sold gloves in the lobby at this and other public assemblages.
with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eyes, is a weakness I could not bear. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be very unfit for his service: I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

After spending two winters at Edinburgh, Goldsmith prepared to finish his medical studies on the Continent, for which his uncle Contarine agreed to furnish the funds. "I intend," said he, in a letter to his uncle, "to visit Paris, where the great Farheim, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so. I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be pleasant to be on terms of acquaintance with him: I hope we have studied in so famous a university."

"As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me think I was stricken, and so I was. How can I ask you, to inquire how your health goes on? How does my cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. Give my—how shall I express it? Give my earnest love to Mr. and Mrs. Lawder."

"Mrs. Lawder was Jane, his early playmate—the object of his valentine—his first poetical inspiration — his first object in employment."

"Medical instruction, it will be perceived, was the ostensible motive for this visit to the Continent, but the real one, in all probability, was his long-cherished desire to see foreign parts. This, however, he would not acknowledge even to himself, but sought to reconcile his roving propensities with some grand moral purpose. "I esteem the traveller who instructs the heart," says he, in one of his subsequent writings, "but despise him who only indulge the imagination. A man who leaves home to mend himself and others is a philosopher; but he who goes from country to country, guided by the blind impulse of curiosity, is only a vagabond."

"He, of course, was to travel as a philosopher, and in truth his outfits for a continental tour were in character; he had "with good store of clothes, shirts, etc., and that with economy will suffice." He forgot to make mention of his flute, which will be found to be his loyest in store for occasional play, when economy would require that he should be without another."

"Thus slenderly provided with money, prudence, or experience, and almost as slightly guarded against 'hard knocks' as the hero of La Mancha, whose head-piece was half iron, half

pasteboard, he made his final sally forth upon the world: hoping all things; believing all things: little anticipating the checked ill in store for him; little thinking when he penned his valentine letter to his good uncle Contarine, that he was never to see him more; never to return after all his wandering to the friend of his infancy; never to revisit his early and fondly-remembered haunts at 'sweet Lissow' and Ballinamore,"

CHAPTER V.


His usual indiscretion attended Goldsmith at the very outset of his foreign career. He had intended to take shipping at Leith for Holland; but on arriving at that port he found a ship about to sail for Bordeaux, with six agreeable passengers, whose acquaintance he had probably made at the inn. He was not a man to resist a sudden impulse; so, instead of embarking for Holland, he found himself plunging the seas on his way to the other side of the Continent. Scarcely had the ship been two days at sea when she was driven by storm to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here "of course" Goldsmith and his agreeable fellow-passengers found it expedient to go on shore and "refresh themselves after the fatigues of the voyage." "Of course" they frolicked and made merry until a late hour in the evening, when, in the midst of their hilarity, the door was burst open, and a sergeant and twelve grenadiers entered with fixed bayonets, and took the whole convivial party prisoners.

It seems that the agreeable companions with whom our greenhorn had struck up such a sudden intimacy were Scotchmen in the French service, who had been in Scotland enlisting recruits for the French army.

In vain Goldsmith protested his innocence; he was marched off with his fellow-revelers to prison, whence he could not obtain his release at the end of a fortnight. With his customary facility, however, at palliating his misadventures, he found everything turn out for the best. His imprisonment saved his life, for during his detention the ship proceeded on her voyage, but was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and all on board perished.

Goldsmith's second embarkation was for Holland direct, and in nine days he arrived at Rotterdam, whence he proceeded, without any more detentions, to Leyden. He gives a picturesque picture, in one of his letters, of the appearance of the Hollanders, etc. The modern when he penned his history of a different creature from him of former times; he in everything imitates a Frenchman but in his easy, disengaged air. He is vastly ceremonious, and is, perhaps, exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oldest figures in nature. Upon a rank head of hair he wears a half-shaved narrow hat, faced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven
waistcoats and nine pair of breeches, so that his hip-cloth is almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetit! why, she wears a large fur cap, with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

"A Dutch woman burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove of coals, which, when she sits, she snuffs up under her petticoat; than at this chimney doth Strephe light his pipe."

In the same letter he contrasts Scotland and Holland. "There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here it is all a continual plain. There you might see a well-dressed Duchess issuing from a dirty close, and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip, planted in dung; but I can never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox."

"The want of it in his poem through. Nothing," said he, "can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, present themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is useful employed. And again, in his noble description in "The Traveller":

"To men of other minds my fancy flies, Imbosom'd in the deep where Holland lies. Methinks her patient sons before me stand, Where the broad ocean leans against the land, With sudden stop, is bounded by the sea, Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride, Onward, methinks, and diligently slow, 'The firm connected bulk seems to grow; Spreads its long arms amid the watery roar, Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore, While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile, Sees an amphitheatre before him smile; The slow canal, the yellow blossoms'd vale, The willow-tufted bank, the gilding sail, The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, A new creation rescued from his reign."

He remained about a year at Leyden, attending the lectures of Gauß on chemistry and Albinus on anatomy; though his studies are said to have been unfruitful as well as directed to literature rather than science. The thirty-three pounds with which he had set out on his travels were soon consumed, and he was put to many a shift to meet his expenses until his precocious remittances should arrive. He had a good friend on these occasions in a fellow-student and countryman, named Ellis, who afterward rose to eminence as a physician. He used frequently to loan small sums to Goldsmith, who were always scrupulously paid. Ellis discovered the innate merits of the poor awkward student, and used to declare in after years, "he was a perfect poet." In Leyden, that in all the peculiarities of Goldsmith, an elevation of mind was to be noted; a philosophical tone and manner; the feelings of a gentleman, and the language and information of a scholar. So eminent was his genius, that his undertaking to teach the English language. It is true he was ignorant of the Dutch, but he had a snatching of the French, picked up among the Irish priests at Ballymahan. He depicts his whimsical embarrassment in this respect, in his account in the Vicar of Wakefield of the philosophical vagabond, who went to Holland to teach the natives English, without knowing a word of their own language. Sometimes, when sorely pinched, and sometimes, perhaps, when flush, he resorted to the gambling tables, which in those days abounded in Holland. His good friend Ellis repeatedly warned him against this unfortunate propensity, but in vain. It brought its own cure, or rather its own punishment, by stripping him of every shilling.

Ellis once more stepped in to his relief with a true Irishman's generosity, but with more considerateness than generally characterized in Dutchman, for he only granted pecuniary aid on condition of quitting the sphere of danger. Goldsmith gladly consented to leave Holland, being anxious to visit other parts. He intended to proceed to Paris and pursue his studies there, and was furnished by his friend with money for the journey. Unluckily, he rambled into the garden of a florist just before quitting Leyden. The tulip mania was still prevalent in Holland, and some species of that splendid flower brought immense prices, and in his faim Goldsmith recollected that his uncle Contarne was a tulip fancier. The thought suddenly struck him that here was an opportunity of testing, in a delicate manner, his sense of that generous uncle's past kindnesses. In an instant his hand was in his pocket; a number of choice and costly tulip-roots were purchased and packed up for Mr. Contarne; and it was not until he had paid for them that heothbought himself that he had spent all the money borrowed for his travelling expenses. Too poor, however, to give up his journey, and too confounded to make another appeal to his friend's liberality, he determined to travel on foot, and depend upon chance and good luck for the means of getting forward; and it is said that he actually set off on a tour of the Continent, in February, 1775, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea.

"Blessed," says one of his biographers, "with a good constitution, an adventuress spirit, and with that thoughtless, or, perhaps, happy disposition which takes no care for to-morrow, he continued his travels for a space of innumerable privations." In his amusing narrative of the adventures of a "Philosophic Vagabond" in the "Vicar of Wakefield," we find shadowed out the expedients he pursued. He had some knowledge of a miserable variety; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house toward nightfall, I played one of my merriest tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but in truth I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance ridiculous, and never made me any return for my endeavors to please them."

At Paris he attended the chemical lectures of Rouelle, then in great vogue, where he says he witnessed as bright a circle of beauty as graced the court of France. His gentlemanly manner, also, led him to attend the performances of the celebrated actress Madameiboiselle Claudin, with which he was greatly delighted. He seems to have looked upon the state of society with the eye of a philosopher, but to have read the signs of the times with the prophetic eye of a poet. In his
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rambles about the environs of Paris he was struck with the immense quantities of game running about there, in a close state; and I saw in those costly and rigid preserves for the amusement and luxury of the privileged few a sure "badge of the slavery of the people." This slavery he predicted was drawing toward a close. When I consider that these parliaments, the members of which are elected at large and pay the salaries of the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction, presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who till of late received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help favoring, that these men have, in some measure, the king in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free.

Events have testified to the sage forecast of the poet. During a brief sojourn in Paris he appears to have gained access to valuable society, and to have had the honor and pleasure of making the acquaintance of Voltaire; of whom, in after years, he wrote a memoir. "As a companion," says he, "nothing could exceed the pleasure I had in the company of Voltaire; his wit, his stories, his elegant and familiar style, his good humor, his ready answers, his delightful humor, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this memoir, continues he, "has in his business, as in everything else, a talent that seemed to make him the most amiable of the human species." He was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favorite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph until about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defense with the utmost defiance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess that, whether from national partiality or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."

Goldsmith's ramblings took him into Germany and Switzerland, from which last mentioned country he sent to his brother in Ireland the first brief sketch, afterward amplified into his poem of the Traveller.

At Geneva he became travelling tutor to a most youthful gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker, who had been suddenly elevated into fortune and absurdity by the death of an uncle. The youth, before setting up for a gentleman, had been an attorney's apprentice, and was an arrant peddler in money matters. Never were two beings more ill-assorted than he and Goldsmith. We may form an idea of the tutor and the pupil from the following passage extracted from the narrative of the "Philosophical Vagabond.

"I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion; and all his thoughts were how money might be saved—which was the least expensive course of travel—whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told that they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was; and this though not yet twenty.

In this sketch Goldsmith undoubtedly shadoweth forth his own behaviour as travelling tutor to this concrete young gentleman, compounded of the pawnbroker, the pettifogger, and the West Indian heir, with an overlaying of the city miser. They had continual difficulty until the day they reached Marseilles, where both were glad to separate.

Once on more on foot, but freed from the irksome duties of "bearer" and "host," and with the pocket, Goldsmith stood in his half-vagrant peregrinations through part of France and Piedmont, and some of the Italian States. He had acquired, as has been shown, a habit of nosing through and along by expedients, and a new one presented itself in Italy. "My skill in music," says he, "in the Philosophical Vagabond, could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in the game of chance. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventurous disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. Thorough a poor wandering scholar, his reception in these learned piles was as free from humiliation as in the cottages of the peasantry.

"With the members of these establishments," said he, "I could converse on topics of literature, and then I alwaes forgott the meanness of my circumstance."

At Padua, where he remained some months, he sought to obtain his medical degree. It is probable he was brought to a pause in this city by the death of his uncle Contarine, who had hitherto assisted him in his wanderings by occasional, though, of course, slender remittances. Deprived of this source of supplies he wrote to his friends in Ireland, and especially to his brother-in-law Hodson, describing his destitute situation. His letters brought him neither money nor reply. It appears from subsequent correspondence that his brother-in-law actually exerted himself to raise a subscription for his assistance among his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but without success. Their faith and hope in him were probably at an end; as yet he had disappointed
them at every point, he had given none of the antici-
pated proofs of talent, and they were too poor to support what they may have considered the wandering propensities of a heedless spendthrift.

This led to his own precarious resources, Goldsmith gave up all further wandering in Italy, without visiting the south, though Rome and Naples must have held out powerful attractions to one of his poetical cast. Once more resuming his pilgrim staff, he turned his face toward England, "walking along from city to city, examining mankind more nearly, and seeing both sides of the picture." In traversing France his flute--his magic flute—was once more in requisition, as we may conclude, by the following passage in his Traveller:

"Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shadowed elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And happy though my harp now fauling still,
But mocked all tune, and made the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alas all ages! Hardly no sound is heard,
But with their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score."

CHAPTER VI.

LANDING IN ENGLAND—SHIFTS OF A MAN WITHOUT MONEY—THE PESTLE AND MORTAR—THEATRICALS IN A BARN—LAUNCH UPON LONDON—A CITY NIGHT SCENE—STUGGLES WITH PENURY—MISERIES OF A TUTOR—A DOCTOR IN THE SUBURB—POOR PRACTICE AND SECOND-HAND FINERY—A TRAGEDY IN EMBRyro—PROJECT OF THE WRITTEN MOUNTAINS.

After two years spent in raving about the Continent, "pursuing novelty," as he said, "and losing content," Goldsmith landed at Dover early in 1756. He appears to have had no definite plan of action. The death of his uncle Contarine, and the death of his relatives and friends, who, gave to his letters, seem to have produced in him a temporary feeling of loneliness and destitution, and his only thought was to get to London and throw himself upon the world. But how was he to get there? His purse was empty. England was to him as completely a foreign land as any part of the Continent, and where on earth is a penniless stranger more destitute? His flute and his philosophy were no longer of any avail; the English boors cared nothing for music; there were no convents; and as to the learned and the clergy, not one of them would give a vagrant scholar a supper and night's lodging for the best thesis that ever was argued. "You may easily imagine," says he, in a subsequent letter to his brother-in-law, "what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many, in such circumstances, would have had recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But with all manner of people to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other."

He applied at one place, we are told, for employment in the shop of a country apothecary; but all his medical science gathered in foreign universities could not gain him the management of a pestle and mortar. He even resorted, it is said, to the stage of temporary resource, and figured in low comedy at a country town in Kent. This accords with his last shift of the Philosophical Vagabond, and with the knowledge of country theatricals displayed in his "Adventures of a Strolling Player," or may be a story suggested by them. All this part of his career, however, in which he must have trod the lowest paths of humanitv, are only to be conjectured from vague traditions, or scraps of autobiography gleaned from his miscellaneous writings.

At length we find him launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few half-pence in his pocket. The deserts of Arabia are not more dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time, and to a stranger in such a plight. Do we want a picture as an illustration? We have it in his own words, and furnished, doubtless, from his own experience.

"The clock has just struck two; what a gloom hangs all around is heard, but on the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? They are strangers, wandering orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattened into beauty. They are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps now, lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauches who may curse, but will not relieve them.

"Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! The world will give you reproaches, but will not support you. Poor houseless Goldsmith! We may here ejaculate—to what shifts must he have been driven to find shelter and sustenance for himself in this his first venture into London! Many years afterward, in the days of his social elevation, he started a polite circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's by humorously dating an anecdote about the time he "lived among the beggars of Axe Lane." Such may have been the desolate quarters with which he was fain to content himself when thus adrift upon the town, with but a few half-pence in his pocket:

The first authentic trace we have of him in this new part of his career, is filling the situation of an usher to a school, and even this employ he obtained with some difficulty, after a reference for a character to his friend in the University of Dublin. In the Vicar of Wakefield he makes George Primrose undergo a whimsical catechism concerning the requisites for an usher. "Have you been bred apprentice to the business?" "No." "Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?" "Yes, except that I won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?" "No." Then you will never do for
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The text is too long to display in its entirety, but it discusses Oliver Goldsmith's life and career, particularly his early years and his relationship with Dr. Samuel Johnson. It mentions his early writing and publishing work, as well as his later role as a medical student and his subsequent career as a novelist and playwright. The text also touches on Goldsmith's personal life, including his relationships with women and his financial struggles.

For a complete understanding of the text, it would be necessary to read the full document.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

struggle were certain of his former fellow-students in Edinburgh. One of these was the son of a Doctor Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a classical school of eminence at Peckham, in Surrey. Young Milner had a favorable opinion of Goldsmith's abilities and attainments, and cherished the idea that the young man was destined to a better life, which his genial nature seemed ever to have inspired among his school and college associates. His father falling ill, the young man negotiated with Goldsmith to take temporary charge of the school. The latter readily consented; for he was discouraged by the slow growth of medical reputation and practice, and as yet had no confidence in the coy smiles of the muse. Laying by his wig and care, therefore, and once more wielding the terule, he resumed the character of the pedagogue, and for some time reigned as vicegerent over the academy at Peckham. He appears to have been well treated by both Dr. Milner and his wife, and became a favorite with the scholars from his easy, indulgent good nature. He mingled in their daily life, between his charity and his levity, without losing his sense of being a tutor, and his money in treating them to sweetmeats and other schoolboy dainties. His familiarity was sometimes carried too far; he indulged in boisterous pranks and revels, upon himself retors in kind, which, however, he bore with great good humor. Indeed, instead of withdrawing for a year or two, or even for longer than he did on the flute for their amusement, and spent his money in treating them to sweets and other schoolboy dainties. His familiarity was sometimes carried too far; he indulged in boisterous pranks and revels, upon himself retors in kind, which, however, he bore with great good humor.

As usual, while in Dr. Milner's employ, his benevolent feelings were a heavy tax upon his purse, for he never could resist a tale of distress, and was apt to be fleeced by every unctuous beggar; so that, between his charity and his levity, he was generally in advance of his slender salary. "You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me take care of your money," said Mrs. Milner one day, "as I do for some of the young gentlemen." "In truth, madam, there is equal need!" was the good-humored response.

Dr. Milner was a man of some literary pretensions, and wrote occasionally for the Monthly Review, of which a bookseller, by the name of Griffiths, was proprietor. This work was an advocate for Whig principles, and had been in prosperous existence for nearly eight years. Of late, however, periodicals had multiplied exceedingly, and a formidable Tory rival had started up in the Critical Review, published by Archibald Hamilton, a bookseller, and aided by the powerful and powerful press; so that Griffiths was obliged to recruit his forces. While so doing he met Goldsmith, a humble occupant of a seat at Dr. Milner's table, and was struck with remarks on men and books, which fell from him in the course of conversation. He took occasion to sound him privately as to his inclination and capacity as a reviewer, and was furnished by him with specimens of his literary and critical talents. They proved satisfactory. The consequence was that Goldsmith once more changed his mode of life. In August, 1757, he became a contributor to the Monthly Review, at a small fixed salary, with board and lodging, and accordingly took up his abode with Mr. Griffiths, at the sign of the Dunciad, Paternoster Row. As usual we trace this phase of his fortunes in his semi-fictional writings; his sudden transmutation into the protagonist of the Vicar of Wakefield." "Come," says George's advice, "see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very full fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest, job-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would have all their lives only had mended shoes, but never made them." "Finding" (says George) "that there is no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiquity matter of Grub Street with reverence. The idea of being a writer, though in the vein or not, Dryden and Otway trud before me." Alas, Dryden struggled with indigence all his days; and Otway, it is said, fell a victim to famine in his thirty-fifth year, being strangled by a roll of claret, and was devoured by the voracity of a starving man.

In Goldsmith's experience the track soon proved a thorny one. He mediated a hard business man, of shrewd, worldly good sense, but little refinement or cultivation. He meddled, or rather muddled with literature, too, in a business way, altering and modifying occasionally the writings of his contributors, and in this he was aided by his wife, who, according to Smollett, was "an antiquated female critic and a dabbler in the Av.-review." Such was the literary vassalage to which Goldsmith had unwarily subjected himself. A diurnal drudgery was imposed on him, irksome to his indolent habits, and attended by circumstances humiliating to his pride. He had to write daily from nine o'clock until two, and often afterwards, throughout the week, and on subjects dictated by his taskmaster, however foreign to his taste; in a word, he was treated as a mere literary hack. But this was not the worst; it was the critical supervision of Griffiths and his wife which grieved him. The latter, bookseller Griffiths, as Smollett calls him, "who presumed to revise, alter, and amend the articles contributed to their Review. Thank heaven," crowed Smollett, "the Critical Review is not written under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife. Its principal writers are independent of each other, unconnected with booksellers, and unwield by old woman!"

This literary vassalage, however, did not last long. The bookseller became more and more exacting. He accused his hack writer of idleness; of all Irish policy, and literary workshop at an early hour of the day; and, assuming a tone and manner above his station. Goldsmith, in return, charged him with impecuniosity; his wife with meanness and parsimony in her household treatment of him, and both of literary meddling and mixing. The engagement was broken off at the end of five months, by mutual consent, and without any violent rupture, as it will be found they afterward had occasional dealings with each other.

Though Goldsmith was not, nearly thirty years of age, he had produced nothing to give him a decided reputation. He was as yet a mere writer on bread. The Monthly Review was not a periodical set on looking to permanent income. Paul's Churchyard, for which he was a contributor, was a seasonable thing; and relieving the literary difficulties of the well-rewarded, or introduced a new one in his stead. The bookseller in Sion Street, with so many men's heads for himself their own, was in haste to gain the favor of importance in the compiling machinery. Thomas Goldsmith, the good-natured, hospitable, hospitable man, who lived in the vicinity of the wife of the现在已经 confirmed himself to the writer, (and extended his acquaintance to the other wives of the neighborhood) was an exception. The young man was entertained at his house, and received his booksellers, and the usual hours, cricket at his place.

"Oh, yes!" says Goldsmith, "is enough!" with his eyes without looking at me, "find him; you will find him, the carriage, your garret door, a coffee-house, an apothecary, a good ecritoire, a milk farmer, a supper, a breakfast, a bed; and Goldsmith, poor devil, at least..."
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWBURY, OF PICTURE-BOOK MEMORY—HOW TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES—MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP—A POOR RELATION—LETTER TO HOUSE.

BEING now known in the publishing world, Goldsmith began to find casual employment in various quarters; among others he wrote occasionally for the Literary Magazine, a production set on foot by Mr. John Newbery, bookseller, St. Paul’s Churchyard, renowned in nursery literature throughout the latter half of the last century for the publication of the tales of Newbery. He was a worthy, intelligent, kind-hearted man, and a consummate though cautious friend to authors, relieving them with small loans when in pecuniary difficulties, though always taking care to be well repaid by the labor of their pens. Goldsmith introduces him in a humorous yet friendly manner in his novel of the Vicar of Wakefield. “This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul’s Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children; he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind.” He was no sooner alighted but he was haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man’s red-pimelled face.

Besides his literary job work, Goldsmith also resumed his medical practice, but with very trifling success. The scantiness of his purse still obliged him to live in obscure lodgings somewhere in the vicinity of Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; but his extended acquaintance and rising importance caused him to consult appearances. He adopted an expedient, then very common, and still practised in London among those who have to tread the narrow path between pride and poverty; while he hurried in lodgings suited to his means, he “hatted,” as it is termed, from the Temple Exchange Coffee-house near Temple Bar. Here he received his medical calls; hence he dated his letters, and here he passed much of his leisure hours, conversing with the frequenters of the place. This made a poor Irish painter, who understood the art of shifting, “is enough to enable a man to live in London without being contemptible.” Ten pounds will find him in clothes and linen; he can live on a garret on eighteen pence a week; hail from a coffin on subjects of temporary interest, and pass some hours each day in good company; he may breakfast on bread and milk for a penny; dine for sixpence; do without supper; and on clean-shirt-day he may go about unashamed.

Goldsmith seems to have taken a leaf from this poor devil’s manual in respect to the coffee-house at least. Indeed, coffee-houses in those days were the resorts of wits and literati, where the topics of the day were glossed over, and the affairs of literature and the drama discussed and criticized. In this way he enlarged the circle of his intimacy, which now embraced several families of note. Do we want a picture of Goldsmith’s experience in this part of his career? we have it in the observations on the life of an author in the “Inquiry into the state of polite learning,” published some years afterward.

The author, unpatronized by the great, has naturally recourse to the bookseller. There cannot, perhaps, he imagined a combination more prejudicial to taste than this. It is the interest of the one to allow as little for writing; and for the other to write as much as possible; accordingly tedious compilations and periodical magazines are the result of their joint endeavors. In these circumstances the author bids adieu to fame; writes for bread; and for that only imagination is seldom called in. He sits down to address the venal muse with the most phlegmatic apathy; and, as we are told of the Russian, court his mistress by falling asleep in her lap.

Again, “Those who are unacquainted with the world are apt to fancy the man of wit as leading a very agreeable life. They conceive, perhaps, that he is attended with silence and ceremony, and dictates to the rest of mankind with all the eloquence of conscious superiority.” Very different is his present situation. He is called an author, and all know that an author is a thing only to be laughed at. His person, not his jest, becomes the mirth of the company. At his approach the most fat, unthinking face, brightens into malicious meaning. Even aldermen laugh, and avenge on him the ridicule which was lavished on their forefathers. The poet’s poverty is a standing topic of contempt. His writing for bread is an unpardonable offence. Perhaps of all mankind, an author in these usages is most highly esteemed. We keep him poor, and yet revile his poverty. We reproach him for living by his wit, and yet allow him no other means to live. His taking refuge in garrets and cellars has of late been violently objected to, and that by men who, I hope, are more apt to pity than insult his distress. Is poverty a careless fault? No doubt he knows how to prefer a bottle of champagne to the next door bawd’s peevish ale-house, or a venison pasty to a plate of potatoes. Want of delicacy is not in him, but in those who deny him the opportunity of making an elegant choice. Wit certainly is the property of those who have it, nor should we be dispossessed if it is the only property a man sometimes has. We must not endeavor under what he uses for subsistence, and flees from the ingratitude of the age, even to a bookseller for redress.

“If the author be necessary among us, let us treat him with proper respect and consideration; and if not, let us let him to himself, and let him to himself. He has not the least appearance of being an object of interest to the world, and perhaps never can be. The end of his days resembles the end of five years of devils, yet the world cannot see how it is. He is too much a man to obey any vio- lence done him; he too oftenapers after him, and his appearance interested. The thirty years which have elapsed since his death give him a sort of air of immortality. A great writer
his span, and make his time glide insensibly away."

While poor Goldsmith was thus struggling with the difficulties and discouragements which in those days beset the path of an author, his friends in Ireland received accounts of his literary successes and of the distinguished acquaintances he was making. This was enough to put the wise heads at Lissoy and Ballymahon in a ferment of conjectures. With the exaggerated notions of provincial relatives concerning the family great in the metropolis, some of Goldsmith's poor kindred people in themselves seated in high places, clothed in purple and fine linen, and hand and glove with the givers of gifts and dispensers of patronage. Accordingly, he was one day surprised at the sudden apparition, in his miserable lodging of his younger brother, Charles, a raw youth of twenty-one, endowed with a doubtful share of the family heedlessness, and who expected to be forthwith helped into some sugar by-path to fortune by one or other of Oliver's great friends. Charles was so deeply concernted on learning that, so far from being able to provide for others, his brother could scarcely take care of himself. He looked round with a rueful eye on the poet's quarters, and could not help expressing his surprise and disappointment at finding a friend no more there than before. This is the sort of news that I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the second story."

Charles Goldsmith did not remain long to embarrass his brother in London. With the same moving disposition and inconsiderate temper of Oliver, he suddenly departed in an humble capacity to seek his fortune in the West Indies, and nothing was heard of him for about thirty years, when, after having been given up as dead by his friends, he made his reappearance in England.

Shortly after his departure Goldsmith wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, Daniel Hodgson, Esq., of the following is an extract; it was partly intended, no doubt, to dissipate any further illusions concerning his fortunes which might float on the magnificent imagination of his friends in Ballymahon.

"I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muse than poverty; but it were well if they only let us at the door. The mischief is they sometimes choose to give us their company to the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentlemen of fashion, turn master of the ceremonies."

"Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But, whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or cellar, or in a hole in the ground, I still remember them with ardor; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, jealously du pays, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought anything out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman, who refused to be cured of the itch because it made him une thought of his wife and bonny Inverary."

"But now, to be serious, let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again. The country is a fine one, perhaps? Nay, there are good company in Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who had only enough to eat his dinner. Then, perhaps, there's more wit and learning among the Irish? No, Lord! Nay, there has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padre more there one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, and so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more are exceptions to the general picture, I suppose. This is it that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the sounding the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the gales of melody, I sit and sigh for Lissoy fire Side, All is gay, all is merry, dear boy, replied poor Goldsmith, with infinite good-humor; 'I shall be richer by and by, Addison, let me tell you, wrote his poem of the 'Campaign' in a garrett in the Haymarket, three stories high, and you see I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the second story."

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publications, but without making any decided hit, to use a technical term. Indeed, as yet he appeared destitute of the strong excitement of literary ambition, and wrote only on the spur of necessity and at the urgent importunity of his bookseller. His indolent and truant disposition, even reverse from labor and delight in the holiday, had to be scoured up to its task; still it was this very truant disposition which threw an unconscious charm over everything he wrote; bringing with it honeyed thoughts and pictures which had hung to his mind in hours of idleness; these effusions, dashed off on compulsion in the exigency of the moment, were published anonymously; so that they made no collective impression on the public, and reflected no favor to the name of their author.

In an essay published some time subsequently in the Rev. Goldsmith adverts, in his own humorous way, to his impatience at the tardiness with which his desultory and unacknowledged essays crept into notice. "I was once induced," says he, "to make a very strenuous effort against public by discontinuing my efforts to please; and was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by burning my manuscripts in a passion. Upon reflection, however, I considered what set or body of men might laugh and sing the next day, and transact business as before; and not a single creature feel any regret but myself. Instead of having Apollo in mourning or the Muses in a fit of the spleen; instead of having the learned world apostrophizing at my untimely decease; perhaps all Grub Street might laugh at my fate, and self-approving dignity be unable to shield me from ridicule.

Circumstances occurred about this time to give a new direction to Goldsmith's hopes and schemes. Having resumed for a brief period the superintendence of the Peckham school during a fit of illness of Dr. Milner, that gentleman, in requital for his timely services, promised to use his influence with an East India director, to procure him a medical appointment in India.

There was every reason to believe that the influence of Dr. Milner would be effectual; but how was Goldsmith to find the ways and means of fitting himself to an Eastern post? In this emergency he was driven to a more extended exercise of the pen than he had yet attempted. His skimming among books as a reviewer, and his disputatious ramble among the schools and universities and literati of the Continent, had filled his mind with facts and observations which he now set about digesting into a treatise of some magnitude, to be entitled "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." As the work grew on his hands his sanguine temper ran ahead of his labors. Feeling secure of success in England, he was anxious to forestall the piracy of the Irish press; for as yet, the union not having taken place, the English law of copyright did not extend to the other side of the Irish Channel. He wrote, therefore, to his friends in Ireland begging them to circulate a request to his contemplated work, and obtain subscriptions payable in advance; the money to be transmitted to a Mr. Brudley, an eminent bookseller in Dublin, who would give a receipt for it and be accountable for the sale of the books. The letter was written by him on this occasion, a passage worthy of copious citation as being full of character and interest. One was to his relative and college in-

mate, Edward Wells, who had studied for the law, but was now living as a gentleman at Roscommon. "You acquitted," writes Goldsmith, "the plan of life which you once so strongly pursued, and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. I cannot avoid feeling some regret that one of my few friends in the world, in which he had every reason to expect success, I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and have imagined you gazing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride in summing up all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, you are, as you seem, contended to be a happy man; to be esteemed by your acquaintances; to cultivate your paternal acres; to turn unskilled a nap under one of your own hawthorns or in Mrs. Mills's hedgerow, which, even a poet must confess, is rather the more comfortable place of the two. But, however your resumptions may be altered with regard to your situation in life, I persuade myself that you are unable to wish me any evil in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship) as not to have led a corner to a friend or two, but I flatter myself that even in this, I have a place among the rashmen a

...
life, from the fireside to the easy chair: recall the various adventures that first cemented our friendship; the school, the college, or the tavern; preside in fancy over your cards; and am displeased at your bad play when the rubber goes against you, though not with all that agony of soul as when I was once your partner, but it is not strange that two of such like affections should be so much separated, and so differently employed as we are? You seemed placed at the centre of fortune's wheel, and, let it revolve ever so fast, are insensible of the motion. I seem to have been led to the circumference, and whirled disagreeably round, as if on a whirligig.

He then runs into a whimsical and extravagant trade about his future prospects. The wonderful career of fame and fortune that awaits him, and after indulging in all kinds of humorous gag-conclaves, concludes: "Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self—and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now that I am down, where is I?—Oh, yes, gods! I'm in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score!"

He would, on this occasion, have doubted his uncle Contarine, but that generous friend was sunk into a helpless hopeless state from which death soon relented.

Cut off thus from the kind co-operation of his uncle, he addresses a letter to his daughter Jane, the companion of his school-boy and happy days, now the wife of Mr. Lawder. The object was to secure the interest of her husband in promoting the circulation of his proposals. The letter is full of character.

"If you should ask," he begins, "why, in an interval of so many years, you never heard from me, permit me madam, to ask the same question. I have the most excuse in recrimination. I wrote to Kilmoro from Leydon in Holland, from Livoy in Flanders, and Rouen in France, but received no answer. To what could I attribute this silence but to displeasure or forgetfulness? Whether I might in my conjecture do not pretend to determine; but this I must indignously own, that I have a thousand times in my turn endeavored to forget them, whom I could not but look upon as forgetting me. I have attempted to blot their names from my memory, and I confess it, aye, after two years' effort to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinuance correspondence; but, as every effort the restless make to procure sleep serves but to keep them waking, all my attempts contributed to impress what I would forget deeper on my imagination. But this subject I would willingly turn from, and yet, 'for the soul of me,' I can't till I have said all. I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmoro, in such circumstances, that all my endeavors to continue you letters might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe, indeed, you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest suspicion may without in any manner respecting, if I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence in which every acknowledgement for past favors might be considered as an indirect request for future ones; and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles. It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough; but you must confess it is in bad acter. Those who know me all, know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind: and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected bad fortune, and labor to my the implied disadvantages round, as if on a whirligig."

Would land on calamities or give him the way which he so come to be, without withdrawing from the maxims to which he was so much going to pass in relation. Present State of his health.

The booksellers are in great demand for the performance under consideration. I have no time to point their names in that order to circulate a book, which has been given the best directions to have the best effects. The entreaty, when the editor of 'Potter Bradley, as well as that of the subscription, will be accounted for, I have no doubt will be amply supplied with. The agreement is most agreeable for I would not have the labor of going abroad (and sure to be put in employment) to write a book that would not bear a reflection. The subscription will not be allowed to pass without some consideration and caution.

Now see how the public is receiving a favor in the following:

ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

—EXAMINATION OF GEONS—

—PRESCRIPTIONS FOR TREATMENT—

—PUNISHMENT OF GIBBERING—

—GAYFORD—

TO HIS HANGER.—

—GIN, AND ADS.

While the public is passing in praise and advice, the physician of the coast is preparing for the coasting trade; and my immediate bands are being increased, and my stock and equipment exceeded for the first time. The physicians of the place are all examiners of the public trade, as they themselves have twenty partners, and are as great in the road as I am.

Hitherto, it may be said, I have not been by the physician of the coast, who is urging the public to continue paying the stipends and subscriptions.
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 Fool 
 would lament his condition! He now forgets 
 the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent Heaven 
 him a foretaste of that tranquillity here, 
 which he so well deserves hereafter. But I must 
 come to business; for business, as one of my 
 maxims tells me, must be minded or lost. I am 
 going to publish in London a book entitled 'The 
 Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.' 
 The booksellers in Ireland republish every 
 performance there without making the author any 
 consideration. I would, in this respect, dis- 
 appoint their avarice and have all the profits of 
 my labor to myself. I must therefore request Mr. 
 Lawler to circulate among his friends and acquaint-
ances a hundred of my proposals which I have 
 given the bookseller, Mr. Bradley, in Dame Street, 
 directions to send to him. If, in pursuance of such 
 circulation, he should receive any subscriptions, I 
 entreat, when collected, they may be sent to Mr. 
 Bradley, as aresortul, who will give a receipt, and 
 be accountable for the work, or a return of the 
 subscription. If this request (which, if it be com-
 plied with, will in some measure be an encour-
 gement to a man of learning and labor) be dis-
 agreeable or troublesome, I would not press it; 
 for I would be the last man on earth to have my 
 labors go a-eggibing; but if I know Mr. Lawler 
 (and sure I ought to know him), he will accept 
 the emptiness of his friend, and in that case, when 
 he writes a book, I will get him two hundred sub-
 scribers, and those of the best wits in Europe. 
 Whether this request is complied with or not, I 
 shall not be uneasy; but there is one petition 
 I must make to him and to you, which I solicit 
 with the warmest ardor, and in which I cannot 
 bear a refusal. I mean, dear madam, that I may 
 be allowed to subscribe myself, your ever affec-
 tionate and obliging kinsman, OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 
 Now see how I blotted and blunder, when I am 
 asking a favor.

CHAPTER X.

ORIENTAL APPOINTMENT—AND DISAPPOINTMENT

EXAMINATION AT THE COLLEGE OF SURGONS— HOW TO PROCURE A SUIT OF CLOTHES

FRESH DISAPPOINTMENT— A TALE OF DISTRESS— THE SUIT OF CLOTHES IN PAWS 

PUNISHMENT FOR DOING AN ACT OF CHARITY

GAYITIES OF GREEN ABURU COURT—LETTER TO HIS BROTHER— LIFE OF VOLTAIRE—SCROOGIN, AN ATTEMPT AT MOCK HEROIC POETRY.

While Goldsmith was yet laboring at his treatise, the promise made him by Dr. Milner was carried into effect, and he was actually appointed physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. His imagination was immediately on fire with visions of Oriental wealth and magnificence. It is true the said did not exceed one hundred pounds, but then, as appointed physician, he would have the exclusive practice of the place, amounting to one thousand pounds per annum; with advantages to be derived from trade, and from the high interest of money twenty per cent; in a word, for can say his life, the road to fortune lay broad and straight before him.

Hitherto, in his correspondence with his friends, he had said nothing of his India scheme; but now having been appointed, he began to urge the importance of their circulating his proposals and obtaining him subscriptions and ad-

vances on his forthcoming work, to furnish funds for his outfit.

In the mean time he had to task that poor drudge, his muse, for present exigencies. Ten pounds were demanded for his appointment-warrant. Other expenses pressed hard upon him. Fortunately, though as yet unknown to fame, his literary capability was known, and the coinage of his brain passed current in Grub Street. Archibald Hamilton, proprietor of the Critical Review, the rival to that of Griffiths, really made him a small advance on receiving three articles for his periodical. This was a slenderly replenished, Goldsmith paid for his warrant; wiped off the score of his milkmaid; abandoned his garret, and moved into a shabby first floor in a forlorn court near the Old Bailey; there to await the time to his migration to the magnificent coast of Coromandel.

Alas! poor Goldsmith! ever doomed to disappointment. Early in the gloomy month of November, that month of fog and despondency in London, he learned the shipwreck of his hope.

The great Coromandel expedition made no headway. The writer of the letter to Mr. Griffiths, or rather the post to him was transferred to some other candidate. The cause of this disappointment is now impossible to ascertain. The death of his quasi patron, Dr. Milner, which happened about this time, did not have the same effect in producing it; or there may have been some heedlessness and blundering on his own part; or some obstacle arising from his insupportable indigence; whatever may have been the cause, he never mentioned it, which gives some ground to suppose that himself was to blame. His friends learned with surprise that he had suddenly relinquished his appointment to India, about which he had raised such surging expectations; some accused him of fickleness and caprice; others supposed him unwilling to tear himself from the growing fascinations of the literary society of London.

In the mean time cut down in his hopes, and humiliated in his pride by the failure of his Coromandel scheme, he sought, without consulting his friends, to be examined at the College of Physicians for the humble situation of hospital mate. Even here poverty stood in his way. It was necessary to appear in a decent garb before the examining committee; but how was he to do so? He was literally out at elbows; and with a small sum of cash. Here again the muse, so often jilted and neglected by him, came to his aid. In consideration of four articles furnished to the Monthly Review, Griffiths, his old taskmaster, was to become his security to the tailor for a suit of clothes. Goldsmith said he wanted them but for a single occasion, on which depended his appointment to a situation in the army; as soon as that temporary purpose was served they would either return or paid for. The books to be reviewed were accordingly lent to him; the muse was again set at her compulsory drudgery; the articles were scribbled off and sent to the bookseller, and the clothes came in due time from the tailor.

From the records of the College of Surgeons, it appears that Goldsmith underwent his examination at Surgeons' Hall, on the 21st December, 1758.

Either from a confusion of mind incident to sensitive and imaginative persons on such occasions, or from a real want of surgical science, which last is extremely probable, he failed in his examination, and was rejected. The effect of such a rejection was to disqualify him for every branch of public service, though he might
have claimed a re-examination, after the interval of a few months devoted to further study. Such a re-examination he never attempted, nor did he ever communicate his discomfiture to any of his friends.

On Christmas day, but four days after his rejection by the College of Surgeons, while he was suffering under the mortification of defeat and disappointment, and hard pressed for means of subsistence, he was surprised by the entrance into his room of the poor woman of whom he hired his wretched apartment, and to whom he owed some small arrears of rent. She had a piteous tale of distress, and was clamorous in her afflic-

Under the same pressure of penury and des-

ponency, he borrowed from a neighbor a pitance to relieve his immediate wants, leaving as a security the books which he had just reviewed. In the midst of these trials and harassments, he received a letter from Griffiths, demanding in peremptory terms the return of the clothes and books, or immediate payment for the same. It appears that he had discovered the identical suit at the pawnbroker's. The reply of Goldsmith is not known; it was out of his power to turn either the clothes or the money; but he probably offered once more to make the muse stand his bail. His reply only increased the ire of the wealthy man of trade, and drew from him another letter still more harsh than the first, using the epithets of knave and sharper, and containing threats of prosecution.

The following letter from poor Goldsmith gives the most touching picture of an inconsiderate and sensitive man, harassed by care, stung by humiliation, and driven almost to despondency.

"SIR: I know of no misery but a jail to which my own privations and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and I, by heavens! request it as a favor—as a favor that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all that passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable to me? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society. I tell you, again and again, that I am neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my own debts one way, I would generally give some security another. No, sir; had I been a sharper—had I been possessed of less good-nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circum-

"I am guilty, I own, of meanesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you uncharitably charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money; wherever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation was inwardly burn with grateful re-

sentment. It is very possible, that upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare inventive till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

"You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but I am man I shall ever honor; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, sir, your humble servant,

"O. GOLDSMITH.

"P.S.—I shall expect patiently the result of your resolutions."

The dispute between the poet and the publisher was afterward imperfectly adjusted, and it would appear that the clothes were paid for by a short compilation advertised by Griffiths in the course of the following month; but the parties were never really friends afterward, and the writings of Goldsmith were harshly and unjustly treated in the Monthly Review.

We have given the preceding anecdote in detail, as furnishing one of the many instances in which Goldsmith's prompt and benevolent impulses outran all prudent forecast, and involved him in difficulties and disgraces, which a more selfish man would have avoided. The paupers of the clothes, charged upon him as a crime by the grinding book-seller, and apparently admitted by him as one of the meanesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it," resulted as we have shown, from a tender heart and spirit which another man would have gloriéd; but these were such natural elements with him, that he was unconscious of their merit. It is a pity that wealth does not oftener bring such "meanesses" in its train.

And now let us be indulged in a few particulars about these lodgings in which Goldsmith lived. They were in a shabby house, No. 12 Green Arbor Court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet Market. An apocryphal story is current of his having been once in 1820 who was a relative of the landlord whom Goldsmith relieved by the money received from the pawnbroker. She was a child about seven years of age at the time that poet rented his apartment of her relative, and used frequently to be at the house in Green Arbor Court. She was drawn there, in a great measure, by the good-humored kindness of Goldsmith, who was always exceedingly fond of the society of children. He used to assemble those of the family in his room, give them cakes and sweetmeats, and set them dancing to the music of his flute. He was very friendly to those around him, and cultivated a kind of intimacy with a watchmaker in the Court, who possessed much native wit and humor. He passed many a happy evening there, and doubtless developed among the boys some habits which in after years might have been profited by. We need hardly say that the establishment of the Goldsmith was probably not a pleasure mode of living, any more than by life in the Fleet Street. But we look in vain for anything like a goldsmith, and certainly not a poet, in the following account of his apartmentings in London, from a "Monthly Review"—

"Inquiry after civility, intelligible, to whom the civility belonged. Here, at a conversing place, the ragged boy entered to make his request.

"My master has been in favor of my oversetting the coals."

We again recall the author of The Revenge's treatment of the poet and publishers, and declare in the Scotch words: "By the stair in the first story, what he did with the floor does not concern me."

But this no doubt repeated with louder and louder voices opened the "Heathen Chinee" on the stump with Greenland, and sent them back to the wash-house. A good story, they had some time to get any longer; and we mean to apply the observation at all times. The author of the New Year and Old Year, at the next Acton, read more of the same character and situation. The Scotch wisemen never had any poisonous visitors, but they must have very unfortunate people."

"Peace to the author!"
passed most of the day, however, in his room, and only went out in the evenings. His days were no doubt devoted to the drudgery of the pen, and it would appear that he occasionally found the book-sellers urgent taskmasters. On one occasion a visitor was shown up to his room, and immediately their voices were heard in high altercation, and the key was turned within the lock. The landlady, at first, was disposed to go to the assistance of her lodger; but a calm succeeding, she forbore to interfere.

Late in the evening the door was unlocked; a surprising clatter was heard, the visitor from a neighboring tavern, and Goldsmith and his intrusive guest finished the evening in great good-humor. It was probably his old taskmaster Griffiths, whose press might have been waiting, and who found no other mode of getting a stipulated task from Goldsmith than by locking him in, and staying by him until it was finished.

But we have a more particular account of these lodgings in Green Arbor Court from the Rev. Thomas Percy, after he had left. In a short while, he celebrated the relics of ancient poetry, his beautiful ballads, and other works. During an occasional visit to London, he went to Goldsmith’s address and after further conversation, one of his most steadfast and valued friends. The following is the description of the poet’s squattish apartment: ‘I called on Goldsmith at his lodgings in March, 1759, and found him writing his Inquiry in a miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and, when from civility, he resigned it to me, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While we were conversing together some one tapped gently at the door, and, being desired to come in, a poor, ragged little girl, of a very becoming demeanor, entered the room, and, dropping a courtesy, said, “My mamma sends her compliments and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.”

We are reminded in this anecdote of Goldsmith’s picture of the lodgings of Beat Tibbs, and of the deep in the secrets of a merchant’s establishment given to a visitor by the blundering old Scot woman.

“By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor chimney; and, knocking at the back door, a voice from within demanded ‘Who’s there?’ My conductor answered that it was him. But not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand, to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

“We then got in we welcomed him to his house with great ceremony; and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. ‘Good truth,’ replied she, in a peculiar dialect, ‘she’s washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending the tub any longer.’ ‘My two shirts,’ cried he, in a tone that faltered with confusion; ‘what does the idiot mean?’ ‘I ken what I mean well enough,’ replied the other; ‘she’s washing your twa shirts at the next door because they don’t look very fine and I’m more of thy stupid explanations,’ cried he; ‘go and inform her we have company. Were that Scotch bag to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd and foolish subterfuge of hers, the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a Parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the poorest men in the world; but that’s a secret.”

Let us linger a little in Green Arbor Court, a place consecrated by the genius and the poverty of Goldsmith, but recently obliterated in the course of modern improvements. The writer of this memoir visited it not many years since on a literary pilgrimage, and may be excused for repeating a description of it which he has heretofore inserted in another publication. "It then existed in its pristine state, and was a small square of tall and miserable houses, the very inner rooms of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. It appeared to be a region of washer women, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.

"Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragoes about a disputed right to a washtub, and immediately the whole community was in a hubbub. Heads in mob caps popped out at every window, and a clamor of tongues ensued that I was lamed to stop my ears. Every amazon took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms, dripping with soapsuds, and fired away from her window as if from the embrasure of a fortress; while the screams of children in every procerant chamber of this hive, waking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert."

While in these forlorn quarters, suffering under extreme fatigue of spirits, I came by his failure at Surgeons’ Hall, the disappointment of his hopes, and his harsh collisions with Griffiths, Goldsmith wrote the following letter to his brother Henry, some parts of which are most touchingly mournful.

"DEAR SIR: Your punctuality in answering a man whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompence I can make for you. I see the course of things. The publishing trade is a short trade. The publisher is often by a short single publisher. He was never a publisher. The houses of Goldsmith, as described in the London Post, were in detail, 'in which the plaster of the walls was falling in, the boxes of the clothes, and the bellows by the hearth. The mantles were said to have been unavailing, a trade in which there was no more than the appearance of hand to be seen by him as a writer. The character of the theater was that of a money-maker, and the tone is a pity of things, with "meaningless".

The particulars of Goldsmith’s lodgings were noted by the publishers, and the name was always given with levity. He had a room, and a lodger who lived from it. About seven years before he removed his family to it, frequently to have lodgers.

She was a woman, and the late Mrs. Goldsmith was always active in the family. He was a man, and his room, his lodgers, and his lodgers’ room was very near the Court, and the Court and the Court. He

† Tales of a Traveller.
‡ The Inquiry into polite Literature. His previous remarks apply to the subscription.
yet I dare venture to say, that, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honors of seniority.
Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, and an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you have a complete picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children or those who knew you a child.

"Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool, designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behavior. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-natured in itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and person but that in which we reside, for every occupation but our own? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

"The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assimilis and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him but your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the common law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking; and these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will.

"Above all things, let him never touch a romance. Those paintings with colors more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive, are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good which is mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and who has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous—may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son, thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the approaches of insidious cunning; and often by being, even in my work, sensible of the waste to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

"My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not, for to behold her in distress without the capacity of relieving her from it, would add much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I have made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper. It requires no thought, from the least ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. I pray give my love to Bob Brown, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account of poor Jenny. Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

"I know not whether I should tell you yet why should I conceal these trivies, or, indeed, anything from you? There is a book of mine will be published in a few days: the life of a extraordinary man; no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title that it is no more than a catchepenny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement.

"Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroical-comical poem which I sent you. You remember I intended to produce the hero of the poem as living in a pauper alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat in this way:

"The window, patched with paper, lent a ray That feebly show'd the state in which it lay; The sandal'd door that girt beneath the tread, The hum'd wall with pathy pictures spread; The game of goose was there expos'd to view, And the twelve rules the royal master drew; The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place, And Prussia's monarch show'd his lamp black face. The morn was cold: he views with keen desire A rusty grate unconscious of a fire: An unpaid reckoning on the frieze was scored, And five crack'd tea-discs dress'd the chimney board.

"And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance in order to dun him for the reckoning:

* His sister, Mrs. Johnston; her marriage, like that of Mrs. Hodson, was private, but in pecuniary matters much less fortunate.
Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay:
With sulky eye he smoked the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus begun,

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of my regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, it was not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already, I mean that I am your most affectionate friend and brother.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Life of Voltaire, alluded to in the latter part of the preceding letter, was the literary job undertaken to satisfy the demands of Griffiths. It was to have preceded a translation of the Henriade, by Ned Purdon, Goldsmith's old schoolmate, now a Grub Street writer, who starved rather than lived by the exercise of his pen, and often tasked Goldsmith's scanty means to relieve his hunger. His miserable career was summed up by our poet in the following lines written some years after the time we are treating of, on hearing that he had suddenly dropped dead in Smithfield:

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed
Who long was a bookseller's hack
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

The memoir and translation, though advertised to form a volume, were not published together, but appeared separately in a magazine. As to the heroical poem, also, cited in the foregoing letter, it appears to have perished in embryo. Had it been brought to maturity, we should have had further traits of autobiography; the room already described was probably his own squalid quarters in Green Arbor Court; and in the subsequent morsel of the poem we have the poet himself, under the euphonious name of Scroggin:

Where the Red Lion peering o'er the way
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calver's but and Parson's black champagne
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane:
There, in a lonely room, from baliffs snug,
The muse found Scroggin stretch'd beneath a rug;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay;
A cap by night, a stocking all the day!

It is to be regretted that this poetical conception was not carried out; like the author's other writings, it might have abounded with pictures of life and touches of nature drawn from his own observation and experience, and mellowed by his own humane and tolerant spirit; and might have been a worthy companion or rather contrast to his "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," and have remained in the language a first-rate specimen of the mock-heroic.

The projected poem, of which the above specimens, appears never to have been completed.
plays and satires, philosophical tracts, critical dissertations, and works on philology; nothing from his pen ever rose to first-rate excellence, or gained him a position afloat; not even the degree from some university the degree of Doctor of Laws. Dr. Johnson characterized his literary career in one short sentence. "Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves public without making themselves known."

Supported by his own want of success, jealous of the success of others, his natural irritability of temper increased by habits of intemperance, he at length abandoned himself to the practice of reviewing, and became one of the shamailites of the press. In this his malignant bitterness soon gave him a notoriety which his talents had never been able to attain. We shall dismiss him for the present with the following sketch of him by the hand of one of his contemporaries:

"Dreaming of genius which he never had, Half wit, half fool, half critic, and half mad; Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre, With all his rage, but not one spark of fire; Eager for slaughter, and resolved to rear From other souls' brows that wrath must not wear— Next Kenrick came: all furious and relentless With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit; Unnatural in classic lore, through envy blind To all that's beautiful, learned, or refined; For faults alone behold the savage prairie, With reason's o'ershadow his ravelling soul; Pleased with his prey, his inmost blood he drinks, And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks."

The British press about this time was extravagantly full of periodical publications. That "oldest inhabitant" of Gentleman's Magazine, almost coeval with St. John's gate which graced its title-page, had long been elbowed by magazines and reviews of all kinds; Johnson's Rambler had introduced the fashion of periodical essays, which he had followed up in his Adventurer and Idler. Imitations had sprung up on every side, under every variety of name; until British literature was entirely overrun by a weedy and transient efflorescence. Many of these rival periodicals chocked each other almost at the outset, and all escaped oblivion.

Goldsmith wrote for some of the most successful, such as the Bee, the Busy-Body, and the Lady's Magazine. His essays, though characterized by his delightful style, his pure, benevolent morality, and his mellow, unobtrusive humor, did not produce equal effect at first with more garish writings of infinitely less value; they did not "strike," as it is termed; but they had that rare and enduring merit which rises in estimation on every perusal. They gradually stole upon the heart of the public, were copied into numerous contemporary publications, and now they are garnered up among the choice productions of British literature.

In his Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning, Goldsmith had given offence to David Garrick, at that time the autocrat of the Drury, and was doomed to experience its effect. A UP had been raised against Garrick for exercising a despotic power over the stage, and bringing forward nothing but old plays to the exclusion of original productions. Walpole joined in this charge. "Garrick," said he, "is treating the town as it deserves and likes to be treated; theatres, fireworks, and his own writings."

The poet's performance," said he, "must undergo a process truly chemical before it is presented to the public. It must be tried in the manager's fire; strained through a licenser, suffer from repeated corrections, till it may be a caput mortuum when it arrives before the public."

Again, "Getting on even in three or four years is a privilege reserved only for the happy few who have the arts of courting the manager as well as the muse; who have adulation to please his vanity, power to sustain his merit, or money to indemnify disappointment. Our Saxon ancestors had but one name for a wit and a witch. I will not dispute the propriety of uniting those characters; but the man who under present discouragements ventures to write for the stage, whatever claim he may have to the appellation of a wit, at least has no right to be called a conjurer." But a passage which perhaps touched more sensibly than all the rest on the sensibilities of Garrick, was the following:

"I have no particular spleen against the teller who sweeps the stage with the besom, or the hero who brushes it with his hand. It were a matter of indifference to whether our heroes are in keeping, or our candle snuffers burn their fingers, did not such negligence strike at taste and polite conversation. Our actors assume all that state off the stage which they do on; and, to use an expression borrowed from the green room, every one is up in his part. I am sorry to say it, they seem to forget their real characters.

"The strictures were considered by Garrick as intended for himself, and they were rankling in his mind when Goldsmith waited upon him and solicited his vote for the vacant secretaryship of the Society of Arts, of which the manager was a member. Garrick, puffed up by his dramatic renown and his intimacy with the great, and knowing Goldsmith only by his budding reputation, may not have considered him of sufficient importance to be conciliated. In reply to his solicitations, he observed that he could hardly expect his friendly exertions after the unkindness of which he had made upon his management. Goldsmith replied that he had indulged in no personalities, and had only spoken what he believed to be the truth. He made no further apology nor application; failed to get the appointment, and considered Garrick his enemy. In the second edition of his treatise he expunged or modified the passages which had given the manager offence; but though the author and actor became intimate in after years, this false step at the outset of their intercourse was never forgotten."

About this time Goldsmith engaged with Mr. Smollett, who was about to launch the British Magazine. Smollett was a complete schemer and speculative in literature, and intent upon enterprises that had money rather than reputation in view. He endeavored by authors of his fancy to enrich the magazine, and hit at this propensity in one of his papers in the Bee, in which he represents Johnson, Hume, and others taking seats in the stage-coach bound for Fame, while Smollett prefers that destined for Riches.

Another prominent employer of Goldsmith was Mr. John Newbery, who engaged him to contribute occasional essays to a newspaper entitled the Public Ledger, which made its first appearance on
the 12th of January, 1760. His most valuable and characteristic contributions to this paper were his Chinese Letters, subsequently modified into the Citizen of the World. These lucubrations attracted general attention; they were reprinted in various periodicals, and they, in the course of the day, and met with great applause. The name of the author, however, was as yet but little known.

Being now in easier circumstances, and in the presence of frequent sums from the booksellers, Goldsmith, about the middle of 1760, emerged from his dismal abode in Green Arbor Court, and took respectable apartments in Wine-Office Court, Fleet Street.

Still he continued to look back with considerate benevolence to the poor hostess, whose necessities he had relieved by pawning his gala coat, for we are told that "they often supplied her with hoo'd from his own table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her."

He now became a member of a debating club, called the Robin Hood, which used to meet near Temple Bar, and in which Burke, while yet a Temple student, had first tried his powers. Goldsmith spoke there occasionally, and is recorded in the Robin Hood archives as "a candid disputant, with a clear head and an open mind, though coming but seldom to the society." His relish was for clubs of a more social, jovial nature, and he was never fond of argument. An amusing anecdote is told of his first introduction to the club, by Samuel Derrick, an Irish acquaintance of some humor. On entering, Goldsmith was struck with the self-important appearance of the chairman ensconced in a large gilt chair. "This," said he, "must be the Lord Chancellor at least." "No, no," replied Derrick, "he's only master of the rolls."—The chairman was a baker.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW LODGINGS—VISITS OF CEREMONY—HANGERS-IN—PILKINGTON AND THE WHITE MOUSE—INTRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON—DAVIES AND HIS BOOKSHOP—PRETTY MRS. DAVIES—FOOTE AND HIS PROJECTS—CRITICISM OF THE CUDGEL.

In his new lodgings in Wine-Office Court, Goldsmith began to receive visits of ceremony, and to entertain his literary friends. Among the latter he now numbered several names of note, such as Guthrie, Murphy, Christopher Smart, and Bickerstaff. He had also a numerous class of bachelors, the small fry of literature; who, knowing his almost utter incapacity to refuse a pecuniary request, were apt, now that he was considered flush, to levy continual taxes upon his purse.

Among others, one Pilkington, an old college acquaintance, but now a shifting adventurer, duped him in the most ludicrous manner. He called on him with a face full of perplexity. A lady of the first rank having an extraordinary fancy for curious animals, for which she was willing to give enormous sums, he had procured a couple of white mice to be forwarded to her from India. They were actually on board of a ship in the river. Her grace had been apprised of their arrival, and was all impatience to see them. Unfortunately, he had no cage to put them in, nor clothes to appear in before a lady of her rank. Two guineas would be sufficient for his purpose, but where were two guineas to be procured! The ample heart of Goldsmith was touched; but alas! he had but half a guinea in his pocket. It was unfortunate, but after a pause his friend suggested, with some hesitation, that money might be raised upon his watch; it would but be the loan of a few hours." So, let the watch be considered deposited with the worthy Mr. Pilkington to be pledged at a neighboring pawnbroker's, but nothing farther was ever seen of him, the watch, or the white mice. The next that Goldsmith heard of the poor shifting scapgrace, he was on his death-bed, starving with want, upon which, forgetting or forgetting the trick he had played upon him, he sent him a guinea. Indeed he used often to relate with great humor the foregoing anecdote of his credulity, and was ultimately in some degree indemnified by its suggesting to him the amusing little story of Prince John Benzin and the White Mouse in the Citizen of the World.

In this year Goldsmith became personally acquainted with Dr. Johnson, toward whom he was drawn by strong sympathies, though their natures were widely different. Both had struggled from early life with poverty, but had struggled in different ways. Goldsmith, buoyant, heedless, sanguine, tolerant of evils and easily pleased, had shifted along by any temporary expedient; cast down at every turn, but rising again with good-humor, and still carried forward by his talent at hoping. Johnson, melancholy, and hypochondriacal, and prone to apprehend the worst, yet sternly resolute to battle with and conquer it, had made his way doggedly, but with a noble principle of self-reliance and a disregard of foreign aid. Both had been irregular at college. Goldsmith, as we have shown, from the levity of his nature and his social and convivial habits; Johnson, from his acerbity and gloom. When, in after life, the latter heard himself spoken of as gay and frivolous at college, because he had joined in some riotous excesses there, "Ah, sir!" replied he, "I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought it my way by my literature and my wit. So I disregarded all power and all authority."

Goldsmith's poverty was never accompanied by bitterness; but neither was it accompanied by the guardian pride which kept Johnson from falling into the degrading shifts of mind. Goldsmith had an unfortunate facility at borrowing, and helping himself along by the contributions of his friends; no doubt trusting, in his hopeful way, of one day making retribution. Johnson never hoped, and therefore never borrowed. In his sternest trials he proudly bore the ills he could not master. In his youth, when some unknown friend, seeing his shoes completely worn out, left a new pair at his chamber door, he disdained to accept the boon, and threw them away.

Though like Goldsmith an inimitable student, he had imbibed deeper draughts of knowledge, and made himself a riper scholar. While Goldsmith's happy constitution and genial humors carried him abroad into sunshine and enjoyment, Johnson's physical infirmities and mental gloom drove him upon himself for reading and meditation; threw a darker through darker enthusiasm into his mind, and stored a retentive memory with all kinds of knowledge.

After several years of youth passed in the country as usher, teacher, and an occasional writer for the press, Johnson, when twenty-eight years of age, came up to London with a half-written tragedy in his pocket; and David Garrick, late his...
pupil, and several years his junior, as a companion, both poor and penniless, both, like Goldsmith, seeking their fortune in the metropolis. "We rode and tided," said Garrick sportively in after years of prosperity, when he spoke of their humble wayfaring. "I came to London," said Johnson, "with twopenny halfpenny in my pocket."

"What's that you say?" cried Garrick, "with twopenny halfpenny in your pocket?"

"Why, yes; I came with twopenny halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with but three halfpennies in thine."

Nor was there any exaggeration in the picture; for so poor were they in purse and credit, that after their arrival they had, with difficulty, raised five pounds, by giving their joint note to a bookseller in the Strand.

Many, many years had Johnson gone on obscurely in London, "frighting his way by his literature and his wit," enduring all the hardships and miseries of a Grub Street writer; so destitute at one time, that he and Savage the poet had walked all night about St. James's Square, but they hoped to cheer up a night's bereavement by both full of poetry and patriotism, and determined to stand by their country; so shabbily in dress at another time, that when he dined at Cave's, his bookseller, when there was prosperous company, he could not make his appearance at a table but had his dinner handed to him behind a screen.

Yet through all the long and dreary struggle, often diseased in mind as well as body, he had been resolutely self-dependent, and proudly self-respectful; he had fulfilled his college vow, he had "fought his way by his literature and his wit." His "Rambler" and "Idler" had made him the great moralist of the age, and his "Dictionary and History of the English Language," that stupendous monument of individual labor, had excited the admiration of the learned world. He was now at the head of intellectual society; and had become as distinguished by his conversational as his literary powers. He had become as much an autocrat in his sphere as his fellow-traveller and adventurer Garrick had become of the stage, and had been humbly duped by Smollet, "The Great Cham of Literature."

Such was Dr. Johnson, when on the 31st of May, 1761, he was to make his appearance as a guest at a literary supper given by Goldsmith, at a tavern in St. James's, the Wine-Office Court. It was the opening of their acquaintance. Johnson had felt and acknowledged the merit of Goldsmith as an author, and been pleased by the honorable mention made of himself in the "Rambler" and the "Chinese Letters." Dr. Percy called upon Johnson to take him to Goldsmith's lodgings; he found Johnson arrayed with unusual care in a new suit of clothes, a new hat, and a well-powered wig; and could not but notice his uncommon spruceness. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

The acquaintance thus commenced ripened into intimacy in the course of frequent meetings at the shop of Davies, the bookseller, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. As this was one of the great literary gossiping places of the day, especially to the circle over which Johnson presided, it was witnessed some Conversation. Mrs. Thomas Davie, noted in after times as the biographer of Garrick, had originally been on the stage, and though a small man had enacted tyrannical tragedy, with a pomp and magniloquence beyond his size, if we may trust the description given of him by Churchill in the Rosciad:

"Statesman all over—in plots famous grown, He moons a sentence asurus mouth a bone."

This unlyric sentence is said to have crippled him in the midst of his tragic career, and ultimately to have driven him from the stage. He carried into the bookselling craft somewhat of the grandiose manner of the stage, and was prone to be monitory and magniloquent.

Churchill had intimated, that while on the stage he was more noted for his pretty wife than his good acting:

"With him came mighty Davies; on my life, That fellow has a very pretty wife.

"Pretty Mrs. Davies" continued to be the bole-star of his fortunes. Her tea-table became almost as much a literary lounge as her husband's shop. She found favor in the eyes of the Urus Major of literature by her winning ways, as she poured out for him cups without stint of his favorite beverage. Indeed it is suggested that she was one leading cause of his habitual resort to this literary haunt. Others were drawn to the sake of Johnson's conversation, and thus it became a resort of many of the notoriety of the day. Here might occasionally be seen Bennet Langton, George Stevens, Dr. Percy, celebrated for his ancient ballads, and sometimes Burburton in prelatical state. Garrick resorted to it for a time, but soon grew shy and suspicious, declaring that most of the authors who frequented Mr. Davies's shop were simply to abuse him.

Fooke, the Aristophanes of the day, was a frequent visitor; his broad face beamimg with fun and waggery, and his satirical eye on the look out for characters and incidents for his farces. He was struck with the odd habits and appearance of Johnson and Goldsmith, now so often brought together in Davies's shop. He was about to put on the stage a farce called "The Orators," intended as a bit at the Robin Hood debating club, and resolved to show up the two doctors in it for the entertainment of the town.

"What is the common mode of a joke stick, sir?" said Johnson to Davies, "Silence," was the reply. "Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Fooke means to take me off, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity."

Fooke had no disposition to undergo the criticism of the cudgel wielded by such potent hands, so the farce of The Orators appeared without the caricatures of the lexicographer and the essayist.

CHAPTER XIII.


Notwithstanding his growing success, Goldsmith continued to consider literature a mere make-shift, and his vagrant imagination seemed with schemes as the plans of a grand but indefinite nature. One was for visiting the East and exploring the interior of Asia. He had, as has been before observed, a vague notion that valuable dis-
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coveries were to be made there, and many useful inventions in the arts brought back to the stock of English manufacturers. "All the manufacturers," observes he in one of his writings, "the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are most particular to something scarlet, and that of refining lead into a metal which, for hardness and color, is little inferior to silver."

Goldsmith adds a description of the kind of person which now Lord Bute became prime minister, in which he evidently had himself in view. He should be a man of philosophical turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swoln with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a bohemian, nor quite an antiquarian; his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be "the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination and innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger."

Goldsmith was one of the favorite schemes of his fancy, scoffed at the project when it was mentioned to him. "Of all men," said he, "Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry, for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently, could neither judge, nor understand, the present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding harrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

His connection with Newbery the bookseller now led him into a variety of temporary jobs, such as a pamphlet on the Cock-lane Ghost, a Life of Beau Nash, the famous Master of Ceremonies at Bath, etc.; one of the best things for his fame, however, was the remodelling and republication of his Chinese Letters under the title of "The Citizen of the World," a work which has long since taken its merited stand among the classics of the English language. "Few works," it has been observed by one of his biographers, "exhibit a nicer perception, or more delicate delineation of life and manners. Wit, humor, and sentiment pervade every page; the vices and follies of the day are touched with the most playful and diverting satire; and English characteristics, in endless variety, are hit off with the pencil of a master."

In the year 1762 he was one of the thousands who went to see the Cherokee chiefs, whom he mentions in one of his writings. "The Irishman," he says, "adorned his appearance in grand costume, hideously painted and bejeweled. In the course of the visit Goldsmith made the chiefs a present, who, in the ecstacy of their gratitude, gave him an embrace that left his face well bedaubed with the chief's red ochre. Toward the close of 1762 he removed to 'merry Islington,' then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. He went there for the benefit of country air, his health being injured by literary application and confinement, and to be near his chief employer, Mr. Newbery, who resided in the Canonbury House. In this neighborhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the 'White Conduit House,' so famous among the essayists of the last century. While strolling one day in these gardens, he met three females of the family of a respectable tradesman to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable; it was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas—he had not the wherewithal in his pocket. A sense of perplexity now took place in his mind, and the waiter, in the midst of which came up some of his acquaintances, in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. This completed his mortification. There was no concealing the awkwardness of his position. The snickers of the waiter revealed it. His acquaintances amused themselves for some time at his expense, professing their inability to relieve him. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith enabled to convey off the ladies with flying colors.

Among the various productions thrown off by him for the booksellers during this growing period of his reputation, was a small work in two volumes, entitled The History of England, in a series of Letters from a Noleman to his Son. It was digested from Hume, Rapin, Carter, and Kennet. These authors he would read in the morning; make a few notes; ramble with a friend into the country about the skirts of "merry Islington." return to a temperate dinner and cheerful evening; and, he out of mind, take off what had arranged itself in his head from the studies of the morning. In this way he took a more general view of the subject, and wrote in a more easy and fluent style than if he had been mousing at the time among authorities. The work, like many others written by him in the earlier part of his literary career, was anonymous. Some attributed it to Lord Chesterfield, others to Lord Orrery, and others to Lord Lyttleton. The letter seemed pleased to be the putative father, and never disowned the handling thus laid at his door; and well might he have been proud to be considered capable of producing what has been well pronounced "the most finished and elegant summary of English history in the same compass that has been or is likely to be written."

The reputation of Goldsmith, it will be perceived, grew slowly; he was known and estimated by a few; but he had not those brilliant though fallacious qualities which flash upon the public, and excite loud but transient applause. His works were more read than talked about, and the style, for which he was especially noted, was more apt to be felt than talked about. He used
often to regale, in a half-humorous, half-querulous manner, at his tardiness in gaining the laurels which he felt to be his due. "The public," he would exclaim, "will never do me justice; whenever I write anything they make a point to know nothing about it."

About the beginning of 1763 he became acquainted with Boswell, whose literary gossips were destined to have a deleterious effect upon his reputation. Boswell was at that time a young man, light, buoyant, pushing, and presumptuous. He had a morbid passion for mingling in the society of men noted for wit and learning, and had just arrived from Scotland, bent upon making his way into the literary circles of the metropolis. An intimacy with Dr. Johnson, the great literary luminary of the day, was the crowning object of his aspiring and somewhat ludicrous ambition. He expected to meet him at a dinner to which he was invited at Davies the bookseller's, but was disappointed. Goldsmith was present, but he was not as yet sufficiently renowned to excite the reverence of Boswell. "I say he in his notes, "'I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally understood that one Dr. Goldsmith was the author of 'An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.'"

A conversation took place at table between Goldsmith and Mr. Robert Doddsie, compiler of the well-known collection of modern poetry, as to the merits of the current poetry of the day. Goldsmith declared there was none of superior merit. Doddsie cited his own collection in proof of the contrary. "It is true," said he, "we can boast of no palaces nowadays, like Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, but we have villages composed of very pretty houses." Goldsmith, however, maintained that there was nothing above mediocrity, an opinion in which Johnson, to whom it was repeated, concurred, and with reason, for the era was one of the dead levels of British poetry.

A witticism has made no note of his acquaintance; he was an unitarian in his literary devotion, and disposed to worship none but Johnson. Little Davies endeavored to console him for his disappointment, and to stay the stomach of his curiosity, by giving him abatements of the great lexicographer and ruminating his words, rolling his head, and assuming as ponderous a manner as his petty person would permit. Boswell was shortly afterward made happy by an introduction to Johnson, of whom he became the obsequious satellite. From him he likewise imbibed a more favorable opinion of Goldsmith's merits, though he was lain to consider them derived in a great measure from his Magna Apollo. "He had sagacity enough," says he, "to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the communication of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale." So on another occasion he calls him "one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school." "His respectful attachment to Johnson," adds he, "was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great master."

What beautiful instances does the garrulous Boswell give of the goodness of heart of Johnson, and the passing homage to it by Goldsmith. They were speaking of a Mr. Levett, long an inmate of Johnson's house and a dependent on his bounty; but who, Boswell thought, must be an irksome charge upon him. "He is poor and honest," said Goldsmith, "which is recommendation enough to Johnson."

Boswell mentioned another person of a very bad character, and wondered at Johnson's kindness to him. "He is now become miserable," said Goldsmith, "and that is the protection of Johnson." Encomiums like these speak almost as much for the heart of him who praises as of the man who is praised.

Subsequently, when Boswell had become more intense in his literary idolatry, he affected to undervalue Goldsmith, and a lurking hostility to him was discernible throughout his writings, which some have attributed to a silly spirit of jealousy of the superior esteem extorted for the poet by Dr. Johnson. We have a gleam of this in his account of the first evening he spent in company with those two eminent authors at their famous resort, the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street. This took place on the 1st of July, 1763. He tripped together, and passed some time in literary conversation. On quitting the tavern, Johnson, who had now been sociably acquainted with Goldsmith for two years, and knew his merits, took him with him to drink tea, and to give him a premium upon the high privilege among his intimates and admirers. To Boswell, a recent acquaintance whose intrusive sycophancy had not yet made its way into his confidential intimacy, he gave no invitation. Boswell felt it with all the jealousy of a little mind. "Dr. Goldsmith," says he, in his memoirs, "being a privileged man, went with him, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an ecclesiastic over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Miss Williams,' I confess I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed to be so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction." Obtained! but how? not like Goldsmith, by the force of unpretending but congenial merit, but by a course of the most pushing, contriving, and spaniel-like subservience. Really, the ambition of the man to illustrate his mental insignificance, and to continually placing himself in juxtaposition with the great lexicographer, has something in it perfectly ludicrous. Never, since the days of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, has there been presented to the world a more whimsically contrasted pair of associates than Johnson and Boswell.

"Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked some one when Boswell had worked his way into inconsiderable companionship. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith, "you are too severe: he is only a hound. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."
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his bounty: “an irksome honest,” said Goldsmith, “enough to
of a very hard disposed kind to
The public Ledger, where he was
regard, a very bold, active, boasting little man, in
described as a stout, active, bustling little man, in
was the moralist and philosopher of the pen-
like Goldsmith he had sounded the depths of
and misery, without being polluted by them;
debate an occasional man of affairs, and dwelt more
of the crimes and vices of the follies and honors
of mankind, yet they were all calculated, like
manner, to fill the mind with instruction and pre-
and to make the heart better.

Hogarth does not appear to have had much of
the rural feeling with which Goldsmith was so
ample endowed, and may not have accompanied him
in his strolls about hedges and green lanes;
but he was a fitted companion with whom to explore
the walks of London, in which he was continually on
the look-out for character and incident. One
of Hogarth’s admirers speaks of having come
upon him in Castle Street, engaged in one of his
street studies, watching two boys who were quar-
relling; putting one on the back who flinched, and
endearing to spirit him up to a fresh en-
counter. I should be willing to take it with 
him at again !

A frail memorial of this intimacy between the
painter and the poet exists in a portrait in oil,
called Goldsmith’s Hostess. It is supposed to
have been painted by Hogarth in the course of his
visits to Islington, and given by him to the poet as
a means of paying his landlady. There are no
friendships among men of talents more likely to
be sincere than those between painters and poets.
Possessed of the same qualities of mind, governed
by the same principles of taste and natural laws
of grace and beauty, but applying them to different
yet mutually illustrative arts, they are const-
stantly in sympathy and never in collision with
each other.

A still more congenial intimacy of the kind was
that contracted by Goldsmith with Mr. afterward
Sir Joshua Reynolds. The latter was now about
forty years of age, a few years older than the poet,
whom he charmed by the blandness and accessibility
of his manners, and the nobleness and generosity
of his sentiments, and the gracefulness of his
pencil and the magic of his coloring. They
were men of kindred genius, excelling in corres-
ponding qualities of their several arts, for style in
writing is what color is in painting; both are in-
nate endowments, and wholly magical in their
effects. Certain graces and harmonies of both
may be acquired by diligent study and imitation,
but only in a limited degree; whereas by their
natural possessors they are exercised spontaneously,
without thought, with even the most interesting
fashions. Reynolds was not less skilful, and ac-
nappreciated the merits of Goldsmith, and a sincere
and lasting friendship ensued between them.

At R.·nold’s house Goldsmith mingled in a
higher range of company than he had been accus-
tomed to. The fame of this celebrated artist, and
his eloquence of manners, were gathering round
him men of talents of all kinds, and the increasing
influence of his circumstances enabled him to give
full indulgence to his hospitable disposition. Poor
Goldsmith had not yet, like Dr. Johnson, acquired
reputation to allow for, or to explain the de-
binations, and the dawning of his fame. Dr. Nugent was his father-

in-law, a Roman Catholic, and a physician of
and instruction. Mr. afterward Sir John
Hawkins was admitted into this association from having been a member of Johnson's Ivy Lane club. Originally an attorney, he had retired from the practice of the law, in consequence of a large fortune which fell to him in right of his wife, and was more than a mere dilettante. He was, moreover, a dabbler in literature and music, and was actually engaged on a history of music, which he subsequently published in five ponderous volumes. To him we are indebted for a biography of Johnson which appeared after the death of that eminent man. Hawkins was as mean and parsimonious as he was pompous and conceited. He forbore to partake of the suppers at the club, and begged therefore to be excused from paying his share of the reckoning. “And was he excused?” asked Dr. Burney of Johnson. “Oh, yes, for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him and admitted his plea. Yet I really believe him to be an honest man at bottom, though to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a tendency to savagerness.” He did not remain above two or three years in the club; being in a manner elbowed out in consequence of his rudeness to Burke.

Mr. Anthony Chamier was secretary in the War Office, and a friend of Beaucere, by whom he was proposed. We have left our mention of Bennet Langton and Topham Beaucere until the last, because we have most to say about them. They were doubtless induced to join the club through their devotion to Johnson, and the intimacy of these two young and aristocratic young men with the stern and somewhat melancholy moralist is among the curiosities of literature.

Bennet Langton was of an ancient family, who held their ancestral estate of Langton in Lincolnshire, a great title to respect with Johnson. “Langton, sir,” he would say, “has a grant of free warren from Henry the Second; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John’s reign, was of this family.”

Langton was of a mild, contemplative, enthusiastic nature. When but eighteen years of age he was so delighted with reading Johnson’s “Rambler,” that he came to London chiefly with a view to meeting the man. Boswell gives us an account of his first interview, which took place in the morning. It is not often that the personal appearance of an author agrees with the preconceived ideas of his admirer. Langton, from perusing the writings of Johnson, expected to find him a decrepit, well-dressed, in short a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bed chamber about noon, came, as newly risen, a large uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved.

Langton went to pursue his studies at Trinity College, Oxford, where Johnson saw much of him during a visit which he paid to the university. He found him in close intimacy with Topham Beaucere, a youth two years older than himself, very gay and dissipated, and wondered that sympathy could draw two young men together of such opposite characters. On becoming acquainted with Beaucere he found that, rake though he was, he possessed an ardent love of literature, an acute understanding, polished wit, innate gentility and high aristocratic breeding. He was, moreover, the only son of Lord Sidney Beaucere, and grandson of the Duke of St. Albans, and was thought in some particulars to have a resemblance to Charles the Second. These were high recommendations to Johnson, and when the youth testified a profound respect for him and an ardent admiration of his talents the conquest was complete, so that in a “short time,” says Boswell, “the moral pious Johnson and the gay dissipated Beaucere were companions.”

The intimacy began in college chambers was continued when the youth came to town during the vacations. The uncouth, unwieldy moralist, was flattered at finding himself an object of idolatry to two high-born, high-bred, aristocratic young men, and throwing gravity aside, was ready to join their vagaries and play the part of a long man upon town.” Such at least is the account given of him by Boswell on one occasion when Beaucere and Langton having supposed together at a tavern determined to give Johnson a rouse at three o’clock in the morning. It accordingly rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple. The indignant sage rallied in his shirt, in his joke, and a little black wig on the tip of his head, instead of helmet; prepared to wreak vengeance on the assailant of his castle; but when his young friends, Lankey and Beaure, as he used to call them, presented themselves, summoning him forth to a morning ramble, his whole manner changed. “What, is it you, ye dogs?” cried he. “Faith, I’ll have a frisk with you.”

So said so done. They sallied forth together to Covent Garden; figured among the green grocers and fruit women, just come in from the country with their hampers; repaired to a neighboring tavern, where Johnson brewed a bowl of bishop, a favorite beverage with him, grew merry over his cups, and anathematized sleep in two lines from Lord Lansdowne’s drinking song:

“Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I’m in haste to laugh and drink again.”

They then took boat again, rowed to Billingsgate, and Johnson and Beaucere determined, like “mad wags” of the town, to spend the day. Langton, however, the most sober-minded of the three, pleaded an engagement to breakfast with some young ladies; whereupon the great moralist reproached him with “leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched unadult girls.”

This madcap freak of the great lexicographer made a sensation, as may well be supposed, among his intimates. “I heard of your frolic this other night,” said Garrick to him; “you’re in the Chronicle.” He uttered worse forebodings to others. “I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house,” said he. Johnson, however, valued himself upon having thus enacted a chapter in the “Rake’s Progress,” and crowed over Garrick on the occasion. “He durst not do such a thing!” chuckled he, “his wife would not let him!”

When these two young men entered the club Langton was about twenty-two, and Beaucere about twenty-four years of age, and both were launched into the world. Langton was still the mild, enthusiastic scholar, steeped to the lips in Greek, with fine conversational powers, and an invaluable talent for listening. He was upward of six feet high, and very spare. “Oh I that we could sketch him,” exclaims Miss Haw-
kins, in her Memoirs, "with his mild countenance, his elegant features, and his sweet smile, sitting with one leg twisted round the other, as if leaning to occupy more space than was equitable; his person inclining forward, as if wanting strength to support his weight, and his arms crossed over his bosom, for his hands locked together by his knee." Beauclerc, comments, sportively compared him to a stork in Raphael's Cartoons, standing on one leg. Beauclerc was more "a man upon town," a lounger in St. James's Street, an associate with George Selwyn, with Walpole, and other aristocratic wits; a man of fashion at court; a casual frequenter of the gaming-table; yet, with all this, he alternated in the easiest and happiest manner the scholar and the man of letters; lounged into the club with the most perfect self-possession, bringing with him the careless grace and polished wit of high-bred society, but making himself cordially at home among his learned fellow members.

The gay yet lettered rake maintained his sway over his generation, for his was a name that air of the world, that ineffable tone of good society in which he felt himself deficient, especially as the possessor of it always paid homage to his superior talent. "Beauclerc," he would say, using a quotation from Pope, "has a love of lolly, but a scorn of books: everything else he does shows the one, and everything else he says the other." Beauclerc delighted in rallying the stern moralist of whom others stood in awe, and no one, according to Boswell, could take equal liberty with him with impunity. Johnson, in his place, was often shabby and negligent in his dress, and not over-cleans in his person. On receiving a pension from the crown, his friends vied with each other in respectful congratulations. Beauclerc simply scanned his person with a whimsical glance, and hoped that, like Falstaff, "he'd in future purge and live cleanly like a gentleman." Johnson took the hint with unexpected good humor, and profited by it.

Still Beauclerc's satirical vein, which darted shafts on every side, was not always tolerated by Johnson. "Sir," said he on one occasion, "you never open your mouth but with intention to give pain, and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you have said, but from seeing your intention.

When it was at first proposed to enroll Goldsmith among the members of this association, there seems to have been some demur; at least so says the pompous Hawkins. As he wrote for the booksellers, of the club looked on him as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original and still less of poetical composition.

Even for a time after his admission, he continued to be regarded in a dubious light by some of the members. Johnson and Reynolds, of course, were well aware of his merits, nor was Burke a stranger to them; but to the others he was as yet a sealed book, and the outside was not propelling. His ungainly person and awkward manners were against him with men accustomed to the graces of society, and he was not sufficiently at home to give play to his humor and to that bonhomie which won the hearts of all who knew him. He felt strange and out of place in the room; he never saw the comical satirical eye of the courtly Beauclerc scanning him, and the more he attempted to appear at his ease, the more awkward he became.
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hardly acquire it." Again, on another occasion, he observes: "Of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgment produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle."

At this very time he had by him his poem of 'The Traveller.' The plan of it, as has already been noticed, was conceived many years before, during his travels in Switzerland, and a sketch of it sent from that country to his brother Henry in Ireland. The original outline is said to have embraced a wider scope; but it was probably contracted through diffidence, in the process of finishing the parts. It had laid by for several years in a crude state, and it was with extreme hesitation and after much revision that he at length submitted it to Dr. Johnson. The frank and open friendship of the Johnson encouraged him to finish it for the press; and Dr. Johnson himself contributed a few lines toward the conclusion.

We hear much about "poetic inspiration," and the "mad poet" in a fine "man rolling," but Sir Joshua Reynolds gives an anecdote of Goldsmith while engaged upon his poem, calculated to cure our notions about the ardor of composition. Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him in the double occupation of turning a couplet and teaching a pet dog to sit upon his haunches. At one time he would glance his eye at his desk, and at another shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

"By sports like these are all their cares beggled,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Goldsmith, with his usual good-humor, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged, that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza.

The poem was published on the 10th of December, 1764, in a quarto form, by Newbery, and was the first of his works to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. In a note of his merited affection, he dedicated it to his brother Henry. There is an amusing affection of indifference as to its fate expressed in the dedication: "What reception a poem may find," says he, "which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it. I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. The truth is, no one was more emulous and anxious for poetical fame; and never was he more anxious than in the present instance, for it was his grand stake. Dr. Johnson aided the launching of the poem by a favorable notice in the 'Critical Review'; other periodical works came out in its favor. Some of the author's friends complained that it did not command instant and wide popularity; that it was a poem to win, not to strike; it went on rapidly increasing in favor; in the months a second edition was issued; shortly afterward a third; then a fourth; and, before the year was out, the author was pronounced the best poet of his time.

The appearance of 'The Traveller' at once attracted Goldsmith's intellectual estimations in the estimation of society; but its effect upon the club, if we may judge from the account given by Hawkins, was most ludicrous. They were lost in astonishment that a "newspaper essayist" and "bookseller's drudge" should have written such a poem. On the evening of its announcement to them Goldsmith had gone away early, after "rattling away as usual," and they knew not how to reconcile his heartless garrulity with the serene beauty, the easy grace, the genial tone, the occasional elevation of his poetry. They could scarcely believe that such magic numbers had flowed from a man to whom in general, says Johnson, "it was with difficulty they could give a hearing." Well, exclaimed Chamier, "I do not believe he wrote it, and let me tell you, that believing is a great deal." At the next meeting of the club Chamier sounded the author a little about his poem. "Mr. Goldsmith," he said, "what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your Traveller, 'remote, unfriended, solitary, slow?' do you mean tardiness of locomotion?" "Yes," replied Goldsmith inconsiderately, being probably flurried at the moment. "No, sir," interposed his protecting friend, Johnson. "I mean the slow motion of locomotion; you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." "Ah," exclaimed Goldsmith, "that was what I meant." Chamier immediately observed that Johnson himself had written the line, and a rumor became prevalent that he was the author of the last line of the finest passages. This was ultimately set at rest by Johnson himself, who marked with a pencil all the verses he had contributed, nine in number, inserted toward the conclusion, and by no means the best in the poem. He moreover, with generous warmth, pronounced it the finest poem that had appeared since the days of Pope.

But of all the testimonies to the charm of the poem was given by Miss Reynolds, who had tossed poor Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintance. Shortly after the appearance of 'The Traveller,' Dr. Johnson read it aloud from beginning to end in her presence. "Well," exclaimed she, when he had finished, "I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly."

On another occasion, when the merits of 'The Traveller' were discussed at Reynolds's box, Langton declared "There was not a bad line in the poem, not one of Dryden's careless verses." "I was glad," observed Reynolds, "to hear Charles Fox improvise the first thing in the English language. "Why, why are you glad?" rejoined Langton; "you surely had no doubt of this before." "No," interposed Johnson, decisively; "the merit of 'The Traveller' is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor can his censure diminish it."

Boswell, who was absent from England at the time of the publication of 'The Traveller,' was astonished, on his return, to find Goldsmith, whom he had so much undervalued, suddenly elevated to a place among the brilliant. He accounted for it by concluding that much both of the sentiments and expression of the poem had been derived from conversations with Johnson. "He imitates you," said this incarceration of toadism. "Why, no, sir," replied Johnson. "Jack Hawkhurst is one of my imitators, but not Goldsmith. Goldy, sir, has great merit." "But, sir, he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation." "Why, sir, he has, perhaps, got sooner to it by his intimacy with me."

The poem went through several editions in the course of the first year, and received some few additions and corrections from the author's pen.
It produced a golden harvest to Mr. Newbery, but all the remuneration on record, dole out by his niggard hand to the author, was twenty guineas.

CHAPTER XVI.


OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Now that he was rising in the world, and becoming a notoriety, left himself called upon to improve his style of living. He accordingly emerged from Wine-Oﬃce Court, and moved in houses in the Temple. It is true that these were but of humble pretensions, situated on what was then the library staircase, and it would appear that he was a kind of inmate with Jefis, the butler of the society. Still he was in the Temple, that classic region rendered famous by Cervantes and other essayists, as the abode of gay wits, and lively men of letters, and which, with its retired courts and embowered gardens, in the very heart of a noisy metropolis, is, to the quiet-seeker student and author, an oasis freshness with verdure in the midst of the desert. Johnson, who had become a kind of growing supervisior of the poet's affairs, paid him a visit soon after he had installed himself in his new quarters, and went prying about the apartment, in his near-sighted manner, examining everything minutely. Goldsmith was fidgeted by this curious scrutiny, and apprehending a disposition to find fault, exclaimed, with the air of a man who had money in both pockets, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." The harlequin, nettled at the reply from Johnson, which touched the chord of proper pride. "Nay, sir," said he, "never mind that. Nil quasivesque extra," implying that his reputation rendered him independent of outward show. Happy would it have been for poor Goldsmith, could he have kept this consolatory compliment perpetually in mind, and squared his expenses accordingly.

Among the persons of rank who were struck with the merits of "The Traveller" was the Earl (afterward Duke) of Northumberland. He procured several other of Goldsmith's writings, the perusal of which tended to elevate the author in his good opinion, and to gain for him his good will. The earl held the oﬃce of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and understanding Goldsmith was an Irishman, was disposed to extend to him the patronage which his high post afforded. He intimated the same to his relative, Dr. Percy, who, he found, was well acquainted with the poet, and expressed a wish that the latter should wait upon him. Here, then, was an opportunity to bring Goldsmith to better his fortune, he had been knowing and worldly enough to profit by it. Unluckily the path to fortune lay through the aristocratical mazes of Northumberland House, and the poet blundered at the outset. The following is the account he used to give of his visit: "I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with the Duke. The show led me into an antechamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance; taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the lines I had composed in order to compliment him on the honor he had done me; to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Dr. Johnson, gives some farther particulars of this visit, of which he was, in part, a witness. "Having one day," says he, "a call to make on the late Duke, then Earl, of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room; I asked him what had brought him there; he told me, an invitation from his lordship. I am afraid his business was a little as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that the Duke was waiting without. The earl asked me if I was acquainted with him. I said, that I was, adding that I thought it was most likely to recommend him. I retired, and stayed in the outer room to see him home. Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his conversation. "His lordship," said he, "told me he had read my poem, meaning "The Traveller," and was much delighted with it; that he was going to be Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and that hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness. And what did you answer," said I, "to this gracious offer?"

"Why," said he, "I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help; as for myself, I have no great dependence on the promises of great men; I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." Thus it continues Sir John, in this list of the affairs of the time with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to him."

We cannot join with Sir John in his worldly sneer at the conduct of Goldsmith on this occasion. While we admire that honest independence of spirit which prevented him from asking favors for himself, we love that warmth of affection which instantly sought to advance the fortunes of a brother: but the peculiar merits of poor Goldsmith seem to have been little understood by the Hawkins, the Boswells, and the other biographers of the day.

After all, the introduction to Northumberland House did not prove so complete a failure as the humorous account given by Goldsmith, and the cynical account given by Sir John Hawkins, might lead one to suppose. Dr. Percy, the heir male of the ancient Percies, brought the poet into the acquaintance of his kinswoman, the countess, who, before her marriage with the earl, was in her own right heiress of the House of Lords. "She was a lady," says Boswell, "not only of high dignity of spirit, such as became her noble blood, but of excellent understanding and lively talents." Under her auspices a poem of Goldsmith's had an aristocratical introduction to the world. This was the beautiful ballad of the...
"Hermit," originally published under the name of "Edwin and Angelina," it was suggested by an old English ballad beginning "Gentle Herdsman," shown by Dr. Percy, who was at that time engaged in compiling a famous collection entitled "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which he submitted to the inspection of Goldsmith prior to publication. A few copies only of the "Hermit" were printed at first, with the following title-page: "Edwin and Angelina: A Ballad. By Mr. Goldsmith." But this publication was but a small success and the second edition, which appeared at last to vindicate my claims; and as these entertainers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly lived upon me for some years, let me now try if I can live a little upon myself.

It was but little, in fact, for all the pecuniary emoluments he received from the volume was twenty guineas. It had a good circulation, however, was translated into French, and has maintained its standing among the British classics.

Notwithstanding that the reputation of Goldsmith had greatly risen, his finances were often at a very low ebb, owing to his heedlessness as to expense, his liability to be imposed upon, and a spontaneous and irresistible propensity to give to every one who asked. The very rise in his reputation had increased these embarrassments. It had enlarged his circle of needy acquaintances, authors poorer in pocket than himself, who came in search of literary counsel; which generally meant a guinea and a breakfast. And then his Irish hangers-on! "Our Doctor," one of these apparently "had a considerable share of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as he was able, always relieved; and has often been known to leave without his usual vote, in order to supply the necessities of others."

This constant drainag of the purse therefore obliged him to undertake all jobs proposed by the booksellers, and to keep up a kind of running account with Mr. Newberry, who was his bookkeeper on all occasions, sometimes for pounds, sometimes for shillings; but who was a rigid accountant and to be taken up to account in manuscript. Many effusions hastily penned in these moments of exigency, were published anonymously, and never claimed. Some of these have but recently been traced to his pen; while of many the true authorship will probably never be discovered. Among others it is suggested, that he wrote for Mr. Newberry, the famous nursery story of "Goody Two Shoes," which appeared in 1765, at a moment when Goldsmith was scribbling away, and much pressed for funds. Several quaint little tales introduced in the history, as he had a turn for this species of mock history; and the advertisement and title-page bear the stamp of his sly and playful humor.

"We are desired to give notice, that there is in the press, and speedily will be published, either by subscription or otherwise, as the public shall please to determine, the History of Little Goody Two Shoes, otherwise Mrs. Margery Two Shoes; who, with the means by which she acquired learning and wisdom, and, in consequence thereof, her estate; set forth at large for the benefit of those who..."

Thus, Oliver Goldsmith's works were not only read for their literary merit, but also for their economic necessity. His writings, though often criticized for their lack of profundity, were widely read and enjoyed by the public of the time. The world was probably not aware of the ingenuity, humor, good sense, and sly satire contained in many of the old English nursery-tales. They have evidently been liberal enough in this respect. Most of these essays have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kernel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labors sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourish at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philautos, Philalethes, Philaleuthers, and many other regular names, upon which the press copied, and another of purple was printed, that had been traced.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER XVII.


The success of the poem of "The Traveller," and the popularity which it had conferred on its author, now roused the attention of the bookseller in whose hands the novel of "The Vicar of Wakefield" had been slumbering for nearly two long years. The idea has generally prevailed that it was Mr. John Newbery to whom the manuscript had been sold, and much surprise has been expressed that he should be insensible to its merit and suffer it to remain unpublished, while putting forth various inferior writings by the same author. This, however, is a mistake; it was his nephew, Francis Newbery, who had become the fortunate purchaser. Still the delay is equally unaccountable. Some have imagined that the uncle and nephew had business arrangements together, in which this work was included, and that the elder Newbery, doubtful of its success, regarded the publication until the full harvest of "The Traveller" should be reap. Booksellers are prone to make egregious mistakes as to the merit of works in manuscript; and to undervalue, if not reject, those of classic and enduring excellence, when destitute of that false brilliancy commonly called "effect." In the present instance, an intellect vastly superior to that of either of the booksellers was equally at fault. Dr. Johnson, speaking of the work to Boswell, some time subsequent to its publication, observed, "I myself did not think it would have had much success. It was written and sold to a bookseller before 'The Traveller,' but published after, some little expectation had the bookseller from it. Had it been sold after 'The Traveller,' he might have made much money; though sixty guineas was no mean price."

Sixty guineas for the Vicar of Wakefield; and this could be pronounced an no mean price by Dr. Johnson, at that time the arbiter of British talent, and who had an opportunity of witnessing the effect of the work upon the public mind; for its success was immediate. It came out on the 27th of March, 1766; before the end of May a second edition was called for; in three months more a third; and so it went on, widening in a popularity that has never flagged. Rogers, the Nestor of British literature, whose refined purity of taste and exquisite mental organization, rendered him eminently calculated to appreciate a work of the kind, declared that of all his books, which, through the fitful changes of three generations he had seen rise and fall, the charm of the Vicar of Wakefield had alone continued as at first; and could he revisit the world after an interval of many more generations, he should as surely look to find it undiminished. Nor has its celebrity been confined to Great Britain. Though so exclusively a picture of British scenes and manners, it has been translated into almost every language, and everywhere its charm has been the same. Goethe, the great genius of Germany, declared in his eighty-first year, that it was his delight at the age of twenty, that it had in a manner formed a part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life, and that he had recently read it again from beginning to end, with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it.

It is needless to expatiate upon the qualities of a work which has thus passed from country to country, and language to language, until it is now known throughout the whole reading world, and is become a household book in every hand. The secret of its universal and enduring popularity is undoubtedly its truth to nature, but to nature of the most amiable kind; to nature such as Goldsmith saw it. The author's personal tastes, as individually shown in the course of this memoir, took its scenes and characters in this as in his other writings, from originals in his own motley experience; but he has given them as seen through the medium of his own indulgent eye, and has set them forth with the colorings of his own good head and
heart. Yet how contradictory it seems that this,
one of the most delightful pictures of home and
homefelt happiness, should be drawn by a home-
less man, that the most amiable picture of do-
mestic virtue and all the endearments of the mar-
rried state should be drawn by a bachelor, who
had been severed from domestic life almost from
boyhood; that one of the most tender, touching,
and affecting appeals on behalf of female love-
lessness should have been made by a man whose de-
iciency in all the graces of person and manners
seemed to mark him out for a cynical dispassar
of the sex.

We cannot refrain from transcribing from the
work a short passage illustrative of what we have
said, and which within a wonderfully small
compass comprises a world of beauty of imagery,
tenderness of feeling, delicacy and refinement of
thought, and matchless purity of style. The two
stanzas which conclude it, which are told a
very touching history of woman's wrongs and sufferings,
is, for pathos, simplicity, and euphony, a gem in
the language. The scene depicted is where the
poor Vicar is gathering around him the wrecks of
his shattered family, and endeavoring to rally them
back to happiness.

"The next morning the sun arose with peculiar
warmth for the season, so that we agreed to
breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank;
where, while we sat, my youngest daughter at my
request joined her voice to the concert on the
trees about us. It was in this place my poor Oli-
via first met her seducer, and every object served
to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which
is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by
sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of
enflaming it. Her mother, too, upon this occa-
sion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved
her daughter as before. 'Do, my pretty Olivia,'
cried she, 'let us have that melancholy air your
father was so fond of; your sister Sophy has al-
ready obliged us. Do, child; it will please your
old father.' She complied in a manner so exqui-
sitely pathetic as moved me.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What can a woman do but weep?
What art can wash her guilt away?

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.'"

Scarce had the Vicar of Wakefield made its ap-
pearance and been received with acclamation,
than its author was subjected to one of the usual
penalties that attend success. He was attacked
in the newspapers. In one of the chapters he had
introduced his ballad of the Hermit, of which, as
we have mentioned, a few copies had been printed
some considerable time previously for the use of
the Countess of Northumberland. This brought
forth the following article in a fashionable jour-
nal of the day:

"To the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

"Sir: In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, pub-
lished about two years ago, is a very beautiful lit-
tle ballad, called 'A Friar of Orders Gray.' The
ingenious editor, Mr. Percy, supposes that the
stanzas sung by Ophelia in the play of Hamlet
were parts of some ballad well known in Shakes-
peare's time, and from these stanzas with the ad-
dition of one or two of his own to connect them,
he has formed the above-mentioned ballad; the
subject of which is, a lady comes to a convent to
inquire after her lover who had been driven there
by her disdain. She is answered by a friar that
he is dead:

"'No, no, be a dead, gone to his death's bed.
He never will come again.'

The lady weeps and laments her cruelty; the
friar endeavors to comfort her with morality and
religion, but all in vain; she expresses the deep-
est grief and the most tender sentiments of love,
till at last the friar discovers himself:

"'And lo! beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true love appears.'

"This catastrophe is very fine and the whole,
joined with the greatest tenderness, has the great-
est simplicity; yet, though this ballad was so re-
cently published in the Ancient Reliques, Dr.
Goldsmith has been hardly enough to publish a
poem called 'The Hermit,' where the circum-
cstances and catastrophe are exactly the same,
only with this difference, that the natural sim-
plicity and tenderness of the original are almost
critically lost in the languid mannerisms and ped-
ulian paraphrase of the copy, which is as short of
the merits of Mr. Percy's ballad as the insipidity of
negus is to the genuine flavor of champagne.

"I am, sir, yours etc.,

"DECTOR."

This attack, supposed to be by Goldsmith's con-
stant persecutor, the malignant Kenrick, drew
from him the following note to the editor:

"Sir: As there is nothing I dislike so much as
newspaper controversy; particularly upon trifles,
permit me to be as concise as possible in inform-
ing a correspondent of yours that I recommended
Blainville's travels because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said I
was told by the bookseller that it was first publi-
ished; but in that it seems I was misinfor-
mated, and my reading was not extensive enough to
set me right.

"Another correspondent of yours accuses me of
having taken a ballad I published some time ago,
from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not
think there is any great resemblance between
the two pieces in question. If there be any, his
ballad was taken from mine. I read it to Mr.
Percy some years ago; and he, as we both consid-
ered these things as trifles at that time, told me,
with his usual good-humor, the next time I saw him,
that he had taken my plan to form the fragments
of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then
read me his little Canto, if I may so call it, and I
highly approved it. Such petty anachreses as
these are scarcely worth printing; and were it not
for the busy disposition of some of your corre-
spondents, the public should never have known
that he owes the hint of his ballad, or that I am
obliged to his friendship and learning for com-
munications of a much more important nature.

"I am, sir, yours etc.,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

The unexpected circulation of the "Vicar of
Wakefield" enriched the publisher, but not the
author. Goldsmith no doubt thought himself en-
titled to participate in the profits of the repeated
editions; and a memorandum, still extant, shows
that he drew upon Mr. Francis Newbery, in the month of June, for fifteen guineas, but that the bill was returned dishonored. He continued therefore his usual job-work for the booksellers, writing introductions, prefaces, and head and tail pieces for new works; revising, touching up, and modifying travels and voyages; making compilations of prose and poetry, and "building books," as he sportively termed it. These tasks required little labor of talent, but that taste and touch which are the magic of gifted minds. His terms began to be proportioned to his celebrity. If his price was at any time objected to, "Why, sir," he would say, "it may seem large, but then a man may be many years working in obscurity before his taste and reputation are fixed or estimated; and then he, as in other professions, only paid for his previous labors."

He was, however, prepared to try his fortune in a different walk of literature from any he had yet attempted. We have repeatedly adverted to his fondness for the drama; he was a frequent attendant at the theatres; though, as we have shown, he considered them under gross mismanagement. He thought, too, that a vicious taste prevailed, with a few exceptions, for the stage. "A new species of dramatic composition," says he, in one of his essays, "has been introduced under the name of sentimental comedy, in which the virtues of private life are exhibited, rather than the vices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their tinsel money on the stage; and though they want humor, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have some faults or foibles the spectator is taught not only by example, but to applaud them in consideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the commendations at touching our passions, without the least injury to the truth of the piece. In this manner we are likely to lose one great source of entertainment on the stage; for while the comic poet is invading the province of the tragic muse, he leaves her lively sister quite neglected. Of this, how many of hisudent, as he measures his fame by his profits."

"Humor at present seems to be departing from the stage; and it will soon happen that our comic players will have nothing left for it but a fine coat and a song. It depends upon the audience whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at play as gloomy as at the tavern. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it will be a just punishment, that, when by our too lastidious, we have banished humor from the stage, we shall ourselves be deprived of the art of laughing."

Symptoms of reform in the drama had recently taken place. The comedy of the Clandestine Marriage, the joint production of Colman and Garrick, and suggested by Dryden's inimitable pictures of "Marriage à la mode," had taken the town by storm, crowded the theatres with fashionable audiences, and formed one of the leading literary topics of the year. Goldsmith's emulation was roused by its success. The comedy was in itself a complete satire on the life totally different from the sentimental school; it presented pictures of real life, delineations of character and touches of humor, in which he himself calculated to excel. The consequence was that in the course of this year (1766), he commenced a comedy of the same class, to be entitled the Good-Natured Man, at which he diligently wrought whenever the hurried occupation of "book building" allowed him leisure.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SOCIAL POSITION OF GOLDSMITH—HIS COLLOQUIAL CONTESTS WITH JOHNSON—ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The social position of Goldsmith had undergone a material change since the publication of "The Traveller." Before that event he was but partially known as the author of some clever anonymous writings, and had been a tolerated member of the club and the Johnson circle, without much being expected from him. Now he had suddenly risen to literary fame, and become one of the lions of the day. The highest regions of intellectual society were now open to him; but he was not prepared to move in them with confidence and success. Bailymahon had not been a good school of manners or taste, and his experience as a "poor student at college and medical schools contributed to give him the polish of society. He had brought from Ireland, as he said, nothing but his "brogue and his blunders," and they had never left him. He had travelled, it is true; but the Continental tour which in those days gave the finishing grace to the education of a patrician youth, had, with poor Goldsmith, been little better than a course of literary vagabondizing. It had enriched his mind, deepened and widened his knowledge, and filled his memory with enchanting pictures, but it had contributed little to disciplining him for the polite intercourse of the world. His life in London had hitherto been a struggle with sordid cares and sad humiliations. "You scarcely can conceive," wrote he some time previously to his brother, "how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down." Several more years had since been added to the term during which he had tried the various arts of life. He had been an apothecary's drudge, a petty physician of the suburbs, a bookseller's hack, drudging for daily bread. Each separate walk had been beset by its peculiar thorns and humiliations. It is wonderful how his heart retained its gentleness and kindness through all these trials; how his mind rose above the "meanesses of poverty," to which, as he says, he was compelled to submit; but it would be still more wonderful, had his manners acquired a tone correspondiing to the innate grace and refinement of his mental nature. He was near forty years of age when he published "The Traveller," and was lifted by it into celebrity. As is beautifully said of him by one of his biographers, "he has fought his way to consideration and esteem; but he bears upon him the scars of his twelve years' conflict; of the meanest errors through which he has passed; and of the cheap indulgences he has sought relief and help from. There is nothing plastic in his nature now. His manners and habits are completely formed; and in them any further success can make little favorable change, whatever it may effect for his mind or genius."

We are not to be surprised, therefore, at finding...
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

become a notoriety; that he had entered the lists and was expected to make fight; so with that heedlessness which characterized him in everything else, he dashed on at a venture; trusting to chance in this as in all other things, and hoping occasionally to make a lucky hit. Johnson perceived his haphazard temerity, but gave him no credit for the real difficulty which lay at bottom. "The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation," said he, "is this, he goes on without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith it is a pity he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to himself. And, on another occasion he observes: "Goldsmith, rather than not talk, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing himself. If in company with two founders, he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." And again: "Goldsmith should not be forever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it, and is so much addicted to considering conversation as a trial of intellectual vigor and skill. He had disciplined himself as a talker as well as a writer, making it a rule to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in, so that by constant practice and never suffering any careless evasion of these, he had attained an extraordinary accuracy and command of language."

His common conversation in all companies, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, was such as to secure him universal attention, something above the usual colloquial style being always expected from him. "I do not care," said Orme, the historian of Hindostan, "on what subject Johnson talks, but I love better to hear him talk than anybody else. He either gives you new thoughts or a new coloring."

A stronger and more graphic eulogy is given by Dr. Percy. "The conversation of Johnson," says he, "is strong and clear, and may be compared to an antique statue, where every vein and muscle is distinct and clear."

Such was the colloquial giant with which Goldsmith's celebrity and his habits of intimacy brought him into continual comparison; can we wonder that he should appear to disadvantage? Conversation grave, discursive, and disputatious, such as Goldsmith had, was thought by him a severe task, and he never was good at a task of any kind. He had not, like Johnson, a vast fund of acquired facts to draw upon; nor a retentive memory to furnish them forth when wanted. He could not, like the great lexicographer, mould his ideas and balance his periods while talking. He had a flow of ideas, but it was apt to be hurried and confused, and as he said of himself, he had contracted a hesitating and disagreeable manner of speaking. He used to say that he always argued better when he argued alone; that is to say, he could master a subject in his study, with his pen in his hand; but, when he came into company he grew confused, and was unable to talk about it. Johnson made a remark concerning him of somewhat the same purport. "No," says he, "it is more foolish than Goldsmith when he has not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he has." Yet with all this conscious deficiency he was continually getting involved in colloquial contests with Johnson and other prime talkers of the literary circle. He felt that he had become a notoriety; that he had entered the lists and was expected to make fight; so with that heedlessness which characterized him in everything else, he dashed on at a venture; trusting to chance in this as in all other things, and hoping occasionally to make a lucky hit. Johnson perceived his haphazard temerity, but gave him no credit for the real difficulty which lay at bottom. "The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation," said he, "is this, he goes on without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith it is a pity he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to himself. And, on another occasion he observes: "Goldsmith, rather than not talk, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing himself. If in company with two founders, he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." And again: "Goldsmith should not be forever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it, and is so much addicted to considering conversation as a trial of intellectual vigor and skill. He had disciplined himself as a talker as well as a writer, making it a rule to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in, so that by constant practice and never suffering any careless evasion of these, he had attained an extraordinary accuracy and command of language."

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Social Resorts—The Shilling Whist Club—A Practical Joke—The Wednesday Club—The Funt of Man—The Pig Butcher—Tom King—Hugh Kelly—Glover and His Characteristic.

Though Goldsmith's pride and ambition led him to mingle occasionally with high society, and to engage in the colloquial conflicts of the learned circle, in both of which he was ill at ease and conscious of being undervalued, yet he had some social resorts in which he indemnified himself for their restraints by indulging, in his humor without control. One of them was a shilling whist club, which held its meetings at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, a place rendered classic, we are told, by a club held there in old times, to which "rare Ben Jonson" had furnished the rules. The company was of a familiar, unceremonious kind, delighting in that very questionable wit which consists in playing off practical jokes upon each other. One of these Goldsmith was made the butt. Coming to the club one night in a hackney coach, he gave the coachman by mistake a guinea instead of a shilling, which was paid as a dead loss, for there was no likelihood, he said, that a fellow of this class would have the honesty to return the money. On the next club evening he was told a person at the street door wished to see his coachman, and the latter turned with a radiant countenance. To his surprise and delight the coachman had actually brought back the guinea. While he launched forth in praise of this unlooked-for piece of honesty, he declared it ought not to go unrewarded. Collecting a small sum from the club, and with no doubt increasing it largely from his own purse, he dismissed the Jehu with many encomiums on his good conduct. He was still chattering praises when one of the club requested a sight of the guinea thus honestly returned. To Goldsmith's confusion it proved to be a counterfeit. The universal burst of laughter which succeeded, and the jollity by which he was assailed on every side, showed him that he had not written the pretended coachman as much a counterfeit as the guinea. He was so disconcerted, it is said, that he soon beat a retreat for the evening.

Another of those free and easy clubs met on Wednesday evenings at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street. It was somewhat in the style of the Three Jolly Pigeons; songs, jokes, dramatic initiations, burlesque parodies and broad sallies of humor, formed a contrast to the sententious morality, pedantic casuistry, and profound learning of the learned circle. Here a huge "run of man," by the name of Gordon, used to delight Goldsmith by singing the jovial song of Nottingham Ale, and looking like a butt of it. Here, too, a wealthy pig butcher, charmed, no doubt, by the mild philanthropy of the "T. G.," was one of the most sociable footing with the author, and here was Tom King, the comedian, recently risen to consequence by his performance of Lord Ogleby in the new comedy of the Clandestine Marriage.

A member of more note was one Hugh Kelly, a second-rate author, who, as he became a kind of competitor of Goldsmith's, deserves particular mention. He was an Irishman, about twenty-eight years of age, originally apprenticed to a stay-maker in Dublin; then writer to a London attorney; then a Grub Street hack, scribbling for magazines and newspapers. Of late he had set up for theatrical censors and satirist, and, in a paper called Thespis, in emulation of Churchill's Rosciad, had haraessed many of the poor actors without mercy, and often without wit; but had dabbled his incense on Garrick, who, in consequence, took him into favor. He was the author of several works of superficial merit, but which had sufficient vogue to inflate his vanity. This, however, must have been mortified on his first introduction to Johnson: after a short time he got up to take leave, expressing a fear that a longer visit might be troublesome. "Not in the least, sir," said the surly moralist, "I had forgotten you were in the room." Johnson used to speak of him as a man who had written more than he had read.

A prime wag of this club was one of Goldsmith's poor countrymen and hangmen-on, by the name of Glover. He had originally been educated for the medical profession, but had taken in early life to the stage, though inapparently without much success. While performing at Cork, he undertook, partly in jest, to restore life to the body of a malefactor, who had just been executed. To the astonishment of every one, himself among the number, he succeeded. The miracle took wind. He abandoned the stage, resorted the wigs and canes, and considered his fortune as secure. Unfortunately, there were not many dead people to be restored to life in Ireland; his practice did not equal his expectation, so he came to London, where he continued to live on his actors' pay, and rather unprofitably, in physic and literature.

He was a great frequenter of the Globe and
Devil taverns, where he used to amuse the company by his talent at story-telling and his powers of mimicry, giving capital imitations of Garrick, Foote, Colman, and other public characters of the day. He seldom happened to have money enough to pay his reckoning, but was always sure to find some ready purse among those who had been amused by his humors. Goldsmith, of course, was one of the readiest. It was through him that Glover was admitted to the Wednesday Club, of which his theatrical imitations became the delight. Glover, however, was a little anxious for the dignity of his patron, which appeared to him to border on the cut-throat familiarity of some of the members of the club. He was especially shocked by the free and easy tone in which Goldsmith was addressed by the pig-butcher: Come, Noll," would he say, as he pledged him, "here's my service to you, old boy." Glover whispered to Goldsmith that he "should not allow such liberties." "Let him alone," was the reply, "you'll see how civilly I'll let him down." After a time, he called out, with marked ceremony and politeness, "Mr. B., I have the honor of knowing your good company; make me the dignity was not poor Goldsmith's fortune: he could keep no one at a distance. "Thank'ee, thank'ee, Noll," nodded the pig-butcher, scarce taking the pipe out of his mouth. "I don't see the effect of your service," whispered Glover. "I give it up," replied Goldsmith, with a good-humored shrug, "I ought to have known before now there is no putting a pig in the right way." 

Johnson used to be severe upon Goldsmith for mingling in these motley circles, observing, that, having been originally poor, he had courted a love for low company. Goldsmith, however, was guided not by a taste for what was low, but for what was comic and characteristic. It was the feeling of the artist; the feeling which furnished out some of his best scenes in familiar life; the feeling with which "rare Ben Jonson," sought these very haunts and circles in days of yore, to study "Every Man in His Humor.

It was not always, however, that the humor of these associates was to his taste: as they became better in their manners, he was apt to become depressed. "The company of fools," says he, in one of his essays, "may at first make us smile; but at last never fails of making us melancholy. Often he would become moody," says Goldsmith, "so abruptly to go home and brood over his misfortune.

It is possible, however, that he went home for quite a different purpose; to commit to paper some scene or passage suggested for his comedy of *The Good-Natured Man*. The elaboration of humor is often a most serious task; and we have never witnessed a more perfect picture of mental misery than was once presented to us by a popular dramatic writer—still, we hope, living—whom we found in the agonies of producing a farce which subsequently set the theatres in a roar.

CHAPTER XX.


The comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* was completed by Goldsmith early in 1767, and submitted to the perusal of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and others of the literary club, by whom it was heartily approved. Johnson, who was seldom without either the incitement of applause, pronounced it the best comedy that had been written since *The Provoked Husband*, and promised to furnish the prologue. This immediately became an object of great solicitude with Goldsmith, knowing the weight an introduction from the Great Cham of literature would have with the public; but circumstances occurred which he feared might drive the comedy and the prologue from Johnson's thoughts. The latter was in the habit of visiting the royal library at the Queen's (Buckingham) House, a notable collection of books, in the possession of which he had assisted the librarian, Mr. Bernard, with his advice. One evening, as he was seated there by the fire reading, he was surprised by the entrance of the King (George III.), then a young man; who sought this occasion to have a conversation with him. The conversation was varied and discursive; the king shifting from subject to subject according to his wont; "during the whole interview," says Boswell, "Johnson talked to his majesty with profound respect, but still in his usual style, and with prodigal voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. 'I found his majesty wished I should talk,' said he, 'and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to in a sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—' It would have been well for Johnson's colloquial disputants, could he have often been under such decorous restraint. He retired from the interview highly gratified with the conversation of the king and with his gracious behavior. "Sir," said he to the librarian, "they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." "Sir," said he subsequently to Bennet Langton, "his manners are those of a fine gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

While Johnson's face was still radiant with the reflex of royalty, he was holding forth one day to a listening group at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, who were anxious to hear every particular of this memorable conversation. Among other questions, the King had asked him whether he was writing anything. His reply was that he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the King, "if you had not written so well." Johnson, commenting on this speech, could have made a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive. "But did you make no reply to this high compliment?" asked one of the company. "No, sir," replied the profoundly deferential Johnson. "When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to handi civilities with my sovereign."

During all the time that Johnson was thus holding forth, Goldsmith, who was present, appeared to take no interest in the royal theme, but remained seated on a sofa at a distance, in a moody fit of abstraction; at length recollecting himself, he sprang up, and advancing, exclaimed, with what Boswell calls his usual "frankness and simplicity." "Well, you acquainted yourself in this conversation better than I should," said he; "I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it." He afterward explained his seeming inattention, by saying that his mind was completely occupied about his play, and by fears lest Johnson, in his present state of royal excitement, would fail to furnish the much-desired prologue.
How natural and truthful is this explanation. Yet Boswell presumes to pronounce Goldsmith's inattention affected and attributes it to jealousy. "It was strongly suspected," says he, "that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honor which Goldsmith's own merits had caused to be bestowed on him. It will be remembered that he could not bear the littleness of mind of Boswell to ascribe such pitiful motives to Goldsmith, and to entertain such exaggerated notions of the honor paid to Dr. Johnson.

The Good-Natured Man was now ready for performance, but the question was how to get it upon the stage. The affairs of Covent Garden, for which it had been intended, were thrown in confusion by the recent death of Rich, the manager. Drury Lane was under the management of Garrick, but a feud, it will be recollected, existed between him and the poet, from the animadversions of the latter on the mismanagement of theatrical affairs, and the refusal of the former to give the poet his vote for the secretarieship of the Society of Arts. Now he had become a literary lion; he was a member of the Literary Club, he was a contributor to The Tatler, The Spectator, Topham Beauclerc, and other magazines; in a word, he had risen to consequence in the public eye, and of course was of consequence in the eyes of David Garrick. Sir Joshua Reynolds saw the lurking scruples of pride existing between the author and actor, and thinking it a pity that two men of such congenial talents, and who might be so serviceable to each other, should be kept asunder by a worn out piety, exerted his friendly offices to bring them together. The meeting took place in Reynolds's house in Leicester Square. Garrick, however, could not entirely put off the mock majesty of the stage; he meant to be civil, but he was rather too gracious and condescending. Tom Davies, in his "Life of Garrick," gives an amusing picture of the coming together of these pugilistic parties. "The manager," says he, "was fully conscious of his (Goldsmith's) merit, and perhaps more ostentatious of his abilities to serve a dramatic author than became a man of his prudence; Goldsmith was, on his side, very anxious of his own importance and independent greatness. Mr. Garrick, who had so long been treated with the complimentary language paid to a successful patron and admired actor, expected that the writer would esteem the patronage of his play a favor; Goldsmith rejected a feeling of kindness in a bargain that was intended to be of mutual advantage to both parties, and in this he was certainly justifiable; Mr. Garrick could reasonably expect no thanks for the acting a new play, which he would have rejected if he had not been convinced it would have amply rewarded his pains and expenses. I believe the manager was willing to accept the play, but he wished to be courted to it; and the doctor was not disposed to purchase his friendship by the resignation of his sincerity. They separated, however, with an understanding on the part of Goldsmith that his play would be acted. The conduct of Garrick subsequently proved evasive, not through any jingling of past hostility, but from habitual indecision in matters of the kind, and from real scruples of delicacy. He did not think it expedient to secure the stage, and avowed that opinion to Reynolds and Johnson; but hesitated to say as much to Goldsmith, through fear of wounding his feelings. A further misunderstanding was the result of this want of decision and frankness; repeated interviews and some correspondence took place without bringing matters to a point, and in the meantime the theatrical season passed away. Goldsmith's pocket was rather well supplied, suffered grievously by this delay, and he considered himself entitled to call upon the manager, who still talked of acting the play, to advance his forty pounds upon a note of the younger Newbery. Garrick readily complied, but subsequently suggested certain important alterations in the comedy as indispensable to its success; these were indignantly rejected by the author, but pertinaciously insisted on by the manager. Garrick proposed to leave the matter of the arbitration to Whitehead, the laureate, who officiated as his "reader" and elbow critic. Goldsmith was more indignant than ever, and a violent dispute ensued, which was only calmed by the interference of Burke and Reynolds.

Just at this time, order came out of confusion in the affairs of Covent Garden. A pique having risen between Colman and Garrick, in the course of their joint authorship of The Clandestine Marriage, the former had become manager and part proprietor of Covent Garden, and was striving to open a powerful competition with his former colleague. On hearing of this, Goldsmith made overtures to Colman; who, without waiting to consult his fellow proprietors, who were absent, gave instantly a favorable reply. Goldsmith felt the contrast of this warm, encouraging conduct, to the chilling delays and objections of Garrick. He at once abandoned his piece to the discretion of Colman. "Dear sir," says he in a letter dated Temple Garden Court, July 5th, "I am very much obliged to you for your kind partiality in my favor, and your tenderness in shortening the interval of my expectation. That the play is liable to many objections I well know, but I am happy that it is in hands most capable in the world of removing them. If then, dear sir, you will complete your favor by putting the piece into such a state as it may be acted, or of directing me how to do it, I shall ever retain a sense of your goodness to me. And indeed, though most probably this be the last I shall ever write, yet I can't help feeling, the secret satisfaction of which is extremely likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dreadfull situation; and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties."

The next day Goldsmith wrote to Garrick, who was at Lichfield, informing him of his having transferred his piece to Covent Garden, for which it had been originally written, and by the patente of which it was claimed, observing, "As I found you had very great difficulties about that piece, I complied with his desire. But am extremely sorry that you should think me warm at our last meeting; your judgment certainly ought to be free, especially in a matter which must in some measure concern your own credit and interest. I assure you, sir, I have no disposition to differ with you on this or any other account, but am, with a high opinion of your abilities, and a very real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Oliver Goldsmith."

In his reply, Garrick observed, "I was, indeed, much hurt that your warmth at our last meeting should take my sincere regard, and more attention to your play for the remains of a former misunderstanding, which I had as much forgot as if it had never existed. What I said to you at my own house I
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now repeat, that I felt more pain in giving my sentiments than you possibly would in receiving them. It has been the business, and ever will be, of my life to live on the best terms with men of genius; and I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his previous friendly disposition toward me, as I shall be glad of every future opportunity to convince him how much I am his obedient servant and well-wisher. D. GARRICK.

CHAPTER XXII.

MORE HACK AUTHORSHIP—TOM DAVIES AND THE ROMAN HISTORY—CANNONBURY CASTLE—POLITICAL AUTHORITY—PECUNIARY TEMPTATION—DEATH OF NEWBURY THE ELDER.

Though Goldsmith's comedy was now in train to be performed, it could not be brought out before Christmas; in the meantime, he must live. Again, therefore, he had to resort to literary jobs for his daily support. These obtained for him petty occasional sums, the largest of which was ten pounds, from the elder Newbery, for an historical compilation; but this scatty rill of quasi patronage, so sterile in its products, was likely soon to cease: Newbery being too ill to attend to business, and having to transfer the whole management of it to his nephew.

At this time Tom Davies, the sometime Roscius, sometime hill-hoppole, stepped forward to Goldsmith's relief, and proposed that he should undertake an easy popular history of Rome in two volumes. An arrangement was soon made. Goldsmith undertook to complete it in two years, if possible, for two hundred and fifty guineas, and forthwith set about his task with cheerful alacrity. As usual, he sought a rural retreat during the summer months, where he might alternate his literary labours with strolls about the green fields.

"Merry Islington" was again his resort, but he now aspired to better quarters than formerly, and engaged the chambers occupied occasionally by Mr. Newbery in Cannonbury House, or Castle as it is popularly called. This had been a hunting lodge of Queen Elizabeth, in whose time it was surrounded by parks and forests. In Goldsmith's day, nothing remained of it but an old brick tower; it was still in the country, amid rural scenery, and was a favorite nestling-place of authors, publishers, and others of the literary order. A number of these had for fellow occupants of the castle; and they formed a temporary club, which held its meetings at the Crown Tavern, on the Islington lower road; and here he presided in his own genial style, and was the life and delight of the company.

The writer of these pages visited old Cannonbury Castle some years since, out of regard to the memory of Goldsmith. The apartment was still shown which the poet had inhabited, consisting of a sitting-room and small bedroom, with panelled wainscots and Gothic windows. The quaintness and quietude of the place were still attractive. It was one of the resorts of citizens on their Sunday walks, who would ascend to the top of the tower, and amuse themselves by looking through a telescope. Not far from this tower were the gardens of the White Conduit House, a Cockney Elysium, where Goldsmith used to figure in the humber days of his fortune. In the first edition of his "Essays" he speaks of a stroll in these gardens, where he at that time, no doubt, thought himself in perfectly genteel society. After his rise in the world, however, he became too knowing to speak of such plebeian haunts. In a new edition of his "Essays," therefore, the White Conduit House and its garden disappears, and he speaks of a "stroll in the Park."

While Goldsmith was literally living from hand to mouth by the forced drudgery of the pen, his independence of spirit was subjected to a sore penury-trial. It was the opening of Lord North's administration, a time of great political excitement. The public mind was agitated by the question of American taxation, and other questions of like irritating tendency. Junius and Wilkes and other powerful writers were employed by the administration with all their forces; Grub Street was stirred up to its lowest depths; inflammatory talent of all kinds was in full activity, and the kingdom was deluged with pamphlets, lampoons and libels of the grossest kind. His ministry were looking anxiously round for literary support. It was thought that the pen of Goldsmith might be readily enlisted. His hospitable friend and countryman, Robert Nugent, politically known as Squire Gawky, had come out strenuously for colonial taxation; he had been selected for a lordship of the board of trade, and raised to the rank of Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare. His example, it was thought, would be enough of itself, to bring Goldsmith into the ministerial ranks; and then what writer of the day was proof against a full purse or a pension? Accordingly one Parson Scott, chaplain to Lord Sandwich, and author of Ani Seanus Panurge, and other political libels in support of the administration, was sent to negotiate with the poet, who at once turned to town. Dr. Scott, in after years, and in his political subserviency had been rewarded by two fat crown livings, used to make what he considered a good story of this embassy to the poet. "I found him," said he, "in a miserable situation of chambers in the Temple, I told him my authority: I told him how I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me'; — and so left him in his garret!" Who does not admire the sturdy independence of poor Goldsmith toiling in his garret for nine guineas a week, and smile with contempt at the ignominious wonder of the political divine, albeit his subserviency was repaid by two fat crown livings?

Not long after this occurrence, Goldsmith's old friend, though frugal-handed employer, Newbery, of picture-book renown, closed his mortal career. The poet has celebrated him as the most estimable of mankind; he certainly lost nothing by his friendship. He coined the brains of his authors in the times of their exigency, and made them pay dear for the plank put out to keep them from drowning. It is not likely his death caused much lamentation.
Oliver Goldsmith was entreating sympathy, Goldsmith plucked up new heart, and arrayed himself for the grand trial with unusual care. Ever since his elevation into the polite world, he had improved in his wardrobe and toilet. Johnson could no longer accuse him of being shabby in his appearance; he rather went to the other extreme. On the present occasion there was an entry in the books of his tailor, Mr. William Fibby, of a suit of "Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and garter blue silk breeches, £3 2s. 7d." Thus magnificently attired, he attended the theatre and watched the reception of the play, and the effect of each individual scene, with that vicissitude of feeling incident to his mercurial nature.

Johnson's prologue was solemn in itself, and being delivered by Brinsley in lugubrious tones suited to the ghost in Hamlet, seemed to throw a portentous gloom on the audience. Some of the scenes met with great applause, and at such times Goldsmith was highly elated; others went off coldly, or there were signs of disappointment, and then his spirits would sink. The fourth act saved the piece; for Shuter, who had the main comic character of Croaker, was so varied and ludicrous in his execution of the scene in which he reads an incendiary letter, and theHow to wards his thunders of applause. On his coming behind the scenes, Goldsmith greeted him with an overflowing heart; declaring that he exceeded his own idea of the character, and made it almost as new to him as to any of the audience.

On the whole, however, both the author and his friends were disappointed at the reception of the piece, and considered it a failure. Poor Goldsmith left the theatre with his towering hopes completely cut down. He endeavored to hide his mortification, and even to assume an air of unconcern while among his associates; but, the moment he was alone with Dr. Johnson, in whose rough but magnificent nature he reposed unlimited confidence, he threw off all restraint and gave way to an almost childlike burst of grief. Johnson, who had shown no want of sympathy at the proper time, saw nothing in the partial 'disappointment of overrated expectations to warrant such ungoverned emotions, and rebuked him sternly for what he termed a silly affectation, saying that a man who had sought to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity.

When Goldsmith had recovered from the blow, he, with his usual reserve, made his past distress a subject of amusement to his friends. Dining one day, in company with Dr. Johnson, at the chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, he entertained the company with a particular and comic account of all his feelings on the night of representation, and his despair when the piece was biased. He said he went, he said, to the Literary Club; chatted gayly as if everything had gone amiss; and, to give a greater idea of his unconcern, sang his favorite song about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.

"All this while," added he, "I was suffering horrid tortures, and, had I put a bit in my mouth, I verily believe it would have strained me on the spot, I was so excessively ill: but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; so they never perceived my not eating, nor suspected the anguish of my heart; but, when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out crying, and even swore that I would never write again."

Dr. Johnson sat in amaze at the odd frankness and childlike self-accusation of poor Goldsmith.
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CHAPTER XXIII.

BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS—FINE APARTMENTS—FINE FURNITURE—FINE CLOTHES—FINE ACCOUTREMENTS—SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY AND JOLLY PIGEON ASSOCIATE—PETER BARLOW, GLOVER, AND THE HAMPSTEAD HOAR—POOR FRIENDS AMONG GREAT ACCOUTREMENTS.

The profits resulting from *The Good-Natured Man* were beyond any that Goldsmith had yet derived from his works. He netted about four hundred pounds from the theatre, and one hundred from his publisher.

Five hundred pounds! and all! and so much dramatical draught! It appeared to him wealth inexhaustible. It at once opened his heart and hands, and led him into all kinds of extravagance. The first symptom was a ten guinea sent to Shuter for a box ticket for his benefit, when "The Good-Natured Man" was to be performed. The next was an entire change in his domicile. The shabby lodgings with Jellys the butler, in which he had always been used, were exchanged for chambers more befitting his man of his ample fortune. The apartments consisted of three rooms on the second floor of No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple, on the right hand ascending the staircase, and overlooked the unbroken walks of the Temple garden. The lease he purchased for £400, and then went on to furnish his rooms with mahogany sofas, card-tables, and book-cases; with curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpets. His awkward little person was also furnished out in the first impression of three thousand copies was exhausted before two o'clock on the day of publication; four editions, amounting to ten thousand copies, were sold in the course of the season; a public breakfast was given to Kelly at the Chapter Coffee House, and a piece of plate presented to him by the publishers. The comparative merits of the two plays were continually subjects of discussion in green-rooms, coffee-houses, and other places where theatrical questions were discussed.

Goldsmith's, however, was the " viper of the press," "enfeebled" as a result of this, according to some, or, as was intended to be, " enfeebled" by the "tongue of the press," "endeavored on this occasion to detract from his well-earned fame; the poet was excessively sensitive to these attacks, and had not the art and self-command to conceal his distress.

Some scribblers on the side insinuated that Kelly had seen the manuscript of Goldsmith's play, while in the hands of Garrick or elsewhere, and had borrowed some of the situations and sentiments. Some of the wags of the day took a mischiefful pleasure in stirring up a feud between the two authors. Goldsmith became nettled, though he could scarcely be deemed jealous of one so far his inferior. He spoke disparagingly, without doubt sincerely, of Kelly's play: the latter retorted. Still, when the day behind the scenes of Covent Garden, Goldsmith, with his customary urbanity, congratulated Kelly on his success. "If I thought you sincere, Mr. Goldsmith," replied the other, abruptly, "I should thank you." Goldsmith was not a man to harbor spleen ill, and soon, or at this unwarthy rivalry: but the jealousy and envy awakened in Kelly's mind long continued. He is even accused of having given vent to his hostility by anonymous attacks in the newspapers, the basest insinuations and malignant spirits; but of this there is no positive proof.

As to Kelly's comedy, Johnson pronounced it entirely devoid of character, and it has long since passed into oblivion. Yet it is an instance how an inferior production, by dint of puffing and trumpeting, may be kept up for a time on the surface of popular opinion, or rather of popular talk. What had been done for *False Delicacy on the stage* was continued by the press. The booksellers vied with the manager in launching it upon the town. They announced that the first impression of three thousand copies was exhausted before two o'clock on the day of publication; four editions, amounting to ten thousand copies, were sold in the course of the season; a public breakfast was given to Kelly at the Chapter Coffee House, and a piece of plate presented to him by the publishers. The comparative merits of the two plays were continually subjects of discussion in green-rooms, coffee-houses, and other places where theatrical questions were discussed.

The most amusing and interesting event of the season, however, was the visit of the poet to the suburbs. He was invited to Highgate and a party of his friends and admirers, who had contrived to escape from the confines of London, were received with the utmost hospitality and variety of amusements. The poet being a philosopher and a connoisseur, the evening was passed in the most interesting manner. Some of the party were engaged in discussing the beauty of nature, others in the science of botany, while others were amusing themselves with various experiments in electricity. The poet was deeply impressed with the beauty of nature and the charm of the evening. He expressed his delight in the company and the amusements, and declared that he had never before experienced such a delightful evening. The poet was deeply impressed with the beauty of nature and the charm of the evening. He expressed his delight in the company and the amusements, and declared that he had never before experienced such a delightful evening.
journed from dinner to drink tea at the White Conduit House; and, now and then, celebrated their festive day by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee Houses, or at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. The whole expenses of the day never exceeded a crown, and were often less, being paid for in saucers; for the best part of their entertainment, sweet and rural scenes, excellent exercise and joyous conversation, cost nothing.

One of Goldsmith's humble companions, on these occasions, was occasional amanuensis, Peter Barlow, whose quaint peculiarities afforded much amusement to the company. Peter was poor but punctilious, squaring his expenses according to his means. He always wore the same garb; fixed his regular expenditure for dinner at a trilling sum, which, if left to himself, he never exceeded, but which he always insisted on paying. His oddities always made him a welcome companion on the "shoemaker's holidays." The drapers of these holidays, and he exceeded considerably his tariff; he put down, however, no more than his regular sum, and Goldsmith made up the difference.

Another of these hangers-on, for whom, on such occasions, he was content to "pay the shot," was the sturdy and Englishman, who has already been made, as one of the wags and sponges of the Globe and Devil Taverns, and a prime mimic at the Wednesday Club.

This vagabond genius has bequeathed us a whimsical story of one of his practical jokes upon Goldsmith, in the course of a rural excursion in the vicinity of London. They had dined at an inn on Hampstead Heights, and were descending the hill, when in passing a cottage, they saw through the open window a party at tea. Goldsmith, who was fatigued, cast a wistful glance at the cheerful tea-table. "How I should like to be of that party," exclaimed he. "Nothing more easy," replied Glover, "allow me to introduce you." So saying, he entered the house with an air of the most perfect familiarity, though an utter stranger, and was followed by the unsuspecting Goldsmith, who supposed, of course, that he was a friend of the family. The owner of the house rose on the entrance of the strangers. The unadorned Goldsmith sat in the most unpretending manner, fixed his eye on one of the company who had a peculiarly good-natured physiognomy, muttered something like a recognition, and forthwith launched into an amusing story, invented at the moment, of something which he pretended had occurred upon the road. The host supposed the new-comers were friends of his guests; the guests that they were friends of the host. Glover did not give them time to find out the truth. He followed one droll story with another; brought his companions into a roar, and kept the company in a roar. Tea was offered and accepted; an hour went off in the most sociable manner imaginable, at the end of which Glover bowed himself and his companion out of the house with much communicative words, leaving the host and his company to compare notes, and to find out what an impudent intrusion they had experienced.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and vexation of Goldsmith when triumphantly told by Glover that it was a joke, and that he did not know a single soul in the house. His first impulse was to return instantly and vindicate himself from all participation in the jest; but a few words from his free and easy companion dissuaded him. "Doctor," said he, coolly, "we are unknown; you quite as much as I; if you return and tell the story, it will be in the newspapers tomorrow; nay, upon recollection, I remember in one of their offices the face of that squinting fellow who sat in the corner as if he was treasuring up my stories for future use, and we shall be sure of being exposed; let us therefore keep our own counsel."

This story was frequently afterward told by Glover, with rich dramatic effect, repeating and exaggerating the conversation, and mimicking in ludicrous style, the embarrassment, surprise, and subsequent indignation of Goldsmith.

It is a trite saying that a wheel cannot run in two ruts; nor a man keep two opposite sets of intimates. Goldsmith sometimes found his old friends of the "jolly pigeon" order turning up rather awkwardly when he was in company with his new aristocratic acquaintances. He gave a whimsical account of the sudden apparition of one of them at his gay apartments in the Temple, who may have been a welcome visitor to his squab quarters in Green Arbour Court. "How do you think he served me?" said he to a friend. "Why, sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers, half drunk, as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beaucere and General Ogilveth; and seizing himself down, with most intolerable assurance inquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if he were upon the most friendly footing. I was at first so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stilled my resentment, and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon; in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very reputably; when all of a sudden, as if recollecting something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me with great ceremony, saying, 'Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea, and a half pound of sugar, I have brought you; for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you, nor any man else, shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude.' This,' added Goldsmith, 'was too much. I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly; which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar; and I never saw him afterward.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

REDUCED AGAIN TO BOOK-BUILDING—RURAL RE-TREAT AT SHOE-MAKER'S PARADISE—DEATH OF HENRY GOLDSMITH—TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY IN "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

The wretched expenses of Goldsmith, as may easily be supposed, soon brought him to the end of his "prize money," but when his purse gave out he drew upon futurity, obtaining advances from his book-sellers and loans from his friends in the confident hope of soon turning up another triumph. The debts which he thus thoughtlessly incurred in consequence of a transient gleam of prosperity embarrassed him for the rest of his life; so that the success of the Good-Natured Man may be said to have been his undoing.

He was soon obliged to resume his old craft of book-building, and set about his History of Rome, undertaken for Davies.

It was his custom, as we have shown, during
the summer time, when pressed by a multiplicity of literary jobs, or urged to the accomplishment of some particular, to take country lodges a few miles from town, generally on the Harrow or Edgware roads, and bury himself there for weeks and months together. Sometimes he would remain closely occupied in his room, at other times he would stroll along the lanes and about the fields in the vicinity, and write in pencil, note down thoughts to be expanded and connected at home. His summer retreat for the present year, 1768, was a little cottage with a garden, pleasantly situated about eight miles from town on the Edgware road. He took it in conjunction with a Mr. Edmund Botts, a barrister and man of letters, his neighbor in the Temple, having rooms immediately opposite him on the same floor. They had become cordial intimates, and Botts was one of those with whom Goldsmith now and then took the friendly and peremptory license of borrowing.

The cottage which they had hired belonged to a rich shoemaker of Piccadilly, who had embellished his little plot of land with statues and jets, and all the decorations of landscape gardening; in consequence of which Goldsmith gave it the name of The Shoemaker's Paradise. As his fellow-occupant, Mr. Botts, drove a gig, he sometimes, in an interval of literary labor, accompanied him to town, partook of a social dinner there, and returned with him in the evening. On one occasion, when they had probably lingered too long at the table, they came near breaking their necks on their way homeward by driving against a post on the sidewalk, while Botts was proving by the force of legal eloquence that they were in the very middle of the broad Edgware road.

In the course of this summer Goldsmith's career of gaiety was suddenly brought to a pause by intelligence of the death of his brother Henry, then but forty-five years of age. He had led a quiet and blameless life amid the scenes of his youth, fulfilling the duties of village pastor with unaffected piety; conducting the school at Lissoy with a degree of industry and ability that gave it celebrity, and able to rely himself in all the duties of life with undeviating rectitude and the mildest benevolence. How truly Goldsmith loved and venerated him is evident in all his letters and throughout his works; in which his brother continually forms the model for an exemplification of all the most endearing of the Christian virtues; yet his affection at his death was embittered by the fear that he died with some doubt upon his mind of the warmth of his affection. Goldsmith had been urged by his friends in Ireland, since his elevation in the world, to use his influence with the great, which they supposed to be all powerful, in favor of Henry, to obtain for him church preferment. He did exert himself as far as his diffluent nature would permit, but without success; we have seen that, in the case of the Earl of Northumberland, when, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that nobleman professed his patronage, he asked nothing for himself, but only spoke on behalf of his brother. Still some of his friends, ignorant of what he had done and of how little he was able to do for him, resented his neglect. It is not likely, however, that his amiable and estimable brother joined in the accusation.

To the tender and melancholy recollections of his early days unexpectedly, the death of his beloved companion of his childhood, we may attribute some of the most heartfelt passages in his "Des-
he termed impertinently; and against which he claimed a right to call for relief from the healthier pendulums. He was at leisure for the newspapers, and latently a dramatic critique; which had probably gained him an invitation to the dinner and reading. The vine and wassail, however, belogged his senses. Scarcely had the author got into the second act of the opener mind, when Haffner began to nod, and at length snored outright. Bickerstaff was embarrassed, but continued to read in a more elevated tone. The louder he read, the louder Haffner snored until the author, coming to a pause of the extreme mind, would exclaim, Bick, but go on," cried Goldsmith. He would have served Homer just as it were here and reading his own works.

Kenrick, Goldsmith's old enemy, travestied this anecdote in the following lines, pretending that the poet had compared his countryman Bickerstaff to Homer.

"What are your Breviora, Romans, Grecians,
Compared with thorough-bred Milestones!
Step into Griffin's shop, he'll tell ye
Of Goldsmith, Bickerstaff, and Kelly.
And, take one Irish evidence for other,
Ev'n Homer's self but his father's brother."

Johnson was a rough consoler to a man when winning was a stock in trade. But, mind, sir," said he to Goldsmith, when he saw that he felt the sting. "A man whose business it is to be talked of is much helped by being attacked. Fame, sir, is a shuttlecock; if it be struck only at the end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground; to keep it up, it must be struck at both ends."

Bickerstaff, at the time of which we are speaking, was high in vogue, the associate of the first in the land; a few years afterward he was obliged to fly the country to escape the punishment of an infamous crime. Johnson expressed great astonishment at hearing the offence for which he had fled. "Why, sir," said Thrale; "he had long been a suspected man."

Perhaps there was a knowing look on the part of the eminent brother, which provoked a somewhat contemptuous reply. "By those who look close to the ground," said Johnson, "dirt will sometimes be seen; I hope I see things from a greater distance.

Boswell has already noticed the improvement, or rather the increase of Goldsmith's wardrobe since his elevation into polite society. "He was fond," says one of his contemporaries, "of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag-wig and sword. This arrayed, he displayed to advantage in the sunshine in the Temple Gardens, much to his own satisfaction, but to the amusement of his acquaintances.

Boswell, in his memoirs, has rendered one of his suits forever famous. That worthy, on the 10th of October in this same year, gave a dinner to Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, Murphy, Bickerstaff, and Davies. Goldsmith was generally apt to bustle in at the last moment, when the guests were taking their seats at table; but on this occasion he was unusually early. While waiting for some lingering guests to arrive, "he strutted about," says Boswell, "bragging of his dress, and I believe, was seriously vain of it, for his mind was undoubtedly prone to such impressions."

"Come, come," said Garrick, "talk no more of the V Using are, perhaps the worst—eh?" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always look like a gentleman; but I am talking of your being well or ill dressed."

Well, let me tell you. When the tailor brought home my bloomed-colored coat, he said, "Sir, I have a favor to beg of you; when anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane." "Why, sir," asked Goldsmith, "what was it that he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat of so absurd a color."

But though Goldsmith might permit this railiy on the part of his friends, he was quick to resent any personalities of the kind from strangers. As he was one day walking the Strand in grand array with bag-wig and sword, he excited the merriment of two coxcombs, one of whom called to the other to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it." Stung to the quick, Goldsmith's first retort was to caution the passers-by to be on their guard against "that brace of disguised pickpockets"—his next was to step into the middle of the street, there was room to stroll, half draw his sword, and beckon the joker, who was armed in like manner, to follow him. This was literally a war of wit which the other had not anticipated. He had no inclination to push the joke to such an extreme, but, seeing the ground, sneaked off without further play amid the hurtings of the spectators.

This prominence in dress, however, which Boswell and other of Goldsmith's contemporaries, who did not understand the secret of his character, attributed to vanity, was, we are convinced, from a widely different motive. It was from a painful idea of his own personal defects, which had been cruelly stamped upon his mind in his by sly and jeers of his playmates, and had been ground down into him by rude speeches made to him in every step of his struggling career, until it became a constant cause of awkwardness and embarrassment. This he had experienced to the most sensibly since his reputation had elevated him into polite society; and he was constantly endeavoring by the aid of dress to acquire that personal acceptability, it may we use the phrase, which nature and self-esteem, if ever he betrayed a little self-complacency on first turning out in the world, it may perhaps have been because he felt as if he had achieved a triumph over his ugliness.

There were circumstances too about the time of which we are treating which may have rendered Goldsmith more than usually attentive to his personal appearance. He had recently made the acquaintance of a most agreeable family from Devonshire, which he met at the house of his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. It consisted of Mrs. Horneck, widow of Captain Kane Horneck; two daughters, seventeen and nineteen years of age, and an only son, Charles, the Captain in Law, as his sisters playfully and somewhat proudly called him, he having lately entered the Guards. The daughters are described as uncommonly beautiful, intelligent, sprightly, and agreeable. Catharine, the eldest, went among her friends by the name of Little Comedy, indicative, very probably, of her disposition. She was engaged to William Henry Bunbury, second son of a Suffolk baronet. The hand and heart of her sister Mary were yet unengaged, although she bore the same name among her friends as the Jemmy Bride. This family was prepared, by their intimacy with Reynolds and his sister, to appreciate the merits.
of Goldsmith. The poet had always been a chosen friend of the eminent painter, and Miss Reynolds, as we have shown, was so since she had heard his poem of "The Traveller" read aloud, had ceased to consider him ugly. The Hornecks were equally capable of forgetting his person in admiring his works. On becoming acquainted with him, too, they were delighted with his guileless simplicity; his buoyant good-nature and his innate benevolence, and an enduring intimacy soon sprang up between them. For once poor Goldsmith had met with polite society with which he was perfectly at home, and by which he was fully appreciated; for once he had met with lovely women, to whom his ugly features were not repulsive. A proof of the easy and playful terms in which he was with them remains in a whimsical epistle in verse, of which the following was the occasion. A dinner was to be given to their family by a Dr. Baker, a friend of their mother's, at which Reynolds and Angelica Kauffman were to be present. The young ladies were eager to have Goldsmith at the party, and their intimacy with Dr. Baker allowing them to take the liberty, they wrote a joint invitation to the poet at the last moment. It came too late, and drew from him the following reply; on the top of which was scrawled, "This is a poem. This is a copy of verses!"

Your mandate I got,
You may all go to pot;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night—
So tell Horneck and Nestib,
And Baker and his bit,
And Kaufman beside,
And the Jassy Bride,
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynolds's too,
Little Comedy's face,
And the Captain in Lace—
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state,
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
Tobefoolish like him;

But alas! your good worship, how could they be wiser.
When both have been spoilt in to-day'sAdvertiser! *

It has been intimated that the intimacy of poor Goldsmith with the Miss Hornecks, which began in so sprightly a vein, gradually assumed something of a more tender nature, and that he was not insensible to the fascinations of the younger sister. This may account for some of the phenomena which about this time appeared in his wardrobe and toilet. During the first year of his acquaintance with these lovely girls, the tell-tale book of his tailor, Mr. William Filby, displays entries of four or five full suits, beside separate articles of dress. Among the items we find a green half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's blue dress suit; a half dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stockings—

breeches, and another pair of a bloom color.
Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this silken finery was dictated, not by vanity, but the vile consciousness of thy defects; how much of it was to atone for the uncoutness of thy person, and to win favor in the eyes of the Jassy Bride!

But when the likeness she hath done for thee,
O Reynolds! with astonishment we see,
Forced to the wall, with all our pride we own,
Such strength, such harmony excelled by none,
And thou art rivalled by thyself alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GOLDSMITH IN THE TEMPLE—JUDGE DAY AND GRATAN—LABOR AND DISSIPATION—PUBLICATION OF THE ROMAN HISTORY—OPINIONS OF IT—HISTORY OF ANIMATED NATURE—TEMPEST ROOKERY—ANECDOTES OF A SPIDER.

In the winter of 1768-9 Goldsmith occupied himself at his quarters in the Temple, slowly "building up" his Roman History. We have pleasant views of him in this learned and half-clerest retreat of wit and lawyers and legal students, in the reminiscences of Judge Day of the Irish Bench, who in his advanced age delighted to recall the days of his youth, when he was a temple, and to speak of the kindness with which he and his fellow-student, Gratian, were treated by the poet. "I was just arrived from college," said he, "full freighted with academic gleaning, and our author did not disdain to receive from me some opinions and hints toward his Greek and Roman histories. Being then a young man, I felt much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation of Gratian, whose brilliancy in the morning of life furnished full earthen of the unrivalled splendor which awaited his meridian; and finding us dwelling together in Essex Court, near himself, where he frequently visited my immortal friend, his warm heart became propitiously disposed toward the associate of one whom he so much admired.

The judge goes on, in his reminiscences, to give a picture of Goldsmith's social life, similar in style to those already furnished. He frequently met the Grecian Coffee-House, then the favorite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars. He delighted in collecting his friends around him at evening parties at his chambers, where he entertained them with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality. "Occasionally," adds the judge, "he amused them with his flute, or with whistle, neither of which he played well, particularly the latter, but, on losing his money, he never lost his temper. In a run of bad luck and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor and exclaim, 'By Jove, George, I ought ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune.'"

The judge was aware at the time that all the learned labor of poor Goldsmith upon his Roman History was mere back work to recruit his exhausted finances. "His purse replenished," adds he, "by labors of this kind, the season of relaxation and pleasure took its turn, in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gayety and amusement. Whenever his funds were dissipated—and they fled more rapidly from being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his benevo-
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Roman History was published in the middle of May, in two volumes of five hundred pages each. It was brought out without parade or pretension, and was not read as a show by schools and colleges; but, though a work written for bread, not fame, such is its ease, perspicuity, good sense, and the delightful simplicity of its style, that it was well received by the critics, commanded a prompt and extensive sale, and has ever since remained in the hands of young and old.

Johnson, who, as we have before remarked, rarely praised or disapproved things by halves, broke forth in a warm eulogy of the author and the Roman in a whole-hearted panegyric. "The greatest astonishment of the latter, 'Whether we take Goldsmith,' said he, 'as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class.' Boswell. — 'An historian! My dear sir, he says, and you must own, as I would to you of the Roman History with the works of other historians of this age.' Johnson. — 'Why, who are before him?' Boswell. — 'Hume.—Robertson—Lord Lyttleton. Johnson (his antipathy against the Scotch beginning to rise). — 'I have not read Hume; but doubtless Goldsmith's History is better than the verbiage of Robertson, or the lop-pery of Dalrymple.' Boswell. — 'Will you not admit the superiority of Robertson, in whose history we find such penetration, such painting?' Johnson. — 'Sir, you must consider how that penetration and that painting are employed. It is not history, it is imagination. He who describes what he never saw, draws from fancy. Robertson paints minds as Sir Joshua paints faces, in a history-piece; he imagines an historic countenance. You must look upon Robertson's work as romance, and try it by that standard. History it is not. Besides, sir, it is the great excellence of a writer to put into his book as much as his book will hold. Goldsmith has done this in his history. Not Robertson might have put twice as much in his book. Robertson is like a man who has packed gold in wool; the wool takes up more room than the gold. No, sir, I always thought Robertson would be crushed with his own weight;—would be buried under his own ornaments. Goldsmith tells you shortly all you want to know; Robertson detains you a great deal too long. No man will read Robertson's cumbrous detail a second time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again and again. I would say to Robertson what an old tutor of a college says to one of his pupils, 'Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out!' —Goldsmith's abridgment is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture to say, that if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compounding, and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a National History, and I will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale.'

The Natural History to which Johnson alluded was the "History of Animated Nature," which Goldsmith commenced in 1768 under an engagement with Griffin, the bookseller, to complete it as soon as possible in eight volumes, each containing upward of four hundred pages, in print; a hundred guineas to be paid to the author on the delivery of each volume in manuscript.

He was induced to undertake this work by the urgent solicitations of the booksellers, who had been struck by the sterling merits and captivating style of an introduction which he wrote to Brookes' Natural History. It was Goldsmith's intention originally to make a translation of Pliny, with a popular commentary; but the appearance of Buffon's work induced him to change his plan and make use of that author for a guide and model.

Cumberland, speaking of this work, observes: "Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when, in his chambers in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his 'Animated Nature'; it was with a sigh, such as genius draws when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudgery, to the talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knows an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he sees it on the table."

Others of Goldsmith's friends entertained similar ideas with respect to his fitness for the task, and they were apt now and then to banter him on the subject, and to amused themselves with his easy credulity. The custom among the natives of Otaheite of eating dogs being once mentioned in company, Goldsmith observed that a similar custom prevailed in China; that a dog-butchers is as common there as any other butcher; and that when he walks abroad all the dogs fall on him. Johnson. — 'That is not owing to his killing dogs; sir, I remember a butcher at Litchfield, whom a dog that was in the house where I lived always attacked. It is the smell of carcass which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may.' Goldsmith. — 'Yes, there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are likely to go mad.' Johnson. — 'I doubt that.' Goldsmith. — 'Nay, sir, it is a fact well authenticated. The custom you had better prove it before you put it into your book on Natural History. You may do it in my stable if you will.' Johnson. — 'Nay, sir, I would not have him prove it. If he is content to take his information from others, he may get through his book with little trouble, and without much endangering his reputation. But if he makes experiments for so comprehensive a book as this, there would be no end to them; his erroneous assertions would fall then upon himself; and he might be blamed for not having made experiments as to every particular.'

Johnson's original prediction, however, with respect to this work, that Goldsmith would make it as entertaining as a Persian tale, was verified; and though much of it was borrowed from Buffon, and but little of it written from his own observation; though it was by no means profound, and was chargeable with many errors, yet the charms of his style and the play of his happy disposition throughout have continued to render it far more popular and readable than many works on the subject of much greater scope. Cumberland was mistaken, however, in his notion of Goldsmith's ignorance and lack of observation as
to the characteristics of animals. On the contrary, he was a minute and shrewd observer of them; but he observed them with the eye of a poet and moralist as well as a naturalist. We quote two passages from his works illustrative of this fact, and we do so more readily because they are in a manner a part of his history, and give us another peep into his private life in the Temple. He once occupied himself in his lonely and apparently idle moments, and of another class of acquaintances which he made there.

Speaking in his "Animated Nature" of the habits of wasps, "I have often amused myself"—he says—"with observing their plans of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove, where they have made a colony in the midst of a city. At the commencement of spring the rookery, which, during the continuance of winter, seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by about five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time, all the bustle and hurry of business will be fairly commenced."

"This was which we have the liberty to quote at some length, is from an admirable paper in the *Zoö*, and relates to the House Spider.

"Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its motions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. I perceived about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making its web; and, though the maid frequently levelled her broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

"In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exist in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to retire. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts in vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

"Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the coils of its own. I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hemmed in in this manner it was seized and dragged into the hole.

"In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. Once I put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it, as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was set at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable; whereas the cobweb was now entirely lorn, and a new one begun, which was completed the usual time.

"I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

"Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; and, upon his immediately approaching the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to gain a loose; the manner, then, is to wait patiently, till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand; and, upon any touching part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HONORS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—LETTER TO HIS BROTHER MAURICE—FAMILY FORTUNES—JANE CONTARINE AND THE MINIATURE—PORTRAITS AND ENGRAVINGS—SCHOOL ASSOCIATIONS—JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The latter part of the year 1768 had been made memorable in the world of taste by the institution of the Royal Academy of Arts, under the patronage of the King, and the direction of forty of the most distinguished artists. Reynolds, who had been mainly instrumental in founding it, had been unanimously elected President, and had thereupon
received the honor of knighthood.* Johnson was so delighted with his friend's elevation, that he broke through a rule of total abstinence with respect to wine, which he had maintained for seven years. On the occasion Sir Joshua eagerly sought to associate his old and valued friends with him in his new honors, and it is supposed to be through his suggestions that, on the first establishment of professors, which took place in December, 1769, Johnson was nominated to that of Ancient Literature, and Goldsmith to that of History. They were mere honorary titles, without emolument, but gave distinction, from the noble institution to which they appertained. They also gave the possessors honorable places at the annual banquet, at which were assembled many of the most distinguished persons of rank and talent, all proud to be classed among the patrons of the arts.

The following letter of Goldsmith to his brother alludes to the foregoing appointment, and to a small legacy bequeathed to him by his uncle Contarine.

"To Mr. Maurice Goldsmith, at James Lawder, Esq., at Kilmore, near Carrick-on-Shannon."

January, 1770.

"Dear Brother: I should have answered your letter sooner, but, in truth, I am not fond of thinking of the necessities of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are ever so unprovided for; and what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson, by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you want, but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have, until I can serve you, him, and myself more effectually. As yet, no opportunity has offered; but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss when it arrives.

"The king has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in College, an Academy of Painting which he has just established, but there is nothingapeutically in it, and I shall, as far as I can, conduct it, as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt.

"You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would do with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore how to dispose of money which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give any right and title to it; and I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it; whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our shattered family demands our sincerest gratitude; and though they have almost forgotten me, yet, if good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return and increase their good-humor, by adding to my own.

"I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkner's, folded in a letter. The face, you well know, is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly send my friends over the Scottish, some mezzotint prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman. I believe I have written a hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer to any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them.

"If, then, you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have news of our family and acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. I must also know, my mother, my brother Hodson and his son, my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ball equations, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talk of being my only brother; I don't understand you. Where is Charles? A sheet of paper occasionally filled with the news of this kind would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be

"Yours, most affectionately,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

By this letter we find the Goldsmiths the same shifting, shiftless race as formerly; a "shattered family, scrambling on each other's back as soon as any rise above the surface. Maurice is "every way unprovided for," living upon cousin Jane and her husband and, perhaps, amusing himself by hunting otter in the river Inny. Sister Johnson and her husband are as poorly off as Maurice, with, perhaps, no one at hand to quarter themselves upon; as to the poor Johnsons, I have not said a word about them; where do they live; how do they do; what is become of Charles?" What forlorn, hap- hazard life is implied by these questions! Can we wonder that, with all the love for his native place, which is shown throughout Goldsmith's writings, he had not the heart to return there? Yet his affections are still there. He wishes to know whether the Lawders (which means his cousin Jane, his early Valentine) ever make mention of him; he sends Jane his miniature; he believes it is "the most acceptable present he can offer;" he evidently, therefore, does not believe she has almost forgotten him, although he intimates that he does; in his memory she is still Jane Contarine, as he last saw her, when he accompanied her harpsichord with his flute. Absence, like death, sets a seal on the image of those we have loved; we cannot realize the intervening changes which time may have affected.

As to the rest of Goldsmith's relatives, he abandons his legacy of fifteen pounds, to be shared among them. It is all he has to do as Sir John, when treating of circumstances which occurred prior to his being dubbed; but it is so customary to speak of him by that title, that we found it difficult to dispense with it.
them: he is honorary professor, without pay; his portrait is to be engraved in mezzotint, in company with those of his friends, Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, Colman, and others, he will send prints of them to his friends over the Shannon, though they may not have a house to hang them up in.

What a motley letter! How indicative of the motley character of the writer! By the by, the publication of a splendid mezzotinto engraving of his likeness by Reynolds, was a great matter of glorification to Goldsmith, especially as it appeared in such illustrious company. As he was one day walking the streets in a state of high elation, from having just seen it figuring in the print-shop windows, he met a young gentleman with a newly married wife hanging on his arm, whom he immediately recognized for Master Bishop, one of the boys he had petted and treated with sweetmeats when a humble usher at Milner's school.

The kindly feelings of old times revived, and he accosted him with cordial familiarity, though the young lady may have found some difficulty in recognizing in the personage, arrayed, perhaps, in garments of Tyrian dye, the dingy pedagogue of the Milners. "Come, my boy," cried Goldsmith, as if still speaking to a schoolboy. "Come, Sam, I am delighted to see you. I must treat you to something—what shall it be? Will you have some apples?" glancing at an old woman's stall; then, recollecting the print-shop window: "Sam," said he, "have you seen my picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Have you seen it, Sam? Have you got an engraving?" Bishop was caught; he equivocated; he had not yet bought it; but he was furnishing his house, and had fixed upon the place where it was to be hung. "Ah, Sam!" rejoined Goldsmith reproachfully, "if your picture had been published, I should not have waited an hour without having it."

After all, it was honest pride, not vanity, in Goldsmith, that was gratified at seeing his portrait deemed worthy of being perpetuated by the classic pencil of Reynolds, and "hung up in history" beside that of his revered friend, Johnson. Even the great moralist himself was not insensible to a feeling of this kind. Walking one day with Goldsmith, in Westminster Abbey; among the tombs of monarchs, warriors, and statesmen, they came to the sculptured monuments of literary worthies in poets' corner. Casting his eye round upon these memorials of genius, Johnson muttered in a low tone to his companion,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscelitum isisti.

Goldsmith treasured up the intimated hope, and shortly afterward, as they were passing by Temple bar, where the heads of Jacobite rebels, executed for treason, were mouldering aloft on spikes, pointed up to the grizzly mementos, and echoed the intimation,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscelitum isisti.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PUBLICATION OF THE "DEserted VILLAGE"—NOTICES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF IT.

Several years had now elapsed since the publication of "The Traveller," and much wonder was expressed that the great success of that poem had not excited the author to further poetical attempts. On being questioned at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy by the Earl of Lisburn, why he neglected the muses to compile histories and write novels, "My Lord," replied he, "by courting the muses I shall starve, but by my other labors I eat, drink, have gold to lay, and enjoy the luxuries of life." So, also, on being asked by a poor writer what was the most profitable mode of exercising the pen, "My dear fellow," replied he, "good-humoredly, pay no regard to the trumpet-tailed muses; for my part, I have produced in prose much more song than ever was before the public.

The popularity of "The Traveller" had prepared the way for this poem, and its sale was instantaneous and immense. The first edition was immediately exhausted; in a few days a second was issued; in a few days more a third, and by the 16th of August the fifth edition was hurried through the press. As is the case with popular writers, he had become his own rival, and critics were inclined to give the preference to his first poem; but with the public at large we believe the "Deserted Village" has ever been the greatest favorite. Previous to its publication the bookseller gave him in advance a note for the price agreed upon, one hundred guineas. As the latter was returning home he met a friend to whom he mentioned the circumstance, and who instantly judged of the poetry by quantity rather than quality, observed that it was a great poem; so small a poem. "In truth," said Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford or the piece is worth. I have not been easy since I received it."

In fact, he actually returned the note to the bookseller, and let him to graduate the payment according to the success of the work. The bookseller, as may well be supposed, soon repaid him in full with many acknowledgments of his disinterestedness. This anecdote has been called in question, as not on what grounds; we cannot think it incompatible with the character of Goldsmith, who was very impulsive, and prone to acts of inconsequent generosity.

As we do not pretend in this summary memoir to go into a criticism or analysis of any of Goldsmith's writings, we shall not dwell upon the peculiar merits of this poem; we cannot help noticing, however, how truly it is a mirror of the author's heart, and of all the fond pictures of early friends and early life forever present there. It seems to us as if the very last accounts received from home, of his "shattered frame," and the desolation that seemed to have settled upon [the haunts of his childhood], had cut to the roots one feebly cherished hope, and produced the following exquisitely tender and mournful lines:

"In all my wanderings round the world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes of future hours.
 Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still;
Amid the awakes to show my book-learn'd skill.
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;"
And as a bare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew;
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

How touchingly expressive are the succeeding
lines, wrung from a heart which all the trials and
temptations and buffaloes of the world could not
render worldly; which, amid a thousand follies
and errors of the head, still retained its childlike
innocence; and which, doomed to struggle on to
the last amid the dir and turmoil of the metrop-
olis, had ever been cheating itself with a dream of
rural quiet and seclusion:

Oh bless'd retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease:
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
And leaves behind befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world he past.

NOTE.

The following article, which appeared in a Lon-
don periodical, shows the effect of Goldsmith's
poem in renovating the fortunes of Lisson.

"About three miles from Ballymahon, a very
central town in the sister kingdom, is the man-
villa and village of Auburn, so called by their present
possessor, Captain Hogan. Through the taste
and improvement of this gentleman, it is now a
beautiful spot, although fifteen years since it pre-
sented a very bare and unpicturesque aspect. This,
however, was owing to a cause which served
strongly to corroborate the assertion that Gold-
smith had this scene in view when he wrote his
poem of 'The Deserted Village.' The then pos-
sessor, General Napier, turned all his tenants out
of their farms that he might incline them in his
own private domain. Littleton, the mansion of
the general, stands not far off, a complete emblem
of the desolating spirit lamented by the poet,
dilapidated and converted into a barrack.

The chief object of attraction is Lisson, once
the parsonage house of Henry Goldsmith, that
brother to whom the poet dedicated his 'Travel-
er,' and who is represented as the village pastor,

'Passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

"When I was in the country, the lower cham-
bers were inhabited by pigs and swine, and the
drawing-rooms by oats. Captain Hogan, how-
ever, has, I believe, got it since into his posses-
sion, and has, of course, improved its condition.

"Though at first strongly inclined to dispute
the identity of Auburn, Lisson House overcame
my scruples. As I clambered over the rotten
gate, and crossed the grass-grown lawn or court,
the idea of confusion became too strong for
casuistry; here the poet dwelt and wrote, and here
his thoughts fondly recur when composing
his 'Traveller' in a foreign land. Yonder
was the decent church, that literally 'topped the
neighboring hill.' Before me lay the little hill of
Knockrue, on which he declares, in one of his let-
ters, he had rather sit with a book in hand than
mingle in the proudest assemblies. And, above
all, startlingly true, beneath my feet was

'Yonder corpse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild.'

"A painting from the life could not be more ex-
act. 'The stubborn currant-bush' lifts its head
above the rank grass, and the proud hollyhock
flaunts where its sisters the flower-knot are no
more.

"In the middle of the village stands the old
'hawthorn-tree,' built up with masonry to distin-
guish and preserve it; it is old and stunted, and
suffers much from the depredations of post-chaise
travellers, who generally stop to procure a twig.

Opposite it is the village alehouse, over the
door of which swings 'The Three Jolly Pigeons.'
Within everything is arranged according to the
letter:

'The whitewash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.'

"Captain Hogan, I have heard, found great
difficulty in obtaining 'the twelve good rules,'
but at length purchased them at some London
bookstall to adorn the whitewashed parlor of
'The Three Jolly Pigeons.' However laudable
this may be, nothing shirk my faith in the reality
of Auburn so much as this exactness, which
had the disagreeable air of being got up for the
occasion. The last object of pilgrimage is the ques-
dam habitation of the schoolmaster.

'There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,'

'It is surrounded with fragrant proofs of iden-
tity in

'The blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay.'

"There is to be seen the chair of the poet, which
fell into the hands of his present possessors at the
wreck of the parsonage-house; they have fre-
cently refused large offers of purchase; but
more, I dare say, for the sake of drawing con-
tributions from the curious than from any reverence
for the bard. The chair is of oak, with back
and seat of cane, which precluded all hopes of a
secret drawer, like that lately discovered in Gay's.
There is no fear of its being worn out by the
deut cemented sitters—as the cocks and hens
have usurped undisputed possession of it, and
protest most clamorously against all attempts to
get it cleansed or to seat one's self.

"The controversy concerning the identity of
this Auburn was formerly a standing theme of
discussion among the learned of the neighbor-
hood; but, since the pros and cons have been all
ascertained, the argument has died away. Its
abettors plead the singular agreement between the
local history of the place and the Auburn of the
poem, and the exactness with which the scenery
of the one answers to the description of the other.
To this is opposed the mention of the nightingale,

'And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made,'

there being no such bird in the island. The ob-
jection is slighted, on the other hand, by consid-
ering the passage as a mere poetical license.
Besides,' say they, 'the robin is the Irish nightingale.' And if it be hinted how unlikely it was that Goldsmith should have laid the scene in a place from which he was and had been so long absent, the rejoinder is always, 'Pray, sir, was Milton in hell when he built Pandemonium?' 

'The line is naturally drawn between; there can be no doubt that the poet intended England by

'The land to hast'ning ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

But it is very natural to suppose that, at the same time, his imagination had in view the scenes of his youth, which give such strong features of resemblance to the picture."

Best, an Irish clergyman, told Davis, the traveller in America, that the hawthorn-bush mentioned in the poem was still remarkably large. "I was riding once," said he, "with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, 'Ma foyst, that bush is mighty in the way. I will order it to be cut down.' 'What, sir?' replied I, 'cut down the bush that supplies so beautiful an image in "The Deserted Village"?' 'Ma foyst!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn-bush? Then let it be sacred, from the edge of the axe, and evil be to him that should cut off a branch.'"—The hawthorn-bush, however, has long since been cut up, root and branch, in furnishing relics to literary pilgrims.

CHAPTER XXIX.


"The Deserted Village" had shed an additional poetic grace round the homely person of the author; he was becoming more and more acceptable in ladies' eyes, and finding himself more and more refined in their society; at least in the society of those whom he met in the Reynolds circle, among whom he particularly affected the beautiful family of the Hornecks.

But let us see what were the looks and manners of Goldsmith about this time, and what right he had to aspire to ladies' smiles; and in so doing let us not take the sketches of Boswell and his companions, who had a propensity to represent him in caricature; but let us take the appearance truthful and discriminating picture of him which appeared to Judge Day, when the latter was a student in the Temple.

"In person," says the judge, "he was short; about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with bright hair; so that, at least, he could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain, but not repulsive—certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and perhaps on the whole, we may say, not polished; at least without the refinement and good-breeding in which the exactly polished compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity, information, and the naïveté and originality of his character; taking without pretension, and laughing loudly without restraint.

This, it will be recollected, represents him as he appeared to a young Templar, who probably saw him only in Temple coffee-houses, at students' quarters, or at the jovial supper parties given at the poet's own chambers; here, of course, his mind was in its rough dress; his laugh may have been loud and his mirth boisterous; but we trust all these matters became softened and modified when he found himself in polite drawing-rooms and in female society.

But what say the ladies themselves of him? and here, fortunately, we have another sketch of him, as he appeared at the time to one of the Horneck circle; in fact, we believe, to the Jassby Bride herself. After admitting, apparently, with some reluctance, that "he was a very plain man," she goes on to say, "but had been much more a building bush is mighty in the way. I will order it to be cut down." "What, sir?" replied I, 'cut down the bush that supplies so beautiful an image in "The Deserted Village"?" 'Ma foyst!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn-bush? Then let it be sacred, from the edge of the axe, and evil be to him that should cut off a branch.'"—The hawthorn-bush, however, has long since been cut up, root and branch, in furnishing relics to literary pilgrims.

An expedition of this kind from England to Paris is not a common occurrence; but it is, of course, fully presented to one's imagination, and regarded as a matter of literature and accident, if it be remembered that Goldsmith was affected in the latter months of his life with a bad infectious disease, and that his appearance was that of a sick man.

It is in comparatively but little concerned in the present work. His history has been written by himself, and is the subject of the following pages.

All this we throw out as mere hints and surmises, leaving it to our readers to draw their own conclusions. It will be found, however, that the poet was subjected to shrewd bantering among his contemporaries about the beautiful Mary Horneck, and that he was extremely sensitive on the subject.

It was in the month of June that he set out for Paris with his fair companions, and the following letter was written by him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, soon after the party landed at Calais:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we performed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my machine to prevent sea-
sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we had to be imposed upon; so we were in high spirits at coming to Calais, which we were told that a little money would go a great way.

Upon landing, with two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and belled the hasps; and in this manner our little baggage was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility, but they came to be paid; every carter, that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger expected sixpence; and they had so pretty and civil a manner of demanding it, that there was no refusing them.

When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the custom house officers, who had their pretty civil ways too. We were directed to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where a salut-de-place came to offer his service, and spoke to us ten minutes before we had spoken English. We had no occasion for his services so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance: I bought from a tailor near Courtly, and the barber at Calais broke it in order to gain sixpence by making me a new one.

An incident which occurred in the course of this tour has been tortured by that literary magpie, Boswell, into a proof of Goldsmith's absurd jealousy of any admiration shown to others in his presence. While stopping at a hotel in Lisle, they put us to the windows by the landladies, who broke forth with enthusiastic speeches and compliments intended for their ears. Goldsmith was amused for a while, but at length expressed himself at this exclusive admiration of his beautiful companion, and exclaimed, with mock severity of aspect, Elsewhere I also would have my admirers.

It is difficult to conceive the obstinacy of intellect necessary to misconstrue so obvious a piece of mock petulance and dry humor into an instance of mortified vanity and jealous self-conceit.

Goldsmith's jealousy of the admiration of a group of gay officers for the charms of two beautiful young women! This even out-Boswell Boswell! Yet this is but one of several similar absurdities, evidently misconceptions of Goldsmith's peculiar vein of humor, by which the charge of envious jealousy has been attempted to be fixed upon him. In the present instance it was contradicted by one of the ladies herself, who was annoyed that it had been advanced against him. "I am sure," said she, "from the peculiar manner of his humor, and assumed twopenny of countenance, which was often uttered in jest was mistaken, by those who did not know him, for earnest." No one was more prone to err on this point than Boswell. He had a tolerable perception of wit, but none of humor.

The following letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds was subsequently written:

To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

PARIS, July 29 (1770).

"My dear Friend: I began a long letter to your from Lisle, giving a description of all that we had done and seen, but, finding it very dull, and knowing that you would show it again, I threw it aside and it was lost. You see by the top of this letter that we are at Paris, and (as I have often heard you say) we have brought our own amusement with us, for the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen.

"With regard to myself, I find that travelling at twenty and forty are very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and everybody we meet at home. You may judge, therefore, whether your name is not frequently handled at table among us. To tell you the truth, I never thought I could retreat your absence so much as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number, of our lying in barns, and of my being half poisoned with a dish of green peas; or our quarrelling with waiters, and being cheated by our landladies; but I refuse to bore you with any which I expect to share with you upon my return.

"I have little to tell you more but that we are at present all well, and expect returning when we have stayed out one month, which I did not care if it were longer. What more can I tell you? I am free and supple, and can do what I like, and I can do what you expect; do you wish to hear from you all, how you know me, how Johnson, Burke, Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the club do. I wish I could send you some amusement in this letter, but I protest I am so stupefied by this country that it cannot be natural that I have not a word to say. I have been thinking of the plot of a comedy, which shall be entitled A Journey to Paris, in which a family shall be introduced with a full intention of going to France to save money. You know there is not a place in the world more promising for that purpose. As for the meat of this country, I can scarce eat it; and, though we pay two good shillings a head for our dinners, I find it all too tough that I have spent less time with my knife than my picktooth. I said this as a good thing, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

"As for our intended journey to Devonshire, I find it out of my power to perform it; for, as soon as I arrive at Dover, I find it all too tough that I have spent less time with my knife than my picktooth. I said this as a good thing, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

"Is there anything I can do for you at Paris? I wish you would tell me. The whole of my own purchases here is one silk coat, which I have put on, and which makes me look like a toad. I am in no more of that. I find that Colman has gained his lawsuit. I am glad of it. I suppose you often meet. I will soon be among you. Better pleased.
with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say, that if anything could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I can't help it, but I still show them the letter before I send it away. What signifies teasing you longer with moral observations, when the business of my writing is over? I have only one thing more to say, and of that I think every hour in the day, namely that I am your most sincere and affectionate friend,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Direct to me at the Hôtel de Danemarc,
Rue Jacob, Faubourg St. Germaine.""

A word of comment on this!... Travelling is, indeed, a very different thing with Goldsmith the poor student at twenty, and Goldsmith the poet and professor at forty. At twenty, though obliged to trudge on foot from town to town, and country to country, paying for a slipper and a bed by a tune on the flute, everything pleased, everything was good; a rustic inn was a much of all the amusements, and safety. Now, at forty, when he posts through the country in a carriage, with fair ladies by his side, everything goes wrong: he has to quarrel with position, he is cheated by landladies, the hotels are barns, the meat is too tough to be eaten, and he is half poisoned by green peas! A line in his letter explains the secret: "the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen." "One of our chief amusements is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and everyone we have left at home!" the true English travelling amusement. Poor Goldsmith! he has "all his confirmed habits about him!" so I say, he has recently risen into high life, and acquired highbred notions; he must be fastidious like his fellow-travellers; he dare not be pleased with what pleases the vulgar tastes of his youth. He is unconsciously illustrating the truth so humorously satirized by him in Bill Tibbs, the shabby beau, who can find "no such dressing as he had at Lord Crimp's"; whose very senses have grown genteel, and who no longer "smacks at thumped wine or praise detestable custard." A lurking thorn, too, is worrying him throughout this tour; he has "outrun the constable," that is, he is so fastidious that he has outrun his means, and he will have to make up for this flight by toying like a grub on his return.

Another circumstance contributes to mar the pleasure he had promised himself in this excursion. At Paris the party is unexpectedly joined by a Mr. Hickey, a bustling attorney, who is well acquainted with that metropolis and its environs, and insists on playing the cicerone on all occasions. He and Goldsmith do not relish each other, and they have several petty altercations. The lawyer is too much a man of business and method for the careless poet, and is disposed to manage everything. He has perceived Goldsmith's whimsical peculiarities without properly appreciating his merits, and is prone to indulge in broad bantering and railarity at his expense, particularly when he is indulged in presence of the ladies. He makes himself merry on his return to England, by giving the following anecdote as illustrative of Goldsmith's vanity:

"Being with a party at Versailles, viewing the water works, a question arose among the gentlemen present, whether the distance from whence they stood to one of the little islands was within the compass of a leap. Goldsmith maintained the affirmative; but, being bantered on the subject, and remembering his former prowess as a youth, he attempted the leap, but, falling short, descended into the water, to the great amusement of the company.

Was the Jessamy Bride a witness of this unlucky exploit?

This same Hickey is the one of whom Goldsmith, some time subsequently, gave a good-humored sketch, in his poem of "The Retaliation."

"Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature.
And slander itself must allow him good nature.
He cheeks his friend, and he relish a bump,\nYet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?\nI answer No, no, for he always was wiser;\nToo courteous, perhaps, or obligingly fat,
His very stout face can't accuse of that;\nPerhaps he confided in men as they go,\nThe man was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!\nThen what was his falling? Come, tell it, and burn the place.\nHe was, could he help it? a special attorney."

One of the few remarks extant made by Goldsmith during his tour is the following, of whimsical import, in his "Animated Nature."

"In going through the towns of France, some time since, I could not help observing how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how much more distinctly they understood the words which speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I first ascribed it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend that was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me that the French women scarce did anything else the whole day but sit and instruct their feathered pupils; and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons in consequence of continual schooling.

His tour does not seem to have left in his memory the most fragrant recollections; for, being asked, after his return, whether travelling on the Continent repaid "an Englishman for the privations and annoyances attendant on it," he replied, "I recommend it by all means to the sick, if they are without the sense of smelting, and to the poor if they are without the sense of feeling; and to both if they can discharge from their minds all idea of what in England we term comfort."

It is needless to say that the universal improvement in the art of living on the Continent has at the present day taken away the force of Goldsmith's reply, though even at the time it was more humorous than correct.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEATH OF GOLDSMITH'S MOTHER—BIOGRAPHY OF PARNELL—AGREEMENT WITH DAVIES FOR THE HISTORY OF ROME—LIFE OF BOLINGBROKE—THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

On his return to England, Goldsmith received the melancholy tidings of the death of his mother. Notwithstanding the fame as an author to which
he had attained, she seems to have been disappointed in her early expectations from him. Like others of his family, she had been more vexed by his early follies than pleased by his proofs of goodness; and in the latter part of his life, when he had risen to fame and to intercourse with the great, had been annoyed at the ignorance of the world and want of management, which prevented him from pushing his fortune. He had always, however, been an affectionate son, and in the latter years of her life, when she had become blind, contributed from his precocious resources to prevent her from feeling want.

He now resumed the labors of the pen, which his recent excursion to Paris rendered doubly necessary. We should have mentioned a "Life of Parnell," published by him shortly after the "Deserted Village." It was, as usual, a piece of job work, hastily got up for pocket-money. Johnson spoke slightly of it, and the author, himself, thought proper to apologize for its meagre-ness; yet, in so doing, used a simile, which, for beauty of imagery and felicity of language, is enough of itself to stamp a value upon the essay. "Such," says he, "is the very unpoetical detail of an event," etc. Some of the facts, scarcely more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tombstone, are all that remain of one whose labors now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his name is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the deeds of morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendor.

He now entered into an agreement with Davies to prepare an abridgment, in one volume duodecimo, of his History of Rome; but first to write a work for which there was a more immediate demand. Davies was about to republish Lord Bolingbroke's "Dissertation on Parties," which he conceived would be exceedingly applicable to the affairs of the day, and make a probable hit during the state of violent political excitement, to give it still greater effect and currency he engaged Goldsmith to introduce it with a prefatory life of Lord Bolingbroke.

About this time Goldsmith's friend and countryman, Lord Clare, was in great affliction, caused by the death of his son, Mr. Nugent, and stood in need of the sympathies of a kind-hearted friend. At his request, therefore, Goldsmith paid him a visit at his noble seat of Gosford, taking his tasks with him. Davies was in a worry lest Gosford Park should prove a Capua to the poet, and the time be lost. "Dr. Goldsmith," writes he to a friend, "has gone with Lord Clare into the country, and I am plagued to get the proofs from him of the Life of Lord Bolingbroke.

The proofs were, without preparation, furnished him for the publication of the work in December. The Biography, though written during a time of political turmoil, and introducing a work intended to be thrown into the arena of politics, maintained that freedom from party prejudice observable in all the Goldsmith's works. It was a selection of facts drawn from many unreliable sources, and arranged into a clear, flowing narrative, illustrative of the career and character of one who, as he intimates, "seemed formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition; whose most agreeable hours were passed in storms of his own creating; whose life was spent in a continual conflict of politics, and as if that was too short for the combat, has left his memory as a subject of lasting contention." The sum received by the author for this memoir, and with the circumstances, to have been forty pounds.

Goldsmith did not find the residence among the great unattended with mortifications. He had now become accustomed to be regarded in London as a literary lion, and was annoyed, at what he considered a slight, on the part of Lord Camden. He complained of it on his return to town at a party of his friends. "I met him," said he, "at Lord Clare's house in the country; and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." "The company," added Boswell, "laughed heartily at this piece of diverting simplicity." And foremost among the laughers was doubtless the rattle-pated Boswell. Johnson, however, stepped forward, as usual, to defend the poet, whom he would allow no one to assail but himself; perhaps in the present instance he thought the dignity of literature itself involved in the question. "Nay, gentlemen," roared he, "Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made a study of such a man as Goldsmith, and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him."

After Goldsmith's return to town he received from Lord Clare a present of game, which he has celebrated and perpetuated in his amusing verses entitled the "Haunch of Venison." Some of the lines pleasantly set forth the embarrassment caused by the appearance of such an aristocratic delicacy in the humble kitchen of a poet, accustomed to look up to mutton as a treat:

"Thanks, my lord, for your venison; for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a plate.
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting.
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thought in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtue,
As in some Irish houses where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up so fine,
But, for eating a rasher, of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it was fend in.

But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt:
It's like sending them eagles, when wanting a thrush."

We have an amusing anecdote of one of Goldsmith's blunders which took place on a subsequent visit to Lord Clare's, when that nobleman was residing in Bath.

Lord Clare and the Duke of Northumberland house had next to each other, of similar architecture. Returning home one morning from an early walk, Goldsmith, in one of his frequent fits of absence, mistook the house, and walked up into the duke's dining-room, where he and the duchess were about to sit down to breakfast. Goldsmith, still supposing himself in the house of Lord Clare, and that they were visitors, made them an easy salutation, being acquainted with them, and threw himself on a sofa in the lounging manner of a man perfectly at home. The duke and duchess soon perceived his mistake, and, while they smiled internally, endeavored, with the cons-
siderateness of well-bred people, to prevent any awkward embarrassment. They accordingly chatted sociably with him about matters in Bath, until, breakfast being served, they invited him to partake. The truth at once flashed upon poor heedless Goldsmith; he started up from the free-and-easy position, made a confused apology for his blunder, and would have retired perfectly disconcerted, had not the duke and duchess treated the whole as a lucky occurrence to throw him in their way, and exacted a promise from him to dine with them, which he was quite willing to fulfill.

This may be hung up as a companion-piece to his blunder on his first visit to Northumberland House.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DINNER AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY—HORACE WALPOLE'S CONDUCT TO CHATTERTON—JOHNAT THE REDCLIFFE CHURCH—GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND—DAVIES'S CRITICISM—LETTER TO BENNET LANGTON.

On St. George's day of this year (1771), the first annual banquet of the Royal Academy was held in the exhibition room; the walls of which were covered with works of art, about to be submitted to public inspection. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who first suggested this elegant festival, presided in his official character; Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, of course, were present, as professors of the academy; and, beside the academicians, there was a large number of the most distinguished men of the day as guests. Goldsmith on this occasion drew on himself the attention of the company by launching out with enthusiasm on the poems recently given to the world by Chatterton as the works of an ancient author by the name of Rowley, discovered in the tower of Redcliffe Church, at Bristol. Goldsmith spoke of them with rapture, as a treasure of old English poetry. This immediately raised the question of their authenticity; they having been pronounced a forgery of Chatterton's. Goldsmith was warm for the poet's productions. When he considered, he said, the merit of the poetry; the acquaintance with life and the human heart displayed in them, the antique quaintness of the language and the familiar knowledge of historical events of their supposed day, he could not believe it possible they could be the work of a boy of sixteen, of narrow education, and confined to the duties of an attorney's office. They must be the productions of Rowley.

Johnson, who was a stout unbeliever in Rowley, as he had been in Chosan, rolled on his chair and laughed at the enthusiasm of Goldsmith. Horace Walpole, who sat near by, joined in the laugh and jeer as soon as he found that the "rouaille," as he called it, "ot his friend Chatterton" was in question. This matter, which had excited the simple admiration of Goldsmith, was no novelty to him, he said. "He might, had he pleas'd, have had the honor of ushering the great discovery to the learned world." And so he might, had he followed his first impulse in the matter, for he himself had been an original believer in the productions of the young poet. A specimen verse sent to him by Chatterton wonderful for their harmony and spirit; and had been ready to print them and publish them to the world with his sanction. When he found, however, that his unknown correspondent was a mere boy, humble in sphere and indigent in circumstances, and when Gray and Mason pronounced the poems forgeries, he had changed his whole conduct toward the unfortunate author, and by his neglect and coldness had dashed all his sanguine hopes to the ground.

Exulting in his superior discernment, this cold-hearted man of society now went on to divert himself, as he says, with the credulity of Goldsmith, whom he was accustomed to call "an inspired idiot;" but his mirth was soon dashed, for on asking the poet what had become of this Chatterton, he was answered, doubtless in the feeling tone of one who had experienced the pangs of despotic genius, that "he had been to London and had destroyed himself."

The reply struck a pang of self-reproach even to the cold heart of Walpole; a faint blush may have visited his cheek at this recent levity. "The persons of honor and veracity who were present," said he in after years, when he the more felt it necessary to exculpate himself from the charge of heartless neglect of genius, "will attest with what surprise and concern I thus first heard of his death." Well might he feel concern. His cold neglect had doubtless contributed to extinguish the spirit of that youthful genius, and hurry him to his untimely end; nor have all the excuses and palliations of Walpole's friends and admirers been ever able entirely to clear this stigma from his fame.

But what was there in the enthusiasm and credulity of honesty Goldsmith in this matter, to subject him to the laugh of Johnson or the raillery of Walpole? Granting the poems were not ancient, were they not good? Granting they were not the productions of Rowley, were they less admirable for being the productions of Chatterton? Johnson himself testified to their merits and the genius of their composer when, some years afterward, he visited the tower of Redcliffe Church, and was shown the coffer in which poor Chatterton had pretended to find them. "This," said he, "is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

As to Goldsmith, he persisted in his credulity, and had subsequently a dispute with Sir Percy on the subject, which interrupted and almost destroyed their friendship. After all, his enthusiasm was of a generous, poetic kind; the poems remain beautiful monuments of genius, and it is even now difficult to persuade one's self that they could be entirely the productions of a youth of sixteen.

In the month of August was published anonymously the History of England, on which Goldsmith had been for some time employed. It was in four volumes, compiled chiefly, as he acknowledged in the preface, from Rapin, Carle, Smollett, and Hume, "each of whom," says he, "have their admirers, in proportion as the reader is studious of political antiquities, fond of minute anecdote, a warm partisan, or a deliberate reasoner." It possessed the same kind of merit as his other historical compilations; a clear, succinct narrative, a simple, easy, and graceful style, and an agreeable arrangement. All was not remarkable for either depth of observation or minute accuracy of research. Many passages were transferred, with little if any alteration, from his "Letters from a Nobleman to his Son" on
the same subject. The work, though written without party feeling, met with sharp animadversions from political scribblers. The writer was charged with being unfriendly to liberty, disposed to elevate monarchy above its proper sphere; a tool of ministers; one who would betray his country. The pamphlet, republished by the pugilist, or under the shadow of the pomposity of Russell Street, alarmed lest the book should prove unsalable, undertook to protect it by his pen, and wrote a long article in its defence in The Public Advertiser.

The history, on the whole, however, was well received; some of the critics declared that English history had never before been so usefully, so elegantly, and agreeably epitomized, and, like his other historical writings, it has kept its ground in English literature.

Goldsmith had intended this summer, in company with Sir Joshua Reynolds, to pay a visit to Bennet Langton, at his seat in Lincolnshire, whom he had made the overtures for his protection, having having the year previously married the Countess Dower of Rothes. The following letter, however, dated from his chambers in the Temple, on the 7th of September, apologizes for putting off the visit, while it gives an amusing account of his summer occupations and of the attacks on his History of England:

"My dear Sir: Since I have the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished; but whether or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a traitor that must make up for its idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we shall have to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beaumarchais very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second I. Bayle; deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down on a visit to a country house, Doctor Taylor; and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, an attendant a better place, but visiting about too. Every soul is visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. Though I could talk too much on the subject, the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an "Abridgment of the History of England," for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for, or against liberty in my head; my whole aim belonging to make up a book of a decent size, that as Squire Richard says, "would do no harm to nobody." However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest publisher, but when you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sore Whig. God bless you, and with my best wishes to your Ladyship, I remain, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,"

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MARRIAGE OF LITTLE COMEDY—GOLDSMITH AT BARTON—PRACTICAL JOKES AT THE Expense of HIS JOY—AMUSEMENTS AT BARTON—ACQUAINTANCE WITH TAYLOR'S PARTY.

Troops: Goldsmith found it impossible to break from his literary occupations to visit Bennet Langton, in Lincolnshire, he soon yielded to attractions from another quarter, in which it was expected that he might have mingled. Miss Catherine Honeck, one of his beautiful female companions, otherwise called Little Comedy, had been married in August to Henry William Bunbury, Esq., a gentleman of fortune, who has been celebrated for the humorous productions of his pen. Goldsmith was shortly afterward invited to pay the newly married couple a visit at their seat, at Barton, in Suffolk. How could he resist such an invitation—especially as the Jessamy Bride would, of course, be among the guests? It is true, he was hampered with work; he was still more hampered with debt; his accounts with Newbery were perplexed; but all must give way. New advances are procured from Newbery, on the promise of a new tale in the style of the Vicar of Wakefield, of which he showed a few roughly-sketches chapters; so, his purse replenished in the old way, "by hook or by crook," he posted off to visit the bride at Barton. He found there a joyous household, and his hostess had welcomed him with affection. Garrick was there, and played the part of master of the revels, for he was an intimate friend of the master of the house. Notwithstanding early misunderstandings, a social intercourse between the actor and the poet had grown up of late, from meeting together continually in the same circle. A few particulars have reached us concerning Goldsmith while on this happy visit. We believe the legend has come down from Miss Mary Honeck herself. "While at Barton," she says, "his manners were always playful and amusing, taking the lead in promoting any scheme of innocent mirth, and usually preening the invitation with 'Come, now, let us play the fool a little.' At cards, which was commonly a round game, and the stake small, he was always the most noisy, affected great eagerness to win, and teased his opponents of the gentle sex with continual jest and banter on their want of spirit in not risking the hazards of the game. But one of his most favorite enjoyments was to romp with the children, when he threw off all reserve, and seemed one of the most joyous of the group.

"One of the means by which he amused us was his songs, chiefly of the comic kind, which
were sung with some taste and humor; several, I believe, were of his own composition, and I regard the melody as one of the most charming which might have been readily procured from him at the time, nor do I remember their names.

His perfect good humor made him the object of tricks of all kinds; often in retaliation of some prank which he seemed to have offended. Unluckily these tricks were sometimes made at the expense of his toilet, which, with a view peradventure to please the eye of a certain fair lady, he had again enriched to the impoverishment of his purse. "Among all times I try to dress," says this ladylike legend, "he made his appearance at the breakfast-table in a smart black silk coat with an expensive pair of ruffles; the coat some one contrived to soil, and it was sent to be cleaned; but, rather by accident, or perhaps by design, the day after it came home, the sleeves became daubed with paint, which was not discovered until the ruffles also, to his great mortification, were irretrievably disfigured.

He always wore a wig, a peculiarity which some who praised his appearance only from the fine poetical head of Reynolds would not suspect; and on one occasion some person contrived seriously to injure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the county, and that was so injured and disfigured that the services of Mr. Bunbury's valet were called in, who, however, performed his functions so indifferently that poor Goldsmith's appearance became the signal for a general smile.

He was waggish, especially when it was directed to mar all the attempts of the unfortunate poet to improve his personal appearance, about which he was at all times dulously sensitive, and particularly among the ladies. We have in a former chapter recorded his unlucky tumble into a fountain at Versailles, when attempting a feat of agility in the presence of the fair Hornecks. Water was destined to be equally baneful to him on the present occasion. "Some difference of opinion," says the fair narrator, "arising between Lord Harrington respecting the depth of a pond, the poet remarked that it was not so deep but that, if anything valuable was to be found at the bottom, he would not hesitate to pick it up. His lordship, after some banter, replied: 'Goldsmith, not to be outdone in this kind of bravado, in attempting to fulfill his promise without getting wet, accidentally fell in, to the amusement of all present, but persevered, brought out the money, and kept it, remarking that he had abundant objects on whom to bestow any farther proofs of his lordship's whim or bounty.'

All this is recorded by the beautiful Mary Horneck, the Jessamy Bride herself; but she gives these amusing pictures of poor Goldsmith's eccentricities, and of the mischievous pranks played off upon him, she bears unqualified testimony, which we have quoted elsewhere, to the qualities of his head and heart, which shone forth in his countenance, and gained him the love of all who knew him.

Among the circumstances of this visit vaguely called to mind by this fair lady in after years, was that Goldsmith read to her and her sister the first part of a novel which he had in hand. It was doubtless the manuscript mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, on which he had wasted a large advance of money from Newbery to stave off some pressing debts, and to provide funds for this very visit. It never was finished,

The bookseller, when he came afterward to examine the manuscript, objected to it as a mere narrative version of the Good-Natured Man. Goldsmith, too easily put out of conceit of his writings, threw it away, forgetting that this was the very Newbery who kept his Vicar of Wakefield by him nearly two years through doubts of its success. The loss of the manuscript is deeply to be regretted; it doubtless would have been properly worked up before given to the press, and might have given us some new scenes in life and traits of character, while it could not fail to bear traces of his style, and his happy genius, had it not been guided by the opinions of his fair listeners at Barton, instead of that of the assize Mr. Newbery.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DINNER AT GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S—ANECDOTES OF THE GENERAL—DISPUTE ABOUT DUELING—GHOST STORIES.

We have mentioned old General Oglethorpe as one of Goldsmith's aristocratical acquaintances. This veteran, born in 1694, had commenced life early, by serving, when a mere stripling, under Prince Eugene, against the Turks. He had continued in military life, and been promoted to the rank of major general in 1717, and received a command during the Scottish rebellion. Being of strong Jacobite tendencies, he was suspected and accused of favoring the rebels; and though acquitted by a court of inquiry, was never afterward employed; or, in technical language, was shelved. He had since been repeatedly a member of parliament, and had always distinguished himself by learning, taste, active Benevolence, and high Tory principles. His name, however, has become historical, chiefly from his transactions in America, and the share he took in the establishment of the colony of Georgia. It lies embedded in honorable immortality in a single line of Pope's:

"One, driven by strong benevolence of soul, Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

The veteran was now seventy-four years of age, but healthy and vigorous, and as much the preux chevalier as in his younger days, when he served with Prince Eugene. His table was often the gathering-place of men of talent. Johnson was frequently there, and delighted in drawing from the general details of his various "experiences." He was anxious that he should give the world his life, "I know no man," said he, "whose life would be more interesting." Still the vivacity of the general's mind and the variety of his knowledge made him skip from subject to subject too fast for the Lexicographer. "Oglethorpe," growled he, "never completes what he has to say."

Bowdler gives us an interesting and characteristic account of a dinner party at the general's (April 2oth, 1756), at which Goldsmith and Johnson were present. After dinner, when the clout was removed, Oglethorpe, at Johnson's request, gave an account of the siege of Belgrade, in the true veteran style. Pouring a little wine upon the table, he laid his hand on it, and said in a wetting, "describing the positions of the opposing forces. "Here were we—here were the Turks, to all which Johnson listened with the most ear-

nest attention, with his usual sagacity and rare; for the company was composed of a few of the greatest men of the age, and I gave a little of myself in some of it. How was I to be taken in so doing? I put up or shut up, he might have been made to smile, "much better than a whole glass of wit, in the proper sense," you know. Right, my dear sir, the prince had the firmest division of the world to make.

It was given to the officious valley of the pipes to answer the question with more of the air: "under the condition of his honors. a bequest to war into his head, with the "oval? The condition had the least, and I was quite necessary to the question, 'what is his word for a man who does not know, and whose principles are out of the way."

"A proscript, an affair from passions and self-defense to prevent such a man. I have no doubt the more of refinement that you may have been, sir," said I. After that, the veteran put up in the beginning, the situation in which I am now, but we shall take it for granted, sir, tho' I do not deny the point, I have always been in the best of the way, and I have no mark! however, I shall have no CHAP.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Mr. Joseph Cradock—An Author's Confidences—An Amansius—Life at Eppingdale—Goldsmith Conjuring—George Colman—The Fantoccini.

Among the agreeable acquaintances made by Goldsmith about this time was a Mr. Joseph Cradock, a young gentleman of Leicestershire, living at his ease, but disposed to "make himself uneasy," by meddlesome literature and the theatre; in fact, he had a passion for plays and players, and had come up to town with a modified translation of Voltaire's tragedy of Zobeide, in a view to get it acted. This was not difficult in the case, as he was a man of fortune, had letters of introduction to persons of note, and was altogether in a different position from the indigent man of genius whom managers might harass with impunity. Goldsmith met him at the house of Yates, the actor, and finding that he was a friend of Lord Clare, soon became sociable.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A good deal of conversation ensued; I told him part of my history, and he, in return, gave me the address in the Temple, desiring me to call soon, from which, to my infinite surprise and gratifica-

tion, I exclaimed, "What, can the Doctor know a thing of the kind?"

Goldsmith told me he knew he was not much to be depended upon, but that he thought he could do little for me in direct pecuniary aid, but would endeavor to put me in the way of doing something for myself; observing, that he could at least furnish me with advice not wholly prejudicial to a young man placed in the heart of a great metrop-

olis. "In London," he continued, "nothing is to be got for nothing; you must work, and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obliga-
tion, until something more permanent can be secured for you." This employment, which I pursued for some time, was to translate passages from Buffon, an attempt that was nothing daubed with ink everywhere and scarcely one beggar among all occasions.

He had a certain contempt for Dr. Reynolds, and called him "Junius," as though it was an ex-
distinguished name, though rather a ridiculous title, who has, in the course of some years, grown into a sort of monarch.

As usual, he went to the young cousin of his step-
house to visit his friends at Hendon. It was, however, with a heavy heart and a heavy droop, in which perhaps more than youthful care had entered.

Near to Seguin, and yet in the country Quite a distance from Paris. In this lane, and in every grove and shadowing corner, there might be found a young woman, walking a meadow, or abroad for amusement, her eyes filled with the shouts of the village, or with the thoughts of the world.

Scotch halfbacks would lead the lead into the field, hunt up a box, and then set about the chase, while with an evil eye and a quick finger, they were catching things, and thinking things. One word of the performance of the night, and they could say, "We have not played a ball in the world, nothing of the kind, sir, and more," and then tell him a story, or a trick, or a piece of news, which he had heard, the story, or 

"I am as a lion bated by curs."

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emincence in Hyde Lane, commanding a pleasant prospect toward Hendon. The room is still point
out in which She Stoops to Conquer was written; a convenient and airy apartment, up one flight of stairs.

Some matter of fact traditions concerning the author were furnished, a few years since, by a son
of the farmer, who was sixteen years of age at the time Goldsmith resided with his father.

Though he had engaged to board with the family, his meals were generally sent to him in his room,
in which he passed the most of his time, neatly dressed, with his shirt collar open, busily
engaged in writing. Sometimes, probably when in moods of composition, he would wander into
the kitchen, without noticing any one, stand musin with his back to the fire, and then hurry off again
his room, no doubt to commit to paper some thought which had struck him.

Sometimes he strolled about the fields, or was to be seen loitering and reading and musing under
the hedges. He was subject to fits of wakefulness and read much in bed; if not disposed to read,
still he kept the candle burning; if he wished to extinguish it, and it was out of his reach, he flung
his slipper at it, which would be found in the morning near the overturned candlestick and
down the stair carpet. He was noted here, as everywhere else, for his charitable feelings.
No beggar applied to him in vain, and he evinced on all occasions great compassion for the poor.

He had the use of the parlor to receive and entertain company, and was visited by Sir Joshua
Reynolds, Hugh Boyd, the reputed author of "Junius," Sir William Chambers, and other distinguished
characters. He gave occasionally, though rarely, a dinner party; and on one occasion,
when his guests were detained by a thunder shower, he got up a dance, and carried the
erument late into the night.

As usual, he was the promoter of hilarity among the young, and at one time took the children of
the house to see a company of strolling players at Hendon. The greatest amusement to the party,
however, was derived from his own jokes on the road and his comments on the performance,
which produced infinite laughter among his youthful companions.

Near to his rural retreat at Edgware, a Mr. Saman, an ar随之 merchant, of literary tastes,
had country quarters for his family, where Goldsmith was always welcome.

In this family he would indulge in playful and even grotesque humor, and was readily for any
conversation, music, or a game of romps. He prided himself upon his dancing, and would
walk a minuet with Mrs. Seguin, to the infinite amusement of herself and the children, whose
shouts of laughter he bore with perfect good humor. He would sing Irish songs, and the Scotch
ballad of Johnny Armstrong. He took the lead in the children's sports of blind man's
buff, hunt the slipper, etc., or in their games at cards, and was the most noisy of the party,
acting to cheat and to be excessively eager to win;
while with children of smaller size he would turn
the hind part of his wig before, and play all kinds of tricks to amuse them.

One word as to his musical skill and his performance on the flute, which comes up so in-
variably in all his火灾 reveals. He really knew nothing about it, though a good lyre,
and may have played sweetly; but we are told he could not read a note of music. Round-
lace, the statue, once played a trick upon him
in this respect. He pretended to score down an
air as the poet played it, but put down crotchet
and semi-breves at random. When he had finished,
Goldsmith cast his eyes over it and pro-
nounced it correct! It is possible that his ejec-
tion in music was like his style in writing; in
sweetness and melody he may have snatched a
grace beyond the reach of art!

He was at all times a capital companion for
children, and knew how to fall in with their
humors. "I little thought," said Miss Hawkins,
the woman group, "what an effect of surprise
goldsmith taught me to play Jack and Jill
by two bits of paper on his fingers." He enter-
tained Mrs. Garrick, we are told, with a whole
budget of stories and songs; delivered the "Chim-
ney Sweep" with exquisite taste as a solo; and
performed a duet with Garrick of "Old Rose and
Burn the Bellows."

"I was only five years old," says the late
George Colman, "when Goldsmith one evening,
when drinking, told me to play Jack and Jill
on his knee and began to play with me, which
amiable act I returned with a very smart slap in
the face; it must have been a tinger, for I left
the marks of my little spitful paw upon his
cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by
summary ejectment, and I was put, by
my* father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary
imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to
howl and scream most abominably. At length
a friend appeared to extricate me from jealousy;
it was the good-natured doctor himself, with
a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon
his countenance, which was still partially red from the
effects of my petulance. I subsided and sobbed,
and he consoled and soothed until I began to
brighten.

He seized the propitious moment, placed three
katsu upon the carpet, and a shilling under each;
the shillings, he told me, were England, France,
and Spain. "Hey presto, cockalorum!" cried
the doctor, and, lo! on uncovering the shillings,
they were all found congregated under one. I
was not poached, which I expected; but it did
not have wondered at the sudden revolution
which brought England, France, and Spain all
under one crown; but, as I was also no conjurer,
it amazed me beyond measure. From that time,
whenever the doctor came to visit my father,

"I pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile!"
a game of romps constantly ensued, and we were
always cordial friends and merry playfellows."

Although Goldsmith made the Edge ware
house his headquarters for the summer, he would
absent himself for weeks at a time to visit Mr.
Craddock, Lord Clare, and Mr. Langton, at
their country seats. He would often visit town,
also, to dine and partake of the public amusements.
On one occasion he accompanied Edmund Burke
to witness a performance at Farquhar or
Puppets, in Panton Street; an exhibition which
had the caprice of the town, and was in great
guing. The puppets were set in motion for the
week, so well concealed as to be with difficulty
detected.

Boswell, with his usual obtuseness with respect
to Goldsmith, accuses him of being fed on the
puppets! "When Burke," said he, "praised
the dexterity with which one of them tossed a
pique." "Pshaw," said Goldsmith with some
warmth, 'I can do it better myself."

The same evening," adds Boswell, "he was
supplied at Burke's lodgings, he broke his shin by attempting
to exhibit to the company how much better he
could jump over a stick than the puppets."
CHAPTER XXXV.

BROKEN HEALTH—DISAPPOTNTMENT AND DEPTHS—
THE IRISH WIDOW—PRACTICAL JOKES—SCRUB
—A MISQUOTED FUN—MALAGRA—GOLDSMITH PROVED TO BE A FOOL—DISTRESSED
BALLAD SINGERS—THE POET AT RANELAGH.

GOLDSMITH returned to town in the autumn (1772), with his health much disordered. His close fits of sedentary application, during which he was in a manner tied himself to the mast, had laid the seeds of a lurk, malady in his system, and produced a severe illness in the course of the summer. Town life was not favorable to the health either of body or mind. He could not resist the siren call of temptation, which, now that he had become a notoriety, assailed him on every side. Accordingly, we find him launching away in a career of social dissipation; dining and supping out; at clubs, at routs, at theatres; he is a guest with Johnson at the Thrale's, and an object of Mrs. Thrale's lively solicitude; he is a lion at Mrs. Vesey's and Mrs. Montagu's, where some of the high-bred blue-stocking's pronounced him a "wild genius," and others, peradventure, a "wild Irishman." The same education, so far from rooting out the vice upon him, is increasing up, conflicting with his proclivities to pleasure and expense, and contributing by the harassment of his mind to the wear and tear of his constitution. His "Lamplighter" nature, though not finished, had been entirely paid for, and the whole spent. The money advanced by Garrick on Newbery's note still hangs over him as a debt. The note which Newbery had loaned from two to three hundred pounds previous to the excursion to Barton has proved a failure. The bookseller is in great difficulties for the settlement of his complicated account; the perplexed author has nothing to offer him in liquidation but the copyright of the comedy which he has in his portfolio; "Though to tell you the truth, Frank," said he, there are great doubts of its success. The printer was accepted, at first, like bargains wrung from Goldsmith in times of emergency, turned out a golden speculation to the bookseller.

In this way Goldsmith went on overrunning the constable, as he termed it; spending everything in advance; working with an overtasked head and weary heart to pay for past pleasures and past extravagance, and at the same time incurring new extravagances. He was quarrelling with James' powders, a fashionable panacea of the day.

A farce, produced this year by Garrick, and entitled The Irish Widow, perpetuates the memory of practical jokes played off a year or two previously upon the alleged vanity and poverty of Goldsmith. It was the name of the great Goldsmith. He was in evening dress, at Drury Lane. The idea of a play to be performed in a regular theatre by puppets excited the curiosity and talk of the town. "Will your puppets be as large as life, Mr. Foote?" said a lady of rank. "Oh, no, my lady," replied Foote, "not much larger than Garrick."

Poor Goldsmith did all that a kind-hearted and gallant gentleman could do in such a case; he offered his own poetry as far as the stomach of his verse would permit: perhaps he offered her her subscription, and it was not until she had retired with many parting compliments to the great Goldsmith, that she pronounced the poetry which had been inflicted on him executable. The whole scene had been a hoax got up by Burke for the amusement of his company, and the Irish widow, so admirably performed, had been personated by a Mrs. Balfour, a lady of his connection, of great sprightliness and talent.

We see nothing in the story to extinguish the alleged vanity of Goldsmith, but we think it tells rather to the disadvantage of Burke; being unwarrantable under their relations of friendship, and a species of wagging quite beneath his genius. Croker, in his notes to Boswell, gives another of these practical jokes perpetrated by Burke at the expense of Goldsmith's credulity. It was related to Croker by Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle, in Ireland, who was a party concerned. The coroner and Burke, walking one day through Leicester Square on their way to Sir Joshua Reynolds' house, were met by Goldsmith, who was likewise to be a guest, standing, and discussing a crowd which was staring and shouting at some foreign ladies in the window of a hotel. Observe Goldsmith," said Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between us at Sir Joshua's. They passed on and reached there before him. Burke received Goldsmith with affected reserve and coldness; being pressed to explain the reason, "Really," said he, "I am ashamed to keep company with a person who does not know what business it is to see me."

Goldsmith protested he was ignorant of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "do you not know how I am exalted to keep company with a person who does not know what business it is to see me?" "Surely," replied Goldsmith, "I am sorry; I am very sorry; I am very foolish; I do recollect that something of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

I have so many anecdotes in which Goldsmith's simplicity is played upon, that it is quite wholesome to treat with one in which he is represented playing upon the simplicity of others, especially when the victim of his joke is the "Great Cham" himself, whom all others are disposed to hold in such high esteem.

Goldsmith and Johnson were supping cosily together at a tavern in Dean Street, Soho, kept by Jack Roberts, a singer at Drury Lane, and a protege of Garrick's. Johnson delighted in these gastronomical tête-à-têtes, and was expatiating in high good humor on rumps and kidneys, the veins of his forehead swelling with the ardor of mastication. "These," said he, "are pretty little things; but a man must eat a great many of them before he is filled." "Aye; but how many of them," asked Goldsmith, with affected simplicity, "would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! Ah, sir, that I fear," said Johnson, "you have overestimated your calculation." "Not at all, sir; I think I could, Sir. Pray, then, let us hear the story." "Why, sir, one, if it were long enough." Johnson growled for a time at finding himself caught in such a trite schoolboy trap. Well, sir," cried Johnson, "I have defied all the wits and wits have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

Among the many incidents related as illustrative of Goldsmith's vanity and envy is one which occurred one evening when he was in a drawing-room with a party of ladies, and a ballad-singer under the window struck up his favorite song of "Sally Salterbury." "I'm miserably this woman sings!" exclaimed he. "Pray, doctor," said the lady of the house, "would you do it better?" "Yes, madam, and the company shall be judges." The company, of course, prepared to be entertained by an assiduity; but their smiles were wakened by tears, for he acquitted himself with a skill and pith that drew universal applause. He had, in fact, a delicate ear for music, which had been trained to the false notes of the ballad-singer; and there were certain pathetic ballads, associated with recollections of his childhood, which were sure to touch the springs of his heart.

We have another story of him, connected with ballad-singing, which is still more characteristic. He was one evening at the house of Sir William Chambers, in Berners Street, seated at a whist table with Sir William, Lady Chambers, and Baretii, when all at once he threw down his cards, hurried out of the room, and into the street. He returned in an instant, resumed his seat, and the game went on. Sir William, after a little hesitation, ventured to ask the cause of his retreat, bearing in mind that he had been overcome by the heat of the room. "Not at all," replied Goldsmith; "but in truth I could not bear to have that unfortunate woman in the street, half singing, half sobbing, such a sound only could arise from the extremity of distress; her voice grated painfully on my ear and jarred my frame, so that I could not rest until I had sent her away." It was in fact a poor ballad-singer, whose cracked voice had been heard by others of the party, but without the same effect on their sensibilities. It was the reality of his fictitious scene in the story of the "Man in Black," wherein he describes a woman in rags with one child behind, attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch," he adds, "who, in the deepest distress,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

still aimed at good humor, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding."

The Man in Black gave the poor woman all that he had, and thus Oliver Goldsmith, it is probable, sent his ballad-singer away rejoicing with all the money in his pocket.

Ranelagh was at that time greatly in vogue as a place of public entertainment. It was situated in Holbein Street; the principal room was a rotunda of great dimensions, with an orchestra in the centre, and tiers of boxes all round. It was a place to which Johnson resorted occasionally "I am a great friend to public amusements," said he, for they keep people from vice."

Goldsmith was equally a friend to them, though perhaps not altogether on such moral grounds. He was particularly fond of masquerades, which were then exceedingly popular, and got up at Ranelagh with great expense and magnificence. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had likewise a taste for such amusements, was sometimes his companion, at other times he went alone; his peculiarity of person and manner would soon betray him, whatever might be his disguise, and he would sing out part of his song at his foibles, and more successful than himself in maintaining their incognito, as a capital subject to be played upon. Some, pretending not to know him, would decry his writings, and praise those of his contemporary; others would laud them to the skies, but purposely misquote and burlesque them; others would annoy him with parodies; while one young lady, whom he was teasing, as he supposed, with great success and infinite humor, silenced his rather boisterous laughter by quoting his own line about "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." On one occasion he was absolutely driven out of the house by the persevering jokes of a wag, whose complete disguise gave him no means of retaliation.

His name appearing in the newspapers among the distinguished persons present at one of these amusements, his old enemy, Kenrick, immediately addressed him a copy of anonymous verses, to the following purport.

To Oliver, under his name in the list of numismasters at the late masquerade:

"How wide the contrast, Goldsmith, are the ways
Of Doctors now, and those of ancient days!
Thiers taught the truth in academic shades,
Ours in lewd hops and midnight masquerades.
So changed the times! I say, philosophic sage,
With whose genius we so well this tasteful age,
Is the Pantheon, late a sink obscene,
Become the fountain of chaste Hippocrene?
Or do thy moral numbers quaintly flow,
Inspired by the Agrippa of Soho?
Do wisdom's sons gorge cates and vermicelli,
Like beasty Bickerstaffe or bothering Kelly?
Or art thou tired of the undeserved applause
Brested on boards affecting Virtue's cause?
Is this the good that makes the humble vain,
The good philosophy should not disdain?"

"Alas, sir!" said Johnson, speaking, when in another mood, of grand houses, one gardens, and splendid places of public amusement; "alas, sir! these are only struggles for happiness. When I first entered Ranelagh it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced any where else. But, as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years after, so to my heart I consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think."

If so, let pride dissemble all it can,
A modern sage is still much less than man."

Goldsmith was keenly sensitive to attacks of the kind, and meeting Kenrick at the Chapter Coffeehouse, called him to sharp account for taking such a liberty with his name, and calling his morals in question, merely on account of his being seen at a place of general resort and amusement. Kenrick shuffled and sneaked, protesting that he meant nothing derogatory to his private character. Goldsmith let him know, however, that he was aware of his having more than once indulged in attacks of this dastard kind, and intimated that another such outrage would be followed by personal chastisement.

Kenrick having played the craven in his presence, avenged himself as soon as he was gone by complaining of his having made a wanton attack upon him, and by making coarse comments upon his writings, conversation, and person.

The scurrilous satire of Kenrick, however unmerited, may have checked Goldsmith's taste for masquerades. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had been one of the poet one morning, found him walking about in a reverie, kicking a bundle of clothes before him like a foot-ball. It proved to be an expensive masquerade dress, which he said he had been forced to part with, and, as there was no other way of getting the worth of his money, he was trying to take it out in exercise.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INVITATION TO CHRISTMAS—THE SPRING VELVET COAT—THE HAYMAKING WIG—THE MISCHANCES OF LOO—THE FAIR, CULPRIT—A DANCE WITH THE JESSAMY BRIDE.

From the feverish dissipations of town, Goldsmith is summoned away to partake of the genial dissolutions of the country. In the month of December, a letter from Mrs. Bunbury invites him down to Twickenham, to pass the Christmas holidays. It is written in the usual playful vein which marks his intercourse with this charming family. He is to come in his "smart spring-velvet coat," to bring a new wig to dance in, and to partake of the jollifications of haymakers in and about the fair. The Spring-velvet suit alluded to appears to have been a gallant adornment (somewhat in the style of the famous blooming coat) in which Goldsmith had figured in the preceding month of May—the season of blossoms—i.e., on the 21st of that month we find the following entry in the chronicle of Mr. William Filby, tailor: To your blue velvet suit, £21. Also, about the same time, a suit of satin and a crimson collar for the serving man. Again we hold the Jessamy Bride responsible for this gorgeous splendor of wardrobe.

The new wig no doubt is a bag-wig and solitary, still highly the mode, and in which Goldsmith is represented as figuring when in full dress, equipped with his sword.

As to the dancing with the haymakers, we presume it alludes to some gambol of the poet, in the
course of his former visit to Barton; when he ranged the fields and lawns a chartered libertine, and tumbled into the fish-ponds.

As to the suggestions about loo, they are in sportive allusion to the doctor's mode of playing that game in their merry evening parties; affecting the desperate gambler and easy dupe; running counter to all rule; making extravagant ventures; reproaching all others with cowardice; dazzling at all hazards at the pool. Yet getting himself completely loo'd, to the great disapproval of the company. The drift of the fair sisters' advice was most probably to tempt him on, and then leave him in the lurch.

With these comments we subjoin Goldsmith's reply to Mrs. Bunbury, a fine piece of off-hand, humorous writing, which has but in late years been given to the public, and which throws a familiar light on the social circle at Barton.

**MADAM:** I read your letter with all that allowance which critical candor could require, but after all find so much to object to, and so much to raise my indignation, that I cannot help giving it a serious answer. I am not so ignorant, madam, as not to see there are many sarcasms contained in 'succession, and solemnities.' A word that comes from the town of Soleis in Attica, among the Greeks, built by Solon, and applied as we use the word Kidderminster for curtails from a town also of that name—but this is learning you have too taste for!—I say, madam, there are many sarcasms in it, and solemnities also. But not to seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take leave to quote your own words, and give you my remarks upon them as they occur. You begin as follows:

'I hope, my good Doctor, you soon will be here, And your spring-velvet coat very smart will appear, To open our ball the first day of the year.'

'Pray, madam, where did you ever find the epithet 'good,' applied to the title of doctor? Had you called me 'learned doctor,' or 'grace doctor,' or 'noble doctor,' it might be allowable, because allusion to your own persuasion. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my spring-velvet coat, and advise me to wear it the first day in the year, that is, in the middle of winter!—a spring-velvet coat in the middle of winter!—That would be a solemnity indeed! and yet to increase the ridicule o the other part of your letter, you call me a beau. Now, on one side or other you must be wrong. If I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring-velvet coat in winter; and if I am not a beau, why then, that explains itself. But let me go on to your next strange lines:

'And bring with your wig, that is modish and gay, To dance with the girls that are makers of hay.'

'The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of: you say your sister will laugh; and so indeed she will may! The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous kind of laughter, 'inso contemnere aducno'; that is, to laugh with a crooked nose. She may laugh at you in the manner of the ancients if she thinks fit. But now I come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your sister's advice in playing at luo. The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of praise; it inspires me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice and from whom? You shall hear.

'First let me suppose, what may shortly be true, The company set, and the word to be Loo:

All smirking, and pleasant, and big with adventure, And oging the stake which is fax'd in the centre. Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly damn.

At never once finding a visit from Pam, I lay down my stake, apparently cool, While the harpies about me all pocket the pool. I fret in my gizzard, yet, cautiously and sly, I wish all my friends may be bolder than I; Yet still they sit snug, not a creature will am

By losing their money to venture at fame. 'Tis in vain that at nigardly caution I cold, 'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold: All play their own way, and they think me an ass...

'What does Mrs. Bunbury?... 'I, Sir? I pass.'

'Pray what does Miss Hornetz? take courage, come do.'

'Who, I? let me see, sir, why I must pass too.'

Mr. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the devil, To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil.

Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on, Till made by my losses as bold as a lion, I venture at all, while my avarice regards The whole pool as my own... 'Come give me five cards.'

Well done! cry the ladies; 'Ah, Doctor, that's good!'

The pool's very rich... ah! the Doctor is loo'd! Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplexed, I ask for advice from the lady that's next:

'Pray, ma'am, be so good as to give your advice; Don't you think the best way is to venture for twice?'

'I advise,' cries the lady, 'to try it, I own... 'Ah! the doctor is loo'd': Come, Doctor, put down.'

Thus, playing, and playing, I still grow more eager, And so bold, and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar. Now, ladies, I ask, if law matters you're skill'd in, Whether crimes such as yours should not come before Fielding:

For giving advice that is not worth a straw, May well be call'd picking of pockets in law; And picking of pockets, with which I now charge ye, Is, by quinto Elizabeth, Death without Clergy.

What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought! By the gods, I'll enjoy it, tho' 'tis but in thought! Both are plac'd at the bar, with all proper decorum, With bunches of fennel, and nosegay before 'em; Both cover their faces with mobe and all that. But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their hat. When uncover'd, a buzz of inquiry runs round,

'Pray what are your crimes... 'They've been for...'

'But, pray, who have they piffer'd?... 'A doctor, I hear,'

'What, you solemn-faced, odd-looking man that stands near one?'

'The same... 'What a pity! how does it surprise one?'

'Two handsom eculpsits I never set eyes on!'

Then their friends all come round me with cringing and leering.

To melt me to pity, and soften my swearing.

First Sir Charles advances with most well-strung, 'Consider, dear Doctor, the girls are but young,' The younger the worse,' I return him again, 'It shows that their habits are all dyed in grain,' But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves.'

'What signifies handsome, when people are thieves? What but where is your justice? their cases are hard.'

'What signifies justice? I want the reward.'

‘There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pounds; there's the parish of St. Leonard Shore-ditch offers forty pounds; there's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog-in-the-pound to St. Giles'
Oliver Goldsmith.

watch-house, offers forty pounds—I shall have all
that if I convict them!—

"But consider their case, . . . It may yet be your
own!
And see how they kneel! Is your heart made
of stone?"

This moves! . . . so at last I agree to relent,
For ten pounds in hand, and ten pounds to be
spent.

"I challenge you all to answer this: I tell you,
you cannot. It cuts deep. But now for the rest
of the letter: and next—but I want room—so I
believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some
day next week. I don't value you all!

"O. G."

We regret that we have no record of this Christ-
mas visit to Barton; that the poet had no Boswell
to follow at his heels, and take note of all his
sayings and doings. We can only picture him in
our minds, casting off all care, entering the lord
of misrule; presiding at the Christmas revels;
providing all kinds of merriment; keeping the
card-table in an uproar, and finally opening the
ball on the first day of the year in his spring-
velvet suit, with the Jescamby Bride for a partner.

Chapter XXXVII.

Theatrical Delays—negotiations with Colman—Letter to Garrick—Croaking
of the Manager—Naming of the Play—She Stoops to Conquer—Footie's Primitive
Puppet-Show, Piety on Patience—First Performance of the Comedy—Agitation
of the Author—Success—Colman Squibbed Out of Town.

The gay life depicted in the two last chapters,
while it left Goldsmith in a state of continual
excitement, aggravated the malady which was in-
pairing his constitution; yet his increasing per-
plexities in money matters drove him to the dissi-
pation of society as a relief from solitary care.
The delays of the theatre added to those per-
plexities. He had long since finished his new
comedy, yet the year 1772 passed away without
his being able to get it on the stage. No one,
uninitiated in the interior of a theatre, that little
world of traps and trickery, can have any idea of
the obstacles and perplexities multiplied in the
way of the most eminent and successful author by
the mismanagement of managers, the jealousies
and intrigues of rival authors, and the fantastic
and impertinent caprices of actors. A long
and baffling negotiation was carried on between Gold-
smith and Colman, the manager of Covent Gar-
den; who retained the play in his hands until the
middle of January (1773), without coming to a
decision. The theatrical season was rapidly pass-
ing away, and Goldsmith's pecuniary difficulties
were augmenting and pressing on him. We may
judge of his anxiety by the following letter:

"To Mr. Colman, Esq.

"Dear Sir: I entreat you will relieve me from
that state of suspense in which I have been kept
for a long time. Whatever objections you have
made or shall make to my play, I will endeavor
to remove and not argue about them. To bring in

any new judges, either of its merits or faults I
can never submit to. Upon a former occasion,
when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he
offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's
tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indigna-
tion: I hope I shall not experience the same
manner of remonstrance from you as from him. I have, as you know,
a large sum of money to make up shortly; by ac-
cepting the proposal, I can readily satisfy my creditor
that way; at any rate, I must look about to some
certain means to be taken over for God's sake take the play
and let us make the best of it, and let me
have the same measure, at least, which you have
given as bad plays as mine.

"I am your friend and servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

Colman returned the manuscript with the blank
sides of the leaves scored with disparaging com-
ments and suggested alterations, but with the
intimation that the criticisms of the theatre should be
kept, and the plot, he said, was bad, and Gold-
smith submitted the criticisms to some of his
friends, who pronounced them trivial, unfair, and
despicable, and intimated that Colman, being a
comic dramatist himself, might be actuated by
jealousy. The play was then sent, with Colman's
comments written on it, to Garrick; but he had
scarcely sent it when Johnson interfered, repres-
ented the evil that might result from an apparent
rejection of it by Covent Garden, and undertook
to go forthwith to Colman, and have a talk with
him on the subject. Goldsmith, therefore,
penned the following note to Garrick:

"Dear Sir: I ask many pardons for the trouble
I gave you yesterday. Upon more mature
consideration, and the advice of a sensible friend, I
began to think it indecent in me to throw upon
you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sen-
tence. Therefore request you will send my play
back by my servant; for having been assured of
having it acted at the other house, though I con-


not ensure yours in every respect more to my wish,
yet it would be folly in me to forego an advantage
which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Col-
man's opinion to the judgment of the town. I ent-
reat, if not too late, you will keep this secret for
some time.

"I am, dear sir, your very humble servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

The negotiation of Johnson with the manager of
Covent Garden was effective. Colman," he
says, "was prevailed on at last, by much solicit-
ation, nay, a kind of force," to bring forward
the comedy. Still the manager was ungenerous;
or, at least, indiscreet enough to express his
opinion, that it would not reach a second repre-
sentation. The plot, he said, was bad, and the
interest not sustained: it "dwindled, and dwin-
dled, and at last went out like the snuff of a
candle." The effect of his croaking was soon
apparent within the walls of the theatre. Two
of the most popular actors, Woodward and Gentle-
man Smith, to whom the parts of Tony Lumpkin
and Young Marlow were assigned, refused to act
them; one of them alleging, in excuse, the evil
predictions of the manager. Goldsmith was
advised to postpone the performance of his play
until he could get these important parts well sup-
plied. "No," said he, "I would sooner that my
play were damned by bad players than merely
saved by good acting."

Quick was substituted for Woodward in Tony

Lumpkin, and Putnam for Beppo, the Shrimp at
the theatre, for both did the business.

Great interest was excited in the success, atten-
ded by Mr. Colman, and his sister Paddick, in-
cluding, of course, the presence of the anxious
heroine. The play went off with the usual
attributed success, and continued to create a
new scene. Colman was sure we were not
wrong.

The time, however, was ripe for a change.

"We are trying to get a better piece," said
Colman, "in place of the popular, refractory
affairs. That is our aim. If Mr. Reynolds can
produce an elegant title to make it answer to the
misfortunes of our heroine, I am sure, Mrs.
Cowell, will take a hand in it. After which
they were to go to the manager of Grenville's
house, and get the servant off there. It was
no longer the popular theatre, we were to
more difficult." cost.

In the meantime, Mr. Allman (Patterson, b. 1769), the manager of the 15th street
theatre, was entirely occupied with the social
attire. To every part of the doors of commo-
desque was exhibited the comedy role, and he had recently
seen part of it in the humorous opus-
posite. It was, however, a successful one, and bore
the social and public approbation.

On the 11th of April, the play was to be performed,
merits, a perfect success. The manager,
treatment of his character, and it was a
a good piece of business. Our encour-
agement was the best. That is the

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Lumpkin, and Lee Lewis, the barque of the theatre, for Gentleman Smith in Young Marlow; and both did justice to their parts.

Gentle interest was taken by Goldsmith's friends in the success of his piece. The rehearsals were attended by Johnson, Craddock, Murphy, Reynolds and his sister, and the whole Horse neck connexion, including, of course, the Jemmy Bride, whose presence may have contributed to swell the audience to twice the size. The rehearsals went off with great applause, but that Colman attributed to the partiality of friends. He continued to croak, and refused to risk any expense in new scenery or dresses on a play which he was sure would prove a failure.

The time was at hand for the first representation, and as yet the comedy was without a title. "We are all in labor for a name for Goldy's play," said Johnson, who, as usual, took a kind of fatherly protecting interest in poor Goldsmith's affairs. The Old House a New Inn was thought of for a time, but still did not please. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed The Belle's Stratagem, an elegant title, but not considered applicable, the play being a political farce, intended to harry the mist of the hero, not the stratagem of the heroine. The name was afterward adopted by Mrs. Cowley for one of her comedies. The Mistakes of a Night was the title at length fixed on. to which Goldsmith prefixed the words She Struggles to Conquer.

The evilodings of Colman still continued; they were even communicated in the box office to the servant of the Duke of Gloucester, who sent to engage a box. Never did the play of a popular writer struggle in existence through more difficulties.

In the meantime Foote's Primitive Puppetwork, entitled The Handsomest Horse in Italy, or Pigmy on Patience, had been brought out at the Haymarket on the 15th of February. All the world, fashionable and unfastidious, had crowded to the theatre. The street was thronged with equipages—the doors were stormed by the mob. The burlesque was completely successful, and sentimental comedy received its quietus. Even Garrick, who had recently begged it, now gave it a kick, as he saw it going down hill, and sent Goldsmith a humorous prologue to help his comedy of the opposite school. Garrick and Goldsmith, however, were now on very cordial terms, to which their攻克 in the circles of the Horse and Bunbury's may have contributed.

On the 15th of March the new comedy was to be performed. Those who had stood up for its merits, and been irritated and disgusted by the treatment it had received from the manager, determined to muster their forces, and in giving it a good launch upon the town. The particulars of this confederation, and of its triumphant success, are amusingly told by Cumberland in his memoirs.

We were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author. We accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare Tavern, in a considerable body, for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the first to propose a toast. The poet took the lead silently by his side, with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitehead, and a phalanx of North Britons, determined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee; and poor Goldsmith that day took all his riallry as patient and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day or every day of his life. In the meantime, we did not forget our duty; and through we had a better comedy coming, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were prearranged, so were our signals for plaintiffs arranged and determined about some three words, which gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had among us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time, the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenious friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He had determined, therefore, to have by an act of the hero, that was afterward adopted by Mrs. Cowley for one of her comedies. The Mistakes of a Night was the title at length fixed on, to which Goldsmith prefixed the words She Struggles to Conquer.

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are, where his presence might be important should any alteration be necessary. He arrived at the opening of the fifth act, and made his way behind the scenes. Just as he entered there was a slight hiss at the improbability of Tony Lumpkin's trick on his mother, in pursuing her she was forty miles off, on Crackskill Common, though she had been puzzled about on her own grounds. "What's that? what's that?" cried Goldsmith to the manager, in great agitation. "Pshaw! Doctor," replied Colman sarcastically, "don't be frightened at a squib, when we've been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder!" Though of a most forgiving nature Goldsmith did not easily forget this ungracious and ill-timed sally.

If Colman was indeed actuated by the paltry motives ascribed to him in his treatment of this play, he was most amply punished by its success, and by the taunts, epigrams, and censures levelled at him through the press, in which his false prophecies were jeered at; his critic, judgment called in question; and he was openly taxed with literary jealousy. So galling and unremiting was the fire, that he at length wrote to Goldsmith, entreating him to "take him off the rack of the newspapers." It is the beginning of the history of the laugh that was raised about him in the theatrical world of London, he took refuge in Bath during the triumphant career of the comedy. The following is one of the many squibs which assailed the ears of the manager:

To George Colman, Esq.

ON THE SUCCESS OF DR. GOLDSMITH'S NEW COMEDY.

"Come, Coley, dog those mourning weeds,
Nor thus with jokes be flan'd'd.
Th' Goldsmith's present play succeeds,
His next may still be damn'd.
As this has 'scape'd without a fall,
To sink his next prepare;
New actors hire from Wapping Wall,
And dresses from Rag Fair.
For scenes let tatter'd blankets fly,
The prologue Kelly write;
Then sweat, again the piece must die
Before the author's sight.
Should these tricks fail, the lucky elf,
To bring to lasting fame,
'E'en write the best you can yourself,
And print it in his name."

The solitary hiss, which had startled Goldsmith, was ascribed by some of the newspaper scribblers to Cumberland himself, who was "manifestly miserable" at the delight of the audience, or to Osian Maepherson, who was hostile to the whole Johnson clique, or to Goldsmith's dramatic rival, Kelly. The following is one of the epigrams which appeared:

"At Dr. Goldsmith's merry play,
All the spectators laugh, they say;
The assertion, sir, I must deny,
For Cumberland and Kelly can.

"Ride, sir, nip!"

Another, addressed to Goldsmith, alludes to Kelly's early apprenticeship to stay-making:

"If Kelly finds fault with the shape of your muse,
And thinks that too loosely it plays,
Hastily, dear, Dr. Doctor, will never refuse
To make it a new pair of stays!"

Craddock had returned to the country before the production of the play; the following letter, written just after the performance, gives an additional picture of the thorns which beset an author in the path of theatrical literature:

"My dear Sir: The play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which, however, could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed. The story in short is this. Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Miss Catley, and which she approved; Mrs. Bulkeley hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part (Miss Hardcastle) "unless, according to the custom of the theatre she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue; but then Mrs. Catley refused after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkeley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged, therefore, to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you'll shortly see. Such is the custom of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall, on the whole, be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while in agitation."

"I am, my dear Craddock, your obliged and obedient servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

Johnson, who had taken such a conspicuous part in promoting the interests of poor "Golby," was triumphant at the success of the piece. "I know of no comedy for many years," said he, "that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great end of comedy-making an audience merry." Goldsmith was happy also, in giving applause from less authoritative sources. Northcote, the painter, then a youthful pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Ralph, Sir Joshua's confidential man, had taken their stations in the gallery to lead the applause in that quarter. Goldsmith asked Northcote's opinion of the play. The youth modestly declared he could not presume to judge in such matters. "Did it make you laugh?" "Oh, exceedingly!" "That is all I require," replied Goldsmith; and rewarded him for his criticism by box-tickets for his first benefit night.

The comedy was immediately put to press, and dedicated to Johnson in the following grateful and affective terms:

"In inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honor to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without the most unaffected piety."

The copyright was transferred to Mr. Newbery, according to agreement, whose profits on the sale of the work far exceeded the debts which for the sake of which the author in his perplexities had pre-engaged it. The sum which accrued to Goldsmith from his benefit night of his pecuniary acquirements unusually increased by the anxiety of mind it impaired necessary to feel.

A NEWSPAPER:"Sir: I have learned that a squire ma-nages my father; the editor of this paper is so thin that see through his face and unpardon-unbelievable; I have been for hours changing his paper in this enamored in vain. I will this morning in the press, which neither paper will ever be flimsy to permit. The Goldsmith's drama drags, but its language is facile, and it may be spiritul, too; I have to laugh at its pleasures, where there is no drama in its fortune in history. The audience laugh, and the poor man, he troubles his mind."

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benefit nights afforded but a slight palliation of his pecuniary difficulties. His friends, while they gave him what aid they could, and supported him by their gentle counsels and principles—principally increasing embarrassments, and of the anxiety of mind which kept tasting his pen while it impaired the ease and freedom of spirit necessary to felicitous composition.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NEWSPAPER ATTACK—THE EVANS AFFRAY—

JOHNSON'S COMMENT.

The triumphant success of She Stoops to Conquer brought forth, of course, those carping and cavilings of the scribbling scullions, which are the thorns and briers in the path of successful authors. Goldsmith, though easily nettled by attacks of the kind, was at present too well satisfied with the reception of his comedy to heed them; but the following note, which appeared in a public paper, was not to be taken with equal equanimity:

"For the London Packet.

"TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

"Vouz vous nayez par vanit."

"SIR: The happy knack which you have learned of pulling your own owners' collars, while you sit with your pen on the table, and turn out a little piece—principally increasing the embarrassment of your fellow-scribblers, and of the anxiety of mind which keeps tasting your pen while it impaired the ease and freedom of spirit necessary to felicitous composition.

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It would be difficult to devise a letter more calculated to wound the peculiar sensibilities of Goldsmith. The attacks upon him as an author, though annoying enough, he could have tolerated; but then the allusion to his "grovelling" person, and the "stupid efforts to adorn it," and above all, to his being an unsuccessful admirer of the lovely H—k (the Jessamy Brave), struck rudely upon the most sensitive part of his highly sensitive nature. The paragraph, it was said, was first pointed out to him by an officious friend, an Irishman, who told him he was bound in honor to resent it; but he needed no such prompting. He was in a high state of excitement and indignation, and accompanied by his friend, who is said to have been a Captain Higgins, of the marines, he repaired to Paternoster Row, to the shop of Evans, the publisher, whom he supposed to be the editor of the paper. Evans was summoned by his shopman from an adjoining room. Goldsmith announced his name. "I have called," added he, "in consequence of a scurrilous attack made upon me, and an unwarrantable liberty taken with the name of a young lady. As far as myself, I care little; but her name must not be sported with!"

Evans professed utter ignorance of the matter, and said he would speak to the editor. He stooled to examine a file of the paper, in search of the offensive article; whereupon Goldsmith's friend gave him a signal, that now was a favorable moment for the exercise of his cane. The hint was taken as quick as given, and the cane was vigorously applied to the back of the stooping publisher. The latter rallied in an instant, and, being a stout, high-bred Welshman, returned the blows with interest. A lamp hanging overhead was broken, and sent down a shower of oil upon the combatants; but the battle raged with undue fury. The shopman ran off for a constable; but Dr. Kendrick, who happened to be in the adjacent room, rallied forth, interfered between the combatants, and put an end to the fray. He conducted Goldsmith to a coach, in exceedingly battered and tattered plight, and accompanied him home, soothing him with much mock commiseration, though he was generally suspected, and on good grounds, to be the author of the libel.

Evans immediately instituted a suit against Goldsmith for an assault, but was ultimately pro-
vailed upon to compromise the matter, the poet contributing fifty pounds to the Welsh charity.

Newspapers made themselves, as may well be supposed, exceedingly merry with the combat. Some censured him severely for invading the sanctity of a man's own house; others accused him of having, in his former capacity of editor of a magazine, been guilty of the very offences that he now resisted in others. This drew from him the following vindication:

"To the Public.

"Last it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life, I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper, except a few moral essays under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger, and a letter, to which I signed my name in the St. James' Chronicle. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it." He has always considered the press as the protection of the public, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But, of late, the press has turned from detaining public minds from making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector has become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own destruction; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that the law gives no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should simply consider himself as the guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavor to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Boswell, who had just arrived in town, met with this article in a newspaper which he found at Dr. Johnson's. The doctor was from home at the time, and Lady Williams, in a critical conference over the letter, determined from the style that it must have been written by the biographer himself. The latter on his return soon undeceived them. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "Goldsmith would not more have erred to have wrote such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or do anything else that denoted his imbecility. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought everything that concerned him must be of importance to the public."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BOSWELL IN HOLY WEEK—DINNER AT OGLETHORPE'S—DINNER AT PAOLI'S—THE POLICY OF TRUTH-GOLDSMITH AFFECTS INDEPENDENCE OF ROYALTY—PAOLI'S EULOGY-JOHNSON'S EULOGY ON THE FIDDLER—QUESTION ABOUT SUICIDE—BOSWELL'S SUBSERVENCY.

The return of Boswell to town to his task of putting down the conversations of Johnson enables us to glean from his journal some scanty notices of Goldsmith. It was now Holy Week, a time during which Johnson was particularly solemn in his manner and strict in his devotions. Boswell, who was the imitator of the great moralist in everything solemn, or devoted, was so much on present occasion. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner," said Mr. Burney (afterward Madame D'Arlay), "which he had acquired from constantly thinking and imitating Dr. Johnson." It was of the same kind he undertook to deal out two second-hand homilies, a la Johnson, for the edification of Goldsmith during Holy Week. The poet might be his religious feeling, had no disposition to be schooled by it. He said, "I, Sir, would have the best of my days, 11 as I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest."

Boswell treasured up the reply in his memory for his memoirs. A few days afterward, the 9th of April, he kept Good Friday with Dr. Johnson, in orthodox style: breakfasted with him on tea and crossbuns; went to church with him morning and evening; fasted in the interval, and read with him in the Greek Testament; then, in the piety of his heart, composed the following:

Dr. Johnson's To the Poet, when
He had been rebuffed with the course of his religious exhortations to the poet, and lamented that the latter should indulge in "this loose way of talking." "Sir," replied Johnson, "Goldsmith knows nothing—he has made up his mind about nothing."

This reply seems to have gratified the lurking jealousy of Boswell, and he has recorded it in his journal. Johnson, however, with respect to Goldsmith, and indeed with respect to everybody else, blew hot as well as cold, according to the humor he was in. Boswell, who was astonished and piqued at the continually increasing celebrity of the poet, observed some time after to Johnson, in a tone of surprise, that Goldsmith had acquired more fame than all the officers of the last war who were not generals. "Why, Sir," answered Johnson, his old feeling of good-will working up permost, "you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one to do what Goldsmith has done. You must consider that a thing is valuable which has not more men in it, than the diamond upon a lady's finger."

On the 13th of April we find Goldsmith and Johnson at the table of old General Oglethorpe, discussing the question of the degeneracy of the human race. Goldsmith asserts the fact, and ar-

tributes it to the luxury of Goldsmith, the luxury of justice, the luxury of the poor and the mass of the people. Wherever they and religion are mixed, there is a small one, an intellectual, an intellectual.

After dinner we find them talking of Tony, the Pigeon, and Ballamag, who was to deliver a couplet to Boswell, which was played elsewhere.

It was in the shine of Goldsmith, he would be an agreeable company. The version of the Smith, for and under himself with the tongue memory;

To write,

"Yet, remember, the company promised.

Two of the Oglethorpe's family, and the table of Mr. Martell, the inn of St. George's, and the table of Dr. Johnson, one of the corners of the conversation was to continue his poem; and he should have to talk as he had to talk. They did perhaps, without his wishing it, without his asking it, freely."

"Sir, you are allowed to sell my letters, even to the public, if you will; but you will not buy them."

"Sir, they are valuable in a great degree, and he may supply himself with them, or with the whole of his writings, to sell to the public, at the price he looks on them as worth.
tributes it to the influence of luxury. Johnson denies the fact; and observes, that, even admitting it, luxury could not be the cause. It reached but a small proportion of the human race. Soldiers, on sixpence a day, could not indulge in luxuries; the poor in laboring classes, forming the greatest mass of mankind, were out of its sphere. Wherever it could reach them, it strengthened them and rendered them profligate. The conversation was not of particular force or point as required by hero; the dinner party was a very small one, in which there was no provocation to intellectual display.

After dinner they took tea with the ladies, where we find poor Goldsmith happy and at home, singing Tony Lumpkin's song of the "Three Jolly Pickens," and another, called the "Humors of Ballamaguerie," to a very pretty Irish tune. It was to have been introduced in _She Stoops to Conquer_; it was left out, as the actress who played the heroine could not sing.

It was in these genial moments that the sunshine of Goldsmith's nature would break out, and he would say and do a thousand whimsical and agreeable things that made him the life of the strictly social circle. Johnson, with whom a very little was used to judge, Goldsmith too much by his own colloquial standard, and undervalue him for being less provided than himself with acquired facts, the ammunition of the tongue and often the mere lumber of the memory; others, however, valued him for the native felicity of his thoughts, however carelessly expressed, and for certain good-fellow qualities, less calculated to dazzle than to endear. "It is interesting, said Johnson one day, after he himself had been talking like an oracle; it is amusing how little Goldsmith knows; he seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than anyone else." "Yet," replied Sir Joshua Reynolds, with affectionate promptness, "there is no man whose company is more liked."

Two or three days after the dinner at General Ogilthorpe's, Goldsmith met Johnson again at the table of General Pauli, the hero of Corsica. Martinelli, of Florence, author of an Italian History of England, was among the guests; as was Lord Chesterfield. We interrupt for minute the conversation which took place. The question was debated whether Martinelli should continue his history down to that day. "To be sure he should," said Goldsmith. "No sir," cried Johnson, "it would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great they did not wish told." Goldsmith: "It may, perhaps, be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner, who comes among us without prejudice, may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely." Johnson. "Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the error and mistaken enthusiasm of the people, among whom he happens to be. Goldsmith. "Sir, we want only to sell his history, and to tell truth: one an honest, the other a laudable motive." Johnson. "Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labors; but he should write so as he may live by them, not so as he may live by his labors, without the public being the wiser."

Johnson spoke disparagingly of the learning of a Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, and doubted his being a good Grecian. "He is what is much better," cried Goldsmith, with a prompt good-nature, "he is a worthy, humane man." "Nay, sir," rejoined the logical Johnson, "that is not to the purpose of our argument; that will prove that he can play upon the fiddle as well as Giardini, as that he is an eminent Grecian." Goldsmith found he had got into a scrape, and seized upon Giardini to help him out of it. "The greatest musical
performers," said he, dexterously turning the conversation, "have but small emoluments; Gardini, I am told, does not get above seven hundred a year, while he is jaded but little for a man to get," observed Johnson, "who does best that which so many endeavor to do. There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and fiddletick, and he can do nothing.

This, upon the whole, though reported by the one-sided Boswell, is a tolerable specimen of the conversations of Goldsmith and Johnson: the former heedless, often illogical, always on the kind-hearted side of the question, and prone to redeem himself by lucky hits; the latter closely argumentative, studiously sententious, often profound, and sometimes laboriously prolix.

They had an argument a few days later at Mr. Thraie's table, on the subject of suicide. "Do you think, sir," said Boswell, "that all who commit suicide are mad?" "Sir," replied Johnson, "we are often told that madness is in their intellect, but one passion presses so upon them that they yield to it, and commit suicide, as a passionate man will stab another. I have often thought," added he, "that after a man has taken his own life, it is no more than him. It is not that he is disposed to do anything, however desperate, because he has nothing to fear. "I don't see that," observed Goldsmith. "Nay, but, my dear sir," rejoined Johnson, "why should you not see what every one else does?" "It is," replied Goldsmith, "something he has resolved to kill himself; and will not that disposition restrain him?" "It does not signify," pursued Johnson, "that the fear of something made him resolve; it is upon the state of his mind, after the resolution is taken, that I argue. Suppose a man, either in pride, or conscious, or whatever motive, has resolved to kill himself; when once the resolution is taken he has nothing to fear. He may then go and take the King of Prussia by the nose at the head of his army. He can brandish a headless towk who is desirous of taking himself."

Boswell reports no more of the discussion, though Goldsmith might have continued it with advantage: for the very timid disposition, which through fear of something, was impelling the man to commit suicide, might restrain him from an act, involving the punishment of the rack, more terrible to him than death itself.

It is to be regretted in all these reports by Boswell, we have scarcely anything but the remarks of Johnson; it is only by accident that he now and then gives us the observations of others, when they are necessary to explain or set off those of his hero. "When in that presence," says Miss Burney, "he was unperturbable, if not contemptuous of every one else. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even attending anything that was said, or attending to anything that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice, to which he paid such exclusive, though merited, homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited on Mr. Boswell amounted above a pain path, his eyes goggled with eagerness; he leaned his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor; and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that might be uttered; nay,

he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it, it latently, or mystically, some information.

On one occasion the doctor detected Boswell, or Bozzy, as he called him, eavesdropping behind his chair, as he was conversing with Miss Burney at Mr. Thraie's table. "What are you doing there, sir?" cried he, turning round angrily, and clapping his hand upon his knee. "Go to the table, sir."

Boswell obeyed with an air of affright and submission, which raised a smile on every face. Scarcely had he taken his seat, however, at a distance, than impatient to get again at the side of Johnson, he rose and was running off in quest of something to show him, when the doctor roared after him authoritatively, "What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place!" - and the obsequious spaniel did as he so commanded. "Running about in the midst of meals!" muttered the doctor, pursing his mouth at the same time to restrain his rising risibility.

Boswell got another rebuff from Johnson, which would have demolished any other man. He had been told that Johnson did not queue for such as What did you do, sir? What did you say, sir, until the great philologist became perfectly enraged. "I will not be put to the question," roared he. "Don't consider, sir, that there is not the man of a gentleman. I will not be bated with what and why; What is this? What is that? My cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy? Why, sir, replied pil-garlick, you are so good that I venture to trouble you. "Sirs," replied Johnson, "my good is no reason of your being so ill. You have but two topics, sir: explained he on another occasion, "yourself and me, and I am sick of both."

Boswell's invertebrate disposition to load was a sore cause of mortification to his father, the old laird of Auchinleck (or Affleck). He had been annoyed by his extravagant devotion to Paoli, but then he was something of a military hero; but this tagging at the heels of Dr. Johnson, whom he considered a kind of pedagogue, set his Scotch blood up in a fever of mortification; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon? A dominie, mon, an auld dominie; he kept a schillie, and caud it an acadamy.

We shall show in the next chapter that Jamie's devotion to the dominie did not go unrewarded.

CHAPTER XL.

CHANGES IN THE LITERARY CLUB-JOHNSON'S OBJECTION TO GARRICK-ELECTION OF BOSWELL.

The Literary Club (as we have termed the club in Gerard Street, though it took that name some time later) had now being in existence several years. Johnson was exceedingly chary at first of its exclusiveness, and pleased at its being augmented in numbers. Not long after its institution, Sir Joshua Reynolds was speaking of it to Garrick. "I like it much," said little David,
briskly; "I think I shall be of you." "When Sir Joshua mentioned this to Dr. Johnson," says Boswell, "he was much displeased with the actor's conceit. 'He'll be of us,' growled he. 'How does he know we will permit him? The first duke of England has no right to hold such language'"

When Sir John Hawkins spoke favorably of Garrick's pretensions, "Sir," replied Johnson, "he will disturb us by his buffoonery. In the same spirit he declared to Mr. Thrale, that if Garrick were nominated for the Club, and if he would blackball him. "Who, sir?" exclaimed Thrale, with surprise; "Mr. Garrick—your friend, your companion—blackball him!" "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I love my little David dearly—better than all or any of his flatterers do; but one ought to sit in a society like ours,"

"Unelbow'd by a gaminster, pimp, or player..."

The exclusion from the club was a sore mortification to Garrick, though he bore it without complaining. He could not help continually to ask how it was that Lady Di Beaufort was on the list, whether he was ever the subject of conversation. By degrees the rigor of the club relaxed; some of the members grew negligent. Beaufort lost his right of membership by neglecting to attend his marriage, however, with Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and recently divorced from Viscount Bolingbroke, he had claimed and regained his seat in the club. The number of members had likewise been augmented. The proposition to increase the term of office on which Goldsmith had urged, he thought, "an agreeable variety to their meetings; for there can be nothing new among us," said he; "we have travelled over each other's minds." Johnson was piqued at the suggestion. "Sir," said he, "you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua, less confident in the exhaustless fecundity of his mind, felt and acknowledged the force of Goldsmith's suggestion. Several new members, therefore, had been added; the first, to his great joy, was David Garrick. Goldsmith, who was now on cordial terms with the club, had helped Goldsmith to his election, and Johnson had given it his warm approbation. Another new member was Beaufort's friend, Lord Charlemont; and a still more important one was Mr. after Sir William Jones, the famous Orientalist, at that time a young lawyer of the Temple and a distinguished scholar.

To the great astonishment of the club, Johnson now proposed his devoted follower, Boswell, as a member. He did it in a note addressed to Goldsmith, who presided on the evening of the 23rd of April. The nomination was seconded by Beaufort. According to the rules of the club, the ballot would take place at the next meeting (on the 30th); there was an intervening week, therefore, in which to discuss the pretensions of the candidate. We may easily imagine the discussions that took place. Boswell had made himself absorbed in such a variety of ways, that the very idea of his admission was exceedingly irksome to some of the members. "The honor of being elected into the Club's Head Club," said the Bishop of St. Asaph, "is not inferior to that of being representative of Westminster and Surrey?" what had Boswell done to merit such an honor? What chance had he of gaining it? The answer was simple: he had been the persevering worshipper, if not scyphonist of Johnson. The great lexicographer had a heart to be won by apparent affection; he stood forth authoritatively in support of his vassal. If asked to state the merits of the candidate, he summed them up in an indefinite but comprehensive word of his own coinage; he was clubable. He moreover gave significant hints that if Boswell were kept out he would oppose the admission of any other candidate. No further opposition was made; in fact none of the members had been so fastidious and exclusive in regard to the club as Johnson himself. When they pleased, they were satisfied: besides, they knew that with all his faults, Boswell was a cheerful companion, and possessed lively social qualities.

On Friday, when the ballot was to take place, Beaufort gave a dinner, at his house in the Adelphi, where Boswell met several of the members who were favorable to his election. After dinner the latter adjourned to the club, leaving Boswell in company with Lady Di Beaufort until the fate of his election should be known. He sat, he says, in a state of anxiety which even the charming company of his hostess could not allay. It was not long before tidings were brought of his election, and he was conducted to the place of meeting, where, beside the company he had met at dinner, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Mr. William Jones were waiting to receive him. The club, notwithstanding all its learned dignity in the eyes of the world, could at times "unbend and play the fool" as well as less important bodies. Some of its jocosely conversations have at times leaked out, and a society so composed and composed has not been spared a skit by the Inquisition. As to the matters of social merriment, and improvement in art, or in the spirit of the lexicographer. It is to be regretted that Boswell has never thought proper to note down the particulars of this charge, which, from the well known characters and positions of the parties, might have furnished a Parallel to the noted charge of Launcelot Gobbo to his dog.

CHAPTER XLI.

DINNER AT DILLY’S—CONVERSATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY—INTERMEDDLING OF BOSWELL—DISPUTE ABOUT TOLERATION—JOHNSON’S REBUFF TO GOLDSMITH—HIS APOLOGY—MAN-WORSHIP—DOCTORS MAJOR AND MINOR—A FAREWELL VISIT.

A few days after the serio-comic scene of the elevation of Boswell into the Literary Club, we
find that indefatigable biographer giving particulars of a dinner at the Dillys, booksellers, in the Poultry, at which he met Goldsmith and Johnson, with other literary characters. His anecdotes of the conversation, of course, go to glorify Dr. Johnson; for, as he observes in his biography of him, "his conversation alone, or what led to it, or was interwoven with it, is the business of this work." Still on the present, as on other occasions, he gives unintentional and perhaps unavoidable glimmerings of his good sense, which show that the latter only wanted a less prejudiced and more impartial reporter, to put down the charge of colloquial incapacity so unjustly fixed upon him. The conversation turned upon the natural history of birds, a beautiful subject, on which the poet, from his recent studies, his habits of observation, and his natural tastes, must have talked with instruction and feeling; yet, though we have much of what Johnson said, we have only a casual remark or two of Goldsmith. One was on the mission of swallows, which he pronounced partial; "the stronger ones," said he, "migrate, the others do not." Johnson denied to the brute creation the faculty of reason. "Birds," said he, "build by instinct; they never improve; they build their first nest as well as their second. Yet I see, on observing Goldsmith, "if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a nest closer and nest again." "Sir," replied Johnson, "that is because at first she has full time, and makes her nest deliberately. In the case you mention, she is pressed to lay, and must, therefore, make her nest quickly, and consequently it will be slight." "The nidification of birds," rejoined Goldsmith, "is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it." While conversation was going on in this placid, agreeable and instructive manner, the eternal meddler and busy-body Boswell, must intrude, to put it in a brawl. The Dillys were dissenters; two of their guests were dissenting clergymen; another, Mr. Toplady, was a clergyman of the established church. Johnson, himself, was a zealous, uncompromising churchman. None, but a marplot like Boswell would have thought, on such an occasion, and in such company, to broach the subject of religious toleration. Yet, so well observed, it was his perverse inclination to introduce subjects that he hoped would produce difference and debate. In the present instance he gained his point. An animated dispute immediately arose, in which, according to Boswell's report, Johnson monopolized the greater part of the conversation; not always treating the dissenting clergymen with the greatest courtesy, and even once wounding the feelings of the mild and amiable Bennet Langton by his harshness.

Goldsmith mingled a little in the dispute and with some advantage, but was cut short by flat contradictions when most in the right. He sat for a time silent but impatient under such overbearing dogmatism, though Boswell, with his usual misinterpretation, attributes his "restless agitation" to Johnson, as "letting in the shine." Finding himself excluded, continues Boswell, "he has taken his hat to go away, but remained a time with it in his hand, like a gammoner, who, at the end of a long night, lingers for a little while to see if he can have a favorable opportunity to finish his business. Once he was beginning to speak when he was overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive his attempt; whereas he threw down, as it were, his hat and his argument, and, darting an angry glance at Johnson, exclaimed in a latter tone, "Take it." Just then one of the disputants was beginning to speak, when Johnson, uttering some sound, as if about to interrupt him, Goldsmith, according to Boswell, seized the opportunity to vent his own envy and spleen under pretext of supporting another person. "Sir," said he to Johnson, "the gentleman has a voice which is a little out of order; pray allow us now to hear him." It was a reproval in the lexicographer's own style, and he may have felt that he merited it; but he was not accustomed to be reproved. "Sir," said he, sternly, "I was not interrupting the gentleman; I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are importunate." Goldsmith made no reply, but after some time went away, having another engagement.

That evening, as Boswell was on the way with Johnson to the theater, he seized the occasion to make some disparaging remarks on Goldsmith, which he thought would just then be acceptable to the great lexicographer. "It was a pity," said he, "that Goldsmith would, on every occasion, endeavor to shine, by which he so often exposed himself to verbal abuse, and in praises with Addison, who, content with the fame of his writings, acknowledged himself unfit for conversation; and on being taxed by a lady with silence in company, replied, "Madam, I have but nine pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." To this Boswell rejoined that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but was always taking out his purse. "Yes, sir," chuckled Johnson, "and that so often an empty purse." By the time Johnson arrived at the club, however, his angry feelings had subsided, and his native generosity and sense of justice had got the uppermost. He found Goldsmith in company with Burke, Garrick, and other members, but sitting silent and apart, "brooding," as Boswell says, "over the reprimand to which he had received." Johnson's good heart yearned toward him; and knowing his placable nature, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me," whispered he; then, with a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith," said he, "something passed to-day, which you may have misunderstood; I beg your pardon." The ire of the poet was extinguished in an instant, and his grateful affection for the magnanimous though sometimes overbearing moralist rushed to his heart. "It must be much from you, sir," said he, "that I take ill!" And so "adds Boswell, "the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith ratted away as usual." We do not think these stories tell to the poet's disadvantage, even though related by Boswell.

Goldsmith, with all his modesty, could not be ignorant of his proper merit; and must have felt annoyed at times being undervalued and elbowed aside by light-minded or dull men, in their blind and exclusive homage to the literary autocrat. It was a fine reproof he gave to Boswell on one occasion, for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honor of exclusive superiority. "Sir, you are for making a monarchy what should be a republic." On another occasion, when he was conversing in company with great vivacity, and apparently to the satisfaction of those around him, an honest Sir John Goddard, Michael Moser, Keeper of the Royal Academy, perceiving Dr. Johnson rolling himself as if about
to speak, exclaimed, "Stay, stay! Doctor Johnson is going to say something." And are you sure, sir," replied Goldsmith, sharply, "that you can comprehend what he says?

"Clever Gentleman," said Sir, "while he gives the main zea to the anecdote, is omitted by Boswell, who probably did not perceive the point of it.

He relates another anecdote of the kind, on the authority of Johnson himself. The latter and Goldsmith were one evening in company with the Rev. George Graham, a master of Eton, who, notwithstanding the sobriety of his cloth, had got intoxicated "to about the pitch of looking at one man and talking to another." "Doctor," cried he in an ecstasy of devotion and good-will, holding up Goldsmith, "I should be glad to see you at Eton." "I shall be glad to wait upon you," replied Goldsmith. "No, no!" cried the other eagerly, "tis not you I mean, Doctor Minor, tis Doctor Major there."

"You may easily conceive," said Johnson in relating the anecdote, "what effect this had upon Goldsmith, who was irascible as a hornet." The only comment, however, which he is said to have made, partakes more of quaint and dry humor than bitterness: That Graham," said he, "is enough of a rascal or contending suicide." What more could be said to express the intolerable nausea of a consummate bore?

We have now given the last scenes between Goldsmith and Johnson which stand recorded by Boswell. The latter called on the poet a few days after the dinner at Dilly's, to take leave of him prior to departing for Scotland; yet, even in this last interview, he contrives to get up a charge of "jealousy and envy." Goldsmith, he would fain persuade us, is very angry that Johnson is going to travel with him in Scotland; and endeavors to persuade him that his hat is full of sound, and to lug along through the Highlands and Hebrides.

Any one else, knowing the character and habits of Johnson, would have thought the same; and no one but Boswell would have supposed his office of bear-leader to the ursa major a thing to be envied.*

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CHAPTER XLII.

PROJECT OF A DICTIONARY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES—DISAPPOINTMENT—NEGLECTFUL AUTHORITY—APPLICATION FOR A PENSION—BEATTIE'S ESSAY ON TRUTH—PUBLIC ADUATION—A HIGH-MINDED REBUKE.

The works which Goldsmith had still in hand being already paid for, and the money gone, some

new scheme must be devised to provide for the past and the future—for impending debts which threatened to crush him, and expenses which were continually increasing. He now projected a work of greater compass than he had formerly undertaken; a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences on a comprehensive scale, which was to occupy a number of volumes. For this he received promises of assistance from several powerful hands.

Johnson was to contribute an article on ethics; Burke, an abstract of his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," an essay on the Berkleysian system of philosophy, and others on political science; Sir Joshua Reynolds, an essay on painting; and Garrick, while he undertook on his own part to furnish an essay on acting, engaged Dr. Johnson to contribute an article on music. Here was a great array of talent positively engaged, while other writers of eminence were to be sought for the various departments of science. Goldsmith was to edit the whole. An undertaking of this kind, while it did not incessantly task and exhaust his inventive powers by original composition, would give agreeable and profitable exercise to his taste and judgment in selecting, compiling, and arranging, and he calculated to diffuse over the whole the acknowledged graces of his art.

He drew up a prospectus of the plan, which is said by Bishop Percy, who saw it, to have been written with uncommon ability, and to have had that perspicuity and elegance for which his writings are remarkable. This paper, unfortunately, is no longer in existence.

Goldsmith's expectations, always sanguine respecting any new plan, were raised to an extraordinary height by the present project; and they might be, when we consider the powerful condensers already pledged. They were doomed, however, to complete disappointment, for, to the bibliopha of Russell Street, let us into the secret of this failure. "The booksellers," said he, "notwithstanding they had a very good opinion of his abilities, yet were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted.

Goldsmith certainly gave reason for some such distrust by the headlessness with which he conducted his literary undertakings. Those unfinished, but paid for, would be suspended to make way for some job that was to provide for present necessities. Those thus hastily taken up would be as hastily executed, and the whole, however pressing, would be shoved aside and left "at loose ends," on some sudden call to social enjoyment or recreation.

Craddock tells us that on one occasion, when Goldsmith was hard at work on his Natural History, he sent to Dr. Percy and Thomsen, entreating them to finish some pages of his work which lay upon his table, and for which the press was urgent, he being detained by other engagements at Windsor. They met by appointment at his chambers in the Temple, where they found everything in disorder, and costly books, "so scattered about on the tables and on the floor," many of the books on natural history which he had recently consulted laid open among uncorrected proof-sheets. The subject in hand, and from which he had suddenly broken off, related to birds. "Do you know anything about birds?" asked Dr. Percy, smiling. "Not an atom," replied Craddock; "do you?" "Not I! I scarcely know a goose
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

from a swan: however, let us try what we can do." They set to work and completed their

friendly task. Goldsmith, however, when he
came to revise it, made such alterations that they
could neither of them recognize their own share.
The engagement at which he had thus

caused Goldsmith to break off suddenly from his

multifarious engagements, was a party of pleasure

with some literary ladies. Another anecdote was

current, illustrative of the carelessness with

which he executed works requiring accuracy and

research. On the 2d of June he had received

payment in advance for a Grecian History in two

volumes, though only one was finished. As

he was pushing on doggedly at the second volume,

Gibbon, the historian, called in. You are the

man of all others I wish to see," cried the poet,

"glad to be saved the trouble of reference to my

books. "What was the name of that Indian king

who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?"

"Montezuma," replied Gibbon, sportively.

The heedless author was about committing the name to

memory without reflection, when Gibbon pretend-
ted to recollect himself, and gave the true

name, Perus.

This story, very probably, was a sportive exag-
geration; but it was a multiplicity of anecdotes like

the preceding one, some true and

some false, which had impaired the confidence of

booksellers in Goldsmith, as a man to be relied on

for a task requiring wide and accurate research,

and close and long-continued application. The

project of the Universal Dictionary, therefore, met

with no encouragement, and fell through.

The failure of this scheme, on which he had

built such spacious hopes, sank deep into

Goldsmith's heart. He was still further grieved and

mortified by the failure of an effort made by

some of his friends to obtain for him a pension

from government. There had been a talk of the

disposition of the ministry to extend the bounty of

the crown to distinguished literary men in pecu-

niary difficulty, without regard to their political

creed; when the merits and claims of Gold-

smith, however, were laid before them, they met

no favor. The sin of sturdy independence lay at

his door. He had refused to become a minis-
terial hack when offered a carte blanche by Par-

son Scott, the cabinet emissary. The wondering

parson had left him in poverty and "his
garret," and there the ministry was disposed to suffer him to remain.

In the mean time Dr. Beattie comes out with

his "Essay on Truth," and all the orthodox world

are thrown into a paroxysm of contagious ecstacy.

He is cried up as the great champion of Chris-
tianity against the attacks of modern philosophes

and infidels; he is feted and flattered in every

way. He receives at Oxford the honorary degree

degree of doctor of civil law, at the same time with Sir

Joshua Reynolds. The king sends for him, praises his "Essays," and gives him a pension of

two hundred pounds.

Goldsmith feels more acutely the denial of a

pension to himself when one has thus been given

unsolicited to a man he might without vanity con-
sider so much his inferior. He was not one to

conceal his feelings. "Here's such a stir," said

he one day at Thrale's table, "about a fellow

that has written one book, and I have written so many!

"Ah, doctor!" exclaimed Johnson, in one of

his caustic moods, "there go two and forty six-

pences, you know, to one guinea." This is one of

the cuts at poor Goldsmith in which Johnson went

contrary to head and heart in his love for saying

what is called a "good thing." No one knew

better than himself the comparative superiority of

the writings of Goldsmith; but the jingle of the

sixpences and the guinea was not to be re-
sisted.

"Everybody," exclaimed Mrs. Thrale, "loves

Dr. Beattie, but Goldsmith, who says he cannot

bear the sight of so much applause as they all be-
stow upon him. Did he not tell us so himself no

one would believe he was so exceedingly ill-

natured.

He told them so himself because he was too

open and unreserved to disguise his feelings, and

because he really considered the praise lavished

on Beattie extravagant, as in fact it was. It was

all, of course, set down to sheer envy and un-

charitableness. To add to his annoyance, he

found his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, joining in

the universal adulation. He had painted a full-

length portrait of Beattie decked in the doctor's

robes in which he had figured at Oxford, with the

"Essay on Truth" under his arm and the angle

of truth at his side, while Voltaire figured as one

of the demons of infidelity, sophistry, and false-

hood, driven into utter darkness.

Goldsmith knew Voltaire in early life; he

had been his admirer and his biographer; he

believed himself to receive such an insult from the

classic pencil of his friend. "It is unworthy of

you," said he to Sir Joshua, "to debase so
great a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer

as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten

in ten years, while Voltaire's name will last for-

ever. Take care it does not perpetuate this pic-

ture to the shame of such a man as you." This

noble and high-minded rebuke is the only instance

on record of any reproachful words between the

poet and the painter; and we are happy to find

that it did not destroy the harmony of their inter-

course.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TOIL WITHOUT HOPE—THE POET IN THE GREEN-

ROOM—IN THE FLOWER GARDEN—AT VAUX-

HALL—DISSIPATION WITHOUT GAYETY—CRA-

DOCK IN TOWN—FRIENDLY SYMPATHY—A

PARTING SCENE—AN INVITATION TO PLEAS-

URE.

Thwarted in the plans and disappointed in the

hopes which had recently cheered and animated

him, Goldsmith found the labor at his half-fin-

ished tasks doubly irksome from the consciousness

that the completion of them could not relieve him

from his pecuniary embarrassments. His

impaired health, also, rendered him less capable

than formerly of sedentary application, and con-

tinual perplexity disturbed the natural neces-

sity for original composition. He lost his

usual gayety and good-humor, and became, at

times, peevish and irritable. Too proud of spirit

to seek sympathy or relief from his friends, for

the pecuniary difficulties he had brought upon

himself by his errors and extravagance, and un-

willing, perhaps, to make known their amount, he

buried his cares and anxieties in his own bosom,

and endeavored in company to keep up his usual

air of gayety and unconcern. This gave his con-

duct an appearance of filthiness and caprice, vary-

ing suddenly from modesty to mirth, and from

silent gravity to shallow laughter; causing sur-
praise and ridicule in those who were not aware of the sickness of heart which lay beneath.

His poetical reputation, too, was sometimes a disadvantage to him; it drew upon him a notoriety which he was not always in the mood for or the vein to act up to. "Good heavens, Mr. Foote," exclaimed Goldsmith, "what a humdrum kind of man!" Dr. Goldsmith appears in our green-room compared with the figure he makes in his poetry!"

"The reason of that, madam, replied Foote, "is because the masses are better company than the classes.""

Beaullere's letters to his friend, Lord Charlemon, who was absent in Ireland, give us now and then an indication of the whereabouts of the poet during the present year. "I have been but once to the club since you left England," writes he; "we were entertained, as usual, with Goldsmith's absurdity." With Beaullere everything was absurd that was not polished and pointed. In another letter he threatens, unless Lord Charlemon returns to England, to bring over the whole club; and in them we drive him home by their peculiar habits of annoyance. Johnson says he will spoil his books; Goldsmith shall pull his flowers; and last, and most intolerable of all, Boswell shall talk to him. It would appear that the poet, who had a passion for flowers, was not to pass much in the garden when on a visit to a country seat, much to the detriment of the flower-beds and the despair of the gardener.

The summer wore heavily with Goldsmith. He had been so constantly at work, his health was impaired and his spirits depressed. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who perceived the state of his mind, kindly gave him much of his company. In the course of their interchange of thought, Goldsmith suggested to him the story of Ugolino, as a subject for his pen. The painting founded on it remains a memento of their friendship.

On the 4th of August we find them together at Vauxhall; at that time a place in high vogue, and which had once been to Goldsmith a scene of Oriental splendor and delight. We have, in fact, in "Clari," a picture of it as it had struck him in former years and in his happier moods. "Upon entering the gardens," says the Chinese philosopher, "I found every sense occupied with more than expected pleasure; the lights every hour set afire, the trees moving; the full-bodied orchestraResume page: was that he was so far away as not to be required.

Thrale, "loves says he cannot because he as they all believe so himself not exceedingly ill.

When he was too young of his feelings, and the praise lavished on him was. It was a prize and unprofitable annoyance, he holds, joining in a painted a full of the doctor's idiom, with the present. And the angel is figured as one country, and false.

At an early life; he is a biographer, he is an insult from. It is unworthy "to debase so much a mean a writer as will be forgotten. He will last fortitude this picture of you." This is the only instance. It is the feeling of the happy to find a place of their interest.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The doctor, found, as usual, at my apartments, newspapers and pamphlets, and with a pen and ink he amused himself as well as he could. I had ordered from the tavern some fish, a roasted joint of lamb, and a side of beef, but his seat down or walked about as he pleased. After dinner he took some wine and biscuits, but I was obliged soon to leave him for a while, as I had matters to settle prior to my next day's journey. On my return coffee was ready, and to the doctor appeared more cheerful (for Mrs. Cradock was always rather a favorite with him), and in the evening he endeavored to talk and remark as usual, but all was forced. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home, and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple gate." Cradock little thought that this was to be their final parting. He looked back to it with mournful recollections in after years, and lamented that he had not remained longer in town at every inconvenience, to solace the poor broken spirit of the other.

The hatter continued in town all the autumn. At the opening of the Opera House, on the 20th of November, Mrs. Yates, an actress whom he held in great esteem, delivered a poetical expotum of his composition. Beaullere, in a letter to Lord Charlemon, pronounced it very well, and predicted that it would soon be in all the papers.
It does not appear, however, to have been ever published. In his fitful state of mind Goldsmith may have taken no care about it, and thus it has been lost to the world, although it was received with great applause by a crowded and brilliant audience.

A gleam of sunshine breaks through the gloom that was gathering over the poet. "Toward the end of the year he receives another Christmas invitation to Barton. A country Christmas! with all the cordiality of the fireside circle, and the jovous revelry of the oaken hall—what a contrast to the loneliness of a bachelor's chambers in the Temple! It is not to be resisted. But how poor Goldsmith to raise the ways and means? His purse is empty; his booksellers are already in advance to him. As a last resource, he applies to Garrick. Their mutual intimacy at Barton may have suggested him as an alternative. The old loan of forty pounds has never been paid; and Newbery's note, pledged as a security, has never been taken up. An additional loan of sixty pounds is now asked for, thus increasing the loan to one hundred; to insure the payment, he now offers, besides Newbery's note, the transfer of the comedy of the Good Natured Man to Drury Lane, with such alterations as Garrick may suggest. The immense offer of the altered comedy, alludes significantly to a new one which Goldsmith had talked of writing for him, and offers to furnish the money required on his own acceptance.

The reply of Goldsmith bespeaks a heart brimful of gratitude and overflowing with fond anticipations of Barton and the smiles of its fair residents. "My dear friend," he writes, "I thank you. I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you a season, or two at farthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. . . . I will draw upon you one month after date for sixty pounds, and your acceptance will be ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart. Ever,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

And having thus scrambled together a little pocket-money, his hard creditors, and several of the officers of the government, he at once starts for London, and plans a visit to his friend in Barton, who has just returned from a tour in the country.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A RETURN TO DRUDGERY—FORCED GAVETY—RETREAT TO THE COUNTRY—THE POET OF THE PLAYHOUSE OF GOLDSMITH—OF REYNOLDS—ILLNESS OF THE POET—HIS DEATH—GRIEF OF HIS FRIENDS—A LAST WORD RESPECTING THE JESSAMY BRIDE.

The Barton festivities are over; Christmas, with all its home-felt revelry of the heart, has passed like a dream; the Jessamy Bride has been brought home and buried upon the poor poet, and the early part of 1774 finds him in his now dreary bachelor abode in the Temple, toiling fitfully and hopelessly at a multiplicity of tasks. His "Animated Nature," so long delayed, so often interrupted, is at length announced for publication,
Goldsmith did not relish the sarcasm, especially as coming from such a quarter. He was not very ready at repartee; but he took his time, and in the interval of his various tasks, concocted a series of epigrammatic sketches, under the title of Retaliation, in which the characters of his distinguished intimates were admirably hit off, with a mixture of generous praise and good-humored raillery. In fact, the poem for its graphic truth; its nice discrimination; its terse good sense, and its shrewd knowledge of the world, must have electrified him as much as the appearance of The Traveller, and let them still deeper into the character and talents of the man they had been accustomed to consider as their butt. Retaliation, in a word, closed his accounts with the club, and balanced all his previous deficiencies.

The portrait of David Garrick is one of the most elaborate in the poem. When the poet came to touch it off, he had some lurking piques to gratify, which the recent attack had revived. He may have forgotten David's cavalier treatment of him, in the early days of his comparative obscurity; he may have forgotten his refusal of his plays; but Garrick had been capricious in his conduct in the times of their recent intercourse; sometimes considering him with gross familiarity, at other times affecting dignity and reserve, and assuming airs of superiority; frequently he had been facetious and witty in company at his expense, and lastly he had been guilty of the couplet just quoted. Goldsmith, therefore, touched off the lights and shadows of his character with a free hand, and, at the same time, gave a side hit at his old rival, Kelly, and his critical persecutor, Kenrick, in making them satyrophalanties of the actor. Goldsmith, however, was void of gall, even in his revenge, and his very satire was more humorous than caustic:

"Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can, An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man; As an actor, confest'd without rival to shine; As a wit, if not first, in the very first line: Yet, with the rest of these, and an excellent heart, The man had his failings, a fault to his art. Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread, And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red. On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting; To the theater, he was as a new arriver. With no reason on earth to go out of his way, He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day: Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick If they were not his own by finessing and trick: He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack. For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back. Of praise a mere gluton, he swallow'd what came, And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame; Till his relish, grown callous almost to disease, Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please. But he was candid, and speak out of mind, If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind. Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave, What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave. How did Grub Street reecho the shouts that you raised, While he be-osceniused and you be-praised! But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies, To act as an angel and mix with the skies! Those poems who owe their best fame to his skill, Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will; Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love, And Beaumonts and Ben's be his Kellys above."

This portion of Retaliation soon brought a portrait from Garrick, which we insert, as giving something of a likeness of Goldsmith, though in broad caricature:

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow, Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow: Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross Without cause be he pleased, without cause he cross: Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions, A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions. Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking, Turn'd to learning and gaming, religio, and raking. With the love of a wench, let his writings be chase: Tip his tongue with strange matters, his lips with fine taste: That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail, Set fire to the head and set fire to the tail! For every such on earth I'll bestow it. This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame, And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name. When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear, You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here."

The charge of raking, so repeatedly advanced in the foregoing lines, must be considered a sporting one, founded perhaps, on an incident or two within Garrick's knowledge, but not borne out by the course of Goldsmith's life. He seems to have had a tender sentiment for the sex, but perfectly free from libertinism. Neither was he an habitual gamester. The strictest scrutiny has detected no settled vice of the kind. He was fond of a game of cards, but an unskilful and careless player. Cards in those days were universally introduced into society. High play was, in fact, a fashionable amusement, as at one time it was in deep drinking; and a man might occasionally lose large sums, and be beguiled into deep potations, without incurring the character of a gamester or a drunkard. Poor Goldsmith, on his advent into high society, assumed fine notions with fine clothes; he was thrown occasionally among high players, men of fortune who could sport their cool heads as carelessly as his early comrades at Ballymahon could their half-crowns. Being at all times magnificent in money matters, he might have played with them in their own way, without considering that what was sport to them he was ruin. Indeed part of his financial embarrassments may have arisen from losses of the kind, incurred inadvertently, not in the indulgence of a habit. "I do not believe Goldsmith to have deserved the name of gamester," said one of his contemporaries, "he liked cards very well, as other people do, and lost and won occasionally; but as far as I saw or heard, and I had many opportunities of hearing, never any considerable sum. If he gamed with any one, it was probably with Beauclerke, but I do not know that such was the case."

Retaliation, as we have already observed, was thrown off in parts, at intervals, and was never completed. Some characters, originally intended to be introduced, remained unattacked; others were but partially sketched—such was the one of Reynolds, the friend of his heart, and which he commenced with a felicity which makes us regret that it should remain unfinished.
Among his debts were seventy-nine pounds due to his tailor, Mr. William Filby, from whom he had received a new suit but a few days before his death. "My father," said the younger Filby, "though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to Goldsmith; he had been a good customer, and had lived would have paid every farthing." Others of his tradespeople evinced the same confidence in his integrity, notwithstanding his heedlessness. Two sister milliners in Temple Lane, who had been acquainted with him, were concerned, when told, some time before his death, of his pecuniary embarrassments. "Oh, sir," they said to Mr. Crudock, "sooner persuade us to let him work for us than to apply to any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can."

On the stairs of his apartment there was the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women; poor objects of his charity to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty.

But there was one mourner, whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was removed, and sent to his friend, who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Horneck—the Jessamy Bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off; which she cherished to her dying day. Poor Goldsmith! could he have foreseen that such a memorial of him was to be thus cherished!

One word more concerning this lady, to whom we have so often adverted to. She survived almost to the present day. Hazlitt met her at Northcote's painting-room, about twenty years since, as Mrs. Gwyn, the widow of a General Gwyn of the army. She was at that time upward of seventy years of age. Still, he said, she was beautiful, beautiful even in years. After she was gone, Hazlitt remarked how handsome she still was. "I do not know," said Northcote, "why she is so kind as to come to see me, except that I am the last link in the chain that connects her with all those most esteemed when young—Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith—and remind her of the most interesting and respectable part of her life."

"Not only so," observed Hazlitt, "but you remember what she was at twenty and you thus bring back to her the triumphs of her youth—that pride of beauty, which must be the more fondly cherished as it has no external vouchers, and lives only in the bosom of its once lovely possessor. In her, however, the Graces had triumphed over time; she was one of Ninon de l'Enclos' people, of the last of the immortals. I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room, looking round with complacency."

The Jessamy Bride survived her sister upward of forty years, and died in 1840, within a few days of completing her eighty-eighth year. "She had gone through all the stages of life," says Northcote, "and had lent a grace to each."

However gayly she may have sported with the half-concealed admiration of the poor awkward poet in the heyday of her youth and beauty, and however much it may have been made a subject of teasing by her youthful companions, she evidently prided herself in after years, as having been an object of his affectionate regard; it certainly rendered her interesting throughout life in the eyes of his admirers, and has hung a poetical wreath above her grave.
CHAPTER XLV.

THE FUNERAL.—THE MONUMENT.—THE EPITAPH.—
CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In the warm feeling of the moment, while the remains of the poet were scarce cold, it was determined by his friends to honor them by a public funeral and a tomb in Westminster Abbey. His very pall-bearers were designated: Lord Shelburne, Lord Lovel, Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Hon. Mr. Beauderc, Mr. Burke, and David Garrick. This feeling cooled down, however, when it was discovered that he died in debt, and had not left wherewithal to pay for such expensive obsequies. Five days after his death, therefore, at five o'clock of Saturday evening, the 9th of April, he was privately interred in the burying-ground of the Temple Church; a few persons attending as mourners, among whom we do not find specified any of his peculiar and distinguished friends. The chief mourner was Sir Joshua Reynolds’s nephew, Palmer, afterward Dean of Cashel. One person, however, from whom it was but little to be expected, offered to bear the funeral and evinced real sorrow on the occasion. This was Hugh Kelly, once the dramatic rival of the deceased, and often, it is said, his anonymous assailant in the newspapers. If he had really been guilty of this basest of literary offences, he was punished by the vice of his second. Fate, however, has shed bitter tears over the grave of the man he had injured. His tardy atonement only provoked the lash of some unknown satirist, as the following lines will show:

"Hence Kelly, who years, without honor or shame,
Had been sticking his bodkin in Oliver’s fame,
What is your spirit, like the Tartar, by this spirit
His genius, his learning, simplicity, spirit;
Now sets every feature to weep o’er his fate,
And acts as a mourner to blubber in state."

One base wretch deserves to be mentioned, the reptile Kenrick, who, after having repeatedly slandered Goldsmith, while living, had the audacity to insult his memory when dead. The following distich is sufficient to show his malignity, and to hold him up to execration:

"By his own art, who justly dies,
A blind‘ring, artless suicide.
Share, earthworms, share, since now he’s dead,
His megrim, meagibitten head."

This scurrilous epitaph produced a burst of public indignation that averted for a time even the infamous Kenrick into silence. On the other hand, the press teamed with tributes in verse and prose to the memory of the deceased; all evincing the mingled feeling of admiration for the author and affection for the man.

Not long after his death the Literary Club set on foot a subscription, and raised a fund to erect a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. It was executed by Nollekins, and consisted simply of a bust of the poet in profile, in high relief, in a medallion, and was placed in the area of a pointed arch, over the south door in Poets’ Corner, between the monuments of Gay and the Duke of Argyle. Johnson furnished a Latin epitaph, which was read at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds, where several members of the club and other friends of the deceased were present. Though considered by them a masterly composition, they thought the literary character of the poet not defined with sufficient exactness, and they preferred that the epitaph should be in English rather than Latin, as "the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works were likely to be so lastingly an ornament."

These objections were reduced to writing, to be respectfully submitted to Johnson, but such was the awe entertained of his frown, that every one shrank from putting his name first to the instrument; whereupon their names were written about it in a circle, making what mutinous sailors call a Round Robin. Johnson received it half graciously, half grimly. "He was willing," he said, "to modify the sense of the epitaph in any manner the gentlemen pleased; but he never would consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription." Seeing the names of Dr. Wharton and Edmund Burke among the signers, "he wondered," he said, "that Joe Wharton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool; and should have thought that Mund Burke would have had more sense."

The following is the epitaph as inscribed on a white marble tablet beneath the bust:

"OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,
Poete, Physicist, Historici,
Qui nullum ferre scribendi genus
Non tetigisse
Nullum quod tegeti non ornati
Sive risus essent movendi,
Ingenio sublimis, vividis, versatili,
Oratione grandis, nihilus, venustus : 
Hoc monumentum memoriae coluit
Societatis amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum venerationis.
Natus in Hibernia Fornius Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallia,
Nov. XIX. MDCCLXXI ;
Eblane literis institutus ;
Olil Londini,
April iv. MDCCLXXII."*

We shall not pretend to follow these anecdotes of the life of Goldsmith with any critical dissertation on his writings; their merits have long since been fully discussed, and their station in the scale of literary merit permanently established. They have outlasted generations of works of higher power and wider scope, and will continue to outlast succeeding generations, for they have that magic charm of style by which works are embalmed to perpetuity. Neither shall we attempt a regular analysis of the character of the poet, but will indulge in a few desultory remarks in

* The following translation is from Croker’s edition of Boswell’s Johnson:

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn;
Of all the passions which have made the world, he knew them well;
Whether smiles were to be moved or tears,
A powerful yet gentle master;
In genius, sublime, vivid, versatile,
In style, elevated, clear, elegant—
The love of companions,
The fidelity of friends,
The venerable age of readers.

Have by this monument honored the memory,
He was born in Ireland,
At a place called Toome.

In the parish of Forney, (and county) of Longford,
On the 4th Nov. 1728,
Education at the University of Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774."
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

addition to those scattered throughout the preceding chapters.

Never was the trite, because sage apothegm, that "the child is father to the man," more fully verified than in the case of Goldsmith. He was shy, awkward, and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; he is a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to surprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; he is but little tied at his tasks, yet an expert and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half military pedagogue; he may be a dunce, but he is already a rhymer; and his early scintillations of poetry awaken the expectations of his friends. He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the "good people" who haunted his birthplace, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Linn.

He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college; they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that he is told to address himself to. His poetic imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gipsy in quest of odd adventures.

As if confiding in these delusive gifts, he takes no heed of the present nor care for the future, lays no regular and solid foundation of knowledge, follows out no plan, adapts and discards those recommended by his friends, at one time pronouncing the ministry, next turns to the law, and then lives upon medicine. He repairs to Edinburgh, the great emporium of medical science, but the fairy gifts accompany him; he idles and frolicks away his time there, imbibing only such knowledge as is agreeable to him; makes an excursion to the poetical regions of the Highlands; and having walked the hospitals for the customary time, sets off to ramble over the Continent, in quest of novelty rather than knowledge. His whole tour is a pastoral one. He fancies he is placed in a new philosopher while he is really playing the poet; and though professedly he attends lectures and visits foreign universities, so deficient is he on his return, in the studies for which he set out, that he fails in an examination as a surgeon's mate; and while figuring as a doctor of medicine, is outvied on a point of practice by his apothecary. Baffled in every regular pursuit, after trying in vain some of the humbler callings of commonplace life, he is driven almost by chance to the exercise of his pen, and here the fairy gifts come to his assistance. For a long time, however, he seems unaware of the magic properties of that pen; he uses it only as a makeshift until he can find a legitimate means of support. He is not a learned man, and can write but meagrely and at second-hand on learned subjects; but he has a quick convertible talent that seizes lightly on the points of knowledge necessary to the illustration of a theme; his writings for a time are desultory, the fruits of what he has in his possession, or what he has seen and felt, or what he has recently and hastily read; but his gifted pen transmutes everything into gold; and his genial nature reflects its sunshine through his pages.

Still unaware of his powers he throws off his writings anonymously, to go with the writings of less favored men; and it is a long time, and after a bitter struggle with poverty and humiliation, before he acquires confidence in his literary talent as a means of support, and begins to dream of reputation.

From this time his pen is a wand of power in his hand, and he has only to use it discreetly, to make it competent to all his wants. But discretion is not a part of Goldsmith's nature; and it seems the property of these fairy gifts to be accompanied by modes and temperaments to render their effect precarious. The heedlessness of his early days; his disposition for social enjoyment; his habit of throwing the present on the neck of the future, still continue. His expenses forerun his means; he incurs debts on the faith of what his magic pen is to produce, and then, under the pressure of his debts, sacrifices its productions for prices far below their value. It is a redeeming circumstance in his prodigality, that it is lavished oftener upon others than upon himself; he gives without thought or stint, and is the continual dupe of his benevolence and his trustfulness in human nature. We may say of him as he says of one of his heroes, "He could not stifle the natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed to the full extent of his means, and when he knew not conveniently where to borrow, he had been observed to shed tears as he passed through the wretched suppliants who attended his gate."

His simplicity in trusting persons whom he had no previous reason to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights of his character which, while they impeach his understanding, do honor to his benevolence. The low and the timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honorable sentiments expects from others symptomatic sincerity."

His heedlessness in pecuniary matters, which had rendered his life a struggle with poverty even in the days of his obscurity, rendered the struggle still more intense when his fairy gifts had elevated him into the society of the wealthy and luxurious, and imposed on his simple and generous spirit fancied obligations to a more ample and bounteous display.

"How comes it," says a recent and ingenious critic, "that in such playing days, as when he had trod, no spek ever suflled the role of his modest and graceful muse. How am I all that love of inferior company, which never to the last forsake him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity?"

We answer that it was owing to the innate purity and goodness of his nature; there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and vulgarity. Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole those familiar features of life which form the staple of his most popular writings.

Much, too, of this intact purity of heart may be ascribed to the lessons of his infancy under the paternal roof: to the gentle, benevolent, elevated, unworldly maxims of his father, who "passing rich with forty pounds a year," infused a spirit into his child which riches could not deprave nor poverty degrade. Much of his boy-

* Goldsmith's Life of Nashe.
hool, too, had been passed in the household of his uncle, the amiable and generous Contarine; where he talked of literature with the good pastor, and practised music with his daughter, and delighted them both by his juvenile attempts at poetry. These early associations breathed a grace and refinement into his mind and tuned it up, alter the rough sport on the green, or the frolics at the tavern. These led him to turn from the roasting glens of the club, to listen to the harp of his cousin Jane; and from the rustic triumph of "throwing sledge," to a stroll with his flute along the pastoral banks of the Inn.

The gentle spirit of his father walked with him through life, a pure and virtuous monitor; and in all the vicissitudes of his career we find him ever more chastened in mind by the sweet and holy recollections of the home of his infancy. It has been questioned whether he really had any religious feeling. Those who raise the question have never considered well his writings; his 

The cravings of his heart in this respect are evident, we think, throughout his career; and if we have dwelt with more significance than others, upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful attentions to one of its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by conscious poverty and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind—the last a man would communicate to his friends—might account for much of that simplicity of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended by his associates, during the last year or two of his life; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death.

We shall conclude these desultory remarks with a few which have been used by us on a former occasion. From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and reconcile kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that, pleads tenderly to our nature; and we turn more kindly toward the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of "Poor Goldsmith," speaks volumes. Few who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man."

But, for our part, we rather say "Let them be remembered," since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated of "Poor Goldsmith."

THE END.
THE ADVENTURES
OF
CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE, U. S. A.,
IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND THE FAR WEST.

DIGESTED FROM HIS JOURNAL, AND ILLUSTRATED FROM VARIOUS OTHER SOURCES.

BY
WASHINGTON IRVING.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

While engaged in writing an account of the grand enterprise of Astoria, it was my practice to seek all kinds of oral information connected with the subject. Nowhere did I pick up more interesting particulars than at the table of Mr. John Jacob Astor, who, being the patriarch of the fur trade in the United States, was accustomed to have at his board various persons of adventurous turn, some of whom had been engaged in his own great undertaking; others, on their own account, had made expeditions to the Rocky Mountains and the waters of the Columbia.

Among these personages, one who peculiarly took my fancy was Captain Bonneville, of the United States army; who, in a rambling kind of enterprise, had strangely ingrained the trapper and hunter upon the soldier. As his expeditions and adventures will form the leading theme of the following pages, a few biographical particulars concerning him may not be unacceptable.

Captain Bonneville is of French parentage. His father was a worthy old emigrant, who came to this country many years since, and took up his abode in New York. He is represented as a man not much calculated for the sordid struggle of a money-making world, but possessed of a happy temperament, a festivity of imagination, and a simplicity of heart that made him proof against its rubs and trials. He was an excellent scholar; well acquainted with Latin and Greek, and fond of the modern classics. His book was his elysium; once immersed in the pages of Voltaire, Corneille, or Racine, or of his favorite English author, Shakspeare, he forgot the world and all its concerns. Often would he be seen, in summer weather, seated under one of the trees on the Battery, or the portico of St. Paul's Church in Broadway, his bald head uncovered, his hat lying by his side, his eyes riveted to the page of his book, and his whole soul so engaged as to lose all consciousness of the passing throng or the passing hour.

Captain Bonneville, it will be found, inherited something of his father's bonhomie, and his excitable imagination; though the latter was somewhat disciplined in early years by mathematical studies. He was educated at our national Military Academy at West Point, where he acquitted himself very creditably; thence, he entered the army, in which he has ever since continued.

The nature of our military service took him to the frontier, where, for a number of years he was stationed at various posts in the Far West. Here he was brought into frequent intercourse with Indian traders, mountain trappers, and other pioneers of the wilderness; and became so excited by their tales of wild scenes and wild adventures, and their accounts of vast and magnificent regions as yet unexplored, that an expedition to the Rocky Mountains became the ardent desire of his heart, and an enterprise to explore untrodden tracts, the leading object of his ambition.

By degrees he shaped this vague day-dream into a practical reality. Having made himself acquainted with all the requisites for a trading enterprise beyond the mountains, he determined to undertake it. A leave of absence, and a sanction of his expedition was obtained from the major-general in chief, on his offering to combine public utility with his private projects, and to collect statistical information for the War Department concerning the wild countries and wild tribes he might visit in the course of his journeyings.

Nothing now was wanting to the darling project of the captain but the ways and means. The expedition would require an outfit of many thousand dollars; a staggering obstacle to a soldier, whose capital is seldom anything more than his sword. Full of that buoyant hope, however, which belongs to the sanguine temperament, he repaired to New York, the great focus of American enterprise, where there are always funds ready for any scheme, however chimerical or romantic. Here he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of high respectability and influence, who had been his associate in boyhood, and who cherished a schoolfellow friendship for him. He took a general interest in the scheme of the captain; introduced him to commercial men of his acquaintance, and in a little while an association was formed, and the necessary funds were raised to carry the proposed measure into effect. One of the most efficient persons in this association was Mr. Alfred Seton, who, when quite a youth, had accompanied one of the expeditions sent out by Mr. Astor to his commercial
found but again could have it well have been planted no the shores of the Columbia may have entered into his motives for engaging in the present enterprise.

Thus backed and provided, Captain Bonneville undertook his expedition into the Far West, and was soon beyond the Rocky Mountains. Year after year elapsed without his return. The term of his leave of absence expired, yet no report was made of him at headquarters at Washington. He was considered virtually dead or lost, and his name was stricken from the army list.

It was in the autumn of 1835, at the country seat of Mr. John Jacob Astor, at Hellgate, that I first met with Captain Bonneville. He was then just returned from a residence of upward of three years among the mountains, and was on his way to report himself at headquarters, in the hopes of being reinstated in the service. From all that I could learn, his wanderings in the wilderness, though they had gratified his curiosity and his love of adventure, had not much benefitted his fortunes. Like Corporal Trim in his campaigns, he had "satisfied the sentiment," and that was all. In fact, he was too much of the frank, free-hearted soldier, and had inherited too much of his father's temperament, to make a scheming trapper, or a thrifty bargainer. There was something in the whole appearance of the captain that prepossessed me in his favor. He was of the middle size, well made and well set; and a military frock of foreign cut, that had seen service, gave him a look of compactness. His countenance was frank, open, and engaging; well browned by the sun, and had something of a French expression. He had a pleasant black eye, a high forehead, and, while he kept his hat on, the look of a man in the jocund prime of his days; but the moment his head was uncovered, a bald crown gained him credit for a few more years than he was really entitled to.

Being extremely curious, at the time, about everything connected with the Far West, I addressed numerous questions to him. They drew from him a number of extremely striking details, which were given with mingled modesty and frankness; and in a gentleness of manner, and a soft tone of voice, contrasting singularly with the wild and often startling nature of his themes. It was difficult to conceive the mild, quiet-looking personage before you, the actual hero of the stirring scenes related.

In the course of three or four months, happening to be at the city of Washington, I again came upon the captain, who was attending the slow adjustment of his affairs with the War Department. I found him quartered with a worthy brother in arms, a major in the army. Here he was writing at a table, covered with maps and papers, in the centre of a large barracks room, fancifully decorated with Indian arms, and trophies, and war dresses, and the skins of various wild animals, and hung round with pictures of Indian games and ceremonies, and scenes of war and hunt-

ling. In a word, the captain was beguiling the tediousness of attendance at court by an attempt at authorship; and was rewriting and extending his travelling notes, and making maps of the regions he had explored. As he sat at the table, in this curious apartment, with his high bald head of somewhat foreign cast, he reminded me of some of those antique pictures of authors that I have seen in old Spanish volumes.

The result of his labors was a mass of manuscript, which he subsequently put at my disposal, to fit it for publication and bring it before the world. I found it full of interesting details of life among the mountains, and of the singular castes and races, both white men and red men, among whom he had sojourned. It bore, too, throughout, the impress of his character, his bonhomie, his kindliness of spirit, and his susceptibility to the grand and beautiful.

That manuscript has formed the staple of the following work. I have occasionally interwoven facts and details, gathered from various sources, especially from the conversations and journals of some of the captain's contemporaries, who were actors in the scenes he describes. I have also given it a tone and coloring drawn from my own observation during an excursion into the Indian country beyond the bounds of civilization; as I before observed, however, the work is substantially the narrative of the worthy captain, and many of its most graphic passages are but little varied from his own language.

I shall conclude this notice by a dedication which he had made of his manuscript to his hospitable brother in arms, in whose quarters I found him occupied in his literary labors; it is a dedication which, I believe, possesses the qualities, not always found in complimentary documents of the kind, of being sincere, and being merited.

TO JAMES HARVEY HOOK, MAJOR. C. S. A.,
WHOSE JEALOUSY OF ITS HONOR,
WHOSE ANXIETY FOR ITS INTERESTS,
AND WHOSE SENSIBILITY FOR ITS WANTS,
HAVE ENDURED HIM TO THE SERVICE AS
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND;
AND WHOSE GENERAL AMENITY, CONSTANT CHEERFULNESS,
DISINTERESTED HOSPITALITY, AND UNBRAHID BENEVOLENCE, ENTITLE HIM TO THE
STILL LOFTIER TITLE OF
THE FRIEND OF MAN,
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,
Etc.

New York. 1843.
ADVENTURES
OF
CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

In a recent work we have given an account of the grand enterprise of Mr. John Jacob Astor, to establish an American emporium for the fur trade at the mouth of the Columbia, or Oregon River; of the failure of that enterprise through the capture of Astoria by the British, in 1814; and of the way in which the control of the trade of the Columbia and its dependencies fell into the hands of the Northwest Company. We have stated, likewise, the unfortunate supineness of the American Government, in neglecting the application of Mr. Astor for the protection of the American flag, and a small military force, to enable him to reinstate himself in the possession of Astoria at the return of peace; when the post was formally given up by the British Government, though still occupied by the Northwest Company. By that supineness the sovereignty in the country has been virtually lost to the United States; and it will cost both governments much trouble and difficulty to settle matters on that just and rightful footing, on which they would readily have been placed, had the proposition of Mr. Astor been attended to. We shall now state a few particulars of subsequent events, so as to lead the reader up to the period of which we are about to treat, and to prepare him for the circumstances of our narrative.

In consequence of the apathy and neglect of the American Government, Mr. Astor abandoned all thoughts of regaining Astoria, and made no further attempt to extend his enterprises beyond the Rocky Mountains; and the Northwest Company considered themselves the lords of the country. They did not long enjoy unmolested the sway which they had somewhat surreptitiously attained. A fierce competition ensued between them and their old rivals, the Hudson's Bay Company; which was carried on at great cost and sacrifice, and occasionally with the loss of life. It ended in the ruin of most of the partners of the Northwest Company; and the merging of the relics of that establishment, in 1821, in the rival association. From that time, the Hudson's Bay Company enjoyed a monopoly of the Indian trade from the coast of the Pacific to the Rocky Moun-
tains, and for a considerable extent north and south. They removed their emporium from Astoria to Fort Vancouver, a strong post on the left bank of the Columbia River, about sixty miles from its mouth; whence they furnished their interior posts, and sent forth their brigades of trappers.

The Rocky Mountains formed a vast barrier between them and the United States, and their stern and awful defiles, their rugged valleys, and the great western plains watered by their rivers, remained almost a terra incognita to the American trapper. The difficulties experienced in 1808, by Mr. Henry, who was the first American who trapped upon the headwaters of the Columbia; and the frightful hardships sustained by Wilson P. Hunt, Ramsay Crooks, Robert Stuart, and other intrepid Astorians, in their ill-fated expeditions across the mountains, appeared for a time to check all further enterprise in that direction. The American traders contented themselves with following up the head branches of the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and other rivers and streams on the Atlantic side of the mountains, but forborne to attempt those great snow-crowned sierras.

One of the first to revive these tramontane expeditions was General Ashley, of Missouri, a man whose courage and achievements in the prosecution of his enterprises have rendered him famous in the Far West. In conjunction with Mr. Henry, already mentioned, he established a post on the banks of the Yellowstone River, in 1822, and in the following year pushed a resolute band of trappers across the mountains to the banks of the Green River or Colorado of the West, often known by the Indian name of the Seeds-ke-dee Agie.* This attempt was followed up and sustained by others, until in 1825 a footing was secured, and a complete system of trapping organized beyond the mountains.

It is difficult to do justice to the courage, fortitude, and perseverance of the pioneers of the fur trade, who conducted these early expeditions, and first broke their way through a wilderness where everything was calculated to deter and dismay them. They had to traverse the dreary and desolate mountains, and barren and trackless wastes, uninhabited by man, or occasionally infested by predatory and cruel savages. They knew nothing of the country beyond the verge of their horizon, and had to gather information as they wandered. They beheld volcanic plains stretching around them, and ranges of mountains piled up to the clouds and glistening with eternal frost; but knew nothing of their defiles, nor how they were to be penetrated or traversed.

* i.e. The Prairie Hen River. Agie in the Crow language signifies river.
They launched themselves in frail canoes on rivers, without knowing whither their swift currents would carry them, or what rocks, and shoals and dangers awaited them, the hunting season, and in their course. They had to be continually on the alert, too, against the mountain tribes, who beset every defile, laid ambuscades in their path, or attacked them in their night encampments; so that, of the long line of trappers that first entered into these regions, three fifths are said to have fallen by the hands of savage foes.

In this wild and warlike school a number of leaders have sprung up, originally in the employ, subsequently in the employ, of Ashley's; among these we may mention Smith, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Robert Campbell, and William Sublette; whose adventures and exploits partake of the wildest spirit of romance. The association commenced by General Ashley underwent various modifications. That gentleman having acquired sufficient fortune, sold out his interest and retired; and the leading spirit that succeeded him was Captain William Sublette; a man worthy of note, as his name has become renowned in frontier story. He is of Scotch extraction, and of a stocky, and of a maternal grandfather, Colonel Wheatley, a companion of Boone, having been one of the pioneers of the West, celebrated in Indian warfare, and killed in one of the contests of the "Bloody Grounds." We shall frequently have occasion to speak of this Sublette, and always to the credit of his game qualities. In 1830, the association took the name of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, of which Captain Sublette and Robert Campbell were prominent members.

The meantime, the success of this company attracted the attention and excited the emulation of the American Fur Company and brought them once more into the field of their ancient enterprise. Mr. Astor, the founder of the association, had retired from busy life, and the concerns of the company were ably managed by Mr. Ramsay Crooks, of Snake River renown, who still officiates as its president. A competition immediately ensued between the two companies, for the trade with the mountain tribes, and the trapping of the beaver in the Columbia, and the other great tributaries of the Pacific. Beside the regular operations of these rivalable, there have been from time to time desultory enterprises, or rather experiments, of minor associations, or of adventurists, besides roving bands of independent trappers, who either hunt for themselves, or engage for a single season in the service of one or other of the main companies.

The consequence is, that the Rocky Mountains and the interior regions, from the Russian possessions in the north down to the Spanish settlements of California, have been traversed and ransacked in every direction by bands of hunters and Indian traders; so that there is scarcely a mountain pass, or defile, that is not known and threaded in their restless migrations, nor a nameless stream that is not haunted by the lonely trapper.

The American fur companies keep no established posts beyond the mountains. Everything there is regulated by resident partners; that is to say, the trade is carried on in the mountain country, but who move about from place to place, either with Indian tribes, whose traffic they wish to monopolize, or with main bodies of their own men, whom they employ in trapping and trading. In the meantime, they detach bands, or "brigades" as they are termed, of trappers in various directions, assigning to each a portion of country as a hunting or trapping ground. In the months of June and July, when there is a great deal between the general rendezvous is held, at some designated place in the mountains, where the affairs of the past year are settled, by the resident partners, and the plans for the following year arranged.

To this rendezvous repair the various brigades of trappers from their widely separated hunting grounds, bringing in the products of their year's campaign. Hither also repair the Indian tribes accustomed to traffic their peltries with the company. Bands of free trappers resort here also, to sell the furs they have collected; or to engage their services for the next hunting season.

To this rendezvous the company sends annually a convoy of supplies from its establishment on the Atlantic frontier, under the guidance of some experienced partner or officer. On the arrival of this convoy, the resident partner at the rendezvous depends, to set all his next year's machinery in motion.

Now as the rival companies keep a vigilant eye upon each other's progress, and are anxious to discover each other's plans and movements, they generally contrive to hold their annual assemblages at no great distance apart. An eager competition exists also between their respective convoys of supplies, which shall first reach its place of rendezvous. For this purpose they set off with the first appearance of grass on the Atlantic frontier, and push with all diligence for the mountains. The company that can first open its tempting supplies of coffee, tobacco, ammunition, scarlet cloth, blankets, bright awls, and glittering trinkets, has the greatest chance to get all the peltries and furs of the Indians and free trappers, and to engage their services for the next season. It is able, also, to fit out and dispatch its own trappers the soonest, so as to get the start of its competitors, and to have the first dash into the hunting and trapping grounds.

A new species of strategy has sprung out of this hunting and trapping competition. The constant study of the rival bands is to forestall and outwit each other; to supplant each other in the good will and custom of the Indian tribes; to cross each other's plans; to mislead each other as to routes; in a word, next to his own advantage, the study of the Indian trader is the disadvantage of his competitor.

The influx of this wandering trade has had its effects on the habits of the mountain tribes. They have found the trapping of the beaver their most profitable species of hunting; and the traffic with the white man has opened to them sources of luxury of which they previously had no idea. The introduction of firearms has rendered them more successful hunters, but at the same time more formidable foes; some of them, incorrigibly savage and warlike in nature have found the expeditions of the fur traders grand objects of profitable adventure. To waylay and harass a band of trappers with their pack-horses, when embarrassed in the rugged defiles of the mountains, has become as favorable an exploit with these Indians as the plunder of a caravan to the Arab of the desert. To this end they have continued to be such terrors in the path of the early adventurers to Astoria, still continue their predatory habits, but seem to have brought them to greater system. They know the routes and resorts of the trappers; where to waylay them on their journeys; where to find them in the hunting seasons, and what their eternal weapons. A new system of trade in and around has been adopted by the traders, those who have Ciphered on the secure and reliable systems, of which the best known is the "broadside." A note is placed in each broadside, which, when found, is read aloud by the trapper, who has it, and the information contained in it is judged to be made known to the band, it is considered a certain signal, which the others immediately seize upon for the benefit of their followers, and which they use for the purpose of communicating intelligence to each other, without the aid of any of the known languages.
and where to hover about them in winter quarters. The life of a trapper, therefore, is a perpetual struggle, and he must sleep with his weapons in his hands.

A new order of trappers and traders, also, has grown out of this system of things. In the old times of the great Northwest Company, when the trade in furs was pursued chiefly about the lakes and rivers, the expeditions were carried on in canoes and canoes. The voyagers or boatmen were the rank and file in the service of the trader, and even the hardy 'men of the north,' those great rufflers and game birds, were fain to be under the protection of the half-wild and thoroughly savage. The traders and traders of former days, the self-vaulting 'men of the north.' A man who bestrides a horse must be essentially different from a man who covers in a canoe. We find them, accordingly, harshly, lithe, vigorous, and active; extravagant in word, in thought, and deed; heedless of hardship; daring of danger; prodigal of the present, and thoughtless of the future.

A difference is to be perceived even between these mountain hunters and those of the lower regions along the waters of the Missouri. The latter, generally French creoles, live comfortably in cabins and log-huts, well sheltered from the inclemencies of the seasons. They are within the reach of frequent supplies from the settlements; their life is comparatively free from danger, and from most of the vicissitudes of the upper wilderness. The consequence is, that they are less hardy, self-dependent and game-spirited, than the mountaineers. If the latter by chance comes among them on his way to and from the settlements, he is like a game-walk among the common roosters of the poultry-yard. Accustomed to live in tents, or to bivouac in the open air, he despises the comforts and is impatient of the confinement of the log-house. If his meal is not ready in season, he takes his rifle, flies to the forest or prairie, shoots his own game, lights his fire, and cooks his repast. With his horse and his rifle, he is independent of the world, and spurns at all its restraints. The superintendents at the lower posts will not put him to the common men, the hirelings of the establishment, but treat him as something superior.

There is, perhaps, no class of men on the face of the earth, says Captain Bonneville, who lead a life of more continued exertion, peril, and excitement, and are more exposed to the vicissitudes of their occupations, than the free trappers of the West. No toil, no danger, no privation can turn the trapper from his pursuit. His passionate excitement at times resembles a mania. In vain may the most vigilant of his lieutenants, in vain his horse and horses, his dogs and dogs, oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all dangers and defies all difficulties. At times, he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amid floating blocks of ice; at other times, he is to be found with his traps swung on his back clambering the most rugged mountain, scaling the most frightful precipices, searching, by routes inaccessible to the horse, and never before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favorite game. Such is the mountaineer, the hardy trapper of the West; and such as have slightly sketched it, is the wild, Robin Hood kind of life, with all its strange and motley populace, now existing in full vigor among the Rocky Mountains.

Having thus given the reader some idea of the actual state of the hunting in the vast continent, and made him acquainted with the wild chivalry of the mountains, we will no longer delay the introduction of Captain Bonneville and his band into this field of their enterprise, but launch them at once upon the perilous plains of the Far West.

CHAPTER II


It was on the first of May, 1832, that Captain Bonneville took his departure from the frontier post of Fort Osage, on the Missouri. He had enlisted a party of one hundred and ten men, most of whom had been in the Indian country, and some of whom were former hunters and trappers. Fort Osage, and other places on the borders of the western wilderness, abound with characters of the kind, ready for any expedition.

The ordinary mode of transportation in these regions and expeditions of the fur traders is on mules and pack-horses; but Captain Bonneville substituted wagons. Though he was to travel through a trackless wilderness, yet the greater part of his route would lie across open plains, destitute of forests, and where wheel carriages can pass in every direction. The chief difficulty occurs in passing the deep ravines cut through the prairies by streams and winter torrents. Here it is often necessary to dig a road down the banks, and to make bridges for the wagons.

In transporting his baggage in vehicles of this kind, Captain Bonneville thought he would save the great delay caused every morning by packing the horses, and the labor of unpacking in the evening. Fewer horses also would be required, and less risk incurred of their wandering away, or being frightened or carried off by the Indians. The wagons, also, would be more easily defended, and might form a kind of fortification in case of attack in the open prairies. A train of twenty wagons, drawn by oxen, or by four mules or horses each, and laden with merchandise, ammunitions, and provisions, were disposed in two
columns in the centre of the party, which was equally divided into a van and a rear-guard. As such leaders or lieutenants. In his expedition, Cap-

tain Bonneville had made choice of Mr. I. K. Walker and Mr. M. S. Cerè. The former was a native of Tennessee, about six feet high, strong built, dark complexioned, brave in spirit, though

mild in manners. He had resided for many years in the frontier; had been among the earliest adventurers to Santa Fé, where he went to trap beaver, and was taken by the Spaniards. Being liberated, he engaged with the Spaniards and Sioux Indians in a war against the Pawnees; then returned to Missouri, and had acted by turns as sheriff, trader, trapper, until he was enlisted as a leader by Captain Bonneville.

Cerè, his other leader, had likewise been in expedi-
tions to Santa Fé, in which he had endured much hardship. He was of the middle size, light complexioned, and though but about twenty-five years of age, was considered an experienced Indian trader. It was a great object with Captain Bonneville to get to the mountains before the season of the summer flies should render the travelling across the prairies distasteful; and before the annual assemblages of people connected with the fur trade should have broken up, and dispersed to the hunting grounds.

The two rival associations already mentioned, the American Fur Company and the Rocky Moun-
tain Fur Company, had their several places of rendezvous for the present year at no great distance apart, in Pierre's Hole, a deep valley in the heart of the mountains, and thither Captain Bonneville intended to shape his course.

It is not easy to do justice to the exciting feelings of the worthy captain, at finding himself at the head of a stout band of hunters, trappers, and woodsmen; fairly launched on the broad prairies, with his face to the boundless west. The tamest inhabitant of cities, the veriest spoiled child of civilization, feels his heart dilate and his pulse beat high on finding himself on horseback in the glorious wilderness; what then must be the excite-
ment of one whose imagination had been stimu-
lated by a residence on the frontier, and to whom the wilderness was a region of romance!

His hardy followers partook of his excitement. Most of them had already experienced the wild freedom of savage life, and looked forward to a renewal of adventure and expedition. Their very appearance and equipment exhibited a piebald mixture, half civilized and half savage. Many of them looked more like Indians than white men, in their garbs and accoutrements, and their very horses were paraded in barbaric style, with fantastic trappings. The onset of a band of adventurers on one of these expeditions is always animated and joyous. The welkin rang with their shouts and yelps, after the manner of the savages; and with boisterous jokes and light-hearted laughter. As they passed the straggling hamlets and solitary cabins that fringe the skirts of the frontier, they would stare their inmates by Indian yells and war-whoops, or regale them with grotesque feats of horsemanship well suited to their hall savage appearance. Most of these adventures were by men who had themselves been in similar expeditions; they welcomed the travellers, therefore, as brother trappers, treated them with a hunter's hospitality, and cheered them with an honest God speed at parting.

And here we would remark a great difference, in point of character and quality, between the two classes of trappers, the "American" and the "French," as they are called in contradistinc-
tion. The latter is of the Creole of Canada or Louisiana; the former the trapper of the old American stock, from Ken-
tucky, Tennessee, and others of the Western States. The French trapper is represented as a lighter, softer, more self-indulgent kind of man. He must have his indulgence, and its petty conveniences. He is gay and thoughtful, as little heed of landmarks, depends upon his leaders and companions to think for the common weal, and, if left to himself, is easily perplexed and lost.

The American trapper stands by himself, and is peerless for the service of the wilderness. Drop him in the midst of a plain, or in the heart of the mountains, and he is never so lost. He notices every landmark; can retrace his route through the most monotonous plains, or the most perplexed labyrinths of the mountains; no danger nor difficulty can appall him, and he scorns to complain under any privation. In equipping the two kinds of trappers, the French trapper is apt to prefer the light fusee; the American always grasps his rifle; he despises what he calls the "shot-gun." We give these estimates on the authority of a trapper of long experience, and a foreigner by birth. "I consider one American," said he, "equal to three Canadians, in sagacity, aptness at resources, self-dependence, and fearlessness of spirit. In fact, no one can cope with him as a starker trapper of the wilderness."

Beside the two classes of trappers just men-

tioned, Captain Bonneville had enlisted several Del-

aware Indians in his employ, on whose hunting qualifications he placed great reliance.

On the 6th of May the travellers passed the last border habitation, and bade a long farewell to the case and security of civilization. The buoy-

ant and clamorous spirits with which they had commenced their march gradually subsided as they entered upon its difficulties. They found the prairies to be as fine and cold as prevalent in certain seasons of the year in this part of the country, the wagon wheels sank deep in the mire, the horses were often to the fetlock, and both steed and rider were completely jaded by the evening of the 12th, when they reached the Kansas River; a fine stream about three hun-
dred yards wide, and flowing south. Though fordable in almost every part at the end of summer and during the autumn, yet it was necessary to construct a raft for the transpor-
tation of the wagons and effects. All this was done in the course of the following day, and by evening the whole party arrived at the agency of the Kansas tribe. This was under the superin-
tendence of General Clarke, brother of the cele-

brated traveller of the same name, who, with Lewis, made the first expedition down the waters of the Columbia. He was living like a patriarch, surrounded by laborers and interpreters, all snugly housed, and provided with excellent farms. The functionary next in consequence to the agent was the blacksmith, a most important, and, indeed, indispensable personage in a frontier community. The Kansas Indians resemble the Osages in features, dress, and language; they raise corn and hunt the buffalo, ranging the Kansas River and its tributary streams; at the time of the captain's visit they were at war with the Pawnees of the Nebraska, or Platte River.

The unusual sight of a train of wagons caused quite a sensation among these savages; who
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and some immunity.

The personage who most attracted the captain's attention at this place was "White Plume," the Kansas chief, and they soon became good friends. White Plume (we are pleased with his chivalrous sobriquet) inhabited a large stone house, built for him by order of the American Government; but the establishment had not been carried out in corresponding style. It might be a palace without, but it was wigwam within; so that between the stateliness of his mansion and the squalidness of his furniture, the gallant White Plume presented some such whimsical incongruity as we see in the gala equipments of an Indian chief on a treaty-making embassy at Washington, who has been generously decked out in cocked hat and military coat, in contrast to his breechclout and leather leggings; being grand officer at top, and ragged Indian at bottom.

White Plume was so taken with the courtesy of the captain, and pleased with one or two presents received from him, and thinking the captain might lose his way, a night's halt at his camp, and passed a night in his camp, on the margin of a small stream. The method of encamping generally observed by the captain was as follows. The twenty wagons were dispersed in a square, at the distance of thirty-three feet from each other. In every interval there was a mess stationed; and each mess had its fire, where the men cooked, ate, gossiped, and slept. The horses were placed in the centre of the square, with a guard stationed over them at night.

The horses were "side lined," as it is termed; that is to say, the fore and hind foot on the same side of the animal were tied together, so as to be within eighteen inches of each other. A horse thus tethered is for a time sadly embarrassed, but soon becomes sufficiently accustomed to the restraint to move about slowly. It prevents his wandering; and his being easily carried off at night by lurking Indians. When a horse that is "too free" is tied and one such as "braves," the latter forms, as it were, a pivot, round which the other runs and curvets, in case of alarm.

The encampment of which we are speaking presented a striking scene. The various messes were divided into picturesque groups, standing, sitting, and reclining, some buses in cooking, others in cleaning their weapons; while the frequent laugh told that the rough joke or merry story was going on. In the middle of the camp, before the principal lodge, sat the two chiefs, Captain Bonneville and White Plume, in soldier-like communion, the captain delighted with the opportunity of meeting, on social terms, with one of the red warriors of the wilderness, the unsophisticated children of nature. The latter was squatting on his buffalo robe, his strong features and red skin glaring in the broad light of a blazing fire, while he recounted astounding tales of the bloody exploits of his tribe and himself in their wars with the Pawnees; for there are no old soldiers more given to long and retailed stories than Indians.

The feuds of White Plume, however, had not been confined to the red men; he had much to say of brushes with bee hunters, a class of offenders for whom he seemed to cherish a particular abhorrence. As the species of hunting prosecuted by these worthies is not laid down in any of the ancient books of veneration, and is, in fact, peculiar to our western frontier, a word or two on the subject may not be unacceptable to the reader.

The bee hunter is generally some settler on the verge of the prairies; a long, lank fellow, of fever and ague complexion, acquired from living on new soil, and in a hut built of green logs. In the autumn, when the harvest is over, these frontier settlers form parties of two or three, and prepare for a bee hunt. Having provided themselves with a wagon, and a number of empty casks, they sally off, armed with their rifles, into the wilderness, directing their course east, west, north, or south, without any regard to the ordinance of the American Government which strictly forbids all trespass upon the lands belonging to the Indian tribes.

The belts of woodland that traverse the lower prairies and border the rivers are peopled by innumerable swarms of wild bees, which make their hives in hollow trees, and fill them with honey toned from the rich flowers of the prairies. The bees, according to popular assertion, are migrating; like the settlers, to the west. An Indian trader, well acquainted with the bee hunters, tells us that within ten years that he has passed in the Far West, the bee has advanced westward above a hundred miles. It is said on the Missouri that the wild Turkey and the wild bee go up the river together; neither is known to lag behind the other in any region. It is but recently that the wild turkey has been killed on the Nebraska, or Platte; and his travelling competitor, the wild bee, appeared there about the same time.

Be all this as it may; the course of our party of bee hunters is to make a wide circuit through the woody river bottoms, and the patches of forest on the prairies, marking, as they go, every tree in which they have detected a hive. These marks are generally respected by any other bee hunter that should come upon their track. When they have marked sufficient to fill all their casks, they turn their faces homeward, cut down the trees as they proceed, and having loaded their wagons with honey and wax, return well pleased to the settlements.

Now it so happens that the Indians relish wild honey as highly as do the white men, and are more delighted with this natural luxury from its having, in many instances, but recently made its appearance in their lands; for there are countless number of disputes and conflicts between them and the bee hunters: and often a party of the latter, returning laden with rich spoil from one of their forays, are apt to be waylaid by the native lords of the soil; their honey to be seized, their harness cut to pieces, and themselves left to find their way home the best way they can, happy to escape with no greater personal harm than a sound rib-roasting.

Such were the marauders of whose offences the gallant White Plume made the most bitter complaint. They were chiefly the settlers of the western part of Missouri, who are the most famous bee hunters on the frontier, and whose favorite hunting ground lies within the lands of the Kansas tribe. According to the account of White Plume, however, matters were pretty fairly balanced between him and the offenders; he having as often treated them to a taste of the bitter, as they had robbed him of the sweets.

It is but justice to this gallant chief to say that he gave proofs of having acquired some of the lights of civilization from his proximity to the
BONNEVILLE'S

CHAPTER III.


From the middle to the end of May, Captain Bonneville pursued a western course over vast undulating plains, destitute of tree or shrub, rendered more desolate by the annual rain, and cut up by deep water-courses where they had to dig roads for their wagons down the soft crumbling rocks, and to throw bridges across the streams. The weather had attained the summer heat; the thermometer standing about fifty-seven degrees in the morning, early, but rising to about ninety degrees at noon. The incessant breezes, however, which sweep these vast plains, render the heats endurable. Game was scanty, and they had to eke out their scanty fare with wild roots and vegetables, such as the Indian potato, the wild onion, and the prairie tomato, and they met with quantities of "red root," from which the hunters make a very palatable beverage. The only human being that crossed their path was a Kansas warrior, returning from some solitary expedition of bravado or revenge, bearing a Pawnee scalp as a trophy.

The country gradually rose as they proceeded westward, and their route took them over high ridges, commanding wide and beautiful prospects. The vast plain was studded with the west innumerable small hills of a conical shape, as are seen north of the Arkansas River. These hills have their summits apparently cut off about the same elevation, so as to leave flat surfaces at top. It is conjectured by some that the whole country may originally have been of the altitude of these tabular hills, but through some process of nature may have sunk to its present level; these insulated eminences being protected by broad foundations of solid rock.

Captain Bonneville mentions another geological phenomenon north of Red River, where the surface of the earth in considerable tracts of country, is covered by broad slabs of sandstone, having the form and position of grave-stones, and looking as if they had been forced up by some subterranean agitation. "The resemblance," says he, "which these very remarkable spots have in many places to old churchyards is curious in the extreme. One might almost fancy himself among the tombs of the pre-Adamites."

On the 2d of June they arrived on the main stream of the Nebraska or Platte River; twenty-five miles above the mouth of the South Platte. The low banks of this river give it an appearance of great width. Captain Bonneville measured it in one place, and found it twenty-two hundred yards from bank to bank. Its depth was from three to six feet, the bottom full of quicksands. The Nebraska is studded with islands covered with that species of poplar called the cotton-wood tree. Keeping up along the course of this river for several days, they were obliged from the scarcity of game, to put themselves upon short allowance, and occasionally to kill a steer. They bore their daily labors and privations, however, with great good humor, taking their tone, in all probability, from the buoyant spirit of their leader. "If the weather was inclement," says the captain, "we watched the clouds, and hoped for a sight of the blue sky and the merry sun. If food was scarce, we regaled ourselves with the hope of soon falling in with herds of buffalo, and having nothing to do but play and eat." We doubt whether the genial captain is not describing the cheeriness of his own breast, which gave a cheery aspect to everything around him.

There certainly were evidences, however, that the country was not always equally destitute of game. At one place they observed a field decorated with buffalo skulls, arranged in circles, curves, and other mathematical figures, as if for some mystic rite or ceremony. They were almost innumerable, and the vast hecatomb offered up in thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for some signal success in the chase.

On the 11th of June they came to the fork of the Nebraska, where it divides into two equal and beautiful streams. One of these branches rises in the west-southwest, near the head-waters of the Arkansas. Up the course of this branch, as Captain Bonneville was well aware, lay the route to the Camanche and Kioway Indians, and to the northern Mexican settlements; the other branch he knew nothing. Its sources might lie among wild and inaccessible cliffs, and tumble and foam down rugged defiles and over craggy precipices; but its direction was in the true course, and up this stream he determined to prosecute his route to the Rocky Mountains. Finding it impossible from quicksands and other dangerous impediments, to cross the river in this neighborhood, he kept up along the south fork for two miles, merely seeking a safe fording place. At length he encamped, caused the bodies of the animals to be dislodged with buffalo hides, and besmeared with a compound of tallow and ashes; thus forming rude boats. In these they ferried their effects across the stream, which was six hundred yards wide, with a swift and strong current. Three men were in each boat, to manage it; others waved across, pushing the banks before them. Thus all crossed in safety. A march of nine miles took them over high rolling prairies to the north fork; their eyes being regaled with the welcome sight of herds of buffalo at a distance, some carpeting the plain, others grazing and reposing in the natural meadows.

Skirting along the north fork for a day or two, excessively annoyed by musquitoes and buffalo gnats, they reached, in the evening of the 17th, a small but beautiful grove, from which issued the confused notes of singing birds, the first they had heard since crossing the boundary of Missouri. After so many days of weary travelling, through a naked, monotonous and silent country, it was delightful once more to hear the song of the bird, and to behold the verdure of the grove. It was a beautiful sunset, and a sight of the glowing rays, mantling the tree-tops and rustling branches,
gladdened every heart. They pitched their camp in the grove, kindled their fires, partook merrily of their rude fare, and resigned themselves to the sweetest sleep they had enjoyed since their outset upon the prairies.

The stream now became rugged and broken. High bluffs advanced upon the river, and forced the travellers occasionally to leave its banks and wind their course into the interior. In one of the wild and solitary passes they were startled by the trail of four or five pedestrians, whom they supposed the survivors from some predatory camp of either Arickara or Crow Indians. This obliged them to redouble their vigilance at night, and to keep especial watch upon their horses. In these rugged and elevated regions they began to see the black-tailed deer, a species larger than the ordinary kind, and chiefly found in rocky and mountainous countries. They had reached also a great buffalo range; Captain Bonneville ascended a high bluff, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding plains. As far as his eye could reach, the country seemed absolutely blackened by innumerable herds. No language, he says, could convey an adequate idea of the vast living mass thus presented to his eye. He remarked that the bulls and cows generally congregated in some one large herd, and that they were often to be seen more than thirty miles apart.

Opposite to the camp at this place was a singular phenomenon, which is among the curiosities of the country. It is called the chimney. The lower part is a conical mound, rising out of the naked plain; from the summit shoots up a shaft or column, about one hundred and twenty feet in height, from which it derives its name. The height of the whole, according to Captain Bonneville, is a hundred and seventy-five yards. It is composed of indurated clay, with alternate layers of red and white sandstone, and may be seen at the distance of upward of thirty miles.

On the 21st they encamped amid high and beetling cliffs of indurated clay and sandstone, bearing the semblance of towers, castles, churches, and fortified cities. At a distance it was scarcely possible to persuade one's self that the works of art were not mingled with these fantastic freaks of nature. They have received the name of Scott's Bluffs, from a melancholy circumstance. A number of years since, a party was on the point of setting out; but, instead of proceeding, they were left without a guide or provision. They were ordered to the head of the stream, when their trail banks were overturned and all their powder spoiled. Their rifles being thus rendered useless, they were unable to procure food by hunting and had to depend upon roots and wild fruits for subsistence. After suffering extremely from hunger, they arrived at Laramie's Fork, a small tributary of the north branch of the Nebraska, about sixty miles above the cliffs just mentioned. Here one of the party, by the name of Scott, was taken ill; and his companions came to a halt, until he should recover health and strength sufficient to proceed. While they were searching round in quest of edible roots they discovered a fresh track of white men, who had evidently but recently preceded them. What was to be done? By a forced march they might overtake them, and thus be able to reach the settlements in safety. Should they linger they might all perish of famine and exhaustion. Scott, however, was incapable of moving; they were too feeble to aid him forward, and dreaded the ridicule with which they might be accounted by the advancing party. They determined, therefore, to abandon him to his fate. Accordingly, under pretense of seeking food, and such simples as might be efficacious in his malady, they deserted him and hastened forward upon the trail. They succeeded in overtaking the party of which they were in quest, but concealed their heartless conduct of Scott; alleging that he had died of disease.

On the ensuing summer, these various individuals visiting these parts in company with others, came suddenly upon the bleached bones and grinning skull of a human skeleton, which, by certain signs and tokens, they recognized to be that of Scott. This was sixty long miles from the place where they had abandoned him; and it appeared that the wretched man had crawled that immense distance before death put an end to his miseries. The wild and picturesque bluffs in the neighborhood of his lonely grave have ever since borne his name.

Amid this wild and striking scenery, Captain Bonneville, for the first time, beheld the flocks of the ashahta or bighorn, an animal which frequents these cliffs in great numbers. They accord with the nature of such scenery, and add much to its romantic effect; bounding like goats from crag to crag, often trooping along the lofty shelves of the mountains, under the guidance of some venerable patriarch, with horns twisted in a most grotesque manner, and sometimes peering over the edge of a precipice, so high that they appear scarce bigger than crows; indeed, it seems a pleasure to them to seek the most rugged and frightful situations, doubtless from a feeling of security.

This animal is commonly called the mountain sheep, and is often confounded with another animal, the "woolly sheep," found more to the northward, about the country of the Flatheads. The latter likewise inhabits cliffs in summer, but descends into the valleys in the winter. It has white wool, like a sheep, mingled with a thin growth of long hair; but it has short legs, a deep belly, and a beard like a goat. Its horns are about five inches long, slightly curved backward, black as jet, and beautifully polished. Its hoofs are of the same color. This animal is by no means so active as the bighorn, it does not bound much, but sits a good deal upon its haunches. It is not so plentiful either; rarely more than two or three are seen at a time. Its wool alone gives a resemblance to the hair of the goat genus. The flesh is said to have a musty flavor; some have thought the fleece might be valuable, as it is said to be as fine as that of the goat of Cashmere, but it is not to be procured in sufficient quantities.

The ashahta, argali, or bighorn, on the contrary, has short hair like a deer, and resembles it in shape, but has the head and horns of a sheep, and its fleece is said to be delicious mutton. The Indians consider it more sweet and delicate than any other kind of venison. It abounds in the Rocky Mountains, from the fiftieth degree of north latitude quite down to California; generally in the highest regions capable of vegetation; sometimes it ventures into the valleys, but on the least alarm, regains its favorite cliffs and precipices, where it is perfunctious, if not impossible for the hunter to follow.*

* Dimensions of a male of this species: from the nose to the base of the tail, five feet; length of the tail, four inches; girth of the body, four feet; height, three feet eight inches; the horn, three feet six inches long, one foot three inches in circumference at base.
CHAPTER IV.

AN ALARM—CROW INDIANS—THEIR APPEARANCE—THEIR VENDETTA—THEIR VENDetta, ERR—
AND—THE IRISH CURIOUSITY—HOSTILITY BETWEEN
THE CROWS AND BLACKFEET—LOVING CON-
DUCT OF THE CROWS—LARMIE'S FORK—FIRST
NAVIGATION OF THE NEBRASKA—GREAT ELEV-
ATION OF THE COUNTRY—BARY OF THE
ACTIONS OF THE TRIBAL CHIEF—THE WIND
WORK OF WAGONS—BLACK HILLS—THEIR WILD
AND BROKEN SCENERY—INDIAN DOGS—CROW
TROPHIES—STERILE AND DREARY COUNTRY
BANKS OF THE SWEET WATER—BUFFALO HUN-
TING—ADVENTURE OF TOM CAIN, THE IRISH
COOK.

When on the march, Captain Bonneville always
sent some of his best hunters in the advance to
reconnoitre the country, as well as to look out for
game. On the 24th of May, as the caravan was
slowly journeying up the banks of the Nebraska,
the hunters came galloping back, waving their
caps, and giving the alarm cry, Indians! Indians!
The captain immediately ordered a halt: the
hunters, by an offer of the wagons, had captured
a large war-party of Crow Indians just above, on
the river. The captain knew the character of
these savages; one of the most roving, warlike,
cratty, and predatory tribes of the mountains;
horse-stealers of the first order, and easily pro-
vided with arms to acts of sanguiine violence. Orders
were accordingly given to prepare for action, and
every one promptly took the post that had been
assigned him, in the general march of the army
in all cases of warlike emergencies.

Everything being put in battle array, the cap-
tain took the lead of his little band, and moved on
slowly and warily. In a little while he beheld
the Crows warriors emerging from among the
bluffs. There were about sixty of them; fine
warriors, as was the custom, on the march, and mounted on horses decked out with all
kinds of wild trappings. They came prancing
along in gallant style, with many wild and dexter-
ous evolutions, for none can surpass them in horse-
manship; and their bright colors and fantastic embellishments, glaring and sparkling
in the morning sunshine, gave them a striking appearance.

Their mode of approach, to one not acquainted
with the tactics and ceremonies of this rude
chivalry, the wilderness, had an air of direct hos-
tility. They came galloping forward in a body,
as if about to make a furious charge, but, when
at close hand, opened to the right and left, and
wheelèd in wide circles round the travellers,
whooping and yelling like maniacs.

This done, their mock fury sank into a calm,
and the chief, approaching the captain, who had
remained wary drawn up, though informed of
the pacific nature of the manœuvre, extended to
him the hand of friendship. The pipe of peace
was smoked, and now all was good fellowship.

The Crows were in pursuit of a band of Chey-
enne, who had attacked their village in the night,
and killed one of their people. They had already
been five and twenty days on the track of the
warriors, and were determined not to return home
until they had sated their revenge.

A few days previously, some of their scouts,
who were ranging the country at a distance from
the main body, had discovered the party of Cap-
tain Bonneville. They had dallied it for a time
in secret, astonished at the long train of wagons
and oxen, and especially struck with the sight of
a cow and a bull, quietly following the caravan;
supposing them to be some kind of tame buffalo.

Having satisfied themselves of this, they crept
back to their chief intelligence of all that they
had seen. He had, in consequence, divossed from
his pursuit of vengeance to behold the wonders
described to him. "Now that we have met you,"
said he to Captain Bonneville, "and have
seen these marvels with our own eyes, our hearts
are glad." In fact, nothing could exceed the cu-
riosity evinced by these people as to the objects
before them. Wagons had never been seen by
them, and they examined them with the greatest
minuteness; but the calf was the peculiar
object of their admiration. They watched it with
intense interest as it licked the hands accustomed
to feed it, and were struck with the mild expres-
sion of its countenance, and its perfect docility.

After much sagacious consultation, they at length
determined that it must be the "great medicine"
of the white people; an acquisition given by the
Indians to anything of supernatural and mister-
ious power, that is guarded as a talisman. They
were completely thrown out in their conjecture,
however, by the fact that the calf was not
chosen for a horse; for their estimation of the
great medicine sank in an instant, and they declined the
bargain.

At the request of the Crow chief, the two parties encamped together, and passed the residue
of the day in company. The captain was well
pleased with every opportunity to gain a knowl-
dge of the "unsophisticated sons of nature,"
who had so long been objects of his poetical specu-
lations; and indeed this wild, horse-stealing tribe
is one of the most notorious of the mountains.
The chief, of course, had his scalp to show and his
tales to recount. The Blackfoot is the hereditary enemy of the Crow, toward whom posi-
tility is like a cherished principle of religion; for
every tribe, besides its casual antagonists, has
some enduring foe with whom there can be no
permanent reconciliation. The Crows and Black-
feet, upon the other hand, are enemies worthy of each
other, being roguish and ruffians of the first water.
As their predatory excursions extend over
the same regions, they often come in contact with
each other, and these casual conflicts serve
to keep their wits awake and their passions alive.

The present party of Crows, however, evinced
nothing of the invincible character for which they
are renowned, and thus actuated, it seemed to them
that they were encamped in company with the travel-
lers, their conduct was friendly in the extreme.
They were, in fact, quite irksome in their atten-
tions, and had a caressing manner at times quite
important. It was not until after separation on
the following morning, that the captain and his
men ascertained the secret of all this loving-kind-
ness. In the course of their fraternal caresses,
the Crows had contrived to empty the pockets
of their white brothers; to abstract the very buttons
from their coats, and, above all, to make tree
with their hunting knives.

By equal altitudes of the sun, taken at this last
encampment, Captain Bonneville ascertained his
latitude to be 41° 47' north. The thermometer,
at six o'clock in the morning, stood at fifty-nine
degrees; at two o'clock, P.M., at ninety-two
degrees; and at six o'clock in the evening, at
seventy degrees.

The Black Hills, or Mountains, now began to be
seen at a distance, printing the horizon with their
rugged and broken outlines; and threatening to
oppose a difficult barrier in the way of the travellers.

On the 26th of May, the travellers encamped at Laramie's Fork, a clear and beautiful stream, rising in the west-southwest, maintaining an average width of twenty yards, and winding through broad meadows abounding in currants and gooseberries, and adorned with groves and clumps of trees.

The observation of Jupiter's belt, was, with a Dolland reflecting telescope, Captain Bonneville ascertained the longitude to be 102° 57' west of Greenwich.

We will here step ahead of our narrative to observe, that about three years after the time of which we are treating, Mr. Robert Campbell, formerly of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, descended the Platte from this fork, in skin canoes, thus proving, what had always been discredited, that the river was navigable. About the same time, he built a fort or trading post at Laramie's Fork, which he named Fort William, after his friend and partner, Mr. William Sublette. Since that time, the Platte has become a highway for the fur traders.

On the first of July the hand of Crow warriors again crossed their path. They came in vaunting and vainglorious style; displaying five Cheyenne scalps, the trophies of their vengeance. They were now bowbound, to appease the manes of their horses, and in a few days all the horses and other triumphs rejoicing.

Captain Bonneville and his men, however, were by no means disposed to renew their conquering intimacy with these crafty savages, and above all, to confound the antipathy to avoid their pilfering caresses. They remarked one precaution of the Crow warriors, and in their hospitality; to protect their horses from the sharp and jagged rocks among which they had to pass, they had covered them with shoes of buffalo hide.

The route of the travellers lay generally along the course of the Nebraska or Platte, but occasionally, where steep promontories advanced to the margin of the stream, they were obliged to make inland circuits. One of these took them through a bold and stern country, bordered by a range of low mountains, running east and west. Everything around bore traces of some fearful convulsion of nature in times long past. Hither to the various strata of rock had exhibited a gentle elevation toward the horizon, and all that everything the traveller to have been subverted and thrown out of place. In many places there were heavy beds of white sandstone resting upon red. Immense strata of rocks jutted up into crags and cliffs; and sometimes formed perpendicular walls and overhanging precipices. An air of sterility prevailed over these savage wastes.

The valleys were destitute of herbage, and scantily clothed with a stunted species of wormwood, generally known among traders and trappers by the name of sage. From an elevated point of their march through this region, the travellers caught a beautiful view of the Powder Rock Mountains away to the north, stretching along the very verge of the horizon, and seeming, from the snow with which they were mantled, to be a chain of small white clouds connecting sky and earth.

Though the thermometer at mid-day ranged from eighty to ninety, and even sometimes rose to ninety-three degrees, yet occasional spots of snow were to be seen on the tops of the low mountains, among which the travellers were journeying; proofs of the great elevation of the whole region.
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

The Nebraska, in its passage through the Black Hills, is confined to a much narrower channel than that through which it flows in the plains below; but it is deeper and clearer, and rushing with a more current. The scenery, also, is more varied and beautiful. Sometimes it glides rapidly but smoothly through a picturesque valley, between wooded banks; then, forcing its way into the bluffs and mountains, it rushes impetuously, and then, rounding the banks, and pouring down rocks and rapids, until it is again soothed to rest in some peaceful valley.

On the 12th of July Captain Bonneville abandoned the continuous tents of the Nebraska, which was continually shouldered by rugged promontories, and making a bend to the southwest, for a couple of days, part of the time over plains of loose sand, encamped on the 14th on the banks of the Sweet Water, a stream about twenty yards in breadth, and four or five feet deep, flowing between low banks over a sandy soil, and forming one of the forks or upper branches of the Nebraska. Up this stream they now shaped their course for several successive days, tending generally to the west. The soil was light and sandy; the country much diversified. Frequently the plains were studded with isolated blocks of rock, sometimes in the shape of a half globe, and from three to four hundred feet high. These singular masses, like occasional rock-boundaries, are very imposing, and, even sublime in appearance, rising from the midst of a savage and lonely landscape.

As the travellers continued to advance, they became more and more sensible of the elevation of the country. The hills around were more generally capped with snow. The men complained of cramps and colic, sore lips and mouths, and violent headaches. The wood-work of the wagons also shrank so much that it was with difficulty the wheels were kept from falling to pieces. The country bordering upon the river was frequently gashed with deep ravines, or traversed by high bluffs, to avoid which the travellers were obliged to make wide circuits through the plains. In the course of these, they came upon immense herds of buffalo, which kept scaring off in the van, like a reading army. Among the motley retainers of the camp was Tom Cain, a raw Irishman, who officiated as cook, whose various blunders and expedients in his novel situation, and in the wild scenes with which he had suddenly been thrown, had made him a kind of butt or drudge of the camp. Tom, however, began to discover an ambition superior to his station; and the conversation of the hunters, and their stories of their exploits, inspired him with a desire to elevate himself to the dignity of their order. The buffalo in such immense droves presented a tempting opportunity for making his first essay. He rode, in the line of march, all prepared for action: his powder-flask and shot-pouch knowingly slung at the pom-


It was on the 20th of July that Captain Bonneville first came in sight of the grand region of his hopes and anticipations, the Rocky Mountains. He had been making a bend to the south, to avoid some obstacles along the river, and had attained a high, rocky ridge, when a magnificent prospect burst upon his sight. To the west rose the Wind River Mountains, with their bleached and snowy summits towering into the clouds. These stretched far to the north-northwest, until they melted away into what appeared to be faint clouds, but which the experienced eyes of the veteran hunters of the party recognized for the rugged mountains of the Yellowstone; at the feet of which extended the wild Crow country: a perilous, though profitable region for the trapper.

To the southwest the eye ranged over an immense extent of wilderness, with what appeared to be a snowy vapor resting upon its horizon. This, however, was pointed out as another branch of the great Chippewyan, or Rocky chain; being the Latah Mountains, at whose basins the wandering tribe of hunters of the same name pitched their tents.

We can imagine the enthusiasm of the worthy captain, when he beheld the vast and mountainous scene of his adventurous enterprise thus suddenly unveiled before him. We can imagine with what feelings of awe and admiration he must have contemplated the Wind River Sierra, or bed of mountains; that great mountain-heap from whose springs, and lakes, and melted snows some of those mighty rivers take their rise, which wander over hundreds of miles of varied country and
and had seen the
led a party in pur-
val they returned,
but though they
looked out and
had seen nothing
Tom's utter an-
the dangers of a
hut all day, for
that there
morning.
The day scouts
were the main
ly on its course.
the afternoon that
Tom mounted
him in amaze-
ent in the idea
not join in the
completely of the hunting
clime, and find their way to the opposite waves of the
Atlantic and the Pacific.
The Wind River Mountains are, in fact, among
the most remarkable of the whole Rocky chain;
and are pointed to among the loftiest. They
form, as it were, a great bed of mountains, about
eighty miles in length, and from twenty to thirty
in breadth; with rugged peaks, covered with
eternal snows, and deep, narrow valleys, full of
springs, and brooks, and rock-bound lakes. From
that great crescent of peaks includes the two
streams which, augmenting as they descend,
become main tributaries of the Missouri on
one side, and the Columbia on the other; and give
rise to the Columbia. The Wind River Mount-
ains, that empties its current into the Gulf of
California.
The Wind River Mountains are notorious in
hunters' and trappers' stories: their rugged de-
file, and the rough tracts about their neighbor-
hood, having been lurking places for the predatory
beasts of the forest. Theirs are stories of rough en-
counter with Crows and Blackfeet. It was to
the west of these mountains, in the valley of the
Seeds-ke-dee, Agie, or Green River, that Captain Bonneville intended to make a halt, for the purpose of giving the men a rest, and to engage in hunting
in their weary journeying; and of collecting infor-
mation as to his future course. This Green River
Valley, and its immediate neighborhood, as we
have already observed, formed the main point of
rendezvous, for the present year, of the rival fur
companies, and the motley populace, civilized
and savage, connected with them. Several days of
rugged travel, however, yet remained for the
captain and his men before they should encamp in
this desirable resting-place.
On the 21st, as they were pursuing their
route through one of the meadows of the Sweet
Water, they beheld a horse grazing at a little
distance. He showed no alarm at their approach,
but suffered himself quietly to be taken, evincing
a perfect state of tameness. The scouts of the
party were instantly on the look-out for the owners
of the animal, lest some dangerous band of sav-
vages might be lurking in the vicinity. After a
narrow search, they discovered the trail of an
Indian party, which had evidently passed through
the vicinity. Captain Bonneville, accordingly
proceeded to the spot; and finding a camp
of an assignation of the western and eastern
country, and
river, and the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees. The
rarity of the atmosphere continued to affect the
work of the wagons, and the wheels were
inclement of their pieces. A remedy was at
length devised. The tire of each wheel was taken
off; a band of wood was nailed round the exterior
of the felloes, the tire was then made red hot,
replaced round the wheel, and suddenly cooled with
water. By this means, the wheel was bound
with great compactness.
The extreme elevation of these great steepes,
which range along the feet of the Rocky Moun-
tains, takes away from the seeming height of their
peaks, which yield to few in the known world in
purity of outline, and interesting variety of
character. On the 24th, the travellers took final
leave of the
Water, and keeping westwardly, over a
low and very rocky ridge, one of the most southern
spurs of the Wind River Mountains, they en-
camped, after a march of seven hours and a half,
on the banks of a small clear stream, running to
the south, in which they caught a number of
fine trout.

The sight of these fish was hailed with pleasure,
as a sign that they had reached the waters
which flow into the Pacific; for it is only on the western
streams of the Rocky Mountains that trout are to
be taken. The stream on which they had thus
encamped proved, in effect, to be tributary to the
Seeds-ke-dee, or Green River, into which it
flowed, at some distance to the south.
Captain Bonneville now considered himself as
having fairly passed the crest of the Rocky
Mountains; and left some degree of exultation in
being the first individual that had crossed, north of the
settled provinces of Mexico, from the waters of the
Atlantic to those of the Pacific, with wagons.
Mr. William Sublette, the enterprising leader
of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company had, two or
three years previously, reached the valley of the
Wind River, which lies in the interior of
mountains; but had proceeded with them no
further.
A vast valley now spread itself before the travel-
ners, bounded on one side by the Wind River
Mountains, and on the other, by a range of
high hills. This, Captain Bonneville was assured
by a veteran hunter in his company, was the
great valley of the Seeds-ke-dee; and the same infor-
mation would have been urged him that a small
stream, three feet deep, which he came to on the
25th, was that river. The captain was convinced,
however, that the stream was too insignificant
to drain so wide a valley and the adjacent moun-
tains: he encamped, therefore, at an early hour,
its borders, that he might take the whole of
the next day to reach the main river, which he
presumed to flow between him and the distant
range of western hills.
On the 26th of July he commenced his march at
an early hour, making directly across the valley,
toward the hills in the west; proceeding at as
brisk a rate as the jaded condition of his horses
would permit. About eleven o'clock in the morn-
ning a great cloud of dust was descried in the rear,
advancing directly on the trail of the party. The
alarm was given; they all came to a halt, and
the captain held a council of war. Some
Indian was accordingly taken possession of, as an estray;
but a more vigilant watch than usual was kept round
the camp at night, lest his former owners should
be upon the prowl.
The travellers had now attained so high an ele-
vation, that on the 23d of July, at daybreak, there
was considerable ice in the water-buckets, and
the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees. The
rarity of the atmosphere continued to affect the
work of the wagons, and the wheels were
inclement of their pieces. A remedy was at
length devised. The tire of each wheel was taken
off; a band of wood was nailed round the exterior
of the felloes, the tire was then made red hot,
replaced round the wheel, and suddenly cooled with
water. By this means, the wheel was bound
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The extreme elevation of these great steepes,
which range along the feet of the Rocky Moun-
tains, takes away from the seeming height of their
peaks, which yield to few in the known world in
purity of outline, and interesting variety of
character. On the 24th, the travellers took final
leave of the
Water, and keeping westwardly, over a
low and very rocky ridge, one of the most southern
spurs of the Wind River Mountains, they en-
forced marches, to avoid famine: both men and horses were, therefore, much travel-worn; but this was no place to halt: the plain before them he said, was destitute of grass and water, neither of which would be met with: and the Green River, which was yet at a considerable distance. He hoped, he added, as his party were all on horseback, to reach the river, with hard traveling, by nightfall: but he doubted the possibility of Captain Bonneville's arrival there under wagons before the day following. Having imparted this information, he pushed forward with all speed.

Captain Bonneville followed on as fast as circumstances would permit. The ground was firm and gravelly; but the horses were too much fatigued to move rapidly. After a long and harassing day's march, without pausing for a noonide meal, they were compelled at nine o'clock at night to encamp in an open plain, destitute of water or pasturage. On the following morning, the horses were turned loose at the peep of day, to slake their thirst, if possible, from the dew collected on the sparse grass, here and there springing up among dry sand-banks. The soil of this part of the Great Valley is a whitish clay, into which the rain cannot penetrate, but which dries and cracks with the sun. In some places it produces a salt weed, and grass along the margins of the streams; but the wider expanses of it are desolate and barren. It was not until noon that Captain Bonneville reached the banks of the Seeds-ke-dee, or Colorado of the West; in the meantime, the sufferings of both men and horses had been excessive, and it was with almost frantic eagerness that they hurried to allay their burning thirst in the limpid current of the river.

Fontenelle and his party had not fared much better; the chief part had managed to reach the river by nightfall, but were nearly knocked up by the exertion; the horses of others sank under them, and they were obliged to pass the night upon the road.

On the following morning, July 27th, Fontenelle moved his camp across the river, while Captain Bonneville proceeded some little distance below, where the lands were more favorable, and enabling abundant pasturage. Here the poor jaded horses were turned out to graze, and take their rest: the weary journey up the mountains had worn them down in flesh and spirit; but this last march across the thirsty plain had nearly finished them.

The captain had here the first taste of the boasted strategy of the fur trade. During his brief but social encampment in company with Fontenelle, that experienced trapper had managed to win over a number of Delaware Indians whom the captain had brought with him, by offering them four hundred dollars each, for the ensuing autumnal hunt. The captain was somewhat astonished when he saw these hunters, on whose services he had calculated securely, suddenly pack up their traps, and go over to the rival camp. That he might in some measure, however, be even with his competitor, he dispatched two scouts to look out for the band of free trappers who were to meet Fontenelle in this neighborhood, and to endeavor to bring them to his camp.

It was necessary to remain some time in this neighborhood, that both men and horses might repose, and recruit their strength; and as it was a region full of danger, Captain Bonneville proceeded to fortify his camp with breastworks of logs and pickets.

These precautions were, at that time, peculiarly necessary from the bands of Blackfeet Indians which were roving about the neighborhood. These savages are the most dangerous banditti of the mountains, and the inevitable foes of the travelers. They are Ishmaelites of the first order; always with weapon in hand, ready, for action. The young braves of the tribe, who are destitute of property, go to war for booty; to gain horses, and acquire the trappings of civilization, supporting a family, and entitling themselves to a seat in the public councils. The warrior veterans fight merely for the love of the thing, and the consequence which success gives them among their people.

They are capital horsemen, and are generally well mounted on short, stout horses, similar to the prairie ponies to be met with at St. Louis. When on a war-party, however, they go on foot, to enable them to skulk through the country with greater secrecy; to keep in thickets and ravines, and use more adroit subterfuges and stratagems.

Their mode of warfare is entirely by ambush, surprise, and sudden assaults in the night time. If they succeed in this manner, they dash forward with great fury, killing, and capturing, with headlong fury, as is on the alert, and shows no signs of fear, they become wary and deliberate in their movements.

Some of them are armed in the primitive style, with bows and arrows; the greater part have American fuses, made after the fashion of those of the Hudson's Bay Company. These they procure at the trading post of the American Fur Company, on Marias River, where they traffic their peltries for arms, ammunition, clothing, and trinkets. They are extremely fond of spirituous liquors and tobacco; for which nuisances they are ready to sacrifice, not merely their guns and horses, but even their wives and daughters. As they are a treacherous race, and have cherished a lurking hostility to the whites ever since one of their tribe was killed by Mr. Lewis, the associate of General Clarke in his exploring expedition across the Rocky Mountains, the American Fur Company is obliged constantly to keep at that post a garrison of sixty or seventy men.

Under the general name of Blackfeet are comprehended three principal tribes; the Saucis, the Pequins, the Blood Indians, and the Gros Ventres of the Prairies: who roam about the southern branches of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, together with some other tribes further north.

The bands infesting the Wind River Mountains, and the country adjacent, at the time of which we are treating, were Gros Ventres of the Prairies, which are not to be confounded with Gros Ventres of the Missouri, who keep about the lower part of that river, and are friendly to the white men.

This hostile band has been the despair of the Missouri, and numbers about nine hundred fighting men. Once in the course of two or three years they abandon their usual abodes, and make a visit to the Arapahoes of the Arkansas. Their route lies either through the Crow country, and the Black Hills, or through the lands of the Nez Percés, Flatheads, Panmacks, and Shoshonies. As they enjoy their favorite state of hostility with all these tribes, their expeditions are prone to be conducted in the most lawless and predatory style; nor do they hesitate to extend their maraudings to any party of white men they meet with; following their trails; hovering about their camps; waylaying and dogging the caravans of the free traders, and murdering the solitary trapper. The consequences are frequent and
CHAPTER VI.

SUBLETT AND HIS BAND—ROBERT CAMPBELL—MR. WYETH AND A BAND OF "DOWN-EASTERS"—YANKEE ENTERPRISE—FITZPATRICK—HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE BLACKFEET—A RENDEZVOUS OF MOUNTAINIERS—THE BATTLE OF PIERRE'S HOLE—AN INDIAN AMBUSH—SUBLETT'S RETURN.

Leaving Captain Bonneville and his band encamped within their fortified camp in the Green River Valley, we shall step back and accompany a party of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in its progress, with supplies, 'rom St. Louis, to the annual rendezvous at Pierre's Hole. This party consisted of sixty men, well mounted, and conducting a line of pack-horses. They were commanded by Captain William Sublette, a partner in the company, and one of the most active, intrepid, and renowned leaders in this half military kind of service. He was accompanied by his associate in business, and tried companion in danger, Mr. Robert Campbell, one of the pioneers of the trade beyond the mountains, who had commanded trapping parties there in times of the greatest peril.

As these worthy compatriots were on their route to the frontier, they fell in with another expedition, likewise on its way to the mountains. This was a party of regular 'down-easters,' that is to say, people of New England who, on the all-penetrating and all-pervasive spirit of their race, were not content to go into a new field of enterprise with which they were totally unacquainted.

The party had been fitted out and was maintained and commanded by Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Boston.* This gentleman had conceived an idea that a profitable fishery for salmon might be established on the Columbia River, and connected with the fur trade. He had, accordingly, invested capital in goods, calculated, as he supposed, for the Indian trade, and had enlisted a number of eastern men in his employ, who had never been in the Far West, and knew nothing of the wilderness. With these he was briskly steering his way across the continent, undaunted by danger, difficulty, or distance, in the same way that a New England coaster and his neighbors will coolly launch forth on a voyage to the Black Sea, or what not, on the Pacific.

With all their national aptitude at expeditious and resource, Wyeth and his men felt themselves completely at a loss when they reached the frontier, and found that the wilderness required experience and patience, and the frugalities of which they were totally deficient. Not one of the party, among the leaders, had ever seen an Indian or handled a rifle; they were without guide or interpreter, and totally unacquainted with 'wood craft' and the modes of making a way among savage hordes, and subsisting themselves during long marches over wild mountains and barren plains.

In this predicament, Captain Sublette found them, in a manner becalmed, or rather run aground; it was quite little expedience, in Missouri, and kindly took them in tow. The two parties travelled amicably together; the frontier men of Sublette's party gave their Yankee comrades some lessons in hunting, and some insight into the art and mystery of dealing with the Indians, and they all arrived without accident at the upper branches of the Nebraska or Platte River.

In the course of their march, Mr. Fitzpatrick, the partner of the company who was resident at that time beyond the mountains, came down from the rendezvous at Pierre's Hole to meet them and hurry them forward. He travelled in company with them until they reached the Sweet Water; then taking a couple of horses, one for the saddle and one as a hack, pushed forward at full speed; he saw at once his mistake and his peril—they were Blackfeet. Springing upon his fastest horse, and abandoning the other to the enemy, he made for the mountains, and succeeded in escaping up one of the most dangerous defiles. Here he concealed himself until he thought the Indians had gone off, when he returned into the valley. He was again pursued, lost his remaining horse, and only escaped by scrambling up among the cliffs. For several days he remained lurking among rocks and precipices, and almost famished, having but one remaining charge in his rifle, which he kept for self-defence.

In the meantime, Sublette and Campbell, with their little traveller, Wyeth, had pursued their march unmolested, and arrived in the Green River Valley, totally unconscious that there was any lurking enemy at hand. They had encamped one night on the banks of a small stream, which came down from the Wind River Mountains, when about midnight a band of Indians burst upon their camp, with horrible yells and whoops, and a discharge of guns and arrows. Happily no other harm was done than wounding one mule, and causing several horses to break loose from their harness. The camp was instantly in arms; but the Indians retreated with yells of exultation, carrying off several of the horses under cover of the night.

This was somewhat of a disagreeable foretaste of mountain life to some of Wyeth's band, accustomed only to safety and peaceful life of New England; nor was it altogether to the taste of Captain Sublette's men, who were chiefly creoles and townsmen from St. Louis. They continued their march the next morning, keeping scouts ahead upon the banks, and arrived without further molestation at Pierre's Hole.

The first inquiry of Captain Sublette, on reach-
The rendezvous, was for Fitzpatrick. He had not arrived, nor had any intelligence been received concerning him. Great uneasiness was consequently felt among the traders, and it was not until the blackfeet had made the midnight attack upon the camp. It was a matter of general joy, therefore, when he made his appearance, conducted by two half-breed Iroquois hunters. He had lain out for several days among the mountains, until almost starved; at length he escaped the vigilance of his enemies in the night, and was so fortunate as to meet the two Iroquois hunters who, being on horseback, conveyed him without further difficulty to the rendezvous. He arrived there so emaciated that he could scarcely be recognized.

The valley called Pierre’s Hole is about thirty miles in length and fifteen in width, bounded to the west and south by low and broken ridges, and overlooked to the east by three lofty mountains called the three Tetons, which dominate as landmarks over a vast extent of country.

A fine stream, fed by rivulets and mountain springs, pours through the valley toward the nearly circular lake into near equal parts. The meadows on its borders are broad and extensive, covered with willow and cottonwood trees, so closely interlocked and matted together as to be nearly impassable.

In this valley congregated the motley populace connected with the fur trade. Here the two rival companies had their encampments, with their retainers of all kinds: traders, trappers, hunters, and half-breeds, assembled from all quarters, awaiting their yearly supplies, and their orders to start off in new directions. Here, also, the savage tribes connected with the trade, the Nez Percés or Chapunish Indians, and Flatheads, had pitched their lodges beside the streams, and with their squaws, awaited the distribution of goods and finery. There was, moreover, a band of fifteen free trappers, commanded by a gallant leader from Arkansas, named Sinclair, who held their encampment a little apart from the rest. Such was the wild and heterogeneous assemblage, amounting to several hundred men, Indians, traders, and trappers, that a line of tents and lodges in the several camps.

The arrival of Captain Sublette with supplies put the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in full activity. The wares and merchandise were quickly opened, and the trappers and hunters dispersed to their several posts, after which all hands began to disperse to their several destinations.

On the 17th of July, a small brigade of fourteen trappers, led by Milton Sublette, brother of the captain, set out with the intention of proceeding to the southwest. They were accompanied by Sinclair and his fifteen free trappers; Wyeth, also, and his New England hand of beaver hunters and salmon fishermen, now dwindled down to eleven, took this opportunity to prosecute their cruise in the wilderness, accompanied with such experienced pilots. On the first day they proceeded about eight miles to the southeast, and encamped for the night, still in the valley of Pierre’s Hole. On the following day, after a few miles, they were raising their camp, they observed a long line of people pouring down a defile of the mountains. They at first supposed them to be Fontenelle and his party, whose arrival had been daily expected. Wyeth, however, reconnoitred them with a spyglass, as they were Indians. They were divided into two parties, forming, in

the whole, about one hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children. Some were on horseback, fantastically painted and arrayed, with scarlet blankets fluttering in the wind. The greater part, however, were on foot. They had perceived the trappers before they were themselves discovered, and came down yelling and whooping into the plain. On nearer approach, they were ascertained to be Blackfeet.

One of the trappers of Sublette’s brigade, a half-breed, named Antoine Godin, now mounted his horse, and rode forth as if to hold a conference. He was the son of an Iroquois hunter, who had been cruelly murdered by the Blackfeet at a small stream below the mountains, which still bears his name. In company with Antoine rode forth a Flathead Indian, whose once powerful tribe had been completely broken down in their wars with the Blackfeet. Both of them, therefore, cherished the most vengeful hostility against these marauders of the mountains. The Blackfeet came to a halt. One of the chiefs advanced singly and unarméd, bearing the pipe of peace. This overture was certainly pacific; but Antoine and the Flathead, immediately, divided their hostiles, and pretended to consider it a treacherous movement.

"Is your piece charged?" said Antoine to his red companion.

"It is." Then cock it and follow me.

They met the Blackfoot chief half-way, who extended his hand in friendship. Antoine grasped it.

"Fire!" cried he.

The Flathead levelled his piece, and brought the Blackfoot to the ground. Antoine snatched off his scarlet blanket, which was richly ornamented, and galloped off with it as a trophy to the camp, the bullets of the enemy whistling after him. The Indians immediately threw themselves into the edge of a swamp, among willows and cotton-wood trees, interwoven with vines. Here they began to fortify themselves; the women digging a trench, and throwing up a breastwork of logs and branches, deep hid in the bosom of the wood, while the warriors skirmished at the edge to keep the trappers at bay.

The latter took their station in a ravine in front, whence they kept up a scattering fire. As to Wyeth, and his little band of "down-easters," they were perfectly astounded by this second specimen of ferocity, and old frontier warfare. The men, being especially unused to bush-fighting, and the use of the rifle, were at a loss how to proceed. Wyeth, however, acted as a skilful commander. He got all his horses into camp and secured them; then, making a breastwork of his packs of goods, he charged his men to remain in garrison, and not to stir out of their fort. For himself, he mingled with the other leaders, determined to take his share in the conflict.

In the meantime, an express had been sent off to the rendezvous for reinforcements. Captain Sublette and his associate, Campbell, were at their camp when the express came galloping across the plain, waving his cap, and giving the alarm: "Blackfeet! Blackfeet! a fight in the upper part of the valley!—"a stem call, to arms! to arms! to arms! to arms! to arms!

The alarm was passed from camp to camp. It was a common cause. Every one turned out with horse and rifle. The Nez Percés and Flatheads joined. As fast as horseman could arm and mount he galloped off; the valley was soon alive with white men and red men scouring at full speed.
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

Sublette ordered his men to keep to the camp, being recruits from St. Louis, and unused to Indian warfare. He and his friend Campbell prepared for action, putting on their coats, rolling up their sleeves, and arming themselves with pistols and rifles, they mounted their horses and dashed forward among the first. As they rode along, they made their wills in soldier-like style; each stating how his effects should be disposed of in case of his death, and appointing the other his executor.

The Blackfeet warriors had supposed the bri-gade of Milton Sublette all the foes they had to deal with, and were astonished to behold the whole valley suddenly swarming with horsemen, galloping to the field of action. They withdrew into their fort, which was completely hid from sight in the dark and tangled wood. Most of their women and children had retreated to the mountains. The trappers now saluted froth and approached the swamp, firing into the thickets at random; the Blackfeet had a better sight at their adversaries, who were in the open field, and a hall-bred was wounded in the shoulder.

A mounted Sublette advanced, he urged to penetrate the swamp and storm the fort, but all hung back in awe of the dismal horrors of the place, and the danger of attacking such desperadoes in their savage den. The very Indian allies, though accustomed to bush-fighting, regarded it as almost impenetrable, and full of frightful danger. Sublette was not to be turned from his purpose, but offered to lead the way into the swamp. Campbell stepped forward to accompany him. Before entering the perilous wood, Sublette took his brothers aside, and incautiously, in case he fell, Campbell, who knew his will, was to be his executor. This done, he grasped his rifle and pushed into the thickets, followed by Campbell.

Sinclair, the partisan from Arkansas, was at the edge of the wood with his brother and a few of his men. Excited by the gallant example of the two friends, he pressed forward to share their dangers.

The swamp was produced by the labors of the beaver, which, by damming up a stream, had inundated a portion of the valley. The place was all overgrown with woods and thickets, so closely matted and entangled that it was impossible to see ten paces ahead, and the three associates in peril had to crawl along one after another, making the way by the branches and vines aside; but doing it with caution, lest they attract the eye of some lurking marksman. They took the lead by turns, each advancing about twenty yards at a time, and now and then halting to their men to follow. Some of the latter gradually entered the swamp, and followed a little distance in their rear.

They had now reached a more open part of the wood, and had glimpses of the rude fortress from between the trees. It was a mere breastwork, as we have said, of logs and branches, with blanket buffalo robes, and the leathern covers of lodges extended round the top as a screen. The movements of the leaders, as they gazed their way, had been descried by the sharp-sighted enemy. As Sinclair, who was in the advance, was putting some言语 to his men, the enemy opened upon them. He fell on the spot. "Take me to my brother," said he to Campbell. The latter gave him in charge to some of the men, who conveyed him out of the swamp.

Sublette now took the advance. As he was reconnoitring the fort, he perceived an Indian peeping through an aperture. In an instant his rifle was levelled and discharged, and the ball struck the savage in the eye. While he was reloading, he called out to Campbell, and told him to make a hole; "Watch that place," said he, "and you will see that we have a fair chance for a shot." Scarcely had he uttered the words, when a ball struck him in the shoulder, and almost wheeled him round. His first thought was to take hold of his arm with his other hand, and move it up and down. He attained, to his satisfaction, that the bone was not broken. The next moment he was so faint that he could not stand. But with the arm and carried him out of the thicket. The same shot that struck Sublette wounded another man in the head.

A brisk fire was now opened by the mountain-ers from the wood, answered occasionally from the fort. Unluckily, the trappers and their allies, in searching for the fort, had got scattered so that Wyeth and a number of Nez Percé approached the fort on the northwest side, while others did the same on the opposite quarter. A cross-fire thus took place which occasionally did mischief to friends as well as foes. An Indian was shot down, close to Wyeth. By a lucky chance, he was convinced, had been sped from the rifle of a trapper on the other side of the fort.

The number of whites and their Indian allies had by this time so much increased by arrivals from the rendezvous, that the Blackfeet were completely outmatched. They kept doggedly in their fort, however, making no offer of surrender. An occasional firing into the breastwork was kept up during the day. Now and then one of the Indian allies, in bravado, would rush up to the fort, peer over the ramparts, tear off a buffalo robe or a scarlet blanket, and return with it in triumph to his comrades. Most of the savage garrison that fell, however, were killed in the first part of the attack.

At one time it was resolved to set fire to the fort; and the squaws belonging to the allies were employed to collect combustibles. This, however, was abandoned; the Nez Percé being unwilling to destroy the robes and blankets, and other spoils of the enemy, which they felt sure would fall into their hands.

The Indians, when fighting, are prone to taunt and revile each other. During one of the pauses of the battle the voice of the Blackfeet chief was heard.

"So long," said he, "as we had powder and ball, we fought you in the open field; when those were spent, we retreated here to die with our women and children. You may burn us in our fort; but stay by our ashes, and you who are so hungry for fighting will soon have enough. There are four hundred lodges of our brethren as hand. They will soon be here—arms are strong— their hearts are big—they will avenge us!"

This speech was translated two or three times by Nez Percé and creole interpreters. By the time it was rendered into English, the chief was made to say that four hundred lodges of his tribe were attacking the encampment at the other end of the valley. Every one now was for hurrying to the defence of the rendezvous. A party was left to keep watch upon the fort; the rest galloped off to the camp. As night came on, the trappers drew out of the swamp, and remained about the skirts of the wood. By morning, their companions returned from the rendezvous, with the report that all was safe. As the day opened, they ventured within the swamp and approached the fort. All was silent. They advanced up to it without op-
position. They entered: it had been abandoned in the night, and the Blackfeet had effected their retreat, carrying off their wounded on litters made of branches, leaving bloody traces on the herbage. The bodies of ten Indians were found within the fort; among them the one shot in the eye by Sublette. The Blackfeet afterward reported that they had killed six warriors in this battle. Thirty-two horses were likewise found killed; among them were some of those recently carried off from Sublette's party, in the night; which showed that these were the very savages that had attacked him. They proceeded to an advance party of the main body of Blackfeet, which had been upon the trail of Sublette's party. Five white men and one half-breede were killed, and several wounded. Seven of the Nez Percés were also killed, and six wounded. They had an old chief, who was reputed as invulnerable. In the course of the action he was hit by a spent ball, and threw up blood; but his skin was unbroken. His people were now fully convinced that he was proof against powder and ball.

A surprising circumstance is related as having occurred the morning after the battle. As some of the trappers and their Indian allies were approaching the fort, through the woods, they beheld an Indian woman, of noble form and features, leaning against a tree. Their surprise at her lingering here alone, to fall into the hands of her enemies, was dispelled, when they saw the corpse of a warrior at her feet. Either she was so lost in grief as not to perceive their approach; or a proud spirit kept her silent and motionless. The Indians set up a yell, on discovering her, and before the trappers could inter ere, her mangled body fell upon the corpse which she had refused to abandon. We have heard this anecdote discredited by one of the leaders who had been in the battle; but the fact may have taken place without his seeing it, and been concealed from him. It is an instance of female devotion, even to the death, which we are well disposed to believe and record.

After the battle, the brigade of Milton Sublette, together with the free trappers, and Wyeth's New England band, remained some days at the rendezvous, to see if the main body of Blackfeet intended to make an attack; nothing of the kind occurring, they once more put themselves in motion, and proceeded on their route toward the southwest.

Captain Sublette having distributed his supplies, had intended to set off on his return to St. Louis, taking with him the peltries collected from the trappers and Indians. His wound, however, obliged him to postpone his departure. Several who were to have accompanied him became impatient of this delay. Among these was a young Bostonian, Mr. Joseph More, one of the followers of Mr. Wyeth, who had seen enough of mountain life and savage warfare, and was eager to return to the abodes of civilization. He and six others, among whom were a Mr. Foy, of Mississippi, Mr. Alfred K. Stephens, of St. Louis, and two grandsons of the celebrated Daniel Boone, set out together, in advance of Sublette's party, thinking they could make their own way through the mountains.

It was just five days after the battle of the swamp, that these seven companions were making their way through Jackson's Hole, a valley not far from the three Tetons, when, as they were descending a part of Blackfeet trail, an ambush started up with terrific yells. The horse of the young Bostonian, who was in front, wheeled round with alacrity, and threw his unskilful rider. The young man scrambled to the side of the hill, but, unaccustomed to such wild scenes, lost his presence of mind, and stood, as if paralyzed, on the edge of a bank, until the Blackfeet came up and slew him on the spot. His comrades had fled on the first alarm; but two of them, Foy and Stephens, seeing his danger paused when they got half away up the hill, turned back, dismounted, and hastened to his assistance. Foy was instantly killed. Stephens was severely wounded, but escaped to die five days afterward. The survivors returned to the camp of Captain Sublette, bringing tidings of this new disaster. That hardy leader, as soon as he could bear the journey, set out on his return to St. Louis, accompanied by Campbell. As they had a number of pack-horses richly laden with peltries to convoy, they chose a different route through the mountains, out of the way, as they hoped, of the lurking bands of Blackfeet. They succeeded in making the frontier in safety. We remember to have seen them with their band, about two or three months afterward, passing through a skirt of woodland in the upper part of Missouri. Their long cavalcade stretched in single file for nearly half a mile. Sublette still wore his arm in a sling. The mountainiers in their rude hunting dresses, armed with rifles and roughly mounted, and leading their pack-horses down a hill of the forest, looked like banditti returning with plunder. On the top of some of the packs were perched several half-bred children, perfect little imps, with wild black eyes glaring from among elf locks. These, I was told, were children of the trappers; pledges of love from their squaw spouses in the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.


The Blackfeet warriors, when they effected their midnight retreat from their wild fastness in Pierre's Hole, fell back into the valley of the Seer-s-se-dee, or Green River, where they joined the main body of their band. The whole force amounted to several hundred fighting men, gloomy and exasperated by their late disaster. They had with them their wives and children, which incapacitated them from any bold and extensive enterprise of a warlike nature; but when, in the course of their wanderings, they came in sight of the encampment of Fontenelle, who had moved some distance up Green River valley in search of the free trappers, they put up tremendous war cries, and advanced fiercely as if to attack it. Second thoughts cooled their fury. They recollected the severe lesson just received, and could not but remark the strength of Fontenelle's position; which had been chosen with great judgment. A formal talk ensued. The Blackfeet said nothing of the late battle, of which Fontenelle had no accounts; the latter, however, knew the hostile
The free trappers are a more independent class; and in describing them we shall do little more than transcribe the graphic description of them by Captain Bonneville. "They come and go," says he, "when and where they please; provide their own horses, arms, and other equipments; trap and trade on their own account, and dispose of their peltries and skins, without regard to theMd. Sometimes, in a dangerous hunting ground, they attach themselves to the camp of some trader for protection. Here they come under some restrictions; they have to conform to the ordinary rules for trapping, and to submit to such restrictions and to take part in such general duties as are established for the good order and safety of the camp. In return for this protection, and for their camp keeping, they are bound to dispose of all the beaver they take to the trader who commands the camp, at a certain rate per skin; or, if they prefer seeking a market elsewhere, they are to make him an allowance of from thirty to forty dollars for the whole hunt."

There is an inferior order of who, either from prudence or poverty, come to these dangerous hunting grounds without horses or accumulations, and are furnished by the traders. These, like the hired trappers, are bound to exert themselves to the utmost in taking beaver, without skinning, they render in at the trader's lodge, where the stipulated price is paid each is placed to the credit of the generality of free trappers, have the more specific title of skin trappers.

The wandering whites who mingle for any
In the evening, the free trappers drew off, and returned to the camp of Fontenelle, highly delighted with their visit, and with their new acquaintances, and promising to return the following day. They kept their word; day after day their visits were repeated; they became "hail fellow well met" with Captain Bonneville's men; treat after treat succeeded, until both parties got most potently convinced of the other's friendliness, by liquor. Now came on confusion and uproar. The free trappers were no longer suffered to have all the swagger to themselves. The camp bullies and prime trappers of the party began to ruffle up and to brag in turn, of their perils and achievements. Each now tried to out-battle and out-talk the other; a quarrel ensued as a matter of course, and a general fight, according to frontier usage. The two factions drew out their forces for a pitched battle. They fell to work and belabored each other with might and main; kicks and cuffs and dry blows were as well bestowed as they were well merited, until, having bought to their hearts' content, and been drubbed into a familiar acquaintance with each other's prowess and deportment, they called the fight lay and became former friends than they could have been rendered by a year's peaceable companionship.

While Captain Bonneville amused himself by observing the habits and characteristics of this singular class of men, and indulged them, for the time, in all their vagaries, he profited by the opportunity to collect from them information concerning the different parts of the country about which they had been accustomed to range; the characters of the tribes, and, in short, everything important to his enterprise. He also succeeded in securing the services of several to guide and aid him in his peregrinations among the mountains, and to trap for him during the ensuing season. Having strengthened his party with such valuable recruits, he felt in some measure consoled for the loss of the Delaware Indians, decoyed from him by Mr. Fontenelle.

CHAPTER VIII.


The information derived from the free trappers determined Captain Bonneville as to his further movements. He learned that in the Green River valley the winters were severe, the snow frequently falling to the depth of several feet; and that there was no good wintering ground in the neighborhood. The upper part of Salmon River was represented as far more eligible, besides being in an excellent beaver country; and thither the captain resolved to bend his course.

The Salmon River is one of the upper branches of the Oregon or Columbia; and takes its rise from various sources, among a group of mountains to the northwest of the Wind River chain.

It owes its name to the immense shoals of salmon which ascend it in the months of September and October. The salmon on the Rocky Mountains are, like the buffalo on the eastern plains, vast migratory supplies for the wants of man, that come and go with the seasons. As the buffalo in countless throngs find their certain way in the transient pasture on the prairies, along the fresh banks of the rivers, and up even the valley and green defile of the mountains, so the salmon, at their allotted seasons, regulated by a subline and all-seeing Providence, swarm in myriads up the great rivers, and find their way up their main branches, and into the minutest tributary streams; so as to pervade the great and plains, and to penetrate even among barren mountains. Thus wandering tribes are fed in the desert places of the wilderness, where there is no herbage for the animals of the chase, and where, but for these periodical supplies, it would be impossible for man to subsist.

The rapid currents of the rivers which run into the Pacific render the ascent of them very exhausting to the salmon. When the fish run first up the river, they are eager, and the struggle against impetuous streams and frequent rapids gradually renders them thin and weak, and great numbers are seen floating down the rivers on their backs. As the season advances and the waters become chilled, they are flung in myriads on the shores, where the wolves and bears assemble to banquet on them. Often they rot in such quantities along the river banks, as to taint the atmosphere. They are commonly from two to three feet long.

Captain Bonneville now made his arrangements for the autumn and the winter. The nature of the country through which he was about to travel rendered it impossible to proceed with wagons. He had more goods and supplies of various kinds, also, than were required for present purposes; or, than could be conveniently transported on horseback; aided, therefore, by a few confidential men, he made caches, or secret pits, during the night, when all the rest of the camp were asleep, and in these deposited the superfluous effects, together with the wagons. All traces of the caches were then carefully obliterated. This is a common expedient with the traders and trappers of the mountains. Having no established posts and magazines, they make these caches or deposits at certain points, whither they repair occasionally, for supplies. It is an expedient arrived at by the wandering tribes of Indians.

Many of the horses were still so weak and lame as to be unfit for a long scramble through the mountains. These were collected into one calvalcade, and given in charge to an experienced trapper, of the name of Mathieu. He was to proceed westward, with a brigade of trappers, to Bear River; a stream to the west of the Green River or Colorado, where there was good pasture for the horses. In this neighborhood it was expected he would meet the Shoshone villages or bands, on their yearly migrations, with whom he was to trade for peltries and provisions. After he had traded with these people, finished his prospecting,
and recruited the strength of the horses, he was to proceed to Salmon River, and rejoin Captain Biddle in order to fix his quarters there for the winter.

While these arrangements were in progress in the camp of Captain Bonneville, there was a sudden bustle and stir in the camp of Fontenelle. One of the partners of the American Fur Company had arrived, in all haste, from the rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, in quest of the supplies. The competition between the two rival companies was just now at its height, and prosecuted with unusual zeal. The tramontane concerns of the Rocky Mountain Company to start off to their respective hunting grounds. Two resident partners, Fitzpatrick and Bridger; those of the American Fur Company, by Vanderbilt and Dripps. The latter were ignorant of the mountain regions, but trusted to make up by vigilance and activity for their want of knowledge of the country.

Fitzpatrick, an experienced trader and trapper, knew the evils of competition in the same hunting grounds, and had proposed that the two companies should divide the country, so as to hunt in different districts. Captain Biddle had exerted himself to get first into the field. His exertions, as have already been shown, were effectual. The early arrival of Sublette, with supplies, had enabled the various brigades of the Rocky Mountain Company to start off to their respective hunting grounds. Fitzpatrick himself, with his associate, Bridger, had pushed off with a strong party of trappers, for a prime beaver country to the north-northwest.

This put Vanderbilt upon his mettle. He had hastened on to meet Fontenelle. Finding him at his camp in Green River valley, he immediately furnished himself with the supplies; put himself at the head of the free trappers and Delaware, and set off with all speed, determined to follow hard upon the heels of Fitzpatrick and Bridger. Of the adventures of these parties among the mountains, and the disastrous effects of their competition, we shall have occasion to treat in a future chapter.

Fontenelle, having now delivered his supplies and accomplished his errand, struck his tents and set off on his return to the Yellowstone. Captain Bonneville and his band, therefore, remained alone in the Green River valley; and their situation might have been perilous, had the Blackfeet had once discovered them. As a matter of fact, however, had been dismayed at finding so many resolute and well-appointed parties of white men in this neighborhood. They had, therefore, abandoned this part of the country, passing over the head-waters of the Green River, and bending their course toward the Yellowstone. Misfortune pursued them. Their route lay through the country of their deadly enemies, the Crow. In the Wind River valley, which lies east of the mountains, they were encountered by a powerful war party of that tribe, and completely put to rout. Forty of them were killed, many of their women and children captured, and the scattered fugitives hunted like wild beasts, until they were completely chased out of the Crow country.

On the 20th of August Captain Bonneville broke up, and proceeded to Bear River, for the purpose of removing the horses for the winter. He had expected to find no Indians. He was surprised, however, at finding the Blackfeet so numerous. Captain Bonneville continued to the east-northeast, across rough and lowly ridges, and deep rocky defiles, extremely fatiguing both to man and horse. Among his hunters was a Delaware Indian who had remained faithful to the Company, Capt. Buckeye. He had often prided himself on his skill and success in coping with the grizzly bear, that terror of the hunters. Though crippled in the left arm, he declared he had no hesitation to close with a wounded bear, and attack him with a sword. If armed with a rifle, he was willing to brave the animal when in full force and fury. He had twice an opportunity of proving his prowess, in the course of this mountain journey, and was each time successful. His mode was to scalp himself upon the ground, with his rifle cocked and resting on his lame arm. Thus prepared, he would await the approach of the bear with perfect coolness, nor pull trigger until he was close at hand. In each instance, he laid the monster dead upon the spot. The route was not three or four days, through savage and lonely scenes, brought Captain Bonneville to the fatal defile of Jackson's Hole, where poor Mow and Foy had been surprised and murdered by the Blackfeet. The feelings of the captain were rather those of a fortunate young men among the rocks; and he caused them to be decently interred.

On the 3d of September he arrived on the summit of a mountain which commanded a full view of the eventful valley of Pierre's Hole; and the hay could trace the winding of its stream through the green meadows and forests of willow and cottonwood, and have a prospect, between distant mountains, of the lava plains of Snake River, dimly spread forth like a sleeping ocean below.

After enjoying this magnificent prospect, he descended into the valley, and visited the scenes of the late desperate conflict. There were the remains of the rude fortress in the swamp, shattered by rifle shot, and strewn with the mingled bones of savages and horses. There was the late populous and noisy rendezvous, which was the winter quarters of the trappers' camps and Indian lodges; but their fires were extinguished, the motley assemblage of trappers and hunters, white traders and Indian braves, had all dispersed to different points of the wilderness, and the valley had relapsed into its pristine solitude and silence.
That night the captain encamped upon the battle ground; the next day he resumed his toilsome peregrinations through the mountains. For upward of two weeks he continued his painful march, and his men suffered more or less at times from hunger and thirst. At length, on the 19th of September, he reached the upper waters of Salmon River.

The weather was cold, and there were symptoms of an impending storm. The night set in, but Buckeye, the Delaware Indian, was missing. He had left the party early in the morning, to hunt by himself, according to his custom. Fears were entertained lest he should lose his way and become bewildered in tempestuous weather. These fears increased on the following morning when a violent snow-storm came on, which soon covered the earth to the depth of several inches. Captain Bonneville immediately encamped, and sent out scouts in every direction. After some search Buckeye was discovered, quietly seated at a considerable distance in the rear, waiting the expected approach of the party, not knowing that they had passed, the snow having covered their trail.

On the ensuing morning they resumed their march at an early hour, but had not proceeded far when the hunters, who were beating up the country in the advance, came galloping back, making signals to encamp, and crying Indians! Indians!

Captain Bonneville immediately struck into a skirt of wood and prepared for action. The savages were now seen trooping over the hills in great numbers. One of them left the main body and came forward singly, making signals of peace. He announced them as a band of Nez Perces, or Nez-Coe Indians, friendly to the whites, whereupon an invitation was returned by Captain Bonneville for them to come and encamp with him. They halted for a short time to make their toilet, as an important with an Indian warrior as with a fashionable beauty. This done, they arranged themselves in martial style, the chiefs leading the van, the braves following in a long line, painted and decorated, and topped off with fluttering plumes. In this way, they advanced, shouting and singing, firing off their fuses, and claiming and the two parties engaged heavily by each other. The Nez Perces were on a hunting expedition, but had been almost famished on their march. They had no provisions left but a few dried salmon; yet, finding the white men equally in want, they generously offered to share even this meagre pittance, and frequently repeated the offer with an earnestness that left no doubt of their sincerity. Their generosity won the heart of Captain Bonneville, and produced the most cordial good-will on the part of his men.

For two days that the party remained in company, the most amicable intercourse prevailed, and they parted the best of friends. Captain Bonneville detached a few men, under Mr. Cerré, an able leader, to accompany the Nez Perces on their hunting expedition, and to trade with them for what was the winter's supply. After this proceeded down the river about five miles below the forks, when he came to a halt on the 26th of September, to establish his winter quarters.

* We should observe that this tribe is universally called by its French name, which is pronounced by the trappers, Nepercy. There are two main branches of this tribe, the upper Nepercs and the lower Nepercs, as we shall show hereafter.

CHAPTER IX.

HORSES TURNED LOOSE—PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER QUARTERS—HUNGRY TIMES—NEZ PERCES, THEIR HUNTING, PIETY, PACIFIC HABITS, RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE'S CONVERSATIONS WITH THEM—THEIR LOVE OF GAMBLING.

It was gratifying to Captain Bonneville, after so long and toilsome a course of travel, to relieve his poor jaded horses of the burdens under which they were almost ready to give out, and to behold them rolling upon the grass, and taking a long rest after all their sufferings. Indeed, so exhausted were they, that those employed under the saddle were no longer capable of hunting for the daily subsistence of the camp.

All hands now set to work to prepare a winter cantonment. A temporary fortification was thrown up for the protection of the party; a secure and comfortable shelter could be set up in a short time; and huts were built for the reception of the merchandise.

This done, Captain Bonneville made a distribution of his forces; twenty men were to remain with him in care of provisions, to guard the fort, and rest were organized into three brigades, and sent off in different directions, to subsist themselves by hunting the buffalo, until the snow should become too deep.

Indeed, it would have been impossible to provide for the whole party in this neighborhood. It was at the extreme western limit of the buffalo range, and these animals had recently been completely hunted out of the neighborhood by the Nez Perces, so that, although the hunters of the garrison were continually on the alert, ranging the country round, they brought in scarce game sufficient to keep famine from the door.

Now and again there was a scanty meal of fish or wild-fowl, occasionally an antelope; but frequently the cravings of hunger had to be appeased with roots, or the flesh of wolves and musk-rats. Rarely could the inmates of the cantonment boast of having made a full meal, and never of having with the manner. In this way they starved along until the 8th of October, when they were joined by a party of five families of Nez Perces, who in some measure reconciled them to the hardships of their situation, by exhibiting a lot still more destitute. A more forlorn set they had never encountered; they had not a morsel of meat or fish; nor anything to subsist on, excepting roots, wild rosebuds, the banks of certain plants, and other vegetable productions; neither had they any weapon for hunting or defense, excepting an old spear. Yet the poor fellows made no murmurs nor complaint; but seemed accustomed to their hard fare. If they could not teach the white men their practical stoicism, they at least made them acquainted with the edible properties of roots and wild rosebuds, and furnished them a supply from their own store. The necessities of the camp in length became so urgent that Captain Bonneville determined to distribute the provisions with his party; the Prairie, a plain to the north of his cantonment, to procure a supply of provisions. When the men were about to depart, he proposed to the Nez Perces that they, or some of them, should join the hunting party. To his surprise they cheerfully declined. He inquired the reason for their refusal, seeing that they were in nearly as starving situation as his own people. They replied that it was a sacred day with them, and the Great Spirit
would be angry should they devote it to hunting. They offered, however, to accompany the party if it would delay its departure until the following day; but this the pinching demands of hunger would not permit, and the detachment proceeded. A few days afterward, four of them signified to Captain Bonneville that they were about to hunt. "What!" exclaimed he, "without guns or arrows; and with only one old spear? What do you expect to kill?" They smiled among themselves, but made no answer. Preparatory to the chase, they performed some religious rites, and offered up prayers for a little rainy season for safety and success; then, having received the blessings of their wives, they leaped upon their horses and departed, leaving the whole party of Christian spectators amazed and rebuked by this lesson of faith and dependence on a supreme and benevolent Being. "Accustomed," adds Captain Bonneville, "as I had heretofore been, to find the wretched Indian revolving in blood and stained by every vice which can degrade human nature, I could scarcely realize the scene which I now witnessed. While I viewed the scene of darkness and piety, where it was least to have been sought, contended in all our bosoms with shame and confusion, at receiving such pure and wholesome instructions from creatures so far below us in every respect. The simplicity of the prayers of the poor Indians were not unheeded. In the course of four or five days they returned, laden with meat. Captain Bonneville was curious to know how they had attained such success with such scanty means. They gave him to understand that they had chased the herds of buffalo at full speed, until they tired them down, when they easily dispatched them with the spear, and made use of the same weapon to flay the carcasses. To carry through their lessons to their Christian friends, the poor savages were as charitable as they had been pious, and generously shared with them the spoils of their hunting; giving them food enough to last for several days.

A further and more intimate intercourse with this tribe gave Captain Bonneville still greater cause to admire their strong devotional feeling. "Simply to call these people religious," says he, "would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades their whole conduct. Their honesty is immaculate, and their piety most pious. The devoutness they manifest in the exercises of their religion, are most uniform and remarkable. They are, certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages."

In fact, the antient policy of this tribe was one of the doctrines of the Church of Christ, for it would appear that they had imbibed some notions of the Christian faith from Catholic missionaries and traders who had been among them. They even had a rude calendar of the fasts and festivals of the Romish Church, and some traces of its ceremonies. These have become blended with their own wild rites, and present a strange medley; civilized and barbarous. On the Sabbath, men, women, and children array themselves in their best style, and assemble round a pole erected at the head of the camp. Here they go through a wild, fantastic ceremony; strongly resembling the religious dance of the Shaking Quakers; but, from its enthusiasm, much more striking and impressive. During the intervals of the ceremony, the principal chiefs, who support them in their duties, and exhort them to virtue and good deeds, observes Captain Bonneville, "in this union of the offices of leader and priest; as there is in many of their customs and manners, which are all strongly imbued with religion."

The worthy captain, indeed, appears to have been strongly interested by this gleam of unlooked-for light amid the darkness of the wilderness. He exerted himself, during his sojourn among this simple and well-disposed people, to inculcate, as far as he was able, the gentle and humanizing precepts of the Christian faith, and to make them acquainted with the leading points of its history; and it speaks highly for the purity and benignity of his heart, that he derived unmixed happiness from the task.

"Many a time," says he, "was my little lodge thronged, or rather piled with hearers, for they lay on the ground, one leaning over the other, until there was no further room, all listening with greedy ears to the wonders which the Great Spirit had revealed to the white man. No other subject gave them half the satisfaction, or commanded half the attention; but few scenes in my life remain so freshly on my excited senses, or are more vividly recalled to my contemplation, as these hours of intercourse with a distant and benighted race in the midst of the desert."

The only excesses indulged in by this temperate and exemplary people, appear to be gambling and horseracing. In these they engage with an eagerness that amounts to infatuation. Knots of gamblers will assemble before one of their lodge fires, early in the evening, and remain absorbed in the chances and changes of the game until the dawn of the following day. As the night advances, they wax warmer and warmer. Bets increase in amount, one loss only serves to lead to a greater, until in the course of a single night's gambling, the richest chief may become the poorest varlet in the camp.

CHAPTER X.

BLACKFEET IN THE HORSE PRAIRIE—SEARCH AFTER THE HUNTERS—DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS—A CARD PARTY IN THE WILDERNESS—THE CARD PARTY INTERRUPTED — OLD SLEDGE A LOSE GAME—VISITORS TO THE CAMP—IROQUOIS HUNTERS—HANGING-EARED INDIANS.

On the 12th of October, two young Indians of the Nez Percé tribe arrived at Captain Bonneville's encampment. They were on their way home-ward, but had been obliged to swerve from their ordinary route through the mountains, by deep snows. Their new route took them through the Horse Prairie. In traversing it, they had been attracted by the distant smoke of a camp fire, and, on looking near to reconnoitre, had discovered a war party of Blackfeet. They had several horses with them; and, as they generally go on foot on warlike excursions, it was concluded that these horses had been captured in the course of their march.

This intelligence awakened solicitude on the mind of Captain Bonneville for the party of hunters whom he had sent to that neighborhood; and the Nez Percé, when informed of the circumstance, shook their heads, and declared their belief that the horses they had seen had been stolen from that party very.
Anxious for information on the subject, Captain Bonneville dispatched two hunters to beat up the country in that direction. They searched in vain; not a trace of the men could be found; but they got in a position suitable at a game, and they were well-nigh famished. At one time they were three entire days without a mouthful of food; at length they beheld a buffalo grazing at the foot of a mountain. After manœuvring so as to get within shot, they fired, but merely wounded him. He took to the thicket, and they followed him over hill and dale, with the eagerness and perseverance of starving men. A more lucky shot brought him to the ground. Staniford sprung upon him, plunged his knife into his throat, and allowed his raging hunger by drinking his blood. A fire was instantly kindled beside the carcass, when the two hunters cooked, and ate again and again, until, perfectly gorged, they sank to sleep before their hunting fire. On the following morning they rose early, made another hearty meal, then took the buffalo meat, set out on their return to the camp, to report the fruitlessness of their mission.

At length, after six weeks' absence, the hunters made their appearance, and were received with joy by the officers of the army that had been held in suspense on their account. They had hunted with success on the prairie, but, while busy drying buffalo meat, were joined by a few panic-stricken Flatheads, who informed them that a powerful band of Blackfeet were at hand. The hunters immediately abandoned the dangerous hunting ground, and accompanied the Flatheads to their village. Here they found Mr. Cerret, and the detachment of hunters sent with him to accompany the hunting party of the Nez Percés.

After remaining some time at the village, until they supposed the Blackfeet to have left the neighborhood, they set off with some of Mr. Cerret's men for the cantonment at Salmon River, where they arrived without accident. They informed Captain Bonneville, however, that not far from his quarters they had found a wallet of fresh meat and a cord, which they supposed had been left by some prowling Blackfeet. A few days afterward Mr. Cerret, with the remainder of his men, likewise arrived at the cantonment.

Mr. M'Clintock, in his address to the Flatheads, who had gone with a band of twenty hunters to range the country just beyond the Horse Prairie, had likewise shared adventures with the all-pervading Blackfeet. At one of his encampments the guard stationed to keep watch round the camp grew weary of their duty, and feeling a little too secure, and too much at home on these prairies, retired to a small grove of willows to amuse themselves with a social game of cards called "old sledge," which is as popular among these traders of the prairies as what or ecart among the polite circles of the cities. From the midst of their sport they were suddenly roused by a discharge of firearms and a shrill war whoop. Starting on their feet, and snatching up their rifles, they beheld in dismay their horses and mules already in possession of the enemy, who had stolen upon the camp unperceived, while they were spell-bound by the magic of old sledge. The Indians sprang upon the animals barebacked, and endeavored to urge them off under a galling fire that did some execution. The mules, however, confounded by the hurry and disorder, in which the new riders kicked up their heels and dismounted half of them, in spite of their horsemanship. This threw the rest into confusion; they endeavored to protect their unhorsered comrades from the furious assaults of the whites; but, after a scene of "confusion worse confounded," horses and mules were abandoned, and the Indians betook themselves to the nearest holes in the earth about two feet deep, in which they prostrated themselves, and while thus screened from the shots of the white men, were enabled to make such use of their bows and arrows and fusées, as to repulse their assailants and effect their retreat. This adventure threw temporary stigma upon the game of "old sledge."

In the course of the autumn, four Iroquois hunters, driven by the snow from their hunting grounds, made their appearance at the cantonment. They were kindly welcomed, and during their sojourn made themselves useful in a variety of ways, being excellent trappers and first-rate woodsmen. They were of the remnants of a party of Iroquois hunters that came from Canada into these mountain regions many years previously; in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. They were led by a brave chief, named Pierre, who fell by the hands of the Blackfeet, and gave his name to the fated valley of Pierre's Hole. This branch of the Iroquois tribe has ever since remained among the Blackfeet, and have lost many of their prime hunters in their feuds with that ferocious race. Some of them fell in with General Ashley, in the course of one of his gallant excursions into the wilderness, and have continued ever since in the employ of the company.

Among the motley visitors to the winter quarters of Captain Bonneville was a party of Ponds Oreilles (or Hanging-ears) and their chief. These Indians have a strong resemblance, in character and customs, to the Nez Percés. They amount to about three hundred lodges, are well armed, and possess great numbers of horses. During the spring, summer, and autumn, they hunt the buffalo about the head-waters of the Missouri, Henry's Fork of the Snake River, and the northern branches of Salmon River. Their winter quarters are upon the Racine Amère, where they subsist upon roots and dried buffalo meat. Upon this river the Hudson's Bay Company has established a trading post, where the Ponds Oreilles and the Flatheads bring their furs to exchange for arms, clothing, and trinkets.

This tribe, like the Nez Percés, evince strong and peculiar feelings of natural piety. Their religion is not a mere superstitious fear, like that of most savages; they evince abstract notions of morality; a deep reverence for an overruling spirit and a respect for the rights of their fellow-men. In one respect their religion partakes of the pacific doctrines of the Quakers. They hold that the Great Spirit is displeased with all nations who wantonly engage in war; they despise parties, from all aggressive hostilities. But though thus unoffending in their policy, they are called upon to engage continually in all manner of defensive warfare; especially with the Blackfeet; with whom, in the course of their hunting expeditions, they come in frequent collision and have had desperate battles. Their conduct as warriors is without fear or reproach, and they can never be driven to abandon their hunting grounds.

Like most savages they are firm believers in dreams, and in the power and efficacy of charms and amulets, or medicines as they term them. Some of their brave, also, who have had numerous hairbreadth escapes, like the old Nez Percé chief in the battle of Pierre's Hole, are believed
CHAPTER XI.


While Captain Bonneville and his men are sojourning among the Nez Percés, on Salmon River, we shall inquire after the fortunes of those doughty rivals of the Rocky Mountain and American Fur Companies, who have so far eluded forever the trapping grounds to the north-west.

Fitzpatrick and Bridger, of the former company, as we have already shown, having received their supplies, had taken the lead, and hoped to have the first sweep of the hunting grounds. Vanderburgh and Dripps, however, the two resident partners of the opposite company, by extraordinary exertions were enabled soon to put themselves upon their traces, and pressed forward with such speed as to overtake them just as they had reached the heart of the beaver country. In fact, being ignorant of the best trapping grounds, it was their object to follow on, and profit by the superior knowledge of the other party.

Nothing could equal the chagrin of Fitzpatrick and Bridger at being dogged by their inexperienced rivals, especially after their offer to divide the country with them. They tried in every way to blind and baffle them; to steal a march upon them, or lead them on a wrong scent; but all in vain. Vanderburgh made up by activity and intelligence for his ignorance of the country; was always wary, always on the alert; discovered every movement of his rivals, however secret, and was not to be eluded or misled.

Fitzpatrick and his colleague now lost all patience, since they were determined in following them, they determined to give them an unprofitable chase, and to sacrifice the hunting season rather than share the products with their rivals. They accordingly took up their line of march down the course of the Mississippi, keeping the main Blackfoot trail, and tramping doggedly forward, without stopping to set a single trap. The others beat the hoof after them for some time, but by degrees began to perceive that they were on a wild-goose chase, and getting into a country perfectly barren to the trapper. They now came to a halt, and bethought themselves how to make up for lost time, and improve the remainder of the season. It was thought best to divide their forces and try different trapping grounds. While Dripps went in one direction, Vanderburgh, with about fifty men, proceeded in the other. The latter, in his headlong march had got into the very heart of the Blackfoot country, yet seems to have been unconscious of his danger. As his scouts were out one day, they came upon the traces of a recent band of savages. There were the deserted fires still smoking, surrounded by the carcasses of buffaloes just killed. It was evident a party of Blackfeet had been frugally, from their hunting camps, but had retired by night, brought upon them by the forerunners. The scouts hastened back to the camp, and told Vanderburgh what they had seen. He made light of the alarm, and, taking nine men with him, galloped off to reconnoitre for himself. He found the deserted hunting camp as they had represented it, there lay the carcasses of buffaloes, partly dismembered; there were no amouthing fires, still sending up their wreaths of smoke; everywhere bore traces of recent and hasty retreat; and gave reason to believe that the savages were still lurking in the hills behind. With heedless daring, Vanderburgh put himself upon their trail, to trace them to their place of concealment. It led him over prairies, and through skirts of woodland, until it entered a deep and dangerous ravine. Vanderburgh pushed in, without hesitation, followed by his little band. They soon found themselves in a gloomy dell, between steep banks overhung with trees, where the profound silence was only broken by the tramp of their own horses.

Suddenly a horrid war-whoop burst on their ears, mingled with the sharp report of rifles, and a legion of savages sprang from their concealments, yelling, and shaking their buffalo robes to frighten the horses. Vanderburgh's horse fell, mortally wounded by the first discharge. In his fall he caused his rider to the ground, who called in vain upon his men to assist in extricating him. One was shot down and scalped a few paces distant; most of the others were severely wounded, and sought their safety in flight. The savages approached to dispatch the fallen leader, as he lay struggling beneath his horse. He had still his rifle in his hand and his pistols in his belt. The first savage that advanced received the contents of the rifle in his breast, and fell dead upon the spot; but before Vanderburgh could draw a pistol, a blow from a tomahawk laid him prostrate, and he was dispatched by repeated wounds.

Such was the fate of Major Henry Vanderburgh, one of the best and wealthiest leaders of the American Fur Company, who by his manly bearing and dauntless courage is said to have made himself universally popular among the bold-hearted rovers of the wilderness.

Those of the little band who escaped fled in confusion to the camp, and spread direful reports of the force and ferocity of the savages. The party, being without a head, were in complete confusion and dismay, and made a precipitate retreat, without attempting to recover the remains of their butchered leader. They made no halt until they reached the encampment of the Ponds Oregies, or Hanging-ears, where they offered a reward for the recovery of the body, but without success; it never could be found.

In the meantime Fitzpatrick and Bridger, of the Rocky Mountain Company, fared but little better than their rivals. In their eagerness to mislead them they had betrayed themselves into danger, and got into a region infested with the Blackfeet. They soon found that feet were on the watch for them; but they were experienced in Indian warfare, and not to be surprised at night, nor drawn into an ambush in the day. So, when they at last advanced, the horses were all brought in and picketed, and a guard was stationed round the camp. At the earliest streak of day one of the leaders would mount his horse, and gallop off full speed for about half a mile; then look round for Indian tracks, to ascertain whether there had been
any lurchers round the camp; returning slowly, he would reconnoitre every ravine and thicket where there might be an ambush. The done, he would gallop off in an opposite direction and repeat the same scrutiny. Finding all things safe, the horses would be turned loose to graze, but always under the eye of a guard.

A caution equally vigilant was observed in the march, no approach to any defile or place where an enemy might lie in wait; and scouts were always kept in the advance, or along the ridges and rising grounds on the flanks.

At length, one day, a large band of Blackfeet appeared on an open field, but in the vicinity of rocks and cliffs. They kept at a wary distance, but made friendly signs. The trappers replied in the same way, but likewise kept aloof. A small party of Indians now advanced, bearing the pipe of peace; they were met by an equal number of white men, and they formed a group midway between the two bands, where the pipe was circulated from hand to hand, and smoked with all due ceremony. An instance of natural affection took place at this peace meeting. Among the first parties to enter the Rocky Mountain hand-iv, a spirited young Mexican named Loretto, who, in the course of his wanderings, had ransomed a beautiful Blackfoot girl from a band of Crow by whom she had been captured. He made her his wife, after the Indian style, and she had followed his fortunes ever since, with the most devoted affection.

Among the Blackfeet warriors who advanced with the calumet of peace she recognized a brother. Leaving her infant with Loretto she rushed forward and threw herself upon her brother's neck, who clasped his long-lost sister to his heart with a warmth of affection but little compatible with the reputed stolidity of the savage.

While this scene was taking place, Bridger left the main body of trappers and rode slowly toward the group of smokers, with his rifle resting across the pommel of his saddle. The chief of the Blackfeet stepped forward to meet him. From some unfortunate feeling of distrust Bridger cocked his rifle just as the chief was extending his hand in friendship. The quick ear of the savage caught the click of the lock; in a twinkle he grasped the barrel, forced the muzzle downward, and the contents were discharged into the earth at his feet. His next movement was to wrest the weapon from the hand of Bridger and fling it with it to the earth. He might have found this no easy task had not the unfortunate leader received two arrows in his back during the struggle.

The chief now sprang into the vacant saddle and galloped off in a wild hurry. A wild flurry scene ensued: each party took to the banks, the rocks and trees, to gain favorable positions, and an irregular firing was kept up on either side, without much effect. The Indian girl had been hurried off by her people at the outbreak of the fray. She would have returned, through the dangers of the fight, to her husband and her child, but was prevented by her brother. The young Mexican saw her struggles and her agony, and heard her piercing cries. With a generous impulse he caught up the child in his arms, rushed forward, regardless of Indian shaft or rifle, and placed it in safety upon her bosom. Even the savage heart of the Blackfoot chief was reached by this noble deed. He pronounced Loretto a madman for his temerity, but bade him depart in peace. The young Mexican hesitated; he urged to have his wife restored to him, but her brother interfered, and the countenance of the chief grew stern. This done, he would grapple off in an opposite direction and repeat the same scrutiny. Finding all things safe, the horses would be turned loose to graze, but always under the eye of a guard.

A caution equally vigilant was observed in the march, no approach to any defile or place where an enemy might lie in wait; and scouts were always kept in the advance, or along the ridges and rising grounds on the flanks.

At length, one day, a large band of Blackfeet appeared on an open field, but in the vicinity of rocks and cliffs. They kept at a wary distance, but made friendly signs. The trappers replied in the same way, but likewise kept aloof. A small party of Indians now advanced, bearing the pipe of peace; they were met by an equal number of white men, and they formed a group midway between the two bands, where the pipe was circulated from hand to hand, and smoked with all due ceremony. An instance of natural affection took place at this pacific meeting. Among the first parties to enter the Rocky Mountain hand-iv, a spirited young Mexican named Loretto, who, in the course of his wanderings, had ransomed a beautiful Blackfoot girl from a band of Crow by whom she had been captured. He made her his wife, after the Indian style, and she had followed his fortunes ever since, with the most devoted affection.

Among the Blackfeet warriors who advanced with the calumet of peace she recognized a brother. Leaving her infant with Loretto she rushed forward and threw herself upon her brother's neck, who clasped his long-lost sister to his heart with a warmth of affection but little compatible with the reputed stolidity of the savage.

While this scene was taking place, Bridger left the main body of trappers and rode slowly toward the group of smokers, with his rifle resting across the pommel of his saddle. The chief of the Blackfeet stepped forward to meet him. From some unfortunate feeling of distrust Bridger cocked his rifle just as the chief was extending his hand in friendship. The quick ear of the savage caught the click of the lock; in a twinkle he grasped the barrel, forced the muzzle downward, and the contents were discharged into the earth at his feet. His next movement was to wrest the weapon from the hand of Bridger and fling it with it to the earth. He might have found this no easy task had not the unfortunate leader received two arrows in his back during the struggle.

The chief now sprang into the vacant saddle and galloped off in a wild hurry. A wild flurry scene ensued: each party took to the banks, the rocks and trees, to gain favorable positions, and an irregular firing was kept up on either side, without much effect. The Indian girl had been hurried off by her people at the outbreak of the fray. She would have returned, through the dangers of the fight, to her husband and her child, but was prevented by her brother. The young Mexican saw her struggles and her agony, and heard her piercing cries. With a generous impulse he caught up the child in his arms, rushed forward, regardless of Indian shaft or rifle, and placed it in safety upon her bosom. Even the savage heart of the Blackfoot chief was reached by this noble deed. He pronounced Loretto a madman for his temerity, but bade him depart in peace. The young Mexican hesitated; he
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ally sallying forth and returning; the groups at the various encampments, some cooking, some games; the neighing of horses, the braying of asses, the resounding strokes of the axe, the sharp report of the rifle, the whoop, the halloo, and the frequent burst of laughter, all in the midst of a region suddenly roused from perfect silence and loneliness by this transient hunter's sojourn, relieved, he says, the idea of "a populous solitude."

The kind and genial character of the captain had, evidently, its influence on the opposite races thus fortuitously congregated together. The most perfect harmony prevailed between them. The Indians, he says, were friendly in their dispositions, and honest to the most scrupulous degree in their intercourse with the white men. It is true they were somewhat importunate in their curiosity, and apt to be continually in the way, examining everything with keen and prying eye, and watching every movement of the white men. All this, however, was borne with great good-humor by the captain, and through his example by his men. Indeed, throughout all his transactions he shows himself to be a man of all and his conduct toward them is above all praise.

The Nez Percés, the Flatheads, and the Hanging-ears pride themselves upon the number of their horses, of which they possess more in proportion than any other tribe of the Indian nations within the buffalo range. Many of the Indian warriors and hunters encamped around Captain Bonneville possess thirty to forty horses each. Their horses are stout, well-built ponies, of great wind, and capable of enduring the severest hardships and fatigue. The horses, however, are those obtained from the whites while sufficiently young to become acclimated and used to the rough service of the mountains.

By degrees the populousness of this encampment began to produce its inconveniences. The immense number of horses driven by the Indians consumed the herbage of the surrounding hills; while to drive them to any distant pasture, in a neighborhood abounding with lurking and deadly enemies, would be to endanger the loss both of men and beast. This, too, began to grow scarce. It was soon hunted and frightened out of the vicinity, and though the Indians made a wide circuit through the mountains in the hope of driving the buffalo toward the encampment, their expeditions were unsuccessful. It was plain that so large a party could not subsist themselves there, nor in any one place, throughout the winter. Captain Bonneville, therefore, altered his whole arrangements. He detached fifty men toward the south to winter upon Snake River, and to take about its waters in the spring, with orders to rejoin him in the month of July at Horse Creek, in Green River valley, which he had fixed upon as the general rendezvous of his company for the ensuing year.

All of his late party, he now retained with him merely a small number of free trappers, with whom he intended to sojourn among the Nez Percés and Flatheads, and adopt the Indian mode of moving with the game and grass. Those bands, in effect, shortly afterward broke up their encampments in the hope of finding their deer. Captain Bonneville remained behind for a few days, that he might secretly prepare caches, in which to deposit everything not required for current use. Thus lightened of all superfluous incumbrance, he set off on the 20th of November to rejoin his Indian allies. He found them encamped in a secluded part of the country, at the head of a small stream. Considering themselves, to all appearance, lost, they encamp in the most vigilant security. Their lodges were scattered in every direction, and their horses covered every hill for a great distance round, grazing upon the upland bunch grass which grew in great abundance, and though dry, retained its nutritious properties instead of losing them like other grasses in the autumn.

When the Nez Percés, Flatheads, and Pendas are encamped in a dangerous neighborhood, says Captain Bonneville, they take their horses, those prime articles of Indian wealth, and objects of Indian depreciation. Each warrior has his horse tied by one foot at night to a stake planted before his lodge. Here they remain until broad daylight; by that time the young men of the camp are already ranging over the surrounding hills. Each family then drives its horses to some eligible spot, where they are left to graze unattended. A young Indian repairs occasionally to the pasture to give them water, also see that all is not taken up, or that the horses are attended to, that they keep together in the pasture where they have been left. As the sun sinks behind the hills, they may be seen moving from all points toward the camp, where they surrender themselves to be tied up for the night. Even in situations of danger, the Indians rarely set guards over their camp at night, intrusting that office entirely to their vigilant dogs.

In an encampment, however, of such fancied security as it is in which Captain Bonneville found his Indian friends, much of these precautions with respect to their horses are omitted. They merely drive them at nightfall, to some sequestered little dell, and leave them there, at perfect liberty, until the morning.

One object of Captain Bonneville in wintering among these Indians was to procure a supply of horses against the spring. They were, however, extremely unwilling to part with any, and it was with great difficulty that he purchased, at the rate of twenty dollars each, for the use of some of his free trappers who were on foot and dependent on him for their equipment.

In this encampment Captain Bonneville remained from the 21st of November to the 9th of December. During this period the thermometer ranged from thirteen to forty-five, the weather being occasional falls of snow; but it generally melted away almost immediately, and the tender blades of new grass began to shoot up among the old. On the 7th of December, however, the thermometer fell to seven degrees.

The reader will recall that, on distributing his horses when in Green River valley, Captain Bonneville had detached a party, headed by a leader of the name of Matthieu, with all the weak and disabled horses, to sojourn about Bear River, meet the Shoshoni bands, and afterward to rejoin him at his winter camp on Salmon River.

More than sufficient time had elapsed, yet Matthieu failed to make his appearance, and uneasiness began to be felt on his account. Captain Bonneville sent out a scouting party to try through which he would have to pass, and endeavor to get some information concerning him; for his route lay across the great Snake River plain, which spreads itself out like an Arabian desert, and on which a cavalcade could be descried at a great distance. The scouts soon re-
turned, having proceeded no further than the edge of
the plain, pretending that their horses were
lame; but it was evident they had learned to
venture, with so small a force, into these exposed and
dangerous regions.

A disease, which Captain Bonneville supposed
to be pneumonia, now appeared among the In-
dians, carrying off numbers of them after an ill-
natured manner for days. The worthy captain
acted as physician, prescribing profuse swea-
tiugings and copious bleedings, and uniformly with suc-
cess, if the patient were subsequently treated with
proper care. In extraordinary cases, the poor
savages called in the aid of their own doctors or
conjurors, who officiated with great noise and
mummery, but with little benefit. Those who
died during this epidemic were buried in graves,
after the manner of the whites, but without any
regard to the direction of the head. It is a fact
worthy of notice that, while this malady made
such ravages among the natives, not a single
white man had the slightest symptom of it.

A familiar intercourse of some standing with
the Pierced-nose and Flathead Indians had now
corresponded with Bonneville of their anxious
and inoffensive character; he began to take a
strong interest in them, and conceived the idea of
becoming a pacificator, and healing the divided
feud between them and the Blackfeet, in which
they themselves had become the sufferers. He pro-
posed the matter to some of the leaders, and
urged that they should meet the Blackfeet chiefs
in a grand pacific conference, offering to send two
of his men to the enemy's camp with pipe, to-
Bacco, and flag of truce, to negotiate the proposed
meeting in dilly.

The Nez Percés and Flathead sages upon this
held a council of war of two days' duration, in
which there was abundance of hard smoking and
long talking, and both eloquence and tobacco
were nearly exhausted. At length they came to a
decision to reject the worthy captain's proposi-
tion, and upon some substantial grounds, as the
reader may judge.

"War," said the chiefs, "is a bloody busi-
ness, and full of evil; but it keeps the eyes of the
chiefs always open, and makes the limbs of the young
men strong and supple. In war, every one is on
the alert. If we see a trail, we know it must be
an enemy; if the Blackfeet come to us, we know
it for war, and we are ready. Peace, on the
other hand, brings no alarm; the eyes of the
chiefs are closed in sleep, and the young men are
sleek and lazy. The horses stray into the moun-
tains; the women and their little babes go about
alone. But the heart of a Blackfoot is a lie, and
his tongue is a trap. If he says peace it is to
deceive; he comes to us as a brother; he smokes
his pipe with us; but when he sees us weak, and
off our guard, he will slay and steal. We will
have no such peace; let there be war!"

With this reasoning Captain Bonneville was
fail to assent; but, since the sagacious Flat-
head-s and their allies were content to remain in a
state of warfare, he wished them at least to
exercise the boasted vigilance which war was to
produce, and to keep their eyes open. He repres-
ented to them the impossibility that two such
cunfederated tribes could move above the country
without leaving trails by which they might be
traced. Besides, among the Blackfeet braves
were several Nez Percés, who had been taken
prisoners in early youth, adopted by their captors,
and trained up and imbued with warlike and
predatory notions; these had lost all sympathies
with their native tribe, and would be prone to
lead the enemy to their secret haunts. He ex-
pected them, therefore, to keep upon the alert,
and never to remit their vigilance within the
range of so crafty and cruel a foe. All these
counsels were lost upon his easy and single-mind-
ed hearers. A careless indifference reigned
throughout their encampments, and their horses
were permitted to graze without any sort of
protection. Captain Bonneville had his own
horses brought in at night, and properly picketed
and guarded. The evil he apprehended soon took
place. In a single night a swoop was made
through the neighboring pastures by the Black-
feet, and eighty-six of the finest horses carried off.
A whip and a rope were left in a conspicuous
situation by the robbers, as a taunt to the simple-
tons they had unhorsed.

Long before sunrise the news of this calamity
spread like wildfire through the different encamp-
ments. The mayor of the Nez Percés, who had
his own horse remained safe at their pickets, watched in
momentary expectation of an outbreak of warriors.
Perce-nose and Flathead, in furious pursuit of
the marauders, no doubt expected to find them
themselves with a band of Indian guards, and, after
their usual fashion, to peacefully reclaim their
stock. They were aware, however, that the
most exemplary discipline was necessary.

Some, it is true, who were entirely unhorsed,
set out on a begging visit to their cousins, as they
call them, the Lower Nez Percés, who inhabit the
lower country about the Columbia, and possess
horses in abundance. To these they repair when
in difficulty, and seldom fail, by dint of begging
and bartering, to get themselves once more
mounted on horseback.

Game had now become scarce in the neigh-
borhood of the camp, and it was necessary, ac-
Cording to Indian custom, to move off to a less be-
aten ground. Captain Bonneville proposed the Horse
Prairie; but his Indian friends objected that
many of the Nez Percés had gone to visit their
cousins, and that the whites were few in number,
so that their united force was not sufficient to
venture upon the buffalo grounds, which were in-
ested by hands of Blackfeet.

They now spoke of a place at no great distance,
which they represented as a perfect hunter's
elusium. It was on the right branch, or head
stream of the Columbia, which formed a chain of
precipices where there was no danger from roving
bands, and where the Blackfeet dare not enter.
Here, they said, the elk abounded, and the moun-
tain sheep to be seen roving upon the
rocks and hills. A little distance beyond it, also,
herds of buffalo were to be met with, out of the
range of danger. Thither they proposed to move
their camp.

The proposition pleased the captain, who was
desirous, through the Indians, of becoming ac-
quainted with all the secret places of the land.
Accordingly, on the 9th of December, they struck
their tents, and moved forward by short stages,
as many of the Indians were yet feeble from the
late malady.

Following up the right fork of the river they
came to where it entered a deep gorge of the
mountains, up which lay the secluded region so
much vaunted by the Indians. Captain Bonne-
ville halted and encamped for three days, before
entering the gorge. In the meantime he de-
tached two of his trappers to explore the Black-
feet, and kill as many elk as possible, before the main

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villed and encamped for three days, before
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tached two of his trappers to explore the Black-
feet, and kill as many elk as possible, before the main

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body should enter, as they would then be soon frightened away by the various Indian hunting parties.

While thus encamped, they were still liable to the marauds of the Blackfeet, and Captain Bowneille admonished his Indian friends to be upon their guard. The Nez Percés, however, notwithstanding their confidence in the Blackfeet or warlike propensities, none of their horses; merely driving them to some secluded spot, and leaving them there for the night, without setting any guard upon them. *The consequence was a second swoop, in which forty-one horses were carried off. This was done with equal philosophy with the first, and no effort was made either to recover the horses, or to take vengeance on the thieves.

The Nez Percés, however, grew more cautious with respect to their remaining horses, driving them regularly to the camp every evening, and fastening them to pickets. Captain Bonnewille, however, told them that this was not enough. It was evident they were dogged by a daring and persevering enemy, who was encouraged by past impunity to enter the camp, take their horses, and depart, without being discovered. In this manner, they contented themselves with keeping a guard at night over their camp. They could not, however, be persuaded to depart from their usual custom. The horses once picked up, the care of the owner was soon lost.

The horse once picked, the care of the owner was once lost. The Nez Percés, without incurring any risk; whereas, in war they should lose men, who were not so readily replaced. As to their late losses, an increased waryness was the only consequence. A few more victories, and they would be unprepared against the next attack.

This harangue had evidently a momentary effect upon the pride of the hearers. A short pause, however, one of the orators arose. It was but a short pause, however, one of the orators arose. He said, "The Great Spirit has given you a heart to love your friends; but he has also given you an arm to strike your enemies. Unless you do something speedily to put an end to this continual plundering, I must say farewell. As yet I have sustained no loss; thanks to the precautions which you have slighted; but my property is too unsafe here; my turn will come next; and I and my people will share the contempt you are bringing upon yourselves, and will be thought, like you, poor-spirited beings, who may at any time be plundered with impunity.

The conference broke up with some signs of excitement on the part of the Indians. Early the next morning, a party of thirty men set off in pursuit of the foe, and Captain Bonnewille hoped to hear a good account of the Blackfeet marauders. To his disappointment, the war party came back on the following day, leading a few old, sorry, broken-down horses, which the freebooters had not been able to urge to sufficient speed. This effort exhausted the martial spirit, and satisfied the wounded pride of the Nez Percés, and they relapsed into their usual state of passive indifference.

Chapter XIII.

Story of Kosato, The Renegade Blackfoot.

If the meekness and long-suffering of the pierced-noses grieved the spirit of Captain Bonnewille, there was another individual in the camp to whom they were still more annoying. This was a Blackfoot renegade, named Kosato, a fiery hot-blooded youth who, with a beautiful girl of the same tribe, had had a falling-out with the Nez Percés. Though adopted into the tribe, he still retained the warlike spirit of his race, and loathed the peaceful, inoffensive habits of those around
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him. The hunting of the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, which was the height of their ambition, was too tame to satisfy his wild and restless nature. His heart burned for the foray, the ambush, the skirmish, the scampy, and all the risks of roving and spreading my warfare.

The recent forays of the Blackfeet about the camp, their nightly prowls and daring and successful marauds, had kept him in a fever and a flutter, like a hawk in a cage who hears his mate calling from afar, shrieking in wild ecstasy above him. The attempt of Captain Bonneville to rouse the war spirit of the Nez Percés, and prompt them to retaliation, was ardently seconded by Kosato. For several days he was incessantly devising schemes of vengeance, and endeavoring to set on foot an expedition that should carry dismay and desolation into the Blackfoot towns. All his art was exerted to touch upon those springs of human action with which he was most familiar. He drew the listening savages round him by his nervous glance, taunted them with recitals of past wrongs and insults; drew glowing pictures of triumphs and trophies within their reach; recounted tales of daring and romantic enterprise, of secret maraudings, covert larcenies, plunderings, scalplings; together with the triumphant return, and the feasting and rejoicing of the victors. These wild tales were intermingled with the beating of the drum, the yell, the war-whoop and the war-dance, so inspiring to Indian valor. All, however, were lost upon the peaceful spirits of his hearers; not a Nez Percé was to be roused to vengeance, or stimulated to glorious war. In the bitterness of his heart, the Blackfoot renegado repined at the mishap which had severed him from a race of congenial spirits, and driven him to take refuge among beings so destitute of martial fire.

The character and conduct of this man attracted the attention of Captain Bonneville, and he was anxious to hear the reason why he had deserted his tribe, and why he looked back upon them with such deadly hostility. Kosato told him his own story briefly: it gives a picture of the deep, strong passions that work in the bosoms of these miscalled stoics.

"You see my wife," said he: "she is good; she is beautiful—I love her. Yet she has been the cause of all my troubles. She was the wife of my chief. I loved her more than he did; and she knew it. We talked together; we laughed together; we were always seeking each other's society; but we were as innocent as children. The chief grew jealous, and commanded her to speak with me no more. His heart became hard toward her; his jealousy grew more furious. He beat her without cause and without mercy; and threatened to kill her outright if she even looked at me. Do you want traces of his fury? Look at that scar! His rage against me was no less persevering. Our parties of the Crows were hovering round us; our young men had seen their trail. All hearts were roused for action; my horses were before my lodge. Suddenly the chief came, took them to his own packets, and called them his own. Where I am I go; he was a chief. I do not speak, but my heart was burning. I joined no longer in the council, the hunt, or the war-feast. What had I to do there? an unhorsed, degraded warrior. I kept by myself, and thought of nothing but these wrongs and outrages.

"I have one evening upon a knoll that overlooked the meadow where the horses were pastured. I saw the horses that were once mine grazing among those of the chief. This maddened me, and I sat brooding for a time over the injuries I had suffered, and the cruelties which she I loved had endured for my sake. I devised a scheme of revenge, and my path was clinched. As I looked down upon the meadow I saw the chief walking among his horses. I fastened my eyes upon him as a hawk's; my blood boiled; I drew my breath hard. He went among the willows. In an instant I was on my feet; my hand was on my knife—I flew rather than ran—before he was aware I sprang upon him, and with two blows laid him dead at my feet. I covered his body with earth, and strewed bushes over the place; then I hastened to her I loved, told her what I had done, and urged her to fly with me. She only answered me with tears. I reminded her of the wrongs I had suffered, and of the blows and stripes she had endured from the deceased; I had done nothing but an act of justice. I again urged her to fly; but she only wept the more, and bade me go. My heart was heavy, but my eyes were dry. 'I told you my arms,' 'Tis well,' said I; 'Kosato shall not go alone! Wherever he goes I will go—he shall never part from me.'

"We hastily took in our hands such things as we most needed, and stealing quietly from the village, mounted the first horses we encountered. Speeding day and night, we soon reached this tribe. They received us with welcome, and we have dwelt with them in peace. They are good and kind; they are honest; but their hearts are the hearts of women.'

Such was the story of Kosato, as related by him to Captain Bonneville. It is of a kind that often occurs in Indian life; where love and jealousy from tribe to tribe are as frequent as among the modern nations of Europe. The stories of the old and ancient civilizations, and often give rise to bloody and last feuds.

CHAPTER XIV.


On the 19th of December Captain Bonneville and his confederate Indians raised their camp, and entered the narrow gorge made by the north fork of Salmon River. Up this lay the secure and plenteous hunting region so temptingly described by the Indians.

Since leaving Green River the plains had invariably been of loose sand or coarse gravel, and the rocky formation of the mountains of primitive limestone. The rivers, in general, were skirted with willows and bitter cottonwood trees, and the prairies covered with wormwood. In the hollow there was the somnolent blue hazy light; the earth, the surrounding heights were clothed
with pine; while the declivities of the lower hills afforded abundance of bunch grass for the horses.

As the Indians had represented, they were now in a natural fastness of the mountains, the ingress and egress of which was by a deep gorge, so narrow, rugged, and difficult as to prevent secret approach or rapid retreat, and to admit of easy defense. The Blackfeet, therefore, refrain from venturing in alter the Nez Percés, awaiting a better chance, when they should once more emerge into the open country.

Captain Bonneville soon found that the Indians had not exaggerated the advantages of this region. Besides the numerous gangs of elk, large flocks of the asaiah or highhorn, the mountain sheep, were to be seen bounding among the precipices. These simple animals were easily corralled and destroyed. A few hunters may surround a flock and kill as many as they please. Numbers were daily brought into camp, and the flesh of those which were young and fat was esteemed as superior to the finest mutton.

Here, then, there was a cessation from toil, from hunger, and alarm. Pastills and dangers were forgotten. The hunt, the game, the story, the rough though good-natured joke, made the hour pass away, and plenty and security reigne throughout the camp. Illness and ease, it is said, lead to love, and to marriage, in civilized life, and the same process takes place in the wilderness. Filled with good meat, and milk, and meat, the brave trappers began to repine at the solitude of his lodge, and to experience the force of that great law of nature, "it is not meet for man to live alone.

After a night of grave cogitation he repaired to Kovsiter, the pierced-nose chief, and unfolded to him the secret workings of his bosom.

"I want," said he, "a wife. Give me one from among your tribe. Not a young, giddy-pated girl, that will think of nothing but flaunting and finery, but a sober, discreet, hard-working squaw; one that will share my lot without flinching, however hard it may be; that can take care of my lodge, and be a companion and a helmsman to me in the wilderness. Kovsiter promised to look round among his people and the next day Kvoster appeared at his lodge, and informed him that he would bring his bride to him in the course of the afternoon. He kept his word. At the appointed time he approached, leading the bride, a comely copper-colored dame attired in her Indian finery. Her father, mother, brothers by the half dozen and cousins by the score, all followed on to grace the ceremony and greet the new and important relative.

The trapper received his new and numerous family connection with proper solemnity; he placed his bride beside him, and, filling the pipe, the great symbol of peace, with his best tobacco, took the long prairie chief's hand, and handed it to the chief who transferred it to the father of the bride, from whom it was passed on from hand to hand and mouth to mouth of the whole circle of kinsmen round the fire, all maintaining the most profound and becoming silence.

After several pipes had been filled and emptied in this solemn ceremonial, the chief addressed the bride, detailing at considerable length the duties of a wife which, among Indians, are little less onerous than those of the pack-horse; this done, he turned to her friends and congratulated them upon the great alliance she had made. They showered a due sense of their good fortune, especially when the nuptial presents came to be distributed among the chiefs and relatives, amounting to about one hundred and eighty dollars. The company soon retired, and now the worthy trapper found himself that he had good grounds for much to deal with; for the knowing dame at once assumed the style and dignity of a trapper's wife: taking possession of the lodge as her undisputed empire, arranging everything according to her own taste and habits, and appearing as much at home and on easy terms with the trapper as if she had been man and wife for years.

We have already given a picture of a free trapper and his horse, as furnished by Captain Bonneville; we shall here subjoin, as a companion picture, his description of a free trapper's wife, that the reader may have a correct idea of the kind of blessing the worthy hunter in question had invoked to solace him in the wilderness.

The free trapper, while a bachelor, has no greater pet than his horse; but the moment he takes a wife (a sort of brevet rank in matrimony occasionally bestowed upon some Indian fair one, like the heroes of ancient chivalry in the open field) he discovers that he has a still more fanciful and capricious animal on which to lavish his expenses.

"No sooner does an Indian belle experience this promotion, than all her notions at once rise to the dignity of what she now is, and the purse of her lover, and his credit into the bargain, are taxed to the utmost to fit her out in becoming style. The wife of a free trapper to be equipped and arrayed as any ordinary and distinguished squaw? No! The heroine of the day shall wear a horse for her own riding; but no jaded, sorry, earth-spiritured buck, such as is sometimes assigned by an Indian husband for the transportation of her squash and her papposes; the wife of a free trapper must have the most beautiful animal she can lay her eyes on. And then, as to his decoration: head-staff, breast-bands, saddle and crupper are lavishly embroidered with beads, and hung with thimbles, hawks' bells, and bunches of ribbons. From each side of the loose saddle hangs a sort of pocket, in which she bestows the residue of her trinkets and nick-nacks, which cannot be crowded on the decoration of her horse or herself. Over this she folds, with great care, a trappy scarf of scarlet and bright-colored feather, which now covers the caparison of her steed complete.

"As to her own person, she is even still more extravagant. Her hair, esteemed beautiful in proportion to its length, is carefully plaited, and made to fall with seeming negligence over either breast. Her riding hat is stuck full of party-colored feathers; her robe, fashioned somewhat after that of the whites, is of red, green, and sometimes grey cloth, but always of the finest texture that can be procured. Her leggings and moccasins are of the most beautiful and expensive workmanship, and fitted neatly to the foot and ankle, which with the Indian women are generally well formed and delicate. Then as to jewelry: in the way of finger-rings, ear-rings, necklaces, and other female glories, nothing within the trapper's means is omitted that can tend to impress the beholder with an idea of the lady's high estate. To finish the whole, she selects from among her blankets of various dyos one of some glowing color, and throwing it over her shoulders with a native grace, vauls into the saddle of her gay,
prancing steed, and is ready to follow her mountaineer, "to the last gasp with love and loyalty." Such is the general picture of the free trapper's wife, as given by Captain Bonneville; but it applied in its details to the one in question does not altogether appear, though it would seem from the outset of her own story that she was ready to reveal her own pomposity and dimensions of her own condition. It is worthy of mention that wherever there are several wives of free trappers in a camp, the keenest rivalry exists between them, to the sore detriment of their husbands' purses. Their whole time is expended and their ingenuity taxed by endeavors to eclipse each other in dress and decoration. The jealousies and heart-burnings thus occasioned among these so-styled children of nature are equaliy intense with those of the rival leaders of style and fashion in the luxurious abodes of civilized life.

The general festival of Christmas, which throughout all Christendom lights up the fireside of home with mirth and jollity, followed hard upon the wedding just described. Though far from kindred and friends, Captain Bonneville and his handful of free trappers were not disposed to suffer the festival to pass unenjoyed; they were in a region of good cheer, and were disposed to be jovious; so it was determined to "light up the tulip gay," and celebrate a merry Christmas in the heart of the wilderness.

On Christmas eve, accordingly, they began their rude fêtes and rejoicings. In the course of the night the free trappers surrounded the lodge of the chief and in lieu of the usual Christmas carols, saluted him with a few de joy.

Kowstow received it in a truly Christian spirit, and after a speech, in which he expressed his high gratification at the honor done him, invited the whole company to a feast on the following day. His invitation was gladly accepted. A Christmas dinner in the wigwam of an Indian chief! There was novelty in the idea. Not one failed to be present. The banquet was served up in primitive style: skins of various kinds, nicely dressed for the occasion, were spread upon the ground; upon these were heaped abundance of venison, elk meat, and mountain mutton, with various bitter roots which the Indians use as condiments.

After a short prayer, the company all seated themselves, till the next day, and the banquet, which passed off with great hilarity. After which various games of strength and agility by both white men and Indians closed the Christmas festivities.

CHAPTER XV.

A HUNT AFTER HUNTERS—HUNGRY TIMES—A VORACIOUS REPAST—WINTRY WEATHER—

GODIN'S RIVER—SPLENDID WINTER SCENE ON THE GREAT LAVA PLAIN OF SNAKE RIVER—SEVERE TRAVELLING AND TRAMPING IN THE SNOW—MANEUVERES OF A SOLITARY INDIAN HORSEMAN—ENCAMPMENT ON SNAKE RIVER—BANNECK INDIANS—THE HORSE CHIEF—HIS CHARNED LIFE.

The continued absence of Matthieu and his party had, by this time, caused great uneasiness in the mind of Captain Bonneville; and, finding there was no dependence to be placed upon the perseverance and courage of scouting parties in so perilous a quest, he determined to set out himself on the search, and to keep on until he should ascertain something of the object of his solicitude.

Accordingly on the 26th December he left the camp, accompanied by some trappers and hunters, all well mounted and armed for dangerous enterprise. On the following morning they passed out at the head of the mountain gorge and sallied forth into the open plain. As they confidently expected a brush with the Blackfeet, or some other predatory horde, they moved with great circumspection, and kept vigilant watch in their encampments.

In the course of another day they left the main branch of Salmon River, and proceeded south toward a pass called John Day's defile. It was severe and arduous travelling. The plains were swept by keen and bitter blasts of wintry wind; the ground was generally covered with snow, and game was scarce, so that hunger generally prevailed in the camp, while the want of pasture soon began to manifest itself in the declining vigor of the horses.

The party had scarcely encamped on the afternoon of the 28th, when two of the hunters who had sallied forth in quest of game came galloping back in great alarm. While hunting they had perceived a party of savages, evidently manoeuvring to cut them off from the camp; and nothing had saved them from being entrapped but the speed of the wind. These tidings struck dismay into the camp. Captain Bonneville endeavored to reassure his men by representing the position of their encampment, and the facility of defence, as well as the number of horses which he ordered the horses to be driven in and picketed, and threw up a rough breastwork of fallen trunks of trees and the vegetable rubbish of the wilderness. Within this barrier was maintained a vigilant watch throughout the night, which passed away without alarm. At early dawn they scrutinized the surrounding plain, to discover whether any enemies had been lurking about during the night; not a foot-print, however, was to be discovered on the coarse gravel with which the plain was covered.

Hunger now began to cause more uneasiness than the apprehensions of surrounding enemies. After marching a few miles they encamped at a foot of a mountain, in hopes of finding buffalo. It was not until the next day that a pair of fine bulls on the edge of the plain, among rocks and ravines. Having now been two days and a half without a mouthful of food, they took especial care that these animals should not escape them. While some of the surest marksmen advanced cautiously with their rifles into the rough ground, four of the best mounted horsemen took their stations in the plain, to run the bulls down should they only be maimed.

The buffalo were wounded, and set off in headlong flight. The half-famished horses were too weak to overtake them on the frozen ground, but succeeded in driving them on the ice, where they slipped and fell, and were easily dispatched. The hunters loaded themselves with beef for present and future supply, and then returned and encamped at the last night's fire. Here they passed the remainder of the day, cooking and eating with a voracity proportioned to previous starvation, forgetting in the hearty revel of the moment the certain dangers with which they had been charged.

The cravings of hunger being satisfied, they now began to debate about their further progress. The men were much disheartened by the hardships they had already endured. Indeed, two who had
been in the rear guard, taking advantage of their position, had deserted and returned to the lodges of the Nez Pécs. The prospect ahead was enough to stagger the heart. They were in the dead of winter. As far as the eye could reach the wild landscape was wrapped in snow, which was evidently deepening as they advanced. Over this they would have to toil, with the icy wind twisting in their faces, their horses might give out through want of pasturage, and they themselves must expect intervals of terrible famine like that they had already experienced.

With Capt. Bonneville, however, perseverance was a matter of pride; and, having undertaken this enterprise, nothing could turn him back until it was accomplished: though he declares that, had he anticipated the difficulties and sufferings which attended it, he should have hesitated from the undertaking.

Onward, therefore, the little band urged their way, keeping along the course of a stream called John Day's Creek. The cold was so intense that they had frequently to dismount and travel on foot, lest they should freeze in their saddles. The days which this season are short enough even in the open prairies, were narrowed to a few hours by the high mountains, which allowed the travelers but a brief enjoyment of the cheering rays of the sun. The snow was generally at least two feet deep, and they were not often out of it more: those who dismounted had to beat their way with toilsome steps. Eight miles were considered a good day's journey. The horses were almost famished; for the heritage was covered with snow, and they had nothing to subsist upon but scanty wisps of the dry bunch grass which peered above the surface, and the small branches and twigs of frozen willows and wormwood.

In this way they urged their slow and painful course to the south down John Day's Creek, until it lost itself in a swamp. Here they encamped upon the ice among stiffened willows, where they were obliged to beat down and clear away the snow to procure pasturage for their horses.

Hence, they toiled on to Godin River; so called after an Iroquois hunter in the service of Sublette, who was murdered there by the Blackfeet. Many of the features of this remote wilderness are thus named after scenes of violence and bloodshed that have occurred among its inhabitants. The most was an act of filial vengeance on the part of Godin's son Antoine that, as the reader may recollect, brought on the recent battle at Pierre's Hole.

Form Godin's River, Capt. Bonneville and his followers came out upon the plain of the Three Butes, so called from three singular and isolated hills that rise from the midst. It is a part of the great desert of Snake River, one of the most remarkable tracts beyond the mountains. Could they have experienced a respite from their sufferings and anxieties, the immense landscape spread out before them was calculated to inspire admiration. Winter has its beauties and glories as well as summer; and Capt. Bonneville had the soul to appreciate them.

Far away, says he, over the vast plains, and up the steep sides of the lofty mountains, the snow lay spread in dazzling whiteness: and whenever the sun emerged in the morning above the giant peaks, or burst forth from among clouds in its mid-course, the light flashed from every rock and forest tree, glazed, and sparkling with surpassing lustre. The tall pines seemed sprinkled with a silver dust, and the willows, studded with minute icicles reflecting the prismatic rays, brought to mind the fairy trees conjured up by the caliph's story-teller to adorn his palace of distant dreams.

The poor wanderers, however, nearly starved with hunger and cold, were in no mood to enjoy the glories of these brilliant scenes; though they stamped pictures on their memory which have been recalled with delight in more genial situations.

Encamping at the west Butte, they found a place swept by the winds, so that it was bare of snow, and there was abundance of bunch grass. Here the horses were turned loose to graze throughout the night. Though for once they had ample pasture, yet the keen winds were so intense that, in the morning, a mule was found frozen to death. The trappers gathered round and mourned over him as over a cherished friend. They feared their half-starved horses would soon share his fate, for there seemed scarce blood enough left in their veins to withstand the freezing cold. To beat the way further through the snow with these feeble animals seemed next to impossible; and despondency began to creep into their hearts. Fortunately, they discovered a trail made by some hunting party. Into this they immediately entered, and proceeded with less difficulty. Shortly afterward, a fine buffalo bull came bounding across the snow and was inches within their reach: but good cheer and a blazing fire gradually restored life, and put his blood in circulation.

Having now a beaten path, they proceeded the next morning with more facility; indeed, the snow decreased in depth as they receded from the mountains, and the temperature became more mild. In the course of the day they discovered a solitary horseman hovering at a distance before them on the plain. They spurred on to overtake him; he was better mounted on a fresher steed, and kept at a wary distance, reconnoitring them with evident distrust; for the wild dress of the free trappers, their leggins, blankets, and cloth caps garnished with fur and tassels and feathers, their very words and expressions gave them the look of Indians rather than white men, and made him mistake them for a war party of some hostile tribe.

After much maneuvering, the wild horseman was at length brought to a parley; but even then he conducted himself with the caution of a knowing prowler of the prairies. Dismounting from his horse, and using him as a breastwork, he levelled his gun across his back, and thus prepared for defense like a wary cruiser upon the high seas, he permitted himself to be approached within speaking distance.

He proved to be an Indian of the Bannock tribe, belonging to a band at no great distance. It was some time before he could be persuaded that he was conversing with a party of white men, and induced to lay aside his reserve and join them. He then gave them the interesting intelligence that there were two companies of white men encamped in the neighborhood. This was cheering news to Capt. Bonneville; and he rejoiced at the long-sought party of Matthieu. Pushing forward, therefore, with renewed spirits, he reached Snake River by nightfall, and there fixed his encampment.
Early the next morning (11th January, 1839), diligent search was made about the neighborhood for traces of the reported parties of white men. An encampment was soon discovered about four miles further up the river, in which Captain Bonneville found two of Matthew's men, from whom he learned that the rest of his party would be there in the course of a few days. It was a matter of great pride and self-gratulation to Captain Bonneville that he had thus accomplished his dreary and doubtful enterprise, and he determined to pass some time at this encampment, both to await the return of Matthew, and to give needful repose to men and horses.

It was, in fact, one of the most eligible and delightful wintering grounds in that whole range of country. The Snake River here wound its devi-ous way between low banks through the great plain of the Three Butes; and was bordered by wide and fertile meadows. It was studded with islands which, like the alluvial bottoms, were covered with groves of cotton-wood, willow, tracts of good lowland grass, and abundance of green rushes. The adjacent plains were so vast in extent that no single band of Indians could drive the buffalo out of them; nor was the soil of sufficient fertility to give any serious incen-

ience. Indeed, during the sojourn of Captain Bonneville in this neighborhood, which was in the heart of winter, he found the weather, with the exception of a few cold and stormy days, generally mild and sunshiny, and was able to encamp at the head of Golfin River. His fall in nowise lessened the faith of his people in his charming life; for they declared that it was not a bullet which laid him low, but a bullet which had not been seen to come. The marksmen aware, no doubt, of the inefficiency of lead. Since his death there was no one with sufficient influence over the tribe to restrain the wild and predatory propensities of the young men. The consequence was they had become troublesome and dangerous neighbors, openly friendly for the sake of traffic, but disposed to commit secret depredations and to molest any small party that might fall within their reach.

CHAPTER XVI

ADVENTURES OF MATTHEW AND HIS PARTY—RETURN TO THE CACHES AT SALMON RIVER—BATTLE BETWEEN NEZ PERCE AND BLACKFEET—HEROISM OF A NEZ PERCE WOMAN—ENROLLED AMONG THE BRAVES.

On the 3d of February Matthew, with the residue of his band, arrived in camp. He had a disastrous story to relate. After parting with Captain Bonneville in Green River valley he had proceeded to the westward, keeping to the north of the Palisades, a spur of the great Rocky chain. Here he experienced the most rugged travelling for his horses, and soon discovered that there was but little chance of meeting the Shoshone bands. He now proceeded along Bear River, a stream much frequented by trappers, intending to shape his course to Salmon River to rejoin Captain Bonneville. He was misled, however, either through the ignorance or treachery of an Indian guide, and conducted into a wild valley where he lay encamped during the autumn, and in the early part of the winter, nearly buried in snow and almost starved. Early in the season he detached five men, with nine horses, to proceed to the neighborhood of the Sheep Rock, on Bear River, where game was plenty, and there to procure a supply for the camp, their expenses being inade-

quately covered. A short encampment was made in this place, but secretly reconnoisings were made in all directions, and the main body finally returned to the camp in a situation where they were exposed to the sudden incursions of the hostile Blackfeet. They, however, had given the trappers an alarm to the great joy with which they received their homewards, before the fact was known. A volley of cheers for General Lew-ers was immediately fired, and the spirits of the trappers were assuaged. The Blackfeet, however, did not condescend to come near the party that night, but collected a number of the mountains, and, on the advice of their chief, decided to remain where they were, and next day to attack the party. Captain Bonneville and several of his men were in the camp that night. The party was supplied with food, and all the necessary arrangements were made for the safety of the camp.

The next morning was bright and clear, and the trappers were enabled to see a large party of Blackfeet approaching. Captain Bonneville at once gave the signal to fire, and a volley of rifles was discharged, at the same time a number of arrows were shot at the enemy. The Blackfeet, however, did not show any signs of retirement, and the trappers were much alarmed. Captain Bonneville then gave the order to retreat, and the party made their way into the camp, where they were met by a friendly reception. The trappers were much pleased with their escape, and were able to proceed on their journey with a fair prospect of success.
for the camp. They had not proceeded far on their expedition when their trail was discovered by the savages, who immediately commenced a lurking pursuit, dogging them secretly for five or six days. So long as their encampments were well chosen and a proper watch maintained the wary savages kept aloof; at length, finding that they were badly encamped, in a situation where they might be approached with secrecy, the enemy crept stealthily along under cover of the river bank, preparing to burst suddenly upon their prey.

They had not advanced with striking distance, however, before they were discovered by one of the trackers. He immediately and silently gave the alarm to his companions. They all sprang upon their horses and prepared to retreat to a safe position.

One of the party, however, named Jennings, doubted the correctness of the alarm, and before he mounted his horse wanted to ascertain the fact. His companions urged him to mount, but in vain; he was incredulous and obstinate. A volley of firearms by the savages dispelled his doubts, but wounding his nerves so severely that he was unable to get into his saddle. His comrades, seeing his peril and confusion, generously leaped from their horses to protect him. A shot from a rifle brought him to the earth; in his agony he called for the help of his people in that it was but a bit of horn some Blackfoot and against the inefficiency of one with whom they had to restrain the of the young he had become known to neighbors, openly disposed to molest any Fish salmon.

TO HIS PARTY

BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

Salmon River and Blackfoot Woman—

He had a hunting party with which he had returned to the north shore of the great lake, and the most of the meeting were left to proceed alone along the banks of the river, where they lay in part of the country.

In the course of this hunting expedition, a small band of ten lodges separated from the main body in search of better pasture for their horses. About the 1st of March, the scattered parties of Blackfoot banditti united to the number of three
hundred fighting men, and determined upon some signal bow. Proceeding to the former camping ground of the Nez Percés, they found the lodges deserted; upon which they hid themselves, to watch their willows and elks, watching for some straggler who might guide them to the present "whereabout" of their intended victims. As fortune would have it Kosato, the Blackfoot renegade, was the first to pass along, accompanied with a blood-bought bride. He was cut off his way from the main body of hunters to the little band of ten lodges. The Blackfeet knew and marked him as he passed; he was within bowshot of their ambuscade; yet, much as they thirsted for his blood, they forbore to launch a shaft; sparing him for the moment that he might lead them to their prey. Secretly following his trail, they discovered the lodges of the unfortunate Nez Percés, and assailed them with shouts and yellings. The Nez Percés numbered only twenty men, and but nine were armed with fusiliers. They showed themselves, however, as brave and skillful in war as they had been mild and long-suffering in peace. Their first care was to dig holes inside of the lodges; thus ensconced they fought desperately, being several of the enemy dead upon the ground; while they, though some of them were wounded, lost not a single warrior.

During the heat of the battle, a woman of the Nez Percés, seeing her warrior badly wounded and unable to fight, seized his bow and arrows, and bravely and successfully defended his person, contributing to the safety of the whole party. In another part of the field of action, a Nez Percé had crouched behind the trunk of a fallen tree, and kept up a galling fire from his covert. Blackfoot seeing this, procured a round log, and placing it before him as he lay prostrate, rolled it forward toward the trunk of the tree behind which his enemy lay crouched. It was a moment of breathless interest; whoever first showed himself would be in danger of a shot. The Nez Percé put an end to the suspense. The moment the logs touched he sprang upon his feet and discharged the contents of his fusil into the back of his antagonist. By this time the Blackfeet had got possession of the horses several of their warriors lay dead on the field, and the Nez Percés, ensconced in their lodges, seemed resolved to defend themselves to the last gasp. So happened that the chief of the Blackfeet party was a renegade from the Nez Percés; unlike Kosato, however, he had no vindictive rage against his native tribe, but was rather disposed, now he had got the booty, to spare all unnecessary effusion of blood. He held a long parley, therefore, with the besieged, and finally drew off his warriors, taking with him seventy horses. It appeared, afterward, that the bullets of the Blackfeet had been entirely expended in the course of the battle, so that they were obliged to make use of stones as free trappers and Indians, together with his main trapping ground for the season. This is a stream which rises among the great bed of mountains north of the Lava Plain, and after a winding course falls into Snake River. Previous to his departure the captain dispatched Mr. Cerré, with a few men, to visit the Indian villages and purchase horses; he furnished his clerk, Mr. Hodgskiss, also, with a small stock of goods, to keep up a trade with the Indians during the spring, for such peltries as they might collect, appointing the horses on Salmon River as the point of rendezvous, where they were to rejoin him on the 15th of June following.

This done he set out for Malade River, with a band of twenty-eight men composed of hired and free trappers and Indian hunters, together with eight squaws. Their route lay up along the right fork of Salmon River, as it passes through the deep defile of the mountains. They travelled very slowly, not above five miles a day, for many of the horses were so weak that they fell and staggered as they walked. Pasturage, however, was now growing plentiful. There was abundance of fresh grass, which in some places had attained such height as to wave in the wind. The native flocks of the wilderness, the mountain sheep, as they passed on, could continually be seen upon the hills between which they passed, and a good supply of mutton was procured among them.

In the evening of the day Mr. Cerré and his file had camped among the Mountian Indians, among whom they were well known. The Indians were very hospitable, and entertained them with much food and many wines, some of which Mr. Cerré said were as good as the best wines in England.

About the middle of March, Captain Bonneville made preparatory to opening the spring campaign. He had pitched upon Malade River for his main trapping ground for the season. This is a stream which rises among the great bed of mountains north of the Lava Plain, and after a winding course falls into Snake River. Previous to his departure the captain dispatched Mr. Cerré, with a few men, to visit the Indian villages and purchase horses; he furnished his clerk, Mr. Hodgskiss, also, with a small stock of goods, to keep up a trade with the Indians during the spring, for such peltries as they might collect, appointing the horses on Salmon River as the point of rendezvous, where they were to rejoin him on the 15th of June following.

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was provided by the hunters, as they were advancing toward a region of scarcity.

In the early stages of his journey Captain Bonneville had occasion to remark an instance of the many instances of the sagacity of the Indian hunters of the tribe who, among the Indians, and among some of the white men, with respect to the sagacity of the beaver. The Indian hunters of his party were in the habit of exploring all the streams along which they passed, and on the banks of which they occasionally set their traps with some success. One of them, however, though an experienced and skilful trapper, was invariably unsuccessful. Astonished and mortified at such unusual bad luck, he at length conceived the idea that there was some odor about his person of which the beaver got scent and retreated at his approach. He immediately set about a thorough purification. Making a rude sweating-house on the banks of the river, he would shut himself up until a reeking perspiration, and then suddenly emerging, would plunge into the river. A number of these sweatings and plungings having, as he supposed, rendered his person perfectly "inodorous," he resumed his trapping with renewed hope.

About the first of April they encamped upon Godin's River, where they found the swamp full of musk-rat houses. Here, therefore, Captain Bonneville determined to remain a few days and make his first regular attempt at trapping. That his maiden campaign might open with spirit, he promised the Indians and free trappers an extra price for every musk-rat they should take. All now set to work for the next day's sport. The utmost animation and gayety prevailed throughout the camp, as the hunters were to have a long period of leisure, during which they might trap at their leisure without molestation.

In the midst of their gayety a hunter came galloping into the camp, shouting, or rather yelling, "A trail! a trail!—lodge poles! lodge poles!"

These words were mingled with the trapper's cry. They intimated that there was a component band in the neighborhood, and probably a hunting party, as they had lodge poles for an encampment. The hunter came up and told his story. He had discovered a fresh trail, in which the trappers were advancing. At the head of the party was a man, whose face and form were distinctly visible. The buffalo, too, had just been driven out of the neighborhood, which showed that the hunters had already been on the range. The gaiety of the camp was at an end; all preparations for muskrat trapping were suspended, and all hands sallied forth to examine the trail. Their worst fears were soon confirmed. Infallible signs showed the approach of the party in the advance to be white men; doubtless, some rival band had found a favorable season when least expected; and that too by a party already in the advance, who were driving the game before them. Captain Bonneville had now a taste of the sudden transitions to which a trapper's life is subject. The buoyant confidence in an uninterrupted series of victories was exchanged for gloom and disappointment.

Captain Bonneville immediately dispatched two spicers to overtake the rival party, and endeavor to learn their plans; in the meantime, he turned his attention to the women, who, at the same time, were busy at their lodges and followed on at "long camps," which in trapper's language is equivalent to long stages. On the 6th of April he met his spies returning. They had kept on the trail like hounds until they overtook the party at the south end of Godin's defile. Here they found them comfortably encamped; twenty-two prime trappers, all well-equipped with excellent horses in capital condition led by Milton Sublette, and an able coadjutor named Jarvis, and in full march for the Malade hunting ground. This was stunning news. The Malade River was the only trapping ground left, and they were now forced to have to compete with veteran trappers, perfectly at home among the mountains, and admirably mounted, while they were so poorly provided with horses and trappers, and had but one man in their party acquainted with the country—
it was out of the question.

The only hope that now remained was that the snow, which still lay deep among the mountains of Godin River and blocked up the usual pass to the Malade country, might deter the other party until Captain Bonneville's horses should get out once more into good condition in their present ample pastureage.

The rival parties now encamped together, not out of companionship, but to keep an eye upon each other. Day after day passed without any possibility of getting to the Malade country. Sublette and Jarvis endeavored to force their way across the mountain; but the snows lay too deep as to oblige them to turn back. In the meantime the captain's horses were daily gaining strength, and their hoes improving, which had been worn and battered by mountain service. The captain, also, was increasing his stock of provisions; so that the delay was all in his favor.

To any one who merely consults a map of the country this difficulty of getting from Godin to Malade River will appear inexplicable, as the intervening mountains terminate in the great Snake River plain, so that, apparently, it would be perfectly easy to proceed round their bases.

Here, however, occur some of the striking phenomena of this wild and sublime region. The great lower plain which extends to the feet of these mountains is broken up near their bases into crests and ridges resembling the surges of the sea, the breaking on a rocky shore.

In a line with the mountains the plain is gashed with numerous and dangerous chasms, from four to ten feet wide, and of great depth. Captain Bonneville attempted to sound some of these openings, but without any satisfactory result. A stone dropped into one of them reverberated against the sides for apparently a very great depth, and, by its sound, indicated the same kind of substance with the surface, as long as the strokes could be heard. The horse, instinctively sagacious in avoiding danger, shrinks back in alarm from the least of these chasms, prickling up his ears, snorting and pawing, until permitted to turn away.

We have been told by a person well acquainted with the country that it is sometimes necessary to travel fifty and sixty miles to get round one of these tremendous ravines. Considerable streams, like that of Godin's River, that run with a bold, free current, lose themselves in this plain; some of them end in swamps, others suddenly disappear, finding, no doubt, subterranean outlets. The same is the case with the river, which is the greatest water I have ever seen on the plateau, and which runs through all the chasms like a vein of turquoise.

Opposite to these chasms Snake River makes two desperate leaps over precipices, at a short distance from each other; one twenty, the other forty feet in height.

The volcanic plain in question forms an area of about sixty miles in diameter, where nothing meets the eye but a desolate and awful waste;
where no grass grows nor water runs, and where nothing is to be seen but lava. Ranges of mountains skirt this plain, and, in Captain Bonneville's opinion, were formerly connected, until rent asunder by some convulsion of nature. Far to the east the Three Tetons lift their heads sublimely, and dominate this wide sea of lava—one of the most striking features of a wilderness where everything seems on a scale of stern and simple grandeur.

We look forward with impatience for some explanation to explore this sublime but almost unknown region.

It was not until the 25th of April that the two parties of trappers broke up their encampments, and undertook to cross over the southwest end of the mountain by a pass explored by their scouts. From various points of the mountain they commanded boundless prospects of the lava plain, stretching away in cold and gloomy barrenness as far as the eye could reach. On the evening of the 26th they reached the plains west of the mountain, watered by the Malad, the Boise, and other streams, which comprised the contemplated trapping ground.

The country about the Boise (or Woody) River is exotical Captain Bonneville as the most exuberant and enchanting scenes in the Far West, presenting the mingled grandeur and beauty of mountain and plain, of bright running streams and vast grassy meadows waving to the breeze.

We shall not follow the captain throughout his trapping campaign, which lasted until the beginning of June, nor detail all the manoeuvres of the rival trapping parties and their various schemes to outwit and out-trap each other. Suffice it to say, that after having visited and camped about various streams with various success, Captain Bonneville set forward early in June for the appointed rendezvous at the confluence. On the way, he treated his party to a grand buffalo hunt. The scouts had reported numerous herds in a plain beyond an intervening height. There was an immediate halt; the fittest horses were forthwith mounted and the party advanced to the summit of the hill. Hence they beheld the great plain below absolutely swarming with buffalo. Captain Bonneville now appointed the place where he would halt the horses, and toward which the hunters were to drive the game. He cautioned the latter to advance slowly, preserving the strength and speed of the horses until within a moderate distance of the herds. Twenty-two horsemen descended cautiously into the plain, comformably to these directions. "It was a beautiful sight," say the captain, "to see the runners, as they are called, advancing in column, at a slow trot, until within two hundred and fifty yards of the outskirts of the herd, then dashing on at full speed until lost in the immense multitude of buffaloes scoriing the plain in every direction." All was now tumult and wild confusion. In the meantime Captain Bonneville and the residue of the party moved on to the appointed camping ground; those the most expert runners succeeded in driving numbers of buffalo, which were killed hard by the camp, and the flesh transported thither without difficulty. In a little while the whole camp looked like one great slaughter-house; the carcasses were cut out with great tiresome labor, and then erected on posts, with the long shanks formed into crossbars, and made, scaffolds erected for drying and jerking beef, and an ample provision was made for future subsistence. On the 15th of June, the precise day appointed for the rendezvous, Captain Bonneville and his party arrived safely at the caches.

Here he was joined by the other detachments of his main party, all in good health and spirits. The caches were again opened, supplies of various kinds taken out, and a liberal allowance of wasser vittes distributed throughout the camp, to celebrate with proper conviviality this merry meeting.

CHAPTER XVIII.


Having now a pretty strong party, well armed and equipped, Captain Bonneville and his men took the necessity of fortifying himself in the secret of the Nez Percés under the noses of the Blackfeet, and salied forth boldly into the Snake River plain, in search of their chief, Hodgkiss, who had remained with the Nez Percés. He found him on the 24th of June, and learned from him another chapter of the Nez Percés' misfortunes, which had recently befell that ill-fated race.

After the departure of Captain Bonneville in March, Kosato, the renegade Blackfoot, had recovered from the wound received in battle and with his strength revived all his deadly hostility to his native tribe. He now resumed his efforts to stir up the Nez Percés to reprisals upon their old enemies; reminding them incessantly of all the outrages and robberies they had recently suffered, and assuring them that such would continue to be their lot until they proved themselves men by some signal retaliation.

The impetuous eloquence of the desperado produced an effect, and a hand of brave men enlisted under his guidance, to penetrate into the Blackfoot country, harass their villages, carry off their horses, and commit all kinds of depredations. Kosato pushed forward on his foray as far as the Horse Prairie, where he came upon a strong party of Blackfeet. Without estimating their force, he attacked them with characteristic fury, and was bravely seconded by his followers. The contest, for a time, was hot and bloody; at length, as customary with these two tribes, they paused, and held a long parley, or rather a war of words.

"What need," said the Blackfoot chief, tauntingly, "have the Nez Percés to leave their homes, and make war upon war parties, when they have danger enough at their own doors? If you want fighting, return to your villages; you will have plenty of it there. The Blackfoot warriors have hitherto made war upon you as children. They are now coming as men. A great force is at hand; they are on their way to your towns, and are determined to rob out the very name of the Nez Percés from the mountains. Return, I say, to your towns, and fight there, if you wish to live any longer as a people."

Kosato took him at his word; for he knew the character of his native tribe. Hastening back with his warriors, he set out on the 25th toward the middle of the Nez Percés, and arrived there the day after, bringing a small force, some twelve men, with whom he entered into a convention. Kosato, with his little army of renegades, left the Nez Percés, and starting for the Blackfeet, exposed himself and his followers to all the dangers of their enemies. But they were at length captured by the Nez Percés and brought before their chief. A council was immediately called to discuss the fate of the miserable renegade. The Nez Percés considered him as a traitor to his own people, and resolved to the severest punishment, if they had the power to execute their sentence. Kosato, however, was saved by his family, who interceded on his behalf, and the chief of the Nez Percés, seeing the danger of war between the two tribes, consented to spare his life. Kosato, therefore, returned to the Blackfeet, and informed them of the state of his country, and of the power of the Nez Percés. The Blackfeet, on receiving this intelligence, were seized with astonishment at the power of their ancient and long-despised enemies. They now saw the necessity of uniting with the Nez Percés against the common enemy, and the two tribes were almost immediately reconciled. Kosato, however, was never able to live to see the day of peace between the Nez Percés and the Blackfeet, as he died soon after his return to the camp of the Nez Percés.
with his band to the Nez Percés village, he told all that he had seen and heard, and urged the most prompt and strenuous measures for defense. The Nez Percés, however, heard him with their accustomed indifference; for, although they had been often plundered and as often had proved a mere bravo; such they pronounced it to be at present, and, of course, took no precautions.

They were soon convinced that it was no empty menace. In a few days a band of three hundred Blackfeet warriors appeared upon the hills; and now was consternation in the village. The force of the Nez Percés was too small to cope with the enemy in open fight; many of the young men having gone to their relatives on the Columbia to procure horses. The sages met in hurried council. What was to be done to ward off a blow which threatened annihilation? In this moment of imminent peril, a Pierced-nose chief, named Blue John by the whites, offered to approach secretly with a small, but chosen band, through a defile which led to the encampment of the enemy, and, by a sudden onset, to drive off the horses. Should this blow be successful, the spirit and strength of the invaders would be broken, and the Nez Percés would have more than a match for them. Should it fail, the village would not be worse off than at present, when destruction appeared inevitable.

Twenty-nine of the choicest warriors instantly volunteered to follow Blue John in this perilous enterprise. They prepared for it with the solemnity and devotion peculiar to the tribe. Blue John consulted his medicine, or talismanic charm, such as every chief keeps in his lodge as a supernatural protection; and his holographic artist drew a picture of the surprise would be completely successful, provided no rain should fall before he had passed through the defile; but should it rain, his band would be utterly cut off.

The day was clear and bright; and Blue John anticipated that the skies would be propitious. He departed in high spirits with his forlorn hope; and never did band of braves make a more gallant display—horsemen and horses being decorated and equipped in the richest and most graceful style—studded with jewels and ornaments, and flitting with feathers.

The weather continued serene until they reached the defile; but just as they were entering it a thick cloud rose over the mountain crest, and then came a sudden shower. The warriors turned to their leader, as if to read his opinion of this unlucky omen; but the countenance of Blue John remained unchanged, and they continued to press forward. It was his hope to make their way undiscovered to the very vicinity of the Blackfoot camp; but they had not proceeded far in the defile, when they met a scouting party of the enemy. They attacked and drove them among the hills, and were pursuing them with great eagerness when they heard shouts and yells behind them, and held the main body of the Blackfeet advancing.

The second chief wavered a little at the sight, and proposed an instant retreat. "We came to fight," replied Blue John, sternly. Then giving his war-cry, he turned the tide of battle to his side. His braves followed him. They made a headlong charge upon the enemy; not with the hope of victory, but to sell their lives dearly. A frightful carnage, rather than a regular battle, succeeded. The forlorn band fell heaps on their enemies, but in the end were overwhelmed with numbers and pressed into a gorge of the mountain, where they continued to fight until they were cut to pieces. One only, of the thirty, survived. He sprang on the horse of a Blackfoot warrior whom he had slain, and, in a wild, blood-crazed gallop, brought home the baleful tidings to his village.

Who can paint the horror and desolation of the inhabitants? The flower of their warriors laid low, and a ferocious enemy at their doors. The air was rent by the shrieks and lamentations of the women, who, casting off their ornaments and tearing their hair, wandered about, franticly bewailing the dead and predicting destruction to the living. The remaining warriors armed themselves for obstinate defense; but showed by their gleam, looks and sullen silence that they considered defense hopeless. To their surprise the Blackfeet refrained from pursuing their advantage; perhaps satisfied with the blood already shed, or disheartened by the loss they had sustained. At any rate, they disappeared from the hills, and it was soon ascertained that they had returned to the Horse Prairie.

The unfortunate Nez Percés now began once more to breathe. A few of their warriors, taking pack-horses, repaired to the head-quarters of the bodies of their slaughtered brethren. They found them mere headless trunks; and the wounds with which they were covered showed how bravely they had fought. Their hearts, too, had been torn with the wound that proved their signal valor; for in devoting the heart of a foe renowned for bravery, or who has distinguished himself in battle, the Indian victor thinks he appropriates to himself the courage of the deceased.

Gathering the mangled bodies of the slain, and strapping them across their pack-horses, the warriors returned, in dismal procession, to the village. The tribe came forth to meet them; the women with piercing cries and wailings; the men with downcast countenances, in which gloom and sorrow seemed fixed as if in marble. The mutilated and almost indistinguishable bodies were placed in rows upon the ground, in the midst of the assemblage; and the scene of heart-rending anguish and lamentation that ensued would have confounded those who insist on Indian stoicism.

Such was the disastrous event that had overwhelmed the Nez Percés tribe during the absence of Captain Bonneville; and he was informed that Kosaio, the renegade, whom he had been pursuing in the village, had been prevented from going on the forlorn hope, was again striving to rouse the vindictive feelings of his adopted brethren, and to prompt them to revenge the slaughter of their devoted brave.

During his sojourn on the Snake River plain, Captain Bonneville made one of his first essays at the strategy of the fur trade. There was at this time an assemblage of Nez Percés, Flatheads, and Cottonois Indians encamped together upon the plain; well provided with beaver hides they had collected during the spring. These they were waiting to traffic with a resident trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was stationed among them, and with whom they were accustomed to deal. The trader was almost entirely destitute of Indian goods; his spring supply not having yet reached him. Captain Bonneville had scarce intelligence that the supplies were on their way, and would soon arrive; he hoped, however, by a prompt move to anticipate their arrival, and secure the market to himself. Throwing himself, therefore, among
the Indians, he opened his packs of merchandise and displayed the most tempting wares: bright cloths, and scarlet blankets, and glittering ornaments, and everything gay and glorious in the eyes of warrior or squaw; all, however, was in vain. The Hudson's Bay trader was a perfect master of Indian business, unnerveingly acquainted with the Indians he had to deal with, and held such control over them that none dared to act openly in opposition to his wishes; nay, more— he came night turning the tables upon the captain, and altogether took the allegiance of some of his foes, the trappers, by distributing liquors among them. The latter, therefore, was glad to give up a competition, where the war was likely to be carried into his own camp.

In fact, the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company have advantages over all competitors in the trade beyond the Rocky Mountains. That huge monopoly centres within itself not merely its own hereditary and long-established power and influence, but also those of its ancient rivals, but no longer integral part, the famous Northwest Company. It has thus its races of traders, trappers, hunters, and voyageurs, born and bred in its service, and inheriting from preceding generations a knowledge of the various Indian tribes and of the fashions, defiles, and favorable hunting grounds of the country. Their capital, also, and the manner in which their supplies are distributed at various posts, or forwarded by regular canoes, keep their traders well supplied, and enable them to furnish their goods to the Indians at a cheap rate. Their men, too, being chiefly drawn from the Canadas, where they enjoy great influence and control, are engaged at the most trifling wages, and supported at little cost; the provisions which they take with them being little more than Indian corn and grease. They are brought also into the most perfect discipline and subordination, especially when their leaders have once got to them in the scene of action.

These circumstances combine to give the leaders of the Hudson's Bay Company a decided advantage over all the American companies that come within their range; so that any close competition with them is almost hopeless.

Shortly after Captain Bonneville's ineffectual attempt to participate in the trade of the associated company, the supplies of the Hudson's Bay Company arrived; and the resident trader was enabled to monopolize the market.

It was now the beginning of July; in the latter part of which month Captain Bonneville had appointed a rendezvous at Horse Creek in Green River valley, with some of the parties which he had detached in the preceding year. He now turned his thoughts in that direction, and prepared for the journey.

The Cotonnois were anxious for him to proceed at once to their country; which, they assured him, abounded in beaver. The lands of this tribe lie immediately north of those of the Flatheads and are surrounded by the mountains of the Blackfeet. It is true, the latter prospected to be their allies; but they had been guilty of so many acts of perfidy, that the Cotonnois had, latterly, renounced their hollow friendship and attached themselves to the Flatheads and Nez Percés. These had ac-
CHAPTER XII.

PRECAUTIONS IN DANGEROUS DEFILES—TRAPPERS’ MODE OF DEFENCE ON A PRAIRIE—A MYSTERY VISITOR—ARRIVAL IN GREEN RIVER VALLEY—ADVENTURES OF THE DETACHMENTS—THE FORLORN PARTISAN—HIS TALE OF DISASTERS.

As the route of Captain Bonneville lay through what was considered the most perilous part of this region of dangers, he took all his measures with military skill, and observed the strictest circumspection. When on the march, a small scouting party was thrown in the advance, to reconnoitre the country through which they were to pass. The encampments were selected with great care, and a watch was kept up night and day. The horses were brought in and picketed at night, and at break of day a party was sent out to scour the neighborhood for half a mile, beating up every grove and thicket that could give shelter to a lurking foe. When all was reported safe, the horses were driven back to the camp, and with them came the packs out to graze. Such precautions generally observed by traders and hunters, we should not so often hear of parties being surprised by the Indians.

Having stated the military arrangements of the campaign, we may now give the reader an idea of the open prairie, which we have heard from a veteran in the Indian trade. When a party of trappers is on a journey with a convoy of goods or peltries, every man has a pack-horse under his care; and these horses are continually being called upon to perform prodigious toils. The rider often lies upon the ground, and the horse is expected to be up all night. The prairie is a level tract; set up the camp, and go on to the other dangerous, and to the rendezvous. They are apt to be full of the absurdities of Canada and the plains.

When the Indians have so many parties upon their respective territories, it is easy to see why Hodgkinson, the trapper, should have been called upon to pass; and we shall not be surprised at the fact of the horrid chy to which he was subjected. He was watching every trapper as to cut off his supply, and to accompany him, if necessary, he should have been able to do so.

On the 13th of July (1833), Captain Bonneville arrived at Green River. As he entered the valley, he beheld it stretched in every direction with the carcasses of buffaloes. It was evident that Indians had recently been there, and in great numbers. Alarmed at this sight, he came to a halt, and as soon as it was dark, sent out spies to his place of rendezvous on Horse Creek, where he had expected to meet with his detached parties of trappers on the following day. Early in the morning the spies made their appearance in the camp, with trappers of one of his bands, from the rendezvous, whom he told his people were all there expecting him. As to the slaughter among the buffaloes, it had been made by a friendly band of Shoshones, who had fallen in with one of his trapping parties, and accompanied them to the rendezvous. Having imparted this intelligence, the three worthies from the rendezvous broached a small keg of “alcohol,” which they had brought with them, to enliven this merry meeting. All the absent friends were toasted, and the party moved forward to the rendezvous in high spirits.

The meeting of associated bands, who have been separated from each other on these hazardous enterprises, is always interesting; each having its tale of peril and adventure to relate. Such was the case with the various detachments of Captain Bonneville’s company, thus brought together on Horse Creek. Here was the detachment of fifty men which he had sent from Salmon River, in the preceding month of November, to winter on Snake River. They had met with many crosses and losses in the course of their spring hunt, not so much from Indians as from white men. They had come in competition with rival trapping parties, pushed too far by the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; and they had long stories to relate of their maneuvers to forestall or defeat each other. In fact, in these virulent and sordid contests, the trappers of each party were more intent upon injuring their rivals, than benefiting themselves; breaking each other’s traps, trampling and tearing to pieces the beaver lodges, and doing everything in their power to mar the success of the hunt. We forbear to detail these pitiful contents.

The most lamentable tale of disasters, however, that Captain Bonneville had to hear, was from a partizan, whom he had detached in the preceding year, with twenty men, to hunt through the outskirts of the Crow country, and on the tributary streams of the Yellowstone and the Missouri; he proceeded and joined him in his winter quarters on Salmon River. This partisan appeared at the rendezvous without his party, and a sorrowful tale of disasters he had to relate. In hunting the Crow country, he fell in with a village of that tribe; notorious rogues, jockeys, and horse stealers, and errant scampers of the mountains. These decoyed most of his men to desert, and carry off horses, traps, and accoutrements. When
he attempted to retake the deserters, the Crown warriors ruffled up to him and declared the deserters were their good friends, had determined to go among them, and would not be ruffled. The poor partisan, therefore, was fast to leave his vagabonds among these birds of their own feather, and, being too weak in numbers to attempt the dangerous pass across the mountains to the new Capitan Bonneville on Salmon River, they made, with the few that remained faithful to him, for the neighborhood of Tullock's Fort, on the Yellowstone, under the protection of which he went into winter quarters.

He soon found out that the neighborhood of the fort was nearly as bad as the neighborhood of the Crow. His men were continually stealing away thither, with whatever beaver skins they could secrete or lay their hands on. These would exchange with the hangers-on of the fort for whiskey, and then revel in drunkenness and debauchery.

The unlucky partisan made another move. Associating with his party a few free trappers, whom he met with in this neighborhood, he started off early one day on the head-waters of the Pow- der River. In the course of the journey, his horses were very much jaded in traversing a steep mountain, that he was induced to turn them loose to graze during the night. The place was lost to them, the path was rugged, there was not the sign of an Indian in the neighborhood; not a blade of grass that had been turned by a footstep. But who can calculate on security in the midst of the Indian country, where the foe lurks in silence and secrecy, and seems to come and go on the wings of the wind? The horses had scarce been turned loose, when a couple of Arick- aras (or Rickaree) warriors entered the camp. They affected a frank and friendly demeanor; but their appearance and movements awakened the suspicions of some of the veteran trappers, well versed in Indian wiles. Convinced that they were spies sent on some sinister errand, they took them in custody, and set to work to drive in the horses. It was too late—the horses were already gone. In fact, a war party of Arickaras had been hovering on their trail for several days, watching with the patience and perseverance of Indians, for some moment of negligence or fancied security, to make a successful swoop. The two spies had evidently been sent into the camp to create a diversion, while their comrades carried off the spoil.

The unlucky partisan, thus robbed of his horses, turned luriously on his prisoners, ordered them to be bound hand and foot, and swore to put them to death unless his property were restored. The robbers, who soon found that their spies were in captivity, now made their appearance on horseback, and held a parley. The sight of them, mounted on the very horses they had stolen, set the blood of the mountaineers in a ferment; but it was useless to attack them, as they would have but to turn their steeds and scamper out of the reach of pedestrians. A negotiation was now attempted. The Arickaras offered what they considered fair terms; to barter one horse, or even two horses, for a prisoner. The mountaineers denied their offer, and declared that, unless all the horses were relinquished, the prisoners should be burned to death. To give force to their threat, a pyre of logs and fagots was heaped up and kindled into a blaze.

The story continued; the Arickaras released one horse and then another, in earnest of their proposition; finding, however, that nothing short of the relinquishment of all their spoils would purchase the lives of the captives, they abandoned them to their fate, moving off with many parting words and lamentable howlings. The prisoners seeing them depart, and knowing the horrible fate that awaited them, made a desperate effort to escape. They partially succeeded, but were severely wounded and taken; then dragged to the blazing pyre, and burnt to death in the sight of their retreating comrades.

Such are the savage cruelty that white men learn to practise, who mingle in savage life; and such are the acts that lead to terrible retribution on the part of the Indians. Should we hear of any atrocities committed by the Arickaras upon captive white men, let this signal and recent provocation be borne in mind.

CHAPTER XX.


The Green River valley was at this time the scene of one of those general meetings of trappers, trappers, and Indians, that we have already mentioned. The three rival companies, for a year past had been endeavoring to out-trade, out-trap, and outwit each other, were here encamped in close proximity, awaiting their annual supplies. About four miles from the rendezvous of Captain Bonneville was that of the American Fur Company, hard by which, was that of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After the eager rivalry and almost hostility displayed by these companies in their late campaigns, it might be expected that, when thus brought in juxtaposition, they would hold themselves warily and sternly aloof from each other, and, should they happen to come in contact, brawl and bloodshed would ensue.

No such thing! Never did rival bands, after a wrangle at a bar meet with more social good-neighbor at a circuit dinner. The hunting season over, all past tricks and maunderings are forgotten. All feuds and bickerings buried in oblivion. From the middle of June to the middle of September, all trapping is suspended; for the beavers are then abating their furs, and their skins are of little value. This, then, is the trappers' holiday
when he is all for fun and frolic, and ready for a
saturnalia among the mountains.

At the present season, too, all parties were in
good humour; the year had been a very productive.
Competition, by threatening to lessen their profits,
had quickened their wits, roused their energies,
and made them turn every favorable chance to the
best advantage; so that, on assembling at their respective
places of rendezvous, each company found itself in possession of a rich stock of pet-
triers.

The leaders of the different companies, there-
to, mingled on terms of perfect good-fellowship;
interchanging visits, and regaling each other in the
best style their respective camps afforded.

But the rich treat for the worthy captain was to see the "chivalry" of the various encamp-
ments engaged in contests of skill at running,
jumping, wrestling, shooting with the rifle, and
running horses. And then their rough hunters'
feastings and carousals. They drank together,
they sang, they laughed, they whooped; they tried
to outbrag and outlive each other in stories of their ad-
tures and achievements. Here the free trappers
were pushed too far, and would effervesce in a brawl,
and a "rough and tumble" fight; but it all ended in cordial reconciliation and maudlin
endearment.

The presence of the Shoshonie tribe contributed
occasionally to cause temporary jealousies and
feuds. The Shoshonie beauties became objects of
rivalry among some of the amorous mount-
aineers. Happy was the trapper who could
muster up a red blanket, a string of gay beads,
or a paper of precious vermilion, with which to
win the smiles of a Shoshonie fair one.

The caravans of supplies arrived at the valley
just at this period of gallantry and good-fellow-
ship. Now commenced a scene of eager competi-
tion and wild prodigality at the different enc-
ampments. Bales were hastily ripped open, and
their motley contents poured forth. A mania for
purchasing spread itself throughout the several bands—munitions for war, for hunting, for gal-
lantry, were seized upon with equal avidity—ri-
flies, hunting knives, traps, scarlet cloth, red
blankets, garish beads, and glittering trinkets,
were bought at any price, and scores run up with-
out any thought of how they were to be paid for or
sent off. The free trappers especially were extravagant
in their purchases. For a free mountaineer to
pause at a paltry consideration of dollars and
cents, in the attainment of any object that might
strike his fancy, would stamp him with the mark
of the beast in the estimation of his comrades.

For a trader to refuse one of these free and flour-
ishing blades a credit, whatever unpaid scores
might stare him in the face, would be a flagrant
afront, scarcely to be forgiven.

Now succeeded another outbreak of revelry and
extravagance. The trappers were newly fitted
out and arrayed, and dashed about with their horses caparisoned in Indian style. The
Shoshonie beauties also flaunted about in all the
colors of the rainbow. Every freak of prodigality
was displayed to its utmost extent, and in a little
while most of the trappers, having squandered
away all their wages, and perhaps run knee-deep
in debt, were ready for another hard campaign
in the wilderness.

Thus, in season of folly and frolic, there
was an alarm of mad wolves in the two lower
camps. One or more of these animals entered
the camps for three nights successively, and bit
several of the people.

Captain Bonneville relates the case of an Indian
who was a universal favorite in the lower camp,
He had been bitten by one of these animals. Be-
ing out with a party shortly afterward he grew
silent and gloomy, and lagged behind the rest, as
if he wished to leave them. They halted and
urged him to move faster, but he entreated them
not to approach him, and, leaping from his horse,
began to rollfrantically on the earth, gnashing
his teeth and foaming at the mouth. Still he re-
tained his senses, and warned his companions not
to come near him, as he should not be able to re-
strain himself from biting them. They hurried
off to obtain relief; but on their return he was
nowhere to be found. His horse and his accou-
trements remained upon the spot. Three or four
days afterward, a solitary Indian, believing to be
the same, was observed crossing a valley, and
pursued; but he darted away into the fastnesses
of the mountains, and was seen no more.

Another instance we have from a different per-
son who was present in the company at the reduc-
tion of the men of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company
had been bitten. He set out shortly afterward in
company with two white men, on his return to the
settlements. In the course of a few days he
showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and became
raving toward night. At length, breaking away
from his companions, he rushed into a thicket of
willows, where they left him to his fate!

CHAPTER XXI.

SCHEMES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE—THE GREAT
SALT LAKE—EXPEDITION TO EXPLOR
PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY TO THE BIGHORN.

CAPTAIN Bonneville now found himself at the head of a hardly, well-seasoned and well-appoint-
ed company of trappers, all benefited by at least
one year's experience among the mountains, and
capable of protecting themselves from Indian
wiles and stratagems, and of providing for their
subsistence wherever game was to be found. He
had, also, an excellent troop of horses, in prime
condition, and fit for hard service. He deter-
mined, therefore, to a risk out into some of the bolder parts of his scheme. One of these was to
carry his expeditions into some of the unknown
tracts of the Far West, beyond what is generally
termed the buffalo range. This would have
something of the merit and charm of discovery,
so dear to every brave and adventurous spirit.
Another favorite project was to establish a trading
post on the lower part of the Columbia River,
near the Multnomah valley, and to endeavor to
retrieve for his country some of the lost trade of
Astor.

The first of the above mentioned views was, at
present, uppermost in his mind—the exploring of
unknown regions. Among the grand features of
the wilderness about which he was roaming, one
had made a vivid impression on him; he had been
clothed by his imagination with vague and
ideal charms. This is a great lake of salt water,
laying the feet of the mountains, but extending
far to the west-southwest, into one of those vast
and elevated plateaus of land, which range high
above the level of the Pacific.
BONNEVILLE’S ADVENTURES.

Captain Bonneville gives a striking account of the lake when seen from the land. As you ascend the mountains about its shores, says he, you behold this immense body of water spreading itself, stretching further and further, in one wide and far-reaching expanse, until it is lost in the blue distance of distance, upon lofty ranges of mountains, confidently asserting to be the most beautiful from the bosom of the earth. The Nearer to you, the smooth and unbroken surface is studded with little islands, where the mountain sheep roam in considerable numbers. What extent of lowland may be encompassed by the high peaks beyond, must remain for the present matter of mere conjecture; though from the form of the summits, and the breaks which may be discovered among them, there can be little doubt that they are the sources of streams calculated to water large tracts, which are probably concealed from view by the rotundity of the lake’s surface. Some future day, in all probability, the rich harvest of beaver fur, which may be reasonably anticipated in such a spot, will tempt adventurers to explore all this doubtful region to the palpable certainty of a water track. At present, however, destitute of the means of making boats, the trap is upon the shore, and gazes upon a promised land which his feet are never to tread.

Such is the somewhat fanciful view which Captain Bonneville has of this great body of water. He has evidently taken part of his ideas concerning it from the representations of others, who have somewhat exaggerated its features. It is reported to be about one hundred and fifty miles long, and fifty miles broad. The ranges of mountains which Captain Bonneville speaks of, as rising from its bosom, are probably the summits of mountains beyond it, which may be visible at a vast distance, when viewed from the eminence, in the transparent atmosphere of these lofty regions. Several large islands certainly exist in the lake; one of which is said to be mountainous, but not by any means to the extent required to furnish the series of peaks above mentioned.

Captain Sublette, in one of his early expeditions across the mountains, is said to have sent four men in a skin canoe, to explore the lake, who, professing to have navigated all around it; but to have suffered excessively from thirst, the water of the lake being extremely salt, and there being no fresh streams running into it.

Captain Bonneville doubts this report, or that the men accomplished the circumnavigation, because, he says, the lake receives several large streams from the mountains which bound it to the east. In the spring, when the streams are swollen by rain and by the melting of the snows, the lake rises several feet above its ordinary level; during the summer, it gradually subsides again, leaving a sparkling zone of the finest salt upon its shores.

The elevation of the vast plateau on which this lake is situated, is estimated by Captain Bonneville at one and three fourths of a mile above the level of the ocean. The admirable purity and transparency of the atmosphere in this region, allowing objects to be seen, and the report of firearms to be heard, at an astonishing distance; and its extreme dryness, causing the wheels of wagons to fall in pieces, as instances in former passages of this work, are proofs of the great altitude of the Rocky Mountain plains. That a body of salt water should exist at such a height, is cited as a singular phenomenon by Captain Bonneville, though the salt lake of Mexico is not much inferior in elevation.*

To have this lake properly explored, and all its secrets revealed, was the grand scheme of the captain for the present year; and while it was not one in which his imagination doubtless took a leading part, he would have been attended with great profit, from the numerous beaver streams with which the lake must be fringed.

This momentous undertaking he confided to his lieutenant, Mr. Walker, in whose experience and ability he had great confidence. He instructed him to keep along the shores of the lake, and trap in all the streams on his route; also to keep a journal, and minutely to record the events of his journey, and everything curious or interesting, making maps or charts of his route, and of the surrounding country.

No pains nor expense were spared in fitting out the party, of six men, which he was to command. They had complete supplies for a year, and were to meet Captain Bonneville in the ensuing summer, in the valley of Bear River, the largest tributary of the Salt Lake, which was to be his point of departure.

The next care of Captain Bonneville was to arrange for the safe transportation of the peltries which he had collected, to the Atlantic States. Mr. Robert Campbell, the partner of Sublette, was at this time in the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, having brought up their supplies. He was about to set off on his return, with the peltries collected during the year, and intended to proceed through the Crow country, to the head of navigation on the Bighorn River, and to descend in boats down that river, the Missouri, and the Yellowstone, to St. Louis.

Captain Bonneville determined to forward his peltries by the same route, under the especial care of Mr. Cerro. By way of escort, he would accompany Cerro to the point of embarkation and then make an autumnal hunt in the Crow country.

CHAPTER XXII.


Before we accompany Captain Bonneville into the Crow country, we will impart a few facts about this wild region, and the wild people who inhabit it. We are not aware of the precise boundaries, if there are any, of the country claimed by the Crows; it appears to extend from the Black Hills to the Rocky Mountains, including a part of their lofty ranges, and embracing many of the plains and valleys watered by the Wind River, the Yellowstone, the Powder River, the

* The lake of Tezcuco, which surrounds the city of Mexico, the largest and lowest on the Mexican plateau, and one of the most impregnated with saline particles, is seven thousand four hundred and sixty-eight feet, or nearly one mile and a half above the level of the sea.
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

Little Missouri, and the Nebraska. The country varies in soil and climate; there are vast plains of sand, and clay, studded with large red sand hills; some parts are mountainous and picturesque; it possesses warm springs, and coal mines, and abounds with game.

But let us give the account of the country as described by Arapohoo, a chief, to Mr. Robert Campbell, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

"The Crow country," said he, "is a good country. The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place, while you are in it you fare well; whenever you go out of it, whichever way you travel, you fare worse.

"If you go to the south you have to wander over great barren plains; the water is warm and bad, and you meet the fever and ague.

"To the north it is cold; the winters are long and bitter, with no grass; you cannot keep horses there, but must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses?

"On the Columbia they are poor and dirty, paddled out in canoes, and eat fish. Their teeth are worn out; they are always taking fish-bones out of their mouths. Fish is poor food.

"To the east, they dwell in villages; they live well; but they drink the muddy water of the Missouri. A Crow's dog would not drink such water.

"About the forks of the Missouri is a fine country; good water; good grass; plenty of buffalo. In summer, it is almost as good as the Crow country; but in winter it is cold; the grass is gone; and there is no salt-heat for the horses.

"The Crow country is exactly in the right place. It has snowly mountains and sunny plains; all kinds of climates and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the plains, you can draw up under the mountains, where it is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and the night streams come tumbling out of the mountains.

"There you can hunt the elk, the deer, and the antelope, when their skins are fit for dressing; there you will find plenty of white bears and musk oxen.

"In the autumn, when your horses are fat and strong from the mountain pastures, you can go down into the plains and hunt the buffalo, or trap beaver on the streams. And when winter comes, you can live in the woody bottoms along the rivers; there you will find buffalo meat for yourselves, and cottonwood bark for your horses; or you may winter in the Wind River valley, where there is salt-heat in abundance.

"The Crow country is exactly in the right place. Everything good is to be found there.

There is no country like the Crow country."

Such is the eulogy on his country by Arapohoo.

We have had repeated occasions to speak of the restless and predatory habits of the Crows. They can muster fifteen hundred fighting men; but their incessant wars with the Blackfeet, and their vagabond, predatory habits, are gradually wearing them out.

In a recent work, we related the circumstance of a white man named Rose, an outlaw, and a designing vagabond, who acted as guide and interpreter to Mr. Hunt and his party, on their journey across the mountains to Astoria, who came near to the habits of the Crows, and who remained among the tribe, marrying one of their women, and adopting their congenial habits. A few anecdotes of the subsequent fortunes of that renegade may not be uninteresting, especially as they are connected with the fortunes of the tribe.

Rose was powerful in frame and fearless in spirit; and soon by his daring deeds took his rank among the first braves of the tribe. He aspired to command, and knew it was only attained by desperate exploits. He distinguished himself in repeated actions with the Blackfeet. On one occasion, a band of those savages had fortified themselves within a breastwork, and could not be moved. Rose proposed to storm the work. "Who will take the lead?" was the demand. "I!" cried he; and putting himself at their head, rushed forward. The first Blackfoot that opposed him he shot down with his rifle, and snatching up the war-club of his victim killed four others within the fort. The victory was complete, and Rose returned to the Crow village covered with glory, and bearing five Blackfoot scalps, to be erected as a trophy before his lodge. From this time he was known among the Crows by the name of Crow Peak, and it was not long before he became chief of the village, or rather band, and for a time was the popular idol. His popularity was weakened by his trading among the native braves; he was a stranger, an intruder; a white man, and the party was seceded from his command.

Feuds and civil wars succeeded that lasted for two or three years, until Rose, having contrived to set his adopted brethren by the ears, left them, and went down the Missouri in 1823. Here he fell in with one of the earliest trapping expeditions sent by General Ashley, on the Missouri. As a guide, he conducted, with Fitzpatrick and Sublette. Rose enlisted with them as guide and interpreter. When he got them among the Crows, he was exceedingly generous with their goods; making presents to the braves of his adopted tribe, as became a high-minded chief.

This doubtless, helped to revive his popularity. In that expedition, Smith and Fitzpatrick were robbed of their horses in Green River valley; the place where the robbery took place still bears the name of Horse Creek. We are not informed whether the horses were stolen through the insatiable passion of Rose; for it is not improbable, for such was the perfidy he had intended to practise on a former occasion toward Mr. Hunt and his party.

The last anecdote we have of Rose is from an Indian trader. When General Atkinson made his military expedition up the Missouri, in 1825, to protect the fur trade, he held a conference with the Crow nation, at which Rose figured as an Indian dignitary and Crow interpreter. The military were stationed at some little distance from the scene of the "big talk." While the general and the chiefs were smoking pipes and making speeches, the officers, supposing all was friendly, left the troops and drew near the scene of ceremonial. Some of the more knowing Crows, perceiving this, stole quietly to the camp, and, unobserved, contrived to stop the touch-holes of the field pieces with dirt. Shortly after a misunderstanding occurred in the conference; some of the Indians, knowing the cannon to be useless, became insolent. A tumult arose. In the confusion Colonel O'Fallon snapped a pistol in the face of a brave, and knocked him down with the butt end. The Crows were all in a fury. A chance medley fight was on the point of taking place.

*See Astoria.
place, when Rose, his natural sympathies as a white man suddenly recurring, broke the stock of his fusée over the head of a Crow warrior, and laid so vigorously about him with the barrel, that he fell down and shrieked for flight. Luckily, as no lives had been lost, this sturdy ribrostothing calmed the fury of the Crows, and the tumult ended without serious consequences.

What was the ultimate fate of this vagabond band is not yet definitely known. Some report him to have fallen a victim to disease, brought on by his licentious life; others assert that he was murdered in a feud among the Crows. After all, his residence among these savages, and the influence he acquired over them, had, for a time, some beneficial effects. He is said, not merely to have rendered them more formidable to the Blackfeet, but to have opened their eyes to the policy of cultivating the friendship of the white men.

After Rose's death, his policy continued to be cultivated, with indifferent success, by Arapooish, the chief already mentioned, who had been his great friend, and whose character he had contributed to develop. This sagacious chief endeavored, on every occasion, to restrain the predatory raids of his tribes when directed against the white men. "If we keep friends with them," said he, "we have nothing to fear from the Blackfeet, and can rule the mountains." Arapooish pretended to be a great medicine man, a character among the Indians which is a sort of priest, doctor, prophet, and conjurer. He carried about with him a tame eagle, as his "medicine" or familiar. With the white men, he acknowledged that this was charlatanism; but it was necessary, to give him weight and influence among his people.

Mr. Robert Campbell, from whom we have most of these facts, in the course of one of his trapping expeditions, was quartered in the village of Arapooish, and a guest in the lodge of the chief. He had collected a large quantity of furs, and, fearful of being plundered, deposited but a part in the lodge of the chief; the rest he buried in a cache. One night, Arapooish came into the lodge with a cloudy brow, and seated himself for a time without saying a word. At length, turning to Campbell, "You have more furs with you," said he, "than you have brought into my lodge?"

"I have," replied Campbell.

"Where are they?"

Campbell knew the uselessness of any prevation with an Indian; and the importance of complete frankness. He described the exact place where he had concealed his peltries.

"This well," replied Arapooish; "you speak straight. It is just as you say. But your cache has been robbed. Go and see how many skins have been taken from it."

Campbell examined the cache, and estimated his loss to be about one hundred and fifty beaver skins." Arapooish now summoned a meeting of the village. He bitterly reproached his people for robbing a stranger who had condescended to their honor; and commanded that whoever had taken the skins, should bring them back; declaring that, if Campbell, as his guest and inmate of his lodge, had not eaten nor drink until every skin was restored to him.

The meeting broke up, and every one dispersed. Arapooish now charged Campbell to give neither reward nor thanks to any one who should bring in the beaver skins, but to keep count as they were delivered.

In a little while the skins began to make their appearance, a few at a time; they were laid down in the lodge, and those who brought them departed without saying a word. The day passed away. Arapooish sate over his fire, lost in thought, and all at once, raised himself up in his robe, scarcely moving a muscle of his countenance. When night arrived, he demanded if all the skins had been brought in. Above a hundred had been given up, and Campbell expressed himself contented. Not so the Crow chief. He fasted all that night, nor tasted a drop of water. In the morning some more skins were brought in, and continued to come, one and two at a time, throughout the day; until but a few were wanting to make the number complete. Campbell was now anxious to put an end to this fasting of the old chief, and again declared that he was perfectly satisfied. Arapooish demanded what number of skins were yet wanting. On being told, he whispered to some of his people, who disappeared. After a time the number were brought in, though it was evident they were not of any of the skins that had been stolen, but others gleaned in the village.

"Is all right now?" demanded Arapooish.

"All is right," replied Campbell.

"Good! Now bring me meat and drink!"

When they were alone together, Arapooish had a conversation with his guest.

"When you come another time among the Crows," said he, "don't bring your goods; trust to them and they will not wrong you. Put your goods in the lodge of a chief, and they are sacred; hide them in a cache, and any one who finds will steal them. My people have now given up your goods for my sake; but there are some foolish young men in the village who may be disposed to be troublesome. Don't linger, therefore, but pack your horses and be off."

Campbell took his advice, and made his way solely out of the Crow country. He has ever since maintained that the Crows are not so black as they are painted. "Trust to their honor," says he, "and you are safe; trust to their honesty, and they will steal the hair off your head."

Having given these few preliminary particulars, we will resume the course of our narrative.

CHAPTER XXIII.


On the 25th of July Captain Bonniveille struck his tents, and set out on his route for the Bighorn,
phorous springs and streams. This last mentioned place was first discovered by Colter, a hunter belonging to Lewis and Clarke’s exploring party, who, when on their course of lonely wanderings, and gave such an account of its gnomonical features, its valuable fires, smoking pits, noxious streams, and the gorges called the "Hole of Brimstone," that it received, and has ever since retained among trappers, the name of "Colter’s Hell.

Resuming his descent along the left bank of the Popo Agie, Captain Bonneville soon reached the plains; where he found several large streams entering from the west. Among these was Wind River, which gives its name to the mountains among which it takes its rise. This is one of the most important streams of the Crow country. The river being much swollen, Captain Bonneville halted at its mouth, and sent out scouts to look for a fordable place. While thus encamped, he beheld in the course of the afternoon a long line of horsemen descending the slope of the hills opposite side of the Popo Agie. His first idea was, that they were Indians; he soon discovered, however, that they were white men, and, by the long line of pack-horses, ascertained them to be the convoy of Campbell, which, having descended the Sweet Water, was now on its way to the Horn River.

The two parties came together two or three days afterward, on the 4th of August, and having passed through the gap of the Horn River, they pushed on to the Bighorn. In company with Campbell’s convoy, was a trapping party of the Rocky Mountain Company, headed by Fitzpatrick; who, after Campbell’s embarkation on the Bighorn, was to take charge of all the horses, and proceed on a trapping campaign. There were, moreover, two chance companions in the rival camp. One was Captain Stewart, of the British army, a gentleman of noble connections, who was amusing himself by a wandering tour in the Far West; in the course of which, he had tided in hunter’s style; accompanying various bands of traders, trappers, and Indians; and manifesting that relish for the wilderness that belongs to men of game spirit.

The other casual inmate of Mr. Campbell’s camp was Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth, the able leader of the band of New England salmon fishermen, with whom we parted company in the valley of Pierre’s Hole, after the battle with the Blackfeet. A few days after that affair, he again set out from the rendezvous in company with Milton Sublette and his brigade of trappers. On his march, he visited the battle ground, and penetrated to the deserted fort of the Blackfeet in the midst of the wood. It was a dismal scene. The fort was strewn with the moulting bodies of the slain; while vultures soared aloft, or sat brooding on the trees around; and Indian dogs howled about the place, as if bewailing the death of their masters. Wyeth travelled for a considerable distance to the southwest, in company with Milton Sublette, when they separated; and the former, with eleven men, the remnant of his band, pushed on for Snake River; kept down the course of that eventful stream; traversed the Blue Mountains, trapping beaver occasionally by the way, and finally, after hardships of all kinds, arrived on the 29th of October on the Columbia, the main factory of the Hudson’s Bay Company.

He experienced hospitable treatment at the hands of the agents of that company; but his men, heartily tired of wandering in the wilder-
ness, or tempted by other prospects, refused, for the most part, to continue any longer in his service. Some set off for the Sandwich Islands, some entered into other employ. Wyeth found, too, that a great part of the goods he had brought with him were unfitted for the Indian trade; in a word, his expedition, undertaken entirely on his own resources, proved a failure. He lost everything invested in it, but his hopes. These were as strong as ever. He took note of everything, therefore, that could be of service to him in the further prosecution of his project; collected all the information within his reach, and then set off, accompanied by merely two men, on his return journey across the continent. He had got thus far "by hook and by crook," a mode in which a New England man can make his way all over the world, and through all kinds of difficulties, and was now bound for Boston; in full confidence of being able to form a company for the salmon fishery and fur trade of the Columbia.

The party of Mr. Campbell had met with a disaster in the course of their route from the Sweet Water; the Royle, a course of the men, who were reconnoitering the country in advance of the main body, were visited one night in their camp, by fifteen or twenty Shoshonies. Considering this tribe as perfectly friendly, they received them in the most cordial and confidential manner. In the course of the night, the man on guard near the horses fell sound asleep; upon which a Shoshone shot him in the head, and nearly killed him. The savages made off with the horses, leaving the rest of the party to find their way to the main body on foot.

The rival companies of Captain Bonneville and Mr. Campbell, thus fortuitously brought together, now prosecuted their journey in good fellowship, forming a joint camp of about a hundred men. The captain, however, began to entertain doubts that Fitzpatrick and his trappers, who kept profound silence as to their future movements, intended to hunt the same ground as he had selected for his autumn campaign; which lay to the west of the Horn River, on its tributary streams. In the course of his march, therefore, he secretly detached a small party of trappers, to make their way to those hunting grounds, while he continued on with the main body; appointing a rendezvous for the next full moon, about the 28th of August, at a place called the Medicine Lodge. On reaching the second camp, called the Big Horn Mountains, where the river forced its impetuous way through a precipitous defile, with cascades and rapids, the travellers were obliged to leave its banks, and traverse the mountains by a rugged and frightful route emphatically called the "Bad Pass." Descending the opposite side, they again made for the river banks; and about the middle of August, reached the point below the rapids, where the river becomes navigable for boats. Here Captain Bonneville detached a second party of trappers, consisting of ten men, to seek and join those whom he had detached while on the route, appointing for them the same rendezvous (at the Medicine Lodge), on the 28th of August.

All hands now set to work to construct "bull boats," as they are technically called; a light, fragile kind of bark, characteristic of the expeditions and inventions of the wilderness; being forming of the materials of the Sandwich Islands. They are sometimes, also, called skin boats. Wyeth was the first ready; and, with his usual promptness and hardihood launched his frail bark singly, on this wild and hazardous voyage, down an almost interminable succession of rivers, winding through countless islands, with savage hordes. Mr. Sublette, his former fellow trapper, and his companion in the battle scenes of Pierre's Hole, took passage in his boat. His crew consisted of two white men, and two Indians. We shall hear further of Wyeth, and his valiant voyage in the course of our wanderings about the Far West.

The remaining parties soon completed their several armaments. That of Captain Bonneville was composed of three bull boats, in which he embarked all his peltries, giving them in charge of Mr. Cerret, with a party of thirty-six men. Mr. Campbell took command of his own boats, and the little squadrions were soon gliding down the bright current of the Bighorn.

The secret precautions which Captain Bonneville had taken to throw his men into the trapping ground west of the Bighorn, were, probably, superfluous. It did not appear that Fitzpatrick had intended to hunt in that direction. The moment Mr. Campbell received the peltries Fitzpatrick took charge of all the horses, amounting to above a hundred, and struck off to the east, to trap upon Little Lodge, Powder and Tongue Rivers. He was accompanied by Captain Stewart, who was desirous of having some idea about the Crow country. Of the adventures they met with in that region of vagabonds and horse stealers, we shall have something to relate hereafter.

Captain Bonneville being now left to prosecute his trapping campaign without rivalry, set out, on the 27th of August, for the rendezvous at Medicine Lodge. He had but four men remaining with him, and forty-six horses to take care of; with these he had to make his way over mountain and plain, through a marauding, horse-stealing region, full of peril for a numerous cavalcade so slightly manned. He addressed himself to his difficult journey, however, with his usual acracity of spirit.

In the afternoon of his first day's journey, on drawing near to the Bighorn Mountain, on the summit of which he intended to encamp for the night, he observed to his disquiet, a cloud of smoke rising from its base. He came to a halt, and watched it. It was a cloud of straw; sometimes it would almost die away; and then would mount up in heavy volumes. There was, apparently, a large party encamped there; probably, some rufian horde of Blackfeet. At any rate, it would not do so small a number of men, with so numerous a cavalcade, to venture within sight of any wandering tribe. Captain Bonneville and his companions, therefore, avoided this dangerous neighborhood; and, proceeding with extreme caution, reached the summit of the mountain, apparently without being discovered. Here they found a deserted Blackfoot fort, in which they ensconced themselves; disposed of everything as securely as possible, and passed the night without molestation. Early the next morning they descended the south side of the mountain, into the great plain extending between it and the Little Horn range. Here they soon came upon numerous footprints, and the carcasses of buffaloes; by which they knew there must be Indians not far off. Captain Bonneville now began to feel solicitude about the twenty men, by whom he had detached, lest the Indians should have come upon them before they had united their forces. But he felt still more solicitude about his
of the vast, untrodden country already traversed by his party; for it was hardly to be expected that he could traverse these naked plains undiscovered, when Indians were abroad; and should he be discovered, it was by a desperate one. Everything now depended upon the greatest circumspection. It was dangerous to discharge a gun or light a fire, or make the least noise, where such quick-eared and quick-sighted enemies were at hand. In the course of the day they saw indubitable signs that the buffalo had been roaming there in great numbers, and had recently been frightened away. That night they encamped with the greatest care; and threw up a strong breastwork for their protection.

For the two succeeding days they pressed forward rapidly, but cautiously, across the great plain; fording the tributary streams of the Horn River; encamping one night among thickets; the next, on an island; meeting, repeatedly, with traces of Indians; and now and then, in passing through a defile experiencing alarms that induced them to cock their rifles.

On the last day of their march hunger got the better of their caution, and they shot a fine buffalo bull at the risk of being betrayed by the report. They did not have to make a meal, but carried the meat on with them to the place of rendezvous, the Medicine Lodge, where they arrived safely, in the evening, and celebrated their arrival by a hearty supper.

The next morning they erected a strong pen for the horses, and a fortress of logs for themselves; and continued to observe the greatest caution. Their cooking was all done at mid-day, when the fire makes no glare, and a moderate smoke cannot be perceived at any great distance. In the morning and the evening, when the wind is lulled, the smoke rises perpendicularly in a blue column, or floats in light clouds above the tree-tops, and can be discovered from afar.

In this way the little party remained for several days, cautiously encamped, until, on the 29th of August, the two detachments they had been expecting, arrived together at the rendezvous. They, as usual, had their several tales of adventures to relate to the captain, which we will furnish to the reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.


The adventures of the detachment of ten are the first in order. These trappers, when they separated from Captain Bonneville at the place where the lurs were embarked, proceeded to the foot of the Bighorn Mountain, and having encamped, one of them mounted his mule and went out to set his trap in a neighboring stream. He had not proceeded far when his steed came to a full stop. The trapper kicked and cuddled, but to every blow and kick the mule snorted and kicked up, but still refused to budge an inch. The rider now cast his eyes widely around in search of some cause for this demur, when, to his dismay, he discovered an Indian fort within gun-shot distance, lowering through the twilight. In a twinkling he wheeled about; his mule now seemed as eager to get on as any other, in a few moments brought him, clattering with its trammels, among his comrades. He was jeered at for his acclivity in retreating; his report was treated as a false alarm; his brother trappers contented themselves with reconnoitering the fort at a distance, and pronounced that it was designedly or accidentally built.

As night set in, the usual precaution, enjoined by Captain Bonneville on his men was observed. The horses were brought in and tied, and a guard stationed over them. This done, the men wrapped themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves before the fire, and being fatigued with a long day's march, and gorged with a hearty supper, were soon in a profound sleep.

The camp fires gradually died away; all was dark and silent; the sentinels stationed to watch the horses had marched as far, and supped as heartily as any of his companions, and while they snored, he began to nod at his post. After a time, a low trampling noise reached his ear. He half opened his closing eyes, and beheld two or three elk straggling about the lodge, feeding, and grazing, and tripping along at a distance.

Suddenly, before daybreak, a discharge of fire-arms, and a struggle and tramp of horses, made every one start to his feet. The first move was to secure the horses. Some were gone; others were struggling, and kicking, and trembling, for there was a horrible uproar of whoops, and yells, and screams. Several trappers stole quickly from the camp, and succeeded in driving in the horses which had broken away; the rest were tethered still more strongly. A breastwork was thrown up of saddles, baggage, and camp furniture, and all hands waited anxiously for daylight. The Indians, in the meantime, collected on a neighboring height, kept up the most horrible clamor, in hopes of striking a panic into the camp, or frightening off the horses. When the day dawned, the trappers attacked them briskly and drove them to some distance. A desultory fire was kept up for an hour, when the Indians, seeing nothing was to be gained, gave up the contest and retired. They proved to be a war party of Blackfeet, and, while in search of the Crow tribe, had fallen upon the trail of Captain Bonneville on the Popo Agie, and dogged him to the Bighorn; but had been completely baffled by his vigilance. They had then waylaid the present detachment, and were actually housed in perfect silence within their fort, when the mule of the trapper made such a dead point.

The savages went off uttering the wildest denunciations of hostility, mingled with opprobrious terms in broken English, and gesticulations of the most insulting kind.

In this mêlée, one white man was wounded, and two horses were killed. On preparing the morning's meal, however, a number of cups, knives, and other articles were missing, which had, wantonly, been carried off, during the slumber of the very sagacious sentinel.

As the Indians had gone off in the direction which the trappers had intended to travel, the latter changed their route, and pushed forward rapidly through the 'Bad Pass,' nor halted until night; when, supposing themselves out of the
CHAPTER XXV.


Having forded Wind River a little above its mouth, Captain Bonneville and his three companions proceeded across a gravelly plain, until they fell upon the Popo Agie, up the left bank of which they held their course, nearly in a southerly direction. Here they came upon numerous droves of buffalo, and halted for the purpose of procuring a supply of beef. As the hunters were stealing cautiously to get within shot of the game, two small white bears suddenly presented themselves in their path, and, rising upon their hind legs, they contemplated with a white-spectated gaze. The hunters remained motionless; whereupon the bears, having apparently satisfied their curiosity, lowered themselves upon
and began to withdraw. The hunters, now advanced, upon which the bears turned, rose again upon their haunches, and repeated their serio-comic examination. This was repeated several times, until the hunters, piqued at their unmanly display, caused them to dismount and shag the remnant of their rifles. The bears made an awkward bound or two, as if wounded, and then walked off with great gravity, seeming to commune together, and every howl and turn to take another look at the hunters. In the rear of those that the bears were but half grown, and had not yet acquired the ferocity of their kind.

The buffalo were somewhat startled at the report of the fire-arms; but the hunters succeeded in killing a couple of fine cows, and, having secured the best of the meat, continued forward until some time after dark, when, encamping in a large thicket of willows, they made a great fire, roasted buffalo beef enough for half a score, disposed of the whole of it with keen relish and high glee, and then 'turned in' content and soundly, like weary and well-led hunters.

At daylight they were in the saddle again, and skied along the river, passing through fresh grassy meadows, and a succession of beautiful and picturesque scenery. The farthest point in the seconding, Captain Bonneville observed smoke at a distance, rising from among hills, directly in the route he was pursuing. Apprehensive of some hostile band, he concealed the horses in a thicket, and sent the eagle to reconnoiter cautiously up a height, from which he could overlook the scene of danger. Here, with a spy-glass, he reconnoitered the surrounding country, but not a lodge nor fire, not a man, horse, nor dog, was visible on a plain which he found such alarm proved to be the vapor from several warm, or rather hot springs of considerable magnitude, pouring forth streams in every direction over a bottom of white clay. One of the springs was about twenty-five yards in diameter, and so deep that the water was of a bright green color.

They were now advancing diagonally upon the chain of Wind River Mountains, which lay between them and Green River Valley. To coast round to the upper streams, and encircle the whole of this stupendous mass, as much as the mountains permitted, would have required a year, if there was any chance of success; whereas, could they force their way through them, they might proceed in a straight line. The mountains were lofty, with snowy peaks and craggy sides; it was hoped, however, that some practicable defile might be found. They attempted, accordingly, to penetrate the mountains by following up one of the branches of the Popo Agie, but soon found themselves in the midst of stupendous crags and precipices, that barred all progress. Retracing their steps, and falling back upon the river, they consulted where to make another attempt. They were too close beneath the mountains to scan them generally, but they now recollected having noticed, from the plain, a beautiful slope, rising at an angle of about thirty degrees, with no precipice to bar their way, until it reached the snowy region. Seeking this gentle acclivity, they began to ascend it with alacrity, trusting to find at the top of one of those elevated plains which prevail among the Rocky Mountains. The sterner starting, relaying in a stage of gravel, was interspersed with plates of freestone. They attained the summit with some toil, but found, instead of a level, or rather undulating plain, that they were upon the brink of a deep and precipitous ravine, from the bottom of which rose a second slope, similar to the one they had just ascended. Down this profound ravine they made their way by a rugged path, or rather fissure of the rocks, and then labored up the second slope. They gained the summit only to find themselves on another ravine, and now perceived that this vast mountain, which had presented a thousand obstacles to their ascent, was shaggy with frightful precipices, and seemed with longitudinal chasms, deep and dangerous.

In one of these wild dells they passed the night, and slept soundly and sweetly, for the first time in weeks.

Two days more of arduous climbing and suffering only served to admit them into the heart of this mountainous and awful solitude; where difficulties increased as they proceeded. Sometimes they scrambled from rock to rock, up the bed of some mountain stream, flashing its bright way down to the plains; sometimes they availed themselves of the paths made by the deer and the mountain sheep, which, however, often took them to the brink of fearful precipices, or led to rugged declivities, impassable for their horses. At one place, they were obliged to slide their horses down the face of a rock, in which attempt some of the poor animals lost their footing, rolling to the bottom, and came near being dashed to pieces.

In the afternoon of the third day, the travelers attained one of the elevated valleys locked up in this singular bed of mountains. Here were two bright and beautiful little lakes, set like mirrors in the midst of steep and rocky hills, and surrounded by grassy meadows, impressively refreshing to the eye. These were probably among the sources of those mighty streams which take their rise among these mountains, and wander hundreds of miles through the plains.

In the green pastures upon these lakes, the travelers halted to repose, and to give their weary horses time to crop the sweet and tender herbage. They had now ascended to a great height above the level of the plains, yet they beheld huge crags of granite piled one upon another, and beehive-like boulders far above them. While two of the men remained in the camp with the horses, Captain Bonneville, accompanied by the other men, set out to climb a neighboring height, hoping to gain a commanding prospect, and discern some peculiarities in this stupendous labyrinth. After much toil, he reached the summit of a lofty cliff, but it was only to behold gigantic peaks rising all around, and towering far into the snowy regions of the atmosphere. Selecting one which appeared to be the highest, he crossed a narrow intervening valley, and began to scale it. He soon found that he had undertaken a tremendous task; but the pride of man is never more obstinate than when climbing mountains. The ascent was so steep and rugged that he and his companions were frequently obliged to clamber on hands and knees, with their guns slung upon their backs. Frequently, exhausted with fatigue, and dripping with perspiration, they threw themselves upon the snow, and took handfuls of it to apply their parched physal they place they even stripped off their coats and hung them upon the bushes, and thus cloddily, proceeded to scramble over these eternal snows. As they ascended still higher, there were cool breezes that refreshed and hurtling along with new ardoir to their task, they at length attained the summit.

Here a scene burst upon the view of Captain Bonneville, that for a time astonished and overwhelmed him with its immensity. He stood, in fact, upon that dividing ridge which Indians re-
tained the altitude of this peak. He gives it as his opinion, that it is the loftiest point of the North American continent; but of this we have no satisfactory proof. It is certain that the Rocky Mountains are of an altitude vastly superior to what we were led to expect. The curve of the altitude of this peak is further to the northward, and is the same measured by Mr. Thompson, who, by the joint means of the barometer and trigonometric measurement, ascertained it to be twenty-two and a half feet above the level of the sea; an elevation only inferior to that of the Himalayas.*

For a long time, Captain Bonneville remained gazing around him with wonder and enthusiasm; at length the chill and wintry winds, whirling about the snow-clad height, admonished him to descend. He soon regained the spot where he and his companions had thrown off their coats, which were now gladly resumed, and, retracing their steps, they arrived at their encampment, the hunter returned and reported what he had seen. Captain Bonneville at once concluded that these belonged to a kind of hermit race, scanty in number, that inhabit the highest and most inaccessible fastnesses. They speak the Shoshone language, and probably are offsets from that tribe, though they have peculiarities of their own which distinguish them from all other Indians. They are miserably poor, own no horses, and are destitute of all conveniences to be derived from an intercourse with the whites. Their weapons are bows and stone-pointed arrows, with which they hunt the deer, the elk, and the mountain sheep. They are to be found scattered about the country of the Shoshone, Flathead, Crow, and Blackfeet tribes; but they are always in lonely places, and the clefts of the rocks.

Their footsteps are often seen by the trappers in the high and solitary valleys among the mountains, and the smokes of their fires descried among the precipices, but they themselves are rarely met with, and still more rarely brought to a parley, so great is their shyness and their dread of strangers.

As their poverty offers no temptation to the marauder, and as they are inoffensive in their habits, they are never the objects of warfare; should one of them, however, fall into the hands of a war party, he is sure to be made a sacrifice, for the sake of that savage trophy, a scalp, and that barbarous ceremony, a scalp dance. These forlorn beings, forming a mere link between human nature and the brute, have been looked down upon with pity and contempt by the creole trappers, who have given them the appellation of "les dignes de pitié," or "the objects of pity." They appear more worthy to be called the wild men of the mountains.

* See the letter of Professor Renwick, in the Appendix to Astoria.
CHAPTER XXVI.

A RETROGRADE MOVEMENT—CHANNEL OF A MOUNTAIN TORRENCE—ALPINE SCENERY—CASCADES—BEAVER VALLEYS—BEAVERS AT WORK—THEIR ARCHITECTURE—THEIR MODES OF FELLING TREES—MODE OF TRAPPING BEAVER—CONTESTS OF SPEED—A BEAVER "UP TURF"—ARRIVAL AT THE GREEN RIVER CACHES.

The view from the snowy peak of the Wind River Mountain, while it had excited Captain Bonneville's wonder, had satisfied him that it would be useless to force a passage westward, through multiplying barriers of cliffs and precipices. Turning his face eastward, therefore, he endeavored to regain the plains, intending to make the circuit round the southern point of the mountain. To descend and to extricate himself from the heart of this rock-piled wilderness, was almost as difficult as to penetrate it. Taking his course down the ravine of a tumbling stream, the commencement of some future river, he descended the horn rock-pronged precipice, between stupendous cliffs and beltld crags that sprang up to the sky. Often he had to cross and recross the rushing torrent, as it wound foaming and roaring down its broken channel, or was walled by perpendicular precipices. The moment was the hazard of breaking the legs of the horses in the clefts and fissures of slippery rocks. The whole scenery of this deep ravine was of Alpine wildness and sublimity. Sometimes the travelers passed beneath cascades which pitched from such lofty heights that the water fell into the stream like heavy rain. In other places torrents came tumbling from crab to clog, dashing into foam and spray, and making tremendous din and uproar.

On the second day of their descent, the travelers, having got beyond the steepest pitch of the mountains, came to where the deep and rugged ravine began to expand into small levels or valleys, and the stream to assume for short intervals a more peaceful air. Here not merely the river itself, but every rivulet flowing into it, was dammed up by communities of industrious beavers, so as to inundate the neighborhood and make continual swamps.

During a mid-day halt in one of these beaver works, the impetuous stream had to be circumvented by the parties, who crossed to the opposite bank, and strolled down the course of the stream to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far when he came to a beaver pond, and caught a glimpse of one of its painstaking inhabitants busily at work upon the dam. The curiosity of the captain was aroused, to behold the mode of operating of this far-famed architect; he moved forward, therefore, with the utmost caution, parting the branches of the water willows without making any noise, until having attained a position commanding a view of the whole pond, he stretched himself flat on the ground, and watched the solitary workman. In a little while three others appeared at the head of the dam, bringing sticks and bushes. With these they proceeded directly to the barrier, which Captain Bonneville perceived was in need of repair. The fugitive logs upon their broken side, they dived into the water, and shortly reappeared at the surface. Each now brought a quantity of mud, with which he would plaster the sticks and bushes just deposited. This kind of masonry was soon executed, and the current of water rising, the whole mass was driven under the surface, and the beaver returned to his meadow.
taste. These they cut into lengths of about three feet, convey them to the water, and float them to their lodges, where they are stored away for winter. Often they make use of the cleanliness and comfort in their lodges, and alter their repasts, will carry out the sticks from which they have eaten the bark, and throw them into the current beyond the barrier. They are jealous, too, of their territory and extremely punctilious, never permitting a strange beaver to enter their premises, and often fighting with such virulence as almost to tear each other to pieces. In the spring, which is the breeding season, the male leaves the female at home, and sets off on a tour of pleasure, rambling often to a great distance, recreating himself in every clear and quiet expanse of water on his way, and climbing the banks occasionally to feast upon the tender sprouts of the young willows. As summer advances, he gives up his bachelor rambles, and bethinking himself of housekeeping duties, returns home to his mate and his new progeny, and marshals them all for the foraging expedition in quest of winter provisions.

After having shown the public spirit of this praiseworthy little animal as a member of a community, and his amiable and exemplary conduct as the father of a family, we grieve to record the perils with which he is environed, and the snares set for him and his painstaking household.

Practice, says Captain Bonneville, has given such a quickness of eye to the experienced trapper in all that relates to his pursuit, that he can detect the slightest sign of beaver, however wild; and although the lodge may be concealed by close thickets and overhanging willows, the car generally, at a single glance, make an accurate guess at the number of its inmates. He now goes to work to set his trap; planting it upon the shore, in some chosen place, two or three inches below the surface of the water, and secures it by a chain to a pole set deep in the mud. A small twig is then stripped of its bark, and one end is dipped in the "medicine," as the trappers term the peculiar bait which they employ. This end of the stick rises about four inches above the surface; the other end is planted between the jaws of the trap. The beaver, possessing an acute sense of smell, is soon attracted by the odor of the bait. As he raises his nose toward it, his foot is caught in the trap. In his fright he throws a Somerset into the deep water. The trap being fastened to the pole, resists all his efforts to drag it to the shore; the chain by which it is fastened detests his teeth; he struggles for a time, and at length sinks to the bottom and is drowned.

Upon rocky bottoms, where it is not possible to plant the pole, it is thrown into the stream. The beaver when entrapped often gets fastened by the chain to sunken logs or floating timber; if he gets to shore, he is entangled in the thickets of brook willows. In such cases, however, it costs the trapper diligent search, and sometimes a boat at swimming, before he finds his game.

Occasionally it happens that several members of a beaver family are trapped in succession. The survivors then become extremely shy, and care to be "through medicine," to use the trapper's phrase, for "taking the bait." In such case, the trapper gives up the use of the bait and conceals his traps in the usual paths and crossing-places of the household. The beaver now being completely "up to trap," approaches them cautiously, and springs them ingeniously with a stick. At other times he turns the trap bottom upward by the same means, and occasionally even drags them to the barrier and conceals them in the mud. The trapper now gives up the contest of ingenuity, and shouldering his traps marches off, admitting that he is not yet "up to beaver."

On the day following Captain Bonneville's supervision of the industrious and frugal community of beavers, of which he has given so edifying an account, he succeeded in extricating himself from the Wind River Mountains, and regaining the plain to the eastward, made a great bend to the south, so as to go round the bases of the mountains, and arrived, without further incident of importance, at the old place of rendezvous in Green River valley, on the 17th of September.

He found the caches, in which he had deposited his superfluous goods and equipments, all safe, and having opened and taken from them the necessary supplies, he closed them again, taking care to obliterate all traces that might betray them to the keen eyes of Indian marauders.

CHAPTER XXVII.


On the 18th of September, Captain Bonneville and his three companions set out, bright and early, to rejoin the main party, from which they had parted on Wind River. Their route lay up the Green River valley, with that stream on their right hand, and beyond it the range of Wind River Mountains. At the head of the valley they were to pass through a defile which would bring them out beyond the northern end of these mountains, to the head of Wind River; where they expected to meet the main party according to arrangement.

We have already adverted to the dangerous nature of this neighborhood, infested by roving bands of Crows and Blackfeet, to whom the numerous flocks and herds of the country afford capital places for ambush and surprise. The travellers, therefore, kept a vigilant eye upon everything that might give intimation of lurking danger.

About two hours after mid-day, as they reached the summit of a hill, they discovered buffalo on the plain below, running in every direction. One of the men, too, fancied he heard the report of a gun. It was concluded, therefore, that there was some party of Indians below, hunting the buffalo. The horses were immediately concealed in a narrow ravine; and the captain, mounting an eminence, but concealing himself from view, reconnoitred the whole neighborhood with a telescope. Not an Indian was to be seen; so, after halting about an hour, he resumed his journey. Convinced, however, that he was in a dangerous
DANGEROUS PRECAUTIONS.

ARRIVING on the summit of the neighbor- hood, he advanced with the utmost caution; winding his way through hollows and ravines, and avoiding, as much as possible, any open track or rising ground that might betray his party to the watchful eye of an Indian scout.

Arriving at length at the edge of the open meadow land bordering on the river, he again observed the buffalo, as far as he could see, scurrying in great alarm. Once more concealing the horses, he and his companions remained for a long time watching the various groups of the animals, as each caught the panic and started off; but they sought in vain to discover the cause.

They were now about to enter the mountain defile, at the head of Green River valley, where they might be waylaid and attacked; they therefore arranged the packs on their horses, in the manner most secure and convenient for sudden flight, should such be necessary. This done, they started out among the most anxious lookout in every direction.

It was now drawing toward evening; but they could not think of encamping for the night in a place so full of danger. Captain Bonneville, therefore, was induced to halt about sunset, kindle a fire, off for their dinner, cooked, eat, stop, but, as soon as it was sufficiently dark, to make a rapid move for the summit of the mountain, and seek some secluded spot for their night's lodgings.

Accordingly, as the sun went down, the little party came to a halt, made a large fire, spitted their buffalo meat on wooden sticks, and, when sufficiently roasted, planted the savoy viands before them; cutting off huge slices with their hunting knives, and supping with a hunter's appetite. The light of their fire would not fail, as they knew, to attract the attention of any Indian horse in the neighborhood; but they trusted to be off and away before any prowlers could reach the place. While they were supping thus hastily, however, one of their party suddenly started up and shouted "Indians!" All were instantly on their feet, with their rifles in their hands; but could see no enemy. The man, however, declared that he had seen an Indian advancing cautiously among the trees, which they had made in coming to the encampment, whom he had observed himself to hide his person, convinced him that he was not one of a party on the ad- vance to make an attack. He was, probably, some scout, who had followed up their trail, until he came in sight of their fire. He would, in such case, return and report what he had seen to his companions. These, supposing the white men had encamped for the night, would keep aloof until very late, when all should be asleep. They would then, according to Indian tactics, make their stealthy approaches, and place themselves in ambush around, preparatory to their attack at the usual hour of daylight.

Such was Captain Bonneville's conclusion; in consequence of which, he counseled his men to keep perfectly quiet, and act as if free from all peril. He continued his movement. They, accordingly, continued their repast with pretended appetite and jollity; and then trimmed and replenished their fire, as if for a bivouac. As soon, however, as the night had completely set in, they left their fire blazing, walked quietly among the willows, and then leaping into their saddles, made off as noiselessly as possible. In proportion as they left the point of danger behind them, they relaxed in their rigid and anxious circumspection, and began to joke at the expense of their enemy, whom they pictured to themselves mousing in the neighborhood of their deserted fire, waiting for the proper time of attack, and preparing for a grand disappointment.

About midnight, feeling satisfied that they had gained a secure distance, they posted one of their number to keep watch, in case the enemy should follow on their trail, and then, turning abruptly into a dense and matted thicket of willows, halted for the night at the foot of the mountain, instead of making for the summit, as they had originally intended.

A trapper in the wilderness, like a sailor on the ocean, snatches morsels of enjoyment in the midst of trouble, and sleeps soundly when surrounded by danger.

The following morning, the traps and wares of their arrangement for sleep with perfect calmness; they did not venture to make a fire and cook; it is true, though generally done by hunters whenever they come to a halt, and have provisions. They comforted themselves with a smoke, a tranquil pipe; and then, calling in the watch, and turning over the horses, stretched themselves on their pallets, agreed that whoever should first awake should raise the rest, and in a little while were all as sound asleep as though in the midst of a fortress.

A little before day, they were all on the alert; it was the hour for Indian marauding. A sentinel was immediately detached, to post himself at a little distance on their trail, and give the alarm, should he see or hear an enemy.

With the first blush of dawn the rest sought the horses, brought them to the camp, and tied them up until an hour after sunrise, when, the sentinel having reported that all was well, they sprang once more into their saddles, and pursued the most covert and secret paths by the mountain, avoiding the direct route.

At noon they halted and made a hasty repast, and then beat their course so as to regain the route from which they had diverged. They were now made more secure, as they had just escaped. There were tracks of Indians, who had evidently been in pursuit of them, but had recently returned, baffled in their search.

Trusting that they had now got a fair start, and could not be overtaken before night, even in case the Indians should renew the chase, they pushed briskly forward, and did not encamp until late, when they cautiously concealed themselves in a secure nook of the mountains.

Without any further alarm, they made their way to the head-waters of the Wind River, and reached the neighborhood in which they had appointed the rendezvous with their companions. It was within the precincts of the Crow country; the Wind River valley being one of the favorite haunts of that restless tribe. After much searching, Captain Bonneville came upon a trail which had evidently been made by his main party. It was so old, however, that he feared his people might have left the neighborhood; driven off, perhaps, by some of those war parties which were on the march. He continued his search with great anxiety, and no little fatigue; for his horses were jaded, and almost crippled, by their forced marches and scramblings through rocky defiles.

On the following day, about noon, Captain Bonneville came upon a deserted camp of his
people, from which they had, evidently, turned back; but he could find no signs to indicate why they had done so; whether they had met with misfortune, or molestation, or in what direction they had gone. He was now more than ever perplexed.

On the following day he resumed his march with increasing anxiety. The feet of his horses had by this time become so worn and wounded by the rocks, that he had to make moccasins for them of buffalo hide. About noon he came to another deserted camp of his men; but soon after lost them all, in a great search. He was, however, at length found, turning in a southerly direction along the eastern bases of the Wind River Mountains, which towered to the right. He now pushed forward with all possible speed, in hopes of overtaking the party. At night he slept at another of their camps, from which they had but recently departed. When the day dawned sufficiently to distinguish objects, he perceived the danger that must be dogging the heels of his main party. All the camps were a foretaste of what the survivors of Indians who must have been prowling about it at the time his men had passed the night there; and who must still be hovering about them. Convinced now that the main party could not be at any great distance, he mounted a scout on the best horse, and sent him forward to meet them. As he should have seen of their danger, and to order them to halt, until he should rejoin them.

In the afternoon, to his great joy, he met the scout returning, with six comrades from the main party, bearing fresh horses for his accommodation; and on the following day (September 25th), all hands were once more reunited, after a separation of nearly three weeks. Their meeting was hearty and joyous; for they had both experienced dangers and perplexities.

The main party, in pursuing their course up the Wind River valley, had been dogged the whole way by a war party of Crows. In one place they had been fired upon, but without injury; in another place, one of their horses had been cut loose, and carried off. At last, they were so closely beset that they were obliged to make a retrograde move, lest they should be surprised and overcome. This was the movement which had caused such perplexity to Captain Bonneville.

The whole party now remained encamped for two or three days, to give repose to both men and horses. Some of the trappers, however, pursued their excursions about the neighboring streams. While one of them was setting his traps, he heard the tramp of horses, and looking up, beheld a party of Crows advancing moving along at no great distance, with a considerable cavalcade. The trapper hastened to conceal himself, but was discerned by the quick eye of the savages. With whoops and yells, they dragged him from his hiding-place, flourished over his head their tomahawks and scalping-knives, and for a time the poor trapper gave himself up for lost. Fortunately the Crows were in a jocose rather than a sanguinary mood. They amused themselves heartily for a while at the expense of his terrors, and after having played off divers Crow pranks and antics, they set off. When, however, he thought he was out of their reach, and then they generously made him a present of an old tattered buffalo robe, and dismissed him, with many complimentary speeches and much laughter. When the trapper returned to the camp in such sorry plight, he was greeted with peals of laughter from his comrades, and seemed more mortified by the style in which he had been dismissed, than rejoiced at escaping with his life. A circumstance which he related to Captain Bonneville gave some idea of the cause of this extreme jocularity on the part of the Crows. They had evidently had a run of luck, and, like winning gamblers, were in high good humor. Among twenty-six fine horses, and some mules, which composed their cavalcade, the trapper recognized his former mount, which stripped the trapper, though evidently of the same band, they were not molested. Indeed, Captain Bonneville treated them with his usual kindness and hospitality: permitting them to remain all day in the camp, and even to pass the night there. At a distance of six miles he caused a strict watch to be maintained on all their movements, and at night stationed an armed sentinel near them. The Crows remonstrated against the latter being armed. This only made the captain suspect them to be spies, who meditated treachery; he redoubled, therefore, his precautions. At the same time he assured his guests that while they were perfectly welcome to the shelter and comfort of his camp, yet, should any of their tribe venture to approach during the night, they would certainly be shot, which would be a very unfortunate circumstance, and much to be deplored. To the latter remark they fully assented, and shortly afterward commenced a wild song or chant, which they kept up for a long time, and in which they very probably gave their friends, who might be prowling round the camp, notice that the white men were on the alert. The night passed away without disturbance. In the morning the three Crow guests were very pressing that Captain Bonneville and his party should give repose to both men and horses.

He now continued on for some few days, at a slower pace, round the point of the mountain toward Green River, and arrived once more at the caches, on the 14th of October.

Here they found traces of the band of Indians who had hunted them in the defile toward the head-waters of Wind River. Having lost all trace of them on their way up the mountain, they had turned and followed back their trail down the Green River valley to the caches. One of these they had discovered and broken open, but it fortunately contained nothing but fragments of old iron, which they merely scattered about, and then departed. In examining their deserted camp, Captain Bonneville discovered that
it numbered thirty-nine fires, and had more reason than ever to congratulate himself on having escaped the clutches of such a formidable band of freebooters.

He now turned his course southward, under cover of the mountains, and on the 25th of October reached Liherge's Ford, a tributary of the Colorado, where he came suddenly upon the trail of this same war party, which had crossed the stream. For roundly did the hawks be near enough with the water that had been splashed upon them. To judge from their tracks, they could not be less than three hundred warriors, and apparently of the Crow nation.

Captain Bonneville was extremely uneasy lest this overpowering force should come upon him in some place where he would not have the means of fortifying himself promptly. He now moved toward Hane's Fork, another tributary of the Colorado, where he encamped, and remained during the 26th of October. Seeing a large cloud of smoke to the south, he supposed it to arise from some encampment of Shoshonies, and sent scouts to procure information, and to purchase a lodge. It was, in fact, a band of Shoshonies, but with them was associated Fitzpatrick and his party of trappers. That active leader had an eventful story to relate of his fortunes in the country of the Crows. After parting with Captain Bonneville on the banks of the Bighorn, he made for the west, to trap upon Powder and Tongue Rivers. He had between twenty and thirty men with him, and about one hundred horses. So large a cavalcade could not pass through the Crow country without attracting the attention of its freebooting horde. A large band of Crows were soon on their tracks, and came up with them on the 6th of September, just as they had reached Tongue River. The Crow chief came forward with great appearance of friendship, and proposed to Fitzpatrick that they should encamp together. The latter, however, not having any faith in Crows, declined the invitation, and pitched his camp three miles off. He then rode over with two or three men, to visit the Crow chief, by whom he was received with great apparent cordiality. In the meantime, however, a party of young braves, who considered themselves by their bravery entitled to all the honor, made a circuit privately, and dashed into his encampment. Captain Stewart, who had remained there in the absence of Fitzpatrick, behaved with great spirit; but the Crows were too numerous and active. They had got possession of the camp, and soon made booty of everything—carrying off all the horses. On their way back they met Fitzpatrick returning to his camp; and finished their exploit by firing and nearly stripping him.

The negotiation took place between the plundered white men and the triumphant Crows; what eloquence and management Fitzpatrick made use of we do not know, but he succeeded in prevailing upon the Crow chieftain to return him his horses and many of his traps, together with his rifles and a few rounds of ammunition for each man—two pieces. He then set out with all speed to abandon the Crow country, before he should meet with any fresh disasters.

After his departure, the consciences of some of the most orthodox Crows pricked them sorely for having suffered such a catastrophe; and they hastened to escape out of all their hands. Anxious to wipe off so foul a stigma on the reputation of the Crow nation, they followed on his trail, nor quit hovering about him on his march until they had stolen a number of his best horses and mules. It was, doubtless, this same band which came upon the lonely trapper on the Popo Agie, and generously gave him an old buffalo robe in exchange for his rifle, his traps, and all his accoutrements. With these anecdotes, we shall, for the present, take our leave of the Crow country and its vagabond chivalry.

CHAPTER XXVIII.


CROSSING an elevated ridge, Captain Bonneville now came upon Bear River, which, from its source to its entrance into the Great Salt Lake, describes the figures of a horse-shoe. One of the principal headwaters of this river, although supposed to abound with beaver, has never been visited by the trapper; rising among rugged mountains, and being barricaded by fallen pine trees and tremendous precipices. Proceeding down this river, the party encamped, on the 6th of November, at the outlet of a lake about thirty miles long, and from two to three miles wide, completely imbedded in low ranges of mountains, and connected with Bear River by an impassable swamp. It is called the Little Lake, to distinguish it from the great one of salt water.

On the 10th of November, Captain Bonneville visited a place in the neighborhood which is quite a region of natural curiosities. An area of about half a mile square presents a level surface of white clay or fuller's earth, perfectly spotless, resembling a vast surface of dazzling snow. The effect is strikingly beautiful at all times; in summer, when it is surrounded with verdure, or in autumn, when it contrasts its bright immaculate surface with the withered herbage. Seen from a distant eminence, it then shines like a mirror, set in the brown landscape. Around this plain are clustered numerous springs of various sizes and temperatures. One of them, of scalding heat, boils furiously and incessantly, rising to the height of two or three feet. In another place there is an aperture in the earth from which rushes a column of steam that forms a perpetual cloud. The ground for some distance around sounds hollow, and startles the solitary trapper, as he hears the tramp of his horse giving the sound of a muffled drum. He pictures to himself a mysterious gulf below, a place of hidden fires, and gazes round him with awe and uneasiness.

The most noted curiosity, however, of this singular region is the Beer Spring, of which trappers give wonderful accounts. They are said to turn aside from their route through the country to drink of its waters, which, as much as the Alrach seeks some famous well of the desert. Captain Bonneville describes it as having the taste of beer. His men drank it with avidity, and in copious draughts. It did not appear to him to
possess any medicinal properties, or to produce any peculiar effects. The Indians, however, refused the temptation for the purpose of the animal, once triumphed, was left to be completely dispatched at the end of the chase. Frequently a cow was killed on the spot by a single arrow. In one instance, Captain Bonneville saw an Indian shoot his arrow completely through the head of the animal, so that it struck in the ground beyond. The bulls, however, are not so easily killed as the cows, and always cost the hunter several arrows, sometimes making battle upon the horses, and chasing them furiously, though severely wounded, with a vengeance that is the kind of their flesh.

The grand scamper of the hunt being over, the Indians proceeded to dispatch the animals that had been disabled; then cutting up the carcasses, they returned with loads of meat to the camp, where the choicest pieces were soon roasting before large fires, and a hunters' feast succeeded; at which Captain Bonneville and his men were qualified, by previous fasting, to perform their parts with great vigor.

Some men pretended to war valorous upon a full stomach, and such seemed to be the case with the Bannack braves, who, in proportion as they crammed themselves with buffalo meat, grew stout of heart, until, the supper being over, they began to chant war songs, setting forth their mighty deeds, and the victories they had gained over the Blackfeet. Warming with the theme, and inflaming themselves with their own eulogies, these magnificent heroes of the trencher would start up, advance a short distance beyond the light of the fires, and menacingly wave their Blackfeet enmities, as though they had been within hearing. Ruffling and swelling, and snorting, and slapping their breasts, and brandishing their arms, they would vociferate all their exploits; reminding the Blackfeet how they had drenched their towns in tears and blood; enumerating the blows they had inflicted, the warriors they had slain, the scalp they had brought off in triumph. Then, having said everything that could stir a man's spleen or pique his valor, they would dare their imaginary hearders, now that the Bannacks were here, to take revenge—receiving no reply to this valorous bravado, they would conclude by all kinds of sneers and insults, deriding the Blackfeet for dastards and poltroons, that dared not accept the challenge of a few Blackfeet warriors, and Rafnhodumate in which the "men red" are prone to indulge in their vainglorious moments; or, with all their vaunted taciturnity, they vehemently prate at times to become eloquent about their exploits, and to sound their own trumpets.

Having vented their valor in this fierce effervescence, the Bannack braves gradually calmed down, lowered their crests, smoothed their ruffled feathers, and betook themselves to sleep, without placing a single guard over their camp; so that, had the Blackfeet taken them at their word, but few of these braggart heroes might have survived for any further boasting.

On the following morning, Captain Bonneville purchased a supply of buffalo meat from his braggadocio friends; who, with all their vaporings, were in fact in a very forlorn and desolate situation, of no arms, and of almost everything that constitutes riches in savage life. The bargain concluded, the Bannecks set off for their village, which was situated, they said, at the mouth of the Fortneuf, and Captain Bonneville and his companions shaped their course toward Snake River.
Arrived on the banks of that river, he found it rapid and hoisterous, but not too deep to be fordable. In traversing it, however, one of the horses was swept suddenly from its footing, and the rider was carried against the current to the mouth of a neighboring hill. Both horse and horseman were extricated without any damage, except that the latter was completely drenched, so that it was necessary to kindle a fire to dry him. While they were thus occupied, one of the party looking up perceived an Indian scout cautiously reconnoitering them from the summit of a neighboring hill. The moment he found himself discovered, he disappeared behind the hill. From his turvive movements, Captain Bonneville suspected him to be a scout from the Blackfoot camp, and that he had gone to report what he had seen to his companions. It would not do to loiter in such a neighborhood, so the kindling of the fire was abandoned, the drenched horseman mounted in dripping condition, and the little band pushed forward directly into the plain, going at a smart pace, until they had gained a considerable distance from the place of supposed danger. Here encamping for the night, in the midst of abundance of sage, or wormwood, under a sky of stars, they kindled a huge fire for the benefit of their damp comrades, and then proceeded to prepare a sumptuous supper of buffalo humps and ribs, and other choice bits, which they had brought with them. After a hearty repast, refreshed with an appetite unknown to city epicures, they stretched themselves upon their couches of skins, and under the stary canopy of heaven, enjoyed the sound and sweet sleep of happy and well-fed mountaineers.

They continued on their journey for several days, without any incident worthy of notice, and on the 19th of November, came upon traces of the party of which they were in search; such as burned patches of prairie, and deserted camping grounds. All these were carefully examined, to discover their freshness or antiquity; the probable time that the trappers had left them; at length, after much wandering and investigating, they came upon the regular trail of the hunting party, which led into the mountains, and followed it with the greatest care. By noon of the 20th, they had penetrated the great range of mountains, among which some of the upper branches of Salmon River take their rise, but had become so entangled among immense and almost impassable barricades of fallen pines, and so impeded by tremendous precipices, that a great part of their season had been wasted among these mountains. At one time they had made their way through them, and reached the Boissee River; but meeting with a band of Bannock Indians, from whom they apprehended hostilities, they had again taken the opposing course, and trudged on towards a trading post, where they were found by Captain Bonneville. In the neighborhood of their encampment, the captain had the good fortune to meet with a family of those warlike savages of the mountains, emphatically called "les dignes de pitie," or Poordevil Indians. These, however, appear to have forfeited the title, for they had with them a fine lot of skins of beaver, elk, deer, and mountain sheep. Captain Bonneville purchased from them at a fair valuation, and sent them off astonished at their own wealth, and no doubt objects of envy to all their pitiful tribe.

Being now reinforced by Hodgskiss and his band of free trappers, Captain Bonneville put himself at the head of the united parties, and set out to reconnoitre those who had remained the previous year at the Great Spring; that they might all go into winter quarters on Snake River. On his route, he encountered many heavy falls of snow, which melted almost immediately, so as not to impede his march, and on the 4th of December, he found his other party, encamped in the clearing where he had taken refuge in the buffalo hunt with the Pannekes.

That braggart horde was encamped but about three miles off, and were just then in high glee and levity, and more swaggering than ever, celebrating a prodigious victory. It appeared that a party of their braves being out on a hunting excursion, discovered the track of the party, as they thought, to surprise their hunting camps. The Pannekes immediately posted themselves on each side of a dark ravine, through which the enemy must pass, and just as they were encamped in the midst of it, attacked them with great fury. The Blackfeet, struck with sudden panic, threw off their buffalo robes and fled, leaving one of their warriors dead on the spot. The victors eagerly gathered upon the spoils; but their greatest prize was the scalp of the Blackfoot brave. This they bore off in triumph to the village, where it had ever since been an object of the greatest exultation and rejoicing. It had been elevated upon a pole in the centre of the village, where the warriors had celebrated the scalp dance round it, with war feasts, war songs, and warlike harangues. It had then been given up to the women and boys; who had paraded it up and down the village with shouts and chants and antic dances; occasionally saluting it with all kinds of taunts, invectives, and revilings.

The Blackfeet, however, do not appear to have acted up to the character which has rendered them objects of such terror. Indeed, their conduct in war, to the inexperienced observer is full of inconsistencies; at one time they are headlong in courage, and heedless of danger; at another time cautious almost to cowardice. To understand these apparent incongruities, one must know their principles of warfare. A war party, however triumphant, if they lose a warrior in the fight, bring back a cause of mourning to their people, which casts a shade over the glory of their achievement. Hence, the Indian is often less fierce and reckless in general battle than he is in a private brawl; and the chiefs are checked in their holiest undertakings by the fear of sacrificing their warriors.

This particularity is not confined to the Blackfeet. Among the Osages, says Captain Bonneville, when a warrior falls in battle, his comrades, though they have fought with consummate valor, and won a glorious victory, will leave their arms upon the field of battle, and returning home, will dally, as if they had neglected their business. They will visit the meeting ground, where they were found by Captain Bonneville. In the neighborhood of their encampment, the captain had the good fortune to meet with a family of those warlike savages, who were hunting upon the mountains, and had not been discovered by the trappers. They were an object of envy to all their pitiful tribe.
CHAPTER XXIX.

WINTER CAMP AT THE PORNEUL—FIRE PREPARED
—THE BANNECK INDIANS—THEIR HONESTY
—CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE PREPARES FOR AN EXPEDITION—CHRISTMAS—THE AMERICAN FALLS
—WILD SCENES—FISHING FALLS—SNAP INDIANS—SCENERY—THE BANNECK—VIEW OF THE BASALTIC Volcanic COUNTRY FROM A MOUNTAIN—POWDER RIVER—SHOSHOIKES, OR ROOT Diggers—THEIR CHARACTER, HABITS, HABITATIONS, DOGS—VANITY AT ITS LAST SHIFT.

In establishing his winter camp near the Portneul, Captain Bannocke had been obliged to take up his quarters on the extreme edge of the flat land, where he was encompassed with ice and snow, and had nothing better for his horses to subsist on than wormwood. The Bannecks, on the contrary, were encamped amid fine springs of water, where there was great abundance of snow. Some of these springs gush out of the earth in sufficient quantity to turn a mill; and furnish beautiful streams, clear as crystal, and full of trout of a large size; which may be seen darting along side, and between the recent water. Winter now set in regularly. The snow had fallen frequently, and in large quantities, and covered the ground to the depth of a foot; and the continued coldness of the weather prevented any thaw.

By degrees, a distrust which at first subsisted between the Indians and the whites, subsided, and gave way to mutual confidence and good-will. A few presents convinced the chiefs that the white men were their friends; nor were the white men wanting in proofs of the honesty and good faith of their savage neighbors. Occasionally, the deep snow and the want of fodder obliged them to turn their weakest horses out to roam in quest of sustenance. If they at any time strayed to the camp of the Bannecks, they were immediately brought back. It must be remembered, however, that if the stray horse happened by any chance, to be in vigorous plight and good condition, though he was equally sure to return by the honest Bannecks, yet it was always after the lapse of several days, and in a very gaunt and jaded state; and was always with the remark that they had found him a long way off. The uncharitable were apt to surmise that he had, in the interim, been well used up in a buffalo hunt; but those accustomed to Indian morality in the matter of horses, considered it a singular evidence of honesty that he should be brought back at all.

Being convinced, therefore, from these, and other circumstances, that his people were encamped in the neighborhood of a tribe as honest as they were valiant, and satisfied that they would pass their winter unmolested, Captain Bonneville prepared for a reconnoitring expedition of great extent and peril. This was, to penetrate to the Hudson's Bay establishments on the banks of the Columbia, and to make himself acquainted with the country and the Indian tribes; it being one part of his scheme to establish a trading post somewhere on the lower part of the river, so as to participate in the trade lost to the United States by the capture of Astoria. This expedition would, of course, take him through the Snake River country, and across the Blue Mountains, the scenes of so much hardship and disaster to Hunt and Crooks, and their Astorian bands, who first explored it, and who would have to pass through it in the same frightful season, the depth of winter. The idea of risk and hardship, however, only served to stimulate the adventurous spirit of the captain. He chose three companions for his journey, put up a small stock of necessaries in the most portable forms, and led five horses and mules for themselves and their baggage. He proposed to join his band in the early part of March, at the winter encampment near the Portneul. All these arrangements being completed, he mounted his horse on Christmas morning, and set off with his three companions. They halted a little beyond the Banneck camp, and made their Christmas dinner, which, if not a very merry, was a very hearty one, after which they resumed their journey.

They were obliged to travel slowly, to spare their horses; for the snow had increased in depth to eighteen inches; and though somewhat packed and frozen, was not sufficiently so to yield firm footing. Their route lay to the west, down along the level valley, about four miles wide, in several days in reaching the first, or American Falls. The banks of the river, for a considerable distance, both above and below the falls, have a volcanic character; i.e., masses of basaltic rock are piled one upon another; the water flows through their broken channels, boiling through narrow channels, or pitching in beautiful cascades over ridges of basaltic columns.

Beyond these falls, they came to a picturesque, but insignificant stream, called the Cassid. It runs through a level valley, about four miles wide, where the soil is good, but the prevalent coldness and dryness of the climate is unfavorable to vegetation. Near to this stream, there is a small mountain of mica slate, including garnets. Granite, in small blocks, is likewise seen in this neighborhood, and white sandstone. From this river, the travellers had a prospect of the snowy heights of the Salmon River Mountains to the north; the nearest, at least fifty miles distant.

In pursuing his course westward, Captain Bonneville generally kept out of Snake River, crossing the heads of its tributary streams; though he often found the open country so encumbered by volcanic rocks, as to render travelling extremely difficult. Whenever he approached Snake River, he crossed through basaltic columns, through a broad chasm, with steep, perpendicular sides of basaltic rock. After several days' travel across a level plain, he came to a part of the river which filled him with astonishment and admiration. As far as the eye could reach, the river was walled in by perpendicular cliffs two hundred and fifty feet high, beetling like dark and gloomy battlements, while blocks and fragments lay in masses at their feet, in the midst of the boiling and whirling current. Just above, the whole stream pitched in one cascade above forty feet in height, with a thundering sound, casting up a volume of spray that hung in the air like a silver mist. These are called by some the Fishing Falls, as the salmon are taken here in immense quantities. They cannot get by these falls.

After encamping at this place all night, Captain Bonneville, at sunrise, descended with his party through a narrow ravine, or rather crevice, in the vast wall of basaltic rock which bordered the river; this being the only mode, for many miles, of getting to the margin of the stream. The snow lay in a thin crust along the banks of the river, so that their travelling was much more
easy than it had been hitherto. There were foot tracks, also, made by the natives, which greatly facilitated their progress. Occasionally, they met the inhabitants of this wild region; a timid race, and of little use to the settlers. They were bows and arrows; the latter tipped with obsidian, which abounds in the neighborhood. Their huts were shaped like haystacks, and constructed of branches of willow covered with long grass, so as to be warm and comfortable. Occasionally, they were surrounded by small inclosures of wormwood, about three feet high, which gave them a cottage-like appearance. Three or four of these tenements were occasionally grouped together in some wild and striking situation, and had a picturesque effect. Sometimes, dambers, formed of the logs of fallen trees, or large boulders, and surrounded by trees and shrubbery, formed a sheltered recess, or a small hamlet. From these people Captain Bonneville’s party frequently purchased salmon, dried in an admirable manner, as were likewise the roses. This seemed to be their prime article of food; but the men were extremely anxious to get some fresh meat in exchange.

The high walls and rocks, within which the travellers had been so long inclosed, now occasionally presented openings, through which they were enabled to ascend to the plain, and to cut off considerable bents of the river.

Throughout the whole extent of this vast and singular chasm, the scenery of the river is said to be of the most wild and romantic character. The rocks present every variety of masses and grouping. Numerous small streams come rushing and boiling through narrow clefts and ravines; one of a considerable size issued from the face of a precipice, within twenty-five feet of its summit; and after running in nearly a horizontal line for about one hundred feet, fell, by numerous small cascades, to the rocky bank of the river.

In its career through this vast and singular defile, Snake River is upward of three hundred yards wide, and as clear as spring water. Sometimes it steals along with a tranquil and noiseless current; sometimes, as it passes through the narrows, it rushes and boils with a great deal of terror. The most favorable position for this river is that of a precipice, within twenty-five feet of its summit; and after running in nearly a horizontal line for about one hundred feet, falls, by numerous small cascades, to the rocky bank of the river.

The country, hereabout, was generally level and sandy; producing very little grass, but a considerable quantity of sage or white man’s broom. The plains were diversified by isolated hills, all cut off as it were, about the same height, so as to have tabular summits. In this they resembled the isolated hills of the great prairies, east of the Rocky Mountains; especially those found on the plains of the Arkansas.

The high precipices which had hitherto walled in the channel of Snake River, had now disappeared; and the banks were of the ordinary height. It should be observed, that the great valleys or plains, through which the Snake River wound its course, were generally extending on each side from thirty to forty miles; where the view was bounded by unbroken ridges of mountains.

The travellers found but little snow in the
neighborhood of Powder River, though the weather continued intensely cold. They learned a lesson, however, from their forlorn friends, the Root Diggers, which they subsequently found of great service in their wintry wanderings. They frequently observed them to be furnished with long ropes, twisted from the bark of the wormwood, by which the tent was held together. On these occasions they used as a slow match, carrying it always lighted. Whenever they wished to warm themselves, they would gather together a little dry wormwood, apply the match, and in an instant produce a cheerful blaze.

Captain Bonneville gives a cheerless account of a village of these Diggers, which he saw in crossing the plain below Powder River. "They live," says he, "without any further protection from the inclemency of the season, than a sort of break-weather, about three feet high, composed of sage (or wormwood), and erected around them in the shape of a half moon." Whenever he met with them, however, they had always a large suite of half-starved dogs; for these animals, in savage as well as in civilized life, seem to be the concomitant of the Diggers.

These dogs, it must be allowed, were of more use than the beggarly curs of cities. The Indian children used them in hunting the small game of the neighborhood, such as rabbits and prairie dogs, in which manner kind of chase they acquired themselves with some credit.

Sometimes the Diggers aspire to a nobler game, and succeed in entrapping the antelope, the fleetest animal of the prairies. The process by which this is effected is somewhat singular. When the snow has disappeared, says Captain Bonneville, and the ground become soft, the women go out to the thickest fields of wormwood, and pulling it up in great quantities, construct with it a hedge about three feet high, inclosing about a hundred acres. A single opening is left for the admission of the game. This done, the women conceal themselves behind the wormwood, and wait patiently for the coming of the antelopes; which sometimes enter this spacious trap in considerable numbers. As soon as the women in, the women give the signal, and the men hasten to play their part. But one of them enters the pen at a time; and, after chasing the terrified animals round the inclosure, is relieved by one of his companions. In this way the hunters take their turns, relieving each other, and keeping up the pursuit by relays, without fatigue to themselves. The poor antelopes, in the end, are so wearied down, that the whole party of men enter and dispatch them with clubs; not one escaping that has entered the inclosure. The most curious circumstance in this chase is, that an animal so fleet and agile as the antelope, and straining for its life, should range round and round this fatal inclosure, without attempting to overleap the low barrier which surrounds it. Such, however, is said to be the fact; and such their only mode of hunting the antelope.

Notwithstanding the absence of all comfort and convenience in their habitations, and the general squalidness of their appearance, the Shoshokoes do not appear to be destitute of ingenuity. They make ropes, and even a tolerably fine thread, from a sort of weed found in their neighborhood; and construct bows and jugs out of a kind of basket-work formed from small strips of wood plaited; these, by the aid of a little wax, they render perfectly water-tight. On these they mainly depend for subsistence, they collect great quantities of seed, of various kinds, beaten with one hand out of the tops of the plants into wooden bowls held for that purpose. The seed thus collected is winnowed and parched, and ground between two stones into a kind of meal or flour; which, when mixed with water, forms a very palatable paste or gruel.

So as these people, more provident and industrious than the rest, lay up a stock of dried salmon, and other fish, for winter; with these, they were ready to traffic with the travellers for any objects of utility in Indian life; giving a large quantity in exchange for an awl, a knife, or a fish-hook. Others were in the most abject state of want and starvation; and would even gather up the fish-bones which the travellers threw away after a repast, warm them over again at the fire, and pick them with the greatest avidity.

The farther Captain Bonneville advanced into the country of these Root Diggers, the more evident he perceived of their rule and forlorn condition. "They were destitute," says he, "of the necessary covering to protect them from the weather; and seemed to be in the most unsophisticated ignorance of any other advantage in the use of clothing. One old dame had absolutely nothing on her person but a thread round her neck, from which was pendent a solitary bead."

What stage of human destitution, however, is too destitute for vanity! Though these naked and forlorn-looking beings had neither toilet to arrange, nor beauty to contemplate, their greatest passion was for a mirror. It was a "great medicine," in their eyes. The sight of one was sufficient, at any time, to throw them into a paroxysm of eagerness and delight; and they were ready to give anything they had for the smallest fragment in which they might behold their squalid features. With this simple instance of vanity, in its primitive but vigorous state, we shall close our remarks on the Root Diggers.

CHAPTER XXX.


The temperature of the regions west of the Rocky Mountains is much milder than in the same latitudes on the Atlantic side; the upper plains, however, which lie at a distance from the seacoast, are subject in winter to considerable vicissitude; being traversed by lofty "sierras," entombed with perpetual snow, which often produce flaws and streaks of intense cold. This was experienced by Captain Bonneville and his companions in their progress westward. At the time when they left the Bannocks, Snake River was frozen hard. The snow began to melt, and even the ice became broken and floating; it gradually disappeared, and the weather became warm and pleasant, as they approached a tributary stream called the Little Wye; and the soil, which was generally of a wary clay, with occasional intervals of sand, was soft to the tread of the horses. After a time, however, the mountains approached and flanked
the river, the snow lay deep in the valleys, and the current was once more icebound.

Here they were visited by a party of Root Diggers, who were apparently rising in the world, for they had "a horse to ride and weapon to wear," and were altogether better clad and equipped than any of the tribe that Captain Bonneville had met with thus far. Just from the banks of Snake River, where they had left a number of their tribe, all as well provided as themselves, having guns, horses, and comfortable clothing. All these they obtained from the Lower Nez Percés, with whom they were in habits of friendly intercourse. The latter appeared to have imbibed from that tribe their non-combative principles, being mild and inoffensive in their manners. Like them, also, they had something of religious feelings; for Captain Bonneville observed that, before eating they washed their hands and made a short prayer; which he understood was their invariable custom. From these Indians he obtained a considerable supply of fish, and an excellent and well-conditioned horse, to replace one which had become too worn.

The travellers now moved forward with renovated spirits; the snow, it is true, lay deeper and deeper as they advanced, but they trudged on merrily, considering themselves well provided for the journey, which could not be of much longer duration.

They had intended to proceed up the banks of Gun Creek, a stream which flows into Snake River from the west; but were assured by the natives that the route in that direction was impracticable. The latter advised them to keep along Snake River, where they would not be impeded by the snow. Taking one of the Diggers for a guide they set off along the river, and to their joy soon found the country free from snow, as had been predicted, so that their horses once more had the benefit of tolerable pasturage. Their Digger proved an excellent guide, trudging cheerfully in the advance. He made an unsuccessful shot or two at a deer and a beaver; but at night found a rabbit hole, whence he extracted the occupant, upon which, with fish and berries procured by the travellers, he made a hearty supper, and retired to rest, filled with good cheer and good humor.

The next day the travellers came to where the hills closed upon the river, leaving here and there in the upper plains, from the scar. -

The river was sheeted with ice, broken into hills at long intervals. The Digger kept on ahead of the party, crossing and recrossing the river in pursuit of game, until, unluckily, encountering a brother Digger, he stole off with him, without the ceremony of leave-taking.

Being now left to themselves, they proceeded until they came to some Indian huts, the inhabitants of which spoke a language totally different from any they had yet heard. One, however, understood the Nez Percé language, and through him they made inquiries as to their route. These Indians were extremely kind and honest, and furnished them with a small quantity of meat; but none of them could be induced to act as guides.

Immediately in the route of the travellers lay a high mountain, which they ascended with some difficulty. The prospect from the summit was grand but disheartening. Directly before them towered the loftiest peaks of Immahah rising far higher than the elevated ground on which they stood; on the other hand, they were enabled to scan the course of the river, darting along through deep chasms, between rocks and precipices, until lost in a distant wilderness of mountains, which closed the savage landscape.

They remained for a long time contemplating, with perplexed and anxious eye, this wild congregation of mountain barriers, and seeking to discover some practicable passage. The approach of evening obliged them to give up the task, and to seek some camping ground for the night, and putting briskly forward, and plunging and tossing through a succession of deep snow-drifts, they at length reached a valley known among trappers as the "Grand Rond," which they found entirely free from snow.

This is a beautiful and very fertile valley, about twenty miles long and five or six broad; a bright cold stream called the Foulon de Glace, or Ice River, runs through it. Its sheltered situation, embosomed in mountains, renders it good pastur- ing ground in the winter time; when the elk come down to it in great numbers, driven out of the mountains by the snow. The Indians then resort to it to hunt. They likewise come to it in the summer to dig the camas root, of which it produces immense quantities. Here daffodils bloom in blossom, the whole valley is tinted by its blue flowers, and looks like the ocean when overcast by a cloud.

After passing a night in this valley, the travellers in the morning scaled the neighboring hills, to look out for a more eligible route than that upon which they had unluckily fallen; and, after much reconnoitring determined to make their way once more to the river, and to travel upon the ice when the banks should prove impassable.

On the second day after this determination, they were again upon Snake River, but, contrary to their expectations, it was nearly free from ice. A narrow ribbon ran along the shore, and sometimes there was a kind of bridge across the stream, formed of old ice and snow. For a short time, they jogged along the bank, with tolerable facility, but at length came to where the river forced its way into the heart of the mountains, winding between tremendous walls of basaltic rock, that rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, crowned in black, and gloomy grandeur. Here difficulties of all kinds beset their path. The snow was from two to three feet deep, but soft and yielding, so that the horses had no foothold, but kept plunging forward, straining themselves by perpetual efforts. The rivers and precipices forced them upon the narrow ribbon of ice that bordered the shore; sometimes they had to scramble over vast masses of rock which had tumbled from the impending precipices; sometimes they had to cross the stream upon the hazardous bridges of ice and snow, sinking to the knee at every step; sometimes they had to scale slippery precipices, and to pass along narrow corniccs, glazed with ice and sleet, a shoudering wall of rock on one side, a yawning precipice on the other, where a single false step would have been fatal. In a lower and less dangerous pass, two of their horses actually fell into the river; one was saved with much difficulty, but the boldness of the shore prevented their rescuing the other, and he was swept away by the rapid current.

In this way they struggled forward, manfully braving difficulties and dangers, until they came to where the bed of the river was narrowed to a mere chasm, with perpendicular walls of rock that defied all further progress. Turning their faces now to the mountain, they endeavored to cross directly over it; but, after clambering nearly to the sum-
mit, found their path closed by insurmountable barriers.

Nothing now remained but to retrace their steps. To descend a craggy mountain, however, was more difficult and dangerous than to ascend it. They had to lower their horses, cautiously and slowly, from step to step; and, while they managed with difficulty to maintain their own footing, to aid their horses by holding on firmly to the rock held by the mountain animals, which, as the poor stumblers stumbled among slippery rocks, or slid down icy declivities, they often made the descent, by which they were compelled to give up from fatigue and lameness, some of which had fallen, and lay in every direction.

In the midst of these toils and hardships, their provisions gave out. For three days they were without food, and so reduced that they could scarcely drag themselves along. At length, one of the mules being about to give out from fatigue and lameness, they hastened to dispatch him. However, this miserable supply, they dried the flesh, and for three days subsisted upon the nutriment extracted from the bones. As to the meat, it was packed and preserved as long as they could do without it, not knowing how long they might remain bewildered in these desolate regions.

One of the men was now dispatched ahead, to reconnoitre the country, and to discover, if possible, some more practicable route. In the meantime, the rest of the party moved on. After a lapse of three days, the scout rejoined. He informed them that Snake River ran immediately below the Sierra or mountainous ridge upon which they were travelling; that it was free from perils of any kind, and that, though the banks were steep, they could be crossed in a direct line, but that it would be impossible for them to reach it without making a weary circuit. Their only course would be to cross the mountain ridge to the left.

Up this mountain, therefore, the weary travellers directed their steps; and the ascent, in their present weak and exhausted state, was one of the severest parts of this most painful journey. For two days they were toiling slowly from cliff to cliff, beating at every step a path through the snow for their faltering horses. At length they reached the summit, where the snow was blown off; but in descending on the opposite side they were often plunging through deep drifts piled in the hollows and ravines.

Their provisions were now exhausted, and they and their horses almost ready to give out with fatigue and hunger; when one afternoon, just as the sun was sinking behind a blue line of distant mountains, they came to a brow of a height from which they beheld the smooth valley of the Innmah. The sun shone stretched out in smiling verdure below them.

The sight inspired almost a frenzy of delight. Roused to new ardor, they forgot for a time their fatigues, and hurried down the mountain, dragging their jaded horses after them, and sometimes compelling them to slide a distance of thirty or forty feet at a time. At length they reached the banks of the Innmah. The young grass was just beginning to sprout, and the whole valley wore an aspect of softness, verdure, and repose, heightened by the contrast of the frigid region from which they had just descended. To add to their joy, they observed Indian trails along the margin of the stream, and other signs, which gave them reason to believe that there was an encampment of the Lower Nez Percés in the neighborhood as it was within the accustomed range of that pacific and hospitable tribe.

The prospect of a supply of food stimulated them to new exertion, and they continued on as far as the enfeebled state of themselves and their steeds would permit a steady advance. At times more exhausted than the rest, threw himself upon the grass, and declared he could go no further. It was in vain to attempt to arouse him; his spirit
had given out, and his replies only showed the
dogged apathy of despair. His companions there-
fore conducted their search, and, after going about
for some hours, they came upon a tree with a
branch that was all new and, as they were at an
end, and went to sleep with the comforting
hope that the morrow would bring them into
plentiful quarters.

CHAPTER XXXI.
PROGRESS IN THE VALLEY—AN INDIAN CAVAR-
LIER—THE CAPTAIN FALLS INTO A LETHARGY—
AN EZZ PERCE PATRIARCH—HOSPITALITAB
—THE BALD HEAD—BARGAINING—
VALUE OF AN OLD PLAIN CLOAK—THE FAMILY
HORSE—THE COST OF AN INDIAN PRESENT.

A tranquil night's rest had sufficiently re-
stored the broken-down traveller to enable him to
resume his wayfaring, and all hands set forward
on the Indian trail. With all their eagerness to
arrive within reach of succor, such was their
keen and exalted condition that they ad-
vanced but slowly. Nor is it a matter of surprise
that they should almost have lost heart, as well
as strength. It was the 16th of February
fifty-three days that they had been travelling in
his midst of winter, exposed to all kinds of priva-
tions and hardships, and for the last twenty-
lays they had been entangled in the wild and
leesulent labyrinths of the snowy mountains;
driving and descending icy precipices, and
ersely starved with cold and hunger.
All the morning they continued following the
Indian trail, without seeing a human being, and
were beginning to be discouraged when, about
noon, they discovered a horseman at a distance.
He was coming directly toward them; but on dis-
covering them, suddenly reined up his steed,
came to a halt, and, after reconnoitring them
for a time with great earnestness, seemed to
make a cautious retreat. They eagerly made
signs of peace, and endeavored, with the utmost
anxiety, to induce him to approach. He remain-
ed for some time in doubt; but at length, having
satisfied himself of their friends and enemies, came
and galloped up to them. He was a fine, haughty
looking savage, fancily decorated, and mounted
on a high-mettled steed, with gaudy trappings
and equipments. It was evident that he was a
warrior of some consequence among his tribe.
His whole deportment had something in it of
barbaric dignity; he felt perhaps his temporary
superiority in personal array, and in the spirit of
his steed, to the poor, ragged, travel-worn trapp-
ers and their half-starved horses. Appro-
aching them with an air of pride, he gave them his
hand, and, in the Nez Perce language, invited
them to his camp, which was only a few miles
distant; where he had plenty to eat, and plenty
of horses, and would cheerfully share his good
things with the strangers.
He said his invitation was joyfully accepted;
he lingered but a moment, to give directions by
which they might find his camp, and then, whe-
eling round, and giving the reins to his metsome
steed, was soon out of sight. The travellers fol-
lowed, with gladdened hearts, but at a snail's
pace; for their poor horses could scarcely drag
one leg after the other. Captain Bonneville,
however, experienced a sudden and singular
change of feeling. Instead of conducting his party,
and of providing against every emergancy, had kept his mind upon
the stretch, and his whole system braced and excited.
In no one instance had he been flattered in spirit or felt
disposed to succumb. Now, however, that all
danger was over, and the march of a few miles
would induce him to repose and abundance, his
ergies suddenly deserted him; and every la-
ucty, mental and physical, was totally relaxed.
He had not proceeded two miles from the point
where he had intended to interview the brave chief,
when he threw himself upon the earth, with-
out the power or will to move a muscle, or exert
a thought, and sank almost instantly into a
profound and dreamless sleep. His companions
again came to a halt, and encamped beside him,
and there they passed the night.
The next morning Captain Bonneville awakened
from his long and heavy sleep, much refreshed;
and they all resumed their creeping progress.
They had not long been on the trail when
ten of the Nez Percé tribe came galloping to
meet them, leading fresh horses to exchange
with them. Thus gallantly mounted, they felt
new life infused into their languid frames, and
dashing forward, were soon at the lodges of the
Nez Percé. Here they found about twelve fam-
ilies living together, under the patriarchal sway
of an ancient and venerable chief. He received
them with the hospitality of the golden age,
and with something of the same kind of fare;
for, while he opened his arms to make them welcome,
the only repast he set before them consisted of
roots. They could have wished for something
more hearty and substantial; but, for want of bet-
ter, made a voracious meal on these humble vi-
anas. The repast being over, the best pipe was
lighted and sent round; and this was a most wel-
come luxury, having lost their smoking apparatus
twelve days before, among the mountains.
While they were thus enjoying themselves, their
poor horses were led to the best pastures in the
neighborhood, where they were turned loose to
relish on the fresh sprouting grass; so that they
had better fare than their masters.
Captain Bonneville soon felt himself quite at
home among these quiet, inoffensive people. His
long residence among their cousins, the Upper
Nez Percé, had made him familiar with their lan-
guage, modes of expression, and all their habi-
tudes. He soon found, too, that he was well
known among them, by report, at least, from the
constant interchange of visits and messages
between the two branches of the tribe. They at
first addressed him by his name; giving him his
title of captain, with a French accent; but they
soon gave him a title of their own, which, as
usual with Indian titles, had a peculiar significa-
tion. In the case of the captain, it had somewhat
of a whimsical origin.
As he sat chatting and smoking in the midst of
them, he would occasionally take off his cap.
Whenever he did so, there was a sensation in
the surrounding circle. The Indians would hail rise
from their recumbent posture, and gaze upon his
uncovered head with their eyes as wide open as
astonishment. The worthy captain was com-
pletely bald; a phenomenon very surprising in their
eyes. They were at a loss to know whether he
had been scalped in battle, or enjoyed a natural
immunity from that belligerent infirmity. It was
a little while he became known among them by an
Indian name, signifying "the bald chief." "A sobriquet," observes the captain, "for which I can find no parallel in history since the days of Charles the Bald."

Although the travellers had banqueted on roots, and been regaled with tobacco smoke, yet their stomachs craved more generous fare. In seeking a place of repose, they halted at the lodges of the Nez Percés they had indulged in fond anticipations of venison and dried salmon; and dreams of the kind still haunted their imaginations, and could not be conjured down. The keen appetites of the mountaineers were quickened by a fortnight's fasting, at length got the better of all scruples of prudence, and they fairly begged some fish or flesh from the hospitable savages. The latter, however, were slow to break in upon their winter stores, which was very limited; but were ready to furnish roots in abundance, which they pronounced excellent food. At length, Captain Bonnevile thought of a means of attaining the much coveted gratification.

He had about him, he says, a trusty plaid; an old and very serviceable travelling companion; the warmer and comforter; upon which the rains had descended, and the snows and winds beaten, without further effect than somewhat to tarnish its primitive luster. This coat of many colors had excited the admiration of the Nez Percés, and filled the cavities of both warriors and squaws to an extravagant degree. An idea now occurred to Captain Bonnevile, to convert this rainbow garment into the savory viands so much desired. There was a momentary struggle in his mind between old associations and projected indulgence; and his decision in favor of the latter was made, he says, with a greater promptness perhaps, than true taste and sentiment might have required. In a few moments his plaid cloak was cut into numerous strips. Of these, he says, he made a splendid turban d'la Turque, and fanciful head-gears of divers conformation. These, judiciously distributed among such of the womenkind as seemed of most consequence and interest, in the eyes of the patres conscripti, brought us, in a little while, an abundance of dried salmon and deer's hearts, on which we made a sumptuous supper. Another, and a more satisfactory success, succeeded this repast, and some slumberers answering the peaceful invitation of our pipes, wrapped us in that delicious rest which is only won by toil and travel.

As to Captain Bonnevile, he slept in the lodge of the venerable patriarch, who had evidently conceived a most disinterested affection for him; and as was shown on the following morning. The travellers, invigorated by a good supper, and "fresh from the bath of repose," were about to resume their journey, when this affectionate old chief took the captain aside, to let him know how much he loved him. As a proof of his regard, he had determined to give him a fine horse, which would go farther than words, and put his goodwill beyond all question. So saying, he made a signal, and forthwith a beautiful young horse, of a brown color, was led, prancing and snorting, to the place. Captain Bonnevile was sufficiently affected by this mark of friendship; but his experience in what is proverbially called "Indian giving," made him aware that a parting pledge was of his own part, to prove that friendship was reciprocated. He accordingly placed a handsome rifle in the hands of the venerable chief, whose benevolent heart was evidently touched and gratified by this outward and visible sign of amity.

Having now, as he thought, balanced this little account of friendship, the captain was about to shift his saddle to this noble gift-horse, when the affectionate patriarch placed him by the sleeve, and intrusted the horse to him. He was not an old, leathern-skinned old squaw, that might have passed for an Egyptian mummy without difficulty. "This," said he, "is my wife; she is a good woman—I love her very much. She loves the horse—she craves the rider—she will cry very much at losing him. I do not know how I shall comfort her—and that makes my heart very sore."

What could the worthy captain do to console the tender-hearted old squaw and, perhaps, to save the venerable patriarch from a curtain lecture? He bestowed himself on a pair of ear-bobs; it was true, the patriarch's better half was of an age and appearance that seemed to put personal vanity out of the question, but when is personal vanity out of the question of old age? The patriarch produced the glittering ear-bobs, the whining and whining of the semipermanent baldness was at an end. She eagerly placed the precious baubles in her ears, and, though as ugly as the Witches of Etna, went off with a sidelong glint, and coyish air, as though she had been a perfect Semiramis.

The captain had now saddled his newly acquired steed, and his foot was on the stirrup, when the affectionate patriarch again stepped forward, and presented to him a young moccasin, who had a peculiarly sulky look. "This," said the venerable chief, "is my son; he is very good; a great horseman—he always looks care of this very fine horse—he brought him up from a colt, and made him what he is. He is very fond of this fine horse—he loves him like a brother—his heart will be very heavy when this fine horse leaves the camp."

What could the captain do, to reward the youthful hope of this venerable pair, and comfort him for the loss of his foster-brother, the horse? He bestowed on him a hat, which might be spared from his slender stores. No sooner did he place the instrument in the hands of the young chief, than his countenance brightened up, and he went off on his steed, as much as did his respectable mother in her ear-bobs.

The captain was now in the saddle, and about to start, when the affectionate old patriarch stepped forward with a longing look in his eye, and laid one hand gently on the mane of the horse, held up the rifle in the other. "This rifle," said he, "shall be my great medicine. I will hug it to my heart—I will always love it, for the sake of my good friend, the bald-headed chief. But a rifle, by itself, is dumb—I cannot make it speak. If I had a little powder and ball, I would take it out with me, and would now and then shoot a deer; and when I brought the meat home to my hungry family, I would say—This was killed by the rifle of my friend, the bald-headed chief, to whom I gave that very fine horse."

There was no resisting this appeal; the captain forthwith furnished the coveted supply of powder and ball; but at the same time put spurs to his very fine gift-horse, and was to get out of all further manifestation of friendship on the part of the affectionate old patriarch and his insinuating family.
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XXXII.


FOLLOWING the course of the Immahah, Captain Bonneville and his three companions soon reached the vicinity of Snake River. Their route now lay over a succession of steep and isolated hills, with profound valleys. On the second day after taking leave of the affectionate old patriarch, as they were descending into one of those deep and abrupt intervals, they descried a smoke, and shortly afterward came in sight of a small encampment of Nez Percés.

The Indians, when they ascertained that it was a party of white men approaching, greeted them with a salute of firearms, and invited them to encamp; and in the course of events the name of a venerable chief named Yo-mus-raye-yo-cut; a name which we shall be careful not to inlick often than is necessary upon the reader. This ancient and hard-named chief welcomed Captain Bonneville to his camp with the same hospitality and loving kindness that he had experienced from his predecessor. He told the captain he had often heard of the Americans and their generous deeds, and that his buffalo brethren (the Upper Nez Percés) had always spoken of them as the big-hearted whites of the East, the very good friends of the Nez Percés.

Captain Bonneville felt somewhat uneasy under the responsibility of this magnificent but costly appellation; and began to fear he might be involved in a second interchange of pledges of friendship. He hastened, therefore, to let the old chief know his poverty-stricken state, and how little there was to be expected from him.

He informed him that he and his comrades had long resided among the Upper Nez Percés, and loved them so much, that they had thrown their arms around them, and now held them close to their hearts. That he had received such good accounts from the Upper Nez Percés of their cousins, the Lower Nez Percés, that he had become desirous of paying a visit to the latter.

That he and his companions had accordingly loaded a mule with presents and set off for the country of the Lower Nez Percés; but, unfortunately, had been entrapped for many days among the snowy mountains; and that the mule with all the presents they had carried had become博客, and been swept away by the rapid current. That instead of arriving among their friends, the Nez Percés, with light hearts and full hands, they had come naked, hungry, and broken down; and instead of making them presents, they must depend upon them even for food.

"But," concluded he, "we are going to the white men's fort on the Wahah Wallah, and will soon return; and then we will meet our Nez Père friends like the men of the East.

Whether the hint thrown out in the latter part of the speech had any effect, or whether the old chief acted from the hospitable feelings which, according to the captain, are really inherent in the Nez Père tribe, he certainly showed no disposition to substitute circumstances of his guests. On the contrary, he urged the captain to remain with them until the following day, when he would accompany him on his journey, and make him acquainted with all his people. In the course of conversation, he would have a colt killed, and cut up for travelling provisions. This, he carefully explained, was intended not as an article of traffic, but as a gift; for he saw that his guests were hungry and in need of food.

Captain Bonneville gladly assented to this hospitable arrangement. The carcass of the colt was forthwith prepared in due season, but the captain insisted that one half of it should be set apart for the use of the chieftain's family.

At an early hour of the following morning the little party resumed their journey, accompanied by the old chief and an Indian guide. Their route was over a rugged and broken country; where the hills were slippery with ice and snow. Their horses, too, were weak and jaded that they could scarcely climb the steep ascents or maintain their foothold on the frozen declivities. Throughout the whole of the journey, the old chief and the guide were unimpressed in their good company, and at all the best roads, and assist them through all difficulties. Indeed the captain and his comrades had to be dependent on their Indian friends for almost everything; for they had lost their tobacco and pipes, and had but a few charges of powder left, which it was necessary to husband for the purpose of lighting their fires.

In the course of the day the old chief had several private consultations with the guide, and showed evident signs of being occupied with some mysterious matter of mighty import. What it was, Captain Bonneville could not fathom, nor did he make much effort to do so. From casual sentences that he overheard, he perceived that it was something from which the old man promised himself much satisfaction, and to which he attached a little vainglory, but which he wished to keep a secret; so he suffered him to spin out his petty plans unmolested.

In the evening when they encamped, the old chief and his privy councilor, the guide, had another mysterious colloquy, after which the guide mounted his horse and departed on some secret mission, while the chief resumed his seat at the fire, and sat humming to himself in a pleasing but mystic reverie.

The next morning, the travellers descended into the valley of the Way-lee-way, a considerable tributary of Snake River. Here they met the guide returning from his secret errand. Another private conference was held between him and the old managing chief, who now seemed more inflamed than ever with mystery and self-importance.

Numerous fresh trails, and various other signs persuaded Captain Bonneville that there must be a considerable village of Nez Percés in the neighborhood; but as the worthy companion, the old chief, said nothing on the subject, and as it appeared to be in some way connected with his secret operations, he asked no questions, but patiently awaited the development of his mystery.

As they journeyed on they came to where two or three Indians were basking in the sun. The old chief immediately came to a halt, and had a long conversation with them, in the course of which he repeated to them the whole history which Captain Bonneville had related to him. In fact, he seemed to have been a very sociable, communicative old man, who by no means afflicted with that taciturnity generally charged
upon the Indians. On the contrary, he was fond of long talks and long smoking, and evidently was proud of his new friend, the half-headed chief, and took a pleasure in sounding his praises, and setting forth the power and glory of the Big Bonneville turned upon East.

Having disbursed himself of everything he had to relate to his hating friends, he left them to their aquatic disports, and proceeded onward with the captain and his companions. As they approached the day's fire-see-way, however, the communicative old chief met with another and a very different occasion to exert his colloquial powers. On the banks of the river stood an isolated mound covered with grass. He pointed to it with some emotion. "The big heart and the strong arm," said he, "lie buried beneath that sod."

It was, in fact, the grave of one of his friends; a chosen warrior of the tribe; who had been slain on this spot when in pursuit of a war party of Shoshokoes, who had stolen the horses of the village, and had them dismembered as a trophy; but his friends found his body in this lonely place, and committed it to the earth with ceremonial characteristic of their piou and respectful feelings. They gathered round the grave and mourned the warriors who fell in their grief; but the women and children bewailed their loss with loud lamentations. "For three days," said the old man, "we performed the solemn dances for the dead, and prayed the Great Spirit that our brother might be happy in the land of brave warriors and hunters. Then we killed at his grave fifteen of our best and strongest horses, to serve him when he should arrive at the happy hunting grounds; and having done all this, we returned sorrowfully to our home.

While the chief was still talking an Indian scout came galloping up and, presenting him with a powder horn, wheeled round, and was speedily out of sight. The eyes of the old chief now brightened; and all his self-importance returned. His pettiness was about to explode. Turning to Captain Bonneville, he pointed to a hill hard by, and informed him that behind it was a village governed by a little chief, whom he had noticed of the approach of the half-headed chief, and a party of the Big Heart of the East, and that they were thinking of receiving them on becoming style. As, among other ceremonies, he intended to salute them with a discharge of firearms, he had sent the horn of gunpowder that they might return the salute in a manner correspondent to his dignity.

They now proceeded on until they doubled the point of the hill, when the whole population of the village broke upon their view, drawn out in the most imposing style, and arrayed in all their finery. The effect of the whole was wild and fantastic, yet strikingly striking. In the front rank were the chiefs and principal warriors, gloriously painted and decorated; behind them were arranged the rest of the people, men, women, and children.

Captain Bonneville and his party advanced slowly, exchanging salutes of firearms. When arrived within a respectful distance they dismounted. The chiefs then came forward successively, according to their respective characters and consequence to offer the hand of good-fellowship to each, holding off his hand to make way for his successor. Those in the next rank followed in the same order, and so on, until all had given the pledge of friendship. During all this time, the chief, according to custom, took his stand beside the guests. If any of his people advanced whom he judged unworthy or the friendship or confidence of the white men, he motioned them off by a wave of the hand, and they would submissively walk away. When Captain Bonneville turned up, the chief, on the look, would observe, "he was a bad man," or something quite as concise, and there was an end of the matter.

Mats, poles, and other materials were now brought, and a comfortable lodge was soon erected for the strangers, where they were kept constantly supplied with wood and water, and other necessaries; and all their effects were placed in safe keeping. Their horses, too, were unsaddled, and turned loose to graze and a guard set to keep watch upon them.

All this being adjusted they were conducted to the main building or council house of the village, where an ample repast, or rather banquet, was spread, which seemed to realize all the gastronomical dreams of the party, and was an indication of our long starvation; for here they beheld not merely fish and roots in abundance, but the flesh of deer and elk, and the choicest pieces of buffalo meat. It is needless to say how vigorously they acquitted themselves on this occasion. In fact, it was unnecessary for their hosts to practise the usual cramming principle of Indian hospitality.

When the repast was over a long talk ensued. The chief showed the same curiosity evinced by his tribe generally, to obtain information concerning the United States, of which they knew little but what they derived through their cousins, the Upper Nez Perces; as their traffic is almost exclusively with the British traders of the Hudson's Bay Company. Captain Bonneville did his best to set forth the merits of his nation, and the importance of their friendship to the red men, in which he was ably seconded by his worthy friend, the old chief with the hard name, who did all that he could to glorify the Big Hearts of the East.

The chief and all present listened with profound attention, and evidently with great interest; nor were the important facts thus set forth confined to the audience in the lodge; for sentence after sentence was loudly repeated by a crier for the benefit of the whole village.

This custom of indicating everything by cries is not confined to the Nez Perces, but prevails among many other tribes. It has this advantage where there are no gazettes to publish the news of the day, or to report the proceedings of important meetings. And in fact, reports of this kind, via voce, made in the hearing of all parties, and liable to be contradicted or corrected on the spot, are more likely to convey accurate information to the public mind than those circulated through the press. The office of crier is generally filled by some old man, who is skilled in their language, and who has a knowledge of the history of the tribe.

A village has generally several of these walking newspapers, as they are termed by the whites, who go about proclaiming the news of the day, giving notice of public councils, expeditions, dances, feasts, and other ceremonials, and advertising anything lost. While Captain Bonneville remained among the Nez Perces, if a glove, huckster, chief, or anything of similar value, was lost or mislaid, it was carried by the finder to the lodge of the chief, and proclamation was made by one of their cryers, for the owner to come and claim his property.

How difficult it is to get at the true character of these wandering tribes of the wilderness! In a recent work, we have had to speak of this tribe
of Indians from the experience of other traders who had casually been among them, and who represented them as selfish, inhospitable, exorbitant in their demands, and remarkable as to their time to thieves, Captain Bonneville, on the contrary, who resided much among them, and had repeated opportunities of ascertaining their real character, invariably speaks of them as kind and hospitable, scrupulously faithful to all other Indians that he had met with for a strong feeling of religion. In fact, so enthusiastic is he in their praise, that he pronounces them, all ignorant and barbarous as they are by their condition, one of the purest-hearted people on the face of the earth.

Some cures which Captain Bonneville had effect

in simple cases, among the Upper Nêz Percèi, had reached the ears of their cousins here, and gained for him the reputation of a great medicine man. He had not been long in the village, therefore, before his lodge began to be the resort of the sick and the infirm. They entered the value of the reputation thus accidentally and cheaply acquired, and endeavored to sustain it. As he had arrived at that age when every man is conscious of the failing vitality of aging, he was enabled to turn to advantage the little knowledge in the healing art which he had casually picked up; and was sufficiently successful in two or three cases, to convince the simple Indians that his report had not exaggerated his medical talents. The only patient that effectually hailed his skill, or rather discouraged any attempt at relief, was an antiquated squaw with a churchyard cough, and one leg in the grave; it being shrunken and rendered useless by a rheumatic affection. This was a case beyond his mark; however, he comforted the old woman with a promise that he would endeavor to procure something to relieve her, at the fort on the Wallah Wallah, and bring it on his return; with which assurance her husband was so well satisfied that he presented the captain with a colt, to be killed as provisions for the journey; a medical tea which was thankfully accepted.

While among these Indians Captain Bonneville unexpectedly found an owner for the horse which he had purchased from a Foot Digger at the Big Weyer. The Indian satisfactorily proved that the horse had been stolen from him some time previous, by some unknown thief. "However," said the considerate savage, "you got him in fair trading, and more in want of horses than I am; keep him; he is yours—he is a good horse; use him well."

Thus, in the continual experience of acts of kindness and generosity, which his destitute condition did not allow him to reciprocate, Captain Bonneville passed some time among these good people, more and more impressed with the general excellence of their character.

CHAPTER XXXI.


In resuming his journey, Captain Bonneville was conducted by the same Nêz Percè guide, whose knowledge of the country was important in choosing the routes and resting-places. He also continued to be accompanied by the worthy old chief with the hard name, who seemed bent upon doing the honors of the country, and introducing him to every branch of his tribe. The Way-lee-way, down the banks of which Captain Bonneville and his companions were now travelling, is a considerable stream winding through a succession of bold and beautiful scenes. Sometimes the landscape towered into bold and mountainous heights that partook of sublimity; at other times it stretched along the water side in fresh smiling meadows and grateful undulating valleys.

Frequently in their route they encountered small parties of the Nêz Percé, with whom they invariably stopped to shake hands; and who, generally, evinced great curiosity concerning them and their adventures; a curiosity which never failed to be thoroughly satisfied by the replies of the worthy Yo-mus-ro-y-e-cut, who kindly took upon himself to be spokesman of the party.

The incessant smoking of pipes incident to the long talks of this excellent, but somewhat garrulous old chief, at length, as the captain was falling into the habit of smoking tobacco, so that he had no longer a whim with which to regale his white companions. In this emergency he cut up the stem of his pipe into fine shavings, which he mixed with certain herbs, and thus manufactured a temporary succedaneum to enable him to act the part of hospitable and harmonious with the customary fragrant cloud.

If the scenery of the Way-lee-way had charmed the travellers with its mingled amenity and grandeur, that which broke upon them once more as reaching Snake River, filled them with admiration and astonishment. At times, the river was overhung by dark and suspendous rocks, rising like gigantic walls and battlements; these would be rent by wide and yawning chasms, that seemed to speak of past convulsions of nature. Sometimes the river was of a glassy smoothness and placidity, at other times it roared along in impetuous rapids and foaming cascades. Here, the rocks were piled in the most fantastic crags and precipices; and in another place they were succeeded by delightful valleys carpeted with green moss. The whole of this wild and varied scenery was dominated by immense mountains rearing their distant peaks into the clouds. "The grandeur and originality of the views presented on every side," says Captain Bonneville, "appealed so strongly to all the senses of the beholder, that we felt the pen was inadequate to the description of the scene."

Indeed, from all that we can gather from the journal before us, and the accounts of other travellers, who passed through these regions in the memorable enterprise of Astoria, we are inclined to think that Snake River must be one of the most remarkable for varied and striking scenery of all the rivers of this continent. From its head-waters in the Rocky Mountains, to its junction with the Columbia, its windings are upward of four hundred miles through every variety of landscape. It winds through chasms, amid extinguished craters, and mountains awful with the traces of ancient fires, it makes its way through great plains of lava and sandy deserts, penetrates vast sierras or mountainous chains, broken into romantic and often frightful precipices, and crowned with eternal snows; and at
other times careers through green and smiling meadows and wide landscapes of Italian grace and beauty. Wildness and sublimity, however, appear to be its prevailing characteristics.

Bonneville and his companions had pursued their journey a considerable distance down the course of Snake River, when the old chief halted on the bank, and dismounting, recommended that they should turn their horses loose to graze, while he summoned a cousin of his from a group of lodges on the opposite side of the stream. His summons was quickly answered. An Indian, of an active, elastic form, leaped into a light canoe of cotton-wood, and vigorously paddling the paddle, soon shot across the river. Bounding on shore, he advanced with a buoyant air and frank demeanor, and gave his right hand to each of the party in turn. The old chief, whose hard name we forbear to repeat, now presented Captain Bonneville, in form, to his cousin, whose name, we regret to say, was no less hard, being nothing less than Hay-she-in-cow-cow. The latter evinced the usual curiosity to know all about the strangers, whence they came, whether they were going, the object of their journey, and the adventures they had experienced. All these, of course, were minutely set forth by the communicative old chief. To him all his grandiloquent account of the bald-headed chief and his countrymen, the Big Hearts of the East, his cousin listened with great attention, and replied in the customary style of Indian welcome. He then desired the party to await his return, and, springing into his canoe, darted across the river. In a little while he returned, bringing a most welcome supply of tobacco, and a small stock of provisions for the road, declaring his intention of accompanying the party. Having no horse, he mounted behind one of the men, observing that he should procure a steed for himself on the following day.

They all now jogged on very sociably and cheerily together. Not many miles beyond, they met others of the tribe, among whom was one whom Captain Bonneville and his comrades had known during their residence among the Upper Nez Peres, and who welcomed them with open arms. In this neighborhood was the home of their guide, who took leave of them with a profound salutation for their safety and happiness. That night they put up in the hut of a Nez Perce, where they were visited by several warriors from the other side of the river, friends of the old chief and his cousin, who came to have a talk and a smoke with the men. The heart of the good old chief was overflowing with good-will at thus being surrounded by his new and old friends, and he talked with more spirit and vivacity than ever. The evening passed away in perfect harmony and good-humor, and it was not until a late hour that the visitors took their leave and recrossed the river.

After this constant picture of worth and virtue on the part of the Nez Perce tribe, we grieve to have to record a circumstance calculated to throw a somber shade upon the name. In the course of the social and harmonious evening just mentioned, one of the captain's men, who happened to be something of a virtuoso in his way, and fond of collecting curiosities, produced a small skin, a great rarity in the eyes of men conversant in peltry. It was much admired by the visitors from beyond the river, who passed it from one to the other, examined it with looks of lively admiration, and pronounced it a great medicine.

In the morning, when the captain and his party were about to set off, the precious skin was missing. Search was made for it in the hut, but it was nowhere to be found; and it was strongly suspected that it had been purloined by some of the connoisseurs from the other side of the river.

The old chief and his cousin were indignant at the supposed delinquency of their friends across the water, and called out for them to come over and account for theirshare. The other Indians answered the call with all the promptitude of perfect innocence, and spurned at the idea of their being capable of such outrage upon any of the Big-hearted nation. All were at a loss on whom to fix the crime of abstracting the invaluable skin, when by chance the eyes of the worthies from beyond the water fell upon an unhappy cur, belonging to the owner of the hut. He was a gallows-looking dog, but not so much so as the other Indian dogs who, take them in the mass, are little better than a generation of vipers. Be it as it may, he was instantly accused of having devoured the skin in question. A dog accused is generally a dog condemned; and a dog condemned is generally a dog executed. So was it in the present instance: the hut was searched and the dog caught, and the skin was found; and in the presence of the chief and his council the dog was arraigned and found guilty; his thievish looks substantiated his guilt, and he was condemned by his judges from across the river to be hanged. In vain the Indians of the hut, with whom he was a great favorite, interceded in his behalf. In vain Captain Bonneville and his comrades petitioned that his life might be spared. His judges were inexorable. He was doubly guilty; first, in having robbed their good friends, the Big Hearts of the East; secondly, in having brought a doubt on the honor of the Nez Perce tribe. He was, accordingly, swung aloft, and pelted with stones to make his death more certain. The sentence of the judges being thoroughly executed, a post mortem examination of the body of the dog was held to establish his delinquency beyond all doubt, and to leave the Nez Percé without a shadow of suspicion. Great interest, of course, was manifested by all present, during this operation. The body of the dog was opened, the intestines rigorously scrutinized, but, to the horror of all concerned, not a particle of the skin was to be found—the dog had been unjustly executed.

A great clamor now ensued, but the most clamorous was the party from across the river, whose jealousy of their good name now prompted them to the most violent denunciation of innocence. It was with the utmost difficulty that the captain and his comrades could calm their lively sensibilities, by accounting for the disappearance of the skin in a dozen different ways, until all idea of its having been stolen was entirely out of the question.

The meeting now broke up. The warriors returned across the river, the captain and his comrades proceeded on their journey; but the spirit of the communicative old chief, Yo-mus-ro-y-a-e-cut, was for a time completely depressed, and he evinced great mortification at what had just occurred. He rode on in silence, except that now and then he would give way to a burst of indignation, and exclaim, with a shake of the head and a toss of the hand toward the opposite shore—"had men, who were amongst the first to discover each of which brief explanations, his worthy cousin, Hay-she-in-cow-cow, would respond by a deep guttural sound of acquiescence, equivalent to an amen.
After some time the countenance of the old chief again cleared up, and he fell into repeated confessions, in an undertone, with his cousin, which ended in the departure of the latter, who, applying the lash to his horse, dashed forward and was soon out of sight. In fact, they were drawing near to the village of another chief, likewise distinguished by an expensive cut, and noted for his O-push-y-e-cut but commonly known as the great chief. The cousin had been sent ahead to give notice of their approach; a herald appeared as before, bearing a powderhorn, to enable them to respond to intended signals. A scene suggested a complete festivity. In the meantime, a skin lodge had been spread for their accommodation, their horses and baggage were taken care of, and wood and water supplied in abundance. At night, therefore, they retired to their quarters, to enjoy, as they supposed, the repose of which they stood in need. No such thing, however, was in store for them. A crowd of visitors awaited their appearance, all eager for a smoke and a talk. The pipe was immediately lighted, and constantly replenished and kept alive until the night was far advanced. As usual, the utmost eagerness was exhibited by the guests to learn everything within the scope of their comprehension respecting the Americans, for whom they professed the most fraternal regard. The captain, in his replies, made use of familiar illustrations, calculated to strike their minds, and impress them with such an idea of the might of his nation as would induce them to treat with kindness and respect all strangers that might fall in their path. To their inquirers, the captain of the American steamer, the Caledonia, which conveyed the mail to the west coast of the United States, he assured them that they were as countless as the blades of grass in the prairies, and that, great as Snake River was, if they were all encamped upon its banks they would drink it dry in a single day. To these and similar statistics they listened with profound attention and apparently implicit belief. It was, indeed, a striking scene: the captain, with his hunter's dress and bald head in the midst, holding forth, and his wild auditors seated around like so many statues, the fire lighting up their painted faces and martial figures, all fixed and motionless, excepting when the pipe was passed, a question propounded, or a startling fact in statistics received with a movement of surprise and a half-suppressed ejacculatio of wonder and delight.

The fame of the captain as a healer of diseases had accompanied him to this village, and the great chief O-push-y-e-cut now entreated him to exert his skill on his daughter, who had been for three days racked with pains, for which the Pierced-nose doctors could devise no alleviation.

The captain found her attended on a pallet of mats in excruciating pain. Her father displayed the strongest paternal affection for her, and assured the captain that if he would but cure her, he would place the Americans near his heart. The worthy captain needed no such inducement. His kind heart was already touched by the sufferings of the poor girl, and he was delighted to see the firelighted by her appearance; for she was but about sixteen years of age, and uncommonly beautiful in form and feature. The only difficulty with the captain was that he knew nothing of her malady, and that his medical science was of the most hazardous kind. After considering and cogitating for some time, as a man is apt to do when in a maze of vague ideas, he made a desperate dash at a remedy. By his directions the girl was placed in a sort of rude vapor bath, much used by the Nez Percé, where she was kept until near fainting. He then gave her a dose of gunpowder dissolved in cold water, and ordered her to be wrapped in buffalo robes and put to sleep under a load of furs and blankets. The remedy succeeded; the next morning she was seen free from pain, though extremely languid; whereupon the captain prescribed for her a bowl of colt's head broth, and that she should be kept for a time on simple diet.

The great chief was unbounded in his expressions of gratitude for the recovery of his daughter. He would fain have detained the captain a long time as his guest, but the time for departure had arrived. When the captain's horse was brought for him to mount, the chief declared that the steed was not worthy of him, and sent for one of his best horses, which he presented in its stead; declaring that it made his heart glad to see his friend so well mounted. He then appointed a young Nez Percé to accompany his guest to the next village, and "to carry his talk" concerning them; and the two parties separated with mutual expressions of kindness and feelings of good-will.

The vapor bath of which we have made mention is in frequent use among the Nez Percé tribe, chiefly for cleanliness. Their sweating-houses, as they call them, are small and close lodges, in which the vapor is produced by water poured slowly upon red-hot stones.

On passing the limits of O-push-y-e-cut's domain, the travellers left the elevated table-lands, and all the wild and romantic scenery just described. They now traversed a gently undulating country, of such fertility that it excited the rapturous admiration of two of the captain's followers, a Kentuckian and a native of Ohio. They declared that it surpassed any land that they had ever seen, and often exclaimed what a delight it would be just to run a plough through such a rich and teeming soil, and see it open its bountiful promise before the share.

Another halt and sojourn at a night was made at the village of a chief named He-min-el-pip, where similar ceremonies were observed and hospitality experienced as at the preceding villages. They now pursued a west-southwest course through a beautiful and fertile region, better wooded than most of the tracts through which they had passed. In their progress, they met with several bands of Nez Percé, by whom they were invariably treated with the utmost kindness. Within seven days after leaving the domain of He-min-el-pip, they struck the Columbia River at Fort Wallah-Wallah, where they arrived on the 4th of March, 1834.
CHAPTER XXXIV.


Fort Wallah-Wallah is a trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated just above the mouth of the river of the same name, and on the left bank of the Columbia. It is built of driftwood, and calculated merely for defence against any attack of the natives. At the time of Captain Bonneville's arrival, the whole garrison mustered six or eight men; and the post was under the superintendence of Mr. Pambrune, an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The great post and fort of the company, forming the emporium of its trade on the Pacific, is Fort Vancouver, situated on the right bank of the Columbia, about sixty miles from the sea, and still further south of the mouth of the Wallatum. To this point the company removed its establishment from Astoria, in 1821, after its coalition with the Northwest Company.

Captain Bonneville and his comrades enjoyed a reception from Mr. Pambrune, the superintendent; for, however hostile the members of the British Company may be to the enterprises of American traders, they have always manifested great courtesy and hospitality to the traders themselves.

Fort Wallah-Wallah is surrounded by the tribe of the same name, as well as by the Skynses and the Nez Percés; who bring to it the furs and peltries collected in their hunting expeditions. The Wallah-Wallahs are a degenerate, worn-out tribe. The Nez Percés are the most numerous and tractable of the three tribes just mentioned. Mr. Pambrune informed Captain Bonneville that he had been at some pains to introduce the Christian religion, in the Roman Catholic form, among them, where it had evidently taken root; but had become altered and modified to suit their peculiar habits of thought and motives of action; retaining, however, the principal points of faith and its entire precepts of morality. The same gentleman had given them a code of laws, to which they adhered more scrupulously than the Polygamy, which once prevailed among them to a great extent, was now rarely indulged. All the crimes denounced by the Christian faith met with severe punishment among them. Even theft, so venial a crime among the Indians, had recently been punished with hanging, by sentence of a chief.

There certainly appears to be a peculiar susceptibility of moral and religious improvement among this tribe, and they would seem to be one of the very, very few that have benefited in morals and manners by an intercourse with white men. The parties which visited them about twenty years previously, in the expedition fitted out by Mr. Astor, complained of their selfishness, their extortion, and their thievish propensities. The very reverse of those qualities prevailed among them during the prolonged sojourns of Captain Bonneville.

The Lower Nez Percés range upon the Wap-lah-way, Immahah, Yenghis, and other of the streams west of the mountains. They hunt the beaver, elk, deer, white bear, and mountain sheep. Beside the flesh of these animals, they use a number of roots for food; some of which would be well worth transplanting and cultivating in the Atlantic States. Among these are iri-kamash, a sweet root, about the form and size of an onion, and said to be really delicious. The cowish, also, or biscuit root, about the size of a walnut, which they reduce to a very palatable flour; together with the jack-rabbits, quail, and others, which they cook by steaming them in the ground. In August and September, these Indians keep along the rivers, where they catch and dry great quantities of salmon; which, while they last, are their principal food. In the winter they congregate in villages formed of comfortable huts, or lodges, covered with mats. They are generally clad in deer skins, or wolflins, and extremly well armed. Above all, they are celebrated for owning great numbers of horses; which they mark, and then suffer to range in droves in their most fertile plains. These horses are principally of the powy breed; but remarkably stout and long-winded. They are brought in great numbers to the establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sold for a mere trifle.

Such is the account given by Captain Bonneville of the Nez Percés; who, if not viewed by him with too partial an eye, are certainly among the gentlest and least barbarous people of these remote wilds. They invariably signified his esteem with that an American post might not be established among them; and repeatedly declared that they would trade with Americans in preference to any other people.

Captain Bonneville had intended to remain some time in this neighborhood, to become acquainted with the natives and to collect information, and establish connections that might be advantageous in the way of trade. The delays, however, which he had experienced on his journey, obliged him to shorten his sojourn, and to set off as soon as possible, so as to reach the rendezvous at the Portneuf at the appointed time. He had been enough to convince him that an American trade might be carried on with advantage in this quarter; and he determined soon to return with a stronger party, more completely fitted for the purpose.

As he stood in need of some supplies for his journey, he applied to purchase them of Mr. Pambrune; but soon found the difference between being treated as a guest, or as a rival trader. The worthy supercargo had bought a considerable number of articles, which were at the disposal of all the genial rites of hospitality, now suddenly assumed a withered up aspect and demeanor, and observed that, however he might feel disposed to serve him personally, he felt bound by his duty to the Hudson's Bay Company to do nothing which should facilitate or encourage the visits of other traders among the Indians in that part of the country. He endeavored to dissuade Captain Bonneville from returning through the Blue Mountains; assuring him it would be extremely difficult and dangerous, if not impracticable, at this season of the year; and advised him to accompany Mr. Payette, a leader of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was about to depart with a number of men, by a more circuitous, but safe route, to carry supplies to the company's agent, resident among the Upper Nez Percés. Captain Bonneville, however, piqued at his having refused to furnish him with supplies, and doubting the sincerity of his advice, determined to return by the more direct route through the mountains; though varying his course, in some respects, from that by
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River, seated before their fire, enjoying a hearty supper, they were suddenly surprised by the visit of an unknown guest. There came in a ragged pet, an Indian hunter, armed with bow and arrows, and had the carcass of a fine buck thrown across his shoulder. Advancing with an alert step, and free and easy, he threw the buck on the ground, and, without waiting for a response, seated himself at their mess, helped himself without ceremony, and swallowed it right and left in the liveliest and most unembarrassed manner. No adroit and veteran dinner hunter of a metropolis could have acquitted himself more knowingly. The travellers were rather taken aback at this surprise, and could not but admire the facility with which this ragged cosmopolite made himself at home among them. While they stared, he went on, making the most of the good cheer upon which he had so fortunately alighted; and was soon elbow deep in "pot luck" and greased from the tip of his nose to the back of his ears.

As the company recovered from their surprise, they began to feel annoyed at this intrusion. Their uninvited guests, unlike the generality of the tribe, was something of a pleasant and they had no relish for such a miasmatist. Heaping up, therefore, an abundant portion of the "provant" upon a piece of bark which served for a dish, they invited him to confine himself thereto, instead of foraging in the general mess.

He complied with the most accommodating spirit imaginable; and went on eating and chatting, and laughing and smearing himself, until his whole countenance shone with grease and good humor. In the course of his repast, his attention was caught by the figure of the gastronome, who, as usual, was gorging himself in dogged silence. A droll cut of the eye showed either that he knew him of old, or perceived at once his characteristics. He immediately made him the butt of his pleasantry; and cracked off two or three good hits, that caused him some laugh, and delighted all the company. From this time, the uninvited guest was taken into favor; his jokes began to be relished; his careless, free and easy air, to be considered singularly amusing; and in the end, he was pronounced by the travellers one of the merriest companions and most entertaining vagabonds they had met with in the wilderness.

Supper being over, the redoubtable Shee-wee-sho-couture, who was the simple name by which he announced himself, declared his intention of keeping company with the party for a day or two, if they had no objection; and by way of backing his self-invitation, presented the carcass of the buck as an earnest of his gregarious and amiable temper. By this time he had so completely effaced the unfavorable impression made by his first appearance, that he was made welcome to the camp, and the Nez Percé guide undertook to give him lodging for the night. The next morning, at break of day, the hunter was up and away, and left them to pursue their journey without a word of告别.

CHAPTER XXXV.


As Captain Bonneville and his men were encamped one evening among the hills near Snake

which he had come, in consequence of information gathered among the neighboring Indians, he and his three companions, accompanied by their Nez Percé guides, set out on their return. In the early part of their course, they touched again at several of the Nez Percé villages, where they had experienced such kind treatment on their way down. They were always welcomed with cordiality; and everything was done to cheer them on their journey.

On leaving the Way-lee-way village, they were joined by a Nez Percé, whose society was welcomed on account of the general gravity and good-will they felt for his tribe. He soon proved a hearty clog upon the little party, being doltish and taciturn, lazy in the extreme, and a huge feeder. His only proof of intellect was in shrewdly avoiding all labor, and availing himself of the toil of others. When on the march, he always lagged behind the rest, leaving to them the task of breaking a way through all difficulties and impediments, and leisurely rd lazily jogging along the track they had beaten through the bushes. At the end of a day's march, they were busy gathering fuel, providing for the horses, and cooking the evening repast, this worthy Sancho of the wilderness would take his seat quietly and cosily by the fire, pulling away at his pipe, and evening in silence, but with wanton intensity of gaze, the savory morsels roasting for supper.

When meat-time arrived, however, then came his season of activity. He no longer hung back, and waited for others to take the lead, but distinguished himself by a brilliancy of onset and a sustained vigor and duration of attack that completely shamed the efforts of his competitors—albeit, experienced trenchermen of no mean prowess. Never had they witnessed such power of mastication and such marvellous capacity of stomach as in this native and uncultivated gastronome. Having, by repeated and prolonged assaults, at length completely gorged himself, he would wrap himself up, and lie with the torpor of an anaconda, slowly digesting his way on to the next repast.

The gormandizing powers of this worthy were, at first, matters of surprise and merriment to the travellers; but they soon became too serious for a joke, threatening devastation to the fleshpots; and he was regarded askance, at his meals, as a regular kil-crop, destined to the destruction of the party. Nothing but a sense of the obligations they were under to his nation induced them to bear with such a guest; but he proceeded, speedily, to relieve them from the weight of these obligations, by eating a receipt in full.
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mands of the chiefs. He had, in consequence, been expelled from the village, but in no wise disheartened at this banishment had betaken himself to the society of the border Indians, and had led a careless, haphazard, vagabond life, perfectly combined his habits; heedless of the future, so long as he had wherewithal for the present; and fearing no lack of food, so long as he had the implements of the chase, and a fair hunting ground.

Heard him very expert as a hunter, and being pleased with his eccentricities and his strange and merry humor, Captain Bonneville fitted him out handomely as the Nimrod of the party, who all soon became quite attached to him. One of the earliest and most signal services he performed, was to exercise the insatiate kill-crop that had hitherto oppressed the party. In fact, the doltish Nez Perce, who had seemed so perfectly insensible to rough treatment of every kind, by which the travellers had endeavored to elbow him out of their society, could not withstand the good-humored bantering, and occasionally sharp wit of She-wee-she. He evidently quailed under his jokes, and sat blinking like an owl in daylight, when pestered by the loud and peckings of mischief. His place was found vacant at meal-time; no one knew when he went off, or whether he had gone; but he was seen no more, and the vast surplus that remained when the repast was over, showed what a mighty gormand he had departed.

Relieved from this incubus, the little party now went on cheerfully. She-wee-she kept them in fun as well as food. His hunting was always successful; he was ever ready to render any assistance in the camp or on the march; while his jokes, his antics, and the very cut of his countenance, so full of whim and comicality, kept everyone in good-humor.

In this way they journeyed on until they arrived on the banks of the Immahah, and encamped near to the Nez Perce lodges. Here She-wee-she took a sudden notion to visit his people, and show off the state of earthly prosperity to which he had so suddenly attained. He accordingly departed in the morning, arrayed in hunter's style and well-appointed with everything befitting his vocation. The buoyancy of his gait, the facility of his step, and the hilarity of his countenance, showed that he anticipated, with chuckling satisfaction, the surprise he was about to give those who had neglected him from their society in rags. But what a change was there in his whole appearance when he rejoined the party in the evening! He came skulking into camp like a beaten cur, with his tail between his legs. All his finery was gone; he was naked as when he was born, with the exception of a scanty flap that answered the purpose of a fig leaf. His fellow-travellers at first did not know him, but supposed it to be some vagrant Root Digger sneaking into the camp; but when they recognized in this forlorn object their prime wag, She-wee-she, whom they had seen depart in the morning in such high glee and high leather, they could not contain their merriment, but hailed him with loud and repeated peals of laughter.

She-wee-she was not of a spirit to be easily cast down; he soon joined in the merriment as heartily as none, and seem to consider his reverse of fortune an excellent joke. Captain Bonneville, however, thought proper to check his good-humor, and demanded, with some degree of sternness, the cause of his altered condition. He replied in the most natural and self-complacent style imaginable, "that he had been among his cousins, who were very poor; they had been delighted to see him; still more delighted with his good-fortune; they had taken him to their arms; admitted his superiority; one had brought him this; another that."—in fine, what with the poor devil's inherent heedlessness and the real generosity of his disposition, his heedless cousins had succeeded in stripping him of all his clothes and accoutrements, excepting the fig leaf with which he had returned to camp.

Seeing his total want of care and forethought, Captain Bonneville determined to let him suffer a little, in hopes it might prove a salutary lesson; and, at any rate, to make him no more presents while in the neighborhood of his heedless cousins. He was left, therefore, to shift for himself in his naked condition; which, however, did not seem to give him any concern, or to abate one jot of his good-humor. In the course of his lounging about the camp, however, he got possession of a deer-skin; whereupon, cutting a slit in the middle, he thrust his head through it, so that the two ends hung down below and behind, something like a South American poncho, or the tabard of a herald. His presence was found among the camp; and this arrayed presented himself once more before the captain, with an air of perfect self-satisfaction, as though he thought it impossible for any fault to be found with his toilet.

A little further journeying brought the travellers to the petty village of Nez Perces, governed by the worthy and affectionate old patriarch who had made Captain Bonneville the present of a very fine horse. The old man welcomed them once more to his village with his usual cordiality, and his respectable squaw and hopeful son, cherishing grateful recollections of the hatchet and ear-holes, joined in a chorus of friendly gratulation.

As the much-vaunted steed, once the joy and pride of this interesting family, was now nearly knocked up by travelling, and totally inadequate to the mountain scramble that lay ahead, Captain Bonneville restored him to the venerable patriarch, with renewed acknowledgments for the invaluable gift. Somewhat to his surprise, he was immediately supplied with a substitute which, in his stead, a substitution which, he afterward learned, according to Indian custom in such cases, he might have claimed as a matter of right.

We do not find that any alter claims were made on account of the horse, which, it is now to be regarded, therefore, as a signal punctilio of Indian honor; but it will be found that the animal soon proved an unluckily acquisition to the party.

While at this village, the Nez Perce guide had held consultations with some of the inhabitants as to the mountain trail the party were about to traverse. He now began to wear an anxious aspect, and to indulge in gloomy forebodings. The snow, he had been told, lay to a great depth in the passes of the mountains, and difficulties would increase as he proceeded. He begged Capt. Bonneville, therefore, to travel very slowly, so as to keep the horses in strength and spirit for the hard times they would have to encounter. The captain surrendered the regulation of the march entirely to his discretion, and pushed on in the advance, generally to kill a deer or two in the course of the day, and arriving, before the rest of the party, at the spot designated by the guide for the evening's encampment.
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

In the meantime, the others plodded on at the heels of the guide, accompanied by that merry vagabond, She-wee-she. The primitive garb worn by this droll left all his naked man exposed to the biting blasts of the mountains. Still his wit was never frozen, nor his sunny temper beclouded; and his innocent practical jokes, while they quickened the circulation of his own blood, kept his companions in high humor.

So passed the first day after the departure from the patriarch's. The second day commenced in the same manner; the captain in the advance, the rest of the party following on slowly. She-wee-she, for the greater part of the time, trudged on foot over the snow, keeping himself warm by hard exercise, and all kinds of crazy capers. In the height of his foolery, the patriarchal colt, which, unbroken to the saddle, was suffered to follow on at large, happened to come within his reach. In a moment he was on his back, snapping his fingers, and yelping with delight. The colt was so good-natured and kind to men, fell to prancing and rearing, and snorting, and plunging, and kicking; and, at length, set off full speed over the most dangerous ground. As the route led generally along the steep and craggy sides of the hills, both horse and horseman were constantly in danger, and more than once had a hairbreadth escape from deadly peril. Nothing, however, could daunt this madcap savage. He stuck to the colt like a plaster, up ridges, down gullies; whooping and yelling with the wildness of glee. Never did beggar on horseback display more headlong horsemanship. His companions followed him with their eyes, sometimes laughing, sometimes holding in their breath at his vagaries, until they saw the colt make a sudden plunge or start, and pitch his unlucky rider headlong over a precipice. There was a general cry of horror, and all hastened to the spot. They found the poor fellow lying among the rocks below, sadly bruised and mangled. It was almost a miracle that he had escaped with life. Even in this condition his merry spirit was not entirely quelled, and he summoned up a feeble laugh at the alarm and anxiety of those who came to his relief. He was extricated from his rocky bed, and a messenger dispatched to inform Captain Bonneville of the accident. The captain, in his return, hastened with all speed, and encamped the party at the first convenient spot. Here the wounded man was stretched upon buffalo skins, and the captain, who officiated as doctor and surgeon to the party, commenced to examine his wounds. The principal one was a long and deep gash in the thigh, which reached to the bone. Calling for a needle and thread, the captain now prepared to sew up the wound, admonishing the patient to submit to the operation with becoming fortitude. His gaiety was at an end; he could no longer summon up even a forced smile; and, at the first puncture of the needle flinched so piteously that the captain was obliged to pause, and to order him a powerful dose of alcohol. This somewhat rallied up his spirits and warmed his heart; all the time of the operation, however, he kept his eyes riveted on the wound, with his teeth set, and a whimsical wincing of the countenance that occasionally gave his nose something of a fishy curl. When the wound was fairly closed, the captain washed it with rum, and administered a second dose of the same to the patient, who was tucked in for the night, and advised to compose himself to sleep. He was restless and uneasy, however; repeatedly expressing his tears that his leg would be so much swollen the next day as to prevent his proceeding with the party; nor could he be quieted until the captain gave a decided opinion favorable to his wishes.

Early in the next morning, a glimpse of his merry humor returned, on finding that his wounded limb retained its natural proportions. On attempting to use it, however, he found himself unable to stand. He made several efforts to coax himself into a belief that he might still continue forward; but at length shook his head despondingly, and said that "as he had but one leg," it was all in vain to attempt a passage of the mountain.

Every one grieved to part with so born a companion, and under such disastrous circumstances. He was once more clothed and equipped, each one making him some parting present. He was then helped on a horse, which Captain Bonneville presented to him; and after many parting expressions of hope and good-olor, set off on his return to his old haunts; doubtless to be once more plucked by his affectionate but needy cousins.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DIFFICULT MOUNTAIN—A SMOKE AND CONSULTATION—THE CAPTAIN'S SPEECH—AN Icy TURNPIKE—DANGER OF A FALSE STEP—ARRIVAL ON SNAKE RIVER—RETURN TO PONT-NEUF—MEETING OF COMRADES.

Continuing their journey up the course of the Immahah, the traveller found, as they approached the head-waters, the snow increased in quantity, so as to lie two feet deep. They were again obliged, therefore, to heat down a path for their horses, sometimes travelling on the icy surface of the stream. At length they reached the place where they intended to scale the mountain; and, having broken a pathway to the foot, were agreeably surprised to find that the wind had drifted the snow from off the side, so that they attained the summit with but little difficulty. Here they encamped, with the intention of beating a track through the mountains. A short experiment, however, obliged them to give up the attempt, the snow lying in vast drifts, often higher than the horses' heads.

Captain Bonneville now took the two Indian guides, and set out to reconnoitre the neighborhood. Observing a high peak which overtopped the rest, he climbed it, and discovered from the summit a pass about nine miles long, but so heavily piled with snow that it seemed impracticable. He now lit a pipe, and, sitting down with the two guides, proceeded to hold a consultation after the Indian mode. For a long while they all smoked vigorously and in silence, pondering over the subject matter before them. At length a discussion commenced, and the opinion in which the two guides concurred was, that the horses could not possibly cross the snows. They advised, therefore, that the party should proceed on foot, and they should take the horses back to the village, where they would be well taken care of until Captain Bonneville should send for them. They urged this advice with great earnestness, declaring that their chief would be extremely
angry, and treat them severely should any of the horses of his good friends, the white men, lose in crossing under their guidance; and that, therefore, it was good they should not attempt it. Captain Bonneville sat making this reply, until listening to them with Indian silence and gravity. When they had finished, he replied to them in their own style of language.

"My friends," said he, "I have seen the past and listened to your words; you have let your hearts. When troubles and dangers lie in your way, you turn your backs. That is not the way with my nation. When great obstacles present, and threaten to keep them back, their hearts swell, and they push forward. They love to conquer difficulties. But enough for the present. Night is coming on; let us return to our camp."

He moved on, and they followed in silence. On reaching the camp, he found the men extremely discouraged. One of their number had been surveying the neighborhood, and seriously assured them that the snow was at least a hundred feet deep. The captain cheered them up, and diffused fresh spirit in them by his example. Still he was much perplexed how to proceed. About this time there was a slight decrease rain which expedient now suggested itself. This was to make two light sleds, place the packs on them, and drag them to the other side of the mountain, thus forming a road in the wet snow, which, should it afterward freeze, would be sufficiently hard to bear the horses. This plan was promptly put into execution; the sleds were constructed, the heavy baggage was drawn backward and forward until the road was beaten, when they desisted from their battering thence. The night turned out clear and calm, and by morning their road was incrusted with ice sufficiently strong for their purpose. They now set out on their icy turnpike, and got on well enough, excepting that now and then a horse would slide out of the track, and immediately sink up to the neck. Then came on toil and difficulty, and they would be obliged to haul up the floundering animal with ropes. One, more unlucky than the rest, after repeated falls, had to be abandoned in the snow. Notwithstanding these repeated delays, they succeeded, before the sun had acquired sufficient power to thaw the snow, in getting all the rest of their horses safely to the other side of the mountain.

Their difficulties and dangers, however, were not yet at an end. They had now to descend, and the whole surface of the snow was glazed with ice. It was necessary, therefore, to wait until the warmth of the sun should melt the glittering crust of sleet, and give them a foothold to the yielding snow. They had a frightful warning of the danger of any movement while the sleet remained. A wild young mare, in her restless, strayed to the edge of a declivity. One slip was fatal to her; she lost her balance, creaked with headlong velocity down the slippery side of the mountain; for more than two thousand feet, and was dashed to pieces at the bottom. When the travellers afterward sought the carcass to cut it up for food, they found it torn and mangled in the most horrible manner.

They once more set out briskly and cheerfully, and in the course of the following day succeeded in getting to a grassy region.

Here their Nez Percé guides declared that all the difficulties of the way were at an end, and their course was plain and simple, and needed no further guidance; they asked leave, therefore, to return home. This was readily granted, with many thanks and presents for their faithful services. They took a long farewell salute with their white friends, after which they mounted their horses and set off, exchanging many farewells and kind wishes.

On the following day, Captain Bonneville completed his journey down the mountain, and encamped on the borders of Snake River, where he found the grass in great abundance and eight inches in height. In this neighborhood he saw on the rocky banks of the river several prisms of basaltes, rising to the height of fifty or sixty feet.

Nothing particularly worthy of note occurred during several days as the party proceeded up along Snake River and across its tributary streams. After crossing Gun Creek, they met with various disasters. Some of the men were hurt, and Captain Bonneville made earnest exertions to discover whether they were any of his own people, that he might join them. He soon ascertained that they had been starved out of this tract of country, and had betaken themselves to the buffalo region, whither he now shaped his course. In proceeding along Snake River, he found small herds of Shoshones hinging upon the minor streams, and living upon trout and other fish, which they catch in great numbers at this season in fish-traps. The greater part of the tribe, however, had penetrated the mountains to hunt the elk, deer, and absalata or bighorn.

On the 12th of May Captain Bonneville reached the Portnells River, in the vicinity of which he had left the winter encampment of his company on the preceding Christmas day. He had then expected to be back by the beginning of March, but circumstances had detained him upward of two months beyond the time. The winter encampment must long since have been broken up. Hailing on the banks of the Portnells, he dispatched scouts a few miles above, to visit the old camping ground and search for signals of the party, or of their whereabouts, should they actually have abandoned the snow, and set out on their expedition without being able to ascertain anything.

Being now destitute of provisions, the travellers found it necessary to make a short hunting excursion after buffalo. They made cakes, therefore, in an island in the river, in which they deposited all their baggage, and then set out on their expedition. They were so fortunate as to kill a couple of fine bulls, and cutting up the carcasses, determined to husband this stock of provisions with the most miserly care, lest they should again be obliged to venture into the open and dangerous hunting grounds. Returning to their island on the 18th of May, they found that the wolves had been at the cakes, scratched up the contents, and scattered them in every direction. They now constructed a more secure in the cwm, which they deposited their heaviest articles, and then descended Snake River again, and encamped just above the American Falls. Here they proceeded to fortify themselves, intending to remain here, and give their horses an opportunity to recruit their strength with good pasturage, until it should be

DEPOT.
time to set out for the annual rendezvous in Bear River valley.

On the first of June they descried four men on the other side of the river, opposite to the camp, and, having attracted their attention by a discharge of shot, they saw that they were some of their own people. From these men Capt. Bonneville learned that the whole party, which he had left in the preceding month of December, were encamped on Blackfoot River, a tributary of Snake River, not very far above the Portneuf. Thither he proceeded with all possible dispatch, and in a little while had the pleasure of finding himself once more surrounded by his people, who greeted his return among them in the heartiest manner; for his long-protracted absence had convinced them that he and his three companions had been cut off by some hostile tribe.

The party had suffered much during his absence. They had been pinched by famine and almost starved, and had been forced to repair to the caches at Salmon River. Here they fell in with the Blackfeet bands, and considered themselves fortunate in being able to retreat from the dangerous neighborhood without sustaining any loss.

Being thus reunited, a general treat from Capt. Bonneville to his men was a matter of course. Two days, therefore, were given up to such feasting and merriment as their means and situation afford. What was wanting in good cheer was made up in good will; the free trappers in particular distinguished themselves on the occasion, and the saturnalia was enjoyed with a hearty holiday spirit, that smacked of the game flavor of the wilderness.

CHAPTER XXXVII.


After the two days of festive indulgence, Capt. Bonneville broke up the encampment, and set out with his motley crew of hired and free trappers, half-breeds, Indians, and squaws, for the main rendezvous in Bear River valley. Directing his course up the Blackfoot River, he soon reached the hills among which it takes its rise. Here, while on the march, he descried from the brow of a hill, a war party of about sixty Blackfeet, on the plain immediately below him. His situation was perilous; for the greater part of his people were dispersed in various directions. He attempted to decoy them into his rear would be to discover his actual weakness, and to invite attack. He assumed instantly, therefore, a belligerent tone; ordered the squaws to lead the horses to a small grove of ash trees, and unload and tie them; and caused a great bustle to be made by his men as if they were riding either dashing through or veering with all their might, as if a numerous force were getting under way for an attack.

To keep up the deception as to his force, he ordered, at night, a number of extra fires to be

made in his camp, and kept up a vigilant watch. His men were all directed to keep themselves prepared for instant action. In such cases the experienced trapper sleeps in his clothes, with his rifle beside him, the shot-belt and powder-flask on the saddle, and so that he can take up his hand upon the whole of his equipment at once, and start up, completely armed.

Captain Bonneville was also especially careful to secure his horses, and set a vigilant guard upon them; for there lies the greatest object and principal danger of a night attack. The grand move of the lurking savage is to cause a panic among the horses. In such cases one horse frightens another, until all are alarmed, and struggle to break loose. In camps where there are great numbers of Indians, with their horses, a night alarum of the kind is tremendous. The running of the horses that have broken loose; the snorting, stamping, and rearing of those which remain fast; the baying of dogs; the yelling of Indians; the scampering of white men, and red men, with their guns; the overturning of lodges and trampling of fires by the horses; the flashes of the fires, lighting up forms of men and steeds dashing through the gloom, altogether make up over the most insidious scents of our own imagina
tion.

In this way, sometimes, all the horses of a camp amounting to several hundred will be frightened off in a single night.

The night passed off without any disturbance: but there was no likelihood that a war party of Blackfeet, once on the track of a camp where there was a chance for spoils, would fail to hover round it. The captain, therefore, continued to maintain the most vigilant precautions; throwing out scouts in the advance, and on every rising ground.

In the course of the day he arrived at the plain of white clay, already mentioned, surrounded by the mineral springs, called Beer Springs, by the trappers.* Here the men all halted to have a regale. In a few moments every spring had its jovial knot of hard drinkers, with tin cup in hand, indulging in a mock carouse; quaffing, pledging, toasting, bawling jocund songs, and uttering peals of laughter, until it seemed as if the very illuminations had been invented for the beverage, and cheated them into a fit of intoxication. Indeed, in the excitement of the moment they were loud and extravagant in their commendations of "the mountain tap," elevating it above every beverage produced from hops or malt. It was a singular and fantastic propensity to the beverage, and making merry round these

* In a manuscript journal of Mr. Nathaniel G. Wyeth, we find the following mention of this watering-place:

"There is here a soda spring; or, I may say, fifty of them. These springs throw out lime, which deposits and forms little hillocks of a yellowish-colored stone. There is, also, here, a warm spring, which throws out water, with a jet; which is like bilge-water in taste. There are, also, here, bent beds, which sometimes take fire, and leave behind a deep, light ashes; in which animal sink deep."

Thus ascended a mountain, and from it could be seen that Bear River had taken a short turn round Sheep Rock. There were, in the plain, many hundred mounds of yellowish stone, with a crater on the top, formed of the deposits of the impregnated water."
sparkling fountains; while beside them lay their well respondent, ready to be snapped up for instant service. Painters were fond of representing banditti at their rude and picturesque caravans; but here were groups still more rude and picturesque; and it needed but a sudden onset of Blackfeet, and a quick transition from a fantastic revel to a furious melee, to have rendered this picture of a trapper's life complete.

The bear frolic, however, passed off without any untoward circumstance; and, unlike most drinking bouts, left neither headache nor heartache behind. Captain Bonneville now directed his course up along Bear River; amusing himself occasionally with hunting the buffalo, with which the country was covered. Sometimes when he saw a huge bull taking his repose in a prairie, he would steal along a ravine, until close upon him; then raise him from his meditations with a pebble, and take a shot at him as he started up. Such is the quickness with which this animal springs upon his legs, that it is not easy to discover the muscular process by which it is effected. The same was true of first upon his fore-legs, and the domestic cow upon her hinder limbs, but the buffalo bound at once from a couchant to an erect position with a celerity that baffles the eye. Though from his bulk and rolling gait he does not appear to run with much swiftness; yet it is a contest of horse to overtake him, when at full speed on level ground; and a buffalo cow is still fleeter in her motion.

Among the Indians and half-breeds of the party were several admirable horsemen and bold hunters, who amused themselves with a grotesque kind of buffalo bait. Whenever they found a huge bull in the plains, they prepared for their teasing and barbarous sport. Surrounding him on horseback, they would discharge their arrows at him in quick succession, goading him to make an attack; which, with a dexterous movement of the horse, they would easily avoid. In this way, they hoversed round him, feathering him with arrows, as he reared and plunged about, until he was bristled all over like a porcupine. When they perceived in his signs of rest ditation, and he could no longer be provoked to make battle, they would dismount from their horses, approach him in the rear, and seizing him by the tail, jerk him from side to side, and drag him backward; until the frantic animal, gathering fresh strength from fury, would throw off from them and run on, with flashing eyes and a hoarse bellowing, upon any enemy in sight; but in a little while, his transient excitement at an end, would pitch headlong on the ground and expire. The arrows were then plucked forth, the tongue cut out and preserved as a trinity, and the carcass left a banquet for the wolves.

Pursuing his course up Bear River, Captain Bonneville arrived, on the 13th of June, at the Little Snake Lake; where he encamped for four or five days, that he might examine its shores and outlet. There he found extremely muddy, and so surrounded by swamps and quagmires that he was obliged to construct canoes of rushes with which to explore them. The mouths of all the streams which fall into this lake from the west are marked and incised in it; but on the east side there is a beautiful beach, broken occasionally by high and isolated bluffs, which advance upon the lake, and heighten the character of the scenery. The water is very shallow, but abounds with trout, and other small fish.

Having finished his survey of the lake, Captain Bonneville proceeded on his journey, until on the banks of the Bear River, some distance higher up, he camped upon the party which he had despatched a year before, to circumnavigate the Great Salt Lake, and ascertain its extent, and the nature of its shores. They had been encamped here about twenty days, and were greatly rejoiced at meeting once more with their compatriots from whom they had so long been separated. The first inquiry of Captain Bonneville was about the result of their journey, and the information they had prepared as to the Great Salt Lake, the object of his intense curiosity and ambition. The substance of their report will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.


It was on the 24th of July, in the preceding year (1833), that the brigade of forty men set out from Green River valley, to explore the Great Salt Lake. They were to make the complete circuit of it, tramping on all the streams which should fall in their way, and to keep journals and make charts, calculated to impart a knowledge of the lake and the surrounding country. All the resources of Captain Bonneville had been taxed to fit out this favorite expedition. The country lying to the southwest of the mountains, and ranging down to California, was as yet almost unknown; being out of the buffalo range, it was untraversed by the trapper, who preferred those species of animal which he had detached from that species of animal gave him comparatively an abundant and luxurious life. Still it was said that the deer, the elk, and the hirn wore to be found there; so that with a little diligence and economy, there was no danger of lacking food. As a precaution, however, the party halted on Bear River and hunted for a few days, until they had laid in a supply of dried buffalo meat and venison; they then passed by the head-waters of the Cassie River, and soon found themselves in the midst of an immense sandy desert. Southwardly, on their left, they beheld the Great Salt Lake spread out like a sea, but they found no stream running into it. A desert extended around them, and stretched to the southwest as far as the eye could reach, rivaling the deserts of Asia and Africa in sterility. There was neither tree, nor herbage, nor spring, nor pool, nor running stream—nothing but parched wastes of sand, where horse and rider were in danger of perishing.

Their sufferings, at length, became so great that they abandoned their intended course, and
made toward a range of snowy mountains brightening in the north, where they hoped to find water. After a time, they came upon a small stream leading directly toward these mountains. Having quenched their burning thirst, and refreshed themselves and their weary horses for a time, they kept along this stream, which gradually increased in size, being fed by numerous brooks. After approaching the mountains, it took a sweep toward the southwest, and the travellers still kept along it, trapping beaver as they went, on the bank of which they subsisted for the present, husbarding their dried meat for future necessities.

The stream on which they had thus fallen is called by some, Mary River, but is more generally known as Ogden's River, from Mr. Peter Ogden, an enterprising and intrepid leader of the Hudson's Bay Company who first explored it. The wild and half desert region through which the travellers were passing was wandered over by bands of Shoshokoes, or Root Diggers, the forlorn brave, who killed every white man they met, and cut across the back of the republican society. The travellers frequently met with their trails and saw the smoke of their fires rising in various parts of the vast landscape, so that they knew there were great numbers in the neighborhood, but scarcely ever saw the men. They were the foresters, and kept aloof from the stranger.

After a time, they began to see vaxious proofs that, if the Shoshokoes were quiet by day, they were busy at night. The camp was dogged by these eavesdroppers; scarce a morning but various sounds were heard, a groan, a laugh, a wailing could be seen of the marauders. What particularly exasperated the hunters, was to have their traps stolen from the streams. One morning a trap of a violent and savage character, discovering that his traps had been carried off in the night, took a horrid oath to kill the first Indian he should meet, innocent or guilty. As he was returning with his comrades to camp, he beheld two unfortunate Diggers, seated on the river bank, fishing. Advancing upon them, he leveled his rifle, shot one upon the spot, and, on the other and bleeding body being put into the stream. The other Indian fled, and was suffered to escape. Such is the indifference with which acts of violence are regarded in the wilderness, and such the immunity an armed ruffian enjoys beyond the barriers of the laws, that the only punishment, death, and down, was a rebuke from the leader of the party.

The trappers now left the scene of this infamous tragedy, and kept on westward, down the course of the river, which wound along with a range of mountains on the right hand and a sandy but somewhat fertile plain on the left. As they proceeded, they beheld columns of smoke rising; as before, in various directions, with their guilty consciences now converted into alarm signals, to arouse the country and collect the scattered bands for vengeance.

After a time the natives began to make their appearance, and sometimes in considerable numbers, but always pacific; the trappers, however, suspected them of deep-laid plans to draw them into ambushes; to crowd into and get possession of the banks, and along his bleeding body they entered into the heads of the poor savages. In fact, they are a simple, timid, inoffensive race, practised in warfare, and scarce provided with any weapons, excepting for the chase. Their lives are passed in the great, sand plains and along the adjacent rivers; they subsist sometimes on fish, at other times on roots and the seeds of a plant called the cat's-tail. They are of the same kind of people that Captain Bonneville found upon Snake River, and whom he found so mild and inoffensive.

The trappers, however, had persuaded themselves that they were making their way through a hostile country, and that it was necessary for them to fix round their camp or beset their path, watching for an opportunity to surprise them. At length one day they came to the banks of a stream emptying into Ogden's River, which they were obliged to cross. Here a great number of Shoshokoes were posted on the opposite bank. Persuaded they were there with hostile intent, they advanced upon them, leveled their rifles, and killed twenty-five of them on the spot. The rest fled to a short distance, then halted and turned about howling and whining like wolves, and uttering the most piteous wailings. The trappers chased them in every direction; the poor wretches made no defence, but fled with terror; neither did it appear from the accounts of the boasted victors, that a weapon had been wielded by them during the contest, but led by the Indians throughout the affair. We feel perfectly convinced that the poor savages had no hostile intention, but had merely gathered together through motives of curiosity, as others of their tribe had done when Captain Bonneville and his companions passed along the same river.

The trappers continued down Ogden's River, until they ascertained that it lost itself in a great swampy lake, to which there was no apparent discharge. They then struck directly westward, across the prairies, and finding nothing intervening between these interior plains and the shores of the Pacific.

For three and twenty days they were entangled among these mountains, the peaks and ridges of which are in many places covered with perpetual snow. Their passes and defiles present the wildest scenery, parrying of the sublime rather than the beautiful, and abounding with frightful precipices. The sufferings of the travellers among these savage mountains were extreme; for a part of the time they were nearly starved; at other times they made their way through them, and came down upon the plains of New California, a fertile region extending along the coast, with magnificent forests, verdant savannas, and prairies that look like stately parks. Here they found deer and other game in abundance, and, in short, were sustained for past famine. They now turned toward the south, and passing numerous small bands of natives, posted upon various streams, arrived at the Spanish village and post of Monterey.

This is a small place, containing but two hundred houses, situated in latitude 37° north. It has a capacious bay, with indifferent anchorage. The surrounding country is extremely fertile, especially in the valleys; the soil is rich the further you penetrate into the interior, and the climate is described as a perpetual spring. Indeed, all California, extending along the Pacific Ocean from latitude 10° 30' to 42° north, is represented as one of the most fertile and beautiful regions in North America.

Lower California, in length about seven hundred miles, forms a great peninsula, which crosses the tropics and terminates in the torrid zone. It is separated from the mainland by the Gulf of California, sometimes called the Vermilion Sea; this gulf empties the Colorado of the West, the Señor-ke-dee, or Green River, as it is also sometimes called. The peninsula is traversed by the Gulf of California, and has many
sandy plains, where the only signs of vegetation is the cylindrical cacti growing among the clefts of the rocks. Wherever there is water, however, and vegetable mould, the ardent nature of the climate quickens everything into astonishing fertility. The valleys luxuriant with the rich and beautiful productions of the tropics. There the sugar-cane and indigo plant attain a perfection unequalled in any other part of North America. There flourish the olive, the fig, the date, the orange, the citron, the pomegranate, and other fruits beloved by vegetable and sea-sea, and as south; with grapes in abundance, that yield a generous wine. In the interior are salt plains; silver mines and scanty veins of gold are said, likewise, to exist; and pearls of a beautiful water are to be fished upon the coast.

The peninsula of California was settled in 1668, by the Jesuits, who, certainly, as far as the natives were concerned, have generally proved the most beneficent of colonists. In the present instance, they gained a footing in the country without the aid of military force, but solely by religious influence. They formed a treaty, and entered into the most amicable relations with the natives, then numbering from twenty-five to thirty thousand souls, and gained a hold upon their affections, and a control over their minds, that effected a complete change in their condition. They built eleven missionary establishments in the various valleys of the peninsula, which formed rallying places for the surrounding savages, where they gathered together as sheep into the fold, and surrendered themselves and their consciences into the hands of these spiritual pastors. Nothing, we are told, could exceed the implicit and affectionate devotion of the Indian converts to the Jesuit fathers, and the Catholic Faith was disseminated widely through the wilderness.

The growing power and influence of the Jesuits in the New World at length excited the jealousy of the Spanish government, and they were banished from the colonies. The government, who arrived at California to expel them, and to take charge of the country, expected to find a rich and powerful fraternity, with immense treasures hoarded in their missions, and an army of Indians ready to obey him. On the contrary, he held a few venerable silver-haired priests coming humbly forward to meet him, followed by a throng of weeping, but submissive natives. The heart of the governor, it is said, was so touched by this unexpected sight that he shed tears; but he had to obey his orders. The Jesuits were accompanied to the place of their embarkation by their simple and affectionate parishioners, who took leave of them with tears and sobs. Many of the latter abandoned their hereditary abodes, and wandered off to join the southern brethren, so that but a remnant remained in the peninsula. The Franciscans immediately succeeded the Jesuits, and subsequently the Dominicans; but the latter managed their affairs ill. But two of the missionary establishments are at present occupied by priests; the rest are all in ruins, excepting one, which remains a monument of the former power and prosperity of the order. This is a noble edifice, once the seat of the chief of the resident Jesuits. It is situated in a beautiful valley, about half way between the Gulf of California and the broad ocean, the peninsula being here about sixty miles wide. The edifice is of hewn stone, one story high, two hundred and ten feet in front, and about fifty-five feet deep. The walls are six feet thick, and sixteen feet high, with a vaulted roof of stone, about two feet and a half in thickness. It is now abandoned and desolate; the beautiful valley is without an inhabitant—not a human being resides within thirty miles of the place.

In approaching this deserted mission-house from the south, the traveller passes over the mountain of San Juan, supposed to be the highest peak in the Californias. From this lofty eminence, a vast and magnificent prospect unfolds itself; the great Gulf of California, with the dark blue sea beyond, studded with islands; and in another direction, the immense lava plain of San Gabriel. The splendor of the climate gives an Italian effect to the immense prospect. The sky is of a deep blue color, and the sunsets are often magnificent beyond description. Such is a slight and imperfect sketch of this remarkable peninsula.

Upper California extends from latitude 31° 10' to 42° on the same parallel, the chain of snow-capped mountains which divide it from the sand plains of the interior. There are about twenty-one missions in this province, most of which were established about fifty years since, and are generally under the care of the Franciscans. These establishments, consisting of thirty-five thousand Indian converts, who reside on the lands around the mission houses. Each of these houses has fifteen miles square of land allotted to it, subdivided into small lots, proportioned to the number of Indian converts attached to the mission. Some are enclosed with high walls; but in general they are open hamlets, composed of rows of huts, built of sunburned bricks; in some instances whitewashed and roofed with tiles. Many of them are far in the interior, beyond the reach of all military protection, and dependent entirely on the good-will of the natives, which never fails them. They have made considerable progress in teaching the Indians the useful arts. There are native tanners, shoemakers, weavers, blacksmiths, stonemasons, and other artisans attached to each establishment. Others are taught husbandry, and the rearing of cattle and horses; while the females card and spin wool, weave, and perform the other tasks allotted to their sex in the establishment. The course is allowed between the unmarried of the opposite sexes after working hours; and at night they are locked up in separate apartments, and the keys delivered to the priests.

The produce of the lands, and all the profits arising from sales, are entirely at the disposal of the priests; whatever is not required for the support of the missions goes to augment a fund which is under their control. Hides and tallow constitute the principal riches of the missions, and, indeed, the main source of the country. Grain might be produced to a limited extent at the establishments, were there a sufficient market for it. Olives and grapes are also reared at the missions.

Horses and horned cattle abound throughout all this region; the former may be purchased at from three to five dollars, but they are of an inferior breed. Mules, which are here of a large size and of valuable qualities, cost from seven to ten dollars.

There are several excellent ports along this coast. San Diego, San Barbara, Monterey, the bay of San Francisco, and the northern port of Bondage; all afford anchorage for ships of the
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAY LIFE AT MONTEREY—MEXICAN HORSEMEN
—A BOLD DRAG-USE OF THE LASSO—
VAQUEROS—NOISING A BEAR—FIGHT BETWEEN
A BULL AND A BEAR—DEPARTURE FROM
MONTEREY—INDIAN HORSE-STEALERS—OUT
RAGES COMMITTED BY THE TRAVELLERS—IN
DIgnATION OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE.

The wandering band of trappers were well received at Monterey, the inhabitants were desirous of retaining them among them, and offered extravagant wages to such as were acquainted with any mechanic art. When they went into the country, they were kindly treated by the priests at the missions; who are always hospitable to strangers, whatever may be their rank or religion. They had no lack of provisions: being permitted to kill as many as they pleased of the vast herds of cattle that graze the country, on condition, merely, of rendering the hides to the owners. They attended bull-fights and horse races; forgot all the purposes of their expedition; squandered away, freely, the property that did not belong to them; and, in a word, revelled in a perfect manner.

What especially delighted them was the equestrian skill of the Californians. The vast numbers and the cheapness of the horses in this country makes every one a cavalier. The Mexicans and half-breeds of California spend the greater part of their time. They are fearless riders; and their daring feats upon unbroken colts and wild horses astonished our trappers, tough accustomed to the bold riders of the prairies.

A Mexican horseman has much resemblance, in many points, to the equestrians of Old Spain, and especially to the vain-glorying caballero of Andalusia. A Mexican dragoman is represented as arrayed in a round blue jacket, with red cuffs and collar; blue velvet breeches, unbuttoned at the knees to show his white stockings; bottines of Moorish fashion, and a tremendous pair of iron spurs, fastened by chains, jingling at his heels. Thus equipped, and suitably mounted, he considers himself the glory of California and the terror of the universe.

The Californian horsemans seldom ride out without the lasso; that is to say, a long coil of cord, with a slip noose; with which they are expert, almost to a miracle. The lasso, now almost entirely confined to Spanish America, is said to be of great antiquity; and to have come originally from the East. It was used by the Chinese pastoral people of Persia descent; of whom eight thousand accompanied the army of Xerxes. By the Spanish Americans it is used for a variety of purposes; and among others for hauling wood. Without dismounting, they cast the noose round a log, and thus drag it to their houses. The vaqueros, or Indian cattle drivers, have also learned the use of the lasso from the Spaniards, and employ it to catch the wild-cattle by throwing it round their horns.

The lasso is also of great use in furnishing the public with a favorite though barbarous sport; the combat between a bear and a wild bull. For this purpose, three or four horsemen sally forth to some wood frequented by bears, and, depositing the carcass of a bullock, hide themselves in the vicinity. The bears are soon attracted by the bait. As soon as one, fit for their purpose, makes his appearance, they run out, and with the lasso, dexterously noose him by either leg. After dragging him at full speed until he is fatigued, they secure him more effectually; and tying him on the carcass of the bullock, draw him in triumph to the scene of action. By this time he is exasperated to such fury that they are sometimes obliged to throw cold water on him, to moderate his fury; and dangerous would it be for horse and rider were he, while in this paroxysm, to break his bonds.

A wild bull, of the fiercest kind, which has been caught and exasperated in the same manner, is now produced, and both animals are turned loose in the arena of a small amphitheatre. The mortal fight begins instantly; and always, at first, to the disadvantage of Bruin; injured, as he is, by his previous rough riding. Roused, at length, by the repeated goring of the bull, he seizes his muzzle with his sharp claws, and clinging to this most sensitive part, causes him to bellow with rage and agony. In his heat and fury, the bull lols out his tongue; this is instantly clutched by the bear; with a desperate effort he overturns his huge antagonist, and then dispatches him without difficulty.

Beside this diversion, the trappers were likewise regaled with bull fights, in the genuine style
IMAGE EVALUATION
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of Old Spain; the Californians being considered the best bull-fighters in the Mexican dominions.

After a considerable sojourn at Monterey, spent in these very edifying, but not very profitable amusements, the leader of this vagabond party set out with his comrades on his return journey. Instead of retracing their steps through the mountains over which they had labored with so much difficulty, and, crossing a range of low hills, found themselves in the sandy plains south of Ogden's River; in traversing which, they again suffered grievously from want of water.

In the course of their journey, they encountered a party of Mexicans in pursuit of a gang of natives, who had been stealing horses. The savages of this part of California are represented as extremely poor, and armed only with stone-pointed arrows; it being the wise policy of the Spaniards not to furnish them with firearms. As they find it difficult, with their blunt shafts, to kill the wild game of the mountains, they occasionally supply themselves with food, by entraping the Spaniards while driving them stealthily into fastnesses and ravines, they slaughter them without difficulty, and dry their flesh for provisions.

Some they carry off, to trade with distant tribes; and in this way, the Spanish horses pass from hand to hand among the Indians, until they even find their way across the Rocky Mountains.

The Mexicans are continually on the alert, to intercept these marauders; but the Indians are apt to outwit them, and force them to make long and wild expeditions in pursuit of their stolen horses.

Two of the Mexican party just mentioned, joined the band of trappers, and proved themselves worthy companions. In the course of their journey through the country frequented by the Root Diggers, there seems to have been an emulation between them, which could inflict the greatest outrages upon the natives. The trappers still considered them in the light of dangerous foes; and the Mexicans, very probably, charged them with the sin of horse-stealing; we have no other evidence of accounting for the notorious barbarities of which, according to their own story, they were guilty; hunting the poor Indians like wild beasts, and killing them without mercy. The Mexicans excelled at this savage sport; charging themselves as the unholy victims at full speed; noosing them round the neck with their lassoes, and then dragging them to death!

Such are the scanty details of this most disgraceful expedition; at least, such are all that Captain Bonneville had the patience to collect; for he was so deeply grieved by the failure of his plans, and so indignant at the atrocities related to him, that he turned, with disgust and horror, from the narrators. Had he exerted a little of the Lynch law of the wilderness, and hang these dastardly horse-thieves in their own lassoes, it would but have been a well-merited and salutary act of retributive justice. The failure of this expedition was a blow to his pride, and a still greater blow to his purse. The Great Salt Lake still remained unexplored; at the same time, the means which had been furnished so liberally to fit out this favorite expedition, had all been squandered at Monterey; and the peltries, also, which had been collected on the way. He would have but scanty resources to make this year a success, and to his associates in the United States; and there was great danger of their becoming disheartened, and abandoning the enterprise.

CHAPTER XL

TRAVELLERS' TALES—INDIAN LURKERS—PROGNOSTICS OF BUCKEYE—SIGNS AND PORTENTS—THE MEDICINE WOLF—AN ALARM—AN AMBUSH—THE CAPTURED PROVANT—TRiumph of BUCKEYE—ARRIVAL OF SUPPLIES—GRAND CAROUSEL—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE YEAR—MR. WYETH AND HIS NEW-LEVIED BAND.

The horror and indignation felt by Captain Bonneville at the excesses of the California adventurers were not participated by his men; on the contrary, the events of that expedition were favorite themes in the camp. The heroes of Monterey bore the palm in all the gossippings among the hunters. Their glowing descriptions of Spanish bear-baits and bull-fights, especially, were listened to with intense delight; and had another expedition to California been proposed, the difficulty would have been to restrain a general eagerness to volunteer.

The captain had not long been at the rendezvous when they were interrupted by an alarm. The Indians were lurking in the neighborhood. It was thought that the Blackfoot band, which he had seen when on his march, had dogged his party, and were intent on mischief. He endeavored to keep his camp on the alert; but it was as difficult to maintain discipline among a scattered party as with a regiment among sailors when in port.

Buckeye, the Delaware Indian, was scandalized at this heedlessness of the hunters when the enemy was at hand, and was continually preaching caution. He was a little prince to play the provant, and to deal in signs and portents, which occasionally excited the merriment of his white comrades. He was a great dreamer, and believed in charms and talismans, or medicines, and could foretell the approach of strangers by the howling or barking of the small prairie wolf. This animal, being driven by the larger wolves from the carcasses left on the hunting grounds by the hunters, follows the trail of the fresh meat carried to the camp. Here the smell of the roast meat, and broiled, mingling with every breeze, keeps them hovering over the neighborhood: scenting every blast, turning up their noses like hungry hounds, and testifying their pinching hunger by long whining howls and impatient barks. These are interpreted by the squaws as an oracle into warnings that strangers are at hand; and one accidental coincidence, like the chance fulfilment of an almanac prediction, is sufficient to cover a thousand failures. This little, whining, beast-smelling animal, is, therefore, called among Indians the "medicine wolf;" and such was one of Buckeye's infallible oracles.

One morning early, the soothsaying Delaware appeared with a gloomy countenance. His mind was full of dismal presentiments, whether from mysterious dreams, or the influence of the medicine wolf, does not appear. "Danger," he said, "was lurking in their path, and there would be some fighting before sunset." He was bantered for his prophecy, which was attributed to his having supper too heartily, and been visited by bad dreams. In the course of the morning, a party of hunters set out in pursuit of buffalo, taking with them a mule, to bring home the meat they should procure. They had been some few hours absent, when a withering blast swept into camp, giving the war cry of Blackfeet! Blackfeet! Every one seized his weapon, and ran to learn the cause of the alarm. It appeared that the leading buffalo hung in a small thicket along the river, and disinter from the brush, to look for his lost camp, which had fallen a prey to the savages. The hunters fired and supped up their arrows, and the Indians, to the surprise of the whites, were as silent as the "prophets" of the Delaware.

All the extract of the Indian story appeared to have cleared away the gloom of the mind. Everyone took his gun, and went in search of the Indians, to think and consider how they could best proceed.

The company, after considerable deliberation and composure, agreed to form a mission as one family, and make a deliberate attempt to bring the savages to life, and to the same table with themselves.

A messenger was dispatched to the Indians, who went back up the Great Salt River. This was the very river which Captain Bonneville, when at Ogden's, had determined to use for his return journey. It appeared to be the only practicable alternative. The best means of proceeding was discussed at length, and the whole company agreed to combine their forces, and to send a horseman to the Blackfeet for the purpose of having the supplies and provisions, which Captain Bonneville had left them on their march, restored to him. He had left them, in the neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake, at the expense of the colonists, to save them from the difficulties attending a continued residence on the mountains. The necessity of having some supplies and provisions was thus made evident to the Indians. 

Buckeye, the Delaware, had procured for Captain Bonneville an arrangement with the Blackfoot chief, who, with a large party, was then in the neighborhood, to refresh them with provisions, and return with them. He had, for this purpose, been sent back to the Blackfeet.

The colonists, with their black companion, were to make their return journey on a vessel, arrived from the United States. They would carry with them their store of provisions, and return in a few days. Everything was arranged for the safety of the colonists, and the comfort of the Indians. The Blackfeet, under the influence of the rendezvous, were disposed to be friendly; and the chance of a good meal, and a night in the plains, was the main inducement for the voyage.
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

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His boat was made of three buffalo skins, stretched on a light frame, stitched together, and the seams paid with elk tallow and ashes. It was eighteen feet long, and about five feet six inches wide, sharp at each end, with a round bottom, and drew about a foot and a half of water, a depth too great for these upper rivers, which abound with shallows and sand-bars. The crew consisted of two half-breeds, who claimed to be white men, though a mixture of the French creole and the Shawnee and Potawatomi. They claimed, moreover, to be the chief mountainers on the river bank, and first-rate hunters—the common boast of these vagabonds of the wilderness. Besides these, there was a Nez Percé lad of eighteen years of age, a kind of servant of all work, whose great aim, like all Indian servants, was to do as little work as possible; there was, moreover, a half-breed boy, of thirteen, named Baptiste, son of a Hudson's Bay trader by a Flathead beauty; who was travelling with Wyeth to see the world and complete his education. Add to these, Mr. Milton, Mr. Clarke, and we have the crew of the little bull boat complete.

It certainly was a slight armament with which to run the gauntlet through countries swarming with hostile horde, and a slight bark to navigate through the rivers, tossed and pitching down rapids, running on snags and bumping on sandbars; such, however, are the cockle-shells with which these hardy rovers of the wilderness will attempt the wildest streams; and it is surprising what shocks and thumps these boats will endure, and what velocities they will live through. Their duration, however, is but limited; they require frequently to be hauled out of the water and dried, to prevent the hitherto becoming water-soaked; and they eventually rot and go to pieces.

The course of the river was a little to the north of east; it ran about five miles an hour, over a gravelly bottom. The banks were generally alluvial, and thickly grown with cotton-wood trees, intermingled occasionally with ash and plum trees. Now and then limestone cliffs and promontories advanced upon the river, making picturesque headlands. Beyond the woody borders rose ranges of naked hills.

Milton Sublette was the Pelorus of this adventure, and had an excellent map of it, which he experienced in this wild kind of navigation. It required all his attention and skill, however, to pilot her clear of sandbars and snags or sunken trees. There was often, too, a perplexity of choice, where the river branched into various channels, among clusters of islands; and occasionally the voyagers found themselves aground and had to turn back.

It was necessary, also, to keep a wary eye upon the land, for they were passing through the heart of the Crow country, and were continually in reach of any ambush that might be lurking on shore. The most formidable foes that they saw, however, were three grizzly bears, quietly promenading along the bank, who seemed to gazc at them with surprise as they glided by. Herds of buffalo, also, were moving about, or lying on the ground, like cattle in a pasture; excepting such inhabitants as these, a perfect solitude reigned over the land. There was no sign of human habitation; for the Crows, as we have already shown, are a wandering people, a race of hunters and warriors, who live in tents and on horseback, and are continually on the move.

At night they landed, hauled up their boat to dry, pitched their tent, and made a rousing fire. Then, as it was the first evening of their voyage, they indulged a regale, relishing their buffalo beef with inspiring alcohol; after which, they slept soundly, without dreaming of Crows or Blackfeet. Early in the morning, they again launched the boat and committed themselves to the stream.

In this way they voyaged for two days without any material occurrence, excepting a severe thunderstorm, which compelled them to put to shore, and wait until it was passed. On the third morning, they observed a great number of snow-birds on the river bank. As they were now, by calculation, at no great distance from Fort Cass, a trading post of the American Fur Company, they supposed these might be some of its people. A nearer approach showed them to be Indians. Describing a woman apart from the rest, they landed and accosted her. She informed them that the main force of the Crow nation, consisting of five bands, under their several chiefs, were but about two or three miles below, on their way up the river. The Indians, however, could not reach the post, as Fort Cass was so near hand, the Crows might refrain from any depredations.

From this point, however, they came in sight of the first band, scattered along the river bank, all well armed; some armed with guns, others with bows and arrows, and a few with lances. They made a wildly picturesque appearance, making their horses with their accustomed dexterity and grace. Nothing can be more spirited than a band of Crow cavalry. They are a fine race of men, averaging six feet in height, lithe and active, with hawk's eyes and Roman noses. The latter feature is common to all Indians of the east side of the Rocky Mountains; those on the western side have generally straight or flat noses.

Wyeth fain have slipped by this cavalrude unnoticed; but the river, at this place, was not more than ninety yards across; he was perceived, therefore, and hailed by the vagabond warriors, and, we presume, in no very friendly language; for, among their other accomplishments, the Crows are famed for their Billingsgate vocabulary of unrivalled opulence, and for being kept at bay by no man's sparging of it when they offer.

Wyeth and Indians are generally very lofty, rhetorical, and figurative in their language at all great talks, and high ceremonies, yet, if trappers and traders may be believed, they are the most ostentatious tribes, indulging in ordinary colloquies; they make no hesitation to call a spade a spade; and when they once undertake to call hard names, the famous pot and kettle, of vituperating memory, are not to be compared with them for scurrility of epithet.

To escape the infliction of any compliments of the kind, or the launching, peradventure, of more dangerous missiles, Wyeth landed with the best grace in his power, and approached the chief of the band. It was Arapooish, the quondam friend of Rose, the outlaw, and one whom we have already mentioned as being anxious to communicate a friendly intercourse between his tribe and the white men. He was a tall, stout man, of good presence, and received the voyagers very graciously. His people, too, thronged around him, and were attentively attentive in a row fashion. One took a great fancy to Baptiste the Flathead boy, and a still greater fancy to a ring on his finger, which he transposed to his own
with surprising dexterity, and then disappeared with a quick step among the crowd.

About this time, the party made a concentration on the Nez Percé lad, and nothing would do but he must exchange knives with him; drawing a new knife out of the Nez Percé's scabbard, and putting an old one in its place. Another stepped up and replaced this old knife with another old one, and a third helped himself to knife, scabbard and all. It was with much difficulty that Wyeth and his companions extricated themselves from the clutches of these officious Crows before they were entirely pockeled.

Rolling down the river a little further, they came in sight of the second band, and sheered to the opposite side, with the intention of passing them. The Crows were not to be evaded. Some pointed their guns at the boat, and threatened to fire; others stripped, plunged into the stream, and came swimming across. Making a virtue of necessity, Wyeth threw a cord to the first that came within reach, as if he wished to be drawn to the shore.

In this way he was overhawked by every hand, and at the time he and his people came out of the busy hands of the last, they were eased of most of their superfluities. Nothing, in all probability, but the proximity of the American trading post, kept these land pirates from making a good prize of the bull boat and all its contents. These bands were in full march, equipped for war, and evidently full of mischief. They were, in fact, the very hands that overran the land in the autumn of 1833; partly robbed Fitzpatrick of his horses and effects; hunted and harassed Captain Bonneville and his people; broke up their trapping campaigns; and, in a word, drove them all out of the Crow country. It has been suspected that they were set on to these pranks by some of the American Fur Company, anxious to defeat the plans of the rival of the Rocky Mountain Company; for at this time, their competition was at its height, and the trade of the Crow country was a great object of rivalry. What makes this the more probable, is, if the Crows in their depredation seemed by no means bloodthirsty, but intended chieftains to rob the parties of their traps and horses, thereby disabling them from prosecuting their hunting.

We should observe that this year, the Rocky Mountain Company were pushing their way up the Missouri through those new lands, which are generally very picturesque in their landscape; and, in the high ceremonials, which they may be, believed, they held in their ordinary fashion, to call a speech, the men would undertake to call a speech, and kettles, of virtue, might be compared with the compliments of any other adventure, or more crowded with the best of the best, or the chief of the new quondam friend of the Indian world, to whom we have introduced the No. 8. The successful promotion of this tribe and the new white man, of good and vagabond voyagers very generally, a horse and dog around them, after whom the Crows were eager to Baptize it, or fancy to a ring to his own

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were lying here; but at certain seasons of the year a steamboat can come up to the fort.

They had scarce passed, however, when the Blackfeet warriors made their appearance on the opposite bank, displacing two American flags in token of amity. They plunged into the river, swam across, and were kindly received at the fort. They were some of the very men who had been engaged, the year previously, in the battle at Pierre’s Hole, and a fierce-looking set of fellows they were; tall and hawk-nosed, and very much resembling the Crows. They proceeded to be on an amicable errand, to make peace with the Crows, and set off in all haste, before night, to overtake them. Wyeth predicted that they would lose their scalps; for he had heard the Crows denounce vengeance on them, for having murdered two of their warriors who had ventured among them on thelat of a treaty of peace. It is probable, however, that this pacific errand was all a pretense, and that the real object of the Blackfeet braves was to hang about the skirts of the Crow bands, steal their horses, and take the scalps of stragglers.

At Fort Cass, Mr. Wyeth disposed of some packages of beaver, and a quantity of buffalo robes. On the following morning (August 18th), he once more launched his bull boat, and proceeded down the Yellowstone, which inclined in an east-northeast direction. The river had all its bottoms fringed with great quantities of the sweet cottonwood, and interrupted occasionally by “bluffs” of sandstone. The current occasionally brings down fragments of granite and porphyry.

In the course of the day, they saw something moving on the bank among the trees, which they mistook for game of some kind; and, being in want of provisions, pulled toward shore. They discovered, just in time, a party of Blackfeet, lurking in the thickets, and sheered, with all speed, to the opposite side of the river.

After a time, they came in sight of a gang of elk. Wyeth was immediately for pursuing them, rifle in hand, but saw evidences of dissatisfaction in his half-breeds; and, considering himself as tending upon their purpose, and meddled with things above his station; for these veterans of the wilderness are exceedingly pragmatical on points of venery and woodcraft, and tenacious of their superiority; looking down with infinite contempt upon all raw beginners. The two worthies, after some debate of their own, returned empty-handed. They laid the blame, however, entirely on their guns; two miserable old pieces with flintlocks, which, with all their picking and hammering, were continually apt to miss fire. These great boasters of the wilderness, however, are very often exceeding bad shots, and fortunate it is for them when they have old flint guns to bear the flame.

The next day they passed where a great herd of buffalo were bellowing on a prairie. Again the Castor and Pollux of the wilderness saluted forth, and again their flint guns were at fault, and missed fire, and nothing went off but the buffalo. Wyeth now found there was danger of losing his dinner if he depended upon his hunters; he took rifle in hand, therefore, and went forth, and, in course of an hour he returned laden with buffalo meat, to the great mortification of the two regular hunters, who were annoyed at being eclipsed by a greenhorn.

All hands now set to work to prepare the midday repast. A fire was made under an immense
cotton-wood tree, that overshadowed a beautiful piece of meadow land; rich morsels of buffalo hump were soon roasting before it; in a hearty and prolonged repast, the two unsuccessful hunters gradually recovered from their mortification; they commenced to discard their old dead guns as soon as they should reach the settlements, and boasted more than ever of the wonderful shots they had made, when they had guns that never missed fire.

Having hauled up their boat to dry in the sun, previous to making their repast, the voyagers now set it once more afloat, and proceeded on their way. They had constructed a sail out of their old tent, which they hoisted whenever the wind was favorable, and thus skimmed along down the stream. Their voyage was pleasant, notwithstanding the perils by sea and land, with which they were environed. Whenever they could, they encamped on islands for the greater security. If on the mainland, and in a dangerous neighborhood, they would shift their quarters from day to day, leaving their fire burning down the river to some distance, and making no fire at their second encampment. Sometimes they would float all night with the current; one keeping watch and steering while the rest slept; in such case, they would change their boat on shore, at noon of the following day to dry; for notwithstanding every precaution, she was gradually getting water-soaked and rotten.

There was something pleasingly solemn and majestic in floating down these wild rivers at night. The purity of the atmosphere in these elevated regions gave additional splendor to the stars, and heightened the magnificence of the firmament. The occasional rush and laving of the waters; the vague sounds from the surrounding wilderness; the dreary howl, or rather whine, of wolves from the plains; the low grunting and bellowing of the buffalo, and the shrill neighing of the elk, struck the ear with an effect unknown in the daytime.

Two knowing hunters had scarcely recovered from their mortification when they were fated to experience another. As the boat was gliding swiftly round a low promontory, thinly covered with trees, one of them gave the alarm of Indians. The boat was instantly shoved from shore and every man made up his rifle. "Where are they?" cried Wyeth.

"There—there! riding on horseback!" cried one of the hunters.

"Yes; with white scarfs on!" cried the other.

Wyeth looked in the direction they pointed; but descried nothing but two baid eagles, perched on a low dry branch beyond the thickets, and seeming, from the rapid motion of the boat, to be moving swiftly in an opposite direction. The detection of this blunder in the two veterans, who prided themselves on the sureness and quickness of their best, aasty laugh, the discomfiture of their expense, and put an end to their vaunting.

The Yellowstone, above the confluence of the Bighorn, is a clear stream; its waters were now gradually growing turbid, and assuming the yellow color of the Missouri. The current was also four miles an hour, with occasional rapids; some of them dangerous, but the voyagers passed them all without accident. The banks of the river were in many places precipitous with strata of bituminous coal.

They now entered a region abounding with buffalo—that ever-journeying animal, which moves in countless droves from point to point of the vast wilderness; traversing plains, pouring through the intricate defiles of mountains, swimming rivers, ever on the move, guided on its boundless migrations by some traditional knowledge, like the finny tribes of the ocean, which, at certain seasons, take to the air, and fly thousands of miles across the deep, and revisit the remotest shores.

These great migratory herds of buffalo have their hereditary paths and highways, worn deep through the country, and making for the most scenic passes of the mountains, and the most beautiful spots of the rivers. When once a great column is in full career, it goes straight forward, regardless of all obstacles; those in front being impelled by the moving mass behind. At such times they will break through a camp, trampling down everything in their course.

It was the lot of the voyagers, one night, to encamp at one of these buffalo landing places, and exactly on the trail. They had not been long asleep, when they were awakened by a great howling, and trumpeting; and so noise, and splashing, and spoiling of animals in the river. They had just time to ascertain that a buffalo army was entering the river on the opposite side, and making toward the landing place. With all haste they moved their boat and shifted their camp, by which time the herd had reached the shore, and came pressing on the bank.

It was a singular spectacle, by the uncertain moonlight, to behold this countless throng making their way across the river, blowing, and bellowing, and splashing. Sometimes they pass in such dense and continuous column as to form a temporary dam across the river, the waters of which rise and rush over their backs, or between their squadrons. The roaring and rushing sound of one of these vast herds crossing a river, may sometimes in a still night, be heard for miles.

The voyagers now had game in profusion. They could kill as many buffalo as they pleased, and, occasionally, were wonton in their havoc; especially among scattered herds, that came swimming near the boat. On one occasion, an old buffalo bull approached so near the boat, that the hunters could not refrain from making a shot; and he was killed. The buffalo mule was also fat, and the hunters wisely decided to cast off their rope, with which strange headgear the venerable bull made off to the prairies.

On the 24th of August, the bull boat emerged, with its adventurous crew, into the broad bosom of the mighty Missouri. Here, about six miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone, the voyagers landed at Fort Bridger, and found their usual luxuries of bread, butter, milk, and cheese, for the fort was well supplied with domestic cattle, though it had no garden. The atmosphere of these elevated regions is said to be too dry for the culture of vegetables; yet the voyagers, coming down the Yellowstone, had met with plums, grapes, cherries, and currants, and had observed...
ash and elm trees. Where these grow the climate cannot be incompatible with gardening.

At Fort Union, Wyeth met with a melancholy memento of one of his men. This was a powder-flask, which a clerk had purchased from a Blackfoot, and which had been brought to the fort by the unfortunate youth murdered the year previously, at Jackson's Hole, by the Blackfeet, and whose bones had been subsequently found by Captain Bonneville. This flask had either been passed from hand to hand of the tribe, or, perhaps, had been brought to the fort by the very savage who slew him.

As the bull boat was now nearly worn out, and altogether unfit for the broader and more turbulent stream of the Missouri, it was given up, and a canoe of cotton-wood, about twenty feet long, fabricated by the Blackfeet, was purchased to supply its place. In this Wyeth hoisted his sail, and bidding adieu to the hospitable superintendent of Fort Union, turned his prow to the east, and set off down the Missouri.

He had proceeded some hours, before, in the evening, he came to a large keel boat at anchor. It proved to be the boat of Captain William Sublette, freighted with munitions for carrying on a powerful opposition to the American Fur Company. The voyagers went on board, where they were treated with the hearty hospitality of the wilderness, and passed a social evening, talking of past scenes and adventures, and especially the memorable fight at Pierre's Hole.

Here Milton Sublette determined to give up further voyaging in the canoe, and remain with his brother; accordingly, in the morning, the fellow-voyagers took kind leave of each other, and Wyeth continued on his course. There was now no one on board of his boat that had ever voyaged on the Missouri; it was, however, all plain sailing down the stream, without any chance of missing the way.

All day the voyagers pulled gently along, and landed in the evening and supplied; then re-embarked, and further on they commenced to float down, with the current; taking turns to watch and sleep. The night was calm and serene; the elk kept up a continual whinnying or squealing, being the commencement of the season when they are in heat. In the midst of the night the canoe struck a sand-bar, and the men, who were asleep, were awakened by the rush and roar of the wild waters, which broke near her. They were all obliged to jump overboard, and work hard to get her off, which was accomplished with much difficulty.

In the course of the following day they saw three grizzly bears at different times along the bank. The last one was on a point of land, and was evidently making for the river, to swim across. The two half-breed hunters were now eager to repeat the manoeuvre of the noose; prepared, one was about to spring sport in strangling and drowning him. Their only fear was, that he might take fright and return to land before they could get between him and the shore. Holding back, therefore, until he was fairly committed in the centre of the stream, they then pulled forward with all their might, and then, as he was cut off from his retreat, and take him in the rear. One of the worthies stationed himself in the bow, with the cord and slip-noose, the other, with the Nez Percé, managed the paddles. There was nothing further from the thoughts of honest Bruin, however, than to beat a retreat. Just as the canoe was drawing near, he turned suddenly round and made for it, with a horrible snarl and a tremendous show of teeth. The affrighted hunter called to his comrades to paddle off. Scarce had they turned the boat when the bear laid his enormous claws on the gunwale, and attempted to get on board. The other was nearly persuaded that the deluge of water came pouring over the gunwale. All was clamor, terror, and confusion. Every one bawled out—the bear roared and snarled—one caught up a gun; but water had rendered it useless. Others handled their paddles more effectually, and after a short time, using stones and claws, obliged him to relinquish his hold. They now plied their paddles with might and main, the bear made the best of his way to shore, and so ended the second exploit of the noose; the hunters determining to have no more naval contests with grizzly bears.

The voyagers were now out of the range of Crows and Blackfeet; but they were approaching the country of the Rees, or Arickaras; a tribe no less dangerous, and who were, generally hostile to small parties.

In passing through their country, Wyeth lay by all day, and drifted quietly down the river at night. In this way he passed on, until he supposed himself safely through the region of danger; when he resumed his course. On the 3d of September he had landed, at midday, to dine; and while some were making a fire, one of the hunters mounted a high bank to look out for game. He had scarce glanced his eye round, when he perceived horses grazing on the opposite side of the river. Crooning down he slunk back to the camp, and reported what he had seen. On further reconnoitring, the voyagers counted twenty-one lodges; and, from the number of horses, computed that there must be nearly a hundred Indians encamped there. They now drew their boat, with all speed and caution, into a thicket of water willows, and remained closely concealed all day. As soon as the night closed in they re-embarked. The moon would rise early; so that they had but about two hours of darkness to pass the camp. The night, however, was cloudy, with a blustering wind. Silently, and with muffled oars, they glided down the river, keeping close under the shore opposite to the camp; watching its various lodges and fires, and the dark forms passing to and from between them. In the open country, they found themselves close upon a camp on their own side of the river. It appeared that not more than one half of the band had crossed. They were within a few yards of the shore; they saw distinctly the savages—some standing, some lying round the fire. Horses were grazing around. Some lodges were set up, others had been sent across the river. The glare of the fires upon these wild groups and harsh faces, contrasted with the surrounding darkness, had a startling effect, as the thought of sudden danger upon the scene. The dogs of the camp perceived them, and barked; but the Indians, fortunately, took no heed of their clamor. Wyeth instantly sheered his boat out into the stream; when, unluckily it struck upon a sand-bar, and stuck fast. It was a perilous and trying situation; for his boat was fixed between the two camps, and within rifle range of both. All hands jumped out into the water, and tried to get the boat off; but as no one dared to give the word, they could not pull together, and their labor was in vain. In this situation they were now for a long time; until Wyeth thought of giving a signal for a general heave, by lifting his hat. The
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It was the 31st of July that Captain Bonneville set out on his second visit to the banks of the Columbia, at the head of twenty-three men. He travelled leisurely, to keep his horses fresh, until on the 10th of July a scout brought word that Wyeth, with his band, was but fifty miles in the rear, and pushing forward with all speed. This caused some bustle in the camp; for it was important to get first to the buffalo ground to secure provisions for the journey. As the horses were too heavily laden to travel fast, a cache was dug, as promptly as possible, to receive all superfluous baggage. Just as it was finished, a spring burst out of the earth at the bottom. Another cache was therefore dug, about two miles further on; when, as they were about to bury the effects, a line of horsemen, with pack-horses, were seen streaking over the plain, and encamped close by.

It proved to be a small band in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, under the command of a veteran Canadian; one of those petty leaders, who, with a small party of men, and a small supply of goods, are employed to follow up a band of Indians from one hunting ground to another, and buy up their peltries.

Having received numerous civilities from the Hudson's Bay Company, the captain sent an invitation to the officers of the party to an evening regale; and set to work to make jovial preparations. As the night air in these elevated regions is apt to be cold, a blazing fire was soon made.
that would have done credit to a Christmas dinner, instead of a midsummer banquet. The parties met in high good-fellowship. There was abundance of such hunters' fare as the neighborhood could afford. Wall discussed with mountain appetites. They talked over all the events of their late campaigns; but the Canadian veteran had been unlucky in some of his transactions; and his bow began to grow cloudy. Capt. Bonneville remarked his rising spleen, and regretted that he had no juice of the grape to keep it down.

A man's wit, however, is quick and inventive in the wilderness; a thought suggested itself to the captain, how he might brew a delectable beverage. Among his stores, was a keg of honey but half exhausted. This he filled up with alcohol, and stirred the fiery and mellifluous ingredients together. The glorious results may readily be imagined; a happy compound of strength and sweetness, enough to soothe the most ruffled temper, and restore the spirits of all.

The beverage worked to a charm; the can circulated merrily; the first deep draught washed out every care from the mind of the veteran; the second elevated his spirit to the clouds. He was in a happy state of mind when the party returned to the Canadian traders. The Frenchmen were apt to be. He now became glorious, talked over all his exploits, his hunting, his fights with Indian braves, his loves with Indian beauties; sang snatches of old French ditties, and the songs; drank deeper and deeper, sang louder and louder; until, having reached a climax of drunken gayety, he gradually declined, and at length, fell fast asleep upon the ground. After a long nap he again raised his head, imbibed another portion of the "sweet and strong," flushed up with another slight blaze of French gayety, and again fell asleep.

The morning found him still upon the field of action, but in sad and sorrowful condition; suffering the penalties of past pleasures, and calling to mind the captain's elucidating compound, with many a retch and spasm. It seemed as if honey and alcohol, which had passed so glibly and smoothly over his tongue, were at war within his stomach; and that he had a swarm of bees within his head. In fact, the morning was his plight, that his party proceeded on their march without him; the captain promising to bring him on in safety in the after part of the day.

As soon as this party had moved off, Capt. Bagg's men proceeded to construct and fill their cache; and just as it was completed the party of Wyeth was descried at a distance. In a moment all was activity to take the road. The horses were prepared and mounted; and being lightened of a great part of their burdens, were able to move with celerity. As to the worthy convive of the preceding evening, he was carefully gathered up from the hunter's couch on which he lay, repentant and supine, and, being packed upon one of the horses, was hurried forward with the convoy, groaning and ejaculating at every jolt. In this state of affairs, Wyeth's horse, being lightly mounted, rode ahead of his party, and overtook Capt. Bonneville. Their meeting was friendly and courteous; and they discussed, sociably, their respective fortunes since they separated on the banks of the Bighorn. Wyeth announced his intention of establishing a fell trading post at the mouth of the Portneuf, and leaving a few men there, with a quantity of goods, to trade with the neighboring Indians. He was compelled, in fact, to this measure, in consequence of the refusal of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to take a supply of goods which he had brought out for them according to contract; and which he had no other mode of disposing of. He further informed Capt. Bonneville that the enterprise of the Rocky Mountain and American Fur Companies, which had led to such nefarious stratagems and deadly feuds, was at an end; they having divided the country between them, allotting boundaries within which each was to trade and hunt, so as not to interfere with the other.

In company with Wyeth were travelling two men of science; Mr. Nuttall, the botanist; the same who ascended the Missouri at the time of the expedition to Astoria; and Mr. Townshend, an ornithologist; from these gentlemen we may look forward to important information concerning these interesting regions. There were three religious missionaries, also, bound to the shores of the Columbia, to spread the light of the Gospel in that wilderness and activity.

After riding for some time together, in friendly conversation, Wyeth returned to his party, and Capt. Bonneville continued to press forward, and to gain ground. At night he sent off the runners, to bring back at an early hour the half-breed, with the express order to report, his discoveries; but night overtook him, he was kindly and hospitably entertained at the camp of Wyeth. As soon as day dawned he hastened to his own camp with the welcome intelligence; and about ten o'clock of the same morning, Capt. Bonneville's party were in the midst of the game.

The packs were scarcely off the backs of the mules, when the runners, mounted on the fleetest horses, were full tilt after the buffalo. Others of the men were busied erecting scaffolds, and other contrivances for jerking or drying meat; others were lightening their saddle horses. At daylight the next morning, the runners again took the field, with similar success; and, after an interval of repose made their third and last chase, about twelve o'clock; for this time, Wyeth's party was in sight. The game being now driven into a valley, at some distance, Wyeth ordered his men to lie there; but he came in the evening to pay Capt. Bonneville a visit. He was accompanied by Capt. Stewart, the amateur traveller; who had not yet sated his appetite for the adventurous life of the wilderness. With him was a half-breed; one of the unfortunate adventures of the same name who came out in the first maritime expedition to Astoria, and was blown up in the Tonquin. His son had grown up in the em-
ploy of the British fur companies; and was a prime hunter, and a daring partisan. He held, moreover, a farm in the valley of the Wallamut.

The three visits, when they reached Captain Bonneville’s camp, were surprised to find no one in it but himself and three men; his party being dispersed in all directions, to make the most of their present chance for hunting. They re-occupied with their horses, the impetuous remnant of their forces, with no trilling of a guard in a region so full of danger. Captain Bonneville vindicated the policy of his conduct. He never hesitated to send out all his hunters, when any important object was to be attained—an experience that taught him that he was most secure when his forces were thus distributed over the surrounding country. He then saw that no enemy could approach, from any direction, without being discovered by his hunters; who have a quick eye for detecting the slightest signs of the proximity of Indians; and who would instantly convey intelligence to the camp.

The captain now set to work with his men, to prepare a suitable entertainment for his guests. It was richly furnished in the tenantry of prime hunters’ dainties; of buffalo buffalo, and buffalo tongues; and roasted ribs, and broiled marrow-bones: all these were cooked in hunters’ style; served up with a profusion known only on a plentiful hunting ground, and discussed with an appetite that would astonish the puny gourmands of the cities. But above all, and to give a bacchanalian grace to this truly masculine repast, the captain produced his mellifluous keg of home-brewed nectar, which had been so potent over the senses of the veteran of Hudson’s Bay. Portions, potte deep, again went round; never did beverage excite greater glee, or meet with more rapturous commendation. The parties were fast advancing to that happy state which would have insured the ample share, and a valuable repose; and the bees were already beginning to buzz about their ears, when a messenger came spurring to the camp with intelligence that Wyyth’s people had got entangled in one of those deep and frightful ravines, piled with immense fragments of volcanic rock, which gashed the whole country about the head-waters of the Blackfoot River. The revel was instantly at an end; the keg of sweet and potent home-brewed was desert ed; and the guests departed with all speed to aid in extricating their companions from the volcanic ravine.

CHAPTER XLIII.


“Up and away!” is the first thought at daylight of the Indian trader, when a rival is at hand and vigorously engaged. Early in the morning, Captain Bonneville ordered the half-dried meat to be packed upon the horses, and leaving Wyyth and his party to hunt the scattered buffalo, pushed off rapidly to the east, to regain the plain of the Portneuf. His march was rugged and dangerous; through volcanic hills, broken into cliffs and precipices; and seamed with tremendous chasms, where the rocks rose like walls.

On the second day, however, he encamped once more in the plains, and it was still early in the morning before one of the men of the party had strolled to the neighboring hills. In casting their eyes round the country, they perceived a great cloud of dust rising in the south, and evidently approaching. Hastening back to the camp, the young men instantly made to receive an enemy; while some of the men, throwing themselves upon the “running horses” kept for hunting, galloped off to reconnoitre. In a little while, they made signals from a distance that all was wrong. At this time the cloud of dust had swept on as it hurried along by a blast, and a band of wild horses came dashing at full lean into the camp, yelling and whooping like so many maniacs. Their dresses, their accoutrements, their mode of riding, and their unearthly clamor, made them seem a party of savages arrayed for war; but they proved to be principally half-breeds, and white men grown savage in the wilderness, who were employed as trappers and hunters in the service of the Hidatsa.

Here was again “high jinks” in the camp. Captain Bonneville’s men hailed these wild scammers as congenial spirits, or rather as the very game birds of their class. They entertained them with the hospitality of mountaineers, feasting them at every fire. At first they detailed their adventures and exploits, and brought mingled with peals of laughter. Then came on boasting of their comparative merits of horses and riders, which soon engrossed every tongue. This naturally led to racing, and shooting at a mark; one trial of speed and skill succeeded another, shouts and acclamations rose from the victorious parties, fierce altercations succeeded, and a general mêlée was about to take place, when suddenly the attention of the quarreliers was arrested by a strange kind of Indian chant or chorus, that seemed to operate upon them as a charm. Their fury was at an end; a tacit reconciliation succeeded, and the ideas of the whole mongrel crowd—whites, half-breeds, and squaws—were turned in a new direction. They formed into groups, and taking their places at the several fires, prepared for one of the most exciting amusements of the Nez Perce and the other tribes of the Far West.

The choral chant, in fact, which thus acted as a charm, was a kind of wild accompaniment to the favorite Indian game of "Hand." This is played by two parties drawn out in opposite platoons before a blazing fire. It is in some respects like the old game of passing the ring or the button, and detecting the hand which holds the same. In the present game, the object hidden, or the cache as it is called by the trappers, is a small splint of wood, or other distinctive article, that may be concealed in the closed hand. This is passed backward and forward among the party in hand,” while the party “out of hand” guess where it is concealed. To heighten the excitement and confuse the guessers, a number of dry poles are laid before each platoon, upon which the members of the party in hand” beat furiously with their clubs. The central chant already mentioned, which waxes fast and furious as the game proceeds. As large bets are staked upon the game, the excitement is prodigious. Each party in turn bursts out in full chorus, beating, and yelling, and working themselves up into such a heat that the perspiration rolls down
their naked shoulders, even in the cold of a winter night. The bets are doubled and trebled as the game advances, the mental excitement increases in proportion, and all the worldly dangers of the gamblers are often hazarded upon the position of a straw.

These gambling games were kept up throughout the night; every fire glared upon a group that looked like a crew of maniacs at their frantic play. Had they kept up throughout the succeeding day, had not Captain Bonneville interfered, his authority, and, at the usual hour, issued his marching orders.

Proceeding down the course of Snake River, the hunters regularly returned to camp in the evening laden with wild geese, which were yet scarcely able to fly, and were easily caught in great numbers. It was now the season of the annual fish-feast, with which the Indians in these parts celebrate the first appearance of the salmon in this river. These fish are taken in great numbers at the numerous falls of about four feet pitch. The Indians flake the shallow water just below, and spear them as they attempt to pass. In wide parts of the river, also, they place a sort of chevaux-de-frise of poles without and forming an angle in the middle of the current, where a small opening is left for the salmon to pass. Around this opening the Indians station themselves on small rafts, and ply their spears with great success.

The table lands so common in this region have a sandy soil, inconsiderable in depth, and covered with sage, or more properly speaking, wormwood. Below this is a level stratum of rock, river occasionally by frightful chasms. The whole plain rises as it approaches the river, and terminates with high and broken cliffs, difficult to pass, and in many places so precipitous that it is impossible, for days together, to get down to the water's edge, to give drink to the horses. This obliges the traveller occasionally to abandon the vicinity of the river, and make a wide sweep into the interior.

It was now far in the month of July, and the party suffered extremely from sultry weather and dusty travelling. The flies and gnats, too, were as bad as the Indians had supposed. The party was not allowed to rest, even when keeping along the edge of the river where it runs between low sand-hanks. Whenever the travellers encamped in the afternoon, the horses retired to the gravelly shores and remained there, with all the air of the cool of the evening. As to the travellers, they plunged into the clear and cool current, to wash away the dust of the road and refresh themselves after the heat of the day. The nights were always cool and pleasant.

At one place where they encamped for some time, the river was nearly five hundred yards wide, and studded with grassy islands, adorned with groves of willow and cotton-wood. Here the Indians were assembled in great numbers, and had barricaded the channels between the islands, to enable them to speak the reason with greater facility. They were a timid race, and seemed accustomed to the sight of white men. Entering one of the huts, Captain Bonneville found the inhabitants just proceeding to cook a fine salmon. It was put into a pot filled with cold water, and hung over the fire. The moment the water begins to boil, the fish is considered.

Taking his seat unceremoniously, and lighting his pipe, the captain awaited the cooking of the fish, intending to invite himself to the repast.

The owner of the hut seemed to take his intrusion in good part. While conversing with him the captain felt something move behind him, and turning round and removing a few skins and old buffalo robes discovered a woman of about fourteen years of age, crouched beneath, who directed her large black eyes full in his face, and continued to gaze in mute surprise and terror. The captain endeavored to dispel her fears, and drawing near sliced from his horse, passed and repeated a bow with each attempt, uttering a sound very much like a snarl; nor could all the blandishments of the captain, albeit a pleasant, good-looking, and somewhat gallant man, succeed in concealing the shyness of the savage little beauty. His attentions were now turned to the parents, whom he presented with an awl and a little tobacco, and having thus secured their good-will, continued to smoke his pipe and watch the salmon. While thus seated near the threshold, an archer of the family approached the door, but catching a sight of the strange guest, ran off screaming and terror, and enunced himself behind the long straw at the back of the hut.

Desirous to dispel entirely this timidity, and open a trade with the simple inhabitants of the hut, who, he did not doubt, had furs somewhere concealed; the captain now drew forth that grand lure in the eyes of the savage, a pocket mirror. The sight of it was irresistible. After examining it for a long time with wonder and admiration, they produced a musk-rat skin, and offered it in exchange. The captain shook his head; but purchased the skin for a couple of buttons-superfluous trinkets as the worthy lord of the hovel had neither coat nor breeches on which to place them.

The mirror still continued the great object of desire, particularly in the eyes of the old housewife, who produced a pot of parched flour and a string of biscuit roots. This procured her some trifle in return; but could not command the purchase of the mirror. The salmon being now completely cooked, they all joined heartily in supper. A bounteous portion was deposited before the captain by the old woman, upon some fresh grass; he served it up with a plate; and never had he tasted a salmon boiled so completely to his fancy.

Supper being over, the captain lighted his pipe and passed to it his host, who, inhaling the smoke, pulled it through his nose, and, in a most amusing manner, that in a little while his head manifested signs of confusion and dizziness. Being satisfied, by this time, of the kindly and companionable qualities of the captain, he became easy and communicative, and at length hinted something about exchanging beaver skins for his horses. The captain at once offered to dispose of his steed, which stood fastened at the door. The bargain was soon concluded, whereupon the Indian, removing a pile of bushes under which his valuables were concealed, drew forth the number of skins agreed upon as the price.

Shortly afterward, some of the captain's people coming up, he ordered another horse to be saddled, and, mounting it, took his departure from the hut, after distributing a few trilling presents of a fish to his inhabitants. During all the time of his visit, the little Indian girl had kept her large black eyes fixed upon him, almost without winking, watching every movement with awe and wonder; and as he rode off, remained gazing after him, motionless as a statue. Her father,
however, delighted with his new acquaintance, mounted his newly purchased horse, and followed in the train of the captain, to whom he continued to be a faithful and useful adherent during his sojourn in the neighborhood.

The cowardly effects of an evil conscience were evident among some of the men, who had been in the Californian expedition. During all their intercourse with the harmless people of this place, he had manifested uneasiness and anxiety. While his companions mingled freely and joyously with the natives, he went about with a suspicious look; scrutinizing every painted form and face, and starting often at the sudden approach of some meek and inoffensive savage, who regarded him with reverence as a superior being. Yet this was ordinarily a bold fellow, who never flinched from danger, nor turned pale at the prospect of a battle. At length he requested permission of Captain Bonneville to keep out of the way of these people entirely. Their striking resemblance, he said, to the people of his native Kish, made him continually fear that some among them might have seen him in that expedition; and might seek an opportunity of revenge. Ever after this, while they remained in this neighborhood, he would skulk out of the way and keep aloof when any of the native Indian women, men, or boys, came near him. Captain Bonneville, "is the effect of self-protection, even upon the roving trapper in the wilderness, who has little to lose than the stings of his own guilty conscience."

CHAPTER XLIV.
OUTFIT OF A TRAPPER—RISKS TO WHICH HE IS SUBJECT—PARTNERSHIP OF TRAPPERS—ENTITY OF INDIANS—DISTANT SMOKE—A COUNTRY ON FIRE—GUN CREEK—GRAND ROND—FINE PASTURES—PERPLEXITIES IN A SMOKY COUNTRY—CONFLAGRATION OF FORESTS.

It had been the intention of Captain Bonneville, in descending along Snake River, to scatter his trappers upon the smaller streams. In this way a range of country is tramped by small detachments, each having a main body. The outfit of a trapper is generally a rifle, a pound of powder, and four pounds of lead, with a bullet mould, seven traps, an axe, a hatchet, a knife and awl, a camp kettle, two blankets, and, where supplies are plenty, seven pounds of flour. He has, generally, two or three horses, to carry himself and his baggage and petrels. Two trappers commonly go together, for the purposes of mutual assistance and support; a larger party could not easily escape the eyes of the Indians. It is a service well done, and even more so at present than formerly, for the Indians, since they have got into the habit of trafficking peltries with the traders, have learned the value of the beaver, and look upon the trappers as poachers, who are fishing the riches from their streams, and interfering with their market. They make no hesitation, therefore, to murder the solitary trapper, and thus destroy a competitor, while they possess themselves of his spoils. It is with regret we add, too, that this hostility has in many cases been instigated by traders, desirous of injuring their rivals, but who have themselves often reaped the fruits of the mischief they have sown.

When two trappers undertake any considerable
in all directions to hunt the antelope for present supplies; keeping the dried meats for places where game might be scarce.

During four days that the party were ascending Gun Creek, the smoke continued to increase so rapidly that it was impossible to distinguish the face of the country and certain landmarks. Fortunately, the travellers told upon an Indian trail, which led them to the head-waters of the Fourche de Glace or Ice River, sometimes called the Grand Road. Here they found all the plains and valleys watered in one vast conflagration; which kept over the long grass in billows of flame, shot up every bush and tree, rose in great columns from the groves, and sent up clouds of smoke that darkened the atmosphere. To avoid this sea of fire, the travellers had to pursue their course close along the foot of the mountains; but the irritation from the smoke continued to be tormenting.

The country about the head-waters of the Grand Road spreads out into broad and level prairies, extremely fertile, and watered by mountain springs and rivulets. These springs, instead of being fed by small streams, as is the case with most of those in the midst of one of these prairies, are fed by rivers which, after being watered with their hands, as they founler and struggle in the numerous long shoals of the principal streams. At the time the travellers passed over these prairies, some of the narrow, deep streams by which they were intersected were completely choked with salmon, which they took in great numbers. The wolves and bears frequent these streams at this season, to avail themselves of these great fisheries.

The travellers continued, for many days, to experience great difficulties and discomforts from this wide conflagration, which seemed to embrace the whole wilderness. The sun was for a great part of the time obscured by the smoke, and the loftiest mountains were hidden from view. Gliding along in this region of mist and uncertainty, they were frequently obliged to make long circuits, to avoid obstacles which they could not perceive until close upon them. The Indian trails were their safest guides, for though they sometimes appeared to lead them out of their direct course, they always conducted them to the passes.

On the 26th of August, they reached the head of the Way-lee-way River. Here, in a valley of the mountains through which this head-water makes its way, they found a hand of the Skynses, who were extremely sociable, and appeared to be well disposed, and as they spoke the Nez Perce language, an intercourse was easily kept up with them.

In the pastures on the bank of this stream, Captain Bonneville encamped for a time, for the purpose of recruiting the strength of his horses. Scouts were now sent out to explore the surrounding country, and search for a convenient pass through the mountains toward the Wallamut or Multnomah. After an absence of twenty days they returned with encouraging news. They had been harassed and perplexed in rugged mountain defiles, where their progress was continually impeded by rocks and precipices. Often they had been obliged to travel along the edges of frightful ravines, in which they were often thrown by unseen fires, through lurid light, and in which they were often driven by concealed fallen stones. In some of these passes, a horse fell from the brink of a precipice, and would have been dashed to pieces had he not lodged among the branches of a tree, from which he was extricated with great difficulty. These, however, were not the worst of their difficulties and perils. The great conflagration of the country, which had harassed the main party in its march, was still more awful the further this exploring party proceeded. The flames which swept the land over the flat were so extensive that the prairies assumed a fiery character and took a stronger hold amid the wooded glens and ravines of the mountains. Some of the deep gorges and defiles sent up sheets of flame, and clouds of lurid smoke, and sparks and cinders that in the night made them resemble the craters of volcanoes. The groves and forests, too, which crowned the cliffs, shot up their towering columns of fire, and added to the furnace glow of the mountains. With these stupendous sights were combined the rushing blasts caused by the rarefied air, which roared and howled through the narrow glens, and whirled forth the smoke and flames in impetuous vortices. Ever and anon, too, was heard the crash of falling trees, sometimes tumbling from erags and precipices, with tremendous sounds.

In the daytime, the mountains were wrapped in smoke so dense and blinding, that the explorers, if by chance they separated, could only find each other by the sound of their voices or the path they kept through the burning forests, in constant peril from the limbs and trunks of trees, which frequently fell across their path. At length they gave up the attempt to find a pass as hopeless, under actual circumstances, and made their way back to the camp to report their failure.

CHAPTER XLV.


During the absence of this detachment, a sociable intercourse had been kept up between them and the Nez Perces, who had retreated into the neighborhood of the camp. These people dwell about the waters of the Way-lee-way and the adjacent country, and trade regularly with the Hudson's Bay Company; generally giving horses in exchange for the articles of which they stand in need. They bring beaver skins, also, to the trading posts; not procured by trapping, but by a course of internal traffic with the shib and ignorant Shoshones and Too-e-lisans, who keep in distant and unfrequented parts of the country, and will not venture near the trading houses. The Skynses hunt the deer and elk, occasionally; and depend, for a part of the year, on fishing. Their main subsistence, however, is upon roots, especially the Kamish. This bulbous root is said to be of a delicious flavor, and highly nutritious. The women dig it up in great quantities, steam it, and deposit it in caches for winter provisions. It grows spontaneously, and absolutely covers the plains.

This tribe were comfortably clad and equipped. Tents had a few ribs, and were extremely desirous of bartering for those of Captain Bonneville's men; offering a couple of good running horses for a light rifle. Their first-rate
BONNEVILLE'S ADVENTURES.

horses, however, were not to be procured from them on any terms. They almost invariably use ponies; but of a breed infinitely superior to any in the United States. They are fond of trying their speed and bottom, and of betting upon them. As a test of the comparative merit of their horses, he purchased one of their racers, and had a trial of speed between that, an American, and a Shoshonie, which were supposed to be well matched. The race was for the distance of one mile and a half out and back. For the first half mile the American took the lead by a few hands; but, losing his wind, soon fell far behind; leaving the Shoshonie and Skynse to contend together. For a mile and a half they went head and head; but at the turn the Skynse took the lead and won the race with great ease, scarce drawing a quick breath when all was over.

The Skynes, like the Nee Percés and the Flatheads, have a strong devotional feeling, which bore a religious form, in the days of their primitive and simple manners. From this principle, they have derived the idea of their present religious ceremonies.

For the first part of the forenoon, the camp was entirely quiet. Several of the chief men and women went about their various employments, and others were occupied by their children. Among them, Mr. Wyeth, a well-known American artist, was painting a picture of these people, with their horses and camp. He is a skilled and experienced painter, and his work is highly admired by all who have seen it. He is well known among the natives, and they are always willing to have their pictures taken.

In the afternoon, the people assembled in the camp, and engaged in various occupations, some of which were peculiar to their race, while others were common to all nations. The children were playing games, and the women were engaged in spinning and weaving. The men were seen hunting and gathering, and the women were seen cooking and preparing food. The whole scene was one of peace and happiness, and the people appeared to be content and satisfied with their lot.

In the evening, the people assembled for their religious services. They were conducted by the chief priest, who was a wise and learned man, and was well versed in the teachings of their religion. He addressed the congregation in a solemn and measured voice, and exhorted them to be good and upright men, and to observe the laws of their country. He also exhorted them to be kind to each other, and to be willing to assist those who were in need. The people responded to his address with great reverence and devotion, and the services were conducted with great solemnity and devoutness.

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and any but Sabbath feeling, beginning to credit "been"d

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and the tribe look on and laugh; thinking it all too foolish to do harm; but they will soon find that women, children, and fools, form a large majority of every community, and they will have, eventually, to follow the new light, or be considered among the prosdane. As soon as a preacher or pseudo prophet of the kind gets followers enough, he either takes command of the tribe, or branches off and sets up for an independent chief and "medicine man."

CHAPTER XLVI.


Provisions were now growing scanty in the camp, and Captain Bonneville found it necessary to seek a new neighborhood. Taking leave, therefore, of his friends, the Skynees, he set off to the westward, and, crossing a low range of mountains, encamped on the head-waters of the Oatolais. Being now within thirty miles of Fort Wallah-Wallah, the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, he sent a small detachment of men thither to purchase corn for the subsistence of his party. The men were well received at the fort; but upon their return, both camp were peremptorily refused. Tempting offers were made them, however, if they would leave their present employment, and enter into the service of the company; but they were not to be seduced.

When Captain Bonneville saw his messengers return empty-handed, he ordered an instant move, for there was imminent danger of famine. He pushed forward down the course of the Oatolais, which runs diagonal to the Columbia, and falls into it about fifty miles below the Wallah-Wallah. He reached lay those who a beautiful inundating country, covered with horses belonging to the Skynees, who sent them there for pasturage.

On reaching the Columbia, Captain Bonneville hoped to open a trade with the natives, for fish and other provisions, but to his surprise they kept aloof, and even hid themselves on his approach. He soon discovered that they were under the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had forbidden them to trade, or hold any communion with him. He proceeded along the Columbia, but it was everywhere the same; not an article of provisions was to be obtained, natives, and he was at length obliged to kill a couple of horses to sustain his famishing people. He now came to a halt, and consulted what was to be done. The broad and beautiful Columbia lay before them, smooth and unruffled as a mirror; a little more journeying would take them to its lower region; to the noble valley of the Walla- mut, their projected winter quarters. To advance under present circumstances, would lead to starvation. The resources of the country were locked against them, by the influence of a jealous and powerful monopoly. If they reached the Wallamut, they could scarcely hope to obtain any supplies to which they had become accustomed, for an entire block on by snow. Influenced by these considerations, Captain Bonneville reluctantly turned back a second time on the Columbia, and set off toward the Blue Mountains. He took his course up John Day's River, so called from one of the hunters in the original Astorian enterprise. As famine was at his heels, he travelled fast, and reached the mountains by the 1st of October. He entered by the opening made by John Day's River; it was a rugged and difficult defile, but he and his men had become accustomed to hard scrambles of the kind. Fortunately, the September rains had extinguished the fires which recently spread over these regions; and the mountains, no longer wrapped in smoke, now revealed all their grandeur and sublimity to the eye.

They were disappointed in their expectation of finding abundant game in the mountains; large bands of the natives had passed through, returning from their fishing expeditions, and had driven all the game before them. It was only now and then that the hunters could bring in sufficient to keep the party from starvation.

To add to their distress, they missook their route, and wandered for ten days among high unexplored mountains, by which means they became more uncertain, and lost the precious time which their perplexity, they made their way to the banks of Snake River, following the course of which, they were sure to reach their place of destination.

It was the 20th of October when they found themselves once more upon this noted stream. The Skynees were large, and immediate quantities of fish drying upon them. At this season of the year, however, the salmon are extremely poor, and the traveller needed their keen sauce of hunger to give them a relish.

In some places the shores were completely covered with a stratum of dead salmon, exhausted in ascending the river, or destroyed at the falls; the fetid odor of which tainted the air.

It was not until the travellers reached the head- waters of the Portneuf that they really found themselves in a region of abundance. Here the buffalo were in immense herds; and here they remained for three days, slaying and cooking, and feasting, and indemnifying themselves by an enormous carnival, for a long and hungry Lent. Their horses, too, found good pasturage, and enjoyed a little rest after a severe spell of hard travee.

During this period, two horsemen arrived at the
camp, who proved to be messengers sent express for supplies from Montero's party; which had been shut up in the Crow country and the Black Hills, and to winter on the Arkansas. They reported that all was well with the party, but that they had not been able to accomplish the whole of their mission, and were still in the Crow country, where they should remain until joined by Captain Bonneville. The captain retained the messengers with him until the 17th of November, when, having reached the caches on Bear River, and procured thence the required supplies, he sent them back to their party; appointing a rendezvous toward the last of June following, on the forks of Wind River valley, in the Crow country.

He now remained several days encamped near the caches, and having discovered a small band of Shoshones in his neighborhood, purchased from them lodges, furs, and other articles of winter comfort, and arranged with them to encamp together during the winter.

The place designed by the captain for the wintering ground was on the upper part of Bear River, where the delayed approaches rendered it as long as possible, in order to avoid driving off the buffalo, which would be needed for winter provisions. He accordingly moved forward but slowly, merely as the want of game and grass obliged him to shift his position. The weather had already become extremely cold, and the snow lay to a considerable depth. To enable the horses to carry as much dried meat as possible, he caused a cache to be made, in which all the baggage that could be spared was deposited. This done, the party continued to move slowly toward their winter quarters.

They were not doomed, however, to suffer from scarcity during the present winter. The people upon Snake River having chased off the buffalo before the snow had become deep, immense herds now came trooping over the mountains; forming dark masses on their sides, from which their deep-mouthed bellowing sounded like the low peals and mutterings from a gathering thundercloud. In effect, the cloud broke, and down came the torrent thundering into the valley. It is utterly impossible, according to Captain Bonneville, to convey an idea of the effect produced by the sight of such countless throngs of animals of such bulk and spirit, all rushing forward as it swept on by.

The long privation which the travellers had suffered gave uncommon ardor to their present hunting. One of the Indians attached to the party, finding himself on horseback in the midst of the buffaloes, without either rifle, or bow and arrows, dashed after a fine cow that was passing close by him, and plunged his knife into her side with such lucky aim as to bring her to the ground. It was a daring deed; but hunger had made him almost desperate.

The buffaloes are sometimes tenacious of life, and must be wounded in particular parts. A ball striking the shagged frontlet of a bull produces no other effect than a toss of the head and greater exasperation; on the contrary, a ball striking the forehead of a cow is fatal. Several instances occurred on the great hunting bout, of bulls fighting furiously after having received mortal wounds. Wyeth, also, was witness to an instance of the kind while encamped with Indians. During a grand hunt of the buffalo, one of the Indians pressed a bull so closely that the animal turned suddenly on him. His horse stopped short, or

started back, and threw him. Before he could rise the bull rushed furiously upon him, and gored him to the ground. The chief told him that it was breathing at the aperture. He was conveyed back to the camp, and his wound was dressed. Giving himself up for slain, he called round him his friends, and made his will by word of mouth. It was something like a death chant, and at the end of every line a moan was emitted. The captain appeared no ways intimidated by the approach of death. "I think," adds Wyeth, "the Indians die better than the white men; perhaps, from having less fear about the future."

The buffaloes were gathered in vast numbers at the head of the river, where the winter was similar at the time of their departure. The Indians of the region, in being among the most fatigued from the long journey, gathered in circles down the river, and the chiefs attempted to speak the usual orations.

As this band and the Shoshones were at deadly feud, on account of old grievances, and as neither party stood in awe of the other, it was feared some bloody scenes might ensue. At Bonneville, therefore, undertook the office of pacificator, and sent to the Eutaw chiefs, inviting them to a friendly smoke, in order to bring about a reconciliation. His invitation was kindly declined; whereupon he went to them in person, and succeeded in effecting a suspension of hostilities until the chiefs of the two tribes could meet in council. The braves of the two rival camps suddenly acquiesced in the arrangement. They would take their seats upon the hill tops, and watch their quadrant enemies hunting the buffalo in the plain below, and evade such as their hands were tied up from a skirmish. The worthy captain however, succeeded in carrying through his benevolent mediation. The chiefs met; the amicable pipe was smoked, the hatchet buried, and peace formally pronounced. At death the camps united, and mingled in social intercourse. Private quarrels, however, would occasionally occur in hunting, about the division of the game, and blows would sometimes be exchanged over the carcass of a buffalo; but the chiefs wisely took no notice of these individual brawls.
One day the scouts, who had been ranging
the hills, brought news of several large herds of ante
lopes in a small valley at no great distance.
This produced a sensation among the Indians,
for both tribes were in ragged condition, and
saddly in want of such sorts made of the skin of
the antelope. It was determined to have "a sur
round," as the mode of hunting that animal is
called. Everything now assumed an air of mys
tic solemnity and importance. The chiefs pre
pared their medicines or charms each according
to his own method, or bands and practiced mg
ually with the compound of certain simples; others
consulted the entrails of animals which they had
sacrificed, and thence drew favorable auguries.
After much smoking and deliberating it
was at length proclaimed that all who were able
to lift a club, man, woman, or child, should
muster for "the surround." When all had con
gregated, they moved in rude procession to the
nearest point of the valley in question, and there
halted. Another course of smoking and deliberat
ing, of which there was much wind, took place
among the chiefs. Directions were then issued
for the horsesmen to make a circuit of about seven
miles, so as to encompass the herd. When this
was done, the whole mounted force dashed off
simultaneously, at full speed, shouting and yelling
at the top of their voices. In the center of all the
ante-lopes, started from their hiding-places,
came bounding from all points into the valley.
The riders, now gradually contracting their circle,
brought them nearer and nearer to the spot
where the senior chief, surrounded by the elders,
male and female, were seated in supervision of
the chase. The antelope, nearly exhausted with
fatigue and fright, and bewildered by perpetual
whooping, made no effort to break through the
ing of the hunters, but ran round in small cir
cles, until man, woman, and child beat them
down with bludgeons. Such is the nature of that
species of antelope hunting, technically called "a
surround."

CHAPTER XLVII.
A FESTIVE WINTER—CONVERSION OF THE SHO
SONIES—VISIT OF TWO FREE TRAPPERS—GAVETY IN
THE CAMP—A TOUCH OF THE TEN
DER PASSION—THE RECLAIMED SQUAW—
AN INDIAN FINE LADY—AN ELOPEMENT—A
PURSUITS—MARKET VALUE OF A BAD WIFE.

Game continued to abound throughout the win
ter, and the camp was overstocked with provis
ions. Beet and venison, humps and haunches,
buffalo tongues and marrow-bones, were con
stantly cooking at every fire; and the whole at
mosphere was redolent with the savory fumes of
roast meat. It was, indeed, a continual "feast of
fat things," and though there might be a lack of
"wine upon the lees," yet we have shown that
a substitute was occasionally to be found in honey
and alcohol.

Both the Shoshonies and the Eutaws conducted
themselves with great propriety. It is true, they
now and then filched a few trimies from their good
friends, the Big Hearts, when their backs were
turned; but then, they always treated them to
their faces with the utmost deference and respect,
and were never seen in the company of the trapper in
all kinds of feats of activity and martial sports.
The two tribes maintained toward each other,
also, a friendliness of aspect which gave Captain
Bonnieville reason to hope that all past ani
mosity was effectually buried.

The two rival bands, however, had not long
been mingled in this social manner, before their
ancient jealousy began to break out in a new
form. The senior chief of the Shoshonies,
one thinking man, and a man of observation. He
had been among the Nez Perces, listened to their
new code of morality and religion received from
the white men, and attended their devotional ex
periences. He had observed the effect of all this, in
elevating the tribe in the estimation of the white
men; and determined, by the same means,
to gain for his own tribe a superiority over their
ignorant rivals, the Eutaws. He accordingly
assembled his people, and promulgated among
them the mongrel doctrines and forms of worship
of the Nez Perces; recommending the same to
their adoption. The Shoshonies were struck with
the rovelty, at least, of the measure, and entered
into it with spirit. They began to observe Sun
days to be holidays, and made rovelty, and the
renowned game of hand.

Matters were going on thus pleasantly and pros
perously, when suddenly, one day in the month of
October, two men in chalk came into the camp.
They were fresh from the winter encampment of
the American Fur Company, in the Green River
valley; and came to pay their old comrades of
Captain Bonnieville's company a visit. An idea
may be formed from the scenes we have already
given of conviviality in the wilderness, of the
manner in which these game birds were received by
those of their feather in the camp; what feasting,
what revelling, what boasting, what bragging,
what roasting and shouting, and racing and rook
bling, and squabbling and fighting, ensued among
these boon companions. Captain Bonnieville, it
is true, maintained always a certain degree of law
and order in his camp, and checked each fierce
excess; but the trappers, in their seasons of idle
ness, often ran away with it, indulged, and indulgence, to repay them for the long priva
tions and almost incredible hardships of their
periods of active service.

In the midst of all this feasting and frolicking,
a freak of the tender passion intervened, and
wrought a complete change in the scene. Among
the Indian beauties in the camp of the Eutaws
and Shoshonies, the free trappers discovered two,
who had whim figured as their squaws. These
connections frequently take place for a season,
and sometimes continue for years. In general,
they are perpetually; but are apt to be broken when the free
trapper starts off, suddenly, on some distant and
rough expedition.

In the present instance, these wild blades were
anxious to regain their belles; nor were the latter
less so. The free trapper comes in the eye of an
Indian girl, all that is dashing and heroic in a war
rior of her own race—whose gait, and garb, and
bravery he emulates—with all that is gallant and
glorious in the white man. And then the indul
gence with which he treats her, the finery in which
he decks her out, the state in which she moves
the sway she enjoys over both his purse and person; instead of being the drudge and slave of an Indian husband, obliged to carry his pack, and build his lodge, and make his fire, and hear his cross humors and dry blows. No; there is no comparison, in the eyes of an aspiring belle of the wilderness, between a free trapper and an Indian brave.

With respect to one of the parties the matter was easily arranged. The beauty in question was a pert little Eutaw wench, that had been taken prisoner, in some war excursion, by a Shoshonie. She was readily ransomed for a few articles of trilling value; and forthwith figured about the camp in fine array, "with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes," and a tossed-up coquettish air that made her the envy, admiration, and abhorrence of all the leathered-dressed, hard-working squaws of her acquaintance.

As to the other beauty, it was quite a different matter. She had become the wife of a Shoshonie brave. It is true, he had another wife, of older date than the one in question; who, therefore, took command in his household, and treated his new spouse as a slave; but the latter was the wife of a late and fearless, his latest captive; and was more precious in his eyes. All attempt to bargain with him, therefore, was useless; the very proposition was repulsed with anger and disdain. The spirit of the trapper was roused, his pride was piqued, as well as his passion. He endeavored to prevail upon his quondam mistress to elope with him. His horses were fleet, the winter nights were long and dark, before daylight they would be beyond the reach of pursuit; and once at the encampment in Green River valley, they might set the whole band of Shoshonies at defiance.

The Indian girl listened and longed. Her heart yearned after the ease and splendor of condition of a trapper's bride, and throbbed to be freed from the capricious control of the premier squaw; but she dreaded the failure of the plan, and the fury of a Shoshonie husband. They parted; the Indian girl in tears, and the madcap trapper more mad than ever, with his thwarted passion.

Their interviews had, probably, been detected, and the jealousy of the Shoshonie brave aroused; a cloud of angry voices was heard in his lodge, with the sound of blows, and of female weeping and lamenting. At night, as the trapper lay tossing on his pallet, a soft voice whispered at the door of his lodge. His mistress stood trembling before his gate and was ready to follow whithersoever he should lead.

In an instant he was up and out. He had two prime horses, sure and swift of foot, and of great wind. With stealthy quiet, they were brought up and saddled; and in a few moments he and his prize were careering over the snow, with which the whole country was covered. In the eagerness of escape, they had made no provision for their journey; days must elapse before they could reach their haven of safety, and mountains and prairies be traversed, wrapped in all the desolation of winter. For the present, however, they thought of nothing but flight; urging their horses forward over the dreary wastes, and fancying, in the hollowng of every blast, they heard the yell of the pursuer.

At early dawn, the Shoshonie became aware of his loss. Mounting his swiftest horse, he set off in hot pursuit. He soon found the trail of the fugitives, and spurred on in hopes of overtaking them. The winds, however, which swept the valley, had drifted the light snow into the prints made by the horses' hoofs. In a little while he lost all trace of them, and was completely thrown out of the chase. He knew, however, the situation of the camp, and which they were bound, and a direct course through the mountains, by which he might arrive there sooner than the fugitives. Through the most rugged defiles, therefore, he urged his course by day and night, scarce pausing until he reached the camp. It was some time before the fugitives made their appearance. Six days had they been traversing the wintry wilds. They came, haggard with hunger and fatigue, and their horses latttering under them. The first object that met their eyes on entering the camp was the Shoshonie brave. He rushed, knife in hand, to plunge it in the heart that had proved false to him. The trapper threw himself before the covering form of his mistress, and, exhausted as he was, prepared for a deadly struggle. The Shoshonie paused. His habitual awe of the white man checked his arm; the trapper's friends crowded to the spot, and arrested him. A parley ensued. A kind of crim. cont. adjudication took place; such as frequently occurs in civilized life. A couple of horses were declared to be a fair compensation for the escape, and he was requested to go and make a search with his companions; that he might successfully lose her heart; with this, the Shoshonie brave was fain to pacify his passion. He returned to Captain Bonneville's camp, somewhat crestfallen, it is true; but carried the officious con- dolements of his friends by observing that two good horses were very good pay for one bad wife.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BREAKING UP OF WINTER QUARTERS—MOVE TO GREEN RIVER—A TRAPPER AND HIS RIFLE—
AN ARRIVAL IN CAMP—A FREE TRAPPER AND HIS SQUAW IN DISTRESS—STORY OF A BLACK-FOOT BELLE.

The winter was now breaking up; the snows were melted from the hills, and from the lower parts of the mountains, and the time for decamping had arrived. Captain Bonneville dispatched a party to the caches, who brought away all the effects concealed there, and on the 1st of April (1835), the camp was broken up, and every one on the move. The white men and their allies, the Eutaws and Shoshonies, partied with many regrets and sincere expressions of good-will for their intercourse throughout the winter; had been of the most friendly kind.

Captain Bonneville and his party passed by Ham's Fork, and reached the Colorado, or Green River, without accident, on the banks of which they remained during the residue of the spring. During this time, they were conscious that a band of hostile Indians were hovering about their vicinity, watching for an opportunity to slay or steal; but the vigilant precautions of Captain Bonneville baffled all their manoeuvres. In such dangerous times, the experienced mountaineer is never without his rifle even in camp. On going from lodge to lodge to visit his comrades, he takes it with him. On seating himself in a lodge, he lays it beside him, ready to be snatched up; when he goes out, he takes it up and it would be his walking-staff. His rifle is his constant friend and protector.

On the 10th of June, the party were a little to the east of the Wind River Mountains, where they halted for a time in excellent pasturage, to give
their horses a chance to recruit their strength for a long journey; for it was Captain Bonneville’s intention to shape his course to the settlements; having already been detained by the complication of circumstances, and by various losses and impediments, far beyond the time specified in his leave of absence.

While the party was thus reposing in the neighborhood of the Wind River Mountains, a solitary free trapper rode one day into the camp, and accosted Captain Bonneville, saying the beaver were scarce. He said, to a party of thirty hunters, who had just passed through the neighborhood, but whom he had abandoned in consequence of their ill treatment of a brother trapper; whom they had cast off from their party, and left with his bag and baggage, and an Indian wife into the bargain, in the midst of a desolate prairie. The horseman gave a piteous account of the situation of this helpless pair, and solicited the loan of horses to bring them and their effects to the camp.

Finding the woman to be quick-witted and communicative, Captain Bonneville entered into conversation with her, and obtained from her many particulars concerning the habits and customs of her tribe; especially their wars and customs. They pride themselves upon being the “best legs of the mountains,” and hunt the buffalo on foot. This is done in spring time, when the frosts have thawed and the ground is soft. The heavy buffalo then sink over their hoofs at every step, and are easily overtaken by the Blackfeet, whose fleet steps press lightly on the surface. It is said, however, that the buffalo on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains are fleetier and more active than on the Atlantic side; those upon the plains of the Columbia can scarcely be overtaken by a horse that would outstrip the same animal in the neighborhood of the Platte, the usual hunting-ground of the Blackfeet. The story is a good one, for the next day the Chicago Times appeared, containing a letter from Captain Bonneville, who had lent the Indian woman her story; which gave a picture of savage life, and of the drudgery and hardships to which an Indian wife is subject.

“I was the wife,” said she, “of a Blackfoot warrior, and I served him faithfully. Who was so well served as he? Whose lodge was so well provided, or kept so clean? I brought wood in the morning, and placed water always at hand. I watched for his coming; and he found his meat cooked and ready. If he rose to go forth, there was nothing to delay him. I searched the thought that was in his heart, to save him the trouble of speaking. When I went abroad on errands for him, the chiefs and warriors smiled upon me, and the squaws who spoke to me in secret, but my feet were in the straight path, and my eyes could see nothing but him.”

“When he went out to hunt or to war, who aided to equip him, but I? When he returned, I met him at the door, I took his gun, and he entered without further thought. While he sat and smoked, I unloaded his horses; tied them to the stakes, brought in their loads, and was quickly at his feet. If his moccasins were wet I took them off and put on others which were dry and warm. I dressed all the skins he had taken in the chase. Could he never say to me, why is it not done? He hunted the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo, and waterfowl. Everything else was done by me. When our people moved their camp, he mounted his horse and rode away; free as though he had fallen from the skies. He had nothing to do with the labor of the camp; it was I that packed the horses and led them on the journey. One day, when he sat with the other braves and smoked, it was I that pitched his lodge; and when he came to eat and sleep, his supper and his bed were ready.”

“I served him faithfully; and what was my reward? A cloud was always on his brow, and sharp lightning on his tongue. I was his dog; and not his wife.”

Who was it that scarred and bruised me? It was he. My brother saw how I was treated. His heart was big for me; he would remove my tyrant and fly. Where could I go? If retaken, who would protect me? My brother was not a chief; he could not save me from blows and wounds, perhaps death. At length I was persuaded. I followed my brother westward. He pointed the way to the Nez Percès, and bade me go and leave in peace among them. We parted. On the third day I saw the lodges of the Nez Percès before me. I paused for a moment, and had no heart to go on; but my horse neighed, and I took it as a good sign, and suffered him to gallop forward. In a little while I was in the midst of the lodges. As I sat silent on my horse, the people gathered round me, and inquired whence I came. I told my story. A chief now wrapped his blanket close around him, and bade me dismount. I obeyed. He took my horse to lead him away. My heart grew small within me. I felt, on parting with my horse, as if my last friend was gone. I had no words, and my eyes were dry. As he led off my horse a young brave stepped forward. Are you a chief of the people? cried he. Do we listen to you in council, and follow you in battle? Behold! a stranger flies to our camp from the dogs of Blackfeet, and asks protection. Let shame cover your mouth. I was a warrior, or had a warrior by her side, your heart would not be big enough to take her horse. But he is yours. By the right of war you may claim him; but look—his bow was drawn, and the arrow ready— you never shall cross his back!” The arrow pierced the heart of the horse, and he fell dead.

An old woman said she would be my mother. She led me to her lodge; my heart was thumped by her kindness, and my eyes burst forth with tears; like the yellowed man’s, he could not help it. She never changed; but as the days passed away, still was a mother to me. The people were loud in praise of the young brave, and the chief was ashamed. I lived in peace.

A party of trappers came to the village, and one of them too spoke of his wife. This is he. He is very happy; he treats me with kindness, and I have taught him the language of my people. As we were travelling this way, some of the Blackfeet warriors beset us, and carried off the horses of the party. We followed, and my husband held a parley with them. The guns were laid down, and the pipe was lighted; but some of the white men attempted to seize the horses by force, and then a battle began. The snow was
deep: the white men sank into it at every step; but the Indian men, with their snow-shoes, passed over the surface like birds, and drove off many of the horses in sight of their owners. With those that remained we resumed our journey. At length words took place between the leader of the party and my husband. He went over our horses, which had escaped in the battle, and turned us from his camp. My husband had one good friend among the trappers. That is he (pointing to the man who had asked assistance for them). He is a good man. His heart is big. When he came in from hunting, and found that we had been driven away, he gave up all his wages, and followed us, that he might speak good words for us to the white captain.

CHAPTER XLIX.


On the 22d of June Captain Bonneville raised his camp, and moved to the forks of Wind River; the appointed place of rendezvous. In a few days he was joined there by the brigade of Montero, which had been sent, in the preceding year, to beat up the Crow country, and afterward proceed to the Arkansas. Montero had followed the early part of his instructions; after trapping upon some of the upper streams, he proceeded to Powder River. Here he fell in with the Crow villages or bands, who treated him with unusual kindness, and prevailed upon him to take up his winter quarters among them.

The Crows at that time were struggling almost for existence with their old enemies, the Blackfeet; who, in the past year, had picked off the flower of their warriors in various engagements, and among the rest, Arapoish, the friend of the white men. That sagacious and magnanimous chief had beheld, with grief, the ravages which war was making in his tribe, and that it was declining in numbers, and that it was less, built of hardier stock, unless some signal blow could be struck to retrieve its fortunes. In a pitched battle of the two tribes, he made a speech to his warriors, urging them to set everything at hazard in one furious charge; which done, he led the way into the thicket of the foe. He was soon separated from his men, and fell covered with wounds, but his self-devotion was not in vain. The Blackfeet were defeated; and from that time the Crows punched up fresh heart, and were frequently successful.

Montero had not been long encamped among them, when he discovered that the Blackfeet were hovering about the neighborhood. One day the hunters came galloping into the camp, and proclaimed that a band of the enemy was at hand. The Crows flew to arms, leaped on their horses, and dashed out in squadrons in pursuit. They overtook the retreating enemy in the midst of a plain. A desperate fight ensued. The Crows had the advantage of numbers, and of fighting on horseback. The greater part of the Blackfeet were slain; but the remnant took shelter in a thicket of willows, where the horse could not enter; whence they pledged their bows vigorously.

The Crows drew off out of bow-shot, and endeavored, by taunts and bravadoes, to draw the warriors out of their retreat. A few of the best mounted among them rode apart from the rest. One of their number then advanced alone, with that martial air and equestrian grace for which the tribe was noted, and in the flight of the thicket, he loosened his rein, urged his horse to full speed, threw his body on the opposite side, so as to hang by but one leg, and present no mark to the foe; in this way he swept along in front of the thicket, launching his arrows from under the seat of his steed, and striking his companions, who received him with yells of applause.

Another and another horseman repeated this exploit; but the Blackfeet were not to be taunted out of their safe shelter. The victors feared to drive desperate men to extremities, so they forbore to attempt the thicket. Toward night they gave over the attack, and returned all-glory with the usual feasts and triumphs; the scalp-dance of warriors round the ghastly trophies, and all the other fierce revelry of barbarous warfare. When the braves had finished with the scalps, they were, as usual, given up to the women and children, and made the objects of new parades and festivities. They were then treasured up as invaluable trophies and decorations by the braves who had won them.

It is worthy of note, that the scalp of a white man, either through policy or fear, is treated with more charity than that of an Indian. The warrior who won it is entitled to his triumph if he demands it. In such case, the war party alone dance round the scalp. It is then taken down, and the shagged frontlet of a buffalo substituted in its place, and abandoned to the triumphs and insults of the million.

To avoid being involved in these guerillas, as well as to escape from the extremely social intercourse of the Crows, which began to be oppressive, Montero moved to the distance of several miles from their camps, and there formed a winter cantonment of huts. He now maintained a vigilant watch at night. Their horses, which were turned loose to graze during the day, under heedful eyes, were brought in at night, and shut up in strong pens or赖木. The snows, during a portion of the winter, were so deep that the poor animals could find but little sustenance. Here and there a tuft of grass would peep above the snow; but they were in general driven to browse the twigs and tender branches of the trees. When they were turned out in the morning, the first moments of freedom from the confinement of the pen were spent in frisking and gambolling. This done, they went soberly and sadly to work, to glean their scanty subsistence for the day. In the meantime the men stripped the bark of the cottonwood trees for the evening fodder. As the poor horses would return toward night, with sluggish and dispirited air, the moment they saw their owners approaching them with blankets filled with cottonwood twigs, their whole demeanor underwent a change. A universal neighing and capering took place; they would rush forward, smell to the blankets, paw the earth, snort whinny and prance round with head and tail erect, until the blankets were opened, and the welcome prov- ender spread before them. These evidences of intelligence and gladness were frequently re-
counted by the trappers as proving the sagacity of the animal. These veteran rovers of the mountains look with surprise, as in some respects justified with almost human intellect. An old and experienced trapper, when mounting guard about the camp in dark nights and times of peril, gives heedful attention to all the sounds and sights of the horses. No enemy enters nor approaches the camp. The rest seems to be a sleep, and all movements of the horses not only give a vague alarm, but it is said, will even indicate to the knowing trapper the very quarter whence the danger threatens.

In the daytime, too, while a hunter is engaged on the prairie, cutting up the deer or buffalo he has slain, he depends upon his faithful horse as a sentinel. The sagacious animal sees and smells all round him, and by his starting and whinnying, gives notice of the approach of strangers. There seems to be a dumb communion and fellowship, a sort of fraternal sympathy between the hunter and his horse. They mutually rely upon each other for company and protection; and nothing is more difficult, it is said, than to surprise an experienced hunter on the prairie, while his old and faithful steed is in full view of the range.

Montero had not long removed his camp from the vicinity of the Crows, and fixed himself in his new quarters, when the Blackfeet marauders discovered his cantonment, and began to haunt the vicinity. He kept up a vigilant watch, however, and foiled every attempt of the enemy, who, at length, seemed to have given up in despair, and abandoned the neighborhood. The trappers relaxed their vigilance, therefore, and one night, after a day of severe labor, no guards were posted, and the whole camp was soon asleep. Toward midnight, however, the lightest sleeper were roused by the trampling of hoofs; and, giving the alarm, the whole party were immediately on their legs and hastened to the pens. The bars were down; but no enemy was to be seen or heard, and the horses being all bound hard by, it was supposed the bars had been left down through negligence. All were once more asleep, when, in about an hour, there was a second alarm, and it was discovered that several horses were missing; but work was begun at once, and so spirited a pursuit took place, that eighteen of the number carried off were regained, and but three remained in possession of the enemy. Traps for wolves, however, had been set out the camp the preceding day. In the dark of the night, the a Blackfoot was entrapped by one of them, but had succeeded in dragging it off. His trail was followed for a long distance, which he must have limped alone. At length he appeared to have fallen in with some of his comrades, who had relieved him from his painful incarceration.

These were the leading incidents of Montero's campaign in the Crow country. The united parties now celebrated the 4th of July, in rough hunters' style, with hearty conviviality; after which Captain Bonneville made his final arrangements. Leaving his post, he left a large number of trappers to open another campaign, he put himself at the head of the residue of his men, and set off on his return to civilized life. We shall not detail his journey along the course of the Nebraska, and traverse the prairies of the wilderness, until he and his band reached the interior settlements on the 22d of August.

Here, according to his own account, his cavalcade might have been taken for a procession of tatterdemalion savages; for the men were ragged almost to nakedness, and had contracted a wildness of aspect during three years of wandering in the wilderness. A few hours in a populous town, however, produce a notable metamorphosis. Hats of the most ample brim and longest tails, coats with buttons that shine like mirrors, and pantaloons of the most ample plenitude, took place of the well-worn trapper's equipments; and the happy wearers might be seen strolling about in all directions, scattering their silver like sailors just from a cruise.

The worthy captain, however, seems by no means to have shared the excitement of his men, on finding himself once more in the thronged resorts of civilized life, but, on the contrary, to have looked back to the wilderness with regret. "Though the prospect," says he, "of once more tasting the blessings of peaceful society, and passing days and nights under the calm guardianship of the laws, was not without its attractions; yet to those of us whose whole lives had been spent in the stirring excitement and perpetual watchfulness of adventures in the wilderness, the change was far from promising an increase of that contentment and inward satisfaction most conducive to happiness. I, too, like the man nearest from boyhood among the children of the forest, and over the unfurrowed plains and rugged heights of the western wastes, will not be startled to learn, that notwithstanding all the fascinations of the world on this civilized side of the mountains, I would fain make my bow to the splendors and gayeties of the metropolis, and plunge again amid the hardships and perils of the wilderness."

We have only to add that the affairs of the captain have been satisfactorily arranged with the War Department, and that he is actually in service at Fort Gibson, on our western frontier, where we hope he may meet with further opportunities of indulging his peculiar tastes, and of collecting graphic and characteristic details of the great western wilds and their motley inhabitants.

We here close our pictures of the Rocky Mountains and their wild inhabitants, and of the wild life that prevails there; which we have been anxious to fix on record, because we are aware that this singular species of wildness is full of fascination, and must soon undergo great changes, if not entirely pass away. The fur trade itself, which has given life to all this portraiture, is essentially evanescent. Rival parties of trappers, so soon as the heat of the summer is over, and the opinions of differ-
either side, are represented as incapable of cultivation. The natural passions which prevail there during a certain portion of the year, soon withers under the aridity of the atmosphere, and leaves nothing but dreary wastes. An immense belt of rocky mountains and volcanic plains, several hundred miles in width, must ever remain an irreclaimable wilderness, intervening between the abodes of civilization, and affording a last refuge to the Indian. Here roving tribes of hunters, living in tents or lodges, and following the migrations of the game, may lead a life of savage independence, where there is nothing as tempting the curiosity of the white man. The amalgamation of various tribes, and of white men of every nation, will in time produce hybrid races like the mountain Tartars of the Caucasus. Possessed as they are of immense droves of horses, should they continue their present predatory and warlike habits, they may in time become a scourge to the civilized frontiers on either side of the mountains, as they are at present a terror to the traveller and trader.

The facts disclosed in the present work clearly manifest the policy of establishing military posts and a mounted force to protect our traders in their journeys across the great western wilds, and of pushing the outposts into the very heart of the singular wilderness we have laid open, so as to maintain some degree of sway over the country, and to put an end to the kind of "black-mail" levied on all occasions by the savage "chivalry of the mountains."

APPENDIX.

ATHANIEL J. WYETH AND THE TRADE OF THE FAR WEST.

We have brought Captain Bonneville to the end of his western campaigning; yet we cannot close this work without subjoining some particulars concerning the fortunes of his contemporary, Mr. Wyeth; anecdotes of whose enterprises have, occasionally, been interwoven in the party-colored web of our narrative. Wyeth effected his intention of establishing a trading post on the Porneuf, which he named Fort Hall. Here, he maintained a small post, and the summer and fall of the following year he, with the aid of his faithful employes, gained the confidence of the Indian nations, and brought them to the brink of civilization. He then proceeded to Wapato Island, to the mouth of the Columbia, where he established another post, called Fort Williams, on Wapato Island, at the mouth of the Wallamaun. This was to be the head factory of his company; whence they were to carry on their trapping operations, and trade with the interior; and where they were to receive and dispatch their annual ship.

The plans of Mr. Wyeth appear to have been well concerted. He had observed that the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, the bands of free trappers, as well as the Indians west of the mountains, depended for their supplies upon goods brought from St. Louis; while, in consequence of the expenses and risks of a land carriage, they were furnished with them at an immense advance on first cost. He had an idea that they might be much more cheaply supplied from the Pacific coast, which would cost much less than the annual charges of the Columbia than at St. Louis; the transportation by land was much shorter; and through a country much more salable from the hostility of savage tribes; which, on the route from and to St. Louis, annually cost the lives of many men. On this idea he grounded his plan. He combined the salmon fishery with the fur trade. A fortified trading post was to be established on the Columbia, to carry on a trade with the natives for salmon and peltries, and to fish and trap their own accounts. One year, a ship was to come from the United States to bring goods for the interior trade, and to take home the salmon and furs which had been collected. Part of the goods, thus brought out, were to be exchanged for furs at the mountains, to supply the trapping companies and the Indian tribes, in exchange for their furs; which were to be brought down to the Columbia, to be sent home in the next annual ship; and the annual round was to be kept up. The profits on the salmon, it was expected, would cover all the expenses of the ship; so that the goods brought out, and the furs carried home would cost nothing as a matter of expense.

His enterprise was prosecuted with a spirit, intelligence, and perseverance that merited success. All the details that we have met with, prove him to be no ordinary man. He appears to have the mind to conceive, and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans. He had once more reared the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria; and had he been enabled to maintain the footing he had so gallantly effected, he might have proved his name in the annals of the opulent trade of the Columbia, of which our statesmen have negligently suffered us to be dispossessed.

It is needless to go into a detail of the variety of accidents and circumstances which contributed to the success of his scheme. They were such as all undertakings of the kind, involving combined operations by sea and land, are liable to. What he most wanted was sufficient capital to enable him to endure initial losses; and to hold on until success had time to spring up from the midst of disastrous experiments.

It is with extreme regret we learn that he has recently been compelled to dispose of his extensive establishment at Wapato Island, to the Hudson's Bay Company; who, it is but justice to say, have, according to his own account, treated him throughout the whole of his enterprise with great fairness, friendship, and liberality. That company, therefore, still maintains an unrivalled sway over the whole country washed by the Columbia and its tributaries. It has, in fact, as far as its chartered powers permit, followed out the splendid scheme contemplated by Mr. Astor, when he founded his establishment at the mouth of the Columbia. From their emporium of Vancouver, companies are sent forth in every direction, to supply the interior posts, to trade with the natives, and to penetrate the various streams. These thread the rivers, traverse the plains, penetrate to the heart of the mountains; and extend their enterprises northward to the Russian possessions, and southward to the borders of California. Their yearly supplies are received by sea, at Vancouver; and thence their furs and peltries are shipped to London. They likewise maintain considerable commerce, in which a vast number of the Pacific islands, and to the north, with the Russian settlements.

Though the company, by treaty, have a right to participation only in the trade of these regions, and are in fact but tenants on sufferance, yet have they quietly availed themselves of the original oversight and subsequent supervision of the American government, to establish a monopoly of the trade of the river and its dependencies; and are adroitly proceeding to fortify themselves in their usurpation, by securing all the strong points of the country.

Fort George, originally Astoria, which was abandoned on the site of the main factory to Vancouver, was renewed in 1830; and is now kept up as a fortified post and trading house. All the places accessible to shipping have been taken possession of, and posts recently founded on the coast of California. The great capital of this association; their long established system; their hereditary influence over the Indian tribes; their internal organization, which makes everything go with the regularity of a machine; and the low wages of their people, who are mostly Canadians, give them great advantages over the American traders; nor is it likely that latter will ever be able to maintain any footing in the land, until
the question of territorial right is adjusted between the two countries. The sooner that takes place, the better. It is a question too serious to national pride, if not to national interest, to be shunted over and every year is adding to the difficulties which surround it.

The fur trade, which is now the main object of enterprise west of the Rocky Mountains, forms but a part of the real resources of the country. The salmon fishery of the Columbia, which is capable of being rendered a considerable source of profit; the gold and silver which the elements in the volcanic plateau, are calculated to give sustenance to countless flocks and herds, to sustain a great population of graziers and agriculturists.

Such, for instance, is the beautiful valley of the Wallamat; from which the establishment at Vancouver draws most of its supplies. Here, the company holds mills and farms, and has provided for some of its superannuated officers and servants. In the upper valley, above the falls, is about fifty miles wide, and extends a great distance to the south. The climate is mild, being sheltered by lateral ranges of mountains; while the soil, for richness, has been equalled to the best of the Missouri lands. The valley is a great base of operations for a great grazing company. All the best horses used by the company for the mountains are raised there. The valley is also admirable for fruits. The range of mountains and hills, though at present they lie waste and uninhabited, and to the eye of the trader and trapper, present but barren wastes, would, in the hands of skilful agriculturists and husbandmen, soon assume a different aspect, and teem with waving crops or be covered with flocks and herds.

So far as the hands of a company restricted in its trade, can but partially called forth, but in the hands of Americans, enjoying a direct trade with the East Indies, would be.brought to perfection by yourself and the crew; and might soon realize the dream of Mr. Astor, in giving rise to a flourishing commercial empire.

WRECK OF A JAPANESE JUNK ON THE NORTHWEST COAST.

The following extract of a letter which we received, lately, from Mr. Wyeth, may be interesting as throwing some light upon the question as to the manner in which America has been peopled.

"Are you aware of the fact that in the winter of 1833, a Japanese junk was wrecked on the northwest coast, in the neighborhood of Squamish Island, and that all but two of the crew, attended by starvation and disease, during a long drift across the Pacific were killed by the natives? The two fell into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and were sent to England. I saw them, on my arrival at Vancouver, in 1834."

INSTRUCTIONS TO CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE.

FROM THE MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHING TO, AUGUST 3, 1831.

SIR: The leave of absence which you have asked, for the purpose of enabling you to carry into execution your design of exploring the country to the Rocky Mountains and beyond, with a view of ascertaining the nature and extent of the several tribes of Indians inhabiting those regions; the trade which might be profitably carried on with them; the quality of the soil, the productions, the minerals, the natural history, the climate, the geography and topography, as well as geology, of the various parts of the country within the limits of the territories belonging to the United States, between our frontier and the Pacific—has been duly considered and submitted to the War Department for approval, and has been sanctioned. You are, therefore, authorized to be absent from the army until October, 1831. It is understood that the government is to be at no expense in reference to your proposed expedition, it having originated with yourself, and all that you required was the permission of the proper authority to undertake the enterprise. You will, naturally, of course, be prepared for the expedition, provide suitable instruments, and especially the best maps of the interior to be found.

It is desirable, besides what is enumerated as the object of your enterprise, that you note particularly the number of warriors that may be in each tribe or nation that you may meet with; their alliances with other tribes, and their relative position as to a state of peace or war, and whether their friendly or warlike dispositions toward each other are recent or of long standing. You will gratify us by describing their manner of making war; of the mode of subsisting themselves; the climate, the geography and topography; the power of their horses, size, and general description; in short, every information which you may conceive would be useful to the government.

You will avail yourself of every opportunity of improving your position and progress, and, at the expiration of your leave of absence, will join your proper station.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
ALEXANDER MACOMM,
Major-General, commanding the Army.

Capt. B. L. E. BONNEVILLE,
7th Reg't of Infantry, New York.
THE CRAYON PAPERS.

BY

GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

MOUNTJOY;
OR SOME PASSAGES OUT OF THE LIFE OF A
CASTLE-BUILDER.

I was born among romantic scenery, in one of
the wildest parts of the Hudson, which at that
time was not so thickly settled as at present. My
father was descended from one of the old Hugue-
not families, that came over to this country on
the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He lived in
a style of easy, rural independence, on a patri-
monial estate that had been for two or three gen-
erations in the family. He was an indolent, good-
natured man, who took the world as it went, and
had a kind of laughing philosophy, that parried
all rubs and mishaps, and served him in the place
of wisdom. This was the part of his character
least to my taste; for I was of an enthusiastic,
excitable temperament, prone to kindle up with
new schemes and projects, and he was apt to dash
my sallying enthusiasm by some unlucky joke;
so that whenever I was in a glow with any sudden
excitement, I stood in mortal dread of his good-
humor.

Yet he indulged me in every vagary; for I was
an only son, and of course a personage of impor-
tance in the household. I had two sisters older
than myself, and one younger. The former were
educated at New York, under the eye of a maiden
aunt; the latter remained at home, and was my
cherished playmate, the companion of my thoughts.
We were two imaginative little beings,

kery, having served as a family fortress in the
time of the Indians. To this there had been made
various additions, some of brick, some of wood,
according to the exigencies of the moment; so
that it was full of nooks and crooks, and cham-
bers of all sorts and sizes. It was buried among
willows, elms, and cherry trees, and surrounded
with roses and holly-hocks, with honeysuckle and
sweet-brier clambering about every window. A
brood of hereditary pigeons sunned themselves
upon the roof, hereditary swallows and martins
built about the eaves and chimneys; and heredi-
tary bees hummed about the flower-beds.

Under the influence of our story-books every
object around us now assumed a new character,
and a charmed interest. The wild flowers were
no longer the mere ornaments of the fields, or
the resorts of the toilful bee; they were the lurk-
ing places of fairies. We would watch the hum-
ning-bird, as it hovered around the trumpet
creeper at our porch, and the butterfly as it flitted
up into the blue air, above the sunny tree tops,
and fancy them some of the tiny beings from fairy
land; I would call to mind all that I had read of
Robin Goodfellow and his power of transforma-
tion. Oh how I envied him that power! How I
longed to be able to compress my form into utter
littleness; to ride the bold dragon-fly; swing on
the tall hearted grass; follow the ant into his
subterraneous habitation, or dive into the cavern-
ous depths of the honeysuckle!

While I was yet a mere child I was sent to a
daily school, about two miles distant. The
schoolhouse was on the edge of a wood, close by
a brook overhung with birches, alders, and dwarf
willows. We of the school who lived at some dis-
tance came with our dinners put up in little bas-
ket. In the intervals of school hours we would

gather round a spring, under a tuft of hazel-
bushes, and have a kind of picnic; interchang-
ing the rusticainties with which our provident
mothers had fitted us out. Then, when our joy-
ous repast was over, and my companions were
disposed for play, I would draw forth one of my
cherished story-books, stretch myself on the green-
ward, and soon lose myself in its bewitching
contents.

I became an oracle among my schoolmates on
account of my superior erudition, and soon im-
 parted to them the contagion of my infected lancy.
Often in the evening, after school hours, we
would sit on the trunk of some fallen tree in the woods.
and vie with each other in telling extravagant
stories, until the whip-poor- will began his nightly
moaning, and the fire-flies sparkled in the gloom.
Then came the perilous journey homeward.
What delight we would take in getting up wanton panics in some dusky part of the wood; scampering like frightened deer; pausing to take breath; renewing the panic, and scampering off again, wild with fictitious terror! Our greatest trial was to pass a dark, lonely pool, covered with pond-lilies, peopled with bull-frogs and water snakes, and haunted by two white cranes. Oh! the terrors of that pond! How our little hearts would beat as we approached it; how fearful glances we would throw around! And if by chance a flash of a wild duck, or the guttural tramp of a bull-frog, struck our ears, as we stole quietly by—away we sped, nor paused until completely out of the woods. Then, when I reached home, what a world of adventures and imaginary terrors would I have to relate to my sister Sophy!

As I advanced in years, this turn of mind increased upon me, and became more confirmed. I abandoned myself to the impulses of a romantic heart; I courted study, and, in doing so, I gave a bias to all my habits. My father observed me continually with a book in my hand, and satisfied himself that I was a profound student; but what were my studies? Works of fiction; tales of fabled voyages of discovery; travels in the East; everything, in short, that partook of adventure and romance. I well remember with what zest I entered upon that part of my studies which treated of the heathen mythology, and particularly of the sylvan deities. Then indeed my school books became dear to me. The neighborhood was well calculated to foster the reveries of a mind like mine. It abounded with solitary retreats, wild streams, solemn forests, and silent valleys. I would ramble about for a whole day with a volume of Ovid's Metamorphoses in my pocket, and work myself into a kind of self-delusion, so as to identify the surrounding scenes with those of which I had just been reading. I would loiter about a brook that glistened through the shadowy depths of the forest, picturing it to myself the haunt of Naiads. I would steal round some bushy copse that opened upon a glade, as if I expected to come suddenly upon Diana and her nymphs, or to behold Pan and his satyrs bounding, with whoop and hallow, though the woodland. I would find myself, during the pining heats of a summer noon, under the shade of some spreading tree, and muse and dream away the hours, in a state of mental intoxication. I drank in the very light of day, as nectar, and my soul seemed to bathe with ecstasy in the deep blue of a summer sky.

In these wanderings, nothing occurred to jar my feelings, or bring me back to the realities of life. There is a repose in our mighty forests that gives full scope to the imagination. Now and then, I would hear the distant clank of the wood-cutter's axe, or the crash of some tree which he had laid low; but these noises, echoing along the quiet landscape, could easily be wrought by fancy into harmony with its illusions. In general, however, the woody recesses of the neighborhood were peculiarly wild and unfrequented. I could ramble for a whole day, without coming upon any traces of cultivation. The partridge of the wood scarcely seemed to shun my path, and the squirrel, from his nut-tree would gaze at me for an instant, with sparkling eye, as if wondering at the presence of a watcher in its wild fastness.

I cannot help dwelling on this delicious period of my life; when as yet I had known no sorrow, nor experienced any worldly care. I have since studied much, both of books and men, and of course have grown too wise to be so easily pleased; yet with all my wisdom, I must confess I look back with a secret feeling of regret to the days of happy ignorance, before I had begun to be a philosopher.

It must be evident that I was in a hopeful training. For one who was to descend into the arena of life, and wrestle with the world. The tutor, also, who superintended my studies in the more advanced stage of my education was just fitted to complete the fatal morgana which was forming in my mind. His name was Glencoe. He was a pale, melancholy-looking man, about forty years of age; a native of Scotland, literarily educated, and who had devoted himself to the instruction of youth from taste rather than necessity; for, as he said, he loved the human heart, and delighted to study it in its earlier impulses. My two elder sisters, having returned home from a city boarding-school, were likewise placed under his care, to direct their reading in history and belles-lettres.

We all soon became attached to Glencoe. It is true, we were not altogether indifferent against him. His meagre, pallid countenance, his broad pronunciation, his attention to the little forms of society, and an awkward and embarrassed manner, on first acquaintance, were much against him; but we soon discovered that under this unpromising exterior existed the kindest urbanity of temper; the warmest sympathies; the most enthusiastic benevolence. His mind was ingenious and acute. His reading had been various, but more abstruse than profound; his memory was stored, on all subjects, with facts, theories, and quotations, and crowded with crude materials for thinking. These, in a moment of excitation, would be, as it were, melted down, and poured forth in the lava of a heated imagination. At such moments, the change in the whole man was wonderful. His meagre form would acquire a dignity and grace; his long, pale visage would flash with a hectic glow; his eyes would beam with intense speculation; and there would be pathetic tones and deep modulations in his voice, that delighted the ear, and spoke movingly to the heart.

But what most endeared him to us was the kindness and sympathy with which he entered into all our interests and wishes. Instead of curtailing and checking our young imaginings with the restraints of sober reason, he was a little too apt to catch the impulse and be hurried away with us. He could not withstand the excitement of any sally of feeling or fancy, and was prone to lend heightening tints to the illusory coloring of youthful anticipations.

Under his guidance my sisters and myself soon entered upon a more extended range of studies; but while they wandered, with delighted minds, through the wide field of history and belles-lettres, a nobler walk was opened to my superior intellect.

The mind of Glencoe presented a singular mixture of philosophy and poetry. He was fond of metaphysics and prone to indulge in abstract speculations, though his metaphysics were what fine spun and fanciful, and his speculations apt to partake of what the ancient philosophers so invidently termed "humbug." For my part, I delighted in them, and the more especially because they set my father to sleep and completely con
tounded my sisters. I entered with my accustomed eagerness into this new branch of study. Metaphysics were now my passion. My sisters attempted to accompany me, but they soon faltered, and gave out before they had got half way through Smith's Theory of the Moral Sentiments. I, however, went on, exulting in my strength. Glidden supplied me with a kind of philosophy, and the language of poetry, and I devoured them with appetite, if not digestion. We walked and talked together under the trees before the house, or sat apart, like Milton's angels, and held high converse upon themes beyond the grasp of ordinary intellects. Glidden possessed a kind of philosophic poetry, the imitation of the old peri-Hetian sages, and was continually dreaming of romantic enterprises in moral, and splendid systems for the improvement of society. He had a fanciful mode of illustrating abstract subjects, peculiar to his taste: clothing them with the language of poetry, and throwing round them almost the magic hues of fiction. "How charming! thought I, "is divine philosophy!" not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.

"But a perpetual feast of nectar's sweets, / The mind's surrounding reigns, / The soul's vast fertile seat, / The muse's rich, inexhaustible store." I felt a wonderful self-complacency at being on such excellent terms with a man whom I considered on a parallel with the sages of antiquity, and looked down with a sentiment of pity on the feebler intellects of my sisters, who could comprehend nothing of metaphysics. It is true, when I attempted to study them by myself, I was apt to get in a fog; but when Glidden came to my aid, everything was soon as clear to me as day. My ear drank in the beauty of his words; my imagination was dazzled with the splendor of his illustrations. It caught up the sparkling sands of poetry that glittered through his speculations, and mistook them for the golden ore of wisdom. Struck with the facility with which I seemed to imbibe and relish the most abstract doctrines, I conceived myself a still higher object of my sisters' powers, and was convinced that I also was a philosopher.

I was now verging toward man's estate, and though my education had been extremely irregular—following the caprices of my humor, which I mistook for the impulses of my genius—yet I was regarded with wonder and delight by my mother and sisters, who considered me almost as wise and in-fallible as I considered myself. This high opinion of me was strengthened by a declamatory habit, which made me an oracle and oracle at the domestic board. The time was now at hand, however, that was to put my philosophy to the test.

We had passed through a long winter, and the spring at length opened upon us with unusual sweetness. The soft serenity of the weather; the beauty of the surrounding country; the joyous notes of the birds; the balmy breath of flower and blossom, all combined to fill my bosom with indistinct sensations and swollen wishes. Amid the midst of all these sensations, the season, I fancied, had entered into a state of utter indolence, both of body and mind.

Philosophy had lost its charms for me. Metaphysics—laugh! I tried to study; took down volume after volume, ran my eye vacantly over a few pages, and then set down without reading one word. I loitered about the house, with my hands in my pockets, and an air of complete vacancy. Something was necessary to make me happy; but what was that something? I sauntered to the apartments of my sisters, hoping their conversation might amuse me. They had walked out, and the room was vacant. On the table lay a volume which they had been reading, and I looked at it as to throw a new light upon the subject. I have never read a novel, having conceived a contempt for works of the kind, from hearing them universally condemned. I am, I had remarked, that they were as universally read; but I considered them beneath the attention of a philosopher, and never would venture to read them, lest I should lessen my mental superiority in the eyes of my sisters. Nay, I had taken up a work of the kind now and then, when I knew my sisters were observing me, looked into it for a moment, and then laid it down with a smile.

On the present occasion, out of mere listlessness, I took up the volume and turned over a few of the first pages. I thought I heard some one coming, and laid it down. I was mistaken; no one was near, and what I read, tempted my curiosity to read a little further. I leaned against a window-frame, and in a few minutes I was completely lost in the story. How long I stood there reading I know not, but I believe for nearly two hours. Suddenly I heard my sisters on the stairs, and I thrust the book into my bosom, and the two other volumes which lay near into my pockets, and hurried out of the house to my beloved woods.

Here I remained all day beneath the trees, beguiled, bewitched, devouring the contents of these delicious volumes, and on the return to the house when it was too dark to peruse their pages.

This novel finished, I replaced it in my sisters' apartment, and looked for others. Their stock was ample, for they had brought home all that were current in the city; but my appetite demanded an immense supply. All this course of reading was carried on clandestinely, for I was a little ashamed of it, and fearful that my wisdom might be called in question; but this very privacy gave it additional zest. It was "bread eaten in secret." It had the charm of a private amusement.

But think what must have been the effect of such a course of reading on a youth of my temperament and turn of mind; indulged, too, amid romantic scenery and in the romantic season of the year. It seemed as if I had entered upon a new scene of existence. A train of combustible feelings were lighted up in me, and my soul was all tenderness and passion. Never was youth more completely love-sick, though as yet it was a mere general sentiment, and wanted a definite object. Unfortunately, our mother was particularly deficient in female society, and I languished in vain for some deity to whom I might offer up this most uneasy burden of affections. I was at one time seriously enamored of a lady whom I saw occasionally in my walks, reading at the window of a country-seat; and actually serenaded her with my flute; when, to my confusion, I discovered that she was old enough to be my mother. It was a sad damper to my romance; especially as my father heard of it, and made it the subject of one of those homilies which he was apt to serve up at every meal-time.

I soon recovered from this check, however, but it was only to relapse into a state of amorous excitement. I passed whole days in the fields, and along the brooks; for there is something in the tender passion that makes us all participate in the sensibility of nature. A soft, sunny morning infused a sort of rapture into my breast. I flung open my arms, like the Grecian youth in Ovid, as if I would take in and embrace the balmy atmosphere.*

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* Ovid's "Metamorphoses", Book vii.
song of the birds melted me to tenderness. I would lie by the side of some rivulet for hours, and form garlands of the flowers on its banks, and muse on ideal beauties, and sigh from the crowd of undefined emotions that swelled my bosom.

In this state of amorous delirium, I was strolling one morning along a beautiful wild brook, which I had discovered in a glen. There was one place where a small waterfall, leaping from among rocks into a natural basin, made a scene such as a poet might have chosen as the haunt of some holyairy. It was here I usually retired to banquet on my novels. In visiting the place this morning I traced distinctively, on the margin of the basin, which was of fine clear sand, the prints of a female foot of the most slender and delicate proportions. This was sufficient for an imagina-
tion like mine. Robinson Crusoe himself, when he discovered the print of a savage foot on the beach of his lonely island, could not have been more suddenly assailed with thick-coming fancies. I endeavored to track the steps, but they only passed for a few paces along the fine sand, and then were lost among the herbage. I remained gazing in reverie upon this passing trace of love-
liness. It evidently was not made by any of my sisters, for they knew nothing of this haunt; besides the footprint was smaller than theirs; it was remark-
able for its beautiful delicacy.

My eye accidentally caught two or three half-withered wild flowers lying on the ground. The unknown nymph had doubtless dropped them from her bosom! Here was a new document of taste and sentiment. I treasured them up as in-
valuable relics. The place, too, where I found them, was remarkably picturesque, and the most beautiful part of the brook. It was overhung with a fine elm, entwined with grape-vines. She who could select such a spot, who could delight in wild brooks, and wild flowers, and silent soli-
tudes, must have fancy, and feeling, and tender-
ness; and with all these qualities, she must be beautiful!

But who could be this Unknown, that had thus passed by, as in a morning dream, leaving merely flowers and fairy footsteps to tell of her loveli-
ness? There was a mystery in it that bewildered me. It was so vague and disembodied, like those "airy tongues that syllable men's names" in the blank verses. I first attempted to solve the mystery was vain. I could hear of no being in the neigh-
borhood to whom this trace could be ascribed. I haunted the spot, and became daily more and more enamored. Never, surely, was passion more pure and spiritual, and never lover in more dubious situation. My case could be compared only to that of the amorous prince in the fairy tale of Cinderella; but he had a glass slipper on which to lavish his tenderness. I, alas! I was in love with a footstep!

The imagination is alternately a cheat and a dupe; nay, more, it is the most subtle of cheats, for it cheats itself and becomes the dupe of its own delusions. It conjures up "airy nothings," gives them to a "local habitation and a name," and then lows to their control as implicitly as the shadow that were real. With this Was was now my case. The good Numa could not more thorough-
ly have persuaded himself that the nymph Egeria hovered about her sacred fountain and communed with him in spirit, than I had deceived myself into a kind of visionary intercourse with the airy phantom fabricated in my brain. I reconstructed a rustic seat at the foot of the tree where I had
discovered the footsteps. I made a kind of bower there, where I used to pass my mornings, reading poetry and romances. I carved hearts and darts on the tree, and hung it with garlands. My heart was full to overflowing, and wanted some faithless bosom into which it might relie 
'self. What is a lover without such a dupe? I thought at once of my sister Sophy, my early play-
mate, the sister of my affections. She was so reasonable, too, and of such correct feelings, al-
ways listening to my words as oracular sayings, and admiring my scraps of poetry as the very in-
spiration of my soul. She was too attached to me, too! I would not think of her. I accordingly took her one morning to my favorite retreat. She looked around, with delighted surprise, upon the rustic seat, the bowcr, the tree carved with emblems of the tender passion. She turned her eyes upon me to inquire the meaning.

"Oh, Sophy," exclaimed I, clasping both her hands in mine, and looking earnestly in her face, "I am in love."

She started with surprise.

"Sit down," said I, "and I will tell you all."

She seated herself upon the rustic bench, and I went into a full history of the footsteps, with all the associations of idea that had been conjured up by my imagination.

Sophy was enchanted; it was like a fairy tale; she had read of such mysterious visitations in books, and the loves thus conceived were always for beings of superior order, and were always happy. She caught the illusion in all its force; her cheek glowed; her eye brightened.

"I dare say she's pretty," said Sophy.

"Pretty!" echoed I, "she is beautiful!" I went through all the reasoning by which I had logically proved the fact to my own satisfaction. I dwelt upon the evidences of her taste, her sensi-

tivity to the beauties of nature; her soft medita-
tive habit, that delighted in solitude. "Oh," said I, clasping my hands, "to have such a companion to wander through these scenes; to sit with her by this murmuring stream; to breathe garlands round her brows; to hear the music of her voice mingling with the whisperings of these groves; to —"

"Delightful! delightful!" cried Sophy;

"what a sweet creature she must be! She is just the friend I want. How I shall dote upon her! Oh, my dear brother! you must not keep her all to yourself. You must let me have some share of her!"

I caught her to my bosom: "You shall—you shall!" cried I, "my dear Sophy; we will all live for each other!"

The conversation with Sophy heightened the il-

lusions of my mind; and the manner in which she had treated my day-dream identified it with facts and persons and gave it still more the stamp of reality. I walked about as one in a trance, heedless of the world around and lapped in an elysium of the fancy.

In this mood I met one morning with Glencoe. He accosted me with his usual smile, and was proceeding with some general observations, but paused and fixed on me an inquiring eye.

"What is the matter with you?" said he, "you seem agitated; has anything in particular hap-
pened?"

"Nothing," said I, hesitating; "at least noth-
ing worth communicating to you."

"Nay, my dear young friend," said he,
I made a kind of promise my morning, and as I walked to the parsonage I carved feelings, and indulged in the same as if I were thinking what you would think a frivolous subject.

"No subject is frivolous that has the power to awaken strong feelings.

"What think you," said I, hesitating, "what think you of love?"

Glencoe almost started at the question. "Do you call that a frivolous subject?" replied he.

"Believe me, there is none fraught with such deep, such vital interest. If you talk, indeed, of the capricious inclination awakened by the mere type of the universe, the beauty, I grant it to be in the extreme; but that love which springs from the concordant sympathies of virtuous hearts; that love which is awakened by the perception of moral excellence, and fed by meditation on intellectual as well as personal beauty; that is a passion which refines and ennobles the human heart.

Oh, where is there a sight more nearly approaching to the intercourse of angels, than that of two young beings, free from the sins and follies of the world, mingling pure thoughts, and looks, and feelings? I grant that Glencoe, too, was in love, and heart of one heart! How exquisite the silent converse that they hold; the soft devotion of the eye, that needs no words to make it eloquent! Yes, my friend, if there be anything in this weary world worthy of heaven, it is the pure bliss of such mutual affection!"

The words of my worthy tutor overcame all farther reserve. "Mr. Glencoe," cried I, blushing still deeper, "I am in love.

"And is that what you were ashamed to tell me? Oh, never seek to conceal from your friend so important a secret. If your passion be un worthy, it is for the steady hand of friendship to pick it forth; if honorable, none but an enemy would seek to stifle it. On nothing does the character and happiness so much depend as on the first affection of the heart. Were you caught by some fleeting and superficial charm—a bright eye, a blooming cheek, a soft voice, or a voluptuous form—I would warn you to beware; I would tell you that beauty is but a passing gleam of the morning, a perishable flower, that accident may becloud and blight it, and that at best it must soon pass away. But were you in love with such a one as I could describe; young in years, but still younger in feelings; lovely in person, but as a type of friendship, beauty, soft in voice, in token of gentleness of spirit; blossoming in countenance, like the rosy tints of morning kindling with the promise of a genial day; an eye beam ing with the benignity of a happy heart; a cheerful manner and attentions; alacrity, and frank ly diffusing its own felicity; a self-poise dness, that needs not lean on others for support; an ele gant taste, that can embellish solitude, and furnish out its own enjoyments—"

"My dear sir," cried I, for I could contain myself no longer, "you have described the very person!"

"Why, then, my dear young friend," said he, affectionately pressing my hand, "in God's name, love on!"

For the remainder of the day I was in such a state of dreamy beatitude as a Turk is said to enjoy when under the influence of opium. It must be already manifest how prone I was to be bewildered myself with picturings of the fancy, so as to confound them with existing realities. In the present instance,Sophy and Glencoe had contributed to promote the transient delusion. Sophy, dear girl, had as usual joined with me in my castle-building, and indulged in the same after dinner, while Glencoe, duped by my enthusiasm, firmly believed that I spoke of a being I had seen and known. By their sympathy with my feelings they in a manner became associated with the Unknown in my mind, and thus linked her with the circle of my intimacy.

In the evening, our family party was assembled in the hall, to enjoy the refreshing breeze. Sophy was playing some favorite Scotch airs on the piano, while Glencoe, seated apart, with his fore head resting on his hand, was buried in one of these pensive reveries that made him so interesting to me.

"What a fortunate being I am! thought I, "blessed with such a sister and such a friend! I have only to find out this amiable Unknown, to wed her, and be happy! What a paradise will be my home, graced with a partner of such exquisite refinement! It will be a perfect fairy bower, buried among sweets and roses. Sophy shall live with us, and be the companion of all our enjoyments. Glencoe, too, shall attend the solitary being that he now appears. He shall have a home with us. He shall have his study, where, when he pleases, he may shut himself up from the world, and bury himself in his own reflections. His retreat shall be his own; no one shall intrude there; no one but myself, who will visit him now and then, in his seclusion, where we will devise grand schemes together for the improvement of mankind. How delightfully our days will pass, in a round of rational pleasures and elegant employments! Sometimes we will have music; sometimes we will read; sometimes we will wander through the flower garden, when I will smile with complacency on every flower my wife has planted; while in the long winter evenings the ladies will sit at their work, and listen with hushed attention to Glencoe and myself, as we discuss the abstruse doctrines of metaphysics.

From this delectable reverie, I was startled by my father's slapping me on the shoulder; "What possesses the lad?" cried he; "here have I been speaking to you half a dozen times, without receiving an answer."

"Pardon me, sir," replied I; "I was so completely lost in thought, that I did not hear you."

"Lost in thought! And pray what were you thinking of? Some of your philosophy, I suppose."

"Upon my word," said my sister Charlotte, with an arch laugh, "I suspect Harry's in love again."

"And if I were in love, Charlotte," said I, somewhat nettled, and recollecting Glencoe's enthusiastic eulogy of the passion, "if I were in love, is that a matter of jest and laughter? Is the tenderest and most fervid affection that can animate the human breast, to be made a matter of cold-hearted ridicule?"

My sister colored. "Certainly not, brother!—nor did I mean to make it so, or to say anything that should wound your feelings. Had I really suspected you had formed some genuine attachment, it would have been sacred in my eyes; but—but," said she, smiling, as if she somewhat recollected, "I thought that you—you might be indulging in another little freak of the imagination."

"I'll wager any money," cried my father, "he has fallen in love again with some old lady at a window!"
"Oh no!" cried my dear sister Sophy, with the most gracious warmth; "she is young and beautiful!"

"From what I understand," said Glencoe, raising himself, "she must be lovely in mind as in person."

I found my friends getting me into a fine scrape. I began to perspire at every pore, and felt quite single.

"Well, but," cried my father, "who is she?—what is she? Let us hear something about her."

This was no time to explain so delicate a matter. I caught up my hat, and vanished out of the house.

The moment I was in the open air, and alone, my heart upbraided me. Was this respectful treatment to my father—to such a father, too—who had always regarded me as the pride of his age—the staff of his hopes? It is true, he was apt sometimes to laugh at my enthusiastic flights, and did not treat my philosophy with due respect; but when had he ever thwarted a wish of my heart? Was I then to act with reserve toward him, in a matter which might affect the whole current of my future life? is it I have done wrong," thought I; "but it is not too late to remedy it. I will hasten back and open my whole heart to my father."

I returned accordingly, and was just on the point of entering the house, with my heart full of filial piety, and a conciliatory speech upon my lips, when I heard a burst of obstreperous laughter from my father, and a loud titter from my two elder sisters.

"A footstep!" shouted he, as soon as he could recover himself; "in love with a footstep! Why, this beats the old lady at the window!" And then there was another appalling burst of laughter. Had it been a clap of thunder, it could hardly have astounded me more completely. Sophy, in the simplicity of her heart, had told all, and had set her father's propensities in full action.

Never was poor mortal so thoroughly crest-fallen as myself. The whole delusion was at an end. I drew off silently from the house, shrinking smaller and smaller at every fresh peal of laughter; and wandering about in the family, had retired, stole quietly to my bed. Scarcely any sleep, however, visited my eyes that night! I lay overwhelmed with mortification, and meditating how I might meet the family in the morning. The idea of ridicule was always intolerable to me; but to endure it on a subject by which my feelings had been so much excited, seemed worse than death. I almost determined, at one time, to get up, saddle my horse, and ride off, I knew not whither.

At length I came to a resolution. Before going down to breakfast, I sent for Sophy, and employed her as ambassador to treat formally in the matter. I insisted that the subject should be buried in oblivion; otherwise I would not show my face at table. It was readily agreed to; for not one of the family would have given me pain for the world, if they faithfully kept their promise. Not a word was said of the matter; but there were wry faces, and suppressed titters, that went to my soul; and whenever my father looked me in the face, it was with such a tragi-comical leer—such an attempt to pull down a serious brow upon a whimsical mouth—that I had a thousand times rather he had laughed outright.

For a day or two after the mortifying occurrence just related, I kept as much as possible out of the way of the family, and wandered about the fields and woods by myself. I was sadly out of tune; my feelings were all jarred and unstrung. The birds singing from every grove, but I took no pleasure in their melody; and the flowers of the field bloomed unheeded around me. To be crossed in love, is bad enough; but then one can fly to poetry for relief, and turn one's woes to account in soul-builing verses. But to have one's whole passion, object and all, annihilated, dispelled, proved to be such stuff as dreams are made of—or, worse than all, to be turned into a proverb and a jest—what consolation is there in such a case?

I avoided the fatal brook where I had seen the footstep. My favorite resort was now the banks of the Hudson, where I sat upon the rocks and mused upon the current that dimpled by, or the waves that laved the shore; or watched the bright mutations of the clouds, and the shifting lights and shadows of the distant mountain. By degrees a returning serenity stole over my feelings; and a sigh now and then, gentle and easy, and unattended by pain, showed that my heart was recovering its wonted repose.

As I was sitting in this musing mood my eye became gradually fixed upon an object that was borne along by the tide. It proved to be a little pinnae, beautifully modelled, and gaily painted and decorated. It was an unusual sight in this neighborhood, upon which I turned; but it was rare to see any pleasure-barks in this part of the river. As it drew nearer, I perceived that there was no one on board; it had apparently drifted from its anchorage. There was not a breath of air; the little bark came floating along on the glassy stream, wheeling about with the eddies. At length it ran aground, almost at the foot of the rock on which I was seated. I descended to the margin of the river, and drawing the bark to shore, admired its light and elegant proportions and the taste with which it was fitted up. The benches were covered with cushions, and its long streamer was of silk. On one of the cushions lay a lady's glove, of delicate size and shape, with beautifully tapered fingers. I instantly seized it and thrust it in my bosom; it seemed a match for the fairy footstep that had so fascinated me.

In a moment all the romance of my bosom was again in a glow. Here was one of the very incidents of fairy tale; a bark sent by some invisible power, some good genius, or benevolent fairy, to waft me to some delectable adventure. I recollected something of an enchanted bark, drawn by white swans, that conveyed a knight down the current of the Rhine, on some enterprise connected with love and beauty. The glove, too, showed that there was a lady fair concerned in the present adventure. It might be a gauntlet of defiance, to dare me to the enterprise.

In the spirit of romance and the whim of the moment, I sprang on board, hoisted the light sail, and pushed from shore. As it was under a presiding power, a light breeze at that moment sprang up, swelled out the sail, and dailed with the silken streamer. For a time I glided along under steep unheurable banks, or across deep sequestered bays; and then stood out over a wide expansion of the river, and bore a high rocky point. It was a lovely evening; the sun was setting in a congregation of clouds that threw the whole heavens in a glow, and were reflected in the river. I delighted myself with all kinds of fantastic fancies, as to what enchanted island,
My feelings were all督办 from every object; and the unheeded armony bad enough; but for relief, and turn subduing stanzas, object and all, to be such stuff as worse than all, to be jest—what consolation.

The clouds were hugging, darken as they advanced. The whole face of nature was suddenly changed, and assumed that balal and lively tint, previsible of a storm. I tried to grin the air, but before I could reach it a blast of wind struck the water and lashed it at once into foam. The next moment it overtook the boat. Alas! I was nothing of a sailor; and my protecting fairy forsook me in the moment of peril. I endeavored to lower the sail; but in so doing I had to quit the helm; the bark was overturned in an instant, and I was thrown into the water. I endeavored to cling to the wreck, but missed my hold; being a poor swimmer I soon found myself sinking; but there was no air that was difficult execution. I was not sufficient for my support; I again sank beneath the surface; there was a rushing and bubbling sound in my ears, and all sense forsook me.

How long I remained insensible, I know not. I had a confused notion of being moved and tossed about, and of hearing strange beings and strange voices around me; but all was like a hideous dream. When I regained my senses, I found myself in bed in a spacious chamber, furnished with more taste than I had been accustomed to. The bright rays of a morning sun were intercepted by curtains of a delicate rose color, that gave a soft, voluptuous tinge to every object. Not far from my bed, on a classic tripod, was a basket of beautiful exotic flowers, breathing the sweetest fragrance.

"Where am I? How came I here?"

I asked my mind to catch at some previous event, from which I might trace up the thread of existence to the present moment. By degrees I called to mind the fairest pinaceae, my dashing embarkation, my adventurous voyage, and my disas-tered shipwreck. Beyond that, all was chaos. How came I here? What unknown region had I landed upon? The people that inhabited it must be gentle and amiable, and of elegant tastes, for they loved downy beds, fragrant flowers, and rose-colored curtains.

While I lay thus musing, the tones of a harp reached my ear. Presently they were accompanied by a female voice. It came from the room below; but in the profound stillness of my chamber not a modulation was heard. My sisters were all considered good musicians, and sang very tolerably; but I had never heard a voice like this. There was no art, no skill, no affectation, no striking effect; but there were exquisite inflexions, and tender turns, which art could not reach. Nothing but feeling and sentiment could produce them. It was soul breathed forth in sound. I was always alive to the influence of music; indeed, I was susceptible of voluptuous and influences of every kind—sounds, colors, shapes, and fragrant odors. I was the very slave of sensa-

I lay mute and breathless, and drank in every note of this syren strain. It thrilled through my whole frame, and filled my soul with delightful voluptuous and love. I pictured to myself, with curious logic, the form of the unseen musician. Such melodious sounds and exquisite inflexions could only be produced by organs of the most delicate flexibility.
again heard the tinkling of a harp. I raised my self in bed and listened. "Scipio," said I, with some little hesitation, "I heard some one singing just now. Who was it?"

"Oh, that was Miss Julia."

"Julia! Julia! Delightful! what a name! And, was she—is she pretty?"

Scipio grinned from ear to ear. "Except Miss Sophy, she was the most beautiful young lady he had ever seen."

I should observe, that my sister Sophy was considered by all the servants a paragon of perfection.

Scipio now offered to remove the basket of flowers; he was afraid their odor might be too powerful; but Miss Julia had given them that morning to be placed in my room. These flowers, then, had been gathered by the lairy fingers of my unseen beauty; that sweet breath which had filled my ear with melody had passed over them. I made Scipio hand them to me, culled several of the most delicate, and laid them on my bosom.

Mr. Somerville paid me a visit not long afterward. He was an interesting study for me, for he was the father of my unseen beauty, and probably resembled her. I scanned him closely. He was a tall and elegant man, with an open, affable manner, and an erect and graceful carriage. His eyes were: bluish-gray, and, though not dark, yet at times were sparkling and expressive. His hair was dressed and powdered, and being lightly combed up from his forehead, added to the loveliness of his aspect. He was fluent in discourse, but his conversation had the quiet tone of polished society, without any of those bold flights of thought, and picturings of fancy, which I so much admired.

My imagination was a little puzzled, at first, to make out of this assemblage of personal and mental qualities, a picture that should harmonize with my previous idea of the fair unseen. By dint, however, of selecting what it liked, and giving to touch here and a touch there, it soon furnished out a satisfactory portrait.

"Julia must be tall," thought I, "and of exquisite grace and dignity. She is not quite so courtly as her father, for she has been brought up in the retirement of the country. Neither is she of such vivacious deportment; for the tones of her voice are soft and plaintive, and she loves pathetic music. She is rather pensive—yet not too pensive; just what is called interesting. Her eyes are like her father's, except that they are of a purer blue, and more tender and languishing. She has light hair—not exactly flaxen, for I do not like flaxen hair, but between that and auburn. In a word, she is a tall, elegant, imposing, languishing blue-eyed, romantic-looking beauty." And having thus finished her picture, I felt ten times more in love with her than ever.

I felt so much recovered that I would at once have left my room, but Mr. Somerville objected to it. He had sent early word to my family of his approach; the family were retired in the course of the morning. He was shocked at learning the risk I had run, but rejoiced to find me so much restored, and was warm in his thanks to Mr. Somerville for his kindness. The other only requitted him, that I might remain two or three days as his guest, to give time for my recovery, and for forming a closer acquaintance; a request which my father readily granted. Scipio accordingly accompanied my father home, and returned with a supply of clothes, and with affectionate letters from my mother and sisters.

The next morning, aided by Scipio, I made my toilet with rather more care than usual, and descended the stairs with some trepidation, eager to see the original of the portrait which had been so completely pictured in my imagination. On entering the parlor, I found it deserted. Like the rest of the house, it was furnished in a foreign style. The curtains were of French silk; there were Grecian couches, marble tables, vases, glasses, and chandeliers. What chiefly attracted my eye, were documents of female taste that I saw around me; a piano, with an ample stock of Italian music: a book of poetry lying on the sofa; a vase of fresh flowers on a table, and a portfolio open with a skilful and half-finished sketch of them. In the window was a canary bird, in a gilt cage, and near by, the harp that had been in Julia's arms. Happy harp! But where was the being that reigned in this little empire of delicacies—what breathed poetry and sang, and dwelt among birds and flowers, and rose-colored curtains?

Suddenly I heard the hall door fly open, the quick pattering of light steps, a wild, capricious look, and the noise of a handbag. A light, frolic nymph of fifteen came tripping into the room, playing on a flagonet, with a little spaniel romping after her. Her gipsy hat had fallen back upon her shoulders; a profusion of glossy brown hair was blown in rich ringlets about her face, which beam'd through them with the brightness of smiles and dimples.

At sight of me she stopped short, in the most beautiful confusion, stammered out a word or two about looking for her father, glided out of the door, and I heard her bounding up the staircase, like a frightened fawn, with the little dog barking after her.

When Miss Somerville returned to the parlor, she was quite a different being. She entered, stealing along by her mother's side with noiseless step, and sweet timidity: her hair was prettily adjusted, and a soft blush mantled on her damask cheek. Mr. Somerville accompanied the ladies, and introduced me regularly to them. There were many kind inquiries and much sympathy expressed, on the part of my noble host, and some remarks upon the wild scenery of the neighborhood, with which the ladies seemed perfectly acquainted.

"You must know," said Mr. Somerville, "that we are great navigators, and delight in exploring every nook and corner of the river. My daughter, too, is a great hunter of the picturesque, and transfers every rock and glen to her portfolio. By the way, my dear, show Mr. Mountjoy that pretty scene you have lately sketched." Julia complied, blushing, and drew from her portfolio a colored sketch. I almost started at the sight.

It was my favorite brook. A sudden thought darted across my mind. I glanced down my eye, and beheld the divinest little foot in the world. Oh, blissful conviction! The struggle of my affections was now ended; the next step were no longer at variance. The moment the footstep was heard, I was the nymph of the fountain!

What conversation passed during breakfast I do not recollect, and hardly was conscious of at the time, for my thoughts were in complete con-
I was strangely in competent to the task. My ideas were frozen up; even words seemed to fail me. I could not produce a line that I wished to be uncommonly elegant. I tried two or three times to turn a pretty thought, or to utter a fine sentiment; but it would come forth so trite, so forced, so mawkish, that I was ashamed of it. My very voice seemed discordantly, though I sought to modulate it into the softest tones. "The truth is," thought I to myself, "I cannot bring my mind down to the small talk necessary for young girls; it is too masculine and robust for the mincing manner of parlour gossip. I am a philosopher—and that accounts for it.

The entrance of Mrs. Somerville at length gave me relief. I at once breathed freely, and felt a vast deal of confidence come over me. "This is strange," thought I, "that the appearance of another woman should revive my courage; that I should be a better match for two women than one. However, since it is so, I will take advantage of the circumstance, and let this young lady see that I am not so great a simpleton as I should have thought."

I accordingly took up the book of poetry which lay upon the sofa. It was Milton's "Paradise Lost." Nothing could have been more fortunate; it afforded a fine scope for my favorite vein of melancholy. I wentlarger on a discussion of its merits, or rather an enthusiastic eulogy of them. My observations were addressed to Mrs. Somerville, for I found I could talk to her with more ease than to her daughter. She appeared alive to the beauties of the poet, and disposed to meet me in the discussion; but it was not my object to hear her talk; it was to talk myself. I anticipated all she had to say, overpowering her with the copiousness of my ideas, and supported and illustrated them by long citations from the author.

While thus holding forth, I cast a sidelong glance to see how Miss Somerville was affected. She had some embroidery stretched on a frame before her, but had paused in her labor, and was looking down as if lost in mute attention. I could see the glow of self-satisfaction, but I recollected, at the same time, with a kind of pique, the advantage she had enjoyed over me in our tête-à-tête. I determined to push my triumph, and accordingly kept on with redoubled ardor, until I had fairly exhausted my authority—and I fear, for its beauties. Can any one have real sensibility of heart, and not be alive to poetry? However, she is young; this part of her education has been neglected; there is time enough to remedy it. I will be her preceptor; I will kindle in her mind the sacred, in me, and lead her through the fairy land of song. But after all, it is rather unfortunate that I should have fallen in love with a woman who knows nothing of poetry.

I passed a day not altogether satisfactory. I was a little disappointed that Miss Somerville did
not show more poetical feeling. "I am afraid, after all," said I to myself, "she is light and girlish, and more fitted to pluck wild flowers, play on the flageolet, and romp with little dogs than to converse with a man of my turn.

I believe, however, to tell the truth, I was more out of humor with myself. I thought I had made the worst first appearance that ever hero made, either in novel or fairy tale. I was out of all patience, with everything that I had to do, and spent my awkward attempts at ease and elegance, in the tête-à-tête.

And then my intolerable long lecture about poetry to catch the applause of a heedless auditor! But there I was not to blame. I had certainly been eloquent; it was her fault that the eloquence was wasted. To meditate upon the embroidery of a flower, when I was expatiating on the beauties of Milton! She might at least have admired the poetry, if she did not relish the manner in which it was delivered: though that was not despicable; for I had recited passages in my best style, which my mother and sisters had always considered equal to a play. "Oh, it is evident," thought I, "Miss Somerville has very little soul!"

Such were my fancies and cogitations during the day, the greater part of which was spent in my chamber, as I was still languid. My evening duty was passed in the drawing-room, where I overlooked Miss Somerville's portfolio of sketches.

They were executed with great taste, and showed a nice observation of the peculiarities of nature. They were all her own, and free from those cunning touches and touches of the drawing-master, by which young ladies' drawings, like their heads, are dressed up for company. There was no garish and vulgar trick of colors, either; all was executed with singular truth and simplicity.

"And yet," thought I, "this little being, who has so pure an eye to take in, as in a limpid brook, all the graceful forms and magic tints of nature, has no soul for poetry!"

Mr. Somerville, toward the latter part of the evening, observing my eye to wander occasionally to the harp, interpreted and met my wishes with his accustomed civility.

"Julia, my dear," he said, "Mr. Mountjoy would like to hear a little music from your harp; let us hear, too, the sound of your voice."

"Yes," I replied, "I have been thinking of that hesitation and difficulty, by which young ladies are apt to make company pay dear for bad music. She sang a sprightly strain, in a brilliant style, that came tripping playfully over the ear; and the bright eye and dimpling smile showed that her little heart danced with the song. Her pet canary bird, who hung close by, was awakened by the music, and burst forth into an emulating strain. Julia smiled with a pretty air of defiance, and played louder.

After some time, the music changed, and ran into a plaintive strain, in a minor key. Then it was, that all the former witchery of her voice came over me; then it was that she seemed to sing from the heart and to the heart. Her fingers moved about the chords as if they scarcely touched with a man of my manner. Her whole manner and appearance changed; her eyes beamed with the softest expression; her countenance, her frame, all seemed subdued into tenderness. She rose from the harp, leaving it still vibrating with sweet sounds, and moved toward her father, to bid him good night.

His eyes had been fixed on her intently, during her performance. As she came before him he parted her shining ringlets with both his hands, and looked down with the fondness of a father on her innocent face. The music seemed still lingering in its lines, and the action of her father brought a moist gleam in her eye. He kissed her fair forehead, after the French mode of parental caressing: "Good night, and God bless you," said he, "my good little girl!"

Julia tripped away, with a tear in her eye, a dingle in her cheek, and a light heart in her bosom. I thought it the prettiest picture of paternal and filial affection I had ever seen.

When I retired to bed, a new train of thoughts crowded into my brain. "After all," said I to myself, "it is clear this girl has a soul, though she was not moved by my eloquence. She has all the outward signs and evidences of poetic feeling. She paints well, and has an eye for nature. She is a fine musician, and enters into the very soul of song. What a pity that she knows nothing of poetry! But we will think what is to be done? I am irrevocably in love with her; what then am I to do? Come down to the level of her mind, or endeavor to raise her to some kind of intellectual equality with myself? That is the most generous course. She will look up to me as a benefactor. I shall become Augustus, and live in the sweetest thoughts and harmonious graces of poetry. She is apparently docile; beside the difference of our ages will give me an ascendency over her. She cannot be above sixteen years of age, and I am full turned to twenty."

So, having built this most delectable of air castles, I fell asleep.

The next morning I was quite a different being. I no longer felt fearful of stealing a glance at Julia; on the contrary, I contemplated her steadily, with the benignant eye of a benefactor. Shortly after breakfast I found myself alone with her, as I had on the preceding morning; but I felt nothing of the awkwardness of our previous tête-à-tête. I was elevated by the consciousness of my intellectual superiority, and shouid almost have felt a sentiment of pity for the ignorance of the lovely little being, if I had not felt also the assurance that I should be able to dispel it. "But it is time," thought I, "to open school."

Julia was occupied in arranging some music on her piano. She carefully c oblivious over her two or three songs; they were Moore's Irish melodies.

"These are pretty things!" said I, flitting the leaves over lightly, and giving a slight shrug, by way of qualifying the opinion.

"Oh, I love them of all things," said Julia, "they're so touching!"

"Then you like them for the poetry," said I, with an encouraging smile.

"Oh yes; she thought them charmingly written."

"Now was my time. "Poetry," said I, assuming a didactic attitude and air, "poetry is one of the most pleasing studies that can occupy a youthful mind. It renders us susceptible of the gentle impulses of humanity, and cherishes a delicate perception of all that is virtuous and elevated in morals, and graceful and beautiful in physics. It—"

I was going on in a style that would have graced a professor of rhetoric, when I saw a light smile playing about Miss Somerville's mouth, and that she began to turn over the leaves of a music-book. I recollected her with ah to my discourse of the preceding morning. "There is no fixing her light mind," thought I, "by ab-
I was glad to break up school, and get back to my chamber, full of the mortification which a wise man in love experiences on finding his mistress wiser than himself. “Translation! translation!” muttered I to myself, as I jerked the door shut behind me; and this was how, as I thought, my father had never had me instructed in the modern languages. They are all-important. What is the use of Latin and Greek? No one speaks them; but here, the moment I make my appearance in the world, a little girl slaps Italian in my face. However, thank heaven, a language is easily learned. The moment I return home, I'll set about studying Italian; and to prevent future surprise, I will study Spanish and German at the same time; and if any young ladies attempts to quote Italian upon me again, I'll bury her under a heap of High Dutch poetry!”

I felt now like some mighty chieftain, who has carried the war into a weak country, with full confidence of success, and been repulsed and obliged to draw off his forces from some inconsiderable fortress.

“However,” thought I, “I have as yet brought only my light artillery into action; we shall see what is to be done by the heavy guns. I'll launch into poetry, but it is natural she should be so; it is allied to painting and music, and is congenial to the light graces of the female character. We will try her on graver themes.”

I felt all my pride awakened; it even for a time swelled higher than my love. I was determined completely to establish my mental superiority, and subdue the intellect of this little being; it would then be time to sway the sceptre of gentle empire, and win the affections of her heart.

Accordingly, at dinner I again took the field, en potence. I now addressed myself to Mr. Somerville, for I was about to enter upon topics in which a young girl like her could not be well versed. I led, or rather forced, the conversation into a vein of historical erudition, discussed several of the most prominent facts of ancient history, and accompanying them with sound, indisputable apothegms.

Mr. Somerville listened to me with the air of a man receiving in, but, on perceiving I was encouraged, and went on gloriously from theme to theme of school declamation. I sat with Marius on the ruins of Carthage; I defended the bridge with Horatius Cocles; thrust my hand into the flame with Marius Scevola, and plunged with Curtius into the yawning gulf; I fought side by side with Leonidas, at the straits of Thermopylae; and was going full drive into the battle of Platea, when my memory, which is the worst in the world, failed me, just as I wanted the name of the Lacedemonian commander.

“Julia, my dear!” said Mr. Somerville, “perhaps you may recollect the name of which Mr. Munjoy is in quest?”

Julia colored slightly. “I believe,” said she, in a low voice, “I believe it was Pausanius.”

This unexpected answer, instead of reinforcing me, threw my whole scheme of battle into confusion, and the Athenians remained unmolested in the field.

I am half inclined, since, to think Mr. Somerville meant this as a sly hit at my schoolboy predantrly, but I was too well bred not to seek to relieve me from my mortification. “Oh!” said he, “Julia is our family book of reference
for names, dates, and distances, and has an excellent memory for history and geography.

I now became desolate; as a last resource I turned to metaphysics. "If she is a philosopher in me, he had not, "I thought, "it is all over with me."

Here, however, I had the field to myself. I gave chapter and verse of my tutor's lectures, heightened by all his poetical illustrations; I even went further than he had ever ventured, and plunged into such depths of metaphysics, that I was in danger of sticking in the mire at the bottom. Fortunately, I had auditors who apparently could not detect my floundering. Neither Mr. Somerville nor his daughter offered the least interruption.

When the ladies had retired, Mr. Somerville sat some time with me; and as I was no longer anxious to astonish, I permitted myself to listen, and found that he was really agreeable. He was quite communicative, and from his conversation I was enabled to form a juster idea of his daughter's character, and the mode in which she had been brought up. Mr. Somerville had mingled much with the world, and with what is termed fashionable society. He had experienced its cold elegancies and gay insinuations; its dissipations of the spirits and squanderings of the heart. Like many men of the world, though he had wandered too far from nature ever to return to it, yet he had the good taste and good feeling to look back fondly to its simple delights, and to determine that his child, if possible, should never leave them. He had superintended her education with scrupulous care, storing her mind with the graces of polite literature, and with such knowledge as would enable it to furnish its own amusements; its dissipation of the mind, to make his child, as far as it is possible, should never leave them. He had superintended her education with scrupulous care, storing her mind with the graces of polite literature, and with such knowledge as would enable it to furnish its own amusements; its dissipation of the spirits and squanderings of the heart. Like many men of the world, though he had wandered too far from nature ever to return to it, yet he had the good taste and good feeling to look back fondly to its simple delights, and to determine that his child, if possible, should never leave them.

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he has seen a good
the happiest. I do not wish my daughter to ex-
cite envy, or to battle with the prejudices of the
world, but to glide pleasantly through life, on
the good will and kind opinions of her friends.
She has ample employment for her little head, in
the course I have marked out for her; and is busy
at present with some branches of natural history,
chemistry, and music. She is also a good reader,
and has the best of the books on which I had
expected to descend, briefly but impressively, the different
branches of knowledge most important to a young man
in my situation; and to my surprise I found
him a complete master of those studies on which
I had supposed him to be but a pupil, on which I had
been descending so confidently.

He complimented me, however, very graciously,
upon the progress I had made, but advised me
for the present to turn my attention to the
physical rather than the mental sciences. "I have
wished for the inspirations of divine philosophy."

I could not but interrupt him, to assent to
the truth of these remarks, and to say that it had
been my lot, in the course of my studies and expe-
rience, to encounter young men of the kind, who
had overwhelmed me by their verbosity.
Mr. Somerville smiled. "I trust," said he,
kindly, "that you will guard against these errors.
Avoid the eagerness with which a young man is
apt to hurry into conversation, and to utter the
 crude and ill-digested notions which he has
picked up in his recent studies. Be assured that
extensive and accurate knowledge is the slow acquisi-
tion of a studious lifetime; that a young man,
having a strong wit, and prompt his talent,
can have mastered but the rudiments of learning,
and, in a manner, attained the implements of
study. Whatever may have been your past assi-
liance, you must be sensible that as yet you have
not reached the threshold of true knowledge; but
at the same time, you have the advantage that
you are still very young, and have ample time to
learn.

Here our conference ended. I walked out of
the study, a very different being from what I was
on entering it. I had gone in with the air of a
professor about to deliver a lecture; I came out
like a student who had failed in his examination,
and been degraded in his class.

"Very young," and "on the threshold of
knowledge!" This was extremely flattering, to
one who had considered himself an accomplished
scholar, and profound philosopher.

"It is singular," thought I; "there seems to
have been a spell upon my faculties, ever since
I have been in this house. I certainly have not
been able to do myself justice. Whenever I have
undertaken to advise, I have had the tables turned
up me. It must be that I am strange and differ-
ent among people I am not accustomed to. I
wish they could hear me talk at home!"

"After all," added I, on further reflection,
"after all there is a great deal of force in what
Mr. Somerville has said. Somehow or other,
these men of the world do now and then hit upon
remarks that would do credit to a philosopher.
Some of his general observations came so home,
that I almost thought they were meant for myself.
His advice about adopting a system of study is
very judicious. I will immediately put it in
The stock-jobber, a magician, and the stock-jobber a region of enchantment. It elevates the merchant into a kind of knight errant, or rather a commercial Quixote. The slow but sure gains of snug percentage become almost fabulous. The phrase "operation" is thought worthy of attention, that does not double or treble the investment. No business is worth following, that does not promise an immediate fortune. As he sits musing over this ledger, with pen behind his ear, La Mancha’s hero in his study, dreaming over his books of chivalry. His dusty counting-house fades before his eyes, or changes into a Spanish mine; he gropes after diamonds, or dives after pearls. The subterranean garden of Aladdin is nothing to the realms of wealth that break upon his imagination.

Could this delusion always last, the life of a merchant would indeed be a golden dream; but it is as short as it is brilliant. Let but a doubt enter, and the "season of unexampled prosperity" is at end. The coinage of words is suddenly curtailed; the promissory capital begins to vanish into smoke; a panic succeeds, and the whole superstructure, built upon credit, and reared by speculation, crumbling to the ground, leaving scarce a wreck behind:

"It is such stuff as dreams are made of."

When a man of business, therefore, hears on every side rumors of fortunes suddenly acquired; when he finds banks liberal, and brokers busy; when he sees adventurers flash of paper capital, and full of scheme and enterprise; when he perceives a greater disposition to lend than to save; when trade overflows its accustomed channels and deluges the country; when he hears of new regions of commercial adventure; of distant marts and distant mines, swallowing merchandise and disgorging gold; when he finds joint stock companies of all kinds forming; railroads, canals, and locomotive engines, springing up on every side; when idlers suddenly become men of business, and dash into the game of commerce as they would into the hazards of the faro table; when he beholds the stocks glittering with new equipages, palaces conjured up by the magic of speculation; tradesmen flushed with sudden success, and vying with each other in ostentatious expense; in a word, when he hears the whole community joining in the theme of "unexampled prosperity," let him look upon the whole as a weather-blower, and prepare for the impending storm.

The foregoing remarks are intended merely as a prelude to a narrative I am about to lay before the public, of one of the most memorable instances of the inflation of gain, to be found in the whole history of commerce. I allude to the famous Mississippi bubble. It is a matter that has passed into a proverb, and become a phrase in every one’s mouth, yet on the credit of chime and in ten has probably a distinct idea. I have therefore thought that an authentic account of it would be interesting and salutary, at the present moment, when we are suffering under the effects of a severe access of the credit system, and just recovering from one of its ruinous delusions.

Before entering into the story of this famous chimera, it is proper to give a few particulars concerning the individual who engendered it. John Law was born in Edinburgh in 1671. His
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THE RECOGNITION
father, William Law, was a rich goldsmith, and
led his son an estate of considerable value, called
Lauriston, situated about four miles from Edin-
burgh. Goldsmiths, in those days, acted occasion-
ally as bankers, and his father's operations, un-
der this character, may have originally turned
the thoughts of the youth to the science of cal-
culation, in which he became an adept; so that at
an early age he excelled in playing at all games
of combination.

In 1694 he appeared in London, where a
handsome person, and an easy and insinuating
address, gained him currency in the first circles, and
the nick-name of "Beau Law." The same
personal advantages gave him success in the
world of gallantry, until he became involved in a
quarrel with Beau Wilson, his rival in fashion,
whom he killed in a duel, and then fled to France,
to avoid prosecution.

He returned to Edinburgh in 1700, and remain-
ed there several years; during which time he first
brought his great credit system, offering to
succeed in it by the establishment of a bank, which, according to his views, might emit a paper currency equivalent to the whole
landed estate of the kingdom.

His scheme excited great astonishment in Ed-
inburgh, he was, though his government was not
sufficiently advanced in financial knowledge to
detect the fallacies upon which it was founded,
Scottish caution and suspicion served in the place
of wisdom, and the project was rejected. Law
met with no better success with the English Par-
lament; and the fatal affair of the death of Wil-
son still hanging over him, for which he had never
been able to procure a pardon, he again went to France.

The financial affairs of France were at this
time in a deplorable condition. The wars, the
pomp and profusion, of Louis XIV., and his
religious persecutions of whole classes of the most
industrious of his subjects, had exhausted his
treasury, and overthrown the nation with debt.
The old monarch clung to his selfish magnifi-
cence, and could not be induced to diminish his
enormous expenditure; and his minister of
finance was driven to his wits' end to devise all
types of disastrous expedients to keep up the royal
state, and to extricate the nation from its embar-
nancing state.

In this state of things, Law ventured to bring
forward his financial project. It was founded on
the plan of the Bank of England, which had al-
ready been in successful operation several years.
He met with immediate patronage, and a con-
genial spirit, in the Duke of Orleans, who had mar-
nied a natural daughter of the king. The
duke had been astonished at the facility with
which England had supported the burden of a
public debt, created by the wars of Anne and
William, and which exceeded in amount that un-
der which France was groaning. The whole
matter was soon explained by Law to his satisfac-
tion. The latter maintained that England had
stopped at the mere threshold of an art capable of
creating unlimited sources of national wealth.
The duke was dazzled with his splendid views and
specious reasonings, and thought he clearly com-
prehended his system. Darnares, the Com-
triller General of Finance, was not so easily de-
ceived. He pronounced the plan of Law no
pernicious than any of the disastrous expedients
that the government had yet been driven to.

The old king also, Louis XIV., detested all innova-
tions, especially those which came from a rival
nation; the project of a bank, therefore, was ut-
terly rejected.

Law remained for a while in Paris, leading a
gay and affluent existence, owing to his hand-
some person, easy manners, flexible temper, and
a faro-bank which he had set up. His agreeable
career was interrupted by a message from D'A-
rgenson, Lieutenant General of Police, ordering
him to quit Paris, alleging that he was "rather
too skilful at the game which he had intro-
duced."

For several succeeding years he shifted his resi-
dence from state to state of Italy and Germany;
offering his scheme of finance to every court that
he visited, but without success. The Duke of
Savoy, Victor Amadeus, afterward King of Sar-
dinia, was much struck with his project; but after
considering it for a time, replied, "I am not suf-
ciently powerful to ruin myself."

The shifting, adventurous life of Law, and the
equivocal means by which he appeared to live,
playing high, and always with great success, is
so extraordinary, that it is hard to believe the
truth of his story. Law had been a mere child, and during his minority the Duke of
Orleans held the reins of government as Regent.
Law had at length found his man.

The Duke of Orleans has been differently repre-
sented by different contemporaries. It appears
he had been reduced to an excruciating state,
resulting from a bad education. He was of the middle size,
easy and graceful, an excellent countenance, and open, affable demeanor. His mind
was quick and sagacious, rather than profound;
and his quickness of intellect, and excellence of
memory, supplied the lack of studious applica-
tion. His wit was prompt and pungent; he ex-
pressed himself with vivacity and precision; his
imagination was vivid, his temperament sanguine
and joyous; his courage daring. His mother,
the Duchess of Orleans, expressed his character in
a jeu d'esprit. "The fairies," said she, "were
invited to be present at his birth, and each one
confering a talent on my son, he possesses them
all. Unfortunately, we had forgotten to invite an
old fairy, who, arriving after all the others, ex-
claimed, 'He shall have all the talents, excepting
that to make a good use of them.'"

Under proper tuition, the Duke might have
risen to real greatness; but in his early years, he
was put under the tutelage of the Abbe Dubois,
one of the subtlest and basest spirits that ever
infringed its way into eminent place and power.
The Abbe was of low origin, and despicable ex-
terior, totally destitute of morals, and pernicious
in the extreme; but with a supple, insinuating
address, and an accommodating spirit, tolerant
of all kinds of profligacy in others. Conscious of
his own inherent baseness, he sought to secure an
influence over his pupil, by corrupting his princi-
pies and fostering his vices; he debased him, to
keep him self from being despised. Unfortunately
he succeeded. To the early precepts of this infa-
nous pandeer have been attributed those excesses
that disgraced the manhood of the Regent, and
gave a licentious character to his whole course of
government. Law of genius quickened
and indulged by those who should have restrained
it, led him into all kinds of sensual indulgence.
He had been taught to think lightly of the most
serious duties and sacred ties; to turn virtue into
a jest, and consider religion mere hypocrisy. He was a gay sceptic, that had a sovereign touch of sarcasm in his way of reasoning, to suit the most devoted servant would be his enemy, if interest prompted; and maintained that an honest man was he who had the art to conceal that he was the contrary.

that an impecunious man, himself with a set of dissolute men like himself; who, set loose from the restraint under which they had been held, during the latter half of the reign of Louis XIV., now gave way to every kind of debauchery. With these erratic vagaries the Regent used to shut himself up, after the hours of business, and excluding all graver persons and graver concerns, celebrate the most drunken and disgusting orgies; where obscenity and blasphemy formed the season of conversation. For the profligate companions of these revels, he invented the appellation of his *routs,* the literal meaning of which is men broken on the wheel; intended, no doubt, to express their broken-down characters and dislocated fortunes; although a contemporary asserts that it denoted the dissolute that most of them merited. Madame de Labran, who was present at one of the Regent's suppers, was disgusted by the conduct and conversation of the host and his guests, and observed at table, that God, after he had created man, took the refuse clay that was left, and made of it the souls of laqueys and princes.

Such was the man that now ruled the destinies of France. Law found him full of perplexities, from the disordered state of the finances. He had already tampered with the coinage, calling in the coin of the nation, re-stamping it, and issuing it at a nominal increase of one fifth; thus defrauding the nation out of twenty per cent of its capital. He was not likely, therefore, to be scrupulous about any means likely to relieve him from financial difficulties, he had even been led to listen to the cruel alternative of a national bankruptcy. Under these circumstances, Law confidently brought forth his scheme of a bank, that was to pay off the national debt, increase the revenue, and at the same time diminish the taxes. The following is stated as the theory by which he recommended his system to the Regent. The credit enjoyed by the holder of a merit, he observed, increases his capital tenfold; that is to say, he who has a capital of one thousand lives, may, if he possess sufficient credit, extend his operations to a million, and reap profits to that amount. In like manner, a state that can collect into a bank all the current coin of the kingdom, would be as powerful as if its capital were increased tenfold.

The specie must be drawn into the bank, not by way of loan, or by taxation, but in the way of deposit. This might be effected in different modes, either by inspiring confidence, or by exerting authority. One mode, he observed, had already been in use. Each time that a state makes a recollection, it becomes momentarily the depository of all the money called in, belonging to the subjects of that state. His bank was to effect the same purpose; that is to say, to receive in deposit all the coin of the kingdom, but to give in exchange its bills, which, being of an invariable value, bearing an interest, and being payable on demand, would not only supply the place of coin, but prove a better and more profitable currency.

The Regent, with avidity at the scheme. It suited his bold, reckless spirit, and his grasping extravagance. Not that he was altogether the dupe of Law's specious projects; still he was apt, like many other men, unskilled in the arts of finance, to mistake his most devoted servant would be his enemy, if interest prompted; and maintained that an honest man was he who had the art to conceal that he was the contrary.

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Composed schemes, as yet hidden from the public. In a little while, the bank shares rose enormously, and the amount of its notes in circulation exceeded one hundred and ten millions of livres. A subtle stroke of policy had rendered it popular with the aristocracy. Louis XIV. had several years previously imposed an income tax of a tenth on the nobility, and now nothing was to be heard among the nobility and clergy, but praises of the Regent and the bank.

Hitherto all had gone well, and all might have continued to go well, had not the paper system been further expanded. But Law had yet the grandest part of his scheme to develop. He had opened his ideal world of speculation, his El Dorado of unbounded wealth. The English had brought him the news of the success of the South Sea in aid of their banking operations. Law sought to bring, as an immense auxiliary of his bank, the whole trade of the Mississippi. Under this name was included not merely the river so called, but the vast region known as Louisiana, extensive in area, and extending as far south as the bank coinage. This country had been granted by Louis XIV. to the Sieur Crozat, but he had been induced to resign his patent. In conformity to the plea of Mr. Law, letters patent were granted in August, 1717, for the creation of a commercial company, which was to have the colonizing of this country, and the monopoly of its trade and resources, and of the beaver or fur trade with Canada. It was called the Western, but became better known as the Mississippi Company. The capital was fixed at one hundred millions of livres, divided into shares, bearing an interest of four per cent, which were subscribed for in the public securities. As the bank was to co-operate with the company, the Regent ordered that its bills should be received the same as bank coin, in the payments of the public revenue. Law was appointed chief director of this company, which was an exact copy of the Earl of Oxford's South Sea Company, set on foot in 1711, and which distracted this country in a like manner with the delusive picture given in that memorable scheme of the sources of rich trade to be opened in the South Sea countries. Law held forth magnificent prospects of the fortunes to be made in colonizing Louisiana, which was represented as a veritable land of promise, capable of yielding every variety of the most precious produce. Reports, too, were artfully circuluated, with great mystery, as if to the chosen few, of mines of gold and silver recently discovered and worked out; and Law and his agents would insinuate into the most influential wigs and instant wealth to the early purchasers. These confidential whispers of course soon became public; and were confirmed by travellers fresh from the Mississippi, and doubtless bribed, who had seen the mines in question, and declared them superior in richness to those of Mexico and Peru.

Nay, more, ocular proof was furnished to public credulity, in ingots of gold conveyed to the mint, as it just brought from the mines of Louisiana. Extraordinary measures were adopted to force a credit on the public. Law sent letters to colonies and transport settlers to the Mississippi. The police lent its aid. The streets and prisons of Paris, and of the provincial cities, were swept of mendicants and vagabonds of all kinds, who were conveyed to Havre de Grace. About six thousand were crowded into ships, where no precautions had been taken for their health or accommodation. Instruments of all kinds proper for the working of mines were ostentatiously paraded in public, and put on board the vessels; and the whole set sail for this fabrick El Dorado, with a view to prove the grave of the greater part of its wretched colonists.

D'Anguesseau, the chancellor, a man of probity and integrity, still lifted his voice against the paper system of Law, and the horrors of colonization; and was eloquent and prophetic in picturing the evils they were calculated to produce: the private distress and public degradation; the corruption of morals and manners; the triumph of knives and schemes; the ruin of fortunes, and downfall of families. He was incited more and more to this opposition by the Duke de Noailles, the Minister of Finance, who was jealous of the growing ascendancy of Law over the mind of the Regent, and was led by the chancellor in his opposition. The Regent was excessively annoyed by the difficulties they conjured up in the way of his daring schemes of finance, and the maintenance they gave to the opposition of parliament; which body, disgusted more and more with the abuses of the revenue, and of the tax Law had gone so far as to carry its remonstrances to the very foot of the throne. He determined to relieve himself from these two ministers, who, either through honesty or policy, interfered with all his plans. Accordingly, on the 26th of January, 1718, he dismissed the chancellor from office, and exiled him to his estate in the country; and shortly afterward removed the Duke de Noailles from the administration of the finances.

The opposition of parliament to the Regent and his measures was carried on with increasing violence. That body aspired to an equal authority with the Regent in the administration of affairs, and pretended, by its decree, to suspend an edict of the regency, ordering a new coinage and altering the value of the currency. But its chief hostility was levelled against Law, a foreigner and a heretic, and one who was considered by a majority of the members in the light of a malefactor. In fact, so far was this faction carried, that the most moderate measures were taken to investigate his mismanagements, and to collect evidence against him; and it was resolved in parliament that, should the testimony collected justify their suspicions, they would have him seized and brought before them; would give him a brief trial, and if convicted, would hang him in the courtyard of the palace, and throw open the gates after the execution, that the public might behold his corpse!

Law received intimation of the danger hanging over him, and the terrible protestation. He took refuge in the Palais Royal, the residence of the Regent, and insured his protection. The Regent himself was embarrassed by the sturdy opposition of parliament, which contemplated nothing less than a decree reversing all the public measures, especially those of finance. His in- decision kept Law for a time in an agony of terror and suspense. Finally, by assembling a board of justice, and bringing to his aid the absolute authority of the King, he triumphed over parliament and relieved Law from all the charges.

The system now went on with bowing sail The Western or Mississippi Company, being identified with the bank, rapidly increased in power.
and privileges. One monopoly after another was granted to it; the trade with Senegal and Guinea; the importation of tobacco; the national coinage, etc. Each new privilege was made a pretext for issuing more bills, and caused an immense advance in the price of stock. At length, on the 4th of December, 1720, the Regent gave the following denunciation of the existing title of the Royal Bank, and exclaimed that he had effected the purchase of all the shares, the proceeds of which he had added to its capital. This measure seemed to shock the public feeling more than any other connected with the system, and roused the indignation of parliament. The French nation had been so accustomed to attach an idea of everything noble, lofty, and magnificent, to the royal name and person, especially during the stately and sumptuous reign of Louis XIV., that they could not at first tolerate the idea of royalty being in any degree mingled with matters of traffic and finance, and the king being in a manner a banker. It was one of the downward steps, however, by which royalty lost its illustrious splendor in France, and became gradually changed in the public mind.

Arbitrary measures now began to be taken to force the bills of the bank into artificial currency. On the 27th of December appeared an order in council, forbidding, under severe penalties, the payment of any sum above six hundred livres in gold or silver. This decree reduced bank bills necessary in all transactions of purchase and sale, and called for a new emission. The prohibition was occasionally evaded or opposed; confiscations were the consequence; informers were rewarded, and spies and traitors began to spring up in all the noblest walks of life.

The worst effect of this illusive system was the mania for gain, or rather for gambling in stocks, that now seized upon the whole nation. Under the exciting effects of lying reports, and the forcing effects of government decrees, the shares of the company went on rising in value, and they reached thirteen hundred per cent. Nothing was now spoken of but the price of shares, and the immense fortunes suddenly made by lucky speculators. Tho' whom Law had deluded used every means for increasing their riches. To the point extravagants were indulged, concerning the wealth to flow in upon the company from its colonies, its trade, and its various monopolies. It is true, nothing as yet had been realized, nor could in some time be realized, from these distant sources, even if productive; but the imaginations of speculators are ever in the advance, and their conjectures are immediately converted into facts. Ly ing reports now flew from mouth to mouth, of sure avenues to fortune suddenly thrown open. The more extravagant the fabul, the more readily was it believed. To doubt was to awaken anger, or incur ridicule. In a time of public infatuation, it requires no small exercise of courage to doubt a popular fallacy.

Paris now became the centre of attraction for the adventurous and the avaricious, who flocked to the provinces, but from the provinces, to the streets, from the streets, to the provinces, with the same signs and symbols. Guards were stationed at each end of the street, to maintain order, and exclude carriages and horses. The whole street swarmed throughout the day like a bee-hive. Bargains of all kinds were seized upon with avidity. Shares of stock passed from hand to hand, mounting in value, one knew not why. Fortunes were made in a moment, as if by magic; and every lucky bargain prompted those around to a more desperate throw of the dice. The fever went on, increasing in intensity as the wants of the people declined; and then the drum beat, and the bell rang, at close of market, to close the exchange; there were exclamations of impatience and despair, as if the wheel of fortune had suddenly been stopped when about to make its luckiest evolution.

To stir all classes in this ruinous vortex, Law now split the shares of fifty millions of stock each into one hundred shares; thus, as in the splitting of lottery tickets, accommodating the venture to the humblest purse. Society was thus stirred up to its very dregs, and adventurers of the lowest order hurried to the stock market. All honest, industrious pursuits, and modest gains, were now despised. Wealth was to be obtained instantly, without labor, and without stint. The upper classes were as base in their venality as the lower. The highest and most powerful nations, abandon ing all generous pursuits and lofty aims, were lost in the vile scuffle for gain. They were even baser than the lower classes; for some of them, who were members of the council of the regency, abused their station and their influence, and promoted measures by which shares arose while in their hands, and they made immense profits.

The Duke de Bourbon, the prince of Conti, the Dukes de la Force and de D'Antin were among the foremost of these illustrious stock-jobbers. They were nicknamed the Mississippi Lords, and they smiled at all the sneering titles. In fact, the usual distinctions of society had lost their consequence, under the reign of this new passion. Rank, talent, military fame, no longer inspired deference. All respect for others, all self-respect, were forgotten in the mercenary struggle of the stock-market. The princes and the political parties, forgetting their true objects of devotion, mingled among the votaries of Mammon. They were not behind those who wielded the civil power in fabricating ordinances suited to their own purposes. To the point extravagants were indulged, with appeared, in which the anathema launched by the Church against usury, was conveniently construed as not extending to the trading in bank shares!

The Abbe Dubois entered into the mysteries of stock-jobbing with all the zeal of an apostle, and enriched himself by the spoils of the credulous; and he continually drew large sums from Law, as considerations for his political influence. Faithless to his country, in the course of his gambling speculations he transferred to England a great amount of specie, which had been paid into the royal treasury; thus contributing to the subsequent dearness of the precious metals.

The female sex participated in this sordid frenzy. Princesses of the blood, and ladies of the highest nobility, were among the most rapacious of stock-jobbers. The Regent's mother, in her correspondence with Cæsar at his command, and lavished money by hundreds of thousands upon his female relatives and favorites, as well as upon his agents, the dissolute companions of his debauches. My son," writes the Regent's mother, in her correspondence, "gave me not the sum of 20,000,000, which I distributed among my household. The King also took several millions for his own household. All the royal family have had...
them; all the children and grandchildren of France, and the princes of the blood.

Luxury and extravagance kept pace with this sudden inflation of tanned wealth. The hereditary palaces of nobles were pulled down, and rebuilt on a scale of augmented splendor. Enterprising kings, who had not the general and magnificence. Never before had been such display in houses, furniture, equipages, and amusements. This was particularly the case among persons of the lower ranks, who had suddenly become possessed of millions. Ludicrous anecdotes are to be found of some of these upstarts. One, who had just launched a splendid carriage, when about to use it for the first time, instead of getting in at the door, mounted, through habit, to his accustomed place behind. Some ladies of quality, seeing a well-dressed woman covered with diamonds, but whom nobody knew, alight from a very handsome carriage, inquired who she was of the footman. He replied, with a sneer: "It is a lady who has recently tumbled from a garret into this carriage. Mr. Law's domestics are told to stop at the houses liked. I saw them the other day, and seen by the crumbs that fell from his table. His coachman, having made his fortune, retired from his service. Mr. Law requested him to procure a coachman in his place. He appeared the next day with two, whom he pronounced equally good, and told Mr. Law:--"Go and try them out you choose, and I will take the other!"

Nor were these novi homini treated with the distance and disdain they would formerly have experienced from the haughty aristocracy of France. The pride of the old nobility had been stilled by the tergiversations of recent times; and even the richest and most powerful had not time to recover from the shock. The late revolution had reduced the civil rights of the nation to their lowest point; and, in consequence, the Prince de Condé dared to call a million of strangers to his table, and to demand that all the king's debts be paid. He is so much run after that he has no repose night or day. A duke even kissed his hand publicly. "If a duke can do this, what will other ladies do?"

Wherever he went, his path was strewed with gold and silver, and the duchesses adored him. He was the greatest man in Europe, and the most beloved. He was the object of every admiration, and the center of every circle. He was the idol of the people, and the oracle of the court. He was the master of the king, and the servant of the people. He was the king's right hand, and the people's left.

The wealth of Law rapidly increased with the expansion of the bubble. In the course of a few months, he purchased fourteen titled estates, paying for them in paper; and the public hailed these sudden and vast acquisitions of landed property as so many proofs of the soundness of his system. In one instance he met with a shrewd bargainer, who had not the general and magnificence. Never before had been such display in houses, furniture, equipages, and amusements. This was particularly the case among persons of the lower ranks, who had suddenly become possessed of millions. Ludicrous anecdotes are to be found of some of these upstarts. One, who had just launched a splendid carriage, when about to use it for the first time, instead of getting in at the door, mounted, through habit, to his accustomed place behind. Some ladies of quality, seeing a well-dressed woman covered with diamonds, but whom nobody knew, alight from a very handsome carriage, inquired who she was of the footman. He replied, with a sneer: "It is a lady who has recently tumbled from a garret into this carriage. Mr. Law's domestics are told to stop at the houses liked. I saw them the other day, and seen by the crumbs that fell from his table. His coachman, having made his fortune, retired from his service. Mr. Law requested him to procure a coachman in his place. He appeared the next day with two, whom he pronounced equally good, and told Mr. Law:--"Go and try them out you choose, and I will take the other!"

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to bring away the silver, and he had the meanness to loll out of the window of his hotel and jest and exult as it was trundled into his port cocher.

There was a signal for other drains of like nature. The English and Dutch merchants, who had purchased a great amount of bank paper at low prices, cashed them at the bank, and carried the money out of the country. Other strangers did the like, thus draining the kingdom of its specie, and the bank, for the moment, was in the place to The Regent, perceiving these symptoms of decay in the system, sought to restore it to public confidence, by conferring marks of confidence upon its author. He accordingly resolved to make Law Comptroller General of the Finances of France. There was a material obstacle in his way. Law was a Protestant, and the Regent, unscrupulous as he was himself, did not dare publicly to outrage the severe edicts which Louis XIV., in his bigot days, had lamination against heretics. Law soon let him know there would be no difficulty on that head. He was ready at any moment to abjure his religion in the way of business. For deceiver's sake, it was judged proper he should previously be convinced and converted. A ghastly instrument was soon found, of the Bank, to accomplish this conversion in the shortest possible time. This was the Abbé Tencin, a pugnacious creature of the prolitigate Dulois, and like him working his way to ecclesiastical promotion and temporal wealth, by the basest means.

Under the instructions of the Abbé Tencin, Law soon mastered the mysteries and dogmas of the Catholic doctrine; and, after a brief course of ghostly training, declared himself thoroughly convinced and converted. To avoid the stench and odors of the Parisian public, the ceremony of abjuration took place at Melun. Law was made a present of one hundred thousand livres to the Church of St. Rosine, and the Abbé Tencin was rewarded for his edifying labors by sundry shares and bank bills; which he shrewdly took care to convert into cash, having a little faith in the system as in the pieties of his new convert. A more grave and moral community might have been outraged by this scandalous farce; but the Parisians laughed at it with their usual levity, and contended themselves with making it the subject of quasi-sacral and endearing allusions. Law now being orthodox in his faith, took out letters of naturalization, and having thus surmounted the intervening obstacles, was elevated by the Regent to the post of Comptroller General. So accustomed had the community become to all juggles and transmutations in this hero of finance, that no one seemed shocked or astonished at his sudden elevation. On the contrary, being now considered perfectly established in place and power, he became more than ever the object of venal adoration. Men of rank and dignity thronged to the chamber, waiting patiently their turn for an audience; and titled dames demeaned themselves to take the front seats of the carriages of his wife and daughter, as if they had been riding with princesses of the blood royal. Law's head grew giddily with his elevation, and he began to aspire to some aristocratic distinction. This was to be a court ball, at which several of the young noblemen were to dance in a ballet with the youthful King. Law requested that his son might be admitted into the ballet, and the Regent consented. The young scions of nobility, however, were importunate and solicitous for the "intruding upstart." Their more worldly parents, fearful of displeasing the modern Midas, reprimanded them in passion. The striplings had not yet imbibed the passion for gain, and still held to their high blood. The son of the banker received slight and annoyance on all sides, and the public applauded the one for their spirit. A fit of illness came opportunely to relieve the youth from an honor which would have cost him a world of vexations and affronts.

In February, 1720, shortly after Law's instalment in office, he decreed the bank to the India Company, by which last name the whole establishment was now known. The decree stated that as the bank was royal, the King was bound to make good the value of its bills; that he committed to the company the government of the bank for fifty years, and sold to it fifty millions of stock belonging to him, for nine hundred millions; a simple advanced of eighteen hundred per cent. The decree farther declared, in the King's name, that he would never draw on the bank, and the value of his drafts had first been lodged in it by his receivers general.

The bank, it was said, had by this time issued notes to the amount of one thousand millions; more paper than all the banks of Europe were able to circulate. To aid its credit, the receivers general, who were the sub-receivers of the sub-receivers of the sub-receivers, made advances to the dealers in bills of exchange. Various sums, also, of one hundred livres and upward were ordered to be made in bank-notes. These compulsory measures for a short time gave a false credit to the bank, which proceeded to discount merchants' notes, to lend on public securities, and other valuables, as well as on mortgages.

Still farther to force on the system an edict next appeared, forbidding any individual, or any corporate body, or any religious sect, to hold in possession more than five hundred livres in current coin; that is to say, about seven louis-d'or; the value of the louis-d'or in paper being, at the time, seventy-two livres. All the gold and silver they might have above this pittance was to be brought to the royal bank, and exchanged for shares there. As confiscation was the penalty of disobedience to this decree, and informers were assured a share of the forfeitures, a bounty was in a manner held out to domestic spies and traitors, to hold in possession more than five hundred livres in current coin; that is to say, about seven louis-d'or; the value of the louis-d'or in paper being, at the time, seventy-two livres. All the gold and silver they might have above this pittance was to be brought to the royal bank, and exchanged for shares there.

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for the sole purpose of extorting money from them as a ransom. The populace was roused to indignation by the abuses. The officials of police were mobbed in the exercise of their odious functions, and several of them were killed; which put an end to this flagrant abuse of power.

In March, a most extraordinary decree of the council fixed the price of shares of the India Company at twenty thousand livres each. All complaints against the reported and actual extravagances of some of the physicians and hospitals were now prohibited from investing money at interest, in anything but India stock. With all these props and stays, the system continued to totter. How could it be otherwise, under a despotic government, that could alter the value of property at every moment? The very compulsory measures that were adopted to establish the credit of the bank hastened its fall: plainly showing there was a want of solid security. Law caused pamphlets to be published, setting forth, in eloquent language, the vast profits that must accrue to holders of the stock, and the impossibility of the King's ever doing it any harm. On the very day before these assertions were made a decree was issued and published, stating the amount of property that could be sold to the public at fifty per cent. This was the first attempt to raise the price of the bank-notes. It showed the impossibility of raising the price of the bank-notes one-half, and of the India shares from nine thousand to five thousand livres.

The decree came like a clap of thunder upon a house that was not built. They found one-half of the pretended value of the paper in their hands annihilated in an instant; and what certainty had they with respect to the other half? The rich considered themselves ruined; those in humble circumstances looked forward to a better day. The Government had ordered the decree to stand forth as the protector of the public, and refused to register the decree. It gained the credit of compelling the Regent to rescind his step, though it was more probable he yielded to the universal burst of public astonishment and reproach. On the 27th of May the decree was rescinded; and bank-notes were restored to their previous value. But the fatal blow had been struck; the delusion was at an end. Government itself had lost all public confidence, equally with the bank; it had destroyed what its credit had brought into discredit. "All Paris," says the Regent's mother, "has been mourning at the cursed decree which Law has persuaded my son to make. I have received anonymous letters, stating that I have nothing to fear on my own account, but that my son shall be pursued with fire and sword."

The Regent now endeavored to avert the odium of his ruinous schemes from himself. He affected to have suddenly lost confidence in Law, and on the 29th of May discharged him from his employment as Comptroller General, and stationed a Swiss guard of sixteen men in his house. He even refused to see him, when, on the following day, he applied at the portal of the Palais Royal for admission: but having played off this farce before the public, he admitted him secretly the same night, by a private door, and continued as before to co-operate with him in his financial schemes.

On the first of June, the Regent issued a decree, permitting persons to have as much money as they pleased in their possession. Few, however, went to this step to get back his permission. There was a run upon the bank, but a royal ordinance immediately suspended payment, until farther orders. To relieve the public mind, a city stock was created, of twenty-five millions, bearing an interest of two and a half per cent, for which bank notes were taken in exchange. The bank notes thus withdrawn from circulation, were publicly burned before the Hotel de Ville. The public, however, had lost confidence in everything, and trusted, and suspected fraud and collusion in those who pretended to burn the bills.

A general confusion ensued, which was heightened by the financial world. Families who had lived in opulence found themselves suddenly reduced to indigence. Speculators who had been speculating in the delusion of princely fortune, found their estates vanishing into thin air. Those who had any property remaining, sought to secure it against reverses. Cautious persons found there was no safety for property in a country where the coin was continually shifting in value, and where a despotism was exercised over public securities, and even over the private purses of individuals. They began to send their effects into other countries; when lo! on the 20th of June a royal edict commanded them to bring back their effects, under penalty of forfeiting twice their value; and forbade them, under like penalty, from investing their money in foreign stocks. This was another decree, forbidding any one to retain precious stones in his possession, or to sell them to foreigners; all must be deposited in the bank, in exchange for depreciating paper.

Excommunications were now poured out on all sides against Law, and menaces of vengeance. What a contrast, in a short time, to the venal incense that was offered up to him! "This person," writes the Regent's mother, "who was formerly worshipped as a god, is now not sure of his life. It is astonishing how great his fall, if he is as a dead man; he is pale as a sheet, and it is said he can never get over it. My son is not dismayed, though he is threatened on all sides; and is very much amused with Law's terrors."

About the middle of July the last grand attempt was made by Law and the Regent, to save up the system, and provide for the immense emission of paper. A decree was fabricated, giving the India Company the entire monopoly of commerce, on condition that it would, in the course of a year, reimburse six millions of its notes, at the rate of fifty millions per month.

On the 17th this decree was sent to parliament to be registered. It at once raised a storm of opposition in that assembly; and a vehement discussion took place. While that was going on, a disastrous scene was passing out of doors.

The calamitous effects of the system had reached the humblest concerns of human life. Provisions had risen to an enormous price; paper money was refused at all the shops; the people had not wherewithal to buy bread. It had been found absolutely indispensable to relax a little from the suspension of specie payments, and to allow some sums to be loaned for exchange for paper. The doors of the bank and the neighboring streets were immediately thronged with a fascinating multitude, seeking cash for bank-notes of ten livres. So great was the struggle that several persons were killed and crushed to death. The mob carried three of the bodies to the court-yard of the Palais Royal. Some cried for the Regent to come forth, and behold the effect of his system; others demanded the death of Law, the impostor, who had brought this misery and ruin upon the nation.

The moment was critical, the popular fury was rising to a tempest, when Le Blanc, the Secretary
of State, stepped forth. He had previously sent for the military, and now only sought to gain time. Singling out six or seven stout fellows, who seemed to be the ringleaders of the mob: "My good fellows," said he, calmly, "carry away these bodies and place them in some church, and then come back quickly to me for your pay." They immediately obeyed; a kind of funeral procession was formed; the arrival of troops dispersed the inhabitants behind the doors; and Paris was probably saved from an insurrection.

About ten o'clock in the morning, all being quiet, Law ventured to go in his carriage to the Palais Royal. He was saluted with cries and curses, as he passed along the streets; and he reached the Palais Royal, in a terrible fright. The Regent amused himself with his fears, but retained him with him, and sent off his carriage, which was assailed by the mob, pelted with stones, and the glasses shivered. The news of this outrage was communicated to parliament in the midst of a furious discussion on the decree for the commercial monopoly. The first president, who had been absent for a short time, re-entered, and communicated the tidings in a whimsical couplet:

"Messieurs, Messieurs ! bonne nouvelle !
Le carrosse de Law est reduite en carrelle !"

"Gentlemen, Gentlemen ! good news !
The carriage of Law is shivered to atoms !"

The members sprang up with joy; "And Law !" exclaimed they, "has he been turned to pieces?" The poor man was ignorant of the result of the tumult; whereupon the debate was cut short, the decree rejected, and the house adjourned; the members hurrying to learn the particulars. Such was the levity with which public affairs were treated at that dissolute and disordered period.

The Palais Royal, on this day, was bored by an ordinance from the king, prohibiting all popular assemblages; and troops were stationed at various points, and in all public places. The regiment of guards was ordered to hold itself in readiness; and the musqueteers were at their posts, with their swords and pistols. A number of small chariots for one and two horses were always at hand, for such ladies and old gentlemen as wished to take an airing after dinner, and card and billiard tables for such as chose to amuse themselves in that way until supper. The sister and the daughter of the first president did the honors of their house, and he himself presided there with an air of great ease, hospitality, and magnificence. It became a party of pleasure to drive from Paris to Pontoise, which was six leagues distant, and partake of the amusements and festivities of the place. Business was openly slighted; nothing was thought of but amusement. The Regent and his government were laughed at, and made the subjects of continual taunts; while the enormous expenses incurred by this idle and lavish course of life, were doubled the liberal sums provided. This was the way in which the parliament and the states-general long preserved the public credit.

During all this time, the system was getting more and more involved. The stock exchange had some time previously been removed to the Place Vendôme; but the tumult and noise became intolerable to the residents of that noble quarter, and especially to the chancellor, whose hotel was there. The Prince and Princess of Carignan, both deep gamblers in Mississippi stock, offered the extensive garden of the Hotel de Soisson, as a rallying-place for the worshippers of Mammon. The offer was accepted, and a house of entertainment was immediately erected in the garden, as offices for the stock-brokers, and an order was obtained from the Regent, under pretext of police regulations, that no bargain should be valid unless concluded in these barracks. The rent of these apartments was a sixpenny pound for each, and the whole yielded these noble proprietors an ignoble revenue of half a million of livres.

The mania for gain, however, was now at an end. A universal panic succeeded. "Sauve qui peut !" was the watchword. Every one was anxious to exchange falling paper for something of
intrinsic and permanent value. Since money was not to be had, jewels, precious stones, plate, porcelain, trinkets of gold and silver, all commanded any price in paper. Land was bought at fifty years' purchase, and he estimated them three times as high with this price. Monopolies now became the rage among the noble holders of paper. The Duke de la Force bought up nearly all the tallow, grease, and soap; others the coffee and spices; others hay and oats. For cattle the price was raised beyond anything. The debts of Dutch and English merchants were paid in this fictitious money, all the coin of the realm having disappeared. All the relations of debt and creditor were confounded. With one thousand crowns one might pay a debt of eighteen thousand livres!

The Regent's mother, who once excelled in the affluence of bank paper, now wrote in a very different tone: "I have often wished," said she in her letters, "that these bank-notes were in the depths of the infernal regions. The weight of the money was still more than a trial. Nobody in France has a penny. • • • My son more than trouble his children. Nobody in France has a penny. • • • My son was once popular, but since the arrival of this cursed Law, he is hated more and more. Not a week passes without my receiving letters filled with frightful threats of danger and fear. I have just received one threatening him with poison. When I showed it to him, he did nothing but laugh."

In the meantime, Law was dismayed by the increasing troubles, and terrified at the tempest he had raised. He was not a man of real courage and spirit, and fearing for his personal safety, from popular tumult, or the despair of ruined individuals, he again took refuge in the palace of the Regent. The latter, as usual, amused himself with his terrors, and turned every new disaster into a jest; but he too began to think of his own security. In pursuing the schemes of Law, he had no doubt calculated to carry through his term of government with ease and splendor; and to enrich himself, his connexions, and his favorites; and had hoped that the catastrophe of the system would not take place until after the expiration of the regency.

He now saw his mistake; that it was impossible much longer to prevent an explosion; and he determined at once to get Law out of the way. He was not a man of very great cunning, and was deluded by the easy mode of working on the weaknesses of that polite courtier, whose name was Carignan, chief minister of the stock, offered to the Soissonnais as of Mammon, to the officers of barracks as of garden, as of poltroons, to the order was made that the police should be invalid unless denunciation of them. A month was a month long of noble promises, a million of

The weight of the evil, however, fell on more valuable classes of society; honest tradesmen and artisans, who had been seduced away from the safe pursuits of industry, to the specious chances of speculation. Thousands of meritorious families also, once opulent, had been reduced...
to indigence, by too great confidence in government. There was a general derangement in the finances, and a most mischievous influence over the national prosperity; but the most disastrous effects of the system were upon the morals and manners of the nation. The faith of engagements, the sanctity of promises in affairs of business, was at an end. Every expedition to grasp present profit, or to evade present difficulty, was tolerated. While such deplorable laxity of principle was generated in the busy classes, the chivalry of France had sinned their penances; and honor and glory, so long the ideas of the Gallic nobility, had been tumbled to the earth, and trampled in the dirt of the stock-market.

As to Law, the originator of the system, he appears eventually to have profited but little by his schemes. He was a quack," says Voltaire, "to whom the state was given to be cured, but who poisoned it with his drugs, and who poisoned himself." The effects which he left behind in France, were sold at a low price, and the proceeds dissipated. His landed estates were confiscated. He carried away with him bare enough to maintain himself, his wife, and daughter, with decency. The chief relic of his immense fortune was a great diamond, which he was often obliged to pawn. He was in England in 1721, and was prevented from leaving the First. He returned shortly afterward to the continent; shifting about from place to place, and died in Venice, in 1729. His wife and daughter, accustomed to live with the prodigality of princesses, could not conform to their altered fortunes, but deserted the scanty means left to them, and sank into abject poverty.

"I saw his wife," says Voltaire, "at Brussels, as much humiliated as she had been haughty and triumphant in Paris." An elder brother of Law remained in France, and was protected by the Duchess of Bourbon. His descendants have acquired themselves honorably, in various public employments; and one of them is the Marquis Lauriston, some time Lieutenant General and Peer of France.

DON JUAN:
A SPECTRAL RESEARCH.

"I have heard of spirits walking with aerial bodies, and have been wondered at by others; but I must only wonder at myself, for if they be not mad, I'm come to my own burial."

SHIRLEY'S "WITTY FABLE ONE."

Everybody has heard of the fate of Don Juan, the famous libertine of Seville, who for his sins against the fair sex and other minor peccadillos was hurled away to the infernal regions. His story has been illustrated in play, in pantomime, and farce, on every stage in Christendom; until at length it has been rendered the theme of the operas, and embalmed to endless duration in the glorious music of Mozart. I recollect the effect of this story upon my feelings in my boyish days, though represented in grotesque pantomime; and with which I contemplated the monumental statue on horseback of the murdered commander, gleaming by pale moonlight in the convent cemetery; for my heart quaked as he bowed his marble head, and accepted the impious invitation of Don Juan: how each foot-fall of the statue smote upon my heart, as I heard it apprach, step by step through the echoing corridor, and beheld it enter, and advance, a moving figure to the very gateway of hell! But then the convivial scene in the charnel-house, where Don Juan returned the visit of the statue, was offered a banquet of skulls and bones, and on refusing to partake, was hurled into a yawning gulf, under a tremendous shower of fire! The scene was too terrible to shake the nerves of the most pantomime-loving school-boy. Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere table, I myself thought so once; but "seeing is believing." I have since beheld the very scene where it took place, and now to indulge any doubt on the subject would be preposterous.

I was one night perambulating the streets of Seville, in company with a Spanish friend, a curious investigator of the popular traditions and other good-for-nothing lore of the city, and who was kind enough to imagine he had met, in me, a congenial spirit. In the course of our rambles we were passing by a large, dark gateway, opening into the courtyard of a convent, when a hissing sound startled me. I said he, "this is the convent of San Francisco; there is a story connected with it, which I am sure must be known to you. You cannot but have heard of Don Juan and the marble statue."

"Undoubtedly it is," said I, "it has been familiar to me from childhood."

"Well, then, it was in the cemetery of this very convent that the events took place."

"Why, you do not mean to say that the story is founded on tradition after all?"

"Undoubtedly it is. The circumstances of the case are said to have occurred during the reign of Alfonso XI. Don Juan was of the noble family of Tenorio, one of the most illustrious houses of Andalusia. His father, Don Diego Tenorio, was a favorite of the king, and his family ranked among the deincetculos, or magistrates, of the city. Presuming on his high descent and powerful connections, Don Juan set no bounds to his excesses: a female, high or low, was sacred from his pursuit; and he soon became the scandal of Seville. One of his most daring outrages was, to penetrates by night into the palace of Don Gonzalo de Ulio, commander of the order of Calatrava, and attempt to carry off his daughter. The household was alarmed; a seville in the dark took place; but Don Juan escaped, but the unfortunate commander was found writhing in his blood, and expired without being able to name his murderer. Suspicions attached to Don Juan; he did not stop to meet the investigations of justice, and the vengeance of the powerful family of Ulio, but fled from Seville, and took refuge with his uncle, Don Pedro Tenorio, at that time ambassador at the court of Naples. Here he remained until the agitation occasioned by the murder of Don Gonzalo had time to subside; and the scandal which the affair might cause to both the families of Ulio and Tenorio had induced them to hush it up. Don Juan, however, continued his libertine career at Naples, until at length his excesses forfeited the protection of his protector; but then the gulf obliged him again to flee. He had made his way back to Seville, trusting that his past misdeeds were forgotten, or rather trusting to his dare-devil spirit and the power of his family, to carry him through all difficulties.

While he was after his return, and while in the height of his arrogance, that on visiting this very convent of Francisco, he beheld on a monument the equestrian statue of the murdered com-
mander, who had been buried within the walls of this sacred edifice, the immediate family of Don Juan had a claim to it. It was on this occasion that Don Juan, in a moment of impious levity, invited the statue to the banquet, the awful catastrophe of which has given such celebrity to his story.

"And pray how much of this story," said I, "is it true in Seville?"

"The whole of it by the populace; with whom it has been a favorite tradition since time immemorial, and who crowd to the theatres to see it represented in dramas written long since by Tyco de Molina, and another of our popular writers. Many in our higher ranks also, accustomed to childhood to this story, would feel somewhat indignant at hearing it treated with contempt. An attempt has been made to explain the whole, by assenting that, to put an end to the extravagancies of Don Juan, and to pacify the family of Ulloa, without exposing the delinquent to the degrading penalties of justice, he was decoyed into this convent under a false pretext, and either plunged into a dangerous delirium, or privately hurried out of existence; while the story of the statue was circulated by the monks, to account for his sudden disappearance. The populace, however, are not to be coaxed out of a ghost story by such explanations; and the marble statue still strides the stage, and Don Juan is still plunged into the infernal regions, as an awful warning to all rake-h exemplary, in like cases offending.

While my companion was relating these anec-
dotes, we had entered the gate-way, traversed the exterior court-yard of the convent, and made our way into a great interior court; partly surrounded by cloisters and dormitories, partly by chapels, and having a large fountain in the center. The pile had evidently once been extensive and magnificent; but it was for the greater part in ruins. By the light of the stars, and of twinkling lamps placed here and there in the chapels and corridors, I could see that many of the columns and arches were broken; the walls were rent and riven; while burned beams and rafters showed the destructive effect of fire. The whole place had a desolate air; the night breeze rustled through grass and weeds haunting out of the crumbling walls; here and there, the columns; the bark flitted about the vaulted passages, and the owl hooted from the ruined belfry. Never was any scene more completely fitted for a ghost story.

While I was indulging in picturings of the fancy, proper to such a place, the deep chaunt of the monks from the convent church swelled upon the ear. "It is the vesper service," said my companion; "follow me."

Leading the way across the court of the cloisters, and through one or two ruined passages, we reached the distant portal of the church, and pushing open a wicket, cut in the folding doors, we found ourselves in the deep arched vestibule of the sacred edifice. To our left was the choir, forming one end of the church, and having a low vaulted ceiling, which gave it the look of a cavern. About this were ranged the monks, seated on stools, and chanting from immense tomes placed on music-stands, and having the notes scored in such gigantic characters as to be legible from every part of the choir. A few lights on these music-stands dimply illumined the choir, gleamed on the shaven heads of the monks, and threw their shadows on the walls. They were gross, blue-bearded, bullet-headed men, with bass voices, of deep metallic tone, that reverberated out of the cavernous choir.

To our right extended the great body of the church. It was spacious and lofty; some of the side chapels had gilded grates, and were decorated with images and paintings, representing the sufferings of our Saviour. A loft was a great painting by Murillo, but too much in the dark to be distinguished. The gloom of the whole church was but faintly relieved by the reflected light from the choir, and the glimmering here and there of a votive lamp before the shrine of a saint.

As my eye roamed about the shadowy piles, it was struck with the dimly seen figure of a man on horseback, near a distant altar. I touched my companion, and pointed to it: "The spectre statue!" said I.

"No," replied he; "it is the statue of the blessed St. Lago, the statue of the commander was in the cemetery of the convent, and was destroyed at the time of the conquest. But," added he, "as I see you take a proper interest in these kind of stories, I come to you to the other end of the church, where our whispers will not disturb these holy fathers at their devotions, and I will tell you another story that has been current for some generations in our city, by which you will find that Don Juan is not the only libertine that has been the object of supernatural visitation in Seville."

I accordingly followed him with noiseless tread to the further part of the church, where we took our seats on the steps of an altar, opposite to the suspicious-looking figure on horseback, and there, in a low, mysterious voice, he related me the following narration:

"There was once in Seville a gay young fellow, Don Manuel de Manara by name, who having come to a great estate by the death of his father, gave the reins to his passions, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. Like Don Juan, whom he seemed to have taken for a model, he became famous for his enterprises among the fair sex, and was the cause of doors being barred and windows grated with more than usual strictness. All in vain. No balcony was too high for him to scale; no bolt nor bar was proof against his efforts; and his very name was a word of terror to all the jealous husbands of Seville. His exploits extended to country as well as city; and in the village dependent on his castle, scarce a rural beauty was safe from his arts and enterprises.

"As he was one day ranging the streets of Seville, with several of his dissolve companions, he beheld a procession about to enter the gate of a convent. In the center was a young female arrayed in the dress of a bride; it was a novice, who, having accomplished her year of probation, was about to take the black veil, and consecrate herself to heaven. The companions of Don Manuel drew back, out of respect to the sacred pageant; but he pressed forward, with his usual impetuousness, to gain a near view of the novice. He almost jostled her, in passing through the portal of the church, and, on her turning round, he beheld the countenance of a beautiful village girl, who had been the object of his ardent pursuit, but who had been spirited secretly out of his reach by her relatives. She recognized him at the same moment, and faintly cried; but was borne within the grate of the chapel. It was supposed the agitation of the ceremony and the heat of the throng had overcome her. After some time, the curtain which hung within the grate was drawn up; there
stood the novice, pale and trembling, surrounded by the abbeys and the nuns. The ceremony proceeded; the crown of flowers was taken from her head. The crown of her white roses, received the black veil, and went passively through the remainder of the ceremony.

"Don Manuel de Manara, on the contrary, was roused to fury at the sight of this sacrifice. His passion, which had almost faded away in the absence of the object, now glowed with tenfold ardor, being inflamed by the difficulties placed in his way, and piqued by the measures which had been taken to defeat him. Never had the object of his pursuit appeared so lovely and desirable as when within the grate of the convent; and he swore to have her, in defiance of heaven and earth. By dint of bribing a female servant of the convent he contrived to convey letters to her, pleading his passion in the most eloquent and seductive terms. How successful they were is only matter of conjecture; certain it is, he undertook one night to scale the garden wall of the convent, either to carry off the nun or gain admission to her cell. He was mounting the wall he was suddenly plucked back, and a stranger, muffled in a cloak, stood before him.

"Rash man, forbear!" cried he: "is it not enough to have violated all human ties? Wouldst thou violate that from heaven?

"The sword of Don Manuel had been drawn on the instant, and furious at this interruption, he passed it through the body of the stranger, who fell dead at his feet. Hearing approaching footsteps, he fled the fatal spot, and mounting his horse, which was at hand, retreated to his estate in the country, at no great distance from Seville. Here he remained throughout the next day, full of horror and remorse; dreading lest he should be known as the murderer of the deceased, and fearing each moment the arrival of the officers of justice.

"The day passed, however, without molestation; and, as the evening approached, unahle any longer to endure this state of uncertainty and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Inexplicably his footsteps took the direction of the convent; but he paused and hovered at a distance from the scene of blood. Several persons were gathered round the place, one of whom was busy nailing something against the convent wall. All now turned to one another, and made one exclamation: 'Don Manuel de Manara!'

"Don Manuel de Manara,' replied the stranger, and passed on.

"Don Manuel was startled at this mention of his own name; especially when applied to the murdered man. He ventured, when it was entirely deserted, to approach the fatal spot. A small cross had been nailed against the wall, as is customary in Spain, to mark the place where a murder has been committed; and just below it, he read, by the twinking light of a lamp: 'Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God for his soul.'

"Say, your coadjutors and perplexed by this inscription, he wandered about the streets until the night was far advanced, and all was still and lonely. As he entered the principal square, the light of torches suddenly broke on him, and he beheld a grand funeral procession moving across it. There was a great train of priests, and many nuns, in the robes of their order, and the dress of the order was the dress of the country. And all the nuns, attending as mourners, none of whom he knew. Accosting a servant who followed in the train, he demanded the name of the defunct.

"Don Manuel de Manara,' was the reply; and it was his own name! He looked, and indeed beheld the armorial bearings of his family emblazoned on the funeral escutcheons. Yet not one of his family was to be seen among the mourners. The mystery was more and more incomprehensible.

"He followed the procession as it moved on to the cathedral. The bier was deposited before the high altar; the funeral service was commenced, and the grand organ began to play the vaulted aisles.

"Again the youth ventured to question this awful pageant. 'Father,' said he, with trembling voice, to one of the priests, 'what is this you are about to inter?'

"'Don Manuel de Manara!' replied the priest.

"'Father,' cried Don Manuel, impatiently, 'you are deceived. This is some imposture. Know that Don Manuel de Manara is alive and well, and now stands before you. I am Don Manuel de Manara!'

"'Avant, rash youth!' cried the priest; 'know that Don Manuel de Manara is dead!—is dead!—is dead!—and we are all souls from purgatory, his deceased relatives and ancestors, and others that have been aided by masses of his family, who are permitted to come here and pray for the repose of his soul!'

"Don Manuel cast a round a fearful glance upon the assemblage, in antiquated Spanish gowns, and recognized in their pale and ghastly countenances the portraits of many an ancestor that hung in the family picture-gallery. He now lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself, but in the fixed and livid lineaments of death. Just at that moment the whole scene burst forth with a 'Requiescat in pace,' that shook the vaults of the cathedral. Don Manuel sank senseless on the pavement. He was found there early the next morning by the sacristan, and conveyed to his house.

"My son,' said the friar, 'this is a miracle and a mystery, intended for thy conversion and salvation. The corpse thou hast seen was a token that thou hadst died to sin and the world; take warning by it, and henceforth live to righteousness and heaven!'"

"Don Manuel did take warning by it. Guided by the counsels of the worthy friar, he disposed of all his temporal affairs; dedicated the greater part of his wealth to pious uses, especially to the performance of masses for souls in purgatory; and finally, entering a convent became one of the most zealous and exemplary monks in Seville."

While my companion was relating this story, my eyes wandered, from time to time, about the dusky church. Methought the hazy countenances of the monks in their distant choir assumed a pallid, ghastly hue, and their deep metallic voices had a sepulchral sound. By the time the story was ended, they had ended their chant; and extinguishing their lights, gilded one by one, like shadows, through a small door in the side of the choir. A deeper gloom prevailed over the
church; the figure opposite me on horseback
grew more and more typical; and I almost expec-
ted to see it bow its head.

"It is time to be off," said my companion,
"unless we intend to sup with the statue."

"I have no relish for such fare or such com-
pany," replied I; and, following my companion,
we grid our way through the mouldering cloaks-
ters. As we passed by the ruined cemetery,
keeping up a casual conversation, by way of dis-
pelling the loneliness of the scene, I called to
mind the words of the poet:

'The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart!
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, speak—and let me hear thy voice;
My own affrights me with its echoes.

There wanted nothing but the marble statue of
the commander striding along the echoing clois-
ters to complete the haunted scene.

Since that time I never fail to attend the theatre
whenever the story of Don Juan is represented,
whether in pantomime or opera. In the sepul-
chral scene, I feel myself quite at home; and
when the statue makes his appearance, I treat
him as an old acquaintance. When the audience
applaud, I look round upon them with a degree
of compassion. "Poor souls!" I say to myself,
"they think they are pleased; they think they en-
joy this piece, and yet they consider the whole as
a fiction! How much more wretched they enjoy it,
like me they knew it to be true—and had seen
the very place!"

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**BROEK:**

**OR THE DUTCH PARADISE.**

It has long been a matter of discussion and
certainty among the pious and the learned, as
to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from
which our first parents were exiled. This
question has been put to rest by certain of the
faithful in Holland, who have decided in favor of
the village of Broek, in the midst of the greenest
and richest pastures of Holland, I may say, of
Europe. These pastures are the source of its
wealth, for it is famous for its dairies, and for
those oval cheeses which regale and perfume the
whole civilized world. The population consists
of about six hundred persons, comprising several
families which have inhabited the place since time
immemorial, and have waxed rich on the products
of their meadows. They keep all their wealth
among themselves, intermarrying, and keeping
all open our way through distance. They are a
"hard money" people, and remarkable for turn-
ing the penny the right way. It is said to have
been an old rule, established by one of the primi-
tive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no
one should leave the village with more than six
guilders in his pocket, or return without an
excess; a shrewd regulation, well worthy the atten-
tion of modern political economists, who are so
anxious to fix the balance of trade.

What, however, renders Broek so perfect an
eyes of the whole inhabited, is the
matchless height to which this cleanliness is
carried there. It amounts almost to a religion
among the inhabitants, who pass the greatest part
of their time raking and scrubbing, and painting
and varnishing; each household has her
neighbor in her devotion to the scrubbing-brush,
as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the
cross; and it is said a notable housewife of the
place in days of yore is held in pius remem-
brane, and almost canonized as a saint, for hav-
ing died of pure exhaustion and chagrin in an
ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

These particulars awakened my ardent curi-
sity to see a place which I pictured to myself
the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits
and customs prevalent among the descendants
of the original Dutch settlers of my native State.
I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrim-
age to Broek.

Before I reached the place I beheld symptoms
of the tranquil character of the place. A little
cum-built boat was in full sail along the
lazily bosom of a canal, but its sail consisted of
the blades of two paddles stood on end, while the
navigator sat steering with a paddle in the
stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched
hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be
some seafaring man on the way to his mistress.
After proceeding a little farther I came in sight
of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy
navigator. This was the Broeken-Heer, an artif-
cial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil
as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is
situated, and the borders are laboriously decorated
with flower-beds, box-trees clipped into all kinds
of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little "lust"
houses, or pavilions.

I allighted outside of the village, for no hor-
se nor vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts,
lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured
pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, there-
fore, I prepared to enter, with the reverence
and circumspection, this sanctum sanctorum of Dutch
cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved
with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean
that one might eat from them. Indeed, they
were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet,
but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

The houses were built of wood, and all
appeared to have been freshly painted, of green,
yellow, and other bright colors. They were separate
from each other by gardens and orchards, and
stood at some little distance from the street, with
wide areas or courtyards, paved in mosaic, with
variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing.
The areas were divided from the street by cur-
iously-wrought railings, or balustrades, of iron,
surmounted with brass and copper balls, scored
into dazzling effulgence. The very tunks of the
trees in front of the houses were by the same
process made to look as if they had been
varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames
of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously
carved, and polished. The front doors are never
opened, excepting on christenings, weddings, or
mariages; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In
formers, persons when admitted had to put

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on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted upon. A poor Frenchman who attended upon me, as a guide, boasted with some degree of exultation, of a triumph of his countrymen over the stern regulations of the place. During the time that Holland was overrun by the armies of the French Republic, a French general, surrounded by his whole staff of officers, who had come from Amsterdam to view the wonders of Broek, applied for admission at one of the tabou'ld portals. The reply was, that the owner never received any one who did not come introduced by some friend. "Very well," said the general, "take my compliments to your master, and tell him I will return here to-morrow with a company of soldiers, 'pour parler raison avec mon et Hol landais.'" Terrified at the idea of having a company of soldiers billeted upon him, the owner threw open his house, entertained the general and his retinue with wonted hospitality; though it is said it cost the family a month's scrubbing and scouring, to restore all things to exact order, after this military invasion. My vagabond informant seemed to consider this one of the greatest victories of the third party.

I walked about the place in mute wonder and admiration. A dead stillness prevailed around, like that in the deserted streets of Pompéii. No sign of life was to be seen, excepting now and then a glimpse of a long paper with an occasional puff of smoke, out of the window of some "Inthaus" overhanging a miniature canal; and on approaching a little nearer, the periphery in profile of some robustous hugher.

Among the grand houses pointed out to me were those of Claes Bakker, and Cornelius Bakker, richly carved and gilded, with flower gardens and clipped shrubbures; and that of the Great Ditmus, who was a poor devil cicerone informed me, in a whisper, was worth two millions; all these were mansions shut up from the world, and only kept to be cleaned. After having been conducted from one wonder to another of the village, I was ushered by my guide into the grounds and gardens of Mynheer Broekker, another mighty cheese-manufacturer, worth eighty thousand guilders. It had been agreed upon me with the similarity of all that I had seen in this abundant little village to the buildings and landscapes on Chinese platters and tea-sets; but here I found the similarity complete; for I was told that these gardens were modelled upon Van Bommel's description of those of Yuen Min Yuen, in China. Here were serpentine walks, with trellis borders; winding canals, with fanciful Chinese bridges; flower-beds resembling huge baskets, with the flower of the "love lies bleeding" falling over the ground. But mostly had the fancy of Mynheer Broekker been displayed about a stagnant little lake, on which a corbulet pine-leaf lay at anchor. On the border was a cottage within which were a wooden man and woman seated at table, and a wooden dog beneath, all the body of the dog had been refined on the last of the complexion of the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is in the fact patronus of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades everything else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place, but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a riband.

On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the pedler, or preacher; a very commodious portable temple, where the painter of the state of religio in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long time the inhabitants lived in a great state of indifference as to religious matters; it was in vain that their preachers endeavored to arouse their thoughts as to a future state; the joys of heaven, commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dykes, and
ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should not be one horse, or an ox, or cat, or dog, or anything that could make noise or dirt; but there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, for ever and ever, amen: Since that time, the good housewives of Brock have all turned their faces Zion-ward.

SKETCHES IN PARIS IN 1825.

FROM THE TRAVELLING NOTE-BOOK OF GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

A PARISIAN hotel is a street set on end, the grand staircase forming the highway, and every floor a separate habitation. Let me describe the one in which I am lodged, which may serve as a specimen of its class. It is a huge quadrangular pile of stone, built round a spacious paved court. The ground floor is occupied by shops, magazines, and domestic offices, as the case may be: an entre-sol, with low ceilings, short windows, and small chambers; then follows a succession of floors, or stories, rising one above the other, to the number of Mahomet's heavens. Each floor is lit by a staircase, or landing-places, with ante-chambers, saloons, dining and sleeping rooms, and all that is necessary to the accommodation of a family. Some floors are divided into two or more suites of apartments. Each apartment has its main door of entrance, opening upon the staircase, or landing-places, and locked like a street door. Thus several families and numerous single persons live under the same roof, totally independent of each other, and may live for years without knowing more intercourse than is kept up in other cities by residents in the same street.

Like the great world, this little microcosm has its gradations of rank and style and importance. The Premier, or first floor, with its grand saloons, lofty ceilings, and splendid furniture, is occupied by fashionable families. The second floor is scarcely less aristocratical and magnificent; the other floors go on lessening in splendor as they gain in altitude, and end with the attic, the region of petty tailors, clerks, and servants. To make the filling up of the mansion complete, every odd nook and corner is filled up as a joli petit appartement à garçon (a pretty little bachelor's apartment), that is to say, some little dark inconvenient nestling-place for a poor devil of a bachelor.

The whole domain is shut up from the street by a great porte-cochère, or portal, calculated for the admission of carriages. This consists of two massive folding-doors, that swing heavily open upon a spacious entrance, passing under the front of the edifice into the court-yard. On one side is a spacious staircase leading to the upper apartments. Immediately without the portal is the porter's lodge, a small room with one or two bedrooms adjacent, for the accommodation of the concierge, or porter and his family. This is one of the most important functionaries of the house. He is, in fact, the Cerberus of the establishment, and no one can pass in or out without his knowledge and consent. The porte-cochère in general is fastened by a sliding bolt, from which a cord or wire passes into the porter's lodge. Whoever wishes to go out must speak to the porter, who draws the bolt. A visitor from without gives a single rap with the massive knocker; the bolt is immediately drawn, as if by an invisible hand; the door stands ajar, the visitor pushes it open, and enters. A face presents itself at the glass door of the porter's little chamber; the stranger pronounces the name of the person he comes to see. If the person is at home, and occupying the first or second floor, the porter sounds a bell once or twice, to give notice that a visitor is at hand. The stranger in the meantime ascends the great staircase, the highway common to all, and arrives at the outer door, equivalent to a street door, of the suite of rooms inhabited by his friends. Beside this hangs a bell-cord, with which he rings for admittance.

When the family or person inquired for is of less importance, or lives in some remote part of the mansion less easy to be apprised, no signal is given. The applicant pronounces the name at the porter's door, and is told, "Montez au troisième, au quatre, ci; sortis à la porte à droite, ou à gauche;" ("Ascend to the third or fourth story, ring the bell on the right or left hand door").

The porter and his wife act as domestics to such of the inmates of the mansion as do not keep servants; making their beds, arranging their rooms, lighting their fires, and doing other menial offices, for which they receive a small stipend. They are also in confidential intercourse with the servants of the other inmates, and, having an eye on all the in-comers and out-going, are thus enabled, by hook and crook, to learn the secrets and domestic history of every member of the little territory within the porte-cochère.

The porter's lodge is accordingly a great scene of gossip, where all the private affairs of this interior neighborhood are discussed. The courtyard, also, is an assemblage in the evenings for the servants of the different families, and a neighborhood of sewing girls from the entre-sols and the attics, to play at various games, and dance to the music of their own songs, and the echoes of their feet, at which assemblage the porter's daughter takes the lead; a fresh, pretty, buxom girl, generally called "Annette," though almost as tall as a grenadier. These little evening gatherings, so characteristic of this gay country, are outdone by the various jolies chambres a garçon already mentioned. The little room is, in fact, a social center, where most of the inmates are permanent residents from year to year, so that there is more of the spirit of neighborhood than in the bustling, fashionable hotels in the gay parts of Paris, which are continually changing their inhabitants.

MY FRENCH NEIGHBOR.

I often amuse myself by watching from my window (which by the bye, is tolerably elevated), the movements of the teeming little world below me; and as I am on sociaux terms with the porter and his wife, I gather from them, as they light my fire, or serve my breakfast, anecdotes of all my fellow lodgers. I have been somewhat curious in studying a little antique Frenchman, who occupies one of the jolies chambres a garçon already mentioned. He is one of those superannuated vet-
erans who flourished before the revolution, and have weathered all the storms of Paris, in consequence, very probably, of being fortunately too insignificant to attract attention. He has a small income, which he manages with the skill of a French economist; appropriating so much for his lodgings, so much for his meals; so much for his visits to St. Cloud and Versailles, and so much for his seat at the theatre. He has resided in the house for years, and always in the same chamber, which he furnishes with his own hands. The decorations of the room mark his various ages. There are some gallant pictures which he hung up in his younger days; with a portrait of a lady of rank, whom he speaks tenderly of, dressed in the old French taste; and a pretty opera dancer, pirouetting in a hoop petticoat, who lately died at a good old age. In a corner of this picture is stuck a prescription for rheumatism, and below it stands an easy-chair. He has a small parrot at the window, to amuse him when within doors, and a pug dog to accompany him in his daily peregrinations. While I am writing he is crossing the court to go out. He is attired in his best coat, of sky-blue, and is doubtless bound for the Tuileries. His hair is dressed in the old style, with large mirror-bunlocks and a pigtail. His little dog trips after him, sometimes on four legs, sometimes on three, and looking as if his leather small-clothes were too tight for him. Now the old gentleman stops to have a word with an old cronie who lives in the entresol, and is just returning from his promenade. Now they take a pinch of snuff together; now they pull out huge red cotton handkerchiefs (those "flags of abomination," as they have well been called) and blow their noses most sonorously. Now they turn to make remarks upon their two little dogs, who are exchanging the morning's salutation; now they part, and my old gentleman stops to have a passing word with the porter's wife; and now he sallies forth, and is fairly launched upon the town for the day.

No man is so methodical as a complete idler, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as he whose time is worth nothing. The old gentleman in question has his exact hour for rising, and for shaving himself by a small mirror hung against his adversary. He sallies forth at a certain hour every morning to take his cup of coffee and his roll at a certain café, where he reads the papers. He has been a regular admirer of the lady who presides at the bar, and always stops to have a little bavardage with her en passant. He has his regular walks on the Boulevards and in the Palais Royal, where he sets his watch by the petard fired off by the sun at mid-day. He has his daily resort in the Garden of the Tuileries, to meet with a knot of veteran idlers like himself, who talk on pretty much the same subjects whenever they meet. He has been present at all the sights and shows and rejoicings of Paris for the last fifty years; has witnessed the great events of the revolution; the guillotining of the king and queen; the coronation and departure; the capture of Paris, and the restoration of the Bourbons. All these he speaks of with the coolness of a theatrical critic; and I question whether he has not been gratified by each in its turn; not from any inherent love of tumultuous events, an insatiable appetite for strife, which prevails among the inhabitants of this metropolis. I have been amused with a farce, in which one of these systematic old tritlers is represented. He sings a song detailing his whole day's round of insignificant occupations, and goes to bed delighted with the idea that his next day will be an exact repetition of the same routine:

"Je me couche le soir,  
Enchanté de pouvoir  
Recommencer mon train  
Le lendemain  
Matin."

THE ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS.

In another part of the hotel a handsome suite of rooms is occupied by an old English gentleman of great probity, some understanding, and very considerable crumpiness, who has come to France to live economically. He has a very fair property, but his wife, being of that blessed kind compared in Scripture to the fruitful vine, has overwhelmed him with a family of buxom daughters, who hang clustering about him, ready to be gathered by any hand. He is seldom to be seen in public without one hanging on each arm, and smiling on all the world, while his own mouth is drawn down at each corner like a mastiff's with internal grumes are chiefly spent about him. He adheres rigidly to English fashion in dress, and trudges about in long gaiters and broad-brimmed hat; while his daughters almost overshadow him with feathers, flowers, and French bonnets.

He contrives to keep up an atmosphere of English habits, opinions, and prejudices, and to carry a semblance of London into the very heart of Paris. His mornings are spent at Galignani's news-room, where he forms one of a knot of inveterate quinquagenarians, who read the same articles over a dozen times in a dozen different papers. He generally dines in company with some of his own countrymen, and they have what is called a "comfortable sitting" after dinner, in the English fashion, drinking wine, discussing the news of the London papers, and canvassing the French character, the French metropolis, and the French revolution, ending with a unanimous admission of English courage, English morality, English cookery, English wealth, the magnitude of London, and the ingratitude of the French.

His evenings are spent at a club of his countrymen, where the London papers are taken. Sometimes his daughters entice him to the theatres, but not often. He abuses French tragedy, as all Rustian and bombast; Talma as a ranter; and Dumas and Duchesneau as a mere termagant. It is true his ear is not sufficiently familiar with the language to understand French verse, and he generally goes to sleep during the performance. The wit of the French comedy is flat and pointless to him. He would not give one of Munden's wry faces, or Liston's inexpressible looks for the whole of it.

He will not admit that Paris has any advantage over London. The Seine is a muddy rivulet in comparison with the Thames; the West End of London surpasses the finest parts of the French capital; and on some one's observing that there was a very thick fog out of doors: "Fish!" said he, crustily, "it's nothing to the fogs we have in London."

He has infinite trouble in bringing his table into anything like conformity with English rule. With his liquors, it is true, he is tolerably successful. He procures London porter, and a stock of port and sherry, at considerable expense; for he observes that he cannot stand those cursed thin French
wines, they dilute his blood so much as to give him the rheumatism. As to their white wines, he ORIGINAL, French, looks upon them as for elder; and as to claret, why "it would be port if it could." He has continual quarrels with his French cook, whom he renders wretched by insisting on his conferring to Mrs. Glass; for it is easier to correct a Frenchman from his religion than his cookery. The poor fellow, by dint of repeated efforts, once brought himself to serve up \textit{not by sufficiently raw to suit what he considered} the cannibal taste of his master; but then he could not refrain, at the last moment, adding some exquisite sauce, that put the old gentleman in a lary.

He detests wood-fires, and has procured a quantity of coal; but not having a grate, he is obliged to burn it on the hearth. Here he sits looking and stirring the fire with one end of a long stick, while the room is as murky as a smithy; railing at French chimneys, French masons, and French architects; giving a poke at the end of every sentence, as though he were stirring up the very bowels of the delinquents he is anathematizing. He says the objects around him; gets into high dudgeon with doors and casements, because they will not come under English law, and has impolite Feuds with sundry refractory pieces of furniture. Among these is one in particular with which he is sure to have a high quarrel every time he goes to dress. It is a 	extit{commode}, one of those smooth, polished, plausible pieces of French furniture, that have the perversity of five hundred devils. Each drawer has a will of its own; will open or not, just as the whim takes it, and sets lock and key at defiance. Sometimes a drawer will refuse to yield to either persuasion or force, and will part with both handles rather than yield; another will come out in the most coy and coquettish manner imaginable; swallowing along, zigzag; corner retreating as the other advances; making a thousand difficulties and objections at every move; until the old gentleman, out of all patience, gives a sudden jerk, and brings drawer and contents into the midst of the floor. His hostility to this unlucky piece of furnishing increases every day, as if incensed that it does not grow better. He is like the fretful invalid who cursed his bed, that the longer he lay the harder it grew. The only blessing he has derived from the quarrel is, that it has furnished him with a crusty joke, which he utters on all occasions. He swears that a French 	extit{commode} is the most incommodous thing in existence, and that although the nation cannot make a joint-stool that will stand steady, yet they are always talking of everything being perfectio.

His servants understand his humor, and avoid all occasions of it. He was one day disturbed by a pernicious rattling and shaking at one of the doors, and bawled out in an angry tone to know the cause of the disturbance. "Sir," said the footman, testily, "it's this confounded French lock." "Ah!" said the old gentleman, pacified by this hit at the nation, "I thought there was something French at the bottom of it!"

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER.

As I am a mere looker on in Europe, and hold myself as much as possible aloof from its quarrels and prejudices, I feel something like one overlooking a game, who, without any great skill of his own, can occasionally perceive the humlers of much abler players. This neutrality of feeling enables me to enjoy the contrasts of character presented in this time of general peace, when the various people of Europe, who have so long been sundered by wars, are brought together and placed side by side in this great gathering-place of nations. No greater contrast, however, is exhibited than that between the English and the French.

The peace has deluged this gay capital with English visitors of all ranks and conditions. They throng every page of curiosity and amusement; fill the public gardens, the galleries, the cafes, saloons, theatres; always herding together, never associating with the Frenchman. The two nations are like two threads of different colors, tangled together but never blended.

In fact they present a continual antithesis, and seem to value themselves upon being unlike each other; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the Frenchmen enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from impulse, and from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of society, and places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment, even when abroad. He can make his house a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve; he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, the sun shines bright for a moment, and forthwith satisfies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, a Frenchman retreats distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand. The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practises a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Everything goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clutter and chatter. He is good humored and talkative with his servants, soothed with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Anybody has access to
himself and his apartments; his very bed-room is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that commendable habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring guns and mantraps in his gate-ways; shrouds himself with trees and window-curtains; exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet whoever gains admittance is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit, the English in humor; the French have gayer fancy, the French richer imagination. The former are full of sensibility; easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their excitement is not durable; the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected, but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are that the vivacity of the French is apt to be fleeting; and the gravity, until the English to settle down and grow stately. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag is victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or theutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin; a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his grisy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbor for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and finds, with the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French, in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and John in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

The Tuileries and Windsor Castle.

I have sometimes fancied I could discover national characteristics in national edifices. In the Chateau de la Tuilerie, for instance, I perceive the same jumble of contrarities that marks the French character: the same whimsical mixture of the great and the little, the splendid and the paltry, the sublime and the grotesque. On visiting this famous pile, the first thing that strikes both eye and ear is military display. The courts glitter with steel-clad soldiery, and resound with the tramp of horses, the roll of drums, and the Bray of trumpet. Dismounted guardsmen patrol its arcades, with loaded carbines, jingling spears, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clanking sabres, and clacking sabres. Gigantic granadiers are posted about the place, and the guards roll from the balconies or lounge in groups upon the terraces; and the gleam of bayonet from window to window, shows that sentinels are pacing up and down the corridors and antechambers. The first floor is brilliant with the splendors of a court. I see the taste has Tactics in adorning the sumptuous suites of apartments; nor are the gilded chapel and the splendid theatre forgotten, where piety and pleasure are next-door neighbors, and harmonize together with perfect French bonhomie.

Mingled up with all this regal and military magnificence, is a world of whimsical and make-shift detail. A great part of the huge edifice is cut up into little chambers and nestling-places for retainers of the court, dependants on retainers, and hangers-on of dependants. Some are squeezed into narrow entresols, those low, dark, intermediate slices of apartments between floors, the inhabitants of which seem shoved in edge-wise, like books between narrow shelves; others are perched on the roofs, and have to stoop their heads over the high roofs, too, which are as tall and steep as a French cocked-hat, have rows of little dormant windows, tier above tier, just large enough to admit light and air for some dormitory, and to enable its occupant to peep out at the sky. Even to the very ridge of the roof, may be seen here and there one of these air-holes, with a stove pipe beside it, to carry off the smoke from the hand of fuel with which its weazen-faced tenant simmer his donuts and coffee.

On approaching the palace from the Pont Royal, you take in at a glance all the various strata of inhabitants; the garretteur in the roof; the retainer in the entresol; the courtiers at the casements of the royal apartments; while on the ground floor a steam of savoury odors and a score or two of cooks, in white caps, boiling their heads about the windows, betray that scientific and all-important laboratory, the Royal Kitchen.

Go into the grand ante-chamber of the royal apartments on Sunday and see the mixture of Old and New France; the old emigres, returned with the Bourbons; little withered, spindle-shanked old noblemen, clad in court dresses, that figured in these salons before the revolution, and have been carefully treasured up during their exile; with the solidiers and office, the coals and coal-scuttles; with the sous-lieutenants de paquebot of former days; and the court swords strutting out behind, like pins stuck through dry beetles. See them haunting the scenes of their former splendor, in hopes of a restitution of estates, like ghosts haunting the vicinity of buried treasure; while around them you see the Young France, that have grown up in the fighting school of Napoleon; all equipped en militaire; tall, hardy, frank, vigorous, sun-burned, fierce-whiskered; with tramping boots, towering crests, and glittering breastplates.

It is incredible the number of ancient and hereditary feeders on royalty said to be housed in this establishment. Indeed all the royal palaces abound with noble families returned from exile, and who have nestling-places allotted them while they await the restoration of their estates; the much-talked-of law indemnity. Some of them have five quarters, but poor living. Some families have but five or six hundred francs a year, and all their revenue consists of a servant woman.
With all this, they maintain their old aristocratical hauteur, look down with vast contempt upon the opulent families which have risen since the Revolution; stigmatize them all as parvenus, or upstarts.

In regarding the exterior of the Tuileries, with all its outward signs of internal population, I have often thought what a rare sight it would be to see it suddenly unroofed, and all its nooks and corners laid open to the day. It would be like turning a wild forest into a grove of trees, and discovering the world of grubs, and ants, and beetles lodged beneath. Indeed there is a scandalous anecdote current, that in the time of one of the petty plots, when petards were exploded under the windows of the Tuileries, the police made a sudden investigation of the palace at four o'clock in the morning; when a scene of the most whimsical confusion ensued. Hosts of supernumerary inhabitants were found. I foisted into the huge edifice; every rat-hole had its occupant; and places which had been considered dangerous tenanted by spiders, were found crowded with a surreptitious population. It is added, that many ludicrous accidents occurred; great scrambling and slamming of doors, and whistling away in night-gowns and dressing-gowns! Yes, my friend, and diabolically to discover by accident in their neighbors' chambers, evinced indubitable astonishment at the circumstances.

A little fancied I could read the French character in the national palace of the Tuileries, so I have pictured to myself some of the traits of John Bull in his royal abode of Windsor Castle. The Tuileries, outwardly a peaceful palace, is in effect a swaggering military hold: while the old castle, on the contrary, in spite of its bullying look, is completely under petitec government. Each corner and nook is built up into some snug, cozy living place, some 'procurator cradle,' not to say by meagre expectants or whiskered widows, but by sleek plebeians; knowing real bull of present pay and present pudding: who seem placed there not to kill and destroy, but to breed and multiply. Nursery maids and children shine with rosy faces at the windows, and swing about the courts and terraces. The very soldiers have a pacific look, and we may fancy that duty may be seen boarding at the place with the nursery-maids; not making love to them in the gay gallant style of the French solider, but with infinite bonhomie aiding them to take care of the broods of children.

Though the old castle is in decay, everything about it thrives; the very crevices of the walls are tenanted by swallows, rooks, and pigeons, all sure of quiet lodgment; the ivy strikes its roots deep in the fissures, and flourishes the moss layering over. This is in a word honest John; according to his own account, he is ever going to ruin, yet everything that lives on him, thrives and waxes fat. He would have a soldier, and swagger like his neighbors; but his domestic, quiet-loving, uxorious nature continually gets the upper hand; and though he may mount his helmet and gir on his sword, yet he is apt to sink into the plodding, pains-taking father of a family; with a troop of children at his heels, and his women-kind hanging on each arm.**

*The above sketch was written before the thorough repairs and magnificent additions that have been made of late years to Windsor Castle.

**THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I HAVE spoken heretofore with some levity of the contrast that exists between the English and French character; not that it serves much in moderation. They are the two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry: essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposite qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In battle, the Conduct of the enemy were strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like waves on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those sorely walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. They calked by cannon; whole rows were swept down at a shot; the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood, or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the fondling fortunes of his chief, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave! and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amid the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blest laurels of his country.

In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as it to leave the question of superiority still undecided, brought in the last of such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

It was several years afterward that I visited the field of Waterloo. The ploughshare had turned its lions labor, and the forest of harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood, a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced by bullet, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gault and Briton, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rife. Of them spoke another from the field of battle as from a volcano: "It was," said chamber, "like a little hell upon earth." Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwept still marked the places where these rival warriors,
after their fierce and fidful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet’s clangor; the team slowly labored up the hill-side, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers’ graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.

To the foregoing desultory notes on the French military character, let me append a few traits which I picked up verbally in one of the French provinces. They may have already appeared in print, but I have never met them.

At the breaking out of the revolution, when so many of the old families emigrated, a descendant of the great Turenne, by the name of De Latour D’Auvergne, refused to accompany his relations, and entered into the Republican army. He served in all the campaigns of the revolution, distinguishing himself by his valor, his science, and his generous spirit, and might have risen to fortune and to the highest honors. He refused, however, all rank in the army, above that of corporal, and would receive no recompense for his accomplishments but a sword of honor. Napoleon, in testimony of his merits, gave him the title of Premier Grenadier de France (First Grenadier of France), which was the only title he would ever bear. He was killed in Germany, in 1809 or 10. To honor his memory, his place was always retained in his regiment, as if he still occupied it; and whenever the regiment was mustered, and the name of De Latour D’Auvergne was called out, the reply was, “Dead on the field of honor!”

PARIS AT THE RESTORATION.

Paris presented a singular aspect just after the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. It was filled with a restless, roaminent, and his generous spirit, and might have risen to fortune and to the highest honors. He refused, however, all rank in the army, above that of corporal, and would receive no recompense for his accomplishments but a sword of honor. Napoleon, in testimony of his merits, gave him the title of Premier Grenadier de France (First Grenadier of France), which was the only title he would ever bear. He was killed in Germany, in 1809 or 10. To honor his memory, his place was always retained in his regiment, as if he still occupied it; and whenever the regiment was mustered, and the name of De Latour D’Auvergne was called out, the reply was, “Dead on the field of honor!”

The vaunted courtesy of the old school, the smooth urbanity that prevailed in former days of settled government and long-established aristocracy, had disappeared amid the savage republicanism of the revolution and the military fury of the empire; recent reverses had stung the national vanity to the quick; and English travellers, who crowded to Paris on the return of peace, expecting to meet with a gay, good-humored, complacent people, such as existed in the time of the “Sentimental Journey,” were surprised at finding them irritable and fractious, quick at fancying affronts, and not unapt to offer insults. They accordingly inveighed with heat and bitterness at the rudeness they experienced in the French metropolis; yet what better had they to expect? Had Charles II. been reinstated in his kingdom by the valor of French troops; had he been wheeled triumphantly to London over the trampled bodies and trampled standards of English bravest sons; had a French general dictated to the English capital, and a French army been quartered in Hyde-Park; had Paris poured forth its motley population, and the wealthy bourgeoisie of every French trading town swarmed London, crowding its squares; filling its streets with their equipages; thronging its fashionable hotels, and places of amusement; elbowing its impoverished nobility out of their palaces and opera-boxes, and looking down on the humiliated inhabitants as a conquered people; it would be a reversion of the case, what degree of courtesy was the population of London have been apt to exercise toward their visitors?

On the contrary, I have always admired the degree of magnanimity exhibited by the French on the occupation of their capital by the English. When we consider the military ambition of this nation, its love of glory; the splendid height to which its renown in arms had recently been carried, and the valor of its soldiers, we can but marvel that it had just undergone; its armies shattered, annihilated; its capital captured, garrisoned, and over-run; and that, by the ancient rival, the English, toward whom it had cherished for centuries a jealous and almost religious hostility; could we have imagined if the tiger spirit of the people who had broken out in bloody feuds and deadly quarrels; and that they had sought to rid themselves in any way of their invaders? But it is cowardly nations only, those who dare not yield the sword, that revenge themselves with the luring dagger. There were no assassinations in Paris. The French had fought valiantly, desparately, in the field; but, when valor was no longer of avail, they submitted like gallant men to a fate they could not withstand. Some instances of insult from the populace were experienced by their English visitors; some personal encounters, which led to duels, did take place; but these smacked of open and honorable hostility. No instances of lurking and perfidious revenge occurred, and the British soldier put down the insurrections of Paris safe from treacherous assault.

If the English met with harshness and repulse in social intercourse, it was in some degree a proof that the people are more sincere than has been represented, and justly so. Many of them, in utter indigence, upon the world; the broken elements of armies. They haunted the places of public resort, like restless, unhappy spirits, taking no pleasure; hanging about, like lowering clouds that linger after a storm, and giving a singular air of gloom to this otherwise gay metropolis.

The vaunted courtesy of the old school, the smooth urbanity that prevailed in former days of settled government and long-established aristocracy, had disappeared amid the savage republicanism of the revolution and the military fury of the empire; recent reverses had stung the national vanity to the quick; and English travellers, who crowded to Paris on the return of peace, expecting to meet with a gay, good-humored, complacent people, such as existed in the time of the “Sentimental Journey,” were surprised at finding them irritable and fractious, quick at fancying affronts, and not unapt to offer insults. They accordingly inveighed with heat and bitterness at the rudeness they experienced in the French metropolis; yet what better had they to expect? Had Charles II. been reinstated in his kingdom
And here let me notice the conduct of the French soldierly in the dismemberment of the army of the Loire, when two hundred thousand men were suddenly thrown out of employ: men who had been brought up to the camp, and scarce knowing by whose aid they lived. They are aware of the severe trial to the feelings that takes place on the dissolution of a regiment. There is a fraternity in arms. The community of dangers, hardships, enjoyments; the participation in battles and victories; the companionship in adventures, at a time of life when men’s feelings are most fresh, susceptible, and ardent, all these bind the members of a regiment strongly together. To them the regiment is friends, family, home. They identify themselves with its fortunes, its glories, its disgraces. Imagine this romantic tie suddenly dissolved; the regiment broken up; the occupation of its members gone; their military pride mortified; the career of glory closed behind them; that of obscurity opened in front of them. Such was the case with the soldiers of the Army of the Loire. They were sent off in squads, with officers, to the principal towns where they were to be disarmed and discharged. In this way they passed through the country with arms in their hands, often exposed to slightings and scoffs, to hunger and various hardships and privations; but they conducted themselves magnanimously, without any of those outbreaks of violence and wrong that so often attend the dismemberment of armies.

The few years that have elapsed since the time above alluded to, have already had their effect. The proud and angry spirits which then roamed about Paris unemployed have cooled down and found occupation. The national character begins to recover its old channels, though worn deeper by recent torrents. The natural urbanity of the French begins to find its way, like oil, to the surface, though there still remains a degree of roughness and bluntness of manner, partly real, and partly affected, by such imagine it to indicate force and frankness. The events of the last thirty years have rendered the French a more flexible people. They have acquired a greater degree of independence of mind and strength of judgment, together with a portion of that prudence which results from experiencing the dangerous consequences of excesses. However that period may have been stained by crimes, and filled with extravagances, the French have certainly come out of it a greater nation than before. One of their own philosophers observes that in one or two generations the nation will probably combine the ease and elegance of the old character with force and solid independence. They were light; they say, before the revolution; then wild and savage; they have become more thoughtful and reflective. It is only old Frenchmen, now-a-days, that are gay and trivial; the young are very serious persons.

P.S. In the course of a morning’s walk, about the time the above remarks were written, I observed a conversation between two persons near the place Vendôme, close by the Column of Napoleon. He gave a glance up at the column as he passed, and continued his loitering way up the Rue de la Paix; stopping occasionally to gaze in at the shop-windows; elbowed now and then by other gazers, who little suspected that the quiet, lounging individual they wereostling so unconcernedly, was the conqueror who had twice entered their capital victoriously; had controlled the destinies of the nation, and eclipsed the glory of the military ideal, at the base of whose column he was thus negligently sauntering.

Some years afterward I was at an evening’s entertainment given by the Duke at Apsley House, to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the great staircase, stood the colossal statue of the emperor, by Canova. It was of marble, in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of victory. Over this arm the ladies, in tripping up stairs to the ball, had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

"Imperial Caesar dead, and turned to clay," etc., etc.

AMERICAN RESEARCHES IN ITALY.

LIFE OF TASSO: RECOVERY OF A LOST PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker:

Sir: Permit me through the pages of your journal to call the attention of the public to the learned and elegant researches in Europe of one of our countrymen, Mr. R. H. Wilde, of Georgia, formerly a member of the House of Representives. After leaving Congress, Mr. Wilde a few years since spent about eighteen months in traveling through different parts of Europe, until he became stationary for a time in Tuscany. Here he occupied himself with researches concerning the private life of Tasso, whose mysterious and romantic love for the Princess Leonora, his madness and everything, had recently become the theme of a literary controversy, not yet ended; curious in itself, and rendered still more curious by some alleged manuscripts of the poet’s, brought forward by Count Alberti. Mr. Wilde entered into the investigation with the enthusiasm of a poet, and the patience and accuracy of a case-hunter; and has produced a work now in the press, in which the vexed questions concerning Tasso are most ably discussed, and lights thrown upon them by his letters, and by various of his sonnets, which last are rendered into English with rare felicity. While Mr. Wilde was occupied upon this work, he became acquainted with Signor Carlo Liverati, an artist of considerable merit, and especially well versed in the antiquities of Florence. This gentleman mentioned incidentally one day, in the course of conversation, that there once and probably still existed in the Bargello, anciently both the prison and the palace of the republic, an authentic portrait of Dante. It was believed to be in fresco, on a wall which afterward, by some strange neglect or inadvertency, had been covered with whitewash. Signor Liverati mentioned the circumstance merely to deplore the loss of so precious a portrait, and to regret the almost utter hopelessness of its recovery.
As Mr. Wilde had not as yet imbibed that enthusiasm for Dante which possesses all Italians, but whom the poet has almost worshipped, this conversation made but a slight impression on him at the time. Subsequently, however, his researches concerning Tasso being ended, he began to amuse his leisure hours with attempts to search out the secrets of his art, and to compose very short biographical sketches of the authors. In these specimens, which as yet exist only in manuscript, he has shown the same critical knowledge of the Italian language and admirable command of the English, that characterizes his translations of Tasso. He had not advanced far in these exercises, when the obscure and contradictory accounts of many incidents in the life of Dante caused him much embarrassment, and sorely piqued his curiosity.

About the same time he received, through the courtesy of Don Neri dei Principi Corsini, what he had long most fervently desired, a permission from the Grand Duke to pursue his investigations in the sacred archives of Florence, with power to obtain copies therefrom. This was a rich and almost unwrought mine of literary research; for to Italians themselves, as well as to foreigners, their archives for the most part have long been closed. For two years Mr. Wilde devoted himself with indefatigable ardor to explore the records of the republic during the time of Dante. These being written in barbarous Latin and semi-Gothic characters, on parchment more or less discolored and mutilated, with ink sometimes faded, were rendered still more illegible by the arbitrary abridgments of the notaries. They require, in fact, an especial study; few even of the officers employed in the "Archivio delle Riformazioni" can read them correctly.

Mr. Wilde, however, persevered in his laborious task with a patience severely tried, but invincible. Being without an index, each file, each book, required to be examined page by page, to ascertain whether any particular of the immortal poet's political life had escaped the注意 industry of his countrymen. This toil was not wholly fruitless, and several interesting facts obscurely known, and others utterly unknown by the Italians themselves, are drawn forth by Mr. Wilde from these archives.

While thus engaged, the circumstance of the lost portrait of Dante was again brought to Mr. Wilde's mind, but now with increased interest. In perusing the notes of the late learned Canonic Moreri on Filoile's life of Dante, he found it stated that a portrait of the poet by Giotto was formerly to be seen in the Bargello. He learned also that Signor Scotti, who has charge of the original drawings of the old masters in the imperial and royal gallery, had made several years since an ineffectual attempt to set on foot a project for the recovery of the lost treasure. Here was a new vein of inquiry, which Mr. Wilde followed up with his usual energy and sagacity. He soon satisfied himself, by reference to Vasari, and to documents of ancient and decisive authority of Filippo Villari, who died shortly after the poet that Giotto, the friend and contemporary of Dante, did undoubtedly paint his likeness in the place indicated. Giotto died in 336, but as Dante was banished, and was even sentenced to be burned, in 322, it is evident the work must have been executed before that time; since the portrait of one outlawed and capitally convicted as an enemy to the commonwealth would never have been ordered or tolerated in the chapel of the royal pal-

...
his arm, designed most probably to represent the "Vita Nuova," for the "Comedia" was not yet composed, and to all appearance from thirty to thirty-five years of age. He was in profile, and in excellent preservation, excepting that at some former period a nail had unfortunately been driven into the eye. The outline of the eyelid was perfect, so that the injury could easily be remedied. The countenance was extremely handsome, yet bore a strong resemblance to the portraits of the poet taken later in life.

It is not easy to appreciate the delight of Mr. Wilde and his coadjutors at this triumphal result of their researches; nor the sensaion produced, not merely in Florence but throughout Italy, in this discovery of a veritable portrait of Dante, in the prime of his days. It was some such sensation as would be produced in England by the sudden discovery of a perfectly well authenticated likeness of Shakespeare; with a difference in intensity proportioned to the superior sensitiveness of the Italians.

The recovery of this portrait of the "divine poet" has occasioned fresh inquiry into the origin of the several claimants to the possession of the face cast of his face taken after death. One of these claimants, in the possession of the Marquess of Torrignano, has been pronounced as certainly the original. Several artists of high talent have concurred in this opinion. By the very outstanding features, by the first engraver in Florence; Seymour Kirkup, Esq., a painter and antiquary; and our own countryman Powers, whose geniuses, by the way, are very highly appreciated by the Italians.

We may expect from the accomplished pen of Carlo Torrignano, son of the Marquess, and who is advantageously known in this country, from having travelled here, an account of this curious and valuable relic, which has been upward of a century in the possession of his family.

Should Mr. Wilde finish his biographical work concerning Dante, which promises to be a proud achievement in American literature, he intends, I understand, to apply for permission to have both likenesses copied, and should circumstances warrant, to have them engraved by eminent artists. We shall then have the features of Dante while in the prime of life as well as at the moment of his death.

G. C.

THE TAKING OF THE VEIL.

One of the most remarkable personages in Parisian society during the last century was Renee Charlotte Victoire de Froulhy de Tessé, Marchioness de Créqui. She sprang from the highest and proudest of the old French nobility, and ever maintained the most exalted notions of the purity and dignity of the illustrious blood of her name. The Marquis of Créqui was a famous general, and his exploits could not date back further than three or four hundred years as mere upstarts. When a beautiful girl, fourteen years of age, she was presented to Louis XIV., at Versailles, and the ancient monarch was deeply moved by the great galantry; after an interval of about eight-and-five years, when nearly a hundred years old, the same testament of respect was paid her at the Tuileries by Bonaparte; then Duke of Orleans, and the representative of the restored monarchy of France.

She was one of the most celebrated women of her time for intellectual grace and superiority, and had the courage to remain at Paris and brave all the horrors of the revolution, which laid waste the aristocratical world around her.

The memoirs she has left behind abound with curious anecdotes and vivid pictures of Parisian life during the later days of Louis XIV., the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and the residue of the last century; and are highly illustrative of the pride, splendor, and licentiousness of the French nobility in the very eye of their tremendous downfall.

I shall draw forth a few scenes from her memoirs, taken almost at random, and which, though given as actual and well-known circumstances, have quite the air of romance.

All the great world of Paris were invited to be present at a grand ceremonial, to take place in the church of the Abbey Royal of Panteum, Henrietta de Lencour, a young girl, of a noble family, of great beauty, and heiress to immense estates, was to take the black veil. Invitations had been issued in grand form, by her aunt and guardian, the Countess de Ramecourt, canoness of Mauberge. The circumstance caused great talk and wonder in the fashionable circles of Paris; everybody was at a loss to imagine why a young girl, beautiful and rich, in the very prime of her springtime of her charms, should renounce a world which she was so eminently qualified to embellish and enjoy.

A lady of high rank, who visited the beautiful novice at the grate of her convent-parlor, got a clue to the mystery. "The maiden..." she said, "is the object of my affection; for a time I have been greatly interested in her feelings, but they at length broke forth in passionate exclamations. "Heaven grant me grace," said she, "some day or other to pardon my cousin Gaudreault, the sorrow he has caused me."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed she. "What sorrows, my child?" inquired her visitor. "Has your cousin done to affect you?"

"He is married!" cried she in accents of despair, but endeavoring to repress her emotion.

"Married! I have heard nothing at all about your cousin, my dear. Are you perfectly sure of it?"

"Alas! nothing is more certain; my cousin Rupelmonde informed me of it."

The lady retired, full of surprise and commiseration, having witnessed the scene in a circle of the highest nobility, in the saloon of the Marshal Prince de Beauvau, where the unaccountable self-sacrifice of the beautiful novice was under discussion.

"Alas!" said she, "the poor girl is crossed in love; she is about to renounce the world in despair, at the marriage of her cousin de Gondrecourt.

"What?" cried a gentlewoman present, "the Viscount de Gondrecourt married! Never was there a greater falsehood. And her aunt told her so! Oh, I understand the plot! The Countess is passionately fond of Gondrecourt, and jealous of her beautiful niece; but her schemes are vain: the Viscount holds her in perfect desolation.

There was a mingled expression of ridicule, disgust, and indignation at the thought of such a rivalry. The Countess Rupelmonde was old enough to be the grandmother of the Viscount. She was a woman of violent passions, and imperious temper; but she was not disposed to be outdone in this point of complicity, with a masculine voice, a dusky complexion, green eyes, and powerful eyebrows.
"It is impossible," cried one of the company, "that a woman of the countess' age and appearance can be guilty of such folly. No, no; you misjudge the character of this despicable woman. She has been managing to get possession of the estate of her lovely niece."

This was admitted to be the most probable; and all concurred in believing the countess to be at the same time both the instigator and the instigator of this mischievous woman. She was pronounced better than a devil incarnate.

The Princess de Beauvau, a woman of generous spirit and intrepid soul, suddenly rose from the chair in which she had been reclining. "My prince," said she, addressing her husband, "if you approve of it, I will go immediately and have a conversation on this subject with the archbishop. There is not a moment to spare. It is now past midnight; the ceremony is to take place in the morning. A few hours and the irrevocable vows will be pronounced."

The prince inclined his head in respectful assent. The princess set about her generous enterprise; and the woman's spirit was evident. Within a short time her carriage was at the iron gate of the archiepiscopal palace, and her servants rang for admission. Two Swiss, who had charge of the gate, were fast asleep in the porter's lodge, for it was half past two in the morning. It was some time before they could be awakened, and longer before they could be made to come forth.

"The Princess de Beauvau is at the gate!"

Such a personage was not to be received in ordinary. The dignity and the dignity of the archbishop demanded that the gate should be served in full costume. For half an hour, therefore, the princess waited, in feverish impatience, until the two dignitaries of the porter's lodge appeared; and three o'clock sounded from the tower of Notre Dame before they came forth. They were in grand livery, of a buff color, with amaranth galons, plaited with silver, and fringed sword-belts reaching to their knees, in which were suspended long rapiers. They had small three-cornered hats, surmounted with plumes; and each bore in his hand a halberd. Thus equipped at all points, they planted themselves before the door of the carriage; struck the ends of their halberds on the ground with emphasis; and stood waiting with official impatience, and a profound respect, to know the pleasure of the princess.

She demanded to speak with the archbishop. A most reverential bow and shrug accompanied the reply, that His Grandeur was not at home.

Not at home! Where was he to be found? Another bow and shrug: "His Grandeur either was, or ought to be, in retirement in the seminary of St. Magloire; unless he had gone to pass the Fête of St. Bruno with the reverend Carthusian Fathers of the Rue d'Enfer; or perhaps he might have gone to repose himself in his castle of Conflans-sur-Seine."

Though, on further thought, it was not unlikely he might have gone to sleep at St. Cyr, the Bishop of Chartres never failed to invite him for the annual soirée of Madame de Boulogne.

The princess was in despair at this multiplicity of cross-roads pointed out for the chase; the brief interval of time was rapidly elapsing; day already began to dawn; she saw there was no hope of finding the archbishop before the moment of the ceremony. She invited him for the morning's ceremony; so she returned home quite distressed.

At seven o'clock in the morning the princess was in the parlor of the monastery of De Panthom, and sent in an urgent request for a monastic function to the archbishop. The reply brought was, that the Abbess could not come to the parlor, being obliged to attend in the choir, at the canonical hours. The princess entered permission to enter the convent, to reveal the secret of the traitor, to consult on the greatest importance. The Abbess sent word in reply, that the thing was impossible, until she had obtained permission from the Archbishop of Paris. The princess retired once more to her carriage, and now, as a last hope, took her station at the door of the church, to watch for the arrival of the prelate.

After a while the splendid company invited to this great ceremony began to arrive. The beauty, rank, and wealth of the novice had excited great attention; and, as everybody was expected to be present on the occasion, everybody pressed to secure a place. The street reverberated with the continual roll of gilded carriages and chariots; coaches of princes and dukes, designated by imperial scrolls, and with the insignia of nobility. The equipages of six horses, decked out with nodding plumes and sumptuous harnessing. At length the equipages ceased to arrive; empty vehicles filled the street; and, with a noisy and part-colored crowd of lacquers in rich livery, obstructed all the entrances to De Panthom.

Eleven o'clock had struck; the last auditor had entered the church; the deep tones of the organ were to swell through the sacred pile, yet still the archbishop came not. The heart of the princess beat quicker and quicker with vague apprehension; when a valet, dressed in cloth of silver, trimmed with crimson velvet, approached her carriage precipitately. "Madame," said he, "the archbishop is in the church; he entered by the portal of the cloister; he is already in the sanctuary; the ceremony is about to commence!"

What was to be done? To speak with the archbishop was now impossible, and yet on the revelation she was to make to him depended the fate of the lovely novice. The princess drew forth her tablets of enamelled gold, wrote a few lines therein with a pencil, and ordered her lacquey to make way for her through the crowd, and conduct her with all speed to the sacristy.

The description given of the church and the assemblage on this occasion is the idea of the aristocratical state of the times, and of the high interest awakened by the affecting sacrifice about to take place. The church was hung with superb tapestry, above which extended a band of white damask, fringed with gold, and covered with armorial escutcheons. A large pennon, emblazoned with the arms and alliances of the high-born damsel, was suspended, according to custom, in place of the lamp of the sanctuary. The lustres, girandoles, and candleabras of the king had been furnished in profusion to decorate the sacred edifice, and the pavements were all covered with rich carpets.

The sanctuary presented a reverend and august assemblage of bishops, canons, and monks of various orders, Benedictines, Raccalots, Capuchins, and others, in all their appropriate robes and dresses. In the midst of the Archbishop of Paris, Christopher de Beaumout, surrounded by his four archpriests and his vicars-general. He was seated with his back against the wall of the church's east end at the last step down, as countenance, pale and severe, is repre-
sent as having been somewhat sepulchral and death-like; but the moment he raised his large, dark, bearded face the whole became animated; beaming with ardor, and expressive of energy, penetration, and firmness.

The audience that crowded the church was no less illustrous. Excepting the royal family, all that at that time were near and dear to the Abbess were there: never had a ceremonial of the kind attracted an equal concourse of the high aristocracy of Paris.

At length the grated gates of the choir crested on their hinges and Madame de Richelieu, the high and noble Abbess of De Panthémon, advanced to receive the novice into the hands of her aunt, the Countess Canoness De Rupelmonde. Every eye was turned with intense curiosity to gain a sight of the beautiful victim. She was sumptuously dressed, but her paleness and languor accorded but little with her brilliant attire. The Canoness De Rupelmonde conducted her niece to her praying-desk, where, as soon as the poor girl knelt down, she sank as if exhausted. Just as the Abbess said mass, the voice of the archbishop, distinctly heard at the lower end of the church, where the servants in livery were gathered. A young man was borne forth, struggling in convulsions. He was in the uniform of an officer of the guards of King Stanislas, and the Abbess immediately proffered that it was the young Viscount de Gondrecourt, and that he was a lover of the novice. Almost all the young nobles present hurried forth to proffer him sympathy and assistance.

The Archbishop of Paris, in his manner all this time seated before the altar: his eyes cast down, his pallid countenance giving no signs of interest or participation in the scene around him. He was noticed that in one of his hands, which was covered with a violet glove, he grasped firmly a pair of tablets, of enamelled gold.

The Canoness De Rupelmonde conducted her niece to the prelate, to make her profession of self-devotion, and to utter the irrevocable vow. As the lovely novice knelt at his feet, the archbishop fixed on her his dark, beaming eyes, with a kind but earnest expression. "Sister!" said he, in the softest and most benevolent tone of voice, "What is your age?"

"Nineteen years, Monsieur," eagerly interpolated the Countess Canoness De Rupelmonde.

"You are old enough to marry, Madame," said the archbishop, dryly. He then repeated his question to the novice, who replied in a faltering voice, "Seventeen years."

"In what diocese did you take the white veil?"

"In the diocese of Toul."

"How!" exclaimed the archbishop, vehemently. "In the diocese of Toul? The chair of Toul is vacant! The Bishop of Toul died fifteen months since; and those who officiate in the chapter are not authorized to receive novices. Your novice, Mademoiselle, is null and void, and we cannot receive your profession."

The archbishop rose from his chair, resumed his mitre, and took the crozier from the hands of an attendant.

"My dear brethren," said he, addressing the assembly, "there is no necessity for our examining and interrogating Mademoiselle de Loncour on the sincerity of her religious vocation. There is a canonical impediment in her professing for the present; and, as to the future, we reserve it. We interdict to all other ecclesiastical persons the power of accepting her vows, under penalty of interdiction, of suspension, and of nullification; all which is in virtue of our metropolitan rights, contained in the formula: 'Nullius in præsenti, nullius in futuro: nullius proximus.' " Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini."

Pursued he, chanting in a grave and solemn voice, and turning toward the altar to give the benediction of the holy sacrament.

The noble auditory that habituated to reserve, that empire, or rather tyranny, over all outward manifestations of internal emotions, which belongs to high aristocratical breeding. The declaration of the archbishop, therefore, was received as one of the most natural and ordinary things in the world, and all knelt down and received the pontifical benediction with perfect decorum. As soon, however, as they were released from the self-restraint imposed by etiquette, they amply indemnified themselves; and nothing was talked of for a month, in the fashionable saloons of Paris, but the loves of the handsome Viscount and the charming Henrietta; the wickedness of the canoness; the active benevolence and admirable address of the Princess de Beauvau; and the great wisdom of the archbishop, who particularly exalted for his delicacy in defeating this manoeuvre without any scandal to the aristocracy, or public stigma on the name of De Rupelmonde, and without any departure from pastoral gentleness, by adroitly seizing upon an informality, and turning it to beneficial account, with as much authority as charitable circumspection.

As to the Canoness de Rupelmonde, she was defeated at last in her efforts against her beautiful niece. In consequence of the cavet of the archbishop, her superior ecclesiastical, the Abbess de Panthémon, formally forbade Mademoiselle de Loncour to resume the white veil and the dress of a novice, and instead of a novice's cell, established her in a beautiful apartment as a boarder. The next morning the Canoness de Rupelmonde called at the convent to take away her niece; but, to her confusion, the abess produced a lettre-de-cachet, which she had just received, and which forbade Mademoiselle to leave the convent with any other person save the Prince de Grand-Beauvau.

Under the auspices and the vigilant attention of the prince, the whole affair was wound up in the most technical and circumstantial manner. The Countess de Rupelmonde, a decreed of the Grand Council, was divested of the guardianship of her niece. All the arrears of revenues accumulated during Mademoiselle de Loncour's minority were rigorously collected, the accounts scrutinized and adjusted, and her noble fortune placed safely and entirely in her hands.

In a little while the noble personages who had been invited to the ceremony of taking the veil received another invitation, on the part of the Countess de Gondrecourt, and the Marshal Prince de Beauvau, to attend the marriage of Adrien de Gondrecourt, Viscount of Jean-surger-Moselle; Henriette de Loncour, Countess de Heuvelow, etc., which duly took place in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace at Paris.

So much for the beautiful Henrietta de Loncour. We will now draw forth a companion picture of a handsome young cavalier, who figured in the gay world of Paris, the manner and bearing of whom the ancient Marchioness writes with the lingering feeling of youthful romance.
THE CHARMING LETORIÈRES.

"A good face is a letter of recommendation," says an old proverb; and it was never more verified than in the case of the Chevalier Letorìères. He was a young gentleman of good family, but who, according to the Spanish phrase, had nothing but his cloak and sword (capa y espada), that is to say, his gentle blood and gallant bearing, to help him forward in the world. Through the interest of an uncle, who was an abbé, he received a gratuity, that enabled him to enter a fashionable college, but finding the terms of study too long, and the vacations too short, for his gay and indolent temper, he left college without saying a word, and launched himself upon Paris, with a light heart and a lighter pocket. Here he led a life to his humor. It is true he had to make scanty meals, and to lodge in a garret; but what of that? He was his own master; free from all task or restraint. When cold or hungry, he sallied forth, like others of the chameleon order, and banqueted on the spoils of wanton youth. He roamed about the public walks and gardens; drove off the thoughts of a dinner by amusing himself with the gay and grotesque throngs of the metropolis; and if one of the poorest, was one of the merriest gentlemen upon earth. Heaven knew what good Prince Louis, and Frank, graceful demeanor, had an instant and magical effect in securing favor. There was but one word to express his fascinating powers—he was charming.

Instances are given of the effect of his winning qualities upon minds of coarse, ordinary mould. He had once taken shelter from a heavy shower under a gateway. A huckster coachman, who was passing by, pulled up, and asked him if he wished a cast in his carriage. Letorìères declined, with a melancholy and dubious shake of the head. The coachman regarded him wistfully, repeated his solicitations, and wished to know what place he was going to. To the Palace of Justice, to walk in the galleries; but I will wait here until the rain is over.

"And why so?" inquired the coachman, peremptorily.

"Because I've no money; do let me be quiet." The coachman jumped down, and opening the door of his carriage, "It shall never be said, coachman, that I sold a young gentleman to weary himself, and catch cold, merely for the sake of twenty-four sous."

Arrived at the Palace of Justice, he stopped before the saloon of a famous restaurateur, opened the door of the carriage, and taking off his hat very respectfully, begged the youth to accept of a Louis-d'or. "You will meet with some young gentlemen within," said he, "with whom you may wish to take a hand at cards." The number of my coach is 144. You can find me out, and repay me whenever you please."

The worthy Jehu was some years afterward made coachman to the Princess Sophia, of France, through the recommendation of the handsome youth he had so generously obliged.

Another instance in point is given with respect to the Abbé Letorìères. He owed four hundred livres. The tailor had repeatedly dunned him, but was always put off with the best grace in the world. The wife of the tailor urged her husband to assume a harsher tone. He replied that he could not get one in his heart to speak roughly to so charming a young gentleman.

"I've no patience with such want of spirit!" cried the wife; "you have not the courage to show your teeth; but I'm going out to get change for this note of a hundred crowns; before I come home, I'll seek this 'charming' youth myself, and see whether he has the power to charm me. I'll warrant he won't be able to put me off with fine looks and fine speeches." With these words, the good dame sallied forth. When she returned home, however, she wore a quite a different aspect.

"Well," said her husband, "how much have you received from the 'charming' young man?"

"Let me see," replied the wife; "I found him playing on the guitar, and he looked so handsome, and was so amiable and gentle, that I had not the heart to trouble him."

"And the change for the hundred-crown note?" said the tailor.

The wife hesitated a moment: "Faith," cried she, "you'll have to add the amount to your next bill against him. The poor young gentleman had such a melancholy air, that—I know not how it was, but—I left the hundred crowns on his mantelshelf in some out of pocket.

The captivating looks and manners of Letorìères made his way with equal facility in the great world. His high connections entitled him to presentation at court, but some questions arose about his father. He went to the king, and explained whereupon the king, who had seen him walking in the gardens of Versailles, and had been charmed with his appearance, put an end to all demurs of etiquette by making him a viscount.

The same kind of fascination is said to have attended him throughout his career. He succeeded in various difficult family suits on questions of honors and privileges; he had merely to appear in court to dispose the judges in his favor. He at length became so popular, that on one occasion, when he appeared at the theatre on recovering from a wound received in a duel, the audience applauded him on his entrance. Nothing, it is said, could have been in more perfect good taste and high breeding than his conduct on this occasion. When he heard applause, he rose in his box, stepped forward, and surveyed both sides of the house, as if he could not believe that it was himself they were treating like a favorite actor, or a prince of the blood.

His success with the fair sex may easily be presumed; but what a real too much honor and sensibility to render his intercourse with them a series of cold gallantries and heartless triumphs. In the course of his attendance upon court, where he held a post of honor about the king, he fell deeply in love with the beautiful Princess Julia, of Savoy. Carignan. She was young, tender, and simple-hearted, and returned his love with equal fervor. Her family took the alarm at this attachment, and procured an order that she should inhabit the Abbey of Montmartre, where she was treated with all bêtitting delicacy and distinction, but not permitted to go beyond the convent walls. The lovers found means to correspond. One of their letters was intercepted, and it is even hinted that a plan of elopement was discovered. A duel was the consequence, with one of the fierce relations of the princess. Letorìères received a thrust in his right side. His wounds were serious, yet after two or three days' confinement he could not resist his impatience to see the princess. He succeeded in scaling the walls of the abbey, and obtaining an interview with his princess, in the cloister of the cemetery. The interview of the lovers was long and tender. They exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and flattered themselves—

with never a price before importing on the one hand,
they interviewed him, determined his state of mind; and learning his corps was found stiff and cold on the pavement of the cloister!

It would seem that the wounds of the unfortunate youth had been reopened by his efforts to get over the wall; that he had refrained from calling assistance, lest he should expose the princess, and that he had bled to death, without any one to aid him, or to close his dying eyes.

THE EARLY EXPERIENCES OF RALPH RINGWOOD.*

NOTED DOWN FROM HIS CONVERSATIONS.

"I am a Kentuckian by residence and choice, but a Virginian by birth. The cause of my first leave-taking from my paternal home, and emigration to Kentucky was a Jackass! You stare, but have a little patience, and I'll soon show you how it came to pass. My father, who was one of the old Virginia families, resided in Richmond. He was a widower, and his domestic affairs were managed by a housekeeper of the old school, such as used to administer the concerns of opulent Virginia households. She was a dignitary that almost rivaled my father in importance, and seemed to think everything belonged to her; in fact, she was so considerate in her economy, and so careful of expense, as sometimes to vex my father, who would swear she was disregarding him by her meanness. She always appeared with that ancient insignia of housekeeping trust and authority, a great bunch of keys jingling at her girdle. She superintended the arrangement of the table at every meal, and saw that the dishes were all placed according to her primitive notions of symmetry. In the evening she took her seat and served out tea with a mingled respectfulness and pride of station, truly exemplary. Her greatest ambition was to have everything in order, and that the establishment under her sway should be cited as a model of good housekeeping. If anything went wrong, poor old Barbara would take it amiss; and sit in her room and cry; until a few chapters in the Bible would quiet her spirits, and make all calm again. The Bible, in fact, was her constant resort in time of trouble. She opened it indiscriminately, and whether she chanced among the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the Canticles of Solomon, or the rough enumeration of the tribes in Deuteronomy, a chapter was a chapter, and operated like balm to her soul. Such was our good old housekeeper Barbara, who was destined, unwittingly, to have a most important effect upon my destiny."

"It came to pass, during the days of my juvenile, while I was yet what is termed an unlucky boy, that a gentleman of our neighborhood, a great advocate for experiments and improvements of all kinds, took it into his head that it would be an immense public favor to plant a breed of mules, and accordingly imported three jackasses to stock the neighborhood. This in a part of the country where the people cared for nothing but blood horses! Why, sir, they would have considered their mares diseased and their stud dishonored by such a misalliance. The whole matter was a town talk and a town scandal. The worthy amalgamator of quadrupeds found himself in a dismal scrape: so he backed out in time, abjured the whole doctrine of amalgamation, and turned his jacky loose to shift for himself upon the town common. There they used to run about and lead an idle, good-for-nothing, holiday life, the happiest animals in the country."

"It so happened that my way to school lay across this common. The first time that I saw one of these animals it set up a braying and frightened me confoundedly. However, I soon got over my fright, and seeing that it had something of a horse look, my Virginia love for anything of the equestrian species predicated and I determined to back it. I accordingly applied at a grocer's shop, procured a cord that had been round a loaf of sugar, and made a kind of halter; then summoned some of my school-fellows, we strove master Jack about the common until we hemmed him in an angle of a 'worm fence,' after some difficulty, we fixed the halter round his muzzle, and mounted. Up flew his heels, away I went over his head, and off he scampered. However, I was on my legs in a twinkling; gave chase, caught him and remounted. By dint of repeated tumbles I soon learned to stick to his back, so that he could no more cast me than he could his own skin. From that time, master Jack and his companions had a scampering life of it, for we all rode them between school hours, and on holiday afternoons; and you may be sure school-hoys' nags are never permitted to suffer the grass to grow under their feet. They soon became so knowing that they took to their heels at the very sight of a school-boy; and we were generally much longer in chasing than we were in riding them."

"Sunday approached, on which I projected an equestrian excursion on one of these long-legged steeds. As I knew the jacks would be in great demand on Sunday morning, I secured one over night, and conducted him home and to the school early in an early outset. But where was I to quarter him for the night? I could not put him in the stable; our old black grooms George was as absolute in that regard as Barbara was within doors, and would have thought his stable, his horses, and himself disgraced, by the introduction of a jackass. I recollected the smoke-house; an out-building appended to all Virginia establishments for the smoking of hams, and all other kind of meat. So I got the key, put master Jack in, locked the door, returned the key to its place, and went to bed, intending to release my prisoner at an early hour, before any of the family were awake. I was so tired, however, the exertions I had made in catching the donkey, that I fell into a sound sleep, and the morning broke without my awaking the old gentleman."

"Not so with dame Barbara, the housekeeper. As usual, to use her own phrase, 'she was up before the crow put his shoes on,' and bustled about to get things in order for breakfast. Her first resort was to the smoke-house. Scarcely had she

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* Ralph Ringwood, though a fictitious name, is, to the best of my recollection, the real personage; the worthy original is now living and flourishing in a most honorable station. I have given him some anecdotes of his early and eccentric career in, as nearly as I can recollect, the very words in which he related them. They certainly afforded strong temptations to the following humorous narration; but I thought them so strikingly characteristic of the individual, and of the scenes and society into which his peculiar humor carried him, that I preferred giving them in their original simplicity. — G. C.
opened the door, when master Jack, tired of his confinement, and glad to be released from darkness, gave a loud bray, and rushed forth. Down drops old Barbara; a astonishment to her, and made off for the common. Poor Barbara! She had never before seen a donkey, and having read in the Bible that the devil went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, she fancied that this was his design. The kitchen was soon in a hubbub; the servants hurried to the spot. There lay old Barbara in fits; as last as she got out of one, the thoughts of the devil came over her, and she fell into a faint. This for the good soul was devoutly superstitious.

"As ill luck would have it, among those attracted by the noise was a little, cursed, fidgity, crabbed uncle of mine; one of those uneasy spirits that cannot rest quietly in their beds in the morning, but must be up early, to bother the household. He was only a kind of half-uncle, after all, for he had married my father's sister: yet he assumed great authority on the strength of this left-handed relationship, and was a universal busybody. This prying little busybody soon ferreted out the truth of the story, and discovered, by hook and by crook, that I was at the bottom of the affair, and had locked up the donkey in the smoke-house. He stopped to inquire, for he was one of those testy, crabbed ones with whom unlucky boys are always in the wrong. Leaving old Barbara to wrestle in imagination with the devil, he made for my bed-chamber, where I still lay wrapped in rosy slumbers, little dreaming of the mischief that I had done, and the storm about to break over me.

"In an instant I was awakened by a shower of thwacks, and started up in wild aminacement. I demanded the meaning of this attack, but received no other reply than that I had murdered the housekeeper; while my uncle continued whacking away during my confusion. I seized a poker, and put myself on the defensive. I was a stout boy for my years, while my uncle was a little wiflet of a man; one that in Kentucky we would not call even an 'individual'; nothing more than that. An instance of this, I soon found, brought him to a parley, and learned the whole extent of the charge brought against me. I confessed to the donkey and the smoke-house, but pleaded not guilty of the murder of the housekeeper; for I had found out that old Barbara was still alive. She continued under the doctor's hands, however, for several days; and whenever she had an ill turn my uncle would seek to give me another lashing. I appealed to my father, but got no redress. I was considered an 'unlucky boy,' prone to all kinds of mischief; so that prepossessions were against me in all cases of appeal.

"I felt stung to the soul at all this. I had been beaten, degraded, and treated with slighting when I complained. I lost my usual good spirits and good humor; and, being out of temper with everybody, lanced everybody out of temper with me. A certain wild, roving spirit of freedom, which I believe is as inherent in me as it is in the partridge, was brought into sudden activity by the circumstances. I suffered 'till I got four 'from home,' thought I, 'and shift for myself.' Perhaps this notion was quickened by the rage for emigrating to Kentucky, which was at that time prevalent in Virginia. I had heard such stories of the romantic beauties of the country; of the abundance of game of all kinds, and of the glorius independent life of the hunters who ranged its noble forests, and lived by the rifle; that I was as much agog to get there as boys who live in seaports are to launch themselves among the wonders and adventures of the ocean.

"After a time old Barbara got better in mind and body, and matters were explained to her; and she became gradually convinced that it was not the devil, but the devil, that I had heard how harshly I had been treated on her account, the good old soul was extremely grieved, and spoke warmly to my father in my behalf. He had himself remarked the change in my behavior; and, when he heard that I had gone too far, he, therefore, to have some conversation with me, and to soothe my feelings; but it was too late. I frankly told him the course of mortification that I had experienced, and the fixed determination I had made to go from home.

"'And where do you mean to go?'

"'To Kentucky.'

"'To Kentucky! Why, you know nobody there.'

"'No matter; I can soon make acquaintances.'

"'And what will you do when you get there?'

"'Hunt!'

"'My father gave a long, low whistle, and looked in my face with a serio-comic expression, and in not a, or a prying into the business, but a little route had been carried too far. He sought, therefore, to have some conversation with me, and to soothe my feelings; but it was too late. I frankly told him the course of mortification that I had experienced, and the fixed determination I had made to go from home.

"Month after month passed away. My father now and then adverted slightly to what had passed between us; doubtless for the purpose of sounding me. I always expressed the same grave and fixed determination. By degrees he spoke to me more directly on the subject, endeavoring earnestly but kindly to dissuade me. My only reply was, 'I had made up my mind.'

"Accordingly, as soon as the spring had fairly opened, I sought him on the subject, and informed him I was about to set out for Kentucky, and had come to take my leave. He made no objection, for he had exhausted persuasion and remonstrance, and doubtless thought it best to give way to that old Barbarian spirit, which I thought experience would soon bring me home again. I asked money for my journey. He went to a chest, took out a long green silk purse, well filled, and laid it on the table. I now asked for a horse and servant.

"'A horse!' said my father, sneeringly: 'why, you would not go a mile without racing him, and breaking your neck; and, as to a servant, you cannot take care of yourself, much less of him.'

"'How am I to travel, then?'

"'Why, I suppose you are man enough to travel on foot.'

"He spoke jestingly, little thinking I would take him at his word; but I was thoroughly piqued in respect to my enterprise, so I pocketed the purse, went to the devil she room, fetched my four shirts in a pocket-handkerchief, put a dirk in my bosom, girt a couple of pistols round my waist, and felt like a knight errant armed cap-a-pie, and ready to rove the world in quest of adventures.

"My sister (I had but one) hung round me wept, and entreated me to stay. I felt my heart
swell in my throat; but I gulped it back to its place, and straightened myself up. I would not suffer myself to cry. I length disengaged myself from her, and got to the door.

"When will you come back?" cried she.

"Never, by heavens!" cried I, until I come back a member of Congress from Kentucky. I am determined to show that I am not the tail-end of the family."

"Such was my first outing from home. You may suppose what a greenhorn I was, and how little I knew of the world I was launching into."

"I do not recollect any incident of importance, until I reached the borders of Pennsylvania. I had stopped at an inn to get some refreshment, and as I was eating in the back room, I heard two men in the bar-room-conjecture who you might think. One, determined at length, that I was a run-away apprentice, and ought to be stopped, to which the other assented. When I had finished my meal, and paid for it, I went out at the back door, lest I should be stopped by my supervisors. Scouring, however, to steal off like a culprit, I walked round to the front of the house. One of the men advanced to the front door. He wore his hat on one side, and had a consequential air that nettled me."

"Are you going, youngster?" demanded he."

"That's none of your business!" replied I, rather pettily.

"Yes, but it is, though! You have run away from home, and must give an account of yourself." He advanced to seize me, when I drew forth a pistol. "If you advance another step, I'll shoot you!"

"He sprang back as if he had trodden upon a rattlesnake, and his hat fell off in the movement."

"Let him alone!" cried his companion; "he's a foolish, mad-headed boy, and don't know what he's about. He'll shoot you, you may rely on it.""

"He did not need any caution in the matter; he was afraid even to pick up his hat; so I pushed forward on my way, without molestation."

This incident, however, had its effect upon me. I became fearful of sleeping in any house at night, and tested it should be stopped, I took my meals in the hovels, in the course of the day, but would turn aside to a little rough and tumble again. I went to a place, well filled, and ordered for a horse and buggy.

"They were keenly: without racing spirit, as to a serenade."

But enough to say, I would thoroughly enjoy

I pocketed three or four dollars in my pocket, and kept a dirk in my back pocket, and a waistcoat, for protection."

"To Kentucky."

"What are you going there for?"

"To hunt."

"She looked earnestly at me for a moment or two. "Have you a mother living?" said she at length.

"No, madam; she has been dead for some time." I thought so! I cried she warmly. "I knew"

"If you had a mother living you would not be here." From that moment the good woman treated me with a mother's kindness.

"I remained several days beneath her roof recovering from the fatigue of my journey. While there I purchased a rifle and practised daily at a mark to prepare myself for a hunter's life. When sufficiently recruited in strength I took leave of my kind host and hostess and resumed my journey.

"At Wheeling I embarked in a flat-bottomed family boat, technically called a broad-horn, a prime river conveyance in those days. In this ark for two weeks I floated down the Ohio. The river was as yet in all its wild beauty. Its loftiest trees had not been thinned out. The forest overhung the water's edge and was occasionally skirted by immense cane-brakes. Wild animals of all kinds abounded. We heard them rushing through the thickets and pattering in the water. Deer and bears would frequently swim across the river; sometimes others would come by stopped by my supervisors. Scouring, however, to steal off like a culprit, I walked round to the front of the house. One of the men advanced to the front door. He wore his hat on one side, and had a consequential air that nettled me."

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self as absolute lord of the forest. As night drew near, I prepared for camping. My first care was to collect wood and make a roaring fire to cook and sleep by, and to frighten off wolves, and bears, and panthers. I then began to pluck my turkey for supper. I had painted several times in the early part of my expedition; but that which I now completed more settled and civilized regions, where there were no wild animals of consequence in the forest. This was my first camping out in the real wilderness; and I was soon made sensible of the loneliness and wildness of my situation.

"In a little while a concert of wolves commenced; there might have been a dozen or two, but it seemed to me as if there were thousands. I never heard such howling and whining. Having prepared my turkey, I divided it into two parts, thrust two sticks into one of the halves, and planted them on end before the fire, the hunter's mode of roasting. The smell of roast meat quickened the appetites of the wolves, and their concert became truly infernal. They seemed to be all around me, and could only now and then get a glimpse of one of them, as he came within the glare of the light.

"I did not much care for the wolves, who I knew to be a cowardly race, but I had heard terrible stories of panthers, and began to fear their stealthy proceedings in the surrounding darkness. I was thirsty, and heard a brook bubbling and tinkling along at no great distance, but absolutely dared not go there, lest some panther might lie in wait, and spring upon me. By and by a deer whistled, I had never heard one before, and thought it must be a panther. I now felt uneasy lest he might climb the trees, crawl along the branches overhead, and plump down upon me; so I kept my eyes fixed on the branches, until my head ached. I more than once thought I saw fiery eyes glaring down from among the leaves. At length I thought of my supper and turned to see if my half-turkey was cooked. In crowding so near the fire I had pressed the meat into the flames, and it was consumed. I had nothing to do but toast the other half, and take better care of it. On that half I made my supper, without salt or bread. I was still so possessed with the dread of panthers, that I could not close my eyes all night, but lay watching the trees until daylight, when my fears were dispelled with the darkness; and as I saw the morning sun sparkling down through the branches of the trees, I smiled to think how I had suffered myself to be dismayed by sounds and shadows; but I was a young woodsman, and a stranger in Kentucky.

"Having breakfasted on the remainder of my turkey, and slaked my thirst at the bubbling stream, without further dread of panthers, I resumed my wayfaring with buoyant feelings. I again saw deer, but as usual running, running! I tried in vain to get a shot at them, and began to fear I never should. I was gazing with vexation after a herd in full scamper, when I was startled by a human voice. Turning round, I saw a man at a short distance from me, in a hunting dress.

"What are you after, my lad?" cried he.

"Turkey," I replied; but it seems as if they never stand still.

"Upon that he burst out laughing. 'Where are you from?' said he.

"'From Richmond.'

"'And what, my dear?'

"'I ain't old Virginnny.'

"'The same,'

"'And how on earth did you get here?'

"I landed at Green River from a broad-horn.

"And where are your companions?"

"I have none."

"What?—all alone!"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere.

"And what have you come here for?"

"To hunt."

"Well,' said he, laughingly, 'you'll make a real hunter; there's no mistaking that! Have you killed anything?"

"Nothing but a turkey; I can't get within shot of a deer; they are always running."

"Oh, I'll tell you the secret of that. You're always pushing forward, and starting the deer at a distance, and gazing at those that are scampering; but you must step as slow, and silent, and cautious as a cat, and keep your eyes close around you, and lurk from tree to tree, if you wish to get a chance at deer. But come, go home with me. My name is Bill Smithers; I live not far off; stay with me a little while, and I'll teach you how to hunt."

"I gladly accepted the invitation of honest Bill Smithers. We soon reached his habitation; a mere log hut, with a square hole for a window and a chimney made of sticks and clay. Here he lived, with a wife and child. He had 'girdled' the trees for an acre or two around, preparatory to clearing a space for corn and potatoes. In the mean time he maintained his family entirely by his rifle, and I soon found him to be a first-rate huntsman. Under his tutelage I received my first effective lessons in 'woodcraft.'

"I more knew of a hunter's life, the more I relished it. The country, too, which had been the promised land of my boyhood, did not, like most promised lands, disappoint me. No wilderness could be more beautiful than this part of Kentucky, in those times. The forests were open and spacious, with noble trees, some of which looked as if they had stood for centuries. There were beautiful prairies, too, diversified with groves and clumps of trees, which looked like vast parks, and in which you could see deer running, at a great distance. In the proper season these prairies would be covered in many places with wild strawberries, where your horses' hoofs would be dyed to the fetlock. I thought there could be no other place in the world equal to Kentucky—and I think so still.

"After I had passed ten or twelve days with Bill Smithers, I thought it time to shift my quarters, for his house was scarcely large enough for his own family, and I had no idea of being an incumbrance to any one. I accordingly made up my bundle, shouldered my rifle, took a friendly leave of Smithers and his wife, and set out in quest of a Nimrod of the wilderness, one John Miller, who lived alone, nearly forty miles off, and who I supposed would be well pleased to have a hunting companion.

"I soon found out that one of the most important items in woodcraft in a new country was the skill to find one's way in the wilderness. There were no regular roads in the forests, but they were cut up and scattered in all directions. Some of these were made by the cattle of the settlers, and were called 'stock-tracks,' but others had been made by the immense droves of buffaloes which roamed about the country, from the flood, until recent times, they were called buffalo-tracks, and traversed Kentucky from end to end, like highways. Traces of them may
from a broad-horned companions?

I can't get within his running.

I'm starting the deer that are scarce, peregrine, and silent, and your eyes close to tree, if you place come, go home together; I live not while, and I'll teach

oration of honest Bill's; his habitation: a hole for a window and clay. Here he had 'girdled' ground, preparatory to potatoes. In the only entirely by his first-rate huntsman, he received my first

Miller's life, the more so, which had been said about me, did not, like me. No wilder than this part of the forests were open, some of which centuries. There were diversified, with which looked like the deer in the proper season, covered in many places where your horses' attack. I thought place in the world was so still.

twelve days with a wisp to shift my quarters far enough for his liking an incumbrance made up my pack a friendly leave to go out in quest of a deer. John Miller, who was off, and who I have a hunting

story well be seen in uncultivated parts, or deeply worn in the rocks where they crossed the mountains. I was a young woodman, and toiled pell-mell to dislodge a rock belonging to the middle of the road and make out my course through this tangled labyrinth. While thus perplexed, I heard a distant roaring and rushing sound; a gnomon stolen over the forest, or looking up, when I could catch a glimpse of the sky, I would now and then catch up like balls, the lower parts as black as ink. There was now and then an explosion, like a burst of cannonary afar off, and the crash of a falling tree. I had heard of hurricanes in the woods, and remarked that one was at hand. It soon came crashing its way; the forest withering, and twisting, and groaning before it. The hurricane did not extend far on either side, but in a manner plunged a furrow through the woodland; snapping off or uprooting trees that had stood for centuries, and filling the air with whirling branches. I was directly in its course, and took my stand behind an immense poplar, six feet in diameter. It bore for a time the full fury of the blast, but at length began to yield. Seeing it falling, I scrambled up a loft, and with a gory end I downed it. I was bearing down another tree with it. I crept under the trunk as a shelter, and was protected from other trees which fell around me, but was sore all over from the twigs and branches driven against me by the blast.

This was the only incident of consequence that occurred on my way to John Miller's, where I arrived on the following day, and was received by the veteran with the rough kindness of a backwoodsman. He was a gray-haired man, hard and weather-beaten, with a blue shirt, like a gray beard, over one eye, whence he was nicknamed by the hunters' 'Bluebeard Miller.' He had been in these parts from the earliest settlements, and had signalized himself in the hard conflicts with the Indians, which gained Kentucky the appellation of 'the Bloody Ground.' In one of these fights he had had an arm broken; in another he had narrowly escaped, when hotly pursued, by jumping from a precipice thirty feet high into a river.

Miller willingly received me into his house as an inmate, and seemed pleased with the idea of making a hunter of me. His dwelling was a small log-house, with a loft or garret of boards, so that there was ample room for both of us. Upon being asked for an account of his experience in hunting. My first exploit, of any consequence, was killing a bear. I was hunting in company with two brothers, when we came upon the track of Bruin, in a wood where there was an undergrowth of canes and grape-vines. He was scrambling up a tree, when I shot him through the breast. Bruin raised one arm, and gave the dog a hug that crushed his ribs. One yell, and all was over. I don't know which was first dead, the dog or the bear. The two brothers sat down and cried like children over their unfortunate dog. Yet they were mere rough hunters, almost as wild and untameable as Indians. They felt, as one fell, and the two brothers sat down and cried like children over their unfortunate dog. Yet they were mere rough hunters, almost as wild and untameable as Indians.

By degrees I became known, and somewhat of a favorite among the hunters of the neighborhood; that is to say, men who lived within a circle of thirty or forty miles, and came occasionally to see John Miller, who was a patriarch among the hunters, and that log huts and wigwams, almost with the simplicity of Indians, and well nigh as destitute of the comforts and inventions of civilized life. They seldom saw each other, and when they did, it was very much after the manner of Indians; loitering all day, without having much to say, but becoming communicative as evening advanced, and sitting up half the night before the fire, telling hunting stories and telling tales of the fights of the Bloody Ground.

Sometimes several would join in a distant hunting expedition, or rather campaign. Expeditions of this kind lasted from November until April; during which we paid out our stock of summer provisions. We shifted our hunting camps from place to place, according as we found the game. They were generally pitched near a run of water, and close by a canoe-brake, to screen us from the wind. One side of our lodge was open toward the fire. Our horses were hobbled and turned loose in the canoe-brakes, with bells round their necks. One of the party stayed at home to watch the camp, prepare the meals, and keep off the wolves; the others hunted. When a hunter killed a bear and a wolf, the cougar, or any other big game, would open it and take out the entrails; then climbing a sapling, he would bend it down, tie the deer to the top, and let it spring up again, so as to suspend the carcass out of reach of the wolves. At night he would return to the camp, and give an account of his luck. The next morning early he would get a horse out of the canoe-brake and bring home his game. That day he would stay at home to cut up the carcass, while the others hunted.

Our days were thus spent in silent and lonely occupations. It was only at night that we would gather together before the fire, and be sociable. I was a novice, and used to listen with open eyes and ears to the strange and wild stories told by the old hunters, and believed everything I heard. Some of their stories bordered upon the supernatural. They believed that their rifles might be spell-bound, so as not to be able to kill a buffalo, even at arm's length. This superstition they had derived from the Indians, who often think the white hunters have laid a spell upon their rifles. Miller partook of this superstition, and used to tell of his rifle's having a spell upon it; but it often seemed to me to be a shuffling way of accounting for a bad shot. If a hunter grossly missed his aim, a tolerable asks the question, 'Do you believe in this rifle?'—and hint that he must have charmed it. The sure mode to disenchant the gun was to shoot a silver bullet out of it.

By the opening of spring we would generally have quantities of bear's-meat and venison salted, dried, and smoked, and numerous packs of skins. We would then make the best of our way home from our distant hunting-grounds; transporting our spoils, sometimes in canoes along the rivers, sometimes on horseback over land, and our return would often be celebrated by feasting and dancing, in true backwoods style. I have given you some idea of our hunting; let me now give you a sketch of our frolicking.

It was on our return from a winter's hunting in the neighborhood of Greenup, that I received notice that there was to be a grand frolic at Bob Mosely's, to greet the hunters. This Bob Mosely was a prime fellow throughout the country. He was an indifferent hunter, it is true, and rather lazy to boot; but then he could play the fiddle, and that was enough to make a man happy in sequence. There was Bob Mosely, within a
hundred miles that could play the fiddle, so there was no having a regular frolic without Bob Mosely. The hunters, therefore, were always ready to give him a share of their game in exchange for his music, and Bob always ready to get up a carousel, whenever there was a party returning from a hunting expedition. The present frolic was to take place at Bob Mosely's own house, which was on the Pigeon Roost Fork of the North Fork, which is a branch of Rough River.

"Everybody was agog for the revel at Bob Mosely's; and as all the fashion of the neighborhood was to be there, I thought I must brush up for the occasion. My feathered hunting-dress, which was the only one I had, was somewhat the worse for wear, it is true, and considerably j panpered with blood and grease; but I was up to hunting expedients. Getting into a periog, I paddled off to a part of the Green River where there was a crowd, and in a quarter of an hour on the ground of the river. Unluckily a flaw struck the periog, and tipped over the stick: down went my dress to the bottom of the river, and I never saw it more. Here I was, left almost in a state of nature. I managed to make a kind of Robinson Crusoe garb of undressed skins, with the hair on, which enabled me to get home with decency; but my dream of gayety and fashion was at an end; for how could I think of figuring in high life at the Pigeon Roost, equipped like a mere Orson?

"Old Miller, who really began to take some pride in me, was confounded when he understood that I did not intend to go to Bob Mosely's; but when I told him my misfortune, and that I had no dress: 'By the powers,' cried he; 'but you shall go, and you shall be the best dressed and the best mounted lad there!'

"He immediately set to work to cut out and make up a hunting-shirt of dressed deerkine, gayly fringed at the shoulders, with leggings of the same, fringed from hip to heel. He then made a periog of the skins, and raccorded then as it were; and my periog,tail to it; mounted me on his best horse; and I may say, without vanity, that I was one of the smartest fellows that figured on that occasion, at the Pigeon Roost Fork of the Muddy.

"This was no small occasion, either, let me tell you. Bob Mosely's house was a tolerably large bark shanty, with a clap-board roof; and there were assembled all the young hunters and pretty girls of the country, for many a mile round. The young men were in their best hunting-dresses, but that was soon, and the raccorded them as it were; and my periog, with its flowing tail, was the admiration of everybody. The girls were mostly in dress skins; there was no spinning and weaving as yet in the woods; nor any need of it. I never saw girls that seemed to me better dressed; and I was somewhat of a judge, having seen fashions at Richmond. We had a hearty dinner, and a merry one: from there was Jemmy Kiel, famous for raccor hunting, and Bob Tarleton, and Wesley Pigman, and Joe Taylor, and several other pros, with a fiddle, a tunney, and a neck! again, and laughed, that you might have heard them a mile.

"After dinner, we began dancing, and were hard at it, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a new arrival—the two daughters of old Simon Schultz; two young ladies that affected fashion and late hours. Their arrival had nearly put an end to all our merriment. I must go a little round about in my story to explain to you how that came about. They must belong to some traveller who had lost his way, as the track led nowhere. He accordingly followed it up, until he came to an unlucky peddler, with two or three pack-horses, who had been bewildered among the cattle-tracks, and had wandered for two or three days among woods and cane-brakes, until he was almost famished.

"Old Schultz brought him to his house; fed him on venison, bear's meat, and hominy, and at the end of a week put him in prime condition. The peddler was a very poor man, and Schultz was a rich man; but his misfortune had no better, but have been glad of your company. You are welcome to stay as long as you please; but, by Zounds! if any one offers to pay Simon Schultz for food he affronts him!' So saying, he walked out in a huff.

"The peddler admired the hospitality of his host, but could not reconcile his conscience to go away without making some compense. There were honest Simon's two daughters, two strapping, red-haired girls. He opened his packs and displayed riches before them of which they had no conception; for in those days there were no country stores in those parts, with their artificial finery and trinketry; and this was the first peddler that had wandered into that part of the wilderness. The girls were for a time completely dazzled, and knew not what to choose: but what girls' eyes most were two looking-glasses, about the size of a dollar, set in gilt tin. They had never seen the like before, having used no other mirror than a pail of water. The peddler brought them to the girls, and presented them, and they hesitated: nay, he gallantly hung them round their necks by red ribbons, almost as fine as the glasses themselves. This done, he took his departure, leaving them as much astonished as two princesses in a fairy tale, that have received a magic gift from an enchanter.

"It was with these looking-glasses, hung round their necks as necklaces, by red ribbons, that old Schultz's daughters made their appearance at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the frolic at Bob Mosely's, on the Pigeon Roost Fork of the Muddy.

"By the powers, but it was an event! Such a thing had never before been seen in Kentucky. Bob Tarleton, a strapping fellow, with a head like a chestnut-burr, and a look like a boar in an apple orchard, stepped up, caught hold of the looking-glass of one of the girls, and gazing at it for a moment, cried out: 'Joe Taylor, come here! come here! I'll be darn'd if Patty Schultz isn't got a locket that you can see your face in, as clear as in a spring of water.' In a twinkling all ran round old Schultz's daughters, I, who knew what looking-glasses were, did not hudge. Some of the girls who sat near me were excessively mortified at finding themselves thus deserted. I heard Peggy Pugh say to Sally Pigman, 'Goodness knows who put them time to do it!'

"We were all girls, with their arms about each other, and all shouting, 'Yes, they were not put there! I'll never marry such a peddler! Heaven be with us!' and things of these very sort, and every one would not answer. You see, we saw they were afraid of harm, but they didn't know there was any harm; indeed, they turned to each other and made it up of girls, and the young people's love for each other, and went a-missing, and with great joy; turning out the peddler's pack, and taking all the riches for the day's entertainment. And so the peddler was the very best of people, and they all made him over in the best of luck for his kindness, and that he had not sufficiently expressed his thankfulness; and when about to depart, inquired what he told to make his old man happy? Old Schultz stepped back with surprise. 'Stranger,' said he, 'you have been welcome under my roof. I've given you two things; but they were in nothing but the dress of the peddler, and could not play no better, but have been glad of your company. You are welcome to stay as long as you please; but, by Zounds! if any one offers to pay Simon Schultz for food he affronts him!' So saying, he walked out in a huff.

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It is, I knew almost nothing. I had left school before I had learned beyond the rule of three. I never mind, said I to myself, resolutely; I am a terrible fellow, and can do anything when I once made up my mind, and I can do almost anything. With this maxim, which has been pretty much my rule throughout my life, I fortified myself in my determination to attempt the law. But how was I to set about it? I must quit this forest life, and go to one or other of the towns, where I might be able to study, and to attend to the courts. This too required funds. I therefore thought I could make shift to maintain myself until I was fitted for the bar.

I informed my worthy host and patron, Mr. Miller, of my plan. He shook his head as I turning my back upon the woods, when I was in a fair way of making a first-rate hunter; but he made no effort to dissuade me. I accordingly set off in September, on horseback, intending to visit Lexington, Frankfort, and other of the principal towns, in search of a favorable place to prosecute my studies. My choice was made sooner than I expected. I had put up one night at Bardstown, and found, on inquiry, that I could get comfortable board and accommodation in a private family for a dollar a day, and a half a week. I liked the terms, and resolved to look no farther. So the next morning I prepared to turn my face homeward, and take my final leave of forest life.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when, in passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near a window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty; with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond; and at that time I was too much of a boy to be much struck by female charms. She was so delicate and dainty-looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods; and then her white dress!—it was perfectly dazzling! Never was poor youth more taken by surprise, and, indeed, my heart yearned to know her; but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. I had been like Peggy Pugh or Sally Pigman, or any other of my leathern-dressed belles of the Pigeon Roost, I should have been a perfect fool without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Schultz’s daughters, with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn rings and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted, while they fascinated me. I don’t know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once, that I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in, snatch a kiss, and then run off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss — oh! I should die if I did not get it!

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house, and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated by a hearth before a door, looking out at the window, and did not hear

Young ladies that. Their arrival our amusement. Of my story to explain was one day look. He came upon a door, and horse, but had horses in the stray horses; or who had lost his. He accordingly had an unlucky pet, horses, who had re-tracks, and had among woods and a tarnished.

In his house; fed of homing, and at prime condition, only express his a deport, inquired Schultz stepped back and he, you were I’ve given you any, because I was your company; and as you please; so to pay Simon? So saying, he hospitality of his to his conscience so was recompense. To daughters, two opened his packs of which they days there were with their artifacts. This was the first that part of the time completely choose; but what, looking-glasses, as a gift tin. They having used no. The peddler without the least among them round it as fine as the took his de- terminated as two have received a

looking-glasses, hung red ribbons, that appearance at the frolic at Bob of the Mudly. An event! Such as this! in Kentucky. With a head like a bear in an apple of the looking-glass, sitting at it for a half hour, come here! Schultz, ain’t she in your face in, as

hunters gathered around, who knew who. Some were excessively deserted. I seldom, ‘Good-
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my approach. I tapped her chair, and as she turned and looked up, I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling.

The next morning I was on horseback, galloping homeward; my very ears tingling at what I had done.

"On my return home I sold my horse, and turned everything to cash; and found, with the remarkable increase of the price, that I had nearly four hundred dollars; a little capital which I resolved to manage with the strictest economy.

"It was hard parting with old Miller, who had been like a father to me; it cost me, too, something of a struggle to give up the free, independent wild-wood life I had hitherto led; but I had marked out my course, and had never been one to flinch or turn back.

"I footed it sturdily to Bardstown; took possession of the quarters for which I had bargained, shut myself up, and set to work with might and main to study. But what a task I had before me! I had everything to learn; not merely law, but all the elementary branches of knowledge. I read and read, for sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. More and more I became aware of my own ignorance, and shed bitter tears over my deficiency. It seemed as if the wilderness of knowledge expanded and grew more perplexing as I advanced. Every height gained only revealed a wider region to be traversed, and nearly filled me with despair. I grew moody, silent, and unsocial, but studied on doggedly and incessantly. The only person with whom I held any conversation was the worthy man in whose house I was quartered. He was honest and well-meaning, but perfectly ignorant, and I believed he would have liked me much better if I had not been so much addicted to reading. He considered all books filled with lies and impostures, and seldom could look into one without finding something to rouse his spleen. Nothing put him into a greater passion than the assertion that the world turned on its own axis every four-and-twenty hours. He swore it was an outrage on common sense. 'Why, if it did,' said he, 'there would not be a drop of water in the well by morning, and all the milk and cream in the dairy would be turned topsy-turvy! And then to talk of the earth going round the sun! How do they know it? I've seen the sun rise every morning, and set every evening for more than thirty years.'

"The next day, while seated in my room, some one tapped at the door, and, on being bid to enter, the stranger in the powdered head, small clothes, and shining shoes and buckles, walked in with ceremonious courtesy.

"My boyish pride was again in arms; but he subdued me. He was formal, but kind and friendly. He knew my family and understood my situation, and the dogged struggle I was making. A little conversation, however, of my jealousy pride was once put to rest, drew everything from me. He was a lawyer of experience and of extensive practice, and offered at once to take me with him, and direct my studies. The offer was too advantageous and gratifying not to be immediately accepted. From that time I began to look up. I was put into a proper track, and was enabled to study to a proper purpose besides, to some of the young men of the place, who were in the same pursuit, and was encouraged at finding that I could 'hold my own' in argument with them. We instituted a debating club, in which I soon became prominent and popular. Men of talents, engaged in other pur-
suits, joined it, and diversified our subjects, and put me on various tracks of inquiry. Ladies, too, attended some of our discussions, and this gave them a polite tone, and had an influence on the manners of the debaters. My legal patron also may have had a part in the effect in correcting my roughness contracted in my hunter's life. He was calculated to bend me in an opposite direction, for he was of the old school; quoted Chesterfield on all occasions, and talked of Sir Charles Grandison, who was his beau ideal. It was Sir Charles Grandison, however, Kentuckyized.

I had always been fond of female society. My experience, however, had hitherto been among the rough daughters of the backwoodsmen; and I felt an awe of young ladies in store clothes, and delicately brought up. Two or three of the married ladies of Bardstown, who had heard me at the debating club, determined that I was a genius, and undertook to bring me out. I believe really improved under their hands; became quite talkative, and paid many silly, and empty compliments I had been impudent.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found her with the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed in the garden. It was our mutual delight neither of us betrayed any sign of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone.

Heavens and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to have been in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse of my former rudeness, but I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss; bolt from the room, and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good-will.

At length I plucked up courage, on seeing that she was equally confounded with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed:

I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me, and help me out of it.

A smile dimpled about her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volley of, many recollections; and then broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

A few evenings afterward I met her at a dance, and prosecuted the acquaintance. I soon became deeply attached to her; paid her a court regularly; and before I was nineteen years of age, had engaged myself to marry her. I spoke to her mother, a widow lady, to ask her consent. She seemed to demur; upon which, with my customary haste, I told her there would be no use in opposing the match, for if her daughter chose to have me, I would take her, in dehance of her family, and the whole world.

She laughed, and told me I need not give myself any uneasiness; would be no unreasonable opposition, but she knew my fate and all about me. The only obstacle was, that I had no means of supporting a wife, and she had nothing to give with her daughter.

No matter; at that moment everything was bright before me. I was in one of my sanguine moods. I feared nothing, doubted nothing. So it was agreed that I should prosecute my studies, obtain a license, and as soon as I should be fairly launched in business, we would be married.

I now proceeded to my studies with unclouded ardor, and was up to my ears in law, when I received a letter from my father, who had heard of me and my whereabouts. He applauded the course I had taken, but advised me to lay a foundation of general knowledge, and offered to defray my expenses, if I would go to college. I felt the want of a general education, and was staggered with this offer. It mitigated somewhat against the self-dependent course I had so proudly or rather conceitedly marked out for myself, but it would enable me to enter more advantageously upon my legal career. I talked over the matter with the lovely girl to whom I was engaged. She sided in opinion with my father, and talked so disinterestedly, yet tenderly, that if possible, I loved her more than ever. Reluctantly, therefore, agreed to go to college for a couple of years, though it must necessarily postpone our union.

Scurried had I formed this resolution, when her father was taken ill, and died, leaving her without a protector. This again altered all my plans. I felt as if I could not have any idea of all the dignity of collegiate studies; persuaded myself that by dint of industry and application I might overcome the deficiencies of education, and resolved to take out a license as soon as possible.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and within a month afterward was married. We were a young couple, she not much above sixteen, I not quite twenty; and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances; a log-house, with two small rooms; a bed, a table, a half dozen chairs, a half dozen forks and knives, a hall dozen spoons; everything by half dozens; a little dell wafer; everything in a small way; we were so poor, but so happy!

"We had not been married many days, when court was held at a county town, about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business; but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment; and I was looking with my wife so soon after marriage. However, I go must. Money must be made, or we must soon have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and beaming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her."

I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening, expecting the inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day. I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and to get business. The public room was thronged with the idlers of the country, who gather together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with much noise, and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room I saw a rough hulky fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came so enraged by my father, and all the other pur-
found myself almost a personage in this rough assembly.  

"The next morning the court opened.  I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having a suit in progress or prospect, nor having any idea where business was to commence.  From the course of the morning a man was put at the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial.  He answered in the negative.  He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any.  He was then asked if he could obtain counsel from the lawyer present, and to be ready for trial on the following day.  He looked round the court and selected me.  I was thunder-struck.  I could not tell why he should make such a choice.  I, a beardless youngster; unpractised at the bar; perfectly unknown.  I felt diffident yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

"Before leaving the court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag as a retaining fee.  I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream.  The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence, but that was no affair of mine.  I was to be advocate, not judge nor jury.  I followed him to jail, and learned from him all the particulars of his case; from thence I went to the clerk's office and talked with me of the indictment.  I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room.  All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep.  It was all in vain.  Never in my life was I more wide-awake.  A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish with my good fortune!  But the awful responsibility I had undertaken!—to speak for the first time in a strange court; the expectations the culprit had evidently formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind.  I tossed about all night, fearing the morning would find me exhausted and incompe- tent; in a word, the day dawned on me, a miserable fellow!

"I got up feverish and nervous.  I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts and bring my feelings into order.  It was a bright morning; the air was pure and frosty.  I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream; but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within.  I returned to breakfast, but could not eat.  A single cup of coffee formed my repast.  It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart.  I believe it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife, in her lonely log house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause.  I took my seat looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

"When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me.  I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my case.  I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill.  Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said.  It was like an electric spark, and ran through every vein in my body; by an instant my diffidence was gone.  My whole spirit was in arms.  I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an at-
THE SEMINOLES.

From the time of the chimerical cruises of Old Ponce de Leon in search of the Fountain of Youth, the avaricious enterprise of Hernando de Soto, to discover and conquer a second Mexico, the natives of Florida have been continually subjected to the invasions and encroachments of white men. They have resisted them perseveringly but fruitlessly, and are now battling amid swamps and morasses for the last foothold of their native soil, with all the ferocity of despair. Can we wonder at the bitterness of a hostility that has been handed down from father to son, for upward of three centuries, and aggravated by the wrongs and miseries of each succeeding generation! The very name of the savages with which we are fighting betokens their fallen and homeless condition. Formed of the wrecks of once powerful tribes, and driven from their ancient seats of prosperity and dominion, they are known by the name of the Seminoles, or Wanderers.

It was, however, during my travels through Florida in the latter part of the last century, speaking of passing through a great extent of ancient Indian fields, now silent and deserted, overgrown with forests, orange groves, and rank vegetation, the site of the ancient Alachua, the capital of a famous and powerful tribe, who in days of old could assemble thousands at bull-play and other athletic exercises, "over these happy fields and green plains." 

"Almost every step we take," adds he, "over these fertile heights, discovers the remains and traces of ancient human habitations and cultivation."

About the year 1763, when Florida was ceded by the Spaniards to the English, we are told that the Indians generally retired from the towns and the neighborhood of the whites, and burying themselves in the deep forests, intricate swamps and hammocks, and vast savannas of the interior, devoted themselves to a pastoral life, and the rearing of horses and cattle. These are the people that received the name of the Seminoles, or Wanderers, which they still retain.

Bartram gives a pleasing picture of them at the time he visited them in their wilderness; where their distance from the towns of the white man gave them a transient quiet and security. "This handful of people," says he, "possesses a vast territory, all East and the greatest part of West Florida, which being naturally cut and divided into thousands of islets, knolls, and eminences, by the innumerable rivers, lakes, swamps, vast savannas, and ponds, form so many secure retreats and temporary refuges. They naturally guard them from any sudden invasions or attacks from their enemies; and being such a swampy, hommocky country, furnishes such a plenty and variety of supplies for the nourishment of various animals, that I can venture to assert that no part of the globe so abounds with wild game, or creatures fit for the food of man.

"Thus they enjoy a superabundance of the necessaries and conveniences of life, with the security of person and property, the two great concerns of mankind. The hides of deer, bears, tigers, and wolves, together with honey, wax, and other productions of the country, purchase their clothing equipment and domestic utensils from the whites, and leave no expense.

"No cruel enemy to dread; nothing to give them disquietude, but the gradual encroachments of the white people. Thus contented and undis turbed, they appear as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vocal. The vanity and indecision of the Seminoles form the most striking picture of happiness in this life; joy, contentment, love, and friendship, without guile or affection, seem inherent in them, or predominant in their vital principle, for it leaves them with but the last breath of life. . . . They are fond of games and gambling, and amuse themselves like children, in relating extravagant stories, to cause surprise and mirth."

The same writer gives an engaging picture of his treatment by these savages: "Soon after entering the forests, we were met in the path by a small company of Indians, smiling and beckoning to us long before we joined them. This was a family of Talahasochte, who had been out on a hunt and were returning home loaded with barbecued meat, hides, and honey. Their company consisted of the man, his wife and children, well mounted on fine horses, with a number of pack-horses. The man offered us a town skin over an arm. Language and portions presented him with some fish-hooks, sewing needles, etc.

"On our return to camp in the evening, we were saluted by a party of young Indian warriors, who had pitched their tents on a green eminence near the lake, at a small distance from our camp, under a little grove of oaks and palms. This company consisted of seven young Seminoles, under the conduct of a young prince or chief of Talahasochte, a town southward in the isthmus. They were all dressed and painted with singular elegance, and richly ornamented with silver plates, chains, etc., after the Seminole mode, with waving plumes of feathers on their crests. On our coming up to them, they arose and shook hands; we alighted and sat awhile with them by their cheerful fire.

"The young prince informed our chief that he was in pursuit of a young fellow who had fled from the town carrying off with him one of his favorite young wives. He said, merrily, he would have the ears of both of them. He was rather above the middle stature, and the most perfect human figure I ever saw; of an

Bartram's Travels in North America.
amiable, engaging countenance, air, and deportment; free and familiar in conversation, yet retaining a becoming gracefulness and dignity. We arose, took leave of them, and crossed a little vale, covered with a charming green turf, already illuminated by the soft light of the full moon.

Soon after joining our companions at camp, our neighbors, the prince and his associates, paid us a visit. We treated them with the best fare we had, having all this time preserved our spirituous liquors. They left us with perfect cordiality and cheerfulness, wishing us a good night and retired to their own camp. Having a hand of music with them, consisting of a drum, flutes, and a rattle-gourd, they entertained us during the night with their music, vocal and instrumental.

There is a languishing softness and melancholy air in the Indian convivial songs, especially of the amorous class, irresistibly moving attention, and exquisitely pleasing, especially in their solitary recesses, when all nature is silent.

Travellers who have been among them, in more recent times, before they had embarked in their present desperate struggle, represent them in much the same light; as leading a pleasant, innocent life, in a climate that required little shelter or clothing, and where the spontaneous fruits of the earth furnished subsistence without toil. A cleanly race, delighting in bathing, passing much of their time under the shade of their trees, with heaps of oranges and other fine fruits for their refreshment; talking, laughing, dancing and sleeping. Every chief had a fan hanging to his side, made of feathers of the wild turkey, the beautiful pink-colored crane, or the scarlet flamingo. With this he would sit and fan himself with great statefulness, while the young people danced before him. The women joined in the dances with the men, excepting the war-dances. They were strings of tortoise-shells and pebbles round their legs, which rattled in cadence to the music. They were treated with more attention among the Seminoles than among most Indian tribes.

**ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, THE RED, AND THE BLACK MEN.**

A SEMINOLE TRADITION.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the Governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest. "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our God, to another agent at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much delibera-

...
the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for the Indians.

THE CONSPIRACY OF NEAMATHLA.

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

In the autumn of 1823, Governor Duval, and other commissioners on the part of the United States, concluded a treaty with the chiefs and warriors of the Florida Indians, by which the latter, for certain considerations, ceded all claims to the whole territory, excepting a district in the eastern part, to which they were to remove, and within which they were to reside for twenty years. The signature of the treaty was at great reluctance; but none opposed it more strongly that Neamathla, principal chief of the Mica-sookies, a fierce and warlike people, many of the Creeks by origin, who lived about the Mucka-sookie lake. Neamathla had always been active in those depredations which were but a few years before had brought vengeance and ruin on the Seminoles. He was a remarkable man; upward of sixty years of age, about six feet high, with a fine eye, and a strongly marked countenance, over which he possessed great command. His hatred of the white men appeared to be mixed with contempt: on the common people he looked down with infinite scorn. He seemed unwilling to acknowledge any superiority of rank or dignity in Governor Duval, claiming to associate with him on terms of equality, as two great chieftains. Though he had been prevailed upon to sign the treaty, his heart revolted at it. In one of his frak conversations with Governor Duval, he observed: "This country belongs to the red man; and if I had the number of warriors at my command that this nation once had, I would not leave a white man on my lands. I would exterminate the whole. I can say this to you, for you can understand me: you are a man; but I would not say it to your people. They'd come out I was a savage, and would take my life. They cannot appreciate the feelings of a man that loves his country.'

As Florida had but recently been erected into a territory, everything as yet was in rude and simple style. The governor, to make himself acquainted with the Indians, and to be near at hand to keep an eye upon them, fixed his residence at Tallahassee, near the Fowle towns, inhabited by the Mucka-sookies. His government palace for a time was a mere log house, and he lived on hunters' fare. This was but about three miles off, and thither the governor occasionally rode, to visit the old chieftain. In one of these visits he found Neamathla seated in his wigwam, in the centre of the village, surrounded by his warriors. The governor had brought him some liquor as a present, but it mounted quickly into his brain, and rendered him quite boastful and belligerent. The theme ever uppermost in his mind, was the treaty with the whites. It was true," he said, "the red men had made the treaty, but the white men had not acted up to it. The red men had received none of the money and the cattle that had been promised them; the treaty, therefore, was at an end, and they did not mean to be bound by it."

Governor Duval calmly represented to him that the time appointed in the treaty for the payment and delivery of the money and the cattle had not yet arrived. This the old chieftain knew full well, but he chose, for the moment, to pretend ignorance. He kept on drinking and talking, his voice growing louder and louder, until it resounded all over the village. He held in his hand a long knife, with which he had been rasping tobacco; this he kept flourishing backward and forward, as he talked, by way of giving effect to his words, brandishing it at times within an inch of the governor's throat. He concluded his tirade by repeating, that the country belonged to the red men, and that sooner than give it up, his bones and the bones of his people should bleach upon its soil.'

Duval saw that the object of all this bluster was to see whether he could be intimidated. He kept his eye, therefore, fixed steadily on the chieftain, and the moment he concluded with his menace, seized him by the bosom of hunting shirt, and clinching his other fist:

"I've heard what you have said," replied he. "You have made a treaty, yet as you say your bones shall bleach before you comply with it. As sure as there is a sun in heaven, your bones shall bleach, if you do not fulfill every article of that treaty! I'll let you know that I am first here, and will see that you do your duty!"

Upon this, the old chieftain threw himself back, burst into a fit of laughing, and declared that all he had said was in jest. The governor suspected, however, that there was a grave meaning at the bottom of this jocularity.

For two months, everything went on smoothly: the Indians repaired daily to the log-cabin palace of the governor, at Tallahassee, and appeared perfectly contented. All at once they ceased their visits, and for three or four days not one was to be seen. Governor Duval began to apprehend that some mischief was brewing. On the evening of the fourth day a chief named Yellow-Hair, a resolute, intelligent fellow, who had always evinced an attachment for the governor, entered his cabin about twelve o'clock at night, and informed him that between four and five hundred warriors, painted and decorated, were assembled and would hold a secret council at an early hour. He had slipped off to give intelligence, at the risk of his life, and hastened back lest his absence should be discovered.

Governor Duval passed an anxious night after this intelligence. He knew the talent and the daring character of Neamathla; he recollected the threats he had thrown out; he reflected that about eighty white families were scattered widely apart, over a great extent of country, and might be swept away at once, should the Indians, as he feared, determine to clear the country. That he did not exaggerate the dangers of the case, has been proved by the horrid scenes of Indian warfare that have since desolated that devoted region. After a night of sleepless cogitation, Duval determined on a measure suited to his prompt and resolute character. Knowing the admiration of the savages for personal courage, he determined, by a sudden surprise, to endeavor to overawe and check them. It was hazardous much; but where so many lives were in jeopardy, he felt bound to incur the hazard.

Accordingly, in the next morning, he set off on horseback, attended merely by a white man, who had been reared among the Seminoles, and understood their language and manners, and who
acted as interpreter. They struck into an Indian 'settlement,' and proceeded to Neamathla's village. After proceeding about half a mile, Governor Duval informed the interpreter of the object of his expedition. The latter, though a bold man, paused and remonstrated. The Indians among whom they were going were among the most desperate and disaffected of the nation. Many of them were veteran warriors, impoverished and exasperated by defeat, and ready to set their lives at any hazard. He said that if they were holding a war council, it must be with desperate intent, and it would be certain death to interfere among them.

Duval made light of his apprehensions: he said he was perfectly well acquainted with the Indian character, and should certainly proceed. So saying, he rode on. When within half a mile of the village, the interpreter addressed him again, in such a tremulous tone that Duval turned and looked him in the face. He was deadly pale, and once more urged the governor to return, as they would certainly be massacred if they proceeded.

Duval repeated his determination to go on, but advised the other to return, lest his pale face should betray fear to the Indians, and they might take advantage of it. The interpreter replied that he would rather die a thousand deaths than have said he had deserted his leader when in peril.

Duval then told him he must translate faithfully all he should say to the Indians, without softening a word. The interpreter promised faithfully to do so, adding that he still knew when they were once in the town, nothing but boldness could save them.

They now rode into the village, and advanced to the council-house. This was a rather group of four houses, forming a square, in the centre of which was a great council-fire. The houses were open in front, toward the fire, and closed in the rear. At each corner of the square there was an interval between the houses, for ingress and egress. In these houses sat the old men and the chiefs; the young men were gathered round the fire. Neamathla presided at the council, elevated on a higher seat than the rest.

Governor Duval entered by one of the corner intervals, and rode boldly into the centre of the square, leading a group of men as if for him. An old man who was speaking, paused in the midst of his harangue. In an instant thirty or forty rifles were cocked and levelled. Never had Duval heard so loud a click of triggers. it seemed to strike on his heart. He gave one glance at the Indians, and turned off with an air of contempt. He did not dare, he says, to look again, lest it might affect his nerves; and on the firmness of his nerves everything depended.

The chief threw up his arms. The rifles were lowered. Duval breathed more freely: he felt disposed to leap from his horse, but restrained himself, and dismounted leisurely. He then walked deliberately up to Neamathla, and demanded, in an authoritative tone, what were his conclusions. The latter, meekly, made this demand, the orator sat down. The chief made no reply, but hung his head in apparent confusion. After a moment's pause, Duval proceeded:

"I am well aware of the meaning of this war-council; and deem it my duty to warn you against prosecuting the schemes you have been devising. If a single hair of a white man in this country falls to the ground, I will hang you and your chiefs on the trees around your council house! You cannot pretend to withstand the power of the white man. You are in the hand of the hand of your Great Father at Washington, who can crush you like an egg-shell. You may kill me: I am but one man; but recollect, white men are numerous as the leaves on the trees. Remember, if your bosom-homes are whitening in battle-fields, Remember your wives and children who perished in swamps. Do you want to provoke more hostilities? Another war with the white men, and there will not be a Seminole left to tell the story of his race."

Seizing the effect of his words, he concluded by appointing a day for the Indians to meet at St. Marks, and give an account of their conduct. He then rode off, without giving them time to recover from their surprise. That night he rode forty miles to Apalachicola River, to the tribe of the same name, who were in feud with the Seminoles. They promptly put two hundred and fifty warriors at his disposal, whom he ordered to be at St. Marks at the appointed day. He sent out runners, also, and ordered a hundred of the militia to repair to the same place, together with a number of regulars from the army. All his arrangements were successful.

Having taken these measures, he returned to Tallahassee, to the neighborhood of the conspirators, to show them that he was not afraid. Here he ascertained, through Yellow-Hair, that nine towns were disaffected, and had been concerned in the conspiracy. He was careful to inform himself, as well, of the number of the warriors in each of those towns who were most popular, though poor, and destitute of rank and command.

When the appointed day was at hand for the meeting at St. Marks, Governor Duval set off with Neamathla, who was at the head of eight or nine hundred warriors, but who feared to venture into the fort without him. As they entered the fort, and saw troops and militia drawn up there, and a force of Apalachicola soldiers stationed on the opposite bank of the river, they thought they were betrayed, and were about to fly; but Duval assured them they were safe, and that the talk was over, they might go home unmolested.

A grand talk was now held, in which the late conspirators, embracing men of the highest standing, each gave an account of his proceedings. Neamathla and the old chiefs all threw off the blame upon the young men. "Well," replied Duval, "with us white men, we find a man incompetent to govern those under him, we put him down, and appoint another in his place. Now as all you acknowledge you cannot manage your young men, we must put chiefs over them who can.

"So saying, he deposed Neamathla first; appointing another in his place; and so on with all the rest: taking care to substitute the warriors who had been pointed out to him as poor and popular; putting medals round their necks, and investing them with great honor. The Indians were surprised and delighted at finding the appointments were made among the chiefs themselves have chosen, and hailed them with acclamations. The warriors thus unexpectedly elevated to command, and clothed with dignity, were secured to the interests of the government, and sure to keep an eye on the great chief. After this, Duval left the country in disgust, and returned to the Creek nation, who elected him a chief of one of their towns. Thus by the resolute spirit and prompt sagacity of one man, a dangerous conspiracy was completely de-

To the Editor.

Sir:—

Friend of the PAPERS.

Friends of the PAPERS,

The Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian, and reformed churches, where I have been accustomed to preach, request that I may be excused from continuing in their pulpits this year. I therefore beg of you to receive a letter, which, in the interest of the unity of the church, I have the honor to address to you.

Viva Jesus Christus! Amen.

The year 1820

P. W. STERNBY.
To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.

SIR: The following letter was scribbled to a friend during my sojourn in the Alhambra, in 1839. As it presents scenes and impressions noted down at the time, I venture to offer it for the consideration of your readers. Should it prove acceptable, I may from time to time give other letters, written in the course of my various ramblings, and which have been kindly restored to me by my friends. Yours,

G. C.

LETTER FROM GRANADA.

GRANADA, 1839.

MY DEAR —: Religious festivals furnish, in all Catholic countries, occasions of popular pageant and recreation; but in none more so than in Spain, where the sentiment of religious observance seems to be to create holidays and ceremonial. For two days past, Granada has been in a gay turmoil with the annual fête of Corpus Christi. This most eventful and romantic city, as you well know, has every year the thrilling point of a mountainous region, studded with small towns and villages; during the time that Granada was the splendid capital of a Moorish kingdom, the Moslem youth repaired from all parts, to participate in chivalrous festivities; and here the Spanish populace, at the present day throng from all parts of the surrounding country to attend the festivals of the church.

As the populace like to enjoy things from the very commencement, the stir of Corpus Christi began in Granada on the preceding evening. Before dark the gates of the city were thronged with the picturesque peasantry from the mountain villages, and the brown laborers from the Vega, or vast plain, as the evening advanced, the Vivarambla thickened and swarmed with a motley multitude. This is the great square in the centre of the city, famous for its festivals and processions. The city of Granada is head quartered in this period, and is frequently mentioned in the old Moorish ballads and touristicals of the times of Moorish domination, and still further mentioned in the old Moorish ballads and touristicals of the times of Moorish domination, and is noted for its grandeur, its wealth, its art, and its religious and picturesque crosses and banners, and of the Blessed Virgin and of patron saints, and all the matters of great rivalries and jealousies among the peasantry. It was like the chivalrous gatherings of ancient days, when each town and village sent its chiefs, and warriors, and standards, to defend the capital, or grace its festivities.

At length, all these various detachments congregated into one great pageant, which slowly proceeded round the Vivarambla, and through the principal streets, where every window and balcony was hung with tapestry. In this procession were all the religious orders, the civil and military authorities, and the chief people of the parish, and the villages; every church and convent had contributed its banners, its images, its religious and picturesque crosses and banners, and of the Blessed Virgin and of patron saints, and all the matters of great rivalries and jealousies among the peasantry. It was like the chivalrous gatherings of ancient days, when each town and village sent its chiefs, and warriors, and standards, to defend the capital, or grace its festivities.

I could not but be struck with the changes of times and customs, as I saw this monkish pageant passing through the Vivarambla, the ancient seat of modern pomp and chivalry. The contrast was indeed forced upon the mind by the decorations of the square. The whole part of the great gallery erected for the procession, extending several hundred feet, was faced with canvas, on which some humble though artistic artist had painted, by contract, a series of the principal scenes and epitaphs of the conquest, as recorded in chronicle and romance. It is a common thing for the citizens of Granada to mingle themselves with everything, and are kept fresh in the public mind.

Another great festival at Granada, answering in its popular character to our Fourth of July, is El Día de la Toma. "The day that is to say, the anniversary of the capture of the city by Ferdinand and Isabella. On this day
all Granada is abandoned to revelry. The alar- 
bell on the Terre de la Campana, or watch-tower 
of the Alhambra, keeps up a clangor from morn- 
till night; and happy is the dawn that can ring 
that bell: it is a charm to secure a husband in 
the course of the year.

The sound, which can be heard over the whole 
Vega, and to the top of the mountains, summons 
the peasantry to the festivities. Throughout 
the day the Alhambra is thrown open to the public. 
The halls and courts of the Moorish monarchs 
resound with the guitar and tambour, and gypsy 
groups, in the fanciful dresses of Andalusia, 
perform those popular dances which they have in- 
herited from the Moors.

In the meantime a grand procession moves 
through the city. The banner of Ferdinand and 
Isabella, that precious relic of the conquest, is 
brought forth from its depository, and borne 
by the Allerce Mayor, or grand standard-bearer, 
through the principal streets. The portable 
camp-altar, which was carried about with them 
in all their campaigns, is transported into the 
chapel royal, and placed before its sepulchre, 
where their effigies lie in monumental marble. 
The procession fills the chapel. High mass is 
performed in memory of the conquest; and at a 
certain part of the ceremony the Allerce Mayor 
puts in a word of the standard above the 
tomb of the conquerors.

A more whimsical memorial of the conquest 
is exhibited on the same evening at the theatre, 
where a popular drama is performed, entitled "Ave 
Maria." This turns on the off-sung achievement 
of Hernando del Pulgar, surmounted El de los 
Hazañas, "The Exploit," the favorite hero 
of the populace of Granada.

During the time that Ferdinand and Isabella 
besieged the city, the young Moorish and Spanish 
knights formed with each other in extravagant 
bandos. On one occasion Hernando del Pulgar, 
at the head of a handful of youthfull followers, 
made a dash into Granada at the dead of night, 
nailed the inscription of Ave Maria, with his dag- 
ger, to the gate of the principal mosque, as a ta- 
ken of having consecrated it to the Virgin, and 
effectd his retreat in safety.

While the Moorish cavaliers admired this dar- 
ing exploit, they felt bound to revenge it. On 
the following day, therefore, Tarfe, one of the stout- 
est of the warriors, gazing from the front of the 
Christian army, dragging the sacred inscription 
of Ave Maria at his horse's tail. The cause of the 
Virgin was eagerly vindicated by Garcia de la 
Vega, who slew the Moor in single combat, and 
elevated the inscription of Ave Maria, in devotion 
and triumph, at the end of his lance.

The drama founded on this exploit is prodig- 
ously popular with the common people. 
Although it has been acted time out of mind, and 
the people have seen it repeatedly, it never fails 
to draw a scene so completely to engross the 
feelings of the audience, as to have almost the 
effect on them of reality. When their favorite 
Pulgar strides about with many a mournful speech, 
in the very midst of the Moorish capital, he is 
cheered with enthusiastic bravos; and when he 
hang, with a bed of flowers at the shrine of the 
mosque, the theatre absolutely shakes with shouts 
and thunders of applause. On the other hand, 
the actors who play the part of the Moors, have to 
hear the brunt of the temporary indignation of 
their auditors; and when the infernal Tarfe plucks 
down the tablet to tie it to his horse's tail, many 
of the people absolutely rise in fury, and are ready 
to jump upon the stage to revenge this insult to 
the Virgin.

Beside this annual festival at the capital, almost 
every village of the Vega and the mountains has 
its own anniversary, wherein its own deliverance 
from the Moorish yoke is celebrated with uncom- 
cermony and rustic pomp.

On these occasions a kind of resurrection takes 
place of ancient Spanish dresses and armor; 
great two-handed swords, ponderous arquebuses, 
with match-locks, and other weapons and accom- 
paniments of the battles, dressed up generation 
and generation, since the time of the conquest. 
In these hereditary and hisorical garbs some of the 
most sturdy of the villagers array themselves as 
champions of the faith, while their ancestors are 
represented by another band of villagers, dressed 
up as Moorish warriors. A tent is pitched in 
the public square of the village, within which is an 
altar, and an image of the Virgin. The Spanish 
warriors approach to perform their devotions at 
this shrine, and present their offerings to the infidel 
Moors, who surround the tent. 
A mock fight suc- 
cedes, in the course of which the combatants 
sometimes forget that they are merely playing 
a part, and exchange dry blows of grievous weight; 
the fictitious Moors especially are apt to bear 
away pretty evident marks of the violence of 
the contest. However, however, 
they terminate in favor of the good cause. 
The Moors are defeated and taken prisoners. 
The image of the Virgin, rescued from thraldom, is 
elevated in triumph; and a grand procession suc- 
cedes, in which the Spanish conquerors figure 
with great vail-glory and applause, and their captives 
are led in chains, to the infinite delight and 
edification of the populace.

These annual festi- 
vals are the delight of the villagers, who spend 
considerable sums in their celebration. In some 
villages they are occasionally obliged to suspend 
them for want of funds; but when times grow 
better, or they have been enabled to save money 
for the purpose, they are revived with all their 
grotesque pomp and extravagance.

To recur to the exploit of Hernando del Pulgar. 
However extravagant and fabulous it may seem, 
it is authenticated by certain traditional usages, and 
shows the vain-glory of daring that prevailed 
between the youthful warriors of both nations, in 
the days that revolutionized the world by its power. 
The inscription consecrated to the Virgin was made 
cathedral of the city after the conquest; and there is a painting 
of the Virgin beside the royal chapel, which 
was put there by Hernando del Pulgar. The linear 
representation of the hare, which 
conquers the Moors, has the 
right to this day to enter the church, on certain 
occasions, on horseback, to sit in the choir, 
and to put on his hat at the elevation of the host, 
though these privileges have often been obsti- 

tinently contested by the clergy.

The present linear 
representative of Hernando 
del Pulgar is the Marquis de Salado, whom I have 
met occasionally in society. He is a young man of 
agreeable appearance and manners, and his 
bright black eyes would give indication of his 
hereditary the fire of his ancestor. When the 
paintings were put in the church for the first 
time, many they said they were 
which 
whispers of 
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the old man 
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tourning to the brother of the Marquis, with that freedom allowed to family servants in Spain, "Come, Señor," cried he, "you are more grave and considerate than your brother; come and see your ancestor in all his glory!"

Within two or three years after the above letter was written, the Marquis de Sahar was married to the Marquise de Chateaudun, named by the author in his anecdotes of the Alhambra. The match was very agreeable to all parties, and the nuptials were celebrated with great festivity.

ABDERAHMAN:

FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY OF THE OMMIADIES IN SPAIN.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.

SIR: In the following memoir I have conformed to the facts furnished by the Arabian chroniclers as cited by the learned Conde. The story of Abderahman has almost the charm of romance; it but derives a higher interest from the heroic and sanguine virtues which his life illustrates, and from the recording the fortunes of the founder of that splendid dynasty, which shed such lustre on Spain during the domination of the Arabs. Abderahman may, in some respects, be compared to our own Washington. He achieved the independence of Moslem Spain, freeing it from subjection to the caliphs; he united its jarring parts under one government; he ruled it over with justice, clemency, and moderation; his whole course of conduct was distinguished by wonderful forbearance and magnanimity; and when he died he left a legacy of good example and good counsel to his successors.

G. C.

"Blessed be God!" again exclaims the Arabian historian; "it was written in His eternal decrees that, notwithstanding the fury of the Abbassides, the noble stock of Omeyyad should not be destroyed. One fruitful branch remained to flourish with glory and greatness in the land of Abderahman."

When the sanguinary proscription of the Omeyyades took place, two young princes of that line, brothers, by the names of Solyman and Abderahman were spared for a time. Their personal graces, noble demeanour, and winning affability, had made them many friends, while their youthful ardours rendered them objects of but little dread to the usurper. Their safety, however, was but transient. In a little while the suspicions of Aboul Abbas were aroused. The unfortunate Solyman fell beneath the scimitar of the executioner. His brother Abderahman was warned of his danger in time. Several of his friends hastened to him, bringing him jewels, a disguise, and a fleet horse. "The emissaries of the caliph," said they, "are in search of thee; thy brother lies weeping in his blood; fly to the desert! There is no safety for thee in the habitations of man!"

Abderahman took the jewels, clad himself in the disguise, and mounting his steed, fled for his life. As he passed, a lonely fugitive, by the palaces of his ancestors, in which he had long held sway, their very walls seemed disposed to betray him, as they echoed the swift clattering of his steed.

Abandoning his native country, Syria, where he was likely at each moment to be recognized and taken, he took refuge among the Bedouin Arabs, a half-savage race of shepherds. His youth, his inborn majesty and grace, and the sweetness and affability which shone forth in his azure eyes, won the hearts of these wandering men. He was but twenty years of age, and had been reared in the soft luxury of a palace; but he was tall and vigorous, and in a little while hardened himself so completely to the rustic life of the fields that it seemed as though he had passed all his days in the rude simplicity of a shepherd's cabin.

His enemies, however, traced him, and gave him but little rest. By day he scoured the plain with the Bedouins, hearing in every blast the sound of pursuit, and fancying in every distant cloud of dust a troop of the caliph's horsemen. His night was passed in dark camp and frequent watchings, and at the earliest dawn he was the first to put the bridle to his steed.

Wearied by these perpetual alarms, he bore farewell to his friendly Bedouins, and leaving Egypt behind, sought a safer refuge in Western Africa. The province of Barea was at that time governed by Ahen Habib, who had risen to rank and fortune under the fostering favor of the Omeyyades. "Surely," thought the unhappy prince, "I shall receive kindness and protection from this man; he will rejoice to show his gratitude for the benefits showered upon my kindred!"

Abderahman was young, and as yet knew little of mankind. None are so hostile to the victim of power as those whom he has befriended. They fear being suspected of gratitude by their persecutors, and involved in his misfortunes. And, unfortunate Abderahman had halted for a few days to repose himself among a horde of Bedouins, who had received him with their characteristic hospitality. They would gather round him in the evenings, to listen to his conversation, regarding with wonder this young man prostrate upon the more refined country of Egypt. The old men marvelled to find so much knowledge and
wisdom in such early youth, and the young men, won by his frank and manly carriage, entreated him to remain among them.

One night, when all were buried in sleep, they were aroused by the tramp of horsemen. The Wall Arab Habib, who, like all the governors of distant ports, had received orders from the caliph to be on the watch for the fugitive prince, had heard that a young man, answering the description, had entered the province alone, from the frontiers of Egypt, on a steed. With him, as his travel. He had immediately sent forth horsemen in his pursuit, with orders to bring him to death or alive. The emissaries of the Wall had traced him to his resting-place, and demanded of the Arabs whether a young man, a stranger from Syria, did not sjoin among their tribe. The Beduins knew by the description that the stranger must be their guest, and feared some evil was intended. Such a youth, said they, has indeed come in search of him, and not by all means as he has gone, with some of our young men, to a distant valley, to hunt the lion. The emissaries inquired the way to the place, and hastened on to surprise their expected prey.

The Bedouins repaired to Abdarhaman, who was still sleeping. "If thou hast dared to fear from man in power," said they, "arise and fly; for the horsemen of the Wall are in quest of thee. We have sent them off for a time on a wrong errand, but they will soon return."

"Alas! whither shall I fly?" cried the unhappy prince, "my enemies hunt me like the ostrich of the desert! They follow me like the wind, and allow me neither safety nor repose!"

Six of the bravest youths of the tribe stepped forward. "We have steeds," said they, "that can outstrip the wind, and hands that can hurl the javelin. We will accompany thee in thy flight, and will fight by thy side while last, and we have weapons to wield."

Abdarhaman embraced them with tears of gratitude. They mounted their steeds, and made for the most lonely parts of the desert. By the faint light of the stars, they passed through dreary wastes, and over hills of sand. The lion roared, and the hyena howled unheeded, for they fled through, pure, cruel and patient. Not in pursuit of food, than the savage beasts of the desert.

At sunrise they paused to refresh themselves beside a scanty well, surrounded by a few palm trees. One of the young Arabs climbed a tree, and looked in every direction, but not a horseman was to be seen.

"We have outstriped pursuit," said the Bedouins, "whither shall we conduct thee? Where is thy home and the land of thy people?"

Abdarhaman, mortally, nor family, nor kindred! My native land is to me a land of destruction, and my people seek my life!"

The hearts of the youthful Bedouins were touched with compassion at these words, and they marvelled that one so young and gentle should have suffered such great sorrow and persecution.

Abdarhaman sat by the well, and mused for a time. At length, breaking silence, "In the midst of all trials," said he, "mows the tribe of Zenetes. My mother was of that tribe; and perhaps when her son presents himself, a persecuted wanderer, at their door, they will not turn him from the threshold."

"The Zenetes," replied the Bedouins, "are among the bravest and most hospitable of the people of Africa. Never did the unfortunate seek refuge among them in vain, nor was the stranger repulsed from their door. So they mounted their steeds with renewed spirit, and driven with all speed to Tahart, the capital of the Zenetes."

When Abdarhaman entered the place, followed by his six rustic Arabs, all wearied and travel-stained, his noble and majestic demeanor shone through the simple garb of a Bedouin. A crowd gathered around him, with an air of awe and weary stead. Confiding in the well-known character of the tribe, he no longer attempted concealment.

"You behold before you," said he, "one of the proscribed house of Omeya. I am that Abdarhaman upon whose head a price has been set, and who have been driven from land to land. I come to you as my kindred. My mother was of your tribe, and she told me with her dying breath that in all time he has gone, with some of our young men, to a distant valley, to hunt the lion."

"The words of Abdarhaman went straight to the hearts of his hearers. They pitied his youth and his great misfortunes, and were charmed by his frankness, and by the many graces of his person. The Zenetes tribe was of a fierce spirit, and not to be awed by the frown of power. "Evil be upon us and upon our children," said they, "if we deceive the trust thou hast placed in us."

Then one of the noblest Xeques took Abdarhaman to his house, and treated him as his own child; and the principal people of the tribe strove who most should cherish him, and do him honor; endeavoring to obliterate by their kindness the recollection of his past misfortunes.

Abdarhaman had resided some time among the hospitable Zenetes, when one day two strangers, venerable appearance, attended by a small retinue, arrived at Tahart. They gave themselves out as merchants, and from the simple style in which they travelled, excited no attention. In a little while they sought out Abdarhaman, and, taking him apart: "Heapen," said they, "Abdarhaman, of the royal line of Omeya; we are ambassadors sent on the part of the principal Moslem of Spain to offer thee, not merely an asylum, for thou hast already among these brave Zenetes, but an empire! Spain is a prey to distracting factions, and can no longer exist as a dependence upon a throne too remote to watch over its welfare. It needs to be independent of Asia and Africa, and to be under the government of a good prince, who shall reside within it, and devote himself entirely to its prosperity; a prince with sufficient title to secure all rival claims, and bring the warring parties into unity. Give me, then, Abdarhaman, the Zenetes, and at the same time with sufficient ability and virtue to insure the welfare of his dominions. For this purpose the eyes of all the noble leaders in Spain have been turned to thee, as a descendant of the royal line of Omeya, and an offset from the same stock as our holy prophet. They have heard of thy virtues, and of thy admirable constancy under misfortunes; and invite thee to accept the sovereignty of one of the noblest countries in the world. Thou wilt have some difficulties to encounter from hostile parties; but I promise thee to side the bravest captains that have signalized themselves in the conquest of the unbelievers."

The ambassadors ceased, and Abdarhaman remained for a time lost in wonder and admiration. "God is great!" exclaimed he, at length;
"there is but one God, who is God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Illustrious ambassadors, you have put new life into my soul, for you have shown me something to live for. In the few years that I have lived, troubles and sorrows have been heaped upon my head, and I have become inured to hardships and trials. Since the wish of the valiant Moslems of Spain, I am willing to become their leader and defender, and devote myself to their cause, be it happy or disastrous."

The ambassadors now cautioned him to be silent as to their errand, and to depart secretly for Spain, "swarms with your enemies, and a powerful faction in Spain would intercept you on landing, did they know your name and rank, and the object of your coming."

But Abderehman replied: "I have been cherished in adversity by these brave Zenetes; I have been protected and honored by them, when a price was set upon my head, and to harbor me was great peril. How can I keep my good fortune and noble lineage, was chosen for their inhabitable roofs in silence? He is unworthy of friendship, who withholds confidence from his friend.

Charmed with the generosity of his feelings, the ambassadors made no opposition to his wishes. The Zenetes proved themselves worthy of his confidence. "This sea of Al-Andalusi harsh, and cannot be overcharged with his fortunes. The warriors and the young men pressed forward to follow, and aid them with horse and weapon; "for the honor of a noble house and family," said they, "can be maintained only by lance and horseman." In a few days he set forth, with the ambassadors, at the head of nearly a thousand horsemen, skilled in war, and exercised in the desert, and a large body of infantry, armed with lances. The venerable Xeque, with whom he had resided, blessed him, and shed tears over him at parting, as though he had been his own child; and when the youth passed over the threshold, the house was filled with lamentations.

Abderehman reached Spain in safety, and landed at Almancar, with his little band of warlike Zenetes. Spain was at that time in a state of great confusion. Upward of forty years had elapsed since the conquest. The civil wars in Syria and Egypt had prevented the main government at Damascus from interfering in others affairs of the distant and recently acquired territory. Every Moslem commander considered the town or province committed to his charge, an absolute property; and accordingly exercised the most arbitrary extremities. These excesses at length became insupportable, and, at a convocation of many of the principal leaders, it was determined, as a means to end these dissensions, to unite all the Moslem provinces of Spain under one Emir, or General Governor. Yusuf el Fehri, an ancient man, of handsome person for this distinction, began his reign with policy, and endeavored to conciliate all parties; but the distribution of offices soon created powerful enemies among the disappointed leaders. A civil war was the consequence, and Spain was deluged with blood. The troops of both parties burned and ravaged, and laid waste every thing, to distress their antagonists; the villages were abandoned by their inhabitants, who fled to the cities for refuge; and flourishing towns disappeared from the face of the earth, or remained but skeletons of their former magnificence. At the time of the landing of Abderehman in Spain, the old Emir Yusuf had obtained a signal victory. He had captured Saragossa, in which was

Ameer ben Amru, his principal enemy, together with his son and secretary. Loading his prisoners with chains, and putting them on camels, he set out in triumph for Cordova, considering himself secure in the absolute dominion of Spain.

He had halted one day in a valley called Wadaramba, and was resting with his followers in a pavilion, while his horse and the people were exposed to the open air. In the midst of his repose, his confidential adherent and general, the Wali Samael, galloped into the camp covered with dust, and exhausted with fatigue. He brought tidings of the victory that Abderehman had gained, that the whole sea-board was flocking to his standard. Messenger after messenger came hurrying into the camp, confirming the fearful tidings, and adding that this descendant of the Omeyas had secretly been invited to Spain by Amru and his followers. Yusuf waited not to ascertain the truth of this accusation. Giving way to a transport of fury, he ordered that Amru, his son and secretary, should be cut to pieces. His commands were instantly executed, and the heads were exhibited to the populace, who stood around. Samael, says the Arabian chronicler, "lost him the favor of Allah; for from that time, success deserted his standard."

Abderehman had indeed been hailed with joy on his landing in Spain. The old people hoped to find tranquility under the charge of the true Muslem, descended from their ancient caliphs; the young men rejoiced to have a youthful warleader to lead them on to victories; and the populace, charmed with his freshness and manly beauty, his majestic yet gracious and affable demeanor, shouted: "Long live Abderehman ben Moavia Meramamolin of Spain!"

In a few days the youthful sovereign saw himself at the head of more than twenty thousand men, from the neighborhood of Elvira, Almeria, Malaga, Xeres, and Sidiolana. Fair Seville threw open its gates at his approach, and celebrated his arrival with public rejoicings. He continued his march into the country, vanquished one of the sons of Yusuf before the gates of Cordova, and obliged him to take refuge within its walls, after he held him in close siege. Hearing, however, of the approach of Yusuf, the father, with a powerful army, he divided his forces, and leaving ten thousand men to press the siege, he hastened with the other ten to meet the enemy. Yusuf had indeed mustered a formidable force, from the east and south of Spain, and accompanied by his veteran general, Samael, came with confident boasting to drive this intruder from the land. His confidence increased on beholding the small army of Abderehman. Turning to Samael, he repeated, with a scornful sneer, a verse from an Arabian poetess, which says:

"How hard is our lot! We come, a thirsty multitude, and lo! but this cup of water to share among us!"

There was indeed a fearful odds. On the one side were two veteran generals, grown gray in victory, with a mighty host of warriors, seasoned in the wars of Spain. On the other side was a mere youth, scarce attained to manhood, with a hastily levied of half-disciplined troops: but the youth was a prince, flushed with hope, and aspiring after fame and empire; and surrounded by a devoted band of warriors from Africa, whose example infused desperate zeal into the little army.

The encounter took place at daybreak. The impetuous valor of the Zenetes overawed everything before it. The cavalry of Yusuf was broken, and driven back upon the infanty, and before noon
the whole host was put to headlong flight. Yusuf and Samuel were borne along in the torrent of the fugitives, raging and storming, and making ineffectual efforts to rally them. They were separated widely in the confusion of the flight, one taking refuge in the Algarves, the other in the kingdom of Murcia. They afterward rallied, reunited their forces, and made another desperate stand near Almucar. The battle was obstinate and severe, and they were again defeated and driven, with a handful of followers, to take refuge in the rugged mountains adjacent to Elvira.

The spirit of the veteran Samuel gave way before these fearful reverses. In vain, O Yusuf! said he, do we contend with the prosperous star of this youthful conqueror: the will of Allah be done! Let us submit to our fate, and sue for favorable terms, while we have yet the means of capitulation.

It was a hard trial for the proud spirit of Yusuf, that had once aspired to uncontrolled sway; but he was compelled to capitulate. Abderahman was as generous as brave. He granted the two gray-headed generals the most honorable conditions, and even took the veteran Samuel into his own person, insuring him, as a mark of confidence, to visit the eastern provinces of Spain, and restore them to tranquillity. Yusuf, having delivered up Elvira and Granada, and complied with other articles of his capitulation, was permitted to retire to Murcia, and retain his son Muhammad. A general amnesty was pronounced to all chiefs and soldiers who should yield up their strong holds, and lay down their arms, completed the triumph of Abderahman, and brought all hearts into obedience.

Thus terminated this severe struggle for the dominion of Spain; and thus the illustrious family of Omeya, after having been cast down and almost exterminated in the East, took new root, and sprang forth prosperously in the West.

Wherever Abderahman appeared, he was received with rapturous acclamations. As he rode through the cities, the populace rent the air with shouts of joy; the stately palaces were crowded with spectators, eager to gain a sight of his graceful form and becoming courtly air; and when he beheld the mingled majesty and benignity of his new monarch, and the sweetness and gentleness of his whole conduct, they extolled him as something more than mortal; as a beneficent genius, sent for the happiness of Spain.

In the interval of peace which now succeeded, Abderahman occupied himself in promoting the useful and elegant arts, and in introducing into Spain the refinements of the East. Considering the building and ornamenting of cities as among the noblest employments of the tranquil hours of princes, he bestowed great pains upon beautifying the city of Cordova and its environs. He reconstructed towers and dykes, to keep the Guadalquivir from overflowing its borders, and on the valley formed by them, he raised delightful gardens. In the midst of these, he erected a lofty tower, commanding a view of the vast and fruitful valley, enlivened by the windings of the river. In this tower he would pass hours of meditation, gazing on the soft and varied landscape, and in his heart muscles the spring and autumn of each region. At such times, his thoughts would recur to the past, and the misfortunes of his youth; the massacre of his family would rise to view, mingled with tender recollections of his native country, with which he was exiled. In these melancholy musings he would sit with his eyes fixed upon a palm-tree which he had planted in the midst of his garden. It is said to have been the first ever planted in Spain, and to have been the parent stock of all the palm-trees which grace the southern provinces of the peninsula. The summit of this palm-tree formed an arbor, and it was the offspring of his native country, like him, an exile. In one of his moods of tenderness, he composed verses upon it, which have since become famous throughout the world. The following is the literal translation:

"Besideous Palm! thou wentst hither a stranger; but thy roots have found a kindly soil, thy head is lifted to the skies, and the sweet airs of Algarve fondle and kiss thy branches.

"Thou hast known, like me, the storms of adverse fortune. Bitter tears would thou shed, couldst thou feel my woes. Repeated griefs have overwhelmed me. With early tears I believed the palms on the banks of the Euphrates; but neither tree nor river headed my sorrows, when driven by cruel fate, and the frenzied Abu Abbas, from the scenes of my childhood and the sweet objects of my affection.

"To thee no remembrance remains of my beloved country; yet, unhappy! can never recall a thought of it.

"The generosity of Abderahman to his exiled foes was destined to be abused. The veteran Yusuf, in visiting certain of the cities which he had surrendered, found himself surrounded by zealous partisans ready to perish in his service. The love of command revived in his bosom, and he repented the facility with which he had suffered himself to be persuaded to submission. Filled with new hopes of success, he hastened to the scene of his former doings, and was received by the inhabitants, as old friends, and invited into the very house where he had previously appeared under the impression, so to say, of a conqueror. In the garden of Casia, one of the principal villas, he was seized, and at the command of the monarch was brought back to his chains, and was forthwith committed to prison.

"When Aboth, who had been the chief of the Carthaginians, Spain, in ancient times, the rival of the Moors, was in the place of Insurgents, and had sprung up a new object of interest and ready to be considered as a standard, with a rival to the power of the country, the army of Morocco, was sent against Abderahman.

"Abdulla Zene described his rapidity and strength. The Zene's entered Citipul, Sidonia, and Castile, which was free from the enemy. At this fortunate moment, Yusuf was sent to Cordova, where it was placed in an iron cage, over the gate of the city.

"The old lion was dead, but his whelps survived. Yusuf had left three sons, who inherited his warlike spirit, and were eager to revenge his death. Collecting a number of the scattered adherents of the family, they set out against the presently restored and victorious Bani Tude, during the absence of Temani, his Wali or commander. In this old warrior, built upon a rock, and almost surrounded by the Tagus, they set up a kind of rubber hold, securing the surrounding country by levying tribute, sending upon the banks of the river, and making the inhabitants contribute to its support. "The day cavalcades of horses and mules, laden with spoil, with flocks of sheep and drove of cattle, came pouring over the bridges on either side of the city, and thronging in their profusion into the surrounding country. The inhabitants of those who were still loyal to Abderahman dared not lift up their voices," for the length of one hundred of his men was more than the number of the force of the enemy. All the inhabitants of the city, following with joy the news of his death, were assembled in the streets to give him the entertainment and one of their last honors. The gates of the city were opened. The body was placed in a monument, and the commotion of the insurgents; the hearts, lost in their grief, to the loyalty in the sufferings of the prophet. The secret and sacred chord was broken. The eyes of the people were set in focus on the seat of the voice of the nation, so to say, when it was sent to the ground in the hands of the enemy. When Aboth, who had been the chief of the Carthaginians, Spain, in ancient times, the rival of the Moors, was in the place of Insurgents, and had sprung up a new object of interest and ready to be considered as a standard, with a rival to the power of the country, the army of Morocco, was sent against Abderahman. Aboth, who had been the chief of the Carthaginians, Spain, in ancient times, the rival of the Moors, was in the place of Insurgents, and had sprung up a new object of interest and ready to be considered as a standard, with a rival to the power of the country, the army of Morocco, was sent against Abderahman. Aboth, who had been the chief of the Carthaginians, Spain, in ancient times, the rival of the Moors, was in the place of Insurgents, and had sprung up a new object of interest and ready to be considered as a standard, with a rival to the power of the country, the army of Morocco, was sent against Abderahman. Aboth, who had been the chief of the Carthaginians, Spain, in ancient times, the rival of the Moors, was in the place of Insurgents, and had sprung up a new object of interest and ready to be considered as a standard, with a rival to the power of the country, the army of Morocco, was sent against Abderahman.
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permited to return to his house in Seguena, and
inculcating a peace and respect suited to his advanced
the gates. The banners salute the
veteran laid by his arms, battered in a thousand
conflicts; hung his sword and lance against the
wall, and surrounded by a few friends, gave
himself up apparently to the sweets of quiet and un
ambitious leisure.
Who can count, however, upon the tranquil
content of a heart nurtured amid the storms of
war and ambition! Under the ashes of this out-
ward humility were glowing the coals of faction.
In his seemingly philosophical retirement, Samael
was associating with his friends new treason
against Abderahman. His plot was discovered;
his house was suddenly surrounded by troops;
and he was conveyed to a tower at Toledo,
where, in the course of a few months he died in
captivity.

The magnanimity of Abderahman was again
put to the proof, by a new Insurrection at Toledo.
Hixem ben Adra, a relation of Yusuf, seized upon
the Alcazar, or citadel, slew several of the royal
adherents of the king, liberated Casim from his
tower, and, summoning all the banditti of the
country, soon mustered a force of ten thousand
men. Abderahman was quickly before the walls
of Toledo, with the troops of Cordova and his
developed Zenetes. The rebels were brought to
terms, and surrendered the city on promise of
general pardon, which was extended even to
Hixem and Casim. When the chietain saw
Hixem and his principal confederates in the
power of Abderahman, they advised him to put
them all to death. "A promise given to traitor
and rebels," said pax, "is not binding, when it is
to the interest of the state that it should be
broken."

"No!" replied Abderahman, "if the safety
of my throne were at stake, I would not break
my word." So saith he, he commanded the amnesty,
and granted Hixem ben Adra a worthless life, to
be employed in further treason.

Scarce had Abderahman returned from this
expedition, when a powerful army, sent by the
caliph, landed from Africa, and made its way to the
Algarbes. The commander, Ali ben Mogueit,
Emir of Carvair, elevated a rich banner which he
had received from the hands of the caliph.
Wherever he went, he ordered the caliph of the
East to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet,
announcing Abderahman as a usurper, the
vestigial member of a family proscribed and executed in
all the mosques of the East.

One of the first to join his standard was Hixem
ben Adra, so recently pardoned by Abderahman.
He seized upon the citadel of Toledo, and repair-
ing to the camp of Aly, offered to deliver the city
to its hands.

Abderahman, as hold in war as he was gentle
in peace, took the field with his wonted prompt-
ness; overthrew his enemies, with great slaugh-
ter, drove some to the sea-coast to regain their
ships, and others to the mountains. The body of
Aly was found on the field of battle. Abderah-
man caused the head to be struck off, and con-
veyed to Carvair, where it was affixed at night to
a column in the public square, with this inscrip-
tion: "Thus Abderahman, the descendant of
the Omayas, punishes the rash and arrogant."

Hixem ben Adra escaped from the field of
battle, and excited farther troubles, but was eventu-
ally captured by Abderahman, who ordered his
head to be struck off on the spot, lest he should
again be spared, through the wonted clemency of
Abderahman.

Notwithstanding these signal triumphs, the
reign of Almahs of cordova was disturbed by far-
ther insurrections, and by another descent from
Africa, but he was victorious over them all;
striking the roots of his power deeper and deeper
into the land. Under his sway, the government
of Spain became more regular and consolidated,
and acquired an independence of the empire of
the East. The caliph continued to be considered as first pontiff and chief of the religion, but he ceased to be a temporal power over Spain.

Having again an interval of peace, Abderahman devoted himself to the education of his children. Suleiman, the eldest, he appointed Wall, or governor, of Toledo; Abdallah, the second, was induced to join the court of the rebelled Merida; but the third son, Hixem, was the delight of his heart, the son of Hixem, his favorite sultan, whom he loved throughout life with the utmost tenderness.

With this youth, who was full of promise, he relaxed the fatigues of government; joining in his youthful sports amid the delightful gardens of Cordova, and teaching him the gentle art of falconry, of which the king was so fond that he received the name of the Falcon of Cordova.

While Abderahman was thus indulging in the gentle propensities of his nature, mischief was secretly at work. Muhammed, the youngest son of Yusuf, had been for many years a prisoner in the tower of Cordova. Being passive and resigned, his keeper relaxed their vigilance, and brought him forth from his dungeon. He went grooping about, however, in broad daylight, as if still in the darkness of his tower. His guards watched him narrowly, lest this should be a deception, and convinced that the long absence of light had rendered him blind. They now permitted him to descend frequently to the lower chambers of the tower, and to sleep there occasionally, during the heats of summer. They even allowed him to grope his way to the cistern, in quest of water for his alutions.

A year passed in this way without anything to excite suspicion. During all this time, however, the blindness of Muhammad was entirely a deception; and he was concocting a plan of escape, through the aid of some friends of his father, who found means to visit him occasionally. One sultry evening in midsummer, the guards had gone to bathe in the Guadalquivir, leaving Muhammad alone, in the lower chambers of the tower. No sooner were they out of sight and hearing, than he hastened to a window of the stair-case, leaping down to the cistern, lowered himself as far as his arms would reach, and dropped without injury to the ground. Plunging into the Guadalquivir, he swam some distance to the opposite side, where his friends were waiting to receive him. Here, mounting a horse which they had provided for an event of the kind, he fled across the country, by solitary roads, and made good his escape to the mountains of Jaen.

The guards of the tower dreaded for some time to make known his flight to Abderahman. When at length it was told to him, he exclaimed: "All is the work of eternal wisdom; it is intended to teach us that we cannot believe the wicked without injuring the good. The flight of that blind man will cause much trouble and bloodshed."

His predictions were verified. Muhammed reared the standard of rebellion on the mountains; the seditious and discontented of all kinds hastened to join it, together with soldiers of fortune, or rather wandering banditti, and he had soon six thousand men, well armed, hardy in habits, and desperate in character. His brother Casim also reappeared about the same time in the mountains of the Sierra Morena, with a daring band that had held all the neighboring valleys under contribution.

Abderahman summoned his acclamations from his various military posts, to assist in driving the rebels from their mountain fastnesses into the plains. It was a dangerous and protracted toil, for the mountains were far and rugged. He entered them with a powerful force, driving the rebels from height to height and valley to valley, and harassing them by a galling fire from thousands of cross-bows. At length a decisive battle took place near the river Guadalquivir. The rebels were defeat; and, during the battle, the forces fell in action, many were drowned in the river and Muhammad, with a few horsemen, escaped to the mountains of the Algarves. Here he was hunted by the acclamations from one desolate retreat to another; his few followers grew tired of sharing the disastrous fortunes of a fallen man; one by one deserted h'm, and himself deserted the remedy, fearing they might neglect him, to purchase their own pardon.

Lonely and disguised, he plunged into the depths of the forests, or lurked in dens and caverns, like a shambled wolf, often casting back his thoughts with regret to the time of his captivity in the gloomy tower of Cordova. Hunger at length drove him to Alarcon, where his heart was being discovered. Famine and misery, however, had so wasted and changed him, that he was not recognized. He remained nearly a year in Alarcon, unnoticed and unknown, yet constantly tormenting himself with the conviction that the long absence of light had rendered him blind. They now permitted him to descend frequently to the lower chambers of the tower, and to sleep there occasionally, during the heats of summer. They even allowed him to grope his way to the cistern, in quest of water for his alutions.

A milder fate attended his brother Casim. Being driven from the mountains of Murcia, he was conducted in chains to Cordova. On coming into the presence of Abderahman, his once fierce and haughty spirit, broken by distress, gave way; he threw himself on the earth, kissed the dust beneath the feet of the king, and implored his clemency. The benignant heart of Abderahman was filled with melancholy, rather than exultation, at beholding this wreck of the once haughty family of Yusuf a suppliant at his feet, and sung for mere existence. He thought upon the mutability of fortune, and felt how insecure are all his favors. He raised the unhappy Casim from the earth, ordered his iron to be taken off, and, forgetting the past, treated him with more forgiveness, treated him with honor, and gave him possessions in Seville, where he might spend the remainder of his life, in the enjoyment of his dignity of his family. Won by this great and persevering magnanimity, Casim ever after remained one of the most devoted of his subjects.

All the enemies of Abderahman were at length subdued; he reigned undisputed sovereign of the Moslems of Spain; and so benignant was his government, that every blessing the revival of the illustrious line of Omayya. He was at times accessible to the humblest of his subjects; the poor man ever found in him a friend, and the oppressed a protector. He improved the administration of justice; established schools for public instruction; encouraged poets and men of letters, and cultivated the sciences. He built mosques in every city that he visited; inculcated religion by example as well as by precept; and celebrated all the festivals prescribed by the Koran, with the utmost magnificence.

As a monument of gratitude to God for the prosperity with which he was favored, he undertook to erect a mosque in his favorite city of Cordova. At the suggestion of his eldest son, Massumah, the object was executed, and the work was successfully accomplished, and was the one recently erected in Bagdad by the Absassids, the suppliants of his family. It is said that he himself furnished the plan for
and protracted toil, bitterly wild and powerful host, and the lofty peak and
by a galling bribe.
At length a dozen
river Guadalmena
; four thousand
owned in the river
samen, escaped.
Here he was
a desolate retreat
new tired of shar-
he himself deserted
him up to
plunged into the
in dens and caves
of his captivity in
Hunger at length
'k of being discover-
; he was not recon-
year in Alarcon,
constantly torment-
discovery  ; and with
ance of Abderah-
to his brethren.
brother Casim,
Casim, of Murcia, the
On coming
his once fierce
r of his favor, gave
missed the dust be-
and improved the
port of Abderahan-
other than exaction,
the once haughty
his feet, and singing
upon the matu-
secure are all her
Casim from the
taken off, and not
trated him with
his in Sevilla, where
able to the ancient
his great and per-
whereafter remained
objects.
man were at length
sovereign; the
revival of the
and in the middle
was at all times
subjects: the
end, and the con-
the adminis-
schools for public
and men of letters,
the built mosques
culated religion
; and celebrated
Koran, with the
God for the
been favored, he
his favorite city of
went in the great
the one recently
, the supple-
red the plan for
his famous edifice, and even worked on it, with
his own hands, one hour in each day, to testify
his zeal and humility in the service of God, and
animate his workmen. He did not live to see
it completed, but it was finished according to his
plans by his son Hixem. When finished, it sup-
pended the most splendid mosques of the east.
It was six hundred feet in length, and two hundred
and fifty in breadth. Within were twenty-eight
aisles, crossed by nineteen, supported by a
thousand and ninety-three columns of marble.
There were nineteen portals, covered with plates
of bronze in the workmanship. The principal
portal was covered with plates of gold. On the
summit of the grand cupola were three gilt balls
surmounted by a golden pomegranate. At night,
the mosque was illuminated with four thousand
seven hundred lamps, and great sums were ex-
pended in amber and aloes, which were burned
as perfumes. The mosque remains to this day,
shorn of its ancient splendor, yet still one of the
greatest Moslem monuments in Spain.

Abderahman, who was a wise and learned
man, celebrated in his capital of Cordova the
principal governors and commanders of his kingdom,
and in presence of them all, with great solemnity,
nominated his son Hixem as the successor to the
throne. Notwithstanding the carelessness of the
Abderahman during his life, and to Hixem after
his death. The prince was younger than his
brothers, Soleiman and Abbudlah; but he was
the son of Howard, the tenderly beloved sultana
of Abderahman; and his influence, it is said,
gained him this preference.

Within a few months afterward, Abderahman
fell grievously sick at Merida. Finding his end
approaching, he summoned Hixem to his bed-
side: "My son," said he, "the angel of death
is hovering over me; treasure up, therefore, in
thy heart this dying counsel, which I give through
the great love I bear thee. Remember that all
empire is from God, who gives and takes it away,
according to his pleasure. Since God, through
his divine goodness, has given us royal power
and authority, let us do his holy will, which is
nothing else than to do good to all men, and es-
special to those committed to our protection.
Render equal justice, my son, to the rich and the
poor, and never fear to see justice in
for it, for it is the road to perdition. Be
merciful and benignant to those dependent upon
thee. Contribute to the government of thy cities
and provinces to men of worth and experience;
punish without compassion those ministers who
press thy people with exorbitant exactions. Pay
thy troops punctually; teach them to feel a cer-
tainty in thy promises; command them with gen-
tleness but firmness, and make them in truth the
defenders of the state, not its destroyers. Cultu-
vate unceasingly the affections of thy people, for
in their good will consists the security of
the state, in their distrust its peril, in their hatred its
certain ruin. Protect the husbandmen who cul-
tivate the earth, and yield us necessary suste-
nance; never permit their fields, and groves,
and ruris to be disturbed. In a word, act in such
wise that thy people may bless thee, and may
enjoy, under the shadow of thy wing, a secure
and tranquil life. In this consists good govern-
ment; if thou dost practice it, thou wilt be happy
and happy people, and renowned throughout the
world."

Having given this excellent counsel, the good
king Abderahman blessed his son Hixem, and
shortly after died; being but in the sixtieth year
of his age. He was interred with great pomp;
but the highest honors that distinguished his
funeral were the tears of real sorrow shed upon
his grave. He left behind him a name for valor,
justice, and magnanimity, and forever famous as
being the founder of the glorious line of the
Omides in Spain.

THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL,
OR A JUDICIAL TRIAL, BY COMBAT.

The world is daily growing older and wiser.
Its institutions vary with its years, and mark its
growing wisdom; and none more so than its
modes of investigating truth, and ascertaining
guilt or innocence. In its nonage, when man was
yet a fallible being, and doubted the accuracy of
his own intellect, appeals were made to heaven in
delay and doubtful cases of action and accusa-
tion.
The accused was required to plunge his hand in
boiling oil, or to walk across red-hot ploughshoes,
or to maintain his innocence in armed fight and
listed field, in person or by champion. If he
pledged these ordeals unsuccesfully, he stood ac-
quitted, and the result was regarded as a verdict
from on high.

It is somewhat remarkable that, in the gallant
age of chivalry, the gentler sex should have been
most frequently to be one of the wisest and
perilous ordeals; and, that, too, when assailed
in their most delicate and vulnerable part—their
honor.

In the present very old and enlightened age
of the world, when the human intellect is perfectly
competent to the management of its own con-
cerns, and needs no special interposition of
heaven in its affairs, the trial by jury has super-
seded these superhuman ordeals; and the un-
animity of twelve discordant minds is necessary
to constitute a verdict. Such a unanimity would,
at first sight, appear also to require a miracle from
heaven; but it is produced by a simple device of
human ingenuity. The twelve jurors are locked
up in their box, there to fast until abstinence
shall have so clarified the brain, and cleared
the stringing panel can discern the truth, and
concur in an unanimous decision. One point is
certain, that truth is one, and is immutable—until
the jurors all agree, they cannot all be right.

It is not our intention, however, to discuss this
great Judicial point, or to question the avowed
superiority of the mode of investigating truth
adopted in this antiquated and very sagacious
era. It is our object merely to exhibit to the cu-
rious reader one of the most memorable cases of
judicial combat we find in the annals of Spain.
It occurred at the bright commencement of the
reign, and in the youthful, and, as yet, glorious
days, of Roderick the Goth; who subsequently
tarnished his fame by his misdeeds, and, fin-
ally, lost his kingdom and his life on the banks
of the Guadalete, in that disastrous battle which
gave up Spain a conquest to the Moors. The fol-
lowing is the story:

There was once upon a time a certain duke of
Lorraine, who was acknowledged throughout
his dominions to be one of the wisest and best
men who ever lived. In fact, there was no one more
eagerly adopted by him who did not astonish his
privy counsellors and gentlemen in attendance;
and he said such witty things, and made such sensible
speeches, that the jaws of his high chamberlain were well nigh dislocated from laughing with delight at one, and gaping with wonder at the other.

This very witty and exceedingly potentate lived for half a century in single-blessedness; at length his courtiers began to think it a great pity so wise a king should not have a child after his own likeness, to inherit his talents and domains; so they urged him most respectfully to marry, for the good of his estate, and the welfare of his subjects.

Having received advice over in his mind some four or five years, and then sent forth emissaries to summon to his court all the beautiful maidens in the land who were ambitious of sharing a ducal crown. The court was soon crowded with beauties of all styles and complexions, from among whom he chose one in the earliest budding of her charms, and acknowledged by all the gentlemen to be unparalleled for grace and loveliness. The courtiers extolled the duke to the skies for making such a choice, and considered it one of the greatest encouragements.

The duke, who was a man of great wisdom and sagacity, said they, 'is waxing a little too old, the damsel, on the other hand, is little too young; if one is lacking in years, the other has a superabundance; thus a want on one side is balanced by the excess on the other, and the result is a well-assorted marriage.'

The duke, as is often the case with wise men who marry rather late, and take damsels rather youthful to their bosoms, became doctly fond of his wife, and very properly indulged her in all things. He was, consequently, cried up by his subjects in general, and by the ladies in particular, as a pattern for husbands; and, in the end, from the wonderfulness with which he submitted to be reined and checked, acquired the amiable and enviable appellation of Duke Phillibert the wife-ridden.

There was only one thing that disturbed the conjugal felicity of this paragon of husbands—though a considerable time elapsed after his marriage, there was still no prospect of an heir. The good duke left no means untried to procure one. He went to Heaven. He made vows and pilgrimages, he fasted and prayed, but all to no purpose. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance. They could not account for it. While the means were so various, it cannot be said that he, in his old age, in the twilight of his years, was without putting up a prayer, the duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fasting, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever.

At length, the worthy prince fell dangerously ill, and left his court approaching. He looked sorrowfully and dubiously upon his young and tender spouse, who hung over him with tears and sobbings. 'Alas!' said he, 'tears are so soon dried from youthful eyes, and sorrow lies lightly on a youthful heart. In a little while thou wilt forget the tears of another husband whom he has loved thee so tenderly.'

'Never! never!' cried the duchess. 'Never will I cleave to another! Alas, that my lord should think me capable of such inconstancy!'

The worthy and wife-ridden duke was soothed by her assurances; for he could not brook the thought of giving her up even after he should be dead. Still he wished to have some pledge of her enduring constancy:

'Far be it from me, my dearest wife,' said he, 'to control thee through a long life. A year and a day of strict fidelity will appease my troubled spirit. Promise to remain faithful to my memory for a year and a day, and I will die in peace.'

The duchess made a solemn vow to that effect, but the unprudential feelings of the duke were not yet satisfied. 'Safe bind, safe find,' though he; so he made a will, bequeathing to her all his domains, on condition of her remaining true to him for a year and a day after his decease; but should it appear that, within that time, she had in any wise sacrificed her fidelity, the inheritance should go to his nephew, the lord of a neighboring territory.

Having made his will, the good duke died and was buried. Scarcely was he in his tomb, when his nephew came to take possession, thinking, as his uncle had died without issue, the domains would be devised to him of course. He was in a furious passion, when the will was produced, and the young widow declared the inheritor of the dukedom. As he was a violent, high-handed man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, they were entertained that he might attempt to seize on the territories by force. He had, however, two, or three, thousand horse, and his following of earls, thanes, and gentry. The duchess knew not what to do. She speedily entreated the advice of the court to be defended. The duke's nephew, the lord of the dukedom, was just a youth of thirty, though of imperious foot, fit to take the sword in his hand. He told the three thousand that the young duchess was a widow, and not a queen, and should not be asked to rule a kingdom. He asked for the sword of the young duchess, and she yielded it to him. She was now managed by the advice of the court. The duchess was married to the lord of the dukedom. She had just buried her brother, who, God rest his soul! was somewhat too much given to praying and fasting, and kept his pretty wife always tied to his girdle. She is now a lady of a court. Think you will she keep her vow? Poth, poth—impossible! Take our word for it—we know mankind, and, above all, woman-kind. She cannot hold out for such a length of time; it is not in womanhood—it is not in widowhood—we know it, and that's enough. Keep a sharp look-out upon the widow, therefore, and within the twelvemonth you will catch her tripping—and then the dukedom is your own.'

The nephew was pleased with this counsel, and immediately placed spies round the duchess and bribed several of her servants to keep watch upon her, so that she should not take a single step, even from one apartment of her palace to another, without being observed. Never was young and beautiful widow exposed to such a terrible ordeal.

The duchess was aware of the watch thus kept upon her. There were plenty of spies about her who knew she was not enough for a woman to be virtuous—she must be above the reach of slander. For the whole term of her probation, therefore, she proclaimed a strict non-intercourse with the other sex. She had females for cabinet ministers and chamberlains, through whom she transacted all her public and private concerns; and it is said that never were the affairs of the dukedom so ably administered.

All males were rigorously excluded from the palace; she never went out of its precincts, and whenever she novelties or music among her gardeners, she surrounded herself with a body-guard of young maids of honor, commanded by damsels renowned for discretion. She slept in bed with curtains, placed in the centre of a room illuminated by innumerable wax tapers. Thus, from her youth, as a spinster, virtuous as Virginia, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept during the daytime, kept vigil throughout the night, seated in the four corners of the room on stools without backs or arms, and with seats cut in checkers of the hardest wood, to keep them from dozing.

Thus wisely and warily did the young duchess
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craud, and relieving in various parts of the country. Taking a respectful leave, therefore, he pursued his way further, and the duchess and her train returned to the palace. Through this period, the ladies were unconscious of the praises of the stranger knight, and many of them would willingly have incurred the danger of the dragon to have enjoyed the happy deliverance of the duchess. As to the latter, she rode pensively along, but said nothing.

No sooner was the adventure of the wood made public, than a whirlwind was raised about the ears of the beautiful duchess. The bustling nephew of the deceased duke went about, armed to the teeth, with a swaggering uncle at each shoulder, ready to back him, and swore the duchess had forfeited her domain. It was in vain that she called all the saints, and angels, and her ladies in attendance into the bargain, to witness that she had passed a year and a day of immaculate fidelity. One fatal hour remained to be accounted for; and into the space of one little hour sins enough may be conjured up by evil tongues, to blaze the fame of a whole life of virtue.

The two graceless uncles, who had seen the world, were ever ready to be matter through, and as they were brawny, broad-shouldered warriors, and veterans in brawl as well as debauch, they had great sway with the multitude. If any one pretended to assert the innocence of the duchess, they interrupted him with a loud ho! of derision. “A pretty story, truly,” would they cry, “about a wolf and a dragon, and a young widow rescued in the dark by a sturdy varlet who dares not show his face in the daylight. You may tell that to those who do not know human nature, for our parts, we know the sex, and that’s enough.”

If, however, the other repeated his assertion, they would firmly knit their brows, swell, look big, and put their hands upon their swords. As few people like to fight in a cause that does not touch their own interests, the nephew and the uncles were suffered to have their way, and swagger uncontradicted.

The matter was at length referred to a tribunal, composed of all the dignitaries of the dukedom, and many and repeated consultations were held.

The character of the duchess throughout the year was as bright and spotless as the moon in a cloudless night; one fatal hour of darkness alone intervened to eclipse its brightness. Finding human capacity incapable of solving the mystery, it was determined to leave the question to heaven; or, in other words, to decide it by the ordal of the sword—a savage tribunal in the age of chivalry. The nephew and the two bully uncles were to maintain their accusations in listless combat, and six months were allowed to the duchess to prove herself with three champions, to meet them in the field. Should she fail in this, or should her champions be vanquished, her honor would be considered as attainted, her fidelity as forfeit, and her dukedom would go to the nephew, as a matter of right.

With this determination the duchess was fain to comply. Proclamations were accordingly made, and heralds sent to various parts; but day after day, week after week, and month after month passed, without any champion appearing to assert her loyalty throughout that darksome hour. The fair widow was reduced to despair, when tidings reached her of grand tournaments to be held at Toledo, in celebration of the nuptials of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings,
with the Morisco princess Exilona. As a last resort, the duchess repaired to the Spanish court, to implore the gallantry of its assembled chivalry.

The ancient city of Toledo was a scene of gorgeous revelry on the event of the royal nuptials. The pageantry was of the most splendid and magnificent, and his lovely bride, beaming with all the radiant beauty of the East, were hailed with shouts and acclamations whenever they appeared.

Their nobles vied with each other in the luxury of their dress, the emblems of their offices, and splendid retinues; and the haughty dames of the court appeared in a blaze of jewels.

In the midst of all this pageantry, the beautiful, but afflicted Duchess of Loraine made her approach to the throne. She was dressed in black and closely veiled; four duennes of the most staid and severe aspect, and six beautiful demoiselles, formed her female attendants. She was guarded by several very ancient, withered, and grayheaded cavaliers; and her train was borne by one of the most deformed and diminutive dwarfs in existence.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, she knelt down, and, throwing up her veil, revealed a countenance so beautiful that half the courtiers present were ready to renounce wives and mistresses, and devote themselves to her service; but when she made known that she came in quest of champions to defend her fame, every cavalier pressed forward with his arm and sword, without inquiring into the merits of the case; for it seemed clear that so beautiful a lady could have done nothing but what was right; and that, at any rate, she ought to be championed in following the bent of her humors, whether right or wrong.

Encouraged by such gallant zeal, the duchess suffered herself to be raised from the ground, and related the whole story of her distress. When she concluded, the king remained for some time silent, charmed by the music of her voice. At length: "As I hope for salvation, most beautiful duchess," said he, "were I not a sovereign king, and bound in duty to my kingdom, I myself would put lance in rest to vindicate your cause; as it is, I here give full permission to my knights, and give them a bill, and a great field, and an half, that the contest shall take place before the walls of Toledo, in presence of my assembled court."

As soon as the pleasure of the king was known, there was a strife among the cavaliers present, for the honor of the contest. It was decided by lot, and the successful candidates were objects of great envy, for every one was ambitious of finding favor in the eyes of the beautiful widow.

Missives were sent, summoning the nephew and his two uncles to Toledo, to maintain their accutation, and a day was appointed for the combat. When the day arrived, all Toledo was in commotion at an early hour. The lists had been prepared in the usual place, just without the walls, at the foot of the rugged rocks on which the city is built, on the beautiful meadow along the Tagus, known by the name of the king's garden. The populace had already assembled, each one eager to secure a favorable place; the balconies were filled with the ladies of the court, clad in their richest attire, and bands of youthful knights, superbly armed and decorated with their ladies' devices, were managing their superbly caparisoned steeds about the field. The king at length came forth in state, accompanied by the queen Exilona. They took their seats in a raised balcony, under a canopy of rich damask; and, at sight of them, the people rent the air with acclamations.

The nephew and his uncles now rode into the field, armed cap-a-pie, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roystering cast, great swarms of carousers, arrant swashbucklers, with clanking armor, and brandishing spars. When the people of Toledo beheld the vaunting and discourteous appearance of these knights, they were more anxious than ever for the success of the gentle duchess; but, at the same time, the stony and stilted attitude of these warriors, showed that whoever won the victory from them, must do it at the cost of a bitter blow.

As the nephew and his riotous crew rode in at one side of the field, the fair widow appeared at the other, with her suite of grave grayheaded courtiers, her ancient duennes and dainty demoiselles, and the little dwarf toiling along under the weight of her train. Every one made way for her as she passed, and blessed her beautiful face, and prayed for success to her cause. She took her seat in a lower balcony, not far from the sovereigns; and her pale face, set off by her mourning weeds, was as the moon shining forth among the clouds of night.

The trumpets again sounded—the lists were opened. The arrogant nephew and his two draw-cansir uncles appeared so completely cased in steel, that they and their steeds were like moving masses of iron. When they understood the stranger knight to be the same that had rescued the duchess from her peril, they greeted him with the most boisterous derision:

"O ho! sir Knight of the Dragon," said they, "you who pretend to champion fair widows in the dark, come on, and vindicate your deeds of darkness in the open day."

The only reply of the cavalier was to put lance in rest, and brace himself for the encounter. Needless is it to relate the particulars of a battle, which was like so many hundred combats that have been said and sung in prose and verse. Who is there that has foreseen the event of a contest, where Heaven had to decide on the guilt or innocence of the most beautiful and immaculate of widows?

The sagacious reader, deeply read in this kind of judicial combats, can imagine the encounter of
the graceless nephew and the stranger knight. He sees their concision, man to man, and horse to horse, in mid career, and sir Graceless hurled to the ground, and slain. He will not wonder that the assistance of the brawny and sturdy less successful in their rude encounter; but he will picture to himself the stout stranger spurring to their rescue, in the critical moment; he will see him transfixing one with his lance, and cleaving the other to the chin with a back stroke of his sword, thus leaving the trio of accusers dead upon the field, and establishing the immaculate fidelity of the duchess, and her title to the dukedom, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The air rang with acclamation; nothing was heard but praises of the beauty and virtue of the duchess, and of the prowess of the stranger knight; but the public joy was still more increased when the champion raised his visor, and revealed the countenance of one of the bravest cavaliers of Spain, renowned for his gallantry in the service of the sex, and who had been round the world in quest of similar adventures.

That worthy knight, however, was severely wounded, and remained for a long time ill of his wounds. The lovely duchess, grateful for having twice owed her protection to his arm, attended him daily during his illness; and finally rewarded his gallantry with her hand.

The king would have had the knight establish his title to such high advancement by further deeds of arms; but his courtiers declared that he already merited the lady, by thus vindicating her fame and fortune in a deadly combat to outrage; and the lady herself hinted that she was so much raised by his prowess in arms, from the proofs she had received in his achievement in the forest.

Their nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. The present hus-band and the young woman were as happy as two such have been since the union of heaven, for their union was blessed with a numerous progeny—the daughters chasthe and handsome as their mother; the sons stout and valiant as their sire, and renowned, like him, for believing disconsolate damsels and desolate widows.

THE CREOLE VILLAGE:
A SKETCH FROM A STEAMBOAT.
First Published in 1837.

In travelling about our motley country, I am often reminded of Ariosto's account of the moon, in which the good Paladin Astolpho found everything garnered up that had been lost on earth. So I am apt to imagine, that many things lost in the old world, are treasured up in the new; having been handed down from generation to generation, since the early days of the colonies. A European antiquary, therefore, curious in his researches after the ancient and most obliterated customs and usages of his country, would do well to pursue the history of the brawny and sturdy hand of emigrants, follow them across the Atlantic, and rummage among their descendants on our shores.

In the phraseology of New England might be found many an Old English provincial phrase, long since obsolete in the parent country; with some quaint relics of the roundheads; while Vir-
that he enjoyed any legal privileges or power there, everything of the kind having been done away when the province was ceded by France to the United States. He was a lawyer by profession; his neighbors were merely one of custom and convention, out of deference to his family. Beside, he was worth full fifty thousand dollars, an amount almost equal, in the imaginations of the villagers, to the treasures of a colony.

This very substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Gallic feature and deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentiates that are to be met with in the remote parts of France. He was of a large frame, a ginger-bread complexion, strong features, eyes that stood out like glass knobs, and a prominent nose, which he frequently regaled from a gold snuff-box, and occasionally blew, with a colored handkerchief, until it sounded like a trumpet.

He was attended by an old negro, as black as ebony, with a huge mouth, in a continual grin; very much like a negro slave who has been well dined and entertained, and is grateful for it. He was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, a stiff collar shirt, that threatened to cut off his ears, a bright Madras handkerchief tied round his head, and large gold earrings. He was the politest negro I met with in a Western tour; and that is saying a great deal, for, excepting the Indians, the negroes are the most gentlemanlike personages to be met with in those parts. It is true, they differ from the Indians in being a little more polite and complimentary. He was also one of the merriest; and here, too, the negroes, however we may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advantage of their masters.

The whites are, in general, too free and prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaining their rights and liberties, adding to their wealth, and making presidents, engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moisture of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty, devil-may-care laugh, you assure it is a negro's.

While this African domestic, the seigneur of the village had another no less cherished and privileged attendant. This was a huge dog, of the mastiff breed, with a deep, hanging mouth, and a look of surly gravity. He walked about the cabin with the air of a dog perfectly at home, and who had been frequent attendant. At instructions of his master, he would sit beside his master, giving him a glance now and then out of a corner of his eye, which bespoke perfect confidence that he would not be forgotten. Nor was he—every now and then a huge morsel would be thrown to him, peradventure the half-picked leg of a fowl, which he would receive with a snap like the springing of a steel trap—one gulp, and all was done; and a glance of the eye told his master that he was ready for another consignment.

The other village worthy, travelling in company with the seigneur, was of a totally different stamp. Small, thin, and weazen faced, as Frenchmen are apt to be represented in caricature, with a shrivelled, pursile eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flint-snap, and sat loosely on his frame, and he had altogether the look of one with but little coin in his pocket. Yet, though one of the poorest, I was assured he was one of the merriest and most popular personages in his native village.

Compere Martin, as he was commonly called, was the factotum of the place—sportsman, school-master, and land surveyor. He could sing, dance, and, above all, play on the fiddle, an invaluable accomplishment in an old French creole village, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls, and fiddles and tunes. He was a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of his heart.

What had sent Compere Martin travelling with the Grand Seigneur I could not learn; he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in acknowledging him; from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table. He was gayest when out of his sight; and had his song and his joke when forward, among the deck passengers; but altogether Compere Martin was out of his element on a board of steamboat. He was quite another being, I am told, when at home in his village.

Like his opulent fellow-traveller, he too had his canine follower and retainer—and one suited to his different fortunes—one of the civilist, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board of the steamboat, if he did look hard at him, would thrust him back, and sit by his legs, as if pretending to be engaged.

At table he took his seat some distance from his master; not with the bluff, confident air of the mastiff, but quietly and diffidently, his head on one side, with one ear dulously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eye wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

If Compere Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what indifference the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or were fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many effects would he have in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; what daintiness would he show in his lips; and then what an air of thankfulness would he receive his seat, with his teeth once more projecting beyond his nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixed upon his master.

It was late in the afternoon when the steamboat stopped at the village which was the residence of these worthies. It stood on the high bank of the river, and the town below was but a small frontier trading post. There were the remains of stockades that once protected it from the Indians, and the houses were in the ancient Spanish and French colonial taste, the place having been successively under the domination of both those nations prior to the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

The arrival of the seigneur of fifty thousand dollars, and his humble companion, Compere Martin, had evidently been looked forward to as an event in the village. Numbers of men, women, and children, white, yellow, and black, were collected on the river bank; most of them clad in old-fashioned French garments, and their heads decorated with handkerchiefs, white night-caps.

The moment the steamboat came within sight and hearing, there was a waving of handkerchiefs, and a screaming and bawling of salutations, and felicitations, that baffled all description.

The old gentleman of fifty thousand dollars was received by a train of relatives, and friends, and children, and grandchildren, whom he kissed on each cheek, and who formed a procession in his rear, with a small following of domestics.
rear, with a legion of domestics, of all ages, following him to a large, old-fashioned French house, that dominated over the village.

His black valet de chambre, in white jacket and trousers, met him on the shore by a boat, though rustic companion, a tall negro fellow, with a long good-humored face, and the profile of a horse, which stood out from beneath a narrow-rimmed straw hat, stuck on the thickning, but the last of laughter, of these two valets on meeting and exchanging compliments, were enough to electrify the country round.

The most hearty reception, however, was that given to Compere Martin. Everybody, young and old, hailed him before he got to land. Everybody had a joke for Compere Martin, and Compere Martin had a joke for everybody. Even his little dog appeared, to partake of his popularity, and to be caressed by every hand. Indeed, he was a different animal the moment he touched the land. Here he was at home; here he was of consequence. Hark, how he leaped, how he frisked about his old friends, and then would skim round the little white galopade, as if he enjoyed waving his tail.

I traced Compere Martin and his little dog to their house. It was an old ruinous Spanish house, of large dimensions, with verandas overshadowed by ancient elms. The house had probably been the residence, in old times, of the Spanish commandant. In one wing of this crazy, but aristocratic abode, was nestled the family of my fellow-traveller: for poor devils are apt to be magnificently clad and lodged, in the cast-off clothes and abandoned palaces of the great and wealthy.

The arrival of Compere Martin was received by a legion of women, children, and mongrel dogs; and, as poverty and gaiety generally go hand in hand among the French and their descendants, the crazy mansion soon resounded with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

As the steamboat passed a short time at the village, I took occasion to stroll about the place. Most of the houses in the French taste, with casements and rickety verandas, but most of them in clumsy and ruinous condition. All the waggons, ploughs, and other utensils about the place were of ancient and inconvenient Gallic construction, such as had been brought from France in the primitive days of the colony. The very village, the people reminded me of the villages of France.

From one of the houses came the hum of a spinning wheel, accompanied by a scrap of an old French chanson, which I have heard many a time among the paupers of Louisiana, doubtless a traditional song, brought over by the first French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

Half a dozen young lasses emerged from the adjacent dwellings, reminding me, by their light step, of a gay and simple old France, where taste in dress comes natural to every class of females. The trim bodice and covered petticoat, and little apron, with its pockets to receive the hands when in an attitude for conversation; the face generally mild and dreamy; the head, with a coquetish knot perking up one ear; and the neat slipper and tight drawn stocking with its braid of narrow ribbons embracing the ankle where it peeps from its mysterious curtain. It is from this ambush that Cupid sends his most innocent shafts to let a young heart thump and throb.

While I was musing upon the recollections thus accidentally summoned up, I heard the sound of a fiddle from the mansion of Compere Martin, the signal, no doubt for a joyous gathering. I was disposed to turn my steps thither, and witness the festivities of one of the few villages I had met with in my wide tour, that was yet poor enough to be merry; but the bell of the steamboat summoned me to re-embark.

As we swept away from the shore, I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance, their absence of all enterprise and improvement, their respect for the fiddle, and their contempt for the almighty dollar. * I fear, however, my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a little while the steamboat whirled me to an American town, just springing into bustling and prosperous existence.

The surrounding forest had been laid out in town lots; frames of wooden buildings were rising from among stumps and burnt trees. The place already boasted a court-house, a jail, and two banks, all built of pine boards, on the model of Greek temples. There were rival hotels, rival newspapers; and the usual number of judges, and general governors; not to speak of doctors by the dozen, and lawyers by the score.

The place, I told, was an in astonishing career of improvement, and the canal and two railroads in embryo. Lots doubled in price every week; every body was speculating in land; every body was rich; and every body was growing richer. The community, however, was torn to pieces by new doctrines in religion and in political economy there were camp meetings, and agrarian meetings; and an election was at hand, which, it was expected, would throw the whole country into a paroxysm.

Alas! with such an enterprising neighbor what is to become of the poor little creole village?

A CONTENTED MAN.

In the garden of the Tuileries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of 1400 trees, commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavor of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Either also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with the laudable spirit in small pleasures and small expenses for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thavelar before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eying the

* This phrase, used for the first time in this sketch, has since passed into current circulation, and is now questioned as being devoid of reverence. The author, therefore, owes to his orthodoxy to declare that no irreverence was intended in the use of the dollar itself; which he is aware is daily becoming more and more an object of worship.
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buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be termed a healthy license.

Among the habitual frequenter of this place I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the ancien régime; his hair was frizzed over each ear into a style strongly savouring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nurserymaid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was a wild, rugged expression in his face which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the polier days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life have always a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favorable predisposition one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accompanied him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humored remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuileries, with the autumn breeze in our hair, leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country and a number of horses; but the revolution, which had so many disastrous changes, stripped him of everything. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the revolution, and a number of the blood-hounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him.

He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbors having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner of beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its color he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-colored box in which he late his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Everything looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face, and seemed to turn over the foot-thills he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre.

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of bludgeoning and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbor in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned it to as a means of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here therefore he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living, like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of times, and endeavored to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurant in the neighborhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with the very best of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavored to fancy it the Tuileries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to everything but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be bravissimi; and he mingled so much among them—that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been visited benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

As his once plenteous hotel was now occupied as a hotel garni, he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he had professed to have been on favorable terms; among them was a favorite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. She had been a protégée of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favorites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Syrénne, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the parterre, was now a shrivelled, little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman had been a devout attendant upon levees; he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty
he made light of it, and indeed had a good-humored way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the alleys of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing.

When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect Sans Souci, where every one does as he pleases, and none troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end; I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman with a smile of infinite good humor, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and in extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious.

Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

P.S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gayety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the ante-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gayety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate, for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.
MOORISH CHRONICLES.

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CRONICLE OF FERNAN GONZALEZ,
COUNT OF CASTILE.

INTRODUCTION.

At the time of the general wreck of Spain by the sudden tempest of Arab invasion, many of the inhabitants took refuge in the mountains of the Asturias, burying themselves in narrow valleys difficult of access, wherever a constant stream of water afforded a green bosom of pasture-land and scanty fields for cultivation. For mutual protection they gathered together in small villages called castros, or castellios, with watch-towers and fortresses on impeding cliffs, in which they might shelter and defend themselves in case of sudden inroad. Thus arose the kingdom of the Asturias, subject to Feslayo and the kings his successors, who gradually extended their dominions, built towns and cities, and after a time fixed their seat of government at the city of Leon.

An important part of the region over which they bore sway was ancient Castalia, extending from the Bay of Biscay to the Duero, and called Castile from the number of castles with which it was studded. They divided it into seignories, over which they placed civil and military governors called counts—a title said to be derived from the Latin comes, a companion, the person enjoying it being admitted to the familiar companionship of the king, entering into his councils in time of peace, and accompanying him to the field in time of war. The title of count was therefore more dignified than that of duke in the time of the Gothic kings.

The power of these counts increased to such a degree that four of them formed a league to declare themselves independent of the crown of Leon. Ordoño II., who was then king, received notice of it, and got them into his power by force, as some assert, but as others maintain, by perfidious artifice. At any rate, they were brought to court, convicted of treason, and publicly beheaded. The Castilians flew to arms to avenge their deaths. Ordoño took the field with a powerful army, but his own death defeated all his plans.

The Castilians now threw off allegiance to the kingdom of Leon, and elected two judges to rule over them—one in a civil, the other in a military capacity. The first who filled those stations were Nuño Rasura and Lain Calvo, two powerful nobles, the former descended from Diego Porcello, a count of Lara; the latter, ancestor of the renowned Cid Campeador.

Nuño Rasura, the civil and political judge, was succeeded by his son Gonzalvo Nuñez, who married Doña Ximena, a daughter of one of the counts of Castile put to death for infidelity. His marriage came to the attention of the Cid Campeador, and he was induced to present to the new count his lances and armor. For the Cid had already enriched his own lances and shield, emblems of perpetual war against the enemies of the faith. The Cid campeador took this occasion to pass the following laws for the government of the realm:

1. Above all things the people should observe the law of God, the canons and statutes of the holy fathers, the liberty and privileges of the Church, and the respect due to its ministers.
The infidels, however, made a brave though confused resistance; the camp was swarmed with their dead; many were taken prisoners, and the rest began to falter. The count killed their captain-general with his own hand in single fight, as he was bravely rallying his troops. Upon seeing him fall, the Moors threw down their weapons and fled.

Immense booty was found in the Moorish camp,—partly the rich arms and equipment of the infidel warriors, partly the plunder of the country. An ordinary victor would have merely shared the spoils with his soldiery, but the count was as pious as he was brave, and, moreover, had by his side the venerable Bishop of Salamanca as counselor. Contenting himself, therefore, with distributing one-third among his soldiery, he shared the rest with God, devoting a large part to the Church, and to the relief of the poor in purgatory—a pious custom, which he ever after observed.

He moreover founded a church on the field of battle, dedicated to St. Quirce, on whose festival (the 16th July) this victory was obtained. To this church was subsequently added a monastery where a worthy fraternity of monks were maintained in the odor of sanctity, to perpetuate the memory of this last and greatest of the crusades. It was owing to the providential presence of the good bishop that this is one instance of the great benefit derived from those priests and monks and other purveyors of the Church, who hovered about the Christian camps throughout all these wars with the infidels.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE SALTY FROM BURGOS AND SURPRISE OF THE CASTLE OF LARA.—CAPITULATION OF THE TOWN.—VISIT TO ALFONSO THE GREAT, KING OF LEON.

Count Fernan Gonzalez did not remain idle after the victory of San Quirce. There was at this time an old castle, strong but much battered in the wars, which protected a small town, the remains of the once flourishing city of Lara. It was the ancient domain of the Counts of Lara; and, having been taken by the Moors, it was in the hands of the Christians, the next year, and the Moors. Some of these castles, with their dependent towns, were sacked, burnt, and demolished; others remained silent and deserted, their original owners fearing to reside in them; and their ruined towers were only tenanted by bats and owls and screaming birds of prey. Lara had lain for a time in ruins after being captured by the Moors, but had been rebuilt by them with diminished grandeur, and they held a strong garrison in the castle, whence they sallied forth occasionally to ravage the lands of the Christians. The Moorish chieftain of Lara, as has been observed, was associated with the Moorish marauders who had been routed in the battle of San Quirce; and the Count Fernan Gonzalez thought this a favorable time to strike for the recovery of his family domain, now that the infidel possessor was weakened by defeat and could receive no succor.

Appointing Rodrigo Velasquez and the Count Don Vela Alvarez to act as governors of Castile...
during his absence, the count sallied forth from Burgos with a brilliant train of chivalry. Among the distinguished cavaliers who attended him were Martin Gonzalez, Don Gustios Gonzalez, Don Velasco and the ancestors, which last brought a good train of stout Basayans. The alferez, or standard-bearer, was Orbita Velasquez, who had distinguished himself in the battle of San Quirez. He bore as a standard a great cross of silver, which shone gloriously in front of the host, and is preserved, even to the present day, in the church of San Pedro de Arlanza. One hundred and fifty noble cavaliers, well armed and mounted, with many esquires and pages of the lance, and three thousand foot-soldiers, all picked men, formed this small but stout-hearted army.

The count led his troops with such caution that they arrived in the neighborhood of Lara without being discovered. It was the vigil of St. John; the country was wrapped in evening shadows, and the count was enabled to approach near to the place to make his observations. He perceived that his force was too insignificant to invest the town and fortress. Besides, about two leagues away was the magnificent rock-built castle of Carazo, a presidio or stronghold of the Moors, who might be attacked in the rear, should he linger before the fortress. It was evident, therefore, that whatever was to be affected must be done promptly and by sudden surprise. Revolving these things in his mind, he put his troops in ambush in a deep ravine where they took their rest, while he kept watch upon the castle; maturing his plans against the morrow. In this way he passed his midsummer's night, the vigil of the blessed St. John.

The festival of St. John is observed as well by Mahometans as Christians. During the night the bonfires blazed on the hill-tops and the sound of music and festivity was heard from within the town. When the rising sun shone along the valley of the Arlanza, the Moors in the castle, unsuspecting of any lurking danger, threw open the gates and issued forth to recreate themselves in the green fields and along the banks of the river. When they had proceeded to a considerable distance, the sun began to decline; the count, with his eager followers issued silently but swiftly from their hiding-place and made directly for the castle. On the way they met with another band of Moors who had likewise come forth for amusement. The count struck the leader to the earth with one blow of his lance; the rest were either slain or taken prisoners; so that not one escaped to give the alarm.

Those of the garrison who had remained in the castle, seeing a Christian force rushing up to the very walls, hastened to their weapons and made a desperate though vain resistance. Within two hours almost all were either slain or captured; a few escaped to the neighboring mountains of Carazo. The town, seeing the castle in the hands of the Christians, and the garrison routed and destroyed, readily capitulated; and the inhabitants were permitted to retain unmolested possession of their houses, on agreeing to pay to the count the same tribute which had been exacted from them by the Moorish king. Don Velasco was left acalde of the fortress, and the count returned, covered with glory, to his capital of Burgos.

The brilliant victories and hardy deeds of arms with which the youthful Count of Castile had commenced his reign excited the admiration of Alfonso the Great, King of Leon, and he sent missionaries urging him to appear at his royal court. The count accordingly set forth with a cavalcade of his most approved knights and many of his relatives, sumptuously armed and arrayed, and mounted on steeds richly caparisoned. It was a pageant befitting a young and magnificent chief, in the freshness and pleasantness of his years.

The king came out of the city to meet him, attended by all the pomp and grandeur of his court. The count alighted, and approached to kiss the king's hand; but Alfonso alighted also, and embraced him with great affection, and the friendship of these illustrious princes continued without interruption throughout the life of the king.

CHAPTER III.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FORTRESS OF MUGNON.—DESPERATE DEFENCE OF THE MOORS.—ENTERPRISE AGAINST CASTRO XERIZ.

Many are the doughty achievements recorded in ancient chronicles of this most valorous cavalier; among others is his expedition, with a chosen band, against the castle of Mugnon, a place of great importance, which stood at but no great distance from Burgos. He sallied from his capital in an opposite direction, to delude the Moorish scouts; but making a sudden turn, came upon the fortress by surprise, broke down the gates, and forced his way in at the head of his troops, having nothing but a dagger in his hand, his lance and sword, the rays of their glint with the eager followers. This assault. The Moors fought desperate from court to tower, from tower to wall; and when they saw all resistance vain, many threw themselves from the battlements into the ditch rather than be made captives. Leaving a strong garrison in the place, the count returned to Burgos.

His next enterprise was against Castro Xeriz, a city with a strong castle, which had been a base in the side of Castile—the Moorish garrison often sweeping the road between Burgos and Leon, carrying off all it could lay hold of, burning and plundering all that came within their reach. Aided by the example of his father, he resolved to try the power of the Christians. He sent a force, under the command of Count of Castile, and the Count of Castile

though con-
ers fled with loosened reins back to the city. The Christians followed hard upon them, strewing the ground with dead. At the gate of the city they were met by Almondir, the son of Abdallah, who disputed the gateway and the street inch by inch, until the whole place ran with blood. The Moors, driven from the streets, took refuge in the castle, where Almondir inspired them to a desperate defence, until a stone struck him as he stood on the battlements, and he fell to the earth dead. Having no leader to direct them, the Moors surrendered. When the town was cleared of the dead and order restored, the count divided the spoils—allotting the houses among his followers, and peopling the place with Christians. He gave the command of it to Layn Bermudez, with the title of count. From him descended an illustrious line of cavaliers termed de Castro, whose male line became extinct in Castile, but continued to flourish in Portugal. The place is said to have been called Castro Xeriz, in consequence of the blood shed in this conflict—xeriz, in the Arabic language signifying bloody.*

CHAPTER IV.


Count Fernan Gonzalez was restless, daring, and impetuous; he seldom suffered lane to rest on wall or steed in stable, and no Moorish commander could sleep in quiet who held town or tower in his neighborhood. King Alfonso the Good became envious of sharing in his achievements, and they made a campaign together against the Moors. The count brought a splendid array of Castilian chivalry into the field, together with a host of Monteneyes, hardy and vigorous troops from the Asturias, excellent for marauding warfare. The King of Leon brought his veteran bands, seasoned to battle. With their united forces they ravaged the Moorish country, marking their way with havoc and devastation; arrived before Salamanca, they took that city by storm after a brief defence, and gave it up to be sacked by the soldiery. After which such of the Moors as chose to remain in it were suffered to retain their possessions as vassals to the king. Having accomplished this triumphant foray, they returned, each one to his capital.

The Count of Castile did not repose long in his palace. One day a Moorish herald magnificently dressed rode into the city of Burgos, bringing Fernan Gonzalez a cartel of defiance. It was from a vaunting Moor named Acefeli, who had entered the territories of Castile with a powerful force of horse and foot, giving out that he had come to measure strength and prowess with the count in battle. Don Fernandez Gonzalez replied to the defiance with a weapon in hand at the head of his warriors. A pitched battle ensued, which lasted from early morn until evening twilight. In the course of the fight the count was in imminent peril, his horse being killed under him and himself surrounded, but he was rescued by his cavaliers. After great bloodshed, the Moors were routed and pursued beyond the borders.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT ASSAULT UPON THE CASTLE OF CARAZO.—THE MOORISH MAIDEN WHO TRAYED THE GARRISON.

In those warlike times of Spain every one lived with sword in hand; there was scarcely a commanding cliff or hill-top but had its castle. Moors and Christians regarded each other from rival towers and battlements perched on opposite heights, and were incessantly contending for the dominion of the valleys.

We have seen that Count Fernan Gonzalez had regained possession of the ancient town and fortress of Lara, the domain of his ancestors; but it will be recollected that within a distant distance stood the Moorish presidio of Carazo. It was perched like an eagle’s nest on the summit of a mountain, and the craggy steepness of its position, and its high and thick walls seemed to render it proof against all assault. The Moors who garrisoned it were fierce marauders, who used to sweep down like birds of prey from their lofty nest, pounce upon the flocks and dwellings of the Christians, make hasty ravages, and bear away their spoils to the mountain-top. There was no living with safety or tranquility within the scope of their maraudings.

Intelligence of their misdeeds was brought to the count at Burgos. He determined to have that castle of Carazo, whatever might be the cost; for this purpose he called a council of his chosen cavaliers. He did not conceal the peril of the enterprise, from the crag-built situation of the castle, its great strength, and the vigilance and valor of its garrison. Still the Castilian cavaliers offered themselves to carry the fortress or die.

The count sallied secretly from Burgos with a select force, and repaired in the night-time to Lara, that the Moors might have no intimation nor suspicion of his design. In the midst of the next night, the castle-gate was quietly opened and they issued forth as silently as possible, pursuing their course in the deep shadows of the valley until they came to the foot of the mountain of Carazo. Here they remained in ambush, and sent forth scouts. As the latter prowled about the day began to dawn, and they heard a female voice singing above them on the side of the mountain. It was a Moorish damsel coming down, with a vessel upon her head. She descended to a fountain which gushed forth beneath a grove of willows, and as she sang she began to fill her vessel with water. The spies issued from their concealment, seized her, and carried her to Count Fernan Gonzalez.

Overcome by terror or touched by conviction, the Moorish damsel threw herself on her knees before the count, declared her wish to turn Christian, and offered, in proof of her sincerity, to put him in a way of gaining possession of the castle. Being encouraged to proceed, she told him that there was to be a marriage feast that day in the castle, and of course a great deal of revelry, which would put the garrison off its guard. She pointed out a situation where he might lay in ambush with
his troops in sight of the tower, and promised when a favorable moment presented for an attack to give a signal with a light.

The count regarded her for a time with a fixed and earnest gaze, but saw no faltering nor change of countenance. The case required bold measures, combined with stratagem; so he confided in her, and permitted her to return to the castle. All day he lay in ambush with his troops, each man with his hand upon his weapon to guard against surprise. The distant sound of revelry from the castle, with now and then the clash of cymbals, the bray of trumpets, and a strain of festive music, showed the gaiety that reigned within. Night came: light gleamed from walls and windows, but none resembling the appointed signal. It was almost midnight, and the count began to fear the Moorish damsel had deceived him, when to his great joy she saw the signal light gleaming from one of the towers.

He now sallied forth with his men, and all, on foot, clambered up the steep and rugged track.

They had almost attained the foot of the tower when they were descried by a sentinel who cried with a voice that rang clear, "Halt! who goes there?"

"God and Saint Millan!" The whole castle was instantly in an uproar. The Moors were bewildered by the sudden surprise and the confusion of a night assault. They fought bravely, but irregularly. The Christians had but one plan and one object. After a hard struggle and great bloodshed, they forced the gate and made themselves masters of the castle.

The count remained several days, fortifying the place and garrisoning it, that it might not fall again into the possession of the Moors. He bestowed magnificent rewards on the Moorish damsel who had thus betrayed her countrymen; she embraced the Christian faith, to which she had just given such a signal proof of devotion, though it is not said whether the count had sufficient confidence in her conversion and her newly moulded piety to permit her to remain in the fortress she had betrayed.

Having completed his arrangements, the count departed on his return, and encountered on the road his mother Doña Nuña Fernandez, who, exulting in his success, had set out to visit him at Carazo. The mother and son had a joyful meeting, and gave the name of Contreras to the place of their encounter.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF ALFONSO, KING OF LEON.—THE MOORS DETERMINED TO STRIKE A FRESH BLOW AT THE COURT, WHO SUMMONS ALL CASTILE TO HIS STANDARD.—OF HIS HUNT IN THE FOREST WHILE WAITING FOR THE ENEMY, AND OF THE HERMIT THAT HE MET WITH.

ALFONSO THE GREAT was now growing old and infirm, and his queen and sons, taking advantage of his age and feebleness, endeavored by hard treatment to confine him to the castle and crown. Count Fernan Gonzalez interceded between them, but in vain; and Alfonso was at length obliged to surrender his crown to his oldest son, Don Garcia. The aged monarch then set out upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Iago; but, falling ill of a mortal malady, sent for the count to come to him to his deathbed at Zamora. The count hastened thither with all zeal and loyalty. He succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between Alfonso and his son Don Garcia in his dying moments, and was with the monarch when he breathed his last. The death of the king gave fresh courage to the Moors, and they thought this a favorable moment to strike a blow at the rising power of the count. Abderrahman was at this time king of Cordova and Miramamolín, or sovereign of the Moors in Spain. He had been enagaged at the capture of the castle of Carazo, and the other victories of the count; and now that the latter had no longer the King of Leon to back him, it was thought he might, by a vigorous effort, be completely crushed. Abderrahman accordingly assembled at Cordova a great army of Moorish warriors, both those of Spain and Africa, and sent them, under the command of Almanzor, to ravage the country of Count Fernan Gonzalez. This Almanzor was the most valiant Moorish general in Spain, and one on whom Abderrahman depended as his right hand.

On the summit of the impending danger, Count Fernan Gonzalez summoned all men of Castile capable of bearing arms to repair to his standard at Mufón. His force when assembled was but small, but composed of the bravest chivalry of Castile, and one knight of which he esteemed equal to ten Moors. One of the most eminent of his cavaliers was Don Gonzalo Gustios, of Lara, who brought seven valiant sons to the field—the same afterward renowned in Spanish story as the seven princes of Lara. With these came also his wife's brother, Ruy or Rodrigo Velasquez, a cavalier of great powers.

In the meantime tidings continued to arrive of the great force of the enemy, which was said to cover the country with its tents. The name of the Moorish general, Almanzor, likewise inspired great alarm. One of the count's cavaliers, therefore, Gonzalo Diaz, counselled him not to venture upon an open battle against such fearful odds; but rather to make a tula, or ravaging inroads into the country of the Moors, by way of compelling them to make a true and fair resistance, and however, rejected his advice. "As to their numbers," said he, "one lion is worth ten sheep, and thirty wolves could kill thirty thousand lambs. As to that Moor, Almanzor, be assured we shall vanquish him, for he is a man of no great military ability; all we want is the home of the victory." The count now marched his little army to Lara, where he paused to await the movements of the enemy. While his troops were lying there he mounted his horse one day and went forth with a few attendants to hunt in the forests which bordered the river Arollanza. In the course of the chase he roused a monstrous boar and pursued it among rocks and brakes until he became separated from his attendants. Still following the track of the boar, he came to the foot of a rocky precipice, up which the animal mounted by a rugged and narrow path, where the horse could not follow. The count alighted, tied his horse to an oak, and clambered up the path, assisting himself at times with his boar-spear. The path led to a high place of ground, partly built, and edifice partly built of stone and partly hewn out of the solid rock. The boar had taken refuge within, and had taken his stand behind what appeared to be a mass of stone. The count was about to launch his javelin when he beheld a
cross of stone standing on what he now perceived was an altar, and he knew that he was in a holy place. Being as pious as he was brave, the good count now knelt before the altar and asked pardon of God for the sin he had been on the point of committing; and when he had finished this prayer, he added another for victory over the foe.

While he was yet praying, there entered a venerable monk, Fray Pelayo by name, who, seeing him to be a Christian knight, gave him his benediction. He informed the count that he resided in this hermitage in company with two other monks—Arsenio and Silvano. The count marvelled much how they could live there in a country overrun by enemies, and which had for a long time, and but recently, been in the power of the infidels. The hermit replied that in the service of God they were ready to endure all hardships. It is true they suffered much from cold and hunger, being obliged to live chiefly on herbs and roots; but by secret paths and tracks they were in communication with other hermitages scattered throughout the country, so that they were enabled to aid and comfort each other. They could also secretly sustain in the faith the Christians who were held in subjection by the Moors, and, in case of refuge and concealment in cases of extremity.

The count now opened his heart to the good hermit, revealing his name and rank, and the perils impending over him from the invasion of the infidels. As the day was far spent, Fray Pelayo prevailed upon him to pass the night in the hermitage, setting before him barley bread and such simple fare as his cell afforded.

Early in the morning the count went forth and found the hermit seated beneath a tree on a rock, whence he could look far and wide out of the forest and over the surrounding country. The hermit then accosted him as one whose holy and meditative life and mortifications of the flesh had given to look into the future almost with the eye of prophecy. "Of a truth, my son," said he, "there are many trials and hardships in store for thee; but be of good cheer, thou wilt conquer these Moors, and wilt increase thy power and possessions." He now revealed to the count certain signs and portents which would take place during the battle. "When thou shalt see these," said he, "be assured that Heaven is on thy side, and thy victory secure." The count listened with devout attention. "If these things do indeed come to pass," said he, "I will found a church and convent in this place, in the name of St. Peter, the patron saint of this hermitage; and when I die my body shall be interred here." Receiving then the benediction of the holy friar he departed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF THE FORD OF CASCAJARES.

When Count Fernan Gonzalez returned to his troops he found them in great alarm at his absence, fearing some evil had befallen him; but he cheered them with an account of his adventure and of the good fortune predicted by the hermit.

It was in the month of May, on the day of the Holy Cross, that the Christian and Moslem armies came in sight of each other. The Moors advanced with a great sound of trumpets, stables, and cymbals, and their mighty host extended over hill and valley. When they saw how small was the force of the Christians they put up desultory shouts, and rushed forward to surround them.

Don Fernan Gonzalez remained unmoved upon a rising ground, for the hour was at hand when the sign of victory promised by the hermit was to take place. Near by him was a youthful cavalier, Pedro Gonzalez by name, a native of La Fuente de Hitero, of fiery courage but vainglorious temper. He was clad in shining armor, and mounted on a beautiful horse impatient of spirit as himself, and incessantly foaming and champing on the bit and pawing the earth. As the Moors drew near, while there was yet a large space between them and the Christians, this fiery cavalier could no longer contain himself, but giving reins to his steed set off headlong to encounter the foe; when suddenly the earth opened, man and horse rushed downward into an abyss, and the earth closed as before.

A cry of horror ran through the Christian ranks, and a panic was likely to seize upon them, but Don Fernan Gonzalez rode in front of them, exclaiming, "This is the promised sign of victory. Let us see how Castilians defend their lord, for my standard shall be borne high in the fight." So saying, he ordered Orbita Fernandez to advance his standard; and when his troops saw the silver cross glittering on high and borne toward the enemy, they shouted, "Castile! Castile!" and rushed forward to the fight. Immediately around the standard fought Don Gonzalo Gustios and his seven sons, and he was, say the old chroniclers, like a lion leading his whelps into the fight. Wherever they fought their way, they might be traced by the bodies of bleeding and expired infidels. Few particulars of this battle remain on record; but it is said the Moors were as if struck with sudden fear and weakness, and fled in confusion. Almanzor himself escaped by the speed of his horse, attended by a handful of his cavaliers.

In the camp of the Moors was found vast booty in gold and silver, and other precious things, with sumptuous armor and weapons. When the spoil was divided and the troops were refreshed, Don Fernan Gonzalez went with his troops in a pious procession to the hermitage of San Pedro. Here he gave much silver and gold to the worth Fray Pelayo, to be expended in masses for the souls of the Christian warriors who had fallen in battle, and in prayers for further victories over the infidels. After which he returned in triumph to his capital in Burgos.*

* It does not appear that Count Fernan Gonzalez kept his promise of founding a church and monastery on the site of the hermitage. The latter edifice remained to after ages. "It stands," says Sandoval, "on a precipice overhanging the river Arlanza, in so much that it inspires dread to look below. It is extremely ancient; large enough to hold a hundred persons. Within the chapel is an opening like a chasm, leading down to a cavern larger than the church, formed in the solid rock, with a small window which overlooks the river. It was here the Christians used to conceal themselves."

As a corroboration of the adventure of the Count of Castile, Sandoval assures us that in his day the oak still existed to which Don Fernan Gonzalez tied his horse, when he alighted to scramble up the hill in pursuit of the bear. The worthy Fray Agapida, however, needed no corroboration of the kind, swallowing the whole story with the ready credence of a pious monk.
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THE COUNT'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY IN THE MOUNTAINS
CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE MESSAGE SENT BY THE COUNT TO SANCHO II., KING OF NAVARRE, AND THE REPLY.—THEIR ENCOUNTER IN BATTLE.

The good Count of Castile was so inspired by this signal victory over the Moors, and their great general, Almanzor, that he determined that he had a breathing-spell from infidel warfare, to redress certain grievances sustained from one of his Christian neighbors. This was Don Sancho II., King of Navarre, surnamed Aburca, either from the aburcas or shepherd-shoes which he had worn in early life, when brought up in secrecy and indigence, during the overthrow of his country by the Moors, or from making his soldiers wear shoes of the kind in crossing the snowy Pyrenees. It was a name by which the populace delighted to call him.

This prince had recovered all Navarre from the infidels, and even subjected to his crown all Biscay, or Cantabria, and some territory beyond the Pyrenees, on the confines of France. Not content with these acquisitions, he had made occasional inroads into Castile, in consequence of a contest respecting the territories of Najarra and Rionazo, to which he laid claim. These incursions he repeated whenever he had peace or truce with his enemies.

Count Fernan González, having now time, as has been observed, to attend to these matters, sent an ambassador to King Sancho, charged with a courteous but resolute message. "I come, Señor," said the ambassador to the king, "by command of the Count Fernan González of Castile, and this is what I am told to say. You have done him much wrong in times past, by leaguing with the infidels and making inroads into his territories while he was absent or engaged in war. If you will amend your ways in this respect, and remedy the past, you will do him much pleasure; but if you refuse, he sends you his defiance."

King Sancho Aburca was lost in astonishment and indignation at receiving such a message from a count of Castile. "Return to the count," said he, "and tell him I will amend nothing; that I marvel at his insolence, and hold him for a madman for daring to defy me. Tell him he has listened to evil counsel, or a few trifling successes have turned his brain; but it will be very different when I come to seek him, for there is not town or tower from which I will not drag him forth."†

The ambassador returned with this reply, nor did he spare the least of its scorn and bitterness. Upon this the count assembled his cavaliers and councillors, and represented the case. He exhorted them to stand by him in seeking redress for this insult and injury to their country and their chieftain. "We are not equal in numbers to the enemy, but we are valiant men, united and true to each other, and one hundred good lances, all in the hands of chosen cavaliers, all of one heart and mind, are worth three hundred placed by chance in the hands of men who have no common tie. The cavaliers all assured him they would follow and obey him as loyal subjects of a worthy lord, and would prove their fidelity in the day of battle.

A little army of staunch Castilians was soon assembled, the silver cross was again reared on high by the standard-bearer Orbita Velazquez, and the count advanced resolutely a day's journey into the kingdom of Navarre, for his maxim was to strike quickly and suddenly. King Sancho wondered at his daring, but hastened to meet him with a greatly superior force. The armies came in sight of each other at a place called the Era de Gollanda.

The count now addressed his men. "The enemy," said he, "are more numerous than we; they are vigorous of body and light of foot, and are dexterous in throwing darts. They will have the advantage if they attack us, but if we attack them and close manfully, we shall get the field of them before they have time to hurl their darts and wound us. For my part, I shall make for the king. If I can but revenge the wrongs of Castile upon his person I care how soon I die."

As the armies drew near each other the Castilians, true to the orders of their chieftain, put up the war cry, "Castile! Castile!" and rushing forward, broke through the squadrons of Navarre.

Then followed a sight so pitiless and deadly, says an old chronicler, that the strokes of their weapons resounded through the whole country. The count sought King Sancho throughout the whole field; they met and recognized each other by their armorial bearings and devices. They fought with fury until both fell from their horses as if dead. The Castilians cut their way through the mass of the enemy, and surrounded their fallen chief. Some raised him from the earth while others kept off the foe. At first they thought him dead, and were loud in their lamentations; but when the blood and dust were wiped from his face he revived and told them not to heed him, for his wounds were nothing; but to press on and gain the victory, for he had slain the King of Navarre.

At hearing this they gave a great shout and returned to the fight; but those of Navarre, seized with terror at the fall of their king, turned their backs and fled.

The count then caused the body of the king to be taken from among the slain and to be conducted, honorably attended, to Navarre. Thus fell Sancho Aburca, King of Navarre, and was succeeded by his son Don Garcia, surnamed the Trembler.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE COUNT OF TOULOUSE MAKES A CAMPAIGN AGAINST CASTILE, AND HOW HE RETURNS IN HIS COFFIN.

While the Count Fernan González was yet ill of his wounds in his capital, and when his soldiers had scarce laid by their cuirasses and hung up their shields and lances, there was a fresh alarm of war. The Count of Toulouse and Poictiers, the close friend and ally of King Sancho Aburca,
had come from France with a host to his assistance, but finding him defeated and slain, raised his standard to make a campaign, in his revenge, against the Castilians. The Navarrese all gathered round him, and now an army was on foot more in number than the one which had recently been defeated.

Count Fernan Gonzalez, wounded as he was, summoned his troops to march against this new enemy; but the war-worn Castilians, vexed at being thus called again to arms before they had time to breathe, began to murmur. "This is the life of the very devil," they said, "to go about day and night, without a moment's rest. This lord of ours is assuredly Satan himself, and we are lesser devils in his employ, always busy entrapping the souls of men. He has no pity for us, so battered and worn, nor for himself, so badly wounded. It is necessary that some one should talk with him, and turn him from this madness."

Accordingly a hardy cavalier, Nuño Laynez, remonstrated with the count against further fighting until he should be cured of his wounds and his people should have time to repose; for mortal men could not support this kind of life. "Nor is this urged through cowardice," added he, "for your men are ready to fight for and defend their country, and we would do ours with them."

"Well have you spoken, Nuño Laynez," replied the count; "yet for all this I am not minded to desist this fight. A day lost never returns. An opportunity foregone can never be recalled. The warrior who indulges in repose will never leave the memory of great deeds behind him. His name dies when his soul leaves the body. Let us, therefore, make the most of the days and hours allotted us, and crown them with such glorious deeds that the world shall praise us in all future time."

When Nuño Laynez repeated these generous words to the cavaliers, the blood glowed in their veins, and they prepared themselves manfully for the field; nor did the count give them time to cool before he put himself at their head and marched to meet the enemy. He found them drawn up on the opposite side of a river which was swollen and troubled by recent rains. Without hesitation he advanced to ford it, but his troops were halted by flights of darts and arrows as they advanced, and it was necessary at the water's edge; the bodies of many floated down the turbid stream, and many perished on the banks. They made good their crossing, however, and closed with the enemy. The fight was obstinate, and the Castilians were hardly pressed, being so inferior in number. Don Fernan González galloped along the front of the enemy. "Where is the Count of Toulouse?" cried he; "let him come forth and face me, Nuño Laynez, Count of Castle, who defy him to single combat!" The count answered promptly to the defiance. No one from either side presumed to interfere while the two counts encountered, man and horse to man and horse, like honorable and generous cavaliers. They rushed upon each other with the full speed of their horses; then, as both were in armor, the Count of Toulouse bore him out of the saddle, and before he touched the earth his soul had already parted from his body. The men of Toulouse, seeing their chief fall, dead, fled in confusion, but were pursued, and three of them taken.

The field being won, Count Fernan González alighted and took off the armor of the Count of Toulouse with his own hands, and wrapped him in a chasuble, or Moorish mantle, of great value, which he had gained when he conquered Almanza, and covered it with cloth of gold and studded with silver nails, and he put therein the body of the count, and delivered it to the captive cavaliers, whom he released and furnished with money for their expenses, making them swear not to leave the body of the count until they had conducted it to Toulouse. So the count, who had come from France in such chivalrous state, at the head of an array of shining warriors, returned in his coffin with a mourning train of vanquished cavaliers, while Count Fernan González conducted his victorious troops in triumph back to Burgos.

This signal victory took place in the year of our Redemption 926, in the beginning of the reign of Alfonso the Monk on the throne of Leon and the Asturias.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE COUNT WENT TO RECEIVE THE HAND OF A PRINCESS, AND WAS THRONGED TO A DUNGEON.—OF THE STRANGER THAT VISITED HIM IN HIS CHAINS, AND OF THE APPEAL THAT HE MADE TO THE PRINCESS FOR HIS DELIVERANCE.

GARCIA II., who had succeeded to the throne of Navarre on the death of his father, was brave of soul, though surnamed El Temblosito, or The Trembler. He was so called because he was observed to tremble on going into battle; but, as has been said of others, it was only the flesh that trembled, foreseeing the dangers into which the spirit would carry it. The king was deeply grieved at the death of his father, slain by Count Fernan González, and would have taken vengeance by open warfare, but he was counselled by his mother, the Queen Teresa, to pursue a subtler course. At her instigation overtures were made to the count to settle all the differences between Navarre and Castile by a firm alliance, and to this end she had her son delivered to the lady Doña Sancha, the sister of King Garcia and daughter of King Sancho Abarca. The count accepted gladly the proffered alliance, for he had heard of the great merit and beauty of the princess, and was pleased with so agreeable a mode of putting an end to all their contests. A conference was accordingly appointed between the count and King Garcia, to take place at Ciruena, each to be attended by five cavaliers.

The count was faithful to his compact, and appeared at the appointed place with five of the bravest of his cavaliers; but the king arrived with five-and-thirty chosen men, all armed cap-a-pie. The count, suspecting treachery, retired with his cavaliers into a neighboring hermitage, and, barricading the doors, defended himself throughout the day until nightfall. Seeing there was no alternative, he at length capitulated and agreed to surrender himself, a prisoner, and pay homage to the king, on the latter assuring him, under oath, that his life should be spared. King Garcia the Trembler, having in this manner

* Mariana, lib. 8, c. 5, p. 357.
The Princess Sancho remained for some time in the garden, revolving in her mind all that she had just heard, and tenderness for the Count Fernan Gonzalez began to awaken in her bosom; for nothing so touched the heart of women as the idea of valor suffering for her sake. The more the princess meditated the more she became enamoured. She called to mind all she had heard of the illustrious actions of the count. She thought upon the pictures just drawn of him in prison—so noble, so majestic in his chains. She remembered the parting words of the pilgrim count—"'Never was there king nor emperor so worthy of a woman's love."' "Ails!" cried she, "was there ever a lady more unfortunate than I? All the love and devotion of the earth I might have had, and behold it has been made a mockery. Both he and myself have been wronged by the treachery of my brother."

At length the passion of the princess arose to such a height that she determined to deliver the count from the misery of which she had been made the instrument. So she found means one night to bribe the guards of his prison, and made her way to his dungeon. When the count saw her, he thought it a beautiful vision, or some angel sent from heaven to comfort him. Certainly her beauty surpassed the ordinary loneliness of women.

"Noble cavalier," said the princess, "this is no time for idle words and ceremonies. Behold before you the Princess Dona Sancho; the word which my brother brake I am here to fulfill. You came to receive my hand, and, instead, you were thrown in chains. I come to yield you that hand, and to deliver you from those chains. Behold, the door of your prison is open, and I am ready to fly with you to the ends of the earth, and to tell you one word, and when you have sworn it, I know your loyalty too well not to doubt that you will hold your oath sacred. Swear that if I fly with you, you will treat me with the honor of a knight; that you will make me your wife, and never leave me for any other woman."

The count swore all this on the faith of a Christian cavalier; and well did he feel disposed to keep his oath, for never before had he beheld such glorious beauty.

So the princess led the way, for her authority and her money had conquered the fidelity of the guards, and that they permitted the count to sail forth with her from the prison.

It was a dark night, and they left the great road and climbed a mountain. The count was so fettered by his chains that he moved with difficulty, but the princess helped and sometimes almost carried him; for what will not delicate woman perform when her love and pity are fully aroused. Thus they toiled on their way until the day dawned, when they hid themselves in the cliffs of the mountain, among rocks and thickets. While thus concealed they beheld an archpriest of the castle, mounted on a mule with a falcon on his arm, hawking about the lower part of the mountain. The count knew him to be a base and malignant man, and watched his movements with great anxiety. He had two hounds baying at the bushes, which at length got upon the traces of
the count and princess, and discovering them, set
up a violent battle. Alighting from his horse, the
archpriest clambered, up to where the fugitives
were concealed. He knew the count, and saw
that he had escaped. "Aha! traitor," cried he,
drawing his sword, "think not to escape from
the power of the king." The count saw that re-
sistance was useless; and, in chains, and the archpriest was a powerful
man, exceeding broad across the shoulders; he
sought therefore to win him by fair words, promis-
ing that if he would aid him to escape he would
give him a place in Castile, for him and his heirs
forever. But the archpriest was more violent
than ever, and held his sword at the breast of the
count to force him back to the castle. Upon this
the princess rushed forward, and with tears in
her eyes compelled him not to deliver the count
into the hands of his enemies. But the heart
of the priest was inflamed by the beauty of
the princess, and thinking her at his mercy,
"Glady," said he, "will I assist the count to
escape, but upon one condition." Then he
whispered a proposition which brought a crimson glow
of horror and indignation into the cheeks of
the princess, and he would have laid his hand upon
her, but he was suddenly lifted from the earth by
the strong grasp of the count, who bore him to the
dragoon of precipice and flung him headlong
down; and his neck was broken in the fall.
The count then took the mule of the arch-
priest, his hawk, and his hounds, and, after keep-
ing in the secret parts of the mountain all day,
he and the princess mounted the mule at night,
and pursued their way, by the most rugged and
unfrequented passes, toward Castile.
As the day dawned they found themselves in
an open plain at the foot of the mountains, and
beheld a body of horsemen riding toward them,
conducting a car, in which sat a knight in armor,
bearing a standard. The princess now gave all
up for lost. "These," said she, "are sent by my
brother in pursuit of us; how can we escape,
for this poor animal has no longer strength nor speed
to carry us up the mountains?" Upon this Count
Fernan alighted, and drawing the sword of the
archpriest, placed himself in a narrow pass. "Do
you," said he to the princess, "turn back and
hasten to the mountains, and dearly shall it cost
him who attempts to follow you." "Not so," re-
plying the princess; "for I have of one hast thou
been brought from thine own domain and
betrayed into all these dangers, and I will abide
to share them with thee."
The count would have remonstrated, when to
his astonishment, he saw pass near the
car drawn, that the knight seated in it was clad in his own
armor, with his own devices, and held his own
banner in his hand. "Sssurely," said he, crossing
himself, "this is enchantment;" but on looking
still nearer, he recognized among the horsemen
Nuno Sandias and Nuno Laynez, two of his
most faithful knights. Then his heart leaped for
joy. "Fear nothing," cried he to the princess;
"behold my standard, and behold my vassals.
Those whom you feared as enemies shall kneel at
your feet and kiss your hand in homage." It
appears that the tidings of the cap-
tivity of the count had spread mourning and con-
ternation throughout Castile, and the cavaliers
assembled together to devise means for his deliv-
erance. And certain of them had prepared this
effect of the count, clad in his armor and bearing
his banner and devices, and having done homage
and sworn fealty to it as they would have done
to the count himself, they had placed it in this car.
Alighting from their leader, making a vow
in the spirit of ancient chivalry, never to return
to their homes until they should have delivered
the count from his captivity.
When the cavaliers recognized the count, they
put up shouts of joy, and kissed his hands and
the hands of the princess in tokens of devoted loyalty.
And they took off the fetters of the count and
placed him in the car and the princess beside
him, and returned joyfully to Castile.
Vain would be the attempt to describe the
transports of the multitude as Count Fernan
Gonzalez entered his noble capital of Burgos.
The Princess Sanche, also, was hailed with bless-
ings wherever she passed, as the deliverer of their
lord and the saviour of Castile, and shortly after-
ward her nuptials with the count were cele-
bated with feasting and rejoicing and tilts and
tournaments, which lasted for many days.

CHAPTER XII.

KING GARCIA CONFINED IN BURGOS BY THE
COUNT.—THE PRINCESS INTERCESSES FOR
HIS RELEASE.

The rejoicings for the marriage of Count Fer-
nan with the beautiful Princess Sanche were
scarcely finished when King Garcia the Tre-
mblcr came with a powerful army to revenge
his various affronts. The count sallied forth to
meet him, and, a bloody and doubtful battle
ensued. The Navarrese at length were routed,
and the king was wounded and taken prisoner
in single combat by Count Fernan, who brought
him to Burgos and put him in close confinement.
The Countess Doña Sancha was now as
much afflicted at the captivity of his brother
as she had been at that of the count, and
interceded with her husband for his release.
The count, however, retained too strong a recollec-
tion of the bad faith of his Garcia and of his own
treacherous and harsh imprisonment to be easily
moved, and the king was kept in durance for
a considerable time. The countess then interested
the principal cavaliers in her suit, reminding
them of the services she had rendered them in
aiding the escape of their lord. Through their
united intercessions the count was induced to
remit; so King Garcia the Trembler was re-
leased and treated with great honor, and sent
back to his dominions with a retinue befitting
his rank.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ANCIENT
CITY OF SYLO.—THE UNWITTING TRESPASS
OF THE COUNT INTO A CONVENT, AND HIS
COMPUNCION THEREUPON.

VOLUMES would it take to follow the Count
Fernan Gonzalez in his heroic achievements
against the infidels—achievements which give to
sober history almost the air of fable. I forbear
to dwell at large upon one of his campaigns,
wherein he scourcd the Valley of Laguna; passed
victoriously along the banks of the Douro, build-
ing towers and castles to keep the Moslems in
subjection; how he scaled the walls of the castle
of Ormaz, being the first to mount, sword in
placed it in this car-
ner, making a vow,
never to return
and have delivered
the count, they
his hands and
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the count of
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Count Ferman
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BURGOS BY THE
INTERCEDES FOR

The countess of Count Fer-
Princess Sancha
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CHAPTER XIV.
OF THE MOORISH HOST THAT CAME UP FROM
CORDOVA, AND HOW THE COUNT REPAIRED TO
THE HERITAGE OF SAN PEDRO, AND
PREVENTED THE HOST AGAINST THEM, AND
RECEIVED ASSURANCE OF VICTORY IN A
VISION.—BATTLE OF HAZINAS.

The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, from whose
manuscripts this memoir is extracted, passes by
many of the striking and vivid deeds of the
count, which crowd the pages of ancient chroni-
clers; but the good friar ever is sure to dwell with
delight upon any of those miraculous occurrences
which took place in Spain in those days, and
which showed the marked interposition of Heaven
in behalf of the Christian warriors in their battles
with the infidels. Such was the remarkable battle
of Hazinas, which, says Agapida, for its miracu-
loous events is worthy of eternal blazon.

Now so it was that the Moorish king of Cor-
dova had summoned all the faithful, both of
Spain and Africa, to assist him in recovering the
lands wrested from him by the unbelievers, and
especially by Count Ferman Gonzales in his late
victories; and such countless legions of turbaned
warriors were assembled that it was said they
covered the plains of Andalusia like swarms of
locusts.

Hearing of their threatening approach, the
count gathered together his forces at Piedralita,
while the Moors encamped in Hazinas. When,
however, he beheld the mighty host arrayed
against him, his heart for one, great was his astonishment
at beholding every indiel he
might find within. On the other hand, then the
great in his heart beside the church devoted to the
true faith. Struck with the
common in his heart, and turned upon himself upon his knees, and with many tears im-
plied sorrow for the sin he had un-
knownly committed. While he was yet on his
knees, several monks of the order of St. Dom-
nic approached, menage in looks and a
in the
, but hailing him with great joy as their
deliverer. In sooth this was a convent of San
Sebastian, the fraternity of which had remained
independents among the Moors, supporting themselves
poorly by making baskets, but permitted to
continue in the exercise of their religion.

Still filled with pious compunction for the
trespass he had made, the count ordered that
the shoes should be taken from his horse and nailed
under the door of the church; for never, said he,
shall they tread any other ground after having
 trodden this holy place. From that day, we are
told, it has been the custom to nail the shoes of
horses on the portal of that convent—a custom
which has extended to many other places.

The worthy Fray Prudencia de Sandoval
records that a religious edifice of the count against this city, which remained,
says, until his day. Not far from the place, on
the road which passes by Lara, is to be seen the
print of his horse's hoofs in a solid rock, which
has received the impression as though it had been
made in softness wax. It is to be presumed that
the horse's hoofs had been gifted with miraculous
hardness in reward to the count for his piou
b.ation of the shoes.

* Sandoval, p. 313.
sures of Salas, and his seven sons and two nephews, and his brother Ruy Velasques, and a vaillant cavalier named Gonzalo Diaz.

The second division was led by Don Lope de Biscaya, with the people of Burueba and Trevino, and Old Castle and Castro and the Asturians. Two hundred horsemen and six thousand infantry.

The third division was led by the count himself, and with him went Ruy Cavia, and Nuño Cavia and the Velascos, whom the count that day knighted, and two escuyers of the count, whom he likewise knighted. His division consisted of four hundred and fifty horse and fifteen hundred foot; and he told his men that if they should not conquer the Moors on the following day, they should draw off from the battle when he gave the word. Late at night, when all the camp, excepting the sentinels and guards, were buried in sleep, a light suddenly illumined the heavens, and a great serpent was seen in the air, wounded and covered with blood, and breathing flames. A loud hiss that awakened all the soldiers. They rushed out of their tents, and ran hither and thither, running against each other in their affright.

Count Fernan Gonzalez was awakened by their outcryes, but being ordered to the front, a shot had disappeared. He rebuked the terror of his people, representing to them that the Moors were great necromancers, and by their arts could raise devils to their aid; and that some Moorish astrologer had doubled raised this spectre to alarm them; but he bade them be of good heart, since they had Sain Iago on their side, and might set Moor, astrologer, and devil at defiance.

In the first day's fight Don Fernandez fought hand to hand with a powerful Moor, who had desired to try his prowess with him. It was an obstinate contest, in which the Moor was slain; but the count was so badly wounded that he fell to the earth, and had not his men surrounded and defended him, he would have been slain or captured. The battle lasted all day long, and Gustao Gonzalez and his出色 warriors showed prodigies of valor. Don Fernandez, having had his wounds stanchd, remounted his horse and galloped about, giving courage to his men; but he was covered with dust and blood, and so hoarse that he no longer could speak. The sun was down, the Moors kept on fighting, confiding in their great numbers. The count, seeing the night approaching, ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and, collecting his troops, made one general charge on the Moors, and drove them from the field. He then drew off his men to their tents, where the weary troops found refreshment and repose, though they slept all night on their arms.

On the second day the count rose before the dawn, and having attended mass like a good Christian, attended next to his horses, like a good cavalier, seeing with his own eyes that they were well fed and groomed, and prepared for the field. The battle this day was obstinate as the day before, with great valor and loss on either side.

On the third day the count led forth his forces at an early hour, raising his silver standard of the cross, and praying devoutly for aid. Then lowering their lances, the Castilians shouted San Iago! San Iago! and rushed to the attack.

Don Cervantes Gonzalez, the leader of one of the divisions, made a lane in the centre of the Moorish host, dealing death on either side. He was met by a Moorish cavalier of powerful

frame. Covering themselves with their shields, they attacked each other with great fury; but the days of Gustao Gonzalez were numbered, for the Moors slew him, and with him fell a nephew of Count Fernan, and many of his principal cavaliers.

Count Fernandez Gonzalez encountered the Moor who had just slain his friend. The infidel would have avoided meeting, having heard that never man escaped alive from a conflict with him; but the count gave him a furious thrust with his lance, which stretched him dead upon the field.

The Moors, however, continued to press the count sorely, and their numbers threatened to overwhelm him. Then he put up a prayer for the aid promised in his vision, and of a sudden the Apostle San Iago appeared, with a great and shining company of angels in white, bearing the device of a red cross, and all rushing upon the Moors. The Moors were dismayed at the sight of this reinforcement of the Christians, or the other hand, recovered their forces, and charged the Apostle San Iago and broke his array. They charged them with new vigour, and pursued them for two days, killing and making captives. They then returned and gathered together the bodies of the Christians, and buried them in the chapel of San Pedro of Arlanza and other hermitages. The bodies of the Moors were piled up and covered with earth, forming a mound which is still to be seen on the field of battle.

Some have ascribed to the signal work in this battle by the celestial warriors the origin of the Cross of Calatrava.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNT IMPRISONED BY THE KING OF LEON.

—THE COUNT'S CONCERTS HIS ESCAPE.

LEON AND CASTILE UNITED BY THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE ORDOÑO WITH URRACA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE COUNT BY HIS FIRST WIFE.

Not long after this most renowned and marvellous battle, a Moorish captain named Aceyfa became a vassal of the Count Don Fernandez. Under his protection, and that of a rich and powerful Castilian cavalier named Diego Muñon, he rebuilt Salamanca and Ledesma, and several places on the river Tormes, which had been desolated and deserted in times past.

Ramiro the Second, who was at this time King of Leon, was alarmed at seeing a strong line of Moorish castles erected along the borders of his territories, and took the field with an army to drive the Moor Aceyfa from the land. The proud spirit of Count Fernandez Gonzalez was aroused at this upon his Moorish valet, which he considered an indignity offered to himself; so being seconded by Don Diego Muñon, he marched forth with his chivalry to protect the Moor. In the present instance he had trusted to his own head, and had neglected advice to seek pardon of saint or hermit; so his army was defeated by King Ramiro and Don Diego Muñon taken prisoner. The latter was sent in chains to the castle of Gordon; but the count was carried to Leon, where he was confined in a tower of the

wall, while a prisoner.
with their shields, and great fury; but it were numbered, and with him fell a many of his prin
 countered the Moor.

 The infed would find that never man
 with him; but the last with his lance
 the field.

 It is agreed that the band threatened to
 up a prayer for peace, and of a sudden
, with a great and white, bearing the
 rushing upon the judge, played at the
 eny. The Churc
 in the bodies of the
 and buried them in
 of the Moors
 earth, forming a
 on the field
 signal worn in this
 the origin of the
 wall, which to this day is pointed out as his
 prison.

 All Castile was thrown into grief and con
 sternation by this event, and lamentations were heard
 through the country, that she had been dead. The countess,
 however, did not waste time in idle tears, for she was a lady
 of most valiant spirit. She forthwith assembled five
 hundred cavaliers, chosen men of tried loyalty
 and devotion to the count. They met in the
 chapel of the palace, and took counsel. He con
 ducted the Holy Evangelists to follow the countess through
 all difficulties and dangers, and to obey implicitly
 all her commands for the rescue of their lord.
 With this band the countess secretly went to
 nightfall, and travelled rapidly until morning,
 when they left the roads, and took to the
 mountains, lest their march should be discovered.

 Ar
 arrived near Leon, she halted her band in a
 thick wood in the mountain of Samosa where she or
 dered them to remain in secrecy. Then clothing
 herself as a pilgrim and dissembled state, however, the

 the countess entered a second time the prison
 where the count lay in chains, and stood before him as
 his protecting angel. At sight of him in this mire
 cible and dishonored state, however, the
 valor of spirit which had hitherto sustained her
gave way, and tears flowed from her eyes. The

countess received her joyfully, and reproached her with
her tears; "for it becomes us," said he, "to sub
mit to what is imposed upon us by God."

 The countess now sent to entreat the king that
while she remained with the count his chains should be
 taken off. The king again granted her
request; and the count was freed from his irons
and an excellent bed prepared in his prison.

 The countess remained with him all night
and concerted his escape. Before it was daylight she
 gave him her pilgrim's dress and staff, and the
 count went forth from the chamber disguised as
 his wife. The porter at the outer portal, thinking it to be the
 countess, would have waited for ordered the king; but the count, in a feigned
 voice, entreated not to be detained, lest he should
 not be able to perform his pilgrimage. The
 porter, mistrusting no deceit, opened the door. The
 count issued forth, repaired to a place pointed out
 by the countess, where the two cavaliers awaited
 him with a fleet horse. They all sallied quietly
 forth from the city at the opening of the
gates, until they found themselves clear of the
walls, when they put spurs to their horses and made
their way to the mountain of Samosa. Here the count
was received with shouts of joy by the cavaliers
whom the countess had left there in concealment.

 As the day advanced the keeper of the prison
entered the apartments of Don Farnan, but was
astonished to find there the beautiful countess in
place of her warrior husband. He accused her
before the king, accusing her of the fraud by
which she had effected the escape of the count.
King Ramiro was greatly incensed, and he de
manded of the countess how she dared to do such
an act. "I dared," replied she, "because I saw
my husband in misery, and felt it my duty to
relieve him; and I dared because I was the
daughter of a king, and the wife of a distin
guished cavalier; as such trust I to your chivalry
to treat me."

 The king was charmed with her intrepidity.
"Senora," said he, "you have acted well and
like a noble lady, and it will redound to your land
and honor." So he commanded that she should
be conducted to her husband in a manner befit
ning a lady of high and noble rank; and the count
was overjoyed to receive her in safety, and
they returned to their dominions and entered
Burgos at the head of their train of cavaliers,
amidst the transports and acclamations of their
people. And King Ramiro sought the amity of
Count Fernan Gonzalez, and proposed that they
should unite their houses by some matrimonial
alliance which should serve as a bond of mutual
security. The count gladly listened to his
proposals. He had a fair daughter named Urraca,
by his first wife, who was now arrived at a mat
riageable age; so it was agreed that nuptials
should be solemnized between her and the Prince
Ordoño, son of King Ramiro; and all Leon and
Countess were rejoiced at this union, which promised
tranquility to the land.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOORISH INCURSION INTO CASTILE.—BATTLE
OF SAN ESTEVEN.—OF PASCUAL VIVAS AND
THE MIRACLE THAT BEFELL HIM.—DEATH
OF ORDOÑO III.

For several succeeding years of the career
of this most redoubtable cavalier, the most edi
fying and praiseworthy traces which remain, says
Fra Antonio Agapida, are to be found in the
archives of various monasteries, consisting of
memorials of pious gifts and endowments made
by himself and his countess, Doña Sancha.

In the process of time King Ramiro died, and
was succeeded by his son Sancho II, who had
married Urraca, the daughter of Count
Fernan. He was surnamed the Fierce, either
from his savage temper or savage aspect. He
had a step-brother named Sancho, nephew,
by the mother's side, of King García de Navarre,
surnamed the Trembler. This Don Sancho
rose in arms against Ordoño at the very outset of
his reign, seeking to deprive him of his crown.
He applied for assistance to his uncle García and to
Count Fernan Gonzalez, and it is said both fa
vored his pretensions. Nay, the count soon ap
peared in the field in company with King García
the Trembler, in support of Prince Sancho. It
may seem strange that he should take up arms
against his own son-in-law; and so it certainly
appeared to Ordoño III., for he was so incensed
against the count that he repudiated his wife
Urraca and sent her back to her father, telling
him that since he would not acknowledge him a
king, he should not have him for son-in-law.

The kingdom now became a prey to civil war;
the restless part of the kingdom of Castile rose in
rebellion, and everything was in confusion.
King Ordoño succeeded, however, in quelling the
rebellion, and defended himself so ably against
King García and Count Fernan Gonzalez, that
they returned home without effecting their object
About this time, say the records of Compostello, the sinful dissensions of the Christians brought on them a visible and awful scourge from Heaven, or, as it were, a cloud of fire, passed throughout the land, burning towns, destroying men and beasts, and spreading horror and devastation even over the sea. It passed over Zamora, consuming a great part of the countryside; Castile likewise, and Bresclosca and Pan Corvo in its progress, and in Burgos one hundred houses were consumed.

"These," says the worthy Agapida, "were fiery tokens of the displeasure of Heaven at the sinful conduct of the Christians in warring upon each other, instead of joining their arms like brethren in the righteous endeavor to extirpate the vile sect of Mahomet.

While the Christians were thus fighting among themselves, the Moors, taking advantage of their discord, came with a great army, and made an incursion into Castile as far as Burgos. King Ordoño and Count Fernan Gonzalez, alarmed at the common danger, came to a reconciliation, and took arms together against the Moors; thereby it appeared that the king at last threw off again his repudiated wife Urraca. These confederate princes gave the Moors a great battle near to San Esteban. "This battle," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "is chiefly memorable for a miracle which occurred there," and which is recorded by the good friar with an unctious and perfect credence worthy of a monachic chronicler.

The Christians were incastellated at San Esteban de Gormaz, which is near the banks of the Duero. The Moors had possession of the fortress of Gormaz, about a league further up the river on a lofty and rocky height.

The battle commenced at the dawn of day. Count Fernan Gonzalez, however, before taking the field, repaired with his principal cavaliers to the church, to attend the first morning's mass. Now, at this time, there was in the service of the count a brave cavalier named Pascual Vivas, who was as pious as he was brave, and would pray with as much fervor and obstinacy as he would fight. This cavalier made it a religious rule with himself, or rather had made a solemn vow, that, whenever he entered a church in the morning, he would not go out until the last of the masses was finished.

On the present occasion the firmness of this brave cavalier was put to a severe proof. When the first mass was finished, the count and his cavaliers rose and saluted from the church in clanking armor, and soon after the sound of trumpet and quick tramp of steed told that they were off to the encounter. Pascual Vivas, however, remained kneeling all in armor before the altar, waiting, according to custom, until all the masses should be finished. The masses that morning were numerous, and hour after hour passed away; yet still the cavalier remained kneeling all in armor, with weapon in hand, yet so zealous in his devotion that he never turned his head.

All this while the esquire of the cavalier was at the door of the church, holding his war-horse, and there beheld with surprise the count and his warriors depart, while his lord remained in the chapel; and, from the height on which the chapel stood, he could see the Christian host encounter the Moors at the ford of the river, and could hear the distant sound of trumpets and din of battle; and yet at the sound the warrior would rub up his ears, sniffed the air, and pawed the earth, and showed all the eagerness of a noble steed to be among the armed men, but still Pascual Vivas could not leave the chapel. For his esquire was wrath, and blushed for his lord, for he thought it was cowardice and not piety that he remained in the chapel while his comrades were fighting in the field.

At length the masses were finished, and Pascual Vivas went to sally forth when his steed came riding up the hill with shouts of victory, for the battle was over and the Moors completely vanquished.

When Pascual Vivas heard this he was so troubled in mind that he dared not leave the chapel nor come into the presence of the count, for he said to himself, "Surely I shall be looked upon as a recreant knight, who have hidden myself in the hour of danger." Shortly, however, came some of his fellow-cavaliers, summoning him to the presence of the count; and as he went with a beating heart, they lauded him for the valor he had displayed and the great services he had rendered, saying that to the prowess of his arms they owed the victory. The good knight, imagining that he had been suddenly brought down in spirit, and entered the presence of the count covered with confusion. Here again he was received with praises and caresses, at which he was greatly astonished, but still thought it all done in mockery. When the truth of the matter was to be known, however, all present were filled with wonder, for it appeared as if this cavalier had been, at the same moment, in the chapel, and in the field; for while he remained on his knees before the altar, with his steed pawing the earth at the door, a war for exactly resembling him, with the same arms, device, and steed, had appeared as the hottest of the fight, penetrating and overthrowing whole squadrons of Moors; that he had cut his way to the standard of the enemy, killed the standard-bearer, and carried off the banner in triumph; that his pursuit and coat of mail were cut to pieces, and his horse covered with wounds; yet still he fought on, and through his valor chiefly the victory was obtained.

What more moved astonishment was that for every wound received by the warrior and his steed in the field, there appeared marks on the part of mail and coat of mail and upon the steed of Pascual Vivas, so that he had the semblance of having been in the severest press of the battle.

The matter was now readily explained to the worthy friars who followed the armies in those days, and who were skilful in expounding the miracles daily occurring in those holy wars. A miraculous intervention had been vouchsafed to Pascual Vivas. That his piety in remaining at his prayers might not put him to shame before sinful men, an angel bearing his form and semblance had taken his place in battle, and fought while he prayed.

The matter being thus explained, all present were filled with pious admiration, and Pascual Vivas, if he ceased to be extolled as a warrior, came near being canonized as a saint.

* Exactly the same kind of miracle is recorded as happening in the same place to a cavalier of the name of Don Fernan Antolnez, in the works of the same author. Fray Antonio Agapida has no doubt that the same miracle did actually happen to both cavaliers; "for in those days," says he, "there was such a demand for miracles that the same had frequently been reported in the appearance of San Iago in precisely the same manner, to
King Ordoño III. did not long survive this battle. Scarcely had he arrived at Zamora on his way thither, when he was seized with a mortal malady of which he died. He was succeeded by his brother Don Sancho, the same who had formerly endeavored to dispossess him of the throne.

CHAPTER XVII.

KING SANCHO THE FAT.—OF THE HOMAGE HE EXPRESSED FROM COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ, AND OF THE STRANGE BARGAIN THAT HE MADE WITH HIM FOR THE PURCHASE OF HIS HORSE AND FALCON.

King Sancho I., on ascending the throne, held a cortes at Leon, where all the great men of the kingdom and the princes who owed allegiance to him were expected to attend and pay homage. As the court of Leon was excessively tenacious of its claim to sovereignty over Castile, the absent prince, however, was not present in person, and the Moorish physicians—miramamolins—noticed with great displeasure by the king, who sent missives to him commanding his attendance. The count being proud of heart, and standing much upon the independence of Castile, was unwilling to keep the hour of any entertainment. He was at length induced to stifle his repugnance and repair to the court, but he went in almost regal style and with a splendid retinue, more like a sovereign making a progress through his dominions.

As he approached the city of Leon, King Sancho came forth in great state to receive him, and they met apparently as friends, but there was enmity against each other in their hearts.

The rich and gallant array with which Count Fernan made his entry in Leon was the theme of every tongue; but nothing attracted more notice than a falcon thoroughly trained, which he carried on his hand, and an Arabian horse of wonderful beauty, which he had gained in his wars with the Moors. King Sancho was seized with a vehement desire to possess this horse and falcon, and offered to purchase them of the count. Don Fernan haughtily declined to enter into traffic; but offered them to the monarch as a gift. The king was equally punctilious in refusing to accept the gift; but did not easily forego anything on which they have set their hearts, it became evident to Count Fernan that it was necessary for the sake of peace, to part with his horse and falcon. To save his dignity, however, he asked a price corresponding to his rank; for it was beneath a cavalier, he said, to sell his things cheap, like a mean man. He demanded, therefore, one thousand marks of silver for the horse and falcon,—to be paid on a stipulated day; if not paid on that day the price to be doubled on the next, and on each day's further delay the price should in like manner be doubled. To these terms the king gladly consented, and the terms were specified in a written agreement, which was duly signed and witnessed. The king thus gained the horse and falcon, but it will be hereafter shown that this indulgence of his fancy cost him dear.

This eager desire for an Arabian steed appears the more singular in Sancho the First, from his being so corpulent that he could not sit on horseback. Hence he is commonly known in history by the appellation of King Sancho the Fat. His unwieldy bulk, also, may be one reason why he so long lost the favor of his warrior subjects, who looked upon him as a mere truncheener and bed-presser, and not fitted to command men who lived in the saddle, and rather fight than either eat or sleep.

King Sancho saw that he might soon have hard work to maintain his throne; and how he could be a figure as a warrior who could not mount a horseback. In his anxiety he repaired to his uncle Garcia, king of Navarre, surnamed the Trembler, who was an exceeding meagre man, and asked counsel of him what he should do to cure himself of this troublesome corpulency. Garcia the Trembler was totallly at a loss for a recipe, his own leanness being a gift of Nature; he advised him, however, to repair to Abderahman, the Miramamolins of Spain and King of Cordova, with whom he was happily at peace, and consult with him, and seek advice of the Arabian physicians imamamolins; Count Sancho, the Moors being generally a spare and active people, and the Arabian physicians skillful above all others in the treatment of diseases.

King Sancho the Fat, therefore, sent amicable messages beforehand to the Moorish Miramamolin, and followed them as fast as his corpulency would permit; and he was well received by the Moorish sovereign, and remained for a long time at Cordova, diligently employed in decreasing his rotundity.

While the corpulent king was thus growing leaner, discontent broke out among his subjects at home; and, Count Fernan Gonzalez taking advantage of it, stirred up an insurrection, and placed upon the throne of Leon Ordoño the Fourth, surnamed the Bad, who was a kinsman of the late King Ordoño III., and he moreover gave him his daughter for wife—his daughter Urraca, the repudiated wife of the late king.

If the good Count Fernan Gonzalez supposed he had fortified himself by this alliance, and that his daughter was now fixed for the second time, and more firmly than ever, on the throne of Leon, he was grievously deceived; for Sancho I. returned from Cordova at the head of a powerful host of Moors, and was no longer to be called the Fat, for he had, so to speak, been discharged from his regiment prescribed by the miramamolin, and his Arabian physicians, that he could vault into the saddle with merely putting his hand upon the pommel.

Ordoño IV. was a man of puny heart; no sooner did he hear of the approach of King Sancho, and of his marvellous leanness and agility, than he was seized with terror, and abandoning his throne and his twice-repudiated spouse, Urraca, he made for the mountains of Asturias, or, as others assert, was overtaken by the Moors and killed with lances.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FURTHER OF THE HORSE AND FALCON.

King Sancho I., having re-established himself on the throne, and recovered the good-will of his subjects by his lenient and benevolent conduct, sent a stern message to Count Fernan Gonzalez to come to his cortes, or resign his count.
CHRONICLE OF FERNAN GONZALEZ.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF COUNT FERNAN—HIS DEATH.

The good Count Fernan Gonzalez was now stricken in years. The fire of youth was extinct, the pride and ambition of manhood were overspent; the object of his early love, and had her remains conveyed to it and interred with great solemnity. His own sepulchre, according to ancient promise, was prepared for the day appointed for the payment, and in the mean time the price had gone on daily doubling, according to stipulation.

They parted mutually indignant; and, after the count had retired to his quarters, the king, piqued to maintain his royal word, summoned his major-domo, and ordered him to take a large amount of treasure and carry it to the Count of Castile in payment of his demand. So the major-domo repaired to the count with a great sack of money to settle him with the horse and harness; but when he came to count the money, and double it each day that had intervened since the appointed day of payment, the major-domo, though an expert man at figures, was totally confounded, and, returning to the king, answered that all the money in the world would not suffice to pay the debt. King Sancho was totally at a loss how to keep his word, and pay off a debt which was more than enough to ruin him. Grieously did he repent his first experience in traffic, and found that it is not safe as a monarch to be in trade in horses.

In the meantime the count was suffered to return to Castile; but he did not let the matter rest here; for, being sorely incensed at the indignities he had experienced, he sent missives to King Sancho, urging his demand for the horse or falcon—menacing otherwise to make seizures by way of indemnification. Receiving no satisfactory reply, he made a foray into the kingdom of Leon, and brought off great spoil of sheep and cattle.

The Moors were now say that the count was too bold and urgent a creditor to be trifled with. In his perplexity he assembled the estates of his kingdom, and consulted them upon this momentous affair. His counsellors, like himself, were grievously perplexed between the sanctity of the royal word and the enormity of the debt. After much deliberation they suggested a compromise—the Count of Castile to relinquish the debt, and in lieu thereof to be released from his vassals.

The count agreed right gladly to this compromise, being thus relieved from all tributes and imposition, and from the necessity of kissing the hand of any man in the world as his sovereign. Thus did King Sancho pay with the sovereignty of Castile for horse and falcon, and thus were the Castilians relieved, by a skillful bargain in horse-dealing, from all subjection to the kingdom of Leon.*

* Cronica de Alonzo el Sabio, pt. 3, c. 19.
CHRONICLE OF FERNAN GONZALEZ.

Gonzalez was now but the thron^s capital, returned triumphant to Burgos.

"Such," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "was the last campaign in the life of this most valorous cavalier;" and now, abandoning all further deeds of mortall enterprise in arms to his son Garcia Fernandez, he addressed all his thoughts, as he said, to prepare for his campaign in the skies. He still talked as a veteran warrior, whose whole life had been passed in arms, but his talk was not of earthly warfare nor of earthly kingdoms. He spoke only of the kingdom of heaven, and what he must do to make a successful inroad and gain an eternal inheritance in that blessed country.

He was equally indefatigable in preparing for his spiritual as for his mortal campaign. Instead, however, of mailed warriors trampling through his courts, and the shrill neigh of steed or clang of trumpet echoing among their walls, there were seen holy priests and barefoot monks passing to and fro, and the halls resounded with the sacred melody of litany and psalm. So pleased was Heaven with the good works of this pious cavalier, and especially with rich donations to churches and monasteries which he made under the guidance of his spiritual counsellors, that we are told it was given to him to foresee in vision the day and hour when he should pass from this weary life and enter the mansions of eternal rest.

Knowing that the time approached, he prepared for his end like a good Christian. He wrote to the kings of Leon and Navarre in terms of great solemnity, ancient promise and hermitage of San Emetero, first communed when it was commodious to do it, and the word was supplied by others in his name. At Count Fernan in arms, was old and ancient, a tomb instead of a house, for a long time to make his bed and passed the border, saying everything was done in his very den. His sword and buckler, his shield, all his legs, but the sound of his name called him back. Back and brevitiing his body with his Castilian thousand batons, from Garcia Fernandez of his father, followed by the abbot, who joyed and glowing with the peace he had in an extensive assembly before them. They described a great steel, emerald bearing aloft in standard a standard of veteran warrior and way, sword in right hand had struck the heart and gave way behind it. Did he cease to talk, blow within the vessel the surplice, and after coarse friar's garb, he remained in fervent prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. As he had been a valiant captain all his life against the enemies of the faith, so was he in death against the enemies of the soul. He died in the full command of all his faculties, making no groans nor contortions, but rendering up his spirit with the calmness of a heroic cavalier.

We are told that when he died voices were heard from heaven in testimony of his sanctity, while the tears and lamentations of all Spain proved how much he was valued and beloved on earth. His remains were conveyed, according to his request, to the monastery of St. Pedro de Arlanza by a procession of holy friars with solemn chant and dirge. In the church of that convent they still repose; and two paintings are to be seen in the convent—one representing the count valiantly fighting with the Moors, the other conversing with St. Pelayo and St. Millan, as they appeared to him in vision before the battle of Hazinaz.

The cross which he used as his standard is still treasured up in the sacristy of the convent. It is of massive silver, two ells in length, with our Saviour sculptured upon it, and above the head, in Gothic letters, I. N. R. I. Below is Adam awaking from the grave, with the words of St. Paul, "Awake, thou who sleepest, and arise from the tomb, for Christ shall give thee life."

This holy cross still has the form at the lower end by which the standard-bearer rested it in the pompadour of his saddle.

"Inestimable," adds Fray Antonio Agapida, "are the relics and remains of saints and sainted warriors." In after times, when Fernando the Third, surnamed the Saint, went to the conquest of Seville, he took with him a bone of this thrice-blessed and utterly renowned cavalier, together with his sword and pennon, hoping through their efficacy to succeed in his enterprise,—nor was he disappointed; but what is marvellous to hear, but which we have on the authority of the good Bishop Sandoval, on the day on which King Fernando the Saint entered Seville in triumph, great blows were heard to resound within the sepulchre of the count at Arlanza, as if veritably his bones which remained behind exhorted in the victory to arise by those which had been carried to the wars. Thus were marvellously fulfilled the words of the holy psalm,—"Exaltabunt ossa humilitatia.

Here ends the chronicle of the most valorous and renowned Don Fernan Gonzalez, Count of Castile. 

* Sandoval, p. 334.

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II.

S. 19.
CHRONICLE OF FERNANDO

THE SAINT.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARENTAGE OF FERNANDO.—QUEEN BERENGUELA.—THE LARAS.—DON ALVAR CONCEALS THE DEATH OF KING HENRY.—MISSION OF QUEEN BERENGUELA TO ALFONSO IX.—SHE RENOUNCES THE CROWN OF CASTILE IN FAVOR OF HER SON FERNANDO.

FERNANDO III., surnamed the Saint, was the son of Alfonso III., King of Leon, and of Berenguela, a princess of Castile; but there were some particulars concerning his parentage which it is necessary clearly to state before entering upon his personal history.

Alfonso III. of Leon, and Alfonso IX. King of Castile, were cousins, but there were dissensions between them. The King of Leon, to strengthen himself, married his cousin, the Princess Theresa, daughter of his uncle, the King of Portugal. By her he had two daughters. The marriage was annulled by Pope Celestine III. on account of their consanguinity, and, on their making resistance, they were excommunicated and the kingdom laid under an interdict. This produced an unwilling separation in 1195. Alfonso III. did not long remain single. Fresh dissensions having broken out between him and his cousin Alfonso IX. of Castile, they were amicably adjusted by his marrying the Princess Berenguela, daughter of that monarch. This second marriage, which took place about three years after the divorce, came likewise under the ban of the Church, and for the same reason, the near proquinquity of the parties. Again the commands of the Pope were resisted, and again the refractory parties were excommunicated and the kingdom laid under an interdict.

The unfortunate king of Leon was the more unwilling to give up the present marriage, as the Queen Berenguela had made him the happy father of several children, one of whom he hoped might one day inherit the two crowns of Leon and Castile.

The intercession and entreaties of the bishops of Castile so far mollified the rigor of the Pope, that a compromise was made; the legitimacy of the children by the present marriage was not to be affected by the divorce of the parents, and Fernando, the eldest, the subject of the present chronicle, was recognized as successor to his father to the throne of Leon. The divorced Queen Berenguela left Fernando in Leon, and returned, in 1204, to Castile, to the court of her father, Alfonso III. Here she remained until the death of her father in 1214, who was succeeded by his son, Enrique, or Henry I. The latter being only in his eleventh year, his sister, the Ex-Queen Berenguela, was declared regent. She well merited the trust, for she was a woman of great prudence and wisdom, and of a resolute and magnanimous spirit.

At this time the house of Lara had risen to great power. There were three brothers of that turbulent and haughty race, Don Alvar Nufiez, Don Fernando Nufiez, and Don Gonzalo Nufiez. The Laras had caused great trouble in the kingdom during the minority of Prince Henry's father, by arrogating to themselves the regency; and they now attempted, in like manner, to get the guardianship of the son, declaring it an office too important and difficult to be entrusted to a woman. Having a powerful and unprincipled party among the nobles, and using great bribery among persons in whom Berenguela confided, they carried their point; and the virtuous Berenguela, to prevent civil commotions, resigned the regency into the hands of Don Alvar Nuñez de Lara, the head of that ambitious house. First, however, she made him kneel and swear that he would conduct himself toward the youthful king, Enrique, as a thorough friend and a loyal vassal, guarding his person from all harm; that he would respect the property of individuals, and undertake nothing of importance without the counsel and consent of Queen Berenguela. Furthermore, that he would guard and respect the hereditary possessions of Queen Berenguela, left to her by her father, and would always serve her as his sovereign, the daughter of his deceased king. All this Don Alvar Nuñez solemnly swore upon the sacred evangelists and the holy cross.

No sooner, however, had he got the young king in his power, than he showed the ambition, rapacity, and arrogance of his nature. He prevailed upon the young king to make him a count; he induced him to hold cortes without the presence of Queen Berenguela; issuing edicts in the king's name, he banished refractory nobles, giv-
ing their offices and lands to his brothers; he levied exacts on rich and poor, and, what is still more flagrant, he extended these exacts to the Church. In vain did Queen Berenguela remonstrate; in vain did the Dean of Toledo thunder forth an excommunication; he scoffed at them both, for in the king's name he pronounced himself he had a tower of strength. He even sent a letter to Queen Berenguela in the name of the young king, demanding of her the castles, towns, and ports which had been left to her by her father. The queen was deeply grieved at this letter, and sent a reply to the king that, when she saw him face to face, she would do with those possessions whatever he should command, as her brother and sovereign.

On receiving this message, the young king was shocked and distressed that such a demand should have been made in his name; but he was young and inexperienced, and could not openly contend with a man of Don Alvar's overbearing character. He wrote secretly to the queen, however, informing her that the demand had been made without his knowledge, and saying how gladly he would come to her if he could, and be relieved from the thraldom of Don Alvar.

In this way the unfortunate prince was made a tool of the hands of the knave and arrogant nobleman of infecting all kinds of wrongs and injuries upon his subjects. Don Alvar constantly kept him with him, carrying him from place to place of his dominions, wherever his presence was necessary to effect some new measure of tyranny. He even endeavored to negotiate a marriage between the young king and some neighboring princess, in order to retain an influence over him, but in this he was unsuccessful.

For three years he had maintained this iniquitous sway, until one day in 1217, when the young king was with him at Palencia, and was playing with some youthful companions in the court-yard of the episcopal palace, a tile, either falling from the roof of a tower, or sportively thrown by one of his companions, struck him in the head, and inflicted a wound of which he presently died.

This was a fatal blow to the power of Don Alvar. To secure himself from any sudden revolution in the popular mind, he determined to conceal the death of the king as long as possible, and gave it out that he had retired to the fortress of Tariego, whither he had the body conveyed, as if still living. He continued to issue dispatches from time to time in the name of the king, and made various excuses for his non-appearance in public.

Queen Berenguela soon learned the truth. According to the laws of Castile she was heiress to the crown, but she resolved to transfer it to her son, Fernando, who, being likewise acknowledged successor to the crown of Leon, would unite the two kingdoms under his rule. To effect her purpose she availed herself of the cunning of her enemy, kept secret her knowledge of the death of her brother, and sent three of her confidential cavaliers, Don Lope Díaz de Haro, Señor of Biscay, and Don Gonzalo Ruiz Giron, and Don Alonso Tellez de Meneses, to her late husband, Alfonso IX., King of Leon, who, with her son Fernando, was then at Toro, entreating him to send the latter to her to protect her from the tyranny of Don Alvar. The prudent mother, however, fearing to let King Alfonso learn of her brother's death, lest it might awaken in him ambitious thoughts about the Castilian crown.

This mission being sent, she departed with the cavalry of her party for Palencia. The death of the King Enrique being noise about, she was honored as Queen of Castile, and Don Tello, the bishop came forth in procession to receive her. The next day she proceeded to the castle of Ovila, and the bishop, conducted by his partisans and retainers held possession of the principal towns and fortresses; that haughty nobleman, however, would listen to no proposals unless the Prince Fernando was given into his guardianship, as had been the Prince Enrique.

In the meantime the request of Queen Berenguela had been granted by her late husband, the King of Leon, and his son Fernando hastened to meet her. The meeting took place at the castle of Ochuela, and happy was the anxious mother once more to see her son. At her command the cavaliers in her train elevated him on the trunk of an elm-tree for a throne, and hailed him king with great acclamations.

They now proceeded to Valladolid, which is that close [to be continued]. Here the nobility and chivalry of Estremadura and other parts hastened to pay homage to the queen. A stage was erected in the market-place, where the assembled states acknowledged her as queen and swore fealty to her. She immediately, in the presence of her nobles, prelates, and people, announced the crown in favor of her son. The air rang with the shouts of "Long live Fernando, King of Castile!" The bishops and clergy then conducted the king in state to the church. This was on the 31st of August, 1217, and about three months from the death of King Enrique.

Fernando was at this time about eighteen years of age, an accomplished cavalier, having been instructed in everything befitting a prince and a warrior.

CHAPTER II.

KING ALFONSO OF LEON RAVAGES CASTILE.—CAPTIVITY OF DON ALVAR.—DEATH OF THE KING.

King Alfonso of Leon was exceedingly exasperated at the furious manner in which his son Fernando had left him, without informing him of King Henry's death. He considered, and perhaps with reason, the transfer of the crown of Castile by Berenguela to her son, as a manoeuvre to evade any rights or claims which he, King Alfonso, might have over, notwithstanding their divorce; and he believed that both mother and son had conspired to deceive and outwit him; and, what was especially provoking, they had succeeded. It was natural for King Alfonso to have become by this time exceedingly irritable and sensitive; he had been repeatedly thwarted in his dearest concerns; excommunicated out of Castile, and by the Pope; and now, as he conceived, exiled out of a kingdom.

In his wrath he flew to arms—a prompt and customary recourse of kings in those days when they had no will to consult but their own; and, with his bravest warriors and entreaties of holy men, he entered Castile with an army, ravaging the legitimate inheritance of
his son, as if it had been the territory of an enemy. He was seconded in his outrages by Count Alvar Nuñez de Lara and his two bellicose brothers, who hoped still to retain power by raising under his standard.

There were at this time full two thousand cavalry with the youthful king, resolute men, well armed and well appointed, and they urged him to lead them against the King of Leon. Queen Berenguela, however interposed and declared her son should never guile of the impiety of taking up arms against his father. By her advice King Alfonso sent an embassy to the see of Segovia, and ex-postulating with him, and telling him that he ought to be thankful to God that Castile was in the hands of a son disposed at all times to honor and defend him, instead of a stranger who might prove a dangerous foe.

King Alfonso, however, was not so to be appeased. By the ambassadors he sent proposals to Queen Berenguela that they re-enter into wedlock, for which he would procure a dispensation from the Pope; they would then be joint sovereigns of Castile. But King Alfonso, their son, should inherit both crowns. But the virtuous Berenguela recoiled from this proposal of a second nuptials. "God forbid," replied she, "that I should return to a sinful man." Thus Alfonso was left to try his fortune with another, but to claims which belonged to my son, to whom I have given it with the sanction of God and the good men of this realm."

King Alfonso was more enraged than ever by this reply, and being incited and aided by Count Alvar and his faction, he resumed his ravages, laying waste the country and burning the villages. He would have attacked Duenas, but found that place strongly garrisoned by Diego Lopez de Haro and Ruy Diaz de los Cameros; he next marched upon Burgos, but that place was equally well garrisoned by Lope Diaz de Faro and other stout Castilian cavaliers; so perceiving his son to be more firmly seated upon the throne than he had imagined, and that all his own menaces and ravages were unavailing, he returned deeply chagrined.

King Fernando, in obedience to the dictates of his mother as well as of his own heart, abstained from any acts of retaliation on his father; but he turned his arms against Mufion and Lerma alvar, and, in defense of his younger brother, or hold out for Count Alvar, and having subdued them, proceeded to Burgos, the capital of his kingdom, where he was received by the bishop and clergy with great solemnity, and whither the nobles and chivalry from all parts of Castile hastened to rally round his throne. The turbulent Count Alvar Nuñez de Lara and his brothers retaining other fortresses too strong to be easily taken, refused all allegiance, and made ravaging excursions over the country. The prudent and provident Berenguela, therefore, while at Burgos, seeing that her brothers were the only captors of the kingdom would cause great expense and prevent much revenue, gathered together all her jewels of gold and silver and precious stones, and all her plate and rich silks, and other precious things, and caused them to be sold, and gave the money to be spent to defray the cost of these civil wars.

King Fernando and his mother departed shortly afterward for Palencia; on their way they had to pass by Herrera, which at that time was the stronghold of Count Alvar. When the king came in sight, the fair Countess Berenguela, with her retinues, was on the banks of the river, but drew within the walls. As the king had to pass close by with his retinue, he ordered his troops to be put in good order and gave it in charge to Alonzo Telles and Suer Telles and Alvar Ruiz to protect the flanks.

As the royal troops drew near, Count Alvar, leaving his people in the town, rallied some with a few cavaliers to regard the army as it passed. Affecting great contempt for the youthful king and his cavaliers, he stood drawn up on a rising ground with his attendants, looking down upon the troops with scornful aspect, and rejecting all advice to retire into the town.

As the king and his immediate escort came nigh, their attention was attracted to this little body of proud warriors drawn up on a bank and regarding them so loftily; and Alonzo Telles and Suer Telles looking more closely, recognized Don Alvar, and putting spurs to their horses, dashed upon the bank, followed by several cavaliers. Don Alvar repented of his vain confidence too late, and seeing great numbers urging him forward, turned his reins and retreated toward the town. Still his blood was too hot, and he set upon the enemy, and the others, who spurred them on, at full speed, overtook him. Throwing himself from his horse, he covered himself with his shield and prepared for defence. Alonzo Telles, however, rode quickly to his men, thus stopping them, and as heagain captured, with several of his followers, and born off to the king and queen. The count had everything to apprehend from their vengeance for his misconduct. They used no personal harshness, however, but demanded from him that he should surrender all the castles and strong places held by the retainers and partisans of his brothers and himself, that he should furnish one hundred horsemen to aid in their recovery, and should remain a prisoner until those places were all in the possession of the crown.

Captivity broke the haughty spirit of Don Alvar. He agreed to those conditions, and until they should be fulfilled was consigned to the charge of Gonzalo Ruiz de Ibarra, and confined in the castle of Villalolid. The Ultras were delivered up in the course of a few months, and thus King Fernando became strongly possessed of his kingdom.

Stripped of power, state, and possessions, Count Alvar and his brothers, after an attempt to rouse the King of Leon to another campaign against his son, became savage and desperate, and made predatory excursions, pillaging the country, until Count Alvar fell mortally ill of hydrophobia. Struck with remorse and melancholy, he repaired to Toro and entered the chivalrous order of Santiago, that he might gain the indulgence granted by the Pope to those who die in that order, and hoping, says an ancient chronicler, to oblige God if it were, by that religious ceremony, to pardon his sins.* His illness endured seven months, and he was reduced to such poverty that at his death there was not money enough left by him to convey his body to Ucles, where he had requested to be buried, nor to pay for tapers for his funeral. When Queen Berenguela heard this, she ordered this event to be honorably performed at her own expense, and sent a cloth of gold to cover the bier.

The brother of Count Alvar, Don Fernando

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* Cronica Gótica, por Don Alonso Nuñez de Castro, p. 17.
** Cronica General de España, pt. 3, p. 370. 

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abandoned his country in despair and went to Marocco, where he was well received by the Miramamolin, and had lands and revenues assigned to him. He became a great favorite among the Moors, to whom he used to recount his deeds in the well-worn path of chivalry; but by degrees he fell dangerously ill, and caused himself to be taken to a suburb inhabited by Christians. There happened to be there at that time one Don Gonzalo, a knight of the order of the Hospital of St. Jean d’Acre, who, having been in the service of Pope Innocent III. Don Fernando, finding his end approaching, entreated of the knight his religious habit that he might die in it. His request was granted, and thus Count Fernando died in the habit of a Knight Hospitaller of St. Jean d’Acre, in Elbora, a suburb of Marocco. His body was afterward brought to Spain, and interred in a town on the banks of the Pisuerga, in which repose likewise the remains of his wife and children.

The Count Gonzalo Nuñez de Lara, the third of these brothers, also took refuge among the Moors. He was seized with violent disease in the city of Baeza, where he died. His body was conveyed to Camplazalmos, which appertained to the Friars of the Temple, where the holy fragments of the relics of this saint were offered in place of honor. Such was the end of these three brothers of the proud and powerful house of Lara, whose disloyal deeds had harassed their country and brought ruin upon themselves.

CHAPTER III.


King Fernando, aided by the sage counsels of his mother, reigned for some time in peace and quietness, administering his affairs with equity and justice. The good Queen Berenguela now began to take a closer interest in the affairs of the kingdom, and sought to strengthen her son, and had many consultations with the Bishop Maurice of Burgos, and other worthy counsellors, thereupon. They at length agreed upon the Princess Beatriz, daughter of the late Philip, Emperor of Germany, and the Bishop Maurice and Padre Fray Pedro de Arlanza were sent as envoys to the Emperor Frederick II., cousin of the princess, to negotiate the terms. An arrangement was happily effected, and the princess set out for Spain. In passing through France she was courteously entertained at Paris by King Philip, who made her rich presents. On the borders of Castile she was met at Vittoria by the Queen Berenguela, with a great train of prelates, monks, and masters of the religious orders, and of abbesses and nuns, together with a glorious train of chivalry. In this state she was conducted to Burgos, where the king and all his court came forth to receive her, and their nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing.

King Fernando lived happily with his fair Queen Beatriz, and his kingdom remained in peace; but by degrees he became impatient of quiet, and anxious to make war upon the Moors. Perhaps he felt called upon to make some signal essay in arms at present, having, the day before his nuptials, been armed a knight in the monastery of Las Huelgas, and in those iron days knighthood was not a matter of mere parade and ceremony, but called for acts of valor and proofs of stern and desperate valor.

The discreet Berenguela endeavored to dissuade her son from taking the field, considering him not of sufficient age. In all things else he was ever obedient to her counsels, and even to her inclination, but it was in vain that she endeavored to persuade him from making war upon the infidels. "God," he would say, "had put into his hand not merely a sceptre to govern, but a sword to avenge his country.”

It was fortunate for the good cause, moreover, and the Spanish chroniclers, that while the queen-mother was endeavoring to throw a damper on the kindling fire of her son, a worthy prelate was at hand to stir it up into a blaze. This was the illustrious historian Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, who now preached a crusade against the Moors, promising like indulgences with those granted to the warriors for the Holy Sepulchre. The consequence was a great assemblage of troops from all parts at Toledo.

King Fernando was prevented for a time from taking the field. He was too busy with his work, but sent in advance Don Lope Diaz de Ilaro, and Ruy Gonzalez de Giron and Alonzo Tellez de Meneses, with five hundred cavaliers well armed and mounted. The very sight of them effected a conquest over Aben Mohamed, the Moorish King of Baeza, and that he sent an embassy to King Fernando, declaring himself his vassal.

When King Fernando afterwards took the field, he was joined by this Moorish ally at the Navas or plains of Tolosa; who in company with him when the king marched to Jaen, to the foot of a tower, and set fire to it, whereupon those Moors who remained in the tower were burned to death, and those who leaped from the walls were received on the points of lances.

Notwithstanding the burnt-offering of this tower, Heaven did not smile upon the attempt of King Fernando to reduce the city of Jaen. He was obliged to abandon the siege, but consoled himself by laying waste the country. He was more successful elsewhere. He carried the strong tower of Priego, and the fortresses of Las Huelgas, and the garrison their lives on condition of yielding up all their property, and paying, moreover, eighty thousand maravedis of silver. For the payment of this sum they were obliged to give as hostage fifty-five damsels of great beauty, and fifty cavaliers of rank, besides nine hundred of the common people. The king divided his hostages among his bravest cavaliers and the religious orders; but his vassal, the Moorish king of Baeza, obtained the charge of the Moorish damsels.

The king then attacked Loxa, and his men scaled the walls and burnt the gates, and made themselves masters of the place. He then led his army into the Vega of Granada, the inhabitants of which submitted to become his vassals, and gave him all the Christian conquests in that city, amounting to thirteen hundred.

Aben Mohamed, king of Baeza, then delivered to King Fernando the towers of Martos and Andujar, and the king gave them to Don Alvar Perez de Castro, and placed with him Don Gonsalvo de Zafra, Master of Calatrava, and Tello Alonzo Meneses, son of Don Alonzo Tellez, and other stout cavaliers, fitted to maintain frontier posts, which were granted to the King of Granada, where King Fernando, who was also known as King Berenguela, endeavored to do everything that would be conducive to the establishment of the true faith in that country.
ASSASSINATION OF ABEY MOHAMMED.—HIS HEAD CARRIED AS A PRESENT TO ABULLALE, THE MOORISH KING OF SEVILLE.—ADVANCE OF THE CHRISTIANS INTO ANDALUSIA.—ABULLALE PURCHASES A TRUCK.

The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida records various other victories and achievements of King Fernando in a subsequent campaign against the Moors of Andalusia; in the course of which his camp was abundantly supplied with grain by his vassal Aben Mohamed, the Moorish king of Baeza. The assistance rendered by that Moslem monarch to the Christian forces in their battles against those of his own race and his own faith, did not meet with the reward it merited. "Doubtless," says Antonio Agapida, "because he halted half way in the right path, and did not turn through renegade." It appears that his friendship for the Christians gave great disgust to his subjects, and some of them rose upon him, while he was sojourning in the city of Cordova, and sought to destroy him. Aben Mohamed fled by a gate leading to the gardens, to take shelter in the tower of Almodovar; but the assassins overtook him, and slew him on a hill near the tower. They then cut off his head and carried it as a present to Abullale, the Moorish King of Seville, expecting to be munificently rewarded; but that monarch gave command that their heads should be struck off and their bodies thrown to the dogs, as traitors to their liege lords.*

King Fernando was grieved when he heard of the assassination of his vassal, and feared the death of Aben Mohamed might lead to a rising of the Moors. He sent notice to Andujar, to Don Alvar Perez de Castro and Alonso Tellez de Mencos, to be on their guard; but the Moors, fearing punishment for some rebellious movements, abandoned the town, and it fell into the hands of the king. The Moors of Marts did the like. The Alcazar of Baeza yielded also to the king, who placed in it Don Lope Diaz de Haro, with five hundred men.

Abullale, the Moorish sovereign of Seville, was alarmed at seeing the advances which the Christians were making in Andalusia; and attempted to wrest from them these newly acquired places. He marched upon Martos, which was not strongly walled. The Countess Doña Yrzenia, wife to Don Alvar Perez de Castro, was in this place, and her husband was absent. Don Tello Alonzo, with a Spanish force, hastened to her assistance. Finding the town closely invested, he formed his men into a troop, and endeavored to cut his way through the enemy. A rude conflict ensued, the cavaliers fought their way forward, and Christian and Moor arrived poll-mett at the gate of the town. Here the press was excessive. Fernan Gomez de Pudillico, a stout cavalier, who bore the pennon of Don Tello Alonzo, was slain, and the same fate would have befallen Don Tello himself, but that a company of esquires salied from the town to his rescue.

King Abullale now encircled the town, and got possession of the Peña, or rock, which commands it, killing two hundred Christians who defended it.

Provisons began to fail the besieged, and they were reduced to ship their horses for food, and even to eat the hides. Don Gonsalvo Ybanez, master of Calatrava, who was in Baeza, hearing of the extremity of the place, came suddenly with seventy men and one and an embassy. The augmentation of the garrison only served to increase the famine, without being sufficient in force to raise the siege. At length word was brought to Don Alvar Perez de Castro, who was with the king at Guadabaxara, of the imminent danger to which his wife was exposed. He instantly set off for her relief, accompanied by several cavaliers of note, and a strong force. They succeeded in getting into Martos, recovered the Peña, or rock, and made such vigorous defense that Abullale abandoned the siege in despair. In the following year King Fernando led his host to take revenge upon this Moorish king of Seville; but the latter purchased a truce for one year with three hundred thousand maravedis of silver.*

CHAPTER V.

ABEN HUDE.—ABULLALE PURCHASES ANOTHER YEAR'S TRUCE.—FERNANDO HEARS OF THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE KING OF LEON, while pressing the siege of Jaen.—HE BECOMES SOVEREIGN OF THE TWO KINGDOMS OF LEON AND CASTILE.

About this time a valiant sheik, named Aben Abdallah Mohammed ben Hud, but commonly called Aben Hud, was effecting a great revolution in Moorish affairs. He was of the lineage of Aver Alfange, and bitterly opposed to the sect of Al mohades, who for a long time had exercised a tyrannical sway. Stirring up the Moors of Murcia to rise upon their oppressors, he put himself at their head, massacred all the Almohades that fell into his hands, and made himself sheik or king of that region. He purified the mosques with water, after the manner in which Christians purify their churches, as though they had been defiled.

* Cron. Gen. de España, pt. 4, c. ii.
by the Almohades. Aben Hud acquired a name among those of his religion for justice and good faith as well as valor: and after some opposition, gained sway over all Andalusia. This brought him in collision with King Fernando ...  

(Something is wanting here.*)
laying waste fields of grain. The Moorish sovereign of Sevilla purchased another year's truce of him for three hundred thousand maravedis of silver. Aben Hud, on the other hand, collected a great force and marched to oppose him, but did not dare to give him battle. He went, therefore, upon Merida, and fought with King Alfonso of Leon, father of King Fernando, where, however, he met with complete discomfiture.

On the following year King Fernando repeated his invasion of Andalusia, and was pressing the siege of the city of Jaen, which he assailed by means of engines discharging stones, when a courier arrived in all speed from his mother, informing him that his father Alfonso was dead, and urging him to proceed instantly to Leon, to enforce his pretensions to the crown. King Fernando accordingly raised the siege of Jaen, sending his forces to Martos, and repaired to Castile to consult with his mother, who was his counsellor on all occasions.

It appeared that in his last will King Alfonso had named his two daughters joint heirs to the crown, of the Leonese and Gallego dispositions to place the Prince Alfonso, brother to King Fernando, on the throne; but he had listened to the commands of his mother, and had resisted all suggestions of the kind; the larger part of the kingdom, including the most important cities, had declared for Fernando.

Accompanied by his mother, King Fernando proceeded instantly into the kingdom of Leon with a powerful force. Wherever they went the cities threw open their gates to them. The princesses Doña Sancha and Doña Dulce, with their mother Theresa, would have assembled a force to oppose them, but the prelates were all in favor of King Fernando. On his approach to Leon, the bishops and clergy and all the principal inhabitants came forth to receive him, and entered into the cathedral, where he received their homage, and was proclaimed king, with the Te Deum of the choir and the shouts of the people.

Doña Theresa, who, with her daughters, was in Galicia, finding the kingdom thus disposed of, sent to demand provision for herself and the two princesses, who in fact were step-sisters of King Fernando. Queen Berenguela, though she had some reason not to feel kindly disposed toward Doña Theresa, who she might have thought had been exercising a secret influence over her late husband, yet suppressed all such feelings, and undertook to repair in person to Galicia, and negotiate this singular family question. She had an interview with Queen Theresa at Valencia de Merlo in Galicia, and arranged a noble dowry for her, and an annual revenue to each of her daughters of thirty thousand maravedis of gold.

The king then had a meeting with his sisters at Benevente, where they resigned all pretensions to the throne. All the fortified places which held out for them were given up, and thus Fernando became undisputed sovereign of the two kingdoms of Castile and Leon.

CHAPTER VI.


King Fernando III., having, through the sage counsel and judicious management of his mother, made this amicable agreement with his step-sisters, by which he gained possession of their inheritance, now found his territories extended from the Bay of Biscay to the vicinity of the Guadaluquivir, and from the borders of Portugal to those of Aragon and Valencia; and in addition to his titles of King of Castile and Leon, called himself King of Spain by seigniory right, reigning at peace with all his Christian neighbors, he now prepared to carry on, with more zeal and vigor than ever, his holy wars against the infidels.

While making a progress, however, through his dominions, administering justice, he sent his brother, the Prince Alfonso, to make an expedition into the country of the Moors, and to attack the newly risen power of Aben Hud.

As the Prince Alfonso was young and of little experience, the king sent Don Alvar Perez de Castro, the Castilian, with him as captain, he being stout of heart, strong of hand, and skilled in war. The prince and his captain went from Salamanca to Toledo, where they recruited their force with a troop of cavalry. Thence they proceeded to Andujar, where they sent out corregidores, or light foraging troops, who laid waste the country, plundering and destroying and bringing off great booty. Thence they directed their ravaging course toward Cordova, assaulted and carried Palma, and put all its inhabitants to the sword. Following the fertile valley of the Guadaluquivir, they secured the vicinity of Seville, and continued onward for Xerez, sweeping off cattle and sheep from the pastures of Andalusia; driving on long cavalcades of horses and mules laden with spoil; until the earth shook with the trampling of their feet, and their course was marked by clouds of dust and the smoke of burning villages.

In this desolating foray they were joined by two hundred horse and three hundred foot Moorish allies, or rather vassals, being derived from the son of Aben Mohamed, the king of Hacea.

Arrived within sight of Xerez, they pitched their tents on the banks of the Guadalete—that fatal river, sadly renowned in the annals of Spain for the overthrow of Roderick and the perdition of the kingdom.

Here a good watch was set over the captured flocks and herds which covered the adjacent
meadows, while the soldiers, fatigued with rage, gave themselves up to repose on the banks of the river, or indulged in feasting and revelry, or gambled with each other for their booty.

In the meantime Aben Hud, hearing of this undertaking and declining the fratricidal enmity of Andalusia to meet him in Xerez. They hastened to obey his call; every leader spurred for Xerez with his band of vassals. Thither came also the king of the Aztes, with seven hundred horsemen, forty thousand foot, light, vigorous, and active, the city was full of alarm.

The camp of Don Alonso had a formidable appearance at a distance, from the ditches and herds which surrounded it, the vast number of sumptuous mules, and the numerous captives; but when Aben Hud came to reconnoitre it, he found that its aggregate force did not exceed three thousand five hundred men—a mere handful in comparison to his army, and those encumbered with cattle and booty. He anticipated, therefore, an easy victory. He now said, that not one city, and to those at the place of the olive-kids between Christians and the city; while the African horsemen were stationed on each wing, with instructions to hem in the Christians on either side, for he was apprehensive of their escaping. It was evident that the expedition to Xerez was omened to be brought from the city, and osier bands to be made by the soldiery, wherewith to bind the multitude of prisoners about to fall into their hands. His whole force he divided into seven battalions, each containing from fifteen hundred to two thousand cavalry. With these he prepared to give battle.

When the Christians thus saw an overwhelming force in front, cavalry hovering on either flank, and the deep waters of the Guadalte behind them, they felt the peril of their situation.

In this emergency Alvar Perez de Castro showed himself the able captain that he had been represented. Though apparently deferring to the prince in council, he virtually took the command, riding among the troops lightly armed, with trumpey in hand, encouraging every one by word and look and fearless demeanour. To give the most formidable appearance to their little host, he ordered that as many as possible of the foot soldiers should mount upon the mules and horse, and a thousand men to be kept in reserve. Before the battle he conferred the honor of knighthood on Garcia Perez de Vargas, a cavalier destined to gain renown for hardy deeds of arms.

When the troops were all ready for the field, the prince exhorted them as good Christians to confess their sins and obtain absolution. There was a goodly number of priests and friars with the army, as there generally was with all the plundering expeditions of this holy war, but there were not enough to confess all the army; those therefore, who did not have a priest or monk for the purpose, confessed to each other.

Among the cavalry were two noted for their valor; but who, though brothers-in-law, lived in mortal enmity. One was Diego Perez, vassal to Alvar Perez and brother to him who had just been armed knight; the other was Pero Miguel both natives of Toledo. Diego Perez was the one who had given cause of offence. He now approached his adversary and asked his pardon for that day only; that, in a time of such mortal peril, they might not be guilty and malice in their hearts. The priests added their exhortations to this request, but Pero Miguel sternly refused to pardon. When this was told to the prince and Don Alvar, they likewise entreated Don Miguel to pardon his brother-in-law. "I will," replied he, "if he will come to my arms and embrace me as a brother." But Diego Perez in obedience to advice, for he saw danger in the eye of Pero Miguel, and he knew his savage strength and savage nature, and suspected that he meant to strangle him. So Pero Miguel went into battle without pardoning his enemy who had implored forgiveness.

At this time, say the old chronicles, the shouts and yells of the Moorish army, the sounds of their cymbals, kettle-drums, and other instruments of warlike music, were so great that heaven and earth seemed commingled and confounded. In regarding the battle about to overwhelm him, Alvar Perez saw that the only chance was to form the whole army into one mass, and by a headlong assault to break the centre of the enemy. In this emergency he sent word to the prince, who was in the rear with the reserve and had five hundred captives in chains, to strike off the heads of the captives and join him with the whole reserve. This bloody order was obeyed. The prince came to the front, all formed together in one dense column, and then, with the war-cry "Santiago! Santiago!" the Christians charged with resolution against the centre of the enemy. The Moors' line was broken by the shock, squadron after squadron was thrown into confusion, Moors and Christians were intermingled, and the field became one scene of desperate, chance-medley fighting.

Every Christian cavalier fought as if the salvation of the field depended upon his single arm. Garcia Perez de Vargas, who had been knighted just before the battle, proved himself worthy of the honor. He had three horses killed under him, and, engaged in a desperate combat with the King of the Aztes, whom at length he struck dead from his horse. The king had crossed from Africa on a devout expedition in the cause of the Prophet Mahomet. "Verily," says Antonio Agapita, "he had his reward.

Diego Perez was not behind his brother in prowess; and Heaven favored him in that deadly fight, notwithstanding that he had not been pardoned by his enemy. In the heat of the battle he had broken both sword and lance; whereupon, tearing off his great coat, he stood at the base of an olive-tree, he laid about him with such vigor and manhood that he who got one blow in the head from that war-club never needed another. Don Alvar Perez, who witnessed his feats, was seized with delight. At each fresh blow that cracked a Moslem skull he would cry out, "Assi! Assi! Diego, Machachi! Machachi!" (So! So! Diego, smash them! smash them!) and from that day forward that strong-handed cavalier went by the name of Diego Machachi, or Diego the Smasher, and it remained the surname of several of his lineage.

At length the Moors gave way and fled for the gates of Xerez; being hotly pursued they stumbled over the bodies of the slain, and thus many were taken prisoners. At the gates the press was so great that they killed each other in striving to enter; and the Christian sword made slaughter under the walls.

The Christians gathered spoils of the field, after this victory, until they were fatigued with collecting them, and the precious articles found in the Moorish tents were collected. Their camp-fires were supplied with the shafts of broken lances, and they found ample use for the
cords and osier bands which the Moors had provided to bind their expected captives.

It was a theme of much marvel and solemn meditation that of all the distinguished cavaliers who entered into this battle, not one was lost, excepting the same Pero Miguel who refused to pardon his adversary. What became of him no one could tell. The last that was seen of him he was in the midst of the enemy, cutting down and overturning, for he was a valiant warrior and of prodigious strength. When the battle and pursuit were at an end, and the combat the tower, or by sound of trumpet, he did not appear. His tent remained empty. The field of battle was searched, but he was nowhere to be found. Some supposed that, in his fierce cagerness to make havoc among the Moors, he had entered the gates of the city and there been slain; but his fate remained a mere matter of conjecture, and the whole was considered an awful warning that no Christian should go into battle without pardoning those who asked forgiveness.

"On the day," says the worthy Agapida, "it pleased Heaven to work one of its miracles in favor of the Christian host; for the blessed Santiago appeared in the air on a white horse, with a white banner in one hand and a sword in the other, accompanied by a band of cavaliers in white. This miracle," he adds, "was beheld by many men of verity and worth," probably the monks and priests who accompanied the army; "as well as by members of the Moors, who declared that the greatest slaughter was effected by those sainted warriors."

It may be as well to add that Fray Antonio Agapida is supported in this marvellous fact by Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, one of the most learned and pious men of the age, who lived at the time and records it in his chronicle. It is a matter, therefore, placed beyond the doubts of the profane.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—A memorandum at the foot of this page of the author's manuscript, reminds him to "notice death of Queen Beatrix about this time," but the text continues silent on the subject. According to Mariana, she died in the city of Toro in 1235, before the siege of Cordova. Another authority gives the 5th of November, 1236, as the date of the decease, which would be some months after the downfall of that renowned city, or body was interred in the narrow place, Las Huelgas at Burgos, and many years afterward removed to Seville, where reposed the remains of her husband.

CHAPTER VII.
A BOLD ATTEMPT UPON CORDOVA, THE SKAT OF MOORISH POWER.

About this time certain Christian cavaliers of the frontiers received information from Moorish captives that the noble city of Cordova was negligently guarded, so that the suburbs might easily be surprised. They immediately concerted a bold attempt, and sent to Pedro and Alvar Perez, who were at Martos, entreating them to aid them with their vassals. Having collected a sufficient force, and prepared scaling ladders, they approached the city on a dark night in January, amid showers of rain and howling blasts, which prevented their footsteps being heard. Arrived at the foot of the ramparts, they listened, but could hear no sentinel. The guards had shrank into the watch-towers for shelter from the pelting storm, and the garrison was in profound sleep for it was the midwatch of the night.

Some, disheartened by the difficulties of the place, were for abandoning the attempt, but Domingo Muñoz, their adalid, or guide, encouraged them, saying that they were now together, so as to be of sufficient length, they placed them against one of the towers. The first who mounted were Alvar Colodro and Benito de Banos, who were dressed as Moors and spoke the Arabic language. The tower which they scaled is to this day called the tower of Alvar Colodro. Entering it suddenly but silently, they found four Moors asleep, whom they seized and threw over the battlements, and the Christians below immediately dispatched them. By this time a number more of Christians had mounted the ladder, and sallying forth, sword in hand, upon the wall, they gained possession of several towers and of the gate of Martos. Throwing open the gate, Pero Ruy Tabur galloped in at the head of a squadron of horse, and by the dawn of day the whole suburbs of the city were in possession of the Christians; the inhabitants having hastily gathered such of their most valuable effects as they could carry with them, and taken refuge in the city.

The cavaliers now barricaded every street of the suburbs excepting the principal one, which was broad and straight; the Moors, however, made frequent sallies upon them, or showered down darts and arrows and stones from the walls and towers of the city. The cavaliers soon found that they had got into warm quarters, which it would cost them blood and toil to maintain. They sent off messengers, therefore, to Don Alvar Perez, then at Martos, and to King Fernando, at Benevente, craving instant aid. The messenger to the king travelled day and night, and found the king at table; when, kneeling down, he presented the letter with which he was charged.

No sooner had the king read the letter than he called for horse and weapon. All Benevente instantly resounded with the clang of arms and tramp of steed; couriers galloped off in every direction, rousing the towns and villages to arms, and ordering every one to join the king on the frontier. "Cordova! Cordova!" was the war-cry—that word of the idolatrous king of Moorish power! The king waited not to assemble a great force, but, within an hour after receiving the letter, was on the road with a hundred good cavaliers.

It was the depth of winter; the rivers were swollen with rain. The royal party were often obliged to halt on the bank of some raging stream until its waters should subside. The king was all anxiety and impatience. Cordova! Cordova! was the prize to be won, and the cavaliers might be driven out of the suburbs before he could arrive to their assistance.

Arrived at Cordova, he proceeded to the bridge of Alcolea, where he pitched his tents and displayed the royal standard.

Before the arrival of the king, Alvar Perez had hastened from the camp of Martos with a body of troops, and thrown himself into the suburbs. Many warriors, both horse and foot, had likewise hastened from the frontiers and from the various towns to which the king had sent his mandates. Some came to serve the king, others out of devotion to the holy faith, some to gain renown, and not a few to aid in plundering the rich city of Cordova. There were many monks,
also, who had come for the glory of God and the benefit of their conveits.

When the Christians in the suburbs saw the royal standard floating above the camp of the king, they shouted for joy, and in the exultation of the moment, forgot all past dangers and hardships.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SPY IN THE CHRISTIAN CAMP.—DEATH OF ABEN HUD.—A VITAL BLOW TO MOSLEM POWER.—SURRENDER OF CORDOVA TO KING FERNANDO.

ABEN HUD, the Moorish chief, who had been defeated by Alvar Perez and Prince Alonso before Xerez, was at this time in Cejía with a large force, and disposed to hasten to the aid of Cordova, but his recent defeat had made him cautious. He had in his camp a Christian cavalier, Don Lorenzo Xures by name, who had been banished from Castile by King Fernando. This cavalier had gone to the Christian camp, accompanied by three Christian horsemen, and to bring accounts of its situation and strength. His offer was gladly accepted, and Aben Hud promised to do nothing with his forces until his return.

Don Lorenzo set out privately with his companions, and when he came to the end of the bridge he lighted and took one of the three with him, leaving the other two to guard the horses. He entered the camp without impediment, and saw that it was small and of but little force; for though recruits had repaired from all quarters, they had as yet arrived in but scanty numbers.

As Don Lorenzo approached the camp he saw a montero who stood sentinel. "Friend," said he, "do me the kindness to call to me some person who is about the king, as I have something to tell him of great importance." The sentinel went in and brought out Don Otilla. Don Lorenzo took him aside and said, "Do you not know me? I am Don Lorenzo. I pray you tell the king that I entreat permission to enter and communicate matters touching his safety."

Don Otilla went in and awoke the king, who was sleeping, and obtained permission for Don Lorenzo to enter. When the king beheld him he was wroth at his presuming to return from exile; but Don Lorenzo replied, "Señor, your majesty banished me to the land of the Moors to do me harm, but I believe it was intended by Heaven for the welfare both of your majesty and myself."

Then he apprized the king of the intention of Aben Hud to come with a great force against him, and of the doubts and fears he entertained lest the army of the king should be too powerful. Don Lorenzo, therefore, advised the king to draw off as many troops as could be spared from the suburbs of Cordova, and to give his camp an inoffensive aspect as possible; and that he would return and give Aben Hud such an account of the power of the royal camp as would deter him from the attack. "If," continued Don Lorenzo, "I fail in diverting him from his enterprise, I will come off with all my vassals and offer myself, and all I can command, for the service of your majesty, and hope to be accepted for my good intentions. As to what takes place in the Moorish camp, from hence, in three days, I will send you my major letters by this my esquire." The king thanked Don Lorenzo for his good intentions, and pardoned him, and took him as his vassal; and Don Lorenzo said: "I, retaining your majesty to order that for three or four nights there may be great fires in various parts of the camp, so that in case Aben Hud should send scouts by night, there may be the appearance of a great host." The king promised it should be done, and Don Lorenzo took his leave; joining his companions at the bridge, they mounted their horses and travelled all night and returned to Cejía.

When Don Lorenzo appeared in presence of Aben Hud he had the air of one fatigued and careworn. To the inquiries of the Moor he returned answers full of alarm, magnifying the power and condition of the royal forces. "Señor," added he, "if you would be assured of the truth of what I say, send out your scouts, and they will behold the Christian tents whitening all the banks of the Guadalquivir, and covering the country as the snow covers the mountains of Granada; or at night they will see fires on hill and dale illuminating all the land."

This intelligence redoubled the doubts and apprehensions of Aben Hud. On the following day two Moorish horsemen arrived in haste from Zaen, King of Valencia, informing him that King James of Aragon was coming against that place with a powerful army, and offering him the supremacy of the place if he would hasten with all speed to its relief.

Aben Hud, thus perplexed between two objects, asked advice of his counsellors, among whom was the peridious Don Lorenzo. They observed that the Christians, though they had possession of the suburbs of Cordova, could not for a long time master the place. He would have time, therefore, to relieve Valencia, and then turn his arms and those of King Zaen against the host of King Fernando.

Aben Hud listened to their advice, and marched immediately for Almeria, to take thence his ships to the port of Valencia. While at Almeria a Moor named Aben Arramin, and who was his especial favorite, invited him to a banquet. The unsuspecting Aben Hud threw off his cares for the time, and giving loose to conviviality in the house of his favorite, drank freely of the wine that was insidiously pressed upon him, until he became intoxicated. He was then suffocated by the traitor in a trough of water, and it was given out that he had died of apoplexy.

At the death of Aben Hud, his host fell asunder, whereupon Don Lorenzo and the Christians who were with him hastened to King Fernando, by whom they were graciously received and admitted into his royal service.

The death of Aben Hud was a vital blow to Moslem power, and spread confusion throughout Andalusia. When the people of Cordova heard of it, and of the dismemberment of his army, all courage withered from their hearts. Day after day the army of King Fernando was increasing, the roads were covered with foot-soldiers hastening to his standard; every hidalgo who could bestride a horse spurred to the banks of the Guadalquivir to be present at the downfall of Cordova. The noblest cavaliers of Castile were continually seen marching into the camp with banners flying and long trains of retainers.

The inhabitants held out as long as there was help or hope; but they were exhausted by frequent combats and long and increasing famine.
and now the death of Aben Hud cut off all chance of a truce. With sad and broken hearts, therefore, they surrendered their noble city to King Fernando, after a siege of six months and six days. The surrender took place on Sunday, the twenty-ninth day of July, the feast of the glorious Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, in the year of the Incarnation one thousand two hundred and thirty-six.

The inhabitants were permitted to march forth in personal safety, but to take nothing with them. "Thus," exclaims the pious Agapida, "was the city of Cordova, the queen of the cities of Andalusia, which so long had been the seat of the power and grandeur of the Moors, cleansed from all the impurities of Mahomet and restored to the dominion of the true faith.

King Fernando immediately ordered the cross to be elevated on the tower of the principal mosque, and beside it the royal standard; while the bishops, the clergy, and all the people chanted Te Deum Laudamus, as a song of triumph for this great victory of the faith.

The bells, now freed full possession of the city, began to repair, embellish, and improve it. The grand mosque, the greatest and most magnificent in Spain, was now converted into a holy Catholic church. The bishops and other clergy entered it in solemn procession, sprinkling holy water in every nook and corner, and performing all other rites and ceremonies necessary to purify and sanctify it. They erected an altar in it, also, in honor of the Virgin, and chanted masses with great fervor and union. In this way they consecrated it to the true faith, and made it the cathedral of the city.

In this mosque were found the bells of the church of San Iago in Gallicia, which the Alhagh Almanzor, in the year of our Redemption nine hundred and seventy-five, had brought off in triumph, and placed here, turned with their mouths upward to serve as lamps, and remain shining mementos of his victory. King Fernando ordered that these bells should be restored to the church of San Iago; and as Christians had been obliged to bring those bells hither on their shoulders, so infidels were compelled in like manner to carry them back. Great was the popular triumph when these bells had their tongues restored to them, and were once more enabled to fill the air with their holy clangor.

Having ordered all things for the security and welfare of the city, the king placed it under the government of Don Tello Alonzo de Meneses; he appointed Don Alvar Perez de Castro, also, general of the frontier, having its stronghold in the castle of the rock of Martos. The king then returned, covered with glory, to Toledo.

The fame of the recovery of the renowned city of Cordova, which for five hundred and twenty years had been in the power of the infidels, soon spread throughout the kingdom, and the throne in a little while every part to inhabit it. The gates which lately had been thronged with steel-clad warriors were now besieged by peaceful wayfarers of all kinds, conducting trains of mules laden with their effects and all their household wealth; and so great was the change that in a little while there were not houses sufficient to receive them.

King Fernando, having restored the bells to San Iago, had others suspended in the tower of the mosque, whence the muezín had been accustomed to call the Moslems to their worship.

"When the pilgrims," says Fray Antonio de Agapida, "who repaired to Cordova, heard the holy sound of these bells chiming from the tower of the cathedral, their hearts leaped for joy, and they invoked blessings on the head of the pious King Fernando."

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE OF KING FERNANDO TO THE PRINCESS JUANA.—FAMINE AT CORDOVA.—DON ALVAR PEREZ.

When Queen Berenguela beheld King Fernando returning in triumph from the conquest of Cordova, her heart was lifted up with transport, for there is nothing that more rejoices the heart of a mother than the true glory of her son. The Queen, however, as has been abundantly shown, was a woman of great sagacity and forecast. She considered that up to this time, two years had passed since the death of the King Beatriz, and that her son was living in widowhood. It is true he was of quiet temperament, and seemed sufficiently occupied by the cares of government and the wars of the kingdom, but there was no thought of further marriage; but the shrewd mother considered likewise that he was in the prime and vigor of his days, renowned in arms, noble and commanding in person, and gracious and captivating in manners, and surrounded by the temptations of a court. True, he was a saint in spirit, but after all in flesh he was a man, and might be led away into those weaknesses very incident to, but highly unbecoming of, the exalted state of princes. The good mother was anxious, therefore, that he should enter again into the secure and holy state of wedlock.

King Fernando, a mirror of obedience to his mother, readily concurred with her views in the present instance, and left it to her judgment and discretion to make a choice for him. The choice fell upon the Princess Juana, daughter of the Count of Pothier, and a descendant of Louis the Seventh of France. The marriage was negotiated by Queen Berenguela with the Count of Pothier; and the conditions being satisfactorily arranged, the princess was conducted in due state to Burgos, where the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony.

The king, as well as his subjects, was highly satisfied with the choice of the sage Berenguela, for the bride was young, beautiful, and of stately form, and conducted herself with admirable suavity and grace.

After the rejoicings were over, King Fernando departed with his bride, and visited the principal cities and towns of Castile and Leon; receiving the homage of his subjects, and administering justice according to the primitive forms of those days, when sovereigns attended personally to the petitions and complaints of their subjects, and went about hearing causes and redressing grievances.

In the course of his progress, hearing while at Toledo of a severe famine which prevailed at Cordova, he sent a large supply of grain to that city, and at the same time issued orders to various parts, to transport thither as much grain as possible. The calamity, however, went on increasing. The conquest of Cordova had drawn thither great multitudes, expecting to thrive on
the well-known fertility and abundance of the country. But the Moors, in the agitation of the time, had almost ceased to cultivate their fields; the troops helped to consume the supplies on hand; there were few hands to labor and an infinity of mouths to eat, and the cry of famine went on daily growing more intense.

Upon this, Don Alvar Perez, who had command of the frontier, set off to represent the case in person to the king; for one living word from the mouth is more effective than a thousand dead words from the pen. He found the king at Valladolid, deeply immersed in the religious exercises of the day, and of the zeal and loyalty of Alvar Perez, which had been so strikingly displayed in the present instance, he appointed him adelantado of the whole frontier of Andalusia—an office equivalent to that at present called vicecy. Don Alvar hastened back to organize his mission, and to form a new office. He took his station at Martos, in its rock-built castle, which was the key of all that frontier, whence he could carry relief to any point of his command, and could make occasional incursions into the territories. The following chapter will show the cares and anxieties which awaited him in his new command.

CHAPTER X.

ABEN ALHAMAVER, FOUNDER OF THE ALHAMBRA.

—FORTIFIES GRANADA AND MAKES IT HIS CAPITAL. — ATTEMPTS TO SURPRISE THE CASTLE OF MARTOS.—PERIL OF THE FRONTIER.—RESOLVES TO STRATEGEM TO SAVE IT.—DIEGO PEREZ, THE SMASHER.—DEATH OF COUNT ALVAR PEREZ DE CASTRO.

On the death of Aben Hud, the Moorish power in Spain was broken up into factions, as has already been mentioned; but these factions were soon united under one head, who threatened to be a formidable adversary to the Christians. This was Mohammed ben Alhama, or Aben Alhama, as he is commonly called in history.

He was a native of Arjona, of noble descent, being of the Beni Nasar, or race of Nasar, and had been educated in a manner befitting his rank. Arrived at many years, he had been appointed aldeyad of Arjona and Jaen, and had distinguished himself by the justice and benignity of his rule. He was intrinsically, and ambitious, and during the late divisions among the Moslems had extended his territories, making himself master of many strong places.

On the death of Aben Hud, he made a military circuit through the whole kingdom, and everywhere hailed with acclamations as the only one who could save the Moslem power in Spain from annihilation. At length he entered Granada amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the populace. Here he was proclaimed king, and found himself at the head of the Moslems of Spain, being the first of his illustrious line that ever sat upon a throne. It needed nothing more to give lasting renown to Aben Alhama than to say he was the founder of the Alhambra, that magnificent monument which to this day bears testimony to Moorish taste and splendor. As yet, however, Aben Alhama had not time to indulge in the arts of peace. He saw the terror of war that threatened his newly founded kingdom, and prepared to buffet with it. The territories of Granada extended along the coast from Algeciras almost to Murela, and inland as far as Jaen and Huescar.

All the frontiers he hastened to put in a state of defense, while he strongly fortified the city of Granada, which he made his capital.

By the Mahometan law every citizen is a soldier, and to take arms in defense of the country and the faith is a religious and imperative duty. Aben Alhama, however, knew the unsteadiness of hastily levied militia, and organized a standing force to garrison his forts and cities, the expense of which he defrayed from his own revenues. The Moslem warriors from all parts now rallied under his standard, and, after abandoning Valencia on the conquest of that country, by the king of Aragon, hastened to put themselves under the dominion of Aben Alhama.

Don Alvar Perez, on returning to his post, had intelligence of all these proceedings, and perceived that he had not sufficient force to make head against such a formidable neighbor, and that in fact the whole frontier, so recently wrested from the Moors, was in danger of being reconquered.

With his old maxim, therefore, "There is more life in one word from the mouth than in a thousand words from the pen," he determined to have another interview with King Fernando, and acquaint him with the imminent dangers impending over the frontier.

He accordingly took his departure with great secrecy leaving his captains and their women and donzellas in his castle of the rock of Martos, guarded by his nephew Don Tello and forty chosen men.

The departure of Don Alvar Perez was not so secret, however, but that Aben Alhama had notice of it by his spies, and he resolved to make an attempt to surprise the castle of Martos, which, as has been said, was the key to all this frontier.

Don Tello, who had been left in command of the fort, was a young galliard, full of the fire of youth, and he had several hardy and adventurous cavaliers with him, among whom was Diego Perez de Vargas, surnamed Machacha, or the Smasher, for his exploits at the battle of Xerez in smashing the heads of the Moors with the limb of an olive-tree. These hot-blooded cavaliers, looking out like hawks from their mountain hold, were seized with an irresistible inclination to make a foray into the lands of their Moorish neighbors. On a bright morning they accordingly set forth, promising the donzellas of the castle to bring them jewels and rich silks, the spoils of Moorish women.

The cavaliers had not been long gone when the castle was alarmed by the sound of trumpets, and the watchmen from the tower gave notice of a cloud of dust, with Moorish banners and smoking glancing through it. It was, in fact, the Moorish king, Aben Alhama, who pitched his tents before the castle.

Great was the consternation that reigned within the walls, for all the men were absent, except-
CHAPTER XI.


The death of Count Alvar Perez de Castro caused deep affliction to King Fernando, for he considered him the shield of the frontier. While he was at Cordova, or at his rock of Martos, the king felt as assured of the safety of the border as though he had been there himself. As soon as he had departed for Castile, making a circuit round the place to which the fortress, with the fortress of the king had sustained to Cordova, so that the fortress had sustained to the person of his vigilant lieutenant. One of his first measures was to effect a truce of one year with the king of Granada—a truce which each adopted with great regret, compelled by his several policy: King Fernando to organize and secure his recent conquests; Aben Alhamar to regulate and fortify his newly founded kingdom. Each felt that he had a powerful enemy to encounter and a desperate struggle before him.

King Fernando remained at Cordova until the spring of the following year (1241), regulating the affairs of that noble city, assigning houses and estates to such of his cavaliers as had distinguished themselves in the conquest, and, as usual, making rich donations of towns and great tracts of land to the Church and to different religious orders. Leaving his brother Alfonso with a sufficient force to keep an eye upon the king of Granada, he ordered the sons of Jace and Baca and Andujar, and arrived in Toledo on the 23rd of April. Here he received important propositions from Aben Hudiel, the Moorish king of Murcia. The death of Aben Hudiel had left that kingdom a scene of confusion. The alcaides of the different cities and fortresses were at strife with each other, and many refused allegiance to Aben Hudiel. The latter, too, was in hostilities with Aben Alhamar, the king of Granada, and he feared he would take advantage of his truce with King Fernando, and the distracted state of the kingdom of Murcia, to make an inroad. Thus, desperately situated, Aben Hudiel had sent missions to King Fernando, entreating his protection, and offering to become his vassal.

The King of Castile gladly closed with this offer. He forthwith sent his son and heir, the Prince Alfonso, to receive the submission of the king of Murcia. As the prince was young and inexperienced in these affairs of state, he sent with him Don Pelado de Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago, a cavalier of consummate wisdom and address, and also Rodrigo Gonzalez Girón. The prince was received in Murcia with regal honors; the terms were soon adjusted by which the Moorish king acknowledged vassalage to
King Fernando, and ceded to him one-half of his revenues, in return for which the king graciously took him under his protection. The alcaldes of Alcántar, Elche, Orihuela, and other places, agreed to this covenant of vassalage, but it was indignantly rejected by the Waja of Lorca, he had been put in office by Aben Hud; and, now that potentate was no more, he aspired to exercise an independent sway, and had placed alcaldes of his own party in Mula and Cartagena. As the prince Alfonso now acting to solemnize the act of homage and vassalage proposed by the Moorish king, and not to extort submission from his subjects by force of arms, he contented himself with making a progress through the kingdom and receiving the homage of the acquiescent towns and cities, after which he rejoined his father in Castile.

It is conceived by the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, as well as by other monkish chroniclers, that this important acquisition of territory by this saintly prince was a boon from Heaven in reward of an offering which he made to God of his daughter Berenguela, whom early in this year he dedicated as a nun in the convent of Las Huelgas, in Burgos—of which convent the king's sister was a nun.

About this time it was that King Fernando gave an instance of his magnanimity and his chivalrous disposition. We have seen the deadly opposition he had experienced from the haughty house of Lara, and the ruin which the three brothers brought upon themselves by their traitorous hostility. The anger of the king was appeased by their individual ruin; he did not desire to revenge himself upon their helpless families, nor to break down and annihilate a house lofty and renowned in the traditions of Spain. One of the brothers, Don Fernando, had left a daughter, Dona Sancha Fernandez de Lara; there happened at this time to be in Spain a cousin-german of the king, a prince of Portugal, Don Fernando by name, who held the scions of Serpa. Between this prince and Dona Sancha the king effected a marriage, whence has sprung one of the most illustrious branches of the ancient house of Lara.* The other daughters of Don Fernando retained large possessions in Castile; and one of his sons will be found serving valiantly under the standard of Castile.

In the meantime the truce with Aben Alhamar, the king of Granada, had greatly strengthened the hands of that monarch. He had received accessions of troops from various parts, had fortified his capital and his frontiers, and now fomented disturbances in the neighboring kingdom of Murcia—encouraging the refractory cities to persist in their refusal of vassalage—hoping to annex that kingdom to his own newly consolidated dominions.

The walls of Almeria and his partisans, the alcaldes of Mula and Cartagena, thus instigated by the king of Granada, now increased in turbulence, and completely overawed the feeble-handed Aben Hudiel. King Fernando thought this a good opportunity to give his son and heir his first campaign, and Dona Sancha the king exacted the prince a second time to Murcia, accompanied as before by Don Pelayo de Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago; but he sent him now with a strong military force, to play the part of a conqueror. The conquest, as may be supposed, was easy; Mula, Lorca, and Cartagena soon submitted, and the whole kingdom was reduced to vassalage—Fernando henceforth adding to his other titles King of Murcia. "Thus," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "was another precious jewel wrested from the king of Alcañiz, and added to the crown of this saintly monarch."

But it was not in Murcia alone that King Fernando found himself called to contend with his new adversary the king of Granada. That able and active monarch, strengthened as he had been before the truce, made bold forays in the frontiers recently conquered by King Fernando, and had even extended them to the neighborhood of Cordova. In all this he had been encouraged by some degree of negligence and inaction on the part of King Fernando's brother Alfonso, who had been left in charge of the frontier. The prince took the field against Aben Alhamar, and fought him manfully; but the Moorish force was too powerful to be withstood, and the prince was defeated.

Tidings of this was sent to King Fernando, and of the great danger of the frontier, as Aben Alhamar, flushed with success, was aiming to drive the Christians out of Andalusia. King Fernando at once set off with his army, accompanied by the Queen Juana. He did not wait to levy a powerful force, but took with him a small number—knowing the loyalty of his subjects and their belligerent propensities, and that they would hasten to his standard the moment they knew he was in the field and exposed to danger. His force accordingly increased as he advanced. At Andujar he met his brother Alfonso with the relics of his lately defeated army—all brave and expert soldiers. He had now a commanding force, and leaving the queen with a sufficient guard at Andujar, he set off with his brother Alfonso and Don Nuño González de Lara, son of the Count González, to scour the country about Arjona, Jaén, and Alcadete. The Moors took refuge in their strong places, whence they saw with aching hearts the desolation of their country—olive plantations on fire, vineyards laid waste, groves and orchards cut down, and all the other forms of devastation practised in these unsparking wars.

The King of Granada did not venture to take the field, and King Fernando, meeting no enemy to contend with, while ravaging the lands of Alcadete, detached a part of his force under Don Rodrigo Fernandez de Castro, a son of the brave Alvar Perez lately deceased, and he associated with him Nuño González, with orders to besiege Arjona. This was a place dear to Aben Alhamar, the King of Granada, being his native place, where he had first tasted the sweets of power. Hence he was commonly called the King of Arjona.

The people of the place, though they had quailed before King Fernando, despised his officers and set them at defiance. The king himself, however, made his appearance on the following day with the remainder of his forces, whereupon Arjona capitulated.

While his troops were reposing from their labors, the king made some further ravages, and reduced several small towns to obedience. He then sent his brother Don Alfonso with sufficient forces to carry fire and sword into the Vega de Granada. In the meantime he started for Andujar to the Queen Juana. He merely came, say the old chronicles, for the purpose of conducting her to Cordova: fulfilling, always

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* Cronica del Rey Santo, cap. 17.
† Notas para la Vida del Santo Rey, p. 554.
his duty as a cavalier, without neglecting that of a king.

The moment he had left her in her palace at Cordova, he hastened back to join his brother in harasing the territories of Granada. He came in time for Aben Alhamar, enraged at seeing the destruction of the Vega, made such a vigorous sally that had Prince Alfonso been alone in command, he might have received a second lesson still more disastrous than the first. The presence of the king, however, put new spirit and valor into the troops: the Moors were driven back to the city, and the Christians pursued them to the very gates. As the king had sufficient forces with him to attempt the capture of this place, he contented himself with the mischief he had done, and, with some more which he subsequently effected, he returned to Cordova to let his troops rest from their fatigues.

While the king was in this city a messenger arrived from his mother, the Queen Berenguela, informing him of her intention of coming to pay him a visit. A long time elapsed since they had seen each other, and her extreme age rendered her anxious to embrace her son. The king, to gratify her wishes, set off to journey her from the palace, and they met off to meet her, taking with him his Queen Juana. The meeting took place in Pezuelo near Burgos, and was affecting on both sides, for never did son and mother love and honor each other more truly. In this interview, the queen represented her age and increasing weakness, and her incapacity to cope with the fatigues of public affairs, of which she had always shared the burden with the king; she therefore signified her wish to retire to her convent, to pass the remainder of her days in holy repose. King Fernando, who had found in his mother his ablest counsellor and best support, bent her not to leave his side in these arduous times, when the King of Granada on one side, and the King of Seville on the other, threatened to put all his courage and resources to the trial. A long and earnest, yet tender and affectionate, conversation succeeded between them, which resulted in the queen's yielding to his solicitations. The illustrious son and mother remained together six weeks, conjuring each other's safety, and each other's fate, which they separated—the king and queen for Toledo, and the queen-mother for Seville. They were never to behold each other again upon earth, for the king never returned to Castile.

CHAPTER XII.
KING FERNANDO'S EXPEDITION TO ANDALUSIA.—SIEGE OF JAEN.—SECRET DEPARTURE OF ABEN ALHAMAR FOR THE CHRISTIAN CAMP.—HE ACKNOWLEDGES HIMSELF THE VASSAL OF THE KING, WHO ENTERS JAEN IN TRIUMPH.

It was in the middle of August, 1245, that King Fernando set out on the campaign against Andalusia, whence he was never to return. All that autumn he pursued the same destructive course as in his preceding campaigns, laying waste the country with fire and sword in the vicinity of Jaen and to Alcalá la Real. The town,
CHRONICLE OF FERNANDO THE SAINT.

"was not to be outdone in generosity. He raised his late enemy from the earth, embraced him as a friend, and left him in the sovereignty of his dominions; the good king, however, was as pugnacious as he was generous. He received Aben Alhamar as a vassal; conditioned for the delivery of Jaen; for the yearly payment of one half of his revenues; for his attendance at the cortes as one of the nobles of the empire, and his aiding Castile in war with a certain number of horsemen.

In compliance with these conditions, Jaen was given up to the Christian king, who entered it in triumph about the end of February. His first care was to repair in grand procession, bearing the holy cross, to the principal mosque, which was purified and sanctified by the Bishop of Cordova, and erected into a cathedral and dedicated to the most holy Virgin Mary.

He remained some time in Jaen, giving repose to his troops, regulating the affairs of this important place, disposing of houses and estates among his warriors who had most distinguished themselves, and amply rewarding the priests and monks who had aided him with their prayers.

As to Aben Alhamar, he returned to Granada, relieved from apprehension of impending ruin to his kingdom, but deeply conscious at having to come under the yoke of vassalage. He consolled himself by prosecuting the arts of peace, improving the condition of his people, building hospitals, founding institutions of learning, and beautifying his capital with those magnificent edifices which remain the admiration of posterity; for now it was that he commenced to build the Alhambra.

CHAPTER XIII.


Fernando had reduced the fair kingdom of Granada to vassalage, and fortified himself in Andalusia by the possession of the strong city of Jaen, betook himself now of returning to Seville. The winter was one of the most pestilent in Spain whose hostilities he had to fear: this was Axataf, the King of Seville. He was the son of Aben Hud, and succeeded to a portion of his territories. Warned by the signal defeat of his father at Xerez, he had forebade to take the field against the Christians, but had spared no pains and expense to put the city of Seville in the highest state of defence; strengthening its walls and towers, providing it with munitions of war of all kinds, and exercising his people continually in the use of arms. King

* Notas para la Vida, del Santo Rey, p. 562.

† Rodriguez, Memorias del Santo Rey, c. ivii.
continues the chronicler, “was deployed in all the cities, towns, and villages of Castile and Leon; by all people, great and small, but especially by the nobility, to whom she was ever a benefactress.”

Another heavy loss to King Fernando, about this time, was that of the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Rodrigo, the great adviser of the king in all his expeditions, and the prelate who first preached the grand crusade in Spain. He lived a life of piety, activity, and zeal, and died full of years, of honors, and of riches—having received princely estates and vast revenues from the king in reward of his services in the cause.

These private afflictions for a time occupied the royal mind; the king was also a little disturbed by some rash proceedings of his son, the hereditary Prince Alfonso, who, being left in the government of Murcia, took a notion of imitating his father in his conquests, and made an inroad into the Moorish kingdom of Valencia, at that time in a state of confusion. This brought on a collision with King Jayme of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, who had laid his hand upon all Valencia, as his by right of inheritance. There was then a day of battle and capture with the Aragon, and the King Fernando having an enemy on his back, while busied in wars in Andalusia. Fortunately King Jayme had a fair daughter, the Princess Violante; and the grave diplomatists of the two courts determined that it would be better to let the two children marry than to make war between their empires with their spoils. The marriage was accordingly solemnized in Valladolid in the month of November in this same year, and now the saintly King Fernando turned his whole energies to this great and crowning achievement, the conquest of Seville, the emporium of Mahometanism in Spain.

Foresaking, as long as the month of the Guadalquivir was open, the city could receive reinforcements and supplies from Africa, the king held consultations with a wealthy man of Burgos, Ramón Bonifaz, or Boniface, by name—some say a native of France—well experienced in maritime affairs, and capable of fitting out and managing a fleet. This man he constituted his admiral, and sent him to Huesca to provide and arm a fleet of ships and galleys, with which to attack Seville by water, while the king should invest it by land.

CHAPTER XIV.

INVESTMENT OF SEVILLE.—ALL SPAIN AROUSED TO ARMS.—SURRENDER OF ALCALA DEL RIO.—THE FLEET OF ADMIRAL RAMON BONIFAZ ADVANCES UP THE GUADALQUIVIR; WITH PELAYO CORREA, MASTER OF SANTIAGO,—HIS VALOROUS DEEDS AND THE MIRACLES WROUGHT IN HIS BEHALF.

When it was bruited about that King Fernando the Saint intended to besiege the great city of Seville, all Spain was stirred up to arms. The masters of the various military and religious orders, the ricos hombres, the princes, cavaliers, hidalgos, and every one of Castile and Leon capable of bearing arms, prepared to take the field. Many of the nobility of Catalonia and Portugal repaired to the standard of the king, as did other cavaliers of worth and prowess from lands far beyond the Pyrenees.

Prelates, priests, and monks likewise thronged to the army—some to take care of the souls of those who hazarded their lives in this holy enterprise, others with a zealouse determination to grasp buckler and lance, and battle with the arm of flesh against the enemies of God and the Church.

At the opening of spring the assembled host issued forth in shining array from the gates of Cordova. After having gained possession of Carmona, and Lorca and Alcolea, and of other neighboring places—some by voluntary surrender, others by force of arms—the king crossed the Guadalquivir, with great difficulty and peril, and made himself master of several of the most important posts in the neighborhood of Seville. Among these was Alcaza del Rio, a place of great consequence, through which passed all the succours from the African coast, and was bravely defended by Axataf, in person, the commander of Seville. He remained in Alcaza with three hundred Moorish cavaliers, making frequent sallies upon the Christians, and effecting great slights; but all the country around laid waste, the grain burnt or trampled down, the vineyards torn up, the cattle driven away and the villages consumed; so that nothing remained to give sustenance to the гарнизон or the inhabitants. Not daring to linger there any longer, he departed secretly in the night and retired to Seville, and the town surrendered to the king.

While the king was putting Alcaza del Rio in a state of defence, Admiral Ramon Bonifaz arrived at the mouth of the Guadalquivir with a fleet of thirteen large ships, and several small vessels and galleys. While he was yet hovering about the land, he heard of the approach of a great force of ships for Tangier, Ceuta, and Seville, and of an army to assault him from the shores, and resolved to give succour to the king; when it reached the sea-coast the enemy had not yet appeared; wherefore, thinking it a false alarm, the reinforcement returned to the camp. Scarcely, however, had it departed when the Africans came swarming over the sea, and fell upon Ramon Bonifaz with a greatly superior force. The admiral, in no dismay, defended himself vigorously—sunk several of the enemy, took a few prizes, and put the rest to flight, remaining master of the river. The king heard of the peril of the fleet, and, crossing the ford of the river, had hastened to its aid; but when he came to the sea-coast, he found it victorious, at which he was greatly rejoiced, and commanded that it should advance higher up the river.

It was the twelfth of the month of August that King Fernando began formally the siege of Seville, having encamped his troops, small in number, but of stout hearts and valiant hands, near to the city on the banks of the river. From hence Don Pelayo Correa, the valiant Master of Santiago, with two hundred and sixty horsemen, many more, and the remainder, attempted to cross the river at the ford below Alcalafarache. Upon this, Aben Amaken, Moorish king of Niebla, sallied forth with a great host to control it.
host to defend the pass, and the cavaliers were exposed to imminent peril, until the king sent cavaliers and monks. His little camp became a terror to the neighborhood, and checked the sallies of the Moorish mountainians from the Sierra Morena. In one of his enterprises he gained a signal advantage over the foe, but the approach of night threatened to deprive him of his victory. Then the pious warrior lifted up his voice and supplicated the Virgin Mary in those celebrated words: "Santa Maria dixit dia" (Holy Mary, set me free), for it was one of the days consecrated to the Virgin. The blessed Virgin listened to the prayer of her valiant votary; the daylight continued in a supernatural manner, until the victory of the good Master of Santiago was completed. In honor of this signal favor, he afterward erected a temple to the Virgin by the name of Nuestra Señora de Tentudia.

If any one should doubt this miracle, wrought in favor of this pious warrior and his soldiers of the cowl, it may be sufficient to relate another, which immediately succeeded, and which shows how peculiarly he was under the favor of Heaven. After the battle was over, his followers were all so faint with fatigue and hunger that they could find no stream or fountain; and when the good master saw the distress of his soldiers, his heart was touched with compassion, and beheld him visibly the miracle performed by Moses, in an impulse of holy zeal and confidence, and in the name of the blessed Virgin, he struck with his lance a rock, and instantly there gushed forth a fountain of water, at which all his Christian soldiers drank and were refreshed. So much at present for the good Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Correa.

CHAPTER XV.

KING FERNANDO CHANGES HIS CAMP.—GARCÍ PEREZ AND THE SEVEN MOORS.

KING FERNANDO the Saint soon found his encampment on the banks of the Guadalquivir too much exposed to the sudden sallies and insults of the Moors, and the unforeseen attack of the holy men. He accordingly, as the Moors pursued the fields, carried off horses and stragglers from the camp, and kept it in continual alarm. He drew off, therefore, to a more secure place, called Tablada, the same where at present is situated the hermitage of Nuestra Señora de El Bote. Here he had a profound ditch dug all around the camp, to shut up the passes from the Moorish cavalry. He appointed patrols of horsemen also, completely armed, who continually made the rounds of the camp, in successive bands, at all hours of the day and night. In a little while his army was increased by the arrival of troops from all parts—nobles, cavaliers, and rich men, with their retainers—nor were there wanting holy prelates, who assumed the warrior, and brought large squadrons of well-armed vassals to the army. Merchants and artificers now daily arrived, and wandering minstrels, and people of all sorts, and the camp appeared like a warlike city, where rich and sumptuous merchandise mingled with the splendor of arms; and the

* Zuniga: Annales de Sevilla, l. 4.
‡ Cronica Gotica, T. 3, § vili.
various colors of the tents and pavilions, and the
fl uttering standards and pennons bearing the
painted devices of the proudest houses of Spain,
were gay and glorious to behold.

When the knight had dismounted and returned in search of his squires they
were all in the camp in Tabladal. He ordered that every day they should sally forth in search of provisions and
provender, guarded by strong bodies of troops.

The various chiefs of the army took turns to command the guards who escorted the foragers.

One day it was the turn of Garci Perez, the same
knight who had killed the king of the Almohads.

He was a hardy, iron warrior, seasoned and
scorned in warfare, and renowned among both
Moors and Christians for his great prowess, his
daring courage, and his coolness in the midst of
danger. Garci Perez had lingered in the camp
until some time after the foragers had departed,
who were already out of sight. He at length
set out to join them, accompanied by another
knight, or rather, a cavalier, who had not proceeded far before they perceived seven Moorish genies, or light-horsemen, directly in their road. When the companion of Garci Perez beheld such a formidable
array of foes, he paused and said: "Señor Perez,
let us return; the Moors are seven and we but two.
And there is no law in the ducato which obliges us
to make front against such fearful odds."

To this Garci Perez replied: "Señor, forward,
aver all ways; let us continue on our road;
those Moors will never wait for us." The other
cavalier, however, declined against such rashness,
and turning the reins of his horse, returned
as privately as possible to the camp, and hastened
to his tent.

All this happened within sight of the camp. The king was at the door of his royal tent, which
stood on a rising ground and overlooked the place
where this occurred. When the king saw one cavalier return and the other continue, notwithstanding that there were seven Moors in the road, he ordered that some horsemen should ride forth
to find him.

Upon this Don Lorenzo de Ayala, who was with
the king and had seen Garci Perez sally forth from the camp, said: "Your majesty may leave
that cavalier to himself; that is Garci Perez,
and he has no need of aid against seven Moors.
If he knew him they will not meddle with
him; and if they do, your majesty will see what
kind of a cavalier he is."

They continued to watch the cavalier, who rode on tranquilly as if in no apprehension.

When he drew nigh to the Moors, who were
drawn up on each side of the road, he took his
arms from his squire and ordered him not to
separate from him. As he was laden with his morion,
an embroidered cap which he wore on his head
and the ground without his perceiving it. Hav-
ing faced the capellina, he continued on his way,
and his square after him. When the Moors saw
him near by they knew by his arms that it was
Garci Perez, and bethinking them of his great
renown for terrible deeds in arms, they did not
dare to attack him, but went along the road even
with him, he on one side, they on the other,
mechaneous.

Garci Perez went on his road with great
serenity, without making any movement. When
the Moors saw that he heeded not their menaces,
they turned round and went back to the place
where they had dropped his cap. He
arrived at some distance from the
Moors, he took off his arms to return them to
his squires, and unlacing the capellina, found that
the cap was wanting. He asked the squires for it,
but the latter knew nothing about it. Seeing
that it had fallen, he again demanded his arms
and the morion, and not finding them, in turn
selling his square to keep close behind him and look out
for it. The squire remonstrated. "What,
señor," said he, "will you return and place
yourself in such great peril for a mere cap?
Have you not already done enough for your
sake in pardoning him for seven Moors,
and have you not been singularly favored
by fortune in escaping unhurt, and do you seek
again to tempt fortune for a cap?"

"Say no more," replied Garci Perez; "that
cap was worked for me by a fair lady; I hold
it again of great value. Besides, dost thou not see
that I have not a head to be without a cap?"
alluding to the baldness of his head, which had
no hair in front. So saying, he tranquilly
returned toward the Moors. When Don Lorenzo
Xuarete saw this, he said to the king: "Behold! your majesty, how Garci Perez turns upon
the Moors; since they will not make an attack,
he means to attack them. Now your majesty
will see the noble valor of this cavalier, if
the Moors dare to await him." When the Moors
beheld Garci Perez approaching they thought
he meant to assault them, and drew off, not daring
to encounter him. When Don Lorenzo saw
this he exclaimed:

"Behold! your majesty, the truth of what I
told you. These Moors dare not wait for him.
I knew well the valor of Garci Perez, and it
appears the Moors are aware of it likewise."

In the mean time Garci Perez came to the
place where the caps had fallen, and beheld it
upon the earth. Then he ordered his squire
to dismount and pick it up, and putting it
deliberately on his head, he continued on his way
to the foragers.

When he returned to the camp from guarding
the foragers, Don Lorenzo asked him, in presence
of the king, who was the cavalier who had set
out with him from the camp, but had turned
back on sight of the Moors; he replied that he
did not know him, and he was confused, for he
perceived that the king had witnessed what had
passed, and he was so modest withal, that he was
never embarrassed when his deeds were praised
in his presence.

Don Lorenzo repeatedly asked him who was
the recreant cavalier, but he always replied that
he did not know, although he knew full well
and saw him daily in the camp. But he was too
generous to say anything that should take away
the fame of another, and he charged his squire
that never, by word or look, he should betray
the secret; so that, though inquiries were often
made, the name of that cavalier was never
discovered."

CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE RAFT BUILT BY THE MOORS, AND HOW
IT WAS BOATRED BY ADMIRAL DONIFAZ,
DESTRUCTION OF THE MOORISH FLEET,
SUCCESSION OF AFRICA.

While the army of King Fernando the Saint
harassed the city by land and cut off its supplies,
the bold Donifaz, with his fleet, shut up the river,
prevented all succor from Africa, and menaced
to attack the bridge between Triana and Seville, by which the city derived its sustenance from the opposite country. The Moors saw their peril. If this were the case, they had nothing left but to surrender. The consequence, and the multitude of their soldiers, on which at present they relied for safety, would then become the cause of their destruction.

So the Moors devised a machine by which they hoped to sweep the river and involve the invading fleet in smoke. They made a raft so wide that it reached from one bank to the other, and they placed all around it pots and vessels filled with resin, pitch, tar, and other combustibles, forming what is called Greek fire, and upon it was a great number of armed men, and on each shore—

from the castle of Triana on the one side, and from the city on the other—sailed forth legions of troops, to advance at the same time with the raft. The raft was preceded by several vessels well armed, to attack the Christian ships, while the soldiers on the raft should hurl on board their pots of fire; and at length, setting all the combustibles in a blaze, should send the raft flaming into the midst of the hostile fleet, and wrap it in one general conflagration.

When everything was prepared, the Moors set off by land and water, confident of success. But they proceeded in a wild, irregular manner, shouting and sounding drums and trumpets, and began to attack the Christian ships fiercely, but without concert, hurling their pots of fire from a distance, and with smoke, but without shorting their enemy. The tumultuous uproar of their preparations had put all the Christians on their guard. The bold Bonifaz waited not to be assassinated; he boarded the raft, attacked vigorously its defenders, put many of them to the sword, and drove the rest into the water, and succeeded in extinguishing the Greek fire. He then encountered the ships of war, grappling them and fighting hand to hand to ship. The action was furious and bloody, and lasted all the day. Many were cut down in flight, many fell into the water, and many in despair threw themselves in and were drowned.

The battle had raged no less fiercely upon the land. On the side of Seville, the troops had issued from the camp of King Fernando, while on the side of the bridge the brave Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Perez Correa, with his warriors and fighting friars, had made sharp work with the enemy. In this way a triple battle was carried on; there was the rush of squadroners, the clash of arms, and the din of drums and trumpets on each side, while the river was covered with vessels, tearing each other to pieces as it were, their crews fighting in the midst of flames and smoke, the waves red with blood and filled with the bodies of the slain. At length the Christians were victorious; most of the enemy's vessels were taken or destroyed, and on either shore the Moors, broken and discomfited, fled—those on the one side for the gates of Seville, and those on the other for the castle of Triana—pursued with great slaughter by the victors.

Notwithstanding the great destruction of their fleet, the Moors soon renewed their attempts upon the ships of Ramon Bonifaz, for they knew that the salvation of the city required the freedom of the river. Succor arrived from Africa, of ships, with troops and provisions; they rebuilt the fire-ships which had been destroyed, and incessant combats, fires, and stratagems took place daily, both on land and water. The admiral stood in great dread of the Greek fire used by the Moors. He caused large staves of wood to be placed in the river, to prevent the passage of the fire-ships. This for some time was of avail; but the Moors, watching by the sentinel, when the sentinels were asleep, came and threw cables round the stakes, and fastening the other ends to their vessels, made all sail, and, by the help of wind and oars, tore away the stakes and carried them off with shouts of triumph. The clarion and exultation of the Moors betrayed them.

The Admiral Bonifaz was aroused. With a few of the lightest of his vessels he immediately pursued the enemy. He came upon them so suddenly that they were too much bewildered either to fight or fly. Some threw themselves into the waves in alarm; others attempted to make resistance and were cut down. The admiral took four barks laden with arms and provisions, and with these returned in triumph to his fleet.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE STOUT PRIOR, FERRAN RUZ, AND HOW HE RESCUED HIS CATTLE FROM THE MOORS.—FURTHER ENTERPRISES OF THE PRIOR, AND OF THE AMBUCASE INTO WHICH HE FELL.

It happened one day that a great part of the cavaliers of the army were absent, some making cavigadas about the country, others guarding the foragers, and others gone to receive the Prince Alfonso, who was on his way to his camp from Murcia. At this time ten Moorish cavaliers, of the brave lineage of the Azules, finding the Christian camp but thinly peopled, came prowling about, seeking where they might make a bold inroad. As they were on the lookout they came to that part of the camp where were the tents of the stout Friar Ferran Ruiz, prior of the hospital. The stout prior, and his fighting brethren, were as good at foraging as fighting. Around their quarters there were several sleek cows grazing, which they had carried off from the Moors. When the Azules saw these, they thought to make a good prize, and to bear off the prior's cattle as a trophy. Carrying lightly, therefore, between the castle and the camp, they began to drive them toward the city. The alarm was given in the camp, and six sturdy friars saluted them, on foot, with two cavaliers, in pursuit of the marauders. The prior himself was roused by the noise; when he heard that the beves of the Church were in danger his ire was kindled; and buckling on his armor, he mounted his steed and galloped furiously to the aid of his valiant friars, and the rescue of his cattle. The Moors attempted to urge on the lagging and full-fed kine, but finding the enemy close upon them, they were obliged to abandon their spoil among the olive-trees, and to retreat. The prior then gave the cattle in charge to a squire, to drive them back to the camp. He would have returned himself, but his friars had continued on for some distance. The stout prior, therefore, gave spurs to his horse and galloped beyond them, to turn them back. Suddenly great shouts and cries arose before and behind him, and an immense horde of Moors, both horse and foot, came rushing out of a ravine. The stout Prior of San Juan saw that there was no retreat; and he disdained to render

Cronica de Santo Rey, c. 55.
in like manner, bearing off wealthy spoils. Such was the pious vengeance which the Moors brought upon themselves by meddling with the king of the stout prior of the hospital.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRAVADO OF THE THREE CAVALIERS.—AMBUSH AT THE BRIDGE OVER THE GUADAYRAGRAND ATTEMPT OF ADMIRAL BONIFAZ ON THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.—SEVILLA DISMENBERED FROM TRIANA.

Or all the Christian cavaliers who distinguished themselves in this renowned siege of Seville, there was none who surpassed in valor the bold Garci Perez de Vargas. This hardy knight was truly emblazoned of danger, and like a gauntlet with his gold, he seemed to have no pleasure of his life except evincing it in constant jeopardy. One of the greatest friends of Garci Perez was Don Lorenzo Xuarez Gallinato, the same who had boasted of the valor of Garci Perez at the time that he exposed himself to be attacked by seven Moorish horsemen. They were not merely companions, but rivals in arms; for in this siege it was the custom among the Christian knights to vie with each other in acts of daring enterprise.

One morning, as Garci Perez, Don Lorenzo Xuarez, and a third cavalier, named Alfonso Tello, were on horseback near the gates of the camp, a friendly contest arose between them as to who was most adventurous in arms. To settle the question, it was determined to put the proof to the Moors, by going alone and striking the points of their lances in the gate of the city.

No sooner was this mad bravado agreed upon than they turned the reins of their horses and made for Seville. The Moorish sentinels, at the towers of the gate, saw three Christian knights advance over the plain, and supposed them to be messengers or deserters from the army. When the Moors drew near their stand was unavailing, nor did the horsemen make good their retreat into the city, until the powerful arm of the Church which had visited their rear with pious vengeance. Nor did the chaste speech of Heaven end here. The stout prior of the hospital, being once aroused, was full of ardor and enterprise. Concurring with the Prince Don Enrique, and the Masters of Calatrava and Alcántara, and the valiant Lorenzo Xuarez, they made a sudden assault by night on the suburb of Seville called Benaljofar, and broke their way into it with fire and sword. The Moors were ajar from their sleep by the flames of their dwellings and the shouts of the Christians. There was hard and bloody fighting. The prior of the hospital, with his valiant friars, was in the fiercest of the action, and their war-cry of "San Juan! San Juan!" was heard in all parts of the suburb. Many houses were burnt, many sacked, many Moors slain or taken prisoners, and the Christian knights and friars, having gathered together a great cavalgada of the flocks and herds which were in the suburb, drove it off in triumph to the camp, by the light of the blazing dwellings.

A like inroad was made by the prior and the same cavaliers a few nights afterward, into the suburb called Macarena, which they laid waste

* Cronica General, pt. 4, p. 338.
dency upon the Christian camp, or to sweep off the trees and herbs from its outskirts, and then to scour back to the bridge, beyond which it was dangerous to pursue them.

The defense of this part of the camp was intrusted to those two valiant combaters in arms, Garcia Perez de Vargas and Don Lorenzo Ximenez; and they determined in revenge upon the Moors for all the depredations they had committed. They chose, therefore, about two hundred hardy cavaliers, the flower of those seasoned warriors on the opposite side of the Guadalquivir, who formed the little army of the government. These were assembled together, Don Lorenzo put them in ambush, in the way by which the Moors were accustomed to pass in their maraudings, and he instructed them, in pursuing the Moors, to stop at the bridge, and by no means to pass beyond it; for between it and the city there was a great host of the enemy, and the bridge was so narrow that to retreat over it would be perilous in the extreme. This order was given to all, but was particularly intended for Garci Perez, to whom he imparted a special trust, which was ever apt to run into peril.

They had not been long in ambush when they heard the distant tramp of the enemy upon the bridge, and found that the Moors were upon the forage. Many of the Moors had been taken by them in careless and irregular manner, as men apprehending no danger. Scarcely had they gone by when the cavaliers rushed forth, charged into the midst of them, and threw them all into confusion. Many were killed or overthrown in the shock, the rest took to flight, and made at full speed for the bridge. Most of the Christian soldiers, according to orders, stopped at the bridge; but Don Lorenzo, with a few of his cavaliers, followed the enemy half way across, making great havoc in that narrow pass. Many of the Moors, in their panic, dashing themselves from the bridge, and perished in the Guadalquivir; others were cut down and trampled under the hoofs of horses and foals. Don Lorenzo, in the heat of the fight, cried aloud incessantly, defying the Moors, and proclaiming his name. "Turn him, turn him! 'Tis I, Lorenzo de Ximenez!" But few of the Moors cared to look him in the face.

Don Lorenzo now returned to his cavaliers, but on looking round, Garci Perez was not to be seen. All were dispersed, fearing some evil fortune had befallen him; when, on casting their eyes beyond the bridge, they saw him on the opposite side, surrounded by Moors and fighting with desperate valor.

"Garci Perez has deceived us," said Don Lorenzo, "and has passed the bridge, contrary to agreement. But to the rescue, comrades! I never let it be said that so good a cavalier as Garci Perez was lost for want of our assistance." So saying, they all put spurs to their horses, rushed again upon the bridge, and broke their way across. The Moors took refuge in the river. Driving great numbers to fling themselves into the river. When the Moors who had surrounded Garci Perez saw this band of cavaliers rushing from the bridge, they turned to defend themselves. The contest was fierce, but broken; many of the Moors took refuge in the river, but the Christians followed and slew them among the waves. They continued fighting for the remainder of the day, quite up to the gate of the Alcazar; and if the chronicles of the times speak with their usual veracity, full three thousand infidels bit the dust on that occasion. When Don Lorenzo returned to the camp, and was in presence of the king and of numerous cavaliers, great encomiums were upon him by valor, but he modestly replied that Garci Perez had that day made them good soldiers by force.

From that time forward the Moors attempted no further inroads into the camp, so severe a lesson had they received from these brave cavaliers.

The city of Seville was connected with the suburb of Triana by a strong bridge of boats, fastened together by massive chains of iron. By this bridge a constant communication was kept up between Seville and the city, and mutual aid and support passed and repassed. While this bridge remained, it was impossible to complete the investment of the city, or to capture the castle of Triana.

The bold Admiral Bonifaz at length conceived a bold plan to break this bridge, and thus to cut off all communication between the city and Seville. No sooner had this idea entered his mind than he hastened, and proceeded with great speed to the royal tent, to lay it before the king. Then a consultation was summoned by the king of ancient mariners and artificers of ships, and other persons learned in maritime affairs; and after Admiral Bonifaz had propounded his plan, it was thought to be good, and all preparations were made to carry it into effect. The admiral took two of his largest and strongest ships, and fortified them at the prows with solid timber and with plates of iron; and he put within them a great number of logs of wood, and provided with everything for attack and defense. Of one he took the command himself. It was the third day of May, the day of the most Holy Cross, that he chose for this grand and perilous attempt; and the pious King Fernando, to insure success, ordered that a cross should be carried as a standard at the mast-head of each ship.

On the third day of May, toward the hour of noon, the two ships descended the Guadalquivir for some distance, to gain room to come up with the greater violence. Here they waited the rising of the tide, and when noon came they prepared to break the bridge, and a favorable wind had sprung up from the sea, they hoisted anchor, spread all sail, and put themselves in the midst of the current. The whole ships were lined on each side with Christian troops, watching the event with great anxiety. The king and the Prince Alfonso, with their warriors, on the one side had drawn close to the city to prevent the sallying forth of the Moors, while the good Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Perez Correel, kept watch upon the gates of Triana. The Moors crowded the tops of their towers, their walls and house-tops, and prepared engines and weapons of all kinds to overwhelm the ships with destruction.

Twice the bold admiral set all sail and started on his career, and twice the wind died away before he had proceeded their orders. Shouts of joy and derision rose from the walls and towers of Seville, while the warriors in the ships began to fear that their attempt would be unsuccessful. At length a fresh and strong wind arose that swelled every sail and sent the ships ploughing up the waves of the Guadalquivir. A dead

silence prevailed among the host on either bank, even the Moors remained silent, in fixed and breathless suspense. When the ships arrived within reach of the walls of the city and the suburbs, a tremendous attack was commenced from every wall and tower; great engines discharged stones and offensive weapons of all kinds, and flaming pots of Greek fire fixed, and he saw a singular sight, the tower of gold, were stationed catapults and vast crossbows that were worked with cranks, and from hence an iron shower was rained upon the ships. The Moors in Triana were equally active; from every wall and turret, from house-tops, and from the banks of the river, an incessant assault was kept up with catapults, cross-bows, slings, darts, and everything that could annoy. Through all this tempest of war, the ships kept on their course.

The first ship which arrived struck the bridge on the part toward Triana. The shock resounded from shore to shore, the whole fabric trembled, the ship recoiled and reeled, but the bridge was unbroken; and shouts of joy rose from the Moors on each side of the river. Immediately after came the ship of the admiral. It struck the bridge just about the centre with a tremendous crash. The iron chains which bound the boats together snapped as if they had been flax. The boats were crushed and shattered and flung wide asunder, and the ship of the admiral proceeded in triumph through the open space. No sooner did the king and the Prince Alfonso see the success of the admiral, than they pressed with their troops closely round the city, and prevented the Moors from sallying forth; while the ships, having accomplished their enterprise, extricated themselves from the dangerous situation of the river, and returned in triumph to their accustomed anchorage. This was the fatal blow that dismembered Seville from Triana, and insured the downfall of the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVESTMENT OF TRIANA.—GARCI PEREZ AND THE INFANZON.

On the day after the breaking of the bridge, the king, the Prince Alfonso, the Prince Enrique, the various masters of the orders, and a great part of the army, crossed the Guadalquivir and commenced an attack on Triana, while the bold Admiral Bonifaz approached with his ships and assaulted the place from the water. But the Christian army was unprovided with ladders or machines for the attack, and fought to great disadvantage. The Moors, from the safe shelter of their walls and towers, rained a shower of missiles of all kinds. As they were so high above the Christians, their arrows, and the darts which came with the greater force. They were skilful with the cross-bow, and had engines of such force that the darts which they discharged would sometimes pass through a cavalier arm and body. They hurled down stones that crushed the warriors beneath.

While the army was closely investing Triana, and fierce encounters were daily taking place between Moor and Christian, there arrived at the castle of Triana, of the Infanzon, Garci Perez, the eldest cavalier, with the rank of a cavalier. He brought with him a shining train of vassals, all newly armed and appointed, and his own armor, all fresh and lustrous, showed none of the dents and bruises and abuses of the war. As this gay and gorgeous cavalier was patrolling the camp, with several cavaliers, he beheld Garci Perez pass by, in armor and accoutrements all worn and soiled by the hard service he had performed, and he saw a singular sight, the tower of white waves, emblazoned on the escutcheon of this unknown warrior. Then the nobleman was highly ruffled and incensed, and he exclaimed, "How is this? Who is this sorry cavalier that dares to bear these devices? By my faith, he must either give them up or show his reasons for usurping them." The other cavaliers exclaimed, "Be cautious how you speak; this is Garci Perez; a braver cavalier wears not sword in Spain. For all he goes thus modestly and quietly about, he is a very lion in the field, nor does he argue anything that he cannot well maintain. Should he hear this which you have said, trust us he would not rest quiet until he had terrible satisfaction."

Now it so happened that certain mischief-makers carried word to Garci Perez of what the nobleman had said, expecting to see him burst into fierce indignation, and defy the other to the field. But Garci Perez remained tranquil and did not complain.

Within a day or two after, there was a sally from the castle of Triana and a hot skirmish between the Moors and Christians; and Garci Perez and the Infanzon, and a number of cavaliers, pursued the Moors up to the barriers of the castle. Here the enemy rallied and made a fierce defence, and killed several of the cavaliers. But Garci Perez put spurs to his horse, and coaxing his lance, charged among the thousand of the foes, and followed by a handful of his companions, drove the Moors to the very gates of Triana. The Moors seeing how few were their pursuers, turned upon them, and dealt bravely with them, sword and lance and mace, while stones and darts and arrows were rained down from the towers above. At length the Moors took refuge within the walls, leaving the field to the victorious cavaliers. Garci Perez drew off coolly and calmly amidst a shower of missiles from the walls. He came out of the battle with his armor all battered and defaced; his helmet bruised, the crest broken off, and his buckler so dented and shattered that the device could scarcely be perceived. On returning to the barrier, he found there the Infanzon, with his armor all injured, and his armory bearing as fresh as if just emblazoned, for the vaunting warrior had not ventured beyond the barrier. Then Garci Perez drew near to the Infanzon, and crying him from head to foot, "Señor cavalier," said he, "you may well dispute my right to wear this armor, for I am the bravest cavalier, in my opinion, you take so little care of this that it is almost destroyed. You, on the other hand, are worthy of bearing it. You are the guardian angel of honor, since you guard it so carefully as to put it to no risk. I will only observe to you that the sword kept in the scabbard rusts, and the value that is never put to the proof becomes sullied."*

At these words the Infanzon was deeply humilityed; for he saw that Garci Perez had heard of his empty speeches, and he felt how unworthily he had spoken of so valiant and magnanimous a cavalier. "Señor cavalier," replied he, "my ignorance and presumption; you alone are worthy

of bearing those arms, for you erewhile not nobility from them, but ennobled them by your glorious deeds."

Then Garci Perez blushed at the praises he had thus drawn upon himself, and he regretted the harshness of his words toward the Infant, and he not merely pardoned him all that had passed, but gave him his hand in pledge of amity, and from that time they were close friends and companions in arms.**

CHAPTER XX.

CAPITULATION OF SEVILLE.—DISPERSION OF THE MOORISH INHABITANTS.—TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF KING FERNANDO.

About this time there arrived in Seville a Moorish alfaqui, named Orias, with a large company of warriors, who came to this city as if performing a pilgrimage, for it was considered a holy war no less by infidels than Christians. This Orias was of a politic and crafty nature, and he suggested to the commander of Seville a stratagem which they might get Prince Alfonso in their power, and compel King Fernando to raise the siege by way of ransom. The counsel of Orias was adopted, after a consultation with the principal cavaliers, and measures taken to carry it into execution; a Moor was sent, therefore, as if secretly and by stealth, to Prince Alfonso, and offered to put him in possession of two towers of the wall, if he would come in person to receive them, which towers once in his possession, it would be easy to overpower the city.

Prince Alfonso listened to the envoy with seeming eagerness, but suspected some deceit, and thought it unwise to put his person in such jeopardy. Lest, however, there should be truth in his proposals, a party of chosen cavaliers were sent as if to take possession of the towers, and when they were Don Pero Nuñez de Guzman, disguised as the prince.

When they came to the place where the Moors had appointed to meet them, they beheld a party of infidels, strongly armed, who advanced with sinister looks, and attempted to surround Don Nuñez, but he, being on his guard, put spurs to his horse, and, breaking through the midst of them, escaped. His companions followed his example, all but one, who was struck from his horse and cut to pieces by the Moors.†

Just after this event there arrived a great reinforcement to the camp from the city of Cordova, bringing provisions and various munitions of war. Finding his army thus increased, the king had a consultation with Admiral Bonifaz, and determined completely to cut off all communication between Seville and Triana, for the Moors still crossed the river occasionally by fording. When they were about to carry that plan into effect, the crafty Alfaqui Orias crossed to Triana, accompanied by a number of Ganzules. He was charged with instructions to the garrison, and to concert some mode of retaking their forces, or of effecting some blow upon the Christian camp; for unless they could effect a union and co-operation, it would be impossible to make much longer resistance.

Scarcely had Orias passed, when the Christian sentinels gave notice. Upon this, a detachment of the Christian army immediately crossed and took possession of the opposite shore, and Admiral Bonifaz stationed his men on the opposite side of the river. Thus the return of Orias was prevented, and all intercourse between the places, even by messenger, completely interrupted. The city and Triana were now several attacked, and unable to render each other assistance. The Moors were daily diminishing in number; many slain in battle, many taken captive, and many dying of hunger and disease. The Christian forces were daily augmenting, and were animated by continual success, whereas mutiny and sedition began to break out among the inhabitants of the city. The Moorish commander Axataf, therefore, seeing all further resistance vain, sent ambassadors to capitulate with King Fernando. It was a hard and humiliating struggle to resign this fair city, the queen of Andalusia, the seat of Moorish sway and splendor, and which had been under Moorish domination ever since the Conquest.

The valiant Axataf endeavored to make various conditions; that King Fernando should raise the siege on receiving the tribute which had hitherto been paid to the masters of Seville. This being imperceptually refused, he offered to give up a third of the city, and then half, building at his own cost a wall to divide the Moorish part from the Christian. King Fernando, however, would listen to no such terms. He demanded the entire surrender of the place, with the exception of the persons and effects of the inhabitants, and compelling the commander to retain possession of St. Lucar, Almara Farache, and Niebla. The commander of Seville saw the sword suspended over his head, and had to submit; the capitulations of the surrender were signed, when Axataf made one last request, that he might be permitted to demolish the grand mosque and the principal tower (or Giralda) of the city. He felt that these would remain perpetual monuments of his disgrace. The Prince Alfonso would not grant this when this last demand was made, and his father looked at him significantly, as if he desired the reply to come from his lips. The prince rose indignantly and exclaimed, that if there should be a single tile missing from the temple or a single brick from the tower, it should be paid for by many lives that the streets of Seville should run with blood. The Moors were silenced by this reply, and prepared with heavy hearts to fulfill the capitulation. One month was allowed them for the purpose, the alcazar or citadel of Seville being given up to the Christians as a security.

On the twenty-third day of November this important fortress was surrendered, after a siege of eighteen months. A deputation of the principal Moors came forth and presented King Fernando with the keys of the city; at the same time the aljama, or council of the city, which they inhabited. This key was notable for its curious workmanship. It was formed of all kinds of metals. The guards of it were wrought into letters, bearing the following inscription,—" God will quench the fire in the mosque; the king will enter." On the ring was inscribed in Hebrew—"The King of kings will enter; all the world

* Cronica General, p. 4. Cronica del Rey Santo.
† Cronica Gotica, T. 3, § 16.
‡ Cronica General, p. 4, p. 424.

* Mariana, L. 13, c. 7.
will behold him." This key is still preserved in the cathedral of Seville, in the place where it is placed. The remains of the sainted King Fernando.*

During the month of grace the Moors sold such of their effects as they could not carry with them, and the king provided vessels for such of those who desired to depart for Africa. Upward of one hundred thousand, it is said, were thus conveyed by Admiral Bonifaz, while upward of two hundred thousand dispersed themselves throughout such of the territory of Andalusia as still remained in possession of the Moors.

When the month was expired, and the city was evacuated by its Moorish inhabitants, King Fernando the Saint entered in solemn triumph, in a grand religious and military procession. There were all the captains and cavaliers of the army, in shining armor, with the prelates, and masters of the religious and military orders, and the nobility of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, in their richest apparel. The streets resounded with the swelling notes of martial music and with the joyous acclamations of the multitude.

In the midst of the procession was the venerable effigy of the most Holy Mary, on a triumphal car of silver, wrought with admirable skill; and immediately after followed the pious king, with a drawn sword in his hand, and on his left was Prince Alfonso and the other princes.

The procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been purified and consecrated as a Christian temple, where the triumphal car of the Holy Virgin was placed at the grand altar. Here the pious king knelt and returned thanks to Heaven and the Virgin for this signal victory, and all present chanted Te Deum Laudamus.

**CHAPTER XXI.**

**DEATH OF KING FERNANDO.**

When King Fernando had regulated everything for the good government and prosperity of Seville, he sailed forth with his conquering army to subdue the surrounding country.

He soon brought under subjection Xerez, Medina, Sidonia, Alva, Bapel, and many other places near the seacoast; some surrendered voluntarily, others were taken by force; he maintained a strict peace with his vassal the King of Granada, but finding not sufficient scope for his arms in Spain, and being inflamed with a holy zeal in the cause of the faith, he determined to pass over into Africa, and retaliate upon the Moslems their daring invasion of his country. For this purpose he ordered a powerful armada to be prepared in the ports of Cantabria, to be put under the command of the noble Admiral Bonifaz.

In the midst of his preparations, which spread consternation through all Mauritania, the pious

*In Castile, whenever the kings entered any place where there was a synagogue, the Jews assembled in council and paid to the Monteros, or bull-fighters, twelve maravedis each, to guard them, that they should receive no harm from the Christians; being held in such contempt and odium, that it was necessary they should be under the safeguard of the king, not to be injured or insulted. (Zonziga: Annales de Sevilla.)
BRACEBRIDGE HALL; OR, THE HUMOURISTS.

A MEDLEY.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

Under this cloud I walk, Gentlemen; pardon my rude assault. I am a traveller, who, having surveyed most of the topographical angles of this globe, am hither arrived, to pursue this little topic.

CHRISTMAS ORDINARY.

THE AUTHOR.

WORTHY READER!

On again taking pen in hand, I would fain make a few observations at the outset, by way of bespeaking a right understanding of the volumes which I have already published, and have met with a reception far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I would willingly attribute this to their intrinsic merits; but, in spite of the variety of authorship, I cannot but believe that their success has, in a great measure, been owing to a less flattering cause. It has been a matter of marvel, to my European readers, that a man from the wilds of America should express himself so tolerably in English. I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand, instead of on his head; and there was a curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society.

This novelty is now at an end, and of course the feeling of indifference which it produced. I must now expect to bear the scrutiny of stern criticism, and to be measured by the same standard with contemporary writers; and the very favour which has been shown to my previous writings, will cause these to be treated with the greater rigour; as there is nothing for which the world is apt to punish a man more severely, than for having been over-praised. On this head, therefore, I wish to forestall the censuriosity of the reader; and I entreat he will not think the worse of me for the many injudicious things that may have been said in my commendation.

I am aware that I often travel over beaten ground, and treat of subjects that have already been discussed by abler pens. Indeed, various authors have been mentioned as my models, to whom I should feel flattered if I thought I bore the slightest resemblance; but in truth I write after no model that I am conscious of, and I write with no idea of imitation or competition. In venturing occasionally on topics that have already been almost exhausted by English authors, I do it not with the presumption of challenging a comparison but with the hope that some new interest may be given to such topics, when discussed by the pen of a stranger.

If, therefore, I should sometimes be found dwelling with fondness on subjects that are trite and commonplace with the reader, I beg that the circumstances under which I write may be kept in recollection. Having been oorn and brought up in a new country, yet educated from infancy in the literature of an old one, my mind was early filled with historical and poetical associations, connected with places, and man-ners, and customs of Europe; but which could rarely be applied to those of my own country. To a mind thus peculiarly prepared, the most ordinary objects and scenes, on arriving in Europe, are full of strange matter and interesting novelty. England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

Indeed, it is difficult to describe the whimsical medley of ideas that throng upon his mind, on looking among English scenes. He, for the first time, sees a world about which he has been reading and thinking in every stage of his existence. The recollected ideas of infancy, youth, and manhood; of the nursery, the school, and the study, come writhing at once upon him; and his attention is distracted between great and little objects; each of which, perhaps, awakens an equally delightful train of remembrances.

But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, is a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, and prospective improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking into decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a Jacobean pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand, and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape; I, for the first time, beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty gar- den and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never
Having been brought up, also, in the comparative simplicity of a republic, I am apt to be struck with even the ordinary circumstances incident to an aristocratical state of society. If, however, I should at any time feel disposed to practice it until convinced of its inexpediency, and some of the poetical characteristics of the latter, I would not be understood as pretending to decide upon its political merits. My only aim is to paint characters of manners. I am no politician.

The more I have considered the study of politics, the more I have found it full of perplexity; and I have contended myself, as I have in my religion, with the faith in which I was brought up regulating my own conduct by its precepts; but leaving to abler heads the task of making converts.

I shall continue on, therefore, in the course I have hitherto pursued; looking at things poetically, rather than politico; describing them as they are, rather than pretending to point out how they should be; and endeavouring to see the world in as pleasant a light as circumstances will permit.

I have always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good-humour with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy, but I shall continue to practice it until convinced of its laziness.

When I discover to the world that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also; in the meanwhile, I shall proceed to practice it until convinced of its laziness, because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a work as it is represented.

Thine truly,

GEORGE CRAYON

THE HALL.

The ancient house, and the best for housekeeping in this county or the next; and though the master of it write but squire, I know no lord like him.

Henry Beecher.

The reader, if he has perused the volumes of Sketch Book, will probably recollect something of the Bracebridge family, with which I once passed a Christmas. I am now on another visit to the Hall, having been invited to a wedding which is shortly to take place. The Squire's second son, Gay, a fine, spirited young captain in the army, is about to be married to his father's ward, the beautiful Miss Templeton. A gathering of relations and friends has already commenced, to celebrate the joyful occasion, for the old gentleman is an enemy to quiet, private weddings. "There is nothing," he says, "like launching a young couple gayly, and cheering them from the shore; a good outset is half the voyage."

Before proceeding any farther, I would beg that the Squire might not be confounded with that class of hard-ridden, fox-hunting gentlemen so often described, a w, in fact, so nearly extinct in England. I use this rural title partly is his universal appellation throughout the neighbourhood, and partly because it saves me the frequent repetition of his name, which is one of those rough old English names at which Frenchmen exclaim in despair.

The Squire is, in fact, a lingering specimen of the old English country gentry, who long ago laid up the treasure of his life by living almost entirely on his estate, and something of a humourist, as Englishmen are apt to be come when they have an opportunity of living in their own way. I like his hobby passing well, however, which is, a bigoted devotion to old English manners and customs; it jumps out of my own humour, having as yet a lively and unsated curiosity about the ancient and genuine characteristics of my "fatherland."
there are some traits about the Squire's family, also, which appear to me to be national. It is one of those old aristocratic families, which, I believe, are peculiar to England, and scarcely understood in other countries; that is, to say, families of the ancient gentry, who, though destitute of titled rank, enjoy all the advantages and privileges of an ancient privity, and have taken upon all nobility of recent creation, and would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to merge the venerable name of their house in a modern title.

This feeling is very much fostered by the importance which they enjoy on their hereditary domains. The family mansion is an old manor-house, standing in a retired and beautiful part of Yorkshire. Its inhabitants have always been regarded, through the surrounding country, as the "great ones of the earth;" and the little village near the Hall looks up to the Squire with almost feudal homage. An old manor-house, and an old family of this kind, are rarely to be met with at the present day; and it is probably the peculiar humour of the Squire that has retained this secluded specimen of English house-making, and of the old style.

I am again quartered in the panelled chamber, in the antique wing of the house. The prospect from the window, however, has quite a different aspect from that which I wore on my winter visit. Though eight of April had yet to warm, the sunny days have drawn forth the beauties of the spring, which, I think, are always most captivating on their first opening. The parterres of the old-fashioned garden are gay with flowers; and the gardener has brought out his exotic, and placed them along the stone balustrades. The trees are clothed with green buds and tender leaves. When I throw open my jingling casement, I smell the odour of mimion, and hear the hum of the bees from the flowers against the sunny wall, with the varied song of the thrush, and the cheerful notes of the little wren.

While sojourning in this strong-hold of old fashions, it is my intention to make occasional sketches of the scenes and characters before me. I would have it understood, however, that I am not writing a novel, and have nothing of intricate plot, or marvellous adventure, to promise the reader. The Hall of which I treat, has, for ought I know, neither trap-door, nor sliding-panel, nor donjon-keep; and indeed appears to have no mystery about it. The family is a large one, and the living family, the all, will eat and drink, and go to bed, and get up regularly, from one end of my work to the other; and the Squire is so kind-hearted an old gentleman, that I see no likelihood of his throwing any kind of distress in the way of the approaching nuptials. In a word, I cannot foresee a single extraordinary event that is likely to occur in the whole term of my sojourn at the Hall.

I tell this honestly to the reader, lest, when he finds me dallying along, through every-day English scenes, he may be ahead, in hopes of meeting with some marvellous adventure further on. I invite him, on the contrary, to ramble gently on with me, to saunter out into the fields, stopping occasionally to gather a flower, or listen to a bird, or admire a prospect, without any anxiety to arrive at the end of his career. Should he, however, in the course of my loiterings about this old mansion, see or hear any thing curious, that might serve to vary the monotony of this every-day life, I shall not fail to report it for the reader's entertainment.

For freshets with I know will not be wearisome to any one; I have odd matter, strange and curious, well set out with large and clear type. For freshets with I know will not be wearisome to any one; I have odd matter, strange and curious, well set out with large and clear type. For freshets with I know will not be wearisome to any one; I have odd matter, strange and curious, well set out with large and clear type.

A decayed gentleman, who lives most upon his own stock and my master's means, and much good do him with it. He does hold my master up with his stories, and songs, and catchets, and such tricks and fags, where you would admire him, and he returns me with all the hospital cordiality with which a man welcomes a friend to another one's house. I have already introduced him to the reader as a bachelor-looking little man; the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connexion, and the Squire's factotum. I found him, as usual, full of bustle; with a thousand petty things to do, and persons to attend to, and in chirping good-humour; for there are few happier beings than a busy idler; that is a say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him, the morning after my arrival, in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion, as he says he likes to be himself, and out of the way. He has fitted it up so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangement. The furniture is made up of odd pieces from all parts of the house, chosen on account of their suitting his notions, or fitting some corner of his apartment; and he is very eloquent in praise of an ancient elbow-chair, from which he takes occasion to digress into a censure on modern chairs, as having degenerated from the dignity and comfort of high-backed antiquity.

Adjoining to his room is a small cabinet, which he calls his study. Here are some hanging shelves, of his own construction, on which are several old works on hawking, hunting, and farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of compliment to the Squire; together with the Novelist's Magazine, the Sporting Magazine, the Racing Calendar, a volume or two of the Newgate Calendar, a book of peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet; and about the walls of his apartment are hooks to hold his fishing-tackle, whips, spurs, and a favourite fowling-piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inherits from his grandfather. He has, also, a couple of old single-keyed flutes, and a fiddle which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself, affirming it to be a veritable Cranmou, though I have never heard him extract a single note from it that was not enough to make one's blood run cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of mid-day, drowsily sawing some long-forgotten tune; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have anything to do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use, is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the hall, and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations: there are half-copied sheets of music designs for needle-work; sketches of landscapes, very indifferently executed; a campaign lantern, for which he is endeavouring to paint glasses: in a word it is the cabinet of a man of
one of his small inventions, took me about the establishment, to visit the stables, dog-kennel, and other dependencies, in which he appeared like a general visiting the different quarters of his camp; as the Squire leaves the control of all these matters to him, when he is at the hall. He inquired into the state of the horses; examined their feet, prescribed a drench for one, and bleeding for another; and then took me to look at his own horse, on the merits of which he dwelt with great probability, whereupon I noticed, had the best stall in the stable.

After this I was taken to a new toy of him and the Squire's, which he termed the falconry, where there were several unhappy birds in durance, completing their education. Among the number was a fine falcon, which Master Simon had in especial training, and he told me that he would show me, in a few days, some rare sport of the gentle old-fashioned kind. In the course of our round, I noticed that the grooms, when I spoke to, and other retainers, seemed all to be on somewhat of a familiar footing with Master Simon, and fond of having a joke with him, though it was evident they had great deference for his opinion in matters relating to their functions.

There was one exception, however, in a testy old huntsman, as hot as a pepper-corn; a meagre, wiry old fellow, in a threadbare velvet jockey cap, and a pair of leather breeches, that, from much wear, shone, as though they had been japanned. He was very contradictory and prudish, and apt, as I bought, to differ from Master Simon now and then, out of mere caprice. This was particularly the case with respect to the treatment of the hawk, which the old man seemed to have under his peculiar care, and, according to Master Simon, was in a fair way to ruin: the latter had a vast deal to say about casting, and imping, and gleaming, and encauming, and giving the hawk a range, which I saw was all heathen Greek to old Christy; but he maintained his point notwithstanding; and seemed to hold all this technical jargon in utter disrespect.

I was surprised with the good-humour with which Master Simon bore his contradictions, till he explained the matter to me afterwards. Old Christy is the most ancient servant in the place, having lived among dogs and horses the greater part of a century, and seen in the service of Mr. Bracebridge's family. He knows the pedigree of every horse on the place, and has bestrode the great-grand-sires of most of them. He can give a circumstantial detail of every fox-hunt for the last sixty or seventy years, and has sat for every stag's head about the house, and every hunting trophy nailed to the door of the dog-kennel.

All the present race have grown up under his eye, and humour him in his old age. He once attended the Squire to Oxford, when he was a student there, and enlightened the whole university with his hunting lore. All this is enough to make the old man opinionated, since he finds, on all these matters of first-rate importance, he knows more than the rest of the world. Indeed, Master Simon had been his pupil, and acknowledged that he derived his first knowledge in hunting from the instructions of the Christy, and I much question whether the old man does not still look upon him rather as a greenhorn.

On our return homewards, as we were crossing the lawn in front of the house, we heard the porter's bell ring in the lodge, and shortly afterwards, a kind of cavalcade advanced slowly up the avenue. At sight of it my companion paused, considered it for a moment, and then, making a sudden exclamation hurled himself out, and was seen at full gallop on an over-fed hunter. At a little distance in the rear came an ancient cumbersome chariot, drawn by two very corpulent horses, driven by a corpulent coachman, beside whom sat a page dressed in a bountiful green livery. Inside of the chariot was a starched prim personage, with a lion somewhat of a lady's companion and a lady's maid; and two pampered curs, that showed their ugly faces, and barked each window.

There was a general turning out of the gardens, to receive this new comer. The Squire assisted him to alight, and saluted his acquaintance; the lady Julia flew into her arms, and they embraced with the romantic fervour of boarding-school friends: she was escorted into the house by Julia's lover, towards whom she showed distinguished favour; and, finally, a line of the old servants, who had collected in the hall, bowed profusely as she passed.

I observed that Master Simon was most assiduous and devout in his attentions upon this old lady. He walked by the side of her pony, up the avenue; and, while she was receiving the salutations of the family, he took occasion to notice the fat coachman; to pat the sleek carriage horses, and, above all, to say a civil word to my lady's gentilwoman, the prime, sour-looking vestal in the chariot.

I had no more of his company for the rest of the morning. He was swept off in the vortex that followed in the wake of this lady. Once indeed he paused for a moment, as he was hurrying on some errand of the good lady's, to let me know that this was Lady Lulicraft, a sister of the Squire's, of large fortune, which the captain would inherit, and that her estate lay in one of the best sporting counties in all England.

**FAMILY SERVANTS.**

Verily old servants are the vouchsafes of worthy households. They are like rats in a manor house, in a cheese, bacoons of the antiquity and fatness of their aubs.

In my usual anecdotes of the Hall, I may often be tempted to dwell on circumstances of a trite and ordinary nature, from their appearing to me illustrative of generic, accidental character. It seems to be the study of the Squire to adhere, as much as possible, to what he considers the old landmarks of English manners. His servants all understand his ways, and for the most part are accustomed to them from infancy; so that, upon the whole, his household presents one of the few cases in which that can now be met with, of the establishment of an English country gentleman of the old school.

By the, the servants are not the least characteristic part of the household: the housekeeper, for instance, has been born and brought up at the Hall and has no section of the family, that has a stately air, that would disgrace a lady that had figured at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

I am half inclined to think that she has caught it from living so much among the old family pictures. It may, however, be owing to a consciousness of her importance in the sphere in which she has always
The old lady is a great friend of Master Simon, who, indeed, pays a little court to her, as to a person high in authority; and they have many discussions on points of family history, in which, notwithstanding his extensive information, and pride of knowledge, he commonly admits her superior accuracy. He seldom returns to the Hall, after one of his visits to the other branches of the family, without bringing Mrs. Wilkins some remembrance from the ladies of the house where he has been staying.

Indeed, all the children of the house look up to the old lady with habitual respect and attachment, and she seems almost to consider them as her own, from their having grown up under her eye. The Oxonian, however, is her favourite, probably from being the youngest, though he is the most mischievous, and has been apt to play tricks upon her from boyhood.

I cannot help mentioning one little ceremony, which I, believe, is peculiar to the Hall. After the cloth is removed at dinner, the old housekeeper goes into the room and stands behind the Squire's chair, when he fills her a glass of wine with his own hands, in which she drinks the health of the company in a truly respectful and dignified manner, and then retires. The Squire received the custom from his father, and has always continued it.

There is a peculiar character about the servants of old English families that reside principally in the country. They have a quiet, orderly, respectful mode of doing their duties. They are always neat in their persons, and appropriately dressed. If I may use the phrase, technically dressed; they move about the house without hurry or noise; there is nothing of the hustle of employment, or the voice of command, nothing of that obtrusive housewifery that amounts to a torment. You are not persecuted by the process of making you comfortable; yet everything is done, and is done well. The work of the house is performed as if by magic, but it is the magic of system. Nothing is done by fits and starts, nor at awkward seasons; the whole goes on well-ordered clock-work, where there is no noise nor jarring in its operations.

English servants, in general, are not treated with great indulgence, nor rewarded by many commendations; for the English are laconic and reserved toward their domestics; but an approving nod and a kind word from master or mistress, goes as far here, as an excess of praise or indulgence elsewhere. Neither do servants often exhibit any animated marks of affection to their employers; yet, though quiet, they are strongly in their attachments; and the reciprocal regard of masters and servants, though not ardent, is powerful and lasting in old English families.

The title of "an old family servant" carries with it a thousand kind associations, in all parts of the world; and there is no claim upon the home-bred charities of the heart more irresistible than that of a servant school born in the home of one who has been a grey-headed domestics of this kind attached to an English family of the "old school," who continue in it to the day of their death, in the enjoyment of steady, unaffected kindness, and the performance of faithful, unofficious duty. I think such instances of attachment speak well for both master and servant, and the frequency of them speaks well for national character.

These observations, however, hold good only with families of the description I have mentioned and...
THE WIDOW.

She was so charitable and pitiful
She would weep if she saw a woe,
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or blest.
Of soft bowers she had built, that the winds
With rose, flesh, milks, and perfect bread
But sure was she if any of them were dead.
Or if she smote them with a yard-stick

NOTWITHSTANDING the whimsical parade made
by Lucy Lilliecraft on her arrival, she has none of
the pettiness that I had imagined; but, on the
contrary, she has a degree of nature and simple
heartedness, if I may use the phrase, that mingles
well with her old-fashioned manners and harmless
ostentation. She dresses in rich silks, with long
waist; she roguishes considerably, and her hair,
which is nearly white, is frizzled out, and put up with
pins. Her face is pitted with the small-pox, but the delicacy
of her features shows that she may once have
been beautiful; and she has a very fair and well
shaped hand and arm, of which, if I mistake not,
the good lady is still a little vain.

When the horace went to gather a few particulars
concerning her. She was a great belle in town,
between thirty and forty years since, and rejoiced
for two seasons with all the insolence of beauty,
refusing several excellent offers; when, unfortunately,
she was bereft of her charms and her beauty by
an attack of the small-pox. She retired immediately
into the country, where she sometime after inherited an
estate, and married a baronet, a former admiral
whose passion had suddenly revived; "having," as
he said, "always loved her mind rather than
her person.

The baronet did not enjoy his mind and fortune
above six months, and had scarcely grown very tired
of her, when he broke his neck in a fox-chase, and
left her free, rich, and disconsolate. She has re-
mained on her estate in the country ever since, and
has shown not any desire to return to town, and
revisited the scene of her early triumphs and fatal
melodrama. All her successful recollections, however,
never revert to that short period of her youthful beauty.
She has no idea of town, but as it was at that time,
and continually forgets that the place and people
must have changed materially in the course of nearly
half a century. She will often speak of the friends she
had here as if still reigning; and, until very re-
cently, used to walk with delight of the royal family,
and the princes and princesses.

She cannot be brought to think of the present king
otherwise than as an elegant young man, rather
wild, but who danced a minuet divinely; and before
he came to the crown, would often mention him as
the "sweet young prince."

She talks also of the walks in Kensington Garden,
where the gentlemen appeared in gold-laced coats
and cocked hats, and the ladies in hoops, and swept
so proudly along the grassy avenues; and she thinks
the ladies let themselves down in their dignity
when they gave up cushioned head-dresses, and high
heeled shoes. She has much to say of the officers
who were in the train of her admirers; and speaks
familiarly of many wild young blades, that are now,
perhaps, hollering about watering-places with crutches
and gout shoes.

Whether the taste good lady had of matrimony
encouraged her or not, I cannot say; but though her
merits and her riches have attracted many suitors,
she has never been tempted to venture again into
the happy state. This is singular, too, for she seems
of a most timid and susceptible heart, and partial
thinking of love and connubial felicity, and is a great

Work of Washington Irving.

with such as are somewhat retired, and pass
the greater part of their time in the country. As to
the powdered menials that throng the halls of
fashionable toleration references, they usually reflect the char-
acter of the establishments to which they belong;
and I know no more complete epitomes of dissolve
heartlessness and pampered inutility.

But the good "old family servant!"—the one
who has always been linked, in idea, with the
home of our heart; who has led us to school in the days
of prattling childhood; who has been the confidant
of our boyish cares, and schemes, and enterprises;
who has inured us, as we came home at vacations,
and been the promotor of all our holiday sports;
who, when we, in wandering manhood, have left the
paternal roof, and only return thither at intervals
will welcome us with a joy inferior only to that
of our parents; who, now grown gray and infirm with
age, still toters about the house of our fathers,
in fond and faithful servitude; who claims us, in a
manner, as his own, and hastens with querulous
eagerness to anticipate his fellow-domestics in wait-
ing upon us at table; and who, when we retire at
night to the chamber that still goes by our name,
will linger about the room to have one more kind look
and one more pleasant word about times that are
past,—who does not experience towards such a being
a feeling of almost filial affection?

I have met with several instances of epitaphs on
the gravestones of such valuable domestics, recorded
with the simple truth of natural feeling, I have two
before me at this moment; one copied from a tomb-
stone of a church-yard in Warwickshire:

"Here lieth the body of Joseph Betts, confidential
servant to George Birch, Esq., of Hamstead Hall.
His grateful friend and master caused this inscrip-
tion to be written in his memory of his discretion, fidelity,
diligence, and continence. He died (a bachelor)
aged 84, having lived 44 years in the same family."

The other was taken from a tombstone in Eltham
church-yard:

"Here lieth the remains of Mr. James Tappy, who
departed this life on the 8th of September, 1818,
aged 84, after a faithful service of 60 years in one
family; by each individual of which he lived respected,
and died mourned by the sole survivor."

Few monuments, even of the illustrious, have given
me the glow about the heart that I felt while
copying this honest epitaph in the church yard of
Eltham, I sympathized with this "sole survivor" of
a family mourning over the grave of the faithful fol-
lower of his race, who had been, no doubt, a living
memento of times and friends that had passed away;
and in considering this record of long and devoted
service, I called to mind the touching speech of Old
Adam, in "As You Like It," when tatterfing after
the youthful son of his ancient master:

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with love and loyalty."

Note.—I cannot mention a tablet which I have seen
where in the chapel of Windsor Castle, put up by this late king
in memory of a family servant, who had been a faithful attendant
of his lamented daughter, the Princess Amelia. George III. pess-
aged much of the strong domestic feeling of the old English
country gentlemen; and it is an incident curious in monumental
literature, probably, to the human heart, to monn the equester a
moment in honour of the humble virtues of a manial.
...for old-fashioned gallantry, devoted attentions, and eternal constancy, on the part of the gentlemen. She lives, however, after her own taste. Her house, I am told, must have been built and furnished about the time of the principal, every thing about it is somewhat formal and stately; but has been softened down into a degree of voluptuousness, characteristic of an old lady, very tender-hearted and romantic, and that loves her ease. The cushions of the great arm-chairs, and wide sofas, almost bury you when you sit down on them. Flowers of the most rare and delicate kind are placed about the room, and on little jappanned stantins; and sweet bags lie about the tables and mantel-pieces. The house is full of pet dogs. Angola cats, and singing birds, who are as carefully waited upon as she is herself.

She is dainty in her living, and a little of an epicure, living on white meats, and little lady-like dishes, though her servants have substantial old English fare, as their looks bear witness. Indeed, they are so indulged, that they are all spoiled; and when they lose their present place, they will be fit for no other. Her ladyship is one of those easy-tempered beings that are always doomed to be much liked, but ill served by their domestics, and cheated by all the world.

Much of her time is passed in reading novels, of which she has a most extensive library, and has a constant supply from the publishers in town. Her attention in this line of literature is immense; she has kept pace with the press for half a century. Her mind is stuffed with love-tales of all kinds, from the stately amours of the old books of chivalry, down to the last blue-covered romance, reeking from the press; though she evidently gives the preference to those that came out in the days of her youth, and when she was first in love. She maintains that there are no novels written now-a-days equal to Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison; and she places the Castles of Otranto at the head of all romances.

She does a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood, and is imposed upon by every beggar in the county. She is the benefactress of a village adjoining to her estate, and takes an especial interest in all its love affairs. She knows of every courtship that is going on; every lover's damsel is sure to find a patient listener and a sage adviser in her ladyship. She takes great pains to reconcile all love-quarrels, and should any faithless swain persist in his inconstancy, he is sure to draw on himself the good lady's violent indignation.

I have learned these particulars partly from Frank Brackenridge, and partly from Master Simon. I am now able to account for the assiduous attention of the latter to her ladyship. Her house is one of his favourite resorts, where he is a very important personage. He makes her a visit of business once a year, when he looks into all her affairs; which, as she is no manager, are apt to get into confusion. He examines the books of the overseer, and sorts about the estate, which, he says, is well stocked with game, notwithstanding that it is poached by all the vagabonds in the neighbourhood.

It is thought, as I before hinted, that the captain will inherit the greater part of her property, having always been her chief favourite; for, in fact, she is partial to a red coat. She has now come to the Hall to be present at his nuptials, having a great disposition to interest herself in all matters of love and matrimony.

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for thus a estate is lost, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Sir no more content.

To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot; and who, by his fancy, is often carried, in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man, and eke of woman; to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants, but it is certainly as interesting.

I have, therefore, derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful, blushing consciousness of an airless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beauteous a prize.

I observed them yesterday in the garden, advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure, and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that "harbinger of spring," was faintly heard from a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn; and the yellow butterflies sported, and toyed, and coquetted in the air.

The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down a soft blush on her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips, while in the hand that hung negligently by his side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along; and when I considered them and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change, or that young people should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

From what I have gathered of family anecdote, I understand that the fair Julia is the daughter of a great country gentleman, and that her education, at a lady's school in London, was under a Mr. Oxford, who had entered the army, and served for many years in India, where he was mortally wounded in a skirmish with the natives. In his last hours he had, with a faltering pen, recommended his wife and daughter to the kindness of his early friend.

The widow and her child returned to England helpless and almost hopeless. When Mr. Brackenridge received accounts of their situation, he hastened to their relief. He reached them just in time to soothe the last moments of the mother, who was dying of a consumption, and to make her happy in the assurance that her child should never want a protector.

The good Sir returned with his prattling charge to his strong-hold, where he had brought her up with a tenderness truly paternal. As he has taken some pains to superintend her education, and form her taste she has grown up with many of his notions, and considers him the wisest, as well as the best of men. Much of her time, too, has been passed with Lady Lillicrith, who has instructed her in the manners of the old school, and enriched her mind with all kinds of novels and romances. Indeed, her ladyship has had a great hand in promoting the match between Julia and the captain, having had them together at her country-seat, the moment she found there was an attachment growing up between them; the good
FAMILY RELIQUES.

My falconer’s face, his brow, his eye.
The dapple on his cheek, and such sweet skill.
That from the cunning workman’s pen, I own.
These lips look fresh and lively as his own.
False colors last after the true be dead.
Of roses girted on his cheeks,
Of all the grace dancing in his eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that fair woman’s excellence
In her white bosom; look, a painted board.


MASTER SIMON HOLDS THE MEMORY OF THIS SQUIRE IN GREAT VENERATION, AND HAS A NUMBER OF EXTRAORDINARY STORIES TO TELL CONCERNING HIM, WHICH HE REPEATS AT ALL DINING PARTIES; AND I AM TOLD THAT THEY ARE MORE AND MORE MARVELLOUS THE OLDER THEY GROW. HE HAS ALSO PAIRED OFF RIPPON SPURS WHICH BELONGED TO THIS MIGHTY HUNTER OF YORE, AND WHICH HE OBTAINED ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.


LIKE MANNER, I HAVE FOLLOWED SOME OF THE FAMILY GREAT MEN THROUGH A SERIES OF PICTURES, FROM EARLY BOYHOOD TO THE ROBE OF DIGNITY, OR TRUNK OF COMMISSION, AND SO ON BY DEGREES, UNTIL THEY WERE GATHERED IN THE COMMON REPOSITORY, THE NEIGHBOURING CATHEDRAL.

THERE IS ONE GROUP THAT PARTICULARLY INTERESTED ME. IT CONSISTED OF FOUR SISTERS, OF NEARLY THE SAME AGE, WHO HONOURED ABOUT A CENTURY SINCE, AND IF I MAY JUDGE FROM THEIR PORTRAITS, WERE EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL.

And close I left them in the crown-adorned chamber with the sound of their voices still ringing.
I can imagine what a scene of gaiety and romance this old mansion must have been, when they were in the heyday of their charms; when they passed through beautiful visions through the halls, on a former occasion, or stepped daintily to music in the halls and dances of the grand gallery, or played the duels of the dueling gallery; or printed with dedicated feet, the velvet verdure of these lawns. And must they have been looked up to with mingled love and pride, and reverence by the old family servants; and followed by almost all, and seemed to pass each time into bright and resplendent shade, until this hall at the bottom of the gallery closed after her. I felt a sadness of heart at the idea, that this was an emblem of her lot: a few more years of sunshine and shadow, and all this life and energy and vision will have ceased, and nothing be left to commemorate this beautiful being but one more perishable portrait; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future looker, when I myself am gone, and my scribblings have lived through our brief existence and forgotten.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

I've worn some leather out abroad; I've cut a bushel o' tobacco; I've fed this good sword with the black blood of pagan Christians; I've converted a few indians with it. But let that pass. The Ordinary.

THE HALL was thrown into some agitation, a few days since, by the arrival of General Harbottle. He had been expected for several days, and had been looked for, rather impatiently, by several of the family. Master Simon assured me that I would look the general hugging, for he was a blade of the old school, and an excellent table companion. Lady Lilaht, also, appeared to be somewhat fluttered, on the morning of the general's arrival, for he had been one of her early admirers, and she recollected him only back young ensign, just come upon the town. She actually spent an hour all at the toilette, and made her appearance with her hair uncommonly frizzed and powdered, and an additional quantity of rouge. She was evidently a little surprised and shocked, therefore, at finding the little dashing ensign transformed into a corpulent old general, with a double chin; though it was a perfect picture to witness their salutations; the graceful with her profound courtesy, and the air of the old school with which the general took off his hat, bode well for the future. It is interesting to note that this bustle and anticipation has come to study the general with a little more attention than usual, perhaps, I would otherwise have done; and the few days that have passed at the Hall have enabled me, I think, to furnish a tolerable likeness of him to the reader.

He is, as Master Simon observed, a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pigtail. His face is shaped like the stern of a Dutch man-of-war, narrow at top and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks and a double chin; so that, to use the cant of the day, his organs of eating may be said to be powerfully developed.

The general, though a veteran, has seen very little active service, except the taking of Serpentine, which forms an era in his history. He wears a large emerald in his bosom, and a diamond on his finger which he got on that occasion, and whoever is not lucky enough to notice either, is sure to notice him in the whole history of the siege. To judge from the general's conversation, the taking of Serpentine is the most important affair that has occurred for the last century.

On the approach of warlike times on the continent he was rapidly promoted to get him out of the way of younger officers of merit; until, having been hoisted to the rank of general, he was quietly laid on
the shelf. Since that time, his campaigns have been principally confined to watering-places, where he drinks the waters for a slight touch of the liver which he got in India; and plays with old doxies, with whom he has floated in his younger days. Indeed, he has visited all the fine women of the last half century, and, according to hints the polite and well-informed, has enjoyed the particular smiles of many of them.

He has seen considerable garrison duty, and can speak of almost every place famous for good quarters, and where the inhabitants give good dinners. He is a duffer out of first-rate currency, when in town being invited to one place, because he has been seen at another. In the same way he is invited about the county-seats, and can describe half the seats in the kingdom, from actual observation; nor is any one better versed in court gossip, and the pedigrees and intermarriages of the nobility.

As the general is an old bachelor, and an old beau, and there are several ladies at the Hall, especially his quondam flame Lady Jocelyn, he is put rather upon his gallantry. He commonly passes some time, therefore, at his toilette, and takes the field at a late hour every morning, with his hair dressed out and powdered, and a rose in his button-hole. After he has breakfasted, he walks up and down the terrace in the garden, smoking a pipe, and basking the sun and breezes between every stove, carrying one hand behind his back, and with the other touching his cane to the ground, and then raising it up to his shoulder.

Should he, in these morning promenades, meet any of the older ladies of the family, as he frequently does Lady Lllycraft, his hat is immediately in his hand, and it is enough to remind one of those courtly groups of ladies and gentlemen, in old prints of Windsor, terrace, or Kensington gardens.

He talks frequently about "the service," and is end of humbling the old song.

Why, soldiers, why.
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why.
Whose business 'tis to die?

I cannot discover, however, that the general has ever run any great risk of dying, excepting from an apoplexy or an indulgence. He criticises all the battles on the continent, and discusses the merits of the commanders, but never fails to bring the conversation, ultimo, to Tipoo Sahib and Jeevapatam. I am told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing-rooms, parades, and watering-places, during the late war, and was looked to with hope and confidence by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Hussanpoo's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends punctually on levees when in town. He has treated up many remarkable sayings of the late king, particularly one which the king made to him on a field-day, complimenting him on the excellence of his horse. He extols the whole royal family, but especially by the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist-player in Europe. The general swears rather more than is the fashion of the present day; but it was the mode in the old school. He is, however, very strict in religious matters, and a staunch churchman. He repeats the responses very owly in church, and is emphatic in praying for the king and royal family.

At table, his loyalty waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and the song of "God save the King" puts him in perfect ecstacy. He is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and apt to get a little impatient at any talk about national ruin and agricultural distress. He says he has travelled about the country as much as any man, and has met with nothing but prosperity; and to confess the truth, a great part of his time is spent in visiting one country-seat to another, and riding about the parks of his friends. "They talk of public distress, does the general say this day to me, at dinner, as he smoked a glass of rich burgundy, and cast his eyes about the table; "they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, sir? I see none. I see reason why any one has to complain. Take my word for it, sir, this talk about public distress is all hum bug!"

---HE WIDOW'S RETINUE---

Little dogs and all — Lear.

In giving an account of the arrival of Lady Lllycraft at the Hall, I ought to have mentioned the entertainment which I derived from witnessing the unpacking of her carriage, and the disposing of her retinue. There is something extremely amusing about the latter, in the number of its parts, and the manner in which the various articles are put on or off the carriage, the carriage being in the hands of a coachman, who is as much in the world as any of the family.

He talks frequently about "the service," and is end of humbling the old song.

Why, soldiers, why.
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why.
Whose business 'tis to die?

I cannot discover, however, that the general has ever run any great risk of dying, excepting from an apoplexy or an indulgence. He criticises all the battles on the continent, and discusses the merits of the commanders, but never fails to bring the conversation, ultimo, to Tipoo Sahib and Jeevapatam. I am told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing-rooms, parades, and watering-places, during the late war, and was looked to with hope and confidence by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Hussanpoo's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends punctually on levees when in town. He has treated up many remarkable sayings of the late king, particularly one which the king made to him on a field-day, complimenting him on the excellence of his horse. He extols the whole royal family, but especially by the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist-player in Europe. The general swears rather more than is the fashion of the present day; but it was the mode in the old school. He is, however, very strict in religious matters, and a staunch churchman. He repeats the responses very owly in church, and is emphatic in praying for the king and royal family.

At table, his loyalty waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and the song of "God save the King" puts him in perfect ecstacy. He is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and apt to get a little impatient at any talk about national ruin and agricultural distress. He says he has travelled about the country as much as any man, and has
some turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so
as to show his teeth; in short, he altogether the
look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally
sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail
curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from
the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than
tre legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as
a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.

These dogs are full of elegant alliments, unknown
vulgar dogs; and are petted and nursed by Lady
Lillicraft with the tenderest kindness. They are
panpered and fed with delectacies by their fellow-
men, the page; but their stomachs are often weak
and out of order, so that they cannot eat; though I
have now and then seen them give them a mis-
chievous pinch, or thwack over the head, when a
mistress was not by. They have cushions for their
express use, on which they lie before the fire, and
yet are apt to shiver and moan if there is the least
draught of air. When any one enters the room,
they make a most tyrannical barking that is abso-
lutely detestible. They are insolent to all the other
dogs of the establishment. There is a noble stag-
bound, a great favourite of the Squier's, who is a
priest's visitor to the parlour; but the moment he
makes his appearance, these unruly dogs fly at him
with furious rage; and I have admired the sovereign
intensity of contempt and contempt with which he
tried to look down upon his puny assailants. When her
ladyship drives out these dogs, they are generally carried
with her to take the air; when they look out of each
window of the carriage, and bark at all vulgar pe-
destrian dogs. These dogs are a continual source
of misery to the household: as they are always in
the way, they every now and then get their toes
trodden on, and then there is a yelping on their part,
and a loud lamentation on the part of their mistress,
her fillis the room with clamour and confusion.

Lastly, there is her ladyship's waiting-gentle-
man, Mr. Bums, a prim, pragmatical old maid,
one of the most odorous and intolerant virgins
she ever lived. She has kept her virtue by her un-
till it has turned sour, and now every word and look
smacks of verjuice. She is the very opposite to her
mistress, for one hates, and the other loves, all man-
kind. How they first came together I cannot imagine;
but they have lived together for many years,
and are now inseparable. He is a figure of chintz,
but her ladyship bastante and easy and yielding, the former has
got the complete upper hand, and tyrannizes over the
gentleman in secret. Indeed, she has been so accustomed
to be attended by her, that she thinks she could not do
without her; though one great study of her life, is
to keep Mrs. Hannah in goodhumour, by little pres-
tences andkindnesses.

Master Simon has a most devout abhorrence,
mingle with awe, for this ancient spinster. He
told me the other day, in a whisper, that she was a
cursed brimstone—in fact, he added another epithet,
which I would not repeat for the world. I have re-
spected, however, that he is always extremely civil
when they meet.
their heads, and predicted that young hopeful would soon make way with the old homestead; but Jack falsified all their predictions. They believed this to be true, and as the time approached for the harvest, he engaged a new character; took a wife; attended his harvest affairs; and became an industrious, thrifty farmer. With the family property, he inherited a large set of old family maxims, to which he steadily adhered. He saw to everything himself; put his own hand to the plough; worked hard; ate heartily; slept soundly; paid for every thing in cash down; and never danced, except he could do it to the music of his own money in both pockets. He has never been without a hundred dollars in gold by him, and never allows a debt to stand unpaid. This has gained him his present name, of which, by the bye, he is a little proud; and has caused him to be looked upon as a very wealthy man by all the village.

Notwithstanding his thrift, however, he has never denied himself the amusements of life, but has taken a share in every passing pleasure. It is his maxim, that "he that works hard can afford to play." He is, therefore, an attender at all the country fairs and wakes, and has signalized himself by feats of strength and agility. He keeps up the rustic revels, and hospitality too, for which his paternal farm-house has always been noted; has plenty of good cheer and dancing at harvest-home, and, above all, keeps the "merry night," as it is termed, at Christmas.

With all his love of amusement, however, Jack in no wise abandons his boisterous, jovial companion. He is seldom known to laugh even in the midst of his jaysy; but maintains the same grave, lion-like demeanor. He is very slow at comprehending a joke; and is apt to sit puzzling at it with a perplexed look, while the rest of the company is in a roar. This gravity has, perhaps, grown on him with the growing weight of his character; for he is gradually rising into patriarchal dignity in his native place. Though he no longer takes an active part in athletic sports, yet he always presides at them, and is appealed to on all occasions as umpire. He maintains the peace on the village green at holiday games, and quells all brawls and quarrels by collaring the parties and shaking them heartily, if refractory. No one ever presumes to raise a hand against him, or to contend against his policies; the young men are growing up in habitual awe of his prowess, and in implicit deference to him as the champion and lord of the green.

It is a regular frequenter of the village inn, the landlord having been a sweetheart of his in early life, and he has always continued on kind terms with her. He seldom, however, drinks any thing but a draught of ale; smokes his pipe, and pays his reckoning before leaving the tap-room. Here he is a "House of Commons" man; and he has been, and are very generally referred to him; determines upon the characters and qualities of horses; and, indeed, plays now and then the part of a judge, in settling petty disputes between neighbours, which otherwise might have been nursed by country attorneys into intolerable law-suits. Jack is very candid and impartial in his decisions, but he has not a head to carry a long argument, and is very apt to get perplexed and out of patience if there is much pleading. He generally breaks through the argument with a strong voice, and brings matters to a summary conclusion; by pronouncing, "One dish satisfactory to the business," or, in other words, "the long and the short of the matter."

Jack once made a journey to London, a great many years since, in which had furnished him with topics of conversation ever since. He saw the old king on the terrace at Windsor, who stopped, and pointed him out to one of the princesses, being probably struck with Jack's truly yeoman-like appearance. This is a favourite anecdote with him, and has no doubt had a great effect in making him a most loyal subject ever since, in spite of taxes and poor rates. He was also at Bartholomew fair, where he had half the buttons cut off his coat; and a gang of pickpockets, attracted by his external show of gold and silver, made a regular attempt to hustle him as he was gazing at a show; but for once they found that they had caught a tartar; for Jack enacted as great wonders among the gang as Samson did among the Philistines. His neighbours, who had accompanied him to town, were astonished at Jack at the fair, brought back an account of his exploits, which raised the pride of the whole village, who considered their champion as having subdued all London, and eclipsed the achievements of Frank Tuck, or even the renowned Robin Hood himself.

Of late years, his properties, and his great wealth, have enabled him to become a regular visitor to the elder Squire, in an official capacity; and he is flourished with in that capacity in the Roman streets, and takes a great deal of satisfaction: for what serious young gentleman of little names, and no property, and no books, and no friends, and no employment, can be a political chief, nor a bright eye in the latitude of a Carlton Club or a Reform Club, or a club that produces a new novel every three weeks? But when Frank Tuck is in the house, he is apt to be a bachelor of the town.

In this way he has gradually ascended the ladder of the gentry, and has been seen in the company of men which have been considered as the most distinguished in the kingdom. He has been found to be a man of good sense, and has been known to say, "a true gentleman every inch of him." He is also on excellent terms with Master Simon, who is a kind of privy counsellor to the family; but his greatest favourite is the Oxomanc, whom he taught to wrestle and play at quarter-staff when a boy, and considers the 'most promising young gentleman in the whole country.'

* Many Night—a rustic merry-making in a farm-house about Christmas, common in some parts of Yorkshire. There is abundance of game, foxes, rabbits, partridge, and pheasants, various kinds of gaitty, amusing games, romping, dancing, and kissing withal. These commonly break up at midnight.
THE BACHELOR

The Bachelor most joyfully
Leaves the light of day.
Good fellowship and company
He doth maintain and keep alive.

Evan's Old Ballads.

There is no character in the comedy of human life that is more difficult to play well, than that of an old Bachelor. When a single gentleman, therefore, arrives at that critical period when he begins to consider it an impertinent question to be asked of his age, I would advise him to look well to his ways. This period, I am told, is one in which, with some of his fellow travelers, he has witnessed more than once the meeting of two wrinkled old ladies of this kind, who had not seen each other for several years, and have been amused by the amicable exchange of compliments on each other's appearance, that takes place on such occasions. There is always one invariable observation: "Why, bless my soul! you look younger than when I last saw you!" Whenever a man's friends begin to compliment him about looking young, he may be sure that they think he is growing old.

I am led to make these remarks by the conduct of Master Simon and the general, who have become great cronies. As the former is the youngest by many years, he is regarded as quite a youthful blade by the general, who moreover looks upon him as a man of great wit and promising acquirements. I have already hinted that Master Simon is a future favourite, and considered rather a young fellow by all the elderly ladies of the connexion; for an old bachelor, in an old family connexion, is something like an actor in a regular dramatic corps, who seems to have been born to the stage and to continue to play the Romans and Rangers for half a century together.

Master Simon, too, is a little of the chameleon, and takes a different hue with every different companion: he is very attentive and officious, and somewhat sentimental, with Lady Lilliecraft; copies out little nursery rhymes and love-songs for her, and draws quivers, and doves, and darts, and Cupids, to be worked on the corners of her pocket-handkerchiefs. He indulges, however, in very considerable latitude with the other married ladies of the family, and has many sly pleasantries to whisper to them, that provoke an equivocal laugh and a tap of the fan. But when he gets among young company, such as Frank Bracelidge, the Oxonian, and the general, he is apt to put on the mad wag, and to talk in a very bachelor-like strain about the sex.

In this he is well encouraged by the example of the general, whom he looks up to as a man that has seen the world. The general, in fact, tells shocking stories after dinner, when the ladies have retired, which gives as some of the choice things that are served up at the Mulligatawny club; a kind of bon ton companions in London. He also repeats the fat jokes of old Major Pendergast, the wit of the club, and which, though the general can hardly repeat them for laughing, always make Mr. Bracelidge look grave, he having an great antipathy to an indecent jest. In a word, the general is a complete instance of the declension in gay life, by which a young man of pleasure is apt to cool down into an obscure old gentlemen.

I saw him and Master Simon, an evening or two since, conversing with a boxum milkmaid in a meadow, and the latter trying to sell her an armlet, and then, and the general's shaking his shoulders, breaking up his cheeks, and breaking out into a short fit of irrepressible laughter, I had no doubt they were making the mischief with the girl.

As I looked at them through a hedge, I could not but think they would have made a tolerable group for a modern picture of Susannah and the two elders. It is true, the girl seemed in nowise alarmed at the force of the enemy; and I question, had either of them been alone, whether she would not have been more than they would have ventured to encounter. Such veteran roysters are daring wags when together, and will put any female to the blush with their jokes; but they are as quiet as lambs when they fall singly into the clutches of a fine woman.

In spite of the general's years, he evidently is a little vain of his person, and ambitious of conquests. I have observed him on Sunday in church, eyeing the country girls most suspiciously; and have seen him leer upon them with a downright amorous look, even when he has been gallanting Lady Lilliecraft, with great ceremony, through the church-yard.

The general, in fact, is a veteran in the service of Cupid, rather than of Mars, having signalized himself in all the garrison towns and country quarters, and seen service in every ball-room of England. Not a celebrated beauty but he has laid siege to; and if his word may be taken in a matter wherein no man is apt to be over-vehement, it is incredible the success he has had with the fair. At present he is like a worn-out warrior, retired from service; but who still crowns his beaver with a military air, and talks of fighting whenever he comes within the smell of gunpowder.

I have heard him speak his mind very freely over his bottle, about the folly of the captain in taking a wife; as he thinks a young soldier should care for nothing but his "bottle and kind landlady." But, in fact, he says the service on the continent has had a sad effect upon the young men; they have been ruined by light-writing and quaffing. "They've nothing," he says, "of the spirit of the old service. There are none of your six-bottle men left, that were the souls of a mess dinner, and used to play the very duce among the women."

As to a bachelor, the general affirms that he is a free and easy man, with no baggage to take care of, but his portmanteau; but a married man, with his wife hanging on his arm, always puts him in mind of a chamber candlestick, with its extinguisher hinged to it. I should not mind all this, if it were merely confined to the general; but I fear he will be the ruin of my friend Master Simon, who already begins to echo his heresies, and to talk in the style of a gentleman that has seen life, and lived upon the town. Indeed, the general seems to have taken Master Simon in hand, and is about showing him the town, and getting him acquainted by the example of the general, whom he looks up to as a man that has seen the world. The general, in fact, tells shocking stories after dinner, when the ladies have retired, which gives as some of the choice things that are served up at the Mulligatawny club; a kind of bon ton companions in London. He also repeats the fat jokes of old Major Pendergast, the wit of the club, and which, though the general can hardly repeat them for laughing, always make Mr. Bracelidge look grave, he having a great antipathy to an indecent jest. In a word, the general is a complete instance of the declension in gay life, by which a young man of pleasure is apt to cool down into an obscure old gentleman.

WIVES.

Believe me, man, there is no greater blasp
Than a quiet joy of loving wife.
Whose looks, words, half of himself doth mise,
Friend without change, playfellow without arts,
Food without fiddlers, counsellor without pride.
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

Sir P. Sidney.

There is so much talk about matrimony going on around me in consequence of the approaching event
In which we are assembled at the Hall, that I confess I find my thoughts singularly exercised on the subject. Indeed, all the bachelors of the establishment seem to be passing through a kind of fiery ordeal; for Lady Lillicraft is one of those tender, romance-ready flames of the old school, whose mind is filled with flames and darts, and who breathes nothing but constancy and whirlpool. She is for ever immersed in the concerns of the heart; and, to use a poetical phrase, is perfectly surrounded by ‘the purple light of love.’" The very general seems to feel the influence of this sentimental atmosphere: to mel: as he approaches her ladyship, and, for the time, to forget all his heresies about matrimony and the sex.

The good lady is generally surrounded by little documents of her prevalent taste; novels of a tender nature: richly bound little books of poetry, that are filled with sonnets and love tales, and perfumed with rose-leaves; and she has always an album at hand, for which she claims the contributions of all her friends. On looking over this last repository, the other day, I found a series of poetical extracts, in the Squire’s hand-writing, which might have been intended as matrimonial hints to his ward. I was so struck with several of them, that I took the liberty of copying them out. They are from the old French author, Harelston, published in 1667, and entitled “The City Night-Cap;” in which is drawn out and exemplified, in the part of Abstemia, the character of a patient and faithful wife, which, I think, might vie with that of the renowned Griselda.

It is but right that there should be a play and novels should always end at the wedding, and should not give us another act, and another volume, to let us know how the hero and heroine conducted themselves when married. Their main object seems to be merely to instruct young ladies how to get husbands, but not how to keep them: now this last, I speak it with so much difficulty, appears to me to be a desideratum in modern married life. It is appalling to those who have not yet adventured into the holy state, to see how soon the flame of romantic love burns out, or rather is quenched in matrimony; and how deplorably the passionate, poetic lover declines into the pugnacious, prosaic husband. I am inclined to attribute this very much to the defect just mentioned in the plays and novels, which form so important a branch of study for our young ladies; and which teach us how to be heroes, but leave them totally at a loss when they come to be wives. The play from which the quotations before me were made, however, is an exception to this remark; and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of adducing some of them for the benefit of the reader, and for the honour of an old writer, who has bravely attempted to awaken dramatic interest in favour of a woman, even after she was married!

The following is a commendation of Abstemia to her husband Lorenzo:

She’s modest, but not sullen, and loves silence; Not that she wants apt words, for when she speaks, She infuses love with wonder, but because She calls wise silence the soul’s harmony. She is an orphan: yet such a fate to compass, The peal call her courteous, and which is excellent, (Though fair and young) she shuns to expose herself. To the opinion of strangers eyes. She either seldom Or never walks abroad in your company, And the most sweet bashfulness, as she were venturing on crack’d ice, and takes delight To get to the point your foot hath made, And will follow you white fields; so she will drive Tedium out of time, with her sweet character.

Notwithstanding all this excellence, Abstemia has the misfortune to incur the unmerited jealousy of her husband. Instead, however, of resenting his harsh treatment with clamorous upbraidings, and with the stormy violence of high, windy virtue, by which the sparks of anger are often blown into a flame, she endures it with the meekness of conscious, but patient, virtue; and makes the following beautiful appeal to a friend who has witnessed her suffering:

—Hast thou not seen me
Bear all his injuries, and may she be worthy
Of thy suspicion; and if I hear thee hereafter
That I am guilty, or but thy last step,
And you shall know that to the last I love you.
And when you walk forth with your hand and choose
Into the pleasant fields, and talk with chance of talk,
Imagine that you see me, lean and pale,
Shrinking your path with flowers,
But may she never live to pay my debts:
If but in thought that die,
In the conception of the injury,
Pray make me wealthy with one kiss: farewell, sir;
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
That I was innocent: nor this forget,
Though innocence here smile, sigh, and groan,
She walks but thronow thoughts to find a hope.

In a short time Lorenzo discovers his error, and the innocence of his injured wife. In the transports of his repentance, he calls to mind all her feminine excellences; her gentle, uncomplaining, womanly fortitude under wrongs and sorrows:

—Farewell, Lorenzo.
Whom my soul doth love; if you’re marry,
May you meet a good wife; so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion; and if I hear thee hereafter
That I am guilty, or but thy last step,
And you shall know that to the last I love you.
And when you walk forth with your hand and choose
Into the pleasant fields, and talk with chance of talk,
Imagine that you see me, lean and pale,
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It is but doing right by the reader, if interested in the fate of Abstemia by the preceding extracts, to say, that she was restored to the arms and affections of her husband, rendered tenderer ever by, that disposition in every good heart, to atone for past injustice, by an over-measuring of returning kindness:

Thou wealth, worth more than kingdoms! I am now
Confess’d past all suspicion; thou art fair
Swelter’d in thy sincere truth as a sacrifice
Heck’d up for death with garments: The Indian wind
That blow from off the coast and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savours of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee.

I have been more affected and interested by this little dramatic picture, than by many a popular low tale; though, as I said before, I do not think it likely either Abstemia or patient Grizlile stand much chance of being taken for a model. Still I like to see poetry now and then extending its views beyond the wedding-day, and teaching a lady how to make herself attractive even after marriage. There is no great need of enforcing on an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable; nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions around her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no foreign aid to set it off; it please;
pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be her husband all that he fancied her when he was a lover. Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wounding goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should, therefore, ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavour to keep it up when she becomes a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the charm of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavour still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be woo'd, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses instead of winning him. The secret of a woman's power does not consist so much in giving, as in withholding. A woman may give too much even to her husband. It is to a timid and little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from that dangerous familiarity, that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony. By these means she may still maintain her power, though she has surrendered herself to the other sex. She should, and may continue the romance of love even beyond the honeymoon.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, "must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty, and the grave rules of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies." I have wandered into a rambling series of remarks on a tribe subject, and a dangerous one for a bachelor to meddle with. That I may not, however, appear to confine my observations entirely to the wife, I will conclude with another quotation from Jeremy Taylor, in which the duties of both parties are mentioned; while I would recommend his sermon on the marriage-ring to all those who, wiser than myself, are about entering the happy state of wedlock.

There is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents: and what in one is called love, in the other is called reverence; and what in the wife is obedience, in the man duty. He provides, and she dispenses; he gives commandments, and she rules by them; he rules by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her.

STORY TELLING.

A FAVORITE evening pastime at the Hall, and one which the worthy Squire is fond of promoting, is story telling, "a good, old-fashioned fire-side amusement," as he terms it. Indeed, I believe he promotes it, chiefly, because it was one of the choice recreations in those days of yore, when ladies and gentlemen were not much in the habit of reading. Be this as it may, he will often, at supper-table, when conversation flags, call on one or other of the company for a story, and then he in turn, after the custom to call for a song; and it is edifying to see the exemplary patience, and even satisfaction, with which the good old gentleman will sit and listen to some hackneyed tale that he has heard for at least a hundred times.

In this way, one evening, the current of anecdotes and stories ran upon mysterious personages that have figured at different times, and filled the world with doubt and conjecture; such as the Wandering Jew, the Man with the Iron Mask, who tormented the curiosity of all Europe; the Invisible Girl, and last, though not least, the Pig-faced Lady.

At length, one of the company was called upon that had the most unpromising physiognomy for a story teller, that ever I had seen. He was a thin, pale, weazened man, extremely nervous, that had sat at one corner of the table, shrunk up, as he were, into himself, and almost swallowed up in the cape of his coat, as a turtle in its shell.

The very demand seemed to throw him into a nervous agitation; yet he did not refuse. He emerged his head out of his shell, made a few old grimaces and gestures, before he could get his muscles into order, or his voice under command, and then offered to give some account of a mysterious personage that he had recently encountered in the course of his travels, and one whom he thoughtfully entertained to being classed with the Man with the Iron Mask.

I was so much struck with his extraordinary narrative, that I have written it out to the best of my recollection, for the amusement of the reader, I think it has in it all the elements of that mysterious and romantic narrative, so greedily sought after in the present day.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me." —Hamlet.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn!—whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church a melancholy sound. I went to the window, in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room refused. I landed a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world, than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his beak; near the cart was a half-dying cow
chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking its spectral head out of the window, with the rain dripping on it from the caves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between the bark and a yelp; a dwarf of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a long yellowing duchess, assembled like hoop companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement.

My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers-room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the tenants that transmigrate from the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only charging the lurance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benham. They are, in fact, the present-day mercenary republic of the charwomen of pleasant beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days, to trade, instead of fight, with one another. At the room of the hotel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armament of wayward warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawn ing-helmets; so the travellers-room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with boxes, wigs of all kinds, spurs, gauntlets, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gauntlets, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down on it. The weather is as delightful as ever by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats blown up mid-hip high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charmers at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco-smoke, and which I had already read half-a-dozen times—good-for-nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I killed all the ambition of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slowly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, thick, pandemonium of a downpour—patter—patter; and then now and then I was en livened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrellas.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a backspinal phrase of the day); now in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whisked through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, covering under cotton umbrellas, and seething together, and recking with the streams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the caroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yeaped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purloins of an inn; but the bustle was transposed at the eav, of a small boy and boy dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to the chasm of the charwoman's window, and the cobblestones shivered at the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much rain about—this time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after, I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: "The stout gentleman in No. 13 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine, every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest upstairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Johnson, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The stout gentleman!"—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfast being rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well-to-do in the world," accustomed to be promptly attended; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing, and before it could be answered, another ringing still more

violent."

The bell was rung, and I heard the voice of the waiter, and the idea of the breakfast being sent up, and the necessity of the man being a London Alderman, or a Member of Parliament, was brightened by the sound of the piano; the music was not of the sort to be expected in such an inn; it was too noisy for men and women to sit and listen to. I got into the habit of bringing the music at the management of the hotel, and it was not to be tolerated. In a word, it was absolutely ordered to cease.
Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt; the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and grow, and sit on the veranda of the hotel, and live in a state of perfect contentment with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a stammerer, but very pretty withal; with a tenor voice for a husband, as the girls are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter, were sent up. They appeared to be more gracefully received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the traveller's-room, when I heard a noise of bustling about. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whom; or rather, from his being so absolutely a gentleman, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself!"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlady of bustling insensibilities, trouble her heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The colour of his coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain! rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and by I heard one walking overhead. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the sound of his footsteps. He must have a very low voice from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes, of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast.

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from the neighbouring bed-room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humoured face, went down-stairs in a violent hurry. The stout gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the grave. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chamber-maids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, surrounded by the hotel, the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady.
The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean-
time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home, and up to a dozen of the party entered the room. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. I had been in a
different mood. I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were
two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to a dozen inimitable jokes of travellers. The
two had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other
names, changing the name every time, and chucking amusingly at their own waggery. My
mind, however, had become completely engaged
by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in
clause during a long day, and it was not now
to be diverted from the scene.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers
retired to their recreation over. Some drawed
round the fire, and told long stories about their horses,
about their adventures, their overturns, and breakdowns.
They discussed the credits of different
merchants and different inns; and the two wags said
told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids, and
kind passers. All this passed as they were quietly talking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the
chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-
bearded, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy
hair. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine,
and a spoon; sipping and staring, and meditating
and sipping, until nothing was left but the
spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his
chair, with the empty glass standing before him;
and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the
ground long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and
dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.
The gloom that now prevailed was contagious.
Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-
coats of departed travellers, long since buried in
deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with
the breathings of the respiration of the sleeping
sleepers, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—
the, from the eaves of the house. The church-
bell chimed midnight. All at once the stout gentle-
man began to walk overhead, pacing slowly back
wards and forwards. There was something ex-
tremely awful in all this, especially to one in my
state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these
guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this
mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter,
and at length died away. I could not hear it no longer.
I was too busy up to the last beaten, as a hero of
romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I
to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chas-
mer candle, and hurried up to number 13. The
door stood ajar. I hesitated—entered: the room was
deserted. There stood a large, broad-bottomed el-
bow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tun-
ner, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt
powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently just re-
tired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room,
where I found, by the change in the weather,
As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of
boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the
unknown; but it would not do to disturb so remark-
able a personage in his den; he might discharge a
pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to
bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a
terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep,
I was still haunted by my dreams by the idea of the
stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

The next morning, and was
awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which
I could not at first comprehend; until getting more
awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from
the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below. "The
gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the
gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an
immediate scamping of a chambermaid along the
passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is;
here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of
setting off. This was the only chance I should ever
have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scram-
bling to the window, snatched aside the curtains,
and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting
in at the back door. There was to a blood coat
parted behind, and gave me a full view of the red
disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed;
"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off—
and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman.

**FOREST TREES.**

*A living gallery of aged trees.*

One of the favourite themes of boasted with the
Squire, is the noble trees on his estate, which, it
truth, has some of the finest that I have seen in
England. There is something august and solemn
in the avenues of stately oaks that gather their
branches together high in air, and seem to reduce the
pedestrians beneath them to mere piggies. "An
avenue of oaks or elms," the Squire observes, "is
the true colonnade that should lead to a gentleman's
house. As to stone and marble, any one can rear
them at once—they are the work of the day; but
commend me to the colonnades that have grown old
and great with the family, and tell by their grandeur
how long the family has endured.

The Squire is a very great observer for certain
verifiable trees, gray with moss, which he considers as
the ancient nobility of his domain. There is the
ruin of an enormous oak, which has been so much
hattered by time and tempest, that scarce anything is
left; though he says Christy recalls when, in
his boyhood, it was healthy and flourishing, until it
was struck by lightning. It is now a mere
wreath, with one twisted branch stretching up into the
air leaving a green branch at the end of it. This
sturdy wreck is much valued by the Squire; he calls it
his standard-bearer, and compares it to a veteran war-
rior beaten down in battle, but bearing up his banner
to the last. He has actually had a fence built round it,
to protect it as much as possible from further
injury.

It is with great difficulty that the Squire can ever
be brought to have any tree cut down on his estate.
To some he looks with reverence, as having been
planted by his ancestors; to others with a kind of
paternal affection, as having been planted by himself;
and he feels a degree of awe in bringing down,
though he has cut down, it is not a few strokes of
the heaviest axe, that it has cost centuries to build up. I confess I cannot but sympathize,
in some degree, with the good Squire on the
subject. Though brought up in a country overrun
with forests, where trees are apt to be considered
more enduring and immortal than
the human, I cannot
hesitation say, I do not think
are nature's laws, or
great trees and habitantes have
Sylvia, my gardener, has
to this world, and has been in
thought, and I do not know what the
of their feet, and pity
...
mure encroachments, and to be laid low without hesitation or remorse, yet I could never see a fine tree hewn down without concern. The poets, who advocate the right of property, say 'that every tree has its root in the earth, and that an action is not to be considered as contrary to the laws of nature, unless it is a case where the wants of others are not greater than the conveniences of the offending party.' It is, I think, a much more correct idea of the right of property, to argue thus from the principles of nature, than to reason from the laws of society, that a man has a right to make use of all that he can collect. By the word 'collect,' I mean to gather together all that he can gather, and to use it for his own purposes. This is the idea which I have always had of the right of property, and it is the idea which I have always endeavored to maintain. I have always thought that it was a great mistake to argue from the laws of society, and that it was a great mistake to argue from the principles of nature. I have always thought that it was much better to argue from the laws of society, and that it was much better to argue from the principles of nature. I have always thought that it was much better to argue from the laws of society, and that it was much better to argue from the principles of nature. I have always thought that it was much better to argue from the laws of society, and that it was much better to argue from the principles of nature. I have always thought that it was much better to argue from the laws of society, and that it was much better to argue from the principles of nature.
fearts, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids, from the midst of their paternal lands. There is a solitude between all nature, animate and inanimate: the oak, in the pride and lustfulness of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its lofty fames from the impieties of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman should be — a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for foes all, and a rallying point from the pestilences of the storm, or the scourging rays of arbitrary power. He who is this, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is otherwise, abuses his eminent advantages; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempest arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? — "Why cumberth he the ground?"

A LITERARY ANTIQUARY

printed books he contemplates, as a novelty of the latter age; out a manuscript he pores on everlastingly; especially if the cover be of all, nothing makes a book more palpable to ev'ry bystander.

Mime-Courante, 1654.

The Squire receives great sympathy and support from his antiquated humorous, from the person, of whom he made some mention on my former visit to the Hall, and who acts as a kind of family chaplain. He has been cherished by the Squire almost constantly, since the time that they were fellow-students at Oxford; for it is one of the peculiar advantages of these great universities, that they often link the poor scholar to the rich patron, by early and heart-felt ties, that last through life, without the usual humiliations of dependence and patronage. Under the fostering protection of the Squire, therefore, the little parson has pursued his studies in peace. Having lived almost entirely among books, and those, too, old books, he is quite ignorant of the world, and his mind is as antiquated as the garden at the Hall, where they were gathered, and the yew-trees clipped into urns and peacocks.

His taste for literary antiquaries was first imbued in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where, when a student, he passed many an hour foraging among the old manuscripts. He has since, at different times, visited most of the curious libraries in England, and has ransacked many of the cathedrals. With all his quaint and curious learning, he has nothing of arrogance or pedantry; but that unaffected earnestness and guileless simplicity which seem to belong to the literary antiquary. He is a dark, mousy little man, and rather dry in his manner; yet, on his favourite theme, he kindles up, and at times is even eloquent. No fox-hunter, recollecting his last day's sport, could be more animated than I have seen the worthy parson, when relating his search after a case of pages which he had traced from library to library, until he fairly unearthed it in the dusty chapter-house of a cathedral. When, too, he describes some venerable manuscript, with its rich illuminations, its thick creamy vellum, its glossy ink, and the odour of the cloisters that seemed to exhale from it, he rivals the enthusiasm of a Parisian epicure, expatiating on the merits of a Perigord pie, or a Fritté de Strasbourg.

His brain seems absolutely haunted with love-sick dreams about the famous old works in "silk linings, triple gold bands, and tinsel leather, locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar reader;" and, to continue the happy expressions of an ingenious writer, "dazzling one's eyes like eastern beauties, peering through their jealousies."

He has a great desire, however, to read such works in the old libraries and chapter-houses to which they belong; for he thinks a black-letter volume read in one of these venerable chambers where the light struggles through dusty laced windows and painted glass; and that it loses half its zest, if taken away from the neighbourhood of the quaintly-curved oak book-case and Gothic reading-desk. At his suggestion, the Squire has had the library furnished in this antique taste, and several of the window-glazed with painted glass, that they may throw a properly tempered light upon the pages of their favourite old authors.

The parson, I am told, has been for some time meditating a commentary on Strutt, Brand, and Douce, in which he means to detect them in sundry dangerous errors in respect to popular games and superstitions; a work to which the Squire looks forward with great interest. He is, also, a casual contributor to that long-established regiment of national customs and antiquities, the Gentleman's Magazine, and is one of those that now and then make an inquiry concerning some obsolete custom or rare legend; nay, it is said that several of his communications have been at least six inches in length. He frequently receives parcels by coach from different parts of the kingdom, containing bulky volumes and almost illegible manuscripts; for it is singular what an active correspondence is kept up among literary antiquaries, and how the fame of any rare volume, or unique copy, only discovered among the roughest of a library, is circulated among them. The parson is more busy than common just now, being a little irritated by an advertisement of a work, said to be preparing for the press, on the mythology of the middle ages. The little man has long been gathering together all the hohgoblin tales that he could collect, illustrative of the superstitions of former times; and he is in a complete fever lest this formidable rival should take the field before him.

Shortly after my arrival at the Hall, I called at the parsonage, and was received with the cordial and general. The parson had not been seen for several days, which was a matter of some surprise, as he was an almost daily visitor at the Hall. We found him in his study; a small dusky chamber, lighted by a lattice window that looked into the churchyard, and was overshadowed by a yew-tree. His chair was surrounded by folios and quartos, piled upon the floor, and his table was covered with books and manuscripts. The cause of his seclusion was a work which he had recently received, and with which he had retired in rapture from the world, and shut himself up to enjoy a literary honeymoon undisturbed. Never did boating-school girl devour the pages of a sentimental novel, or Don Quixote a chivalrous romance, with more intense delight than did the little man banquet on the pages of his delightful work. It was Dibdin's Bibliotheca Antiquaria; a work calculated to have as intoxicating an effect on the imaginations of literary antiquaries, as the adventures of the heroes of the round table, on all true knights; or the tales of the early American voyagers on the
ardent spirits of the age, filling them with dreams of Mexican and Peruvian mines, and of the golden realm of El Dorado.

The good parson had looked forward to this bibliographical expedition as of far greater importance than the excursion or the North Pole. His eagerness had been upon the history of the enterprise! with what interest had he followed the redoubtable bibliographer and his graphical squire in their adventurous ramblings among Norman castles, and cathedrals, and French libraries, and German castles, and other marvels of the printer's art? and how much more precious than the costly gilding. Under his plastic hand, trifles rise into importance; the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another, the levity of the wit gravitates into the learning of the pell-mell, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinitely more value than a modern ruin.

The parson had finished a rapturous coryphée on this most curious and entertaining work, and drawn from a little drawer a manuscript, lately received from a correspondent, which had perplexed him. It was written in Norman French, in very ancient characters, and so faded and mouldered away as to be almost illegible. It was apparently an old Norman drinking song, that might have been brought over by one of William the Conqueror's carousing followers. The writing was just legible enough to keep a keen antiquary-hunter on a doubtful chase; here and there he would be completely thrown, but with great ease, and with only a few words, and so plainly written as to let him see the scent again. In this way he had been led on for a whole day, until he had found himself completely at fault.

The squire endeavoured to assist him, but was equally baffled. The old general listened for some time to the discussion, and then asked the parson if he had read Captain Morris's, or George Stevens's, or Anacreon Moore's bacchanalian songs? On the other replying in the negative, "Oh, then," said the general, with a sagacious nod, "if you want a drinking song, I can furnish you with the latest collection -I didn't know you had a turn for those kind of things; and I can lend you the Encyclopaedia of Wit and Witty, if you want something without them; they're excellent reading at an inn.

It would be not easy to describe the old look of surprise and perplexity of the parson, at this proposal; or the difficulty the Squire had in making the general comprehend, that though a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of what was past, with the notice of a learned man, yet a trifle, written by a copyist several hundred years since, was a matter worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole colleges by the ears.

I have since pondered much on this matter, and have figure to myself what may be the fate of our current literature, when retrieved, piecemeal, by future antiquaries, from among the rubbish of ages. What a Magnus Apollo, for instance, will Moore become, among sober divines and dusty schoolmen! Even his festive and amatory songs, which are the mere quickeners of our social moments, or the delights of our drawing-rooms, will then become matters of laborious research and painful collection. How many a grand professor will then waste his midnight oil, or worry his brain through a long evening, endeavoring to restore the pure text, or illustrate the biographical hints of "Come, ten me, says Rosa, as kissing and kissed" and how many an old bookworm, like the worthy little parson, will give up in despair, after vainly striving to fill up a fatal hiatus in "Fanny of Timboli."

Nor it merely librarians as Moore that are doomed to consume the oil of future antiquaries. Many a poor scribbler, who is now, apparently, sent to oblivion by pastry-cooks and cheese-mongers, will then rise again in fragments, and flourish in learned immortality.

After all, though I, time is not such an invincible destroyer as he is represented. If he pulls down, he likewise builds up; if he impoverishes one, he enriches another; his very dilapidations furnish matter for new works of controversy, and his rust is more precious than the costly gilding. Under his plastic hand, trifles rise into importance; the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another, the levity of the wit gravitates into the learning of the pell-mell, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinitely more value than a modern ruin.

The Farm-House.

--- Love and hay
Are rich stores, but come up full of filth.

Beadmond and F. S. P. F. W.

I was so much pleased with the anecdotes which were told me of Ready-Money Jack Tibberts, that I got Master Simon, a day or two since, to take me to his house. It was an old-fashioned farm-house built in the woods, with a row of bee-hives humming among beds of sweet herbs and flowers. With rough and rustic tube, with bright copper hoops, hung on the garden plot. Fruit trees were trained up against the cottage, and pots of flowers stood in the windows. A fat, well-nourished mastiff lay in the sunshine at the door; and a sleek cat sleeping peacefully across him.

Mr. Tibberts was from home at the time of our calling, but we were received with hearty and homely hospitality by his wife, a people, motherly woman, and a complete partner for women, since, according to Master Simon's account, she never controls the honest Jack, and yet manages to have her own way, and control him in everything.

She received us in the main room of the house, a kind of parlour and hall, with great bough-beams of timber across it, which Mr. Tibberts is apt to point out with some satisfaction. But the furniture is not such that Mr. Tibberts could put such timber in houses today, as the furniture was old-fashioned, strong, and highly polished; the walls were hung with coloured prints of the story of the Prodigal Son, who was represented in a red coat and leather breeches. Over the fireplace was a blunderbuss, and a hard-favoured likeness of Ready-Money Jack, taken when he was a young man, by the same artist that painted the Prodigal Son. His mother having taken a notion that the Tibberts had as much right to have a gallery of family portraits as the fobs at the Hall.

The good dame pressed us very much to take some refreshment, and tempted us with a variety of home-made dainties, so that we were glad to comply by taste of some of her home-made wines. While we were there, the son and heir-apparent came home; a good-looking young fellow, and something of a rustick beau. He took us over the premises, and showed us the whole establishment. An air of homeliness but substantiality prevailed throughout; every thing was of the best materials, and in the best condition. Nothing was out of place, or ill made; and the old wife everywhere in the corners, wherever the young people took care to have the worth of his money, and that paid as much as he was worth.

The farm-yard was well stocked; under a shed...
A coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight put both man and horse in a panic. Some said it was a great crack which had been方式 brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the canals were used as divvies.

Taylor, the Water Port.

I have made casual mention, more than once, of one of the Squire's antiquated retainers, old Christy, the huntsman. I find that his crabbed humour is a source of much entertainment among the young men of the family; the Oxonian, particularly, takes a mischievous pleasure, now and then, in stifling the old man against the grain, and then smoothing him down again; and he is always ready to或是 his back as a porcupine. He rides a venerable hunter called Pepper, which is a counterpart of himself, a heady, cross-grained animal, that frets the flesh off its bones; bites, kicks, and plays all manner of villainous tricks. He is as near and nearly as old as his rider, who has ridden him time out of mind, and is, indeed, the only one that can do anything with him. Sometimes, however, they have a complete quarrel, and a dispute for mastery, and then, I am told, it is as good as a farce to see them both get into, and off the wrong-headed contest that ensues; for they are quite known in each other's way, and in the art of teasing and fretting each other. Notwithstanding these doughty brawls, however, there is nothing that nettles old Christy sooner than to question the merits of the horse, which he upholds as tenaciously as a faithful husband will vindicate the virtues of the termagant spouse, that gives him a curtain lecture every night of his life.

The young men call old Christy their "professor of equitation;" and in accounting for the application, they let me into some particulars of the Squire's mode of bringing up his children. There is an odd mixture of eccentricity and good sense in all the opinions of my worthy host. His mind is mod-
and sweeteners of the breath that ever were intended. He extols the horsemanship of the ladies in former times, when Queen Elizabeth would scarcely suffer the rain to stop her accustomed ride, so, he then think, he will say, "what nobler and sweter beings it made them. What a difference must there be, both in mind and body, between a joyous, high-spirited dame of those days, glowing with health and exercise, freshened by every breeze that blows, seated lofty and gracefully on her saddle, with plume on head, and hawk on hand, and her descentiant of the present day, the pale victim of routs and ball rooms, sunk languidly in one corner of an enviating carriage.

The Squire's equestrian system has been attended with great success; for his sons, having passed through the whole course of instruction without breaking neck or limb, are now healthful, spirited, and active, and have the true Englishman's love for a horse. If their manliness and frankness are praised in their father's hearing, he quotes the old Persian maxim, and says, they have been taught "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth.

It is true, the Oxonian has now and then practised the old gentleman's doctrines a little in the extreme. He is a gay youngster, rather fond of his horse than his book, with a little dash of the dandy; though the ladies all declare that he is "the power of the pack." The first year that he was sent to Oxford, he had a tutor appointed to overlook him, a dry chip of the university. When he returned home in the vacation, the Squire made many inquiries about him, and he liked his college, his studies, and his tutor.

"Oh, as to my tutor, sir, I've parted with him some time since."

"You have! and pray, why so?"

"Oh, sir, hunting was all the go at our college and I was a little short of funds; so I discharged my tutor, and took a horse, you know."

"Ah, I was not aware of that, Tom," said the Squire, mildly.

When Tom returned to college, his allowance was doubled, that he might be enabled to keep both horse and tutor.

LOVE SYMPTOMS.

I will now begin to sigh, read poets, look pale, go sallow, and be most apparently in love.

I SHOULD not be surprised, if we should have another pair of turtles at the Hall; for Master Simon has informed me, in great confidence, that he suspects the general of some design upon the susceptible heart of Lady Lillikraft. I have, indeed, noticed a growing attention and courtesy in the veteran towards her ladyship; he softery every much in his company, sits by her at table, and entertains her with long stories about Serlingapatam, and pleasant anecdotes of the Mulligatawney club. I have ever seen him present her with a full-blown rose from the hot-house, in a style of the most captivating gallantry, and it was accepted with great gaiety and graciousness; for her ladyship delights in receiving the homage and attention of the excess.

Indeed, the general was one of the earliest ad

I will now begin to sigh, read poets, look pale, go sallow, and be most apparently in love.
the side of her carriage in Hyde Park; whereupon I have remarked that the regularity has so completely 
escorted her since, when she rides out on horseback; 
and, I suspect, he almost persuades himself that he 
makes a pleasing appearance as in his youthful 
days.

It would be an interesting and memorable circum-
stance in the chronicles of Cupid, if this spark of 
the tender passion, after lying dormant for such a 
length of time, should again be fanned into a flame 
while she be two burn-out hearts.

It could be the instance of a pernicious vitality, worth 
both being placed beside those recorded in one of 
the Squire's favourite tomes, commemorating the con-
stant of the olden times; in which times, we are 
told, "Men and women, could love at sight, seven 
year, and no licours lustes were betwene 
them, and thenne was love, troute, and feythfulness 
and lo in lyke wyse was used love in King Arthur's 
days."*

Still, however, this may be nothing but a little ven-
erable flirtation, the general being a dashing 
gentleman, and the good lady habituated to these kind of atten-
tions. Master Simon, on the other hand, thinks the 
general is looking at him with the wary eye of an 
old enemy. In fact, he, in all of wane, is desirous of getting into warm winter-quarter 
much allowance, however, must be made for 
Master Simon's unseasonableness on the subject, for he 
looks on Lady Lillycraft's house as one of his strong-
holds, where he is lord of the ascendant; and, with 
all his admiration of the general, I much doubt 
whether he would like to see him lord of the lady 
and the establishment.

There are certain other symptoms, notwithstanding, 
that give an air of probability to Master Simon's 
indications. Thus, for instance, I have observed 
that the general has been very assiduous in his atten-
tions to her ladyship's dogs, and has several times 
exposed his fingers to imminent jeopardy, in at-
tempting to pat Beauty on the head. It is to be 
believed his advances to the mistress will be more 
favourably received, as all his overtures towards a 
caress are greeted by the pestilent little cur with a 
very coldness of the eye, and a most venomous 
growl.

He has, moreover, been very complaisant towards 
my lady's gentleman, the immaculate Mrs. Han-
nah, whom he used to speak of in a way that I do 
not choose to mention. Whether she has the same 
affections with Master Simon or not, I cannot say; 
but she receives his civilities with no better grace 
than the implacable Beauty; unscrewing her mouth into a most acid smile, and looking at her 
she could bite a piece out of him. In short, the poor 
gentleman seems to have as formidable foes to contend 
with, as a hero of ancient fairy tale; who had to 
fight his way to his enchanted princess through 
ferocious terrors of every kind, and to encounter the 
brimstone terrors of some fiery dragon.

There is still another circumstance, which inclines 
me to give very considerable credit to Master 
Simon's suspicions. Lady Lillycraft is very fond of 
quoting poetry, and the conversation often turns 
upon it, on which occasions the general is thrown 
completely out. It happened the other day that 
Spenser's Fairy Queen was the theme for the greater 
part of the morning, and the poor general sat per-
fectedly silent. I found him not long after in the li-
brary, with spectacles on nose, a book in his hand, 
and fast asleep. On my approach, he awoke, slit 
the spectacles into his pocket, and began to read 
very attentively. After a little while he put a paper 

* Mort d'Arthu.
represented a party of cavaliers and stately dames, with doublts, caps, and flowering feathers, mounted on horses, with their attendants on foot, all in animated pursuit of the game.

The Squire has dismounted the killing of any hawks in his neighbourhood, but gives a liberal bounty for all that are brought him alive; so that the Hall is well and worthily kept up by them all. On these he and Master Simon have exhausted their patience and ingenuity, endeavouring to "reclaim" them, as it is termed, and to train them up for the sport; but they have met with continual checks and disappointments. Their fathered school has turned out the most untractable and graceless scholars: nor is it the least of their trouble to drill the retainers who were to act as ushers under them, and to take immediate charge of these refractory birds. Old Christy and the gamekeeper both, for a time, set their faces against the whole plan of education; Christy having been nettled at hearing what he terms a wild goose chase put on a par with a fox-hunt; and the gamekeeper, having always been accustomed to look upon hawks as arrant pouchers, which it was his duty to shoot down, and nail in terrorem, against the out-houses.

Christy has at length taken the matter in hand, but has done still more mischief by intermeddling. He became positive and long-headed about this, as he is about hunting. Master Simon has now discussed with him, as to feeding and training the hawks. He shows him long passages from the old authors I have mentioned; but Christy, who cannot read, has a sovereign contempt for all book-knowledge, and persists in treating the hawks according to his own notions, which are drawn from his experience, in younger years, in the rearing of game-cocks.

The consequence is, that, between these jarring systems, the poor birds have had a most trying and unhappy time of it. Many have fallen victims to Christy's feeding and Master Simon's physicking; for the latter has gone to work secundum artum, and has given them all the vomitings and scourings laid down in the books; never were poor hawks so fed and physicked before. Others have been lost by being in half "reclaimed," or tamed; for on being taken into the field, they have "raked" after the game quite out of hearing of the call, and never returned.

All these disappointments had been petty, yet some grievances to the Squire, and had made him to despond about success. He has lately, however, been made happy by the receipt of a fine Welsh falcon, which Master Simon terms a stately highflyer. It is a present from the Squire's friend, Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne; and is no doubt, a descendant of some ancient line of Welsh princes of the air, that have long lorded it over their kingdom of clouds, from Wynnstay to the very summit of Snowden, or the brow of Penmaenmawr.

Ever since the Squire received this invaluable present, he has been as impatient to sally forth and make proof of it, as was Don Quixote to assay his suit of armour. There have been some demurs as to when should be the best time; but his bitches, in their eagerness and training; but these have been overruled by the vehement desire to play with a new toy; and it has been determined, right or wrong, in season or out of season, to have a day's sport in hawking tomorrow.

The Hall, as usual, whenever the Squire is about to make some new sally on his hobby, is all agog with the thing. Miss Templeton, who is brought up in reverence for all her guardian's humours, has proposed to be of the party; and Lady Lillycroft has talked also of riding out to the scene of action and looking on. This has gratified the old gentleman exceedingly; he halls it as an auspicious omen of the revival of falconry, and does not despise but the time will come when it will be again the pride of a fine lady to carry about a noble falcon, in preference to a parrot or a lap-dog.

I have amused myself with the bustling preparations of that busy spirit, Master Simon, and the continual thwartings he receives from that genuine son of a pepper-box, old Christy. They have had half-a-dozen consultations about how the hawk is to be prepared for the morrow's sport. Old Nimrod, as usual, has always got in a pet, upon which Master Simon has invariably given up the point, observing, in a pout-humoured tone, "Well, well, have it your own way, Christy; only don't put yourself in a passion;" a reply which always nettles the old man ten times; more than ever.

### HAWKING

At an early hour this morning, the Hall was in bustle preparing for the sport of the day. I heard Master Simon whistling and singing under my window at sunrise, as he was preparing the jesses for the hawk's legs, and could distinguish now and then a stanza of one of his favourite old ditties;

> In peaceful times, when bound to horn
> Given note that buck be killed
> All little boys, with pipe of reed
> Is feeding sheep-a-field. 4

A hearty breakfast, well flanked by cold meats, was served up in the great hall. The whole garrison of retainers and hangers-on were in motion, enforced by volunteer idlers from the village. The horses were led up and down before the door; every body had something to say, and something to do, and hurried hither and thither; there was a drowsy yelping of dogs; some that were to accompany as being eager to set off, and others that were to stay at home being whipped back to their kennels. In short, for once, the good Squire's mansion might have been taken as a good specimen of one of the stables of the old feudal times.

Breakfast being finished, the chivalry of the Hall prepared to take the field. The fair Julia was of the party, in a hunting-dress, with a light plume of feathers in her riding-hat. As she mounted her favourite galloway, I remarked, with pleasure, that old Christy forgot his usual crustiness, and hastened to adjust her saddle and bridle. He touched his cap, as she smiled on him, and thanked him; and then, looking round, he saw all his attendants gave a knowing nod of his head, in which I read pride and exultation at the charming appearance of his pupil.

Lady Lillycroft had likewise determined to witness the sport. She was dressed in her broad white headdress tied under the chin, and a riding-habit of the last century. She rode her sleek, ambling pony, whose motion was as easy as a rocking-chair; and was gallantly escorted by the general, who looked not unlike one of the doughty heroes in the old prints of the battle of Blenheim. The parson, likewise, ac
accompanied her on the other side; for this was a learned amusement, in which he took great interest; and, indeed, had given much counsel, from his knowledge of old customs.

At length every thing was arranged, and off we set from the Hall. The exercise on horseback puts out in fine spirits; and the scene was gay and animating. The young men of the family accompanied Miss Templeton. She sat lightly and gracefully in her saddle, her plumes dancing and waving in the air; and the group had a charming effect, as they appeared and disappeared among the trees, cantering along, with the bounding animation of youth. The Square and Master Simon rode together, accompanied by old Christy, mounted on Pepper. The latter bore the hawk on his hat, as he insisted the bird was most accustomed to him. There was a rabbit rout on foot, composed of retainers from the Hall, and some idlers from the village, with two or three spaniels, for the purpose of starting the game.

A kind of corps de reserve came on quietly in the rear, composed of Lady Lillycraft, General Harbottle, the Squire, and two other gentlemen. Her ladyship sat a little gallop along on her pony, while the general, mounted on a tall hunter, looked down upon her with an air of the most protectory gallantry.

For my part, being no sportsman, I kept with this last party, or rather lagged behind, that I might take in the whole picture; and the parson occasionally slackened his pace, and jogged on in company with me.

The sport led us at some distance from the Hall, in a soft meadow, reeking with the moist verdure of spring. We were not far from a dell, bordered by willows which had put forth their tender early leafage. The sportsmen were in quest of herons, which were said to keep about this stream.

There was some disputing, already, among the leaders of the sport. The Square, Master Simon, and old Christy, came every now and then to a pause, to consult together, like the field officers in an army; and I saw, by certain motions of the head, that Christy was as positive as any old wrong-headed German commander.

As we were prancing up this quiet meadow, every sound we made was answered by a distinct echo, from the sunny wall of an old building, that lay on the opposite margin of the stream; and I paused to listen to this "spirit of a sound," which seemed to love such quiet and beautiful placés. The parson informed me, that this was the ruin of an ancient grange, and was supposed, by the country people, to be haunted by a doddle, a kind of rural sprite, something like Robin-good-fellow. They often fancied the echo to be the voice of the doddle answering them, and were rather shy of disturbing it after dark. He added, that the Square was very careful of this ruin, on account of the superstition connected with it. As I considered this local habit of an "air nothing," I called to mind the fine description of an echo in Webster's Duchess of Malfy:

"Yond side o' th' river lies a wall, Full pinnacled and minster, which, in my opinion, Given the best echo that you ever heard: So plain in the distinction of our words, That many have supposed it a spirit That answers."

The parson went on to comment on a pleasing and fanciful appellation which the Jews of old gave to the banks, viz., which they called Bat-kool, that is to say, "the daughter of the voice;" they considered it an oracle, supplying in the second temple the want of the urim and thummim, with which the first was honoured. The little man was just entering very largely and learnedly upon the subject, when we were startled by a prodigious howling, shouting, and yelping. A flight of crows, alarmed by the approach of our forces, had suddenly risen from a meadow; a cry was put up by the rabbit rout on foot—"Now Christy! now is your time, Christy!" The Square and Master Simon rode together, accompanied by old Christy, mounted on Pepper. The latter bore the hawk on his hat, as he insisted the bird was most accustomed to him. There was a rabbit rout on foot, composed of retainers from the Hall, and some idlers from the village, with two or three spaniels, for the purpose of starting the game.

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hero; and when this had arrived, the cava
dle, which had issued forth so gaily on this en
treprise, returned self-righteous, and retired to the Hall.

I had been charmed by the generous spirit shown by this young creature, who, amidst pain and danger, had been anxious only to relieve the distress of those around her. I was gratified, therefore, by the universal concern displayed by the domestics on our return. They came crowding down the avenue, each eager to render assistance. The butcher stood ready with some curiously delicate cordial; the old housekeeper was provided with half-a-dozen nostrums, prepared by her own hands, according to the family receipt-book; while her niece, the melting Phoebe, having no other way of assisting, stood wringing her hands, and weeping aloud.

The most material effect is likely to follow this accident, is a postponement of the nuptials, which were close at hand. Though I commiserate the impatience of the captain on that account, yet I shall not otherwise be sorry at the delay, as it will give me a better opportunity of studying the characters here assembled, with which I grow more and more attached.

I cannot but perceive that the worthy Squire is quite disconcerted at the unlucky result of his hawking experiment, and this unfortunate illustration of his eulogy on female equitation. Old Christy, too, is very waspish, having been sorely twittered by Master Simon for having let his hawk fly at cartton. As to the falcon, in the confusion occasioned by the fair Julia's disaster, the bird was totally forgotten. I make no doubt she has made the best of her way back to the hospitable Hall of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne; and may very possibly, at this present writing, be pluming her wings among the breezy bowers of Wynnstay.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

() is a fearful thing to be no more.
0r if to be, to wander after death !
To walk as spirits do, in bushes all day,
And, when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves, and in the silent walls,
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
Braving to enter your forbidden corpse.

Davii.

The conversation this evening at the supper-table took a curious turn, on the subject of a superstition, formerly so prevalent in this part of the country, relative to the present night of the year, which is the Eve of St. Mark's. It was believed, the parson informed us, that if any one would watch in the church porch on this evening, for three successive nights, from ten o'clock to midnight, he would see, on the third year, the shades of those of the parish who were to die in the course of the year, pass by him into church, clad in their usual apparel.

Dismay such a sight would be, he assured us that it was formerly a frequent thing for persons to make the necessary vigil. He had known more than one instance in his time. One old woman, who pretended to have seen this phantom procession, was an object of great awe for the whole year afterwards, and caused much uneasiness and mischief. If she shook her head mysteriously at a person, it was like a death-warrant; and she had nearly caused the death of a sick person, by looking ruefully in at the window.

There was also an old man, not many years since, of a sullen, melancholy temperament, who had kept two vigils, and began to excite some talk in the village, when, fortunately for the public comfort, he died shortly after his third watching; very probably from a cold that he had taken, as the most enlivening and pestilential. It was reported about the village, how ever, that he had seen his own phantom pass by him into the church.

This led to the mention of another superstition of an equally strange and melancholy kind, which, however, is chiefly confined to Wales. It is respecting what are called corpse-candles, little wandering fires, of a pale bluish light, that move about like tapers in the open air, and are supposed to designate the way some corpse is to go. One was seen at Langley, late at night, hovering up and down, along the bank of the Llethyr, and was watched by the neighbours until they were tired, and went to bed. Not long afterwards there came a country lass, from Montgomeryshire, to see her friends, who dwelt on the opposite side of the river. She thought to ford the stream at the very place where the light had been first seen, but was dissuaded on account of the height of the flood. She walked to and fro along the bank, where the candle had moved, waiting for the subsiding of the water. She at length endeavoured to cross, but the poor girl was drowned in the attempt.

There was something mournful in this little anecdote of rural superstition, that seemed to affect all the listeners. Indeed, it is curious to remark how completely a conversation of the kind will attract the attention of a circle, and sober down its gaiety, however boisterous. By degrees I noticed that every one was leaning forward over the table, with eyes earnestly fixed upon the parson; and at the mention of corpse-candles which had been seen about the chamber of a young lady who died on the eve of her wedding-day, Lady Lillycraft turned pale.

I have witnessed the introduction of stories of the kind into various evening circles; they were often commenced in jest, and listened to with smiles; but I never knew the most gay or the most enlightened of audiences, that were not, if the conversation continued for any length of time, completely and solemnly interested in it. There is, I believe, a degree of superstition lurking in every mind; and I doubt if any one could examine all his secret notions and impulses, without detecting it, hidden, perhaps, even from himself. It seems, in fact, to be a part of our nature, like instinct in animals, acting independently of our reason. It is often found existing in lofty natures, especially those that are poetical and aspiring. A great poet of our day, whose life and writings evidence a mind subject to powerful excitements is said to believe in omens and secret intimations. Cesar, it is well known, was greatly under the influence of such beliefs; and Napoleon had his good and evil days, and his presiding star.

As to the worthy parson, I have no doubt that he is strongly inclined to superstition. He is naturally credulous, and passes so much of his time searching out popular traditions and supernatural tales, that his mind has probably become infected by them. He has lately been immersed in the Demonolatria of Nicholas Remigius, confirming supernatural occurrences in Lorraine, and the writings of Joachimus Camerius, called by Vossius the Phoenix of Germany and he entertains the ladies with stories from them, that make them almost afraid to go to bed at night. I have been charmed myself with some of the wild superstitions which he has adduced from Blefénus, Scheffer, and others, such as those of the Laplanders about the domestic spirits which wash
them at night, and summon them to go and fish; of Thor, the deity of thunder, who has power of life and death, and who is in charge of forests, rivers, and mountains, and the moonlight hills.

The person never openly professes his belief in ghosts, but I have remarked that he has a suspicious air of pressing great names into the defence of supernatural doctrines. Let us see whether he is right with the agents of spirits, which abode in the air, and mingle among mortals, as agents between them and the gods. He quotes also from Philo the rabbi, the contemporary of the apostles, and, according to some, the friend of St. Paul, who says that the air is full of spirits of all different ranks; some destined to exist for a time in mortal bodies, from which they are emancipated, and pass to reappear between heaven and earth, as angels or messengers in the service of the deity.

But a worthy little man assumes a holier tone, when he quotes from the fathers of the church, such as St. Jerome, who gives it as the opinion of all the fathers, that the air is filled with powers opposed to each other; and Lactantius, who says that corrupt and dangerous spirits wander over the earth, and seek to console themselves for their own fall by effecting the ruin of the human race; and Clements Alexander, who is of opinion that the souls of the blessed have knowledge of what passes among men, the same as angels have.

I am now alone in my chamber, but these themes have taken such hold of my imagination, that I cannot sleep. The room in which I sit is not fitted for a state of mind. The walls are hung with tapestry, the figures of which are tamed, and look like supernatural shapes melting away from sight. Over the fire-place is the portrait of a lady, who, according to the housekeeper's tradition, pined to death for the loss of her lover in the battle of Blenheim. She has a most pale and plaintive countenance, and seems to fix her eyes mournfully upon me. The family have their seats in the great hall, and I have heard their steps die away, and the distant doors shut as before. The murmurs of voices, and the peal of remote laughter, no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing, one by one, from the distant village; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, sanded over, and imperfectly lighted by streams and dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick-coming fantasies" concerning those spiritual beings which exist ed by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, and to take care of the souls of men, and guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Nothing," says St. Jerome, "gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our soul, than that God has given each one of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is
COMPATIBLE with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never have been able to love again! in which I am loved as I never again shall be loved! If such beings do ever return in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth—if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth as a father, his deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn, but unalloyed delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would be incompatible with the nature of this imperfect state of being. We are here placed in a mere scene of spiritual half-dream and restraint. Our souls are shut in and limited by bounds and barriers; shackled by mortal infortunes, and subject to all the gross impediments of matter. In vain would they seek to act independently of the body, and to mingle together in spiritual intercourse. They can only act here through their fleshly organs. Their earthly loves are made up of transient emotions; their immortal friendship, of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments—and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other. Or, granting that we dwell together for the full season of this our mortal life, the grave soon closes its gates between us, and then our spirits are doomed to remain in separation and wilderness; until they meet again in that perfect and immortal state, where souls shall dwell with soul in blissful communion, and there will be neither death, nor sorrow, nor any thing else to interrupt our felicity.

In the foregoing paper, I have alluded to the writings of some of the old Jewish rabbins. They abound with wild theories; but among them are many truly poetical flights; and their ideas are often very beautiful and expressive. The nature of angels are curious and fanciful, though much resembling the doctrines of the ancient philosophers. In the writings of the Rabbi Eleazer is an account of the temptation of our first parents, and the fall of the angels, which the parson pointed out to me as having probably furnished some of the groundwork for "Paradise Lost."

According to Eleazer, the ministering angels said to the Deity, "What is there in man, that thou madest him of such importance? Is he any thing else than vanity? for he can scarcely reason a little on terrestrial things." To which God replied, "Do you imagine that I will be exalted and glorified only by you here above? I am the same below that I am here. Who is there among you that can call all the creatures by their names?" There was none found among them that could do so. At that moment Adam arose, and called all the creatures by their names. Seeing which, the ministering angels said among themselves, "Let us consult together how we may cause Adam to sin against the Creator, other than as he is an idler."

Sammael, who was a great prince in the heavens, was present at this council, with the saints of the first order, and the seraphim of six bands. Sammael chose several out of the twelve orders to accompany him, and descended below, for the purpose of visiting all the creatures which God had created. He found none more cunning and more fit to do evil than the serpent.

The Rabbi then treats of the seduction and the fall of man; of the consequent fall of the demon, and the punishment which God inflicted on Adam, Eve, and the serpent. "He made them all come before him; pronounced nine maledictions on Adam and Eve, and condemned them to suffer death; and he precipitated Sammael and all his band from heaven. He cut off the feet of the serpent, which had been his figure of a cameo, (Sammael having been mounted on him,) and he cursed him among all beasts and animals."

GENTILITY.

—True Gentility standseth in the trade Of virtuous life, not in the flashy line; For blood is guilt, but Gentility divine. Mirror for Magistrates.

I have mentioned some peculiarities of the Squire in the education of his children; we would not have thought that his instructions were directed chiefly to their personal accomplishments. He took great pains also to form their minds, and to inculcate what he calls good English principles, such as are laid down in the writings of Peacham and his contemporaries. There is one author of whom he cannot speak without indignation, which is Chesterfield. He avers that he did much for a time to injure the true national character, and to introduce, instead of open, manly sincerity, a hollow, pernicious courtesie. "His maxims," he affirms, "were calculated to chill the delightful enthusiasm of youth; to make them ashamed of that romance which is the dawn of generous manhood, and to impart to them a cold polish and a premature worldliness."

Many of Lord Chesterfield's maxims would make a young man a mere man of pleasure; but an English gentleman should not be a mere man of pleasure. He has no right to such selfish indulgence. His ease, his leisure, his opulence, are debts due to his country, which he must ever stand ready to discharge. He should be a man at all points; simple, frank, courteous, intelligent, accomplished, and informed; upright, irreproachable, and disinterested; one that can mingle among freemen; that can cope with statesmen; that can champion his country and its rights, either at home or abroad. In a country like England, where there is such free and unbounded scope for the exertion of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people, every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel himself bound to employ himself in some way towards promoting the prosperity or glory of the nation. In a country where intellect and action are tramelled and restrained, men of rank and fortune may become idlers and triflers with impunity; but an English coxcomb is inexcusable: and this, perhaps, is the reason why he is the most offensive and insupportable coxcomb in the world."

The Squire, as Frank Bracebridge informs me, would often hold forth in this manner to his sons, when they were about leaving the paternal roof; one to travel abroad, one to go abroad, one to the university. He used to have them with him in the library, which is hung with the portraits of Sydeney, Surrey, Raleigh, Wyat, and others. "Look at those models of true English gentlemen, my sons," he would say with enthusiasm; "those were men that breathed the graces of the most delicate and
refined taste around the stern virtues of the soldier; that mingled what was gentle and gracious, with what was hard and manly; that possessed the true chivalry of spirit, which is the exalted essence of manhood. They are the lights by which the youth of the age are to animate themselves. They are the patterns and ideals of their country at home; they were the illustrators of its dignity abroad. 'Surrey,' says Camden, 'was the first nobleman that illustrated his birth with the beauty of learning. He was a judge on his court and toward his prince, the most esthetic lover, and the most complete gentleman of his time.' And as to Wyatt, his friend Surrey most admirably testifies of him, that his person was majestic and beautiful, his visage stern and mild; that he sang, and played the lute with a remarkable sweetness; spoke foreign languages with grace and fluency, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit. And see what a high commendation is passed upon these illustrious friends: 'They were the two chieftains, who, having travelled into Italy, and taken the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poetry, greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poetry from what it had been before, and therefore may be justly called the reformers of our English poetry and style.' And Sir Philip Sidney, who has given us such monuments of elegant thought, and generous sentiment, and who illustrated his chivalrous spirit so gloriously in the field, and Sir Walter Raleigh, the elegant courtier, the intrepid soldier, the enterprising discoverer, the enlightened philosopher, the magnanimous martyr. These are the men for English gentlemen to study. Chesterfield, with his cold and courtly maxims, would have chilled and impoverished such spirits. He would have blighted all the building romance of their tendencies. Sidney would never have written Arcadia, nor Surrey have challenged the world in declamation of the beauties of his Geraldine. These are the men, my sons,' the Squire will continue, 'that show what our national character may be excited, when its strong and powerful qualities are duly wrought up and refined. The soldest bodies are capable of the highest polish; and there is no character that may be wrought to a more exquisite and unsullied brightness, than that of the true English gentleman.'

When he was about to depart for the army, the Squire again took him aside, and gave him a long exhortation. He warned him against that affectation of cool-blooded indifference, which he was told was cultivated by the young British officers, among whom it was a study to "sink the soldier" in the mere man of fashion. "A soldier," said he, "without pride and enthusiasm in his profession, is a most sanguinary hireling. Nothing distinguishes him from the mercenary brave, but a spirit of patriotism, or a thirst for glory. It is the fashion now-a-days, my son," said he, "to laugh at the spirit of chivalry, when that spirit is really extinct, the profession of the soldier becomes a mere trade of blood." He then set before him the conduct of Edward the Black Prince, who is his mirror of chivalry; valiant, generous, affectionate; humane; gallant in the field. But when he came to dwell, not on a man of his generation, the king of France; how he received him in his tent, rather as a conqueror than as a captive; attended on him at table like one of his retinue; rode uncovered beside him on his horse throughout the campaign, no gentleman's dignity was ever so exalted, his person was mounted in state on a white steed of stateliness; the tears of enthusiasm stood in the old gentleman's eyes.

Finally, on taking leave, the good Squire put in his son's hands, as a manual, one of his favourite old volumes, the life of the Chevalier Bayard, by Godfrey; on a blank page of which he had written as extract from the Morte d'Arthur, containing the eulogy of Sir Ector over the body of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, which the Squire considers as comprising the excellence of a true soldier. "Ah, Sir Lancelot! I thou art the palm of all Christian knights; now that thouliest: thou wast never matched of none earthly knights-hand. And thou wast the curiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou wast the truest friend to thy lord that ever bestrode horse; and thou wast the true lover of a sinfull man that was of the order of women; and thou wast the truest and gentlest that ever sat in hall among men. And thou wast the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in the rear."

FORTUNE-TELLING.

Each city, each town, and every village.
Affords us either an all or a place.
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble on straw.
If warm and fair, by sea-cock and hay-cock.
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock.

As I was walking one evening with the Ossianist Master Simon, and the general, in a meadow not far from the village, we heard the sound of a fiddle rudely played, and looking in the direction where it came, we perceived a thread of smoke curling up from among the trees. The sound of music is always attractive; for, wherever there is music, there is good-humour, or good-will. We passed along a footpath, and had a peep through a break in the hedge, at the musician and his party, when the Ossianist gave us a wink, and told us that if we would follow him we should have some sport.

It proved to be a gipsy encampment, consisting of five or four little tents, made of blankets and sail-cloth, spread over hoops that were stuck in the ground. It was on one side of a green lane, close under a hornbeam hedge, with a broad bough-tree spreading above it. A small rill tinkled along close by, through the fresh sward, that looked like a carpet.

A mule-kettle was hanging by a crooked piece of iron, over a fire made from dry sticks and leaves, and the gipsies, in red cloaks, sat crouched on the grass, gossiping over their evening cup of tea; for these creatures, though they live in the open air, have their ideas of fireside comforts. There were two or three children sleeping on the straw with which the tents were littered; a couple of donkeys were grazing in the lane, and a thievish-looking dog was lying before the fire. Some of the younger gipsies were dancing to the music of a fiddle, played by a tall, slender striping, in an old frock-coat, with a peacock's feather stuck in his hat-band.

As we approached, a gipsy girl, with a pair of fine, roguish eyes, came up, and, as usual, offered to tell our fortunes. I could not but admire a certain degree of slattern elegance about the bagpiper. Her long black skirt was entirely overlaid in numerous small braids, and negligently put up in a picturesque style that a pauper might have been proud to have devised.

Her dress was of figured chintz, rather ragged, and not over-clean, but of a variety of most har...
monous and agreeable colours; for these beings have a singularly fine eye for colours. Her straw hat was in her hand, and a red cloak thrown over one shoulder.

The Oxlion offered at once to have his fortune told, and the girl began with the usual volubility of her race; but he drew her on one side, near the hedge, as he said he had no idea of having his secrets of the world read by a commoner, and he handed the token of the to him, and by his glancing towards us now and then, that he was giving the handling some private hints. When they returned to us, he assumed a very serious air. "Zounds!" said he, "it's very astonishing how these creatures come by their knowledge; this girl has told me some things that I thought no one knew but myself!" The girl now assailed the general: "Come, your honour," said she, "I see by your face you're a lucky man; but you're not happy in your mind; you're not, indeed; sir; but have a good heart, and give me a good piece of silver, and I'll tell you a nice fortune."

The general had received all her approaches with a hanger, and had suffered her to get hold of his hand; but at the mention of the piece of silver, he became suddenly and asked the reason, as we had not better continue our walk. "Come, my master," said the girl, archly, "you'll not be in such a hurry, if you knew all that I could tell you about a fair lady that has a notion for you. Come, sir; old love burns strong; here's many a one comes to see weddings, that go away bridled themselves."

Here the girl whispered something in a low voice, at which the general coloured up, was a little fluttered, and suffered himself to be drawn aside under the hedge, where he appeared, however, to have some earnestness, and at the end paid her half-crown with the air of a man that has got the worth of his money. The girl next made her attack upon Master Simon, who, however, was too old a bird to be caught, knowing that it would end in an attack upon his purse, about which he is a little sensitive. As he has a great notion, however, of being considered a royster, he chuckled her under the chin, played her off with rather broad jokes, and put something of the rake-helly air, that we see now and then assumed on the stage, by the old-bay gentlemen of the old school. "Ah, your honour," said the girl, with a malicious leer, "you were not in such a hurry last year, when I told you about the widow, you know who; but if you had taken a friend's advice, you'd never have come away from Doncaster again."

"I guarded!" There was a secret sting in this speech, that seemed quite to disconcert Master Simon. He jerked away his hand in a pet, snatched his whip, whistled to his dog, and intimated that it was high time to go home. The girl, however, was determined not to lose her harvest. She now turned upon him, and, as I have a weakness of spirit where there is a pretty face concerned, she soon wheedled me out of my money, and, in return, read me a fortune; which, if it prove true, and I am determined to believe it, will make me one of the luckiest men in the chronicles of Cupid.

I saw that the Oxlion was at the bottom of all this oracular mystery, and was disposed to amuse himself with the general, whose tender approaches to the widow have attracted the notice of the way. I was a little curious, however, to know the meaning of the dark hints which had so suddenly disconcerted Master Simon; and took occasion to fall in the rear with the Oxlion on our way home, when he laughed heartily at my questions, and gave me ample information.

The truth of the matter is, that Master Simon has met with a sad rebuff since my Christmas visit to the Hall. He used at that time to be jok'd about a widow, a fine dashing woman, as he privately informed me. I had supposed the measure he betrayed on these occasions resulted from the usual fondness of old bachelors for being teased about getting married, and about flattering, and being fickle and false-hearted. I am assured, however, that Master Simon must have had a kindness for him; in consequence of which, he had been at some extraordinary expense in new clothes, and had actually got Frank Bracebridge to order him a coat from Stultz. He began to throw out hints about the importance of a man's setting himself in life before he grew old; he would look great, whenever the widow and matrimony were mentioned in the same sentence; and privately asked the opinion of the Squire and parson about the prudence of marrying a widow with a rich jonture, but who had several children.

An important member of a great family connexion cannot harp much upon the theme of marriage, without its taking wind; and it soon got brusqued about that Mr. Simon Bracebridge was actually gone to Doncaster races, with a new horse; but he has meant to return in a currie with a lady by his side. Master Simon did, indeed, go to the races, and that with a new horse; and the dashing widow did make her appearance in a currie; but it was unfortunate in the manner of a stranger driven by a strapping young Irish dragoon, with whom even Master Simon's self-complacency would not allow him to venture into competition, and to whom she was married shortly after.

It was a matter of some chagrin to Master Simon for several months, having never before been fully committed. The duldest head in the family had a joke upon him; and there is one that likes less to be hantered than an absolute joker. He took refuge for a time at Lady Lilycroft's, until the matter should blow over; and occupied himself by looking over her accounts, regulating the village choir, and indulging his loyalty into a pet bullfinch, by teaching him to whistle "God save the King."

He has now pretty nearly recovered from the mortification; holds up his head, and laughs as much as any one; again allots to pretty men, and is particularly facetious about widows, when Lady Lilycroft is not by. His only time of trial is when the general gets hold of him, who is infinitely heavy and persevering in his waggery, and will interweave a dull joke through the various topics of a whole dinner-time. Master Simon often pursues these at tacks by a stanza from his old work of "Cupid's Solicitor for Love:"

"Tis in vain to woo a widow over long,
In vain or twice to whisper you may perceive;
Widows are subtle, be they old or young.
And by this, wise young men they will deceive.

-LOVE-CARMS.

Come, do not weep, my girl,
Forget him, pretty Penelope! there will
Come others, every day, as good as he.
Sir J. Speculation.

The approach of a wedding in a family is always an event of great importance, but particularly so in a household like this, in a retired part of the country. Master Simon, who is a pervading spirit, and, through means of the butler and housekeeper, knows every thing that goes forward, tells me that the maid-servants are continually trying their fortunes, and that
the servants' hall has of late been quite a scene of
culinary. It is amusing to notice how the oddities of the head of
a family flow through all the branches. The
servants burn with imbecility, like every thing that
smacks of old times, has held so many grave
conversations with the parson at table, about popular
superstitions and traditional rites, that they have been
carried from the parlor to the kitchen by the listen-
ing ear, and being apparently sanctioned by
such high authority, the whole house has become
infected by them.
The servants are all versed in the common modes
of trying luck, and the charms to insure constancy.
They read their fortunes by drawing strokes in the
ashes, or by repeating a form of words, and looking
in a pair of water. St. Mark's Eve, I am told, was
a busy time with them; being an appointed night
for certain mystic ceremonies. Several of them
sowed hemp-seed to be reaped by their true lovers;
and they even ventured upon the solemn and fearful
preparation of the dumm-cake. This must be done
faster, and in silence. The ingredients are handed
down in traditional form: "An eggshell full of salt,
an eggshell full of malt, and an eggshell full of barley,"
the green shell, it is put upon a pan over the fire, and the future husband will appear,
turn the cake, and retire; but if a word is
spoken or a fast is broken during this awful cere-
monial, there is no knowing what horrible conse-
quences may follow it.
The experiments, in the present instance, came
to no result; so that said the hemp-seed forgot the
magic rhyme that they were to pronounce—so the
true lover never appeared; and as to the dumcake,
what between the awful stillness they had to keep,
and the awfulness of the midnight hour, their hearts
failed when they had put the cake in the pan;
so that, on the striking of the great house-clock
in the servants' hall, they were seized with a sudden
panic, and ran out of the room, to which they did not
return until morning, when they found the dumm-cake
burnt to a cinder.
The most persevering at these spells, however, is
Phoebe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. As she
is a kind of privileged personage, and rather idle,
she has more time to occupy herself with these matters.
She gossips away her hour of love and matrim-
ony. She knows the dream-book by heart, and
is quite an oracle among the little girls of the family,
who always come to her to interpret their dreams in
the mornings.
During the present gayety of the house, however,
the poor girl has worn a face full of trouble; and, to
use the housekeeper's word, "has fallen into a sad
hysterical way lately." It seems that she was born
and brought up in the village, where her father was
parish-clerk, and she was an early playmate and
sweetheart of young Jack Tibbetts. Since she has
come to live at the Hall, however, her head has been
a little turned. Being very pretty, and naturally
aristocratic, she has been much noticed and indolent;
and being the housekeeper's niece, she has held an
euvoucual station between a servant and a compan-
ion. She has learnt something of fashions and no-
tions among the young ladies, which have effected
quite a metamorphosis; insomuch that her finery at
church on Sundays has given mortal offence to her
former intimates in the village. This has occasioned
the whispers of relations where the greatest consternation
at Phoebe's marriage, and the church is completely shaken.

When she came back to the house, she was faint
and pale, and went immediately to bed. The next
morning she told the porter's wife that she had seen
some one close by the hedge in the meadow, who
was sure was young Tibbetts; at any rate, she
had dreamt of him all night; both of which, the old
dame assured her, were most happy signs. It has
since turned out that the person in the meadow was
old Christy, the huntsman, who was walking his
upright rounds with the greatest satisfaction.
That Phoebe's marriage will be, as the church is
completely shaken.

THE LIBRARY.

YESTERDAY the fair Julia made her first appear-
ance down-stairs since her accident; and the sight
of her spread an universal cheerfulness through the
household.

There was for some days a general invitation to
this Lady to give her company among the circle of her
fellow-draughts and companions, which she was not
ashamed to accept. She was not afraid to be
misrepresented in any form, as long as she could
not be misrepresented in any place; and there were
some days in which she had no other business
than to sit in the library, and print her name
in the books of romance and fiction. At length
she believed it to be the best place to sit in, and
she went to it with satisfaction. The
lawes of the library were not strict, and the
books were out, in an hour, and
the library, and the
minds of all the
people who came to it,
were filled with the
thought of the fair
Julia. She was seen
in the reading
library, sitting on
the floor,
and
looking
at
the
books,
and
she
was
seen
in
the
writing
library,
in
which
she
wrote
in
the
records
of
her
life.

As a woman, he thought she was a great
beauty; and as a writer, he thought she was a
great genius, and as a companion, he thought she was
a great friend. She was always in her
thoughts, and
in her
words,
and
in her
allowances,
and
in her
fancies,
and
in her
habits,
and
in her
appearance,
and
in her
manner,
and
in her
grace,
and
in her
mirth.

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee,
there's not a good moon, or a bad to thee,
The youth who my future husband shall be."
household. She was extremely pale, however, and could not walk without pain and difficulty. She was assisted, therefore, to a sofa in the library, which is pleasant and retired. Looking out among trees, and so quiet, that the little birds come hopping upon the windows, and peering curiously into the apartment. Here several of the family gathered round, and desired means to amuse her, and make the day pass pleasantly. Lady Lillycraft lamented the want of some new novel to while away the time—and was almost in a pet, because the "Author of Waverley" had not produced a work for the last three months.

There was a movement made to call on the parson for some of his old legends or ghost stories; but to this Lady Lillycraft objected, as they were apt to give her the vapours. General Harbottle gave a minute account, for the sixth time, of the disaster of a friend in India, who had his leg bitten off by a tiger, whilst he was hunting; and was proceeding to menace the company with a chapter or two about Tipper Salts.

At length the captain bethought himself and said, he believed he had a manuscript tale lying in one corner of his campaigning trunk, which, if he could find, and the company were desirous, he would read them. They were eagerly accepted, reti- red, and soon returned with a roll of blotted manuscript, in a very gentlemanlike, but nearly illegible, hand, and a great part written on cartridge-paper.

"It is one of the scrubbings," said he, "of my friend, Charles Lightly, of the dragons. He was a curious, romantic, studious, fanatical fellow; the favourite, and often the unconscious butt of his fellow-officers, who entertained themselves with his eccentricities. He was in some of the hardest service in the Peninsula, and distinguished for his courage and gallantry. When the intervals of duty permitted, he was fond of roaming about the country, visiting noted places, and was frequently found in Moorish ruins. When at his quarters, he was a great reader, and passed much of his leisure with his pen in hand."

"As I was a young officer, and a very young man, he took me, in a manner, under his care, and we became close friends. He used often to read his writings to me, having a great confidence in my judgment. For years I went through the manuscript, and was shot down close by me, at Waterloo. We lay wounded together for some time, during a charge that took place near at hand. As I was least hurt, I tried to relieve him, and to shoot the blood which flowed from a wound in his breast. He lay with his head up, and looked me in the face, but shook his head faintly, and made a sign that it was all over with him; and, indeed, he died a few minutes afterwards, just as our men had repulsed the enemy, and came to our relief. I have his favourite dog and his pistols to this day, and several of his manuscripts, which he gave to me at different times. The one I am now going to read, is a tale which said he wrote in Spain, during the time that he lay ill of a wound received at Salamanca."

We now arranged ourselves to hear the story. The captain seated himself on the sofa, beside the fair Julia, who I had noticed to be somewhat affected by the picture he had carelessly drawn of wounds and dangers in a field of battle. She leaned her arm upon the table, and cast down her head. He read the first page, and then the air was pressed close to the reader. The rest of the circle being all equally well accommodated, the captain began his story; a copy of which I have procured for the benefit of the reader.

THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

What a life do I lead with my master; nothing but bowing to fallen angels, beating of spirits, and shaving of coronets! It is a very secret science, for none, save the master, can understand the language of it. Sublimation, alciation, calcination, rubification, and fermentation; with as many terms upon as able to be uttered as the art to be compassed.

Luther's Gallights.

Once upon a time, in the ancient city of Granada, there sojourned a young man of the name of Antonio de Castros. He was the son of a student of Salamanca, and was pursuing a course of reading in the library of the university, and, at intervals of leisure, indulging his curiosity by examining those remains of Moorish magnificence for which Granada is renowned.

Whilst occupied in his studies, he frequently noticed an old man of a singular appearance, who was likewise a visitor to the library. He was lean and withered, but apparently more from study than from age. His eyes, though bright and vivacious, were sunk in his head, and thrown into shade by overhanging eyebrows. His dress was always the same: a black doublet; a short black cloak; a rusty and threadbare; a small ruff and a large overshadowing hat.

His appetite for knowledge seemed insatiable. He would pass whole days in the library, absorbed in study, consulting a multiplicity of authors, as though he were pursuing some interesting subject through all its ramifications; so that, in general, when evening came, he was almost buried among books and manuscripts.

The curiosity of Antonio was excited, and he inquired of the attendants concerning the stranger. No one could give him any information, excepting that he had been for some time past a casual frequenter of the library. He never held communication with any one, excepting for particular works; that, after a fit of studious application, he would disappear for several days, and even weeks, and when he resided the library, he would look more withered and haggard than ever. The student felt interested by this account; he was leading rather a desultory life, and had all that capricious curious, which springs up in idleness. He determined to make himself acquainted with this bookworm, and find out who and what he was.

The next time that he saw the old man at the library, he commenced his approaches by requesting permission to look into one of the volumes with which the unknown appeared to have done. The latter merely bowed his head, in token of assent. After pretending to look through the volume with great attention, he returned with many acknowledgments. The stranger made no reply.

"May I ask, sir," said Antonio, with some hesitation, "may I ask what you are searching after in all these books?"

The old man raised his head, with an expression of surprise, at having his studies interrupted for the first time, and by so intrusive a question. He surveyed the student with a side glance from head to
WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

toot: "Wisdom, my son," said he, calmly; "and the search requires every moment of my attention." He fastened his eyes upon his book, and resumed his studies.

"But, father," said Antonio, "cannot you spare a moment to point out the road to others? It is to experienced travellers like you, that we strangers in the paths of knowledge must look for directions on our own account.

The stranger looked disturbed: "I have not time enough, my son, to learn," said he, "much less to teach. I am ignorant myself of the path of true knowledge, and how can I show it to others?"

"Well, but father—"

"Son!" said the old man, mildly, but earnestly, "you must see that I have but few steps more to the grave. In that short space have I to accomplish the whole business of my existence. I have no time for words; every word is as one grain of sand of my glass wasted. 'Suffer me to be alone.'

There was no replying to so complete a closing of the door of intimacy. The student found himself calmly but totally repulsed. Though curious and inquisitive, yet he was naturally reticent, and on after-thoughts he blushed at his own intrusion.

His mind soon became occupied by other objects. He passed several days wandering among the melancholy piles of Moorish architecture, those melancholy monuments of an elegant and voluptuous people. He paced the deserted halls of the Alhambra, the palace of the Moorish kings. He visited the great court of the lions, famous for the perilous mazes of its elephant fountains. He gazed with admiration at its mosaic cupola, that forgot to objects painted in gold and azure; its basins of marble, its alabaster vase, supported by lions, and studded with inscriptions.

His imagination kindled as he wandered among these scenes. They were calculated to awaken all the enthusiasm of a youthful mind. Most of the halls have ancients been beautified by fountains. The fine taste of the Moors delighted in the sparkling purity and refreshing freshness of water; and they erected, as it were, altars on every side, to that delicate element. Poetry mingled in the Alhambra. It breathes along the very walls.

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Wherever Antonio turned his eye, he beheld inscriptions in Arabic, wherein the perpetuity of Moorish power was in these walls was confidently predicted. Alas! how has the prophecy been falsified! Many of the basins, where the fountains had once thrown up their sparkling showers, were dry and dusty. Some of the palaces were turned into gloomy convents, and the barefoot monk paced through those courts, which had once glittered with the array, and echoed to the music of Moorish chivalry.

In the course of his rambles, a student more than once encountered the old man of the library. He was always alone, and so full of thought as not to notice any one about him. He appeared to be intent upon studying those half-buried inscriptions, which are found, here and there, among the Moorish ruins, and seem to murmur from the earth the tale of former greatness. The greater part of these have since been translated; but they were supposed by many at the time, to contain symbolical revelations, and golden maxims of the Arabian sages and astrologers. As Antonio saw the stranger apparently immersed in these inscriptions, he felt in his mind a longing to make his acquaintance, and to participate in his curious researches; but the repulse he had met with at the library deterred him from making any further advances.

He had directed his steps one evening to the sacred mount, which overlooks the beautiful valley bordered by the Darro, the fertile plain of the Vega, and all that rich diversity of village and mountain, that surrounded Granada with an earthly paradise. It was twilight when he found himself at the place, where, at the present day, are situated the chapels, known by the name of the Sacred Furnaces. They are so called from grottoes, in which some of the principal saints are said to have been buried. At the time of Antonio's visit, the place was an object of much curiosity. In an excavation of these grottoes, several manuscripts had recently been discovered, engraved, on plates of lead. They were written in the Arabic language, excepting one, which was in unknown characters. The Pope had issued a bull, forbidding any one, under pain of excommunication, to speak of these manuscripts. The prohibition had only excited the greater curiosity; and many reports were whispered about, that these manuscripts contained treasures of dark and forbidden knowledge.

As Antonio was examining the place from whence these mysterious manuscripts had been drawn, he over-fond a book, which he found by chance among the ruins. His curiosity was now entirely awakened; the time and place served to stimulate it.

To resolve to watch this groper after secret and forgotten lore, and to trace to him his philosophical studies, was one of those things, that charmed his romantic disposition. He followed the stranger, therefore, at a little distance at first cautiously, but he soon observed him to be so wrapped in his own thoughts, as to take little heed of his observer. He sat down on the steps of the hill, and gazed at the magnificent planks, which overlooked the mountain, and by the shady banks of the Darro. They pursued their way, for some distance from Granada, along a lonely road that led through the hills. The gloom of evening was gathering, and it was quite dark when the stranger stopped at the portal of a solitary mansion.

It appeared to be a mere wing, or ruined fragment, of what had once been a pile of some consequence. The walls were of great thickness; the windows narrow, and generally secured with iron bars. The door was of planks, studded with iron spikes, and had been of great strength, though at present it was much decayed. At one end of the mansion there was a small edifice, such as is generally built for the occupation of Granada by the Moors, and rendered sufficiently strong to withstand any casual assault in war-like times.

The old man knocked at the portal. A light appeared at a small window just above it; a female head looked out; it might have served as a model for one of Raphael's saints. The hair was beautifully trained, and gathered in a silken net; and the complexion, as well as could be judged from the light, was that soft, rich brunette, so becoming in southern beauty.

"It is I, my child," said the old man. The face instantly disappeared, and soon after a wicket-door in the large portal opened. Antonio, who had ventured near the building, caught a sight of a delicate female form. A pair of fine black eyes darted a surprise at seeing a stranger hovering near, and the door was precipitately closed. Antonio saw the table with the food, and the luxurious repast, which was spread upon the table. The food was then removed, and the different dishes placed on the table, and prepared for his entertainment. He had ordered the table, and repaired to the course of business there again, and did not return.
A beautiful valley was the scene of the Vega; and there was a mountain that seemed to be paradise. It was the place where, in the days of old, the ancient and forgotten chapels, known as the Primavera, were adorned with images. They are so full of mystery and grace that one is drawn to them.

At the time of the destruction of the Church of Roquehousa, several grottoes were discovered, covered with flowers and marble. They were all in the same condition and were in the process of being restored.

The prohibition against their publication is quite obscure and cannot be determined. These manuscripts are forbidden and are not accessible to the public.

The place from which the image was discovered is unknown. It is believed that it was the site of a previous enclosure, but the exact location is unknown.

The examining officer found a manuscript, but was not able to determine its contents. It was written in a foreign language and was not legible.

The image was suspended from the ceiling, and was not visible to the public. The examination revealed that the image was not the original and that it had been replaced.

The image was not a representation of a man, but rather a depiction of a religious figure. The figure was not identified, but was believed to be of significant importance.

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days, and was hourly getting more and more interested in the chase, but never a step nearer to the game. His whole heart was in the chase, and the house had probably been noticed, for he no longer saw the face at the window, nor the white arm put forth to water the flowers. His only consolation was to repair nightly to his post of observation, and listen to her warbling; and if by chance he could catch a sight of her shadow, passing and repassing before the window, he thought himself most fortunate.

As he was indulging in one of these evening vigils, which were complete revels of the imagination, the sound of approaching footsteps made him withdraw into the deep shadow of the ruined archway opposite to the tower. A cavalier approached, wrapped in a large Spanish cloak. He paused under the window of the tower, and after a little while began a serenade, accompanied by his guitar, in the usual style of Spanish gallantry. His voice was rich and manly; he touched the instrument with skill, and sang with amorous and impassioned eloquence. The plume of his hat was buckled by jewels that sparkled in the moon-beams; and as he played on the guitar, his black falling off from one shoulder, showed him to be richly dressed. It was evident that he was a person of rank.

The idea now flashed across Antonio's mind, that the flaxen locks of his unknown beauty might be engaged. She was young, and doubtless susceptible; and it was not in the nature of Spanish females to be deaf and insensitive to music and admiration. The serenade brought with it a feeling of dreariness. There was a pleasant charm in days of several days, hitherto most repelled. He had never more experienced any thing of the tender passion, and, as his morning dreams are always delightful, he was filled with a new delight in the délices.

"But have I a right to do with her attachments?" thought he; "I have no claim on her heart, nor even in her acquaintance. How do I know that she is worthy of affection? Or if she is, must not gallant lovers be as, with his jewels, his rank, and his despicable nature, have completely captivated her?

What idle humours is this that I have fallen into? I must again to my books. Study, study, will soon chase away all these idle fancies!"

The more he thought, however, the more he became convinced that his lively imagination had woven round him; and now that a rival has appeared, in addition to the other obstacles that have entered this enchanted beauty, she appeared ten times more lovely and desirable. It was some slight consolation to him to perceive that the galleria of the unknown met with no apparent return from the tower. The light at the window was extinguished. The curtain remained undrawn, and none of the customary signals were given to intimate that the serenade was accepted.

The cavalier lingered for some time about the place, and sang several other tender airs with a taste and feeling that made Antonio's heart ache; at length he slowly retired. The student remained with faltering arms, leaning against the ruined arch, endeavouring to summon up resolution enough to depart; but there was a romantic fascination that still enchanted him to the place. "It is the last time," said he, "I will try to compromise between his feelings and his judgment; "it is the last time; then let me enjoy the dream a few moments longer."

As his eye ranged about the old building to take a farewell look, he observed the strange light in the tower, which he had noticed on a former occasion. It kept beam ing up, and declining, as before. A small smoke ascended, and hung in such various chemical shapes as volumes. It was evident the old man was lusting in some of those operations that had gained him the reputation of a sorcerer throughout the neighbourhoo.

Suddenly an intense and brilliant glare shone through the casement, followed by a loud report, and then a fierce and reddy glow. A figure appeared at the window, uttering cries of agony or alarm, but immediately dissipated, and a body of smoke and flame whirled out of the narrow aperture. Antonio rushed to the portal, and knocked at it with vehemence. He was only answered by loud shrieks, and found that the females were already in helpless consternation. With an exertion of desperate strength he forced the wicket from its hinges, and rushed into the house.

He found himself in a small vaulted hall, and, by the light of the moon which entered at the door, he saw a staircase to the left. He hurried up it to a narrow corridor, through which was rolling a volume of smoke. He found here the two females in a frantic state of alarm; one of them clasped his hands, and implored him to save her father.

The corridor terminated in a spiral flight of steps, leading up to the tower. He sprang up it to a small door, through the chinks of which came a glow of light, and smoke was spouting out. He burst it open, and found himself in an ancient vaulted chamber, of which the air in a plain archway, and the walls were covered with a vaulted roof. A shuttered turn lay on the floor. A quantity of combustibles, nearly consumed, with various half-burnt books and papers, were lying under an expiring flame, and filling the chamber with a pungent smell. Antonio was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and, appearing lifeless, found him lying here frantically beside her parent, and could not be reasoned out of her alarm. Her dress was all in disorder, her dishevelled hair hung in confusion over her neck and bosom, and none was there beheld a lovelier picture of terror and affliction.

The skilful assiduities of the scholar soon produced signs of returning animation in his parent. In a few moments, his eyes opened, and his face became dangerous. They had evidently been produced by the burning of the retort; in his bewildernent he had been enveloped in the stifling vapours, which had overpowered his feeble frame, and had, in the extremity of his agony, caused him to be misreckoned.

By slow degrees he came to his senses. He looked about with a bewildered air at the chamber, the agitated group around, and the student who was leaning over him. He cried: "Where am I?" said he wildly.

At the sound of his voice, his daughter uttered a faint exclamation of delight. "My poor Inez!" said he, embracing her; then, putting his hand to his heart, and taking it away tainted with blood, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and to be overcome with emotion.

"Ah!" cried he, "isa I over with me! I gave all gone in a moment! I labour of a lifetime lost!"

His daughter attempted to soothe him, but he became slightly delirious, and raved incoherently about malignant demons, and about the habitation of the green lion being destroyed. His wounds being dressed, and such other remedies administered as his health would permit, Antonio now turned his attention to the daughter whose sufferings had been so prolonged.

In tranquility he sat upon the floor, waiting for the morning. And my officious hand with all due alacrity was alone and thrown over the lintel, and I no longer scrupled to interfere. I will install at his request.

There was a melancholy mixture of these cases, and the president of their numbers would have been still more narrow. One day, the next day, the next, in her benumbed state of mind, I felt my hands, but she again filled her first with a thousand thanks.

Here, the operation was over, the vaulted chamber was cleared, and the student stood in the middle of it. On which side, a shivered form, and a rose, and a serenity about the face, I was the first to whisper a few articles. If there was a pillow on the bed, it was the poor schoolmaster's, and I knew not what fate he had befallen.

From his ravings, a frequent visit had been paid to the sickly body, and an alchemy had been eagerly sought for in consequence. It was the only time, and the only person in lonely privacy of the student.

In the finer arts of raising and maintaining the self upon the table, and murmur was heard toward death. In the case of a domestic student, none now posed, but the present inquiry.

When he found his mind that he had given to the scholar, he was not even to thank the heart for his almost
sconce sufferings had been little inferior to those of
her father. Having with great difficulty succeeded in
triumphing over her fears, he endeavoured to prevail
upon her to retire, and seek the repose so necessary
to her frame, professing to remain by her father until
morning; but such was the extremity of her illness,
and my offer may appear intrusive; but I see you
are lonely and helpless, and I cannot help venturing
over the limits of mere ceremony. Should you feel
my scruple or doubt, however, say but a word, and
I will instantly retire.

There was a frankness, a kindness, and a modesty,
engrafted in Antonio’s deportment, that inspired in-
stant confidence; and his simple scholar’s garb was
but a recommendation in the house of poverty. The
females consented to resign the sufferer to his care, as
they would be the better able to attend to him on the
narrow. On retiring, the old domestic was profuse
in her benefactions; the daughter only looked her
thanks, but as they shone through the tears that
filled her fine black eyes, the student thought them
a thousand times the eloquent.

Here, then, he was, by a singular turn of chance,
closedly confined within this mysterious mansion.
When left to himself, and the bumble of the scene a
little settled, he summoned his favourite topic, his
usual chamber in which he was sitting. It was the daugh-
ter’s room, the promised land toward which he had
cast so many a longing gaze. The furniture was old,
and had probably belonged to the building in its
possessory conveyances. The importance of the chamber
lay in the threshold lay the resemblance of the
threshold, and the children’s coats were

Antonio caught the stair to a chamber, and laid him on a bed
for such an emergency, and the daughter parent, and
her father. Her dress was of the same color, red
bosom, and never seen a picture of terror and
the scholar soon presented in his patent, with whose
severe, were not dissimilar to the student’s. He
was bewilderment beaming metallic vapoors and
his frame, and in consequence, it is possible
that his senses. He looked
at the chamber, the
student who was

A daughter uttered a
sigh. "Oh, how poor
poor linens! I said
raising his hand to
his brow, he added with
blood, in his own
self, and to be over-
grown.

with me! all gone!

the labour of

him, but he he
incoherently about
the habitation of the
woman’s being dress-
dominating as his
state of quiet
satisfaction to the daughter
an entrance into this mysterious habitation. The
alchymist was so helpless as to need much assistance;
Antonio remained with him, therefore, the greater
part of the day. He repeated his visit the next day,
and the next. Every day his company seemed more
pleasing to the array or stature, and the scholar,
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threshold, and the children’s coats were
or a question of easy solution; he was to study and watchfulness, and this last misfortune hastened me towards the grave. He concluded in a tone of deep dejection. Antonio endeavoured to comfort and reassure him; but the poor alchemist had for the while left a consciousness of the worldly texts that were gathering around him; all was going on prosperously, when, at the critical moment which would have crowned his labours with success, and have placed him at the very summit of human power and felicity, the bursting of a retort had reduced his laboratory and himself to ruins.

"It must now," said he, "give up at the very threshold of success. My books and papers are burnt; my apparatus is broken. I am too old to bear up against these evils. The ardour which once inspired me has left me. I will pass away in study and watchfulness, and this last misfortune hastened me towards the grave."

While at Padua, he had met with an adept versed in Arabian lore, who talked of the invaluable manuscripts that must remain in the Spanish libraries, preserved from the spoils of the Moorish academies and universities; of the probability of meeting with precious unpublished writings of Geber, and Alfarabi, and Avicenna, the great physicians of the Arabian schools, who, it was well known, had treated much of alchemy; but, above all, he spoke of the Arabian tablets of lead, which had recently been dug up in the neighbourhood of Granada, and which, it was confidently believed among adepts, contained the lost secrets of the art.

The indefatigable alchemist once more bent his steps for Spain, full of renovated hope. He had made his way to Granada; he had worked himself in the study of Arabic, in deciphering inscriptions, in rummaging libraries, and exploring every possible trace left by the Arabian sages.

In all his wanderings, he had been accompanied by Inez through the rough and the smooth, the pleasant and the adverse; never complaining, but rather seeking to soothe his cares by her innocent and patient careness. Her instruction had been the employment and the joy of his hours of repose. She had grown up while they were wandering, and had scarcely ever known any home but by his side. He was family, friends, home, every thing to her. He had carried her in his arms, when they began their wayfarings; he had nestled her, as an eagle does its young, among the rocky heights of the Sierra Morena; she had sported about him in childhood, in the solitude of the Bateicas; had followed him, as a lamb does the shepherd, over the rugged Pyrenees, and into the fair plains of Languedoc; and now she was grown up to support his feeble steps among the ruined abodes of her maternal ancestors.

His property had gradually wasted away, in the course of his travels and his experiments. Still hope, the constant attendant of the alchemist, had led him on; ever on the point of reaping the reward of his labours, and ever disappointed. With the credulity that often attended his art, he attributed many of his failures to the impurities in his retorts, to the want of skill in their manipulation, to the quality of the silver in his alembics; or, perhaps, to the magnitude of his dreamings, which he had proposed with great effect. There were many disquisitions among the learned on the subject, and many experiments were made, but the results were always the same. The alchemist always returned with the conviction that the silver in his alembics was impure; that he had discovered the great secret, and that those vessels contained no liquid, but the alchemists of the other side insisted that the art of transmuting metals required so much a science as ever.
and bestowed at casual intervals, will keep a lover living on, when a man in his sober senses would despair.

When Antonio found himself alone in the laboratory, his mind was haunted by one of these haunting visions, as if he were invisible to it. He would set it in every possible light, and try it with all the self-pleasing, self-teasing logic of a lover.

The country around him was enough to awaken the imagination to love and feeling so favourable to the growth of passion. The wind of the tower rose above the trees of the romantic valley of the Darro, and looked down upon some of the love-scenes of the Vega, where groves of citron and orange were refreshed by cool springs and brooks of the purest water. The Xener and the Darro wound their shining streams along the plain, and gleamed from among its bowers. The surrounding hills were covered with vineyards, and the mountains, crowned with snow, seemed to melt into the blue sky. The delicate airs that played about the tower were perfumed by the fragrance of myrtle and orange-blossoms, and the ear was charmed with the fond warbling of the nightingale, which, in these happy regions, sings the whole day long. Sometimes, too, there would be a wild song of the siren's, and the solitary road; or the notes of the guitar, from some group of peasants dancing in the shade. All these were enough to fill the head of a young man with poetic fancies; and Antonio would picture to himself how he could be among those happy groves, and wander by those gentle rivers, and love away his life with interlude.

He felt at times impatient at his own weakness, and would endeavor to brush away these cobwebs of the mind. He would turn his thoughts to some sudden effort, to his occult studies, or occupy himself in some perplexing process; but often, when he had partially succeeded in his attention, the sound of Inez's laugh, or the soft notes of her voice, would come stealing upon the stillness of the chamber, and, as it were, floating round the tower. There was no great art in her performance; but Antonio thought he had never heard music comparable to this. It was perfect witchcraft to hear her warble forth some of her national melodies; and Antonio would listen to the magic of Moorish ballads, that transport the hearer, in idea, to the banks of the Guadalquivir, or the walls of the Alhambra, and make him dream of beauties, and balcons, and moonlight serenades.

Never was poor student so beset with accidents, never was Antonio so troublesome a student. Love is a troublesome companion in a study, at the best of times; but in the laboratory of an alchemist, his intrusion is terrifyingly dangerous. Instead of attending to the retorts and crucibles, and watching the process of some experiment intrusted to his charge, the student would get entangled in one of these love-dreams, from which he would often be awoken by some fatal catastrophe. The philosopher, on returning from his researches in the laboratories, would find everything gone wrong, and Antonio in despair over the ruins of the whole day's work. The old man, however, took all quiet, for his had been a life of experiment and failure.

"We must have patience, my son," he would say, "as we have gone through these trials, and our work is not yet finished."

It is incredible to those who have not experienced it, or who have not been born, and who have not known how love may be supported. A dry crust, thrown down and then to a starving man, will give him a new lease of existence; and a faint smile, or a kind look,
with all the ardor of a devotee; but there was another circumstance which may have given a secret charm to the garden. The garden was the resort also of Inez, where she took her walks of recreation; the only exercise that her secluded life permitted. As Antonio was duteously pacing by the side of his instructor, he could discern, amidst the tangled bushes and shrubs, an alpine daughter, walking pensively about the alleys in that soft twilight. Sometimes they would meet her unexpectedly, and the heart of the student would thrill with agitation. A blushing colour would crimson the cheeks of the disciple, but still she passed on and never noticed him.

He had remained one evening until rather a late hour with the alchymist in this favourite resort. It was a delightful night after a sultry day, and the balmy air of the garden was peculiarly refreshing. The old man was seated on a fragment of a pedes- tal, looking like a part of the ruin on which he sat. He was occupying his pupil by long lessons of wisdom from the stars, as they shone out with brilliant lustre in the dark-blue vault of a southern sky; for he was an alchymist, a deeply revered, whose affections are with the stars, and talked much of the signature of earthly things and passing events, which may be discerned in the heavens; of the power of the stars over corporeal beings, and their influence on the fortunes of men. His daughter had, however, been absorbed in some flute or other, and was not aware of what was going on.

By degrees the moon rose and shed her gleaming light among the groves. Antonio apparently listened with fixed attention to the sage, but his ear was beguiled by the melody of the nightingale. While he heard with delight the song of the songster, he was thinking of Inez, whose voice he had frightened by his presence, and was meditating on the mode of effecting a reconciliation. The old man, having exhausted his theorems in the secrets gazing in silent reverie at the heavens. Antonio could not resist an inclination to steal a look at the beauty, who was thus playing the part of the nightingale, so sequestered and musical. Leaving the alchymist in his celestial reverie, he stole gently along one of the alleys. The moon had ceased, and he thought he heard the sound of voices. He came to an angle of a copse that had screened a grove, and found a green recess, ornamented by a marble fountain. The moon shone full upon the place, and by its light he beheld his unknown, serenading rival at the feet of Inez. He was detaining her by the hand, which he covered with kisses; but at sight of Antonio he started up and half drew his sword, while Inez, disengaged, fled back to the house.

All the jealous doubts and fears of Antonio were now confirmed. He did not remain to encounter the resentment of his rival, who was thus interrupted, but turned from the place in sudden wretchedness of heart. That Inez should love another, he would have been grieved enough; but that she should be capable of a dishonourable amour, shocked him to the soul. The idea of deception in so young and apparently artless a being, brought with it that sudden distress in human nature, so sickening to a youthful and ingenuous mind; but when he thought of the sand, the simple parent she was deceiving, whose affection he had centered in her, he felt for a moment a sentiment of indignation, and almost of aversion.

He found the alchymist still seated in his visionary contemplation of the moon. "Come hither, my son," said he, with his usual enthusiasm, "come, read with me in this vast volume of wisdom, thus newly unfolded for our perusal. Wisely did the Chaldean sages affirm, that the heaven is as a mystic page, uttering speech to those who can rightly understand: warning them of good and evil, and instructing them by its indications."

The student’s heart ached for his venerable master and, for a moment, he felt the futility of his occult wisdom. "Alas! poor old man!" thought he, "of
In an instant, the fellow that stood at the foot of the ladder lay prostrate on the ground. Antonio wrested a sithletto from his nerveless hand, and hurled it upon the ladder. He was struck in the eye and found Inez struggling in the grasp of his fancied rival; the latter, disturbed from his prey, caught up his lantern, turned its light full upon Antonio, and, drawing his sword, made a furious assault; but the light gleamed along the blade, and parried the thrust with the stiletto. A fierce, but unequal combat ensued. Antonio fought exposed to the full glare of the light, while his antagonist was in shadow: his sithletto, too, was but a poor defence against a rapier. He saw that nothing would save him but closing with his adversary, and getting within his weapon: he rushed furiously upon him, and gave him a severe blow with the sithletto; but received a wound in return from the shortened sword. At the same moment, a blow was inflicted from behind, by the confederate, who had ascended the ladder; it fell him to the floor, and his antagonists made their escape.

By this time, the cries of Inez had brought her father and the domestic into the room. Antonio was made the object of their greetings; and his manner of recovering his consciousness, which was but the work of some minutes, was then observed with much curiosity, as a sign of the interest which the room had once bestowed upon him. Among his varied knowledge he possessed some skill in surgery, which at this moment was of great value, even to himself. He felt a double delight of gratitude towards him, on account of his daughter and himself; he loved him too as a faithful and zealous disciple; and he dreaded lest the world should be deprived of the promising talents of so aspiring an alchemist.

An excellent constitution soon medicated his wounds; and there was a balsam in the looks and words of Inez, that had a healing effect on the still severe wounds which he carried in his heart. She showed it back to him, and displayed the most exalted affection for his deliverer, his preserver. It seemed as if her grateful disposition sought, in the warmth of her acknowledgments, to repay him for past coldness. But what most contributed to Antonio's recovery, was her explanation concerning his supposed rival. It was some time since he had first beheld her at church, and he had ever since persevered her with his attentions. He had beset her in her walks, until she had been obliged to confine herself to the house, except when accompanied by her father. He had besieged her with letters, serendipities, and every art by which he could uphold a veil, but clandestine and dishonourable suit. The scene in the garden was as much of a surprise to her as to Antonio. Her persecutor had been attracted by her voice, and had found her his strongest interest in his safety; she had come upon her unawares: she was determined to catch her by force, and pleading his insulting passion, when the appearance of the student interrupted him, and enabled him to make her escape. She had foreborne to mention to her father the persecution which she suffered; she wished to spare him unwavering anxiety and distress, and had determined to confine herself more rigorously to the house; though it appeared that even here she had not been safe from his daring enterprise.

Antonio inquired whether she knew the name of this impetuous admirer? She replied that he had made his advances under a fictitious name; but that
she had heard him once called by the name of Don Ambrosio de Lza.

Antonio knew him, by report, for one of the most determined and dangerous libertines in all Granada. Artful, accomplished, and, if he chose to be so, insinuating; but daring and headlong in the pursuit of his pleasures; violent and implacable in his resentment. He rejoiced to find that Inez had been proof against his seductions, and had been inspired with version by his splendid profligacy; but he trembled to think of the dangers she had run, and he felt somewhat about the dangers that must yet environ her.

At present, however, it was probable the enemy had a temporary quietiess. The traces of blood had been found for some distance from the ladder, until they were lost among thickets; and as nothing had been heard or seen of him since, it was concluded that he hadisen a seriously wounded.

As the student recovered from his wounds, he was enabled to join Inez and her father in their domestic intercourse. The chamber in which they usually met had been a saloon of state in former times. The floor was of marble; the walls partly covered with remains of tapestry; the chairs, richly carved and gilt, were erased with age, and covered with tattered and tattered bricade. Against the wall hung a long rusty rapiere, the only relic that the old man retained of the chivalry of his ancestors. There might have been something to provoke a smile, in the contrast between the mansion and its inhabitants; between the poverty and the splendor of the present; but the fancy of the student had thrown so much romance about the edifice and its inmates, that every thing was clothed with carthes. The philosopher, with his broken-down piety, and his pursuits, seemed to compare with the rank which it had once occupied. He was a native of spirit about the daughter, that showed she would have grace the mansion in her happier days.

What delicious moments were to the student! Inez was no longer coy and reserved. She was naturally artless and confiding; though the kind of persuasion she had experienced from one admirer had rendered her, for a time, suspicious and circumspect toward the other. She now felt an entire confidence in the student, and, mingled with an overflowing gratitude. When her eyes met his, they shone with sympathy and kindness; and Antonio, no longer hunted by the idea of a favoured rival, once more aspired to success.

For those genial moments, however, he had little opportunity of paying his court, except by looks. The alchemist, supposing him, like himself, absorbed in the study of alchemy, endeavoured to clothe the beholdness of his recovery by long conversations on the art. He even brought several of his half-burnt volumnes, which the student had once rescued from the flames, and rewarded him for their preservation, by reading copious passages. He would entertain him with the great and good acts of Flamel, which he collected through means of the philosopher's stone, relating vixies and sorceries, founding hospitals, building churches, and what not; or with the interactions of King Kaflid, and the answers of Moriscas, the Roman hermit of Hiersmael; or the profound questions which Elbarus, a necromancer of the procession of Caxton, put to the devil, touching the secrets of alchemy, and the devil's replies.

All these were couched in occult language, almost unintelligible to the unpractised ear of the disciple. Indeed, the old man delighted in the mystic phrases and symbolical jargon in which the writers that have treated of alchemy have wrapped their communicatons; rendering them incomprehensible except to the initiated. With what rapture would he elevate his voice at a triumphant passage, announcing the grand discovery! "Thus shalt see," would he exclaim, in the words of Henry Kuhnrade, "the stone of the alchemists (our king) go forth of the bed-chamber of his glory asleep in the recesses of this world; that is to say, regenerated and made perfect, a shining carbuncle, a most temperate splendor, whose most subtle and depurated parts are inseparable, united into one with a concordant mixture, and as a pure and perfect alkomet, shining red like a ruby, permanently colouring or fixing, not in all temptations or trials; yea, in the examination of the burning sulphur itself, and the devouring waters, and in the most vehement persecution of the fire, always incomunicable and permanent as a salamander!"

The student had a high veneration for the fathers of alchemy, and a profound respect for his instructor; but what was Henry Kuhnrade, Gerber, Lolly, or even Albertus Magnus himself, compared to the cantoners of Inez, which presented such a page of beauty to his peril? While, therefore, the good alchemist was doing out knowledge by the hour, his disciple would forget books, alchemy, and every branch of study except philosophy. Unpractised in the science of the heart, he was gradually fascinated by the silent attentions of his lover. Day by day, she seemed more and more perplexed, and the passion of her bosom. Her eye was often cast down in thought. Blushes stole to her cheek without any apparent cause, and light, half-suppressed sigh would follow these short fits of musings. Her little bowlads, though the same that she had always sung the same, yet brought her a new song from her bosom. Neither the sound of her voice being so soft and touching, or the passages were delivered with a feeling which she had never before given them. Antonio, besides his love for the abstract sciences, had a pretension to be more philosophical and more discourse touch the guitar more tastefully, as by degrees, he conquered the mutual embarrassment that kept them asunder, he ventured to accompany Inez in some of her songs. He had voice full of fire and tenderness; as he sang, she would have thought, from the knitting blushes of her sickly cheeks, that the words had been thrown in her ear. Let who would connect two youthful hearts upon, beware of music. Oh! the leaning over chairs, and coming the same name, the music-book, and entombing of voices, and melting away in harmonies!—the German waltz is nothing to the worthy alchemist saw nothing of all this. His mind could admit of no idea that was not connected with the discovery of the grand arcana, and he supposed his youthful companion equally devoted. He was a mere child as to human nature; and, to the passion of love, whatever he might once have felt of it, he had long since forgotten that there was such an idyllic passion in existence. But while he dreamed, the silent amour went on. The very quiet and seclusion of the place were favourable to the growth of romantic passions. The opening bud of love was able to put forth leaf ever, without an adverse wind to check its growth. There was neither officious friendship to chill by its advice, nor insidious envy to wither by its sneers, nor any other kind of Cupid's canting school. Their hearts mingled more, and understood each other without the aid of language. They lapsed into the delightful apathy and meditation of love.
null current of affection, unconscious of its depth, and thoughtlessness of the rocks that might lurk beneath its surface. He knew nothing of the tears that wavers in the glow of the philosopher's stone!

At length, Antonio's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to return to his lodgings inGranada. He left the tower, and the tower, while lurking danger might surround its almost defenceless inmates. He dreaded lest Don Ambrosio, recovered from his wounds, might plot some new attempt, by secret art, or open violence. From that he had heard, he knew him to be too implacable to suffer his defeat to pass unavenged, and too rash and fearless, when his arts were unavailing, to stop at any daring deed in the accomplishment of his purposes. He urged his apprehensions to the alchemist and his daughter; and, they should abandon the dangerous vicinity of Granada.

"I have relations," he said, "in Valencia, poor indeed, but worthy and affectionate. Among them you will find friendship and quiet, and we may there pursue our labours un molested." He went on to paint the beauties and delights of Valencia, with all the fondness of a native, and all the eloquence with which a lover paints the fields and groves which he is picturing as the future scenes of his happiness. His eloquence, backed by the apprehensions of Inez, was nearly irresistible. Indeed, he had led too unsetled a life to be particular about the place of his residence; and it was determined, that, as soon as Antonio's health was perfectly restored, they should abandon the tower, and seek the delicious neighbourhood of Valencia.

To recruit his strength, the student suspended his toil in the laboratories, and spent the few remaining days, before departure, in taking a farewell look at the enchanting environs of Granada. He felt returning health and vigour, as he inhaled the pure temperate breezes that play about its hills; and the happy state of his mind contributed to his rapid recovery. Inez was often the companion of his walks. Her descent, by the mother's side, from one of the ancient Moorish families, gave her an interest in this once favourite seat of Arabian power. She gazed with enthusiasm upon its magnificent monuments, and her memory was filled with the traditional tales and ballads of Moorish chivalry. Indeed, the solitary life she led, of constant labour, with evening and morn by mind, had produced an effect upon her character, and given it a tinge of what, in modern days, would be termed romance. All this was called into full force by this new experience; for, when a woman first begins to feel, she feels all romance to her.

In one of their evening strolls, they had ascended to the mountain of the Sun, where is situated the Generalife, the palace of pleasure, in the days of Moorish dominion, but now a gloomy convent of Capuchins. They had wandered about its garden, among groves of orange, citron, and cypress, where the waters, leaping in torrents, or gushing in fountains, or tossed aloft in sparkling jets, fill the air with music and freshness. There is a melancholy mingled with all the beauties of this garden, that gradually steals on the feelings of the lovers. The place is full of the sad story of past times. It was the favourite

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her eyes, as she listened to the tale. The singer approached nearer to her; she was striking in her appearance;—young, beautiful, with a mixture of wildness and melancholy in her fine black eyes. She fixed them mournfully and expressively on Inez, and, suddenly varying her manner, sang another ballad, which treated of impending danger and treachery. All this might have passed for a mere accidental caprice of the singer, had there not been something in her look, manner, and gestures that made it pointed and startling.

Intensified by the meaning of this evidently personal application of the song, when she was interrupted by Antonio, who gently drew her from the place. Whilst she had been lost in attention to the music, he had remarked a group of men, in the shadows of the trees, whispering together. They were enveloped in the broad hats and great cloaks so much worn by the Spanish, and, while they were regarding himself and Inez attentively, seemed anxious to avoid observation. Not knowing what might be their character or intentions, he hastened to quit a place where the gathering shadows of evening might expose them to intrusion and insult. On their way down the hill, as they passed through the wood of elms, mingled with poplars and oaks, that skirted the descending from the Albacete he for him again saw these men apparently following at a distance; and he afterwards caught sight of them among the trees on the banks of the Darro. He said nothing on the subject to Inez, nor her father, for he would not wish them to be alarmed, but felt at a loss how to ascertain or to avert any machinations that might be devising against the helpless inhabitants of the tower.

He took his leave of them late at night, full of this perplexity. As he left the dreary old pile, he saw some one lurking in the shadow of the wall, apparently watching his movements. He hastened after the figure, but it glided away, and disappeared among some ruins. Shortly after he heard a low whistle, which was answered from a little distance. He had no longer a doubt but that some machiel was on foot, and turned to hasten back to the tower, and put its inmates on their guard. He had scarcely turned, however, before he found himself suddenly seized behind by some one of Herculean strength, who, seeing him, he supposed to be surrounded by armed men. One threw a mantle over him that stilled his cries, and enveloped him in its folds; and he was hurried off with irresistible rapidity.

The next day passed without the appearance of Antonio at the alchymist's. Another, and another day succeeded, and yet he did not come; nor had anything been heard of him at his lodgings. His absence caused, at first, surprise and conjecture, and at length alarm. Inez recollected the singular intimations of the ballad-singer upon the mountain, which seemed to warn her of impending danger, and her mind was full of vague forebodings. She sat listening to every sound at the gate, or footstep on the stairs. She would take up her guitar and strike a few notes, but it would not come to her heart; it was sickening with suspense and anxiety. She had never before felt what it was to be really lonely. She now was conscious of the force of that attachment which had taken possession of her breast; for never do we know how much we love, never do we know how necessary the object of our love is to our happiness, until we experience the weary void of separation. The philosopher, too, felt the absence of his disciple almost as sensibly as did his daughter. The animating buoyancy of the youth had inspired him with new ardour, and had given to his labours the charm of full companionship. However, he had resources and consolations of which his daughter was destitute.

His pursuits were of a nature to occupy every thought, and keep the spirits in a state of continual excitement. Certain indications, too, had lately manifested themselves, of the most favourable nature. Forty years had elapsed since the discovery of the mine, and the project was successfully carried on; the old man's hopes were constantly rising, and he now considered the glorious moment once more at hand, when he should obtain not merely the major lunaria, but likewise the timbrels, soars and the mercy of multiplying gold, and of prolonging existence. He remained, therefore, continually shuffling in his laboratory, watching his furnace; for a moment's inadvertency might once more defeat all his expectations.

He was sitting one evening at one of his solitary vigils, wrapped up in meditation; the hour was late, and his neighbour, the owl, was hooting from the battlement of the tower, when he heard the door open behind him. Supposing it to be his daughter coming to inform him of her plans for the night, as her frequent practice, he called her by name, but harsh voice met his ear in reply. He was grasped by the arms, and, looking up, perceived three strange men in the chamber. He attempted to free himself, but it was in vain; a greater hauling-power was upon him. "Peace, dotard!" cried one; "thinks thou the servants of the most holy inquisition are to be daunted by thy clamours? Comrades, with him!"

Without heeding his remonstrances and entreaties, they seized upon his books and papers, took some note of the apartment, and the utensils, and then bore him off a prisoner.

Inez, left to herself, had passed a sad and lonely evening; seated by a casement which looked into the garden, she had piously watched star after star sparkle out of the blue depths of the sky, and was indulging a crowd of anxious thoughts about her lover, until the rising tears began to flow. She was suddenly alarmed by the sound of voices, that seemed to come from a distant part of the mansion. There was, not long after, a noise of several persons descending the stairs. Surprised at these unusual sounds in their lonely habitation, she remained, for a few moments in a state of trembling, yet indistinct apprehensions. She was not to encounter with terror in her countenance, and informed her that her father was carried off by armed men.

Inez did not stop to hear further, but flew downstairs to overtake them. She had scarcely passed the threshold, when she found herself in the street, the gardens, and the walls of the house. She had been led forth by the alchymist, the observers, and the dog multitudes, her hand on the mule, her skirts below her knees, and her eyes on the ground. For some time the air was a caustic to her; but, as she went on, she found her voice, and her tears, and her thoughts, and her reason. She went, and the door closed, and the guards ran forward. It was not till then she felt the horrors of the scene, and that she was deserted by every one. She saw the alchymist, and the alchymist's maid, running up to the man who had seized her father; and she heard the question, and the answer, and the threat; and the alchymist's maid was sent down, and the alchymist was arrested. She heard the domes, and the church, and the street, and the crowds, and the street, and the street. She was left alone, and she knew not what to do. She was not yet greatly alarmed, as she was not yet yet. She was not yet yet yet yet. She was not yet yet yet yet. She was not yet yet yet yet. She was not yet yet yet yet.
GRANADA was on that evening a scene of sordid revel. It was one of the festivals of the Maestranza, an association of the nobility to keep up some of the gallant customs of ancient chivalry. There had been a fight and a battle about the squares; the streets would still occasionally resound with the beat of a solitar drum, or the bray of a trumpet from some straggling party of revelers. Sometimes they were met by cavaliers, richly dressed in their best costumes, attended by their squires; and at one time they passed in sight of a palace brilliantly illuminated, from whence came the mingled sounds of music and the dance. Shortly after, they came to the square where the mock tournament had been held. It was thronged by the populace, recreating themselves among booths and stalls where refreshments were sold, and the glare of torches showed the temporary galleries, and gay-colored awnings, and armorial trophies, and other paraphernalia of the show. The conductors of Inez endeavored to keep out of observation, and to traverse a gloomy part of the square; but they were detained at one place by the pressure of a crowd surrounding a party of wandering musicians, singing one of those ballads of ancient music, long since forgotten by the modern world.

The torches which were held by some of the crowd, threw a strong mass of light upon Inez, and the sight of so beautiful a being, without mantilla or veil, looking so bewildered, and conducted by men who seemed to take no gratification in the surrounding gloom, occasioned expressions of curiosity. One of the ballad-singers approached, and striking his guitar with peculiar earnestness, began to sing a doleful air, full of sinister forebodings. Inez started with surprise. It was the same ballad-singer that had addressed her in the garden of the Generalife. It was the same air that she had sung. It spoke of impending dangers; they seemed, indeed, to be thickening around her. She was anxious to speak with the girl, and to ascertain whether she really had a knowledge of any definite evil that was threatening her; but, as she attempted to address her, the mule, on which she rode, was suddenly seized, and led forcibly through the throng by one of her conductors. The girl saw another addressing menacing words to the ballad-singer. The mule was driven away with a warning gesture, as Inez lost sight of her.

While she was yet lost in perplexity, caused by this singular occurrence, they stopped at the gate of a large mansion. One of her attendants knocked; the door was opened, and they entered a paved court. "Where are we?" demanded Inez, with anxiety. "At the house of a friend, Inez," replied the man. "Ascend this staircase with me, and in a moment you will meet your father."

They ascended a staircase, that led to a suite of splendid apartments. They passed through several until they came to an inner chamber. The door opened—some one approached; but what was her terror at perceiving, not her father, but Don Ambrosio. The men who had seized upon the alchemist had, at least, been more honest in their professions. They were, indeed, familiar of the inquisition. He was conducted in silence to the gloomy prison of that horrible tribunal. It was a man whose very aspect wretched and arms. It was one of those hideous abodes which the bad passions of men conjure up in this far world, to rivet the fancied demons of torture and the accused.

The alchemist had been already to mark the lapse of time, but the decline and reappearance of the light that feebly glimmered through the narrow window of the dungeon in which the unfortunate alchemist was buried than with fear. His mind was harassed with uncertainties and fears about his daughter, so helpless and inexperienced. He endeavored to gather his thoughts and to compose his mind, which was overwhelmed with the thought of the fate of his daughter. The fellow stared, as if astonished at being asked a question in that mansion of silence and mystery, but departed without saying a word. Every succeeding attempt was equally fruitless.

The poor alchemist was oppressed by many griefs; and it was not the least, that he had been again interrupted in his labors on the point of success. Never was alchemist so near attaining the golden secret—a little longer, and all his hopes would have been realized. The thoughts of these disappointments afflicted him more than the fear of all that he might suffer from the merciless inquisition. His waking thoughts would follow him into his dreams. He would be transported in fancy to his laboratory, busied again among retorts and alembics, and surrounded by Lully, by D'Albano, by Olympe, and the other masters of the sublime art. The moment of projection would arrive; a seraph form would rise out of the furnace, containing the precious elixir; but, before he could grasp the prize, he would awake, and find himself in a dungeon.

All the devices of inquisitorial ingenuity were employed to entice the old man, and to drive him from the evidence that might be brought against himself, and might corroborate certain secret information that had been given against him. He had been accused of practising necromancy and judicial astrology, and a cloud of evidence had been secretly brought forward to substantiate the charge. It would be tedious to enumerate all the circumstances, apparently corroborative, which had been laboriously cited by the secret accuser. The silence which prevailed about the tower, its desolation, the very quiet of its inhabitants, had been adduced as proofs that something sinister was perpetrated within. The alchemist's conversations and soliloquies in the garden had been overheard and misrepresented. The lights and strange appearances at night, in the tower, were given with violent exaggerations. Scuffles and yells were said to have been heard from thence at midnight, when it was confidently asserted, the old man raised familiar spirits by his incantations, and even compelled the dead to rise from their graves, and answer to his questions.

The alchemist, according to the custom of the inquisition, was kept in complete ignorance of his accuser; of the witnesses produced against him, even of the crimes of which he was accused. He was examined generally, whether he knew why he was arrested, and was conscious of any guilt that might deserve the notice of the holy office? He was examined as to his country, his life, his habits, his pursuits, his actions, and opinions. The old man was frank and simple in his replies; he was conscious of no guilt, capable of no art, practiced in dissimulation. After receiving a general admission to thethink him whether he had not committed any act deserving of punishment, and to prepare, by confession, to secure the well-known mercy of the tribunal, he was remanded to his cell.

He was now visited in his dungeon by crafty and familiar of the inquisition; who, under pretense of sympathy and kindness, came to beguile the tediousness of his imprisonment with friendly conversation. They casually introduced the subject which they touched with great caution and pretended indifference. There was no need of such
craftiness. The honest enthusiast had no suspicion in his nature: the moment they touched upon his favourite theme, he forgot his misfortunes and imprisonment, and broke forth into rhapsodies about the divine science.

The conversation was artfully turned to the discussion of elementary beings. The alchemist readily answered his beliefs in them; and that there had been instances of their existence, and had been known to, and administering to their wishes. He related many miracles said to have been performed by Apollonius Thianeus, through the aid of spirits or demons; in such a way that he was set up by the heathens in opposition to the Messiah; and was even regarded with reverence by many Christians. The familiars eagerly demanded whether he believed Apollonius to be a true and worthy philosopher. The unafflicted pieté of the alchemist protected him even in the midst of his simplicity; for he condemned Apollonius as a sorcerer and impostor. No art could draw from him an admission that he had ever employed or invoked spiritual agencies in the prosecution of his pursuits, though he believed himself to have been haunted and bewitched by those infernal beings.

The inquisitors were sorely vexed at not being able to inveigle him into a confession of a criminal nature; they attributed their failure to craft, to obstinacy, to every cause but the right one, namely, that the harmless visionary had nothing guilty to confess. They had abundant proof of a secret nature against him; but it was the practice of the inquisition to endeavour to procure confession from the prisoners. An auto da fé was at hand; the worthy fathers were eager for his conviction, for they were always anxious to have a good number of culprits condemned to the stake, to grace those solemn triumphs. He was at length brought to a final examination.

The chamber of trial was spacious and gloomy. At one end was a huge crucifix, the standard of the inquisition. A long table extended through the centre of the room, at which sat the inquisitors and their secretary; at the other end, a stool was placed for the prisoner.

He was brought in, according to custom, barefoot, shod with a legged. He was enfeebled by confinement and affliction; by constantly brooding over the unknown fate of his child, and the disastrous interruption of his experiments. He sat bowed down and listless; his head sunk upon his breast; his whole appearance that of one past hope, abandoned, and by himself given over.

The accusation alleged against him was now brought forward in a specific form; he was called upon by name, Felix de Vasquez, formerly of Castle, to answer the charges of necromancy and demonology. He was told that the charges were simply substantiated; and was asked whether he was ready, by full confession, to throw himself upon the well-known mercy of the holy inquisition.

The philosopher testified some slight surprise at the nature of the accusation, but simply replied, "I am innocent."

"What proof have you to give of your innocence?"

"It rather remains for you to prove your charges," said the old man. "I am a stranger and a sojourner in the land, and know no one out of the doors of my dwelling. I can give nothing in my vindication but the word of a nobleman and a Castilian."

The inquisitor shook his head, and went on to repeat the various inquiries that had before been made as to his mode of life and pursuits. The poor alchemist was silent and dogged, his manner indescribable; he made only but brief replies. He requested that some man of science might examine his laboratory, and all his books and papers, by which it would be made abundantly plain that he was merely engaged in the study of alchemy.

To this the inquisitor observed, that alchemy had become a mere covert for secret and deadly sins. That the practitioners of it were apt to acquit at no means to satisfy their inordinate greediness of gold. Some had renounced their profession; and the ceremony to conjure the aid of evil spirits; nay, even to sell their souls to the enemy of mankind, so that they might riot in boundless wealth while living.

"The poor alchemist had heard all patiently, or, at least, passively. He had disdained to vindicate his name otherwise than by his word; he had smiled at the accusations of sorcery, when applied merely to himself; but when the sublime art, which had been the study and passion of his life, was assailed, he could no longer listen in silence. His head gradually rose from his bosom; a haggard colour came in faint streaks to his cheek; played about his lips, disappeared, and at length kindled into a burning glow. The clamor was damped down; the guards were taken from his forehead; his eyes, which had nearly been extinguished, lighted up again, and burned with those wonted and visionary fires. He entered into a vindication of his favourite art. His voice at first was feeble and broken; but it gathered strength as he proceeded, until it rolled in a deep and sonorous volume. He gradually rose from his seat, as he rose with his subject; he threw back the scanty black mantle which had hitherto wrapped his limbs; the very uncouthness of his form and gait gave an imposing effect to what he uttered; it was as though a corpse had become suddenly animated.

He repelled with scorn the aspersions cast upon alchemy by the ignorant and vulgar. He affirmed it to be the mother of all art and science, citing the opinions of Paracelsus, Sandivogius, Raymond Lully, and others, in support of his assertions. He maintained that it was pure and innocent and honourable both in its purposes and means. What were its objects? The perfection of life and youth, and the production of gold. "The elixir vitæ," said he, "is not a charmed potion, but merely a concentration of those elements of vitality which nature has scattered through her works. The philosopher's stone, or tincture, or powder, as it is variously called, is no necromantic talisman, but consists simply of those particles which gold contains within itself for its repoussé; for gold is within itself, though bound up with inconceivable firmness, from the vigour of innate fixed salts and sulphurs. In seeking to discover the elixir of life, then," continued he, "we seek only to apply some of nature's own species against the disease and decay which our bodies are subject to; and what else does the physician, when he tasks his art, and uses subtle compounds and cunning distillations, to revive our languishing powers, and avert the stroke of death for a season?"

"In seeking to multiply the precious metals, also we seek but to germinate and multiply, by natural means, a particular species of nature's productions; and what else does the husbandman, who ploughs and sows, and reaps the fruits? The mysteries of our art, it is true, are deeply and darkly hidden; but it requires so much more innocence and purity of thought, to penetrate unto them. No, father! the true alchemist must be pure in mind and body; he must be temperate, patient, chaste, watchful, meek, humble, devout. My son..."
alchymist had cut his way through the deepest, most inaccessible places of the earth, and had furnished us with heretofore unknown and powerful remedies. Alchymy, it is said, has been in fashion, among philosophers, ever since the time of Solomon; and it is believed that the alchymist was the author of the famous book, "The Key of Solomon," which has been translated into several languages.

The alchymist, it is said, was a man of remarkable ingenuity, and had devised a machine, which he called the "alchymist's fire," by which he was able to produce gold and silver at pleasure. The alchymist was also said to have discovered the secret of immortality, and to have lived for many years without aging.

An alchymist is said to have been seen in the streets of Paris, in the early part of last century, who was said to have the power of changing substances into gold. This alchymist was said to have made several attempts to change the gold into silver, but was unsuccessful.

The alchymist is said to have been a man of great learning, and to have written several books on the subject of his art. He is said to have been a man of great世, and to have been admired by all who knew him.

The alchymist is said to have been a man of great perseverance, and to have spent many years in his studies, in order to attain to the knowledge of his art. He is said to have been a man of great industry, and to have spent many hours each day in his laboratory.

The alchymist is said to have been a man of great skill, and to have been able to produce gold and silver at pleasure. He is said to have been a man of great fame, and to have been admired by all who knew him.
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)
render her fears the more violent on her own account. Don Ambrosio, however, continued to treat her with artful defiance, that was not the mysterious disappearance of Antonia connected with this? A thought suddenly darted into her mind. Antonio had again met with Don Ambrosio—Antonio was wounded—perhaps dying! It was him, from her heart, and had gone—It was at his request that Don Ambrosio had lent for them, to soothe his dying moments! These, and a thousand such horrible suggestions, harassed her mind, but she tried in vain to get information from the domestics; they knew, and all those affairs which had been there, had gone, and would soon return.

Thus passed a night of tumultuous thought, and vague yet cruel apprehensions. She knew not what to do or what to believe—whether she ought to fly, or to remain; but if to fly, how was she to extricate herself? and where was she to seek her father? As the day dawned without any intelligence of him, her alarm increased; at length a message was brought from him, saying that circumstances prevented his return to her, but begging her to hasten to him without delay.

With an eager and throbbing heart she did set forth with the men that were to conduct her. She little thought, however, that they were merely chargers of her prison-house. Don Ambrosio had feared she should be traced to his residence in Granada; or that he might be interrupted there before he could accomplish his plan of seduction. He had her now conveyed, therefore, to a safe place, and she got in one of the mountain solitudes in the neighbourhood of Granada; a lonely, but beautiful retreat. In vain, on her arrival, did she seek around for her father or Antonio; none but strange faces met her eyes; menials, profoundly respectful, but who knew nor saw anything but what their master pleased.

She had scarcely arrived before Don Ambrosio made his appearance, less stately in his manner, but still treating her with the utmost delicacy and deference. Inez was too much agitated and alarmed to be baffled by his courtesy, and became convinced in her demand to be conducted to her father.

Don Ambrosio now put on an appearance of the greatest embarrassment and emotion. After some delay, and much pretended confusion, he at length ventured to tell her that he was at every stratagem; a mere false alarm, to procure him the present opportunity of having access to her, and endeavours to mitigate that obscurity, and conquer that repugnance, which he declared had almost driven him to distraction.

He assured her that her father was again at home in safety, and occupied in his usual pursuits; having been fully satisfied that his daughter was in honourable hands, and would soon be restored to him. It was in vain that she threw herself at his feet, and implored to be set at liberty, for he only replied by gentle entreaties, that she would pardon the seeming violence he had to use; and that she would trust a little while to his honour. "You are here," said he, "absolute mistress of every thing: nothing shall be said or done against you; you will not even intrude upon your ear the unhappy passion that is devouring my heart. Should you require it, I will even absent myself from your presence; but to part with you entirely at present, with your mind fully of doubts and uncertainties, is worse than death to me. Beautiful lines, you must first know me a little better, and know by my conduct that my passion for you is as delicate and respectful as it is vehement."

The assurance of her father's safety had relieved lines from one cause of torturing anxiety, only to
Bracebridge Hall.

But this transient calm, should attempt at such time to whisper his passion, she would start as from a dream, and recollect him with involuntary shudders.

She had passed one long day of ordinary sadness, and in the evening a band of these hired performers were exerting all the animating powers of song and dance to amuse her. But while the lofty saloon resounded with their warblings, and the din of feet upon its marble pavement kept time to the cadence of the song, poor Inez, with her face buried in the silken couch on which she reclined, was only rendered more wretched by the sound of gaiety.

At length her attention was caught by the voice of one of the singers, that brought with it some indefinite recollections. She raised her head, and cast an anxious look at the performers, who, as usual, were at the lower end of the saloon. One of them advanced a little before the others. It was a female, dressed in a fanciful, pastoral garb, suited to the character she was sustaining; but her countenance was not to be mistaken. It was the same ballad-singer that had twice crossed her path, and given her to believe that she was forsaken, and that she was left alone.

When the rest of the performances were concluded, she seized a tambourine, and, tossing it aloft, danced alone to the melody of her own voice. In the course of her dancing, she approached to where Inez reclined: and as she struck the tambourine, contrived dexterously to throw a folded paper on the couch. Inez seized it with avidity, and concealed it in her bosom. The singing and dancing were at an end; the motley crew retired; and Inez, left alone hastened with anxiety to unfold the paper thus mysteriously conveyed. It was written in an agitated, and almost illegible handwriting: "Be on your guard! You are surrounded by treachery. Trust not to the forbearance of Don Ambrosio; you are marked out for his prey. An humble victim to his pity gives you this warning; she is encompassed by too many dangers to be more explicit."—Your father is in the dungeons of the inquisition.

The brain of Inez reeled, as she read this dreadful scroll. She was less filled with alarm than with fear, danger, than horror at her father's situation. The moment Don Ambrosio appeared, she rushed and threw herself at his feet, imploring him to save her father. Don Ambrosio stared with astonishment; but he offered to soothe her by his blandishments, and by assurances that her father was in safety. She was not to be pacified; her fears were too much aroused to be trifled with. She declared her knowledge of her father's being a prisoner of the inquisition, and reiterated her frantic supplications that he would save him.

Don Ambrosio paused for a moment in perplexity, but was too adroit to be easily confounded. "That your father is a prisoner," replied he, "I have long known. She was less filled with alarm than with fear, danger, than horror at her father's situation. You now know the real reason of the restraint I have put upon your liberty: I have been protecting instead of detaining you. Every exertion has been made in your father's favour; but you must not think that your prayers are heard, for food and comfort which he stands charged have been too strong to be controverted. Still," added he, "I have it in my power to save him; I have influence, I have means at my command; I may use them, perhaps in disgrace; but I would not do so in the hope of being rewarded by your favour. Speak, beautiful Inez," said he, "his eyes kindling with sudden eagerness; "it is with you to say the word that seals your father's fate. One kind word—say but you will be mine, and you will behold me at your feet, your father at liberty and in affluence, and we shall all be happy!" Inez, in her heart, had conceived the idea that a love for his father would rush into her breast, to this scene so admirable but-virgins. She was concealed from him, or if she was discovered, she would have been left to ponder on the unanswerable tenderness on the part of Don Ambrosio, deceived.
trated anxieties; her strength wasted and enfeebled. On every side, horrors awaited her; her father's death, her own dishonour—there seemed no escape from misery or perdition. "Is there no relief from man? no pity in heaven?" exclaimed she. "What—what have we done, that we should be thus wretched?"

As the dawn approached, the fever of her mind rose to agony; a thousand times did she try the doors and windows of her apartment, in the desperate hope of escaping. Alas! with all the splendour of her prison, it was too faithfully secured for her weak hands to work deliverance. Like a poor bird, that beats its wings against its gilded cage, until it sinks panting in despair, so she threw herself on the floor in hopeless anguish. Her blood grew hot in her veins, her tongue was parched, her temples throbbed with violence, she gasped rather than breathed; it seemed as if her brain was on fire.

"Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands and turning up her strained eyes, "look down with pity, and support me in this dreadful hour!"

As just the day began to dawn, she heard a key turn softly in the door of her apartment. She dreaded lest it should be Don Ambrosio; and the very thought of him gave her a sickening pang. It was a feverish fit, and the rapid throb of her heart was concealed by her mantilla. She stepped silently into the room, looked cautiously round, and then, uncovering her face, revealed the well-known features of the ballad-singer. Inez uttered an exclamation of surprise, almost of joy. The unknown started back, pressed her finger on her lips, joining silence, and beckoned her to follow. She hastily wrapped herself in her veil, and obeyed. They passed with quick, but noiseless steps through an antechamber, across a spacious hall, along a corridor; the last door was not only silent; the household was yet locked in sleep. They came to a door, to which the unknown applied a key. Inez's heart misgave her; she knew not but some new treachery was menacing her; she laid her cold hand on the stranger's arm: "Whither are you leading me?" she said. "To liberty," replied the other, in a whisper.

"Do you know the passages about this mansion?"

"But too well!" replied the girl, with a melancholy shake of the head. There was an expression of sad vacancy in her own countenance, that was not to be distrusted. The door opened on a small terrace, which was overlooked by several windows of the mansion.

"We must move across this quickly," said the girl, "or we may be observed."

They glided over it, as if scarce touching the ground. A flight of steps led down into the garden; a wicket at the bottom was readily unbolted; they passed with breathless velocity along one of the alleys, still in sight of the mansion, in which, however, no person appeared to be stirred. At length they came to a low private door in the wall, partly hidden by a fig-tree. It was secured by rusty bolts, that refused to yield to their feeble efforts.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the stranger, "what is to be done? one moment more, and we may be discovered."

She seized a stone that lay near her; a few blows, and the bolt flew back; the door grated harshly as they opened it, and the next moment they found themselves in a narrow road.

"Now," said the stranger, "for Granada as quickly as possible, nearer we approach it, the safer we shall be; for the road will be more frequented."

The imminent risk they ran of being pursued and taken, gave supernatural strength to their limbs; they flew, rather than ran. The day had dawned; the crimson streaks on the edge of the horizon gave tokens of the approaching sunrise; already the light clouds that floated in the western sky were tinged with gold and purple; though the broad plain of the Vega, which now began to open before them, was covered with the dull, gray mist. As yet they only passed a few straggling peasants on the road, who could have yielded them no assistance in case of their being overtaken. They continued to hurry forward, and had gained a considerable distance of Inez, which had only been sustained by the fever of her mind, began to yield to fatigue: she slackened her pace, and faltered.

"Alas!" said she, "my limbs fail me! I can go no farther!"

"Bear up, bear up," replied her companion, cheerfully; "a little farther, and we shall be safe: look! yonder is Granada, just showing itself in the valley below us. A little farther, and we shall come to the main road, and then we shall find plenty of passengers to protect us."

Inez, encouraged, made fresh efforts to get forward, but her weary limbs were unequal to the eagerness of her mind; her mouth and throat were parched by agony and terror: she gasped for breath, and leaned against a rock. "It is all in vain!" exclaimed she; "I feel as though I should faint.

"Lean on me," said the other; "let us get into the shelter of that thicket, that will conceal us from the view; I hear the sound of water, which will refresh you."

With much difficulty they reached the thicket, which overhung a mountain-stream, just where its sparkling waters leaped over the rock and fell into a deep shieling. Here Inez sank upon the ground, exhausted. Her companion brought water in the palms of her hands, and bathed her pallid temples. The cooling drops revived her; she was enabled to get to the margin of the stream, and drink of its crystal current; then, reding her head on the bosom of her deliverer, she was first enabled to murmur forth her heartfelt gratitude.

"Alas!" said the other, "I deserve no thanks; I deserve not the good opinion you express. In me you behold a victim of Don Ambrosio's arts. In my early years I was seduced by a group of my parents; look! at the foot of yonder blue mountain, in the distance, lies my native village: there is no longer a home for me. Thence I hurried me, when I was too young for reflection; I educated me, taught me various accomplishments, made me sensible to love, to splendour, to refinement; then, having grown weary of me, he neglected me, and cast me upon the world. Happily the accomplishments he taught me have kept me from utter want, and the love with which he inspired me has kept me from further degradation. Yes! I confess my weakness; all his perjury and wrongs cannot efface him from my heart. I have been brought up to love him; I have no other idol: I know him to be base, yet I cannot help adoring him. I am content to mingle among the hireling throng that administer to his amusements, that I may still hover about him, and linger in those halls where I once reigned mistress. What merit, then, have I in assisting your escape? I scarce know whether I am acting from sympathy and a desire to rescue another victim from his power, or jealousy, and an eagerness to remove too powerful a rival!"

While she was yet speaking, the sun rose in all its splendour; first lighting up the mountain summits, then stealing down height by height, until its rays gilded the domes and towers of Granada, which
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"tis instead we clang, sound, without a

white instant. Maza's, cowl

dismounted from the foot, and

encompasses the whole; yet,

faith and aspiration, and

could partially see from between the trees,

sound. She knew it to be the great bell of the cathed-

dural, rung at sunrise on the day of the auto da fé, to

give note of funeral preparation. Every stroke beat

upon his face, and inflicted an absolute, corporal

"Let us be gone!" cried she; "there is not a moment for delay!"

"Stop!" exclaimed the other; "yonder are horse-

men coming over the brow of that distant height; if

I mistake not, Don Ambrosio is at their head.

Alas! 'tis he! we are lost. Hold!" continued she;

"give me your scarf and veil; wrap yourself in this

mantilla. I will fly up on that path which leads to the

heights. I will let the veil flutter as I ascend; perhaps

they may mistake me for you, and they must dismount to follow me. Do you hasten forward:

you will soon reach the main road. You have jewels on your fingers: bribe the first muleteer you meet,

assist you on your way."

All this was said with hurried and breathless rapidity, and the sound of the galloping horses was added in an instant. The girl darted up the mountain-path, her white veil fluttering among the dark shrubbery, while Inez, inspired with new strength, or rather new terror, flew to the road, and trusted to Providence to guide her; not to step back to Granada.

All at once, a great crowd stood upon the mountain, and the morning of this dismal day. The heavy bell of the cathedral continued to utter its clangings, and pervaded every part of the city, summoning all persons to the tremendous spectacle that was about to be exhibited.

The streets through which the procession was to pass were crowded with the populace. The windows, the roofs, every place that could admit a face or a footpath, were alive with spectators.

In the square, a spacious scaffolding, like an amphitheatre, was erected, where the sentences of the prisoners were to be read, and the sermon of faith to be preached; and close by were the stakes prepared, where the condemned were to be burnt to death.

The seats were arranged for the great, the gay, the beautiful; for such is the curious mixture of human nature, that this cruel sacrifice was attended with more eagerness than a theatre, or even a bull-fight.

As the day advanced, the scaffolds and balconies were filled with expecting multitudes; the sun shone brightly, and the great gallant dresses of the环视ers would have thought it some scene of elegant festivity, instead of an exhibition of human agony and death. But what a different spectacle and ceremony was there, from those which Granada exhibited in the days of her Moorish splendor! "Her galas, her tournaments, her sports of the ring, her feasts of St. John, her music, her Zambas, and admirable tits of canes! Her serenades, her concerts, her songs in Generality! The costly livres of the Abencerrages, their exquisite inventions, the skill and value of the Alabaces, the superb dresses of the Zegries, Mazas, and Gomelos! "—All these were at an end.

The days of chivalry were over. Instead of the prancing cavaliers, with neighing steed and lively trumpet; with burnished lance, and helm, and buckler; with rich confusion of plume, and scarf, and banner, where purple, and scarlet, and green, and orange, and every gay colour, were mingled with cloth of gold and fair embroidery; instead of this, crept on the gloomy pageant of superstition, in cowl and sackcloth; with cross and coffin, and frightful symbols of human suffering. In place of

the frank, hardy knight, open and brave, with his lady's favour in his casque, and amorous motto on his breast, looking, by a smile of beauty, came the shaven, unmanly monk, with downcast eyes, and head and heart bleached in the cold cloister, secretly exulting in this titanic triumph.

The sound of the bells gave notice that the dismal procession was advancing. It passed slowly through the principal streets of the city, bearing in advance the awful banner of the Holy Office. The prisoners walked singly, attended by confessors, and guarded by familiars of the inquisition. They were clad in different garments, according to the nature of their punishments; those who were to suffer death were the hideous Samarra, painted with flames and demons.

The procession was followed by rows of boys, different religious orders and public dignitaries, and above all, by the fathers of the faith, moving with "slow pace, and profound gravity, truly triumphant as becomes the principal generals of that great victory."

As the sacred banner of the inquisition advanced, the countless throng on whose sweating brows the sun shone, bound them to their fate to the very earth as it passed, and then slowly rose again, like a great undulating billow. A murmure of tongues prevailed as the prisoners approached, and eager eyes were strained, and fingers pointed, to distinguish the different orders of penitents, whose habits were so different from the degree of punishment they were to undergo. But as those drew near whose frightful garb marked them as destined to the flames, the noise of the rattle subsided; they seemed almost to hold in their breath; the crowd was filled with that strange and dismal interest with which we contemplate a human being on the verge of suffering and death.

It is an awful thing—a voiceless, noiseless multitude! The hushed and gazing stillness of the surrounding thousands, heaped on walls, and gates, and roofs, and hanging, as it were, in clusters, heightened the effect of the pageant that moved drearily on. The low murmuring of the priests could now be heard in prayer and exhortation, with the faint responses of the prisoners, and now and then the voices of the choir at a distance, chanting the litanies of the saints.

The faces of the prisoners were ghastly and disconsolate. Even those who had been pardoned, and wore the Sanbenito, or penitential garment, bore traces of the tears they had undergone. Some were feeble and tottering, from long confinement; some crippled and distorted by various tortures; every countenance was a dismal page, on which might be read the secrets of their prison-house. But in the looks of those condemned to death, there was something fiercer and more pitiful. They seemed men harrowed up by the past, and desperate as to the future. They were anticipating, with spirits fevered by despair, and fixed and clenched determination, the vehement struggle with agony and death which they were shortly to undergo. Some cast now and then a wild and anguish look about them, upon the shining day; the "sun-bright palaces," the gay the beautiful world, which they were soon to quit for ever; or a glance of sudden indignation at the thronging thousands, happy in liberty and life, who seemed, in contemplating their frightful situation, to exult in their own comparative security.

One among the condemned, however, was an exception to these remarks. He was an aged man somewhat bowed down, with a serene, though dejected countenance, and a beammg, melancholy eye
It was the alchemist. The populace looked upon him with a degree of compassion, which they were not prone to feel towards criminals condemned by the law. But they were told that he was convicted of the crime of magic, they drew back with awe and abhorrence.

The procession had reached the grand square. The first part had already mounted the scaffolding, and the condemned were approaching. The press of the populace became excessive, and was repelled, as it were, in billows by the guards. Just as they were entering the square, a shrieking was heard among the crowd. A female, pale, frantic, dazed, was seen struggling through the multitude.

"My father! my father!" was all the cry that uttered, but it thrilled through every heart. The crowd instinctively drew back, and made way for her as she advanced.

The poor alchemist had made his peace with Heaven, and, by a hard struggle, had closed his heart upon the world, when the voice of his child called him once more back to worldly thought and agony. He turned towards the well-known voice; his knees smote together; he endeavoured to stretch forth his arms, and fell himself clasped in the embraces of his child. The emotions of both were too agonising for utterance. Convulsive sobs and broken exclamations, and embraces more of anguish than tenderness, were all that passed between them.

The procession was interrupted for a moment.

The astonished monks and familiars were filled with involuntary respect, at the agony of natural affection. Ejaculations of pity broke from the crowd, touched by the filial piety, the extraordinary and hopeless anguish of so young and beautiful a being.

Every attempt to soothe her, and prevail on her to retire, was unavailing; at length they endeavoured to separate her from her father by force. The movement roused her from her temporary abandonment. With a sudden paroxysm of fury, she snatched a sword from one of the familiars. Her late pale countenance was flushed with rage, and fire flashed from her once so soft and languishing eyes. The guards shrank back with awe. There was something in this filial frenzy, this feminine tenderness, which touched even their hardened hearts. They endeavoured to pacify her, but in vain. Her eye was eager and quick, as she she-wolf's guarding her young. With one arm she pressed her father to her bosom, with the other she menaced every one that approached.

The move of the guards was soon exhausted. They had held back in awe, but not with fear. With all her desperation the weapon was soon wrested from her feeble hand, and she was borne shrieking and struggling among the crowd. The rabble murmured confusion, but such was the dread inspired by the inquisition, that no one attempted to interfere.

The procession again resumed its march. Inez was ineffectually struggling to release herself from the hands of the familiars that detained her, when suddenly she saw Don Ambrosio before her. "Wretched girl!" exclaimed he with fury, "why have you fled from your friends? Deliver her," said he to the familiars, "to my domestics; she is under my protection."

His creatures advanced to seize her. "Oh, no! oh, no!" cried she, with new terror, and clinging to her family. "I have no friends, no friends. He is not my protector! He is the murderer of my father!"

The familiars were perplexed; the crowd pressed on, with eager curiosity. "Stand off!" cried the fiery Ambrosio dashing the throne from around him. Then turning to the familiars, with sudden moderation, "My friends," said he, "deliver this poor girl to me. Her distress has turned her brain; she has been roused from her friends and protectors this morning; but a little quiet and kind treatment will restore her to tranquility."

"I am not mad! I am not mad!" cried she, vehemently. "Oh, save me!—save me from this—men! I have no protector on earth but my father: and they are murdering!"

The familiars shook their heads; her wildness corroborated the assertions of Don Ambrosio, and his apparent rank commanded respect and belief. They relinquished the charge to him, and he was consigning the struggling Inez to his creatures.

"Let go your hold, villain!" cried a voice from among the crowd—and Antonio was seen eagerly tearing his way through the press of people.

"Seize him! seize him!" cried Don Ambrosio to the familiars; "tis an accomplice of the sorcerer's."

"Liar!" retorted Antonio, as he thrust the mob to the right and left, and forced him to step.

The sword of Don Ambrosio flashed in an instant from the grove of weapons, and the mob again opening, they were equally alert. There was a fierce clash of weapons, the crowd made way for them as they fought, and closed again, so as to hide them from the view of Inez. All was tumult and confusion for a moment, when there was a kind of shout from the spectators, and the mob again closing, they held, as she thought, Antonio withering in his blood.

This new shock was too great for her already overstrained intellects. A ghastly seizure upon her; everything seemed to whirl before her eyes; she gasped some incoherent words, and sunk senseless upon the ground.

Days—weeks elapsed, before Inez returned to consciousness. At length she opened her eyes, as if out of a troubled sleep. She was lying upon a magnificent bed, in a chamber richly furnished with picture-glass, and massive tables inlaid with silver and exquisite workmanship. The walls were covered with tapestry; the cornices richly gilded; through the door, which stood open, she perceived a superb saloon, with statues and crystal lustres, and a magnificent suite of apartments beyond. The casements of the room were open to admit the soft breath of summer, which stole in, laden with perfumes from a neighbouring garden; from whence, also, the refreshing sound of fountains and the sweet notes of birds came in mingled music to her ear.

The female attendants were moving with noiseless step, about the chamber; but she feared to address them. She doubted whether they did not all delusion, or whether she was not still in the palace of Don Ambrosio, and that her escape, and all its circumstances, had not been but a feverish dream. She closed her eyes again, endeavouring to recall the past, and to separate the real from the imaginary. The last scenes of consciousness, however, rushed too forcibly, with all their horrors, to her mind to be doubted, and she turned shuddering from the recollection, to gaze once more on the quiet and serene magnificence around her. As she again opened her eyes, they rested on an object that at once dispelled every alarm. At the head of her bed sat a venerable form, wearing over 'er a look of fond anxiety—and it was her father! I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued; nor the moments of rapture which more than repaid all the sufferings that her affectionate heart had undergone. As soon as their feelings had become more calm, the alchemist stepped out of the room to introduce a stranger, to whom he was indebted for his life. Antonio, now rich and powerful, had been a lively youth, and the son of a learned and sagacious Spaniard, who, as we have seen, had given his child to a Christian education.

How shall I record, of the tones of his excited voice, the dying words and fervid thoughts of the sorcerer; the hasty and violent consequences of a beloved affair, the interest and regard, of the friends of the deceased, to conduct the child to others, and trust to the fidelity of the domestics to rear her in a Christian Education? When the alchemist, in his heiress, conceived the daring project of venturing on the world a dupe of his art, his fame, his wealth, and his power, he was moved to do the utmost for her care.

What shall I say of the Resolution and high determination of his new wife? And we know that she was not averse to the ideas of the family.

And after these things, the son of an abandoned and neglected woman—his heart filled with contempt for his former associates, turned to the Church with faith. The friar, though a rich man, and a proud one, raised him to the dignity of a cardinal of the Church.

On the last day of his life, the alchemist had the town assembled in the square, and sought to repudiate his position, which was generalized, and the people were reading at the doors of the houses: "Antonio, the renegade."

It was another of the many processions which were to avenge the death of his child, and which were to form a new order of felons. He was to form himself into a king, and to hold his realm in his hands, and to make a Christian of the world. His act of atonement was to take the scales of his mind, and to throw them into the waste-heap of human philosophy.
or his life and liberty. He returned, leading in Antonio, no longer in his poor scholar's garb, but in the rich dress of a nobleman.

The feelings of Inez were almost overpowering by the suddenness of his return; and in some time before he was sufficiently composed to comprehend the explanation of this seeming romance.

It appeared that the lover, who had sought her in the low guise of a student, was only an heir of a powerful grandee of Valentia. He and his father had been placed at a university of Spain; but a lively curiosity, and an eagerness for adventure, had induced him to abandon the university, without his father's consent, and to visit various parts of Spain. His rambling inclination satisfied, he had remained incognito for a time at Granada, until, by further study and self-regulation, he could prepare himself to return home with credit, and atone for his transgressions against paternal authority.

How hard he had studied, does not remain on record. All that we know is his romantic adventure, which he is said to have been excited by a glimpse of a beautiful face. In becoming a disciple of the alchemist, he probably thought of nothing more than pursuing a light love affair. Farther acquaintance, however, had compelled him to espouse and conduct Inez and her father to Valentia, and to trust his merits to secure his father's consent to their union.

In the meantime, he had been raised to his consequence. His father had received intelligence of his being entangled in the snares of a mysterious adventurer and his daughter, and likely to become the dupe of the fascinations of the latter. Trusty emissaries had been despatched to seize upon him by main force, and convey him without delay to the imperial home.

What eloquence he had used with his father, to convince him of the innocence, the honour, and the high descent of the alchemist, and of the exalted worth of his daughter, does not appear. All that we know is, that the father, though a very passionate man, as appears by his consenting that his son should return to Granada, and conduct Inez as his affianced bride to Valentia.

Away, then, Don Antonio hurried back, full of joy and expectations. He still forbore to throw off his disguise, fondly picturing to himself what would be the surprise of Inez, when, having won her heart and hand as a poor wandering scholar, he should raise her and her father at once to opulence and splendour.

On his arrival he had been shocked at finding the tower deserted by its inhabitants. In vain he sought for intelligence concerning them; a mystery hung over their disappearance which he could not penetrate, until he was thunderstruck, on accidentally reading a list of prisoners; it was at first in the impending avalanche, to find the name of his venerable master among the condemned.

It was the very morning of the execution. The procession was already on its way to the grand square. Not a moment was to be lost. The grand alchemist was a relation of Don Antonio, and they had never met. His first impulse was to make himself known; to exert all his family influence, the weight of his name, and the power of his eloquence, in vindication of the alchemist. But the grand inquisitor was already proceeding in his pomp to the place where the fatal ceremony was to be performed. How was he to be approached? Antonio thrust himself into the crowd, in a fever of anxiety, and was forcing his way to the scene of horror, where he arrived just in time to rescue Inez, as has been mentioned.

It was Don Ambrosio that fell in their contest. Being desperately wounded, and thinking his end approaching, he had confessed to an attending father of the inquisition, that he was the sole cause of the alchemist's condemnation, and that the evidence on which it was grounded was altogether false. The testimony of Don Antonio came in corroborative of this avowal; and his relationship to the grand inquisitor had, in all probability, its proper weight. Thus was the poor alchemist snatched, in a moment, from the very flames; and so great had been the sympathy awakened in his case, that for once a populace rejoiced at being disappointed of an execution.

The residue of the story may readily be imagined, by every one versed in this valuable kind of history. Don Antonio espoused the lovely Inez, and took her and her father with him to Valentia. As she had been a loving and dutiful daughter, so she proved a true and dutiful wife, and before Don Antonio succeeded to his father's titles and estates, and he and his fair spouse were renowned for being the handsomest and happiest couple in all Valentia.

As to Don Ambrosio, he partially recovered from the enjoyment of a broken constitution and a blasted name, and hid his remorse and disgrace in a convent; while the poor victim of his arts, who had assisted Inez in her escape, unable to conquer the early passion that he had awakened in her bosom, though convinced of the baseness of the object, retired from the world, and became an humble sister in a nunnery.

The worthy alchemist took up his abode with his children. A pavilion, in the garden of their palace, was assigned to him as a laboratory, where he resumed his researches with renovated ardour, after the grand secret. He was now and then assisted by his son-in-law; but the latter slackened grievously in his zeal and diligence, after marriage. Still he would listen with profound gravity and attention to the old man's rhapsodies, and his quotations from Paracel- sus, Sandivogius, and Pietro D'Abano, which daily grew longer and longer. In this way the good alchemist lived on quietly and comfortably, to what is called a good old age, that is to say, an age that is good for nothing; and unfortunately for mankind, he was hurried out of life in his ninetieth year, just as he was on the point of discovering the Philosopher's Stone.

Such was the story of the captain's friend, with which we whiled away the morning. The captain was, every now and then, interrupted by questions and remarks, which I have not mentioned, lest I should break the continuity of the tale. He was a little disturbed, at first, and twice, by the groans of the man who fell asleep, and breathed rather hard, to the great horror and annoyance of Lady Llilcroft. In a long and tender love scene, also, which was particularly to lady's taste, the unlucky general, having heard a little snort upon his breast, kept making a sound at regular intervals, very much like the word "plop," long drawn out. At length he made an odd abrupt guttural sound, that suddenly awakened him; he heeded, looked about with a slight degree of consternation, and then began to play with her ladyship's work-bag, the ardor of which he rather pettishly withdrew. The steady sound of the captain's voice was still so potent a soporific for the poor general; he kept gleaning up and sinking in the socket, until the cessation of the tale again roused...
BRACEBRIDGE HALL: OR, THE HUMOURISTS.

A MEDLEY.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

VOLUME SECOND.

ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leaved beeche in the field receive him
With cooler shade, till meantime's host be spent.
His life is neither lost in boisterous seas
Or the vexatious world; or lost in slothful ease.

Please's and full boast he lives, when he's the God can please.

PHINEAS FITCHER.

I take great pleasure in accompanying the Squire in his ramblings about his estate, in which he is often attended by a kind of cabinet council. His prime minister, the steward, is a very worthy and honest old man, that assumes a right of way; that is to say, a right to have his own way, from having lived time out of mind on the place. He loves the estate even better than he does the Squire; and thwarts the latter sadly in many of its projects of improvement, being a little prone to disapprove of every plan that does not originate with himself.

In the course of one of these perambulations, I have known the Squire to point out some important alteration which he was contemplating, in the disposition or cultivation of the grounds; this, of course, would be opposed by the steward, and a long argument would ensue, over a stile, or on a rising piece of ground, until the Squire, who has a high opinion of the other's ability and integrity, would be fain to give up the point. This concession, I observed, would immediately mollify the old man; and, after walking over a field or two in silence, with his hands behind his back, chewing the cud of reflection, he would suddenly turn to the Squire, and observe, that "he had been turning the matter over in his mind, and, upon the whole, he believed he would take his honour's advice."

Christy, the huntsman, is another of the Squire's occasional attendants, to whom he continually refers in all matters of local history, as to a chronicle of the estate, having, in a manner, been acquainted with many of the trees, from the very time that they were acorns. Old Nimrod, as has been shown, is rather pragmatical in those points of knowledge on which he values himself; but the Squire rarely contradicts him, and is, in fact, one of the most indulgent potentates that ever was hempecked by his ministry.

He often lauds about it himself, and evidently yields to these old men more from the bent of his own humour than from any want of proper authority. He has rendered him one of the most popular, and of course one of the happiest, of landlords.

Indeed, I do not know a more enviable condition of life, than that of an English gentleman, of sound judgment and good feelings, who passes the greater part of his time on an hereditary estate in the country. From the excellence of the roads, and the rapidity and exactness of the public conveyances, he is enabled to command all the comforts and conveniences, all the intelligence and novelties of the capital, while he is removed from its hurry and distraction. He has ample means of occupation and amusement, within his own domains; he may diversify his time, by rural occupations, by rural sports, by study, and by the delights of friendly society collected within his own hospitable halls.

Or, if his views and feelings are of a more extensive and liberal nature, he has a greatly in his power...
to do good, and to have that good immediately reflected back upon himself. He can render essential service, when the rich or powerful man, in his own interest, administers the laws; by watching over the opinions and principles of the lower orders around him; by diffusing among them those lights which may be important to their welfare; by mingling frankly among them, gaining their confidence, being open and candid in his communications, and insinuating himself of their wants, making himself a channel through which their grievances may be quietly communicated to the proper sources of mitigation and relief; or by becoming, if need be, the patron and protector of their liberties—the enlightened champion of their rights.

All this, it appears to me, can be done without any sacrifice of personal dignity, without any degrading arts of popularity, without any tricking to vulgar prejudices or concurrence in vulgar clamour; but by the steady influence of sincere and friendly counsel, of fair, upright, and generous deportment. Whatever may be said of English mobs and English demagogues, I have never met with a people more open to reason, more considerate in their temper, more just and reasonable in their conduct than the English. They are remarkably quick at discerning and appreciating what is right and honorable. They are, by nature and habit, methodical and orderly; and they feel the value of that which is right and indispensable. They have honestly sought to be deceived by sophistry, and excited into turbulence by public distresses and the misrepresentations of designing men; but open their eyes, and they will eventually rally round the landmarks of steady truth and deliberate good sense. They are fond of established customs; they are fond of long-established names; and that law of order and quiet which characterizes the nation, gives a vast influence to the descendants of the old families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil from time immemorial.

It is when the rich and well-educated and highly-privileged classes neglect their duties, when they neglect to study the interests, and conclude the affections, and instruct the opinions, and champion the rights of the people, that the latter become discontented and turbulent, and fall into the hands of demagogues; they are fond of long-established names; and that law of order and quiet which characterizes the nation, gives a vast influence to the descendants of the old families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil from time immemorial.

It is when the sunburnt plains of France, they call to mind the green fields of England, the hereditary groves which they have abandoned; and the hospitable roof of their fathers, which they have left desolate, or to be inhabited by strangers. But retrenchment is no plea for abandonment of country. They have risen with the prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctuations, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the rich to fly, because the country is suffering; let them share, in their relative proportion, the common lot. But retrenchment is no plea for abandonment of country. They have risen with the prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctuations, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the rich to fly, because the country is suffering; let them share, in their relative proportion, the common lot. But retrenchment is no plea for abandonment of country. They have risen with the prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctuations, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the rich to fly, because the country is suffering; let them share, in their relative proportion, the common lot.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL.
It was a beautiful morning, of that soft, varna- 
temperature, that seems to thaw all the frost out
of one's blood, and to set all nature in a ferment.

The very fish in its influence; for, after adventurous
of his dark hole to seek his mate; the
peace and the dace rose up to the surface of
the brook to bask in the sunshine, and the amorous
flies piped from among the rushes. If ever an oyster
can really fall in love, it has been said or sung, it
to be on such a morning.

The weather certainly had its effect even upon
Master Simon, for he seemed obstinately bent upon
the pensive mood. Instead of stepping briskly along,
snatching his dog-whip, whistling; quaint ditties,
ng sporting anecdotes, he leaned on my arm,
and talked to the approaching nuptials: from
whence he made several digressions upon the charac-
ter of woman, touched a little upon the tender
passion, and made sundry very excellent, though
rather trite, observations upon disappointments in
love. It was evident that he had something on
his mind which he wished to impart, but felt awkward
in approaching it. I was curious to see to what
this strain would lead; but was determined not to assist
him. Indeed, I unconsciously pretended to turn
the conversation, and talked of his usual topics,
dogs, horses, and hunting; but he was very brief in his
replies, and invariably got back by hook or crook
into the sentimental vein.

At length we came to a clump of trees that over-
hung a whispering brook, with a rustic bench at
their feet. The trees were grievously scored with
letters and devices, which had grown out of all shape
and size by the growth of the bank; and it appeared
that this grove had served as a kind of register of
the family loves from time immemorial. Here Master
Simon made a pause, pulled up a tuft of flowers,
then another by one into the water, and at length,
turning somewhat abruptly upon me, asked if I
had ever been in love. I confess the question start-
tled me a little, as I am not over-fond of making
confessions of my amorous follies; and above all, should
never dream of choosing my friend Master Simon
for a confidant. He did not wait, however, for a
reply; the inquiry was merely a prelude to a confes-
sion on his own part, and after several circumlocu-
tions and whimsical preamble, he fairly disburthened
himself of a very tolerable story of his having
been crossed in love.

The reader will, very probably, suppose that it
related to the gay widow who jilted him not long since
at Doncaster races;—so such it was. It was a
sentimental passion that he once had for a
beautful young lady, who wrote poetry and played
on the harp. He used to serenade her; and, in-
deed, he described several tender and gallant scenes,
in which he was evidently picture himself in his
mind's eye as some elegant hero of romance, though,
unfortunately for the tale, I only saw him as he stood
before me, a dapper little old bachelor, with a face
like an apple that has dried with the bloom on it.

What with the particulars of this earlier tale,
I had already forgotten; indeed, I listened to it with
a heart like a very pebble-stone, having hard work
to repress a smile while Master Simon was putting
on the amorous swain, uttering every now and then
a sigh, and endeavouring to look sentimental and
melancholy.

All that I recollect is that the lady, according
to his account, was certainly a little touched; for
she used to accept all the music that he copied for
her harp, and all the patterns that he drew for her
dresses; and he began to flatter himself, after a long
and devoted correspondence, that she was not of delicate
sensibilities, that she was not at all profane, and
proposed that we should take a walk.

A BACHELOR'S CONFESSIONS.

"I'll live a private, pensive single life." — The Collector of Croyan.

I was sitting in my room, a morning or two since,
reading, when some one tapped at the door, and
Master Simon entered. He had an unusually fresh
appearance; he had put on a bright green riding-
coat, with a band of violets in the button-hole, and
had the air of an old bachelor trying to rejuvenate
himself. He had not, however, his usual briskness
and vivacity; but looked about the room with some-
what of absence of manner, humming the old song—
"Go, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time and
me;" and then, leaning against the window, and
looking upon the landscape, he uttered a very
audible sigh. As I had not been accustomed to see
Master Simon in a pensive mood, I thought there
might be some vexation preying on his mind, and I
endeavoured to introduce a cheerful strain of con-
versation; but he was not of delicate sensibilities, that
he was not at all profane, and
proposed that we should take a walk.
suddenly accepted the hand of a rich, boisterous, fox-hunting baronet, without either music or sentiment, who carried her by storm after a fortnight's courtship.

Master Simon could not help concluding by some observation on the 'modesty of merit;' and the power of gold over the senses. As a remembrance of his passion, he pointed out a heart carved on the bark of one of the trees; but which, in the process of time, had grown out into a large excrescence; and he showed me a lock of her hair, which he wore in a true-lover's knot, in a large gold brooch.

I have seldom met with an old bachelor that had nut, at some time or other, his nonsensical moment, when he would become tender and sentimental, talk about the concerns of the heart, and have some confession of a delicate nature to make. Almost every man has some small trait of romance in his life, which he looks back to with fondness, and about which he is apt to grow garrulous occasionally. He recollects himself as he was at the time, young and game some, and forgets that his hearers have no other idea of the hero of the tale, but such as he may appear at the time of telling it; peradventure, a witted, whimsical, spindle-shanked old gentleman. With married men, it is true, this is not so frequently the case; their amorous romance is apt to decline after marriage; why, I cannot for the life of me imagine, but with a bachelor, though it may slumber, it never dies. It is always liable to break out again in transient flashes, and never so much as on a spring morning in the country; or on a winter evening when sequestered in his solitary chamber stirring up the fire and talking of matrimony.

The moment that Master Simon had gone through his confession, and to use the common phrase, "had made a clean breast of it," he became quite himself again. He had settled the point which had been worrying his mind, and doubtless considered himself established as a man of sentiment in my opinion. Before we had finished our morning's stroll, he was singing as blithe as a grasshopper, whistling to his dog, and telling droll stories; and I recollect that he was particularly facetious that day at dinner on the subject of matrimony, and uttered several excellent jokes, not to be found in Joe Miller, that made the bride elect blush and look down; but set all the old gentlemen at the table in a roar, and absolutely brought tears into the general's eyes.

ENGLISH GRAVITY.

*Marie England* | Ancient Phrase.

There is nothing so rare as for a man to ride his hobby without molestation. I find the Squire not so undisturbed an indulgence in his humours as I had imagined; but has been repeatedly thwarted of late, and has suffered a kind of well-meant persecution from a Mr. Faddy, an old gentleman of some weight, at least of purser, who has recently moved into the neighbourhood. He is a worthy and substantial manufacturer, who, having accumulated a large fortune by dint of steam-engines and spinning-jennies, has retired from business, and set up for a country gentleman. He has taken an old country seat, and been more or less amorous since then; but it looks not unlike his own manufacture. He has been particularly careful in mending the walls and hedges, and putting up notices of spring-guns and man-traps in every part of his premises. Indeed, he shows great jealousy about his territorial rights, having stopped up a footpath that led across his fields, and given warning, in staring letters, that whoever was found trespassing on those grounds would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. He has brought into the country with him a practical anxious tree bordering on the hunting habits of business; and is one of those sensible, useful, practical, troublesome, intolerable old gentlemen, that go about wearily and worrying society with excellent plans for public utility.

He is very much disposed to be on intimate terms with the Squire, and calls on him now and then, with some project for the good of the neighbourhood, which happens to run diametrically opposite to some one or other of the Squire's peculiar notions; but which is "too sensible a measure" to be openly opposed. He has annoyed him excessively, by enforcing the vigilant laws; persecuting the gipsies, and endeavouring to suppress country wakes and holiday games; which he considers great nuisances, and reproaches as causes of the deadly sin of idleness.

There is evidently in all this a little of the ostentation of newly-acquired consequence; the tradesman is gradually swelling into the aristocrat; and he begins to grow excessively intolerant of everything that is not gentry. He has begun to talk of "the common people," talks much of his park, preserves, and the necessity of enforcing the game laws more strictly; and makes frequent use of the phrase, "the gentry of the neighbourhood." He used to talk of his outlying manufacturing town, and that part of the neighbourhood, who spent the day dancing, playing, and carousing, instead of staying at home to work for their families.

Now, as the Squire, luckily, is at the bottom of these May-day revels, it may be supposed that the suggestions of the sagacious Mr. Faddy were not received with the best grace in the world. It is true, the old gentleman is too courteous to show any temper to a guest in his own house; but no sooner was he gone, than the indignation of the Squire found vent, at having his poetical cobweb invaded by the buzzing blue-bottle of fly traffic. In his warm heart, he inveighed against the whole race of manufacturers, who, I found, were sore disturbers of his comfort.

"Sir," said he, with emotion, "it makes my heart bleed, to see all our fine streams dammed up, and bestridden by cotton-mills; our valleys smoking with steam-engines, and the din of the hammer and the loom shying away all our rural delight. What's to become of merry old England, when its manufactories are all turned into manufactories, and its steel and wool into pin-makers and stocking-makers? I have looked in vain for merry Sherwood, and all the greenwood sports of Robin Hood; the whole country is covered with manufacturing towns. I have stood on the ruins of Dudley Castle, and looked round, with a sighing heart, on what were once its feudal domains of verdant and beautiful country. Sir, I beheld a mere camp phlegre; a region of fire; reeking with coal-prints, and furnaces and smelting-houses, vomiting forth flames and smoke. The pale and ghastly people, toiling among these phlegreions, looked up to him as the man of true man beings; the clanking wheels and engines, seen through the murky atmosphere, looked like instruments of torture in this pandemonium. What is to become of the country, with these evils ranking it
is very core? Sir: these manufacturers will be the
ruin of our rural manners: they will destroy the
national character; they will not leave materials for
a single line of poetry!"

The Squire is apt to wax eloquent on such themes;
and it may not be unprofitable to his interest in the
poetry of the Squire, to dwell on the affection of the
people to the rural life. It is a bias of the Squire's
mind, that he greets at the growing spirit of trade, as
destroying the charm of life. He considers every new
short-hand mode of doing things, as an intrusion on the
old methods; and thinks it a shame that the world
should be reduced to a mathematical calculation of
conveniences, and every thing will be done by steam.

He maintains, also, that the nation has declined
in its free and joyous spirit, in proportion as it has
turned its attention to commerce and manufactures;
and, in old times, when England was an idler,
it was also a merrier little island. In support of
this opinion, he adds the frequency and splendor of
ancient festivals and merry-making, and the hearty
spirit with which they were kept up. His memory is stored with the accounts
given by Stow, in his Survey of London, of the holiday
revels at the Inns of court, the Christmas mummery,
and the masquerades and balls about the streets. He says:
"of fayre, natures, resembling the continental cities
in its picturesque manners and amusements. The court used to dance after dinner,
on public occasions. After the coronation dinner of
Richard II. for example, the king, the prelates, the
noble of the realm, and the rest of the company,
danced in Westminster Hall to the music of the
minstrels. The example of the court was followed by
the middle classes, and so down to the lowest, and
the whole nation was a dashing, jovial nation."

He quotes a lively city picture of the times, given by
Stow, which resembles the lively scenes one may
often see in the gay city of Paris; for he tells us that
on holidays, after evening prayers, the maidens
in London used to assemble before the door, in sight
of their masters and damsels, and while one played on
a timbrel, the others danced for garlands, chanted
through the streets.

"Where will we meet with such merry groups
now-a-days?" the Squire will exclaim, shaking
his head mournfully; and then as to the gaiety
that prevailed in dress throughout all ranks of soc-
icy, in England, he remarks: "the very streets and
picturesque: I have myself," says Gervaise Markham,
met a gentleman in his silk stockings, garb
dressed with gold lace, the rest of his
apparel, a cloak lined with velvet!"

Nash, too, who wrote in 1593, elsewhere -at the
finery of the nation: "England, the player's stage
of gorgeous attire, the age of all nations' super-
finites, the continual masques in outlandish habi-
ments."

Such are a few of the authorities quoted by the
Squire, by way of contrasting what he supposes to
have been the former vivacity of the nation with its
present monotonous character. "John Bull,"
will say, "was then gay cavalier, with his sword
by his side and a feather in his cap; but he is now
a peddling citizen, in snuff-colored coat and gaiters."

This may be so; but it is really apparent there
has been some change in the national character, since
the days of which the Squire is so fond of talking;
those days when this little island acquired its favourite
old title of "merry England." This may be
attributed in part to the growing hardships of the
times, and the necessity of turning the whole
attention to the means of subsistence; but England's
extractor customs prevailed at times when her common
people enjoyed comparatively few of the comforts
and conveniences that they do at present. It may
be still more attributed to the universal spirit
of gain, and the calculating habits that commerce has
introduced; but I am inclined to attribute it chiefly
to the gradual increase of the liberty of the subject
and the growing freedom and activity of opinion.

A free people are to be grave and thoughtful.
They have high and important matters to think of:
They feel that it is their right, their interest, and their duty, to mingle in public
concerns, and expect to watch over the general welfare. The
continual exercise of the mind on political topics
enters habits of thinking, and a more serious
and earnest demeanour. A nation becomes less gay,
but more intellectually active and vigorous. It
evades less the fancy, but more power of the
imagination; less taste and elegance, but more
grandeur of mind; less animated vivacity, but deeper
enthusiasm.

It is when men shut out of the regions of
manly thought, by a despotic government; when
every grave and lofty theme is rendered pernicious
to discussion and almost to reflection; it is then
that they turn to the safer occupations of taste and
amusement; trifles rise to importance, and occupy
the craving activity of intellect. No being is
more sensitive to the public feelings; a nation
be more gay, in its intervals of labour; but
make him free, give him rights and interests to guard,
and he becomes thoughtful and laborious.

The French are a gayer people than the English.
Why? Partly from temperament, perhaps; but
greatly because they have been accustomed to
governments which surrounded the free exercise of thought
with danger, and where he only was safe who shut
his eyes and ears to public events, and enjoyed
the passing pleasure of the day. Within late years, they
have had more opportunity of exercising their minds,
and within late years, the nation character has essentially
changed. Never did the French enjoy
such a degree of freedom as they do at this moment,
and at this moment the French are comparatively
a grave people.

GIPSIES.

What's that to absolute freedom; such as the we,poggars have
to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next day
where they please; and so on still, the whole country of
England, the ends of the air can't be more.

Squint Crow.

since the meeting with the gipsies, which I have
related in a former paper, I have observed several
of them haunting the purlieus of the Hall, in spite
of a positive interdiction of the Squire. They are
part of a gang that has long kept about this
neighbourhood, the great annoyance of the farmer
whose poultry-yards often suffer from their
nocturnal invasions. They are, however, in some
measure patronized by the Squire, who considers
the race as belonging to the good old times; which
to confess the private truth, seem to have abounded
with good-for-nothing characters.

This roving crew is called "Starlight Tom's Gang."
and from the name of his chieftain, a notorious poacher.
I have heard of the misdeeds of this "minion of the moon;" for every midnight
depredation that takes place in park, or field, or farm-yard,
is laid to his charge. Starlight Tom, in fact, answers
to his name; he seems to walk in darkness, and
like a fox, to be traced in the morning by the
mis
chief he has done. He reminds me of that fearful
personage in the nursery rhyme:

Who goes round the house at night?
Nose but bloody Tom!
Wing and tail as black as night;
None but one by one!

In short, Starlight Tom is the scone-goat of
the neighbourhood, but so cunning and adroit, that
there is no detecting him. Old Christy and the game-
keeper have watched many a night, in hopes of en-
countering him, and Christy often patrols the park
with his dogs, for this purpose, but all in vain. It
is said that the Squire winks hard at his misdeeds,
having an indulgent feeling towards the vagabond,
because of his being very expert at all kinds of games,
a great shot with the cross-bow, and the best mor-
rine-dancer in the country.

The Squire also suffers the gang to lurk unmo-
ested about the skirts of his estate, on condition
that they do not come about the house. The
approaching wedding, however, has made a kind of
Saturnalia at the Hall, and has caused a suspen-
sion of all sober rule. It has produced a great
sensation throughout the female part of the house-
hold; not a housemaid but dreams of wedding
favours, and has a husband running in her head.
Such a time it is at the Hall, that there is a
public footpath leading across one part of the park,
by which they have free ingress, and they are con-
tinually hovering about the grounds, telling the
servant-girls' fortunes, or getting smuggled in to
the young ladies.

I believe the Osonian amuses himself very much
by furnishing them with hints in private, and be-
wildering all the weak brains in the house with their
wonderful revelations. The general certainty
was very much astonished by the communications
made to him the other evening by the gipsy girl;
as kept a wary silence towards us on the subject,
and affected to treat it lightly; but I have noticed
that he has since redoubled his attentions to Lady
Lillycraft and her dogs.

I have seen also Phoebe Wilkins, the house-
keeper's pretty and love-sick niece, holding a long
conference with one of these old sibyls behind
a large tree in the avenue, and often looking round
to see that she was not observed. I make no doubt
that she was endeavouring to get some favourable
answer about the young gentlemen, who are accorded with young
Ready-Money, as oracles have always been more
consulted on love affairs than upon any thing else.
I fear, however, that in this instance the response was
not so favourable as usual; for I perceived poor
Phoebe looking pensively towards the house, her
head hanging down, her hat in her hand, and
the ribbon trailing along the ground.

At another time, as I turned a corner of a terrace,
at the bottom of the garden, just by a clump of
trees, and a large stone urn, I came upon a bevy of the
young gentry of the family, attended by this same
Phoebe Wilkins. I was at a loss to comprehend the
meaning of their blushing and giggling, and their
apparent agitation, until I saw the red cloak of a
gipsy vanishing among the shrubbery. A few mo-
moments after, I caught sight of Master Simon and the
Osonian going round one of the walks of the garden,
chuckling and laughing at their successful wag-
ny; having evidently put the gipsy up to the thing,
and instructed her what to say.

After all, there is something strangely pleasing in
these proceedings with the future, even where we
are convinced of the fallacy of the prediction.
It is singular how willingly the mind will half de-
ceive itself, and with what a degree of awe we will
listen to these babblers about futurity. For my

part, I cannot feel angry with these poor vagabonds
that seek to deceive us into bright hopes and ex-
pectations. I have always been something of a castle-
builder, and have found my liveliest pleasures to
rise from the illusion which fancy casts over
complace realities. As I get on in life, I find it
more difficult to deceive myself in this delightful
manner; and I should be thankful to any prophet.However, false, that would conjure the clouds which
hang over futurity into palaces, and all its doubtful
regions into fairy-land.

The Squire, who, as I have observed, has a pri-
ivate good-will towards gipsies, has suffered con-
siderable annoyance on their account. Not that
they require his indulgence with ingratitude, for they
do not deprecate very flagrantly on his estate;
but because their perversions and misdeeds occasion loud
murmurs in the village. I can readily understand
the old gentleman's humour on this point; I have
a great toleration for all kinds of vagrant sunshine
existence, and must confess I take a pleasure in
observing the ways of gipsies. The English, who
are accustomed to them from childhood, and often
suffer from their petty depredations, consider them
as mere nuisances; but I have been very much
struck with their peculiarities. I like to behold
their clear olive complexions; their brown, roman
black eyes, their raven locks, their lithe, slender figures;
and hear them in low silver tones dealing forth
magnificent promises of honours and estates,
of world's wealth, and ladies' love.

Their mode of life, too, has something in it so
vianciful and picturesque. They are the free deni-
sers of nature, and maintain a primitive indepen-
de, in spite of law and gospel; of county gaols
and country magistrates. It is curious to see this
obstinate adherence to the wild, unsettled habits
of savage life transmitted from generation to genera-
tion, and preserved in the midst of one of the most
cultivated, populous, and systematic countries in
the world. They are entirely distinct from the busy,
thriftv people about them. They seem to be, like
the Indians of America, either above or below the or-
dinary cares and anxieties of mankind. Handless
power, of honours, of wealth; and indifferent to the
fluctuations of times; the rise or fall of grain,
or stock, or empires, they seem to laugh at the tolling
fretting world around them, and to live according
to the philosophy of the gypsing:

"Who would ambition strive,
And love to live as she?
Seeking the food she eats,
And fed with what she gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here we shall be seen,
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

In this way, they wander from county to county;
keeping up the purities of villages, or in plen-
teous neighbourhoods, where there are fat farms
and rich country-seats. Their encampments are
generally made in some beautiful spot—either a
green shady nook of a road; or on the border of a
common, under a sheltering hedge; or on the skirts
of a fine spreading wood. They are always to be
found lurking about fairs, and races, and rustic
gatherings, wherever there is plenty to be got
and idleness. They are the oracles of milk-maid
and simple serving-girls; and sometimes have even
the honour of persuading the white hands of gente-
ment's daughters, when rambling about their fathers
grounds. They are the same of good housewives
and thrifty farmers, and odious in the eyes of coun-
try justices; but, like all other vagabond beings, they
have something to commend them to the fancy.
They are among the last traces, in these matter-of
fact days, of the motley population of former times; and are whimsically associated in my mind with fairies and witches, Robin Goodfellow, Robin Hood, and the other fantastic personages of poetry.

**MAY-DAY CUSTOMS.**

Happy the age, and harmless were the days,
When true love and amity was found.
When every village did a May-pole raise.
And the town as well, and May-games did abound.
All the lusty venders in a rout,
With merry tapes tied up about.
Then friendship its their banquets bid the guest,
And poor men fa'd the better for their feasts.

The month of April has nearly passed away, and we are fast approaching that poetical day, which was considered, in old times, as the boundary that parted the frontiers of winter and summer. With all its caprices, however, I like the month of April. I like these laughing and crying days, when sun and shade seem to run in billows over the landscape. I like to see the sudden shower coursing over the mountains; I like the glistening of nature, the green grass upon the banks of the deep, and the bright sunbeams chasing the flying cloud, and turning all its drops into diamonds.

I was enjoying a morning of the kind, in company with the Squire, in one of the finest parts of the park. We were sketching a beautiful grove, and he was giving me a kind of biographical account of several of his favourite trees, when he heard the strokes of an axe from the midst of a thick copse. The Squire paused and listened, with manifest signs of uneasiness. He turned his steps in the direction of the sound. The strokes grew louder and louder as we advanced; there was evidently a rigorous arm wielding the axe. The Squire quickened his pace, but in vain; a loud crack, and a succeeding crash, told that the mischief had been done, and something of the forest laid low. When we came to the place, we found Master Simon and several others standing about a tall and beautifully straight young tree, which had just been felled.

The Squire, though a man of most harmonious dispositions, was completely put out of temper by this circumstance. He felt like a man arching his resentment, for the murder of one of his liege subjects, and demanded, with some asperity, the meaning of the outrage. It turned out to be an affair of Master Simon’s, who had selected the tree, from its height and straightness, for a May-pole, the old one which stood on the village green being unfit for further service. If anything could have soothed the ire of my worthy host, it would have been the reflection that his tree had fallen in so good a cause; and I saw that there was a great struggle between his fondness for his groves, and his devotion to May-day. He could not contemplate the prostrate tree, however, without indulging in lamentation, and making a kind of funeral eulogy, like Mark Antony over the body of Caesar; and he forbade that any tree should thenceforward be cut down on his estate, without a warrant from himself; being determined, he said, to hold the sovereign power of life and death in his own hands.

This mention of the May-pole struck my attention, and I inquired whether the old customs connected with it were really kept up in this part of the country. The Squire shook his head mournfully; and I found I had touched upon one of his tender points, for he was quite melancholy in bewailing the total decline of old May-day. Though it is regularly celebrated in the neighbouring village, yet it has been merely resuscitated by the worthy Squire, and kept up in a forced state of existence at his expense. He meets with continual discouragements; and finds great difficulty in getting the country bumpkins to play the parts tolerably. He said, he had tried every year a "Queen of the May," but as to Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, the Dragon, the Hobby-Horse and all the other motley crew that used to enliven the day with their mummeries, he has not ventured to introduce them there.

Still I set forth with some interest to the promised shadow of old May-day, even though it be but a shadow; and I feel more and more pleased with the whimsical yet harmless hobby of my host, which is surrounding him with agreeable associations, and making little world of poetry about him. Brought up, as I have been, in a new country, I may appreciate too highly the faint vestiges of ancient customs which I now and then meet with; and the interest I express in them may be a surprise from those who are negligently suffering them to pass away. But with whatever indifference they may be regarded by those "to the manner born," yet in my mind the lingering flavour of them imparts a charm to rustic life, which nothing else could readily supply.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole in the open air, passing by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days, by the antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed my illusion. My fancy adored it with wreaths of flowers, and poppies the green bank with all the chasing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plain of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia.

Whether it be owing to such poetical associations early instilled into my mind, or whether there is, as it were, a sympathetic revival and budding forth of the feelings at this season, certain it is, that whatever it is, it is the season of Arcadia; and it is to the Arcadia of light and love that I would now bring you, with a sort of touches of the Arcadian idyll, and a faint hint of the Arcadian muse.

Maypoles are particularly beautiful at the time of the May festival, and often are arranged as an object of beauty. The Maypole is often made of wood, and adorned with ribbons and flowers. It is usually decorated with garlands of flowers and ribbons, and a wreath of flowers is often placed on the top of the pole. The Maypole is often the centre of a circle of May-fair dancers, who may dance round it, or perform other May-pole dances. The Maypole is often erected in a public place, and is often accompanied by music and singing. The Maypole is often made of wood, and adorned with ribbons and flowers. It is usually decorated with garlands of flowers and ribbons, and a wreath of flowers is often placed on the top of the pole. The Maypole is often the centre of a circle of May-fair dancers, who may dance round it, or perform other May-pole dances. The Maypole is often erected in a public place, and is often accompanied by music and singing. The Maypole is often made of wood, and adorned with ribbons and flowers. It is usually decorated with garlands of flowers and ribbons, and a wreath of flowers is often placed on the top of the pole. The Maypole is often the centre of a circle of May-fair dancers, who may dance round it, or perform other May-pole dances. The Maypole is often erected in a public place, and is often accompanied by music and singing.

One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn, and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and the Morris men, as well as all the other fantastic masks and revelers, were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city.

I am not a bigoted admirer of old times and ol
Squire, and not at his expense; and indeed bums to manage to have as to Robins, the Hobby-Horse is used for ornaments, but not ventured on.

Interest to the country, even though it be more pleasing, is a hobby of my host, and reassembling poetry about him. Indeed, I may take a seat in the country and find a smile on passing from the town as they may be called Jacobins, yet in my fancy, I have a charm and ready supply of my flowers, and people that seem to be in the Maypole. I have a charm over the flowers, and feel as if I traversed the beauty and the beauty among swell meadows, through which I called "my imagination.

Such associations as there is, as I was thinking of the Maypole, that it would be a perfect return. I put the Maypole to its greatest use, which had been to throw open the doors in the way that the sweets of the town, and the town itself, I have constantly a part poured in, as said, "that's ours to adorn the freshness of the summer.

At this scene it must be said, that the doors were thrown open, and in every part of the town, every door was performance in every part of it, at times and other.

VILLAGE WORTHIES.

May I tell you, I am so well beloved in our town, that the dog in the street will hurt my little finger.

Call of Craydon.

As the neighbouring village is one of those out-of-the-way, but gossipping, little places where a small matter makes a great stir, it is not to be supposed that the approach of a festival like that of May-day can be regarded with indifference, especially since it is a matter of such moment by the great folk at the Hall. Master Simon, who is the faithful factor of the worthy Squire, and jumps with his humour in every thing, is frequent now in his visits to the village, to give directions for the impending fête; and as I have taken the liberty occasionally of accompanying him, I have been enabled to get some interest into the characters and internal politics of this very sagacious little community.

Master Simon is in fact the Caesar of the village. It is true the Squire is the protecting power, but his factor is the active and busy agent. He intermeddles in all its concerns, is acquainted with all the inhabitants and their domestic history, gives counsel to the old folks in their business matters, and the young folks in their love affairs, and enjoys the proud satisfaction of being a great man in a little world.

He is the dispenser, too, of the Squire's charity, which is bounteous; and, to do Master Simon justice, he performs this part poured in, as said, "that's ours to adorn the freshness of the summer.

There will no moss grow to the stone of Slippery, nor grass hang on the breast of Mercury, no better cleave to the head of a traveller. For as the eagle at every sight loses a feather, which makes her hold in one of his finery, so every country loses some softness, which makes him a beggar in his youth, by buying that for a pound which he cannot sell again for a penny-repentance.

Among the worthies of the village that enjoy the peculiar confidence of Master Simon, is one who has struck my fancy so much that I have thought him afterwards made a most faithful and circumstantial report of the case to the Squire. I have watched him, too, during one of his pop visits into the cottage of a superannuated villager, who is a pensioner of the Squire, where he fidgeted about the room without sitting down, made many excellent off-hand reflections with the old invalid, who was propped up in his chair, above the shortness of life, and the certainty of death, and the necessity of preparing for that awful change; quoted several texts of scripture very incorrectly, but much to the edification of the cottager's wife; and on coming out, pinched the daughter's rosy cheek, and wondered what was in the young men that such a pretty face did not get a husband.

He has also his cabinet councillors in the village with whom he is very busy just now, preparing for the May-day ceremonies. Among these is the village tailor, a pale-faced fellow, that plays the clarionet in the church choir; and, being a great musical genius, has frequent meetings of the band at his house, where they "make night hideous" by their concerts. He is, in consequence, high in favour with Master Simon; and, through his influence, the making, or rather marring, of all the liverys of the Hall, which generally look as though they had been cut out of one of those scientific townsmen of the Flying Island of Laputa, who took measure of their customers with a quadrant. The tailor, in fact, might have had the money of the village, was he not rather too prone to gossip, and keep holidays, and give concerts, and blow all his substance, real and personal, through his clarionet, which literally keeps him poor, both in body and estate.

Indeed, he seems to be overwhelmed by the apothecary's philosophy, which is exactly one observation deep, consisting of indisputable grounds, such as may be gathered from the mottoes of tobacco-boxes. I had a specimen of his philosophy, in my very first conversation with him: in the course of which he observed, with great solemnity and emphasis, that "a man is a compound of wisdom and folly." Upon which Master Simon, who had hold of my arm, pressed very hard upon it, and whispered in my ear, "that's devilish shrewd remark!"
worthy of a separate notice. It is Slingsby, the schoolmaster, a thin, elderly man, rather threadbare and slovenly, somewhat indolent in manner, and with an easy, good-humoured look, not often met with in his kind. I have been interested in his favour by a few anecdotes which I have picked up concerning him.

He is a native of the village, and was a contemporary and playmate of Ready-Money Jack in the days of their boyhood. Indeed, they carried on a kind of levelling-match in their offices. Slingsby was rather puny, and withal somewhat of a coward, but very apt at his learning; Jack, on the contrary, was a bully-boy out of doors, but a sad laggard at his books. Slingsby helped Jack, therefore, to all his lessons; Jack fought all Slingsby’s battles; and they were inseparable friends. This mutual kindliness continued even after they left the school, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters. Jack took to ploughing and reaping, and prepared himself to till his paternal acres; while the other loitered negligently on in the path of learning, until he penetrated even into the confines of Latin and mathematics.

In an unlucky hour, however, he took to reading works of travel, and was smitten with a desire to see the world. This desire increased upon him as he grew up; so, early one bright, sunny morning, he put all his effects in a knapsack, slung it on his back, took staff in hand, and called in his way to take leave of his early schoolmate. Jack was just going out with the plough; the friends shook hands over the farm-house gate; Jack drove his team a-field, and Slingsby whistled “Over the hills and far away,” and sallied forth gayly to “seek his fortune.”

Years and years passed by, and young Tom Slingsby was forgotten; when, on a Sunday afternoon in autumn, a thin man, somewhat advanced in life, with a coat at elbows, a pair of old nankeen gaiters, and a few things tied in a handkerchief and slung on the end of a stick, was seen loitering through the village. He appeared to regard several houses attentively, to peer into the windows that were open, to eye the villagers with a suspicion as fully as they returned from church, and then to pass some time in the church-yard reading the tombstones.

At length he found his way to the farm-house of Ready-Money Jack, but paused ere he attempted the wicket, contemplating the picture of substantial independence before him. In the porch of the house sat Ready-Money Jack, in his Sunday dress; with his hat upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his tankard beside him, the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside him lay his fat house-dog. The varied sounds of poultry were heard from the well-stocked farm-yard; the bees hummed from their hives in the garden; the cattle lowed in the rich meadow; while the crammed barns and ample stacks bore proof of an abundant harvest.

The stranger opened the gate and advanced dubiously toward the house. The mastiff growled at the sight of him, and his look-intense, but was immediately silenced by his master, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, awaited with inquiring aspect the address of this equivocal personage. The stranger eyes the old Jack for a moment, so portly in his dimensions, and decked out in gorgeous apparel; then cast a glance about, and observed his condition, and the scanty bundle which he held in his hand; then giving his shrunk waistcoat a twitch to make it receding waistband, and casting another look, half sad, half humorous, at the sturdy yeoman, “I suppose,” said he, “Mr. Hobbs, you have forgot old times and old playmates.”

The latter gazed at him with scrutinising look, but acknowledged that he had no recollection of him.

“Like enough, like enough,” said the stranger, “every body seems to have forgotten poor Slingsby!”

“Why, no, sure! it can’t be Tom Slingsby?”

“Yes, but it is, though!” replied the stranger, shaking his head.

Ready-Money Jack was on his feet in a twinkling, thrusting out his hand, gave his ancient cronk the pressure of a giant, and slapping the top of a bench, “Sit down there,” cried he, “Tom Slingsby!”

A long conversation ensued about old times, while Slingsby was regaled with the best cheer that the farm-house afforded; for he was hungry as well as wayward, and had the keen appetite of a poor pedlar. The early playmates then talked over their subsequent lives and adventures. Jack had but little to relate, and was never good at a long story. A prosperous life, passed at home, has little incident for narrative; it is only poor devils, that are told about the world, that are the true heroes of story. Jack had stuck by the paternal farm, followed the same plow that his forefathers had driven, and had waxed richer and richer as he grew older. As to Tom Slingsby, he was an exemplification of the old proverb, “a rolling stone gathers no moss.” He had sought his fortune about the world, without ever finding it, being a thing often found at home than abroad. He had seen all kinds of situations, and had learned a dozen different modes of making a living; but had found his way back to his native village rather poorer than when he left it, his knapsack having dwindled down to a scanty bundle.

As luck would have it, the Squire was passing by the farm-house that morning, and called there as often as his custom. He found the two schoolmates still gossiping in the porch, and, according to the good old Scottish song, “taking a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.” The Squire was struck by the contrast in appearance and fortune of these early playmates. Ready-Money Jack, seated in lordly state, surrounded by the good things of this life, with golden guineas hanging to his very watch-chain, and the poor pilgrims Slingsby, thin as a wisp, with all his worldly effects, his bundle, hat, and walking-staff, lying on the ground beside him.

The good Squire’s heart warmed towards the luckless cosmopolite, for he is a little prone to like such half-vagrant characters. He cast about in his mind how he could contrive to ascertain Slingsby in his native village. Honest Jack had already offered him a present under his roof, in spite of the hints, and winks, and half remonstrances of the shrewd Dame Tibbets; but how to provide for his permanent maintenance, was the question. Luckily the Squire beheld himself that the village school was without a teacher. A little further conversation convinced him that Slingsby was as fit for that as for any thing else, and in a day or two he was seen swaying the rod of empire in the very school-house where he had often been horsed in the days of his boyhood.

Here he has remained for several years, and, being honoured by the countenances of the Squire, and the fast friendship of Mr. Tibbets, he has grown into much importance and consideration in the village.

I am told, however, that he still shows, now and then, a degree of restlessness, and a disposition to rove abroad again, and see a little more of the world; an inclination which seems particularly to haunt him about spring-time. There is nothing so difficult as the vagrant humour, when once it has been fully indulged.
Since I have heard these anecdotes of poor Slingsby, I have more than once mused upon the picture presented by him and his schoolmate, Ready-Money Jack, on their coming together again after so long a separation.

It is difficult to determine between lots in life, where each one is attended with its peculiar disadvantages. He who never leaves his home reposes on his own existence, and envies the traveler, whose life is a constant issue of wonder and adventure; while he who is tossed about the world, looks back with many a sigh to the safe and quiet shore which he has abandoned. I cannot help thinking, however, that the man that stays at home, and cultivates the comforts and pleasures daily springing up around him, stands the best chance for happiness. There is nothing so fascinating to a young mind as the idea of travelling; and there is very witchcraft in the old phrase found in every nursery tale, of “going to seek one’s fortune.” A continual change of place, and change of object, promises a continual succession of adventure and gratification of curiosity. But there is a limit to all our enjoyment, and every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity itself has its limits, and under repeated stimulants, novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle.

He who has sailed forth into the world, like poor Slingby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon how different the distant scene and home when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints that beguiled him are gone; to fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind; and every part of the landscape seems greener than the spot he stand on.

THE SCHOOL.

Having given the reader a slight sketch of the village schoolmaster, he may be curious to learn something concerning his school. As the Squire takes a great deal of interest in the education of the next generation of the neighboring children, he put into the hands of the teacher, on first installing him in office, a copy of the Schoolmaster’s Book, and advised him, moreover, to con over that portion of old Peacock which treats of the art of masters, and which condemns the favorite method of making boys wise by flagellation.

He exhorted Slingby not to break down or depress the free spirit of the boys, by harshness and slavery; but to lead them freely and joyously on in the path of knowledge, making it pleasant and desirable in their eyes. He wished to see the youth trained up in the manners and habits of the peasantry of the good old times, and thus to lay a foundation for the accomplishment of his favourite object, the mental and moral good of the village and character. He recommended that all the ancient holidays should be observed, and that the sports of the boys, in their hours of play, should be regulated according to the standard authorities laid down in Strutt, a copy of whose invaluable work, decorated with plates was deposited in the schoolhouse. Above all, he exhorted the pedagogue to abstain from the use of birch, an instrument of instruction which the good Squire regards with abhorrence.

as fit only for the coercion of brute natures that cannot be reasoned with.

Mr. Slingby has followed the Squire’s instructions, to the best of his disposition and abilities. He never flogs the boys, because he is too easy, good humouring a creature to inflict pain on a worm. He is bountiful in holidays, because he loves holidays himself, and has a sympathy with the untamed impatience of confinement, from having times experienced its irksomeness during the time that he was seeing the world. As to sports and pastimes, the boys are freely exercised in all that are on record, quoits, racing, balls, trap-hall, bandy-ball, wrestling, leaping, and what not. The only misfortune is, that having banished the birch, honest Slingby has not studied Roger Ascham sufficiently to find out a substitute; or rather, he has not the management in his nature to apply one; his school, therefore, though one of the happiest, is one of the most unruly in the country; and never was a pedagogue more liked, or less heeded by his disciples, than Slingby.

He has lately taken a candidate worthy of himself, and he was returned to the village fold. This is no other than the son of the musical tailor, who had bestowed some cost upon his education, hoping to see him one day arrive at the dignity of an exciseman, or at least of a parish without last. The boys, however, being musical as his father, and, being captivated by the drum and fife of a recruiting party, he followed them off to the army. He returned not long since, out of money, and out at the elbows, the pious son of the village, that he returned, to find some time lounging about the place in half-tattered soldier’s dress, with a foraging-cap on one side of his head, jerking stones across the brook, or loafing about the tavern-door, a burthen to his father, and regarded with great coldness by all warm householders.

Something, however, drew honest Slingby towards the youth. It might be the kindness he bore to his father, who is one of the schoolmaster’s great cronies; it might be that secret sympathy which draws men of vagrant propensities towards each other; or there is something truly magnetic in the vagabond feeling; or it might be, that he remembered the time when he himself had come back like this youngster, a wreck, to his native place. They were friends in their day of adversity; he had drawn towards the youth. They had many conversations in the village tap-room about foreign parts and the various scenes and places they had witnessed during their wayfarings about the world. The more Slingby talked with him, the more he found him to his taste; and finding him almost as learned as himself, he forthwith engaged him as an assistant, or usher, in the school.

Under such admirable tuition, the school, as may be supposed, flourished apace; and if the scholars did not become versed in all the holiday accomplishments of the good old times, to the Squire’s heart’s content, it will not be the fault of their teachers. The profligal son has become almost as popular among the boys as the pedagogue himself. His instruction is not limited to school hours; being inherited the musical taste and talents of his father, he has bitten the whole school with the mania. He is a great hand at beating a drum, which is often heard rumbling from the rear of the school-house. He is teaching half the boys of the village the art of drumming; and this new fad; and they are weary the whole neighbourhood with their vagabond pipings, as they sit perched on stiles, or loitering about the barn-doors in the evenings.
the other exercises of the school, also, he has introduced the ancient art of archery, one of the Squire's favourite themes, with such success, that the whippers-in, roamed in truant bands about the neighbourhood, practising with their bows and arrows upon the birds of the day, and the beasts of the field; and not unfrequently making a foray into the Squire's domains, to the great indignation of the gamekeepers. In a word, so completely are the ancient English customs and habits cultivated at this school, that I should not be surprised if the Squire should live to see one of his poetic visions realized, and a broad reared up, worthy successors to Robin Hood and his merry gang of outlaws.

A VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

I am a rogue if I do not think I was designed for the helm of state; I am full of simile strategies, that I should have ordered affairs, and carried against the stream of a faction, with as much ease as a slipper would wander against the wind.

The Cobhins.

In one of my visits to the village with Master Simon, he proposed that we should stop at the inn, which he wished to show me, as a specimen of a real country inn, the head-quarters of village gossips. I had remarked it before, in my perambulations about the place. It has a deep, old-fashioned porch, leading into a large hall, which serves for tap-room and travellers'-room; having a wide fire-place, with high-backed settles on each side, where the wise men of the village gossip over their ale, and hold their sessions during the long winter evenings. The landlord is an easy, indolent fellow, shaped a little like one of his own beer-barrels, and apt to stand gossiping at his door, with his wig on one side, and his hands in his pockets, whilst his wife and daughter attend to customers. His wife, however, is fully competent to manage the establishment; and, indeed, from long habit, rules over all the frequenter of the tap-room as completely as if they were her dependants instead of her patrons. Not a veteran alebiber but pays homage to her, having, no doubt, become, in her rear, as she is already held that she is on very good terms with Ready-Money Jack. He was a sweetheart of hers in early life, and has always countenanced the tavern on her account. Indeed, he is quite the "cock of the walk" at the tap-room.

As we approached the inn, we heard some one talking with great volubility, and distinguished the ominous words, "taxes," "poor's rates," and "agricultural distress." It proved to be a thin, loquacious fellow, who had penned the landlord up in one corner of the porch, with his hands in his pockets as usual, listening with an air of the most vacant acquiescence.

The sight seemed to have a curious effect on Master Simon, as he squeezed my arm, and, altering his course, sheered wide of the porch, as though he had not any idea of entering. This evident evasion induced me to notice the orator more particularly. He was meagre, but active in his make, with a long, pale, belligerent face; a black beard, so ill-shaven as to bloody his shirt-collar, a feverish eye, and a hat sharpened up at the sides, into a most pragmatical shape. He had a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be commenting on its contents, to the thorough conviction of mine host.

At sight of Master Simon, the landlord was evaded little hurried, and began to parry his hands, edge away from his corner, and make several profound public bows; while the orator took no other notice of my companion than to talk rather louder than before, and, with, as I thought, something of an air of defiance. Master Simon, however, as I have before said, sheered off from the porch, and passed on, pressing my arm within his, and whispering, as we got away: "There's something of awe and horror, "That's a radical! he reads Cobbett!"

I endeavoured to get a more particular account of him from my companion, but he seemed unwilling even to talk about him. He, answering the general terms, that he was a cursed busy fellow, that had a confounded trick of talking, and was apt to bother one about the national debt, and such nonsense: from which I suspected that Master Simon had been rendered wary of him by some accidental encounter on the field of argument; for these radicals are continually roving about in quest of worthy warfare, and never so happy as when they can tilt a gentleman logician out of his saddle.

On subsequent inquiry, my suspicions have been confirmed. I find the radical has but recently found his way into the village, where he threatens to commit fearful devastations with his doctrines. He has already made two or three complete converts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of several others; and has greatly puzzled the brains of the oldest villagers, who had never thought about politics, or scare any thing else, during their whole lives.

He is lean and meagre from the constant restlessness of mind and body; worrying about with newspapers and pamphlets, but is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has shocked several of the staunchest villagers, by talking lightly of the Squire and his family; and it is feared that he will be able to roll the park should be cut into small farms and gardens, and not be forced to think of instead of worthlesse deer.

He is a great thorn in the side of the Squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy, thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who, has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but has been much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and hesitancies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter he take up complete with the Squire at the tap-room of the tavern, not so much because he has been convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old-established orators. The apothecary, with all his philosophic wits, was as damped before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to pull out and converted the other way, by the next person with whom he talks.

It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlord, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the king. Master Simon, and the Squire. She now and then comes upon the reformer with all the fieriness of a cat-o'-mountain, and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such "low-minded" politics. What makes the good woman the more violent, is a perfect contempt to which she is led, drawing up his face into a mocking supercilious smile; and when she has talked herself out of breath, quietly asking his wife for a taste of her home bred.

The only person that is in any way a match for this redoubtable politician, is Ready-Money Jack Tibbetts, who maintains his stand in the tap-room, in defiance of the radical and all his works. Jack is one of the most loyal men in the country, without being a khaki-white martinet. He has that admirable quality for a tough answer, also, that he never knows when he is beaten. He has half-a-dozen...
first glance, they bear so great a family resemblance.
Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious
than such a mistake. The rooks and crows
are among the Heath, and passed about
them. There are among nations, the least loving,
and not. The rooks are old established housekeepers,
high-minded gentlefolk, that have had their hereditary
habits, and are considered as a sort of vagabond,
predatory, gipsy race roaming about the country
without any settled home. Their hands are against every holy,
and every body's against them; and they are gibbetted in
every corn-field. Master Simon assures me that a female
roof, that should so far forget herself as to consort
with a crow, would inevitably be disheartened,
and indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel
acquaintance.

The Squire is very watchful over the interests and
concerns of his noble neighbours. As to Master
Simon, he even pretends to know many of them by
sight, and to have given names to them; he points
out several, which he says are old heads of families,
and compares them with worthy old citizens, before-
them. They are old crow birds, and bear crooked
and silver buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding
the protecting benevolence of the Squire, and their being
residents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge
no allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or
intimacy. Their fronts are built on the first
of the reach of gun-shot; and, notwithstanding
their vicinity to the Hall, they maintain a most reserved
and distrustful shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which
brings all into a manner to a level, and turns
the pride of the loftiest high-flyer—which is the
season of building their nests. This takes place
early in the spring, when the forest trees first begin
to show their buds; the long, withy ends of
the branches to turn green; when the wild strawberry,
and other herbage of the sheltered woodlands, put
forth their tender and tinted leaves; and the
daisy and the primrose peep from under the
hedges. At this time there is a general bustle among
the feathered tribes; an incessant fluttering about, and
a cheerful chirping indicative, like the germination
of the vegetable world, of the reviving life and
fertility of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual stolidity
and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of keeping
up the high rank of the air, they go down to the
breedy tree-tops, and looking down with sovereign
complacency upon the humble crawlers upon earth, they
are fain to throw off for a time the dignity of the
gentleman, to come down to the ground, and put on
the pains-taking and industrious character of a
labourer. They now lose their natural shyness, become
fearless and familiar, and may be seen plying about
in all directions, with an air of great assiduity,
in search of building materials. Every now and then
your path will be crossed by one of these busy
old gentlemen, worrying about with a quiet gait, as if
troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes,
cutting about many a prying look, turning down
first one eye, then the other, in earnest consideration,
upon every straw he meets with; until, espying
some mighty twig, large enough to make a raft for
his air-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity,
and hurry away with it to the tree-top; fearing,
apparently, lest you should dispute with him the
invaluable prize.

Like other castle-builders, these airy architects
seem rather fanciful in the materials with which
they build, and to like those most which come from
a distance. Thus, though there are abundance of dry
WROKES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

...work for am that, wheeling the though am and...
sprin; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their stronghold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the moon rose from the crevices of the tree's thick trunk; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off like a sable cloud, and then nearer and nearer, until they all come scaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air over the Hall and garden, wheeling closer and closer until they gradually settle down, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusky groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was quarrelling for a pillow, or a little more of the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely sink to repose, and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hootings from his bachelor's-bale in the wood.

MAY-DAY.

It is the choice time of the year; For the violets now appear; Now, too, they receive their birth, And pretty primrose decks the earth.

This is the May-pole come away, For it is now a holiday.

As I was lying in bed this morning, enjoying one of those half dreams, half reveries, which are so pleasant in the country, when the birds are singing about the window, and the sunbeams peeping through the curtains, I was roused by the sound of music. On going down-stairs I found a number of villagers, dressed in their holiday clothes, bearing a pole ornamented with garlands and ribbons, and accompanied by the village band of music, under the direction of the tailor, the pale fellow who plays on the clarinet. They had all sprigs of hawthorn, or, as it is called, "the May," in their hats, and had brought green branches and flowers to decorate the Hall door and windows. They had come to give notice that the May-pole was to be raised, on the green, and to invite the household to witness the sports. The Hall, according to custom, became a scene of hurry and delighted confusion. The servants were all agog with May and music; and there was no keeping either the tongues or the feet of the maids quiet, who were anticipating the sports of the green and the evening dance.

I repaired to the village at an early hour, to enjoy the merry-making. The morning was pure and sunny, such as a May morning is always described. The fields were white with poppies, the hawthorn was covered with its fragrant blossoms, the bee hummed about every bank, and the swallow played high in the air about the village steeple. It was one of those genial days when we seem to draw in pleasure with the very air we breathe, and feel happy, although we know not why. Whoever has felt the worth of worthy man, or has dated on lovely woman, will, on such a day, call them tenderly to mind, and feel his heart all alive with long-buried recollections. "For thence," says the learned Dr. King Alice, "lovers call ageyne to their mynde old gentilles and old servyse, and many kind deedes that were forgotten by negligence."

Before reaching the village, I saw the May-pole towering above the cottages with its gay garlands and streamers, and heard the sound of music. I found that there had been booths set up near it, for the reception of company; and a bowser of green branches and flowers for the Queen of May, a fresh, rosy-cheeked girl of the village.

A band of morris-dancers were capering on the green in their fantastic dresses, jinling the bells, with a boy dressed up as Maid Marian, and the attendant fool rattling his box to collect contributions from the bystanders. The gipsy-women too were already singing their mystery in by- corners of the village, reading the hands of the simple country girls, and no doubt promising them all good husbands and tribes of children.

The Squire made his appearance in the course of the morning, attended by the parson, and was received with loud acclamations. He mingled among the country people throughout the day, giving and receiving pleasure wherever he went. The amusements of the day were under the management of Slingsby, the schoolmaster, who is not merely lord of misrule in his school, but master of the revels to the village old bards as well. He was an exasperated and anxious air of a man who has the oppressive burden of promoting other people's merrier upon his mind. He had involved himself in a dozen scrapes, in consequence of a politi intrigue, which, by the by, Master Simon and the Ormonde were at the bottom of, which had for object the election of the Queen of May. He had met with violent opposition from a faction of ale-drinkers, who were in favour of a bouncing bar-maid, the daughter of the innkeeper; but he had been so hard put to it that he had backed not to carry his point, though it shows that these rural crowns, like all others, are objects of great ambition and heart-burning. I am told that Master Simon takes great interest, though in an underhand way, in the election of these May-day Queens, and that the chapel is generally secured for some rustic beauty that has found favour in his eyes.

In the course of the day there were various games of strength and agility on the green, at which a knot of village veterans presided, as judges of the lists. Among these I perceived that Ready-Money Jack took the lead, looking with a learned and critical eye on the merits of the different candidates; and, though he was very laconic, and sometimes merely crooked himself by a nod, yet it was evident that his opinions far outweighed those of the most loquacious.

Young Jack Tibbes was the hero of the day, and carried off most of the prizes, though in some of the feats of agility he was rivalled by the "prodigal son," who appeared much in his element on this occasion; but his most formidable competitor was the notorious gibby, the redoubtable "Starlight Tom." I was rejoiced at having an opportunity of seeing this "minion of the moon" in broad daylight. I found him a tall, swarthy, godless fellow, with a lofty air, something like what I have seen in an Indian chief, and with a certain lounging, easy, and almost graceful carriage, which I have often remarked in beings of the lazaroni order, that lead an idle, loitering life, and have a gentlemanlike contempt of labour.

Master Simon and the old general reconnoitred the ground together, and indulged a vast deal of harmless raking among the buxom country girls. Master Simon would give some of them a kiss or two, or let them come to him, and would ask them for he is acquainted with most of the farmers' families. Sometimes he would whisper, and affect to
He had much to say to the farmers about their farms; he represented the Quakers as being the only men who knew all their horses by name. There was an old fellow, with round ruddy face, and a night-cap under his hat, the village wit, who took several occasions to crack a joke with him in the hearing of his companions, to whom he would turn and whisper hard when Master Simon had passed.

The harmony of the day, however, had nearly, at one time, been interrupted by the appearance of a radical on the ground, with two or three of his disciples. He soon got engaged in argument in the very thick of the throng, above which I could hear his voice, and now and then see his meagre hand, half a mile out of the sleeve, elevated in the air in violent gesticulation, and flourishing a pamphlet by way of truncheon. He was decrying these idle nonsensical amusements in time of public distress, when it was every man's business to toil, brush up his matters, and to be miserable. The honest village logicians could make no stand against him, especially as he was seconded by his protégés; when, to their great joy, Master Simon and the general came down from the scene of all the heat of argument." I said that Master Simon was for making off, as soon as he found himself in the neighbourhood of this fire-ship; but the general was too loyal to suffer such talk in his hearing, and thought, no doubt, that a look and a word from a gentleman would be sufficient to shut up so shabby an orator. The latter, however, was no respecter of persons, but rather seemed to exult in having such important antagonists. He talked with greater volubility than ever, and soon drowned them in a clamour which was to be heard to the last, the poor's rate, and the national debt. Master Simon endeavoured to brush along in his usual excursive manner, which had always answered amazingly well with the villagers; but the general was one of those pestilent fellows that pin a man down to facts; and, indeed, he had two or three pamphlets in his pocket, to support every thing he advanced by printed documents.

The general, too, found himself betrayed into a more serious action than his dignity could brook; and looked like a mighty Dutch Indianam, grievously pricked up. It was to win them that he swelled and looked big, and talked large, and endeavoured to make up by pomp of manner for poverty of matter; every home-thrust of the radical made him wheeze like a bellows, and seemed to let a volume of wind out of him. In a word, the two worthies from the Hall were completely dumbfounded, and this too in the presence of several of Master Simon's staunch admirers, who had always looked up to him as infallible. I do not know how he and the general would have managed to draw their forces decently from the field, had there not been a match at grinning through a horse-coloured annoucement, whereupon the radical retired with great expression of contempt; and, as soon as his back was turned, the argument was carried against him all hollow.

"Did you ever hear such a pack of stuff, generally?" said Master Simon; "there's no talking with one of these chaps, when he once gets that confounded Cobbett in his head."

"Sblood, sir!" said the general, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, and apparantly perceiving a certain part of the match. "Then I am brought to the point, sir." In the latter part of the day, the ladies from the Hall paid a visit to the green. The fair Julia made her appearance leaning on her lover's arm, and looking extremely pale and interesting. As she is a great favourite in the village, where she has been known from childhood; and as her late accident had

been much talked about, the sight of her caused very manifest delight, and some of the old women of the village blessed her sweet face as she passed.

While they were walking about, I noticed the schoolmaster in earnest conversation with the young girl that represented the Queen. He endeavored to spirit her up to some formidable undertaking. At length, as the party from the Hall approached her bow, she came forth, alterning very steadily, and finally reached the spot where the beautiful Julia stood hidden by her lover and Lady Lilliecraft. The little Queen then took the chaplet of flowers from her head, and attempted to put it on that of the bride-elect; but the confabulation of both was so great, that the wreath of flowers was sent to the ground, and had not the officer caught it, and, laughing, placed it upon the blushing brow of his mistress.

There was something charming in the very embarrassment of these two young creatures, both so beautiful, yet so different in their kinds of beauty. Master Simon told me afterwards, that the Queen of May, of which the schoolmaster had written for her; but that she had neither wit to understand, nor memory to recollect them. "Besides," added he, "between you and I, she murders the king's English abominably; so she has adopted the part of a simple country girl, holding her tongue, and trusting to her pretty face."

Among the other characters from the Hall was Mrs. Hannah, my lady Cibbitt's gentlewoman; to my surprise, she was escorted by old Christy, the Huntsman, and followed by his greyhound, as if he were about to play a game of barba- dews; but I find they are very old acquaintances, being drawn together by some sympathy of disposition. Mrs. Hannah moved about with stately dignity among the rustics, who drew back from her with a certain awe; she was received with a full half minute of gazing as with a clasp; excepting that I now and then heard the word "fellow!" escape from between her lips, as she got accidentally tossed in the crowd.

But there was one other heart present that did not enter into the merriment of the scene, which was that of the simple Phoebe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. The poor girl has continued to pine and whine for some time past, in consequence of the obstinate coldness of her lover; never a little meagre, but continually scolding and reproving him. This day on the green, gallanted by a smart servant out of livery, and had evidently resolved to try the hazardous experiment of awakening the jealousy of her lover. She was dressed in her very best; affected an air of great gaiety; talked loud and gaily, and laughed when there was nothing to laugh at. There was, however, an aching, heavy heart in the poor baggage's bosom, in spite of all her levity. Her eye turned every now and then in quest of her reckless lover, and her cheek grew pale, and her feathery gait vanished, on seeing him paying his rustic homage to the little May-day Queen.

My attention was now diverted by a fresh stir and bustle. Music was heard from a distance; a lass was seen advancing up the road, preceded by a rustic band playing something like a march, and followed by a sturdy throng of country lads, the cri de chasse of a neighbouring and rival village.

No sooner had they reached the green, than they challenged the heroes of the day to new trials of strength and skill, and carried off the prizes for the honour of the respective villages. In the course of these exercises, young Tibbets and the champion of the adverse party had an obstinate match at wrestling. They tugged, and strained, and panted, without either getting the mastery, until both came to the ground, and rolled upon the
green. Just then, the disconsolate Phoebe came by. She saw her recreant lover in fierce contest, as she thought, and in danger. In a moment pride, pique, and wounded innocence united to enrage her. Like a flash of lightning, seized upon the rival champion by the hair, and was on the point of wreaking on him her puny vengeance, when a bosom, strapping country lass, the sweetheart of the prostrate swain, pounced upon her like a hawk, and would have stripped her of her fine plumage in a twinkling, had she also not been seized in her turn. A complete tumult ensued. The chivalry of the two villages became embroiled. Blows began to be dealt, and sticks to be flung. Phoebe was carried off from the field in hysteria. In vain did the sages of the village interfere. The sentimentalist apothecary endeavoured to pour the soothing oil of his philosophy upon this tempestuous sea of passion, but was tumbled into the dust. Slingsby, the pedagogue, who is a great lover of peace, went into the midst of the throng, as marshal of the day, to put an end to the commotion; but was rent in twain, and came out with his garment hanging in two strips from his shoulders; upon which the prodigal son dashed his helmet to the ground, and took the insult which his patron had sustained. The tumult thickened; I caught glimpses of the jockey-cap of old Christy, like the helmet of a chieftain, bobbing about in the midst of the scuffle; whilst Mistress Hannah, separated from her doughty protector, was squallling and striking right and left with a faded parasol; being tossed and tumbled about by the crowd in such wise as never happened to maiden gentlewoman before.

At length I beheld old Ready-Money Jack making his way into the very thickest of the throng; bearing it, as it were, apart, and enforcing peace, of et armis. It was surprising to see the sudden quiet that ensued. The storm settled down at once into tranquility. The parties, having no real grounds of hostility, were readily pacified, and in fact were a little at a loss to know why and how they had got by the ears. Slingsby was speedily stitched together again by his friend the tailor, and resumed his usual good-humour. Mrs. Hannah drew on one side, to plume her injured turban feathers; and old Christy, having repaired his damages, took her under his arm, and they swept back again to the Hall, ten times more bitter against mankind than ever.

The Tibbets family alone seemed slow in recovering from the agitation of the scene. Young Jack was extremely affected; moved by the fate of the unlucky Phoebe. His mother, who had been summoned to the field of action by news of the fray, was in a sad panic, and had need of all her management to keep him from following his mistress, and coming to a perfect reconciliation.

What heightened the alarm and perplexity of the good managing dame was, that the matter had aroused the slow apprehension of old Ready-Money himself; who was very much struck by the intricacies of the lady's, or rather lady-like, exertions. The captain was on a stool at his mistress' feet, looking over some music; and poor Phoebe Wilkins, who has always been a kind of pet among the ladies, but who has risen vastly in favour with Lady Lillencraft, in consequence of some tender confessions, sat in one corner of the room, with swollen eyes, working pensive at some of the fair Julia's wedding ornaments.

The silence was interrupted by her ladyship, who suddenly proposed a task to the captain. "I am in your debt," said she, "for that tale you read to us the other day; I will now furnish one in return, if you'll read it: and it is just suited to this sweet May morning, for it is all about love."

The proposition seemed to delight every one present. The captain smiled assent. Her ladyship ran for her page, and despatched him to her room for the manuscript. "As the captain," said she, "gave us an account of the author of his story, it is but right I should give one of mine. It was written by the builder of the parish church, and is a thin, elderly man, of a delicate constitution, but positively one of the most charming men that ever..."
worked. He lost his wife a few years since; one of the sweetest women you ever saw. He has two sons, whom he educates himself: both of whom are already write delightful poetry. His passanage is a lovely place, close by the church, all overrun with ivy and honeysuckles; with the sweetest flower-garden about it; for, you know, our country clergy-men are almost the poets of flowers, and make their parsonages perfect pictures.

"His living is a very good one, and he is very much beloved, and does a great deal of good in the neighbourhood, and among the poor. And then such sermons as he preaches! Oh, if you could only hear one taken from a text in Solomon's Song, all about love and matrimony, one of the sweetest things you ever heard! He preaches it at least once a year, in spring-time, for he knows I am fond of it. He always dines with me on Sundays, and often brings me some of the sweetest pieces of poetry, all about the pleasures of melancholy, and such subjects, that make me cry so, you can't think. I wish he would publish. I think he has some things as sweet as any thing of Moore or Lord Byron.

"He fell into very ill health some time ago, and was advised to go to the continent; and I gave him no peace until he went, and promised to take care of his two boys until he returned.

"He was gone above a year, and was quite restored. When he came back, he sent me the tale I'm going to show you,—Oh, here it is!" said she, as the page put in her hands a beautiful box of satinwood. She unlocked it, and from among several parcels of notes on embossed paper, cards of verses, she drew out an crimson velvet case, that smelt very much of perfumes. From this she took a manuscript, daintily written on gilt-edged vellum paper, and stitched with a light blue riband. This she handed to the captain, who read the following tale, which I have procured for the entertainment of the reader.

ANNETTE DELARBRE.

The soldier fare the war returns,
And the merchant from the main,
But I have parted with my love,
And ne'er to meet again. My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gone, and night is come,
And x' are been to sleep,
I think on them that's far own
The lee-lang night, and weep,
The lee-lang night, and weep,

Old Scotch Ballad.

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old town of Honfleur, which stands near the mouth of the Seine. It was the time of a fête, and all the world was thronging in the evening to dance at the fair, held before the chapel of Our Lady of Grace. I like all kinds of innocent merry-making; I joined the throng.

The chapel is situated at the top of a high hill, or promontory, from whence its bell may be heard at a distance by the mariner at night. It is said to have given the name to the port of Havre-de-Grace, which lies directly opposite, on the other side of the Seine. The road up to the chapel went in a zigzag course, along the brow of the steep coast; it was shaded by trees, from between which I had beautiful peeps at the ancient towers of Honfleur below, the varied scenery of the opposite shore, the white buildings of Havre in the distance, and the wide sea beyond. There was a delusion of groups of peasant girls, in their bright crimson dresses and tall caps; and I found all the flower of the neighbourhood assembled on the green that crowns the summit of the hill.

The chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce is a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Honfleur and its vicinity, both for pleasure and devotion. At this little chapel prayers are put up by the mariners of the port previous to their voyages, and by their families during their absence; and votive offerings are hung about its walls, in fulfilment of vows made during times of shipwreck and disaster. The chapel is surrounded by trees. Over the portal is an image of the Virgin and child, with an inscription which struck me as being quite poetical:

"Il dolce de la mar, priez pour nous!"
(Star of the sea, pray for us.)

On a level spot near the chapel, under a grove of noble trees, the popular dance on fine summer evenings, and here are held frequent fairs and fêtes, which assemble all the rustic beauty of the loveliest parts of Lower Normandy. The present was an occasion of particular festivity; Booths and tents were erected among the trees; there were the usual displays of fireworks; bands of drummers, and fife-players, made wonderful shows to enliven the curieux; mountebanks were exhibiting their eloquence; jugglers and fortune-tellers were astounding the credulous; while whole rows of grotesque saints, in wood and wax-work, were offered for the purchase of the pious.

The fête had assembled in one view all the picturesque costumes of the Pays d'Auge, and the Côte de Caux. I beheld tall, stately caps, and trim bodices, according to fashions which have been handed down from mother to daughter for centuries, the exact counterparts of those worn in the time of the Conqueror; and which surprised me by their faithful resemblance to those which I had seen in the old pictures of Froissart's Chronicles, and in the paintings of illuminated manuscripts. Any one, also, that has been in Lower Normandy, must have remarked the beauty of the peasant, and that air of native elegance that prevails among them. It is to this country, undoubtedly, that the English owe their good looks. It was from hence that the Anglo-Cornwall, the fine blue eye, the light brown hair, passed over to England in the train of the Conqueror, and filled the land with beauty.

The scene before me was perfectly enchanting the assemblage of so many fresh and blooming faces; the gay groups in fanciful dresses; some riding on the green, others strolling about, or seated on the grass; the fine clumps of trees in the foreground, bordering the brow of this airy height, and the broad green sea, sleeping in summer tranquillity in the distance.

Whilst I was regarding this animated picture, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful girl, who passed through the crowd without seeming to take any interest in their amusements. She was slender and delicate in her form; she had not the bloom upon her cheek that is usual among the peasantry of Normandy, and her blue eyes had a singular and melancholy expression. She was accompanied by a venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. There was a whisper among the bystanders, and a word passing as she passed; the young men touched their hats, and some of the children followed her at a little distance, watching her movements. She approached the edge of the hill, where there is a little platform, from whence the people of Honfleur look out for
The road through the fields of Havercampford struck me as a favourite and its vicinity a little chapel. The place has been mentioned in this manner throughout the ages, the hill which it sits on being surrounded by the Virgin and the Virgin Mary, and was thus revered by the people of the village.

These circumstances excited my curiosity, and I made some inquiries about her, which were answered with readiness and intelligence by a priest of the neighbouring chapel. Our conversation drew together the means of which I was in search of something to communicate, and from them all I gathered the following particulars.

Annette Delarbre was the only daughter of one of the elder orders of farmers, or small proprietors, as they are called, who lived at Pont Éeveque, a pleasant village not far from Honfleur, in that rich pastoral part of Lower Normandy called the Pays d'Auge. Annette was the pride and delight of her parents, and was brought up with the fondest indulgence. She was gay, tender, petulant, and susceptible. All her feelings were quick and ardent; and having no previous experience of conviction or restraint, she was little practised in self-control. nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

But when her susceptibility was evidenced in an attachment which she formed to a playmate, Eugène La Forgue, the only son of a widow, who lived in the neighbourhood. Their childish love was an epitome of mature passion; it had its caprices, and jealousies, and quarrels, and reconciliations. It was an assumption of another graver character, as Annette entered her fifteenth and Eugène his nineteenth year, when he was suddenly carried off to the army by the conscription.

It was a heavy blow to his widowed mother, for he was her only pride and comfort; but it was one of those sudden bereavements which mothers were perpetually doomed to feel in France, during the time that continual and bloody wars were incessantly draining their youth. It was a temporary affliction to Annette, to lose her lover. With tender embraces, half childish, half womanish, she parted from him. The tears streamed from her blue eyes, as she bound a braid of her fair hair round his wrist; but the smiles still broke forth; for she was young, her heart was open to all things; and, separated, from how many chances there are, when parting in this wide world, against our meeting again.

Weeks, months, years flew by. Annette increased in beauty as she increased in years, and was the reigning belle of the neighbourhood. Her time passed innocently and happily. Her father was a man of some consequence in the rural community, and his house was the resort of the gayest of the village. Annette held a kind of rural court; she was always surrounded by companions of her own age, among whom she alone unrivalled. Much of their time was passed in making lace, the prevalent manufacture of the neighbourhood. As they sat at this delicate and trivial occupation, the merriest laughter and sprightly song went round; none laughed with a lighter heart than Annette; and if she sang, her voice was perfect melody. Their evenings were enlivened by the dance, or by those pleasant social games so prevalent among the French; and whenever the pleasure was at a height, or the dinner finished, they would proceed to the village ball, which was held on Sunday evenings, and was the theme of universal admiration.

As she was a rural heiress, she did not wait for suitors. Many advantageous offers were made her, but she refused them; she had a heart at the bottom of her breast, and the tender pangs of her admirers, and triumphed over them with the caprice of buoyant youth and conscious beauty. With all her apparent levity, however, could any one read the story of her heart, they might have traced in it some fond remembrance of her early playmate, not so deeply graven as to be painful, but too deep to be forgotten and they might have noticed, amidst all her gaiety, the tenderness that marked her manners towards the mother of Eugène. She would occasionally watch for him from her youthful companions and their amusements, and whisper to them of things that she was likely to say to her. Sometimes she would lie in a corner listening to her fond talk about her boy, and blushing with secret pleasure, when her letters were read, at finding herself a constant theme of recollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which sent many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugène, a young sun-burnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturously his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and staff of her old age. He had been in the service by his merits; but brought away little from the wars, excepting a sword-like air, a gallant name, and a scar across the forehead. He brought back, however, a heart enlivened by the camp. He was frank, open, generous, and ardent. His heart was quick and kind, and its impressions were fresh from having suffered: it was full of tenderness for Annette. He had received frequent accounts of her from his mother; and the mention of her kindness to his lonely parent, had rendered her doubly dear to him. He had been wounded; he had been a prisoner; he had been in various troubles, and he had always preserved the braid of his hair, which she had bound round his arm. It had been a kind of talisman to him; he had many a time looked upon it as a sign of his affection, when he thought that he might one day see Annette again, and the fair fields about his native village, had cheered his heart, and enabled him to bear up against every hardship.

He had left Annette almost a child—he found her a blooming woman. If he had loved her before, he now adored her. Annette was equally struck with the improvement which time had made in her lover. She noticed, with secret admiration, his superiority to the other young men of the village; he was the frank, lotty, martial young man of the rest from their rural gatherings. The more she saw him, the more she light, playful fondness of former years deepened into ardent and powerful affection. But Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered willful and capricious by constant indulgence at home, and admiration abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugène, and delighted in exercising it. She sometimes treated him with petulant caprice, enjoying the pain which she inflicted by her frowns, from the idea how soon she would chase it away again by her smiles. She took a pleasure in alarming his fears, by affecting a temporary preference to some one or other of his rivals, in as allaying his ardor to be trifled with. He loved her too fervently to be filled with doubt. He saw Annette surrounded by admirers, and full of animation; the gayest among the gay at all their rural festivities, and apparently most of them. But the caprice of Eugène saw through this caprice, but himself; every one saw that in reality she doted on him; but Eugène...
alone suspected the sincerity of her affection. For some time he bore this coquetry with secret impatience and distrust; but his feelings grew sore and irritable, and overcame his self-command. A slight misunderstanding took place; a quarrel ensued. Annette, unaccustomed to be thwarted and contradicted, and full of the insolence of youthful beauty, assumed an air of disdain. She refused all explanations to her lover, and they parted in anger. That very evening Eugene saw her, full of gaiety, dancing with her rivals, as if her eyes caught his, fixed on her withoutavailing, and her spirit was at an end. She looked back with remorse and self-derision at her past caprices; and her departure was marked by the usual inauspiciousness of the place. She was bidding farewell to the neighborhood of the Lady of Grace and throwing herself on the mercy of the public for the safe return of her lover.

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In the mean time, the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of her departure, and prayed her to return to him for solace. Annette was not then there; she had asked for her, and had left the village. She was no longer with the secrets, and her spirit was at an end. She looked back with remorse and self-derision at her past caprices; and her departure was marked by the usual inauspiciousness of the place. She was bidding farewell to the neighborhood of the Lady of Grace and throwing herself on the mercy of the public for the safe return of her lover.

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The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected, when the weather became dreary and tempestuous. Day after day brought news of the vessel, and the coast was strewed with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the lost-for ship having been seen dismantled in a violent storm, and the greatest fears were entertained for her safety.

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with painful anxiety; but her heart was not yet ready for joy, and her hopes, while her own soul was racked by anxiety. She task her efforts to be gay, but she was forced and unnatural gaiety; a sigh from the mouth would completely check it, and when she could no longer restrain the tears, she would bury them and pour our agony in secret. Every anxious look, every anxious inquiry of the mother, whenever a door opened, or a strange face appeared, was an arrow to her soul. She considered every disappointment as a pang of her own inflection, and her heart sickened under the careworn expression of the maternal eye. At length this suspense became insupportable. She left the village and hastened to Honfleur, hoping every hour, every moment, to receive some tidings of her lover. She paced the pier, and wept the tears of her inquiries. She made a daily pilgrimage to the chapel of Our Lady of Grace; hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar, or looking out from the bow of the hill upon the angry sea.

At length she was so worn that the long-wished-for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing into the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest-tost. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye, nor a lighter heart, than Annette's, in the little port of Honfleur. The ship came...
the anchor in the river, and shortly after a boat put off for the shore. The populace crowded down to the pier-head, and stood blithely and smiling, and trembling, and weeping: for a thousand painfully-pleasing emotions agitated her breast at the thought of the meeting and reconciliation about to take place.

She yielded to pour itself out, and to her gallant lover for all its errors. At one moment she would place herself in a conspicuous situation, where she might catch his view at once, and surprise him by her welcome; but the next moment a doubt would come across her mind, and she would shrink among the throng, trembling and faint, and gazing with her emotions.

Her agitation increased as the boat drew near, until it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board of the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting. As the boat neared the shore, many inquiries were made, and laconic answers returned. At length Annette heard some heart-palpitating words—there was a moment's pause: the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assistance. A piercing cry of distress went up from the crowd; and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feeling after such a transient glee of happiness, was too much for her harrowed frame. She was carried home senseless. For the while she was despairing of, and it was months before she recovered her health; but she never had perfectly recovered her mind: it still remained unsettled with respect to her lover's fate.

"The subject," continued my informer, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as though there were some vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled—some imperfect idea of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. They assemble round her the young companions in whose society she used to delight; and they will work, and chat, and sing, and laugh, as formerly; but she will suddenly become melancholy, and they will sometimes doze away in the midst of their gaiety; and when she awakes, she finds she has no recollection of the conversation. She will sometimes call for the bowels of her heart sickened at the maternal eye, the insupportable. She is a Lady of Grace; and the passed hours are looked out from sea.

The ship came to the long-wished-for landing into the port, and all the passengers were crowded; and in the midst of the scene, she stood, her heart sickened at the maternal eye, the insupportable. She is a Lady of Grace; and the passed hours are looked out from sea.

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very delusion in which the poor girl walks, may be one of those mists kindly diffused by Providence over the regions of thought, when they become too fruitless of misery. The veil may gradually be raised which obscures the horizon of her mind, as she is enabled to see clearly and calmly to contemplate the sorrows at present hidden in mercy from her view.

On my return from Paris, about a year afterwards, I turned off from the beaten route at Rouen, to revisit a few scenes of Lower Normandy. Having passed through the lovely country of the Pays d’Auge, I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre the next morning, and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Annette Delabarre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers, after which I accosted him, and learnt from him the remaining circumstances of the case. I felt that I had been in the church, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health rapidly declined. Her cheerful intervals became shorter and less frequent, and attended with more melancholy. She would wake, with a sigh, from a dream, and moody in her melancholy; her form was wasted, her looks pale and disconsolate, and it was feared she would never recover. She became impatient of all sounds of gaiety, and was never so contented as when she was left to herself. The good woman watched over her with patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own. Sometimes, as she sat looking upon her pallid face, the tears would fill her eyes which, when Annette perceived, she would unceasingly wipe them away, and tell her not to grieve, for that Eugene would soon return; and then she would affect a forced gaiety, as in former times, and sing a lively air; but a sudden recollection would come over her, and she would burst into tears, hang on the poor mother’s neck, and entreat her not to curse her for having destroyed her son.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news was received of Eugene; who, it appeared, was still living. When almost drowned, he had fortunately made his way upon a spar, and had been saved from the ship’s deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it, and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he had found himself on board a vessel bound to India, but so ill as not to move without assistance. His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India, he had experienced many vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy. But how to impart them to Annette, was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes, and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconceivable and hopeless kind, that her friends had all been afraid to tamper with her feelings. Annette had never even hinted at the subject of her griefs, or encouraged the theme when she adverted to it, but had passed it over in silence, hoping that time would gradually wear the traces of it from her recollection, or, at least, would render them less painful.

They now felt at a loss how to undeceive her eyes in her misery, lest the sudden recurrence of happiness might confirm the estrangement of her reason, or might overpower her enfeebled frame. They ventured, however, to probe those wounds which had so visibly marred the face of nature, to vaunt her; they had felt too to touch for, they had felt too to touch, for they had felt too to touch. They led the conversation to those topics which they had hitherto shunned, and endeavoured to ascertain the current of her mind was even more affected than they had imagined. All her ideas were confused and wandering. Her bright and cheerful moods, which now grew seldomer than ever, were all the effects of mental delusion. At such times she had no recollection of her lover’s having been in danger, but was only anticipating his arrival, “When the winter has passed over,” said she, “and the trees put on their blossoms, and the swallow comes back over the sea, he will return.”

When she was drooping and desponding, it was in her imagination that she saw him, and as she had sat in her garden, moments, and to assure her that Eugene would indeed return shortly. She went on in silence, and appeared insensible to his words. But at times her agitation became violent, when she would upbraide herself, and reproach herself with ingenuity, and cry, “Oh, Eugene! Eugene!” Her mind was at one leading idea at a time, which nothing could divert or efface; or if they ever succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, it only became more frequent, and the want of reason produced a greater tendency to know the clearness of mind that prevailed upon both mind and body. Her friends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her senses were irrecoverably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the mean time, Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected, when she story of Annette was told him. With bitterness of heart he upbraided his own rashness and insensibility that had hurried him from her, and accused himself as the author of all her woe. His mind would describe to him all the anguish and remorse of poor Annette, the tenderness with which she clung to her, and endeavoured, even in the midst of her insanity, to console her for the loss of her son, and the touching expressions of affection that were mingled with the most incoherent, and even imagined, thoughts. His feelings would be wound up to agony, and he would entreat her to desist from the recital. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette’s sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping. The tears streamed down his sun-burnt cheeks, as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made; and his heart swelled almost to breaking, as he beheld round her neck the very braid of hair which she once gave him in token of girlish affection, and which he had returned to her in anger.

At length the physician that attended her determined to undertake an experiment, to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavour to ingraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. These moods had now become very rare for nature was sinking under the continual pressure of her mental malady, and the principle of reaction was daily growing weaker. Every effort was tried to bring on a cheerful interval of the kind. Several of his words, and to snatch at the recollection of some accident in the street, would revive her. She was grieved at once, and she was merry and animated. As the frame of the mind was by no means acute, the recovery of the reality was gradual, and she did not now begin to understand the relations of the two, but she was happy in the presence of them, and had some assurance that what she saw was real. As time passed, she perceived that the experiment had been successful, and she used to fondle the memories that had been revivified. She was now able to contemplate the faithful image of Eugene with a happy feeling, and to enjoy the reality with a clear understanding of its importance.
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Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized them on at once. He directed that her idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene, as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning, the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the vicarage; the door was opened; and the physician directed her immediately to show the messenger into the parlor. She saw him at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had NXPS Stanart was no more. She was as one in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked-for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were not quite restored. She was in a kind of restless forgetfulness of all past sorrow—a wild and feverish gaiety, that at times was incoherent.

The next morning, she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind, as though they had been the mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and, as she dressed herself, was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlour, her eyes were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without, and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavouring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and, before he could reach her, sank upon the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind; but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep continually in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present, she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

As the agitation of her feelings subsided, and her frame recovered from the shock which it had received, she became more placid and coherent. Eugene kept almost continually near her. He formed the real object round which her scattered ideas once more gathered, and which linked them once more with the realities of life. But her changeable disorder now appeared to take a new turn. She became languid and inert, and would sit for hours silent, and almost in a state of lethargy. If roused from this stupor, it seemed as if she would make some attempts to follow up a train of thought, but would soon become confused. She would regard every one that approached her with an anxious and inquiring eye, that seemed continually to disappoint itself. Sometimes, as her lover sat holding her hand, she would look pensively at the word, until his heart was overcome; and after these transient fits of intellectual exertion, she would sink again into lethargy.

By degrees, this stupor increased; her mind appeared to have subsided into a stagnant and almost death-like calm. For the greater part of the time, her eyes were closed; her face almost as fixed and passionless as that of a corpse. She no longer took any notice of surrounding objects. There was an exquisite blankness in this tranquility, that filled her friends with apprehensions. The physician ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet; or that, if she evinced any agitation, she should be gently lulled, like a child, by some favourite tune.

She remained in this state for hours, hardly seeming to breathe, and apparently sinking into the sleep of death. Her chamber was profoundly still. The attendants moved about it with noiseless tread; every thing was communicated by signs and whispers. Her lover sat by her side, watching her with painful anxiety, and fearing that this death which wrote from her pale lips would be the last.

At length she heaved a deep sigh; and, from some convulsive motions, appeared to be troubled in her sleep. Her agitation increased, accompanied by an expression of indistinct meaning. One of the physicians mentioning the physician's instructions, endeavoured to pull her by her hand; in singing, a low, tender little air which was a particular favourite of Annette's. Probably it had some connexion in her mind with her own story; for every fond girl has some ditty of the kind, linked in her thoughts with sweet and sad remembrances.

As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided. A streak of faint colour came into her cheeks; her eyelids became swollen with rising tears, which trembled there for a moment, and then, starting forth, coursed down her pallid cheek. When the song was ended, she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awakening in a strange place.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream; what has happened, and what has been the matter with me?"

The questions were embarrassing; and before they could be answered, the physician, who was in the next room, entered. She took him by the hand, looked up in his face, and made the same inquiry. He endeavoured to put her off with some remonstrance;--"No, no!" cried she, "I know I have been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us—and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned—but he has been to sea!" added she, earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and he came home again one bright morning—and—Oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead, with a sickly smile; "I see how it is; all has not been right here! I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and my mother is happy—and we shall never never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

She sunk back in her chair, exhausted; the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment. "You are all so good to me!"

The physician drew the father aside. "You daughter's mind is restored," said he; "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing
conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married in God's name!

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last fête during their honeymoon, and a handsome and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees. The young man, his wife, and mother, now live on a fine farm at Pont l'Eveque; and that model of a ship which you see yonder, with white flowers wreathed round it, is Annette's offering of thanks to Our Lady of Grace, for having listened to her prayers, and protected her lover in the hour of peril."

The captain having finished, there was a momentary silence. The tender-hearted Lady Lillycraft, who knew the story by heart, had led the way in weeping, and indeed had often begun to shed tears before they had come to the right place.

The fair Julia was a little fluttered at the passage where wedding preparations were mentioned; but the auditor most affected was the simple Phoebe Wilkins. She, too, had gradually dropt her work in her lap, and sat sobbing through the latter part of the story, until towards the end, when the happy reverse had nearly produced another scene of hysterics. "Go, take this case to my room again, child," said Lady Lillycraft, kindly, "and don't cry so much."

"I won't, an't please your ladyship, if I can help it; but I'm glad they made all up again, and were married."

By the way, the case of this lovelorn damsel begins to make some talk in the household, especially among certain little ladies, not far in their teens, of whom she has made confidants. She is a great favourite with them all, but particularly so since she has confided to them her love secrets. They enter into her concerns with all the violent zeal and overwhelming sympathy with which little boarding-school ladies engage in the politics of a love affair.

I have noticed them frequently clustering about her in private conferences, or walking up and down the garden terrace under my window, listening to some long and dolorous story of her afflictions; of which I could now and then distinguish the ever-recurring phrases, "says he," and "says she."

I accidentally interrupted one of these little councils of war, when they were all huddled together under a tree, and seemed to be earnestly considering some interesting document. The flutter at my approach showed that there were some secrets under discussion; and I observed the disconsolate Phoebe crumpling into her bosom either a love-letter or an old valentine, and brushing away the tears from her cheeks.

The girl is a good girl, of a soft melting nature, and shows her concern at the cruelty of her lover only in tears and drooping looks; but with the little ladies who have espoused her cause, it sparkles up into fiery indignation; and I have noticed on Sunday many a glance darted at the pew of the Titbets's, enough even to melt down the silver buttons or old Ready-Money's jacket.

TRAVELLING.

A citizen, for recreation sake, To see the country would a journey take Some dozen miles, or very little more, Taking his leave with friends two months before, With drinking glasses, and shaking by the hand, As he had travel'd to some new-found land.

Doctor Morris-Man says,

The Squire has lately received another shock in his saddle, and been almost seized by his mortal neighbour, the indefatigable Mr. Faddy, who rides his jog-trot hobby with equal zeal, and is bent upon improving and reforming the neighbourhood, that the Squire thinks, in a little while, it will be scarce worth living in. The enormity that has thus discomposed my worthy host, is an attempt of the manufacturer to have a line of coaches established; that shall diverge from the old route, and pass through the neighbouring village.

I believe I have mentioned that the Hall is situated in a retired part of the country, at a distance from any great road-coach, insomuch that the arrival of a traveller is apt to make every one look out of the window, and to cause some talk among the ale-drinkers at the little inn. I was at a loss, therefore, to account for the Squire's indignation at a measure apparently fraught with convenience and advantage, until I found that the conveniences of travelling were among his greatest pleasures.

In fact, he ranks against stage-coaches, post-chaises, and turnpike-roads, as serious causes of the corruption of English rural manners. They have given facilities, he says, to every humdrum citizen in England, to trundle his family about the kingdom, and have sent the follies and fashions of town, whirling, in coach-loads, to the remotest parts of the island. The whole country, he says, is traversed by these flying cargoes; every by-road is explored by enterprising tourists from Cheapside and the Poultry, and every gentleman's park and lawns invaded by cockney sketchers of both sexes, with portable chairs and portfolios for drawing.

I lament over this, as destroying the charm of privacy, and interrupting the quiet of country life; but more especially as affecting the simplicity of the peasantry, and their habits with half-city notions. A great coach-inn, he says, is enough to ruin the manners of a whole village. It creates a boorde of sots and idlers, makes gapers and gazers and newsmongers of the common people, and knowing jockeys of the country bumpkins.

The Squire has something of the old feudal feeling. He looks back with regret to the "good old times" when journeys were only made on horseback, and the extraordinary difficulties of travelling, owing to bad roads, bad accommodations, and highway robbers, seemed to separate each village and hamlet from the rest of the world. The lord of the manor was then a kind of monarch in the little realm around him. He held his court in his paternal hall, and was looked up to with almost as much loyalty and deference as the king himself. Every neighbourhood was a little world within itself, having its local manners and customs, its local history and local opinions. The inhabitants were fonder of their homes, and thought less of wandering. It was locked upon as an expedition to travel out of sight of the parish steeple; and a man that had been to London was a village oracle for the rest of his life.

What a difference between the mode of travelling in those days and at present! At that time, when a gentleman went on a distant visit, he called forth like a knight-errant on an enterprise, and every fam-
The Squire is fond, too, of stopping at those inns which may be met with here and there in ancient houses of wood and plaster, or calaminche houses, as they are called by antiquaries, with deep porches, diamond-paned bow-windows, panelled rooms, and fire-places. It would please him to more spacious and modern inns, and would cheerfully put up with bad cheer and bad accommodations in the gratification of his humour. They give him, he says, the feelings of old times, inasmuch that he almost expects in the public bar to find some part of his old fellows, and a name of old-time travellers ride up to the door with plumes and mantles, trunk-hose, wide boots, and long rapiers.

The Squire's remarks brought on a visit that he once paid to the Tabard Inn, famous for being the place of assembly from whence Chaucer's pilgrims set forth for Canterbury. It is in the borough of Southwark, not far from London Bridge, and bears, at present, the name of the "Tabard." It has sadly declined in dignity since the days of Chaucer, being a public-house and a place of meeting for the great wagon that travels into Kent. The courtyard, which was the ancient meeting-place of the pilgrims previous to their departure, was now lived in by large wagons. Crates, boxes, hamper, and baskets, containing the good things of town and country, were piled about them; while, among the straw and litter, the mothers hens scratched and clucked, with their hungry broods at their heels. Instead of Chaucer's motley and splendid throng, I only saw a group of waggoners and stable-boys enjoying their comparative freedom, as we see them represented in old tapestry. The gentry, as they travelled about in those days, were like moving pictures. They delighted the eyes and awakened the admiration of the common people, and passed before them like superior beings; and, indeed, they were so; there was a livery and air of command and dignity that connected with this equestrian style that made them generous and noble.

In his fondness for the old style of travelling, the Squire makes most of his journeys on horseback, though he laments the modern decadence of incident on the road, from the want of fellow-travellers, and the rapidity with which every one else is whirled along in coaches and post-chaises. In the "good old times," on the contrary, a cavalier jogged on through the world, and hand in hand, as he has been, to the door proclaims good wine, or a pretty hostess made bad wine palatable; meeting at supper with travellers, or listening to the song or merry story of the host, who was generally a boon companion, and presided at his own board; for, according to old Tusser's "Inholder's Posie."

"At meal's my friend who visiteth here,
And sitteth with his host,
Shall both be sure of better cheer,
And scape with lesser cost."

The Squire was gratified at perceiving that the present occupants were not unconscious of the golden renown of their mansion. An inscription over the gateway proclaimed it to be the inn where Chaucer's pilgrims slept on the night previous to their departure; and at the bottom of the yard was a magnificent sign representing the hostelry, and vigorously carved forth. I was pleased too, at noticing that the present inn was comparatively modern, yet the form of the old inn was preserved. There were galleries round the yard, as in old times, on which opened the chambers of the guests. To these ancient inns have antecedents connected with the excursions of our theatres. Plays were originally acted in inns-yards. The guests loll over the galleries, which answered to our modern-dress circle; the critical mob clustered in the yard, instead of the pit; and the groups gazing from the garret-windows were no bad representatives of the gods of the shifting stage. When, therefore, the drama grew important enough to have a house of its own, the architects took a hint for its construction from the yard of the ancient "Inn."
in every town, and by every "hosteler and gay tapster." In short, before I was roused from my reverie by the less poetical but more substantial appa- rition of a smoking beef-steak, I had seen the whole cavalcade issue forth from the hostel-gate, with the brawny, double-jointed, red-haired Miller, playing the bagpipes before them, and the ancient host of the Tabard giving them his farewell God-send to Canterbury.

When I told the Squire of the existence of this legitimate descendant of the ancient Tabard Inn, his eyes absolutely glinted with delight. He determined to hunt it up the very first time he visited London, and to eat a dinner there, and drink a cup of mine host's best wine in memory of old Chaucer.

The general, who happened to be present, immediately begged to be of the party; for he liked to encourage these long-established houses, as they are apt to have choice old wines.

**POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.**

Wherever he read any legend of a striking nature he endeavoured to transplant it, and give it a local habitation among the scenes of his boyhood. Many of these stories took root, and he says he is taken aback with the odd shapes in which they will come back to him in some old woman's narrative, after they have been circulating for years among the peasantry, and undergoing rustic additions and amendments. Among these, doubtless, be numbered that of the crusader's ghost, which I have mentioned in the account of my Christmas visit; and another about the hard-riding Squire of yore; the family Nimrod; who is sometimes heard in stormy winter nights, galloping, with hound and horn, over a wild moor a few miles distant from the Hall. This I apprehend to have had its origin in the famous story of the wild huntsman, the favourite goblin in German tales; though, by-the-bye, as I was talking on the subject with Master Simon the other evening in the dark avenue, he hinted that he had himself once or twice heard old sounds at night, very like a pack of hounds in cry; and that once, as he was returning rather late from a hunting dinner, he had seen a strange figure galloping along this same moor; but as he was riding rather fast at the time, and in a hurry to get home, he did not stop to ascertain what it was.

Popular superstitions are fast fading away in England, owing to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the bustling intercourse kept up throughout the country; still they have their strange-holds and lingering places, and a retired neighbourhood like this is apt to be one of them. The parson tells me that he meets with many traditional beliefs and notions among the common people, which he has been able to draw from them in the course of familiar conversation, though they are rather shy of avowing them to strangers, and particularly to "the gentry," who are apt to laugh at them. He says there are several of his old parishioners who remember when the village had its har-ghost, or har-ghost—a spirit supposed to belong to a town or village, and to predict any impending misfortune by midnight shrimps and wailings. The last time it was heard was just before the death of Mr. Bracebridge's father, who was much beloved throughout the neighbourhood; though there are not wanting some obstinate unbelievers, who insisted that it was nothing but the howling of a watch-dog. I have been greatly delighted, however, at meeting with some traces of my old favourite, Robin Goodfellow, though under a form different from that of those by which I have heretofore heard him called. The parson assures me that many of the peasantry believe in household goblins, called Dubbies, which live about particular farms and houses, in the same way that Robin Goodfellow did of old. Sometimes they haunt the barns and outhouses, and now and then will assist the farmer wonderfully, by getting in all his hay or corn in a single night. In general, however, they prefer to live within doors, and are fond of keeping about the great hearth, and basking at night, after the family have gone to bed, by the glowing embers. When put in particular goodhumour by the warmth of their lodgings, and the tidiness of the house-maids, they will overcome their natural laziness, and do a vast deal of household work before morning; chewing the cream, brewing the beer, or spinning all the gin out of the wool. The course of this is precisely the conduct of Robin Goodfellow described so charmingly by Milton:
That day hawks could not and:
Then lay his down the lewv-fied,  
And, stretch'd out all the chummy's length,  
But as the first his hairy strength  
And crop-pull, out of doo he fling
And ere the first crick his main roads.

But beside these household Dubbies, there are others of no very gloom and unnatural nature, that keep about lonely barns at a distance in any dwelling-house, or about ruins and old bridges. These are full of mischievous and often malignant tricks, and are fond of playing pranks upon night-time travellers. There is a story, among the old people, of one that, in something, however, is just such a bridge that crosses a small stream; how that, late one night, as a traveller was passing on horseback, the Dubbie jumped up behind him, and grasped him to close round the body that he had no power to help himself, but expected to be squeezed to death; luckily his heels were loose, with which he pried the sides of his steed, and was carried, with the wonderful instinct of a traveller's horse, to the village inn. Had the inn been at any greater distance there is no doubt but he would have been stretched to death; as it was, the good people were a long time in bringing him to his senses, and it was remarked that the first sign he showed of returning consciousness was to call for a brandy.

These Dubbies bear much resemblance in their natures and habits to those sprites which Heywood, in his Heirarchie, calls pugs or hobgoblins:

Their dwellings:
In corners of old houses least frequented  
Or beneath stacks of wood, and these converted,  
Make fearful噪声 in hurrying and in darts.  
Black and brown Dubbies, some, in all they harrris.  
Of which some, these upwards keep,  
And hear at doors, to make men from their sleep,  
Seeming to force luckes, be they were not so strong.  
And keeping Christmas gambols all night long.  
Pots, glasses, tureens, dishes, pannets and kettles,  
They will make dance about the shelves and settle,  
As if about the kitchen's table and cast,  
Yet in the morning nothing found miessaging.  
Others such houses to their use have fitted,  
In which base murrine have been once committed.  
Have their fearful habitations taken  
To desolate houses, ruined and forsaken.

In the account of our unfortunate hawking expedition, I mentioned an instance of one of these sprites, supposed to haunt the ruined grange that stands in a lonely meadow, and has a remarkable echo. The parson informs me, also, that the belief is so strong that a household Dubbie kept about the old farm-house of the Tilbets. It has long been traditional, he says, that one of these good-natured goblins is attached to the Tilbets' family, and came with them when they moved into this part of the country; for it is one of the peculiarities of these household sprites, that they attach themselves to the fortunes of certain families, and follow them in all their removals.

There is a large old-fashioned fire-place in the farm-house, which affords fine quarters for a chimney-corner that likes to lie warm; especially as Ready-Money Jack keeps up roasting fires in the winter-time. The old people of the village collect many stories about this goblin, that were current in their young days. It was thought to have been brought home by the household, and to be the reason why the Tilbets were always beforehand in the world, and why their farm was always in better order, their hay got in sooner, and their corn better stacked, than that of their neighbours. The present Mrs. Tilbets, at the time of her courtship, has been at these stories told her by the country gossips; and when married, was a little fearful about living in a house such a hobbegoblin was said to haunt: Jack, however, has always treated this story with great contempt, assuring her that there was no spirit kept about a house that he could not at any time lay in the Red Sea with one flourish of his cudgel.

Still his wife has never got completely over her notions on the subject, but has a horseshoe nailed to the threshold, and keeps a branch of rambuncry, or mountain ash, with its red berries, suspended from one of the great beams in the parlour—a sure protection from all evil spirits.

These stories, however, as I observed, are fast fading away, and in another generation two will probably be completely forgotten. There is something, however, about these superstitions, that is extremely pleasing to the imagination; particularly those which relate to the good-humoured race of household demons, and indeed to the whole fairy mythology. The English have given an inexplicable charm to these superstitions, by the manner in which they have associated them with whatever is most homely and delightful in nature. I do not know a more fascinating race of beings than these little fabled people, that haunted the southern sides of hills and mountains, lurid in flowers and about fountain-heads, gilded through key-holes into ancient halls, watched over farm-houses and dairies, danced in the green by summer moonlight, and on the kitchen hearth in winter. They seem to accord with the nature of English household and English scenery. I always have them in mind, when I see a fine old English mansion, with its wide hall and spacious kitchen; or a vernacular farm-house, in which there is so much fireside comfort and good housewifery. There was something of national character in their love of order and cleanliness; in the vigilance with which they watched over the economy of the kitchen, and the functions of the servants; munificently rewarding, with silver sixpence in shoe, the tidy housemaid, but venting their direful wrath, in midnight bolts and pinches, upon the slipshod dairymaid.

I think I can trace the good effects of this ancient fairy sway over household concerns, in the care that prevails to the present day among English housemaids, to put their kitchens in order before they go to bed.

I have said, too, that these fairy superstitions seemed to me to accord with the nature of English scenery. They suit these small landscapes, which are divided by honeysuckled hedges into sheltered fields and meadows, where the grass is mingled with dairies, butters, and cunning wiggles. When I first found myself among English scenery, I was continually reminded of the sweet pastoral images which distinguish their fairy mythology; and when for the first time a circle in the grass was pointed out to me as one of the rings where they were formerly supposed to have held their moonlight revels, it seemed for a moment as if fairy-land were no longer a fable. Brown, in his Britannia's Pastoral, gives a picture of the kind of scenery to which I allude:

—A pleasant mead  
Where fairies oft did their measures tread;  
Which in the meadows makes such circles green.  
As if with garnets it was crowned.  
Within one of these rounds was to be seen  
A hillock rise, where oft the fairy queen  
At twilight sat.

And there is another picture of the same, in a poem ascribed to Ben Jonson.

By wells and rills in meadows green,  
We nightly dance our heyday glee,  
And to our fairy king and queen  
We chant our moonlight minstrelsy.

Indeed, it seems to me, that the older British poets, with that true feeling for nature which distinguishes them, have closely adhered to the simple
and familiar imagery which they found in these popular superstitions; and have thus given to their fairy mythology those continual allusions to the farmhouse and the dairy, the green meadow and the fountain-head, that fill our minds with the delightful associations of rural life. It is curious to observe how the most beautiful fictions have their origin among the rude and ignorant. There is an indescribable charm about the illusions with which chimerical ignorance once clothed every subject. These delightful visions of nature are often more captivating than any which are revealed by the rays of enlightened philosophy. The most accomplished and poetical minds, therefore, have been fain to search back into these accidental conceptions of which are termed barbarous ages, and to draw from them their finest imagery and machinery. If we look through our most admired poets, we shall find that their minds have been impregnated by these popular fancies, and that those who have succeeded best who have adhered closest to the simplicity of their rustic originals. Such is the case with the well-known Night's Dream, which so minutely describes the employments and amusements of fairies, and embodies all the notions concerning them which were current among the vulgar. It is thus that poetry in England has echoed back and reshaped the whole poetic melody; it is thus that it has spread its charms over every-day life, displacing nothing, taking things as it found them, but tinting them up with its own magical hues, until every green hill and fountain-head, ever fresh meadow, nay, every humble flower, is full of song and story.

I am dwelling too long, perhaps, upon a threadbare subject: yet it brings up with it a thousand delicious recollections of those happy days of childhood, with the imperfect knowledge I have since obtained had not yet dawned upon my mind, and when a fairy tale was true history to me. I have often been so transported by the pleasure of these recollections, as almost to wish that I had been born in the days when the fictions of poetry were believed. Even now I cannot look upon those fanciful creations of ignorance and credulity, without a lurking regret that they have all passed away. The experience of my early days tells me, that they were sources of exquisite delight; and I sometimes question whether the naturalist, who can dissect the flowers of the field, receives half the pleasure from contemplating them, that he did who considered them the abode of elves and fairies. I feel convinced that the true interests and solid happiness of man are promoted by the advancement of truth; yet I cannot but mourn over the pleasing images which it has tampered down in its progress. The fauns and sylphs, the household sprite, the moonlight revel, Oberon, Queen Mab, and the delicious realms of fairy-land, all vanish before the light of true philosophy; but who does not sometimes turn with delight from the case of Shakes of morning, and seek to recall the sweet visions of the night?

THE CULPRIT.

From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice.
The Widow.

The serenity of the Hall has been suddenly interrupted by a very important occurrence. In the course of this morning a posse of villagers was seen trooping up the avenue, with boys shouting in ad-
and man but one peevish recollection of having been handled rather roughly by the gipsy, in the course of a scuffle with a tough country negro.

Silence was now commanded by Master Simon; but it was difficult to be enforced, in such a motley assembly. There was a continual snarling and yelping of dogs, and, as fast as it was quelled in one corner, it broke out in another. The poor gipsy cows, who, like errant thieves, could not hold up their heads in an honest house, were worried and insulted by the gentlemen of the dog's establishment, without offering to make resistance; the very curs of my Lord Lillicracy's stable runged impudently over the lancet.

The examination was conducted with great mildness and indulgence by the Squire, partly from the kindness of his heart, and partly, I suspect, because his heart yearned towards the culprit, who had found great favour in his eyes, as I have above observed, from the skill he had at various times displayed in archery, morris-dancing, and other obsolete accomplishments. Proofs, however, were too strong. Ready-Money Jack told his story in a straightforward, independent way, nothing chamfered by the presence of a court.
ight Tom in prison with his own hands; and hopes, he says, to see one of the poaching crew made an example of.

I doubt, after all, whether the worthy Squire is not the greatest suffering in the whole affair. His honourable sense of duty obliges him to be rigid, but the overflowing kindness of his nature makes this a grievous trial to him.

He is not accustomed to have such demands upon his justice, in his truly patriarchal domain; and it would be his benevolent spirit, that while prosperity and happiness are flowing in thus bounteously upon him, he should have to inflict misery upon a fellow-being.

He has been troubled and cast down the whole evening; took leave of the family, on going to bed, with a sigh, instead of his usual hearty and affectionate tone; and will, in all probability, have a far more sleepless night than his prisoner. Indeed, this unlucky affair has cast a damp upon the whole household as appears to be an universal opinion that the unlucky culprit will come to the gallows.

Morning.—The clouds of last evening are all blown over. A load has been taken from the Squire's heart, for his face is once more in sunny smiles. The gamekeeper made his appearance at an early hour, completely shamefaced and crestfallen. Starlight Tom had made his escape in the night; how he had got out of the loft, no one could tell: the Devil, they think, must have assisted him. Old Christy was so mortified that he would not show his face, but had shut himself up in his stronghold at the dog-kennel, and would not be spoken with. What has particularly relieved the Squire, is, that there is very little likelihood of the culprit's being retaken, having gone off on one of the old gentleman's best hunters.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

The night has been unusually stormy; where we lay, the chimneys were blown down. Macbeth.

We have for a day or two past had a flaw of unruly weather, which has intruded itself into this fair and flowery month, and for a time has quite marred the beauty of the landscape. Last night, the storm attained its crisis; the rain beat in torrents against the casements, and the wind piped and blustered about the old Hall with quite a wintry vehemence. The morning, however, dawned clear and serene; the face of the heavens seemed as if newly washed, and the sun shone with a brightness that was undimmed by a single vapour. Nothing over-head gave trace of the recent storm; but on looking from my window, I beheld sad ravage among the shrubs and flowers; the garden-walks had formed the channels for little torrents; trees were lopped of their branches; and a small silver stream that wound through the park, and ran at the bottom of the lawn, had swelled into a turbid yellow sheet of water.

An establishment like this, where the mansion is vast, ancient, and somewhat afflicted with the infirmities of age, and where there are numerous and extensive dependencies, a storm is an event of a very grave nature, and brings in its train a multiplicity of cares and disasters.

While the Squire was taking his breakfast in the great hall, he was continually interrupted by some bearer of ill-tidings from some part or other of his domains; he appeared to me like the commander of a besieged city, after some grand assault, receiving at his headquarters reports of damages sustained in the various quarters of the place. At one time the housekeeper brought him intelligence of a chimney blown down, and a desperate leak sprung in the roof over the picture gallery, which threatened to obliterate a whole generation of his ancestors. Then the steward came in with a doleful story of the mischief done in the woods, while the gamekeeper bemoaned the loss of one of his finest hawks, while hoisted carcasses was seen floating along the swale current of the river.

When the Squire issued forth, he was accosted before the door, by the old, paralytic gardener, with a face full of trouble, reporting, as I supposed, the devastation of his flower-beds, and the destruction of his wall-fruit. I remarked, however, that his intelligence caused a peculiar expression of concern, not only with the Squire and Master Simon, but with the fair Julia and Lady Lillycraft, who happened to be present. From the old man's countenance, and the dear expression of his eyes, I felt so interested, that I could not help calling to the gardener, as he was retiring, and asking him: 'Is it possible that any unhappy fortune has occurred to my master?' Old Lilly replied, 'Yes—there is no family in the case, your honour; but here have been sad mischiefs done in the rockery!'

I had noticed, the day before, that the high and gusty winds which prevailed had occasioned great disquiet among these airy householders; their nests being all filled with young, who were in danger of being tilted out of their tree-rooted cradles. Indeed, the old birds themselves seemed to have hard work to maintain a foothold; some kept hovering and cawing in the air; or, if they ventured to alight, they had to hold fast, flap their wings, and spread their tails, and then must see-saw on the topmost twigs.

In the course of the night, however, an awful calamity had taken place in this most sage and pious community. There was a great tree, the tallest in the grove, which seemed to have been a court-end of the metropolis, and crowded with the residence of those whom Master Simon considers the nobility and gentry. A decayed limb of this tree had given way with the violence of this storm, and had come down with all its air-casts.

One should be well aware of the humours of the good Squire and his household, to understand the general concern expressed at this disaster. It was quite a public calamity in this rural empire, and all seemed to feel for the poor rooks as for fellow-citizens in distress. The ground had been strewed with the cawing young, which were now cherished in the aprons and bosoms of the maid-servants, and the little ladies of the family. I myself was pleased with this touch of nature; this feminine sympathy in the sufferings of the offspring, and the maternal anxiety of the parent birds.

It was interesting, too, to witness the general agitation and distress that seemed to prevail throughout the feathered community: the common cause that was made of it; and the incessant howling,
and fluttering, and lamenting, that took place in the whole rookery. There is a cord of sympathy, that runs through the whole feathered race, as to any misfortunes of the young; and the cries of a wounded bird in the breeding season will throw a whole grove in a flutter and an alarm. Indeed, why should I confine it to the feathered tribe? Nature seems to me to have implanted an exquisite sympathy on this subject, which extends through all her works. It is an invariable attribute of the female heart, to melt at the cry of early helplessness, and to take an instinctive interest in the distresses of the parent and its young. On the present occasion, the ladies of the family were full of pity and commiseration; and I shall never forget the look that Lady Lillycraft gave the general, on his observing that the young birds would make an excellent curry, or an especial good rook-pie.

LOVERS' TROUBLES.

The fair Julia having nearly recovered from the effects of her hawking disaster, it begins to be thought high time to appoint a day for the wedding. As every domestic event in a venerable and aristocratic family connexion like this is a matter of moment, the fixing upon this important day has of course given rise to much conference and debate. Some slight difficulties and demurs have lately sprung up, originating in the peculiar humours that are prevalent at the Hall. Thus, I have overheard a very solemn consultation between Lady Lillycraft, the parson, and Master Simon, as to whether the marriage ought not to be postponed until the coming month.

With all the charms of the flowery month of May, there is, I find, an ancient prejudice against it as a marrying month. An old proverb says, "To wed in May is to wed poverty." Now, as Lady Lillycraft is very much given to believe in lucky and unlucky times and superstitions, presaging misfortunes on all points relating to the tender passion, this old proverb seems to have taken great hold upon her mind. She recollects two or three instances, in her own knowledge, of matches that took place in this month, and proved very unfortunate. Indeed, an own cousin of hers, who married on a Monday, lost her husband by a fall from his horse, after they had lived happily together for twenty years.

The parson appeared to give great weight to her ladyship's objections, and acknowledged the existence of a prejudice in the kind, not merely confined to modern times, but prevalent likewise among the ancients. In confirmation of this, he quoted a passage from Ovid, which had a great effect on Lady Lillycraft, being given in a language which she did not understand. Even Master Simon was staggered by it; for he listened with a puzzled air; and then, shaking his head, sagaciously observed, that Ovid was certainly a very wise man.

From this sage conference I likewise gathered several other important pieces of information, relating to weddings; such as were celebrated in the same church, on the same day, the first would be happy, the second unfortunate. If, on going to church, the bridal party should meet the funeral of a female, it was an omen that the bride would die first; if of a male, the bridegroom. If the newly-married couple were to dance together or their wedding-day, the wife would thenceforth rule the roost; with many other curious and unquestionable facts of the same nature, all which made me ponder more than ever upon the perilous round this happy state, and the thoughtless ignorance of mortals as to the awful risks they run in venturing upon it. I abstain, however, from enlarging upon this topic, having no inclination to promote the increase of bachelors.

Notwithstanding the due weight which the Squire gives to traditional saws and ancient opinions, yet I am happy to find that he makes a firm stand for the credit of this loving month, and brings to his aid a whole legion of poetical authorities; all of which, I presume, have been conclusive with the young couple, as I understand they are perfectly willing to marry in May, and abide the consequences. In a few days, therefore, the wedding is to take place, and the Hall is in a buzz of anticipation. The housekeeper is bustling about from morning till night, looking full of business and importance, having a thousand arrangements to make, the Squire intending to open his house on the occasion; and to the household, you cannot look one of them in the face, but the rogue begins on colour up and sit down to virtue. While, however, this leading love affair is going on with a tranquillity quite inconsistent with the rules of romance, I cannot say that the under-plots are equally propitious. The "opening bud of love" between the general and Lady Lillycraft seems to have experienced some blight in the course of this genial season. I do not think the general has ever been able to retrieve the ground he lost, when he fell asleep during the captain's story. Indeed Master Simon thinks his case is completely desperate, her ladyship having determined that he is quite destitute of creature.

The season has been equally unpropitious to the lovelorn Phoebe Wilkins. I fear the reader will be impatient at having this humble amour so alluded to; but I confess I am apt to take a great interest in the love troubles of simple girls of this class. Few people have an idea of the world of care and perplexity that these poor damsels have, in managing the affairs of the heart.

We talk and write about the tender passion; we give it all the colouring of sentiment and romance, and lay the scene of its influence in high life; but, after all, I doubt whether its sway is not more absolutely among females of a humbler sphere. How often could we but look into the heart, and find the sentiment throbbing in all its violence in the bosom of the poor lady's maid, rather than in that of the brilliant beauty she is decked out for conquest; whose brain is probably bewildered with beaux, flats, and ball-room laces.

With these humble beings, love is an honest, engrossing concern. They have no ideas of settlements, establishments, equipages, and pin-money. The heart—the heart, is all-in-all with them, poor things! There is seldom one of them but has her love cares, and love secrets; her doubts, and hopes, and fears, equal to those of any highway of romance. And then, too, there is her secret hoard of love documents—the broken excursion, the gilded brooch, the lock of hair, the unintelligible love scrap, all treasured up in her box of Sunday finery, for private contemplation.

How many crosses and trials she has been exposed to from some lynx-eyed dame, or old stalwart of a mistress, who keeps a dragon watch over her virtue, and scours the lover from the door! But then, how
sweet are the little love scenes, snatched at distant intervals of holiday, and fondly dwelt on through many a long day of household labour and confinement! If in the country, it is the dance at the fair or wake, the interview in the churchyard after service, or the evening stroll in the green lane. If in town, it is perhaps merely a stolen moment of deli-
cious talk between the bars of the area, fearful every instant of being seen; and then, how lightly will the simple creature carol all day afterwards at her light heart.

Poor baggage! after all her crosses and difficulties, when she marries, what is it but to exchange a life of comparative ease and comfort, for one of toil and uncertainty? Perhaps, too, the lover for whom in the fondness of her nature she has committed herself to fortune's freaks, turns out a worthless churl, the dissolute, hard-hearted husband of low life, who, taking to the ale-house, leaves her to a cheerless home, to labour, penury, and child-hearing.

When I see poor Phoebe going about with drooping eye, and her head hanging "all o' one side," I cannot help calling to mind the pathetic little picture drawn by Desdemona:—

My mother had a maid, called Barbara;
She was in love; and she heaved proved mad,
And did forsake her; she had a song of willow,
An old thing "twas; but it express'd her fortune.
And she did singing it.

I hope, however, that a better lot is in reserve for Phoebe Wilkins, and that she may yet "rule the roost," in the ancient empire of the Tibbets! She is not fit to battle with hard hearts or hard times. She was, I am told, the pet of her poor mother, who was proud of the beauty of her child, and brought her up more tenderly than a village girl ought to be; and ever since she has been left an orphan, the good ladies at the Hall have compelled the softening and iling of her.

I have recently observed her holding long conferences in the church-yard, and up and down one of the lanes near the village, with Slingsby, the schoolmaster. I first thought the pedagogue might be touched with the tender malady so prevalent in these parts of late; but I did not have the right to speak with Phoebe upon the subject. He gives her, however, but little encouragement. Slingsby has a formidable opinion of the aristocratic feeling of old Ready-Money, and thinks, if Phoebe were even to make the matter up with the son, she would find the father totally hostile to the match. The poor damsels, therefore, is reduced almost to despair; and Slingsby, who is too good-natured not to sympathize in her distress, has advised her to give up all thoughts of young Jack, and has proposed as a substitute his learned coadjutor, the parsonal son. He has even, in the fullness of his heart, offered to give up the school-house to them; though it would leave him once more adrift in the 

THE HISTORIAN.

Hermione, As marry as you will.
Hermione, I have one of spirits and gobline.

As this is a story-telling age, I have been tempted occasionally to give the reader one of the many tales that are served up with supper at the Hall. I might indeed, have furnished a series almost equal in number to the Arabian Nights; but some were rather hackneyed and tedious; others I did not feel warranted in betraying into print; and many more were of the old general's relating, and turned principally upon tiger-hunting, elephant-riding, and Seringap-
tan; enlivened by the wonderful deeds of Tippoo Saib, and the excellent jokes of Major Pendergast.

I had all along maintained a quiet post at a corner of the table, where I had been able to indulge my humour undisturbed: listening attentively when the story was very good, and dozing a little when it was rather dull, which I considered the perfect of auditorship.

I was raised the other evening from a slight trance into which I had fallen during one of the general's histories, by a sudden call from the Squire to furnish some entertainment of the kind in my turn. Having been so profound a listener to others, I could not in conscience refuse; but neither my memory nor inven-
tion being ready to answer so unexpected a demand, I beg to read a manuscript tale from the pen of my fellow-countryman, the late Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the historian of New York. As this ancient chronicle may not be better known to my readers than he was to the company at the Hall, a word or two concerning him may not be amiss, before proceeding to his manuscript.

Diedrich Knickerbocker was a native of New-york, a descendant from one of the ancient Dutch families which originally settled that province, and remained there after it was taken possession of by the English in 1664. The descendants of these Dutch families still remain in villages and neighbourhoods in various parts of the country, retaining with singular obstinacy, the dresses, manners, and even language of their ancestors, and forming a very distinct and curious feature in the motley population of the State. In a hamlet whose spire may be seen from New-
york, rising above the brow of a hill on the opposite side of the Hudson, many of the old folks, even at the present day, speak English with an accent, and the Dutchman in Dutch; and so comparatively is the hereditary love of quiet and silence maintained, that in one of these drowsy villages, in the middle of a warm summer's day, the buzzing of a stout blue-bottle fly will resound from one end of the place to the other.

With the laudable hereditary feeling thus kept up among these worthy people, did Mr. Knickerbocker undertake to write a history of his native city, comprising the reign of its three Dutch governors during the time that it was yet under the domination of the Hogenmogens of Holland. In the execution of this design, the little Dutchman has displayed great historical research, and a wonderful consciousness of the dignity of his subject. His work, how-

...
were several tales of a lighter nature, apparently thrown together from materials which he had gathered during his travels, and for his history, and which he seems to have cast by with neglect, as unworthy of publication. Some of these have fallen into my hands, by an accident which it is needless at present to mention; and one of these very stories, with its prelude, in the words of Mr. Knickerbocker, I undertook to read, by way of acquitting myself of the debt which I owed to the other story-tellers at the Hall. I subjoin it, for such of my readers as are fond of stories.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Formerly, almost every place had a house of this kind. If a house was large, or some excellent place, or built in some old romantic manner, or if any ancient accident had happened in it, such as a ghost, an apparition, or a mysterious occurrence, there would be a story told about it. This was a sort of local history, and was the name by which these stories were known. In the neighborhood of the ancient city of the Manhattan, there stood, not very many years since, an old mansion, and must have been a house of some consequence at the time when it was built. It consisted of a center and two wings, the gable-ends of which were shaped like staircases. It was built partly of wood, and partly of small Dutch bricks, such as the wealthy colonists brought with them from Holland, before they discovered that bricks could be manufactured elsewhere. The house stood remote from the road, in the center of a large field, with an avenue of old locust trees leading up to it, several of which had been shivered by lightning, and two or three blown down. A few apple-trees grew straggling about the field; there were traces also of what had been a kitchen-garden, but the fences were broken down, the vegetables had long since disappeared, and grown wild, and turned little better than weeds, with here and there a ragged rose-bush, or a tall sunflower shooting up among brambles, and hanging its head sorrowfully, as if contemplating the surrounding desolation. Part of the roof of the old house had fallen in, the windows were shattered, the panels of the doors broken, and mendled with rough boards; and there were two rusty weathercocks at the ends of the house, which made a great jingling and whistling as they whirled about, but always pointed wrong. The appearance of the whole place was forlorn and desolate, at the best of times; but, in unruly weather, the howling of the wind about the crazy old mansion, the screeching of the weathercock, the slamming and hanging of a few loose window-shutters, had a wild and uncanny effect, that the neighborhood stood perfectly in awe of the place, and denounced it the haunts of hobs and goblins. I recollect the building well; for I remember how many times, when an idle, unlucky urchin, I prowled round its precincts, with some of my schoolmates, listening for a sound, or looking out for some one, and finding ourselves on a freebooting cruise among the or Charis. There was a tree standing near the house, that bore the most beautiful and tempting fruit, but then it was on enchanted ground, for the place was so charmed by frightful stories that we dared not approach it. Sometimes we would venture in a boat and get near the Hesperian tree, keeping an eye upon the old mansion, and darting fearful glances into its shattered window; when, just as we were about to seize upon our prize, an exclamation from some one of the gang, or an accidental noise, would throw us all into a panic, and we would scamper headlong from the place, not stop until we had got quite into the road. Then there were sure to be a host of fearful anecdotes told of strange comings and goings, or of some hideous face that made up the story of the window. By degrees we ceased to venture into these lonely woods, but would stand at a distance and throw stones at the building; and there was something fearfully pleasant in the sound, as they rattled along the roof, or when they made some fragmental glass of out the windows. The origin of this house was told in the obscurity that covered the early period of the province, when under the government of their high mightinesses the states-general. Some reported it to have been built by a naval commander who served under Van Tromp, and who, on being disappointed of preferment, retired from the service in disgust, became a philosopher through sheer spite, and brought over all his wealth to the province, that he might live according to his humour, and despise the world. The reason of its having fallen to decay, was likewise a matter of dispute; some said that it was in chancery, and had been sold for more than its worth, and other expenses, but the most current, and of course the most probable account, was that it was haunted, and that nobody could live quietly in it. There can, in fact, be very little doubt that this last was the case, there were so many corroborating instances of the little old woman in the neighbourhood who could furnish at least a score. There was a grey-headed mullet of a negro that lived hard by, who had a whole budget of them all, of which many had happened to himself. I recollect many a time stopping with my schoolmates, and getting him to relate his story. The old crone lived in a hovel, in the midst of a small patch of potatoes and Indian corn, which his master had given him on setting him free. He would come to us, with his hoe in his hand, and as we sat perched, like a row of swallows, on the rafters of the roof, in the twilight of a summer evening, he would tell us such fearful stories, accompanied by such awe-struck feelings of his white eyes, that we were almost afraid of our own footsteps, and we stole home afterwards in the dark.

Poor old Pompey! many years are past since he died, and went to keep company with the ghosts he was so fond of talking about. He was buried in a corner of his own little potato-patch; the plow soon passed over his grave, and leved it with the rest of the field, and nobody thought any more of the gray-haired negro. By a singular chance, I was strolling in that neighborhood several years after
wards, when I had grown up to be a young man, and I found a knot of gossips speculating on a skull which had just been turned up by a plowshare. They of course determined to be the trustees of some one that had been murdered, and they had raked up with it some of the traditioanal tales of the haunted house. I knew it at once to be the relic of poor Pompey, but I held my tongue: for I am too considerate of other people's enjoyment, ever to tell a story of a ghost or a murderer. I took care, however, to see the bones of my old friend once more buried in a place where they were not likely to be disturbed. As I sat on the turf and watched the interment, I fell into a long conversation with an old gentleman of the neighborhood, John Josse Vander- moere, a pleasant gossipping man, whose whole life was spent in hearing and telling the news of the provine. He recollected old Pompey, and his stories about the Haunted House; but he assured me he could give me one still more strange than any that Pompey had related: and on my expressing a great curiosity to hear it, he sat down beside me on the turf, and told the following tale. I have endeavored to give it as nearly as possible in his words; but it is a very interesting, and as they are grown old, and my memory is not over-good. I cannot therefore vouch for the language, but I am always scrupulous as to facts.

D. K.

DOLPH HEYLIGER.

I take the town of Concord, where I dwell, all Kibbor be my witnesses, if I were not
Regis in bad faithfulness, brought up in shame-facedness—
Let in bring a dog hat to my face that can
Say I have beat 'em, and with no waut;
Or but a cat will wear upon a book,
I have as much as rest a wise her talk,
And I'll give him or her a crown for meade.'

Tale of a Twab.

In the early time of the province of New-York, while it groaned under the tyranny of the English governor, Lord Cornbury, who carried his cruelties towards the Dutch inhabitants so far as to allow no Dominie, or schoolmaster, to officiate in the language, without his special license; about this time, there lived in the jolly little old city of the Manhattanco, a kind motherly dame, known by the name of Dame Heyliger. She was the widow of a Dutch sea-captain, who died suddenly of a fever, in consequence of working too hard, and eating too heartily, at the time when all the inhabitants turned out in a panic, to fortify the place against the invasion of a small French privateer. She left her with very little money, and one infant son, the only survivor of several children. The good woman had need of much management, to make both ends meet, and keep up a decent appearance. However, as her husband had fallen a victim to his zeal for the public safety, it was universally agreed that "something ought to be done for the widow;" and on the hopes of this "something" she lived tolerably for some years: in the meantime, every body pitied and spoke well of her; and that helped along.

She lived in a small house, in a small street, called Garden-street, very probably from a garden which may have flourished there some time or other. As her necessities every year grew greater, and the talk of the public about doing "something for her" grew less, she had to cast about for some mode of doing something for herself, by way of helping out her slender means, and maintaining her independence, of which she was somewhat tenacious.

Living in a mercantile town, she had caught something of the spirit of the city, and was a little in the great lottery of commerce. On a sudden, therefore, to the great surprise of the street, there appeared at her window a grand array of gingerbread kings and queens, with their arms stuck on a kibbo, after the inevitable manner and custom; there were also several broken tumblers, some filled with sugar-plums, some with marbles; there were, moreover, cakes of various kinds, and barley sugar, and Holland dolls, and wooden horses, with here and there strength-landscape picture-books, and now and then a skew of thread, or a dangling pound of candles. At the door of the house sat the old dame's cat, a decent demure-looking personage, that seemed to scan every body that passed, to criticise their dress, and now and then to stretch her neck, and look out with sudden curiosity, to see what was going on at the other end of the street; but if by chance any little vagabond dog came by, and offered to be uncivil—hoity-toity—how she would bristle up, and growl, and spit, and strike out her paws! She was as insinuating as ever was an ancient and ugly spinster, on the approach of some graceless profligate.

But though the good woman had to come down to those humble means of subsistence, yet she still kept up a feeling of family pride, having descended from the Vandergielleps, of Amsterdam, and she had the family arms painted and framed, and hung over her mantel-piece. She was, in truth, much respected by all the poorer people of the place; her house was quite a resort of the old widows of the neighborhood; they would drop in there of a winter's afternoon, as she sat knitting on one side of her fire-place, her cat purring on the other, and the teakettle singing before it; and they would gossip with her until late in the evening. There was always an arm-chair for Peter de Groodt, sometimes called Long Peter, and sometimes Peter Longlegs, the clerk and sexton of the little Lutheran church, who was her great crony, and indeed the oracle of her fire-side. Nay, the Dominee himself did not disdain, now and then, to step in, converse about the state of her mind, and take a glass of her spiced and cherry-brandy. Indeed, he never failed to call on new-year's day, and wish her a happy new year; and the good dame, who was a little vain on some points, always piqued herself on giving him as large a cake as any one in town.

I have said that she had one son. He was the child of her old age; but could hardly be called the comfort—for, of all unlucky urchins, Dolph Heyligier was the most mischievous. Not that the whistler was really vicious: he was only full of fun and frolic, and had that startling, game some spirit, which is ex tilled in a rich man's child, but executed in a poor man's. He was continually getting into scrapes: his mother was incessantly harassed with complaints of some waggish pranks which he had played off; bills were sent in for windows that he had broken; in a word, he had not reached his fourteenth year before he was pronounced, by all the neighbourhood, to be a "wicked dog, the wickedest dog in the street!" Nay, one old gentleman, in a clarat-coloured coat, with a thin red face, and ferret eyes, went so far as to urge dame Heyligier, that she and her son would, one day or other, come to the gallows!

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor old soul loved her boy. It seemed as though she loved him the better, the worse he behaved; and that he grew more in her favour, the more he got out of favour with the world. Mothers are foolish, fond-hearted
To do the varlet justice, too, he was strongly attached to his parent. He would not willingly have given her any pain on any account; and when he had been doing wrong, it was but right for him to catch his poor mother's eye, and say: 'Mother, I'll be good.' He would earnestly appeal to her, to fill his heart with bitterness and contrition. But he was a heedless youngster, and could not, for the life of him, resist any new temptation to fun and mischief. Though quick at his learning, whenever he could be brought to apply himself, yet he was always prone to be led away by idle company, and would play truant to hunt after birds' nests, to rob orches, or to swim in the Hudson.

In this way he grew up, a tall, lanky boy; and his mother began to be greatly perplexed, what to do with him; or how to put him in a way to do for himself; for he had acquired such an unlucky reputation, that no one seemed willing to employ him.

She were the consultations that she held with Peter de Groodt, the clerk and sexton, who was her prime counselor. Peter was as much perplexed as herself, for he had no great opinion of the boy, and thought he would never come to good. He at one time advised her to send him to sea—a piece of advice only given in the most desperate cases; but Dame Heyliger would not listen to such an idea; she could not think of letting Dolph go out of her sight. She was sitting one day knitting by her fireside, in great perplexity, when the sexton entered. He was much impressed with the air of unusual vivacity and briskness. He had just come from a funeral. It had been that of a boy of Dolph's years, who had been apprenticed to a famous German doctor, and had died of a consumption. 

It is true, there had been a whisper that the deceased had been brought to his end by being made the subject of the doctor's experiments, on which he was apt to try the effects of a new compound, or a quieting draught. This, however, it is likely, was a mere scandal; at any rate, Peter de Groodt did not think it worth mentioning; though, had he known he was in a position to be a curious matter for speculation, why a doctor's family is apt to be so lean and cadaverous, and a butcher's so jolly and rubicund.

Peter de Groodt, as I said before, entered the house of Dame Heyliger, with unusual alacrity. He was full of a bright idea that struck him in his head at the funeral, and over which he had chuckled as he shuffled the earth into the grave of the doctor's disciple. It had occurred to him, that, as the situation of the deceased was vacant at the doctor's, it would be the very place for Dolph. The boy had parts, and could pound a pestle and run an errand with any boy in the town—and what more was wanted in a student?

The suggestion of the sage Peter was a vision of glory to the mother. She already saw Dolph, in her mind's eye, with a cane at his side, a knapsack at his back, and an M.D. at the end of his name—one of the established dignitaries of the town.

The matter, once undertaken, was soon effected; the sexton had some influence with the doctor; they had talked the matter over in the workshop, with the separate professions; and the very next morning he called and conducted the urchin, clad in his Sunday clothes, to undergo the inspection of Dr. Karl Ludovic Knipperhausen.

They found the doctor seated in an elbow-chair, in one corner of his study, or laboratory, with a large volume, in German print, before him. He was a short, fat man, with a dark, square face, rendered more dark by a black velvet cap. He had a little hooked nose, not unlike the appendage that his brother, the doctor, had worn in his portrait. Dolph wore a pair of spectacles gleaming on each side of his dusky countenance, like a couple of bow-windows.

Dolph felt struck with awe, on entering into the presence of this learned man; and gazed at him with boyish wonder at the furniture of his chamber, with pieces of knowledge, which appeared to him almost as the den of a magician. In the centre stood a claw-footed table, with pestle and mortar, phials and gallipots, and a pair of small, burnished scales. At one end was a heavy clothes-press, turned into a receptacle for drugs and compounds; against which hung the doctor's hat and cloak, and gold-headed cane, and on the top grimm a human skull. Along the mantel piece were glass vessels, in which were snakes and lizards, and a human fustus preserved in spirits. A closet, the doors of which were taken off, contained three whole shelves of books, and some, too, of mighty folio dimensions—a collection, the like of which Dolph had never before beheld. As, however, the library did not take up the whole of the closet, the doctor's thrifty housekeeper had occupied a couple of pickles and preserves; and had hung about the room, among awful implements of the healing art, strings of red pepper and coriander cucumbers, carefully preserved for seed.

Peter de Groodt, and his protégé, were received with great gravity and stateliness by the doctor, who was a very wise, dignified man, and never smiled. He surveyed Dolph from head to foot, above and under, and through his spectacles; and the poor lad's heart quailed as these great glasses glazed on him like two full moons. The doctor heard all that Peter de Groodt had to say in favour of the youthful candidate; and then, waving his hand to the end of his tongue, he began deliberately to turn over page after page of the great black volume before him. At length, after many hums and haws, and scratches of the chin, and all that hesitation and deliberation with which a wise man proceeds to do what he intended to do from the very first, the doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple; to give him bed, board, and clothing; and to instruct him in the healing art; in return for which he was to have his services until his twenty-first year.

Behold, then, our hero, all at once transformed from an unlucky urchin, running wild about the streets, to a student of medicine, diligently pounding a pestle, under the auspices of the learned Doctor Karl Ludovic Knipperhausen. It was a happy transition for his fond old mother. She was delighted with the idea of her boy's being brought up worthy of his ancestors; and anticipated the day when he would be able to hold up his head with the lawyer that lived in the large house opposite; or, peradventure, with the Doctor himself.

Doctor Knipperhausen was a native of the Palatinate of Germany; from whence, in company with many of his countrymen, he had taken refuge in England, on account of religious persecution. He was one of nearly three thousand Palatines, who came over from England in 1710, under the protection of Governor Hunter. Where the doctor had studied how he had acquired his medical knowledge, and where he had received his diploma, it is hard to say, for in the way he presented to the worship of the chapel, in their separate professions; and the very next morning he called and conducted the urchin, clad in his Sunday clothes, to undergo the inspection of Dr. Karl Ludovic Knipperhausen.

They found the doctor seated in an elbow-chair.
known only to himself, in the preparing and administering of which, as it was said, he was constantly occupied. So high an opinion was entertained of his skill, particularly by the German and Dutch inhabitants, that they always resorted to him in desperate cases. He was one of those infallible doctors, that are essentially operating sudden and surprising cures, when the patient has been given up by all the regular physicians; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the case has been left too long before it was put into his hands. The doctor’s library was the talk and marvel of the neighbourhood. I might almost say of the entire place, that the people looked on reverently at a man that had read three whole shelves full of books, and some of them, too, as large as a family Bible. There were many disputes among the members of the little Lutheran church, as to which was the wisest man, the doctor or the Dominie. Some of his admirers even went so far as to say, that he knew more than the governor himself—in a word, it was thought that there was no end to his knowledge!

No sooner was Dolph received into the doctor’s family than he was in possession of the lodging of his predecessor. It was a garret-room of a steep-roofed Dutch house, where the rain patted on the shingles, and the lightning gleamed, and the wind piped through the crannies in stormy weather; and where, to the din of troops of hungry rats, like Don Quixote, sallied, galloped about in defiance of traps and rattraps.

He was soon up to his ears in medical studies, being employed, morning, noon, and night, in rolling pills, filtering tinctures, or pounding the pestle and mortar, in one corner of the laboratory; while the doctor would take his seat in another corner, when his hand in other words was occupied with the visitors, and, arrayed in his morning-gown and velvet cap, would pour over the contents of some folio volume. It is true, that the regular thumping of Dolph’s pestle, or, perhaps, the drowsy buzzing of the summer flies, would move then and then all the little man into a shudder; but then his spectacles were always wide awake, and studiously regarding the book.

There was another personage in the house, however, to whom Dolph was obliged to pay allegiance. Though a bachelor, and a man of such great dignity and importance, yet the doctor was, like many other wise men, subject to petticoat government. He was completely under the sway of his housekeeper; a spare, short, Frau Ilsy (or Frow Ilsy, as it was pronounced), who accompanied him in his various migrations from Germany to England, and from England to the province; managing his establishment and himself too: ruling him, it is true, with a gentle hand, but carrying a high hand with all the world beside. How she had acquired such ascendancy, I do not pretend to say. People, it is true, did talk—but have not been heard to repeat ever since the world began. Who can tell how women generally contrive to get the upper hand? A husband, it is true, may not: and then be master in his own house; but who ever knew a bachelor that was not managed by his housekeeper?

Indeed, Frau Ilsy’s power was not confined to the doctor’s household. She was one of those plying gossips that know every passenger’s business better than they do themselves; and whose all-seeing eyes, and all-telling tongues, are terrors throughout a neighbourhood.

Nothing of any moment transpired in the world of scandal of this little burgh, but it was known to Frau Ilsy. She had her crew of cronies, that were perpetually hurrying to her little parlour, with some precious bit of news, she would sometimes discuss a whole volume of secret history, as she held the street-door ajar, and gossiped with one of these garrulous cronies in the very teeth of a December blast.

Between the doctor and the housekeeper, it may easily be supposed that Dolph had a busy life of it. As Frau Ilsy kept the keys, and literally ruled the roost, it was starvation to offer her, though she found the study of her temper more perplexing than that of medicine. When not busy in the laboratory, she kept him running hither and thither on her errands: and on Sundays he was obliged to accompany her to and from church. Many a time has the poor valet stood shivering and blushing, in the church-yard, while Ilsy and her cronies were huddled togethern wagging their heads, and tearing some unlucky character to pieces.

With all his advantages, however, Dolph made very slow progress in his art. This was no fault of the doctor’s; for although he suffered with pains with the lad, keeping him close to the pestle and mortar, or on the edge about town with phials and pill-boxes; and if he ever flagged in his industry, which he was apt to do, the doctor would up and go a-roast, and with his mind, and was expected to learn his profession, unless he applied himself closer to the study. The fact is, he still retained the fondness for sport and mischief that had marked his childhood; the habit, indeed, had strengthened with his years, and gained force from being thwarted and constrained. He daily grew more and more untractable, and lost favour in the eyes both of the doctor and the housekeeper.

In the meantime the doctor went on, waxing wealthy and renowned. He was famous for his skill in managing cases not laid down in the books. He had cured several old women and young girls of witchcraft; a terrible complaint, nearly as prevalent in the province in those days as hydrophobia is at present. He had even restored one straying country girl to Perth, who had gone so far as to vomit crooked pins and needles; which is considered a desperate stage of the malady. It was whispered, also, that he was possessed of the art of preparing love-powders; and many applications had he in consequence from love-sick patients of both sexes, in a licentious, refined, and contemptuous sort of practice, in which, according to the cant phrase, “secret and honour might be depended on.” Dolph, therefore, was obliged to turn out of the study whenever such consultations occurred, though it is said he learnt more of the secrets of the art at the key-hole, than by all the rest of his studies put together.

As the doctor increased in wealth, he began to extend his possessions, and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country-seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or, as the Dutch settlers called it, a hoven, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family, that had returned some time since to Holland. A large mansion-house stood in the centre of it, very much out of repair, and which, in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the Haunted House. Either from these rumors, or from its actual dreariness, the doctor had found it impossible to get a tenant; and, that not fall ruin before he could reside in it himself, he had placed a country door, with his family, in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farin on shares.
The doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and although he looked at himself with the eyes of a prince, he held, as he claimed, the fatigue of business; and was fond of riding out "to look at his estate." His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a sort of ringleader among his tenants, and his heart would yearn with delight; and once, when Peter de Groodt was, with the young man's gallant appearance on a bright Sunday morning, observed, "Well, after all, Dolph does grow a comely fellow!" the tear of pride started into the mother's eyes: "Ah, neighbour! neighbour!", exclaimed she, "they say what they please; poor Dolph will yet hold up his head with the best of them."

Dolph Heyliger had now nearly attained his one-and-twentieth year, and the term of his medical studies was just expiring; yet it must be confessed that he knew little more of the profession than when he first entered the doctor's doors. This, however, could not be said, beyond a few parts, for he showed a great aptness in mastering other branches of knowledge, which he could only have studied during the intervals. He was, for instance, a true marksmen, and won all the geese and turkeys at Christmas holidays. He was a bold rider; he was famous for leaping and wrestling; and played tolerably on the fiddle, which, he used to say, while lying in the pasture, could swim like a fish; and was the best hand in the whole place at living and riding.

All these accomplishments, however, procured him no favour in the eyes of the doctor, who grew more and more crabbed and intolerant, the nearer the term of apprenticeship approached. Frau Heyliger, too, was for ever finding some occasion to raise a wind, to temper his ears; and seldom encountered him at home, without a clatter of the tongue, so that at length the fiddler's keys, as she approached, was Dolph like the ringing of the prompter's bell, that gives notice of a theatrical scene-creation. Nothing but the infinite goodness of the headstrong youngest, enabled him to bear all this domestic tyranny without open rebellion. It was evident that the doctor and his housekeeper were preparing to beat the poor youth out of the nest, the moment his term should have expired; and a shorthand mode which the doctor had of providing for useless disciples.

Indeed, the little man had been rendered more than usually irritable lately, in consequence of various cares and vexations. Dolph, who had brought him upon the scene, had been repeatedly annoyed by the rumours and tales which prevailed regarding the old mansion; and found it difficult to prevail even upon the countryman and his family to remain there rent-free. Every time he rode out to the farm, he was teased with a fresh complaint of strange noises and fearful sights, with which the tenants were disturbed at night; and the doctor would come home fretting and fuming, and vent his spleen, with the whole household. It was indeed a sore grievance, that affected him both in pride and purse. He was threatened with an absolute loss of the profits of his property; and then, what a blow to his territorial consequences, to be the landlord of a haunted house!

It was observed, however, that with all his vexation, the doctor never proposed to sleep in the house himself; nay, he could never be prevailed upon to remain in the premises after dark, but made the best of his way for town, as soon as the bats began to flutter in the twilight. The fact was, the doctor had a secret belief in ghosts, and having lived a part of his life in a country where they particular
bdened himself at a vestry meeting that was seen that very day, and the black cook for her kitchen and spent half the day at the street pump, that gossping place of servants, dealing forth the news to all that came for water. In a little time, the whole town was in a buzz with tales about the haunted house. Some say that Claus was devil, while others hinted that the house was haunted by the ghosts of some of the patients whom the doctor had physicied out of the world, and that was the reason why he did not venture to live in it himself.

All this put the little doctor in a terrible lune. He threatened vengeance on anybody who should affect the value of his property by exciting popular prejudices. He complained loudly of thus being in a manner dispossessed of his territories by mere bugbears; but he secretly determined to have the house exercised by the Dominie. Great was his relief, therefore, when, in the midst of his perplexities, Dolph stepped forward and undertook to garrison the haunted house. The youngster was listening to all the stories of Claus Hopper and Peter de Groot: he had heard of the marvellous and the marvellous had become quite excited by these tales of wonder. Besides, he had led such an uncomfortable life at the doctor's, subjected to the intolerable thraldom of early hours, that he was determined to take up house-living for himself, even though it should be a haunted one. His offer was eagerly accepted, and it was determined that he should mount guard that very night. His only stipulation was, that the enterprise should be kept secret from his master; for he knew that the poor soul would not sleep a wink, if she knew that he was waging war with the powers of darkness.

When night came on, he set out on this perilous expedition. The old black cook, his only friend in the household, had promised him a little mess for supper, and a strong pot, and she tied round his neck an amulet, given him by an African conjuror, as a charm against evil spirits. Dolph was escorted on his way by the doctor and Peter de Groot, who had agreed to accompany him to the house, to see him safe lodged. The night was overcast, and it was very dark when they arrived at the grounds which surrounded the mansion. The sexton led the way, with a lantern. As they walked along the avenue of acacias, the silhoutte bathed from bush to bush, and strange lights seemed to play on his features. His eyes seemed to glow, and his breath was quick, as if he was already fighting with invisible foes. The doctor and Peter de Groot, and the doctor grabbed still closer hold of Dolph's arm, observing that the ground was very slippery and uneven. At one time they were nearly put to a total rout by a bat, which came flitting about the lantern; and the notes of the insects from the trees, and the frogs from a neighbouring pond, formed a most drowsy and delightful concert.

The front door of the mansion opened with a grating sound, that made the doctor turn pale. They entered a tolerably large hall, such as is common in American country-houses, and serves for a sitting-room in warm weather. From hence they went up a wide staircase, that groaned and creaked as they trolly, every step making its particular note, like the key of a harpsichord. They entered the hall on the second floor from whence they entered the room where Dolph was to sleep. It was large, and scantily furnished; the shutters were closed; but as they were much broken, there was no want of a circulation of air. It was lighted by a saging chamber, known among Dutch housewives by the name of the "bed-room," which is the best furnished room in the house, but in which scarce any body is ever permitted to sleep. Its splendour however, was all an end. There were a few broken...
the supper was ended, and the whole of the Dr. had been violated in the room, the draperies were thrashed and let out to dry. But, except for the soldiers who paraded the entrance, it had been quiet. Dolph had been heard to the sound of the footsteps on the stairs. Nothing was heard, except the distant murmur of voices. The door was locked, and Dolph was in the room alone.

Dolph sat in a chair, his hands folded across his lap. He had been hearing nothing, but his eyes were fixed on the door. He was waiting for someone to come in. Suddenly, he jumped up and ran to the door. He had heard a noise, and he was sure it was his father.

The door opened, and Dolph's father entered the room. He was carrying a large suitcase in his hand. Dolph ran to meet him, and they hugged each other tightly.

"Father, what are you doing here?" Dolph asked.

"I have come to take you to the city," his father replied.

Dolph was delighted. He had always wanted to see the city, and now he finally had the chance.

The journey was long and tiresome, but Dolph loved every minute of it. He was fascinated by the sights and sounds of the city, and he was filled with wonder and excitement.

When they arrived at their destination, Dolph was amazed by the beauty of the architecture. The buildings were magnificent, and the streets were crowded with people.

Dolph's father took him to see the art galleries and museums. He showed him paintings by famous artists, and he introduced him to the works of great philosophers.

Dolph was thrilled by the knowledge he was gaining, and he was eager to learn more. He spent every moment he could exploring the city, and he was determined to make the most of his visit.

But just as he was enjoying himself, he received a letter from his mother. She had written to tell him that she was ill, and that she needed him to come home immediately.

Dolph was devastated. He knew he had to go back to his home, but he also knew that he had to see more of the city. He was torn between his love for his mother and his desire to explore.

In the end, he decided to stay in the city. He knew that his mother would understand, and he was determined to make the most of his time there.

Dolph spent the rest of his days in the city, exploring every nook and cranny. He met new friends, and he learned new things. He was filled with a sense of adventure and discovery, and he knew that he would never forget the city he had come to love.
or turning an eye, always keeping a dead steady glare upon Dolph. At length, his household cock, from a neighbouring farm clapped his wings, and gave a loud cheerful crow that roused over the fields. At the sound, the old man slowly rose and took down his hat from the peg; the door opened and closed; after him he was heard to go slowly down the staircase—tramp—tramp—tramp!—and when he had got to the bottom, all was again silent. Dolph lay and listened earnestly; counted every footfall; listened and listened if the steps should return—until, exhausted by watching and agitation, he fell into a deep sleep.

Daylight again brought fresh courage and assurance. He would find have considered all that had passed as a mere dream; yet there stood the chair in which the unknown had seated himself; there was the table on which he had leaned; there was the peg on which he had hung his hat; and there was the door, locked precisely as he himself had locked it, with the chair placed against it. He hastened down stairs and examined the doors and windows of the house, and in each no mark existed of which any being could have entered and left the house without leaving some trace behind. "Pooh!" said Dolph to himself; "it was all a dream;" but it was not to do; the more he endeavoured to shake the scene off from his mind, the more it haunted him.

Though he persisted in a strict silence as to all that he had seen or heard, yet his looks betrayed the uncomfortable night that he had passed. It was evident that there was something wonderful hidden under this mysterious reserve. The doctor took him into the study, locked the door, and sought to have a full and confidential communication; but he could get nothing out of him. Frau Lisy took him aside into the pantry, but to no purpose; and Peter de Groodt held him by the button for a full hour in the church-yard, the very place to get at the bottom of a ghost story, but came off not a whit wiser than the rest. It is always the case, however, that one truth concealed makes a dozen current lies. It is like a guinea locked up in a bank, that has a dozen paper representatives. Before the day was over, the neighbourhood was full of reports. Some said that Dolph Heyliger watched in the haunted house with pistols loaded with silver bullets; others, that he had taken a dozen spirits and brought them back. One to another, that Doctor Knipperlah and the sexton had been hunted down the Bowery lane, and quite into town, by a legion of ghosts of their customers. Some shook their heads, and thought it a shame that the doctor should put Dolph to pass the night alone in that dismal house, where he might be spirited away, no one knew where; while others observed, with a shrug, that if the devil did carry off the young-ster, it would be but taking his own.

These rumours at length reached the ears of the good Dame Heyliger, and, as may be supposed, threw her into a terrible alarm. For her son to have opposed himself to danger from living foes, would have been nothing so dreadful in her eyes as to dare alone the terrors of the haunted house. She hastened to the doctor's, and passed a great part of the day in attempting to dissuade Dolph from repeating his vigil; she told him a score of tales, which her gossiping friends had just related to her, of persons who had been carried off when watching alone in old ruinous houses. It was all to no effect. Dolph's pride, as a Dutchman, was beyond the bore's of one like herself; therefore the doctor, after breakfasting, he ended down to calm the apprehensions of his mother, and to assure her that there was no truth in all the rumours she had heard; she looked at him dubiously, and shook her head; but finding his determination was not to be shaken, she brought him a Dutch Bible, with brass clasps, to take with him, as a sword wherewith to fight the powers of darkness and, lest that might not be sufficient, the housekeeper gave him the Heidelberg catechism by way of danger.

The next night, therefore, Dolph took up his quarters for the third time in the old mansion. Whether dream or not, the same thing was repeated. Towards midnight, when every thing was still, the same sound echoed through the empty halls—tramp—tramp—tramp! The stairs were surrounded; the old man entered, walked round the room, hung up his hat and seated himself by the table. The same fear and trembling came over poor Dolph, though not in so violent a degree. He lay in the same way, motionless, and his eyes were closed and pressed against the table. He recollected to have heard it said, that spirits have no power to speak until they are spoken to. Summoning up resolution, therefore, and making two or three attempts before he could get his parched tongue in motion, he addressed the unknown with the solemn form of adoration that he recollected, and demanded to know what was the motive of his visit.

No sooner had he finished, than the old man rose, took down his hat, and he went out, looking back upon Dolph just as he crossed the threshold, as if expecting him to follow. The young-ster did not hesitate an instant. He took the candle in his hand, and the Bible under his arm, and obeyed the tacit invitation. The candle emitted a feeble, uncertain ray; but still he could see the figure before him, slowly descend the stairs. He followed, trembling. When it had reached the bottom of the stairs, it turned through the hall towards the back door of the mansion. Dolph held the light over the balustrades; but, in his eagerness to catch a sight of the unknown, he flared his feeble taper so suddenly, that it went out. There was sufficient light from the pale moonbeams, that fell through a narrow window, to give him an indistinct view of the figure, near the door. He followed, therefore, the old man into the room; when he had got there, the unknown had disappeared. The door remained fastened and bolted; there was no other mode of exit; yet the being, whatever he might be, was gone. He unfastened the door, and looked out into the fields. It was a hazy, moonlight night, so that the eye could distinguish objects at some distance. He thought he saw the unknown in a footpath that led from the door. He was not mistaken; but how had he got out of the house? He did not pause to think, but followed on. The old man proceeded at a measured pace without looking about him, his footsteps sounding on the hard ground. He passed through the orchard of apple-trees that stood near the house, always keeping the footpath. It led to a well, situated in a little hollow, which had supplied the farm with water. Just at this well, Dolph lost sight of him. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again; but nothing was to be seen of the unknown. He reached the well, but nobody was there. All the surrounding ground was open and clear; there was no bush nor hiding-place. He ended down, at a great depth, the reflection of the sky in the still water. After remaining here for some time, without seeing or hearing anything more of his mysterious
conductor, he returned to the house, full of awe and wonder. He bolted the door, grooped his way back to bed, and it was long before he could compose himself. The night was very still, the empty halls and the stillness, and the words of the old man seemed to gather up his hat and make his heart tremble. At last, however, he went to bed, and a sleep overtook him.

His dreams were strange and troubled. He thought he was following the old man along the side of a great river, until they came to a vessel that was on the point of sailing; and that his conductor led him on board and vanished. He remembered the old man's words, and that his dreams were only those of a man who had lived in the same place for a long time; and it was a great relief to him when he awoke in his own bed.

As soon as he was awake, he went to his room, and found the old man who had been with him sitting on the floor, with a book in his hand. He was reading aloud, and seemed to be very much pleased with what he was reading.

"What is this book that you are reading?" asked the old man.

"It is a book of dreams," replied the old man.

"And what is the meaning of these dreams?"

"They are the dreams of the old man who has lived in this place for a long time. They are the dreams of the past, and the dreams of the future.

"And what will happen to you?"

"I do not know," replied the old man, "but I think it is better to live in the present moment, and not to think too much about the future.

"And what is the meaning of your dreams?"

"They are the dreams of the past, and the dreams of the future. They are the dreams of the old man who has lived in this place for a long time."
their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms here and there surrounded by hard bushes; or at the long pines; or at the
breezy height in air, holding over the edge of some beet-
ning bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the
yellow sunshine.

In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a
pilgrim cloud. It seemed as if a pebble cleared, and the
clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and
another, each seemingly pushing onwards its prede-
cessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the
deep-blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of
rain were faintly heard rolling behind the mount-
tains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting
pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark
ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creaping up
it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and
sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows
flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and
all nature seemed conscious of the approaching
thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mount-
ia tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the
lower parts of their edges were by an inkling shock-down the rain be-
gan to patter down in broad and scattered drops;
the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at
length it seemed as if the hilly clouds were torn
open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of
rain swept over the rocks. The lightning leaped
from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against
the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest
trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions;
the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain;
they crackled and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making
a new echo, until old Bull hill seemed to bellow back
the storm.

A time the scudding rack and mist, and the
sleet and rain, almost hid the landscape from the
sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still
more fearfully by the streams of lightning which
glittered among the rain-drops. Never had Dolph
beheld such an absolute wariness of the elements: it
seemed as if the storm were taming and rending its
way through the mountain defile, and had brought
all the artillery of heaven into action.
The vessel was hurried on by the increasing wind,
until she came to where the river makes a sudden
bend, the only one in the whole course of its majes-
tic career. Just as they turned the point, a violent
flush of wind, and the sleet flew so freng with a mountain
bending the forest before it, and, in a moment, lashed
up the river into white wrath and foam. The
captain saw the danger, and cried out to lower the
sail. Before the order could be obeyed, the flaw
struck the sloop, and threw her on her beam-ends.
Every thing was now bright and confusion: the flapp-
ing of the sails, the whistling and rushing of the
wind, the howling of the captain and crew, the
shrieking of the passengers, all mingled with the
rolling and by howling of the thunder. In the midst
of the uproar, the sloop righted; at the same
time the mainsail shifted, the boom came sweeping the
quarter-deck, and Dolph, who was gazing unguard-
edly at the clouds, found himself, in a moment,
foundering in the river.

For once in his life, one of his idle accomplish-
ments was of use to him. The many triumphant hours
which he had devoted to sporting in the Hud-
son, had made him an expert swimmer; yet, with
all his strength and skill, he found great difficulty in
reaching the shore. His disappearance from the
leak had not been noticed by the crew, who were
all occupied by their own danger. The sloop
was driven along with inconceivable rapidity. She
had its head to the wind, and shot in a moment on
the eastern shore, round which the river turned, and
which completely shut her from Dolph's view.

It was on a point of the western shore that he
landed, and, scrambling up the rocks, he threw his
self, faint and exhausted, at the foot of the cliff.
In that, and sometimes he clung to rocks, he
heard the faint muttering of the thunder. Dolph,
and sought about to see if any path led from
the shore; but all was savage and trackless. The
rocks were piled upon each other; great trunks of
trees lay shatterted about, as they had been blown
down by the strong winds which draw through these
mountains, or had fallen through age. The rocks,
too, were overhung with wild vines and briars, which
completely matted themselves together, and opposed
a barrier to all ingress; every movement that he
made was accompanied by the rending of foliage,
and the screaming of the thunder.

He attempted to scale one of these almost
perpendicular heights; but, though strong and
agile, he found it Herculean undertaking. Often
he was supported merely by crumbling projections
of rock, his bare arms and shoulders were
blown down by the wind; his exultant limbs
about the mountain crests, and hung almost suspended
in the air. The wood-pigeon came cleaving his
whistling flight by him, and the eagle screamed
from the brow of the impeding cliff. As he was
climbing, he was on the point of throwing his
self into a shrub, to add his ascent, when something
ruled among the leaves, and he saw a snake quivering
along like lightning, almost from under his hand.
He
coiled itself up, in an attitude of defen-
sence, with flattened head, distended jaws, and
quick ly-vibrating tongue, that played like a little blad
about its mouth. Dolph's heart turned within him, and he had well-nigh let go his hold, and
bumbled the serpent on the de-

Dolph's eye, however, grappled
with the serpent, and saw the
lightning that had quivered and
taunted him. At this moment
the lightning struck the ground
full of this new horror; he saw an adder in every
curling vine, and heard the tail of a rattlesnake in
every dry leaf that rustled.

At length he succeeded in scrambling to the sum-
mits of a precipice; but it was covered by a dense
forest. Wherever he could gain a look-out between the
trees, he saw that the coast rose in height and
ciffs, one rising beyond another, until huge moun-
tains overtopped the whole. There were no signs of
cultivation, nor any snake curling amongst
the trees, to indicate a human habitation. Every thing
was wild and solitary. As he was standing on the
edge of a precipice that overlooked a deep ravine
fringed with trees, his feet detached a great frag-
ment of rock; it fell, crushing its way through the
trees, down into the chasm. A loud whoop, or
rather yell, issued from the bottom of the gien; the
moment after, there was the report of a gun; and
a ball came whistling over his head, cutting the
twigs and leaves, and boring itself deep in the bank of
a chestnut-tree.

Dolph did not wait for a second shot, but made
precipitate retreat; fearing every moment to hear
the enemy in pursuit. He succeeded, however
The sloop was idly. She had no notion in her turn, and the sky view.

But the shore that he had thrown himself. The hour of repose was approaching; the birds were seeking their nests, the bat began to flit about in the 'twilight, and the night-hawk, so that high in the sky, seemed to beckon to calling out the trees. Night gradually closed in, and wrapped everything in gloom; and though it was the latter part of summer, yet the breeze, stealing along the river, and among these dripping forests, was chilly and penetrating, especially to a half-drowned man.

As he sat drooping and despondent in this comfortless condition, he perceived a light gleaming through the trees near the shore, where the winding of the river made a deep bay. It cheered him with the hopes that here might be some human habitation, where he might get something to appease the clamorous cravings of his stomach, and, what was equally necessary in his shipwrecked condition, a comfortable shelter for the night. It was with extreme exultation, therefore, that he saw light, on ledges of rocks down which he was in danger of sliding into the river, and over great trunks of fallen trees; some of which had been blown down in the late storm, and lay thickly together, occasionally struggling through their branches. At length he came to the brow of a rock that overhung a small dell, from whence the light proceeded. It was from a fire at the foot of a great tree, that stood in the midst of a grassy interval, or plot, among the rest. The man had cast up a red glare among the grey crags and impending trees; leaving chains of deep gloom, that resembled entrances to caverns. A small brook rippled close by, betrayed by the quivering reflection of the flame. There were two figures moving about the fire, and others squatting near it. As they were between him and the light, they were in complete shadow; but one of them happening to move round to the opposite side, Dolph was startled at perceiving, by the full glare falling on painted features, and glittering on silver ornaments, that he was an Indian. He now looked more narrowly, and saw guns leaning against a tree, and a dead body lying on the ground.

Dolph began to doubt whether he was not in a worse condition than before; here was the very foe that had come from the glen. He endeavoured to retreat quietly, not caring to entreat himself to these half-human beings in so savage and lonely a place. It was too late: the Indian, with that eagle quickness of eye so remarkable in his race, perceived something stirring among the bushes on the rock: he seized one of the guns that leaned against the tree; one moment more, and Dolph might have had his passion for adventure cured by a bullet. He halloed loudly, with the Indian salutation of friendship: the whole party sprang upon their feet; the salutation was returned, and the straggler was invited to join them at the fire.

On approaching, he found, to his consolation, that the party was composed of white men as well as Indians. One, who was evidently the principal personage, commander, was seated on the trunk of a tree before the fire. He was a large, stout man, somewhat advanced in life, but hale and hearty. His face was bronzed almost to the colour of an Indian's; he had strong but rather jovial features, an aquiline nose, and a mouth shaped like a mastiff's. He bent his eyes on Dolph with a quick, knowing glance, and had with a buck's-tail in it. His gray hair hung short in his neck. He wore a hunting-frock, with Indian leggins, and moccasins, and a tomahawk in the broad wampum belt round his waist. As Dolph caught a distinct view of his person and features, he was struck with something in his eye, and saw that he was a very old man of the haunted house. The man before him, however, was different in his dress and age; he was more cheery, too, in his aspect, and it was hard to define where the vague resemblance lay—it was a real or imagined. He had a degree of awe in approaching him: but was assured by the frank, hearty welcome with which he received. He cast his eyes about, too, he was still further encouraged, by perceiving that the dead body, which had caused him some alarm, was that of a deer; and his satisfaction was complete, in discerning, by the savoury steams which issued from a kettle suspended by a hooked stick over the fire, that there was a part cooking for the evening's repast.

He now found that he had fallen in with a rambling hunting party; such as often took place in those days among the settlers along the river. The hunter is always hospitable; and nothing makes men more social and unceremonious, than meeting in the wilderness. The commander of the party poured him out a dram of cheering liquor, with a merry leer, to warm his heart; and ordered one of his followers to fetch some garments from a pinnacle, which was moored in a cove close by, while those in which our hero was dripping might be dried before the fire.

Dolph found, as he had suspected, that the shot from the glen, which had come so near giving him his quietus when on the precipice, was from the party before him. He had nearly crushed one of them by his great fragment of rock which had been hurled; and the jovial old hunter, in the broad hat and buck-skin tail, had fired at the place where he saw the bushes move, supposing it to be some wild animal. He laughed heartily at the blunder; it being what is considered an exceeding good joke among hunters; "but faith, my lad," said he, "if I had but caught a glimpse of you to take sight at, you would have followed the rock. Antony Vander Heyden is seldom known to miss his aim." These last words were at once a clue to Dolph's curiosity; and a few questions let him completely into the character of the man before him, and of his band of woodland rangers. The commander in the broad hat and hunting-frock was no less a personage than the Heer Antony Vander Heyden, of Allany, of whom Dolph had many a time heard. He was, in fact, the hero of a story; being a man of singular humour and whimsical habits, that were matters of wonder to his quiet Dutch neighbours. As he was a man of property, having had a father before him, from whom he inherited large tracts of wild land, and whole barrens full of wampum, he could indulge his humours without control. Instead of staying quietly at home, eating and drinking at regular meal times; amusing himself by smoking his pipe on the bench before the door, and then turning into a comfortable bed at night; he delighted in all kinds of rough, wild expeditions. He was never so happy as when on a hunting party in the wilderness, sleeping under trees or bark sheds, or cruising down the river, or on some woodland lake, fishing and fowling, and living the

Lord knows how.

He was a great friend to Indians, and to an Indian mode of life; which he considered true natural liberty and manly enjoyment. When at home, he had always several Indian hangers-on, who lodged about his house, sleeping like hounds in the sunshine, or preparing hunting and hunting-sauce for new expedition, or shooting at marks with bows and arrows.
Over these vagrant beings, Heer Antony had as perfect command as a huntsman over his pack; though they were great nuisances to the regular people of his neighbourhood. As he was a rich man, no one ventured to thwart his humour; indeed, he had a heart till he was roared, and his wife and daughter before his face—in short, there was no pride nor ill-humour about Heer Antony.

Besides his Indian hangers-on, he had three or four humble friends among the white men, who looked up to him as a patron, and had the run of his kitchen, and the favour of being taken with him occasionally on his expeditions. It was with a medley of such retainers that he was at present on a cruise along the coast of the Hudson, in a pinnace which he kept for his own recreation. There were two with him, joyous spirits, high in the Indian style, with mocassins and hunting-shirts; the rest of his crew consisted of four favourite Indians. They had been prowling about the river, without any definite object, until they found themselves in the Highlands, where they had passed two or three days hunting the deer which still lingered among those mountains.

"It is a lucky circumstance, young man," said Antony Vander Heyden, "that you happened to be knocked overboard to-day, as to-morrow morning we start early on our return homewards, and you might then have looked in vain for a meal among the mountains—but come, lads, stir about! stir about! Let's see what prog we have for supper; the kettle has boiled long enough; my stomach cries cop'hard, and I'll warrant our guest is in no mood to dally with his trencher."

There was a bustle now in the little encampment. One took off the kettle, and turned a part of the contents into a huge wooden bowl; another prepared a flat rock for a table; while a third brought various utensils from the pinnace, which was moored close by; and Heer Antony himself brought a flask or two of precious liquor from his own private locker—knowing his boon companions too well to trust any of them with the contents.

A rude but hearty repast was soon spread; consisting of venison smoking from the kettle, with cold bacon, boiled Indian corn, and mighty loaves of good brown household bread. Never had Dolph made a more delicious repast; and when he had washed it down with two or three draughts from the Heer Antony's flask, and felt the jolly liquor sending its warmth through his veins, and glowing round his heart, he would not have changed his situation, nor, not with the governor of the province.

The Heer Antony, too, grew chirping and jovial, told his stories and his jests, and the rest of the Indians, in the early hours of the evening, followed him unreservedly, though the Indians, as usual, maintained an invincible gravity.

"This is your true life, my boy!" said he, slapping Dolph on the shoulder; "a man is never a man till he can defy wind and weather, range woods and wilds, sleep under a tree, and live on bass-wood leaves!"

And then would he sing a stave or two of a Dutch drinking song, swaying a short squab Dutch bottle in his hand while his myrmidons would join in chorus, until the woods echoed again; as the good old song has it:

Pairs all with a shanty made the elements ring
As soon as the office was o'er;
The men sing them with true sentiment
And tipped strong liquor still more.

In the midst of his joviality, however, Heer Antony did not lose sight of discretion. Though he pushed the bottle without reserve to Dolph, yet he always took care to help his followers themselves, knowing the beings he had to deal with; and he was particular in granting any command about him, that might make him universally popular. He would trol Dolph a Dutch song, as he tramped along the street; hail every one a mile off; and when he entered a house, he would slap the good man familiarly on the back, shake him by the hand till he was roared, and kiss his wife and daughter before his face—in short, there was no pride nor ill-humour about Heer Antony.

In the great wilderness of the Netherland, the Englishman Van Twille, and the captain of the Indian boat, were the only passengers on the ship at that moment, the ship which had carried them up the river. The rain continued to spatter upon the deck, and the cold wind seemed as if it would blow away the ship's company, at any moment. Garret Van Twille, however, was resolved to make the most of the quarters, and to attend to the business of the ship, as he lay at anchor in the great wilderness of the Netherland, the ship which had carried them up the river.

The word "Manhatan," standing up for a month, was the capital in a great wilderness of the Netherland, the ship which had carried them up the river. The word was the capital in a great wilderness of the Netherland, the ship which had carried them up the river. The word was the capital in a great wilderness of the Netherland, the ship which had carried them up the river. The word was the capital in a great wilderness of the Netherland, the ship which had carried them up the river.
The heer stared at him for a moment with surprise, and wondered where he had passed his life, to be informed upon so important a point of history. To pass away the evening of the evening, therefore, he undertook the tale, as far as his memory would serve, in the very words in which it had been written out by Mynheer Selyne, an early poet of the New-Netherlands.

The storm ship...

In the golden age of the province of the New-Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubler, the people of the time were accustomed to the quiet of the old mansion, not to the noise of the new. The thunders of the old mansion were as a regular clock, but the noise of the new was as a storm. The rain descended in such torments, as absolutely to stifle and smother the air. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and roared over the very heads of the inhabitants, and the lightning was soon to the church of St. Nicholas, and to strike three times, in vain, to strike its weather-cock. Garret van Hore's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Dolfus Mildeheer was struck speechless from his hald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of the unparalleled storms, that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhesse. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars; after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-plate, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk into a groan; and the setting sun, breaking through the fringe of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort, that a ship was to be hailed, after it was passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. They brought them news from the old world, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed; to the yearly ships, to look for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessities.

The good vouth could not have her new cap, nor new gown, until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it at his tools; the burgomaster, for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New-Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship—the ship—the ship—was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the population down to the battens to behold the wished-for sign. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weatherbeaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times, and were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions, and caused further to be revived among their several adherents: but the man most looked to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pet, an old Dutch sea-captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvas, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing.

A hum, however, from Hans Van Pet had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the meantime, the ship became more distinct to the naked eye; she was a stout, round Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing the Dutch colors. The evening sun glided her glistening canvas, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given the alarm, approached, declared, that he first sighted her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pet, to see what he would say to this report: Hans van Pet screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and, passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pet, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to strike along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it. What strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans van Pet, who was likewise harbour-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success. Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because her oarsmen, who were rather purdy and short-legged, stopped every now and then, in their eagerness, and that they did not put their petticoats to their knees, but to their shoulders. Others said they spit on their hands; but this, it is probable, was a mere fancy. He got near enough, however, to see the crew; who, were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doubles and big hats and feathers; but a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sun, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river; lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, and smoking his long pipe, and listened to his councillors, having given his last words to the council of the time, the subject about which they knew nothing; but,
spite of all the conjecturing of the sagacious and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings—the ship made no port. Day after day, and week after week, elapsed; but she never returned despite all the doubts and forebodings of the wise and wise for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near the coast, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands.

The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but they may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flares of the thunderstorm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappan Zee, or the wide expanse of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she was in her majesty close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the Highlands, masts and rigging in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moonbeams; by the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again with her topsails in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of, unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson, by the name of "the storm-ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever; and it would be endless to repeat the conjectures and opinions that were uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off the coast of New-England, navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutchman which had so long haunted Table Bay, but, being unable to make port, had now sought another harbour. Others suggested, that, if it really was a supernatural apparition, as it was void of all natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of the Haliboon, who, it was well-known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a north-west passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor, but it passed current out of doors; for indeed it had already been reported, that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountains; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose, that his ship might infest the river, where the enterprise was baffled, or that he might shadow the crew to their perilous revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council, and the storm-ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, to be a matter of popular belief and marvellous anecdote through the whole time of the Dutch government, and particularly just before the capture of New-Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province by the English. Though the author of this history has seen the storm-ship repeatedly seen in the Tappan Zee, and about Weehawken, and even down as far as Hoboken; and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time, we have no authentic accounts of her; though it is said she still haunts the highlands and cruises about Point-no-point. People who live along the river, insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep still midnight, they have heard the chant of her crew, as if they were engaged in a mysterious purpose, close to the moonshine, in the midst of the mountains, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen in these highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch sloop, in trunk hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking trumpet in her mouth, and during they say keeps about the Dunderberg. I therefore have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, on the rattling off of another thunderclap. That some time has since elapsed, surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head-over-heels in the rake and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Antony's Nose; and, that at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was caused by the Dutchman, so well known by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder-gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though stout and well ballasted, yet she laboured dreadfully, until the water came over the gunwales. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast-head, which was known at once to be that of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast-head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard. She seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the highlands, until she had passed Pollopot's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat, all at once, spun up into the air like a top, whirl'd all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg. All the crew, says this, were cast on as quietly as if in a millpond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck, but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast—a wise precaution against evil spirits, which has since been adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul-weather spirit, by Skipper Daniel Ouslecker, of Fish-Hill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared, that, in a severe squall, he saw an sealant astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop as oar, full bat against Antony's Nose, and that he was exercised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sung the hymn of St. Nicholas, and whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air, like a ball, and went off with a whirlwind, carrying with him the nightcap of the Dominie's wife, which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weather-cock of Esopus church steeple, at least forty miles off! After several events of this kind, some regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg, without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the mountain; and it was observed that on the night of this refusal, the ship board bound to
served that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested."

"Such," said Antony Vander Heyden, "are a few of the stories written down by Bynoe the poet concerning this spot; and I have ventured to bring this colony of mischievous impfs into the province, from some old ghost-ridden country of the province of the Dunderberg; but I see you are nodding, so let us turn in for the night."

The moon had just raised her silver horns above the round back of old Bull-Hill, and lit up the gray rocks and shagged forest, and glittered on the waving bosom of the river. The night-dew was falling, and the pale moonlight that filled the heavens was not yet soft, and put on a gray aerial tint in the dewy light. The hunters stirred the fire, and threw on fresh fuel to qualify the damp of the night air. They then prepared a bed of branches and dry leaves under a ledge of rocks, for Dolph; while Antony Vander Heyden, wrapping himself up in a huge coat made of skins, slept with his head under a blanket. It was some time, however, before Dolph could close his eyes. He lay contemplating the strange scene before him: the wild woods and rocks around—the fire, throwing fitful gleams on the faces of the sleeping savages—and the Heer Antony, too, who so singularly, yet vaguely, resembled him of the nightly visitant to the haunted house. Now and then he heard the cry of some animal from the forest; the hooting of the owl; or the notes of the whip-poor-will, which seemed to abound among these solitude; or the splash of a torrent in the mountains, and falling back full length on its placid surface. He contrasted all this with his accustomed nest in the garret-room of the doctor's mansion; where the only sounds he heard at night were the church-clock tolling the hour, and the drawl of the watchman, drawing out all was well; the deep snoring of the doctor's clubbed nose from below stairs; or the cautious labors of some carpenter raking in the sawdust. His thoughts then wandered to his poor old mother; the loneliness of her old age; and the distant dearest one, and the fear and anxiety which these objects occasioned. What anxiety and distress would not she suffer? This was the thought that would continue to intrude itself, to mar his present enjoyment. It brought with it a feeling of pain and compunction; and he fell asleep with the tears yet standing in his eyes.

Were this a mere tale of fancy, there would be a fine opportunity for weaving in strange adventures among these wild mountains and racing hunters; and, after involving my hero in a variety of perils and difficulties, rescuing him from them all by some miraculous contrivance; but as this is absolutely a true story, I must content myself with simple facts and keep to probabilities.

At an early hour the next day, therefore, after a hearty morning's meal, the encampment broke up, and our adventurers enabled the gentleman in the presence of the Heer Antony Heyden. There being no wind for the sails, the Indians rowed her gently along, keeping time to a kind of chant of one of the white men. The day was serene and beautiful; the river without a wave; and as the vessel glided slowly over the heads. Dolph snatched up a gun, and sent a whistling ball after him, that cut some of the feathers from his wings; the report of the gun leaped sharply from rock to rock, and awakened a thousand echoes; but the monarch of the air sailed calmly on, ascending higher and higher, and wheeling widely as he ascended, soaring up the green bosom of the wooden mountain until he disappeared over the brow of a beeting precipice. Dolph felt in a manner subdued by this proud tranquillity, and almost reproached himself for having so wantonly insulted this majestic being. The Heer Antony told him, laughing, to remember that he was not yet out of the territories of the lord of the Dunderberg; and an old Indian shook his head, and observed that there was but luck in killing an eagle—the hunter, on the contrary, should always leave him a portion of his spoils.

Nothing, however, occurred to molest them on their voyage. They passed pleasantly through magnificent and lonely scenes, until they came to the end of Poulpe's Island bay, the extremity of which, at the eastern end of the highlands. Here they landed, until the heat of the day should abate, or a breeze spring up, that might supercede the labour of the oars. Some prepared the mid-day meal, while others repose under the shade of the trees in luxurious summer indolence, looking devoutly forth upon the beauty of the scene. On the one side were the highlands, vast and craggy, feathered to the top with forests, and throwing their shadows on the glauzy water that dimpled at their feet. On the other side was a wide expanse of the river, like a broad lake, with long sunnys reachings, and green headlands; and the distant line of Shawangunk mountains waving along a clear horizon, or checkered by a fleecy cloud.

But I forbear to dwell on the particulars of then cruise along the river; this vagrant, amphibious life, careering alone, or in the wide expanse of the world, was a life worth living for all its perils and difficulties. Resuming my story, we are told that after several events of singular skippers of adventure to pass the hearkens out of the fleet, and it was ob

from its echoes
...in the eye of Antony Vander Heyden, by his skill and hand in all the exercises which the Heer considered as the highest of many accomplishments.

Thus did they coast jollily on, choosing only the pleasant hours for voyaging: sometimes in the cool morning dawn, sometimes in the sultry evening twilight, and sometimes when the moonshine splashed the crisp curling waves that whispered along the sides of their little bark. Never had Dolph felt so completely in his element; never had he met with any thing so completely to his taste as this wild, hap-hazard life. He was the very man to second Antony Vander Heyden in his rambling humours, and gained continually on his affections. The heart of the old bushwhacker yearned toward the young man, who seemed thus growing up in his own likeness; and as they approached to the end of their voyage, he could not help inquiring a little into his history. Dolph frankly told him his course of life, his severe medical studies, his little proficiency, and his very dubious prospects. The Heer was shocked to find that such amazing talents and accomplishments were to be cramped and buried under a doctor's wig. He had a sovereign contempt for the healing art, having never had any other physician than the butcher. He bore a mortal grudge to all kinds of study also, ever since he had been flogged about an unconsidered book when he was a boy. But to think that a young fellow like Dolph, of such wonderful abilities, who could shoot, fish, run, jump, ride, swim, and sketch should be obliged to so pitifully administer juleps for a living—was monstrous! He told Dolph never to despair, but to "throw physic to the dogs;" for a young fellow of his prodigious talents could never fail to make his way. "As you seem to have no acquaintance in Albany," said Heer Antony, "you shall go home with me, and remain under my roof until you can look about you; and in the meantime we can take an occasional boat at shooting and fishing, for it is a pity such talents should be idle."

Dolph, who was at the mercy of change, was not hard to persuade. Indeed, on turning over matters in his mind, which he did very sagely and deliberately, he could not but think that Antony Vander Heyden was, "some how or other," connected with the Haunted House; that the misadventure in the highlands, which had thrown them strangely together, was, "some how or other," to work out something good; in short, there is nothing so convenient as this "some how or other" way of accommodating one's self to circumstances: it is the main-stay of a hardy actor, and, at the same time, Dolph, who can, in this house, easy way, link foregone ends to anticipated good, possesses a secret of happiness almost equal to the philosopher's stone.

On their arrival at Albany, the sight of Dolph's companion seemed to cause universal satisfaction. Many were the greetings at the river side, and the salutations in the streets: the dogs bounded before him; the bears leaped as he passed, every beast seemed to know Antony Vander Heyden. Dolph followed on in silence, admiring the neatness of this worthy burgh; for in those days Albany was all its glory, and inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, for it had not yet been discovered, and patronized by the restless people of New-England. Every thing was quiet and orderly; every thing was conducted calmly and industriously; no hurry, no bustle, no struggling and scrambling for existence. The grass grew about the unpaved streets and relieved the eye by its refreshing verdure. The tall syrnactae or pantaloon willows shaded the houses, with cedars, elms, maples, tulip, and all the rest of the native trees, flowering about like cosmos, in joy at their gay transformation. The houses were built in the old Dutch style, with the gables ends towards the street; the old half-timbered, thatched, Dutch house, was seated on a bench before her door, in close contact with the branches, or moths, fluttering about like cocoonas, in joy at their gay transformation.

The Heer was continually in search of splendid apparel, and his little pet negro girl, seated at the step at her mistress' feet, was industriously plying her needle. The swallows sported about the eaves, or skimmed along the streets, and brought back such rich booby for their clamorous young; and the little house, which was burned down, and out of a Lilliputian house, or an old hat nailed against the wall. Dolph and the cows were coming home, lowering through the streets, to be milked at their owner's door; and if, perchance, there were any loiterers, some negro urchin, with a long goad, was gently urging them home.

As Dolph's companion passed on, he received a tranquil nod from the burghers, and a friendly word from their wives; all calling him familiarly by the name of Antony; for it was the custom in this rustic community to be very free with names. But Dolph, who had grown up together from childhood, to call every one by name. Heer Antony did not pause to hear his usual jokes with them, for he was impatient to reach his home. At length they arrived at the Haunted House. Dolph had not the remotest idea of its being a style, with large iron figures on the gables, that gave the date of its erection, and showed that it had been built in the earliest times of the settlement.

The news of Heer Antony's arrival had preceded him; and the whole household was on the look-out. A crew of negroes, large and small, had collected, in front of the house to receive him. Old, white-bearded heads, who had grown gray in his service, grimed for joy and made many awkward bows and graces, and the little ones capered about his knees. But the most happy being in the house was a little, plump, blooming lass, his only child, and the darling of his heart. She came bounding out of the house; but the sight of a strange young man with her father called up, for a moment, all the bashfulness of the young girl. But the happy being in the house was a little, plump, blooming lass, his only child, and the darling of his heart. She was dressed in the old Dutch taste, with long stays, and full, short petticoats, so admirably adapted to show and set off the female form. Her hair, turned up under a small round cap, displayed the fairness of her forehead: she had fine, blue, laughing eyes, a trim, slender waist, and soft swell—"but, in a word, she was a little Dutch divinity; and Dolph, who never shot half-way in a new impulse, fell desperately in love with her.

Dolph was now ushered into the house with a hearty welcome. In the interior was a mingled display of Heer Antony's taste and habits, and of the opulence of his predecessors. The chambers were furnished with good old mahogany; the beds were covered with embroidered silks, and papered with damask. Over the parlour fire-place was a large, family coat-of-arms, painted and framed; above which was a long duck football-piece, flanked by an Isabel diary and the Heer's name. Dolph was delighted with much of the equipment, such as pipes of peace, tomahawks, scalping-knives, hunting-pouches, and belts of wampum; and there were various kinds of fishing tackle, and two or three...
newing-pieces in the corners. The household affairs seemed to be conducted in some measure, after the manner of Heaven; and the quiet management of the daughter's. There was a degree of patriarchal simplicity, and good-humoured indulgence. The negroes came into the room without being called, merely to look at their master, and hear him, and his exploits and adventures were favou- rite topics of conversation among the inhabitants. While these sat gossiping together about the door of the hall, and telling long twilight stories, Dolph was cooly seated, entertaining the daughter with a window, and a tale of the old man's terms; for those were not times of false reserve and idle ceremony; and, besides, there was something wonderfully propitious to a lover's suit, in the delightful dusk of a long summer evening; it gives courage to the most timid tongue, and hides the bustles of the bashful. The stars alone twinkled; and now and then a fire-fly streaked his transient light before the window, or, wandering into the room, flew gleaming about the ceiling.

What Dolph whispered in her ear, that long summer evening, is impossible to say: his words were so low and indirect, that they never reached the ear of the historian. It is probable, however, that they were for the purpose: for he had a natural talent at pleasing the sex, and was never long in company with a petticoat without paying proper court to it. In the meantime, the visitors, only one by one, departed: Anton van Heyden, who had fairly talked himself silent, sat nodding along in his chair by the door, while a young man with black hair, and a black gown, and all the habiliment of a philosopher, gazed at her with an expression, as he thought, altogether befitting a person of woman. She was of a good match for him, with long hair, turned up at the back, and admirably adapted to the season. Her hair, turned up at the back, displayed the lairness of blue eyes, laughing eyes, and cheeks, as well—his, in a word, and Dolph, who was with her in the impertinent leisure.

The chamber in which our hero was lodged was spacious, and panelled with oak. It was furnished with clothes-presses, and mighty chests of drawers, well waxed, and glittering with brass ornaments. These contained ample stock of family linen, for the daughter's household had always a hardy pride in showing off their household treasures to strangers.

Dolph's mind, however, was too full to take particular note of the objects around him; yet he could not help continually comparing the free, open-hearted cheeriness of this establishment with the starveling, some say almost miserable, condition of those Dutch Krauskopf Knickerbocker sen's. Still there was something that marred the enjoyment—the idea that he must leave his hearty host and pretty hostess and cast himself more abroad upon the world. To linger here would be folly: he should only get deeper in love; and for a poor varlet like himself to aspire to the daughter of the great Heer Van Heer, was such a trifle as to think of such a thing! The very kindness that the girl had shown to him prompted him, on reflection, to hasten his departure; it would be a poor return for the frank hospitality of his host; to entangle his daughter's heart in love for one, he must not attach himself to her. In a word, Dolph was like many other young reasoners, of exceeding good hearts and good heads, who think after they act, and act differently from what they think; who make excellent determinations overnight and forget to keep them the next morning.

"This is a fine conclusion, truly, of my voyage," said he, as he almost buried himself in a sumptuous feather-bed, and drew the fresh white shews upon his chin. Here am I, instead of finding a bag of money to carry home, launched in a strange place, with scarcely a stiver in my pocket; and, what is worse, have jumped ashore up to my ears in love into the bargain." However, added he, after some pause, stretching himself and turning himself into bed, "I'm in good quarters for the present, at least; so I'll enjoy the present moment, and let the next take care of itself; I dare say all will work out some how or other, for the best."

As he said these words, he reached out his hand to extinguish the candle, when he was suddenly struck with astonishment and dismay, for he thought he beheld the phantom of the haunted house standing on him from a dusty part of the chamber. A second look reassured him, as he perceived that what he had taken for the spirit was but a Flemish portrait, that hung in a shadowy corner just behind a clothes-press. It was, however, the precise representation of his nightly visitor—the same cloak and belted jerkin, the same glittering sword and fixed eye, the same broad slouched hat, with a feather hanging over one side. Dolph now cooled to the impression that he had frequently remarked between his host and the old man of the haunted house; and was fully convinced that they were in some way connected, and that some especial destiny had governed his voyage. He lay gazing on the portrait with as much awe as he had gazed on the ghostly original, until the shrill house-clock warned him of the lateness of the hour. He put out the light; but remained a long time looking at these curious conjunctions, and coincidences, in his mind, until he fell asleep. His dreams partook of the nature of his waking thoughts. He fancied that he still lay gazing on the picture, until, by degrees, it became animated; that the figure descended from the wall and walked out of the room; that he followed it and found himself by the well, to which the old man pointed, smiled on him, and disappeared.

In the morning when Dolph waked, he found his host standing by his bedside, who gave him a hearty morning's salutation, and asked him how he slept. Dolph answered cheerily: but took occasion to inquire about the portrait that hung against the wall. "Ah," said Heer Antoy, "that's a portrait of old Killian Van der Spiegel, once a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who, on some popular troubles, abandoned Holland and came over to the province during the government of Peter Stuyvesant. He was my ancestor by the mother's side, and an old miser curiously mounted. When the English took possession of New-Amsterdam, and ran into the country, he fell into a melancholy, apprehending that his wealth would be taken from him and that he would come to beggary. He turned all his property into cash, and used to hide it away. Was for a year or two concealed in various places..."
fancied himself sought after by the English, to strip him of his wealth; and finally was found dead in his bed one morning, without any one being able to discover where he had concealed the greater part of his money.

Highland's host had left the room, Dolph remained for some time lost in thought. His whole mind was occupied by what he had heard. Vander Spiegel was his mother's family name; and he recollected to have heard her speak of this very Killian Vander Spiegel as one of her ancestors. He had heard her say that her father was Hendrik's rightful heir, only that the old man died without leaving anything to be inherited. It now appeared that Heer Antony was likewise a descendant, and perhaps an heir also, of this poor rich man; and that thus the Heyligers and the Vander Heydens were remotely connected.

"What?" thought he, "if, after all, this is the interpretation of my dream, that this is the way I am to make my fortune by this voyage to Albany, and that I am to find the old man's hidden wealth in the bottom of that well! But what an odd, round-about mode of communicating the matter! Why the plague could not the old gold have told me to look for the well at once, without sending me all the way to Albany to hear a story that was to send me all the way back again?

"Still," was passed through his mind while he was dressing. He descended the stairs, full of perplexity, when the bright face of Marie Vander Heyden suddenly beamed in smiles upon him, and seemed to give him a clue to the whole mystery. "After all," thought he, "that old gold is in the right! If I am to get his wealth, he means that I shall marry his pretty descendant; thus both branches of the family will be again united, and the property go on in the proper channel.

No sooner did this idea enter his head, than it carried conviction with it. He was now all impatience to hurry back and secure the treasure, which, he did not doubt, lay at the bottom of the well, and which he feared every moment might be discovered by some other person.

"Who knows," thought he, "this might be the old fellow of the haunted house, or the habit of haunting every visitor, and may give a hint to some shrivelled fellow than myself, who will take a shorter cut to the well than by the way of Albany?" He wished a thousand times that the babbling old ghost was laid in the Red Sea, and let him rest in his own cinder.

At length the very thought of which he had been so anxious was passed over his mind, and he was occupied in preparing for a grand expedition to one of the lakes. He took Dolph aside, and exerted his eloquence to get him to abandon all thoughts of business, and to remain with him—but in vain; and he at length gave up the attempt, observing, "that it was a thousand times better to throw oneself away." Heer Antony, however, gave him a heartily shake by the hand at parting, with a favouring foli-wool-piece, and an invitation to come to his house whenever he revisited Albany. The pretty little Marie said nothing; but as he gave her a farewell kiss, her dimpled cheek turned pale, and a tear stood in her eye.

Dolph sprang lightly on board of the vessel. They
While this scene was going on with the Heyliger family, the news was carried to Doctor Knipperhausen, of the safe capture, of the poor man, whose pity and prayers, and advice could be of but little avail, so he gave her all that was in his power - he gave her shelter.

To the humble dwelling of Peter de Groodt, then, did Doctor Vandozer repair. On his way thither, he was a poor man, so he called all the tenderness and kindness of his simple-hearted parent, her indulgence of his errors, her blindness to his faults; and then he bethought himself of his own little, harum-scarum life. "I've been a sad scare-crow," said Dolph, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I've been a complete sink-pocket, that's the truth of it! - But," added he, briskly, and clasping his hands, "only let her live - only let her live - and I'll show myself indeed a son!"

As Dolph approached the house, he met Peter de Groodt coming out of it. The old man started back aghast, doubting whether it was not a ghost that stood before him. It being bright daylight, however, Peter soon plucked up heart, satisfied that no ghost dare show his face in such clear sunshine. Dolph notturn, or out of another. Heaster, a confusion and rumour to which his mysterious disappearance had given rise. It had been universally believed that he had been spirited away by those hoghollgentury that infested the haunted house; and old Abraham Vanderjor, who lived by the great buttonwood trees, at the three-mile stone, affirmed, that he had heard a terrible noise in the air, as he was going home late at night, which seemed just as if a flight of wild geese were overhead, passing off towards the northward. The haunted house was, in consequence, looked upon with ten times more awe than ever; nobody would venture to pass a night in it for the world, and even the doctor had ceased to make his expeditions to it in the day-time.

It required some preparation before Dolph's return could be made known to his mother, the poor soul having bewailed him as lost; and her spirits having been sorely broken down by a number of comforters, who daily cheered her with stories of ghosts, and of people carried away by the devil. He found her confined to her bed, with the other member of the Heyliger family, the good dame's cat, purring beside her, but sadly singing, and utterly despised of those whiskers which were the glory of her physiognomy. The poor woman threw her arms about Dolph's neck: "My boy! my boy! art thou still safe? art thou still safe?" Then, the troubled spirit, forgot her all her losses and troubles, in her joy at his return. Even the sage grimmalkin showed indubitable signs of joy, at the return of the youngster. She saw, perhaps, that they were a forlorn and undone family, and felt a touch of that kindness which fellow-sufferers only know. But, in truth, cats are a slandered people; they have more affection in them than the world commonly gives them credit for.

The good dame's eyes glistened as she saw one being, at least, beside herself, rejoyced at her son's return. "Tib knows thee! poor dumb beast!" said she, smoothing down the mottled coat of her favourite; then recollecting herself, with a melancholy shake of the head, "Ah, my poor Dolph!" exclaimed she, "thy mother can help thee no longer! She can no longer help herself! What will become of thee?"

"Mother," said Dolph, "don't talk in that strain; I've been too long a charge upon you; it's now my part to take care of you in your old days. Come! be of good heart! you, and I, and Tib, will all see better. I care, you see, young, and sound and hearty; then don't let us despise things will, some how or other, turn out for the best!"

The hour of bed-time, therefore, when it was supposed the recreant disciple would seek his old quarters, everything was prepared for his reception. Dolph, having talked his mother into a state of tranquillity, sought the mansion of his quondam master, and raised the knocker with a faltering hand. Scarcely, however, had it given a dubious rap, when the doctor's head, in a red night-cap, popped out of one window, and the housekeeper's, in a white night-cap, out of another. Heaster, a tremendous volley of hard names and hard language, mingled with invaluable pieces of advice, as such as are sometime ventured to be given excepting to a friend in distress, or a culprit at the bar. In a few moments, not a window in the street but was clarified by a night-cap, listening to the shrill treble of Dr. Friis, and the guttural croaking of Dr. Knipperhausen; and the word went from window to window, "Ah! here's Dolph Heyliger come back, and at his old pranks again!" In short, poor Dolph found he was likely to get nothing from the doctor but good advice - a commodity so abundant as even to be thrown out of the window; so he was fain to beat a retreat, and take up his quarters for the night under the lowly roof of honest Peter de Groodt.

The next morning, bright and early, Dolph was out at the haunted house. Everything looked just as he had left it. The fields were grass-grown and matted, and it appeared as if nobody had traversed them since his departure. With palpitating heart, he hastened to the well. He looked down into it, and saw that it was of great depth, with water at the bottom. He had provided himself with a strong line, such as the fishermen use on the banks of Newfoundland. At the end was a heavy plummet and a large fish-hook. With this he began to sound the bottom of the well, and tangle up his line. He found that the water was of some depth; there appeared also to be much rubbish, stones from the top having fallen in. Several times his hook got entangled, and he came near breaking his line. Now and then, too, he hauled up mere trash, such as the skull of a horse, an iron hoop, and a shattered iron-bound bucket. He had now been several hours employed without finding anything to repay his trouble, or to encourage him to proceed. He began to think himself a great fool, to be thus decoyed into a wild goose-chase by mere dreams, and was on the point of throwing line and all into the well, and going up all further angling.

"One more cast of the line," said he, "and that shall be the last." As he sounded, he felt the plummet slip, as it were, through the interstices of the rock, and hauled up a fisherman had dropped in, and that the hook had taken hold of something heavy. He had to manage his line with great caution, lest it should be broken by the strain upon it. By degrees, the rubbish that lay upon the article which he had hooked gave way; he drew it to the surface of the water, and what was his capture at seeing something like silver glittering at the end of his line! Almost
great a patron of modest merit, that any one who could sing a good song, or tell a good story, was sure to find a place at his table.

He was a member, too, of the corporation, made several laws for the protection of game and oysters, and bequeathed to the board a large silver punch bowl, made out of the identical porringer before mentioned, and which is in the possession of the corporation to this very day.

Finally, he died, in a florid old age, of an apoplexy, at a corporation feast, and was buried with great honours in the yard of the little Dutch church in Garden-street, where his tombstone still remains, with a notice epigraph in Dutch, by his friend Myneher Justus Benson, an ancient and excel-

THE WEDDING.

No more, no more, much honour aye betide
The livery broodrige and the lovely bride;
That all of their succeeding days may say,
Each day appears like a wedding-day.
FRJTHWATK.

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubts and demurs of Lady Lyllycraft, and all the grave objections that were conjured up against the month of May, yet the wedding has at length been happily taken place. It was celebrated at the village church, in presence of a numerous company of relations and friends, and many of the tenant. The Squire must needs have something of the old ceremonies observed on the occasion, so, at the gate of the little girls of the village, dressed in white, were in readiness with baskets of flowers, which they strewed before the bride; and the butler bore before her the bride-cup, a great silver embossed bowl, one of the family relics from the days of the hard drinkers. This was filled with rich wine, and decorated with a branch of rosemary, tied with gay ribands, according to ancient custom.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the old proverb; and it was as sunny and auspicious a morning as could be wished; but, in what woman does not look interesting on her wedding-day? I know not sight more touching and touching that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus beheld a lovely girl, in the worn out, tattered, and patched gown of her father and mother, and with the impertinent confidence, and the sweet self-abandonment, which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; I hear her in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him for better for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love her and to alter her ways, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health; or, as the Bible says, in health and in sickness, that none other may hate her.

The life of Dolph Heyler was flowing on in peace and quiet, when it was found necessary, almost reluctantly on the part of the company, to see a sight of the old fellow. He was not serious, but the ceremony, being the first of its kind upon occasion, and many who were present, among the hired crowd, would have it. The men were much concerned in this, and seeing that they could not droop the sides of their hat, they thought it best to yield to the fact. The day was over, and the bride had passed by, followed by the company of the grooms, as if they were about to speak out to utter; and the guests were much amused with the grim and coquettish looks that they threw at the handsome, mighty company.

The violin was struck up, and the bride passed by, the bridegroom, with her famous hat, and her carriage, went along, and they all went to and fro, the air was full of the sounds of the air. The popping of the air was heard in the neighborhood.

The procession, with the bride and groom, the school-house, and all the children from the village, and the whole village, were in the midst of the wedding, and all were partaking of the festivities. The horses of the bride were not to be seen, but the discharge of the guns was heard. The scene was one of joy, and the gladness of the people was contagious.
and in health to love, honour, and obey, till death do us part;" it brings to my mind the beautiful and affecting self-devotion of Ruth: "Whiter thou goest I will go, and wher thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The fair Julia was supported on the trying occasion by Lady Lillycraft, whose heart was overflowing with its wonted sympathy in all matters of love and matrimony. As the bride approached the alter, her face would be one moment covered with blushes, and the next deadly pale; and she seemed almost ready to shrink from sight among her female companions.

I do not know what it is that makes every one serious, and, as it were, awe-struck, at a marriage ceremony—which is generally considered as an occasion of festivity and rejoicing. As the ceremony was performed, I observed many a rose face among the country girls turn pale, and I did not see a smile throughout the church. The young ladies from the Hall were almost as much frightened as a company to drink to a happy union, as if they took a look of sympathy at their trembling companion. A tear stood in the eye of the sensitive Lady Lillycraft; and as to Phoebe Wilkins, who was present, she absolutely wept and sobbed aloud; but it is hardly possible for me to describe what these fond foolish creatures are crying about.

The captain, too, though naturally gay and unconcerned, was much agitated on the occasion; and, in attempting to put the ring upon the bride's finger, dropped it on the floor; which Lady Lillycraft has since assured me is a very lucky omen. Even Master Simon had lost his usual vivacity, and had assumed a most whimsically solemn face, which he is apt to do on all occasions of ceremony. He had much whispering with the parson and parish-clerk, for he is always present in personage in the scene, and he echoed the voice of men with a solemnity and devotion that edified the whole assemblage.

The moment, however, that the ceremony was over, the transition was magical. The bride-cup was passed round, according to ancient usage, for the company to drink to a happy union, and their feelings seemed to break forth from restraint. Master Simon had a world of bachelor pleasanties to utter; and as to the gallant general, he bowed and bowed about the dulcet Lady Lillycraft, like a man stung with the horns of a capricorn.

The villagers gathered in the church-yard, to cheer the happy couple as they left the church; and the musical tailor had marshalled his band, and set up a hideous discord, as the whistling and smiling bride passed through a lane of honest prosperity to her carriage. The children shouted, and threw up their hats; the bells rung a merry peal, that set all the crows and rooks flying and cawing about the air, and threatened to bring down the battle-masts of the old tower; and there was a continual popping off of rusty fire-locks from every part of the neighbourhood.

The prodigal son distinguished himself on the occasion, having hoisted a flag on the top of the school-house, and kept the village in a hubbub from sunrise, with the sound of drum and fife and panderian pipe; in which species of music several of his scholars are making wonderful proficiency. In his great zeal, however, he had nearly done mischief; for on returning from church, the horses of the bride's carriage took fright from the discharge of a row of old gun-barrels, which he had mounted as a park of artillery in front of the school-house, to give the captain a military salute as he passed.

The day passed off with great rustic rejoicing. Tables were spread under the trees in the park, where all the pantries of the neighbourhood were regaled with roast-beef and plum-pudding, and oceans of ale. Reddy-Money Jack presided in one of the bands, and sang a song, as to unbend from his usual gravity, to sing a song out of all tune, and give two or three shouts of laughter, that almost electrified his neighbours, like so many peals of thunder. The schoolmaster and the apothecary vied with each other in making speeches over their liquor; and there were occasional glee and musical performances by the village band, that must have frightened every fawn and dand from the park. Even old Christy, who had got on a new dress from top to toe, and shone in all the splendour of bright leather breeches and an enormous wedding favour in his cap, forgot his usual crutches, became inspired by wine and wassail, and absolutely danced a hornpipe on one of the tables, with all the grace and agility of a mankin hung upon wires.

Equal gaiety reigned within doors, where a large party of friends were entertained. Every one laughed at his own pleasantry, without attending to that of his neighbours. Loaves of bride-cake were distributed. The young ladies were all busy in passing morsels to each other, and I myself assisted a few little board-school girls in putting up a quantity for their companions, which I have no doubt will set all the little heads in the school gadding, for a week at least.

After dinner, all the company, great and small, gentle and simple, abandoned themselves to the dance: not the modern quadrille, with its graceful gravity, but the merry, social, old country-dance, the true dance, as the Squire says, for a wedding occasion, as it sets all the world jigging in couples, hand in hand, and makes every eye and every heart dance merrily to the music. According to frank old usage, the gentlefolk of the Hall mingled for a time in the dance of the prosperity, who had a great tent erected for a ball-room; and I think I never saw Master Simon more in his element, than when figurative about among his rustic admirers, as master of the ceremonies; and, with a mingled air of protection and gallantry, leading out the quondam Queen of May, all blushing at the signal honour conferred upon her.

In the evening the whole village was illuminated, excepting the house of the radical, who has not shown his face during the rejoicings. There was a display of fire-works at the school-house, got up by the prodigal son, which had well-nigh set fire to the building. The Squire is so much pleased with the extraordinary services of this last mentioned worthy, that he talks of enrolling him in his list of valuable retainers, and promoting him to some important post on the estate; peradventure to be falconer, if the hawks can ever be brought into proper training.

There is a well-known old proverb, that says "one wedding makes many," or something to the same purpose; and I should not be surprised if it holds good in the present instance. I have seen several flirtations among the young people, that have been brought together on this occasion; and a great deal of strolling about in pairs, among the retired walks and blossoming shrubbery of the old garden: and if groves were really given to whispering, as poets would fain make us believe, Heaven knows what love tales the grave-looking old trees about this venerable country-seat might blab to the world.

The general too, has been so much occupied in his deviations within the last few days, as the time of her ladyship's departure approaches. I observed him
casting many a tender look at her during the wedding dinner, while the courses were changing: though he was always liable to be interrupted in his adoration by the appearance of any new delicacy. The general, in fact, has arrived at that time of life when he finds the lady does not contribute a kind of due, balanced power, and when a man is apt to be perplexed in his affections between a fine woman and a truffled turkey. Her ladyship was certainly ruffled, through the whole of the first course, by a dish of stewed apricots; and there was the beginning of a look of displeasure, which was evidently intended to be a point-blank shot at her heart, and which had not been directed away to a tempting breast of lamb, in which it immediately produced a formidable incision.

This did this faultless general go on, coquetting during the whole dinner, and committing an infidelity with every new dish; until, in the end, he was so overpowered by the attentions he had paid to fish, flesh, and fowl; to pastry, jelly, cream, and blanc-mange, that he seemed to sink beneath himself; his eyes shone beneath his lids, and his fire was so much slackened, that he could no longer discharge a single glance that would reach across the table. Upon the whole, I fear the general act himself into as much disgrace, at this memorable dinner, as I have been him sleep himself into on a former occasion.

I am told, moreover, that young Jack Tibbets was so touched by the wedding ceremony, at which he was present, and so captivated by the sensibility of poor Phoebe Wilkins, who certainly looked all the better for her tears, that he had a reconciliation with her that very day, after dinner, in one of the groves of the park, and danced with her in the evening; to the complete confusion of all Dame Tibbets' domestic politics. I met them walking together in the park, shortly after the reconciliation must have taken place. Young Jack carried himself gaunt and manfully; but Phoebe hung her head, blushing, as I approached. However, just as she passed me, and dropped a curtsey, I caught a glimpse of her eye from under her bonnet: but it was immediately cast down again. I saw enough in that single gleam, and in the involuntary smile that dimpled about her rosy lips, to feel satisfied that the little gipsy's heart was happy again.

What is more, Lady Lillycraft, with her usual benevolence and zeal in all matters of this tender nature, on hearing of the reconciliation of the lovers, undertook the critical task of breaking the matter to Ready- Money Jack. She thought there was no time like the present, and attacked the sturdy old yeoman that very evening in the park, while his heart was yet lifted up with the Squire's good cheer. Jack was a little surprised at being drawn aside by her ladyship, but was not to be hurried by such an honour: he was still more surprised by the nature of her communication, and by this first intelligence of a Most Amiable Bird; upon which his hope of being listened to, however, with his usual gravity, as her Ladyship represented the advantages of the match, the good qualities of the girl, and the distress which she had lately suffered: at length his eye began to kindle, and his hand to play with the head of his cudgel. Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaming, that if he didn't absolutely put his hand, and play with the head of his cudgel; Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phoebe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclam...
think that I have already lingered too long at the Hall. I have been tempted to do so, however, because I thought I had fit upon one of the retired places where there are yet some traces to be met with. England with country-seat, or peradventure, a manufactury. The park will be cut up into petty farms and kitchen-gardens. A daily coach will run through the village; it will become, like all other commonplace villages, thronged with coachmen, post-boys, tipplers, and politicians; and Christmas, May-day, and all the other hearty merry-making of the "good old times," will be forgotten.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL.

And so without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

Hamlet.

HAVING taken leave of the Hall and its inmates, and brought the history of my visit to something like a close, there seems to remain nothing further than to make my bow, and exit. It is my faible, however, to get on such companionable terms with my reader in the course of a work, that it really costs me some pain to part with him; and I am apt to keep him by the hand, and have a few farewell words at the end of my last volume.

When I look back over my work I am just concluding, I cannot but be sensible how full it must be of errors and imperfections: indeed, how should it be otherwise, writing as I do about subjects and scenes with which, as a stranger, I am but partially acquainted? Many will doubtless find cause to smile at very obvious blunders which I may have made; and many may, perhaps, be offended at what they may conceive prejudiced representations. Some will think I might have said much more on such subjects as may suit their peculiar tastes; whilst others will think I have said wiser to have left those subjects entirely alone.

It will probably be said, too, by some, that I view England with a partial eye. Perhaps I do; for I can never forget that it is my "father land." And yet, the circumstances under which I have viewed it have by no means been such as to produce favourable impressions. For the greater part of the time that I have resided in it, I have lived almost unknown and unknown; seeking no favours, and receiving none: "a stranger and a sojourner in the land," and subject to all the chills and neglects that are the common lot of the stranger.

When I consider these circumstances, and recollect how often I have taken up my pen, with a mind ill at ease, and spirits much dejected and cast down, I cannot but think I was not likely to err on the favourable side of the picture. The opinions I have given of English character have been the result of much quick, dispassionate, and varied observation. It is a character not to be hastily studied, for it always puts on a repulsive and ungracious aspect to a stranger. Let those, then, who condemn my representation of this people as closely and deliberately as I have done, and they will, probably, change their opinion. Of one thing, at any rate, I am certain, that I have spoken honestly and sincerely, from the convictions of my mind, and the dictates of my heart. When I first published my former writings, it was with no hope of gaining favour in English eyes, for I little thought they were to become current out of my own country: and had I merely sought the good graces of some of our own countrymen, I should have taken a more direct and obvious way, by gratifying rather than rebuking the angry feelings that were then prevalent against England.

And here let me acknowledge my warm, my thankful feelings, at the effect produced by one of my trivial lucubrations. I allude to the essay in the Sketch-Book, on the subject of the literary feuds between England and America. I cannot express the heartfelt delight I have experienced, at the unexpected sympathy and approbation with which those remarks have been received on both sides of the Atlantic. I speak this not from any paltry feelings of gratified vanity; for I attribute the effect to no merit of my pen. The paper in question was brief and casual, and the idea it conveyed were simple and obvious. "It was the cause: it was the cause." There was a predisposition on the part of my readers to be favourably affected. My countrymen responded in heart to the filial feelings I had avowed in their name towards the parent country. There was a generous sympathy in every English bosom towards a solitary individual, lifting up his voice in a strange land, to vindicate the injured character of his nation. There are some causes so sacred as to carry with them an irresistible appeal to every virtuous bosom; and he needs but little power of eloquence, who defends the honour of his wife, his mother, or his country.

I hail, therefore, the success of that brief paper, as showing how much good may be done by a kind word, however feeble, when spoken in season—as showing how much dormant good-feeling actually exists in each country, towards the other, which only wants the slightest spark to kindle it into a genial flame—as showing, in fact, what I have all along believed and asserted, that the two nations would grow together in esteem and amity, if meddling and malignant pens would not blow through their mischievous pens, and leave kindred hearts to the kindly impulses of nature.

I once more assert, and I assert it with increased conviction of its truth, that there exists, among the great majority of my countrymen, a favourable feeling toward England. I repeat this assertion, because I think it a truth that cannot too often be reiterated, and because it has met with some contradiction. Among all the liberal and enlightened minds of my countrymen, among all those who, I believe, eventually give a tone to national opinion, there exists a cordial desire to be on terms of courtesy and friendliness. But at the same time, there exists in those very minds a distrust of reciprocal good-will on the part of England. I have been rendered morbidly sensitive by the attacks made upon our country by the English press; and their occasional irritation on this subject has been misinterpreted into a settled and unnatural hostility.

For my part, I consider this jealousy as belonging to generous natures. I should look upon my countrymen as fallen indeed from that independence of spirit which is their birth-gift; as fallen indeed from that pride of character which they inherit from the proud nation from which they spring, could they tamely sit down under the infliction of contempt and insult. Indeed, the very representations of the press, prove their respect for English opinion, and their desire for English amity; for there is never jealousy where there is not strong regard.
It is easy to say, that these attacks are all the effusions of worthless scribblers, and treated with silent contempt by the nation; but, alas! the slanderers of the scribblers travel abroad, and the silent contempt of the nation is only known at home. With England, then, it remains, as I have formerly asserted, to promote a mutual spirit of conciliation; she has but to hold the language of friendship and respect, and she is secure of the good-will of every American bosom.

In expressing these sentiments, I would utter nothing that should commit the proper spirit of my countrymen. We seek no boon at England's hands; we ask nothing as a favour. Her friendship is not necessary, nor would her hostility be dangerous to our well-being. We ask nothing from abroad that we cannot reciprocate. But with respect to England, we have a warm feeling of the heart, the glow of consanguinity that still lingers in our blood. Interest apart—past differences forgotten—we extend the hand of old relationship. We merely ask, do not estrange us from you; do not destroy the ancient tie of blood; do not let scoffers and slanderers drive a kindred nation from your side; we would fain be friends; do not compel us to be enemies.

There needs no better rallying-ground for international amity, than that furnished by an eminent English writer: "There is," says he, "a sacred bond between us of blood and of language, which no circumstances can break. Our literature must always be theirs; and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same Bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies; why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?"

To the magnanimous spirits of both countries must we trust to carry such a natural alliance of affection into full effect. To me, the noble task of promoting the cause of national amity. To the intelligent and enlightened of my own country, I address my parting voice, entreating them to show themselves superior to the petty attacks of the ignorant and the worthless, and still to look with dispassionate and philosophic eye to the moral character of England, as the intellectual source of our rising greatness; while I appeal to every generous-minded Englishman from the slanders which disgrace the press, insult the understanding, and belie the magnanimity of his country: and I invite him to look to America, as to a kindred nation, worthy of its origin; giving, in the healthy vigour of its growth, the best of comments on its parent stock; and reflecting, in the dawning brightness of its fame, the moral effulgence of British glory.

I am sure that such an appeal will not be made in vain. Indeed, I have noticed, for some time past, an essential change in English sentiment with regard to America. In parliament, that fountain-head of public opinion, there seems to be an emanation, on both sides of the house, in holding the language of courtesy and friendship. The same spirit is daily becoming more and more prevalent in good society. There is a growing curiosity concerning my country; a craving desire for correct information, that cannot fail to lead to a favourable understanding. The scoffer, I trust, has had his day; the time of the slanderer is gone by; the ribald jokes, the stale commonplaces, which have so long passed current when America was the theme, are now banished to the ignorant and the vulgar, or only perpetuated by the hireling scribblers and traditional jesters of the press. The intelligent and high-minded now pride themselves upon America a study.

But however my feelings may be understood or reciprocated on either side of the Atlantic, I utter them now at home for which I have ever been said to speak frankly is to speak safely. I am not so sanguine as to believe that the two nations are ever to be bound together by any romantic ties of feeling; but I believe that much may be done towards keeping alive cordial sentiments, were every well-disposed mind occasionally to express in a simple word of kindness. If I have, indeed, produced any such effect by my writings, it will be a soothing reflection to me, that for once, in the course of a rather negligent life, I have been useful; that for once, by the casual exercise of a pen which has been in general but too unprofitably employed, I have awakened a cord of sympathy between the land of my fathers and the dear land that gave me birth.

In the spirit of these sentiments, I now take my farewell of the paternal soil. With anxious eye do I behold the clouds of doubt and difficulty that are lowering over it, and earnestly do I hope that they may all clear up into serene and settled sunshine. In bidding this last adieu, my heart is filled with fond, yet melancholy emotions; and still I linger, and still, like a child leaving the venerable abodes of his forefathers, I turn to breathe forth a filial benediction: "Peace be with thy walls, oh, England! and plenteousness within thy palaces; for my brethren and my companions' sake I will now say. Peace be with thee!"

* From an article (said to be by Robert Southey, Esq.) published in the Quarterly Review. It is to be lamented that this publication should so often forget the generous text here given! 
A CHRONICLE OF WOLFFERT'S ROOST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Sir: I have observed that as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of plethora of the mind, doubtless such formed by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain. Hence he is apt to become narrative and admonitory, that is to say, fond of telling long stories, and of doling out advice, to the small profit and dejection of his hearers. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more technically speaking, the "bore," of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom, and tenacity of the world in which experience is laid, I have sought to ease off this surcharge of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers gossipsing volumes upon the patience of the public. I am therefore, as not affected by the exactly the relief I require; there is too much preparation, arrangement, and parade, in this set form of coming before the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious for anything that requires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical work where I might, as it were, lie at ease in my elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into my brain.

In looking around, for this purpose, upon the various excellent periodicals with which our country abounds, my eye was struck by the title-page of 'The Knickerbocker.' My heart leaped at the sight.

DIEDRICH KLINKERBOCKER, Sir, was one of my earliest and most valued friends, and the recollection of him is associated with some of the pleasantest scenes of my youth and days. To explain this, and to show how I came into possession of sundry of his posthumous labors, which I have from time to time given to the world, permit me to relate a few particulars of our early intercourse. I give them with the more confidence, as I know the interest you take in that departed worthy, whose name and genius are stamped upon your title-page, and as they will be found important to the better understanding and enriching diverse communications I may have to make to you.

My first acquaintance with that great and good man, for an idle stripping: that the labor of some thirty years has shrouded him with venerable antiquity, and the popular voice has elevated him to the rank of the classic historians of our time, was the result of my studies at the Manhattan Academy, and the Hudson, not far from the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. He had come there in the course of his researches among the Dutch neighborhoods for materials for his immortal history. For this purpose, he was ransacking the archives of one of the most ancient and historical mansions in the country. It was a lowly edifice, built in the time of the Dutch dynasty, and standing in a green park, overflowed with trees, from which it peeped forth upon the Great Tappan Zee, so famous among early Dutch navigators. A bright pure spring welled up at the foot of the green bank: a mild brook came babbling down a neighboring ravine and threw itself into a little woody cove, in front of the mansion. It was indeed as quiet and sheltered a nook as the heart of man could require, in which to take refuge from the cares and troubles of the world; and as such, it had been chosen in old times, by Wolfert Acker, one of the privy councilors of the renowned Peter Ile's steward; yet he did not despise my youth and ignorance, but took me kindly by the hand, and led me gently into those paths of local and traditional lore which he so fond of exploring. I sat with him in his little chamber at the banister, and was kept in quiescence and perseverance with which he deciphered those venerable Dutch documents, were they from Herculanean manuscripts. I sat with him by the firespring, at the foot of the green bank, and listened to his heroic tales about the worthies of the olden time the paladins of New Amsterdam. I accompanied him in his legendary researches about Tarrytown and Sing Sing, and explored woods, from which it peeped forth upon the Great Tappan Zee, so famous among early Dutch navigators. A bright pure

MISCELLANIES

CONTRIBUTED TO THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.
I thank God I was born on the banks of the Huan
don't think it an invaluable advantage to be born
and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand
and noble object in nature; a river, a lake, or a mount-
ain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner
ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of
our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us
home again after all our wanderings. The things
in which we have learned in our childhood, says an
critic, 'grow up with our souls, and unite them
to life.' So it is with the scenes among which we
have passed our early days; they form a whole
of our thoughts and affections; and I fancy I can
trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own hetero-
geneous compound to my early companionship with
this glorious river. This warm enthusiasm, I used to clothe
it with moral attributes, and
almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold,
honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth.
Here was a specimen, nay a splendid relic of genuine
sand-bar or perilous rock; but a stream deep
as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the
task that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple,
quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight forward. Once,
indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its
course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely
through them, and immediately resumes its straight-
forward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a
good man's course through life; ever simple, open,
and direct; or if, overwhelmed by adverse circum-
stances, it deviate into error, it is but momentary;
it soon recovers its onward and honorable career, and
continues it to the end of its pilgrimage.

Excuse this rhapsody, into which I have been
involved by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is,
in a manner, my first and last love; and when my
wanderings and seeming infinities, I return to it with
a heart's preference over all other rivers in the world.
I seem to catch new life as I bathe in its am-
ple billows and inhale the pure breezes of its hills.
It is true, the romance of old Van Tassell, that
truth, the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape,
the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures
shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.

Permission, then, Mr. Editor, through the medium of
your work, to hold occasional discourse from my
recesses with the busy world I have abandoned. I have
nothing more to say about what I have seen, and though
through the course of a varied and rambling
life, and some laments that have long been en-
cumbering my port-folio; together with divers remin-
sinces of the past, and other belongings of the lands,
that may not be acceptable to those who have
taken an interest in his writings, and are destitute of
anything that may cast a light back upon our early
history. Let your readers rest assured, one thing
that, though retired from the world, I am not disgusted
with it; and that if in my communings with it I do not
prove very wise, I trust I shall at least prove very
good-natured.

Which is all at present, from

Yours, etc.,

Geoffrey Crayon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

WORTHY SIR: In a preceding communication, I have
given you some brief notice of Wolfert's Roost,
the mansion where I was an inmate, and have
become acquainted with the venerable historian
of the New-Netherlands. As this ancient edifice
is likely to be the place whence I shall date many of my loco
A CHRONICLE OF WOLFERT'S ROOST.

WHERE AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIED-
RICH KNICKERBOCKER.

ABOUT five-and-twenty miles from the ancient
and renowned city of Manhattan, formerly called
New-Amsterdam, and vulgarly called New-York,
the eastern shore of that expansion of the Hudson,
known among Dutch mariners of yore, as the Tappan
Zee, being in fact the great Mediterranean Sea
of the New-Netherlands, stands a little old-fashioned
stone house, called Wolfert's Roost, and as full of
angles and corners as an old cocked hat. Though
but of small dimensions, yet, like many
small people, it is of mighty spirit, and values itself
greatly on its antiquity, being one of the oldest
edifices, for its size, in the whole country. It claims
to be an ancient seat of empire. I may rather say
an empire in itself, and like all empires, great and small,
has had its grand historical epochs. In speaking
of this doughty and valiant little pile, I shall call it
by its usual appellation of 'The Roost,' though that is
a name given to it in modern days, since it became
the abode of the white man.

Its origin, in truth, dates far back in that remote
region commonly called the fabulous age, in which
vulgar fact becomes mystical, and tinted with
spectacle fiction. The eastern shore of the Tappan
Zee was inhabited in those days by an unsophisti-
cated race, existing in all the simplicity of nature;
that is to say, they lived by hunting and fishing,
and recrerated themselves occasionally with a little
tomahawking and scalping. Each stream that flows
down into the Tappan Zee, and each hill among
its banks, hemmed in by the forest,had its personified
sachem, who ruled over a hand's-breadth of forest
on either side, and had his seat of government at its
mouth. The chieftain who ruled at the Roost, was
not merely a great warrior, but a medicine-man, or
shaman, or conjurer, for they all mean the same
ing, in Indian parlance. Of his mighty propen-
sities, evidences still remain, in various arrow-heads
of flint, and stone battle-axes, occasionally dug up
about the Roost: of his wizard powers, we have a
token in a spring which wells up at the foot of the
bank, on the very margin of the Roost, which
was, it is said, was gifted him with rejuvenating
powers, something like the renowned Fountain of Youth
in the Floridas, so anxiously and vainly sought after by
the veteran Ponce de Leon. This story, however, is
strongly contradicted by Mr. Du Bois, the noted
Indian, who declares that the spring in question
was smuggled over from Holland in a churn, by
Femmette Van Slocum, wife of Goosen Garret Van
Slocum, one of the first settlers, and that she took it
up by night, unknown to her husband, from beside
their farm-house near Rotterdam; being sure she
should find no water equal to it in the new
country — and she was right.

The wizard sachem had a great passion for dis-
cussing territorial questions, and settling boundary
lines. This kept him in continual feud with the
neighboring sachems, each of whom stood up stoutly
for his hand-breadth of territory; so that there is
not a petty stream nor ragged hill in the neigh-
boring, which has not been the subject of long talks
and hard battles. The sachem, however, as he has
observed, was a medicine-man, as well as warrior,
and vindicated his claims by arts as well as arms;
that is, by dint of a little hard fighting here, and
hocus-pocus there; he managed to extend his bound-
ary-hand from field to field and stream to stream, until
he found himself in legitimate possession of that
whole of that region of hills and valleys, bright fountains
and limpid brooks, locked in by the many windings
of the Neperan and the Pocantico.

This last mentioned stream, or rather the valley
through which it flows, was the most difficult of all
his acquisitions. It lay half way to the strong-hold
of the redoubtable sachem of Sing-Sing, and was
claimed by him as an integral part of his domains.
Many were the sharp conflicts between the rival
chieftains for the sovereignty of this valley, and
many the ambuscades, surprizes, and deadly
 slaughters that took place among its fastnesses,
of which I cannot give the details for the gratifica-
tion of those gentle but sturdy Indians, whom I
honored in the romance of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.
Suffice it to say that the wizard chief was at
length victorious, though his victory is attributed
in Indian tradition to a great medicine or charm
by which he laid the sachem of Sing-Sing and his
warriors asleep among the rocks and recesses of the
valley, where they remain asleep to this present day
with their bows and war-clubs beside them. This
was the origin of that potent and drowsy spell which
still prevails over the valley of the Pocantico, and
which has gained it the well-merited appellation of
Sleepy Hollow. Often, in secluded and quiet
parts of that valley, where the stream is overhung by
dark woods and rocks, the ploughman, on some calm
and sunny day as he shews to his oxen, is surprised at

*As every one may not recoginze these boundaries by their
original Indian names, it may be well to observe, that the Neperan
is that beautiful stream, vulgarly called the Hudson, which runs
gracefully for so many miles through a lovely valley,
shrouded by groves, and dotted by Dutch farm-houses, empires
its

Knickbrocker, those beautiful streams are rescued from
modern common-place, and re-identified with their ancient
names. The correctness of the venerable historian may be
ascertained by reference to the records of the original Indian grants
to the Her Frederick Philipse, preserved in the county clerk's

Theodore Hook. 1857.
The conquest of the Pocantico was the last triumph of the wizard sachem. Notwithstanding all his medicine and charms, he fell in battle in attempting to extend his boundary line to the east so as to take in the little wild valley of the Spree, and his grave is still shown near the banks of that pastoral stream. He left, however, a great empire to his successors, extending along the Tappan Zee, from Yonkers quite to Sleepy Hollow; all which delectable region, if ever had its right, would still acknowledge allegiance to the lord of the Roost—whosoever he might be.

The wizard sachem was succeeded by a line of chiefs, of whom nothing remarkable remains on record. The last who makes any figure in history is the one who ruled here at the time of the discovery of the country by the white man. This sachem is said to have been a renowned trencherman, who maintained almost as potent a sway by dint of good feeding as his warlike predecessor had done by hard fighting. He cultivated to a fine art the oysters along the aquatic borders of his territories, and founded those great oyster-beds which yet exist along the shores of the Tappan Zee. Did any dispute occur between him and a neighbouring sachem, he invited him and all his principal sages and fighting-men to a solemn banquet, and seldom failed of feeding them into terms. Enormous heaps of oyster-shells, which encumber the lofty banks of the river, remain as monuments of his gastronomic victories, and have been occasionally adduced thereto mistakes by amateur gastronomes from town to city as additional proofs of the deluge. Modern investigators, who are making such indefatigable researches into our early history, have even affirmed that this sachem was the very individual on whom Master Hendrick Hudson and his mate, Robert Juet, made that sago and astounding expedition so gravely recorded by the latter in his narrative of the voyage: "Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chief men of the country whether they had any treacherie in them. So they took them down into the cabin and gave them much wine and aquavitae that they were all very merry; one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly as any of our countrywomen would do in a strange place. In the end one of them was drunk; and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it."

How far Master Hendrick Hudson and his worthy mate carried their experiment with the sachem's wife is not recorded, neither does the curious Robert Juet make any mention of the after-consequences of this grand moral trial; tradition, however, affirms that the sachem on landing gave his modest spouse a hearty rib-roasting, according to the cannibal discipline of the aboriginals; it farther affirms that he remained a hard drinker to the day of his death, cruding away all his lands, acre by acre, for aquavitae; by which means the Roost and all its domains, from Yonkers to Sleepy Hollow, came, in the regular course of trade and by right of purchase, into the possession of the Dutchmen.

Never has there been a more correctly and legally settled of the New Netherländs was not suffered to enjoy this grand acquisition unmolested; for, in the year 1654, the settlers of Connecticut were swapping, bargaining, squabbling, and making a daring inroad into this neighbourhoold and founded a colony called Westchester, or, as the ancient Dutch records term it, Vest Dorp, in the right of one Thomas Pell, who pretended to have purchased the whole of this region from the Indians, and stood ready to argue their claims before any tribunal of Christendom.

This happened during the chivalrous reign of Peter Stuyvesant, and it roused the ire of that gunpowder old, hero; who, without waiting to discuss claims and titles, pounced at once upon the nest of nefarious squatters, carried off twenty-five of them in chains to the Manhattoes, nor did he stay his hand, nor give rest to his wooden heel, until he had driven every Yankee back into the bounds of Connecticut and New Hampshire, and so brought his followers to their High Mightinesses. He then established certain outposts, far in the Indian country, to keep an eye over these debatable lands; one of these border-holds was the Roost, being accessible from New Amsterdam by water, country of the Indians, and stood ready to argue their claims before any tribunal of Christendom.

The Yankees, however, had too great a hankering after this debatable region to give it up entirely. Some remained and swore allegiance to the Manhattoes; but, while they kept this open semblance of fealty, they went to work secretly and vigorously to intermarry and multiply, and by these nefarious means, artfully propagated themselves into possession of a wide tract of those open, arable parts of Westchester county, lying along the Sound, where their descendants may be found at the present day; while the mountainous regions along the Hudson, with the valleys of the Neperan and the Pocantico, are tenaciously held by the lineal descendants of the Copperheads.

The chronicle of the venerable Diederich here goes on to relate how that, shortly after the above-mentioned events, the whole province of the New Netherländs was subdued by the ambitious Wolfert Acker, one of the wrangling councillors of Peter Stuyvesant, retired in dudgeon to this fastness in the wilderness, determined to enjoy just in rust for the remainder of his days, whence the place first received its name of Wolfert's Roost. As these and sundry other matters have been laid before the public in a preceding article, I shall pass them over, and resume the chronicle where it treats of matters not hitherto recorded:

Like many men who retire from a weary world, SAYS DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, to enjoy quiet in the country, Wolfert Acker soon found himself up to his ears in trouble. He had a tempest with his wife at home, and there was what is profanely called 'the deuce to pay,' abroad. The recent irruption of the Yankees into the bounds of the New Netherländs, left behind it a doleful pestilence, such as is apt to follow the steps of invading armies. This was the deadly plague of witchcraft, and easily kept up been prevalent to the eastward. The malady broke out at Vest Dorp, and threatened to spread throughout the country. The Dutch burghers along the Hudson, from Yonkers to Sleepy Hollow, hastened to nail horse-shoes to their doors, which have ever been found of sovereign virtue to repel this awfu...
vestation. This is the origin of the horse-shoes
which may still be seen nailed to the doors of barns
and farm-houses, in various parts of this sage
and sober-thoughted region.

The evil, however, bore hard upon the Roost:
but perhaps, from its having in old times been
subject toforeigninfluences, during the sway
of the Wizard Sachem; but it has always, in fact,
been considered a fated mansion. The unlucky
Wolpert had no rest day nor night. When
the weather was quiet all over the country, the
wind would blow and whistle round his roof; witches
would ride and whirl upon his weather-cocks,
and scream down his chimneys. His cows gave bloody
milk, and his horses broke bounds, and seapemed
into the woods. There were not wanting evil
conspiracies to whigl that Wolpert's terragant wife had
also some tampering with the enemy; and that she even
attended a witches' Sabbath in Sleepy Hollow; nay,
neighbour, who lived hard by, declared that he
saw her harnessing a rampant bremen-stick, and
about to ride to the meeting; though others presume
it was merely flourished in the air by one of the
curtain lectures, to give energy and emphasis to a
period. Certain it is, that Wolpert Acker nailed a
horse-shoe to the front door, during one of her
necromantic excursions, to prevent her return; but as she
re-entered the house, and found no difficulty in
breaking through the shoe, it is probable she was not so much of a witch as she was represented.

After the time of Wolpert Acker, a long interval
eclipses, about which but little is known. It is hoped,
however, that the antiquarian researches so diligently
making in every part of this new country, may yet
throw some light upon what may be termed the Dark
Ages of the Roost.

The next period at which we find this venerable
and eventful pile rising to importance, and resuming
its old belligerent character, is during the Revolu-
tionary war. It was, at that time owned by Jacob
Van Tassel, or Van Texel, as the name was originally
spelled, after the place in Holland which gave birth
to this heroic line. He was strong-built, long-limbed,
and to stout in soul as in body; a fit successor
to the warrior sachem of yore, and, like him,
delightful in extravagant enterprises and hardy deeds
of arms. But, before I enter upon the exploits of this
worthy cock of the Roost, it is fitting I should throw
some light upon the state of the mansion, and of the
surroundings.

The situation of the Roost is in the very heart of
what was the debatable ground between the Ameri-
can and British lines, during the war. The Brit-
ish held possession of the city of New York, and the
island of Manhattan on which it stands. The Ameri-
cans drew up toward the Highlands, holding their
headquarters at Peekskill. The intervening country,
from Croton River to Spitting Devil Creek, was
the debatable land, subject to be harried by friend
and foe, like the Scottish borders of yore. It is a rugged

country, with a line of rocky hills extending th:ough
it, like a back bone, sending ribs on either side, but
among these rude hills are beautiful winding valleys,
like those watered by the Pocantico and the Neperan.
In the fastnesses of these hills, and along these
valleys, exist a race of hard-hearted, independent
Dutchmen, descendants of the primitive Netherlanders.
Most of these were strong-willed and prudent, and
have ever remained obstinately attached to the soil, and
neither to be fought nor bought out of their paternal
acres. Others were too old to fight, and adherents
of the old king's rule; some of whom took refuge within
the British lines, joined the royal bands of refugees, a name odous to the American
ear, and occasionally returned to harass their
ancient neighbors.

In a little while, this debatable land was overrun
by predatory bands from either side; sacking hen-
roost, plundering farm-houses, and driving of cattle.
Hence arose those two great orders of border
chivalry, the Sinners and the Cow-boys, famous
in the heroic annals of Westchester county. The former
fought, or rather ran from one set of cur-
rent lectures, to give energy and emphasis to a
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- HISTORICAL NOTE.—The annexed extracts from the early colo-
rial records, relate to the irruption of witchcraft into Westchester
county, as mentioned in the chronicle:

July 31, 1695.—Katharine Harrison, accused of witchcraft
on Jefferson and E. Water's behalf in behalf of the
woman, who pray that she may be driven from the town of West-
haven. The woman appears before the council. . . .

She was a native of England, and had lived a year in Westhaven,
Conned. She was accused of witchcraft, found guilty by the
jury, acquitted by the court, and released from prison, upon
power of the justices’ order. After she was released from prison,
the same day she was again committed.

August 24.—Affair taken up again, when being heard at large,
who was referred to the general court of assize. Woman ordered
to give up all books, especially the blood book of the Witches,
in which she used to consult, and to answer the questions of the

In another place the following entry:

Order given for Katharine Harrison, charged with witchcraft,
the inhabitants are uneasy at her residing there, and she is ordered to go off.
ed gun, as of the enchanted weapons of the heroes of classic story.

In different parts of the stone walls of his mansion, he had made loop-holes, through which he might fire upon an assailant. His wife was stout-hearted as himself, and could load as fast as he could fire; and then he had an ancient and redoubtable sister, Noch-chie Van Wurmer, a match, as said, for the stoutest man in the country. Thus garrisoned, the little Roost was fit to stand a siege, and Jacob Van Tassel was the man to defend it to the last charge of powder. He was, as I have already hinted, of pugnacious propensities; and, not content with being a patriot at home, and fighting for the security of his own fireside, he extended his thoughts abroad, and entered into a confederacy with certain of the bold, hard-ringing lads of Tarrytown, Pettaut, Lane, and Sleepy Hollow, who formed a kind of Holy Brotherhood, scouring the country to clear it of Skinner and Cowbow, and all other border vermin. The Roost was one of their rallying points. Did a band of marauders from Manhattan island come sweeping through the northern frontier, driving cattle, it was the stout Jacob and his compères were soon clattering at their heels, and fortunate did the rogues esteem themselves if they could but get a part of their booty across the lines, or escape themselves without a rough handling. Should the musketeers succeed in passing with their wagons, laden with plunder, through the whitewind, across Kingsbridge, the Holy Brotherhood of the Roost would rein up at that perilous pass, and, wheeling about, would indemnify themselves by foraging the refugee region of Morrisania.

When at home the Roost, the stout Jacob was not idle; but was prone to carry on a petty warfare of his own, for his private recreation and refreshment. Did he ever chance to espie, from his look-out place, a hostile ship or galley anchored or becalmed near shore, he would take down his long goose-gun; a shower of slugs and buck-shot whistled about the ears of the enemy, and before the boat could reach the shore, Jacob had scattered up some woody ravine, and left no trace behind.

About this time, the Roost experienced a vast accession of warlike importance, in being made one of the stations of the water-guard. This was a kind of aquatic corps of observation, composed of thirty, sharp-shavaged boats, technically called whale-boats, that lay lightly on the water, and could be rowed with great rapidity. They were manned by twenty fellows, skilled at pulling an oar, or handling a musket. These lurked about in nooks and bays, and behind those long promontories which run out into the Tappan Zee, keeping a look-out, to give notice of the approach or movements of hostile ships. They roved about in pairs; sometimes at night, with muffled ears, gliding like spectres about frigates and garrison ships riding at anchor, cutting off any boats that made for shore, and keeping the enemy in constant inanition. These musquito-cruisers generally kept aloft by day, so that their harboring places might not be the prize for which they would so eagerly long. Under shadow of the shore, at night, to take up their quarters at the Roost. Hither, at such time, would also repair the hard-ringing lads of the hills, to hold secret councils of war with the 'ocean chivalry;' and in these nocturnal meetings were concerted many of those daring forays by land and water, that resounded throughout the border.

The chronicle here goes on to recount divers wonderful stories of the wars of the Roost, from which it would seem, that this little warlike nest carried the terror of its arms into every sea, from Spitting Devil Creek to Antony's Nose; that it even beared the stout island of Manhattan, invading it at night, penetrating to its heart, and burning down the famous Delancy house, the conflagration of which makes such a blaze in revolutionary history. Nay more, in their extravegant daring, these folk of the Roost meditated a nocturnal descent upon New York itself, to set upon the British commissioners, Howe and Clinton, by surprise, bear them off captive, and perhaps put a triumphant close to the war!

All these and many similar exploits are recorded by the worthy Diedrich, with his usual minuteness and enthusiasm, whenever the deeds in arms of his kindred Dutchmen are in question; but though most of these warlike stories rest upon the best of authority, that of the warriors themselves, and though many of them are still current among the revolutionaries of the day, yet I dare not expose them to the incredulity of a tame and less chivalric age. Suffice it to say, the frequent gatherings at the Roost, and the hardy projects set on foot there, at length drew on it the fiery indignation of the enemy; and this was quickened by the extreme want of toughness and grandeur; with whose valorous achievements we resume the course of the chronicle.

This doughty Dutchman, continues the sage Diedrich Knickerbocker, was not content with taking a share in all the magnanimous enterprises concocted at the Roost, but still continued his petty warfare along shore. A series of exploits at length raised his confidence in his prowess to such a height, that he began to think himself and his goose-gun a match for any thing. Unluckily, in the course of one of his prowlings, he descried a British transport aground, not far from shore, with her stern swung toward the land, within point-blank shot. The temptation was too great to be resisted; bang! and a shower of slugs and buck-shot whistled about the ears of the enemy, and before the boat could reach the shore, Jacob had scattered up some woody ravine, and left no trace behind.

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at war. The mother, the son, and the strapping, the sea was to be the source of the terror. The storm continued down to the very water's edge; when a voice from the armed vessel at anchor, ordered the spooners to let go their hold; they relinquished their prises, jumped into their boats, and pulled off, and the heroines of the Roost escaped with a mere rumbling of the feathers.

The fear of tiring my readers, who may not take such an interest as myself in these heroic themes, induces me to close this little view of the stirring chronicle of the venerable Diederich. Suffice it briefly to say, that shortly after the catastrophe of the Roost, Jacob Van Tassel, in the course of one of his forays, fell into the hands of the British; was sent prisoner to New York, and was detained in captivity for the greater part of the war. In the mean time, the Roost remained a melancholy ruin; its stone walls and brick chimneys alone standing, blackened by fire, and the resort of bats and owlets. It was not until after years of peace, when this bedlamer neighborhood once more resumed its quiet agricultural pursuits, that the stout Jacob sought the scene of his triumphs and disasters; rebuilt the Roost, and reared again on high its glittering weather-cocks.

Does anyone want farther particulars of the fortunes of this eventful little pile? Let him go to the fountain-head, and drink deep of historic truth. Reader! the stout Jacob Van Tassel still lives, a venerable, gray-headed patriarch of the revolution now in his ninety-fifth year! He sits by his fireside, in the ancient city of the Manhattanites, and passes the long winter evenings, surrounded by his children, and grand-children, and great-grand-children, all listening to his tales of the border wars, and the heroic days of the Roost. His great goose-gun, too, is still in existence, having been preserved for many years in a hollow tree, and passed from hand to hand among the Dutch burghers, as a precious relic of the revolution. It is now actually in possession of a contemporary of the stout Jacob, one of the party that preserved it up at his house in the Bowery of New-Amsterdam, hard by the ancient rural retreat of the chivalric Peter Stuyvesant. I am not without hopes of one day seeing this formidable piece of ordnance restored to its proper station in the arsenal of the Roost.

Before closing this historical document, I cannot but advert to certain notions and traditions concerning the venerable pile in question. Old-time edifices are apt to gather odd fancies and superstitions about them, as they do moss and weather-stains; and this is in a neighborhood like this, where the old-fashioned notions, and who look up the Roost as somewhat of a fated mansion. A lonely, rambling, down-hill lane leads to it, overhung with trees, with a wild brook dashing along, and crossing and re-crossing it. This lane is favorably situated for the good people of the neighborhood shy of treading at night; why, I could not for a long time ascertain; until I learned that one or two of the rovers of the Tappan Sea, shot by the stout Jacob during the war, had been buried hereabout, in unsegregated ground.

Another local superstition is of a less gloomy kind, and one which I confess I am somewhat disposed to cherish. The Tappan Sea, in front of the Roost, is about three miles wide, bordered by a lofty line of waves and rocky hills. Often, in the still twilights of a summer evening, when the sea is glass, with the opposite hills throwing their purple shadows half across it, a low sound is heard, as of the steady, vigorous pull of oars, far out in the middle of the stream, though not a boat is to be descried. This I should have been apt to ascribe to some boat rowed along under the shadows of the western shore, for sounds are conveyed to a great distance by water, at such quiet hours, and I could distinctly hear the baying of the watchdogs at night, from the farms on the sides of the opposite mountains. The ancient traditions of the neighborhood, however, religiously ascribed these sounds to a judgment upon one Rumble Van Dam, of Spitting Devil, who danced and drank late one Saturday night, at a Dutch quilting frolic, at Kakiat, and set off alone for home in a boat, on the verge of Sunday morning; swearing he would not land till he reached Spitting Devil, if it took him a month of Sundays. He was never seen afterward, but is often heard plying his oars across the Tappan Sea, a Flying Dutchman on a small scale, suited to the size of his cruising-ground; being doomed to ply between Kakiat and Spitting Devil till the day of judgment, but never to reach the land.

There is one room in the mansion which almost overhangs the rivulet, and is said to be haunted by the ghost of a young lady who died of love and green apples. I have been awakened at night by the sound of oars and the tinkling of guitars beneath the window; and a light boat floating in the moonlight, has been tempted to believe it is the ghostly visitor of the history of the house. The house was quickening with the spirit of the sable Van Tassel; yet is there any reason to suppose the house should indulge itself with a renewed portion of mortality? Do not, I beg, press the inquiry further.

The house, if a readers should visit it, would at least be a sight of the half-mast, ready for the very day, when the sun would not rise, and the clock would strike one. It would be a sight of the half-mast, ready for the very day, when the sun would not rise, and the clock would strike one. It would be a sight of the half-mast, ready for the very day, when the sun would not rise, and the clock would strike one.

K N I C K E R B O C K E R MISCELLANIES.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Having pitched my tent, probably for the remainder of my days, in the neighborhood of Sleepy Hollow, I am tempted to give name to particulars concerning that spell-bound region, especially as it has risen to historic importance under the pen of my revered friend and master, the sage-historian of the New Netherland. Besides, I find the very existence of the place has been held in question by many; who, judging from its odd name and the old stories current among the vulgar concerning it, have rashly deemed the whole to be a fanciful creation, like the Lumber Land of mariners. I must confess there is some appearant cause for doubt, in consequence of the colouring given by the worthy Diederich to his descriptions of the Hollow; who, in this instance, has departed a little from his usual sober style; beguiled, very probably, by his predilection for the haunts of his youth, and by a certain lurking taint of romance whenever anything connected with the sea is talked of, to be described.

I shall endeavor to make up for this amiable error on the part of my venerable and venerated friend by presenting the reader with a more precise and

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WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

musical account of the Hollow; though I am not sure that I shall not be prone to lapse in the end into the very error I am speaking of, so potent is the witchery of the theme.

It was the very peculiarity of its name and the idea of something mystic and dreamy connected with it that first led me in my boyish ramblings into Sleepy Hollow. The character of the valley seemed to answer to the name; the slumber of past ages apparently reigned over it; it had not awakened to the stir of improvement which had put the rest of the world in a bustle. Here reigned good, old long-forgotten fashions; the men were in home-spun gowns, evidently the product of their own farms and the manufacture of their own wives; the women were in primitive short gowns and petticoats, with the venerable sun-bonnets of Holland origin. The lower part of the valley was cut up into small farms, each consisting of a little meadow and corn-field; an orchard of sprawling, gnarled apple-trees, and a garden, where the rose, the marigold, and the hollyhock were permitted to skirt the edge of the capacious cabbage, the asparagus pea, and the porty pumpkin. Each had its prolific little mansion teeming with children; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren; a motherly hen, under whose guarding wings the delicate young were safe around her a bovine of vagrant chickens; a cool, stone well, with the moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing-pole, according to the antediluvian idea of hydraulics; and its spinning-wheel humming within doors, the patriarchal music of home manufacture.

The Hollow at that time was inhabited by families which had existed there from the earliest times, and which, by frequent intermarriage, had become so interwoven, as to make a kind of natural commonwealth. As the families had grown larger, the farms had grown smaller; every new generation requiring a new subdivision, and few thinking of swarming from the native hive. In this way that happy golden mean had been produced, so much excelled by the poets, in which there was no gold and very little silver. One thing which doubtless contributed to keep up this amiable mean was a general repugnance to sordid labor. The sage inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow read in their Bible, which was the only book they had studied, that labor was originally inflicted upon man as a 'whims of sin,' they regarded it, therefore, with pious abhorrence, and never humiliated themselves to it but in cases of extremity. There seemed, in fact, to be a league and covenant against it throughout the Hollow as against a common enemy. Was any one compelled by dire necessity to repair his house, mend his fences, build a barn, or get in a harvest, he considered it a great evil that entitled him to call in the assistance of his friends. He accordingly proclaimed a 'bee' or rustic assembly; all his neighbors hurried to his aid like faithful allies; attacked the task with the desperate energy of lazy men eager to overcome a job; and, when it was accomplished, fell to eating and drinking, laughing and dancing for very joy that so great an amount of labor had been vanquished with so little sweating of the brow.

Yet, let it not be supposed that this worthy community was without its periods of arduous activity. Let but a flock of wild pigeons fly across the valley and the Sleepy Hollow was wide awake in an instant. The pigeons had been hunted; every gun and net was forthwith in requisition. The flail was thrown down on the barn floor; the spade rustled in the garden; the plough stood idle in the furrow; every one was to the hill-side and stubble-field at daybreak to shoot or entrap the pigeons in their periodic migrations.

So, likewise, let but the word be given that the shad were ascending the Hudson, and the worthies of the Hollow were to be seen launching their boats upon the river swaying great strands of their nets like gigantic spider-wedges, fishing into the stream to the great annoyance of navigators. Such are the wise provisions of Nature, by which she equalizes rural affairs. A laggard at the plough is often extremely rich in this respect, and holds his seat and fishing-net; and, whenever a man is an indifferent farmer, he is apt to be a first-rate sportsman. For catching shad and wild pigeons there were none throughout the country to compare with the lads of Sleepy Hollow.

As I have observed, it was the dreamy nature of the name that first beguiled me in the holiday rovings of boyhood into this sequestered region. I shunned, however, the populous parts of the Hollow, and sought its retired haunts in the foldings of the hills, or at the ford of the Pocantico *winds its onward stream* sometimes silently and darkly through solemn woodlands; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh, green meadows; sometimes stealing along the feet of rugged heights unbroken by the baldest pines; and, in the hollows, the branches of the trees. A thousand crystal springs, with which this neighborhood abounds, sent down from the hill-sides their whispering rills, as if to pay tribute to the Pocantico. In this stream I first essayed my unskilful hand at angling. I loved to paddle along it with a boat in hand, watching my float as it whirled amid the eddies or drifted into dark holes under twisted roots and sunken logs, where the largest fish are apt to lurk. I delighted to follow it into the brown recesses of the woods, where my fishing-gear and sit upon rocks beneath towering oaks and glistening grape-vines; bathe my feet in the cool current, and listen to the summer breeze playing among the tree-tops. My boyish fancy clothed all nature around me with ideal charms, and peopled it with the fairy beings I read of in poetry and fable. Here it was I gave full scope to my incept habit of day-dreaming, to a certain propensity, to weave up and tint sober realities with my own whims and imaginations, which has sometimes made life a little too much like an Arabian tale to me, and this 'working-day world' rather a region of romance.

The great gathering-place of Sleepy Hollow in those days was the church. It stood outside of the Hollow, near the great highway, on a green bank shaded by trees, with the Pocantico sweeping round it and emptying itself into a spacious mill-pond. At that time the Sleepy Hollow church was the only place of worship for a wide neighborhood. It was a venerable edifice, partly of stone and partly of brick, the latter having been brought from Holland in the early days of the province, before the arts in the New Netherlands could aspire to such a fabrication. On a stone above the porch were inscribed the names of the founders, Frederick Filipsen, a mighty patron of the olden time, who reigned over a wide extent of this neighborhood and held his court of power at Yonkers; and his wife, Katrina Van Courtlandt, of the no less potent line of the Van Courtlands of Croton, who lorded it over a great part of the Highlands.

The capacious pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding-board, was once likewise early importations from Holland; as also the communion-table, in massive form and curiously carved. The same might be said of a weather-cock perched on top of the bell, and which was considered orthodox in all wind
matters, until a small pragmatical rival was set up on the other end of the church above the chancel. This latter bore, and still bears, the initials of Frederick Filipsen, and assumed great airs in consequence; yet in fact, he seemed to assert that no "equal" stands among church weather-cocks, which can never be brought to agree as to the point from which the wind blows, having doubtedly acquired, from their position, the Christian propensity to schism to which, doubtless, the name of "weather-cock" is an indifferent term. The sportsmen and the late ground-squirel, so far as they were none of them, among the lads of the schoolboy to the old negro that reigned over them, was, as he regarded it, an unprofitable "commissioner" of the communion-table; even the very bricks that had come from the mother country, seemed to touch a frail chord within his bosom. He almost bowed in deference to the stone above the porch, containing the names of Frederick Filipsen and Katrina Van Courtlandt, regarding it as the linking together of those patronymic names, once so famous along the banks of the Hudson; or rather as a key-stone, binding that mighty Dutch family connexion of yore, one foot of which rested on Yonkers, and the other on the Croton. Nor did he forbear to notice with admiration, the windy contest which had been carried on, since time immemorial, and with real Dutch perseverance, between the two weather-cocks; though I could easily perceive he coincided with the one himself, and acquiesced in the other.

Together we paced the ample church-yard. With deep veneration would he turn down the weeds and brambles that obscured the modest brown graves-stones, half sunk in earth, on which were recorded, in Dutch, the names of the patriarchs of yore, one foot of which rested on Yonkers, and the other on the Croton. Nor did he forbear to notice with admiration, the windy contest which had been carried on, since time immemorial, and with real Dutch perseverance, between the two weather-cocks; though I could easily perceive he coincided with the one himself, and acquiesced in the other.

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1. **KNICKERBOCKER MISCELLANIES.**

2. **Companions in Mutiny.**

3. **Hollow and its church, as I recollect them, have been in the days of my boyhood. It was in my striding days, when a few years had passed over my head, that I revisited them, in company with the late ground-squirel, so far as they were none of them, among the lads of the schoolboy to the old negro that reigned over them, was, as he regarded it, an unprofitable "commissioner" of the communion-table; even the very bricks that had come from the mother country, seemed to touch a frail chord within his bosom. He almost bowed in deference to the stone above the porch, containing the names of Frederick Filipsen and Katrina Van Courtlandt, regarding it as the linking together of those patronymic names, once so famous along the banks of the Hudson; or rather as a key-stone, binding that mighty Dutch family connexion of yore, one foot of which rested on Yonkers, and the other on the Croton. Nor did he forbear to notice with admiration, the windy contest which had been carried on, since time immemorial, and with real Dutch perseverance, between the two weather-cocks; though I could easily perceive he coincided with the one himself, and acquiesced in the other.

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and lilies let had verily Gabriel slept others, in the had Farm-ers' the their barks.

But I have said enough of the good old times of my youthful days; let me speak of the Hollow as I found it, after an absence of many years, when it was kindly given me once more to revisit the haunts of my boyhood. It was a genial day, as I approached that fated region. The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foliage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple, and the slopes, with drooping sails, slept on its gentle bosom. The banks of strove, from burning brush-wood, rose thusly from the sides of the hollow, on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid-air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noon tide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate, rather than disturb, the drowsy quiet of the scene.

I entered the Hollow with a beating heart. Contrary to my apprehensions, I found it but little changed. The march of intellect, which had made such rapid strides along every river and highway, had not yet, apparently, done more than dip into this favored valley. Perhaps the wizard spell of ancient days still reigned over the place, binding up the faculties of the inhabitants in happy contentment with things as they had been handed down to them from yore. There were the same little farms and farmhouses, with their old hats for the housekeeping wren; their stone wells, moss-covered buckets, and long balancing poles. There were the same little rills, whimpering down to pay their tributes to the Pocantico; while that wizard stream still kept on its course, as of old, through solemn woodlands and fresh green meadows; nor were there wanting joyous holiday boys to loiter along its banks, as I had done; throw their pin-hooks in the stream, or launch their mimic bark. I watched them with a kind of melancholy pleasure. Somewhat artless, in the same spell of the fancy that once rendered this valley a fairy land to me. Alas! alas! to me everything now stood revealed in its simple reality. The echoes no longer answered with wizard tongues; the dream of youth was at an end; the spell of Sleepy Hollow was broken.

I sought the ancient church on the following Sunday. There it stood, on its green bank, among the trees; the Pocantico swept by it in a deep dark stream, where I had so often angled; there expanded the mill-pond, as old, with the cows under the willows on its margin, knee-deep in water, chewing the cud, and lashing the flies from their sides with their tails. The hand of improvement, however, had been busy with the venerable pile. The pulpit, fabricated in Holland, had been superseded by one of modern construction, and the front of the semi-Gothic edifice was decorated by a semi-Grecian portal. Fortunately, the two weather-cocks remained undisturbed on their perches at each end of the church, and still kept up a diametrical opposition to each other. No one has ever dreamt of whitewashing them.

On entering the church the changes of time continued to be apparent. The elders round the pulpit were men whom I had left in the gymnasium frolicking of their youth, but who had succeeded to the sanctity of the ministerial functions in which so much of our work is done. What most struck my eye was the change in the female part of the congregation. Instead of the primitive garbs of homespun manufacture and antique Dutch fashion, I beheld French sleeves, French caps, and French et ceteras, and a fearful fluttering of French ribbons.

When the service was ended, I sought the churchyard, in which I had sported in my unthinking days of boyhood. Several of the meadow brown stones, where we were recorded in Dutch the names and virtues of the patriots, had disappeared, and had been succeeded by others of white marble, with urns and wreaths, and scrapes of English tomb-stone poetry, marking the intrusion of taste and literature and the English language in this once unadorned Dutch neighborhood.

As I was stumbling among these silent yet eloquent memorials of the dead, I came upon names familiar to me; of those who had paid the debt of nature during the long interval of my absence. Some I remembered. I was startled to meet with some who had met me on the very sod where they were now mouldering; others who in those days had been the flower of the yeomanry, figuring in Sunday finery on the church green; others, the white-haired elders of the sanctuary, once arrayed in awful sanctity around the pulpit, and ever ready to rebuke the ill-bred jest of the wanest stripling who, now a man, sobered by years and schooled by viscerals, looked down pensive upon their graves. 'Our fathers,' thought I, 'were they— and the prophets, can they live for ever?'

I was disturbed in my meditations by the noise of a troop of idleurchins, who came gambolling about the place where I had so often gambolled. They were checked, as I and my playmates had often been, by the voice of the sexton, a man staid in years and demeanor. I looked wistfully in his face; had I met him anywhere else, I should probably have passed him by without remark: but here I was alive to the traces of former times, and detected in the demure features of this guardian of the sanctuary the lurking lineaments of one of the very playmates I have alluded to. We renewed our acquaintance. He sat down beside me, on one of the tomb-stones over which we had leaped in our juvenile sports, and we talked together about our boyish days, and held up to the new generation the pleasant things, as instances in the scene around us. He was rich in historic lore, as to the events of the last thirty years and the circumference of the miles, and from him I learned the appalling revolution that was taking place throughout the neighborhood. All this I clearly perceived he attributed to the boasted march of intellect, or rather to the all-pervading influence of steam. He bewailed the times when the only communication with town was by the weekly marketboat, the 'Farmers' Daughter,' which, flashing the pilotage of the worthy Gabriel Reuven, bravely defied the perils of the Tappan Sea. Alas! Gabriel and the 'Farmers' Daughter' slept in peace. Two steamboats now splashed and paddled up and down the little rural port of Tarrytown. The spirit of speculation and improvement had seized upon this once quiet and unambitious little dorp. The whole neighborhood was laid out into towns. Instead of the little tavern below the hill, where the farmers used to loiter on market days and indulge in cider and gingerbread, an ambitious hotel, with cupola and terraces, now adorned the summit. Among them were built in the Grecian and Gothic styles, showing the
and the pulpit added the holy and the sacred, the chimes of the bells, and the speculations of the minds of men. The mind, in the solemnity of the moment, is restrained, and the imagination is turned inward. The church is a sanctuary from the world, a place of refuge from the cares of life, a haven of peace and quietude. The bells toll out the hours of the day, and the chimes of the bells are heard far and wide.

I had heard enough; I left the church, and the sound of the bells was heard in the distance. The bells toll out the hours of the day, and the chimes of the bells are heard far and wide. The church is a sanctuary from the world, a place of refuge from the cares of life, a haven of peace and quietude. The bells toll out the hours of the day, and the chimes of the bells are heard far and wide.

The church is a sanctuary from the world, a place of refuge from the cares of life, a haven of peace and quietude. The bells toll out the hours of the day, and the chimes of the bells are heard far and wide.
He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, at this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening glories of the season; and later than this, begins the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance—'the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-briar and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; but all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or in some long flaxening weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowing one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tumultuously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling thrilled in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hasty school; but holiday, frugal, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! I could fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'll make, no joyous wing;
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Farther observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him, but at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While he lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strains. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusty garb, and enters into the gross enjoyments of common birds. He becomes a bonne-vivant, a mere gourmand, thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandizing on the seeds of the long grasses with which he lately swung, and chanted so musically. He begins to think there is nothing like 'the joys of the table;' if I may be allowed to apply that convivial phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain, every-day fare, and sets out on a gastronomical tour, in search of foreign luxuries. He is to be found in myriad among the reeds of the Delaware, banquetting on their seeds; groves copulent with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the ortolan. Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the red-bird, the much-sought-for tit-bit of the Pennsylvanian epicure.

Does he take warning and reform? Not he! He wings his flight still farther south, in search of other luxuries. He hears of an orgiastic in the pine-wilves, filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. The last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gourmand, the most vaunted of southern dainties, the rice-bird of the Carolinas.

Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted Boblink. It contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end. Which is all at present, from the well-wisher of little boys and little birds,

GEORGE CRAYON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

During a summer's residence in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, of which I have already given numerous anecdotes to the public, I used to pass much of my time in the beautiful hall of the Abencerrages, beside the fountain celebrated in the tragic story of that devoted race. Here it was, that thirty-six cavaliers of that heroic line were treacherously sacrificed, to appease the jealousy or ally the fears of a tyrant. The fountain which now throws up its sparkling spray, and sheds a dewy freshness around, ran red with the noblest blood of Granada, and a deep stain on the marble pavement is still pointed out, by the circones of the pile, as a memorial and record of the massacre. I have regarded it with the same deep and pious faith, with which I have regarded the traditional stains of Rizbo's blood on the floor of the chamber of the unfortunate Mary, at Holyrood. I thank no one for endeavoring to enlighten my credulity, on such points of popular belief. It is like breaking up the shrine of the pilgrim; it is robbing a poor traveller of half the reward of his toils; for, straining travelling of its historical illusions, and what a mere fool you make of it!

For my part, I gave myself up, during my sojourn
KNICKERBOCKER MISCELLANIES.

As the year, and the use to vibrate elegant tastes, national suit of latch and, on vulgar gourmand, pampering which he lately in the Alhambra, to all the romantic and fabulous traditions connected with the pile. I lived in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes, as much as I could, from that world which called me back to every-day life; and if there is any country in Europe where one can do so, it is in poor, wild, legendary, proud-spirited, romantic Spain; where the old magic and the old fancies against the utilitarianism of modern civilization.

In the silent and deserted halls of the Alhambra; surrounded with the insignia of royal sway, and the still vivid, though dilapidated trances of oriental voluptuousness, I was in the strong-hold of Moorish story, and every thing spoke and breathed of the glorious days of Granada, when under the dominion of the Crescent. When I sat in the hall of the Abencerrages, I suffered my mind to conjure up all that I had read of that illustrious line. In the proudest days of Moorish domination, the Abencerrages were the soul of everything noble and chivalrous. The veterans of the family, who sat in the royal council, were the foremost to devise those heroic enterprises, which carried dismay into the territories of the Christians; and what the sages of the family the foremost to execute. All services of hazard; all adventurous forays, and hair-breadth hazards; the Abencerrages were sure to win the day. In fact, Granada, may it melt recreations, not which bear so close an affinity to war; in the tilt and tournament, the riding at the ring, and the daring bullfight: still the Abencerrages carried off the palm. Nor could they ever fail them in the splendid magnificence of their galleries; for their noble bearing, and glorious horsemanship. Their open-handed munificence made them the idols of the populace, while their chivalry, generosity, and perfect faith, gained them golden opinions from the generous and high-minded. Never were they known to decry the merits of a rival, or to betray the confidences of a friend; and the "word of an Abencerrage" was a guarantee that never admitted of a doubt.

And then their devotion to the fair! Never did Moorish beauty consider the fame of her charms established, until she had an Abencerrage for a lover; and never did an Abencerrage prove retracted to his vows. Lovely Granada! City of delights! Who ever bore the favors of thy dames more proudly on their casques, or championed them—more gallantly in the chivalrous lists of the Vivarantia? Or who of them made thy moon-lit balconies, thy gardens of myrtles and roses, of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, respond to more tender serenades? Such wild enthusiasm on this theme; for it is connected with the recollection of one of the sweetest evenings and sweetest scenes that ever I enjoyed in Spain. One of the greatest pleasures of the Spanish ladies is to be enlivened by the beauty of their artistic and historical past, and to traditional ballads, and to be a part of the story of the Moors and Christians, and the 'buenas andanzas' and 'grandes hechos', the 'good fortunes' and 'great exploits' of the mustering of the knights of yore. It is worthy of remark, also, that many of these songs, or romances, as they are called, celebrate the prowess and magnanimity in war, and the tenderness and fidelity in love of the Moorish cavaliers, once the most formidable and hated foes. But centuries have elapsed, to extinguish the bigotry of the real, and the once tested warriors of Granada are now held up by Spaniards as the most formidable warriors of yore. Such was the amusement of the evening in question. A number of us were seated in the Hall of the Abencerrages, listening to one of the most gifted and fascinating beings that I had ever met with in my wanderings. She was young and beautiful; and light and ethereal; full of fire, and spirit, and pure enthusiasm. She wore the fanciful Andalusian dress; touched the guitar with sweeping eloquence, improvised on its chords, and, most poetic fancy, and as she became more excited by her theme, or by the rapt attention of her auditors, would pour forth, in the richest and most melodious strains, a succession of couplets, full of striking description, or stirring narration, and composed, as I was assured, at the moment. Most of these were suggested by the place, and related to the ancient glories of Granada, and the prowess of her chivalry. The Abencerrages were her favorite heroes; she felt a woman's admiration of their gallant courtesy, and high-souled honor; and it was touching and inspiring to hear the praises of that race, which was, in fact, the last of the chivalric, in Spain, the story itself embodied in the form of an episode in the Diana of Montemayor. From these sources I have drawn it forth, and endeavor to shape it according to my recollection of the version of the beautiful minstrel; but, alas! what can supply the want of that voice, that look, that form, that action, which gave magical effect to her chant, and held every one rapt in breathless admiration? Should this mere travesty of her inspired numbers ever meet her eye, in her stately abode at Granda? Would the story which belonged to her beguinage nature. Happy should I be, if it could awaken in her bosom one kind recollection of the lonely stranger and sojourner, for whose gratification she did not think it beneath her to exert those fascinating powers which were the delight of brilliant circles; and who will ever recall with enthusiasm the happy evening passed in listening to her strains, in the moon-light halls of the Alhambra.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

THE ABENCERRAGE.

A SPANISH TALE.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Alora, now a mere ruin, invested by batts, and old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the war-like kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and, at the time of which we treat, was held by a valiant warrior, a devoted, famed, both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy which should ever be entwined with the stern virtuous of the soldier.

The castle of Alora was a mere part of his command; he was Alayde, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier post, because its situation on the borders gavc more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted and well appointed: with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moors; patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye; and now and then signaling himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy Alayde sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighborhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and
cavalier, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers a considerable distance from the scene of battle, the Moor sat silently headed shot about, with one of those dexterous movements in which the Moorish horsemen are renowned; passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly displacing himself, turned to the right.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast, that soon brought the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor, with courteous words, invited him touffs and double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with a sweet song, a ditty of his love ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together: they were all so used with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm, but to capture him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task; rushing, therefore, on horseback, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler, and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The cavaliers checked their steeds and reconnitered him warily, loth to come to an encounter, which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley: 'If you are true knights,' said he, 'and seek for honorable fame, come on, singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil, come all at once, and do your worst!'

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed: 'Although the law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as a courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor, I defend thyself!'

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the Stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpired him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth, severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot 'all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor.

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The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and being grieved by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then closing, in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth: when putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat. 'Cavalier,' exclaimed he; render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands.'

'Kill me, rather,' replied the Moor, 'for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty.'

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed to his camp. The wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and, when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south, with a fixed and wistful gaze.

'How is this?' exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully. 'that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me, as to a friend, and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure.

The Moorish knight kissed the hands of the Alcayde. 'Noble cavalier,' said he, 'that I am, cast down in spirit, is not from my wounds, which are slight, nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier, is no disgrace. But to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story; and this I am moved to do, by the great sympathy you have manifested toward me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions.'

'Know, then, that my name is Abendares. and
that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished; so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, that, should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom. Conformably to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alcayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me to his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father; and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years after, my wife gave birth to a daughter, but his tenderness toward me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarisa, for so the infant daughter of the Alcayde was called, as her own brother, and the tender affection which was felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were, leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

At this period, I overheard a conversation between the Alcayde and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. 'It is time,' said he, 'to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and an unfortunate race.'

This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period, but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister, operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

I sought Xarisa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in abower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a crystal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embraces. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. "I am," she cried, "then is our happiness at an end!"

'How!' exclaimed I; ' wilt thou cease to love me, because I am not thy brother?'

'Not so,' replied she; 'but do you not know that when it is once known we are no brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?'

'In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. 'We met often at the fountain among the jessamines, but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me. She became reserved and silent, and would blush, and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister; yet I would not have had the relationship true, for the world.

While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the King of Granada for the Alcayde to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontiers. He prepared to remove, with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. 'That is the very case,' said he, 'why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abencerrag, that thou shouldst know thy birth; that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister,' I know it all,' exclaimed I, 'and I love her with tenfold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have been entwined by our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness; be indeed a father to me, by giving me Xarisa for my wife.'

'The brow of the Alcayde darkened as I spoke. 'Have I then been deceived?' said he. 'Have those nurtured in my very bosom been conspiring against me? Is this your return for my paternal tenderness?—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough for thee to have left me, my daughter, that thou wert of a proscribed race, which he was.'

This was the general reason of Granada; this, however, I might have passed over; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavored to win her from me by deception.'

'All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and seeking Xarisa, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. 'Xarisa,' said I, 'I am for ever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!'

Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and despised, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals were performed with a promise of her father's absence, and I was to send word to Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The very day after our secret nuptials, I beheld the whole train of the Alcayde depart from Cartama; nor would he admit me to his presence. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union; but every thing around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited; the chamber in which she sat, the bowers of the jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she had delighted. Everything recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy.

At length, a confidential servant brought me word, that her father was to depart that day for Granada, on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I should obtain admission.

If ever you loved, most valiant Alcayde, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honor to my bride; and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom, in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge, then, whether I grieve without...
works of Washington Irving.

cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement.

Narvaez was deeply moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war, than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

'Abendaraez,' said he, 'I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the generous fortune which delivered thee into my hands, should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith, as a true knight, to return prisoner to my castle, within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials.'

The Alcayde was lost in admiration of the beauty of the lady, and the noble spirit of the Moor. 'I know not,' said he, 'which of you surpasses the other; but I know that my castle is graced and honored by your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own, while you deign to reside with me.'

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each other's love, and in the friendship of the brave Alcayde. The latter wrote a letter, full of courtesy, to the Moorish king of Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the courage and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The king was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of showing attention to the wishes of a gallant and chivalrous enemy; for though he had often suffered from the valor of Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, he admired the heroic enterprise which he had gained throughout the land. Calling the Alcayde of Coyn into his presence, he gave him the letter to read. 'The Alcayde turned pale, and trembled with rage, on the perusal of the case of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his steed under its dark blossom, and having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarisa. He paused and look round to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a little while the portal was timidly unclosed by the duenna of Xarisa. "Alas! senor," said she, "what has detained you thus long? Every night have I watched for you; and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety." The Alcayde hung his lance, and shield, and scimitar against the wall, and then followed the duenna, with silent steps, up a winding stair-case, to the apartment of Xarisa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten, until too late, his promise to return a prisoner to the Alcayde of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarisa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs; but her countenance brightened, when she heard the cause. "Let not thy spirit be cast down," said she, "throwing her white arms around him. 'I have the keys of my father's treasures; send ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me.'

'Six months,' said Abendaraez, 'I have given my word to return in person, and like a true knight, must fulfill my promise. After that, fortune must do with me as it pleases.'

'Then,' said Xarisa, 'I will accompany thee. Never shall you return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty.'

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. All preparations were speedily made for their departure. Xarisa mounted behind the Moor, on his powerful steed; they left the castle walls before daybreak; nor did they pause, until they arrived at the gate of the castle of Allora, which was flung wide to receive them.

Alighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who remained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaez. 'Behold, valiant Alcayde!' said he, 'the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a prisoner, but I deliver thee captives into thy power. Behold Xarisa, and judge whether I grieved without reason, over the loss of such a treasure. Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and honor to your hands.'

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The kindling ire of the Alcayde was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Coyn, and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen at his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaez gave liberty to his prisoner without ransom, demanding merely a promise of his friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings.

When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez returned to his fortress of Allora.

After his departure, the Alcayde of Coyn addressed his children: 'To your hands,' said he, 'I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you, is not to forget the ransom you owe to the Abencerrage of Allora. His magnanimity you cannot repay, but you can prevent it from wronging him of his just dues. Give him, moreover, your entire friendship, for he merits it fully, though of a different nature.'

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and enclosed it in a rich coffer; and, on his own part, sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned; with six shields and lances, mounted and adorned with gold. The beautiful letter at the same time, wrote a letter to the Alcayde, filled with expressions of gratitude and friendship; and the prowess of a cavalier, his brave cypress-wood, containing linen, of the finest quality, for his person. The valiant Alcayde disposed of the present in a characteristic manner. The horses and armor he shared among the cavaliers who had accompanied him on the night of the
almarish. The box of cypress-wood and its contents be retained, for the sake of the beautiful Xarisa; and send her, by the hands of the messenger, the sum of gold placed as a ransom, entreat her to receive it as a wedding present. And magnanimity raised the character of the Alcayde Rodrigo de Narvaez still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward, there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

Break, Phœnix, from thy cave of cloud,
And wear thy purple wight,
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things.
Create of airy forms a stream;
And these will bear thy blood and soul of plebeus;
And though it be a walking dream,
Yet let it on an idle roar.
It will the less be seen,
And fell to slumber on their eyes.

There are more things in heaven and earth than
Are dreamed of in our philosophy; and among them
May be placed that marvel and mystery of the sea,
The island of St. Brandan. Every school-boy can enumerate and call by name the Canaries, the Fortunate Islands of the ancients; which, according to some ingenious speculative minds, are mere wrecks and remnants of the vast island of Atlantis, mentioned by Plato, as having been swallowed up by the ocean. Whoever has read the history of those isles, will remember the wonders told of another island, still more beautiful, seen occasionally from their shores, stretching away in the clear bright west, with ond shadowy promontories, and high, sun-gilt peaks. Numerous expeditions, both in ancient and modern days, have launched forth from the Canaries in quest of that island; but, on their approach, mountain and promontory have gradually faded away, until nothing has remained but the blue sky above, and the deep blue water below. Hence it was termed by the geographers of old, Aprositus, or the Inaccessible; while modern navigators have called it very existence in question, pronouncing it a mere optical illusion. But the ancient writers of the Strata of Messenian history or classing it with those unsubstantial regions known to mariners as Cape Flyway, and the Coast of Cloud Land.

Let not, however, the doubts of the worldly-wise sceptics of modern days rob us of all the glorious realms owned by happy credulity in days of yore. Be assured, O reader of easy faith!—thou for whom I delight to labor—be assured, that such an island does actually exist, and has, from time to time, been revealed to the gaze, and trodden by the feet, of favored mortals. Nay, though doubted by historians and philosophers, its existence is fully attested by the poets, who, being an inspired race, and gifted with a kind of second sight, can see into the mysteries of nature, hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals. To this gifted race it has ever been a region of fancy and romance, teeming with all kind of wonders, where once bloomed, and perhaps still blooms, the famous garden of the Hesperides, with its golden fruit. Here, too, was the enchanted garden of Armida, in which that sorceress held the christian paladin, Rinaldo, in delicious but inglorious thraldom; as is set forth in the immortal lay of Tasso. It was on this island, also, that Sycoras, the witch, held sway, when the good Prospero, and his infant daughter Miranda were waited to its shores. The isle was then

- 'full of noisel.'

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.'

Who does not know the tale, as told in the magazine of Shakspeare?

In fact, the island appears to have been, at different times, under the sway of different powers, geni of earth, and air, and ocean; who made it their shadowy abode; or, rather, it is the retiring place of old worn-out divinities and deities, that once ruled the poetical world, but are now nearly born of all their attributes. Here Neptune and Amphitrite hold a diminished court, like sovereigns in exile. Their ocean-chariot lies bottom upward, in a cave of the island, almost a perfect wreck, while their purplish Tritons and haggard Nereids bask listlessly, like seals about the rocks. Sometimes they assume a shadow of their ancient pomp, and glide in state about the glassy sea; while the crew of some tall Indiaman, that lies becalmed with flapping sails, hear with astonishment the mellow note of the triton's shell swelling good forth, like the invisible pea*

bodies. Sometimes the quondam monarch of the ocean is permitted to make himself visible to mortal eyes, visiting the ships that cross the line, to exact a tribute from new-comers; the only remnant of his ancient rule, and that, alas! performed with tattered state, and tarnished splendor.

On the shores of this wondrous island, the mighty kraken heaves his bulk, and wallows many a rood, here, too, the sea-serpent lies coiled up, during the intervals of his much-contested revelations to the eyes of true believers; and here, it is said, even the Flying Dutchman finds a port, and casts his anchor, and turls his shadowy sail, and takes a short repose from his eternal wanderings.

Here all the treasures lost in the deep are safely garnered. The caverns of the shores are piled with golden ingots, boxes of pearls, rich bales of oriental silks; and their deep recesses sparkle with diamonds, or flame with carbuncles. Here, in deep bays and harbors, lies many a spell-bound ship, long given up as lost by the ruined merchant. Here too, its crew, long since swallowed up in ocean, lie sleeping in mossy grottoes, from age to age, or wander about enchanted shores and groves, in pleasing oblivion of all things.

Such are some of the marvels related of this island, and which may serve to give some light on the following legend, of unquestionable truth, which I recommend to the entire belief of the reader.

THE ADELANTADO OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

A LEGEND OF ST. BRANDAN.

In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal, of worthy memory, was pushing the career of discovery along the western coast of Africa, and the world was resounding with reports of golden regions on the main land, and new-found islands in the ocean, there arrived at Lisbon an old bewildered pilot of the seas, who had long been driven by tempests, and whose vessel, and who raved about an island far in the deep, on which he had landed, and which he had found peopled with Christians, and adorned with noble cities.

The inhabitants, he said, gathered round, and regarded him with surprise, having never before been
visited by a ship. They told him they were descend- 
ants of a band of Christians, who fled from Spain 
when that country was conquered by the Moslems. 
They were curious about the state of their fath- 
ersland, and the story of the time that the Moslems still held 
the possession of the kingdom of Granada. They would 
have taken the old navigator to church, to convince 
him of their orthodoxy; but, either through lack of 
levation, or lack of faith in their words, he declined 
his invitation, and preferred to return on board of 
his ship. He was properly punished. A fierce 
storm arose, drove him from his anchorage, hurried 
him out to sea, and he saw no more of the unknown 
Island.

This strange story caused great marvel in Lisbon 
and elsewhere. Those versed in history, remembered 
to have read, in an ancient chronicle, that, at 
the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, 
when the blessed cross was cast down, and the cres- 
cent erected in its place, and when Christian churches 
were turned into Moslem mosques, seven bishops, at 
the head of seven bands of pious exiles, fled from 
the peninsula, and embarked in quest of some ocean 
island, or distant land, where they might found seven 
Christian cities, and enjoy their faith un molested.

No one, however, entered into the matter with 
the zeal of Don Fernando de Ulmo, a young 
cاغی of high standing in the Portuguese court, 
and of most sanguine and romantic temperament. 
He had recently come to his estate, and had run 
the round of all kinds of pleasures and excitements, 
when this new theme of popular talk and wonder 
presented itself. The Island of the Seven Cities be- 
came now the constant subject of his thoughts by 
day and his dreams by night; it even rivaled his 
passion for a beautiful girl, one of the greatest belles 
of Lisbon, to whom he was betrothed. At length 
his imagination became so inflamed on the subject, 
that he determined to fit out an expedition, at his 
own expense, and set sail in quest of this sanded 
island. It could not be a cruise of any great extent; 
for according to the calculations of the tempest- 
tossed pilot, it must be somewhere in the latitude of 
the Canaries; which at that time, when the new 
world was as yet undiscovered, formed the frontier 
of ocean enterprise. Don Fernando applied to the 
crown for countenance and protection. As he was 
a favorite at court, the usual patronage was readily 
accorded him. It is safe to say, he renewed a cour- 
erelation from the king, Don Forn II., constituting 
him Adelantado, or military governor, of any coun- 
try he might discover, with the single proviso, that 
he should bear all the expenses of the discovery and 
pay a tenth of the profits to the crown.

Don Fernando repaired to the true spirit of a projector. He sold acre after acre of solid land, 
and invested the proceeds in ships, guns, and sea-stores. Even his old family mansion is 
now a well-equipped warship.}

and invested the proceeds in ships, guns, and sea-stores. Even his old family mansion is 
Lisbon was mortgaged without scruple, for he looked 
forward to a palace in one of the Seven Cities of 
the New World, which he named New Adelantado. This was the air 
of nautical romance, when the thoughts of all specula- 
tive dreamers were turned to the ocean.

The scheme of Don Fernando, dressed adventu- 
ers of every kind. The merchant promised himself 
new marts of opulent traffic; the soldier hoped to 
treasure and plunder areas one or other of the 
Seven Cities; even the fat monk shook off his sleep 
and plunder of the cloister, to join in a crusade which 
proposed such increase to the possessions of the 
church.

One person alone regarded the whole project with 
sovereign contempt and growing hostility. This was 
Don Ramiro Alvarez, the father of the beautiful 
Serafina, to whom Don Fernando was betrothed. 
He was one of those perverse, matter-of-fact old men 
who are prone to oppose everything speculative and 
romantic. He had no faith in the Island of the Seven 
Cities; regarded the projected cruise as a crack- 
brained freak; looked with angry eye and internal 
hostility on the conduct of his intended son-in-
wed, chaffering away solid lands for the sake of 
the moon, and giving them to a nation of exiles 
from the Ifni, and a people of Savannah. In fact, he had never really relished the intended match, to which his consent had been 
slowly extorted by the tears and entreaties of his 
doughter. It is true he could have no reasonable 
objections to the young man, or rather to the beauty 
he was to marry, for Don Fernando was a very 
flower of Portuguese chivalry; no one could 
elim him at the tilting match, or the riding at 
the tourney; none was more bold and dexterous in 
the bullfight; none composed more gallant madrigals 
for the minstrels, or more sweetly-voiced madrigals 
for the choirs of his lady's chamber, or more sweet 
to the accompaniment of her guitar; he could 
any handle the cataracts and dance 
the bolero with more captivating grace. All these 
alluring qualities and endowments, however, though 
they had been sufficient to win the heart of Serafina, 
were nothing in the eyes of her unreasonable father. O Cupid, god of Love! why should fathers always be 
so unreasonable!

The engagement to Serafina threatened had 
threatened at first to throw an obstacle in the way of the expedi- 
tion to the New Adelantado, by the threats of his 
father. It was passionate attachment to the 
young lady; but he was also passionately bent on 
this romantic enterprise. How should he reconcile 
the two passionate inclinations? A simple and 
sensible solution of the problem presented itself; 
marry Serafina, enjoy a portion of the honeymoon 
at once, and defer the rest until his return from the 
discovery of the Seven Cities!

He hastened to make known this most excellent 
arrangement to Don Ramiro, when the long-smotherd 
wrath of the old cavalier burst forth in a storm 
about his ears. He reproached him with the 
idea of wandering vagabonds and wild schemers, 
and of squandering all his real possessions in pursuit 
of empty bubbles. Don Fernando was too sanguine 
and Hannibal for a projector of his own. At length 
to such language, he acted with what is tech- 
cially called 'becoming spirit.' A high quarrel 
ensued; Don Ramiro pronounced him a mad man, 
and forbade all further intercourse with his daugh- 
ter, until he had abandoned this mad-cap enterprise; while Don Fernando flung out of the house, more bent than ever on the expedition, from the idea of triumphing 
over the incredulity of the grey-beard when he should 
return successful.

Don Ramiro repaired to his daughter's chambers 
shortly after the departure. He represented 
not only to her father, but to the governor 
and to her lover. He showed that his own 
and the present interest of the queen's 
property, and that the young princess, had a big 
and a new life at her disposal. He 
affectionate and somewhat illogical, had been 
the nation's interest, and the schemes 
of the Seven Cities, the students of the 
father's knowledge, and he knew that she had never heard him.

Notwithstanding, therefore, as a matter of course, I 
self to his own heart, and entered into 
ward his daughter's heart, and found 
that she was not yet reconciled to his 
father, and that the love story would not 
be over. If he was not willing to 
the white and the red blood, and 
the idea of a bright-eyed, energetic 
the idea of a bright-eyed, energetic 
the idea of a bright-eyed, energetic 
the idea of a bright-eyed, energetic 
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ad to her the sanguine, unsteady character of her lover and the chimerical nature of his schemes; showed her the propriety of suspending all intercourse with him until he should recover from his present hallucination; folded her to his bosom with parental fondness, kissed the tear that stole down her cheek, and, holding his hand in his faith as to the schemes of her lover, and the existence of the Island of the Seven Cities, by the sage representations of her father, tradition does not say; but it is certain that she became a firm believer the moment she heard him turn the key in the lock.

Nestling the interdict of Don Ramiro, therefore, and his shrewd precautions, the intercourse of the lovers continued, although clandestinely. Don Fernando toiled all day, hurrying towards his enterprise, while at night he would console and, making a discreet visitation, to carry on at equal pace the no less interesting enterprise of the heart. At length the preparations for the expedition were completed. Two gallant caravels lay anchored in the Tagus, ready to sail with their cargo of a love so grand, that the light of a waning moon. Don Fernando sought the stately mansion of Alvarez to take a last farewell of Serafina. The customary signal did not rise. The moonlight was a signal of a gallant gift of his heart and sorrow. She was not. In the midst of the nine that hour, a shadow passed the heart of Serafina, the first of its kind. A shadow, however, though it was not the last of her desires.

Serafina truly was too sensitive to appreciate the threatened fate of the expedition. Her heart was perplexed as to how her husband could be reconciled with this situation. A simple and unappreciated plan presented itself; she would return to the palace of the harem to meet the return of her lover.

The most excellent day, which the long-smothered clouds burst forth in a storm of beauty, was spent with the lovers, who sailed on wild schemes of conquest in pursuit of a lover too sanguine for them to hear or to listen to the tale of her heart. With that, it seemed to them.

The quartet was played on a mad man, and the lovers, with their daughter, left the city and returned to their home, while Don Fernando was more bent than usual upon the business of triumphing when he should return to the winter palace.

The winter palace was a fine hall, and he represented
Seven Cities. A grand fête was to be solemnised that very night in the palace of the Alcayde or governor of the city; and who, on beholdin the most opulent gate of the city, had despatched the grand chamberlain, in his barge of state, to conduct the future Adelantado to the ceremony.

Don Fernando could scarcely believe but that this was all a dream. He fixed a scrutinising gaze upon the figure of the chamberlain, who, having delivered his message, stood in buckram dignity, drawn up to his full stature, curling his whiskers, striking his sword, and looking down upon him with inexplicable loftiness through his lack-lustre eyes. There was no doubting the word of so grave and ceremonious a hidalgo.

Don Fernando now arrayed himself in gala attire. He would have launched his boat, and gone on shore with his own men, but he was informed the barge of state was expressly provided for his accommodation, and, after the fête, would bring him back to his ship; in which, on the following day, he might enter the harbor in befitting style. He accordingly stepped into the barge, and took his seat beneath the awning. The grand chamberlain seated himself on the stern. The rowers bent to their barge, and renewed their mournful oars, and the gorgeous, but unwieldily barge moved slowly and solemnly through the water.

The night closed in, before the entered the river. They swept along past the rock and promontory, each guarded by its tower. The sentinels at every post challenged them as they passed by.

Who goes there? The Adelantado of the Seven Cities. Pass on. On entering the harbor, they rowed close along an arm of galley, of the most ancient masts. Soldiers with cross-bows were stationed on the deck. Who goes there? was again demanded.

The Adelantado of the Seven Cities. He is welcome. Pass on.

They landed at a broad flight of stone steps, leading up between two massive towers, to the water-gate of the city, at which they knocked for admission. A sentinel in an ancient steel casque, looked over the wall. Who is there? The Adelantado of the Seven Cities. The gate swung slowly open, grating upon its rusty hinges. They entered between two rows of iron-clad warriors, in banded armor, with cross-bows, battle-axes, and ancient maces, and with faces painted white, and their armor. They saluted Don Fernando in military style, but with perfect silence, as he passed between their ranks. The city was illuminated, but in such manner as to give a more shadowy and solemn effect to its old-time architecture. There were bonfires in the principal streets, with groups about them in such old-fashioned garbs, that they looked like the fantastic figures that roamed the streets in carnival time. Even the stately dames who gazed from the balconies, when they had hung with antique tapestry, looked more like effigies dressed up for a quaint mummary, than like ladies in their fashionable attire. Everything, in short, bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back a few centuries. For this it was to be wondered at. Had not the island of the Seven Cities been for several hundred years, cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and was it not natural that the inhabitants should retain many of the modes and customs brought here by their ancestors? One thing certainly they had conserved; the old-fashioned gravity and stateliness. Though this was a time of public rejoicing, and though Don Fernando was the object of their gratulations, everything was conducted with the most solemn ceremony, and wherever he appeared, instead of acclamations, he was received with the most formal reverence and salutations of their sovereign.

Arrived at the palace of the Alcayde, the usual ceremonial was repeated. The chamberlain knelt on admission.

Who is there? demanded the porter.
The Adelantado of the Seven Cities.

He is welcome. Pass on.

The grand portal was thrown open. The chamberlain led the way up a vast and heavily moulded marble stair-case, and so through one of those interminable suites of apartments, that are the pride of Spanish palaces. All were furnished in a style of obsolete magnificence. As they passed through the chamber, the title of Don Fernando was forwarded on by servants stationed at every door; and everywhere produced the most profound reverences and compliments. At length they reached a magnificent saloon, blazing with tapers, in which the Alcayde, and the principal dignitaries of the city, were waiting to receive their illustrious guest. The grand chamberlain saluted the Adelantado, and falling back among the other officers of the household, stood as usual curling his whiskers and striking his forbred.

Don Fernando was received by the Alcayde and the other dignitaries with the same stately and formal courtesy that he had everywhere remarked. In fact, there was so much form and ceremony, that it seemed difficult to get at anything social or substantial. Nothing but bows, and compliments, and old-fashioned courtesies. The Alcayde and his courtiers saluted, and face to face, those quaint words, to be seen in the pages of old illuminated manuscripts, while the cavaliers and dames who thronged the saloon, had been taken to wear gowns of gold and white, and be seated in the corteges with all the ceremony of old times.

He threw his robes to the chair, and sat down. His dress was an ancient style. He was a splendid figure, and by himself an object of wonder. He was a true Spaniard to a variable. He eagerly looked on the board and table, and had barely been tasted the bread before he sat down. Don Fernando cast his eyes over the glittering board, and what a vista of old heads and head-dresses, of formal beards and moustaches, and stately dames, with castellated locks and towering plumes!

As fate would have it, on the other side of Don Fernando was seated the daughter of the Alcayde. She was arrayed, true, in a dress that might have been worn before the flood; but then she had a melting black Andalusian eye, that perfectly irresistible. Her voice, too, her manner, her movements, all smacked of Andalusia, and showed how female fascination may be transmitted from age to age, and clime to clime, without ever losing its power, or going out of fashion. Those who know the witchery of the sex in that age of old Spain, may judge what must have been the fascination to which Don Fernando was exposed, when seated beside one of the most captivating of its descendants. He was, as it is already hinted, of an intractable temper, and a heart ready to get in love at every instant. And then he had been so weary of pompous, tedious old cavaliers, with their formal bows and speeches; it is to be wondered at that he turned with delight to the Alcayde's daughter, all smiles, and dimples, and kissing looks, and melting accents. Beside, for I wish to give it, on the other hand, he saw a particularly excitable mood from the novelty of
the scene before him, and his head was almost turned with this sudden and complete realization of all. The door was open, and the moment, he had taken frequent draughts at the wine-cup, presented him at every instant by a thousand pages, and all the world knew the effect of such draughts in giving potency to female charms. In a woman he loved, the man, the husband, was not half over, before Don Fernando was making love, or rather, to the Alcayde's daughter. It was his old habit, once borne long before his matrimonial engagement. The young lady hung her head, a tear on her cheek, stood up, and, with a fit of the hand on Don Fernando, a parting gage of love from Serafina. A blush crimsoned her temples. She started a glance of doubt at the ring, and then at Don Fernando. He read her doubt, and in the giddy intoxication of the moment, drew off the pledge of his affianced bride, and slipped it on the finger of the Alcayde's daughter.

At this moment the banquet broke up. The chamberlain with his lofty demeanor, and his lacustre eyes, stood before him, and announced that the hour was come for them to ready fire for the balace. Don Fernando took a formal leave of the Alcayde and his dignitaries, and a tender farewell of the Alcayde's daughter, with a promise to throw his arm at her feet on the following day. He was to be expected in a few hours, for official business, and he was to be expected in a few hours, for official business.

Don Fernando retired to his cabin, and his heart was heavy. He was to be expected in a few hours, for official business, and he was to be expected in a few hours, for official business. His dreams were wild and incoherent, and how long he slept, he knew not, but when he woke, he found himself in a strange cabin, with persons around him of whom he had no knowledge. He rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether he was really awake. In reply to his inquiries, he was informed that he was on board a Portuguese ship, bound to Lisbon; having been taken senseless from a wreck drifting on the ocean.

Don Fernando was confounded and perplexed. He retraced every thing distinctly that had happened to him in the Island of the Seven Cities, and until he had retired to rest on board of the balace. Had his vessel been driven from her anchors, and wrecked on the shore, or had he been taken prisoner by the inhabitants of the island? He knew not; no one could give him any information concerning them.

He now sought the mansion of Don Ramiro, for the parole had kindly declined the bright eyes of the Alcayde's daughter long since burnt itself, and his genuine passion for Serafina had revived with all its fervor. He approached the balcony, beneath which he had so often serenaded her. Did his eyes deceive him? No! There was Serafina herself, laughing, with a bright smile, glowing with the blush of youth, and still holding a piece of ray's dress from him, as he raised his arms toward her. She cast upon him a look of indignation, and hastily retiring, closed the casement. Could she have heard of his flirtation with the Alcayde's daughter? He would soon dispel every doubt of his constancy to her. The door was open, and he entered the room, threw himself at her feet, and drank her a look of affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

"What mean you, Sir," cried the latter, "by this intrusion?"

"What have you done," replied Don Fernando, "to ask the question?"

"The right of an affianced suitor!"

Don Fernando started, and turned pale. "Oh, Serafina!" cried he, in a tone of agony, "is this thy plighted constancy?"

"Serafina, what mean you by Serafina? If the young lady you intend, her name is Marla."

"Is not this Serafina Alvarez, and is not that her portrait?" cried Don Fernando, pointing to a picture of his mistress.

"Holy Virgin! cried the young lady; 'he is talking of my great-grandmother!"

An explanation ensued, if that could be called an explanation, which plunged the unfortunate Fernando into tenfold perplexity. If he might believe his eyes, he saw before him the beloved Serafina; if he might believe his ears, it was merely his hereditary form and features, perpetuated in the person of her great-granddaughter.

His brain began to spin. He sought the office of the Minister of Marine, and made a report of his expedition, and of the Island of the Seven Cities, which he had so fortunately discovered. No body knew anything of such an expedition, or such an island. He had written and summered in the department for a great part of a century, until he had almost grown to be a part of the desk at which he sat; his memory was a mere index of official facts and documents, and his brain was better than red tape and parchment. After peering down for a time from his lofty perch, and ascertaining that no one was near, he put his pen behind his ear, and descended. He remembered to have heard something from his predecessor about an expedition of the kind in question, but then it had sailed during the reign of Don Juan II, and he had been dead at least a hundred years. To put the matter beyond dispute, however, the archives of the Torre do Tombo, that sepulchre of old Portuguese documents, were diligently searched, and a record was found of a contract between the crown and one Fernando de Ulloa, for the discovery of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of a commission secured to him as Alcayde of the country he might discover.

"There! cried Don Fernando, triumphantly, 'there you have proof, before your own eyes, of what I have said. I am the Fernando de Ulloa specified in that record. I have discovered the Island of the Seven Cities, and am entitled to be Alcayde, according to contract."

The story of Don Fernando had certainly, what is pronounced the best of historical foundation, documental evidence of its truth, and the dates of events that had taken place above a century previously, as having happened to himself. It is no wonder that he was set down for a mad man.
WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

The old clerk looked at him from above and below his spectacles, shrugged his shoulders, stroked his chin, receded his lofty head, took the pen from behind his ears, and resumed his daily and eternal task, copying records into the fifth volume of a series of gigantic folios. The other clerks winked at each other, and dispersed to their several places, and poor Don Fernando, thus left to himself, flung out of the office, almost driven wild by these repeated perplexities.

In the confusion of his mind, he instinctively recurred to the mariners of Alavera, but it was barred against him. To break the delusion under which the youth apparently labored, and to convince him that the Serafina about whom he raved was really dead, he was conducted to her tomb. There she lay, a stately matron, cut out in alabaster, and there lay her husband beside her; a portly cavalier in armor; and there knelt, on each side, the effigies of a numerous progeny, proving that she had been a fruitful vine. Even the very monument gave proof of the lapse of time, for the hands of her husband, which were larger than a fist, had been laid, as far as the distance could be perceived, the face of the once lovely Serafina was no less.

Don Fernando felt a transient glow of indignation at beholding this monumental proof of the inconstancy of his mistress; and who could expect a husband, so exposed to the rigors of a century of absence? And what right had he to rail against constancy, after what had passed between him and the Alcayde's daughter? The unfortunate cavalier performed one pious act of tender devotion; he had the effigies raised by a bar of chill statuary, and then tore the self from the tomb.

He could now no longer doubt; in fact, when he thought of this new fact, somehow or other, he had skipped over a whole century, fifty years; the night he had spent at the Island of the Seven Cities; and he was now as complete a stranger in his native city, as if he had never been there. A thousand times did he wish himself back to that wonderful island, with its antiquated banquet halls, where he had been so courteously received; and now that the once young and beautiful Serafina was nothing but a great-grandmother in marble, with generations of descendants, a thousand times would he recall the melting black eyes of the Alcayde's daughter, who doubtless, like himself, was still flourishing in fresh juvenility, and breathe a secret wish that she could see him.

He had at once set out another expedition, at his own expense, to cruise in search of the romantic island, but his means were exhausted. He endeavored to rouse others to the enterprise, setting forth the certainty of profitable results, of which his own experience furnished such unquestionable proof. Alas! no one would give faith to his tale; but looked upon it as the feverish dream of a shipwrecked man. He persisted in his efforts; the knowledge of the public, and he, a man of the light-minded, who mistook his earning enthusiasm for a proof of insanity; and the children in the streets waranted him with the title of 'The Adelantado of the Seven Cities.'

Finding all his efforts in vain, in his native city of Lisbon, he took shipping for the Canaries, as being nearer the latitude of his former cruise, and inhabited by people given to nautical adventure. Here he found ready listeners to his story; for the old pilots and mariners of those parts were notorious island-hunters and adventurers, and adventurers on the seas. Indeed, one and all treated his adventure as a common occurrence, and turning to each other, with a sagacious nod of the head, observed, 'He has been at the Island of St. Brendan.'

They then went on to inform him of that great marvel and enigma of the ocean; of its repeated appearance to the inhabitants of its islands; and of the many but ineffectual expeditions that had been made in search of it. They took him to a promontory of the island of Palma, from whence the shadowy St. Brendan had been descried, and they pointed out the very tract in the west where its mountains had been seen.

Don Fernando listened with rapt attention. He had no longer a doubt that this mysterious and flourishing island must be the same with that of the Seven Cities; and that there must be some supernatural influence connected with it, that had operated upon himself, and made the events of a night occupy the space of a century.

He endeavored, but in vain, to rouse the islanders to another attempt at discovery; they had given up the phantom island as indeed inaccessible. Don Fernando, however, was not to be discouraged. The idea worked itself deeper and deeper in his mind, until he became the engrossing subject of his thoughts and object of his being. Every morning he would repair to the promontory of Palma, and sit there throughout the five long days, in hopes of seeing the fairy scene of St. Brendan peering above the horizon; every evening he returned to his home, a distant and pensive, but always ready to resume his post on the following morning.

His assiduity was all in vain. He grew gray in his ineffectual attempt; and was at length found dead at his post. His grave is still shown in the Island of Palma, and a cross erected upon the spot where he used to sit and look out upon the sea, in hopes of the reappearance of the enchanted island.

NATIONAL Nomenclature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I am somewhat of the same way of thinking, in regard to names, with that profound philosopher, Mr. Shandy, the elder, who maintained that some inspired high thoughts and heroic aims, while others entailed him no severe mistakes and were insinuous, that a man might sink under the insignificance of his name, and be absolutely 'Nicodemus into nothing.' I have ever, therefore, thought it a great hardship for a man to be obliged to struggle through life with some ridiculous or ignoble Christian name, as it is too often falsely called, influence on him in infancy, when he could not choose for himself; and would give him free liberty to change it one for more to his taste, when he had arrived at years of discretion.

I have the same notion with respect to local names. Some at once prove us in favor of a place: others repell us, by unlucky associations of the mind; and I have known scenes worthy of the very haunt of poetry and romance, yet doomed to irretrievable vulgarity, by some ill-chosen name, which not even the magic numbers of a Halleck of a Bryant could elevate into poetical acceptation.

This is an evil unfortunately too prevalent throughout our country. Nature has stamped the land with features of sublimity and beauty; but some of our cities, towns, and even islands and counties, are names of remaining for ever unhonored and unsung, from bearing apppellations totally abhorrent to the Muse. In the first place, our country is deluged with names taken from places in the old world, and applied to
places having no possible affinity or resemblance to their namesakes. This betokens a forlorn poverty of invention, and a second-hand spirit, content to cover its nakedness with borrowed or cast-off clothes of Europe.

That we have a shallow affection of scholarship, the whole catalogue of ancient worthies is shaken out from the back of Lempiere's Classical Dictionary, and a wide region of wild country sprinkled over with the names of the heroes, poets, and sages of antiquity, as if it were not possible to steal from one another without the literary justice of the position. Then we have our political god-fathers: topographical engineers, perhaps, or persons employed by government to survey and lay out townships. These, forsooth, glory the patrons that give them bread; so we have the names of the great official men of the day scattered over the land, as if they were the real salt of the earth, with which it was to be seasoned. Well for us is it, when these official great men happen to have names of fair acceptance; but wo unto us, should a Tubbs or a Potts be in power: we are sure, in a little while, to find Tubbsville and Pottsylvanias springing up in every direction.

Under these melancholy dispensations of taste and loyalty, therefore, Mr. Editor, it is with a feeling of dismay that we have been informed of the intention of persons of intelligence beginning to be awakened on this subject. I trust if the matter should once be taken up, it will not be readily abandoned. We are yet young enough, as a country, to remedy and reform much of what has been done, and to rescue many of our rising towns and cities, and our noble streams, from names calculated to vulgarize the land.

I have, on a former occasion, suggested the expediency of searching out the original Indian names of places, and wherever they are striking and euphonious, and those by which they have been superseded are glaringly objectionable, to restore them. They would have the merit of originality, and of belonging to the country; and they would remain as reliques of the native lords of the soil, when every other vestige had disappeared. Many of these names may easily be regained, by reference to old title deeds, and to the archives of states and counties. It may be, for instance, that in examining the records of the county clerk's office, I have discovered the Indian names of various places and objects in the neighborhood, and have found them infinitely superior to the trite, poverty-striken names which had been given by the settlers. A beautiful pastoral stream, for instance, which winds through the wildest recesses of Sleepy Hollow, bears the hum-drum name of Mill Creek; in the Indian grants, it sustains the euphonious title of the Pocantico.

Similar researches have released Long-Island from many misnamed places; for instance, we found that Fringed its beautiful shores; they were Bays, and Cow Necks, and Oyster Ponds, and Musquito Coves, which spread a spell of vulgarity over the whole island, and kept persons of taste and fancy at a distance.

It would be an object worthy the attention of the historical societies, which are springing up in various parts of the Union, to have maps executed of their respective states or neighborhoods, in which all the Indian local names should, as far as possible, be restored. In fact, it appears to me that the nomenclature of the country is almost of sufficient importance for the foundation of a distinct society; or rather, a corresponding association of persons of taste and judgment, of all parts of the Union. Such an association, if properly constituted and composed, comprising especially all the literary talent of the country, though it may not have the same power in its enactments, yet would have the all-pervading power of the press; and the changes in nomenclature which it might dictate, being once adopted by elegant writers in prose and poetry, and interpolated throughout our country, would ultimately pass into popular currency.

Should such a reforming association arise, I beg to recommend to its attention all those mongrel names which have the adjective New prefixed to them, and pray they may be one and all kicked out of the country. I am for none of these second-hand appellations, that stamp us a second-hand people, and that are to perpetuate us a new country to the end of time. Odds my life! Mr. Editor, I hope and trust we are to live to be an old nation, as well as our neighbors, and have no idea that our cities, when they shall have attained to venerable antiquity, shall still be dubbed New-York, and New-London, and New this and New that, like the Pont Neuf, (the New Bridge,) at Paris, which is the oldest bridge in that capital, or like the Vicar of Wakefield's horse, which continued to be called 'the colt,' until he died of old age.

Speaking of New-York, reminds me of some observations which I met with some time since, in one of the public papers, about the name of our state and city. The writer proposes to substitute for the present names, those of the State of Ontario, and the City of Manhattan. I concur in his suggestion most heartily. Though born and brought up in the city of New-York, and though I love every stick and stone about it, yet I do not, nor ever did, relish its name. I like neither its sound nor its significance. As to its significance, the very adjective new gives to our great commercial metropolis a second-hand character, as referring to some older, more dignified, and important place, of which it was a mere copy; though in fact, if I am rightly informed, the whole name commemorates a grant by Charles II. to his brother, the duke of York, made in the profit of royal munificence of a tract of country which did not belong to him, and the sound, what can you make of it, either in poetry or prose? New-York! Why, Sir, if it were to share the fate of Troy itself; to suffer a ten years' siege, and be sacked and plundered; no modern Homer ever would be able to elevate the name to epic dignity.

Now, Sir, Ontario would be a name worthy of the empire state. It bears with it the majesty of that internal sea which washes our northwestern shore. Or, if any objection should be made, from its not being completely embraced within our boundaries, there is the Mohican, one of the Indian names for that glorious river, the Hudson, which would furnish an excellent state appellation. So also New-York might be a name for Manhattan, as it is named in some of the early records, and Manhattan was used as the adjective. Manhattan, however, stands as well as a substantive, and 'Manhattanese,' which I observe Mr. Cooper has adopted in some of his writings, I think would be a very good appellation for a citizen of the commercial metropolis.

A word or two more, Mr. Editor, and I have done. We want a National Name. We want it poetically, and we want it politically. With the ethical necessity of the case I shall not trouble myself. I leave with our poets to tell us whether that collocation of words, 'The United States of
North America,' down the swelling tide of song, and to float the whole raft out upon the sea of heroic poetry. I am now speaking of the mere purposes of the nation. How is a citizen of this republic to designate himself? As an American? There are two Americas, each subdivided into various empires, rapidly rising in importance. As a citizen of the United States? It is a clumsy, lumbering title, yet still it is not distinctive; for we have now the United States of Central America; and heaven knows how many new States may spring up under the Proteus changes of Spain America.

This may appear matter of small concern; but any one that has travelled in foreign countries must be conscious of the embarrassment and circumstance sometimes occasioned by the want of a perfectly distinct and explicit national appellation. In France, when I have announced myself as an American, I have been supposed to belong to one of the French colonies; in Spain, to be from Mexico, or Peru, or some other Spanish-American country. Repeatedly have I found myself involved in a long geographical and political definition of my national identity.

Now, Sir, meaning no disrespect to any of my co-heirs of this great quarter of the world, I am for none of this copacety in a name that is to mingle us all up with the riff-raff colonies and off-sets of every nation of Europe. The title of America may serve to tell the quarter of the world to which I belong, the same as a Frenchman or an Englishman may call himself a European; but I want my peculiar national name to rally under. I want an appellation that shall tell at once, and in a way not to be mistaken, that I belong to this very portion of America, geographical and political, to which it is my pride and happiness to belong; that I am of the Anglo-Saxon race which founded this Anglo-Saxon empire in the wilderness; and that I have no part or parcel with any other race or empire, Spanish, French, or Portuguese, in either of the Americas. Such an appellation, Sir, would have magic in it. It would bind every part of the confederacy together as with a key-stone; it would be a passport to the citizen of our republic throughout the world.

We have it in our power to furnish ourselves with such a national appellation, from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; from that noble chain of mountains which formed its back-bone, and ran through the old confederacy, when it first declared our national independence. I allude to the Appalachian or Alleghany mountains. We might do this without any very inconvenient change in our present titles. We might still use the phrase, 'The United States,' substituting Appalachian, or Alleghany, (I should prefer the latter,) in place of America. The title of Appalachian, or Alleghany, would still announce us as Americans, but would specify us as citizens of the great Republic. Even our old national cypher of U.S.A. might remain unaltered, designating the United States of Alleghania.

These are crude ideas, Mr. Editor, hastily thrown out to elicit the ideas of others, and to call attention to a subject of more national importance than may at first be supposed.

Very respectfully yours,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.
KNICKERBOCKER MISCELLANIES.

reviewed has become offensively celebrated, and offers high game to the literary marksmen.

The critic himself, if a conscientious man, reverse his opinion, had he time to revise it in a more sunny moment; but the press is waiting, the printer's devil is at his elbow; the article is wanted to make the requisite variety for the number of the day, for which he is paid, 

and the sum he is to receive for the article, so it is sent off, all blotted and blurred; with a shrug of the shoulders, and the consolatory ejaculatio: 'Pshaw! it's nothing but a review!'

The critic, too, who dictates thus oracularly to the world, is perhaps some dingy, ill-favored, ill-tempered varlet, who, were he speak to word of mouth, would be disregarded, if not scoffed at; but such is the magic of types; such the mystic operation of anonymous writing; such the potential effect of the pronoun we, that his crude decisions, culminated through the press, become circularly far and wide, control the opinions of the world, and give or destroy reputation.

Many readers have grown timorous in their judgment, have shrunk from the exercise of an honest and independent reason. The censors have, in short, grown almost to be the judges of the world; they stand condemned in the next review, and they stand convicted of bad taste. Hence they begin to write as avariciously as any man could, to gratify his bents, or leave an opening to retract, and retreat, and qualify; and neutralize every unguarded expression of delight, until their very praise declines into a fastness that is damning.

Were every one, on the contrary, to judge for himself, and speak his mind frankly and fearlessly, we should have more true criticism in the world than at present. Whenever a person is pleased with a work, he may be assured that it has good qualities. An author who pleases a variety of readers, must possess substantial powers of pleasing; or, in other words, intrinsic merits; for otherwise we acknowledge the effect, and deny the cause. The reader, therefore, should not suffer himself to be readily shaken from the conviction of his own feelings, by the sweeping censures of pseudo-critics. The author he has admired, may be chargeable with a thousand faults; but it is nevertheless beauty and excellencies that have excited his admiration; and he should remember that taste and judgment are as much evinced in the perception of beauties among defects, as in a detection of defects among beauties. For my part, I honor the blessed and blessed spirit that is quick to discover and extol all that is pleasing and meritorious. Give me the honest bee, that extracts honey from the humblest weed, but save me from the ingenuity of the spider, which traces its venom even in the midst of a flower-garden.

If the mere fact of being chargeable with faults and imperfections is to condemn an author, who is to escape? The greatest writers of antiquity have, in this way, been obnoxious to criticism. Aristotle himself has been accused of ignorance; Aristophanes of impiety and buffoonery; Virgil of plagiarism and a want of invention; Horace of obscenity; Cicero has been said to want vigor and connexion, and Demosthenes to be deficient in nature, and in purity of language. Yet these have all survived the censures of the critic, and flourished on to a glorious immortality. Every now and then the world is startled by some new doctrines in matters of taste, some levelling attacks on established creeds; some sweeping strokes at established opinions; but like generations, or schools of writers, as they are called, who have seemed to be embalmed and canonized in public opinion. Such has been the case, for instance, with Pope, and Dryden, and Addison, who for a time, have almost been shaken from their pedestals, and treated as false idols.

It is singular, also, to see the fickleness of the world with respect to its favorites. Enthusiasm exalts itself, and prepares the way for dislike. The public is always for positive sentiments, and new sensations. When a man has delighted us, he may thus be driven from his moorings, and foundered in the same. If the reader, too, when he is to consider himself safe in admiring, when he sees long-established altars overturned, and his household deities dashed to the ground, and worshipers in the public, there is one consolatory reflection. Every abuse carries with it its own remedy or palliation. Thus the excess of crude and hasty criticism, which has of late prevailed throughout the literary world, and threatened to overrun our country, begins to produce its own antidote. Where there is a multiplicity of contradictory paths, a man must make his choice, in so doing, he has to exercise his judgment, and that is one great step to mental independence. He begins to doubt all, where all differ, and but one can be in the right. He is driven to trust to his own discernment, and his natural feelings; and he is most likely to be safe. The author, too, finding that what is condemned at one tribunal, is applauded at another, though perplexed for a time, gives way to the spontaneous impulse of his genius and the dictates of his taste, and writes in the way most natural to himself. It is thus that criticism, which by its severity may have held the little world of writers in check, may, by its very excess disarm itself of its terrors, and the hardihood of talent become restored.

O. G.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Sir: I have already given you a legend or two drawn from ancient Spanish sources, and may occasionally give you a few more. I have these old Spanish themes, especially when they have a dash of the Morisco in them, and treat of the times when the Moslems maintained a foot-hold in the peninsula. They have a high, spicy, oriental flavor, not to be found in any other themes that are merely European. In fact, Spain is a country that stands alone in the midst of Europe; severed in habits, manners, and modes of thinking, from all its continental neighbors. It is a romantic country; but its romance has none of the sentimentality of modern European romance. It is chiefly derived from the brilliant regions of the East, and from the high-minded school of Saracen chivalry.
WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Arab invasion and conquest brought a higher civilization and a nobler style of thinking into Gothic Spain. The Arabs were a quick-witted, sagacious, proud-spirited, and poetical people, and were imbued with their tolerant and liberating ideas. Whenever stated, established a seat of power, it became a rallying place for the learned and ingenious; and they softened and refined the people whom they conquered. By degrees, occupancy seems to have given them a hereditary right to the land hold in the land; they ceased to be looked upon as invaders, and were regarded as civil neighbors. The peninsula, broken up into a variety of states, both Christian and Moslem, became for centuries a great campaigning ground, where the art of war seemed to be the principal business of man, and was carried to the highest pitch of romantic chivalry. The original ground of hostility, a difference of faith, gradually lost its rancor. Neighboring states, of opposite creeds, were occasionally linked together in alliances, offensive and defensive; so that the cross and crescent were to be seen side by side fighting against some common enemy. In times of peace, too, the noble youth of either faith resorted to the same cities, Christian or Moslem, to school themselves in military science. Even in the temporary sanctuaries of war, the warriors who had recently striven together in the deadly conflicts of the field, laid aside their animosity, met at tournaments, jousts, and other military festivities, and exchanged the courtesies of gentle and generous spirits. Thus opposite races became frequently mingled together in peaceful intercourse, or if any rivalry took place, it was in those high courtly and noble acts which bespeak the accomplished cavalier. Warriors of opposite creeds became ambition of transcending each other in magnanimity, and as well as valor. Indeed, the chivalric virtues were refined upon to a degree sometimes fastidious and constrained; but at other times, inexpressibly noble and affecting. The annals of the times teem with illustrious instances of high-wrought courtesy, romantic generosity, lofty disinterestedness, and punitious honor, that warm the very soul to read them. These have furnished themes for national plays and poems, or have been celebrated in those all-pervading ballads which are as the life-breath of the people, and through their continued exercise in influence the national character which centuries of vicissitude and decline have not been able to destroy; so that, with all their faults, and they are many, the Spaniards, even at the present day, are on many points the highest and the most proud-spirited people of Europe. It is true, the romance of feeling derived from the sources I have mentioned, has, like all other romance, its affections and extremes. It renders the Spaniard at times pompous and grandiloquent; prone to carry the 'pardonor,' or point of honor, beyond the bounds of sober sense and sound morality; disposed, in the midst of poverty, to affect the 'grande caballero,' and to look down with sovereign disdain upon 'arts机械ical,' and all the painful pursuits of intellectual life; but this very inclination of spirit, while it fills his brain with vapors, lifts him above a thousand meannesses; and though it often keeps him in indigence, ever protects him from vulgarity. In the present day, when popular literature is running into the depths of life and luxuriating on the verbofolly of a kind, and when the universal pursuit of gain is trumpeting down the early growth of poetic feeling and wearing out the verdure of the soul, I question whether it would not be of service for the reader occasionally to turn to these records of past high tops and tried modes of thinking, and to cherish himself to the very lips in old Spanish romance.

For my own part, I have a shelf or two of venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula, and filled with chronicles, plays, and ballads, about Moors and Christians, which I read as a mental tonic. In the same way that a provident housewife has her cupboard of cordials, whenever I find my mind brought below par by the commonplace of every-day life, or jarred by the sordid collisions of the world, or put out of tune by the shrewd soberness of modern utilitarianism, I resort to these venerable tomes, as did the worthy hero of La Mancha to his books of chivalry, and refresh and tone up my spirit by a deep draught of their contents. They have some direct effect on me as Falstaff ascribes to a good Sheriffs sack “warming the blood and filling the brain with fiery and delectable shapes.”

I here subjoin Mr. Editor, a small specimen of the cordials I have mentioned, just drawn to my Spanish cupboard, which I recommend to your patience. If you find it to your taste, you may pass it on to your readers.

Your correspondent and well-wisher,
GEORGY CRAYON.

LEGEND OF DON MUNIO SANCHE DE HINOJOSA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

In the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, carrying a cavalcade of male and female Moors; on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport.

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sanchez de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scourged the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and scarlets, and Moslem heins, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in bounds of all kinds: steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth, without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant trove of huntsmen.

Don Munio's wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sailed forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.
As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to the distance of the day's march. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came prancing over the forest lawn. They were unarm'd, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of Indian brocade and anneks of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this gay cavalcade rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire; beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The Mooress hung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight, who commanded this troop of horsemen. When he heard it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, 'Don Munio Sancho,' said he, 'I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry; do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son of a Moorish Alcaide. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored.'

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and I will not prevent your marriage, nor encumber your life with the cares of the war.'

So saying, he despatched one of his finest horsemen to notify Donna Maria Pufy. On the coming of the bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the drawbridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kisst her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time Don Munio went forth musing in every direction, and had visions and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and magnificence. For fifteen days, the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were festivities and merriments at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their maids into the castle. But the Moorish lovers passed on! They set sail out of the bounds of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier.
with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle.

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feble testimony of his grief for the death of the great Saint Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The terd and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription: "He jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancti De Hinojosa." Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the hero took place on the plain of Salamanca, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marvelled what could be the meaning of this profound gesture. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, the more, son, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith, in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.

COMMUNIPAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I observe, with pleasure, that you are performing from time to time a pious duty, imposed upon you, I may say, by the name you have adopted as your titular standard, in following in the footsteps of the venerable KNICKERBOCKER, and gleaning every fact concerning the early history of the United States which may have escaped his hand. I trust therefore, a few particulars, legendary and statistical, concerning a place which figures conspicuously in the early pages of his history, will not be unacceptable. I allude, Sir, to the ancient and renowned village of Communipaw, which, according to the veracious Diodorus, and to equally veracious tradition, was the first spot where cur ever-to-be-lamented Dutch progenitors planted their standard and cast their anchor in the New World. Hence, and hence subsequently sailed the expedition under Oloffe the Dreamer, which landed on the opposite island of Manhattan, and founded the present city of New-York, the city of dreams and speculations.

Communipaw, therefore, may truly be called the parent of New-York; yet it is an astonishing fact, that though immediately opposite to the great city it has produced, from whence its red roofs and tin weather-cocks can actually be descanted peering above the same old apple orchard, that was but rarely visited, and as little known by the inhabitants of the metropolis, as if it had been locked up among the Pocky Mountains. Sir, I think there is something unnatural in this, especially in these times of ramble and research, when our citizens are on a Hospitality-laden journey, and the inhabitants, like charity, should begin at home; and I would enjoin it on our worthy burgheurs, especially those of the real Knickerbocker breed, before they send their sons abroad to wonder and grow wise among the remains of Greece and Rome, to let them make a tour of ancient Pavonia, from Weehawken to the Kills, and meditate, with filial reverence, on the moss-grown mansions of Communipaw.

Sir, I regard this much-neglected village as one of the most remarkable places in the country. The intelligent traveller, as he looks down upon it from the Bergen Heights, modestly nestled among its cabbage-gardens, while the great flaunting city it has begotten is stretching far and wide on the opposite side of the bay, the intelligent traveller, I say, will be filled with a sense of past greatness; not, Sir, at the village of Communipaw, which in truth is a very small city, but at the almost incredible fact that so small a village should have produced so great a city. It looks to him, indeed, like some squat little Dutch hut with a tall chimney, just as he looks to it at the present day is a picture of what New-Amsterdam was before the conquest. The "intelligent traveller" aforesaid, as he treads its streets, is struck with the primitive character of every thing around him. Instead of Grecian temples for dwelling-houses, with a great column of pine boards, an ancient window, he beholds high peaked roofs, gables extending to the street, with weather-cocks at top, and windows of all sorts and sizes; large ones for the grown-up
Astonished at the obsolete and old world air of everything around him, the intelligent traveller demands how all this has come to pass. Herculaneum which was left smoking ever-to-be-long the waning of the venerable reliefs, nicely dug by a volcano and preserved in ashes. What charmed spell has kept this wonderful little place unchanged, though in sight of the most changeable city in the universe? Has it, too, been buried under its cabbage-gardens, and only dug out in modern days for the wonder and edification of the world? The reply involves a point of history, worthy of notice and record, and reflecting immortal honor on Communipaw.

At the time when New-Amsterdam was invaded and conquered by British foes, as has been related in the history of the venerable Dreidrich, a great dispensation took place among the Dutch inhabitants. Many of the illustrious Peter Stuyvesant, buried themselves in rural retreat, and among the others, like Wolfert Acker, took refuge in remote parts of the Hudson; but there was one staunch, unconquerable band that determined to keep together, and preserve themselves, like seed corn, for the future fructification and perpetuity of the Knickerbocker race. These were headed by one Garret Van Horne, a gigantic Dutchman, the Pelayo of the New-Netherlands. Under his guidance, they retreated across the bay and buried themselves among the marshes of ancient Pavonia, as did the followers of Pelayo among the mountains of Asturias, when Spain was overrun by its Arabian invaders.

The gallant Van Horne set up his standard at Communipaw, and invited all those to rally under it, who were true Nederlanders at heart, and determined to resist all foreign intermixture or encroachment. A strict non-intercourse was observed with the captured city; not a boat ever crossed to it from Communipaw, and the English language was rigorously tabooed throughout the village and its dependencies. Every Dutchman kept his hat, his coat, build his house, and harness his horses, exactly as his father had done before him; and to permit nothing but the Dutch language to be spoken in his household.

As a city of the place, and a stronghold for the preservation and defence of every thing Dutch, the gallant Van Horne erected a lordly mansion, with a chimney perched at every corner, which thence derived the aristocratical name of ‘The House of the Four Chimneys.’ Hither he transferred many of the precious relics of New-Amsterdam: the great round-crowned hat that once covered the capacious head of Walter the Doubter, and the identical shoe with which Peter the Headstrong kicked his pusillanimous councilors down-stairs. St. Nicholas, it is said, took this loyal house under his especial protection; and a Dutch soothsayer predicted, that as long as it should stand, Communipaw would be safe from the intrusion either of Briton or Yankee.

In this house would the gallant Van Horne and his compeers sit smoking beside him, and the cat to the possibility of reconquering the province from the British; and here would they sit for hours, not days, together smoking their pipes and keeping watch upon the growing city of New-York; gazing in spirit whenever they saw a new house erected of ship-lumber, and persuading themselves that Admiral Van Tromp would one day or another arrive to sweep out the invaders with the broom which he carried at his mast-head.

Years rolled by, but Van Tromp never arrived. The British strengthened themselves in the land, and the capacious city flourished in elevation. Still, the worthies of Communipaw would not despair; something or other, they were sure, would turn up to restore the power of the Hogen Mogens, the Lord States-General; so they kept smoking and planning, working and目的ing to the same few thoughts over and over in a perpetual circle, which is commonly called deliberating. In the mean time, being hemmed up within a narrow compass, between the broad bay and the Bergen hills, they grew poorer and poorer, until they had scarce the wherewithal to maintain their pipes in fuel during their endless deliberations.

And now must I relate a circumstance which will call for a little exertion of faith on the part of the reader; but I can only say that if he doubts it, he had better not utter his doubts in Communipaw, as it is among the religious beliefs of the place. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a miracle, worked by the blessed Saint Nicholas, for the relief and sustenance of this loyal community.

It so happened in the course of the clearing the House of the Four Chimneys, by an ignorant housewife who knew nothing of the historic value of the reliques it contained, the old hat of Walter the Doubter and the executive shoe of Peter the Headstrong were thrown out of doors as rubbish. But mark the consequence. The good Saint Nicholas kept watch over these precious reliques, and wrought on them a wonderful providence.

The hat of Walter the Doubter falling on a stercoraceous heap of compost, in the rear of the house, began forthwith to vegetate. Its broad brim spread forth grandly and exfoliated, and its round crown swelled and crimped and consolidated until the whole became a prodigious cabbage, rivaling in magnitude the capacious head of the Doubter. In a word, it was the origin of that renowned species of cabbage known, by all Dutch epicures, by the name of the Governor’s Head, and which is to this day the glory of Communipaw.

On that same hat, the shoe of Peter Stuyvesant, being thrown into the river, in front of the house, gradually hardened and concreted, and became covered with barnacles, and at length turned into a gigantic oyster; being the progenitor of that illustrious species known throughout the gastronomical world by the name of the Governor’s Foot.

These miracles were the salvation of Communipaw. The sages of the place immediately saw in them the hand of Saint Nicholas, and understood their mystic signification. They set to work with all diligence to cultivate and multiply the great blessings; and so abundantly did the gubernatorial hat and shoe fructify and increase, that in a little time great patches of cabbages were to be seen extending from the village of Communipaw quite to the Bergen hills; while the whole bottom of the bay in front became a vast bed of oysters. Ever since that time this excellent community has been divided into two great classes: those who cultivate the land and those who cultivate the water. The former have developed themselves to the uttermost and cultivation of cabbages, rearing them in all their varieties, while the latter have formed parks and plantations, under water, to which juvenile oysters are transplanted from foreign parts, to finish their education.

As these great sources of profit multiplied on their hands, the worthy inhabitants of Communipaw...
began to long for a market at which to dispose of their superabundance. This gradually produced once more an intercourse with New-York; but it was always carried on by the old people and the negroes; never would they permit the young folks, of either sex, to visit the city, lest they should get tainted with the vices and the fashion of the times; and they stung the foreign fashioners. Even to this day, if you see an old burgher in the market, with hat and garb of antique Dutch fashion, you may be sure he is one of the old unconquered race of the 'bitter blood,' who maintain their hereditary mode of visiting the metropolis of Communipaw.

In modern days, the hereditary bitterness against the English has lost much of its asperity, or rather has become merged in a new source of jealousy and apprehension: I allude to the incessant and widespread irruptions from New-England. Word has been continually brought back to Communipaw, by those of the community who return from their trading voyages in cargoes and oysters, of the alarming power which the Yankees are gaining in the ancient New-Amsterdam; exhilarating the genuine Knickerbockers out of all civic posts of honor and profit; bargaining them out of their hereditary homesteads; pulling down the venerable houses, with crow-step gables, which have stood since the time of their erection, instead, grading their brick and marble; in a word, evincing a deadly determination to obliterate every vestige of the good old Dutch times.

In consequence of the jealousy thus awakened, the worthy traders from Communipaw contrive their dealings, as much as possible, to the genuine Dutch families. If they furnish the Yankees at all, it is with inferior articles. Never can the latter procure a real 'Governor's Head,' or 'Governor's Foot,' though they have offered extravagant prices for the same, to grace their table on the annual festival of the New-England Society.

But what has carried this hostility to the Yankees to the highest pitch, was an attempt made by that all-devouring race to get possession of Communipaw itself. Yes, Sir; during the late mania for land speculation, a daring company of Yankee speculators landed before the village; stopped the honest burgheers on the public highway, and endeavored to barter them out of their hereditary acres; displayed lithographic maps, in which their cabbage-gardens were laid out into town lots; their oyster-parks into docks and quays; and even the House of the Four Chimneys metamorphosed into a bank, which was to enrich the whole neighborhood with paper money.

Fortunately, the gallant Van Hornes came to the rescue, just as some of the worthy burgheers were on the point of capitulating. The Yankees were put to rout, with signal confusion, and have never since dared to show their faces in the place. The good people continue to cultivate their cabbages, and rear their oysters; they know nothing of banks, nor joint stock companies, but treasure up their money in stockings and feet, at the bottom of the family chest, or bury it in iron pots, as did their fathers and grandfathers before them.

As to the House of the Four Chimneys, it still remains in the great and tall family of the Van Hornes. Here are to be seen ancient Dutch corner cupboards, chests of drawers, and massive clothes-presses, quaintly carved, and carefully waxed and polished; together with divers thick, black-letter volumes, with brass clasps, Leland of yours, Leiden and Amsterdam, and handed down from generation to generation, in the family, but never read. They are preserved in the archives, among sundry old parchment deeds, in Dutch and English, bearing the seals of the early governors of the province.

In this house, the primitive Dutch holidays of Paas and Pinater are faithfully kept up; and New-Year, celebrated with cookies and cherry-bouquets; nor is the festival of the blessed St. Nicholas forgotten, when all the children are sure to hang up their stockings, and to have them filled according to their desires. It is said the good saint occasionally perplexed in his nocturnal visits, which chimney to descend.

Of late, this portentous mansion has begun to give signs of dilapidation and decay. Some have attributed this to the visits made by the young people to the city, and their bringing thence various modern fashions; and to their neglect of the Dutch language, which is gradually becoming confined to the older persons in the community. The house, too, was greatly shaken by high winds, during the prevalence of the speculative mania, especially at the time of the landing of the Yankees. Seeing how mysteriously the fate of Communipaw is threatened by this venerated mansion, we cannot wonder that the older generation are determined to have it preserved in its integrity, and to give it the same appropriate repairs which, whenever bricks are toppling down from one of the chimneys, or a weather-cock is blown off from a gable-end.

The present lord of this historic pile, I am happy to say, has not been thus influenced in all its integrity. He is of patriarchal age, and is worthy of the days of the patriarchs. He has done his utmost to increase and multiply the true race in the land. His wife has not been inferior to him in zeal, and they are surrounded by a goodly progeny of children, and grand-children, and great-grand-children, who promise to perpetuate the name of Van Hornes, until time shall be no more. So be it! Long may the horn of the Van Hornes continue to be exulted in the land! Tall as they are, may their shadows never be less! May the House of the Four Chimneys remain for ages, the citadel of Communipaw, and the smoke of its chimneys continue to ascend, a sweet-smelling incense in the nose of St. Nicholas!

With great respect, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant,
HERMANUS VANDERDONK.

CONSPIRACY OF THE LOCKED HATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I have read with great satisfaction the valuable paper of your correspondent, Mr. HERMANUS VANDERDONK, (who, I take it, is a descendant of the learned Adrian Vanderdonk, one of the early historians of the Nieuw-Nederlands,) giving sundry particulars, legendary and statistical, touching the venerable village of Communipaw and its fate-bound citadel, the House of the Four Chimneys. It goes to prove what I have repeatedly maintained, that we do not seek them among the modern improvements and modern people of this modern metropolis, but must dig for them, as for Kidd the pirate's treasures, in out-of-the-way places, and among the ruins of the past.

Poetry and romance received a fatal blow at the
overthrow of the ancient Dutch dynasty, and have ever since been gradually withering under the growing dominion of the English. But we have fortified our hearts when the old Dutch tiles were succeeded by marble chimney-pieces; when brass and iron made way for polished grates, and the cracking and blazing fire of nut-wood gave place to the smoke and stench of Liverpool coal; and on the downfall of the last gable-end house, their requiem was tolled from the tower of the Dutch church in Nassau-street by the old bell that came from Holland. But poetry and romance still live amongst us, on the clay, illuminated for the few, who are able to contemplate this city and its environs through the medium of tradition, and clothed with the associations of foregone ages.

Would you seek these elements, in the land, and subdue every thing to utility and common-place. All towns and cities of white clap-board palaces and Grecian temples, studded with 'Academies,' 'Seminaries,' and 'Institutes,' which, glisten along our bays and rivers; these are the strong-holds of Yankee usurpation; but if happily you light upon some rough, rambling road, winding between stone fences, gray with moss, and overgrown with weeds, pious, pious, walled with high, with here and there a low, red-roofed, white-washed farm-house, cowering among apple and cherry trees; an old stone church, with elms, willows, and button-woods, as old-looking as itself, and to-day, and there the cocked hat, had a little; and a parapet, a small log school-house at a cross-roads, where the English is still taught with a thickness of the tongue, instead of a twang of the nose; should you, I say, light upon such a neighborhood, Sir, Mr. Editor, you may thank your stars that you have found one of the lingering haunts of poetry and romance.

Your correspondent, Sir, has touched upon that sublime and affecting feature in the history of Communipaw, the retreat of the patriotic band of New-Englanders, led by Van Horne, whom he justly terms the Pelayo of the New-Netherlands. He has given you a picture of the manner in which they ensconced themselves in the House of the Four Chimneys, and awaited with heroic patience and perseverance the day that was to put an end to this traitorous cocked hat, had a little; and a parapet, a small log school-house at a cross-road, where the English is still taught with a thickness of the tongue, instead of a twang of the nose; should you, I say, light upon such a neighborhood, Sir, Mr. Editor, you may thank your stars that you have found one of the lingering haunts of poetry and romance.

Your correspondent, Sir, has given you a glimpse over the threshold: I will now let you into the heart of the mystery of this most mysterious and eventful village. Yes, Sir, I will now unclasp a secret book:

And to your quick conceiving discourses,
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to one who is a current, roaring loud,
On the steadfast foot...of a speck.

Sir, it is one of the most beautiful and interesting facts connected with the history of Communipaw, that the early feeling of resistance to foreign rule, alluded to by your correspondent, is still kept up. Yes, Sir, in the Yankee. They have been going on for generations among this indomitable people, the descendants of the refugees from New-Amsterdam; the object of which is to redeem their ancient seat of empire, and to drive the foreign Yankee out of the land.

Communipaw, it is true, has the glory of originating this conspiracy; and it was hatched and rear in the House of the Four Chimneys; but it has spread far and wide over ancient Pavia, surrounded the heights of Bergen, Hoboken, and Weehawken, creeping up the banks of the Passaic and the Hackensack, until it pervades the whole of the United States. The Yankees from Tappan Slope in the north to Picatinny way in the south, including the pugnacious village of Rahway, more heroically colonized Spanish.

Throughout all these regions a great 'in-and-in conspiracy' prevails, that is, a conspiracy among the Dutch families, by dint of diligent and exclusive intermarriage, to keep the race pure and to multiply. If ever, Mr. Editor, in the course of your travels between Spank-town and Tappan Slope, you would see a coarse, low-sounding farm-house, teeming with sturdy, broad-built little urchins, you may set it down as one of the breeding places of this grand secret confederacy, stocked with the embryo deliverers of New-Amsterdam.

Another step in the progress of this patriotic conspiracy is the establishment, in various places within the ancient boundaries of the Nieuw-Netherlands, of secret, or rather mysterious associations, composed of the genuine sons of the Netherlands, with the ostensible object of keeping up the memory of old times and customs, but with the real object of promoting the views of this dark and mighty plot, and extending their ramifications throughout the land.

Sir, I am descended from a long line of genuine New-Netherlanders, who, this side of the city, New-Amsterdam after the conquest, and throughout the usurpation, have never in their hearts been able to tolerate the yoke imposed upon them. My worthy father, who was one of the last of the old stock, was a kind of chronicle, of his own stamp, who, used to meet in our wainscotted parlor, round a nut-wod fire, talk over old times, when the city was ruled by its native burgomasters, and groaned over the monopoly of all powers and profit by the Yankees. I well recollect the effect upon this worthy little conclave, when the Yankees first instituted their New-England Society, held their 'national festival,' toasted their 'father land,' and sang their foreign songs of triumph within the precincts of our ancient metropolis. Sir, from that day, my father held the smell of codfish and potatoes, and the sight of pumpkin pie, in utter abomination; and whenever the annual dinner of the New-England Society came round, it was a sore anniversary for his children. He got up in ill humor, grumbled and groaned, and I and not one of us went to bed that night, without having had his jacket well tumbled, to the tune of 'The Pilgrim Fathers.'

You may judge, then, Mr. Editor, of the extant number of the true patriots of this stamp, when the Society of Saint Nicholas was set up among us, and industriously established, chest by joke, alongside of the society of the invaders. Never shall I forget the effect upon my father and his little knot of brother groaners, when tidings were brought them that the ancient banner of the Manhattoes was actually floating from the window of the City Hall. Sir, they nearly jumped out of their silver-buckled shoes for Joy. They took down their cocked hats from the pegs on which they had hung them, as the lads of yore hung their hats upon the willows, in token of bondage, clapped them resolutely once more upon their heads, and cocked them in the face of every Yankee they met on the way to the banquet-room.

The institution of this society was hailed with transport throughout the whole extent of the New-Netherlands, being considered a secret foothold gained in New-Amsterdam, and a flattering presage of future triumph. Whenever that society holds its
annual feast, a sympathetic hilarity prevails throughout the land; and in Pavia, sends over its contributions of cabbages and oysters; the House of the Four Chimneys is splendidly illuminated, and the traditional song of Saint Nicholas, the mystic bond of union and conspiracy, is chanted with closed doors, in every genuine Dutch family.

I have thus, I trust, Mr. Editor, opened your eyes to some of the grand moral, poetical, and political phenomena with which you are surrounded. You will now be able to read the 'signs of the times.' You will now understand what is meant by those 'Knickerbocker Halls,' and 'Knickerbocker Lunches,' that are daily springing up in our city; and what all these 'Knickerbocker Omnibuses' are driving at. You will see in them so many clouds before a storm; so many mysterious but sublime intimations of the gathering vengeance of a great though oppressed people. Above all, you will now contemplate our hay and its portentous borders, with proper feelings of awe and admiration. Talk of the Bay of Naples, and its volcanic mountains! Why, Sir, little Communipaw, sleeping among its cabbage gardens 'quiet as gunpowder,' yet with this tremendous conspiracy brewing in its bosom, is an object ten times as sublime (in my present view, mark me,) as Vesuvius. It repose, though charged with lava and brimstone, and ready for an eruption.

Let me advert to a circumstance connected with this theme, which cannot but be appreciated by every heart of sensibility. You must have remarked, Mr. Editor, on summer evenings, and on Sunday afternoons, certain grave, primitive-looking persons walking the flattery, in close conversation, with their canes behind their backs, and ever and anon turning a wistful gaze toward the Jersey shore. These, Sir, are the sons of Saint Nicholas, the genuine Нederlands; who regard Communipaw with pious reverence, not merely as the progenitor, but the destined regenerator, of this great metropolis.

Yes, Sir; they are looking with longing eyes to the green marshes of ancient Pavaon, as did the poor conquering Spaniards of yore toward the stern mountains of Asturias, wondering whether the day of deliverance is at hand. Many is the time, when, in my boyhood, I have walked with my father and his confidential officers on the Battery, and listened to their calculations and conjectures, and observed the points of their sharp cocked hats evermore turned toward Pavaon. Nay, Sir, I am convinced that at this moment, if I were to take down the cocked hat of my lamented father from the peg on which it has hung for years, and were to carry it to the Battery, its centre point, true as the needle to the pole, would turn to Communipaw.

Mr. Editor, the great historic drama of New Amsterdam is at last acted. The reigns of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, with the rise, progress, and decline of the Dutch dynasty, are but so many parts of the main action, the triumphal catastrophe of which is yet to come. Sir! the deliverance of the New Netherlands from Yankee domination will eclipse the ar-famed redemption of Spain from the Moors, and the oft-sung conquest of Granada will fade before the chivalrous triumph of New- Amsterdam. Would that Peter Stuyvesant could rise from his grave to witness that day.

Your humble servant,

ROLLOF VAN RIPPER.

P. S. Just as I had concluded the foregoing epistle, I received a piece of intelligence, which makes me tremble for the fate of Communipaw. I fear, Mr. Editor, the grand conspiracy is in danger of being counterfeited and counteracted, by those all-pervading and indefatigable Vansoons. Would you think it Sir? I one of them has actually effected an entry in the place covered by way; or in other words, unless the officers of the post office take the necessary precautions, the whole of the country will be in the possession of our enemies.

A LEGEND OF COMMUNIPAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Sir: I observed in your last month's periodical, a communication from Mr. VANDERDONK, giving some information concerning Communipaw. I herewith send you, Mr. Editor, a legend connected with that place; and am much surprised it should have escaped the researches of your very perceptual correspondent, as it relates to an edifice scarcely less fated than the House of the Four Chimneys. I give you the legend in its crude and simple state, as I heard it related; it is capable, however, of being diluted, inflated, and dressed up into very imposing shape and dimensions. Should any of your inquisitive contributors in this line feel inclined to take it in hand, they will find ample materials, collateral and illustrative, among the papers of the late Reiner Staats, many years since craced the court, and keeper of the City Hall, in the city of the Manhattas, or in the library of that important and utterly renowned funcionary, Mr. Jacob Hess, long time high constable, who, in the course of his extensive researches, has amassed an amount of valuable facts, to be rivalled only by that great historical collection, 'The Newgate Chronicle.'

Your humble servant,

BARNET VAN SCHAIK.

GUESTS FROM GIBBET-ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF COMMUNIPAW.

Whoever has visited the ancient and renowned village of Communipaw, may have noticed an old stone building, of most ruinous and sinister appearance. The doors and window-shutters are ready to fall from their hinges; old clothes are stuffed in the broken panes of glass, while legs of half-starved dogs prowl about the premises, and rush out and bark at every passer-by; for your beggarly house in a village is most apt to swarm with profligate and ill-conditioned dogs. What adds to the sinister appearance of this mansion, is a tall brick wall, not a little resembling a gallow, and which looks as if waiting to accommodate some of the inhabitants with a well-merited air. It is not a gallow, however, but an ancient sign-post: for this dwelling, in the golden days of Communipaw, one of the most orderly and peaceful of village taverns, where all the public affairs of Communipaw were talked and
smoked over. In fact, it was in this very building that Oloff the Dreamer, and his companions, concocted that grand voyage of discovery and colonization, in which they explored Buttermilk Channel, were nearly shipwrecked in the strait of Hell-gate, a discovery published in the New York Evening Post, and founded the great city of New- Amsterdam.

Even after the province had been cruelly thwarted in its attempts to recover the High Magazines, the combined forces of the British and the Yankees, this tavern continued its ancient loyalty. It is true, the head of the Prince of Orange disappeared from the sign; a strange bird being painted over it, with the explanatory legend of 'Die Wilde Gans,' or The Wild Goose; but this all the world knew to be a sly Middleton of the landlord, the worthy Teunis Van Gieson, a knowing man in a small way, who laid his fingers aside his nose and winked, when any one asked the question. Indeed, it was only true that the great interest which the perusal and delight of the loyal but fat-headed burgesses of Communipaw.

Under the sway of this patriotic, discreet, and public man, the tavern continued to flourish in the benthic region of this true-hearted Netherlanders, from all parts of Pacionia; who met here quietly and secretly, to smoke and drink the downfall of Britian and Yankee, and success to Admiral Van Trump.

The tavern was a comfortable place, where one might feel at home, and a sister's son, Van Yost Vanderscamp by name, and a real palatinate by nature. This unlucky stranger whispered an early propensity to mischief, which he gratified in the benthic region, and so flourished the frequenters of the Wild Goose; putting gunpowder in their pipes, or squibs in their pockets, and astonishment among the beholders, who sat in the bar-room; and if perchance a worthy burgess from some distant part of Pacionia had lingered until dark over his potation, it was cold, but that young Vanderscamp would slip a brier under his horse's tail, and mount him clattering along the road, in neck-or-nothing style, to his infinite astonishment and disadvantage of his native place, though every body knew he had never been there.

In the process of time, he acquired something of the Dutch language, that is to say, he learnt all its vocabulary of curs and maledictions, with just a sprinkling of German. He acquired a degree of eloquence, which a man of no one, but performed various domestic offices, when it suited his humour; waiting occasionally on the guests; grooming the horses, cutting wood, drawing water; and all this without being ordered. Lay any command on him, and the stubborn seafaring was sure to rebel. He was never so much at home, however, as when on the water, plying about in skiff or canoe, entirely alone, fishing, crabbing, or grabbing for oysters, and would bring home quantities of the larder of the Wild Goose

The evil days of the Great Wild Goose were over. The man, who was once the centre of a great and important concern, the lordly barge was now, at a later period, down at the kitchen door, with a rowl. No wind nor weather deterred him from launching forth on his favorite element; indeed, the wilder the weather, the more he seemed to enjoy the sport. If a storm was brewing, he was sure to fly off from shore; and would be seen far out in the bay, his light skiff dancing like a feather on the waves, when sea and sky were all in a tumult, and the stoutest ships were faint to lower their sails. Sometimes, on such occasions as these, he could be comforted by the establishment, was a nephew of mine, who, a sister's son, Van Yost Vanderscamp by name, and a real palatinate by nature. This unlucky stranger whispered an early propensity to mischief, which he gratified in the benthic region, and so flourished the frequenters of the Wild Goose; putting gunpowder in their pipes, or squibs in their pockets, and astonishment among the beholders, who sat in the bar-room; and if perchance a worthy burgess from some distant part of Pacionia had lingered until dark over his potation, it was cold, but that young Vanderscamp would slip a brier under his horse's tail, and mount him clattering along the road, in neck-or-nothing style, to his infinite astonishment and disadvantage of his native place, though every body knew he had never been there.

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In the process of time, the good Teunis Van Gieson slept with his fathers, and the tavern remained shut up, waiting for a claimant, for the next heir was Van Yost Vanderscamp, and he had not been heard of for years. At length, one day, a boat was seen pulling for the shore, from a long, black, rakish-looking schooner, that lay at anchor in the bay. The boat's crew seemed worthy of the craft from which they embarked. Never had such a set of noisy, roistering, swaggering varlets landed in peaceful Communipaw. They were outlandish in garb and demeanor, and were headed by a rough, bully, burly ruffian, with fiery whiskers, a copper nose, and a misshapen face, and a 'fat Flan- dershaver slouched on one side of his head, in whose dismaying, the quiet inhabitants were made to recognize their early pest, Yan Yost Vanderscamp. The rear of this hopeful gang was brought up by old Pluto, who had lost an eye, grown grizzly-headed, and looked more like a devil than ever. Vanderscamp renewed his acquaintance with the old burghers, much against their will, and in a manner not at all to their taste. He slapped them familiarly on the back, gave them an iron grasp of the hand, and the Fellows with all at once, in his account, he had been all the world over; had made money by bags full; had ships in every sea, and now meant to turn the Wild Goose into a country seat, where he and his comrades, all rich merchants from foreign parts, might enjoy themselves in the interval of their voyages.

Sure enough, in a little while there was a complete metamorphose of the Wild Goose. From being a quiet, peaceful Dutch public house, it became a most riotous, uproarious private dwelling; a complete rendezvous for boisterous men of the same sort, who had had a taste for what they called a 'blow out' on dry land, and might be seen at all hours, lounging about the door, or lolling out of the windows; swearing among themselves, and cracking rough jokes on every passer-by. The house was fitted up, too, in so strange a manner: hammocks slung to the walls, instead of bedsteads; odd kinds of furniture, of foreign fashion; bamboo couches, Spanish chairs; pistols, cutlery, and blunderbusses, suspended on every peg; silver crucibles on the mantel-pieces, silver candle-sticks and hangings on the tables; contrasting oddly with the pewter and Delf ware of the original establishment. And then the strange amusements of these sea-monsters! Pitching Spanish dollars, instead of quoits; firing blunderbusses out of the window; shooting at a mark, or at any unhappy dog, or cat, or pig, or barn-door fowl, that might happen to come within reach.

The only being who seemed to relish their rough waggery, was old Pluto; and yet he led but a dog's life of it; for they practised all kinds of manual jokes upon him; kicked him about like a foot-ball; shook him by his grizzly mop of wool, and never spoke to him without coupling a curse by way of adjective to his name, and consigning him to the infernal regions. The old fellow, however, seemed to like them better, the more they cursed him, though his utmost expression of pleasure never amounted to more than the growl of a petted bear, when his ears are rubbed.

Old Pluto was the ministering spirit at the orgies of the Wild Goose; and such orgies took place there! Such drinking, singing, whooping, swearing; with occasional in the dead of night firing. The noisy grew the revel, the more old Pluto fiddled the potatoes, until the guests would become frantic in their merriment, smashing every thing to pieces, and throwing the house out of the windows. Sometime after a drinking bout, they sailed forth and scoured the village, to the dismay of the worthy burghers, who gathered their women within doors and would have shut up the house. Vanderscamp, however, was not put out of his raptures by renewing acquaintance with his old neighbors, and on introducing his friends, the merchants, to their families; swore he was on the look-out for a wife, and meant, before he stopped, to find husbands for all their daughters. So, willowy, nil-se, sociable he was; swaggered about their best parlors, with his hat on one side of his head; sat on the good wife's nicely-waxed mahogany table, kicking his heels against the carved and polished legs; kissed and embraced the young women; and, if they frowned and pouted, gave them a gold rosary, or a sparkling cross, to put them in good humor again.

Sometimes nothing would satisfy him, but he must have some of his old neighbors to dinner at the Wild Goose. There was no refusing him, for he had got the complete upper-hand of the community, and the peaceable burghers all stood in awe of him. But what a time would the quiet,worthy men have, among these rake-hells, who would delight to astonish them with the most extravagant gunpowder tales, embroiled with their chins, and then, as if nothing had been said, would take them down to their own account, he had been all the world over; had made money by bags full; had ships in every sea, and now meant to turn the Wild Goose into a country seat, where he and his comrades, all rich merchants from foreign parts, might enjoy themselves in the interval of their voyages.

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Old Pluto was the ministering spirit at the orgies of the Wild Goose; and such orgies took place there! Such drinking, singing, whooping, swearing; with occasional in the dead of night firing. The noisy grew the revel, the more old Pluto fiddled the potatoes, until the guests would become frantic in their merriment, smashing every thing to pieces, and throwing the house out of the windows. Sometime after a drinking bout, they sailed forth
...Knickerscotter Mssellaneous.

To the worthy...dors, in the drawer, at Vanderscamp, insisted on keeping his little trophies, and three, not a few, to their credit for a wife, into which he had a deep interest. One of these trophies was a small wooden figure of a man, with his arms akimbo, and a good wife's face upon it. Of course, the whole affair was recognized as the work of a Turbo or a Televis, or some such peculiar craft. But how did you get it out of the way? We must go back to the Wild Goose, for it is there that the mystery is revealed. The Wild Goose was a small vessel, about the size of a rowboat, but it was furnished with a sail, and was equipped with a small cabin. The cabin was not large, but it was comfortable, and could accommodate a small party of people. The Wild Goose was owned by Captain Kidd, a notorious pirate, who had been a regular visitor to the Wild Goose, and who was known to be a person of some standing in the colony. Captain Kidd was a tall, lean fellow, with a long face, and a stern expression. He was always dressed in the best clothes he could afford, and was always ready to make a show of his wealth. The Wild Goose was a small vessel, but it was well equipped with weapons, and Captain Kidd was a man of great power and influence. The Wild Goose was a small vessel, but it was well equipped with weapons, and Captain Kidd was a man of great power and influence. The Wild Goose was a small vessel, but it was well equipped with weapons, and Captain Kidd was a man of great power and influence.
Some treated these as idle stories, until on one such night, it was about the time of the equinox, there was a horrid uproar in the Wild Goose, that could not be mistaken. It was not so much the sound of revelry, however, as strife, with two or three prancing things, which was heard every part of the village. Nevertheless, no one thought of hastening to the spot. On the contrary, the honest burghers of Communipaw drew their night-gaps over their ears, and buried their heads under the bed-clothes, at the thoughts of Vanderscamp and his gallows companions.

The next morning, some of the bolder and more curious undertook to reconnoiter. All was quiet and lifeless at the Wild Goose. The door yawed wide open, and had evidently been open all night, for the storm had been into the house. Gathering more courage from the silence and apparent desolation, they gradually ventured over the threshold. The house had indeed the air of having been possessed by devils. Everything was topsy-turvy; trunks had been broken open, and clothes torn loose in the corner. It was a scene of desolation. The time, as in time of general sack and pilage; but the most woful sight was the widow of Yon Yost Vanderscamp, extended a corpse on the floor of the blue-chamber, with the marks of a deadly grip on the wind-pipe.

A sense of dismay at Communipaw; and the disappearance of old Pluto, who was nowhere to be found, gave rise to all kinds of wild surmises. Some suggested that the negro had betrayed the house to some of Vanderscamp’s buccaneering associates, and that they had decamped together with the booty; others surmised that the negro was nothing more nor less than a devil incarnate, who had now accomplished his ends, and made off with his dues.

Events, however, vindicated the negro from this last imputation. His skiff was picked up, drifting about the town, with and without, as if wrecked in a tempest; and his body was found, shortly afterward, by some Communipaw fishermen, stranded among the rocks of Gibbet-Island, near the foot of the pirates’ galloway. The fishermen shook their heads, and observed that old Pluto had ventured once too often to invite Guests from Gibbet-Island.

THE BERMUDAS.

A SHAKESPEARIAN RESEARCH: BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

Who did not think, till within these four years, that these islands had been a more or less habitations for Divellish, than for men to dwell in? Who did not hate the name, when he was on land, and shun the place when he was on the sea? But behold the misprision and conceits of the world! True and large experiences of this island is one of the sweest places on God's earth.

A PLAN OF THE BERMUDAS: 1653.

In the course of a voyage home from England, our ship was struggling, for two or three weeks, with perversely head-winds, and a stormy sea. It was in the month of May, yet the weather had been veryTry to maintain the conversation. How was the weather during your trip?
ever, was the case, and the islands derived additional interest in my eyes, from fancying that I could trace in their early history, and in the subsequent adventures connected with them, some of the elements of Shakespeare's wild and beautiful dramas of the Tempest. I shall take the liberty of citing a few historical facts, in support of this idea, which may claim some additional attention from the American reader, as being connected with the first settlement of Virginia. At the time when Shakespeare was in the fulness of his talent, and seizing upon every thing that could furnish aliment to his imagination, the colonization of Virginia was a favorite object of enterprise among people of condition in England, and several of the courtiers of the court of Queen Elizabeth were personally engaged in it. In the year 1609 a noble armament of nine ships and five hundred men sailed for the relief of the colony. It was commanded by Sir George Somers, as admiral, a gallant and generous gentleman, above sixty years of age, and possessed of an ample fortune, yet still bent upon hardy enterprise, and ambitious of signalizing himself in the service of his country.

On board of his flag-ship, the Sea-Vulture, sailed also Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general of the company, and an enthusiastic narrator. On the twenty-fifth of July, the admiral's ship was separated from the rest, in a hurricane. For several days she was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and so strained and racked, that her seams yearly held was half filled with water. The storm subsided, but left her a mere foaming wreck. The crew stood in the hold to their waists in water, vainly endeavoring to bail her with buckets, barrels, and other vessels. The leaks rapidly gained on them, while their strength was as rapidly declining. No hope of keeping the ship afloat, until they should reach the American coast; and wearied with fruitless toil, determined, in their despair, to give up all farther attempt, shut down the hatches, and abandon themselves to Providence. Some, who had spirituous liquors, or 'comfortable words,' as the old proverb is, kept them from becoming worse, and they all drank a sad farewell to one another, as men who were soon to part company in this world.

In the moment of extremity, the worthy admiral, who kept sleepless watch from the high stern of the vessel, gave the thrilling cry of 'Land!' All rushed on deck, in a frenzy of joy, and nothing now was to be seen or heard on board, but the transports of men who felt as if rescued from the grave. It is true the land in sight would not, in ordinary circumstances, have inspired much self-gratulation. It could be nothing else but the group of islands called after their discoverer, one Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, but stigmatized among the mariners of those days as 'the islands of devils.' For the islands of the Bermudas, says the old narrative of this voyage, 'as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any christian or heathen people, but were ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and inchoated place, affording nothing but gurts, storms, and foul weather, which maketh every navigator and mariner to avoid them, as Seysla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Dwell himself.'

Sir George Somers and his tempest-tossed companions, however, hailed them with rapture, as if they had been a terrestrial paradise. Every anxious thought was speedily and every exertion made to urge the founding ship to land. Before long, she struck upon a rock. For

* * * * *

KNIICKERBOCKER MISCELLANIES.

631.

The sailors, on landing, and the inhabitants of the islands, were astounded, and the inhabitants of the islands were astonished at the surprising sight which met their eyes. They had never seen a man's face before, and now they beheld a whole host of them, with boats, sails, and flags, all looking like 'land.' They were the first to discover the Bermudas, and they had never seen a man's face before. The islands were called after their discoverer, one Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, but stigmatized among the mariners of those days as the 'islands of devils.' For the islands of the Bermudas, says the old narrative, 'as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any christian or heathen people, but were ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and inchoated place, affording nothing but gurts, storms, and foul weather, which maketh every navigator and mariner to avoid them, as Seysla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Dwell himself.'

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* A Plan of Description of the Bermudas.
up in the sea, or wrecked on some savage coast; one or other of which most probably was the case, as nothing was ever heard of Raven and his comrades.

Each party now set to work to build a vessel for itself out of the cedar with which the island abounded. The wrecks of the Sea-Vulture furnished rigging, and various other articles; but they had no iron for bolts, and other fastenings; and for want of pitch and tar, they paid the seamen of their vessels with lime and turtle’s oil, which soon dried, and became as hard as stone.

On the tenth of May, 1610, they set sail, having been about nine months on the island. They reached Virginia without further accident, but found the colony in great distress for provisions. The account they gave of the abundance of that island in the Bermudas, and especially of the herds of swine that roamed the island, determined Lord Delaware, the governor of Virginia, to send thither for supplies. Sir George Somers, with his wonted promptness and generosity, offered to undertake what was still considered a dangerous voyage. Accordingly, on the nineteenth of June, he set sail, in his own cedar vessel of thirty tons, accompanied by another small vessel under Captain Angell.

The gallant Somers was doomed again to be tempest-tossed. His companion vessel was soon driven back to port, but he kept the sea; and, as usual, remained at his post on deck, in all weathers. His voyage was long and boisterous, and the fatigue and exposure which he underwent, were too much for a frame impaired by age, and by previous hardships. He arrived at Bermudas completely exhausted and broken down.

His nephew, Captain Mathew Somers, attended him in his illness with affectionate assiduity. Finding his end approaching, the veteran called his men together, and exhorted them to be true to the interests of Virginia; to procure provisions with all possible dispatch, and hasten back to the relief of the colony.

With this dying charge, he gave up the ghost, leaving his nephew and crew overwhelmed with grief and consternation. Their first thought was to pay honor to his remains. Opening the body, they took out the heart and entrails, and buried them on the island, with the poor dead, with the grave. They then embalmed the body, and set sail with it for England; thus, while paying empty honors to their deceased commander, neglecting his earnest wish and dying injunction, that they should return with relief to Virginia.

The little bark arrived safely at Whitechurch, in Dorsetshire, with its melancholy freight. The body of the worthy Somers was interred with the military honors due to a brave soldier, and many volleys were fired over his grave. The Bermudas have since received the name of the Somer Islands, as a tribute to his memory.

The accounts given by Captain Mathew Somers and his crew of the delightful climate, and the great beauty, fertility, and abundance of these islands, excited the zeal of enthusiasts, and the cupidity of speculators, and a plan was set on foot to colonize them. The Virginia company sold their right to the islands to one hundred and twenty of their own members, who erected themselves into a distinct company, under the name of the ‘Amber Island Society;’ and Mr. Richard More was sent out, in 1612, as governor, with sixty men, to found a colony: and this leads me to the second branch of this research.

The three Kings of Bermuda.

And their Treasure of Ambergris.

At the time that Sir George Somers was preparing to launch his cedar-built bark, and sail for Virginia, there were three culprits among his men, who had been guilty of capital offences. One of them was shot; the others, named Christopher Carter and Edward Waters, escaped. Waters, indeed, made a very narrow escape, for he had attempted to cut a tree to be executed, but cut the rope with a knife, which he had concealed about his person, and fled to the woods, where he was joined by Carter. These two worthies kept themselves concealed in the secret parts of the island, until the departure of the two vessels. When Sir George Somers revisited the island, in quest of supplies for the Virginia colony, these culprits hovered about the landing-place, and succeeded in persuading another seaman, named Edward Chard, to join them, giving him the most seductive pictures of the ease and abundance in which they revelled.

When the bark that bore Sir George’s body to England had faded from the watery horizon, these three vagabonds walked forth in all their might, the lords and sole inhabitants of these islands. For a time their little commonwealth went on prosperously and happily. They built a house, sowed corn, and the seeds of various fruits; and having plenty of hogs, wild fowl, and fish of all kinds, with turtle in abundance, carried on their triclinial sov-ereignty with great harmony and much feasting. All kingdoms, however, are doomed to revolution, convulsion, or decay; and so it fared with the empire of the three kings of Bermuda, albeit they were monarchs without subjects. In an evil hour, in their search after turtle, among the fissures of the rocks, they came upon a great treasure of ambergris, which had been cast on shore by the ocean. Beside a number of pieces of smaller dimensions, there was one great mass, the largest that had ever been known, weighing eighty pounds, and which of itself, according to the market value of ambergris in those days, was worth about nine or ten thousand pounds.

From that moment, the happiness and happiness of the three kings of Bermuda were gone forever. While poor devil they every thing to share but the common blessings of the island, which administered to present enjoyment, but had nothing of convertible value, they were loving and united; but here was actual wealth, which would make them rich men, whenever they could transport it to a market.

Adieu the delights of the island! They now became flat and insipid. Each pictured to himself the consequence he might now aspire to, in civilized life, and could no longer live with this mass of ambergris. No longer a poor Jack Tar, frolicking in the low taverns of Wapping, he might roll through London in his coach, and perchance arrive, like Whittington, at the dignity of Lord Mayor.

With riches came envy and covetousness. Each now for assuming the supreme power, and getting the monopoly of the ambergris. A civil war at length broke out: Chard and Waters defied each other to mortal combat, and the kingdom of the Bermudas was on the point of being deluged with royal blood. Fortunately, Carter took no part in the bloody feud. His ambition might have made him view it with secret exultation; for either or both of his brother potenates were slain in the conflict, he would be a gainer in purse and ambergris. But he dreaded to be left alone in this uninhabited island, and to find himself the monarch of a solitude: so he secretly purloined and hid the weapons of the
The arrival of Governor More, with an overpowering force of sixty men, put an end to the empire. He took possession of the kingdom, in the name of the Somer Island Company, and forthwith proceeded to its settlement. The three kings took their leave of the country, and stood up stately for their treasure. It was determined, however, that they had been fitted out at the expense, and employed in the service of the Virginia Company; that they had found the ambergris while in the service of that company, and on that company's land; that the ambergris, therefore, belonged to that company, or rather to the Somer Island Company, in consequence of their recent purchase of the island, and all their appurtenances. Having thus legally established their right, and being moreover able to back it by might, the company laid the lion's paw upon the spoil; and nothing more remains on historic record of the Three Kings of Bermuda, and their treasure of ambergris.

The reader will now determine whether I am more extravagant than most of the commentators on Shakespeare, in my surmise that the story of Sir George Somers' shipwreck, and the subsequent occurrences, which took place on the uninhabited island of the Bermudas, combined, have made the bard the master of the elements of his drama of Tempest. The tidings of the shipwreck, and of the incidents connected with it, reached England not long before the production of the drama, and made a great sensation there. A narrative of the whole matter, from which most of the foregoing particulars are extracted, was published at the time in London, in a pamphlet form, and could not fail to be eagerly perused by Shakespeare, and to make a vivid impression on his fancy. His expression, in the Tempest, of the still vex Bermoothes, accords exactly with the storm-beaten character of those islands. The enchantments, too, with which he clothed the island of Prospero, may they not be traced to the wild and superstitious notions entertained about the Bermudas? I have already cited two passages from a pamphlet published at the time, showing that they were esteemed a most prodigies and enchanted place, and the habitation of devils; and another pamphlet, succeeded shortly afterward, observes: And whereas it is the fashion of this land of the Bermudas, with the islands about, which are many, at least a hundred, are enchanted and kept with evil and wicked spirits, it is a most idle and false report.*

The description, too, given in the same pamphlets, of the real beauty and fertility of the Bermudas, and of their serene and happy climate, so opposite to the dangerous and inhospitable character with which they had been stigmatized, accords with the eulogium of Sebastian on the island of Prospero:

*Though this island seem to be desert, uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, it must needs be of sultry, feverish, and inappetent temper. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. Here is nothing to excite a feverish spirit, or make a man's heart throb, or his blood boil.

I think too, in the exciting consciousness of ease, security, and abundance felt by the late tempestuous mariners, while revelling in the pleasures of the island, and their inclination to remain there, released from the labors, the cares, and the artificial restraints of civilized life, I can see something of the golden commonwealth of honest Gonzalo:

*If I plantation of this isle, my lord, And were the king of it, what would I do?* 

*News from the Bermudas, 1642.

But above all, in the three fugitive vagabonds who remained in possession of the island of Bermuda, on the departure of their comrades, and in their squabbles about supremacy, on the finding of their treasure, I see typified Sebastian, Trinculo, and their worthy companion Caliban:

Trinculo, the king and all our company being drowned, we will inherit here: 

So will I, will I, will I: I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, (save our graces) and Trinculo and myself shall be victorious.

I do not mean to hold up the incidents and characters in the narrative and in the drama, or being strikingly similar; neither would I imagine that the narrative suggested the play; I would only suppose that Shakespeare, being occupied about that time on the drama of the Tempest, the main story of which, I believe, is of Italian origin, had many of the facts of the scene of Devon's shipwreck by the mind of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the still vex Bermoothes, and by the popular superstitions connected with these islands, and suddenly put in circulation by that event.

Pelayo and the Merchant's Daughter.

By the Author of the Sketch-Book.

It is the common lamentation of Spanish historians, that, for an obscure and melancholy space of time immediately succeeding the conquest of their country by the Moslems, its era is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, groundless fables, and rash exaggerations. Learned men, in cells and cloisters, have worn out their lives in vainly endeavoring to connect inconsequent events, and to account for startling improbabilities, recorded of this period. The worthy Jesuit, Padre Abaco, declares that, for more than forty years during which he had been employed in theological controversies, he had never found any so obscure and inexplicable as those which rise out of this portion of Spanish history, and that the only fruit of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject, was a melancholy and mortifying state of indecision.

During this apocryphal period, flourished Pelayo, the deliverer of Spain, whose name, like that of William Wallace, will ever be linked with the glory of his country, but linked, in like manner, by a bond in which fact and fiction are inextricably interwoven. The quaint old chronicle of the Moor Wars, which, though wild and fanciful in the extreme, is frequently drawn upon for early facts by Spanish historians, professes to give the birth, parentage, and whole course of fortune of Pelayo, without the least doubt or hesitation. It makes him a son of the Duke of Cantabria, and descended, both by father and mother's side, from the Gothic kings of
Spain. I shall pass over the romantic story of his childhood, and shall content myself with a scene of his youth, which was spent in a castle among the Pyrenees, with his widowed and pious mother, who caused him to be instructed in every thing befitting a gentleman of birth.

While the sons of the nobility were revelling amidst the pleasures of a licentious court, and sunk in that waste of vain and delusive indulgence which led to the perdition of unprincipled Spain, the youthful Pelayo, himself a page at a rugged mountain school, was steered to all kinds of hardy exercise. A great part of his time was spent in hunting the bears, the wild boars, and the wolves, with which the Pyrenees abounded; and so maestly and chaste was he brought up, by his good lady mother, that, if the ancient chronicle from which I draw my facts may be relied on, he had attained his one-and-twentieth year, without having once sighed for woman.

Nay, were his hardy contests confined to the wild beasts of the forest? Occasionally he had to contend with adversaries of a more formidable character. The skirts and defiles of these border mountains were often infested by marauders from the Gallic plains of Gascony. The Gascons, says an old chronicle, were a people of steel and不受 law, with which expedient, but force when they had power, and were ready to lay their hands on every thing they met. Though poor, they were proud; for there was not one who did not pride himself on being a hidalgo, or the son of somebody.

At the hand of a band of these needy hidalgos of Gascony, was one Arnaud, a broken-down cavalier. He and four of his followers were well armed and mounted; the rest were a set of scamper-grounds on foot, furnished with darts and javelins. They were the terror of the border; here to-day and gone to-morrow; sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. They would make sudden inroads into Spain, scour the roads, plunder the country, and be over the mountains and far away before a force could be collected to pursue them.

Now it happened one day, that a wealthy burgher of Bordeaux, who was a merchant, trading with Bis- 

cay, set out on a journey for that province. As he intended to sojourn there for a season, he took with him his wife, who was a goodly lady, and his daughter, a gentle damsel, of marriageable age, and exceeding fair to look upon. He was attended by a trusty clerk from his comptoir, and a man servant; while another servant led a hackney, laden with bags of money, with which he intended to purchase merchandise.

When the Gascons heard of this wealthy merchant and his convoy passing through the mountains, they thanked their stars, for they considered all peaceful men of traffic as lawful spoil, sent by providence for the benefit of hidalgos like themselves, of valor and gentle blood, who lived by the sword. Placing themselves in ambush, in a lonely defile, by which the travellers had to pass, they silently awaited their coming. In a little while they beheld them approaching. The merchant was a fair, portly man, in a buff surcoat and velvet cap. His looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city, and he was mounted on a stately, well-fed steed, while his wife and daughter paced gently on palfreys by his side.

The travellers had advanced some distance in the shade, when the Bandoleros rushed forth and assaulted them. The merchant, though but little used to the exercise of arms, and unwieldy in his form, yet made valiant defence, having his wife and daughter and money-bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places, and overpowered; one of his servants was slain, the other took to flight.

The freebooters then began to ransom for spoil but were disappointed at not finding the wealth they had expected. Putting their swords to the breach of the trembling merchant, they demanded where he had concealed his treasure, and learned from him of the hackney that was following, laden with money. Overjoyed at this intelligence, they bound their captives to trees, and awaited the arrival of the golden spoil.

On this same day, Pelayo was out with his huntsmen among the mountains, and had taken his stand at a rock, at a narrow pass, to await the sallying forth of a wild boar. Close by him was a page, conducting a horse, and at the saddle-bow hung his armor, for he was always prepared for flight among these border mountains. Thus posted, the servant of the merchant came flying from the robbers. On beholding Pelayo, he fell on his knees, and implored his life, for he supposed he was to be one of the band. It was some time before he could be relieved from his terror, and made to tell his story. When Pelayo heard of the robbers, he concluded they were "the crew of Gascon hidalgos, upon the scampar. Taking his armor from the page, he put on his helmet, slung his buckler round his neck, and took lance in hand, and marched pell-mell the trembling servitors to guide him to the scene of action. At the same time he ordered the page to seek his huntsmen, and summon them to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Pelayo advancing through the forest, with a single attendant on foot, and be holding his rich armor sparkling in the sun, they thought a new prize had fallen into their hands, and Arnaud and two of his companions, mounting their horses, advanced to meet him. As they approached, Pelayo stationed himself in a narrow pass between two rocks, where he could only be assailed in front, and bracing his buckler, and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

"Who and what are ye, cried he, 'and what seek ye in this land?'

'We are huntsmen,' replied Arnaud, 'and I our game runs into our toils'

'By my faith,' replied Pelayo, 'thou wilt find the game more readily roused than have at thee for a villain!'

So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and ran full speed upon him. The Gascon, not expecting so sudden an attack from a single horseman, was taken by surprise. He hastily couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield of Pelayo, who sent his own through the middle of his body, and cut him out of his saddle to the earth. One of the other robbers made, at Pelayo, and wounded him slightly in the side, but received a blow from the sword of the latter, which clef his skull-cap, and sank into his brain. His companion, seeing him fall, put spurs to his steed, and galloped off through the forest.

Beholding several other robbers on foot coming up, Pelayo returned to his station between the rocks, where he was assailed by them all at once. He received two of their darts on his buckler, a javelin rased his cuirass, and glancing down, wounded his horse. Pelayo then rushed forth, and struck one of the robbers dead; the others, beholding several huntsmen advancing, took to flight, but were pursued, and several of them taken.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beheld this scene with trembling and amazement, for never had they looked upon such feats of arms. They considered Don Pelayo as a leader of some rivall band of robbers, and when the bonds were loosed by which they were tied to the trees, they fell at his feet and implored mercy. The females were
sororin the foot by the breast of men, and to be rid of their wealth the damsel was struck with the noble countenance and gentle demeanor of Peiayo, and said to herself: "So young evil can dwell in so goodly and gracious a form."

Pelayo now sounded his horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was answered by shouts and horns from various parts of the mountains. The merchant had yielded to the defense of his heart, especially when he beheld more than forty men gathering from glen and thicket. They were clad in hunters' dresses, and armed with bow-spear, darts, and hunting-swords, and many of them held lovely hounds in leash. All this was a show and wild scene to the astonished merchant; nor were his fears abated, when he saw his servant approaching with the hackney laden with money-bags: for of a certainty, said he to himself, "this will be too tempting a spoil for these wild hunters of the mountains."

Pelayo, however, took no more notice of the gold than if it had been so much dust; at which the honest burgher marveled exceedingly. He ordered that the wounds of the merchant should be dressed, and let him harken to his curant. His wound was found to be but slight; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his blood, that they would have caught the robbers to instant death, had he not forbidden them to do them any harm.

Seeking to drive away the fire at the foot of a tree, and bringing a boar which they had killed, cut off portions and roasted them, or broiled them on the coals. Then drawing forth loaves of bread from their wallets, they devoured their food half raw, with the hungry relief of hunters and mountaineers. The merchant, his wife, and daughter, looked at all this, and wondered, for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

Pelayo then inquired of them if they did not desire to eat; they were too much awed of him to decline, thinking, as they had a lecherous look, that he ordered a linen cloth to be spread under the shade of a great oak, on the grassy margin of a clear running stream, and to their astonishment, they were served, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dainty cheer, such as the merchant had scarcely hoped to find out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

The good burgher was of a community renowned for gastronomic prowess: his fears having subsided, his appetite was now awakened, and he addressed himself to his servant to prepare the repast. The servant, his wife, and daughter, looked at all this, and wondered, for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

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open and secure country lay before the travellers. Here they halted, for their roads were widely different. When they came to part, the merchant and his wife were more than pleased, and the good Burgundian was not averse to Pelayo the largest of his sacks of gold; but the young man put it aside with a smile. 'Silver and gold,' said he, need I not, but if I have deserved aught at thy hands, give me thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are above all price.'

In the mean time the daughter had spoken never a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears, and looked timidly at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed; and after a violent struggle between strong affection and virgin modesty, her heart relieved itself by words.

'Senor,' said she, 'I know that I am unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier; but suffer me to place this ring upon a finger of that hand which has so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it, you may consider it as a memorial of your own valor, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you.'

With these words, she drew a ring from her finger and placed it on one of Pelayo's. And after asking if he had done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at the words of the simple maiden, and at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty, as she stood thus trembling and in tears before him, but as yet he knew nothing of woman, and his heart was free from the snare of love. 'Amiga,' (friend) said he, 'accept thy present, and call it in remembrance of thy goodness;' so saying, he kissed her on the cheek.

The damsels was cheered by these words, and hoped that she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing, says the grave old chronicler, for his heart was devoted to higher and more sacred matters; yet certain it is, that he always guarded well that ring.

When they parted, Pelayo remained with his houndsmen on a cliff, watching that no evil befell them, until they were far beyond the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned to look at him, until she could no longer discern him, for the distance and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And for that he had accepted her ring, says the ancient chronicler, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and would never marry; nor could she bring herself to look with eyes of affection upon any other man; but for the true love which she bore Pelayo, she lived and died a virgin. And she composed a book which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life; and one part discussed of celestial matters, and it was called 'The Confessions of Love.' Because at the time she wrote it, she thought of Pelayo, and of his having accepted her jewel and called her by the gentle appellation of 'Amiga.' And often thinking of him in tender sadness, and of her never having beheld him more, she would take the book and would read it aloud to him, and while she repeated the words of love which it contained, she would endeavor to fancy them uttered by Pelayo, and that he stood before her.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Sir: In the course of a tour which I made in Italy, in the days of my juvenility, I passed some

little time at the ancient city of Catania, at the foot of Mount Etna. Here I became acquainted with the Chevalier L——, an old Knight of Malta. It was not many years since Napoleon had dislodged the knights from their island, and he still wore the insignia of his order. He was not, however, one of those relics of that once chivalrous body, who have been described as 'a few worn-out old men, creeping about certain with the Maltese cross on their breasts.' On the contrary, though advanced in life, his form was still light and vigorous; he had a pale, thin, intellectual visage, with a high forehead, and a bright, visionary eye. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and one evening he brought me to his apartments, in the wing of an old palace, looking toward Mount Etna. He was an antiquary, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His rooms were decorated with mutilated statues, dug up from Greek and Roman ruins; old vases, lachrymals, and sepulchral lamps. He had astronomical and chemical instruments, and black-letter books, in various languages. I found that he had divided a little in chimerical studies, and had a handkerchief after assaying gold and alchymy. He had done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

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THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.
ABOVE the middle of the last century, while the
Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem still main-
tained something of their ancient state and sway in
the Island of Malta, a tragic event took place there,
which is the groundwork of the following narrative.

It may be well to premise, that at the time we
are treating of, the order of Saint John of Jerusalem,
growing them by their galleys, or feeding them
originally devout and warlike character. Instead
of being a hardy body of 'monk-knights,' sworn
soldiers of the cross, fighting the Paginay in the
Holy Land, or scouring the Mediterranean, and scour-
ging the Barbary coasts with their galleys, or feeding
the poor, and attending upon the sick at their
hospitals, they led a life of luxury and libertinism,
and were to be found in the most voluptuous courts
of Europe. The order, in fact, had become a mode of
providing for the needy branches of the Catholic
aristocracy of Europe. 'A commandery,' as we are
told, was a splendid provision for a younger brother;
and men of rank, however dissolute, provided they
belonged to the highest aristocracy, became Knights
of Malta, just as they did bishops, or colonels of regi-
ments, or court chamberlains. After a brief resi-
dence at Malta, the knights passed the rest of their
time in their own countries, or only made a visit
now and then to the island. While there, having
too little military duty to perform, they beguiled
their idleness by paying attentions to the fair.

There was one circle of society, however, into
which they could not obtain currency. This was
composed of a few families of the old Maltese nobil-
ity, natives of the island. These families, not being
permitted to enroll any of their members in the
order, affected to hold no intercourse with its che-
valiers; admitting none into their exclusive coteries
but the Grand Master, whom they acknowledged as
their sovereign, and the members of the chapter
which composed his council.

To indemnify themselves for this exclusion, the
chevaliers carried their gallantries into the next class
of society, composed of those who held civil, ad-
ministrative, and judicial situations. The ladies
of this class were called honorate, or honorables, to
distinguish them from the inferior orders; and among
them were many of superior grace, beauty,
and fascination.

Even in this more hospitable class, the chevaliers
were not all equally favored. Those of Germany,
having the decided preference, owing to their fair
and fresh complexions, and the kindness of their man-
ners: next to these, came the Spanish cavaliers, on
account of their profound and courteous devotion
and most discreet secrecy. Singular as it may seem,
the cavaliers of France fared the worst. The
Maltese ladies dreaded their volatility, and their pro-
riety to boast of their favours, and shunned all en-
tanglement with them. They were forced, therefore,
to content themselves with conquests among females
of the lower orders. They revered themselves
over the grey French manner, by making the ' hon-
orate' the objects of all kinds of jests and mystifica-
tions; by prying into their tender affairs with the
more favored chevaliers, and making them the
theme of song and epigram.

About this time, a French vessel arrived at Malta,
bring out a distinguished personage of the order
of Saint John of Jerusalem, the Commander de
Foulques, who came to solicit the post of com-
mander-in-chief of the galleys. He was descell-
ded from an old and warrior line of French noble-
his ancestors having long been seneschals of Foulas,
and claiming descent from the first counts of Ang-
gouleme.

The arrival of the commander caused a little un-
consciousness among the peaceably inclined, for he bore
the character, in the island, of being fiery, arrogant,
and quarrelsome. He had already been three times
at Malta, and on each visit had signalled himself
by some rash and deadly affair. As he was now
thirty-five years of age, however, it might be
that his spirit might be a little subdued than he
was formerly. The commander set up an establish-
ment befitting his rank and pretensions; for he arrogated
to himself an importance greater even than that of the
Grand Master. His house immediately became the
theatre of all the gallantries and amusements of the
island. They informed of all the slights they had
experienced or imagined, and indulged their petulant
and satirical vein at the expense of the honorate
and their admirers. The chevaliers of other nations
soon found the topics and tone of conversation at the
commander's free and off-sen, and gradu-
ally ceased to visit there. The commander
continued the head of a national clique, who looked
up to him as their model. If he was not as
boisterous and quarrelsome as formerly, he had become
haughty and overbearing. He was fond of talking
over his past affairs of punctilio and bloody duel.
When walking the streets, he was generally attended
by a ruffling train of young French cavaliers, who
caught his own air of assumption and bravado.

Under his tuition, the young French chevaliers
began to add bluster and arrogance to their former
witnesses and reserve, but the day it would be im-
possible to keep on long, in this manner, without
coming to an open rupture.

Among the Spanish cavaliers, was one named
Don Luis de Llama Visconcellos. He was distantly
related to the Grand Master; and had been enrolled
at an early age among his pages, but had been rap-
Idly promoted by him, until, at the age of twenty-
six, he had been given the richest Spanish com-
mandery in the order. He had, moreover, been
fortunate with the fair, with one of whom, the most
beautiful honorate of Malta, he had long maintained
the most tender correspondence.

The character, rank, and connexions of Don Luis
put him on a par with the imperious Commander de
Foulques, and pointed him out as a leader and
champion to his countrymen. The Spanish che-
valliers repaired to him, and it may be their con-
present all the grievances they had surceited, and
the evils they apprehended, and urged him to use
his influence with the commander and his adherents to put a stop to the growing abuses.

Don Luis was gratified by this mark of confidence and his share of his countrymen, in the promise to have an interview with the Commissary de Fouquere on the subject. He resolved to conduct himself with the utmost caution and delicacy on the occasion; to represent to the commander the evil consequences which might result from the increased number of the young French chevaliers, and to entreat him to exert the great influence he so deservedly possessed over them, to restrain their excesses.

Don Luis was aware, however, of the peril that attended any interview of the kind with this imperious and fractious man, and apprehended, however it might commence, that it would terminate in a duel. Still, it was an affair of honor, in which Castilian dignity was concerned; beside he had a lurking disgust at the overbearing manners of De Fouquere, and perhaps had been somewhat offended by certain intrusive attentions which he had presumed to pay to the beautiful honorata.

It was now Holy Week; a time too sacred for worldly feuds and passions, especially in a community under the dominion of a religious order; it was agreed, therefore, the interview in question should not take place until after the Easter holydays. It is probable, from subsequent circumstances, that the Commander de Fouquere had some information of this arrangement among the Spanish chevaliers, and was determined to be beforehand, and to mortify the pride of his champion, who was thus preparing to read him a lecture.

He chose Good Friday for his purpose. On this sacred day, it is customary in Catholic countries to make a tour of all the churches, offering prayers in each. In every Catholic church, as is well known, there is a vessel of holy water near the door. In this, every one, on entering, dips his fingers, and makes therewith the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast. An officer of gallantry, among the young Spaniards, is to stand near the door, dip their hands in the holy vessel, and extend them courteously and respectfully to any lady of their acquaintance who may enter; who thus receives the sacred water at second hand, on the tips of her fingers, and presents it to each. The Spaniards, who are the most jealous of lovers, are impatient when this piece of devotional gallantry is proffered to the object of their affections by any other hand; on Good Friday, therefore, when a lady makes a tour of the churches, it is the usage among them to 'take the holy water' from the church, so as to present her the holy water at the door of each; thus testifying his own devotion, and at the same time preventing the officious services of a rival.

On the day in question, Don Luis followed the beautiful honorata, to whom, as has already been observed, he had long been devoted. At the very first church she visited, the Commander de Fouquere was stationed at the portal, with several of the young French chevaliers about him. Before Don Luis could offer her the holy water, he was anticipated by the commander, who thrust himself between them, and, while he performed the gallant office to the lady, rudely turned his back upon her admiring, and trod upon his feet. The insult was enjoyed by the young Spanish soldier, who was permitted to take the holy water and to be forgiven by Spanish pride; and at once put an end to all Don Luis' plans of caution and forbearance. He repressed his passion for the moment, however, and waited until all the parties left the church; then, accosting the commander with an air of coolness and unconcern, he inquired after his health, and asked to what church he proposed making his second visit. 'To the Magisterial Church of Saint John.' Don Luis offered to conduct him thither, by the shortest route. His offer was accepted, apparently without distrust, and proceeded together. After walking some distance, they entered a long, narrow lane, without door or window opening upon it, called the 'Strada Siretta,' or narrow street. It was a street in which duels were tacitly permitted to take place, and where no persons were suffered to pass as accidental encouters. Every where else they were prohibited. This restriction had been instituted to diminish the number of duels, formerly so frequent in Malta. As a further precaution to render these encounters less fatal, it was an offence, punishable with death, for any one to enter this street armed with either pistol or sword.

It was a lonely, dismal street, just wide enough for two men to stand upon their guard, and cross their swords; few persons ever traversed it, unless with some sinister design; and on any preconcerted duello, the second posted themselves at each end, to stop all passers, and prevent interruption.

In the present instance, the parties had scarce entered the street, when Don Luis drew his sword, and called upon the commander to defend himself.

De Fouquere was evidently taken by surprise; he drew back, attempted to expostulate; but Don Luis persisted in defying him to the combat.

After a second or two, he likewise drew his sword, but immediately lowered the point.

'Good Friday!' ejaculated he, shaking his head: 'one word with you; it is full six years since I have been in a confessional; I am shocked at the state of your conscience; but within three days—that is to say, on Monday next—'

Don Luis would listen to nothing. Though naturally of a peaceable disposition, he had been stung to fury, and people of that character, when once incensed, are deaf to reason. He compelled the commander to put himself on his guard. The latter, though a man accustomed to brawl in battle, was singularly dismayed. Terror was visible in all his features. He placed himself with his back to the wall, and the weapons were crossed. The contest was brief and sharp; the sword of Don Luis passed through the body of his antagonist. The commander staggered to the wall, and leaned against it.

'On Good Friday!' ejaculated he again, with a falling voice, and despairing accents. 'Heaven pardon you, Don Luis!' added he: 'take me to church, so as to present her the holy water at the door of each; thus testifying your own devotion, and at the same time preventing the officious services of a rival.'
three days after the event, that Don Luis was advanced to one of the highest dignities of the Order, being invested by the Grand Master with the primacy of the kingdom of Minorca.

From that time forward, however, the whole character and conduct of Don Luis underwent a change. He ceased to seek any other gratification than what his own intellect could command; nothing could assuage his most austere piety, the severest penances, had no effect in allaying the horror which preyed upon his mind. He was absent for a long time from Malta; having gone, it was said, on remote pilgrimages: when he returned, he was more haggard than ever. There seemed something mysterious and inexplicable in this disorder of his mind. The following is the relation made by himself, of the horrible visions, or chimeras, by which he was haunted.

'When I had made my declaration before the Chapter,' said he, 'and my confessions were publicly known, I had made my peace with man: but it was not so with God, nor with my confessor, nor with my own conscience. My act was doubly criminal, in the midst of a forest, that in taking up, I resented to a delay of three days, for the victim of my resentment to receive the sacraments. His despairing ejaculation, 'Good Friday! Good Friday! continually rang in my ears. Why did I not remember? I only remembered it was not enough to kill the body, but that I must seek to kill the soul.'

'On the night of the following Friday, I again suddenly fell asleep. An unaccountable horror seized me. It seemed as if I were not in my apartment, nor in my bed, but in the forest of Strada Stretta, lying on the pavement. I again heard his dying words: 'Take my sword to Téteoufiques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the good of my soul!'

'On the following night, I caused one of my servitors to sleep in the same room with me. I saw and heard nothing, either on that night, or on the night following, until the next Friday; when I again heard the same vision, with this difference, that my vail seemed to be lying at some distance from me, on the pavement of the Strada Stretta. The vision continued to be repeated on every Friday night, the commander always appearing in the same manner, and uttering the same words: 'Take my sword to Téteoufiques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul.'

'Upon questioning my servant on the subject, he declared that, on these occasions he dreamed that he was lying in a very narrow street, but he neither saw nor heard any thing of the commander. I knew nothing of this Téteoufiques, whither the defunct was so urgent I should carry his sword. I made inquiries, therefore, concerning it among the French cavaliers. They informed me that it was an old castle, situated about four leagues from Toli-     

This, then, was the reason of the dying injunction of the commander respecting his sword. I carried this weapon with me, wherever I went, but still I neglected to comply with his request.

'The visions continued to harass me with indistinguishable horror. I repaired to Rome, where I confessed myself profoundly, and informed him of the terrors with which I was haunted. He promised me absolution, after I should have performed certain acts of penance, the principal of which was to execute the dying request of the commander, by carrying the sword to Téteoufiques, and having the hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle for the repose of his soul.'

'I set out for France as speedily as possible, and made no delay in my journey. On arriving at Po-     

I found the castle of Téteoufiques a grand but gloomy and dilapidated pile. All the gates were closed, and there reigned over the whole place an air of almost savage loneliness and desertion. I had understood that it was in the hands of the conciergerie, or warder, and a kind of hermit who had charge of the chapel. After wandering for some time at the gate, I at length succeeded in bringing forth the warden, who bowed with reverence to my pilgrim's garb. I begged him to conduct me to the chapel, that being the end of my pilgrimage.

We found the hermit there, chanting the funeral service; a dismal sound to one who came to perform a penance for the death of a member of the family. When he had ceased to chant, I informed him that I had come to accomplish an obligation of conscience, and that I wished him to perform a hundred masses for the repose of the soul of the commander. He replied that, not being in orders, he was not authorized to perform mass, but that he would willingly undertake to see that my debt of conscience was discharged. I laid my offering on the altar, and would have placed the sword of the commander there, likewise. 'Hold!' said the hermit, with a melancholy shake of the head, 'this is no place for so deadly a weapon, that has so often been bathed in Christian blood. Take it to Téteoufiques, and let those who are inhabitants of the conciergerie, or warder, find there trophies enough of character. It is a place into which I never enter.'

'The warden here took up the theme abandoned by the peaceful man of God. He assured me that I could see in the armory the swords of all the French warriors, race of Foulque, together with those of the enemies over whom they had triumphed. This, he observed, had been a usage kept up since the time of Melfessine, and of her husband, Geoffrey à la Grand-dent, or Geoffrey with the Great-tooth.'

'I followed the hospitable warden to the armory. It was a great hall, hung round with Gothic-looking portraits, of a stark line of warriors, each with his weapon, and the weapons of those who had slain in battle, hung beside his picture. The most conspicuous portrait was that of Foulque Taliere, (Fulke Hackinor.) Count of Angouleme, and founder of the castle. He was represented at full length, armed cap-a-pie, and grasping a huge buckler, on which were emblazoned three lions passant. The figure was so striking, that it seemed ready to start from the canvas; laws, with a buckler and a musketeer, a trophy composed of many weapons, proofs of the numerous triumphs of this hard-fighting old cavalier. Beside the weapons connected with the por-
traits, there were swords of all shapes, sizes, and centuries, hung round the hall; with piles of armor, placed to time to put wood upon for fires.

"On each side of an immense chimney, were suspended the portraits of the first seneschal of Poitou (the illegitimate son of Fouques Taillefer) and his wife Isabella de Lusignan; the progenitors of the great house of Fouques Taillefer. They had the look of being perfect likenesses; and as I gazed on them, I fancied I could trace in their antiquated features some family resemblance to their unfortunate descendant, whom I had slain! This was of course a neighborhood, yet the armor was the only part of the castle that had a habitable air; so I asked the warden whether he could not make a fire, and give me something for supper there, and prepare me a bed in one corner.

"A fire and a supper you shall have, and that cheerfully. Most worthy pilgrim," said he; "but as to a bed, I advise you to come and sleep in my chamber.

"Why so?" inquired I; "why shall I not sleep in this hall?"

"I have my reasons; I will make a bed for you close to mine.

"I made no objections, for I recollected that it was Friday, and I dreaded the return of my vision. He brought in billets of wood, kindled a fire in the great hall, and then went forth to prepare my supper. I drew a heavy chair before the fire, and seating myself in it, gazed musingsy round upon the portraits of the Fouquers, and the antiquated armor and weapons, the mementos of many a bloody deed. As the day declined, the smoky draperies of the hall gradually became confounded with the dark ground of the paintings, and the lurid gleams from the chimney only enabled me to see visages staring at me from the gathering darkness. All this was dismal in the extreme, and somewhat appaling; perhaps it was the state of my conscience that rendered me peculiarly sensitive, and prone to fearful imaginings.

"At length the warden brought in my supper. It consisted of a dish of trout, and some craw-fish, in the fosse of the castle. Then forth he procured a bottle of wine, which he informed me was wine of Poitou. I requested him to invite the hermit to join me in my repast; but the holy man sent back word that he allowed himself nothing but roots and herbs, cooked with discretion; that he took my meal, therefore, alone, but prolonged it as much as possible, and sought to cheer my drooping spirits by the wine of Poitou, which I found very tolerable.

"When supper was over, I prepared for my evening devotions. I have always been very punctual in reciting my rosary; it is the prescribed and bounteous duty of all chemists of the religious orders; and I can answer for it, is faithfully performed by those of Spain. I accordingly drew forth from my pocket a small missal and a rosary, and told the warden he need only designate to me the way to his chamber, where I could come and remain, when I had finished my prayers.

"He accordingly pointed out a winding stair-case, opening from the hall. "You will descend this staircase," said he, "until you come to the fourth landing-place, where you enter a vaulted passage, terminated by an arcade, with a statue of the blessed Jeanne of France; you cannot help finding my room, the door of which I will leave open; it is the sixth-floor from the landing-place. I advise you not to linger there; after midnight, before the hour, you will hear the hermit ring the bell, in going the rounds of the corridors. Do not linger here after that signal."

"The warden retired, and I commenced my devotions. I continued at them earnestly; pausing from time to time to put wood upon thefire. I did not dare to look much around me, for I felt myself becoming a prey to fearful fancies. The pictures appeared to become animated. If I regarded one attentively, for any length of time, it seemed to move the eyes and lips. Above all, the portrait of the seneschal and his lady, which hung on each side of the great chimney, the progenitors of the Fouquers of Téofouque, regarded me, I thought, with angry and taunting eyes; I fancied they exchanged significant glances with each other. Just then a terrible blast of wind shook all the casements, and, rushing through the hall, made a fearful rattling and clashing among the armor. To my startled fancy, it seemed something supernatural.

"At length I heard the bell of the hermit, and hastened to quit the hall. Taking a solitary light, which stood on the supper-table, I descended the winding stair-case; but before I had reached the vaulted passage leading to the statue of the blessed Jeanne of France, a blast of wind extinguished my taper. I hastily remounted the stairs, and again at the chimney; but judge of my feelings, when, on arriving at the entrance to the armory, I beheld the Seneschal and his lady, who had descended from their frames, and seated themselves on each side of the fire-place.

"Madam, my love," said the Seneschal, with great formality, and in antiquated phrase, "what think you of the presumption of this Castilian, who comes to harbor himself and make wassail in this our castle, after having slain our descendant, the commander, and that without granting him time for confession?"

"Truly, my lord," answered the female spectre, with no less statefulness of manner, and with great asperity of tone; "truly, my lord, I opine that this Castilian did a grievous wrong in this encounter; and he should never be suffered to depart hence, without your throwing him the gauntlet." I paused to hear no more, but rushed again down-stairs, to seek the chamber of the warden. It was impossible to find it in the darkness, and in the perturbation of my mind. After much searching, I reached the stair-case, three steps at a time, and stopped at the door of the armory, and peeped cautiously in. The two Gothic figures were no longer in the chimney corners, but I neglected to notice whether they had reascended to their frames. I entered, and made desperately for the fire-place, but scarce had I advanced three strides, when Messire Fouques Taillefer stood before me, in the centre of the hall, armed cap-a-pie, and standing in guard, with the point of his sword silently presented to me. I would have retreated to the stair-case, but the door of it was occupied by the Seneschal, who rudely flung a gauntlet in my face. Driven to fury, I snatched down a sword from the wall: by chance, it was that of the commander which I had
placed there. I rushed upon my fantastic adversary, and seemed to pierce him through and through; but at the same time I felt as if something pierced my heart, burning like a red-hot iron. My blood inundated the hall, and I fell senseless.

*When I recovered consciousness, it was broad day, and I found myself in a small chamber, attended by the warder and the hermit. The former told me that on the previous night, he had witnessed long after the midnight hour, and perceiving that I had not come to his chamber, he had furnished himself with a vase of holy water, and set out to seek me. He found me stretched senseless on the pavement of the armory, and bore me to his room. I spoke of my wound, and of the quantity of blood that I had lost. He shook his head, and knew nothing about it; and to my surprise, on examination, I found myself perfectly sound and unharmed. The wound and blood, therefore, had been all delusion. Neither the warder nor the hermit put any questions to me, but advised me to leave the castle as soon as possible. I lost no time in complying with their counsel, and felt my heart relieved from an oppressive weight, as I left the gloomy and fate-bound battlements of Télétouques behind me.*

*I arrived at Bayonne, on my way to Spain, on the following Friday. At midnight I was startled from my sleep, as I had formerly been; but it was no longer by the vision of the dying commander. It was old Foulques Taillefer who stood before me, armed cap-a-pie, and presenting the point of his sword. I made the sign of the cross, and the spectre vanished, but I received the same red-hot thrust in the heart which I had felt in the armory, and I seemed to be bathed in blood. I would have called out, or have arisen from my bed and gone in quest of succor, but I could neither speak nor stir. This agony endured until the crowning of the cock, when I fell asleep again; but the next day I was ill, and in a most pitiable state. I have continued to be harassed by the same vision every Friday night; no acts of penitence and devotion have been able to relieve me from it; and it is only a lingering hope in divine mercy, that sustains me, and enables me to support so lamentable a visitation.*

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The Grand Prior of Minorca wasted gradually away under this constant remorse of conscience, and this horrible incubus. He died some time after having revealed the preceding particulars of his case, evidently the victim of a diseased imagination.

The above relation has been rendered, in many parts literally, from the French memoir, in which it is given as a true story; if so, it is one of those instances in which truth is more romantic than fiction.

G. C.

LEGEND OF THE ENGLUTCHED CONVEXT.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

At the dark and melancholy period when Don Rodríguez the Goth and his chivalry were overthrown on the banks of the Guadalete, and all Spain was overcome, it is said that was the devastation of churches and convents throughout that pious kingdom. The miraculous fate of one of those holy piles is thus recorded in one of the authentic legends of those days.

On the summit of a hill, not very distant from the capital city of Toledo, stood an ancient conven and chapel, dedicated to the invocation of Saint Benedict, and inhabited by a brotherhood of Benedictine nuns. This holy asylum was confined to females of noble lineage. The younger sisters of the highest families were here given in marriage to their Saviour, in order that the portions of their elder sisters might be increased, and they enabled to make suitable matches on earth, or that the family wealth might go undivided to elder brothers, and the dignity of their ancient houses be protected from decay. The convent was renowned, therefore, for enshrining within its walls a sisterhood of the purest blood, the most immaculate virtue, and most resplendent beauty, of all Gothic Spain.

When the Moors overran the kingdom, there was nothing more excited their hostility than these virgin asylum. The very sight of a convent-spire was sufficient to set their Moslem blood in a foment and they sacked it with as fierce a zeal as though the sacking of a nunnery were a sure passport to Elysium.

Tidings of such outrages committed in various parts of the kingdom reached this noble sanctuary and filled it with dismay. The danger came nearer and nearer; the infidel hosts were spreading all over the country; Toledo itself was no longer safe, and we must go away from the convent, and no security within its walls.

In the midst of this agitation, the alarm was given one day that a great band of Saracens were spurring across the plain. In an instant the whole convent was a scene of confusion. Some of the nuns wrung their hands at the windows; others waved their veils and uttered shrieks from the tops of the towers, vainly hoping to draw relief from a country overrun by the foe. The sight of these innocent dyes thus fluttering about their dove-cote, but increased the zealot fury of the whiskered Moors. They thundered at the portal, and at every blow the ponderous gates trembled on their hinges.

The nuns now crowded round the abbess. They had been accustomed to look up to her as all-powerful, and they now implored her protection. The mother abbess looked with a rueful eye upon the treasures of beauty and vestal virtue exposed to such imminent peril. Alas! how was she to protect them from the spoiler? She, had, it is true, experienced many signal interpositions of providence in her individual favor. Her early days had been passed amid the temptations of a court, where her virtue had been purified by repeated trials, from none of which had she escaped but by miracle. But were miracles never to cease? Could she hope that the marvelous protection shown to herself would be extended to a whole sisterhood? There was no other resource. The Moors were at the threshold; a few moments more and the convent would be at their mercy. Summoning her nuns to follow her, she hurried into the chapel; and throwing herself upon her knees before the image of the blessed Mary, 'Oh, holy Lady!' exclaimed she, 'oh, most pure and immaculate of virgins I thou seest our extremity. The ravager is at the gate, and there is none on earth to help us! Look down with pity, and grant that the earth may gape and swallow us rather than that our cloister vows should suffer violation!'

The Moors redoubled their assault upon the portal; the gates gave way, with a tremendous crash; a savage yell of exultation arose; when of a sudden the earth yawned; down sank the convent, with its cloisters, its dormitories, and all its nuns. The chapel tower was the last that sank, the bell ringing forth a peal of triumph in the very teeth of the infidels.
FORTY YEARS had passed and gone, since the period of this miracle. The subjugation of Spain was complete. The Moors lorded it over city and country; and such of the Christian population as remained, and were permitted to exercise their religion, did it in humble resignation to the Moslem sway.

At this time, a Christian cavalier, of Cordova, hearing that a patriotic band of his countrymen had raised the standard of the cross in the mountains of the Austurias, resolved to join them, and unite in breaking the yoke of bondage. Secretly arming himself and capturing his steed, he set forth from Cordova, and pursued his course by unfrequented mule-paths, and along the dry channels made by winter torrents. His spirit burned with indignation, whenever, on commanding a view over a long sweeping plain, he beheld the mosque swelling in the distance, and the Arab horsemen Career ing about, as if the rightful lords of the soil. Many a deep-drawn sigh, and heavy groan, also, did the good cavalier utter, on passing the ruins of churches and convents desolated by the conquerors.

It was on a sultry midsummer evening, that this wandering cavalier, in skirting a hill thickly covered with forest, heard the faint tones of a vesper bell, sounding melodiously in the air, and seeming to come from the summit of the hill. The cavalier could not but feel a wonder, at this unawed sound. Christian sound. He supposed it to proceed from one of those humble chapels and hermitages permitted to exist through the indulgence of the Moslem conquerors. Turning his steed up a narrow path of the forest, he sought this sanctuary, in hopes of finding a hospitable shelter for the night. As he advanced, the trees threw a deep gloom around him, and the bat fitted across his path. The bell ceased to toll, and all was silence.

Presently a group of female voices came stealing sweetly through the forest, chanting the evening service; to the solemn accompaniment of an organ. The heart of the good cavalier melted at the sound, for it recalled the happier days of his country. Urging forward his weary steed, he at length arrived at a broad glassy area, on the summit of the hill, surrounded by the forest. Here the melodious voices rose in full chorus, like the swelling of the breeze; but when they came, he could not tell. Sometimes they were before them, sometimes behind them; sometimes from the right, sometimes as if from within the bosom of the earth. At length they died away, and a holy stillness settled on the place.

The cavalier gazed around with bewilder'd eye. There was neither chapel nor convent, nor humble hermitage, to be seen; nothing but a moss-grown stone-pinnacle, rising out of the centre of the area, surrounded by a cross. The green-sward around appeared to have been sacred from the tread of man or beast, and the surrounding trees bent toward the cross, as if in adoration.

To the cavalier felt a sensation of holy awe. He alighted and tethered his steed on the skirts of the forest, where he might crop the tender herbage; then approaching the cross, he knelt and poured forth his evening prayers before this relique of the christian day in Spain. His orisons being concluded, he laid himself down at the foot of the pinnacle, and reclining his head against one of its stones, fell into a deep sleep.

About midnight, he was awakened by the tolling of a bell, and found himself lying before the gate of an unknown building. A train of nuns passed each bearing a taper. The cavalier rose and followed them into the chapel; in the centre of which was a bier, on which lay the corpse of an aged nun. The organ performed a solemn requiem; the nuns joining in chorus. When the funeral service was finished, a melodious voice chanted, 'Requiescat in pace!' 'May she rest in peace!' The lights immediately vanished; the whole passed away as a dream; and the cavalier found himself at the foot of the cross, and beheld, by the faint rays of the rising moon, the venerable nun, his fellow warrior, and he was one of those holy anchorites permitted by the Moors to live unmolested in dens and caves, and humble hermitages, and even to practice the rites of their religion. The cavalier checked his horse, and dismounting, knelt and craved a benediction. He then related all that had befallen him in the night, and besought the hermit to explain the mystery. 'What thou hast heard and seen,' my son,' replied the other, 'is but a type and shadow of the woes of Spain.'

He then related the foregoing story of the miraculous deliverance of the convent.

'Forty years,' added the holy man, 'have elapsed since this event, yet the bells of that sacred edifice are still heard, from time to time, sounding through the unawed mountain mind. The Moors have left it as a monument of the grace of God, and the chastening of the organ, that their wrongs, and the chants of the choir. The Moors avoid this neighborhood, as a haunted ground, and the whole place, as thou mayest perceive, has become covered with a thick and lonely forest.'

The cavalier listened with wonder to the story of this engulfed convent, as related by the holy man. For three days and nights did they keep vigils beside the cross; but nothing more was to be seen of nun or convent. It is supposed that, forty years having elapsed, the natural lives of all the nuns were finished; and that the cavalier had beheld the obscurities of the last of the sisterhood. Certain it is, that from that time, bell, and organ, and choral chant have never more been heard.

The crumbling pinnacle, surmounted by the cross, still remains an object of pious pilgrimage. Some say that it anciently stood in front of the convent, but others assert that it was a type of the sacred edifice, and that, when the main body of the building sank, this remained above ground, like the top-mast of some tall ship that has been founded. These pious believers maintain, that the convent is miraculously preserved entire in the centre of the mountain, where, if proper excavations were made, it would be found, with all its treasures, and monuments, and shrines, and relics, and the tombs of its virgin nuns.

Should any one doubt the truth of this marvellous interposition of the Virgin, to protect the vestal purity of her votaries, let him read the excellent work entitled 'España Triunfante,' written by Padre Fray Antonio de Santa Maria, a bare-foot friar of the Carmelite order, and he will doubt no longer.

THE COUNT VAN HORN.

DURING the minority of Louis XV., while the Duke of Orleans was Regent of France, a young Flemish nobleman, the Count Antoine Joseph Van Horn, made his sudden appearance in Paris, and by his character, conduct, and the subsequent disasters in which he became involved, created a great sensation in the high circles of the proud aristocracy. He
was about twenty-two years of age, tall, finely formed, with a pale, romantic countenance, and eyes of remarkable brilliancy and wildness.

Emanuelli Emanuel Van Horn, twenty-four years of age, who resided in honorable and courtly style on his hereditary domains at Bausigny, in the Netherlands, and his brother, the Count Antoine, who is the subject of this memoir.

In the year 1628, Van Horn, by the intermarriage of its various branches with the noble families of the continent, had become widely connected and interwoven with the high aristocracy of Europe. The Count Antoine, therefore, could claim relationship to many of the proudest names in France. In fact, he was grandson, by the mother's side, of the Prince de Ligne, and even might boast of affinity to the Regent (the Duke of Orleans) himself. There were circumstances, however, connected with his sudden appearance in Paris, and his previous story, that placed him in what is termed a false position; a word of baleful significance in the fashionable vocabulary of France.

The young count had been a captain in the service of Austria, but had been cashiered for irregular conduct, and for disrespect to Prince Louis of Baden, commander-in-chief. To check him in his wild career, and bring him to sober reflection, his brother the prince caused him to be arrested and sent to the old castle of Van Wert, in the domains of Horn. This was the same castle in which, in former times, John Van Horn, Statholder of Guelph, had imprisoned his father; a circumstance which has furnished Rembrandt with the subject of an admirable painting. The governor of the castle was one Van Wert, grandson of the famous John Van Wert, the heroic statesman of the most enlightened days of the French monarchy. He entertained the idea of the prince that his brother should be held in honorable dignity, for his object was to sober and improve, not to punish and afflict him. Van Wert, however, was a stern, harsh man of violent passions. He treated the youth in a manner that prisoners and offenders were treated in the strongholds of the robber counts of Germany in old times; confined him in a dungeon and inflicted on him such hardships and indignities that the irritable temperament of the young count was roused to continual fury, which ended in insanity. For six months was the unfortunate youth kept in this horrible state, without his brother the prince being informed of his melancholy condition or of the cruel treatment to which he was subjected. At length, one day, in a passage of the castle, one of his attendants put two of his gaolers with a beetle, escaped from the castle of Van Wert, and eluded all pursuit; and after roving about in a state of distraction, made his way to Bausigny and appeared like a spectre before his brother. The prince was shocked at his wretched, emaciated appearance, and疵 representing a spectacle before his brother. The prince was shocked at his wretched, emaciated appearance, and in exiled from the court, was treated with all marks of esteem and respect. He received him with the most com

passionate tenderness; lodged him in his own room appointed three servants to attend and watch over him day and night, and endeavored by the most soothing and affectionate address to restore him to health and reason. After this scene, the prince was more than ever attached to his brother, and frequently said to him, "I could not have given you better care than nature herself."
tion of France was swept off from the streets at night, and conveyed to Havre de Grace, to be shipped to the projected colonies; even laboring people and mechanics were thus crimped and spirited away. As a habit it was beyond a doubt, that they habitually left their apartments at night, in disguise, in pursuit of his pleasures, he came near being carried off by a gang of crimps; it seemed, in fact, as if they had been lying in wait for him, as he had experienced very rough treatment at their hands. Complaint was made of his case to his relation, the Marquis de Créqui, who took much interest in the youth; but the Marquis received mysterious intimations not to interfere in the matter, but to advise the Count to quit Paris immediately: 'If he lingers, he is lost!' This has been cited as a proof that vengeance was dogging at the heels of the unfortunate youth, and only watching for an opportunity to destroy him.

Such opportunity occurred but too soon. Among the loose companions with whom the Count had become intimate, there was a brother of the Prince Van Horn, who had lodged in the same hotel with him. One was a youth only twenty years of age, who passed himself off as the Chevalier d'Etampes, but whose real name was Lestang, the prodigal son of a Flemish banker. The other, named Mille, was a horseman, a mounted captain, and at the time an esquire in the service of the dissolute Princess de Carignan, who kept gambling-tables in her palace. It is probable that gambling propensities had brought these young men together, and that their losses had driven them to desperate measures; certain it is, that all Paris was suddenly astounded by a murder which were said to have committed. What made the crime more startling, was, that it seemed connected with the great Mississippi scheme, at that time the fruitful source of all kinds of panics and agitations. A Jew, a stock-broker, who dealt largely in shares of the bank of Law, founded on the Mississippi scheme, was the victim. The story of his death is variously related. The darkest account states, that the Jew was decoyed by these young men into an obscure tavern, under pretense of negotiating with him for bank shares to the amount of one hundred thousand crowns, which he had with him in his pocket-book. Lestang kept watch upon the stairs. The Count and Mille entered with the Jew into a chamber. In the middle of the room, with a terrible cry, the Jew fell, the blood streaming from within. A waiter passing by, looked in, and seeing the Jew waltering in his blood, shut the door again, double-locked it, and alarmed the house. Lestang rushed down-stairs, made his way to the hotel, secured his most portable effects, and fled the country. The Count and Mlle Mille endeavored to escape by the window, but were both taken, and conducted to prison.

A circumstance which occurs in this part of the Count's story, seems to point him out as a fitted man for infamy; and his brother, the Prince Van Horn, had received intelligence some time before at Baussigny, of the dissolute life the Count was leading at Paris, and of his losses at play. They despatched a gentleman of the prince's household to Paris, to pay the debts of the Count, and persuade him to return to Flanders; or, if he should refuse, to obtain an order from the Regent for him to quit the capital. Unfortunately the gentleman did not arrive at Paris until the day after the murder.

The news of the Count's arrest and imprisonment caused a great degree of mirth among the high aristocracy. All those connected with him, who had treated him hitherto with indifference, found their dignity deeply involved in the question of his guilt or innocence. A general convocation was held at the hotel of the Marquis de Créqui, of all the relatives and allies of the house of Horn. It was an assemblage of the most proud and aristocratic personages of Paris. Inquiries were made into the circumstances of the affair. It was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the Jew had been killed, and that he had been killed by several stabs of a poniard. In escaping by the window, it was said that the Count had fallen, and been immediately taken; but that De Mille had fled through the streets, pursued by the populace, and expired at some distance from the scene of the murder; that the Count had declared himself innocent of the death of the Jew, and that he had risked his own life in endeavoring to protect him; but that De Mille, on being brought back to the tavern, confessed to a plot to murder the broker, and rob him of his pocket-book, and inculpated the Count in the crime.

Another version of the story was, that the Count Van Horn had deposited with the broker, bank shares to the amount of eighty-eight thousand livres; that he had secured in the same hotel with him was one of his resorts, and had demanded the shares: that the Jew had denied the deposit; that a quarrel had ensued, in the course of which the Jew struck the Count in the face; that the latter, transporting a rage, had snatched a knife from him, and wounded the Jew in the shoulder; and that thereupon De Mille, who was present, and who had likewise been defrauded by the broker, fell on him, and despatched him with blows of a poniard, and seized upon his pocket-book; that he had offered to divide the contents of the latter with the Count, pro rata, of what the usurer had defrauded them; that the latter had refused the proposition with disdain, and that, at a noise of persons approaching, both had attempted to escape from the premises, but had been taken.

Regard the story in any way they might, appearances were terribly against the Count, and the noble assemblage was in great consternation. What was to be done to ward off so foul a disgrace and to save the illustrious escutcheons from this murderous stain of blood? Their first attempt was to prevent the affair from going to trial, and their relative from being dragged before a criminal tribunal, on so horrible and degrading a charge. They applied, therefore, to the Regent, to intervene his power; to treat the Count as having acted under an influence of mental malady; and to shut him up in a mad-house. The Regent was deaf to their solicitations. He replied, coldly, that if the Count was a madman, one could not get rid too quickly of madmen who were furious in their insanity. The crime was too public and atrocious to be hushed up or slurred over; justice must take its course.

Seeing there was no avoiding the humiliating scene of a public trial, the noble relatives of the Count endeavored to predispose the minds of the magistrates before whom he was to appear, which they accordingly made urgent and eloquent representations of the high descent, and noble and powerful connexions of the Count; set forth the circumstances of his early history; his mental malady; the nervous irritability to which he was subject, and his extreme sensitiveness to insult or contradiction. By these means they sought to prepare the judges to interpret every thing in favor of the Count, and, even if it should prove that he had inflicted the mortal blow on the usurer, to attribute it to access of insanity, provoked by insult.

To give full effect to these representations, the noble conclave determined to bring upon the judges the dazzling rays of the whole aristocratic dignity. Accordingly, on the day that the trial took place, the relations of the Count, to the number of fifty
It was at a certain period of time that the aristocracy of France was severely repressed. In the court-room of the Prince de Ligne, a petition was presented. The petitioner was a certain Duquesne, who had been involved in a scandalous affair. The petition was turned away, but the petitioner persisted. In the end, the petition was granted, and the petitioner was exonerated. This was a significant event in the history of French aristocracy.

The next day, the petition was presented to the Duke of Orleans. The Duke was impressed by the petitioner's tenacity and granted the petition. This was a significant event in the history of French aristocracy.

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at the Palais Royal; 'a compliment very ill-timed,' said the Marchioness, 'considering the circumstance which brought me there.' He then conducted the ladies to the door of the second saloon, and there dismissed them, with the most ceremonious politeness.

The application of the Prince de Ligne and the Duke de Havré, for a change of the mode of punishment, had, after much difficulty, been successful. The Regent had promised solemnly to send a letter of commutation to the attorney-general on Holy Monday, the 25th of March, at five o'clock in the morning. According to the same promise, a scaffold would be arranged in the cloister of the Conciergerie, or prison, where the Count would be beheaded on the same morning, immediately after having received absolution. This mitigation of the form of punishment gave but little consolation to the great body of petitioners, who had been anxious for the pardon of the youth; it was looked upon as all-important; however, by the Prince de Ligne, who, as has been before observed, was exquisitely alive to the dignity of his family.

The Bishop of Bayeux and the Marquis de Créqui visited the unfortunate youth in prison. He had just received the communion in the chapel of the Conciergerie, and was kneeling before the altar, listening to a mass for the dead, which was performed at his request. He protested his innocence of any intention to murder the Jew, but did not deign to allude to the accusation of robbery. He made the bishop and the Marquis promise to see his brother the prince, and inform him of this dying asseveration.

Two other of his relations, the Prince Rebecq-Montmorency and the Marshal Van Isenghien, visited him secretly, and offered him poison, as a means of eradicating the disgrace of a public execution. On his refusing to take it, they left him with high indignation. 'Miserable man!' said they. 'You are fit only to perish by the hand of the executioner!'

The Marquis de Créqui sought the executioner of Paris, to bespeak an easy and decent death for the unfortunate youth. 'Do not make him suffer,' said he; 'uncover no part of him but the neck; and have his body placed in a coffin, before you deliver it to his family.' The executioner promised all that was requested, but declined a roulau of a hundred louis-d'ors which the Marquis would have put into his hand. 'I am paid by the king for fulfilling my office,' said he; and added that he had already refused a like sum, offered by another relation of the Marquis.

The Marquis de Créqui returned home in a state of deep affliction. There he found a letter from the Duke de St. Simon, the familiar friend of the Regent, repeating the promise of that prince, that the punishment of the wheel should be commuted to decapitation.

'Imagine,' says the Marchioness de Créqui, who in her memoirs gives a detailed account of this affair, 'imagine what we experienced, and what was our astonishment, our grief, and indignation, when, on Tuesday, the 26th of March, an hour after midnight, word was brought us that the Count Van Horn had been exposed on the wheel, in the Place de Grève, since half-past six in the morning, on the same scaffold with the Piedmontese De Mille, and that he had been tortured previous to execution!'

One more scene of aristocratic pride closed this tragic story. The Marquis de Créqui, on receiving this astounding news, immediately arrayed himself in the uniform of a general officer, with hisordon of nobility on the coat. He ordered six valets to attend him in grand livery, and two of his carriages, each with six horses, to be brought forth. In this sumptuous state, he set off for the Place de Grève, where he had been preceded by the Princes de Ligne, de Rohan, de Croÿ, and the Duke de Havré.

The Count Van Horn was already dead, and it was believed that the executioner had had the charity to give him the coup de grâce, or 'death-blow,' at eight o'clock in the morning. At five o'clock in the evening, when the Judge Commissary left his post at the Hotel de Ville, these noblemen, with their own hands, aided to detach the mutilated remains of their relation; the Marquis de Créqui placed them in one of his carriages, and bore them off to his hotel, to receive the last sad obsequies.

The conduct of the Regent in this affair excited general indignation. His needless severity was attributed by some to vindictive jealousy; by others to the persevering machinations of Law. The house of Van Horn, and the high nobility of Flanders and Germany, considered themselves flagrantly outraged: many schemes of vengeance were talked of, and a hatred engendered against the Regent, that followed him through life, and was wreaked with bitterness upon his memory after his death.

The following letter is said to have been written to the Regent by the Prince Van Horn, to whom the former had adjudged the confiscated effects of the Count:

'I do not complain, Sir, of the death of my brother, but I complain that your Royal Highness has violated in his person the rights of the kingdom, the nobility, and the nation. I thank you for the confiscation of his effects; but I should think myself as much disgraced as he, should I accept any favor at your hands. I hope that God and the King may render to you as strict justice as you have rendered to my unfortunate brother.'
that the punishment was commuted to decapitation.

de Créqui, who account of this paltry affair, and what was the execution!'

ride closed this young, on receiving arrayed himself with his cordon of six valets to his carriages, forth. In this Place de Greve, princes de Ligne, de Havré

body dead, and it had the charity of a death-blow, at one o'clock in the morning, on the hour after mid-

ty left his post bears, with their illustiated remains safe. He placed them off to his

affair excited to others to the house of Flanders and

have been written to whom the exaggerated effects of

death of my broth-

Highness has
the kingdom, the
think myself as
the King map
have render