

"Musselmen," said he, "I am about to die; no one now has occasion to fear me. If I have punished any one amongst you unjustly, behold here I am that you may punish me. If I have deprived you of your property, here is my purse that you may pay yourselves. If I have humiliated any of you, I give myself over to your justice, that you may humiliate me in my turn."

The whole nation was plunged into unutterable grief at his death; tears and lamentations were seen and heard in all directions; and his favorite daughter Fatima fell a victim to her grief.

Mahomet gave rise to a succession of great warriors and most eminent men. His sword and mantle seem to have fallen on all whom he had been accustomed to command. His father-in-law and successor, Aboub-Kre, raised the standard of Mahomet, and laid siege to Damascus. He had a captain who was to him what Ney was to Napoleon—*Kaleel*, the bravest of the brave and the most chivalrous and generous of warriors; who conquered all Syria, Palestine, and a part of Persia, and brought immense treasures to the coffers of the Caliph.

The triumph of the musselman faith, and the rapid extension of the religion on the death of Mahomet, were in a great measure owing to the extraordinary genius and character of his successors.

The successor of Ahoub-Kre was the Caliph Omar, the wonder of the world. With Kaled as his general, he overcame the Turks and Persians, and carried his victorious arms in almost every part of Asia, and possessed himself of the most productive and beautiful country on earth; himself the pattern and *beau idéal* of simplicity, frugality, piety, bravery, and modesty.

He captured Jerusalem, but pardoned all the Christians, preserved their churches, and left them with an exalted opinion of his character.

Having conquered and reduced to submission all the surrounding nations, he, unhappily for ages yet to come, cast his eye on rebellious Egypt, and in a fatal moment entrusted the command of the invading army to his general Amron, who laid siege and captured Alexandria, and burnt the precious library founded by the Ptolemies.

Since the Deluge, the World has not experienced such a loss. It was the key that at this day would have unlocked the rich stores of ancient history, decyphered the Egyptian hieroglyphics; gave us to know all that had

been distinguished in arts, in arms, and in science, from the commencement of the world.

This library founded by Ptolemy Soter, greatly increased by his son Philadelphus, Cleopatra and others, amounted to 400,000 volumes of written manuscripts on vellum, parchment and papyrus, the destruction of which served the Saracen soldiers to light their camp fires for six months. It has been said that Amron gave as a reason, that if the library only contained that which was written in the Koran it was unnecessary and if it differed from the Koran, it ought to be burnt. We however doubt this, for Amron was a scholar and a man of enterprize—he designed and executed the great project of uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, by means of a canal, a work since allowed to go to decay; but which gave a new and short outlet to the commerce of the Indian Ocean. We apprehend the Library was destroyed in the course of the siege. It was worth more than Mahomet and his whole nation to the cause of learning.

Syria and Egypt being subdued, the Caliph Othman cast his eyes on the northern coast of Africa, for the opening of new conquests, where the descendants of the Numidians had long lived and enjoyed a free and pastoral life, with a mixed religion of idolatry and Christianity, ignorant and oppressed by their Governors, subjected to heavy imposts and cruel exactions—affording an easy prey to conquest, Akbey, the General appointed by Othman, to head his forces, subdued the whole of what is now called the Barbary states, brought all the tribes to the adoption of the Musselman faith, and reaching the broad expanse of the Atlantic near the promontory of Cape Spariel, at the entrance of the Mediterranean, drew his sword and plunging his Arab steed into the waves that were breaking their white caps over the rocky shore, exclaimed aloud—"God of Mahomet, were it not for this element, which has arrested my progress, I would advance to find out new nations and compel them to adore thy name." What could overcome such enthusiasm? It was a glorious enthusiasm, which in its course levelled all the altars of Paganism and Idolatry.

The Moors and Arabs spoke the same language, and were united by the same religion; when, to settle and confirm the conquest, the Caliph Valid the first, sent a powerful army of 100,000 men from Egypt under Meussa Benazir, who swept every thing before him, and pitched his tent at Tangiers, from which place